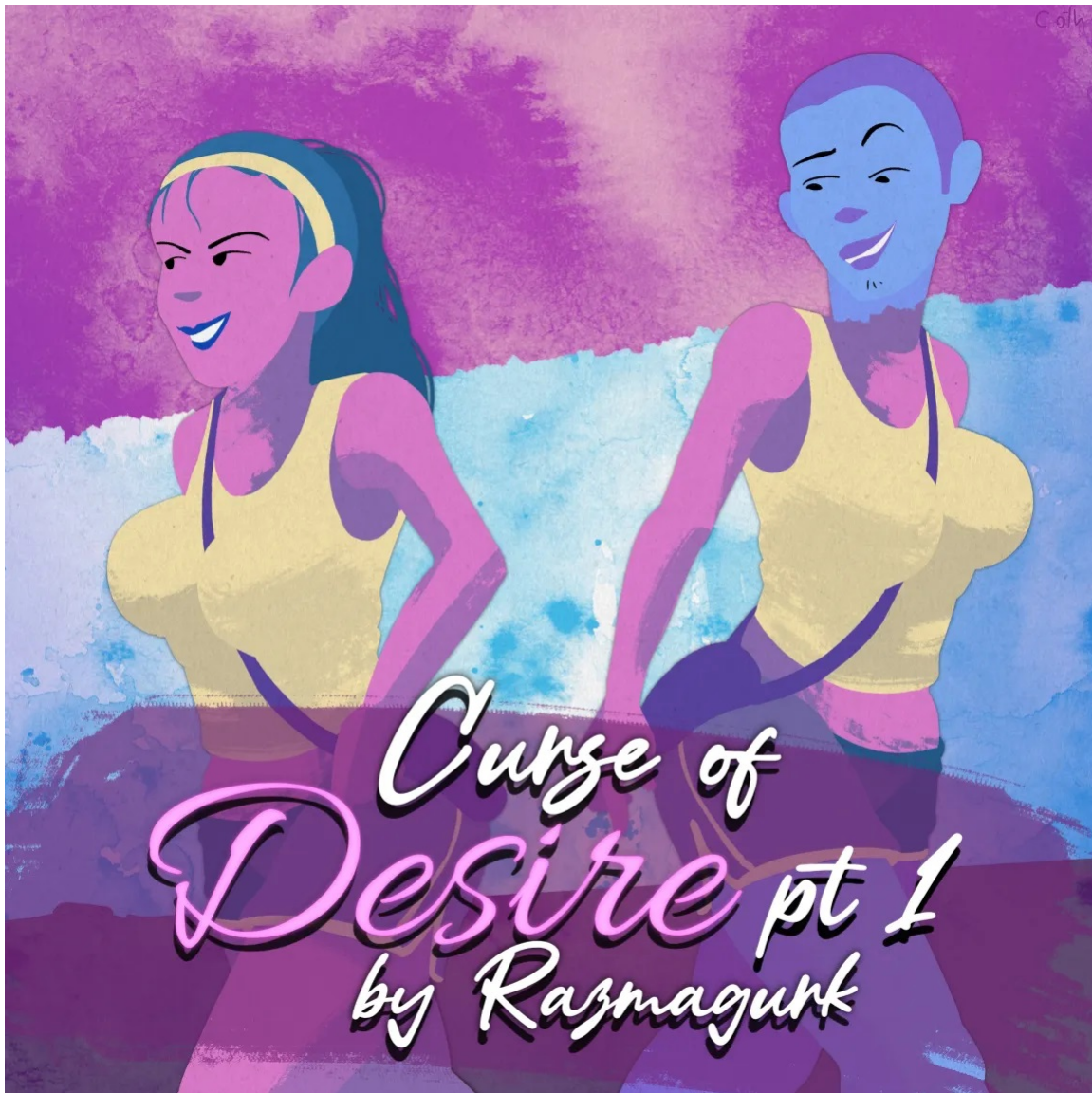




Curse of Desires
- A Classic TG Commission -
= Part 1 of 3=
By Razmagurk

Chapter 1

There was chanting, dark and deep. There was a woman's voice, angry and hateful. Her words repeated, growing heavier, sharper. Soon they were burning in my ears, igniting my soul, sending me screaming into the void.

The last thing I heard was a sneering taunt.

"Let's see how you like it."

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I awoke to a world that was throbbing. My whole everything hurt, and at the center of that spinning universe of pain was my head. Every beat of my heart brought fresh discomfort. It felt like someone had carved into my head with a knife.

"Ow," I croaked. What the fuck?

I let out a dry gasp of distress and slowly opened my eyes, battling against the hateful sun as I searching for the water I kept on the bedside table. My mouth was drier than sand and tasted like vomit.

What had happened last night?

A rising belch answered my question. Drinking. Lots of it.

I held a hand up to my head to steady things, but my brain was not cooperating. I'd been hitting the bars trying to get my dick wet with some of the sorority sluts. Typical Friday guy stuff. Brody had been there? And there had been this girl?

The girl!

"Oh!" My eyes snapped open wide. That smoking hot goth chick I'd been eyeing up all night. I didn't get her name or number, but I kept catching glimpses of her across the bar. I kept trying to work up the courage to ask her out.

It was ridiculous, I know. Me? Shy? But there was something about her. Something otherworldly. Plus, come on. A body like that? Goddamn. Big ol' goth titties, yes please!

I guess I'd ended up partying all the harder to make up for it. Brody and I had found this other hottie - biggest tits you've ever seen! - and we drank together, partied together, danced together, and then... and then what?

I furrowed my brow. Oh god, I'd made an ass of myself, hadn't I? I'd told her that her boobs were out of this world. I cringed at the memory. I was normally a lot smoother than that, but god bless alcohol, because she took it in the best possible light. She'd laughed and told me she liked mine too. Is there any feeling in this world greater than knowing a chick is into you? The way she was staring at my rack I could just imagine her burying her face in my hooters and motorboating me raw. My nipples tightened up, going hard just thinking about it.

I stopped and frowned. Wait, what?

I gulped down the rest of the water, eyes shut firmly against the harsh sunlight. Had I been high as well? I didn't have boobs.

Did I?

Oh no.

I sat up straight. There was a shifting weight on my chest, pulling me forward. No, this couldn't be happening, it had to be the residual booze, right? I'd done some drugs that were still working their way out of my system? I squeezed my eyes even tighter, taking reassurance in the dark comfort of lingering sleep. I rolled my shoulders to try to get comfortable, but the weird shifting and tug I felt just brought forth more dread.

I stood up. The weight on my chest sent me stumbling forward. I stopped in front of my messy dresser and the mirror I kept there, but I kept my eyes closed tight, defiant until the end. I couldn't hold out forever though. One peek revealed the truth.

Tits? I had tits?

I threw my pajama top off. I had *tits*! Great, heaving, honking breasts! I wracked my brain to find some explanation, some alternative. Was this a prank? Had someone glued these on me? But my imagination failed when my exploring hands were presented with the evidence before me. I was flooded with sensations I couldn't ignore. These were *real*.

Had someone kidnapped me? Given me a boob job? But I could find no scar, these things were - I reached up hesitantly and gave them a gentle grope - very real.

But no, hold on. I rubbed at the bridge of my nose. What was I thinking? Of course they were real, I'd been growing them since middle school.

I froze again, mid-fondle. Where had that thought come from? How could that be possible? I pushed through the hangover fog to try to make sense of it. I'd been growing these things since I exploded into puberty during middle school. I had been an early bloomer, and a late bloomer, and an in-between bloomer. Really, they had only stopped growing recently, but even then, I was always bigger than anyone else in school.

I shook my head at the memory. That couldn't be right. I also distinctly recalled several contradictory memories. I remembered my graduation gown as being flat and fitting too loosely even as the memories jumbled with the notion I had forgotten to wear a bra underneath and my big stiff nipples had been poking through for everybody to see.

No, I couldn't have grown up with these monsters. That was ridiculous.

I tried to focus.

Somewhere beneath the hangover fog, more memories swam to the surface. The older I got, the bigger *they* had gotten. How many times had I been bra shopping with mom and my sister? How many times had the girls I'd scored with sucked at my heaving melons as I buried my cock into their pussies? God, their tongues swirling around my diamond-hard nipples were always so fucking hot.

I clasped my hands to my head. That's not how any of that goes! Had I injured my head? Done some truly bonkers mushrooms? I told myself I'd never touch that shit after last time.

What the hell had happened last night?!

I wracked my brain again, memories of the evening a dark blurry swirl. I groaned. It was all a chaotic jumble with one exception, a through line that stood clear all the rest: that girl. The mysterious goth girl. The one I didn't dare approach, but that I kept catching glimpses of, I kept staring at. How could I help it? Staring was no big deal.

We had talked? We had talked! After I'd drunk my courage. God, how smashed had I been? My focus had been entirely on her incredible goth boobs. I'd barely even seen her face.

She had said something to me. "If you like them so much, you can have them." She had only whispered it, but I had heard it so clearly.

So why hadn't we banged? An invitation like that was pretty damn clear.

But no, the way she said it... it burned in my brain. Like a brand or a scar or a *curse*. Curse. My blood ran cold. The word felt so right. Too right.

I gave my enormous errant tits a poke.

She'd cursed me with boobs?

No, that was stupid. That magical bullshit wasn't real, but goddamn, what other explanation was there?

