Good Neighbors

Chapter Three

“That’s it Warren. Oh yeah. Yep, you’re so fucking big. Rip my slut pussy wide open. Just like that. Oh god. Uh huh. Fuck my big wet cunt like no one ever has before, tiger” I said, trying half-heartedly not to sound too sarcastic. Sarcasm annoyed him, but so long as I kept sucking and fucking and letting him amuse himself with my new jiggly bits, he didn’t seem to mind.

It felt like months, but really, it hadn’t been two weeks since Warren’s curse -- make that curses -- had sunk their teeth into me and turned my life upside down. For one, I was aroused now, pretty much all the time. The heat in my pussy was like a thermometer that could never go down, only heat up and up and up until it just exploded all over everything. Then he’d tell me to come, and the process started all over again.

The other curse, tacked on just to torment me a little or maybe just to sculpt me more to Warren’s liking, made my tits grow a couple cup sizes or so every time I let three days pass without swallowing his cum. It had happened three times now; on a girl of my otherwise petite frame they looked ludicrous, like a porn star put through an anime filter.

I had no real clue how big I was now, but if they stayed this size long enough to bother, I’d probably have to buy specialty bras for them. If it happened much more, I’d have to buy a wheelbarrow instead.

Exactly how my ex-boyfriend had done it, he hadn’t yet deigned to tell me, and I didn’t dare ask. If there was a way to reverse it, I needed to know more. Asking questions would only raise his defenses. For now, with my massive tits and steadily simmering sex drive, I was committed to simply settling in and doing my best to please and obey, to keep things from getting worse.

Ever since our trip to the sex shop a few days back, where he’d paraded me topless in a slave collar on the end of a leash only to let me beg for an orgasm in full hearing of the public, then buy me an adjustable butt plug to ready my ass for him… well, let’s just say I’d realized the status quo and stopped trying to resist. Since then, I’d waited on him hand and foot, grudgingly done whatever he did. If I wasn’t exactly enthused about it, who could blame me?

After nearly two days had passed in which he hadn’t requested a blowjob, I began to realize I was coming close to another breast enlargement. I’d slathered on some deep red lipstick, like he liked, then shamelessly pleaded to be allowed to suck his dick. At length, he acquiesced, and I’d done the same several more times since, just in case. I didn’t want to give Warren any excuse to make them bigger. Besides, the way the curse heightened my libido, I more or less enjoyed the blowjobs. Especially thanks to the specialty butt plug he had sealed in my ass with a padlock only he had a key to, I was at least a little bit horny pretty much all the time. Too often now, any excuse for a cock was good.

Don’t get me wrong -- I still hate Warren’s guts, and if I ever find a way out of this, he’ll regret it for the rest of his days. But for now, I’m making the best of my bad situation, and I’ve learned it’s a lot easier to swallow my pride and helping him get his jollies by being my ex’s fuck toy than it would be to let his curses run their courses and have to swallow my pride for a lifetime. Though honestly, he’d hardly let me leave his apartment the past few days, so I’d been able to avoid having to face the world.

It turned out, however, that after Warren roared his orgasm in my pussy and slid off to the side to smile that smug smile of his at the ceiling, he was having that same thought. Somehow, he arrived at a very different conclusion.

I really don’t get tired of fucking that bitch.

Don’t get me wrong, Kelly was always plenty cute, and when we were together, I was always primed and ready for whatever crumbs of intimacy she’d drop for me. When I found out she was a no-good cheater and cursed her, though, it had started with an intention just to punish her for her betrayal. Then, as I grew more and more used to having her at my beck and call, I’d slowly gotten addicted to the experience. Playing with those incredible tits of hers, watching her get so worked up she’d let a horse fuck her if it’d get her off, watching her so anxious for a mouthful of spunk that she pleaded for permission to blow me…

I’m sure it’s easy to see how I lost my original purpose along the way.

Then as I was fucking her tonight, it began to nag at me. There she was flat on her back in my bed, legs spread so wide most girls would be pulling muscles, her gigantic tits blocking her sight of me… and she was fine with it.

Maybe not Fine fine, sure. Not like she’d ever choose this life for herself, of course. Even if she’d never known this kind of pleasure from an orgasm before, I still knew that when her brain was even halfway working, she hated this. But even so, she’d begun to accept it. She’d made peace with the occasional suck and fuck, with doing my chores and talking like a hooker. Each time I fucked her, she was more and more going through the motions, phoning it in like someone who hates their job but can’t afford to quit.

When she said, “I can’t wait to try that again” in her dry, uninspired way, I heard “would you like fries with that?”

It was past time to make her squirm a little again.

“Whew. I don’t know about you, but I need a little R&R. I imagine you especially would, since you got work tomorrow and all.” I turned off my lamp, plunging the bedroom into darkness.

She turned on the lamp on her side a moment later, revealing a wide-eyed expression. “Wait, what?”

“Yeah. I mean, you’ve been really sweet to call off the past week and hang out with me, but if this keeps up much longer, you’re gonna burn through your savings in a hurry. You know, rent, utilities, bigger bras.”

“But I… I thought…”

“Look at you, thinking. It’s cute on you, Kell.”

