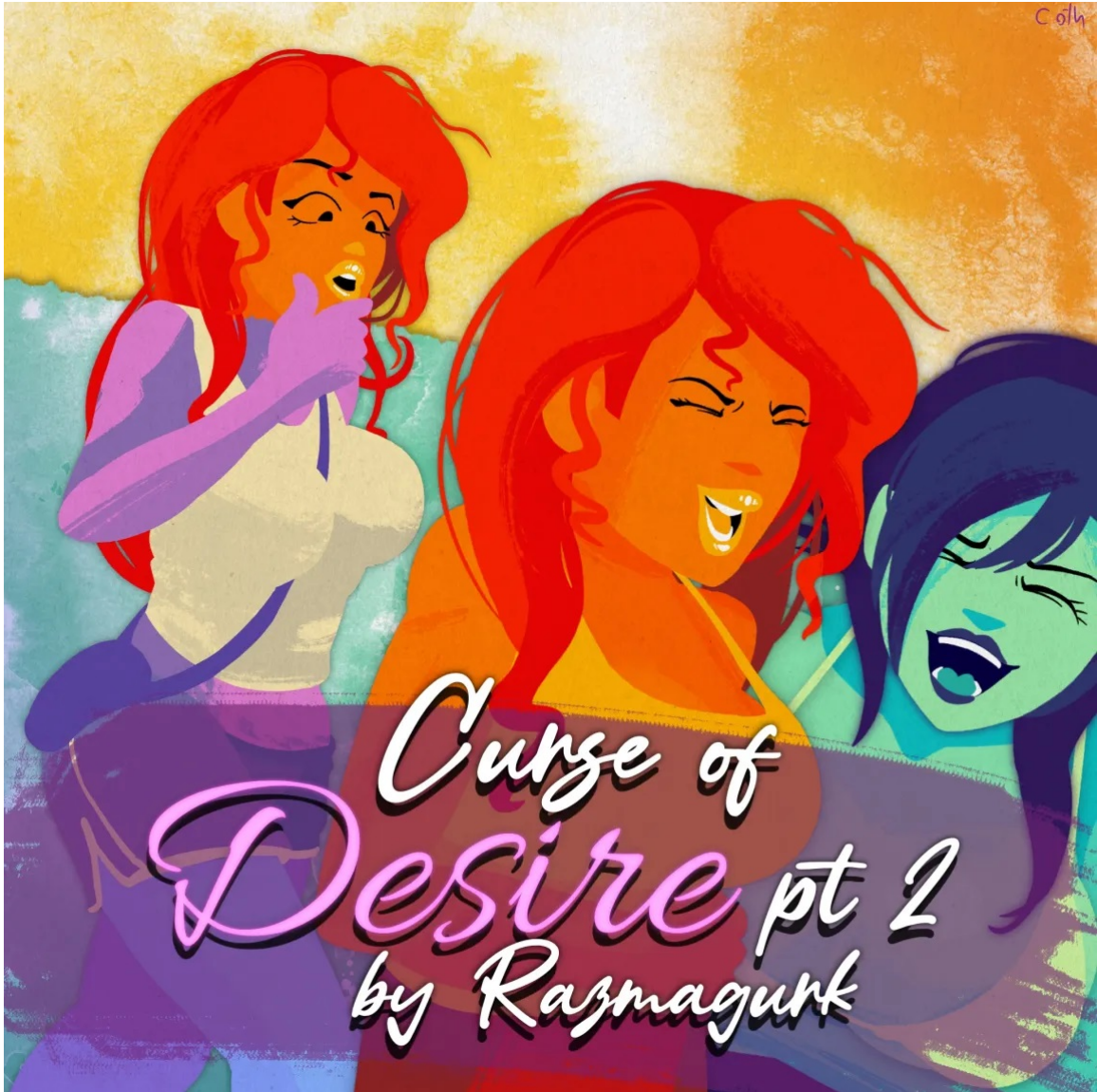




Curse of Desires
- A Classic TG Commission -
= Part 2 of 3=
By Razmagurk

Previously: Brandon, hitting on a well-endowed Goth girl, discovered the next morning she'd cursed him. Now, each time he objectifies some feature of a girl he finds sexy, he finds he acquires that feature himself. While trying to track the girl down, he discovers his curse can affect others around him, and now his best friend Brody has been changed into a short, stacked girl, oblivious to his circumstances. Still, Brandon continues his hunt to find the girl and get her to turn them back!

Chapter 4

Every sultry step of my 6-inch thigh-high stiletto boots, every sexy swing of my voluptuous butt, every jump and jiggle of my enormous honking titties, was an unmistakable reminder that I had been turned into a girl.

Well, okay. Not entirely. My throbbing dick attested to that. Hypocritical as it now seemed, pressed into the far too-tight latex playboy bunny outfit I had been squeezed into, and I do mean squeezed! It had been a three-person effort to get these melons into the bra and then stretch the latex over them.

I still had my face, at least. Mostly. If you ignored my juicy dick sucking lips and the way my long dirty blonde hair hung down to frame it in a girlish manner. My proportions were still masculine, but my badonka butt and tits seemed so much more prominent.

I took a deep breath, another vain attempt to try to calm myself. We were almost there. I kept focused on the road in front of us, even if it meant the lower half of my vision was filled with jiggly cleavage, hearing the swinging click of my heels. God, I never thought I'd want to not look at boobs, but from this angle they were something else entirely. I couldn't risk seeing some chick with a fresh sexy feature though, couldn't risk going any further down this rabbit hole. It was bad enough I'd accidentally turned my best friend Brody into a slut last time.

I kept telling myself everything would be okay. We'd find the girl soon enough and I'd get her to change us back. I'd get her to remove this ridiculous curse.

The curse. I shuddered. Any feature of a sexy girl I lusted over, I'd get? What kind of a sick person thinks of something like that? All because, what? I'd been so drunk I couldn't stop staring at her totally sweet goth hooters?

That's why I looked like this. That's why I was moving like this. That's why I was wearing this.

The worst part though was all the swirling memories in my head, telling me I had always been like this. I refused to give them credence, but sometimes I didn't even realize which ones were false.

Rubbing it in further, everybody seemed to treat me as though there was nothing out of the ordinary about me being like this. To me it felt like this was some game they were all in on at my expense. I'd almost prefer the opposite. Even if the alternative was them screaming at me for being a freak, at least then I could take comfort in their acknowledgement that this whole situation was completely fucked up. This just made me doubt my own insanity.

Instead, my body kept getting the weirdest looks. Some of the guys seemed almost jealous, while lots of girls seemed to go crazy for it. I had no idea there were so many lesbians on campus.

"Brandon? Bro?" Brody elbowed me teasingly, evidently not used to seeing me so lost in thought. I wasn't a big thinker. "You alright?"

"I'll be a lot better once I find this girl." I looked down at my friend. He had once been tall, muscular, a real man's man. Now he was a slutty shortstack lesbian, oblivious to the weirdness that entailed.

I looked up at the athletics building façade. There were these big glass walls behind which was the campus's main gym. They'd just finished building it recently and the facilities were absolutely tight, I'd spent a lot of time on the basketball courts here, wearing my skanky little cheerleader outfit as I dashed around, my great bounding breast swinging so hard they threatened to take out anyone who got close, jumping to take a shot only to fall on my plump padded ass after failing to land again on my four inch heels. Good times.

The nostalgic smile on my face faded as I realized that was one of my new memories. As good as it made me feel, I had to still rage against it. I had to fight. Masculinity demanded it.

"You're sure she's going to be here?"

"I'm telling you, bro," Brody began. The tone I recognized as playful confidence when he had been a guy, came across as raw sex in his newer, sluttier form. "This is where that girl hangs out. I've seen her around a few times."

"A few times? I thought you said she was a member." Had this whole trip been for nothing? Had I been out here sacrificing my manhood, bit by bit, on a wild goose chase?

"I said I *think* she's a member," he said, hands on his hips. "Do you want to find her or not?"

I hunched my shoulders. I guess we didn't really have any other options did we? Even if it meant possibly exposing myself to more hot girls. God, normally that wouldn't be a problem! It looked like the only way out was through, but that didn't make this any easier.

We stepped inside, the cool air conditioning teasing my supple silky-smooth skin. I could feel my plump girly nipples stiffening uncomfortably beneath my bra. They were so present, so obvious, even through the layers. I was sure everybody could see.

I was not dressed appropriately for this. I was walking around looking like a playboy bunny kicked out of the house for being too much of a whore. The only workout I looked ready for was the kind that ended with me naked in bed and sending a smug text to all my friends.

Focus.