My brain latched onto the idea like a drowning man to a liferaft. I'd been cursed, and if I was going to get uncursed I was going to have to find that witchy girl and make her change me back. I had to get to the bottom of this.

I ran over to my drawers, intending to just throw on a random shirt, but the abrupt motion caused my stupid fucking titties to bounce so hard one almost smacked me in the face. Fuck, right. I couldn't go outside like this! I had to do something about these beasts first.

I tried squeezing them to my chest, as though if I could just press them flat against my body they'd go away, but it was no good. They were soft and they were heavy and most of all they were *big*. All my squeezing and groping ended up doing was make my fat nipples stand at attention and send shivers of gooey warmth through me that I did not want to dissect at that moment.

Tape! I had athletic tape from that time I'd sprained my ankle. Surely I could bind it down? Busty girls do that all the time, right? I could go out and find the girl and no one would even notice these ridiculous things.

I carefully made my way to the bathroom, hyper-aware of every little swing and jiggle. I had to walk softly, almost delicately, in the vain attempt to minimize the disturbing sensations. Even still, god, look at them go! If they were on any other body I'd be completely enthralled. It was impossible to ignore their pull and sway: constant reminders that not only did I have boobs, but they were freaking huge!

My phone was sitting in the sink, thank god, where I put it when I needed to remind myself of something. I picked it up, the manly cobalt blue case cold against my skin. Maybe it would have answers. Maybe I had taken a picture of that girl? But hold on, what had I needed reminding of?

I opened the phone to see an enormous pair of breasts staring up at me. My dick swelled at the sight. The girl whose honkers they were was winking coquettishly at the camera as her monsters spilled out her top.

Wait, shit. The picture gave my brain a kick in the ass. This was the girl from last night! Not the witchy one, but the one with the tits. She had sent this to me and I had... I had...

I looked at the tissue in the bin nearby. Well, I was a guy, what do you expect?

"Damn!" I gawked at the boobs before me, the tiny screen failing to do the huge things justice.

Wait, hold on. My heart skipped a beat. These boobs looked familiar.

I zoomed in. There was a beauty mark above the left nipple and the shape of the areolas was a distinct heart shape and hue. If my mouth was not totally dry I'd have gulped. I knew these boobs. I knew them all too well.

I put the phone down before I could let that train of thought reach its station. I took a deep breath. When I picked it up again, I swiped to a new tab. I was too hung over to deal with this shit.

Now the picture of myself and my buddy Brody partying on my home screen included a very distinct new addition. I winced at the betrayal. Did all of the photos of me have breasts? Was that the real memory?

I pulled up my social media. I needed something to distract me from this madness. Luckily, my front page did not disappoint. One of my favorite cosplayer girls had posted a video in a scandalously sexy maid's outfit. My dick stirred and rose to attention. I looked down expecting to see it, but I couldn't thanks to the swell of my enormous new tits. What an unnerving feeling.

I looked back at the picture and bit my lip. Well, why not? It would get my mind off things for a little while, wouldn't it?

Drizzling over the delicate ruffles of the maid outfit of the girl on my phone, I reached down carefully past my boobs to grab my dick and prepared to get to work. I swiped through her recent posts, all of which had been giving me plenty of material over the past few weeks. I stopped on one pic of her in nothing but her bra and that delicate thong which curved so daintily down to the perfect roundness of her ass.

I tried to ignore how hard my arousal seemed to make my nipples, resisting the urge to reach a hand up and pinch them. They were so stiff I could feel every heartbeat in them, which was a super weird feeling in itself: like a repeated call for attention, a demand to touch them or even pinch them. I'd just about given myself over completely to pleasure when I felt a strange tightness, and a rub of fabric where there definitely hadn't been a moment before.

What now?

I shoved my boobs out of the way to get a better look. I was wearing a thong?

I stood and ran to the mirror, totally forgetting how pendulous my new additions were. The only reason I didn't get a faceful was because I now had a slutty little bra squeezing tightly against my chest, my breasts swelling over the insufficient cups.

Where the fuck had that come from? Maybe I did have brain damage. Was I going crazy? But no, that was silly, I'd always slept in a bra and thong. I knew this bra as surely as I knew the tits within it.

Hold on, I did know this underwear. I looked down at the outfit the cosplay girl had been wearing. It was a dead ringer. With barely another thought I swiped to the picture the girl last night had sent me, the one of her perfect boobs.

A perfect match.

My heart was pounding. What the fuck did this mean? Was the curse not done with me? I wasn't someone believes in magic. What was going on? Maybe it just meant I'd gone out and bought the same underwear? Though a kind of cringing feeling warned me it wasn't that simple...

There was a pounding at the door. I jumped, pulling my hand from my dick.

"Brandon?" A voice called, the pounding getting louder. "The postman delivered to the wrong door again."

"What?" I turned my head, even as my eyes remained locked on the picture on my phone.

"I have your package!"

My neighbor, Sofia. Of all the people. She absolutely couldn't see me like this, I'd never hear the end of it.

"Uh -!" I panicked, frantically looking around for a shirt. Where was a shirt when you needed one!? "Slide it under the door?"

"It's too big," she chided. "Come on, open up."

"No!" I rushed out of the bathroom and ran across the apartment. I tried to block the door with my body, but it mostly amounted to me crashing into it.

"Uh," she faltered. "Everything okay in there?"

"Fine!" I winced. I opened the door a crack. "Just slide it in."

"Look, I don't think you understand how big this is. Stop being a nuisance." There was a sudden pressure as she leaned her weight against it. "I'm coming in."

I scrambled to push back, but god help me, I was just not in a position where I could get good leverage.

"No!" I cried, putting my hands over my body. I don't know what was worse, her seeing me with tits, or her seeing me cross-dressing. I tried fruitlessly to hide my lacy thong and my big fat hooters, but what a hopeless prospect that was. I'd need both hands to cover just one of these enormous things.

Sofia walked in, a delivery box under one arm. She took one look at me and laughed. I shrank under her gaze, the humiliation turning my almost-naked body red.

"Sorry," she gave me a pitying smile. "I didn't realize you were still in your underwear. My bad."

She put the package down otherwise nonchalantly on the table.

I opened my mouth to say something, but didn't have the courage. She wasn't going to comment on the fact I was wearing women's underwear? She wasn't going to remark on the womanly mounds beneath?

"How about you go get dressed," she tutted. "Then we're going to have a talk about these packages you keep getting delivered to my house."

"Right. Uh. I'll be right back." Grateful for the temporary reprieve, I fled back to my bedroom as fast as I could. Had she not noticed? Maybe she was just doing the polite thing and not mentioning it? After all, it wasn't any of her business, right?

A shirt. I had to find a shirt. Where were all my shirts?

I opened my closet door hoping to find something that would at the very least fit these melons, but what I found just made things so much worse. A dozen little fetish outfits were hanging up, all neat and tidy in a row. I closed the closet and pretended I hadn't just seen that, but the more I searched the more I found. Lacy undergarments and hose and teeny skirts galore.

Slamming shut what was now a whole drawer given over to thigh-high socks and stockings, I took a breath. There was no beating around the bush on this one. These too were familiar. These were all outfits from that cosplay babe.

Oh no. I'd been cursed with her wardrobe?

I pulled one of the outfits at random from the closet, a slutty little maid's outfit. Memories warred in my brain. I distinctly remember fapping to this for like a solid week after the girl had posted it, but I *also* remembered all the time and care I had put into sewing the damn thing, making sure every little bit was perfect.

So why - I held it up to my body - was it so small? Tits or no, there was no chance my muscular six-foot frame was going to be able to squeeze into this. I twisted in front of the mirror, sucking in my gut, as though that would help, but it just made me realize the bra and thong were also too damn tight.

Maybe I could squeeze into the schoolgirl's outfit? No, not with how outright pornographic it was. My tits would be spilling everywhere, not mention the skirt wouldn't cover a damn thing. Not that I wanted to wear a skirt at all, but come on, I was desperate.

You know what? Fuck it. I was moments away from screaming. I threw the flimsy little skirt on the ground. If this stupid conversation was so important to her she could have it with me in my fucking underwear.

Not that it was *my* underwear, no matter if I remembered buying it and how I wore it to bed every night.

I stepped back out to see Sofia standing there with her arms crossed.

"Really?" She looked away politely from my near nudity.

"Would you believe it's been a weird morning?"

"What I believe is that my neighbor is standing here in his bra and panties in some pathetic attempt to get out of having to talk to me about this mail situation." She gestured at my body, from breasts to crotch. "You know that's completely inappropriate, right?"

"You have no idea." My ears were burning.

"You're lucky you have nice tits," she smirked, her eyes shifting down to my chest, "or we'd have a real problem."

What!?

What was that supposed to mean? A million thoughts began swirling in my brain, but me being me, the one that took to the fore was 'damn, is Sofia hitting on me?'

My eyes danced downwards along her body. It wasn't the first time I'd checked her out. She was an average woman, mostly, but there was something about her figure that always got me riled up. She knew how to diet, and hit the gym every now and then. Slender arms, the barest hint of abs. She knew she looked good, and she was always dressing to show it off.

"You really are a perv, aren't you, Brandon?" She put a hand on her hips disapprovingly.

"Huh?"

She gestured down to my dick, which, having grown hard, was now poking out above the band of the entirely insufficient thong. Damn my enormous junk.

"Uh." I flushed. "I can explain." I put my hands over my crotch to cover it, but I'm pretty sure that just made it look like I was rubbing my dick instead.