She scowled more defiantly than she’d done in days, and I pretended not to enjoy it. It really was more fun when she was struggling with it. “I was going to say,” she continued, “I thought I was, you know, a ‘kept woman.’ Like I’d be your live-in girlfriend. Or whatever you want to call me.”

“I don’t mind you sleeping over sometimes, but I don’t think we’re at the point in our relationship where we can function well as roommates. Not any more, anyway, ya two-timing skank.”

“I didn’t--!” She stopped herself, growling in frustration. “Look, whatever. Either way, I can’t do my job any more regardless. Not like this. Not with… these,” Kelly said, cupping her tits.

“Oh c’mon, where’s your can-do spirit? There’s gotta be plenty of, shall we say, well-endowed gals like yourself out there in the fitness industry.” I tapped her nose playfully, enjoying the deepening of the scowl.

“Not really,” she replied. “And while yes, technically I could still do most of my job with the boobs, there’s also the whole arousal thing to contend with. I can’t lead a class if I’m too horny to function.”

“Just imagine them in their underwear or whatever. Isn’t that the trick?”

“I think that might actually be counterproductive in this case.”

“Well, whatever. I’m going to bed. You have fun at work tomorrow, and try not to wake me on your way out. Now come, Kelly, and come quietly. And turn the damn light off already.” I rolled over, and was asleep before she finished thrashing and restraining her moans through clenched teeth.

She really does wear me out.

Regardless of what he’d said about not waking him, he was an early riser and likely to get up far before me on his own. I set my alarm for six and slipped out of bed quietly, scrubbing yesterday’s sweat and spit and jizz off of me. It seemed so long ago that I’d never have gone to sleep so dirtied, but now I was constantly in the process of getting more on me. I’d stopped bothering to be a neat freak.

Next I threw on some clothes (using one of Warren’s shirts, since most of mine didn’t fit any more) and ran down to the corner bakery to pick up fresh pastries, trying to ignore the pressure building in my ass behind the plug. Only Warren had the key. It was the most palpable sign of his ownership over me, even more so than my chest. Sure, those things bounced and jiggled like crazy, drew male eyes even hidden by my sweatshirt, and made all kinds of mundane activities more challenging. (I’d had to rub myself on a door jam to scratch an itch on my back I could no longer reach through their bulk.)

He was still asleep upon my return, so I set about tidying up, laying out clothes for him, putting on his favorite perfume, doing my hair up the way he liked, readying the apartment for his morning routine so that he’d not have to lift a finger for himself. Basically everything I could think of to make him happy without actually touching him. When I’d made things as ready as I could, I actually found myself wracking my brain to think of something else, anything at all, to please him.

Anything to get out of going to work.

Warren woke up with a languorous stretch, only missing kicking me in the stomach thanks to quick reflexes. I was waiting under the covers, and didn’t miss a beat in starting a series of kisses up and down his cock, licking him to readiness. I could still taste myself on him from the night before, even some of the residue from my lipstick. As he relaxed and let me commence a good morning blowjob, the tension flooded from my shoulders.

He didn’t want to come in my mouth, but that was fine. I’d just had a dose yesterday evening, so when he threw me on my back and mounted my chest, fucking my tits until he coated them with his slime, I didn’t worry. Warren didn’t say a word -- not a thank you, not even some snide criticism to lord his power over me -- just went to the bathroom and started his routine. I was pretty turned on by then, and would remain so until he let me come, I joined him, helping him bathe, following behind him naked and glistening.

And that’s how the day went. I stayed as unobtrusive as possible without leaving his eyeline (since I knew he loved looking at me with my freakish new look). I anticipated his needs as best I could, and otherwise, I was basically a piece of furniture with tits and a cunt. The only time I disrupted him was to ask, as meekly as I could make myself, if he’d remove my plug so I could use the bathroom, suggesting he could widen it to the next setting after. Which he did. I was up to 1.75 inches now; soon, I’d be good and ready for his cock. Or so he kept saying.

I tried not to think about that. One thing about being a gymnast is every guy in the universe has some kind of fetish for your ass. I’d spent my life defending it, and now I was probably going to lose it to my asshole ex-boyfriend.

I blew him again over lunch (this time culminating in a facial). He fucked me two more times that evening, once after he’d watched the evening news, and once while he was watching some medieval era show with a sex scene, where I was told to do whatever the girl on screen did. The show ended well before he was done with me, but he made me stay in character after. I made an effort to keep him happy; if he was happy, he wouldn’t want to send me away. He even told me I’d served well enough that day and could stay in my own apartment for the night.

When he still didn’t come in my mouth during the following morning’s blowjob, I became suspicious. He hadn’t ordered me to come yet either, so my arousal was getting pretty tough to manage. My nipples were deliciously hard (and their sensitivity had increased in proportion to my breast size), and I was distracted by anything or anyone who even faintly made me think of sex. My hands wandered unbidden. I started actually looking forward to the next time that pig Warren would use my pussy, just in the hopes he’d get caught up power tripping and give me release.