Brody scanned his pass. Shit, I'd left my phone at home, it had all my ID with it. The small mousy girl behind the counter was maybe a little too nice about it though, even if she didn't even look me in the eye as she pulled up my account.

"This you?" She turned the screen towards me to reveal the ID photo they had on file. I was giving a smouldering sexy stare, my hair the perfect level of 'freshly fucked' and my thick lips red and shiny. It was the kind of gaze you'd expect to see from a prostitute eager for work.

"Y-yeah." I flushed in embarrassment. But of course that was right. I always tried to look hot in any photos. Ladies loved a man who knew how to be photogenic.

Finally, Brody and I stepped inside. I took a deep breath and worked up my courage to look around. We weren't going to find anyone if I was too scared to even look. Thankfully, there weren't smoking hot babes everywhere. God, I never thought I'd be grateful for that.

The gym was pretty basic, row upon row of gym equipment, weight racks, and machines. The front wall featured alternating mirrors and windows, while the back wall was full of selfies and pictures of exuberantly posing regulars.

The smell hit me nostalgically. Sweat, weight racks, and disinfectant. I rubbed at one of my arms, noting just how skinny and weak they had become. My musculature had been one of the first things I'd lost. I looked at a dude pumping iron, his body bulging with effort. Normally I'd be right there beside them, now I felt small and helpless.

I took another breath to try to calm myself. It would be okay. It would all be over soon.

As I gazed around, I didn't see the girl. She wasn't in the main weight room. What if she wasn't here? What if I couldn't turn back? What if I was going to be weak forever?

"Do you see her?" I swept my gaze once again from side to side, scanning over each piece of equipment.

"No," Brody said, shaking his head. "But even if she's not here, I bet someone would have heard of her. I remember I've seen her arguing with some of the jocks now and then."

"Argue?"

"Yeah, like, she'd smack 'em down verbally for ogling her or the other girls. Like Frank over there." Brody pointed. "Though damn, can't say I blame them. A girl with a body like that? I know where my focus would be, know what I'm saying?"

She'd run up against guys before? Did that mean there were other people out there like me? Other people she had cursed?

I followed Brody's gesture to one of the central weight racks. Standing there was an imposing figure, towering at 5'2", demonstrating the power of his slender muscles and hourglass curves as he curled a pair of massive 5-pound hand weights. Each pump made his D-cups jump and a soft sugar-cookie gasp escape his pouty bee-stung lips. He set his gaze on me. A smouldering, half-lidded glare with smoky bedroom eyes that would make anyone's blood run cold.

I turned away and let out a breath. She had stood up to him? He was a monster of a man. I bet he had prison tattoos or something, like a butterfly on his lower-back.

If she had talked to him, maybe he could have answers?

But, no. I chickened out. For my own safety, probably best I didn't bother that guy. If she'd cursed him it would pretty obvious, right? He'd have a woman's body?

"Maybe we should ask around." Brody suggested. "Someone here is bound to know. Ooh," he cooed lustfully, "I can go talk to that cute receptionist, Sarah, see if they have any records I can get access too."

"You think they'll just give up their records?"

"Oh, don't worry," he winked. "Given the way that sweet girl was pounding my ass with her strap-on last week, I'd say I've got a pretty good chance."

"What?" I deadpanned. I don't know why I was surprised by that. This version of Brody didn't seem to think about anything but sex. Or was that Brody in general, and I was just noticing it because the words were coming out of the mouth of this far hotter form?

"Yeah bro, she was really giving it to me good. Fuck, I was seeing stars. I can take some pretty big dick in my pussy, not to brag or anything, but she had this huge fist-shaped dildo she was dying to try out and it was a whole other level." She held a hand up to her bicep like she was Rosie the Riveter. "It was the backdoor or nothing if she was going to give every inch, but god damn we got there. You should seriously try it some time. I've never gushed so hard in my life."

"Her!?" I turned my gaze to the sweet demure looking girl sitting behind the counter. She was reading a knitting manual.

"Oh yeah dude, under that cardigan she's absolutely ripped. Total muscle mommy, dude. 100% sploosh city. Got tapped by that shit like she was drilling for oil!"

He held up his hand for a high five, which I awkwardly returned. I'd normally find a girl going into such raunchy and unabashed details about her sex life incredibly hot, but the fact that this girl had very recently been my entirely male best friend put a dampener on it some.

Well - I sighed - all the more reason to find this girl.

"You go ask her," I rubbed the bridge of my nose. "I'll look around a bit more."

"I'll give you the signal if I need any help." He winked.

"Sure, sure." He was treating this like it was some kind of pickup game. I left him to his flirtations and resumed my hunt.

I was a bit ashamed to think it had been so long since I'd been to the gym. I used to come all the time. Ladies love a man who works out, after all. I had spent less and less time here though as basketball began to take up more and more of my time.

Wait, was that right? I was having a hard time parsing my memories. This newer version of me had never really been to the gym at all. I was a bench-warmer on the team. As much as I loved to play, with my tits crashing into the other boys as I minced down the field, I threw like a girl. Don't get me wrong, I always drew a crowd, but I wasn't a star player or anything.

Was that... was that right?

Oh...

My vision suddenly felt blurry. I was worried for a second that it might have been some further change, but then I realized it was a tear.

I had loved going out there and leading the team, hadn't I? So much of what had changed had been silly or sexual, but this was a real twist of the knife. How was this going to affect the rest of my life? Was I going to lose my friends? My family?

With each room or studio I investigated, my throat felt tighter and tighter. Every door I opened brought a wash of trepidation, several seconds of desperate, plaintive searching, then an eternity of deep-down disappointment.

I was so caught up in everything I didn't even notice the looks I was getting. I didn't notice all the fine athletic ladies stopping in their tracks as I walked by. I couldn't. I didn't want to risk losing even more of myself.

After searching every possible room twice over, I concluded she was still nowhere to be found. My heart was pounding. What if I couldn't change back? Would I have to spend my life like this, losing more of myself with each swing of my libido?

I sat down. I took several deep breaths, trying and failing to calm down. There's only so deep a person can breathe though when they're wearing a latex playboy bunny outfit. I subtly adjusted the edges, tugging back down those bits that had ridden up on my hip and big fat sexy butt.

I was so lost in my own head I didn't even notice the solution was staring me in the face.

I looked up. The back wall of the gym was a polaroid wall full of signed progress-pics and selfies from various members. My eyes widened. She had to be on there somewhere, right?

My heart pounded. I scanned it, top to bottom, looking for some sign of her, some clue. My gaze kept wandering to pictures of that scary guy who she had argued with, for some reason. He had a few, polaroids posing topless. The stiff strawberry nipples on his round, gravity defying gazangas were a mouthwatering display of his well-earned physical might.

Honestly, he was probably the most fit guy in all these photos, though there were a few others that gave him a run for his money. One was wearing a weight belt - or no, on closer inspection it was a miniskirt - flexing in a classic muscleman pose, arms clasped demurely before him to squeeze his tits together, showing off how he could fit his water bottle between his soft manly mounds. Another was a swarthy looking dude in little orange shorts and a well-filled out Hooters shirt, on his knees with a dick in his mouth and cum dribbling down his chin, clearly loving the post-workout protein.

I sighed. There were so many guys out there. Why couldn't one of them have been cursed instead? Or, god, why couldn't I steal a trait or two from them, let my chest bounce free wearing nothing but that skimpy miniskirt?

Then I saw it. I had almost given up, but there it was! The girl. Her photo was half covered by more recent ones, and it wasn't the best shot, but it was her! Those tits were unmistakable. She was making a peace sign at the camera as the big dude standing behind her, his head just peeping over her shoulder,

screamed and grasped at his chest, feeling it up in what I assumed to be some kind of advanced shoulder-boulder workout for really masculine guys.

But that wasn't important right now. What was important was that it was her. And she'd signed her name.

"Belinda?" What kind of a name was that? Who cared. I had a name! My heart swelled, but my elation leveled out as I scolded myself. A name was not the girl, but at least it was a step in the right direction.

Maybe I could ask around?

I looked around for some regulars. There were a handful of guys running on the treadmill at a breakneck pace. They were showing off in front of a girl on the treadmill on the far end, not that she seemed to notice. She was bobbing her head to the music in her earbuds. She was jogging at a more leisurely pace, barely fazed, like she could hold it up for hours.

Having learned my fucking lesson about gawking at girls, I made the effort to focus on the guys. The tall one had given up on the impromptu race and was walking things out.

"Hey man," I said, stepping up to him and thrusting the polaroid in his direction. "Have you seen this girl?"