"Whatever, perv," she rolled her eyes. "I cannot believe this. I've caught you staring before, but that was the worst. Fine," she held up her hands in surrender. "You win. Spend the day in your underwear all you want. We'll talk about this later. But I'm warning you - I'm bringing my friends over tonight for a shoot. If I catch you or that weird friend of yours spying on us again, you're dead, you hear me? We'll talk about this mail thing some other time. Enjoy your package."

I nodded dumbly as she turned and left, trying to not to make things worse by watching her ass as she left. A huge sigh of relief flooded out of me once she was gone and I rushed back over to the door and locked it.

My neighbor had caught me in a bra and panties and all she'd said was 'nice tits?' What was going on!? Well- I hefted the weight of the errant organs and let them drop - I guess they *were* nice tits. Exactly the kind of pair Brody and I always went crazy for.

Wait, that was it! Brody. He was there! Had he seen something I hadn't? Would he remember? I grabbed the phone and dialed, then dropped it and screamed.

Something had happened to my arms. They looked so skinny! They were downright dainty. Delicate, even. I gave a desperate flex, but to no avail. Where had all my muscles gone?

"Bro?" The voice came from the phone. "Oh good, I was just about to call you."

"You were?" I picked it up. Even the tiny weight felt oddly heavy. A ray of hope shot through me. Maybe it was happening to him too? Maybe I wasn't alone. Maybe he was coming over to commiserate and figure this out!

"Yeah, I crashed at some big-titted girl's place and I just got out of there but my car is nowhere to be found, bro. I'm gonna hang at your place until we find it. I'm like, almost there."

"Oh sure," I responded, half on autopilot. "No problem." Fuck. It was, in fact, a huge problem. I couldn't let him see me like this! I tried to correct myself, to warn him away, but he'd already hung up.

Okay. I took a deep breath. Then shivered, flushing and freshly discombobulated by the shifting of the unfamiliar weight of my chest -- not to mention the plump and pillowy foothills that rose into my field of view, derailing my train of thought as I stared into that creamy cleavage. I blinked, and had to wrench my gaze up and away. Damn. What had I been thinking? Oh. Right: Brody was on his way I only had a few minutes to come up with something.

I ran back to the mirror, finally getting a full look at what had happened to arms. It wasn't just them though, all of my lean, powerful basketball muscles had melted away. I tried to pose, this way and that, but no matter how I twisted I looked like a 13-year old with a boob job. I was smaller, more slender, though no shorter. The only real meat on me seemed to be my belly: you could still see the shape of abs there, a tight midriff.

Well, at least the bra seemed to fit a little better now.

Wait. Midriff? Slender arms, like...? Oh, no! Hadn't I just been perving on Sofia's figure? And now I had it? Just like I'd been perving over the cosplay girl and ended up in her bra. Just like I'd been perving over that big-titty girl from last night and ended up with her fat, fuckable tits.

Oh god.

Not only was the curse real, but it wasn't done with me. It was... what? giving me the body parts of any girl I looked at?

I ran to the bedroom. I had to figure this out, and fast. This didn't make any sense. If I had been looking at the girl in her bra and panties why were my closets full of stuff from a wet dream? I held up my phone and navigated to the girl's page. I scrolled through, comparing each outfit she wore - each sexier than the last - with the items in my closet.

Despite how emasculating as this all was, my dick was still getting rock hard as I saw this woman in one practically pornographic outfit after another. Wait, would that do it? But looking down, no, I was still in the underwear.

Okay. I let out a sigh of relief, it wasn't just looking that was doing it. I didn't have to worry about accidentally catching some grandma body or something.

I was about to pull up the girl's latest video — she'd just uploaded it last night apparently — but I decided it was probably better if I didn't take any chances.

Instead I pulled up a gaming video to try to get my mind off things while I looked around for a shirt or something I could throw on, but I already knew I wouldn't find anything. It was the same way I seemed to know before opening it what was inside any given drawer and closet. It was the same way I knew I'd had tits my whole life. I could vividly remember not owning any clothing that wasn't whorishly sexy.

I turned back to the phone just in time to see a practically naked girl rubbing lotion all over her body. My dick twitched, my attention completely caught up in the way-too-sexy video. Was that how they were advertising skincare these days? Well, the girl had nice skin, there was no denying it. I bit my lip as I pictured the girl's shining smooth flesh writhing and moaning at my touch. I bet skin like that was real sensitive, if you catch my meaning.

No, come on. I couldn't let myself get distracted, but I made a mental note I needed to get more moisturizer. I was always going through so much of the stuff, but a solid moisturizer is the workhorse of any skin care routine, and my exacting little ritual was no exception.

My face went pale as I put down the phone. Exacting skin care routine? I used the same towel for my face and balls, what was so exacting about that? But the collection of fragrant bottles on the bathroom counter presented a different story. I'd always been so fastidious, so exacting.

I remembered puberty hitting. I'd been out shopping for training bras with my mom, and she'd told me how important it was to take care of all my pimples and blemishes, and especially - with boobs like mine - stretch marks. She told me that girls liked guys with soft supple skin, and I'd been religious about it ever since, because damn was she ever right. Girls loved rubbing their hands across my soft supple body.

My head was spinning. I wasn't sure which memory was real. That wasn't how that went. Mom had tried to get me into that stuff, and I'd told her off because I didn't want any of that girly crap.

What else might be different? What had I missed?

There was another knock at the door. I winced. What now?

"Brandon?" came the voice. "It's me, bro."

Fuck, I did not want to be like this around Brody. He'd laugh his ass off. Or, hell, knowing him, he'd probably be too busy staring at my fucking rack to know it was me. I should just pretend I wasn't home. Ghost him until this was all resolved. Right? But... I let out a breath. Brody was my friend. And right now, a friend was what I really needed. Besides, he might know more about that girl.

"Brody?" I said, trying to get ahead of the whole thing. "Something weird is going on. Don't be surprised, okay?"

"Surprised?"

I opened the door, revealing myself in all my stacked glory to my perverted best friend. I was never going to hear the end of this.

"You're... in your underwear?" He tilted his head. "That's your big surprise?"

"Oh come on!" I gestured aggressively to my body, and even hefted my tits. With how big they were, it was hard to gesture at anything else. "You don't see anything wrong with this?"

"No?" he tilted his head. "Should I?"

First Sofia had been acting weird, now him. So, what? Whatever magic was at play here was making everybody think this was normal or something? Making them think I'd always been like this? I tried to fight down the part of me screaming that I *had* always been like this. After all, I had the memories and thongs to prove it.

"Oh, did you buy a new bra?" his gaze fell to my well-presented cleavage, but it was the kind of gaze I recognized from the gym, one of appreciation rather than lust. "You know I'm not good at that kinda stuff bro."

"And the fact that I'm a guy wearing *women's clothing*? That doesn't tip you off?"

"Dude, what else are you supposed to wear? Guy's clothes? Pants? A suit?" he sniggered as he said it, like he was picturing me in a ballroom gown or a froofy tutu.

"Yes!" I screamed out. "I should be wearing guy clothes! I'm a guy!"

But my explanation just had him laughing all the harder.

I crossed my hands over my chest. This wasn't getting us anywhere.

"Look," I tried not to hide the panic in my voice. "Do you remember that girl from last night?"

"Uh-" Brody grinned lecherously. "The one with the mammoth mountains? Hell yeah, bro. I climbed those hills. Made her eggs this morning, if you catch my drift. Damn, I swear, that girl's almost as stacked as you are."

"No." I glanced down at the breasts in question.. "The other one. The hot goth chick. The witchy one?"

"Doesn't ring a bell?" He shook his head, squinting through what I imagined to be his own hangover fog.

"Oh come on!" My heart raced. I showed him my phone, the pictures from last night. The one shot of the girl in the background.

"Oh, that chick!"

"You know her?"

"Totally," he smirked fondly. "I've seen her around all the time."

I let out a sigh of relief. Maybe this wasn't going to be so bad after all.

"You have no idea how relieved I am to hear you say that. Look -" I took a deep breath. The best thing to do was rip off the bandaid, right? "I know this is going to sound hard to believe, but I think she put like, a *curse* on me."

"A curse?" He raised an eyebrow. He was interested at least. "Okay, I'll bite. What are we playing?"

"No, no, no game dude. She... she did something. And now it's like whenever I see a sexy girl I end up with a body part just like her. That's why I have these tits! That's why I'm dressed this way."

"So you're saying," he began, trying to connect the dots, "you saw some fine ass titties when you were a kid and that's why you have those gazongas now?" He gave my boobs a playful poke.

"No!" I pulled away. "I mean... yes? I saw them last night and now I have all these memories of having them my whole freaking life."

"Cause you know bro I think I'd have noticed if you *hadn't* had those honkers last night, know what I'm saying? I'm something of an expert when it comes to boobs. Plus, come on, the ladies love your big fat cans. You wouldn't stand a chance at the club without them. I've always been super jealous."

"I - what?"

"Yeah dude. You're a total knockers-king." He said that like it was a thing.

"What the hell are you saying?"

"I'm saying," he shrugged, "that chicks left right and center drool over your extra-creamy coconuts. Always have."

"How can I prove this to you?" I realized as soon as I said it how much like an invitation it sounded, how much out of some porno it could have been, as though I was inviting him to take advantage of the situation and fell me up like some kind of slut. I froze for a moment, hoping he didn't catch it.

