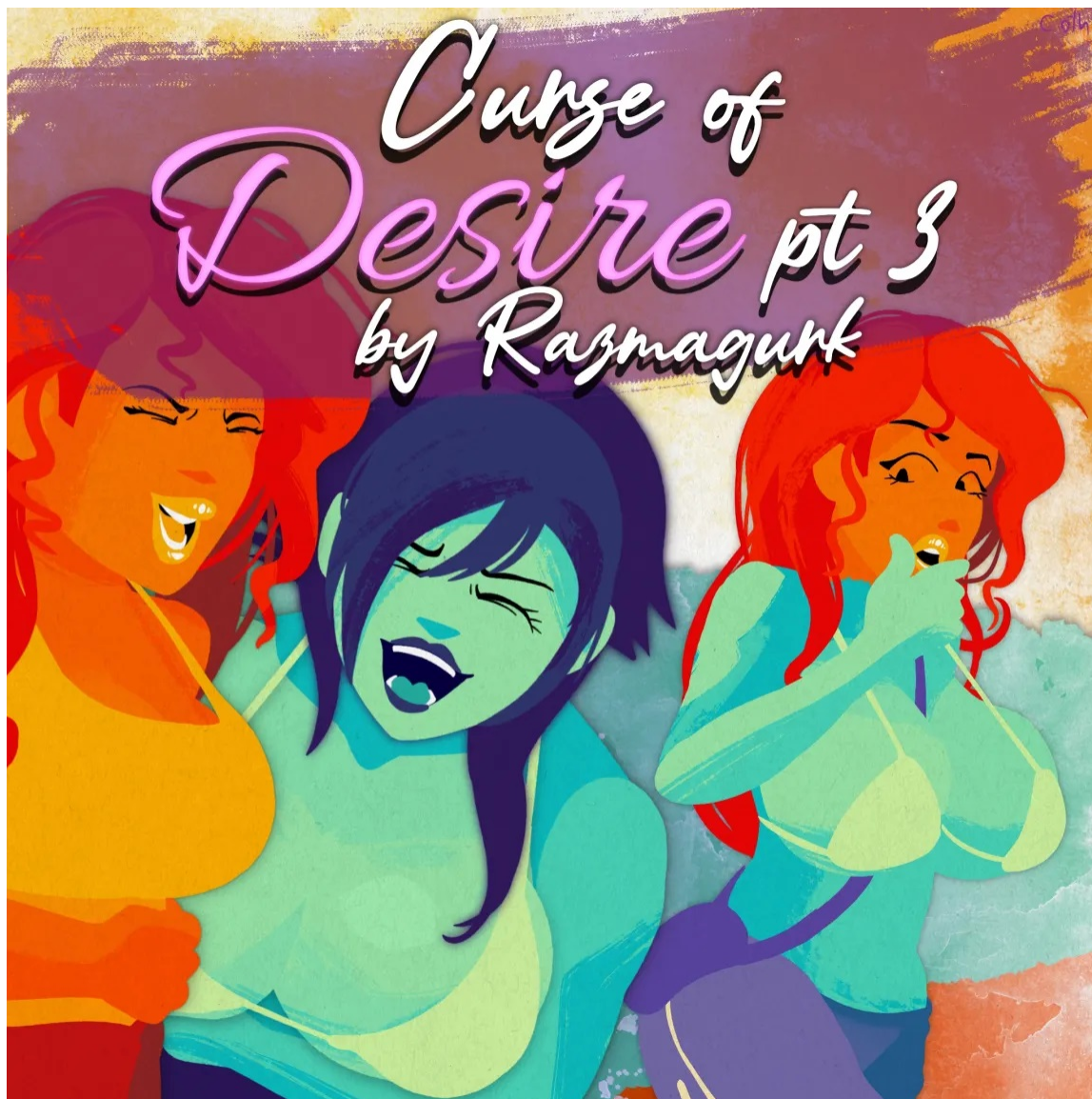




Curse of Desires
- A Classic TG Commission -
= Part 3 of 3=
By Razmagurk

Previously: Brandon, after hitting on a well-endowed Goth girl, woke up to discover she'd cursed him. Now, each time he objectifies some feature of a girl he finds sexy, he acquires that feature himself! While trying to track the girl down, he's discovered his curse can affect others around him, and his best friend Brody is now a slutty stacked girl, oblivious to his changed circumstances.

As they attempted to hunt down the girl, Brandon found himself succumbing again and again to his lust. Now he's more woman than man, but he still has hope. They learned the girl works at a strip club, but a visit there ended with him becoming one of the dancers. Not willing to face that kind of humiliation, he fled to fight again another day, only to discover at home that his neighbor is now a lesbian porn star with many porn-star friends.

Will Brandon ever catch a break?

Where's the fun in that?

Chapter 8

I slept uneasily that night, tossing and turning in a body not my own. Nightmares and confused memories warred through my brain. Terrifyingly erotic sensations and scenarios sent me shaking and shivering. The sensitive and horny nature of my body came again and again to the fore as I surface briefly from sleep to find myself humping and grinding against the pillows while crying out for more.

No matter what dream ran through my mind, always that girl was at the center of it. That goth bitch who had done this to me, who had put this curse upon my form. She was there in my nightmares, looking, laughing, taunting.

Somehow, despite the fitfulness of my sleep, when the morning found me I had long slept in. Somehow I had rested enough to dull the pain, to make all the horrors of the night before seem so distant.

I yawned. I rolled over. I let out a long stretch, luxuriating in the warmth of my silky sheets. I rolled back onto my side, letting all the weight of my boobs rest on the bed rather than on my chest, giving me a fresh chance to really breathe, then arched my back, loving the erotic warmth that tingled through me as my great big nipples played against the sheets.

I rubbed my smooth thighs together as I slid my legs off the side of the bed. My body felt heavy today for some reason. I scratched the back of my head and walked over to the bathroom, wrapping one of my pink towels around my expansive chest and the other around my wild pink-blond hair.

I furrowed my brow. I felt like I was forgetting something. I scratched at my badonka butt as I tried to ponder what it might be, but nothing came to mind.

I walked over to the sink to splash water on my face and start applying my morning creams. I duck lipped with my thick DSLs as I inspected my face for blemishes. Skin like this didn't come easy. I had just finished applying the exfoliant when I felt that sensation again, like something wasn't quite right.

I peered deeper into the mirror, looking my reflection in the eye as I puzzled it out. My eyes went wide with horror.

"Fuck!" I screamed, the cream tube falling to the ground.

It all came back to me. The girl. The Curse. All the changes to my body and mind.

How had it taken me this long to notice? I'd been running on autopilot doing all these girly things as though they were the most normal thing in the world. I turned in front of the mirror trying to take my twisted form in. No wonder I felt so heavy. I was so weak now, all of my muscle had been stolen and replaced by a girlish figure. Plus, of course, I had such an overabundance of T&A that I could make Pornhub blush. These tits were heavy! To say nothing of my ass being a king-sized pillow.

I looked at my jumbo jubbies in the mirror. My titanic titties. Calling them boulders did them an injustice. These were mountains in their own right. Double black diamond. Expert skiers only. I could feel them. I could feel the cold air upon their soft creamy skin, and I could feel the way they shifted and tugged with every little motion. Most of all I could feel the needy hardness of my stiff turgid nipples. Like thumbs, they were. I reached up to give them a poke and was rewarded with a soft flush of blissful endorphins.

I'd been a guy a few days ago, a jock. What had I done to deserve this?

But I knew exactly what I'd done to deserve this. That was the irony of this whole situation, wasn't it? That was the great big cosmic joke. That girl had caught me staring and she had put this curse upon me so that I'd acquire the traits of any girl I found hot. I had these tits because I hadn't been able to control myself. I'd drooled over a juicy pair just like this. Now I got to play with them all I wanted.

Deep breath. Calm down.

It didn't take much for the anger to fade. Somehow it seemed less present now. I don't know if it was just having a night to sleep on it, or if the false memories crowding my brain were starting to win out. I could remember quite clearly the eagerness with which I had measured my expanding cups back in high school. It seemed so correct. I had the biggest tits of any of the guys. I'd been so proud of that fact.

Every trait was like that. I remembered spending hours every day doing my exacting skin care routine. That's why I had all the creams laid out like this. I could recite the steps like a liturgy. I frowned as I picked the cream tube back up off the floor. What was I going to do? Not apply it? Preposterous.

I squeezed some out onto the pad. It felt comforting to rub the cream into my face, to lose myself in habit and routine. Yesterday had been so much panic, so much stress. Now I could think a little clearer.

What was I going to do?

I was going to find that woman, for starters. If not today, then the day after. I'd hunt her down for the rest of my life if that's what it took. I'd follow her to the ends of the earth!

How long was this going to take? I hoisted up my shoulder boulders and let them drop, watching them swing and sway in the mirror. They were so heavy and cumbersome. I had to adjust my balance lest I be carried away by their momentum. How was I supposed to hunt anybody with a body like this?

But by the time I finished with my face, the panic in my heart had given way to resolve.

I twisted my head to get a better look at the wild blonde and pink hair upon my scalp. It looked a little like a cosplay wig. Spikey and unkempt but very specifically so. I was a dead ringer for Opal-chan's pervy

BFF Mishi in *Oppai Love Warrior*, even if I had tits more like the main character. Maybe that's why I loved the show so much: not only was there a protagonist with boobs almost as big as mine, but there was a girl in it with hair to match mine as well. I'd killed at the con circuit last year doing a cosplay of the headswap episode, when Mishi was wearing Opal's BOOBOT suit. Such a good episode.

I shook away the memories of standing before an entire convention doing my best Mishi impression, of winning first prize in the cosplay contest, of proudly posting the photo-shoot to my social media and onlyfans. I had loved the attention.

I hadn't even noticed my hair was like this. Had I gotten that when I was watching the show on the bus yesterday? Whatever. Now I'd always had it.

I pulled my towel off and turned the shower on. Even naked I could barely make out any part of me as still male. I still had my great big swinging dick at least, but that was a little more subtle when I was dressed. Maybe a bit of masculinity in the face, maybe a bit in the legs. My feet, at least were still a men's size, even if all my body hair was gone.

Probably for the best in that regard. Body hair was super gross. That's why I always made sure I was perfectly smooth all over.

Once the shower was good and hot, I stepped in. I'd worked hard to stuff all my pretty pink tresses into a towel so none of the water would touch my hair as I lathered up my curvaceous body. My soft *sensitive* body. Ooh. I let out a soft gasp. I ran my hands over my tender soapy flesh. Fuck, why did it have to feel so good?

My hands worked their way across every inch of my body as I worked my way through the full-body version of my intricate skin care routine. I could feel the heat penetrating deeply, my nipples stiffening, thick and turgid, begging to be squeezed and played with even more. I'd never been so turned on without playing with my cock. Was this normal? Was this just how girls' bodies felt? Or was it me? Was I the problem? Too horny for my own good? I was a guy, dammit, how else was I supposed to be?

I put my hands on my tits, the slick soap and water made them shine. They were all too easy to reach up and manhandle, just like I did every morning. Down below my dick twitched. No wonder I was getting so worked up. Just because I was cursed didn't mean I was going to stop masturbating.

No. I pulled my hands away. I clenched my hands into fists. That was a dangerous road to go down. Who's to say even my fantasies wouldn't betray me? It was probably for the best I didn't. Besides, I didn't want to think about how little my dick now seemed to factor into my masturbatory memories. My boobs were a much bigger focus — fondling them, pinching my nipples, sucking on my own water-slick titties. I distinctly remembered several times bringing myself to trembling toe-curling full-body orgasm just from boobplay alone.

I shook the memory off with a whimper. I leaned against the wall, pressing the heat of my breasts into the cold of the tiles. My nipples were so hard and hungry for attention. This sucked!

Why couldn't I have gotten any good traits from the women I was horny for, huh? Why did it have to all be so oppressively feminine and girly? Like that girl at the gym. I'd ended up with the pink highlights

instead of her physique. Was it because I'd already gotten someone's physique? But no, the ginormous watermelon titties I had now were not the first I'd had.