He turned to look at me, then stopped so abruptly he almost fell off the treadmill, his jaw dropping.

"Dude," he gushed, his eyes roaming enthusiastically down my comically sexy body, losing themselves in my vast mountains and creamy valleys. I flushed, suddenly self-conscious again. All of the humiliation that I'd been getting used to suddenly crashing back through me like a bursting damn.

"Oh my god," he gushed again. "You look great!"

"Uh." Was that sarcasm?

"Bro," he held a hand up for a high five. "What's your routine? I've got to know."

"Oh, well tons of moisturizer, to start." I started listing off the steps of my skincare routine. You don't get flawless skin like this without working for it. I found I was gushing, but it was something I was passionate about and he had asked.

"Your *workout* routine." He clarified, unimpressed.

"Oh." I roiled. What the fuck was he on about? Could he not see my petite little girly arms? What was he seeing? "These days I mostly just play basketball?"

"Oh yeah, you look like you could be a total pro! Do you mind?"

"Mind what?"

“Your chest!” He reached out and grabbed at my right boob, squeezing it in his firm hand like he was trying to pinch a nerve. I squirmed in his grasp, partly out of surprise and partly because, god damn, it felt good. These stupid traitorous tits were radiating a hot warmth through my body as my nipples stiffened against the rubber of my suit, begging to be squeezed more.

“H-hey!” I stepped back.

“Sorry man. I just had to feel. Totes jealous.”

“Look,” I cried out, just wanting this conversation to be over. “Do you know this girl or not?”

“Oh, damn!” His eyes had gone wide.

“You know her?”

“Nah, bro.” he shook his head. “Never seen her before. She’s hot though, the boobs on her, am I right? I see why you’re after her. Maybe one of the girls would know? You know how chicks like to stick together.”

I pouted. Talking to a girl? Was I really going to risk that? Fuck, what choice did I have?

It would be okay, I told myself. I just had to be careful. I looked around for any girls who were not hot in some way, shape, or form, but I guess those kinds of girls weren’t gym-goers.

I set my eyes on the girl running nearby. She was cute. Maybe a model or something? She had a disciplined kind of beauty. She was running at a steady pace to the beat of some girly pop song that was just loud enough for me to hear over the machine. She was mouthing the lyrics, something about waiting for love.

I frowned a little trying to listen to it. I was a metal fan through and through I could never stand any of that girly crap. She was living it though, a mile away in her own world. I could just imagine her on stage, belting her heart out before a crowd of eager fans. Showing the world what she was made of as she took off her top, grabbed the microphone and shoved it up her—

No, bad! I forced my flushing cheeks to look at something else, but that little fantasy image still lingered. How was I supposed to get through the day if I couldn’t even talk to a girl without imagining her naked, dancing around in front of me while putting on a show? I was too goddamn horny and could do nothing to relieve it. I let out a sigh, all these girls were suddenly so forbidden. What was I supposed to do, but dream?

“Excuse me?” I stepped up to her. Be civil, I told myself. Don’t gawk at her bouncing breasts or thick thighs or tight little body.

She didn’t stop. Instead I got a perfect view of her tight athletic butt in those little running shorts, swishing back and forth, back and forth.

“Excuse me?” I asked again, a little louder, stepping into her field of vision with a little wave. My ears were picking up the soft sweetness of the ultra girly pop music. I paused for a minute, taking it in as if for

the first time. It was as girly as pink bubblegum, but damn, as I concentrated on it, this song wasn't too bad. Bit of a banger actually? The lyrics were something heartfelt about being strong and confident while being soft enough to find someone to love. I could feel it in my soul.

Then it stopped. The girl had thumbed it off and was switching to a walk. She did a double take: stuck half in her own head, her gaze skidded off me at first, then she realized what was happening and snapped to attention. I was expecting a sneer, I was expecting a laugh or a slap, but instead she bit her lip. It was a look that said, 'I've been hit on by a million guys here, but for you I'll give it a chance'.

"Hi," I began weakly. She had me completely off guard. "Sorry, uh, I just really love your music! You have such great taste, wow. I've never heard anything like it."

"Oh thanks. They're pretty obscure but I just love them. Glad to meet another fan."

"So uh," I took my shot. "Do you come here often?"

I flinched. I hadn't quite meant to have that come across as a pick up line. She took another look at me, lingering on my boobs. I could feel my humiliation intensifying, a reminder of just how big and out there they were, how horrible this carnally cursed form I found myself trapped in was, even if everybody else seemed to treat it as normal.

"I do." She shook a messy strand of hair out of her eyes, and gave a little sexy smile. "But I haven't seen you around. I think I'd have noticed."

"Oh." More heat flushed through me. My dick was screaming orders: 'she's interested! Take her home and make her sing!' Not helping, dick.

It took all my willpower not to ogle her body in return. Was she seriously into me? First the salesgirl at the bra shop, and now this? What were the odds? Unless there was some kind of major lesbian presence at this school I'd just never realized before.

Not that I was pretending to be a girl or anything. I had a fairly sizeable bulge straining against my playboy bunny outfit.

Her smile was intensifying, growing even more sexy as it grew bigger. God, this was dangerous.

"I was wondering if you've seen this girl..." I held up the little polaroid of the goth girl.

"Why?" Her face took on a jealous expression. "Is that your girlfriend or something?"

"No." I flushed. How to fucking explain this? "She uh, took something from me and I'm trying to get it back. I didn't get her number."

That wasn't too far off the truth was it? She'd took my fucking masculinity!

"Sorry cutie," she shrugged. "Looks familiar but I can't say we've crossed paths. But then, I'm in a world of my own when I'm here, you know?" she held up her earbud, blasting a cutesy K-pop chorus that I would gladly have stuck in my head for the rest of my life.

"Oh." My heart sank.

"Maybe ask Lisa?" She tilted her head toward the squat rack. "She's here all the time."

"Oh great!" I perked up. "Thank you." But inside me there was a war going on between the part of me that wanted to move on and the part that wanted to get to know this girl a little bit better.

"And hey," the girl added, almost desperately. "If this girl you're looking for doesn't work out, maybe I can give you *my* number instead? I could be your girlfriend, if you don't have one."

I flushed at her forwardness. I fumbled for words, but that just made her smile grow, taking on a predatory edge. My heart pounded. What the hell was going on? I was more popular as a girl than I'd ever been as a guy. Was this just another way the curse was designed to torment me? To throw me at temptation? Because, goddammit, if I did take this girl home I was going to end up looking very much like her, wasn't I?

I guess it made sense in a crazy kind of way. These colossal honkers of my mine were pretty fucking hot on the girl I'd taken them from. All of these body parts were. Maybe they still retained their hotness? Or maybe I was just having a crazy run of luck with lesbians today.

"M-maybe some other time!" I fumbled my words as I stepped away. So much for a smooth exit.

I'd be kicking myself later for turning down an offer like that. What was the world coming to? But I had bigger fish to fry.

Breasts bounding pendulously with every hurried step, I minced past the various gym-goers and machines, over to the squat rack. There, a girl was doing some heavy lifting as another two spotted her.

"Excuse me," I called out. "Are you Lisa?"

"That's right." The girl doing the squat stood up to her full height, resting the weight back on the bar. "Who wants to know?"

She was flush from the adrenalin, her muscles well on display in her tank top and shorts. She wiped a mop of strawberry blonde hair out of her face, highlights of pink mixed in to create an incredible punk colour. Some of the strands fell back down to frame her face in messy pink fire. She had a confident, possessive grin on her face, and eyes that smouldered so hot I thought I was going to melt right there and then.

"Fresh meat?" one of the girls giggled as the two of them stepped forward.

"Back off, girls," Lisa said, taking a step forward as well. "He's mine."

The two other girls fell back, letting Lisa take the lead. They had a kind of villain/minion efficiency that made me think this wasn't their first time doing this. Lisa may have been the most muscular but they were all clearly in top condition. There was an utter confidence to their actions. They knew how good they looked and how hard they had worked to get here.

"If you're looking for a regular," Lisa flexed. "You've come to the right place."

"Ah, no I'm looking for a specific girl, see she -"

"Look, sweetheart." She took a step forward, putting herself so close I could feel the heat of her body. "Whoever else it is your looking for, forget them. Me and the girls here could do you so much better."

"Could what?" My eyes bulged. And here I thought the girl on the treadmill had been forward.

"We could rail you senseless, baby. That's what boys like you are always after, isn't it? Now what's say we drop the hard-to-get act and we take you to the changeroom to get a better look at those hunky tits of yours?"

One of the other girls let out a cartoonish "Homina homina!"