He didn’t. Not the first, nor the second, nor the third time he fucked me that day. Sometime in the middle of the night I woke up with his cock in my mouth, evidently having been so cock-starved that I’d begun blowing him in my sleep. It wasn’t going to get me off, I knew, but I didn’t care. It was a cock. I needed a cock in me. I just wished he had another one, so he could fuck me at the same time. Then two more for me to jack off with my hands so I could get them ready to fuck me when the first one was done. Fuck me. Fucking fuck me.

Warren transitioned to my pussy before he came in me, then soon tired of my pleading for more and told me to go take a cold shower. I reluctantly obeyed, and it helped ever so slightly. I was still pretty frantic, but I could control myself. He was already asleep by the time I came back; knowing how I was likely to toss and turn, I crashed on his couch.

Sure enough, I woke up with my hands on my titties while humping the edge of the couch cushion like a dog. As I stopped myself from making things even worse, I sat up and realized that Warren was already up, dressed, and putting on his shoes.

“Where are you going?” I asked. “Don’t you wanna fuck me? Please?”

“Love to, but I’ve used up all my PTO, and I gotta get in to the office or there’ll be hell to pay.”

“But… but… when will you be back? Maybe you could pop in on your lunch break and fuck me then?”

“I’m not heading all the way across town to your gym on my lunch break,” he answered, donning his coat.

“Across… to my… Wait! I told you, I can’t work like this!” I said, leaping to my feet and rushing over to him, pressing my huge tits against him entreatingly.

“Well, agree to disagree.” He gave me quick peck on the cheek and a pat on the rump (sending a little thrill through the reminder of my butt plug), then disentangled himself.

I threw myself in front of the door. “No! No wait, please! Please don’t make me… I’ll do anything! Haven’t I been good to you? Wouldn’t you rather keep me all to yourself?”

“Don’t get me wrong, Kelly, you could give a boner to a guy in a coma. But there’s only so much energy I got to take care of you, and besides, I have to earn a living.”

“Then why can’t I just wait here?” I whined.

“You can,” he said, and I relaxed enough that he could shove me clear of the door and get it open before he finished. “Just remember that there are consequences for disobedience.”

Then he was gone. I stood there in a stupor, trying to think through the haze of blinding lust. I imagined my day, wondered how long it would be before I’d just be bent double, asking passers by to fuck me any way they liked, how long before I was fired, arrested, insane. How long before my tits were down to my knees.

I ran after him.

I was barely to the elevator before she dashed out of my apartment. She’d grabbed a jacket, one of her old ones that she’d never gotten around to taking home. It had been intended to be worn open in the middle then; now, it only barely made it around her nipples, and that only because she was holding it there. Aside from that, she had the red silk panties she’d slept in and nothing else.

I didn’t hold the door for her, but she managed to dive in just in time to block it with her body. We were the only two in the old freight elevator; I hit the button for the ground floor and it began its glacial decline.

“Warren, please,” she said, flushed and breathing so fast she wasn’t too far from hyperventilating. I thought about what might happen to her if she made herself pass out here in the elevator and I just left her for someone to find. Nothing she didn’t deserve. Nothing she wouldn’t enjoy.

“Please what? Please let you move in? Please pay for both of our apartments? Please let you be a selfish, lazy bitch who won’t lift a finger to provide for herself? No, on all accounts.”

She’d been ready to ask for something very like that, I knew, and it took her another floor’s descent to regroup. “All right, so if I have to go to work, you at least have to let me come first. I can’t do my job like this. I’m already at 90%; I’ll be gone before I finish my first class.”

“I’m sorry, it sounded like you were telling me what to do just now,” I replied peevishly.

“No! I was just… I was…” She paused along with the elevator, which opened up on the second floor. Standing there was a woman with two young boys, obviously on their way to school. Their mother, being taller, had seen us through the elevator window, and had barely enough time to clamp her hands over her children’s eyes before Kelly gave them a show they’d not soon forget.

“I’ll… we’ll… we’ll take the stairs,” she stammered, unable to stop staring at the half-naked girl beside me. Kelly tried to hide behind me, but I leaned back against the corner. She held the jacket closed with both hands, leaving her panties completely on display.

I nodded, and after a moment’s awkward silence, the door slid closed again and we were back on our way. I didn’t bother prompting her to continue; it was too delicious watching her fret.

“Please,” she started again. “I’ll go to work. But let me come first. You have to. I know you want to humiliate me, drag me through the mud, watch your little fly struggle in your web. But you can’t very well do that if I just get tripped up fucking someone I meet on the bus because I can’t control myself!”

I considered this as the elevator reached the lobby. “But I told you to go to work, and you ignored my command for two whole days now. I can’t really reward you for that, can I?” The door slid open, and I stepped out into the lobby.

Kelly hurried along behind me, eyes darting around frantically. No one could see her yet (even our elevator was faster than that lady marching her kids down the stairs), but she knew she was in the public. Worse, she was barely dressed, and on the cusp of a meltdown. So naturally, I picked up the pace as I made for the front door to the building.

“Look, maybe I can… make it up to you?” she said, hurrying along beside me. Something in her tone, however, gave me pause. I’d seen her bat her eyelashes and flirtatiously offer to “make it up to me” more than a few times since cursing her. This sounded like something else.

I stopped at the door. It was glass, and people were walking by. None had noticed her yet. “Go on.”