Had it been because I was trying to distract myself? I'd been focused on something else and what, had the curse gotten confused somehow? How did any of this even work? If only there was some way to use this to my advantage.

Hold on. My hands froze as I squeezed the lavender body wash onto my little pink loofa. I *had* used the curse to my benefit. I'd been stuck in heels and had no way to walk in them, so I had watched that video of the girl walking all sexy in heels and it had worked.

Wait, was that why I'd been wriggling around like a whore on Valentine's day? I pouted. How had I not noticed I'd been moving this way until now? But of course, I knew the answer - I'd always moved like this. With a body like this, why not flaunt it? The ladies went crazy when I put an extra bit of wiggle into my step, and given that most of my wardrobe featured high heels it just made sense.

Besides, what kind of a stripper would I be if I didn't know how to look good walking onto that stage?

I rubbed at the bridge of my nose. Right, I was a stripper now too, but that was a whole thing I did not want to get into right now. See this line of reasoning out first.

Could I make this work to my advantage? Could I have some fun with this?

Not that I enjoyed being a woman or anything - heaven forbid! But could I try to make a few changes of my own? Start drooling over girls with traits I wanted instead of random things I ran into on the street?

I came out of the shower and hurriedly patted myself dry. As I spent the next hour styling my hair and putting more creams over my body, my brain was awl with ideas. Normally I'd take the time to get dressed, maybe a nice casual baby doll and some comfy 4-inch pumps, given I was just lounging around the house right now, but for what I had planned it was best I go into it as naked as possible.

I minced over to a pile of fashion magazines over by the door. Not that I read fashion magazines or anything, don't get me wrong. I was a guy! Besides, their idea of fashion and my idea of fashion didn't exactly align. Where were all the skimpy fetish outfits and cosplays? I mean, maybe if it had been a men's magazine, playboy or something like that, then we'd be talking. The only reason I had them was because my neighbor Sofia had ordered them and they'd been delivered here by mistake.

I took a look at the woman grinning on the cover. She was very attractive, in a generic magazine model kind of way, but she wasn't someone I'd go completely gaga for. She had beautiful dainty hands and long well decorated nails.

Could I force the curse?

I took a breath. I looked closer at the magazine, all the little details. Focus. I could do this. I tried imagining the girl naked, kneeling before me, me holding my heavy tits out of the way so I could see her licking her lips at my great big cock, grinning up at me with the smile she had on the cover, maybe a little more coy.

The fact that my body was more stunningly attractive than hers in this little fantasy made it a little difficult. I could find hotter boobs by looking in the mirror. It made it a little tricky to focus.

I imagined her reaching out those soft hands of hers, wrapping those fingers around my dick and gliding them up and down. I imagined the flash of red from her sparkling nails as her thumb swirled around the head and at that oh so sensitive of spots. Mmm... I let out a soft gasp. I realized my own hands had found their way to my breasts. Fresh warmth was coursing through me. I pinched my nipples, tugging at them with my soft hands and tracing my long red nails against my most sensitive spots.

My long red nails?

“Shit.” I looked down at my newly painted nails and my delicate, womanly hands.

I stared in stunned disbelief. I spent an hour every week at the salon for these. Great. I rolled my eyes. Perfect hands for jacking a guy off. They’d complement my dicksucking lips perfectly.

But no, this was good, right? It was proof I could force the curse into action. I was just going to have to be more careful. More specific. This was good though, right? I could find traits that worked for me. Maybe I could do something about my changed name, or career? I wasn’t always Candi Kane Jiggles the stripper, even if I was having a hard time remembering exactly what my old name had been. Brandon? It didn’t sound right. My brain didn’t respond immediately to it like it did Candi. I had always liked my name. It was cool, unique.

I was so caught up in my thoughts that as I was walking back to the bedroom, I tripped on a discarded thigh-high stiletto boot. I swung my arms around to try to catch myself from falling, but the momentum of my sweet melons wouldn’t be denied. I cursed as I hit the ground. I looked back to see the outfit I’d worn last night, my smoulderingly sexy latex playboy bunny suit, complete with all the fixings. I always looked incredible in it, but it had been so uncomfortable.

Wait, now there was an idea. I could fix my wardrobe! I could make it so I could wear something that didn’t look like it had just been bought at a sex-store. To be fair though, where else was a guy like me supposed to shop? Its not like I could wear cosplay outfits all the time, as fun as jiggling around in my Opal-chan bikini or whatever was. After all the time and effort that had gone into making them, those outfits were nice-casual at least, not something to just throw on around the house.

But despite how sexy this slutty little bunny outfit looked, the heels had been uncomfortable and the outfit barely fit. If I had to go back after that girl, I sure as hell wasn’t going to wear this again, and I already knew there was nothing else in my closet even remotely appropriate.

I frowned. A part of me was disappointed by that revelation. I had always liked the way I dressed. I’d always loved showing off my body. What else was a guy like me suppose to wear?

No. I chastised myself. Bad thoughts. Anything was better than this. It’s not like I could just wear pants, right? That would be ridiculous.

I flicked through the fashion magazine looking for something I liked, something normal, something not made for conventions or porn shoots. Something plain and average.

Well, I got my wish. All too hard. There were all kinds of comfy fashionable ensembles designed to look good and be comfortable. But the blessing was also a curse. Everything in here was just so... boring. I couldn't fap to these! I could maybe try to force myself, but if I even tried I'd probably end up with the wrong parts entirely.

Maybe this one? I held the magazine up at eye level and squinted appraisingly at the model on it. She was rocking a sharp looking red jacket over a low-cut white v-neck tank top. There was a scintillating strip of midriff beneath and honest to god baggy jeans to complement the width of her hips. I tried to silence the part of me that said I couldn't wear those because they were girl clothes. As though my current wardrobe was any better.

Okay. Focus. I looked at the girl carefully, trying to imagine her as sexy. She was good looking, don't get me wrong, but it was in the way that vanilla ice cream is tasty. The jacket gave a flare of confidence, but she wasn't exactly anything special. I needed her a chocolate double scoop, at least.

Honestly? What made her hot was her face. Her face was, well, not slutty, but sexy. Way too sexy for this jacket advertisement. Her eyes were a tantalizing colour, smokey and sultry, with that hint of blush that really sold her sexy confidence. She didn't quite have big plump cocksucking lips like mine, but I'd be perfectly happy to imagine those creamy lips wrapped around my cock.

I could feel my dick responding to my fantasy. I switched my gaze back down to her clothes as I pinched one of my great big nipples with my free hand, then dropped it lower to rub my cock.

I reaffixed my gaze onto the clothes. The soft swell of her breasts and buttocks. I narrowed my eyes, and I focused, calling up all the horny I still had left to muster. I bit my lip. I returned my hand to my tits. Stupid horny things. I was getting more turned on from having them going than I was my dick.

Come on... come on...

I closed my eyes and willed it so hard, but to no avail. I couldn't quite get over the edge. A few minutes later I opened one eye to peek, looking down at the playboy bunny costume that was still littering my floor.

Work, dammit! I looked back up at the girl. Why did people have to make it so hard to fap to girls in fashion magazines? I huffed. I dashed the magazine on the floor. She wasn't so hot anyway. Her eyeliner wasn't even straight and her blush was way too over the top. What was she thinking wearing a face like that with an outfit like that? The colours totally clashed!

Okay, I rubbed at the bridge of my nose, careful not to smear my contouring, that didn't work. What else could I find?

Alright, round two. This time a tall leggy blonde advertising shoes. Her feet were dainty and elegant, her open-toe sandals put her cute and well-pedicured feet on display. I wasn't a huge foot guy, but it wasn't the feet that drew my eye, it was the booty shorts and red crop top I was after. It was summery and it was cute and it would really show off my legs.

Okay, let's try this again. I focused on the girl. I let my imagination go wild. I tried to invoke how hot she was but still keep it directed at the clothing. I pictured her not even taking her clothes off as she pressed

her body into my naked flesh, as she caressed and kissed and worshipped my juicy melons and doing that thing with her lips that I really liked.

Careful...

I reattached my gaze on the magazine. I let my fantasies amplify, I let my hands roam wild over my body, my breath growing hotter and hotter, the hormonal pleasure cresting, my eyes rolling up into the back of my head. No, stay focused dammit! I brought my gaze back down, locking it upon those feet, those toes, those long slender legs so enticingly presented.

"Oh fuck," I groaned. I stopped holding back. I let my hands have their way with my body, following any pleasure. Losing myself in pursuit of this wardrobe.

Before I could go over the edge however, there was a ding on my phone, over by the nightstand.

"Fuck, come on!"

I minced over on my dainty little tiptoes, one long leg in front of the other. It was Brody. Maybe he had found something last night? Maybe had gone on after I'd given up, my best friend going bravely into the night determined in his quest until he found a way to turn me back!

I sighed. Who was I kidding? He'd probably gotten as far as asking three girls if they'd seen her, then ended up the night three girls deep. My phone buzzed again. Either way I was going to hear all about his pussy-pounding adventure.

Brody too, had fallen victim to my curse. I'd overheard some lesbians exchanging some seriously slutty gossip and got caught on how hot having a friend like that was and now Brody had transformed into a seriously slutty lesbian who loved to share all the most intimate details of his sexual encounters. I wasn't even sure how he or the world even saw him at this point.

There was no text though, just a video.

The hell?

I clicked it, heart still full of hope, but that hope quickly turned to something else.

There were four girls, going at it, hot and heavy. Mashing their nubile bodies together amidst desperate mewling moans as cheap electronica beat in the background. There was an incredible passion to it, each more eager to outdo the last in terms of who could pleasure whom the hardest.

I tried to look away, but it was mesmerizing. Only when one reached down for a double ended dildo did I find the strength to look away. God, I couldn't risk the curse going off on this!

Hold on, had one of those girls been Sofia? My neighbor!?

"Thoughts?" came the next message.

“WTF!?” I typed, my long nails making the act of typing that much more difficult. “Why are you sending me porn!”

Not that I didn’t traditionally love porn, but this was hardly the time and Brody was hardly the person.

“What? I always send you my latest vid, dog. Extra hot, right? Do you think I should make it a pay per view on my onlyfans or if it’s more of a public Porn Hub piece?”

What did that mean?

I pulled the video back up, looking away except in careful glances. I couldn’t let my vision linger too long lest I wind up a pornstar too. I briefly wondered if that would replace my being a stripper, or somehow stack with it?

Wait, there it was. As one girl put on the strapon, there was a shot of one of the others’ face. Sure enough. It was the very eager face of my best friend Brody, caked in whorish makeup and loving every second of the lesbian orgy he had found himself in. From the way he was acting you’d think he’d done this a thousand times before.

Honestly? He was right. This was some of his finest work yet. He really had ended up three girls deep, hadn’t he? And to think if it hadn’t been for him being at the shoot last night, I’d have never even known my neighbor had friends who did porn, nor that she sometimes partook herself.

Wait, I tried to sort that memory out. Was Brody being a pornstar something new or was this a part of being turned into a lesbian slut?

Curiosity forced me to watch more, biting my lip as one of the girls scratched at Brody’s back with her long acrylic nails like a wild animal in heat. I could only shiver as I imaged what that would feel like. The other two girls were cheering them on but Brody moaned as he ate up every inch.

Okay, that was a whole other thing. I rubbed at the bridge of my nose, careful not to scratch myself with my extra-long acrylics.

“Well?” came Brody’s eager message. “What do you think?”

I didn’t know what to fucking think. My best friend was a lesbian porn star now!? Seriously? At this point though, you know what? Fuck it. At least he was getting laid. Hell, Lesbian slut Brody got more action than regular Brody, and that was saying something. Good on him.

Not knowing what else to say I sent him a “Looks hot.” message with a thumbs up emoji. Was that a weird thing to say? But looking through the previous texts, it seemed pretty on par. Sometimes I seemed to give very detailed commentary. Brody always took my discerning eye very seriously and had something of a poetic streak. He was always eager to share a little after-the-action reports, sexual exploit after sexual exploit. After reading it my nipples were aching and my dick was hard.

I threw the phone across the room in frustration. What was I doing? What if the curse could activate from written text? Would I end up some lusty, tarted up fuck puppet?