"Um." I thought back to what Mike was saying earlier, about getting his ass pounded by the strong girl behind the counter, getting tossed around and held down like it was nothing. With my reduced musculature, these girls had me dead to rights. Hell, my tits were probably the heaviest part of me right now. Oh god, a flush and a flutter ran through me. Those strong hands manhandling my heaving hooters would probably feel really damn good.

I trembled in horny indecision.

"Aw, what's the matter?" Lisa ran a finger down my arm. "Cat got your tongue?"

"That's okay," one of the girls jumped in. "We can think of other things you can do with that plump, pouty little mouth of yours."

I stepped back. I wasn't one to turn down sex, but I'd learned my fucking lesson. I had to get away.

"Aw, come on, I'll even throw in a bit of quid pro quo." Lisa took a step back and lifted up her shirt, letting her muscular abs and firm naturals spill out.

My dick swelled. Goddamn, the body on her. No, I whimpered. I wasn't about to be hit by the curse again! I averted my eyes, I tried to stare instead at her head, at her face, that pink-highlighted hair, anything to keep from transforming again. I was this close to losing myself in that fantasy of getting dragged off and shown a wild time, but I wouldn't give in.

"Nevermind!" I cried, turning and I started to walk away as fast as my thigh-high stilettos could carry me. I heard them cackling amongst themselves.

"Suit yourself!" Lisa cooed after me.

"Damn," one girl mumble. "What a fucking shame. Did you see the ass on that guy? Like a cake, I just wanted to sink my teeth into it."

I blushed, unused to this kind of attention. I put another few steps between us.

“Tell me about it!” the other giggled. “If I had a stud like that, I’d never leave the house, I’d be putting that body to use all night long.”

“Oh please,” Lisa laughed. “Knowing you, you’d cream your brains out ten minutes in.”

They laughed.

I roiled. This wasn’t how things were supposed to go! Some defiant part of me was crying out. This wasn’t acceptable! I couldn’t just let these girls talk about me that way, could I?

As they kept conversing in lurid detail about all the lewd things they wanted to do to my soft supple body, I turned and gave them a whitening glare of fury and disgust. That would show them.

Rather than being ashamed, however, they just made lurid and gestures that left no doubt their offer still stood. I went red around the ears as the other two flashed their tits as well. I tried to hold firm. I did not imagine lots of steamy gym sex, licking the sweat off her abs, having those firm hands mauling at my breasts all night long as the three of them had their way with me. I didn’t imagine seeing that pink mop of hair between my breasts as she made me scream.

No matter how hot the idea was.

I gulped and I left the girls behind me. I was learning, dammit.

I stomped a foot in frustration.

This trip had been a disaster. I brushed a pink strand of hair out of my face. I’d gotten what? A name? I went over to the front where Brody was still hitting on the girl behind the counter. The girl was now wearing Brody’s top and Brody was wearing a cardigan, his bra-less breasts bounding beneath, well displayed by the tight material.

I gave the two an incredulous look. The girl did her best to look demure and professional. Brody just gave me a wink.

It was then I caught my reflection in one of the nearby mirrors.

Really!? I rushed over to one, to get a better look. My hair was still the same cut and style as before but now it was strawberry blonde with unmistakably sexy pink highlights. On Lisa it had been punk as fuck, but on my more classical sexy style it came across as cutesy, girly, slutty.

I raged. How had the curse got me? I had been good this time! I hadn’t let my lusts go wild looking over their muscular bodies. I’d focused on any part of them besides that!

Oh no.

If I *had* lusted over their bodies, would I have had my muscles back? I wanted to scream. I very nearly did.

"Bro, no time for checking your hair." Brody gave me a big grin. "I found the girl you were talking about."

"You did?" All of my tension washed away. I ran up and hugged that man, pulling his face into the vast cleft of my playboy bunny cleavage.

"Got her name and everything. And here's the best part - she works the bar at that strip club down town!"

"She what?"

"Yeah!" He went to give me a high five. "We can be surrounded by all the hottest babes as we look for her."

"Oh." Irony oozed from my voice. "Joy."

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Chapter 5

I took a deep breath, then another. I was trying to calm my apprehension, but no amount of fresh air was going to do the trick.

"You okay?" Brody put a hand on my shoulder.

"I'll be fine," I lied. I gave him a weary smile. I was pretty far from okay, but what good what it would do worrying him?

What if I couldn't convince this girl to change me back? What if I was trapped like this? God, it was funny. Just last week I'd have thought getting hit on by any girl who moved would have been a blessing, I'd have paid any price. But at the cost of my manhood? It was like some impossible this or that game.

"How far is this strip club?" I daintily pulled up my wrist, but there was no watch where I normally wore one.

"Walking? No clue? An hour? It's downtown."

"An hour!" I balked. "I am not walking an hour in these heels."

"You walk everywhere in heels, bro. I've seen you play soccer in them."

How would that even work? Stilettos did not cleats make. Wouldn't I get stuck? I tried imagining it but found I didn't need to, I could remember it very clearly. Me dressed in my slutty little maid outfit, huge breasts bounding pendulously as I sauntered towards the ball, feather duster at the ready, kicking ineffectively with the tall toe of my high heels and swinging my enormous ass into place to block the other players.

My anxiety flared again. I'd never been bad at sports before. It was such a key part of my identity, I didn't know if I'd be able to live without them.

One of the guys on the basketball team, Thomas, was always making disparaging comments about women in sports. He'd always said girls couldn't play basketball. I'd never given it much credence, but if they had a stupid sexy body like this, I could certainly see how it would be a problem. The weird thing was that he'd said it even to this version of me. As though I wasn't any different. God, I'd like to see Thomas, or hell the whole team, having to play with these heels and a skirt and big jumbling basketballs on his chest, then we'd see who couldn't play basketball.

I tried my best, dammit! I got plenty of compliments from the guys as I had stood naked in the changeroom squeezing myself into my slutty lingerie while they had respectfully admired my cleavage. It was a compliment of one athlete to another, unfazed by the bizarre nature of my body. They acted like I was still a muscular dude, but when it came to results, there was only so much I could do.

My eyes were starting to water again. I shook the memories free and took another breath. I gripped my hand to center myself in the now.

"An hour is way too long," I said, "Maybe we take a cab? Or the bus I guess. I still don't have my wallet."

"Bus isn't a bad idea," Mike nodded. "It's basically across the street from the third-street depot, right? I laugh every time I'm on the crosstown going past those titty monster billboards. I bet that's great advertising for them."

"Good idea." I made a mental note to avert my gaze.

We rushed over to the nearby bus stop. One of the advantages of being on campus was that everything was pretty walkable and there was good access to public transport. I'd have preferred something a little more private, but I suppose beggars can't be choosers.

As we approached, there was a girl standing there talking on her phone. Another college girl on her way to a party? She was tall and curvy, but wearing a big long coat which hid most of her figure. Her hair and makeup were impeccable, and she looked ready to party. Over one shoulder she had slung her purse, which I couldn't help but notice was an adorable pink colour.

I was prepared to pay her no mind, but as she saw us approaching, a grin broke out on her face. We stood next to her awkwardly. I was doing my best not to look lest I wind up with a faceful of makeup or something.

"Hey handsome," I could *hear* the lurid smile on her face. "This is the 42a right? You going my way?"

"It should be?" I probably should have just ignored her, but the pickup line had caught me off guard. "I think."

Brody looked on, trying to figure out what my game was so he could back my play. He gave me a big thumbs up.

"Oh good." She took a step to the side, subtly adjusting her position so I could get a better view of her. "So where's a sweet thing like you headed?"

Oh come on! Again? No. I turned my gaze away even further. I wasn't going to give this girl a chance.

"Hey now." She put a hand on her hip. "No need to be rude. You can at least look at a girl when she's talking to you."

But the stakes were too high, I wasn't going to risk it. I closed my eyes.

"Fucking cunt-teasing prick," the girl mumbled under her breath. I was stunned. Her whole demeanor had changed in an instant. "I'm just trying to have a conversation. God, you men are all the same. And here I was trying to be nice."

For a moment it looked like she was going to do something in her anger. I took a step back and Brody stepped forward. But before things could go any further, the bus pulled up. She backed off, petulantly crossing her hands over her chest.

"Fine." She waved a hand in the air dismissively as she stepped towards the opening bus doors. "But just know you could have had *this*." She turned to open her coat and revealed that underneath she was wearing the most scandalous outfit I'd ever seen. It looked like she was trying to pass some lingerie off as club-wear. A strappy little bra, feathered around the cups, with scant strings tying it in the back. Delicate panties visible beneath a skirt so short it may have been a ruffle itself. Tall garters held up classy fishnet stockings. All in black lace. The creamy white of her pale skin was well contrasted by the dark of the fabric.