The tone of submissive slave girl was gone; she was just cool, pissed-off Kelly trying to make a deal. “Look, you want to embarrass me, right? See how these… things screw with my life? So I tell you what. Let me come now, and I’ll find a way to send you a live feed of my classes. You’ll get to watch and laugh your sick ass off. How’s that sound?”

Actually, that sounded pretty damn good. I’d actually thought about enrolling in one of her classes so as to get a front row seat, but they were women only. Besides, who needed that kind of workout, for that matter. I’d been fantasizing about hearing her describe it to me for a while now, but hey, if she’d dial me in direct…

“Come, Kelly,” I said, and started on my way again as she collapsed to her hands and knees, howling in bliss as the long-denied orgasm slammed home. I wondered if those kids would get an eyeful when they hit the lobby, if this would be the thing that inspired their tiny libidos for years to come. Lucky brats.

Two hours later, settled back in at my desk and slogging through weeks of unanswered emails, I was relieved when a notification told me I’d received a new one from Kelly. The message contained a hyperlink and nothing else. After locking the door to my office, I clicked it and sat back to watch the show.

My first impression was that the camera angle wasn’t the best, but she’d done a solid job of zooming in on her spot at the front of the studio while still letting me see some of her students. I took a moment to look her over; it was almost strange seeing her fully clothed. She was wearing a leotard, one I’d seen her in before. Evidently she hadn’t had time to get another. It was solid black save for a pale blue band around the chest and a matching pair of athletic shorts. I wondered at the logic of that top piece -- all it seemed to do was call attention to her jutting tits.

It had its work cut out for it, trying to restrain my curse’s work. The leotard was plainly inadequate; excess flesh was squished out the sides near the arm holes, and all across the chest it was stretched thin enough to be able to make out the tone of her skin beneath it. The only thing stopping her class from seeing the tits themselves was that sports bra, and she was tugging that thing back into place over and over again to keep it that way. I supposed that was why she’d worn the thing.

As I tuned in, Kelly was fiddling with some technical gear, probably setting up today’s playlist or the like, as students began to file in. They were all women unfortunately, so I didn’t yet get to see the guys drooling over my charitable contribution to global eye candy, yet the women were no slower about picking up the change. I mean, how could you not? She’d gone from the plains of Nebraska to the Colorado Rockies from one class to the next.

Soon enough, some of the students who evidently knew her better walked up and engaged her in conversation. There was too much side noise to make it out, but I could imagine it beginning with normal banalities about her recent absences, a little gossip about so-and-so. Then, as I saw Kelly’s face suddenly flush beet red, someone had obviously brought up the subject of her mega-boobs.

I hooked up my earbuds and cranked up the volume, barely able to pick up some of the conversation.

“--look really real,” said the hook-nosed blonde woman. Even under these circumstances, I could hear the feigned politeness beneath it.

“Does your boyfriend like them?” asked a tiny Asian lady.

Kelly waved a hand ambivalently. “Honestly? I think he wants them even bigger.” Heh. She wasn’t wrong.

“Bigger?” asked the blonde incredulously. The others echoed this sentiment all over one another such that I lost the rest of what she said.

Kelly shrugged. “It’s never enough with some guys,” she said, eyeing the camera’s resting point with a dirty look. Nobody else had glanced at it that I’d seen, which I took to mean she’d concealed it somehow.

Then someone tactfully changed the subject, and the group dispersed away from Kelly in a way that was not at all subtle. They were all glancing at her, eyebrows raised in judgment, catty words unintelligible to the microphone but no doubt some of them audible to their instructor.

Before long, the clock said it was time to start class. “Thanks for being understanding with my absence,” she announced. In instructor mode, her voice now carried much better.

“I’m surprised you’re back so soon, after… that,” said an older woman in the front. The speaker’s tone wasn’t judgmental, but some of the glances shared by her peers certainly were.

Kelly was still red in the face from before. “Well, I am back, and I’m excited to get started. Are you ready?” The class called out their answer in the affirmative. “All right then, let’s start with stretches.”

Then she leaned down to touch her toes, and promptly toppled forward.

Kelly evidently hadn’t anticipated the added weight and momentum, and her tits and pulled her into the most awkward improvised somersault I’d ever seen. Her students gaped as their lithe, graceful instructor fell from the gravity of her own boobs.

She righted herself, eyes wide in mortified horror. “I’m so sorry,” she said. I wondered who she was apologizing to. “Guess I… still need to adjust.”

Once more she bent over to stretch her legs. Her leotard and sports bra failed utterly in their role of keeping them from sinking down to her chin; by the time the first few stretches were done, I could see that the way they slid and glided around in defiance of her clothing only served to stimulate her nipples. Big as they were, they were still all too noticeable.

One of their stretches was a twist at the waist to help stretch their back and prepare their spine for a little contortion. As Kelly snapped to the side, her boobs had so much inertia they literally pulled her several feet to the side, staggering like a drunk. Some of her students openly snickered, I saw. As she righted herself and resumed, I could see how much effort she was putting into controlling her gyrations. It became its own show, watching the yoga instructor fight to restrain her titties’ mastery over the rest of her body.