I looked down at my excessively horny body. Too late by a long shot to avoid that fate, but at least I seemed to be more or less the same as I was five minutes ago.

Okay. I sighed. I would deal with all that spicy bullshit later. Right now I needed to give those magazines another try.

I returned to my magazines and put my hands on my hips. Something in this pile had to be hot enough that I could change into it, without it being... well... I glanced in the direction of my closet and all the spank-bank material within.

As I grabbed one however, I realized I was having trouble picking it up. I turned to inspect my nails. They were longer. Extra long. Acrylic. They'd been just gel before, hadn't they? But no, that was silly, whenever I got my nails done, I did them up right. There was a sparkling whorl of pink that formed into a sexy little heart, and when you lined them up it seemed to continue from one to the next. I'd always loved nail art, why not treat myself and go all out at the salon every now and then?

Okay, damn. I spent a moment just mesmerized by the sheer gleeful pinkness of it all. It was a work of art. My nail girl did good work. I mean, she ought to, with how much I paid her.

Delicately - I didn't want to risk breaking a nail - I dug through the pile of magazines. Picking one up, I flipped through it, then threw it back down. Nothing. One after the other I worked my way through the pile. Boring fashion and beauty magazines.

Hold on, what the hell was this? This one had a girl on the cover in a suggestive pose, dressed in a hypersexualized outfit so pink it would have made Barbie blush.

Was this a porn magazine? Was my neighbor ordering porn magazines? God, did they still even make porn magazines?

"Big Blonde Bimbos Magazine?" I raised an eyebrow. Oh god, this was dangerous. I'd always had a thing for bimbos - sue me, I was a red-blooded guy. I guess evidently so was Sofia. Wow, there were a lot of sexy things I didn't know about her, huh? I'd barely even knew she was gay until last night, now I was learning maybe a little too much about her. Somewhere there was a line of thought that said "And that's hot!" but I did not want to see where it led me.

I don't know if I wanted to see where this magazine could lead me either. Still... I looked back at the covergirl, she was curvaceous, to say the least, probably photo-shopped to be so exaggerated in terms of her shape, but who cared? There were evidently three criteria required to be featured on this magazine: Big, blonde, and bimbo. She embodied them all to scintillating perfection.

I was just about to throw the magazine away, before it could infect me, but I stopped. I gave her a more careful once-over.

Beneath that beautiful busty bimbo exterior there was something more to this. She wasn't dressed half bad.

She was in a tight little crop top cut to lift and support her creamy melons and was wearing just the perfect little bimbo pink microskirt. It was mid thigh but the way she was posing, it had ridden up oh so

effortlessly. It was the kind of skirt that clung perfectly to her curvaceous thigh. It would just take one little slip to reveal her pink pussy to the whole world. That was a promise. The pink jacket she wore over top seemed to only be there to give her something to take off, to make the rest of her nudity all the more apparent.

I paid special attention to how her clothes clung to her body, putting on display every elegant and carnal curve. Her boobs were huge. Again, they were probably photo-shopped, but that didn't matter. What mattered was that they were almost as big as mine. Did that mean her clothes would fit me?

My heart pounded. Sure, it was a slutty little skirt, but it was pink! How could I say no to that?

Like this: I threw the magazine across the room.

I let out a breath. That had been close. The temptation had almost got me. What was I thinking?

I stood up and paced across the room to burn off some of this nervous energy, letting my body cool as I swished around in my skirt. The bimbo outfit was too much, obviously. Even if it was hot and cute and I'd totally fucking rock it. But I'd still be stuck in some stupid slutty uncomfortable nightmare, wouldn't I? Had I already forgotten the lessons of my playboy bunny outfit?

Besides, I already had, like, three outfits just like it. I was literally wearing one of them right now. What had I been thinking?

Wait.

I ran over to the mirror.

"Oh, come on!"

I spun around to get a better view of my new outfit. It was everything the girl had been wearing: tight top, short skirt, pink jacket. It was almost cute. I looked good, that was the worst part, but it didn't quite fit me the way it had fit her. She'd looked ready to have it torn off of her, I was looking ready to burst out of it. The difference between her exaggerated figure and my even more exaggerated figure just drew all the more attention to my skanky outfit choices.

I gave a spin. It was better than the playboy outfit at least. There were no thigh-high stiletto boots. There was no constant squeeze from the latex making it hard to breathe. My dick, at least, was not on display for everybody to see. Mostly. I pouted. The raring eagerness of my manhood seemed all too eager to give the teensy skirt a lift. Maybe I had some thongs that could restrain it? Unlikely. Curse my mammoth man-cock.

I just had to hope no one would notice, like yesterday.

Besides the dick though? Damn! I looked amazing. My reflection was more girl than man at this point. I could hardly tell where the boy parts even were any more, and my makeup hid any masculinity I had remaining in the face. If it wasn't my own body I was looking at, I'd have probably been unable to resist.

It had been risky, but I'd done it. I'd been able to use the curse's power to my own gain. I wondered what else I might be able to find?

Imagination running wild, I went back to the magazines. I knew just what to try next. There had been one full of celebrity gossip I had ditched. Aha. There it was. A woman - some model with long curly hair - in a fancy rich condo with all the money she could ever want.

I was about to make this curse a very fortunate blessing indeed.

Money was hot right?

That's what I was trying to tell myself, that what made this girl hot wasn't her flawless face or petite body, it was that fuck-off house she was living in, her freedom to buy whatever clothes she wanted, to be able to afford fancy cars and exotic vacations and the sluttiest designer dresses.

It helped that she was legitimately attractive in her own right. This was a girl I could get with, the sort of girl who probably knew all the best ways to suck a guy's titties till he started seeing stars. My dick twinged. I ran a hand down my body, stroking at tender places, trying to ignite the candle and let this girl's fat stacks of cash fire up my body.

I imagined all the places she could take me, all the nice things she could buy me. The confidence of wealth. Some guys might have a problem with the idea of a girl who makes more money than they do, but I was a stripper. I didn't have a whole lot of cash. If a girl wants to drop some bucks to fly us to the Bahamas so we can flounce around on the beach in our string bikinis all day and fuck all night, I'm not going to say no, know what I mean?

"Mm..." I fell back onto the plush couch, legs spreading wide as I rubbed at my thick inner thighs and gave my heavy balls a pleasant squeeze.

Wait, I didn't have a couch here.

I opened my eyes, fantasy falling away to excitement. My house was suddenly very different.

It was still my house, I think, the same layout, same 'bones', but the walls were freshly painted, all the furniture was so much classier, and I had so much more of it. I ran into the bedroom. The boring beige walls were now a cute light pink, complete with glittery accents. Pink really was the best colour wasn't it?

I ran into the bedroom to see my bed had doubled in size. It was as pink and plush as my towels. I grinned giddily as I pulled open my drawers and opened my wardrobes, now overflowing with bubbly pink materials. My closet was a complete walk-in with all kinds of skirts and tops and enough shoes to absolutely die for, not to mention all the exotic silk panties and bras and all kinds of scanty sexy nothings.

My heart soared. I'm pretty sure I did an actual jump for joy.

I lay down on the much nicer bed. It was so comfortable, so soft and silky. But of course, I had always gone all out with this sort of thing, hadn't I? I needed my beauty sleep.

Had this actually worked? Had this horrible, awful curse actually had an upside? I pulled up the banking app on my phone, and my eyes turned to dollar signs.

I was rich!

I mean, I'd always been rich. Ever since that sex tape of me had gone viral, right? I'd done some modeling after that, but it's not like I needed to work or anything. I just worked as a stripper because I loved the industry so much.

I furrowed my brow as I sorted through the new memories. I was unsure how I felt about the notion that I was rich because of something like that. On the other hand... I looked around my now much nicer apartment. It had its perks! Think of all the things I could buy! Think of all the places I could go!

I was rich!

I was rich and I was a girl. I frowned.

"Wait, fuck." I groaned out as the obvious hit me: What was going to happen to all this money once I changed back?

I took a deep breath. It seemed like one of those horrible 'would you / won't you?' dilemmas. Press the button and get a million dollars but you're stuck as a sexy big-titted fuck-doll the rest of your life.

My phone dinged.

It was Becky. She was checking in on me. She wanted to meet up at the mall this afternoon?

My heart pounded at the memory of the girl who'd helped me out at the strip club last night. Her body was like nothing else, but there was so much more going on than just that. She was funny, confident, kind. I'd only just met her, but in my mind we had known each other for far longer. We'd been flirty colleagues the entire year and a half I'd been working at the club. She was good. Very talented. She always had me giving my best just to keep up.

"Sure!" I texted back, trying not to seem too eager.

I was really glad we were getting the chance to get a little closer.

"Great." She sent back a time and a location pin. "It's a date."

Oh. I gulped. Maybe we'd be getting a lot closer. A date? My heart pounded.

I looked at the clock. It was already early afternoon? Had I really spent the whole morning sleeping and going through those stupid magazines?

Shit, I only had a couple of hours! I had to get ready.

I spent the next hour and a half going through my entire wardrobe, trying to find the perfect outfit, brain lighting up with possible makeup and hair style looks to complement any given garment. I must have

tried on a half dozen things, but none of them worked, either way too scandalous or not nearly scandalous enough.

It was a careful balancing act. I wanted her to like what she saw, but I was still a guy, and that required certain standards.

The outfit I ended up with was a creamy low-cut crop top that said "Grab a Handful" in a flirty little font, stretched out almost to the point of unreadability over my enormous breasts. After twenty minutes of back and forth I decided to go with one of my super short little pink miniskirts, but just to prove I was still a guy, this one had little punk studs around the waistline.

I had to be careful walking in it, of course. I'd have to take mincing little steps lest everybody see my thong-clad ass and the bulge of my balls beneath. I'd probably have to be careful with that regardless, though. Thongs, it turns out, were not designed to hold something as titanic as my junk. Somehow, I'd manage.

I completed the outfit with the pink leather jacket and all kinds of cute accessories. I had so many to choose from! I put on flirty hoop earrings and all kinds of garish gold bracelets. I didn't know whether to go for the collar that said "Choke Me, Daddy" or the one that said "Obedient Cum Slut". Given Becky's gender, neither seemed really appropriate. Instead I went with a long gold necklace that would draw everybody's gaze exactly where I wanted it, which is to say, to my great big honkabaonkas. She'd certainly seemed to enjoy the view yesterday. Why not give her all the more today?

I raised my foot daintily behind me as I posed before the mirror. The shiny pink 6-inch platform pumps really completed the whole look with an open toe that showcased my petite feet and pink-painted toes.

I blew myself a kiss, my plump lips accentuated by the gloss and polish I'd piled on. My cocksuckers were my best feature, I had to play them up! The rest of my face was done up en femme. I'd combined three different eye-shadow palettes to complement my hair and outfit. It wasn't my usual level of sexy, but it wasn't the most whorish I could go, and trust me, I had lots of practice with whorish.

I grinned proudly at my reflection. I looked great! I'd never had so much fun getting ready.

I stopped. I pouted. What was I doing?

I put my foot down. I looked like a bimbo. I looked like I'd broken out of some teenager's dirty fantasy. I stomped my foot in fury, but that just sent my breasts jiggling like it always did, and looked petulant on a body like this.

Why had I been so excited to dress up like this? Why had I been laughing like a kid in a candy store as I'd pranced my way through all my expensive clothing and makeup?

I was barely any better dressed than I had been yesterday. If anything this was all the worse! I had the clothing I could now wear to play it all down. I could have *not* looked like a bimbo.

But.. I bit my plump lip. Why would I want to do that?

This was all spinning out of control way too fast. Shouldn't I have been setting off immediately to try to find that girl again? Hadn't I been so zealous on my quest yesterday?

I took a breath. I guess I just didn't want to disappoint Becky. I'd hooked up with a lot of girls in my time, but going out on a date was something else entirely. I gave myself one last look in the mirror, all my expensive clothes and makeup and jewelry. I look like a girl with a very happy sugar daddy.

Besides, I didn't have time to change. For a girl like Becky, I guess it was worth the risk. Besides, I wasn't abandoning the quest entirely, was I? I'd find her eventually.

Time to go.