What drew my eye the most was the choker she wore around her neck. No, not a choker. Let's call it what it was: a collar, complete with a D-ring you could attach a leash to. Spelled out on it in glittery silver were the letters S L U T between a pair of girly hearts.

Goddamn. That wasn't playing fair! Name me one straight boy on the planet who wouldn't stare at something like that. My dick already hard, was now diamonds.

"That's right, you like this don't you?" She ran a hand down her body. "Well too bad. Maybe if you were less rude you'd get to snap this off me tonight." She thumbed the D-ring of the collar for emphasis, then pulled her coat tight once more, denying us the vision beneath. Not that it stopped my brain from filling in every slutty detail of the situation she was describing, I could practically hear the gluck gluck sound as I imagined looking down past my tits to see her head bobbing, her hands reaching around to grab my jiggly butt as she plunged balls deep on my rock hard shaft, that collar around her throat making things just that little bit tighter

I fumbled for words, opening and closing my mouth like a drowning fish.

She pulled out her wallet, cutesy and pink, tapped to pay the driver, checked her expensive-looking slender gold watch, then took a seat at the back of the bus.

"Damn bro." Brody laughed and slapped me on the back. "You hate to see it happen."

"Huh?"

“You win some, you lose some, I guess.” He stepped onto the bus and pulled out his wallet to pay.
“Probably for the best, chicks like that are completely crazy, but damn, imagine the sex! Bet she’s totally wild, bro.”

“Not helping.” I stepped up into the bus, opening my purse and removing my own little pink wallet. I tapped it against the bus terminal to pay then put it back in my purse.

“I’m just saying! Dude, I would’ve happily taken turns deepthroating dildos with her as we scissored each other until our cunts were raw. Know what I’m saying? She’s a little subby looking for my tastes, but I’m sure I could convince her to crush my head between her thighs or make me gobble on her asshole, am I right brother?”

I rolled my eyes at the increasingly vulgar sex acts Brody was putting forth. Brody had always gotten more creative when he was horny, but now it seemed to be directed in weird directions. Was it good I still saw so much of my friend in him? That only these moments were jarring? Or did that make it worse?

As we sat down, I was firmly reminded of the presence of my pillowy ass, soft and squishy beneath me like some kind of king-sized pillow. I wiggled to try to get comfortable. My hips felt too wide too. God, what a weird feeling. I rested my purse on my lap as I tried to get used to it.

“How long will this take?” I whispered to Brody as I looked at my slender gold watch.

“Uh, 20-30 minutes?” Brody whispered back. “Depending on traffic.”

I just had to avoid seeing anybody hot for the next 30 minutes. How hard could that be? But with how today was going we were probably going to drive by a parade from the Parkfield Association of Smoking Hot Terminally Horny Nudists.

I wasn’t even taking a chance. No looking out the window, no looking around the bus. I would just sit and focus on nothing. How hard could it be?

Very, it seemed.

As the bus pulled away, my agonizingly horny brain was coming up with all manner of pornographic little fantasies and adventures featuring all manner of eager sluts, rubbing themselves against my body, lips clamped on my breasts as they worked my pole for all they were worth. No, fuck. This was just inviting trouble, wasn’t it? Who’s to say that wouldn’t also set off the curse? I stopped just in the nick of time, doing my best to banish my overeager imagination. It was no good.

I squirmed, thick thighs rubbing together as I crossed and uncrossed my legs.

I needed a distraction.

“Brody, can I borrow your phone?”

“Are you pulling up more weird porn again?”

“Uh.”

“Cause you know I love good recommendations, but come on man, you have your own phone to do that on. I gotta keep an eye out for booty calls.”

“I don’t have my phone I -”

But I did. I’d always had my phone. It was in my purse.

My eyes flared. How long had I had that purse? I mean, I’d always had it, I remembered gushing about it in the boutique, it had been on sale and everything, but how long had I had it?

This was the girl at the bus stop’s purse right? It had to be. How had I gotten it? I’d not been lusting after her purse! Was the curse broken or something?

Okay, well whatever, at least I had my wallet now, right? My equally pink, girly wallet. Great. Just perfect. I pulled it out and took a moment to admire the way the bejeweled pink sparkled in the sun. Honestly? I was kind of digging it. The color was bringing a certain happiness to my brain. Pink had always been my favorite colour.

I dug around within, pushing aside all the skin creams, lipsticks, hairbands, tampons and condoms a guy needs to get through the day, to find a bejeweled phone case. It was the same glittery turbo-pink as my purse and wallet. It was so different from my old one I almost missed it entirely.

I was just about to turn it on when I caught my reflection in the smooth glass. Well, the reflection of my boobs at least, but as I adjusted the angle upwards I got quite a sight indeed. Around my neck, tight, was the choker the girl had worn. “S L U T”

I flushed as I brought a hand up to this... this *advertisement*. There wasn’t a man on this planet who’s dick wouldn’t get hard seeing this salacious slutty little thing snapped on the neck of a smoking hot body. Well. I let out a breath. I had the collar. I had the body. I found myself just staring at the reflection on my phone.

I remembered going out lingerie shopping with Brody at the sex store where I got so many of my outfits and accessories. It had been love at first sight.

But why did I have her phone and purse too? Because it wasn’t just the collar. It was the way she’d accessorized, all the little jangly bracelets and jewelry. The big hoop earrings and the gold chain that drew the eye down, down, down towards my cleavage. I had been down real bad for one accessory and now I had her whole closet worth? Not that there was anything wrong with that. I’d feel naked if I didn’t have something snug around my neck, gripping me gently but firmly. The sexier the better.

I tugged at the collar. How had I not noticed its tightness? Now it was impossible not to notice. Every swallow, every breath, reminding me of this sign of obedience, of sluttiness, clasped tightly around my neck.

And fuck, I adjusted the angle of my phone to get a better look. Seeing it on me? It was hot! With that vast expanse of creamy cleavage, it was so easy to think I was looking at some girl. I gulped. This was getting me warm under the collar. Could the curse work if I was lusting for my own body?

I wasn't going to risk it. My dick was already swollen uncomfortably against the slutty tightness of the bunny suit. I didn't want to make it any worse. I took the chance and turned the phone on, dispelling my reflection in favor of a slutty selfie on the home screen of Brody and I. We were pressing our boobs together as we duck-lipped at the camera.

I opened up the web browser. There was an anime website pulled up.

"Battle Heart Friend Squad: Super Oppai Love Warrior?" Oh right. I had watched season 1 last year so I'd been able to cosplay the busty beauty Opal-chan at Ecchicon. Season two had been released recently and I'd been working my way through it.

Well, whatever. It was as good a distraction as anything. I put an earbud in and hit play. At least a cartoon couldn't cause any changes, right?

The show followed an oblivious Z-cupped protagonist and her harem of lesbian admirers as they battled flat-chested aliens using the power of love and copious amounts of jiggling cleavage and fanservice. While the power metal intro didn't exactly inspire me — the cutesier music in the actual episodes was more my speed.

This episode featured Opal-chan trying to turbocharge her BOOBOT's power core using the kinetic energy of her pounding heart and heaving boobs, with all of her love interests joining in as they manhandled and fondled her to victory.

I found myself grinning through a lot of it. It was girly, and fanservicey and stupid, but I found myself really empathizing with the protagonist. I too, knew how hard it was having boobs bigger than your head. It was hard running around in skimpy anime cosplay and having all the girls you meet fall madly in lust with you and not be afraid to show it. I found myself cheering for her, with her cute style and her big jiggy tits. One of the harem members, Mishi even reminded me of Brody. She really leaned into the lurid role, always tempting the protagonist, except she had impossibly colored hair that somehow made it all that much better.

I watched as Mishi buried her face against Opal-chan's pristine white panties as she hefted her up to give her access to the power core. The visual was downright lewd and they were both grunting and gasping in that exaggerated anime way. There was something about the cartoonishness of it all that was making my dick even harder. It was probably the fact she had that ridiculous pink hair. I'd always been a sucker for big pink anime hair. It was just so rare to see a girl with hair like mine, you know? Maybe that was why I'd always done so much cosplay?

As Opal-chan cried out and wriggled suggestively in the climactic battle against her flat-chested foes, I had a brief moment of clarity. I was watching borderline porn on the bus. I glanced around, but it seemed no one had noticed. Normally I'd be mortified even watching something so girly, but if it made sure I wasn't going to get any girlier myself? I was fine with it. Actually, this was giving me some ideas. I wondered if I could get away with cosplaying the scene where Opal-chan got all tied up by the tentacle-clad villainess? I'd need a lot of seaweed...