“I think that’s enough stretching,” she said uncertainly. “Now since we’re all a little rusty, why don’t we start with some basic poses. First up: warrior pose. C’mon ladies, lets unleash the beast, eh?”

I wondered if she’d chosen that starting point as a reflection of her emotional state. From the firm set of her jaw, I suspected as much. She lunged forward, arms raised overhead. Not a bad imitation of a warrior, I suppose. Better yet, it put that magnificent rack on full display, like she was thrusting it out just to have it seen.

I was pretty sure at least one woman in there was a lesbian, the way she was staring. I couldn’t see most of her face given the camera angle, but hell of an ass. I made a note to have Kelly try to make a three-way happen sometime. After a minute, Kelly seemed to realize her out-thrust bosom (or just get tired, given the added weight) and abandoned it, transitioning to the task of inspecting her students’ forms, gentle nudges.

After the third time she accidentally rubbed her tits against someone’s arm (and once against a woman’s face), she stopped nudging and started giving verbal pointers.

Next came the child’s pose. This one I remembered from Kelly’s brief efforts to get me into yoga, basically curling up in a little ball on your knees. I propped my feet up on my desktop and tried not to laugh too loud as she struggled and ultimately failed to get into it, her massive chest leaving a sizeable gap at the belly no matter how hard she tried. She squirmed and wriggled, but there was nothing doing.

After that came the cow pose, which she seemed to have selected because she was at least still physically capable. Still, from the pensive, embarrassed look on her face, I could tell the notion of adopting a cow pose on hands and knees, her udders swinging down beneath her so they nearly touched the ground, I could see she was thinking exactly what I was thinking.

Their next few poses she simply dictated to the class and didn’t even model for them, just walking up and down the rows inspecting and providing feedback. She used one of her students as the standard, bringing the woman up to the front and having her demonstrate. A few snickered at their once-lithe yoga teacher’s sudden handicap; others frowned as if not getting their money’s worth. And the one woman, my co-ogler, just kept staring at Kelly anyway, which she had by now noticed.

(Whether it was that or something else that had made her nipples go fully hard, I don’t know, but those puppies were at full attention.)

“All right, I think we can end a few minutes’ early today. Good work everybody,” Kelly said at twenty-six past the hour. Slothful gal, mine.

“Um, Kelly?” said her admirer just before the class broke up. “I’ve been trying to work on my boat. Do you think you could give me a little help?”

Kelly nodded, approaching the woman’s mat. The class, rather than dissipate as she no doubt hoped they would when she shifted to one-on-one mode, gathered around. I guess they hadn’t seen enough of her squirming. Me either.

The well-endowed instructor sat beside her student, legs out in front of her slightly bent. Her student mirrored her movements as she gripped her quads and slowly rocked backward, feet rising into the air.

Only then, she kept rocking, sliding all the way onto her back. Someone laughed far louder than was polite. (Two someones, if you count me.)

“Sorry,” Kelly said bashfully as she sat back up. “Still, um, adjusting, I guess. Here, let’s try that again.”

I had to give my girl credit -- she tried six more times before she gave up, each time the sheer enormity of her tits dragging her downward, wrecking the balance she’d spent years cultivating. I had to imagine how much pressure this position was putting on her butt plug, too, since she was putting all of her weight right on top of it; I wondered if that was any part of the sweat she was starting to build. One by one her students tired of the clown show and departed for the locker room until finally it was just Kelly and her admirer, the latter watching the former struggle like a flipped turtle.

“Guess I’ll just need to work on re-learning that one,” Kelly conceded at last, blushing crimson. “Damn these stupid things.”

“Hey, for what it’s worth, I think it was really brave of you,” the woman said, barely loud enough for me to make out. “They look pretty incredible, by the way.”

“Uh, thanks,” Kelly said, awkwardly accepting the woman’s help standing up.

“I was thinking about getting mine done,” the woman said, not releasing her hand. “Do you mind if I…?”

“If you… oh! Oh, no. No,” Kelly said.

The woman seemed to hear that no, Kelly didn’t mind, and helped herself to a solid handful, then two handfuls when Kelly’s eyes squeezed shut and a tiny moan escaped her lips. She stood there letting this stranger fondle her for almost ten seconds before snapping out of it and stepping back.

“Sorry, I, um, have to go,” she said, backing towards her gym bag.

“Sure. See you next class, right?” the woman asked, then shuffled out. Finally alone in the gym, I watched Kelly watching the door shut behind her last student, and she immediately began playing with her tits, thighs rubbing together as she played with herself. Then her eyes opened wide and she looked right at the camera. Right at me.

She rushed at it, glaring daggers, and the feed went black.

That rotten son of a bitch! That morning’s class had been the most mortifying experience of my life. The snickering, the murmured jibes, the glares. And ugh, Karrie Anne’s blatant come-on at the end! I’m not homophobic or anything, but to be felt up by a woman I barely knew… It was exactly what Warren was hoping for. The bastard!