"Science, bro." He pulled up his phone and gave me a playful smirk. "If you are cursed, then let's see it in action."

I let out an internal sigh of relief, but hold on, wasn't that worse?

"You want me to change even further?" I crossed my arms over my chest as I took a step back.

"Yeah, I'll show you a girl like this -" he held the phone up " - and we see what happens."

"Come on!" I sighed, but it was too late, my focus was already on the smoulderingly hot bimbo slut he'd pulled up, preening in a selfie, duck lipped as she demonstrated the size of her big fat cocksucking lips by pressing a dildo against them. They looked so pillowy and fluffy. I felt something warm inside me as my dick throbbed against my thong.

I pouted and shook my head away. I had to be more careful! But as I did, I could already feel it really was too late.

"See?" I screamed, holding my hand up to my face. I whimpered as I touched my lips. They were tingly and electric and — I discovered, when I dared to touch the tip of my tongue to the suddenly swollen and tingling flesh — so soft to lick. I held my phone up, using the camera as a mirror. If you ignored how poorly they contrasted with the rest of my face, they'd be downright hot. Juicy, kissable, pouty.

Big fat plump *cocksucking* lips.

"Okay," Brody laughed. "I see why that's got you freaked out."

"You do?" My heart soared. He could see it? I wasn't alone?

"Because yeah," he continued. "This girl's lips look hella like yours, bro. I can see why that would freak you out. Crazy coincidence."

Fuck.

"And that's saying something dude, you got some real pole smokers, know what I'm saying?"

I rushed back to the bathroom mirror to get a better look. They were big and oh-so-prominent. My body could maybe be mistaken for a woman's but my face was no such thing. Except for these — these stood out.

These were... *porn star* lips. I kept swirling back to that point. These had been an actual porn star's lips. I shuddered at the thought of what lips like this were designed to do. But I'd known that, hadn't I? That's why I always put so much makeup on them, that's why I'd gotten the filler and the lip implants to make them so perfect and soft. It's why I never went anywhere without coating them in a healthy layer of plumper and gloss.

No! I pushed back. That wasn't right! My lips were thin, a guy's lips! I ran the tip of a finger delicately over the ridiculous cupid's bow kissers I now sported, shivering at how that light touch jolted through me, a line of electricity to my dick. Why were they so sensitive? I let out a soft gasp. My stiffening dick was once again poking free of my thong.

"Dammit!" Brody was out there, and I didn't want him thinking I was getting turned on by this! Masturbating to get rid of it was out of the question, so I did my best to try to contain it instead, position the little thong tight over it.

"We have to fix this." I said, tried to play it cool, sauntering back into the other room. "We have to stop this. We have to find this girl."

"Look, my dude, if you want an excuse to go see that girl, you don't have to make up some crazy story."

"It's the truth!"

"Alright, man, if you say so. I believe you." His tone suggested anything but. "I see what this girl is doing to you though."

"You do."

"Yeah, bro." he looked down at my traitorous erection. "She's got you down bad."

"Shut up!" I cried out, ,mortified. "It's not like that."

"Well, whatever it is, you know you can count on me. I got your back. Whatever you need from me, I'm there."

"Thank you." I sighed. It was close enough. "I'm just glad you recognize her. Can you give me this girl's number?"

"Nah bro, don't have it. I've seen her around though. I think she's a member of my gym. She's always hanging around. I can take you to her."

"What, you mean like... go *outside*?"

"Yeah man, we'll go together. If she's got you so worked up, you're going to need your wingman, bro. We can head out right now if you want?"

I was going to have to go outside like this? With big stupid fucking girl-udders and fat slutty porn lips? Even worse - there were girls outside! Hot girls! What if I ended up with some PAWG's fat fuckable ass? What if I ended up with thick breedable thighs or a... a... *pussy*.

Just the notion was leaving me light-headed, but what choice did I have? I had to man up and deal with this, once and for all. Even if that meant walking around in a dress while in existential danger. God, what a dilemma.

I took a breath and told myself it would be fine. It wasn't like anyone would even notice, right? And things couldn't possibly get any worse. I just had to avoid perving on any girls. How hard could that be? At least the sheer fear of venturing outside had killed my stiffie.

"Alright. Let's do it."

“Cool man, you go get dressed and I’ll text around to find this girl for real.”

“Dressed?”

“Yeah boy, you’re in your skivvies, in case you didn’t notice. I know the ladies love those tatas man, but if you want to get the girl you gotta dress the part.”

“How!? All I have in the closet are... look, I don’t exactly have any guy clothes right now?” That felt so weird to say aloud.

“Why would you? You’re bringing that up again? I’m telling you, you want this girl like you, you gotta dress hot. Maybe that schoolgirl outfit you have? Or the nurse one that really shows off your legs?”

“You want me to what? Out on the street where everyone can see? Why can’t I just wear a polo and jeans or something?”

“What? Bro is this some kind of trans thing? Because you know I respect you and you can be honest with me, but you’d be a laughing stock with the rest of the gang if you went in a polo shirt and jeans. I don’t know where this is coming from.”

“Fine!” I let out a groan of frustration and ran into the bathroom. “I’ll wear the stupid slut costume.”

Somewhere in the back of my brain, two and two were coming together to make four. Was me dressing like a hooker somehow normal in the same way as me having tits was normal?

Of course. I always dressed this way.

I dug through the closet looking for something remotely usable, something with no skirt. I drew the line at a skirt. With god as my witness, I would never cross that line. It was looking though like I didn’t have much of a choice.

“This will have to do.” I frowned at the latex playboy bunny outfit, complete with the ears. It was shimmering and stretchy, in the classic bunny cut. It wasn’t remotely masculine, but at least it wasn’t a skirt. Besides, it would cover my dick. That had to count for something, right?

It wasn’t too bad. I just had to keep telling myself that. It was just like a shirt and shorts, right? Shorts that traced along my pelvis as high as possible to show off the entirety of my outer thigh. A shirt that lifted and presented my enormous boy melons for the world to see, leaving my shoulders, chest and arms bare to the world. It would be fine. It would be fine. Better than the alternatives.

Now, how the hell was I supposed to put this on? I tried to wrack my brain. Last time I’d worn it had been at a convention. I’d been posing and getting my picture taken. I could vaguely recall sitting naked in the men’s room before that, slathering lubricant onto the suit. Latex needed lubricant? Of course latex needed lubricant. Even guys knew that, right?

I frowned. Where the hell was the lubricant? In the tin in the bedside table, obviously. I knew it the same way I knew how to put this on. I hated what this was doing to my mind. I took out the tin and rubbed it between my fingers. I’d need to apply it to the bunny suit, but I was going to put some on my body as

well, just for good measure. I scooped up a finger full and ran it along my chest, the shiny slickness of it drawing attention to just how soft and supple my skin now was.

I made sure to get all the relevant areas. I saved my boobs for last, but I couldn't put it off any longer.

My hands slid over the hot flesh of my breasts, of these hooters. Look, I'm a guy. I like boobs. I *love* boobs. Mostly that means on other people. You can imagine how turned on I was though playing with this pair of my own. Making extra-sure I lathered the nipples up real good, I let out a soft gasp. It felt good. If these were on anyone else I'd have a field day spending all day playing with them. But these were mine and that meant some very crossed wires. My brain was enjoying it, even though it knew it shouldn't be, and my body... fuck. Why did no one tell me boobs felt so hot from the other side??

My dick strained. I let out a hot breath.

I ran my hands over my breasts again and again, now greasy and shiny and well-oiled, perfect for squeezing and pressing and rubbing. My nipples stiffened to peaks and every brush seemed to send a spark through me, like wires connected to my nervous system. My dick was twitching along in time, begging for attention.

I let out a raunchy little moan as I started to really get into it, treating myself to slick pinches and big meaty gropes. Oh god! The soft sensuality of my skin was like nothing I'd ever felt before.

"Brandon?" Brody called. "You jacking off in there bro?"

"No!" I whimpered, pulling my slick hands away, but so badly wanting more.

I rushed the rest of the processes, making a number of choices that in retrospect may not have been such a great idea. The biggest example being I chose not wear any underwear beneath. Sure I was going to have an incredibly obvious bulge in the front, but what was worse, having my dick showing, or wearing the high-cut thong it would take to still pull this off?

Even lubed up, pulling the thing on was a demonstration of the absolute decline in my physical fitness. I used to be strong, but here I was struggling to pull the material taut enough I could get it up over my shiny tits, trying not to lose myself as I manhandled the things into position. I was already starting to get tired and we hadn't even gone anywhere. How did girls live like this?

I got the thing half way on before realizing I had to put the fishnets on first, then pull the rest on over it. I sighed and wriggled back out of it. Why did this have to be so complicated? At least I'd had to strain and squish so hard to squeeze myself into the bunny suit, my erection had retreated enough that maybe I dared to leave my room and face my friend again.

Once I had the top portion on, I was terrified it was going to come off. I had to keep my core taut as I reached down and pulled up the 6-inch stiletto thigh-high stiletto boots in matching shiny black and put the little wrist cuffs and even the rabbit ears on. I trembled like a blushing baby deer as I teetered my way over to the mirror, forced to take baby steps in my high heels.

Goddamn.

I gave a slutty little pose to the mirror, like I always did after putting on one of these outfits, tugging here and there to make sure I looked my best. I blew a little kiss with my thick sexy lips. I looked good! I looked ready to hit the club and get my dick wet.