I felt my cheeks flush as I stepped outside, though the sting of humiliation wasn't nearly so bad this time. I don't know if it was because I was getting used to it, or somehow the outfit I was wearing was less ridiculous, but the humiliation wasn't quite so bad. The dog walker who had almost caught me masturbating in the neighbor's bushes yesterday gave me a wolf-whistle as she went past.

I tried to calm my anxieties. I leaned into the false memories. This was how I always dressed, right? I always went around looking like I was trying to defend my title as hooker of the year. The little reassurance helped. What kind of man doesn't love pink and glitter, huh?

I got to the end of my drive way before I realized I had no idea where I was going. I slid my phone out of my purse. A thirty minute walk? At the mincing, hip-swaying speed I walked now, I was going to be late!

Then I stopped and slapped my forehead. I was thinking about this all wrong. That was how the old me would have thought.

I typed 'sexy woman with expensive car' into my phone's search bar and was not disappointed by the results. The one that caught my eye the most was the girl in a bikini bragging on her social media about her expensive pink Lamborghini.

I raised an eyebrow approvingly. What can I say? I liked pink.

I had to be careful on this one, lest I arrive for the date in nothing but a string bikini. I focused on the picture, her well-oiled bikini-babe body tantalizingly presented. She was decoration, she was a prize. That's what it represented. The car was the hotness. You get the car, you get the girl. I imagined shooting down the road in the passenger seat, the girl driving fast without a care in the world, wind whipping at our hair as each bump sent our breasts and bodies shaking in our matching bikinis, as we could feel the roar of the car purring through us, getting us turned on. I imagined her unflicking the string of her top and freeing her significant features to bound out.

I could feel my dick stiffening in my thong. I just hoped it would work without me having to actually play with myself. Looking like a slut was one thing, acting like it was quite another. It was weird enough the way my skirt seemed to tent.

A few minutes later, I lifted my eyes to see my new car, glittering and fresh from the wash and wax. I grinned. It looked amazing and I'd only had to put out a few more sex tapes to be able to afford it.

I slid inside. The plush leather interior, all the custom luxury features. It was incredible. I'd never been in anything so decadent.

I reached for the ignition and had a moment of panic. Where were the keys? Was I going to have to masturbate up a pair of keys now? But no, there they were between my boobs, where I always kept them. Duh.

I maneuvered the seat belt over my pendulous mounds and the next thing I knew I was peeling down the road, body humming in tune with the roar of the engine. It was everything I had imagined it to be and more. I gripped the wheel tight, loving the smooth handling. God, this was a sexy car, wasn't it? And here I was still all worked up from my little fantasies. My nipples were so stiff I could feel the engine's power shaking them.

Maybe this wasn't such a bad curse after all.

Not that I was giving up. Not that I was letting it go easy. This was a sign that I was winning! I'd tricked it, outsmarted it! Of course. I'd brought it around to my own will. I was still a man!

To celebrate this triumph of masculinity, I turned on the radio and started blasting all the girliest pop songs I could find, singing along the whole time.

Chapter 9

I pulled into the mall parking lot shortly thereafter. I had never been a pink Lamborghini guy, but let me tell you, it is an absolute experience I highly recommend, especially if you have big slutty boobs for the seat-belt to rub oh-so tantalizing against.

I locked the car somewhere safe and wiggled my sexy butt into the mall proper. It was a weekday so things weren't too busy, but it had some hustle. There were enough people around that it was still a little weird being out and about dressed like this, looking like this. I kept catching glimpses of my reflection in windows and mirrors. I created quite the contrast. Everyone else was so... normal. And there I was in full bimbo pink with my larger than life look. Maybe one girl in a million had tits like this, or had an ass like this, or moved like this. When you added up the odds, what did that make me?

I had half expected that people would look at me like I was some kind of skank, that I'd get jeered and derided by the women I went past. Quite the opposite. Girls were all drooling over me, heads turned as I strode past. Guys were either begrudgingly respectful or intensely jealous. I was pretty sure I could see a few of them stopping to wonder, if they saved up enough money, if they could buy a pair of tits just like mine.

Not that I'd bought mine, of course. I'd grown these bad boys all on my own. I mean, I could have gotten a surgical upgrade if I'd wanted to. I could get the best tits money could buy. God, I could just imagine my already mountainous mounds doubling in size as they pumped them full of silicone. But then I'd have to go get a whole new wardrobe, and fun as that was, who had the time for that?

Come to think of it, last time I'd really been going ham on a new wardrobe had been in this very mall. I'd been with the cheer team. We had just won the inter-provincial cheer championship and I'd taken everybody out shopping to celebrate. We shopped like crazy and then they all fucked me silly in the changeroom.

Good times.

Wait...

My skirt tightened.

What?

I went back to that little detail, re-examining the memory. It was crystal clear. Naomi's sweet pussy shoved in my face as Cali and Heidi were held her upside down at just the right level for her to loudly gobbled on my cock. The two had been struggling to hold on while also going ham playing with my tits and ass. They were always so competitive with each other, they loved seeing who could make me moan the loudest. Sure we made enough noise that the salesperson usually came to check in, but I could usually resolve that with a bit of cash, or, if it was a chick, by inviting her in to join us.

We'd taken turns. With each new outfit we tried on, I would swap who I was fucking. We were all over each other, each of the girls taking a turn with me as the others competed for seconds or, more frequently, joined in themselves.

I swallowed. Red of face and hot of body. I'd stopped walking now and was just gawking at the clothing store. I'd never been in it, but the memories of what had transpired within could fill a thousand spank banks. This was crazy. I mean I knew I'd now always been friends with benefits with the cheerleaders - I couldn't change for cheer practice and not have the girls lose their shit over my body - but I'd not really stopped to consider what that meant.

Did girl me get more pussy than guy me? What a disturbing thought. I wasn't too far off Brody in that regard, was I? Goddamn, I had a whole cheer-squad worth of pussy on lock and I was treating it like it was just one of those things? Like it was normal?

Luckily, before I could dive too much further into things, I caught sight of Becky at the far side of the crowd. I raised my heel in a dainty motion as I gave her an exuberant wave that sent my boobs bounding in joy.

"Candi!" she called out, returning the wave, a great big grin on her face. I was so on autopilot I didn't even consider the different name she had just called me.

She was looking great! Most of the time when we saw each other we were either in loose comfortable clothing at the end of the night or something specifically engineered to get people as hard as humanly possible. This was somewhere in the middle. The look she was going for was very downplayed. It was cute. A little revealing, maybe.

We ran up to each other and hugged, our breasts squeezing together. She was so warm.

I discreetly tugged my skirt back down over my butt. Now I felt overdressed. Should I have toned it down a little? But no, that was silly. I always dressed like a walking brothel advertisement.

"You can call me Rebecca outside work," she laughed. "Becky's my stage name. We weren't all born with a name that so perfectly describes us as you." She elbowed me playfully.

I flushed. What did that make me? An old song played through my head. 'Cotton Candy. Hot and sweet.'

"Love the outfit. Wow." She stepped back and gave my body a lurid approving gaze. "Seriously, You look great. How did a stud with tits so big end up single?"

"Aw, thanks." I waved it off like it was nothing, but there was a warmth inside me. Pride at the compliment. I had selected the outfit well, even if the fashion and the clothes weren't really mine to begin with. "How did I end up single? Gosh, I dunno. I've had a lot of girls I've hooked up with, but I guess there had never been a girl I really fell for."

"You don't have girls knocking down your door?"

"They're mostly just in it for the sex," I sighed. Why was I saying it like it was a bad thing?

"Aw, does that mean sex is off the table?" she teased.

"Not if you buy me a drink first," I winked.

"Well, I could buy you a round after work tonight, but then you wouldn't be able to drive home, now would you?"

"Gosh, I'd have to crash at your place."

"I have a really comfy bed," she purred.

"Oh, I bet." I laughed. It felt good to talk, to be flirty. I'd been so caught up in my head about everything it was good to relax.

"So!" I grinned a little more genuinely than I'd meant to. "What do you have planned for our date? This is a date, right?"

"Well, while we're here, there's this new eyeliner I wanted to check out at Jenny's Smile. Naomi was gushing about it all last night," she beamed, gesturing to the nearby cosmetics store. "I figure it'll look great on you, too. I know how much you love your makeup. Then maybe we can get a bite to eat, get to know each other better?"

"Sounds great." I matched her smile. It was infectious.

She held her arm out for me and I took it. My heart was pounding. I was surprised my body was reacting so strongly. I guess I'd never actually been in a serious relationship, had I?

It was... nice? Girls were normally only interested in my tits.

My tits. I frowned at the abundance of memories of myself with them. How easy it was to forget that things hadn't always been that way.

Would this girl even give me a second glance if I didn't look like this? What even was the point of my trying to get to know this girl? What was going to happen when I changed back, huh?

Jenny's was right around the corner. The windows were festooned with samples and colours, there was a pair of lips worked into the signage that gave even my sultry pair a run for their money.

Inside was a colourful riot of products and shelves. Everything seemed to be sorted by brand, the products arrayed to showcase the strengths of the products and demonstrate how they could complement each other. There was a deeply floral scent I couldn't place. I don't know if it was there to mask the chemical scent of nail polish or just for that final feminine flair.

There was a time when I'd have been overwhelmed by the sickeningly feminine environment. I used to hold my nose as I went past or wait outside as the girls did their thing. Today I was drinking it up. I was taking in deep lungfuls and I was loving it. I was expecting that I'd have to lean on Becky and follow her lead but the place felt so intimately familiar. All these colourful creams and powders, all these transformative unguents, I knew them all.

I don't know what I'd been so scared of. I'd spent so much time in places like this as a kid. I'd been wearing makeup ever since I was little. My mom had told me that there was a time in every little boy's life when he needed to learn to do his face. I'd loved it. With my perfect complexion I didn't need to hide any flaws, but boy could I ever accentuate my strengths. I could make my eyes pop, I could draw attention to my big fat cocksucking lips. I'd spent my teenage years watching every makeup tutorial I could find, drinking it all in.

It all felt so natural I forgot that none of that was true.

I looked around at all the products. Many were expensive of course, but that didn't stop a rich girl like me. If it made Becky smile like that, I'd buy her anything she could ever want. Hell, I wanted to share it with her. That was always how things went, wasn't it? Whenever we were out shopping I was the one paying. Treating my friends, making everybody feel good. It was fiscally irresponsible, sure, but with a body like this I could always make more money.

If it made her smile, it made me smile. I wanted to share in her joy. And boy was Becky loving it. Sure, the guy response would be to recoil, but I was enjoying myself. What was I supposed to do? Run away? Leave this girl? Break her heart and ruin any chance I had with her?

I took a breath and leaned into the role, the memories. I remembered that one summer camp when one of the girls had brought a tube of lipstick and we'd made it a game running around putting as many lipstick kisses on everything we could. And of course I remembered how thoroughly I used it for my job. Being a stripper meant you had to be visible, you had to be expressive. My cocksuckers had to be big and red so they'd be visible even to the back of the room. I had been so basic when things first started but all the other strippers had been so kind to me, showing me all kinds of incredible tricks.

Was I really expected to believe that I had ever not been able to do my makeup? What a kind of horrible boring life was that? It was a skill I'd worked very hard on. I was proud of it.

“Ooh!” I eyed an exotically coloured eye shadow palette from a respectable but overpriced brand. I picked it up to get a better look.

“Excuse me sir?”

I turned to look, then caught myself blushing. Remember how I said I had a thing for bimbos? Well, here was one in the flesh. This girl could have been ripped from the cover of that magazine. She checked off all the buttons: Long legs, hourglass figure, wide hips, and of course the kind of big fat tits you just want to dive right into and swim around for a bit. She was wearing a cute little tank top and tight little booty shorts. She even had the blonde pigtails done up like perfect handlebars. I’d always dreamt about grabbing a pair of pigtails like that and just taking complete control as she bounced up and down on my dick.

“Need a hand, handsome?” She purred the words in my ear, pressing in so close I could feel her body against mine. Her hand was on my ass. “I bet we could find a colour that could really put those cuntslurpers to work.”

Oh crap, this was dangerous.