As I drove to my next appointment with Mr. Morris, I thought back on that whole wretched experience. The judgment I’d felt, the humiliation of having every woman there think I was some desperate flip-skirt who got her boobs done up like a porn star to make her man happy… that I had expected. There was no other conclusion someone could draw from looking at me really -- tits this big, this buoyant, were clearly not natural, and no woman got them like this except to please a man. I’d had days to reflect on this, and even if I was now finally being hit in the face with it, I’d been mentally prepared.

What I hadn’t counted on, and was far more disturbing walking away from the experience, was the effect it had had on my ability to do my job in the first place. My balance was wrecked; I hadn’t realized how much of my training had relied on the very precise proportions of my body. These things… every time I turned it was like I was some Olympian doing the hammer toss, the momentum of them whipping me around in circles. I was suddenly so top-heavy that some routines and positions I’d mastered for years were suddenly difficult.

Some, I realized, were now impossible.

Luckily, my physical therapy gig was far more secure. These patients didn’t need me to be lithe and flexible; I just had to be able to help them move themselves, get some exercise, develop their bodies a little. Mr. Morris wouldn’t need me to assume the child’s pose; he’d just need me to help him do some calisthenics.

I rang the doorbell, tugging my sports bra back into place. It kept wanting to slide up, and was a constant and obnoxious source of friction on my poor excited nipples. Damned arousal. Damned butt plug. Damn Warren!

At least, I thought, Mrs. Morris would be around to keep her husband in line. She’d always watched us like hawks, and would keep the old goat from getting handsy. If he stared, he stared; there was nothing I could do about that. But all that movement was doing a serious number on me, and I was trying my best not to get any more turned on than I could avoid.

Mr. Morris answered the door, and for a fraction of a second, it was smooth sailing. There he was in his droopy sweat pants, his too-tight t-shirt, his hair slicked back. Smiling at me. Then he caught sight of my chest, and his smile redirected itself towards it.

“Hi, Mr. Morris. Glad to see you’re ready for me,” I said, stepping inside as he gaped. “Sorry I didn’t make the last few sessions. I, ah, had a, um, medical situation.” May as well acknowledge the elephant in the room. Not like I could explain they’d appeared as some kind of blowjob curse.

“You sure did!” he said, favoring me with a wink that might’ve charmed a girl thirty years ago, but now just sent a chill down my spine. “Must be some lucky fella out there to have a filly like you on his arm!”

I can’t believe I could still blush. “Yeah. My boyfriend… he really likes them.” I looked around. “So where’s Mrs. Morris? I meant to ask her about, uh, something.” I’d never actually needed or wanted to ask her anything, but I knew he wouldn’t be so forward so in front of her.

“Oh, she ran out to the hairdresser. After you didn’t show the past few times, she figured she didn’t need to be here. Guess we’ll have to go unchaperoned,” he said, heading into the rec room where we held our appointments.

I grit my teeth. Delightful. There was nothing to do but follow.

His eyes were glued on my tits as we stretched. “Must be tough keeping your balance now, eh Miss Kelly?” he said, chuckling.

“You don’t know the half of it,” I grumbled. As we transitioned into our routine, the newly expanded butt plug was pure torture. This morning doing poses, I’d felt it. There was no ignoring it, really. But now, doing actual exercises, in constant motion, it was almost like someone was twisting and pumping at it softly all the while. It was distracting. More than distracting really. I was still horny from earlier, and this was at least as bad as actively masturbating.

I’d never let anyone actually fuck my ass, but I had always gotten immensely turned on by a little fingering up there. Not that I’d give my bastard ex-boyfriend the satisfaction of knowing how well his torture was working. For a moment, I actually caught myself wishing Warren were here to fuck me. To let me ask him to come. I squelched the thought and tried to concentrate on my work.

When we were doing lunges, Mr. Morris grabbed my crotch.

He’d done it without warning and from behind, so I was at a loss when I felt something probing at my genitals. He was boldness itself, pressing his index finger against my clit while his middle finger stroked up and down my slit. In hindsight, I wished I’d turned and slapped the old codger straight across the face. Or at least yelped in surprise and run out of his house. Instead… I clutched my titties and humped myself against his hand.

I’m not a slut, and I’ve never been a slut. But then and there, I was horny enough, and the sudden attention overwhelmed every other part of my brain. I think I would’ve gone back to my slapping instinct after a moment, only… he found my butt plug.

“Hello, what’s this?” he asked, pressing down on it. My eyes bulged at even this mild pressure, and my response only seemed to tell him to keep at it. I don’t know how long I stood there letting this old lecher twist at my butt plug, but I know it wasn’t anger that broke the spell.

It was the sound of my leotard ripping.

That was the whole reason for the sports bra; I hadn’t had time to get a new leotard in an appropriate size before class, and as soon as I’d gotten it on I’d noticed the problem. It was stretched far beyond what it was meant for. Leotards had a lot of give, but it was still an XS. Girls my size simply didn’t have boobs like this. They stretched it beyond its limit, making the thing partially see-through, so I’d donned a strapless sports bra to help conceal them.

My reflex at the anal stimulus had been to grope them, sliding the sports bra up so it bunched up under my armpits like a belt. It was that playing that turned out to be the straw that broke the camel’s back. Already stretched taut, it then tore right down the middle, and even when I released them, the strain they put on the top rent it almost to my belly button. It split wide as my boobs sought relief from the pressure on them, showing a huge amount of cleavage without quite showing a nipple.