Before I knew it though the show was over. The girly pop of the ending, complete with the little dancing breasts of the cast in time to the beat had me chipper and grinning. It was a catchy song. I wondered if I could learn the little dance. That would sure be fun at the next con.

“Bro?”

“Huh?” I turned and looked at Brody, who had been watching over my shoulder the whole time.

“We’re here.” he gestured.

I fumbled the phone in my hand, flushing red at being caught watching porny anime on the bus, but Brody just gave a grin like he too found it the greatest thing in the world. “Be sure to send that to me, okay? Maybe we can do a duet cosplay. We could recreate the kissing scene? I bet the ladies would go wild for it.”

“S-sure,” I mumbled in agreement before it quite hit me what he was saying, but by the time I realized it was already too late. “I mean —” I flushed at the thought. Was that gay? On one hand, yes, it was Brody, on the other, look at that sexy face. I could just see him standing on his tiptoes to reach my soft sensitive lips. “Fuck, whatever. Let’s go.”

We ran off the bus, getting catcalls the whole way.

There it was. Jiggles. Formally ‘The Jiggling Top Topless Gentleman’s Club.’ I’d been there a few times back in freshman year. It was a rite of passage for all the athletes. Thomas had set me up for a lapdance. I still remembered the topless girl grinding against my lap as her back pressed into my big round mounds, making me grunt and moan. I was such a virgin back then, I’d almost creamed my jeans. I’d come a long way.

After that, I hadn’t visited too often. I was a student after all, I didn’t exactly have a lot of cash. The facade was exactly as I remembered it though, festooned with posters and signs advertising the lurid excitements within. Right above the door the sign was flashing neon: Girls Girls Girls.

Well, there was only one girl I was interested in.

It was time to end this.

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Chapter 6.

The club was originally a somewhat small bar, but it had expanded when the neighboring business had gone under. Thus, the place was split cleanly between the bar half and the strip-club half. In the former were tables tended to by topless beauties, in the latter all the seats were directed towards the stage. Turns out, early afternoon Sunday at the strip club is a lot less busy than a crazy Saturday night with the team. I was used to the place being packed but there were only a handful of patrons.

I took a breath. There was something in the air I couldn’t quite put my finger on, and it wasn’t just the smell. There a sense that this whole place was just waiting for something to happen.

Up on stage, a college girl in nothing but a cheerleader skirt slowly gyrated her plump pink pussy against the pole, her talent wasted on the half-dozen afternoon patrons. I diligently averted my gaze, but Brody's jaw dropped at the sight of her.

"Holy shit dude."

"Yeah, it's a magical place alright." I rolled my eyes. "Come on, we gotta find that girl."

"No, I mean, - well, yes, goddamn!" he let out a wolf-whistle. "But I mean isn't that Naomi? From high school? I'd know that cunt anywhere."

Wait, what? I set my focus back onto the girl, raising my gaze up past her lithe body and luscious breasts to her sultrily made-up face. Oh shit, it *was* Naomi! Brody and I had both spent high school drooling over her whenever she walked down the halls. She was the head cheerleader, and as North American men, that meant she was automatically this incredible sexual idol. What was she doing here? I mean, besides masturbating into a customer's face. Goddamn. This was dangerous.

"I guess she got into sex work?" Brody gave another encouraging cheer. "I guess it pays more than cheerleading? Who can blame her? I'd pay her to pound my pussy raw any day, know what I'm saying?"

I did. God, the little skirt she was wearing was laser-focused to turn me on. I couldn't risk it. I closed my eyes. I tried to think about something else, but my brain just kept circling the idea of how hot cheerleaders were. How many homecoming games had I spent up in the bleachers just imagining the cheer team descending into an impromptu lesbian orgy? Or one of them flipping up into the air in that little cheerskirt, tumbling as they revealed their lack of shorts beneath?

I swallowed hotly.

The girls on the team with me had always given me so much trouble, too. Always teasing me about my boobs, always coming down from their tumbles so hard their faces would catch in my breasts. They made a game of teasing me in the girls' locker room after the games, trying to make my nipples so hard they'd poke out of my lacy little cheer top, or have my dick poking up from under my cheerskirt. They all wore proper uniforms while I bought mine at the sex store. Not that there was anything wrong with that. I'd always dressed that way, even if it meant I jiggled around in front of everybody, cheering without panties.

The teasing had gotten worse in college. The girls on the varsity cheer team were more mature and sexually literate. They had insisted I lend them a hand changing afterward and, well, let's just say I tension could have only lasted so long before they decided to have their way with me. I could check that lifelong goal off my list at least.

What had I been thinking about?

Right. Naomi.

I knew she had been doing extra work on the side; all the girls on the team knew. I just didn't know it was this club in particular she was dancing at. She was killing it! Good for her. I'd seen her naked so many times, if anyone could earn some good money this way it was her.

But that wasn't why we were here, was it?

"Alright," I put a hand on Brody's shoulder. "We gotta find that girl."

"Right." Brody didn't turn his head at all.

"Bro?" I nudged him.

"Uh?" He was practically drooling. He was swaying his hips from side to side. "Tell you what? Why don't we split up. You take a look around the bar. I'll keep a close eye on the stage."

"Bro," I sighed.

"Look," he turned and put a hand on my shoulder. There was a surprising note of genuineness there. "You got this. You're gonna find this girl that's got you so worked up and you're going to talk to her and you're going to have a happy ending. You just gotta be strong."

It would be sweet if he wasn't saying it so he could ditch me to watch a stripper. But fuck it, whatever. We'd managed to get here, hadn't we? That was the important part. I could find her myself. Let him have his fun.

I gave him a nod of taciturn approval. He ran over giddily to the stage, where he grinned up at the swinging half naked beauty. Naomi, seemingly inspired by Brody's presence, started to really have some fun on the pole.

Okay. I closed my eyes. I took in the scent of beer and sex and sweat. I could do this. I just had to ask around without accidentally gaining anyone's features. How hard could that be?

I put a hand on my wide hip and discretely adjusted the hem of my fetishy playboy bunny suit. It had once again started to ride up. My cleavage seemed to be getting more expansive as my breasts bounced ever more free. I'd have to go adjust them at some point. Maybe when I went to check the bathrooms...

I scanned the crowd, looking for the girl's distinctive goth style, or any sign of this girl I'd seen last night. It wasn't like there were even all that many girls here to begin with. The audience was mostly men but there were a few girls amongst them. That made sense, this was hardly the sort of place you'd see a male stripper. Maybe there had been a ladies night? Oh god, would I have to come back next week? A whole week like this-

"Excuse me!"

I crashed, boob first, into a girl holding a pitcher of beer. The impact sent her stumbling back and sent us both teetering. I could feel the girlish flesh on my body bouncing. She swung her arms around to recover, but crashed face-first into my well-presented cleavage instead. She fell to the floor as I stumbled back

and caught myself against a table corner. The girl was on the ground, with the pitcher of beer now soaking her clothes.

“Oh my god I’m so sorry!” I held out a hand, as though I had the strength or balance to pull her up.

“Great, asshole. Just what I needed.” She let out a sigh as she looked down at her soaked clothes. “Why don’t you watch where you’re going with those stupid fucking tits of yours before I-”

She stopped, her eyes bulging as she gave my errant honkers a good hard look. She then took in with growing disbelief the rest of me. If this was a cartoon, there would have been steam pouring from her ears.

The outfit she was wearing, now soaked and diaphanous, clung to her form, revealing the soft skin beneath. It was a tiny fetishy cop outfit. I had one just like it in the closet at home. Briefly there was a swell of hope in my chest. Was this girl like me? But logic dictated she was probably just a stripper.

“I’m so sorry,” I put my hands to my head in apprehension. What if they would kick me out for this? “I was completely distracted. I wasn’t watching where I was going.”

“Yeah, yeah, whatever you say. You and every other guy in here.” The anger on her face subsided as she continued to stare unabashed at my body. She rose back to her feet. No easy task in those 4-inch heels. “Though damn, you’re something else, aren’t you stud?”

“Uh, thanks?” Wait, she worked here? Maybe she’d seen the girl! “Hey, uh, you look like you work here, right? I mean not that I think you look like a stripper or anything but uh, not that there’d be anything wrong with that — you’d look great working a pole. I mean— uh.” I flushed.

“You want to try that again?”

“Thank you.” I let out a little sigh and composed myself. Something about this place was bringing the virgin in me back out. “I’m saying I bet a beautiful girl like you probably works here, right?”