“Uh!” I jumped, unsure what to do. I put my purse over my crotch to hide my skirt-flipping boner and fumbled my gaze away from her. It was then I noticed the name tag. She worked here? “N-no, thank you. I’m fine!”

“Is there a problem here?” Becky said, quickly closing the distance and pressing herself between this girl and me.

Becky made it very clear with her body language that we wanted nothing to do with this girl. The girl pouted, and looked for a moment like she might be about to rally, but then her shoulders slumped and she turned to leave. I let out a sigh of relief. Yesterday with Brody everything had just kept escalating. It was like girls couldn’t handle themselves around us.

“Thanks.” I said. “I feel like everywhere I go I’m getting hit on these days.”

“Can’t say I blame them. A guy walks around in a skirt like that?” she gave a flirtatious little raise of her eyebrows as she gave my ass a disrespectful gaze. “You’re totally asking for it.”

“Hey!” I took a step back.

“You’re right, sorry. That’s victim blaming. These skanks should learn some self-control. What I mean is there’s no red-blooded woman alive who could resist that. Probably for the best you stick close with me, so I can drive them off.”

She put an arm around me possessively. I don’t think I’d ever had a girl do that before. I had a moment of uncertainty. Did I really want to encourage this? But it felt... nice. I decided, fuck it. I leaned into her. Was she stronger than me now? I wouldn’t be surprised. I bet a lot of girls could overpower me now.

After a good half hour of comparing makeup, we made our way to the counter. Any girls who had tried to approach me, Becky managed to drive off. Even the ones who were just ogling got a stern eyeful. This

was great! I could actually focus on what I was doing instead of all the hot women throwing themselves at me. The new eyeliner Naomi had recommended to Becky was to die for and I got some new lashes that I knew Naomi was going to just love as thanks for the recommendation.

At this point, I was doing my best not to think. I was just going with the flow. It was nice hanging with Becky. God, was I really crushing on this girl that hard? Or was I just desperate for a little slice of normality?

I had even managed to avoid the curse!

Mostly.

I sighed as I looked into the mirror. How long had I had these pig tails? Perfect blowjob hair. Handlebars. The perfect complement to my DSLs and my pink bimbo body. Honestly? They suited me. I was basically the complete package at this point, I could give any girl in that bimbo porn magazine a run for her money.

It was better than the anime hair, at least. As fun as that had been for cosplay, that had always been such a pain to maintain, and it's not like I got out to very many cons to begin with. Hold on, when had that changed? Hadn't I been a slutty cosplay freak yesterday? Had changing my wardrobe gotten rid of that aspect of my life?

I frowned. I'd liked cosplaying. Con after con, all those eyes on me, making myself a slutty display? It always sent shivers through me. It had always been a big part of my life, even if I'd only really had those memories for a day or two.

Okay. I took a breath and shook the clashing thoughts out of my head. It was fine. I'd figure this all out later. The motion sent my hair bouncing like a shampoo commercial. I just had to get out of here without too many more changes and I'd be all good right?

If only.

"Like," the girl at the counter said, a long drawn out pause. "Will this totally be everything today?"

Even averting my eyes as I was, my dick jumped. The girl's voice was high and airy, almost giggly, but there was a lusty little husk to it that made it sound like she could make a killing as a sex-phone operator. She sounded like an absolute ditz, but for what this voice had in mind, that was an absolute plus. I had lost the battle the moment I heard it. She looked the part as well. She was every bit the bimbo as the girl whose pigtails I'd copied. Were they sisters? Did this store only hire bimbos?

Had I mentioned I was down real bad for bimbo porn?

The girl looked at me expectantly, batting her long slutty lashes.

"Uh," I said, handing her my credit card. "Oh my god! Like, totally!"

I slapped a hand up to my mouth. It had been the same damn voice, but pitched down sexily because I was hearing it from own head.

“Everything okay?” Becky put a hand to my shoulder.

Fuck!

“I think I might be totes in trouble!” I cried, each word sounding like I was begging for sex.

Chapter 10

Twenty minutes later, we were sitting at a little restaurant. Talking.

Because of course, as soon as I get my voice and vocabulary fucked over by the curse, I find myself being forced to use it. I had been looking forward to getting to know Becky better too. She was a good conversationalist, she was asking questions, poking and prodding. She wanted to know me too. What could I do but respond?

I was just glad I could still think clearly, even if I sounded like thinking was the furthest thing from my mind.

I tried to hold it in, to talk like the man I was, dammit, but it was like trying to forget how to walk in heels. I had decades of practice to fight against. For all my efforts, she didn’t even seem to appreciate it. She kept asking why I was speaking in a funny voice.

If it was anyone else, I’d have run.

We were seated in a cute little restaurant, just grabbing some quick nibbles. My new body had a completely different appetite. I was worried for a minute I was going to wind up some girly salad muncher, but being a cheerleader wasn’t all that different from being a basketball player, calorie wise, even if my exact cravings were a little different. Becky was going toe to toe with me. I respected that in a girl. I supposed her sexy stripper body needed just as much fuel as my own.

We had originally been going to grab something at a cafe, but I was still getting used to my new nails and I wasn’t sure I could quite handle a muffin right about now.

So we ate, and we talked.

Normally I wasn’t quite so open, but it was a date, right? This wasn’t just some hookup. I could afford to tell her all about myself. I was getting to know myself just as much as her, half of what I ended up telling her was a complete surprise even to me. There were so many new and conflicting memories I wasn’t sure what was real anymore. I wasn’t sure who I was anymore.

But honestly? Talking it out really helped.

I was getting used to my new voice too. It was fine as long as I didn’t focus on it, but sometimes it was like it was doing everything it could to make me sound like a lusty ditz.

"Oh my god," Becky grinned. "Of course you were a cheerleader in high school. Look at you. You were probably prom king too, right?" she laughed. "You were absolutely the sort of top stud all the guys dreamt of being, weren't you? Strutting around on the field shaking your pompoms and ass for everybody to see. You know Naomi is a cheerleader?"

"Oh, totally!" I giggled. "We're varsity team BFFs!"

"That explains a lot." she laughed. "I guess once you get a taste for all that attention, you never really give it up, huh?"

"Oh, for reals." I smiled at the memories. All those nostalgic cheers and chants. "I absolutely eat it up. It's the best!"

"I'm surprised the rest of those girls could keep their hands off of you."

"Oh my gosh," I flushed. "You have no idea! You can like, imagine how me parading around in the changeroom with them went down? Me, half naked in my scanty little panties with big pretty titties hanging out for all to see." I giggled. "At first I thought it was just stares, but later I find out I was totally wearing out their vibrators."

"You tease!"

"It was like, bound to happen at some point, you know? You know how girls are. As soon as Natalie made the first move? The others were all saying they'd seen me first. Like, come on, you know?"

"Oh no, what?"

"Yeah, it was like, this whole thing! A dark horny month where everybody was just so mean to each other. Then Naomi suggested that instead of nobody getting me, everybody should. They would take turns. That calmed things down for a bit, but everybody kept trying to jump the line, right? And some were just too horny to wait and ended up sleeping with each other instead!"

"And how did that work out?"

"Well, long story short, the entire time is like, hooking up now. Except Mari and Katie, of course, those bitches hate each other, OMG. It's all been totally hot! We've never been closer as a team. We're on our way to the nationals this year. We could go all the way. We've got like, a whole orgy planned if we win, as like, motivation."

"Damn..." She let out a hot breath. "Lucky! Naomi and I dated for a bit, but it was getting way too serious. You know," she looked around conspiratorially. "I've always wanted to fuck a cheerleader."

"Oh my god, I totes recommend." I giggled. "Cheerleader bodies is totally the best."

"Well, maybe if I play my cards right I'll get my chance." She smirked. I flushed.

I don't know how I was acting so calmly about being the center of a cheer team orgy. You'd think I'd be jumping for joy or something, but somehow it just seemed... normal. There were so many elements of

my life now that seemed so weirdly sexual. Was that because of the specific traits and features I'd acquired, or was it something the curse added to really rub it in it?

"I gotta say I'm jealous. Not only do you sleep with Naomi on the regular, but did I see right, was that really Big-Tit Brody coming to pick you up in the club the other day?"

"Oh," I waved it off. "Brody? Yeah. We totally go way back."

"That's so cool! I've seen all his videos! He was so hot in Sluthouse 5. That scene where he mewls like a kitten as the guy pounds his drooling pussy from behind and pulls his hair? Absolutely inspirational. I must have schlicked off to that a thousand times. Best gay male scene ever. No other guy in the industry has a pussy like he does! Can you tell him I'm a big fan?"

"Oh, like, s-sure." I had no idea how to respond to that. "If we're going to be dating, you can probably tell him yourself. He's over at my house going through my wardrobe and talking about all his most recent projects all the time."

"That's amazing! Maybe that's why you've been handling me being a stripper so well. Lots of guys get put off by that. But your best friend is Deepthroat-magazine's man of the year, so you've got experience with people in the industry. A lot of people would be weirded out by that."

"W-why should I be?" I mean, I was absolutely weirded out by it, but in an entirely different way. I was the one who had put Brody in this position.

"How is it none of our coworkers ever asked you out? You've been working there a year, and you're handsome, kind and loyal, not to mention rich. You're a real catch."

"Am I?" I giggled nervously. I was unaccustomed to compliments. "You really think I'm handsome?" I looked down at my porny stripper body. There are several words I'd use to describe this body (skanky, sleazy, slutty) but handsome wasn't one of them.

"Of course." Her eyes roamed down my body and she grinned. "Look at you! You'd be hard pressed to find any other guy who comes close. I mean, god, the tits alone..."

She was staring quite intently at my breasts. I wriggled my shoulders a bit to give her a better view, and saw her eyes lock onto the jiggling flesh until my slopes stopped quivering. Her grin widened. It kinda felt like a superpower, to have these things I could use to make people happy just by wiggling my chest. Even if - focus here - they were *tits*. They were bad and I was trying to get rid of them, remember? Had I forgotten that?

"Speaking of colleagues," I said, changing the topic. "I'm surprised you never dated any."

"Oh, I have." She waved a hand dismissively. "I had a thing with Naomi for a while and remember that time Jiggly Jenny was out of commission for like, a month?"

"Uh." the memories of it seemed vague in my mind. "I don't really keep up with gossip."

"Well, she was out because I caught her making a play with Lopez. You know, the bouncer? She and I were supposed to be together and..." She stopped and took a few breaths. "You know what? It's not important. Finding good people can be hard some time."

"Oh my god. I'm like, so sorry!"

"You wouldn't be that kind of person would you? Running off after strange girls?"

"Does the cheer team count?"

"Mmm." she purred hungrily. "As long as you invite me from time to time, I think we can make an exception."

"Uh..." My heart pounded. "There's this one girl I'm like, looking for..."

"Oh right, Belinda? Is there something between you?"

"It's um... complicated? There's some things up in the air with her... I don't know how things will be when they land."

"That sounds serious."

"Life changing." A wave of doubt crashed through me. I stood up. "Maybe this wasn't such a good idea while that is still in the air. I'm sorry Becky."

"Hey, it's okay." She took my hand. "Whatever happens with her we can talk about it. No matter what state you wind up in, I'll be here for you."

Easier said than done.

I opened my mouth to thank her, or to tell her the truth or something, but before I got the chance, her phone alarm went off.

"Oh shit." She looked at it. "Is it that time already? We've been talking all afternoon," she laughed.

"Come on, let's get going."

"What's happening?"

"It's time for work, stud."

"Work?" My heart was pounding and not in the good way. "Oh my god, really?"

"Think I can catch a ride with you actually? I'll owe you big time. Maybe I can make it up to you somehow?" she winked.

"S-sure." I flushed.

Dammit! Now I had no way out. I had hoped I'd find that girl before now, before I ever needed to actually... strip. I had gotten distracted.

I took a deep breath. I was experiencing less panic at least today than I had yesterday. I don't know if it was just the extra time I'd had to adjust, or if it was because I had Becky with me. Okay, look at the bright side. Belinda worked there, right? She was the girl who had done this to me. Maybe I could ask around for phone numbers or something. Maybe I could find the girl before it was my turn on the pole? With the way my life had been going recently? What were the odds?

"Cheque please!"