“Hot diggity damn!” exclaimed old Mr. Morris as I threw an arm across them.

“I-- I’m… I need to go!” I exclaimed. I darted for the door, and the horny old goat gave me a firm slap on my tight gymnast ass as I went. I felt it reverberate through the plug and almost stopped to play again. But no. This wasn’t safe. If I stayed and let him fuck me… yikes, how could I even be thinking of it!

I darted out the door, and didn’t slow until I was sitting in my car. The only thing that stopped my tits from wobbling right out of that gap was each other, as they fought and jostled to burst free. Running made the plug feel like it was actively fucking me, but I couldn’t stop. Everyone I passed stared after me, but I couldn’t care less. If I stopped, I was afraid I’d just start playing with myself again.

Which was what I did when I got back to my car. It was self-defeating, I knew, but I couldn’t help it. I just sat right there in the front seat and rubbed at my clit through my leotard and helped myself to some tit-fondling. God they felt amazing. Why wasn’t Warren here to fuck me. To fuck them. To let me come.

Then, there was a knock at my window.

It was a little strange, having my apartment to myself again. I went out for beers to catch up with some work buddies after quitting time and didn’t get home until after eight. Given her midnight deadline for her dosage, I figured Kelly would be waiting on my doorstep, but there was no sign of her. I settled in to watch TV (a little annoyed at having to get my own snacks again), and waited. I kept figuring she’d be in any minute, but the clock chimed nine, then ten, then eleven, and still no Kelly.

Where the hell could she be? What could possibly be more important to her than halting the growth of her tits?

It was nearly half past eleven before I heard a frantic knock at my door. Much as I’d like to make her squirm, I was curious enough to just let her right in. And… “Wow. Kelly, what the hell happened to you?”

My ex-girlfriend was quite a sight. She was still dressed as I’d seen her this afternoon, only now her leotard was practically ripped in half down the middle, her tits bulging out the middle. The shorts she’d been wearing were nowhere to be seen, and the crotch of her leotard was soaked so thoroughly I wondered if she’d peed herself until I realized she’d just been dribbling out her cunt all day. She really did lube up like no woman I’d known. Her hair was disheveled and her eyes were wide and frantic. She fell on her knees immediately as she came in.

“Give me your dick!” she exclaimed before the door was even shut. “I need it right now!”

“Whoa there,” I said, stepping back from her hands grasping at my waistline. “Let me ask again. What the hell happened to you?”

She was almost out of breath, and fitness guru that she was, I knew that meant she must’ve really been pushing herself. “OK. So… you saw class today, right? I emailed you the link.”

“Sure did. Must feel good to--”

She didn’t even wait for me to finish my taunt before rushing on. “Right. So afterwards I went to do PT with a client, and he was this gross gropy old man and he started feeling me up, and I guess I’d gotten pretty excited by then, and my leotard burst open like this, and I ran out, and I was, you know, playing with myself in my car, and I guess someone called the police and complained, and a cop came over and I tried to apologize, but she didn’t care, and I tried to offer her partner sexual favors to get out of it but he wouldn’t take it with her there watching, so they arrested me for public nudity, and they put me in a cell and I was just so fucking *horny* Warren, I couldn’t stop myself sometimes, but they didn’t care, and finally a new shift commander came on duty and he agreed that if I blew him he’d let me go, but then he made me blow his buddy too while he felt up my tits, and finally I cleared my head enough to say if they didn’t let me go I’d press charges, so they let me go, but I didn’t have my wallet so I couldn’t take a bus or a cab, so I ran, the butt plug working like crazy the whole time, but my car had been towed, so I had to run here, and it was like five miles, but I made it, and there’s still enough time if you put it in my mouth right now, so give me your fucking dick, now!”

I felt breathless just from listening to her babble, picturing every sordid detail of her day in my mind as she told the tale. “So… let me get this straight. You’ve exposed yourself, been felt up by three strangers, and sucked two others’ dicks? Just since I last saw you?”

She nodded, eyes cast at the floor dejectedly. “I had to. It was the only way to get back in time.”

“In time? In time for what?”

She pointed to the clock, scowling at my feigned ignorance. “Because at midnight these things you forced on me are going to wind up so massive I won’t be able to stand up any more.”

I sighed. “You just don’t get it, do you.”

“Get what? Come on, you can explain it to me while I blow you. You owe me this, after what you put me through today.” If I weren’t so upset with her, I might have laughed at how ridiculous she looked, hands on hips imperiously while resting on her knees in her ruined leotard. Demanding her much-deserved opportunity to suck my cock.

I made no move to submit to her demands.“Babe, this isn’t that hard. Let’s think back. How did you wind up like this?”

She blinked; I recognized that expression of fighting off a lust-haze by now. “Because you cursed me, you asshole.”

“Right. But why did I do that?”

“Because you’re a selfish prick who thinks woman are sex objects.”

I frowned. I could punish her here and now, but I knew it’d be nothing compared to the comeuppance she’d receive if I waited. “If you ever want my cock in your mouth again, take another guess.”

She glared at me a long moment, then sighed in resignation. “Because you think I cheated on you.”