Wait, no. I shook my head. I looked ridiculous! Sure I had the slender body and the huge rack, but I was still a guy! So why was it I had to keep reminding myself how silly it was? Shouldn't it have come naturally?

Any fledgling confidence I had was shaken as I stepped out. "Uh," Brody snorted. "Dude, why are you half naked?"

I froze in horror, all the bad decisions I'd just made coming home to roost. I was a guy dressed like a playboy bunny in front of my best friend, of course he's going to call me out on it.

"Seriously." Brody strode past me into the bedroom and grabbed the little bow-tie collar I'd left on the bed. "You forgot this."

Really!? I glared down at it, then clasped it around my neck jauntily. I might as well have been wearing a collar.

"Better?"

"Much!" He clapped me on the shoulder so hard I almost went down. "Now come on, dude, let's get you laid!"

Then he chest bumped me, my boobs smashing into his chest mid air, leaving me wincing and achingly horny.

Nope. I squeezed my eyes shut. I wasn't going to look any further into how hot that had made me. Time to get out of here.

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Chapter 2

"Everything okay, man?" Brody asked.

No. Things were not okay. Have you ever walked in thigh-high stiletto boots before? I was teetering with every step. Any moment now I was going to face-plant, but every time I tried to quickly correct my balance these stupid fucking titties threatened to swing free from my top! Being a girl absolutely sucked. Not that I was a girl, of course.

So not only was I dressed like some porno mag model, not only did I have this ridiculous body, but to really rub it in, I had to walk at a snail's pace. The heels made it impossible to control the jiggle and bounce of my tits, and that made it impossible for me to ignore them. They were always so present! They occupied the bottom of my field of view even when I stared straight ahead, and if I dared look down to the path ahead, it was all too easy to get lost in the creamy swellings pressed together in a deep cleavage.

I couldn't shake the feeling that everybody walking past could see right through me and were laughing their asses off. The women were definitely staring. Some were turning back to look as I passed. A gaggle of them had started giggling and whispering to each other as they'd turned the corner. The guys at least were being more polite. A few creepily appreciative looks and one gay guy who couldn't stop grinning.

No one was commenting at least. No one was freaking out and yelling 'oh my god!' but it could be any minute. Just because Brody couldn't see the strangeness of this didn't mean there wouldn't be some random person who might not.

It was busy, that was the worst part. There were a lot of people bustling around. It was Saturday on campus, all the party-goers recovering from last night and getting ready for tonight. It was a party school, as demonstrated by the number of smoking hot babes always flittering around. Normally this was a blessing, but today it was the opposite.

I was so distracted, looking around at all the stares that I didn't even notice the ledge I'd tripped on until I was falling forward.

"Fuck!" I flailed, trying to catch myself, but it was no use. I was moments away from a face full of concrete.

But I didn't. Something caught me. I opened an eye, curiously. I could feel hands on my body, gripping me tight. Soft hands.

"Are you alright?"

I looked up as they helped me back on my trembling feet. It was a girl? Normally that would just add insult to injury, downright emasculating, but I suppose in this case if it protected me from injury, I'd let it slide.

And damn, what a girl!

She was dressed like she was ready to party, in shiny pink boots and a crop top with a long playful black skirt. It was a cute look, I had to admit. I wondered how it would look on me. Normally I hated pink, but on this girl? Wow!

Within the latex prison of my bunny outfit, my dick was throbbing. I bet that outfit of hers would look so much better with the skirt off, riding me as I pounded her cowgirl style while she reached down to play with my fat bouncing melons.

But I was shaken from the fantasy when I realized she'd just said something.

"Sorry, what?"

"I said I really dig your style."

"Y-yours too!" I shot back.

She dug my style? Did slutty playboy outfits count as a style? That just called attention to the fact I was wearing this ridiculous costume in front of this cute girl. She was making fun of me, right? Just shoot me now; let me curl up and die. What if she noticed? What if she took a picture and posted it everywhere and everyone found out? But besides the occasional appraising glance down, she didn't seem too bothered about it.

"These are cute ears," she said, reaching up and giving my felt bunny ears a playful little rub to see the material. "Where did you get them?"

"Uh, thanks," the answer came out on autopilot. "I made them myself."

"Very sexy," she purred. "Here," she pulled out a slip of paper from her pocket. "Text me sometime if you ever want to hang out with someone with the ears off." She winked.

"Uh." I was so flustered I couldn't even respond.

"See you, stud!" She waved as she walked off, going back about her business, her butt giving a sensuous sway as she did.

"Damn, bro," Brody clapped me on the back so hard I almost fell back over. "You're a total player! I gotta try that 'pretend to trip and let a girl catch me' play."

"Yeah," I rubbed at the back of my head. "A play, that's what it was."

Wait, crap. The curse. I couldn't be checking out girls right now! I looked down to see if anything had changed, but I still had the massive honkers and I was still skinny. My butt was still as masculine as ever, even if this outfit displayed it in a way I would never have expected.

I looked back at the girl's retreating form, and her gorgeous pink outfit. Maybe I would have been better off getting it? It would have covered a lot more. Plus come on, that pink colour was stunning. I half wished I could get away with wearing something pink, even if it was girl's clothes.

I frowned. Something felt off, but I couldn't quite put my finger on it, but then I sighed and put it out of my mind. Lots was off right now.

"How far away is this place?" I wobbled in my ridiculous boots, my near fall undermining the confidence I'd begin to feel in them, arms extended to balance.

"Like fifteen minutes?" Brody put his arm around me to steady me. "Are you still drunk from last night, dude? You can barely walk."

I glared, annoyed, at the deathtraps strapped to my legs. Stilettos? This was impossible. I refused to believe that anyone could really move in these things. Except. Well, that wasn't true, was it? Lots of girls were busting about in heels right now, like it was nothing. They were practically flaunting the ease with which they could glide around in them. Why couldn't this stupid curse make it so?

Oh no.

A terrible idea ran through my head. I looked from one heel-clad future-party goer to another. Could the curse even affect what I was pondering? Clothing and bodies were physical things, but this was something a little more abstract.

But hell, what did I have to lose? I stared intently at the girls walking around, trying to stoke the arousal within me, trying to call forth that flame, while also aiming it away from the actual hot parts of their body, lest I fall prey to the wrong thing and end up with shapely legs or a great butt or something.

But it was no good. No one here was walking sexy.

"Say, Brody," I glanced over at my friend. "Could I borrow your phone for a minute?"

"You're not going to pull up weird porn again, are you?"

"That was one time! I was trying to prove a point."

"Yeah, well my ad algorithms were trying to pitch me some very strange things after."

"Please, just trust me, okay?"

"Fine." He rolled his eyes and pulled his phone out of his pocket. This bunny suit didn't have pockets and I'd sooner die before I carried a fucking purse, so I had nothing. I supposed I could have squeezed it between these ridiculous udders of mine, but who's to say it wouldn't end up dialing by accident? Would that be boob dialing instead of butt dialing? Long story short, my phone had remained at home.

I took Brody's phone and did a search for "Girls walking sexy in heels" and clicked the first video I could find.

"I thought I told you no weird porn."

"This isn't porn!" I protested. "This is research."

"What, did you forget how to walk or something? How much were you drinking last night?"

"I'm telling you, it's the curse!"

"Sure, sure." He rolled his eyes all the harder.

I looked back down at the phone. A gorgeous girl, probably a model or, no, not even models moved like that. She was graceful, she was sultry. She made moving around in heels look like the easiest thing in the world, and the way she swayed her hips and ass with every step? Damn! It was a lustful invitation. The camera cut to a full body shot and I did my best to concentrate on the heels, on how she was walking, but I couldn't help but stare at the way she presented her chest, subtle and sultry and captivating all at the same time. Everything about this girl was inviting. My dick throbbed. I wondered if she would be equally lithe and sensual in bed?

Then she started taking her shirt off. Oh shit.

“Seriously bro?” Brody grabbed his phone back. “What are you doing man? I thought you wanted to go after this girl, not jack it in the middle of the street.”

“I’m not!” I flushed.

“Really?” Brody looked downwards. I followed his gaze, past my restrained tits, to where my cock was now bulging against the fabric of the tight bunny outfit.

“Sorry!”

“I still don’t know why you didn’t bring your phone?”

“I have no where to put it.”

“Normally you just put it down your cleavage bro, it’s no big deal.”

That was far more interaction with these stupid things than I cared for at this point.

“Let’s just get to the gym already.” I took off down the street, and Brody rushed to follow. I’d gotten half a block before I realized I wasn’t having any trouble with my stilettos. It had worked! They weren’t large strides, of course, a mincing sexy kind of thing, my hips twisting and grinding with each step, but it sure beat falling.

Now if I could just deal with the insistent jiggle and bounce of these huge honkers I’d be all settled. My back was hurting, my chest was aching. Wait, hold on.

“Isn’t there a bra shop around here?”

“Is there?”

“I remember I was on a date with a girl and she’d been talking about it. Lacy Secrets or something like that?”

“Oh, is that what that is?” Brody laughed. “I always thought that was a sex store. Don’t they like, ban men?”

“Do they?”

“To keep the pervs out, bro. Yeah, I remember now. They wouldn’t let me in to buy porn, I thought it was weird as balls.”

To keep pervs out? I flushed. Was I a perv? I mean there’d be half naked women everywhere, that’s how bra shops worked, right? A man could dream. Not that I’d be there to live out that little fantasy.