As we were settling up - I had ample cash overflowing from my wallet - I found myself admiring the figure of the waitress. I hadn't really gotten a great look at her before, but now she was practically waving her body in front of me. She had stopped by the side of the table and was making sure I had an ample view. Under the uniform she was so slim and delicate, like she'd done corset training or something, or hell maybe she was even wearing one right now. It contrasted so severely with the outline of her wide hips that it felt almost surreal and transgressive, like I'd caught a slutty tattoo under her uniform sleeve. I couldn't help but imagine what she must look like naked except for the corset, or even naked completely.

"Thank you, sir," she said, taking the money I'd left. She was definitely showing off her good side. "I appreciate receiving your... *tip*." Oh no. here it came. Why were all the girls who kept hitting on me so hot? "And I'd be quite happy to take care of that other tip of yours, as well," she continued. "I see you're blessed with such *ample* gratuity."

"Hey, back off!" Becky gave the girl a glare. "He's with me."

The girl gave a Becky a hateful stare, but acquiesced.

"Thank you." I let out a sigh and looked across to Becky. "My hero."

I stood up, eager to get away from the waitress in case she tried something. I smoothed down my skirt as I stood, but it was suddenly feeling extra tight against my hips.

"Oh no."

I looked down. I'd lost several inches of waist. All that corset training was really paying off. Ladies loved a man with a slender waist. I shook my head in disbelief and looked back at the waitress, at those familiar curves.

"Candi?"

"Huh?" I turned back to Becky.

"See something you like?"

I flushed. Oh god, I'd been so caught up in the relative normality of everything that I had forgotten all about the curse. I'd let my guard down.

"S-sorry!" I held up my hands in surrender.

"It's okay." She held a hand out for me. "As long as you're just looking."

"Really?"

"Oh yeah. I was totally checking her out too. Damn, with that waist, her hips are almost a match for yours."

I whimpered at the unintended jab.

"You can be honest with me, I guess is what I'm saying. People like us flirt and tease sometimes, you know? I can get a little jealous sometimes, but it's fine as long as I'm the one you're going home with at the end of the night." She gave a smouldering wink. "Otherwise?" There was a sudden chill to her voice. "We're going to have a problem."

"Okay." I gulped.

"Now come on. Let's get out of here. We're going to be late for work."

Chapter 11

Like a puppet dancing to the strings of my dark fate, I stood once again outside the strip club. The oh-so familiar neon Jiggles sign shone down upon me like a cruel moon. How could such a magical place be so foreboding?

Maybe I still had time to run? Surely there was something I could do to fight this? The thought felt ephemeral. I just couldn't grasp onto it. I was so tired, both of running, and fighting.

I followed Becky inside. The nostalgic smell of sweat and beer hit me differently this time. This wasn't some sexy place where I'd gotten my rocks off now and then. This was where I worked. This was where I could work my art. The context of the memories were so different now, but somehow still just as hot.

It was busy for a Monday afternoon, but of course. I was going to be performing. I always brought a crowd. I could already see my regulars packed in tight. It was easy to tell. We didn't get straight girls in here otherwise. They were chatting amongst themselves and buying drinks as Juggy Jenny was going all out to try to put on a show for the handful of men remaining.

"You coming?" Becky called to me from the stage entrance. I'd stopped following her at some point.

"Um." I tried to hide my panic. "I'll like, totally catch up? I'm gonna like, hang out here for a bit?"

"You want to see Jenny perform, huh?" Becky laughed. "Can't say I blame you. When that girl gets into a set, she really horndogs out. I've caught her masturbating afterwards a few times. Look!" she pointed. "See how hard her nipples are?"

I had not noticed that. I flushed again. There was something about the way Becky kept teasing me that made my heart pound. Or maybe it was just Jenny's big hard tit toppers. They were almost as big and hard as my own. Becky was right, this girl was going wild.

"I'll like," I tilted my head at the performance on stage. "Catch up soon?"

She rushed backstage. I took a deep breath and dragged my eyes away. God, I had to be careful, lest I wind up too horny to function. With everything else happening that would be basically game over, wouldn't it?

Maybe that girl was here? This was my last chance. If she wasn't here, I was going to be forced to strip in front of all these people like some kind of... horny tarted up cheerleader!

There were so many girls here though. My customers, flashing me grins and giving me that look that said 'I see you, but oh I'm going to be polite by not approaching you before your set, you should repay me being such a gentleman by letting me take you home and fuck you silly.'

I sighed. This beauty really was a curse, wasn't it?

They were paying customers though. I couldn't very well give them the brush off entirely. I smiled back, casually, not lingering on any for long. I tried to play it casual, but the extra sway in my walk caused by my newly wider hips and ultra thin waist just made my walk all the more exaggerated.

I sashayed through the crowd and they parted like the sea, but it was no use. My heart sank even as I kept my well-practised smile. The girl was nowhere to be found.

The room was spinning.

"Candi?" A voice cut clean through the fog.

Becky was standing there in a sexy nurse outfit, complete with a little stethoscope hanging down between her melons. My jaw dropped. Somehow despite all the pornographically sexy things I'd seen recently, she was still hot enough to send me reeling. I could lose myself in those tits for days. But no, shit! I pulled my gaze away.

"Candi?"

"Huh?"

"I asked, are you okay?"

"I'll be fine," I lied.

"I don't believe you. Come on, normally you're so chipper, so eager to get on stage. If you bail again on short notice, you're going to get in trouble. You're already on thin ice for yesterday. If you get fired who am I going to spend all my shifts with?"

I gulped. I could feel myself growing pale, then felt a warmth envelop me. Becky walked up and pulled me into a hug from behind, her melons pressed hotly into my back.

"Look babe," her voice was soft and tender, cutting through all the chaos and calamity around us. "Whatever it is, you can tell me, okay? I'm here for you."

I could feel myself tearing up, but I blinked it away and fanned at my face. I wasn't about to let it ruin my mascara. I'd never had anyone be here for me like this. I mean, I guess Brody, but that was different. I didn't want to do this. The thought of it loomed so large before me. But I also didn't want to let Becky down, and even with my memories all screwed up, it seemed like an easy enough choice to make.

"You know what?" I turned and gave her a smile. "It's fine. We'll talk later. Let's go put on a show."

"That's my man!" She gave me a slap on the ass so hard it was left jiggling. The eager crowd gave a cheer.

She held my hand as we wiggled our way over to the backstage area. Part of me couldn't help but notice the transgressive nature of crossing beyond that threshold, but a far greater part of me just felt like it was coming in to a day of work.

When I was a guy I might have had dreams about the soft pillowy and sexy world where the strippers returned to between shows, dancing around naked and having sapphic pillow fights. The reality wasn't nearly so fancy. It was a place of business. In truth, the half-naked women dancing around here very rarely pillow fought.

I kept my eyes down as we entered the changeroom. I felt like I'd just walked into some magical land. There were beautiful girls in hushed and giggling conversations, comparing their bodies and squeezing themselves into little outfits. I'd say it was the sexiest place on earth, but more and more often that seemed to just be wherever I was standing.

Jenny was just walking back in, completely nude save the little angel wings worn like a backpack and the little fuzzy halo attached to her headband. Her great big naughty nipples were rock hard, begging to be played with and she seemed a little too out of breath.

She grinned as she saw me. All of them did.

Just keep focused, I told myself, politely turning my gaze. It took a lot of discipline not to imagine the girl sat over me with our tits in each other's face as she rode my dick for all it was worth, but you know what? I was really getting pretty good at corralling my thoughts by this point.

"What the hell is this?" demanded a familiar voice .

"Naomi?" I turned to see my cheerleader bestie, wearing just her underwear, coming towards us hot and angry.

"Are you two holding hands?"

"Uh."

Becky and I looked down to see that yes, in fact we were still holding hands.

"I don't believe this. Really!?"

I opened my mouth to try to explain, but I didn't even get the chance.

"It's not like that." Becky put up her hands defensively.

"You told me you were off limits. You told me you weren't ready to date. And then I find you with Candi?"

"Wait, she's the girl you'd been crushing on at work?" Memories were coming back of time spent in the changeroom, Naomi gushing about the latest girl she had fallen for. It had been a whole roller-coaster. That had been Becky?

"And you." She turned her fierce gaze on me. "I thought we were friends." She had been trying to give it an acidic edge, but it fell into a warble of grief half way through. She never was very good at this. "Does... does this mean you're off limits now too?"

I looked for the words that would fix this, but nothing came to mind. Something told me offering to buy her something nice wasn't going to solve this one.

"Naomi." Becky took a step towards the girl. She put a hand to her chin. "The truth is, I'm not sure if I am ready to be dating again, especially girls. I know you've been eyeing me for months now, but the truth is, you deserve someone better. You deserve someone who's where you need them to be. I'm just stepping back out of my comfort zone again. I can't be what you need me to be. I'm still experimenting with being vulnerable. If you and I were together, it would just hurt you."

"So, what?" Naomi's voice was quiet. "You're just throwing me out then?"

"No. Never." Becky brought her in for a hug. "I'll always remember the time we spent together." She tilted Naomi's chin up. "You're beautiful and kind and funny. And just because I've been on a date with Candi doesn't mean I'm going to stop caring about you. We can still spend nights together, we can still make each other feel good. And I'm sure Candi wouldn't want to deny you that joy either, would he?" She turned to me.

"That's right." I stepped forward and joined the hug. There was a small 'aw' from the gathered crowd.

"Great," Naomi's eyes were shining. "Now I feel like a total idiot for coming in hot like that."

"It'll be okay." Becky ran a hand down her body. "How about later tonight the two of us make you feel real special?"

"I think I could use that." She pressed into the hug. "You know what? I think you two dating might be alright after all. I'm going to go get some fresh air. We'll talk after your shift?" She broke out of the hug, looking more like herself again.

"See you then."

No sooner had Naomi thrown on a shirt and stepped out than I turned to Becky. "What the hell was that all about?"

"Bi drama." She gave a shrug. It happened. "It's a long story. I'll tell you when we have the time. Aren't you up next?"

Oh shit. I'd gotten so caught up in things I'd completely lost track of time.

I opened up my locker, which was, of course, a glittering riot of pink. My name was written on it in a very clean girly handwriting with the "I" dotted with a heart and everything. I had written that, hadn't I? What had led to that? Was that part of my body language? Had I jacked off to some calligraphers channel or something and forgotten about it?

Inside was all manner of sexy little costumes. Sexy maid, sexy cheerleader, sexy schoolgirl! Now at least they represented a contrast to my day-to-day wardrobe. Some of these were still probably not as hot as what I was walking around in yesterday.

Today was a schoolgirl day. I liked to rotate. Monday meant Jenny was out ahead of me in her school-marm outfit, so the schoolgirl vibe really helped unify the experience thematically. Good synergy really drove in the extra tips.

"You're on in ten, Candi!" came a voice.

"O-okay!" I called back.

Ten minutes did not seem like nearly enough time. I looked around for some little stall or private area I could sneak off to while I changed, but there was none. I had always just changed here in the open in front of all these other girls.

I gulped. I looked around to make sure no one was looking. This was high school all over again. While my boobs had never been strange to the guys in my gym class, I had a lot more nudity to hide than they did just based on sheer surface area.

More than a few of the girls were, sure enough, eyeing me up clandestinely, stealing glances here and there. Girls were always such lecherous things. From the looks of it they were enjoying what they saw. Why did they never get punished but when a guy did he got smacked right down?

When I was changing with the cheerleaders, there was at least an agreement that they were allowed to look. It was a give and take. They got to watch my ginormous gazongas going free and I got to watch them dance around in their underwear and make out with each other. I didn't quite have the same relationship with my coworkers.

Luckily, Becky saw my distress and stepped in, interposing herself and shooting the girls a glare.

I turned back to my locker and wriggled out of the bimbo-pink ensemble and carefully folded it up so as to prevent creases. These clothes were designer, I had to be careful with them.

There was a sudden conspicuous silence. I turned to look only to see all the girls in various states of undress frozen and gawking. Even Becky had turned to look, her jaw dropped. Flirty possessive glances had given way to sheer religious awe.