“Do you always flirt with girls you just met?” She teased. “I guess your off to a good start.” She gestured at her beer-stained shorts — “You’ve got my panties all good and wet.”

Flirting? I flushed. Dammit, I’d done it again.

“Do you have a moment? I was hoping you and I could... talk? I have some questions.”

How did I tell her I needed to interrogate her about a possible coworker’s location without sounding super creepy? I made a deliberate attempt to not look at her any more than I had to be polite.

“You’re lucky I’m on break,” she laughed, a charming little giggle. “Though that break is going to end a lot earlier now that I have to change before the next set.”

“Again, I’m so sorry about that,” I apologized. I was trying hard not to stare at the way her nipples were jutting out, hard from the cold and well on display through the thin wet material. The worst part was, I

could imagine exactly how that felt. My own nipples started to stiffen in sympathy. "Do you want to get changed first?"

"Oh, it's fine. You're just lucky you're handsome." She nudged me. "Come on, let's get a seat."

"You don't want to change out of that?"

"Are you kidding?" She struck a sexy little pose and gestured around the bar. "Let them see. It'll just make them all the more eager to see more when I'm up later."

I gulped. There was something about this girl. This was a woman used to being seen. Confident. Sexy. I kept my eyes down, counting the floor tiles, lest I end up like her. She took us over to a table at the edge of the bar area, with a perfect view of the girl dancing on the pole. Naomi had finished her set, but someone else was just starting to get into hers. Brody was cheering her on.

"Actually," I pulled the polaroid of the girl out from between my boobs. "There's this girl who's been around here, I don't know if she's a regular or she works here or something. I'm wondering if you know her?"

"Sweetness," she raised an eyebrow. "What are you doing? Don't you know the fastest way to blow it with a girl is to talk about other girls?"

"I have something of hers." This time my story was a little more refined. "I want to give it back."

"Aw, how gentlemanly." She took the photo and gave it a look.

"Becky," she said.

"I think her name is Belinda, actually."

"No, my name is Becky." She held out a hand.

"Uh, Brandon." I took her hand and shook it.

I was a little surprised this was so civil. With the way my day had been going I'd expected her to just immediately make a go for my boobs. I guess she was used to being around hot people?

"What a nice name. Well Brandon," she purred. "I know the girl. She works here."

"She's a stripper!?" The girl that turned guys into chicks for ogling her worked as a stripper?

"No," she laughed. "She bartends for us. Sometimes a guy will be causing trouble and she'll step in and talk to them for a bit. I don't know what she says with them but afterwards they just sit there twiddling their long blonde hair and giggling, more interested in studying how to dance like a stripper than causing any trouble."

I coughed. That was her alright.

“And that doesn’t seem... weird? To you?”

“No?” She seemed to get a little glassy eyed as she considered it. “Why would it? Ever since she started coming we’ve had lots of guys asking us later to show them how to work a pole. A few of them end up asking for jobs, but we have a strict no boys allowed policy.” She winked and gave another one of her beautiful laughs.

“Is she here now?”

“Sorry, handsome. She works here Wednesdays and Thursdays.”

My heart sank. It was Saturday

“I’ll tell you what though, Brandon,” she said, taking my hand to comfort me. “After I’ve finished my break, I’ll go ask the other girls if they’ve seen her today or have her number.”

“You’d do that?” I brightened up.

“For a cutey like, you?” she winked. “Of course.”

“Wait, hold on,” I looked around. “You’re on break? You spend your break in a stripper outfit... watching other strippers?”

“Well I’m normally drinking a beer as I do it, but yeah. Watch.”

She turned her attention to the stage where a thick-thighed slut was gyrating her ass against the pole. Her sizeable tits bounded with every step she took.

“Shake that fucking ass, Candi!” Becky let out a profane cat call towards the stage. “I know you can get lower than that! Show us what that sweet pussy of yours do!”

The girl on stage gyrated and giggled in response, blowing a sizzling kiss in our direction. She started to wind up for some big stunt, but I turned away before the curse could get out of hand. I didn’t see what happened but there was a roar of approval from the crowd, so I’m glad I did. Woof.

“Candy?” I raised an eyebrow. “Her name is Candy?”

“That’s right.” She grinned at the girl on stage “With an i. Candi Jiggles. She had her legal named changed and everything. She’s very committed.”

A slutty stripper name for a slutty stripper. It was ridiculous, but god, it was hot. Everywhere she went people were going to know what she was all about. I tried to focus on that instead of her body, instead of her pole work, but it was all such a horny blur in my head. My dick was pounding.

“She’s great isn’t she? What can I say?” Becky grinned. “I appreciate fine art.”

“You’re gay?”

"Bi." She raised an eyebrow. "Got a problem with that?"

"No!" I fumbled. "I think that's really cool. I mean, boobs are pretty amazing, right?"

"Good. 'Cause I don't have time to deal with guys who can't handle that, even if they are as hot as you. And oh my god, right?" She bit her lip and turned back to the stripper. "They're the best! I could sit here and watch them all day. Speaking of..." she turned back to me, her lip bite getting all the hungrier as she took in my sweet melons. I could see the gears turning in her head. The fantasies she was creating. "You've got a pretty nice pair yourself."

"Thanks?" I rolled my eyes. It should have come across as an insult to my manhood, but from her it felt like praise from a true connoisseur. Men rarely receive compliments. I'd always had these tits. I was proud of them, wasn't I?

"Look, I've got to get changed then get ready for my next shift soon. Do you want to maybe get together after I'm done? Dinner some place? Maybe we see where things go after that."

"Are you asking me out on a date?"

"That's right," she purred. "There are benefits to dating a stripper, you know." She whispered that last part in my ear in a way that had my heart pounding. "Just imagine all the dexterity and stamina as I dance around *your* pole."

My body flushed. I turned to look at the girl spinning around the pole, her legs gripped so tightly and acrobatically. I found myself imagining Becky doing the same thing strutting around me, losing that little top of hers in a well-rehearsed routine, her breasts bounding with every step and motion. Her confidence as she bounced and twirled on my rigid hard shaft all night long.

"I'd love to," I mumbled. "But maybe some other time?" I let out little laugh. "Tonight's a whole weird thing with me."

I just had to pray it would only be tonight. That it wouldn't be the rest of my life.

"Let me give you my number." I reached into my purse to get my shiny pink phone.

"No need. I already have it."

"Oh, right." I slapped my forehead. How else could she text me about shift changes?

"Actually, come to think of it stud, aren't you up next?"

"You're right. Oh my god, Candi's set is half over." I grinned and stood up to make my way to the changeroom. "I should really get -"

Oh no.

"What did you just say?" I turned wide eyed towards Becky.

"Our break's almost over. We need to get backstage and changed. We can't keep this hungry crowd waiting now can we?" She held my hand up, presenting my body for the crowd. Then gave my ass a crisp playful slap that sent my thigh jiggling. The crowd ate it up.

My heart pounded, the blood drained from my face.

I was a stripper?

I don't know what I was thinking. Of course I was a stripper. I didn't spend years of dance practice developing a style that let me put my cheerleader acrobatics to work on the pole so I could *not* work as a stripper. Naomi had referred me. Besides, it was the perfect opportunity to showcase my wardrobe. They'd had a no guys policy, but that didn't apply to me.

Oh god.

I had to get out of here. I wasn't about to go out on stage was I? Dance around in front of a room of horny men? I clamped down on the urge to finish that sentence with 'like I did every night.'

"Something the matter, Candi?" Becky put a concerned hand on my arm.

"You have no idea." I felt like I was going to faint. "Wait, Candi?"

"You want me to get Other Candi to cover your shift?"

"Other Candi?" Of course, Other Candi. She was my coworker. She had changed her name to Candi long before she had met me. What a crazy coincidence that had been. I had always been Candi Jiggles. I'd been teased as a kid, but with a name like that was it any wonder I had a body so voluptuous? What career could I get into but cheerleading and stripping? I loved the name just as much as I loved my body. I loved the effect it had on people.

"Candi?" Becky repeated, waved a hand in front of my face. "Are you alright?"

My faintness grew heavier. I could barely focus. This was all too much.

First my body, then my mind, and now my name? My job? My identity? My sport?

I whimpered, and tumbled to the ground.

"Oh shit!" Becky kneeled next to me. "You really aren't feeling too well, huh? Let's get you home okay? Is there anyone here who can help you out?"

"Brody!" I barked. I could see him.

"I'll go get him."

Something about this felt so wrong. Skipping work. Missing a shift. It would cost me financially, my boss would be really mad about it, too. Besides, shouldn't I be finding this girl?