“I mean,” Brody continued. “Not that it would be a problem for you.”

“How do you mean?”

“Well, you wear women’s clothes. It’s a women’s clothing shop.”

“But I’m a guy!” I protested.

Brody just gave a shrug.

I arched my back, giving it a bit of a stretch, my breasts bouncing even within the tight latex. Did I really want to do this? I should be focusing on getting to the gym where this girl was, right? Getting turned back? I couldn’t put up with this much longer, though. The bra I’d been wearing this morning had not fit well, even if I remembered wearing it every night. Maybe they’d have something more... covering? Was I really prepared to confront this girl dressed like some kind of slut?

“Alright, change of plans.” I stopped as we got to the crosswalk. “I need to buy a new bra. It’s basically on the way. Then you take me this girl.”

“Okay bro,” Brody shrugged. “You do you. Lord knows I’ve known you long enough to know how heavy those things are.”

I flushed at the implication that I’d do something so basely feminine, but I couldn’t deny that they were just as heavy as they were enormous. I arched my back again and lifted my breasts to try to take some of the weight off, but it was little help. I felt like I understood girls less and less by the hour. How did they deal with all this crap?

The shop wasn’t too far away. We turned right at the intersection and passed a cafe where a bunch of sorority girls were chatting way too loudly. One of them had a bag from Lacy Secrets, the store’s name presented elegantly in a pseudo-cursive font.

“Look at my new lingerie set!” The girl gushed, thrusting the bag towards her friends. “If this doesn’t make Bev want to sleep with me, then she’s straight.”

My ears burned. Lesbians? Yes please. And look, I did not intend to eavesdrop on the rest of the conversation, I just happened to naturally slow down enough to be able to hear every little word.

“Honey, I got bad news for you about Bev.”

“Oh hush. It’s been days! I’m so worked up even men are starting to look good. I haven’t touched boob all week. If I don’t get laid tonight I swear I’m gonna wear out the motor on my battery. Things are that bad. I’m going to throw myself at the first gay girl I see.”

“So, just like our last party.”

“Oh hush. You’re one to talk! I distinctly remember you hooking up with Jackie’s sister at that one, despite her being entirely off limits.”

“They were twins! How was I supposed to tell them apart? Actually, I tell you what, the sister has the cutest mole right above her pussy. Delicious.”

They giggled.

Woof. Was it getting hot in here? My dick was throbbing in my pants as I visualized their stories. Especially the idea of the two girls talking so candidly about that sort of thing. There was something about a slutty lesbian friend talking about all her conquests and in intensely erotic detail. It was so... *hot*.

But no. Fuck. That was a dangerous road to go down, wasn't it? At this rate I'd end up a giggling gossipy slut myself. I had to be careful. I increased my speed, hips swinging with each step as my heels ticked against the concrete.

I took a breath. Had anything changed? I tried to do a quick mental inventory, but everything seemed in order. I hadn't turned myself into a lesbian or anything.

"Is this the place?" A girl's voice came from behind me.

I turned to look. The girl was looking up intently at me. She was short, so short I had to look down past my boobs to see her.

"Uh. What?"

"Is this the bra shop, dude?" She came up and clapped me familiarly on the shoulder. "What are we getting? I know how hard it is to find some holders for your honkers, bro. You ain't exactly a standard size like me, but we'll find something I'm sure."

I blinked. Dread crept up from the base of the spine into my brain. I looked around, hoping my eyes were deceiving me, that my friend would just be a few steps back, but no.

"B-Brody?" I felt the blood drain from my face. I don't know if I said it at the girl or loud enough to call for him if he was there. "Is that you?"

"Very funny, bro." She put a hand on her wide hips. "Come on, let's get a move on or we'll never find that girl. You know I'm always there for you, bro, but I have other things to do later tonight. I've got a booty call with Jasmine I'm telling you dude, she makes my pussy positively drip, know what I'm saying? The way she sucks on my titties, it's like she's drowning and I'm her only breath of fresh air. Plus? Totally into anal! Cha-ching. You know how much I Love a girl who plays with my ass."

I took a good hard look at this person. It *was* Brody, right? It had to be. It was hard to make my brain accept that that's what I was seeing. He looked nothing like his old self. His body was small and soft and delicate, the kind of body perfect for picking up and manhandling, throwing around the bedroom, but that was contrasted by the size of his breasts. They weren't as enormous as mine, but on his small frame they looked all the bigger. He had them clad in a midriff exposing off-the shoulder crop top which featured a gradient of orange and pink, and which had been tailored to show off way too much cleavage. The look was completed by a pair of grey denim booty shorts which showcased his pert peach of a butt. The brown waves of his hair were short for a girl, but far too long for a guy.

How come he got real clothing and I had the porno wardrobe, huh? It wasn't fair!

I opened my mouth to say something, then closed it. It was probably for the best I didn't bring it up. What was I going to tell him? That my perving on those girls had turned him into a boisterous lesbian?

Just all the more reason to get to the bottom of this and put a stop to it. God, I hadn't even realized it could affect other people! That was dangerous, I could wind up with a stripper for a boss or something.

Fuck, he was hot though. He. Brody. I chose to continue to refer to him in the masculine, as Brody. But he was hot! Quite a bit shorter than me. My boobs were eye level with his eyes, but he didn't have heels. My gaze started drifting downwards... it was nice body. I wondered what it looked like without any clothes on?

I turned away sharply before I could finish that line of thought. Last thing I wanted was a body just like it. Besides, this was Brody! My best friend. I'd known him all my life. He had always been a slutty lesbian, but that didn't mean he was a... hold on.

I could remember now as we both discovered girls together, bonding over shared porn and the trials and tribulations of dealing with girls and all the crazy late-night adventures. We'd even been clothes shopping together, picking out the sluttiest sexiest things we could find.

I felt sick. I had gotten him all caught up in this curse bullshit. For some reason that was hitting me far worse than me having to carry these boobs around. I hadn't meant to hurt him! It was supposed to be me!

"So what's the plan here?" He gestured to the store.

"Uh." I snapped back to attention. I didn't want to let on what I'd done. "I need a new bra? This uh, *thing*," I gestured at the latex restraining my boobs. "It's just not doing the job."

"Your big fat jubbies keep bouncing around? I feel you bro," he gave his own a playful fondle. "Happens to me all the time. Never fear, my dude. It might be hard to find something that matches, but they should have something. Let's go."

"Wait, Don't they ban men here?" I was confused. Was Brody a man? Was he a dude still, same as I was, despite the body?

"Why would that be an issue?"

"Are you saying you're not a man?"

"Come on bro, look at me. The answer should be obvious."

I whimpered in confusion, then waved off the question. I didn't have time for this. We had to get this bra shopping over with so we could go find that girl.

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Chapter 3

I gritted my teeth. The perfumed scent of the store's interior made the hair on the back of my neck stand on end. Everything about it was so blatantly, celebratorily feminine. It reveled in it, splashing it loud and

proudly over every wall. It was all too much. As a man I couldn't help but squirm. This was not a place for me. It was enemy territory. All my years of masculinity had taught me that if I so much as looked at any of these things it would be a direct affront to my manhood and they'd take my dick licence away.

I took a breath. It was a stupid worry, I knew, and I shouldn't have been dwelling on it. I didn't have time for this. But maybe there was something true about it, at least as it applied to me. I might really lose my masculinity if I ended up looking disrespectfully. I had to ignore all the frilly little things surrounding me, all the proud little busts displaying the merchandise. Oh god, would I be changed by getting turned on by some big titty mannequin?

I took another breath. Brody raised a well-groomed eyebrow. He could tell something was up. I gave him a shaky smile and looked around. I was here for a bra, as humiliating as that situation was. God, I don't know why I was getting so worked up by this, I'd been buying bras since I was a teenager.

I took a proper look around the store. It was quite a sight, a well-displayed arrangement of elegant underthings, most designed to be both practical and pretty. Here and there were sexier affairs, corsets and stockings and much more whimsical underwear. There was more of that latter category than I'd have expected. I guess they got a lot of business from the local college sluts.

I eyed a pair of dainty satin panties hugging the hips of a flirty mannequin. A hundred dollars? I balked. Maybe this wasn't such a good idea?

For all my nervousness, Brody was running around like a kid in a candy store, rushing to this display or that, holding increasingly slutty lingerie up to his already smoking hot body and asking me what I thought. I looked away, trying not to stare. I didn't want to end up like him. I had to focus. Just grab a bra and get out.

But it wasn't that easy, was it? I picked up a blue bra and held it up to my chest. It was like it was designed for a completely different body shape. It just reminded me how hopelessly exaggerated my body was. Did they even make bras for tits this big? Even the one I'd had this morning had been a tight squeeze.

What size was I? God, I was so out of my element. I knew I was a t-shirt size 'large' and that was about it.

Shouldn't I know it? Shouldn't I have those memories? I dug into that part of me that had had boobs since middle school. Trips bra shopping with my mom and then later with Brody, of being in this exact store as we cooed over each sexy find, of me jumping for joy as I found something slutty enough to wear with my hot nurse outfit.

E cup? Was that right? Did they even go up that far?

E cup. It was a start. I was in business. I just had to find a comfortable, cheap, E-cup bra. How hard could it be? Maybe they'd have a bin of them? Three in a pack? I wasn't after anything fancy.

I left Brody behind as he drooled over a creamy negligee. I was looking for the cheapest part of the store, or was it sorted by size?