“Really?” I put a hand on my wide naked hip. I turned to face them, boobs swaying tantalizingly before me. My entire body was well on display. “This is what you want to see?” I gave a twirl and struck a pose, being sure to put enough bounce into my step to really showcase the endlessly sultry way my body moved, enjoying the sensation of parts of me still in motion when I stopped, the sexy aftershocks apparently hypnotizing them all. “Are you happy now?”

There was a chorus of cheers and wolf-whistles.

Women. Am I right? Every day my fellow strippers were like this. I loved attention, but sometimes it was a little too much.

I turned back to my locker and pulled out my outfit.

It was a scant thing. A barely-there tartan miniskirt that swished to effortlessly show off my butt, a midriff baring blouse designed to tie below my tits to really hoist them up and show them off, and a pair of thigh-high socks that I slid up the sensuous skin of my smooth hairless legs. That was it. It was barely any clothing at all. What did the magic were the accessories: The little schoolgirl tie, a pair of custom 4-inch mary janes, and the little hair scrunchies for my signature pig tails. Because I liked to go the extra mile, a pair of pure white panties to shove my huge dick into further added a contrast of innocence.

I looked this way and that in the mirror, grinning as I adjusted the tie. There was just something about being dressed for work made me feel confident. It’s hard to believe this was really what I’d been getting so worked up about?

“Five minutes!” came the call again.

I looked into the mirror. I probably didn’t have time to do too much makeup-wise, luckily the cuter more restrained look I’d gone for in preparation for the date did sort of match the innocent-but-whorish vibe I was trying to express. Still... some extra lip gloss could never hurt. I smeared some on and smacked my plump DSLs. Perfect!

A horny schoolgirl stared back at me from the mirror. If it wasn’t for these mixed up memories I don’t know if I’d have even recognized myself. After all these transformations, there was so little of my masculinity left, it was easy to forget. The only thing that ruined the illusion was the bulge in my panties. I lifted the skirt to give it a better look. It wasn’t that hard or anything, but even still the panties did not do a good job of hiding it. Damn my enormous man-dick! Why did I have to have such a titanic todger? Maybe I could try and tuck it?

“Let me help you with that, Stud.” Becky slid over to me. I could feel her breasts pressing into my back, but what really made me jump was her reaching a hand down to rub my crotch through my panties.

I let out a little groan, my dick stiffening at her ministrations. “What are you doing?”

"Fluffing you up, stud. Can't go out without this, can we?" she purred in my ear. "This is what all those girls are here to see."

I moaned. Some of the other girls giggled.

"Candi!" called the voice. "You're up!"

"Knock 'em dead stud!" She slapped my fat jiggly ass.

I let out a whimpering cry as I had to pull away from Candi's skilled hand. She had done her job alright, I was so rock hard the panties had slid down beneath my cock and I was poking out straight ahead like a flagpole at attention, tenting the skirt.

I teetered my way to the backstage area. Jenny smirked at me, sweat on her brow from her set. Her bun was messy but stern. She turned to get a better look at my ass as I walked by.

Okay. I took a breath. This was it. I hadn't wanted to be a stripper, but I could get through this.

I hadn't wanted to be a stripper? I hadn't wanted to shake my naked tits for everybody to see? The logic of the statement seemed dubious. I had so much evidence to the contrary.

The important thing was, here I was. How bad could it be?

I took another breath.

There was a low murmur from the crowd even before I stepped out, a kind of anticipatory hunger.

Did I even know how to do this? What the hell was I thinking? I inhaled deeply. But of course I could. I'd been doing this for months, hadn't I? I just had to lean into that. Be that me. That womanly, slutty me.

Some girly but dirty pop music started to play. Oh shit, this was my jam!

"Ladies and gentleman," called the announcer. "The one, the only! The original! Candi Jiggles!"

I stepped out on stage. I couldn't see much beyond the blinding spotlights, but I gave a great big smile anyway. I caught glimpses of women grinning and laughing and cheering.

"Show time."

I put on a coy, coquettish expression, young and playful. With a body like this it was impossible for me to really convey true doe-eyed innocence — my tits just made everything way too slutty — but I could lean into playful, and eager. I couldn't be the the virgin little belle being corrupted by her desires, but I could sure be the busty schoolgirl learning to love her recently developed assets.

That was the character. That was the role. I wiggled my way towards the mark, bobbing my body to the beat, letting my tits and ass shake and struggle against my tight costume. I let my love of that beat bleed into it my dancing like an enthusiastic party girl.

The gathered crowd was dense, packed into the area around the stage. It was almost entirely women, hooting and hollering and going absolutely crazy as I strode past, the elevated stage giving those gathered closest that tantalizing look up my flippy little skirt.

The place didn't normally get very many girls, but whenever I was scheduled, they certainly came out to support me. It made sense, I guess, with the way they'd been treating me lately. Girls loved a guy who could strip. And boy, could I ever strip.

As I got to the pole, I put a hand on it and started to circle, making sure the audience got a good hard look at me. I took a few salacious poses, taunting any onlookers to come get some. As I circled, I appraised my crowd. Any big spenders here tonight?

A girl in front passed a twenty on stage, and I made eye contact with her and blew her a kiss. Her face flushed at the attention. More bills were put forward. I giggled. That was more like it.

I put both hands on the pole and started wiggling my butt around, showcasing my body and establishing a little rapport by rewarding big tippers. Those who paid the best got the best view. It was just business, but god, it felt so good to be moving, to get my heart racing, to dance.

With a leap, I did a simple spin around the pole. From their low angle the already scant skirt hid nothing. Everybody could get a good look at my ass and my rock hard dick, that one last reminder of my true manhood.

With a crowd this big, it didn't take long to get them really worked up. Normally it was a slow build to a climactic finish. Today I was going to have to amp it up.

"Alright," I cooed, as a \$100 bill hit the stage. "Enough teasing."

Gripping the pole, I leaned against it to show the stretch of my body. It was time to ditch the skirt. With a naughty little pout, I swayed my ass back and forth, then bent down at the waist in a way that sent my heavy tits swinging pendulously back and forth just-so. With both hands I wiggled my butt side to side as I slid my skirt down my thick thighs before stepping my high heels up and out of it. Looking back at the girl who had put the \$100 out, I gave my naked ass a playful slap for her. The girl was in heaven.

I spun around pulling the skirt along my body, tracing it along my soft sensitive flesh, then I cooed and rubbed it up and down my throbbing hard dick. There was a scandalized cry from the crowd. They were vocal today! Let's see how they liked this – I spun the skimpy little garment over my head and let it fly. It landed on the head of some lucky girl.

I stumbled. I froze.

It wasn't just any girl. It was *the* girl. The girl who had done this to me. Belinda. With the goth makeup and the huge sexy tits.

Oh shit.

In that moment I was faced with a choice. I could abandon my routine and run over to her. I could cast all this behind me. I could reclaim my masculinity and put an end to all this. Sure, I'd probably get fired, I was already on thin ice after all, but who cares about a job like this? Didn't I have so much more in mind?

I circled the pole again, eyes stuck on her. She had a bemused expression. None of the triumphant cheering of the rest of these horny girls. As I circled, I saw Becky from the back, and my heart pounded.

I didn't want to let Becky down did I? What would happen to her when I'd gone back? What would happen to us? Would she even care one bit about me if I was a boring average guy again?

I needed time to figure this out, but what was I going to do? Finish my routine and just hope she was still around?

I mean – I circled again – why not? That was my job wasn't it? All these people had come here for a show. Didn't I love giving it to them?

Had she come here for me? To what, check up on me? Follow up on her curse? Well, I was going to show that bitch I was doing just fucking fine, thank you very much!

The music rose, triumphantly. I ripped open my blouse and shook my big lewd titties for all they were worth. The crowd lost their fucking minds.

I was done playing around. I leapt up and grabbed the pole with my thick thighs, my grip firm and professional and so strong I could lean back to give a sensuous view of my body.

I let out a hot breath, all this rubbing was starting to get to me. All this jiggling around in front of all these eager women. The old me could never have done anything like this, could never have brought so many women such perfect sexual excitement. God, it was such a rush. My dick was pulsing in time to the music, my nipples were as hard as diamonds, eager slutty strumpet berries.

I ground my ass against the pole, loving the firm rigidity of it. I leaned further into it, adding more of my own physical *want* to the show, rubbing raunchily up against the pole with my tits and my ass in between acrobatic displays of spinning and the most sexually breathtaking poses Becky or I could think of. On most days, that would be enough. Today was not most days.

I skid to my knees, dismounting with a giggle and a flip of my hair. I brought a hand out to my enormous hungry hooters, and squeezing needily at my fat lewd and oh-so turgid nipples with one hand as I grabbed my dick and started pumping with the other! A scorching inferno of sexual pleasure burned through my whole body.

I wasn't officially allowed to go too far down that road. It was a fine line between performance and a sex show, but fuck, this body felt so god damn good! Besides, the ladies loved it.

I made sure to go slow and sensual. Each stroke, each squeeze, was a tantalizing exhibit.

But a tease was all it was.

With another hot breath, I spun my legs around and acrobatically leapt back to my slender feet. I gave a big cheerleader grin and shook imaginary pompoms before leaping up arms spread wide. It wasn't quite in character, but schoolgirl and cheerleader were always so close, and they ate it up.

As I gave them my all, I had to be careful, I had to be focused. My mind kept screaming at me to look at the girl. To give it all up and go see her. But I wasn't about to give her that satisfaction. Don't rush. Don't stare. An occasional glance was all I was willing to give her. She was still here. She was smiling? What an ominous sign.

My heart started pounding. Doubt coursed through me even as I swung my titanic tits back to the pole. They were so big, it would be so easy for them throw me off balance, but I had a lifetime of experience in handling my awesome udders.

I swung back on the pole and was just half through a reverse extended butterfly when the doubt hit me.

What was I doing?

The smile fell from my face. I froze. I was stripping. I was acting like a girl. And I was loving it?

Was this part of her curse? She wanted to humiliate me? And here I was playing right into it. She wanted me prancing around up here making a fool of myself. And here I was shaking my big fat female body in front of everybody. Had I no shame? Where was my masculinity? My dignity?

There was a murmur in the crowd as I stopped. I still had a hand on the pole, but my body had fallen out of rhythm and I was tumbling to the ground.

What was I doing? How had I let myself become so weak?

I slammed down on my back. Pain coursed through me. There was a gasp from the crowd.

"Candi?" There was a cry from backstage.

I just sat there, staring up at the blinding lights, defeated. Seconds passed. Minutes? I was done. Just throw me in the trash where I belonged.

"Candi!" the cry came again. "Are you okay?"

Becky.

She was watching.

Of course she was watching. I could hear the worry in her voice.

I wasn't about to disappoint her, was I?

Get up.

I rose up to my feet, tapping one foot to the beat as I got back into things. The crowd looked shaken, but was elated to see me back.

I didn't look at Belinda. I looked at Becky. I took a breath. I was going to be okay. For her, I'd do this. Because even though we'd just met yesterday, I was in love. An no matter how pink and weak I was, it took a real man to have that kind of confidence.

I turned back to the crowd and blew them a kiss. I returned to the pole. Testing my body with some minor moves, getting a feel for if I'd been injured.

Who gave a shit if that goth girl wanted to humiliate me? I wasn't doing this to play into her game. I was doing this for my own reasons. I wouldn't have met Becky without all this. I'd just be some guy gawking at girls his whole life, never appreciating them the way I could now. Becky didn't know I was cursed. She didn't care.

Was *that* a curse or a blessing?

She let out another cheer.

I leaned back into my routine. Flipping up onto the pole and spinning upside down, legs growing wider with each twirl until I was doing the splits mid-air. I was pouring my everything into it, pouring an agonizing carnal edge into it, letting all my horny frustrations out in my dance, moving through fang pose and inside leg hang, which did such interesting things to my swinging sweater stuffers.

Oh yeah, we were so back.

Breathe. Spin. Twirl. Thrust. Breathe. Rub. Caress. Wink. Breathe.

God, it was making me so fucking hot. My big fat nipples were as so goddamn hard. I was going to need to give them some serious attention after this.