But no. I raged. I screamed in the depths of my soul. Absolutely goddamn not. That's where I drew the fucking line.

The girl wasn't here. They knew her, but the more involved I got, the more I was going to get caught up in things. More patrons had begun to show up, It would soon be the after-work rush and I'd wind up a stupid stripping stripper, taking my clothes and shaking my big fat lusty tits for all the world to see. Who knew how much worse things could get? God, what if I was backstage, surrounded by all these hot naked women?

Dammit! If it was any other day of my life...

"Hey, listen. Candi." She gave my hand a tender squeeze. "If you need anything you let me know. I'll call you about that date, okay?"

"Sure." I was still getting used to the name. Becky was too good for me.

I lay there, roiling in defeat as she brought Brody over.

"Candi, bro!" He helped me to my feet, then gave me a big hug. There was a look of surprise look on his face, as though we hadn't come here together. "Are you not feeling good? I thought you were up soon. I got a fresh stack of bills with your name on it, bro."

Shit, of course this would affect him too.

"Brody," I pinched at the bridge of my nose. This was a nightmare. I just wanted this whole day to end. "Do you think maybe you could get me home?"

"Of course. If it's serious you know I got you bro. I'll always be there for you." He gave Other Candi one last flirtatious wink, then put a tender arm around me to support my weight despite the huge difference in our height. At least I could count on him when the chips were really down. "Hey did you end up finding that girl you were texting me about?"

"No." I sagged. "I didn't."

"Oh well, you'll get there, man. There's always tomorrow, right?"

I sighed.

Tomorrow.

And the next day.

And the day after that?

Who knew how long this was going to take? Who knew how long I'd be stuck this way?

What if I had to spend the rest of my life like this?

-

Chapter 7

Brody escorted me home where we said our goodbyes. He may have turned into some kind of lesbian slut monster, but he was still a good friend, and he was a welcome distraction from what had been going on, even if most of the things we talked about ended up circling back to the curse and some other newly changed aspect of my life.

I was tired. When this had started I had been defiant, I had been raging, but now - I lifted a heel, daintily, to relieve the stress on my calf. Now I just wanted to go to bed.

I stood before the door of my flat, the key in the lock. Finally, the day was over. I wasn't going to get caught up in any sexy shenanigans. I was done with it.

The universe wasn't done with me, however.

There was a loud sexy moan fluttering through the air.

What now?

It had come from Sofia's place, my neighbor and technical landlord. Hadn't she said some friends were coming over? There was an expensive car out front I didn't recognize.

I looked over at her place and flushed. She'd told me off before for looking through her windows. She'd told me explicitly today not to peek. I'm not a peeping tom okay? But the girl didn't believe in blinds and sometimes from certain vantages I got some pretty incredible views.

Even so, the view I got as I casually looked over was something else entirely. Pressed up against the window were two perfect shiny globes. I tilted my head as I tried to process what I was seeing, then my eyes went wide. Boobs! There was a beautiful woman getting her pussy eaten from behind, and her slick oiled up body was pressed into the glass of the window. My neighbor was moved between the two, catching the scene with a video camera.

In typical Sofia fashion, she hadn't even closed the blinds.

I snapped my head back, looking straight at the door. I hadn't gazed too hard had I? I hadn't activated the curse? Or had this been the result of the curse? Had I accidentally fantasized about having a pornstar neighbor? Had I now always had it be that way? I paused and thought about it for a minute. No, that one was definitely new.

Fuck! There was a lesbian threesome going on next door with my hot neighbor. Literally a porno in the making and I couldn't watch? I couldn't even fantasize about going over there for a cup of sugar and getting caught up in the middle of it? This wasn't fair! Hadn't I suffered enough? Hadn't I agonized and endured? Didn't I deserve this one little indulgence?

I made a fist. This curse wasn't going to dictate my life! I was still me, dammit.

Besides... I bit my fat sexy pornstar lip. I'd spent so much effort and energy resisting. I was exhausted. After the day I'd had I deserved it. Even if - I gulped - even if it was probably going to cost me.

Fuck it.

My big fat boobs bounced and swayed within my bunny outfit as I ran over to the window which I knew had the best angle. Anyone driving by probably would have thought I was some kind of massive fucking perv as I stood there in the bush gawking into the window, but I had to see.

My eyes hadn't deceived me. Inside was like something out of a porno. My smoking hot neighbor Sofia was filming the two women who were making out and groping each other as they cooed and winked to the camera. One was tall and stacked, her breasts well presented by the expensive looking corset she wore. The other was smaller with wide hips and a slender body. She was naked save the oil that made her skin glisten. Sofia had her fingers buried in her pussy and was grinning salaciously, as she filmed one-handed.

"Mmm..." The big one pulled out of a wet sloppy kiss to give Sofia a hand with her ministrations. "Thanks for letting us use your place, Kitten."

"Any time." Sofia slapped the girl's butt. "As long as I get to join in the action a little later."

"You know we always love having you on our channel, Sofia." The other girl pinched her nipple as she said it. "Our viewers too."

My heart was pounding

Holy shit, my neighbor was an amateur porn star? That explained so much. The way she was always lounging in her sexy underwear, the green screen she had set up in her office, all that camera equipment, and that crate of dildos that got delivered to my flat by mistake.

And she had pornstar friends? That was so hot. My cock was fighting against the bondage of the bunny outfit. I leaned in eagerly to watch as the third woman was laid down, submissively, meekly giving over to the firm touch of the other.

The visual before me fueled an absolute inferno inside of me. All of my horny energy from this whole day suddenly came flooding back into me now I had finally given up resisting. My neighbor the pornstar with her pornstar booty-call friends. The scenario was entrancing. Was she invited over to orgies and sex parties? Did she get to see all the high-grade porn these hotties produced? Did she get to be a part of it?

I swallowed hotly. All day I'd been teased and suffered. The warmth now flooding through me was palpable. My body was aching with need. At some point I'd brought a hand up and was rubbing tenderly at my turgid aching nipple through the bra and my playboy bunny outfit, tugging it down as far as I could to get better access. I moaned at the raunchy bursts of pleasure my groping provided.

In that moment I made a decision. I had a chance to turn and leave, and I did not take it.

Instead, I let my hands course down along my body, my soft body, my raring horny body. I rubbed at my dick through the latex, and I hugged my titanic tits against my chest, mauling them for all they were

worth. I was so worked up from that long day, so horny. I wished I had someone like that to hold me down and fuck all this pain away.

Before me the girls had settled into a sixty-nine position, legs spread wide as they eagerly buried their faces in each other's juicy cunts. They moved with skill and grace, tender and caring in their ministrations even as they elicited raunchy moans for the camera. Was that acting? Or were they truly so skilled with their tongues?

I was so caught up in the show I almost missed the dog walker.

A girl, barely 18, was coming down the street with a half dozen dogs. She was looking around, not a care in the world. And she was going to walk right past me. She was going to see me, dressed like some kind of slut, masturbating as I perved on my neighbor. I wanted to yell it wasn't like that, but it was, exactly.

I tried to press in closer, to try to hide better behind the hedge. But I was betrayed. At the worst possible moment my stiletto heels sank overly much into the grass and soil, sending me tumbling forward. I crashed into the window. The motion caused my causing my breasts to come flying free, all but pulled loose already from my masturbatory explorations.

Now it was my turn for my huge breasts to form perfect orbs against the glass.

Sofia's head twisted around and she was looking right at me! I panicked and started to run, dog walker be damned. Sofia squinted after me, I guess she couldn't quite see me in the dark of outside, but she bounded over to turn on the outside lights.

I ran as hard as I could, heels sinking into the earth as I cleared the yard. Every step caused my heaving hooters to bound all the harder, tugging me, pulling me this way and that with their weight and momentum. Stupid boobs! Stupid boots! Stupid bunny suit!

I barely made it to the door as Sofia stuck her head out of hers.

Inside, I was panting. I frantically stripped off my clothes, sighing in relief as the tight little bunny outfit no longer squeezed my every supple inch or my huge eager cock. I ran a hand up to squeeze my boobs, to massage some measure of life to them after a day squished and trapped in latex. What had I been thinking wearing something like that? Tomorrow I wasn't going to make the same mistake.

Tomorrow. I shuddered at the thought of what further mayhem was going to ensue.

But, fuck, whatever.

I didn't bother to put them away, I didn't even give myself a glance in the mirror. I just flopped my huge tits and my fat butt down onto the bed, and fell immediately asleep.

That night I dreamed of being at my neighbor's house again, jiggling front and center at the center of a pornstar lesbian orgy...

To Be Continued...