"May I help you Sir?" a voice behind me said.

I turned to see a woman standing down the aisle behind me. My heart started to race. She was beautiful in an elegant way. Way out of my league. She had the subtle grace of a model, legs that went on for days, and a petite body that seemed a dead ringer for many of the mannequins around her, just large enough to imagine her showing off all manner of sexy underthings.

She was calling me Sir? Had she realized I was a guy? Was she here to kick me out?

"Sir, do you need help?" she repeated.

Oh. I grocked in on the name tag. She worked here. I let out a sigh of relief.

"I'm looking for a bra?"

"Well," she smirked, "you've come to the right place. What sort?"

"Something to keep my..." I flushed as I looked down at the two heaving mounds barely contained by the tight latex of my playboy bunny outfit. "To keep my *boobs* from bouncing around too much." Hot shame licked through me as I said it. That was something no man should ever have to say.

"Of course, sir." She looked down at my boobs - my whole body reddening even more- and gave an appreciative smirk. "We have many wonderful options I can show you, if you'd like. I'm sure you'd look great in any of them. Or out of them."

"Wait, what?" The last line was so casual it almost slipped by entirely. Was she hitting on me?

She smiled. Not a professional smile either, but a flirtatious one.

"Th-thanks?" Normally I would have flirted back but this whole situation had me in a weird spot. My usual cool and casual confidence was in shambles and the threat of further transformations had me flinching away from any possibilities. Besides, what was I going to do? Get laid when I was like this? Who would possibly want me?

This woman, apparently.

"Right this way." She turned and walked down the aisle, a finger beckoning me closer. My eyes wandered down her body. Elegant and more than a little sexy. Not normally my type, but from this angle I could certainly see something I liked. Damn, look at the ass on her!

It was well presented in her long, tight skirt, swaying with each strut. How did a woman with so much class have an ass like that? It was mesmerizing!

Beneath the tightness of my latex suit, my dick was getting hard. Visions started running through my head of bending her over and lifting that skirt so I could pull aside the latex prison holding my throbbing dick and thrust my cock between between those exquisite cheeks, my boobs bouncing wildly in front of me as I bent over her and did that sweet ass from behind, hearing her groan in dirty delight as I -

"And here we are." She turned and winked.

We were in a dark corner, away from anyone else. The bras here were fewer and farther between, but certainly looked as though they might at least have a chance of fitting my breasts. "I thought *maybe*," she turned to me with a smouldering gaze. "We could do a quick fitting. Let me get a *feel* for just how big those breasts of yours are, *sir*." The way she purred that word sent a shiver through me. It was like something straight out of a porn movie.

"S-sure." I gulped. I had no idea what was happening, but even transformed, I wasn't about to turn down a hottie like this, was I?

"I think this one would look very handsome on you." She held up a lacy red demi-bra, cut to showcase as much magnificent melon as possible, with a lacy ruffle on the top. "Let's see if it fits."

"Okay?"

I should have said no, but there was a verve in her eyes. She pressed the cups up against my body. God, she was so close! I let out a soft sigh as my breath hitched, my heart racing at the prospect of having a girl like that so close. It didn't take long before the bra became a flimsy pretext. She pressed in closer, lifting my breasts with both hands and squeezing, sending a sensation through me that left me weak in the knees.

"Oh," she smirked. "It does."

What the hell was going on? This sudden assault on my... my *feminine aspects* had me completely off balance. Normally I'd be there reciprocating, taking control. I knew how to make a girl feel good. But then, normally I was the one initiating. I'd never been hit on like this!

She had me trembling like a girl, And right as one hand was slipping lower, sliding down along the shiny latex on its way to my bulging dick, a voice came from down the aisle.

"Hey dude, did you find a -" Brody rounded the aisle. "Oh, uh." His eyes roamed down the woman's body and took in the scene before him. "Never mind." He started backing up. "Carry on! That's my boy! Always a player!"

The woman gave me another squeeze.

Rather than pulling back at this discovery, rather than trying to play it off as something innocuous, the woman looked down at Brody, taking in his slutty little form, and her sultry smile grew even wider.

"Oh?" Brody raised an approving eyebrow. "You like what you see?" He ran a hand down his body to demonstrate, then leaned forward, arching his back to present even more of his expansive cleavage.

"You know I don't normally do this," the woman said, "but there's something about the two of you that's just driving me wild."

God help me, were it any other day of my life I would have gone for it. I would have had sex with that random big booty lingerie saleswoman and it would have been an amazing story to brag about for years to come.

But this was not any other day. I had tits, for fuck's sake, and besides, this scene seemed to be headed in a direction that would not be a tale of expressed *manhood* at all. I just wanted to get this over with.

"I'll uh, get out of here then." I grabbed at the bra she'd been holding to my chest. "Changeroom?"

The woman pointed to the opposite corner.

"Bro." There were tears in Brodys' eyes. "Really? Best wingman ever."

I ran off to the changeroom, and Brody gave me slap on my big old ass I ran past. I yelped, but he just gave me a thumbs up when I scowled back at him.

I rushed inside, breathing heavily. I just wanted a moment alone, away from this weirdness. But I wasn't alone. There was some busty tomboy standing there, nervously clutching a bra to her playboy - oh, that was me.

I flushed. Just to rub it in, it was one of those Just to rub it in, it was one of those change-rooms that had mirrors on three the walls, showcasing my boobalicious body from all angles. I could see my breasts heaving as I tried to catch my breath. I had to get my shit together. I quietly - with subdued horror - inspected my body.

My worst fears hadn't been realized. I was still me. Or, at least as me as I had been when I'd come in here. I still these stupid E-cups and my lips were still 5-star-blowjob quality. I was still lacking muscle. But there wasn't anything else. I still had my face, my hair. My hands were still big and masculine and even with my neighbor's figure I was still mostly masculine. It's not like I had lost my dick or my bootylicious butt or something serious. I eyed myself sideways on, letting my hands sweep over the full curves of my generous rear, overflowing my fingers when I gave them a friendly grope, and jiggled them. The fuzzy white bunny tail nestled just above was like a cherry on top, making it all work.

Okay. I let out a breath. I had been working myself up for nothing, but it wasn't a bad idea to keep away from any temptation. Who knew what I could lose next? Some of these things could be all too subtle.

At least in here I wouldn't have to worry about transforming further, right? Nothing here but a notice about final sales and a... full length poster of a woman posing in a lingerie set on the back of the door. Fuck. Maybe it wasn't too bad. It was classy, right, not hot? Even if she did have some really nice tits... god. Were they bigger than mine? That was a rare sight.

I bit my plump red lips. I was already all riled up and this wasn't helping. God, what would it be like to motorboat a pair like that? To leave a trail of kisses down that girl's flesh, then press our tits together, nipple to nipple, making her moan and mewl, the symmetry of our equally sized breasts making it all the hotter.

I grabbed at one of my enormous tits, the fantasy getting to me. I couldn't help cupping and squeezing one like I was offering it up to the model, in such a way to catch my turgid puffy nipple between my finger. I let out a soft whorish groan.

Then I froze, as I heard a giggle come from beyond the changeroom doors.

Had anyone heard me?

I slapped my own hand away from my boobs. There was a gasp of relief in my chest as I tugged off the top of the bunny outfit to try to get my bra on, but I stopped as I held the cups up to my big heavy tits. This bra was way too small.

No! I stomped a high-heeled foot in frustration. It was an E-cup!

Wait, no, E-cups? I haven't worn an E-cup since high school.

Oh no.

I turned to look at the poster. The tantalizing, mouthwatering breasts, with their big areolas and the thick puffy nipples, that were staring back at me now seemed a little too familiar.

Well shit. I stifled a scream of frustration. That's what I got for not controlling myself.

I tried to pull the top of my bunny suit back up, but now that was proving fruitless. My boobs simply would not be restrained no matter how much I tried to mash them in there. The lurid length and hardness of my new nipples adding a whole new aspect to the challenge. Was I going to have to leave the changeroom half-dressed Maybe I could rush out and grab a bra? But no, the giggling had intensified, there was a gaggle of girls out there taking turns trying stuff on.

Where did that leave me? Without proper clothing, in this women's changeroom, with people all around. They were going to scream and point fingers. I was going to get arrested for exposing myself.

This stupid fucking curse! Couldn't it have given me anything useful?

Wait... could I try to use the curse to my advantage? Could I let my arousal grow watching one of them and end up wearing what they were wearing?

I stuck my head out through the crack in the door, no one was looking, but I still felt like some perverted dude-bro preying on these girls in their place of safety. Even if - I frowned - I guess it was my place of safety too?

But looking around, even as these girls preened and primped in their underwear, it simply wasn't enough to get me riled up. Honestly? I had sexier clothing than that at home. How was I supposed to fap to this?

But then, miracle of miracles, Brody entered. He smiled like the cat who'd swallowed the canary, the saleswoman in tow.

His gaze caught on mine and I just prayed he caught on to the panicked expression I was giving.

He came over, holding the saleswoman's hand.

"Found us some place for fun, did you?" Brody said. "You sly dog."

Next thing I knew the two of them had pressed inside.

“No!” I gestured at my state of awkward half dress. “Can’t you see I’m in trouble? This bra doesn’t fit and now neither does my top!”

“Well of course it doesn’t fit, that bunny outfit is way too small for those mounds, man.” He gave my titties a boisterous fondle. “I don’t know why you even tried to wear it on the way over here.”