Time for the big finale. I tugged my little white panties and they came flying off, with how tight they'd been against my expansive ass it was no wonder. I was just glad they'd lasted that long. I gyrated in front of the pole to drive the point home. My whole body was getting into it. My great big dick swinging back and forth to the rhythm, my tits bouncing from side to side as I swung my ass and ground against the pole. My whole perfect body on display for the world to see. I was so peaked up with arousal I felt like I was on the verge of cumming just from all the attention.

Come on, take a look!

And you know what?

They fucking loved it.

As the music faded, I sauntered off stage. I felt better than I had in my whole life. It was like I'd just shot the winning basket, or like I'd just caught Naomi after a backflip, or that I'd just found a cute bra that fit, and it was half off to boot!

"Great job, stud!" Becky cheered, bouncing up and throwing her arms around me. She was pressing in good and tight, I could feel the stiffness of her own nipples, I could hear the husk of horny desire in her voice. "I've never seen a guy shake his tits like that. So hot!"

"I saw her," I said.

"Who?"

"Like, that girl I was telling you about. The one I was totally looking for yesterday?"

"Oh." She looked a little sad. "So what does that mean?"

"It means I've like, made my decision."

"I see..."

And then I leaned up and kissed her.

She was surprised at first, a little taken aback, but then she started to get into it and wow. Our tongues danced in a tender rumba of scintillating need. It was passionate and romantic and blisteringly hot. I don't know which part of my curse was responsible for me now being a great kisser, but goddamn I rose to the occasion.

"But I need to talk to her." I pulled away only reluctantly. "I need to like, deal with her. I don't know what I'm going to be like when it's done."

"What is she, your ex?"

"Something like that."

"Well?" She raised an eyebrow. "What are you waiting for?" There was no doubt in her tone, no jealousy. She didn't believe for a minute that I'd willingly pick that girl over her. "You go get her, tiger. Do what you gotta do. I'll be here, waiting." She gave my ass another slap for support. This girl really loved grabbing my meat. Guess I couldn't blame her.

I was just about to run out to the front of room when she gave a little cough.

"Huh?"

"Aren't you forgetting something?"

"What?" I looked down. "Like, oh my god!"

I was still stark naked, big horny tits out for everybody to see. All the other strippers were grinning lustily.

"Thanks. I don't know what I'd, like, do without you."

"Run around naked, apparently," she smirked.

I laughed. I ran back to my locker and started to get changed as fast as I could.

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Chapter 12

I rushed back out. The remaining crowd gave a cheer as they saw me. Those knowing grins that told me they had seen my most lurid and tender aspects. None were really watching Naomi as she spun around on the pole. These girls weren't here for other girls. They were here for me.

Normally, an entire room full of girls who would probably bend over backwards to sleep with me would have been the greatest moment of my life. But in this context, it was just Tuesday. I had more important things to worry about.

Where was she?

I grinned and shook hands as I moved through my fans. Some wanted to talk or buy me a drink or take me up to the champagne room, but I just smiled and nodded my way through them as so many girls had done to me when the situation was reversed.

I couldn't help but notice, despite everything, that lots of these girls were... hot. I was pretty sure one or two of them were people I'd encountered along the way and absorbed traits from. I definitely recognized the salesgirl from the makeup store, and I'd know those boobs anywhere. Surprisingly though, I didn't have eyes for any of them. Old me wouldn't have been able to get five steps without being a flustered mess, without trying to pick up or check out every girl I saw. Now they were throwing themselves at me and I didn't care one bit.

There was only one girl I was here to see.

I pushed past the crowd, making my way to the booth I'd seen her in. My heart was pounding. Was I really ready for this? Who cared. Ready or not, here I come.

And there she was.

"You!" I pointed my finger.

"That's right." She smiled playfully. "Me."

She was exactly as I remembered. That haunting image I couldn't get out of my head. Her pale face featured dark smokey makeup and maroon lipstick, framed so perfectly by her long straight black hair. She had a smoking-hot goth aesthetic, done up to the nines in her blood-red corset and tight leather skirt. When I had been wearing fishnets they had looked slutty and submissive, on her they were elegant and powerful. And damn, did I mention her tits? Big round orbs as large as her head, well supported by the lift of her corset.

"And wow," she continued. "Look at you!" She did just that. Very deliberately looking at the exaggerated femininity of my body. I could feel myself growing red. I'd gotten used to the way most people had

basically treated things as normal, but the way she stared, it was like she could see right through me. "Not bad for 48 hours. I was kind of hoping you'd end up as some cock-addicted cumjunkie whore, but it was 50/50 odds, really."

"Do you, like, have any idea what you've put me through?" I stomped closer to her. I had intended it to sound furious, but my stupid bimbo voice could barely manage petulant.

"You got what you deserved." The girl laughed, not taking my anger seriously at all. "Or have you forgotten what you did to me?"

"Like, what could possibly justify this?!" I gestured broadly at my body.

"Do you have any idea what it's like to be a nerdy nobody loser?" she snapped, surprising me.

"Um."

"Do you know how it feels to never get a second glimpse from guys? Imagine it. One day, you find a spell in your magic book that can make you beautiful instead of just turning all those dickbros around you into tarted up sluts like the rest of the book describes. It's retroactive and everything. So you make yourself beautiful, and you go down to the bar to try to find someone nice, to finally get the attention all those other bitches take for granted, and when finally the cute guy you've been eyeing from across the bar all night takes an interest in you, he's so batshit drunk, all he can do is bury his head in your tits and perve out over other women."

I flushed. Is that what had happened?

"But like, you're not a loser. I've totally seen pictures of you."

"Magic, dumbass. The same magic that means you've always looked like fuck-me-harder Barbie." She jabbed a finger at my tits. "That's not the point. The point is you hurt me and you treated me like an object. Now the women around you are going to do the same."

I couldn't believe I was hearing this. Anger was pounding in my brain. All this over such a small slight?

"That's not how you react to that!" I told her. "You like, call me a fucking asshole and then totally move on with your life like everybody else! You don't have to bend reality about it. You've ruined my life with your stupid spell. You've like, turned me into a stripper, you turned my friend into a fucking porn star by association!"

"You got what you fucking deserved! Now you know what it's like to only have people care about your body."

That put a chill through me.

She wasn't wrong.

"Can you turn me back?" I glanced away, unable to meet her eye. Old me would have been a storm of fury, but I'd put up with enough bullshit lately to know better. "I've totally learned my lesson, okay? I've grown."

"Have you?" She raised an eyebrow. "Do you even remember my name?"

Oh god, what was this Rumpelstiltskin bullshit?

"Belinda."

"That's what I thought - wait, what?"

"Belinda, right?" I pulled out the signed polaroid of her from the gym. "I'm sorry I didn't remember it the first time. I was a drunken ass. You deserved better."

She looked at me so sharply I took a step back. This was not how I imagined this conversation going. She seemed to be considering something.

"Maybe you have grown after all." She rolled her eyes. "Fine. If it'll keep you from pestering me in the future, I'll change you back. Lord knows I hate to see a bimbo cry."

"Oh my god!" I almost leapt in joy. "You will?"

"Yes. Fine. I am nothing if not gracious. Now close your eyes."

"Wait." I hadn't expected it to be that easy, to go like this either. Was I really ready for this. What about Becky and my job and all this?

"Oh no." Her eyes glowed. Wind seemed to catch her hair, as though she was suddenly in a storm that only touched her. "No backing out now."

She started to chant, her voice warped and dark. The ferocity in her eyes intensifying.

I flinched and stumbled back.

There was a crack like thunder and a rush of scalding hot rush of gooey pleasure spiking through my whole body, like I'd been hit by horny lightning. I was left gasping and moaning whorishly as my body shook in pleasure.

"There. That should do it." She clapped her hands together, at a job well done, then she stopped and frowned. "Why do you still have tits?"

"Uh." Catching my breath, I grabbed at my boobs. Never had I been so grateful to see them.

"Let me try that again."

"No!"

Unheeding of my cries she started chanting again. Another blast of toe-curling bliss crackled through me. I let out a long slow groan, abs tightening and toes curling.

“Ohmygod! Stop!” I cried, panting needily as I tried to push past the bliss.

I was still a woman! Thank god, but I was different, my waist seemed less slender, like I’d gone back to how I was before I’d lusted after that waitress in the cafe.

“Dammit!” She was sweating. “How many fucking changes did you make? It’s been like two days.”

“I dunno, like 20? 25?”

“20!?” She balked. “What the fuck? Most people get like, two or three. God, you really are a huge fucking perv, aren’t you?”

“I think we’re a little past that point, don’t you?” I gestured down at all the hotness I was carrying around. “You’re the one who put the curse on me in the first place. Girls have been throwing themselves at me!”

“And here I was trying to be nice. Fine, I can’t turn you back. I don’t have that kind of juice. I’m sorry, you’re stuck like this. Forever.” She glowered down at my tits. Was that jealousy? Her melons grew bigger as she stared until they matched my massive pair. “I’ll end the curse at least, so you won’t have anything further.”

“Wait, so not only do I not change back, but like, I’m going to be stuck exactly like this? Forever?” If there was a word that could send my heart pounding more furiously in that moment, I could not think of one. The curse had been so fluid, so quick. It hadn’t given me much time to think. Forever was agonizingly firm.

I was so confused. Isn’t this what I had wanted? Hadn’t I made this choice? Why was it that losing the option seemed to make it so great and yet so terrible? I had to spend the rest of my days stripping, dating Becky, watching porn with my friend, and getting hit on by every girl I met?

There were worse fates.

I took a breath.

“I’m sorry.” I said.

“What?”

“I’m like, really sorry for what I did to you. I was totally an asshole. I was disrespectful and foolish. I wasn’t considering you as a person, I was so caught up in my whole macho bullshit. You were just like, this target. You know? I was looking at you as a conquest, as points in a game. I hurt you and I’m sorry.”

“If you think you can butter me up to make this any easier you’ve got another thing coming, pal.” She raised an eyebrow.

“Honestly? I think another thing is exactly what I need.” I let out a breath. “I like, wasn’t lying before. I really have learned my lesson. I can’t promise that this me isn’t going to stare too, but at least now my first instinct isn’t to totally sexualize everybody I meet, and at least now the girls can give as much as they get.” I giggled.

“And you’re not just saying that so you can hook up with more of your stripper friends?”

I flushed.

“That’s like, a fun side benefit.” I glanced around mischievously. “So fine, end the curse. But can I just ask one thing?”

“What’s that?”

“Wait until tomorrow? Like, give me a chance to get my affairs in order. Let me get a body and a life I can live with.”

“You looked like you were living pretty fine up on that pole,” she laughed. “But sure. I’m curious to see where you take this. Oh, that reminds me.” She pulled a tartan skirt from under the table. “I believe this is yours. You’re pretty good, you know.”

“Thanks.” I flushed. “Anytime you want, I’ll be totally happy to give you a show.”

“You know what?” she took a drink. “That might be fun, I so rarely get to see my victims long term. Most end up as horny cocksluts or oblivious ditzes and well, I’m surprised you’ve still got your brains intact.”

“You say that like I’m not totally a different person than I was when I woke up yesterday. “

“Sounds like that’s not such a bad thing.”

That set me thinking.

Was I a better person now? I was probably more cognizant of others’ needs and desires, more empathetic to the plight of women, even if I’d ended up more of a parody of a woman than as a full-blooded one.

And if I have to live like a totally ho slut to pull it off, well, that was fine too, right? At least I was having fun?

I laughed.

“Candi?” I heard Becky call out. “Everything alright?”

I turned to look. She was approaching cautiously. She must have been watching from the wings. No wonder. I had tears in my eyes.

I wiped the emotion away. When I got home tonight I was going to have a long hard look at what kind of man I really wanted to be.

“Well.” I took a breath. “That’s my cue. I’m due back on stage soon enough.” I held out a hand to shake hers. “Thank you. For all this.”

“Not how these things normally turn out.” She grinned eagerly, shaking my hand. “But I have big hopes for you.”

“So do I.”

I smiled, and turned, putting some extra sway in my walk for the witch to check out as I left behind my old life for good.

I reached out to hold Becky’s hand.

My curse had ended up a blessing. I had the option to choose a better life. I was going to make it a good one.

My new life was just beginning.

The End.