“It’s the curse!” I groaned.

“It’s more like a blessing,” Brody laughed, eyes wandering enviously all over my boobs. “Wait, does that mean we’re not doing a threesome?”

“No!” I hissed.

“Really?” The salesgirl was crestfallen.

“I need a bra tight enough to hold my boobs in tight enough to put on this suit.” I wriggled. “Can you grab one in the right size? Then you two can run off and do whatever.”

“Sure,” she bounced, turning on her heel, all too eager to help my boobs. “Let me get you something.”

“Wait, don’t you need to measure me?”

“Sir, you’re a G-cup. We did you earlier, remember?”

“But it -” I looked confused at the now too-small bra and frowned, then I shook my head. It was magic I guess. “Whatever.”

“Damn, bro.” Brody gossiped. “Did you see the ass on her? It’s just as big and juicy as yours.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” I shot him a dirty look.

“I mean, come on, just look at it.” He reached down and gripped my butt, a sensation which sent my eyes opening wide in surprise. I caught a glimpse in the mirror of my Kardashian-level behind and my heart skipped a beat. How the hell had I missed that? You could balance drinks on that thing! “You’ve both got asses that make a girl drool.”

How!? I twisted, trying to get a better view in the mirror. My hips were noticeably wider and there was no denying the lurid thickness of my butt, especially given how tightly packed it was into the trembling latex of my bunny suit. Thank god it was stretchy latex or it would have torn without a doubt.

Shit.

When had that happened? But no, the answer was obvious.

I twisted this way and that, appreciating the angle. Tits and an ass, with great skin to boot. If I was a girl I'd be an absolute knock out. Honestly? At this point it was very easy to mistake me as one, at a distance. It was just my head, and with these luscious lips of mine, even that was debatable. Not to mention I was squeezed into a way-too-tight playboy outfit.

Oh, and of course my big, overly-eager dick.

My inventory of damages came to a sudden stop when the saleswoman returned with an enormous bra. God, it was so big you could sail a boat with that thing. It was firmly on the utilitarian side of the spectrum, just cute enough to pass muster, but mostly designed to restrain a ridiculous pair of quarrelsome shoulder-boulders like mine.

"Well," I flushed. "Let's try it on."

"Do you require assistance, *sir*?"

It was a terrible idea, but I didn't know if I had the strength to pull it off on my own.

"Go for it." I gulped, holding my arms up in both surrender and to give them better access.

The woman sashayed behind me, moving with a grace and elegance at odds with her carnal intention. She made sure to linger as close to me as she could, circling me like a stripper with a pole, or maybe a jungle cat toying with its meat...

Her breasts pressed into my back as she reached her hands in front of me. She held the bra's cups up to my mountainous treasures with an ease and skill that could only come from decades of professional boob-wrangling. She tugged them this way and that, firm movements that sent ripples through the fatty tissue.

Brody was assisting enthusiastically from the front, his small frame meaning he had to look up at me as he hoisted and compressed my boobs into alignment. There was a practised grace to his motions as well, but of course, this wasn't the first time I'd asked for Brody's help getting dressed.

That last thought gave me pause. These tits were a three-man-operation? How was anybody supposed to get by with a pair like this?

Well - ah! – maybe it wasn't so bad. The feeling of all these soft girl hands on my body was certainly starting to feel euphoric. There was squeezing, there was pressure, yes, but it was the good kind. My heart was pounding. My flawless skin was flushed. I bit at my fat plump lip. Every time either of these busy hands crossed one of my long turgid nipples, it made me positively dizzy.

Not that I was encouraging it! I was doing all I could not to give in to the moment, not to moan or mewl or yelp at the manhandling. I tried everything I could not to look into the mirror and see the mostly-lesbian threesome that I'd somehow ended up in the middle of. I wasn't going to let this get any worse, no matter how good it felt!

Click!

They'd actually managed to make it fit. I almost fell backwards. What a huge weight off my chest! Well, I suppose it was just on my shoulders and back now, but at least they weren't going to fly around everywhere. I glanced at the mirror. While before they had been bouncing around wild, now they were pumped up and well-presented, pushed up to really show off their full size and roundness. I don't think this was even a push-up bra, I think it was just what happened with tits like theses. God, no wonder Brody had said I kept my phone in there, I could totally imagine it disappearing without a trace into that deep cleft.

"Phew!" I struggled for a breath. I just had to remind myself that the pressure was temporary, that once I found that girl and had her turn everything back I'd never have to put up with this crazy nightmare again.

"Now to get your top back up," said Brody, with a wink. He pinched at the latex and gave it a playful stretch.

"Oh no."

"Oh yes!"

Several hot and heavy minutes later, I was stumbling out of the changeroom. God help me, I don't know how they managed, but they did. Now Brody and the woman were making out licky style and it had taken all my power not to join them, lest I lose my dick at some point in the bargain. My ungrateful organ was a throbbing angry outline well-traced by the rubbery material, but at this point I was too tired to care and no one seemed to be giving me any grief about it.

Could you see my bra under the latex? Of course. The shape and bumps of it were clear unmistakable, and if the suit slipped down enough you could even see the tops of the cups as they presented my cleavage all the more evocatively to anyone who cared to look.

"Excuse me, sir?" one of the other sales assistants said. "I can see your underwear."

Oh well. I sighed. You couldn't win them all. Close enough.

As I waited for Brody and the woman to finish - because I was still a good wingman, curse or no - I couldn't help but fixate on the shifting weight of my body as I moved. God, it was still so hard to believe these enormous things were actually attached to me, as though at any moment I was going to wake up and it would all have been some ridiculous dream.

Another part of me kept insisting this was normal. Memories raced around in my brain of being an early bloomer at camp one summer, or of all the boys staring in jealousy in the school locker rooms. The chicks had always gone completely gaga for my big fat titties and my fat spankable butt. Why not give them a show? With all the experience I had I should have known how lucky I was to find a bra here that fit me today. It was always so hard for a boy like me to find good underwear.

I struggled to sort through the memories. They all felt so real. It felt like the more I focused on one the less convinced I was that it wasn't genuine. There were other memories in there too, of me having the E-cups, mom taking me bra shopping, the look on the girl's face when she first measured me.

I let out a strained breath. Memories of me having boobs outnumbered the ones that didn't.

Was I sure this curse was even real? How did I know not having tits hadn't been the dream? Didn't that make more sense?

I took a moment to center myself. I could hear Brody making the salesgirl moan in the stall. My first instinct would be to get aroused by it, too. To imagine the way the slutty two lesbians were going at it. But no, I didn't want to be a slutty lesbian myself. Did I?

I needed something else to focus on.

My gaze fell on a blonde. She was one of the girls who would have been out here giggling earlier. She and her friends had tittered amongst each other scandalously as I had come out. Right now she was showing off a bra and panty set for her friends, her long blonde hair cascading down around her face and back. It looked good. She must have just had it done.

The old me would have been impressed by the size of the woman's breasts. Now D-cups just seemed quaint.

I was horny, that was the problem. I'd just been felt up in a lesbian three-way and now my best friend was going at it and I'd had to avoid it. I had to not think about it. I didn't exactly have an outlet, did I?

The more I focused on the girl the more that hair of hers bouncing around crept into my fantasies. That hair bouncing around as she rode my dick cowgirl style, that hair cascading down her back as I did her from behind, my boobs pressing into her as I -

"God, stop!" I cried out.

"Huh?" Brody stood before me as I opened my eyes.

Had I said that out loud? I flushed. It looked like no one had heard.

"Ready?" Brody said, wiping the back of his mouth with his hand. Behind him the girl was sat down, leaning back, clothes disheveled as a look of bliss clouded her face.

'What happened?'

"Magic, bro. Absolute magic. Don't worry, I'll go over every little detail later." He gave me a wink. That, at least was a familiar gesture. "Ready to pay up?"

Pay up? I patted my sides where my pockets would normally be, but of course there was nothing there. I brushed the hair out of my eyes and turned in panic to Brody.

"Damn bro," Brody laughed. "Last night really has you fucked up, huh?" he waggled an eyebrow at the cashier as we approached. "Don't worry, I got you." he handed the saleswoman who'd commented on my underwear the tag he must have removed from my bra when we were putting on the bunny outfit.

I was going to raise an objection, then saw exactly how much it came to? Really!? For a single bra? "I'll pay you back man."

“Nah, dude, I got you.” He held out his hands for a fist bump. “This is thanks for being such a good wingman, letting me have that girl all to myself. I know how much you love a girl with an ass like that, so thanks for taking the hit.”

“You have no idea.” I laughed.

I twirled my hair as Brody flirted with the cashier. She seemed just as into us as the other girl had been. What was going on today? Was every girl I met some kind of lesbian? Why were they all checking me out?

But before I could take that thought further I caught what I was doing with my hair. When had my hair gotten long enough to fiddle with? I followed the strand upwards with my eyes, grabbing the long flowing blonde locks now rippling down from my head in a sexy mess.

No points for figuring out where that was from.

I groaned. This little detour had been a disaster. I’d gotten a bra but at what cost?

“So,” Brody said, holding open the door for me as we stepped back out onto the street. “Ready to go find that girl?”

The girl that had done this to me. The vision of her still swam in my head. If she had done this, she could turn me back right? She could undo all of this. We just had to find her. I just had to remain a man long enough to get this all turned back. Was I ready?

“Hell yeah!”

To Be Continued.