“Close. Try again.”

It was silent for an even longer period this time; then my grandfather clock ticked just audibly enough to catch her attention. 11:45. “Fine. Because I cheated on you.”

“There ya go -- maybe you’re more than some brainless big-titted bimbo after all. So, with that as a starting point, you thought that a smart way to get yourself out of a jam was to not only cheat on me again, but to whore yourself out to a bunch of strangers? You thought *that* was an improvement?”

I loved teasing her, lording my power over her, sure. Any man in my position would. Tonight, though, I was genuinely aggravated. Was it fair of me? Probably not. But I was stung once more, her betrayal refreshed in my mind.

“I… I didn’t have a choice, Warren. If I hadn’t done everything I could to get out of there, I’d be trapped in lock-up, and wind up even bigger for sure!”

“But I wanted you big. And I wanted you faithful. So you fucked up your priorities twice.”

“Warren! If I’m going to try to live my life, I can’t do it with tits the size of volleyballs!” She squeezed them for emphasis, probably not even fully aware that she didn’t release them after.

“I don’t care. You need to learn that my priorities are yours. That what I want, you need. You’re still thinking about what your desires -- you were when you blew off my command to go to work the past few days, when you cheated again, when you stormed in here demanding things of me. And I’m sick and tired of it.”

She glanced at the clock again. “Warren… don’t you dare do this to me.”

I looked down pitilessly. “Tonight, you did this to yourself. So let me save you the suspense -- in a few minutes, your boobs are growing again, and there’s nothing you can do about it. When that happens, the clock resets. From then on, any time you defy me, displease me, any time you act like you don’t exist entirely to please, serve and obey me… you’re growing again.”

“Sure. I will. I do already! Just please let me--”

I put a finger to her lips firmly. “Shhhhh. I’ve let you get away with a lot of backtalk, a lot of sass, a lot of foot-dragging and defiance. From now on, I want you to be my enthusiastic little fuck toy. Everything I want, you can’t wait to do. What you want doesn’t matter. If I tell you to dial up your folks and give them a play by play as I fuck you up the ass, you’ll do it without skipping a beat. Or you grow again. Do you understand?”

“Warren, please…”

“Nope. Too late. Say it. Say, ‘I fucked up and I’m sorry and now my tits are going to get even bigger.’ Say it.”

Her chin quivered as she processed this, but she gave in. “I fucked up, I’m sorry, and my tits are going to get bigger.”

“Like you mean it.”

A deep breath. “I fucked up, Warren. So my tits are going to get even bigger now. I am so, so, so sorry.”

With no urgency at all, I undid my pants, stepping out of them and kicking them aside. Kelly stared hard, with an almost malevolent desperation as my underwear followed. As I stood over her in the nude, I let my erection throb only a few inches from her face. She opened her mouth, despondent over my threat but still clinging to that glimmer of hope.

“Think of it like a sickness, Kelly. Every three days, those things on your chest are going to swell. Every three days. Every so often, you are going to need to come. Again and again, forever. You understand?”

She sighed, realizing I wasn’t going to fuck her pretty face. “I understand.”

“Say it.”

There was only a ghost of an edge to her voice as she echoed my words. “My tits are going to keep growing. I’m going to keep needing your help coming. I understand.”

“And there’s no cure, not for either.”

She nodded. “There’s no cure.”

“There’s only a medicine that treats symptoms. Tell me what your medicine is, Kelly.”

She looked almost cross-eyed at my cock right in front of her face. “Your cum. Your cum in my mouth will stop my tits from growing. Your permission is the only thing that can get me off.”

“So tell me what you’re going to give me in exchange for my medicine.”

Her eyes flitted to the clock, and she sighed again. “I’ll give you whatever you want. My body. My service. My obedience.”

“And when I ask you for something you don’t want to do?”

“I’ll want it. And I’ll do it.” Her voice was small, defeated.

“What if it’s uncomfortable, or embarrassing, or otherwise unpleasant.”

“I don’t care. I’ll do it.”

“You’ve seemed so far like you’ve minded it. You’ve hesitated, complained, name-called, demanded.”

“Not any more,” she said, shaking her head hard. “That’s over. I’m done. I’m yours.”

“Hmm.” I stroked my chin. “Now tell me why this is happening to you. And make me believe you.”

“Because I cheated on you. Because I’m a cheating bitch and I deserve to be punished.” To her credit, there was only a second’s pause before her response, and even if I knew she didn’t mean it, she plainly knew enough to try to fake it.

Which, to be perfectly honest, I preferred anyway.

I glanced at the clock. Four minutes to midnight. “All right, Kelly. You can suck my cock now.”

Her eyes widened in surprise, and a smile that I think was actually genuine lit up her face. “Oh thank ymmf--!” Her mouth descended so enthusiastically she didn’t even finish expressing her gratitude before she was blowing me. I gave her a minute to do her desperate best, but when I took a couple handfuls of her hair and leisurely fucked her face, she only looked up at me with bright eyes. Her tongue was lapping at me even as I did so, cognizant of the time.

“I’m getting close,” I said as the minute hand moved to one minute til midnight. (Not my best stamina, but it was the first time in weeks I’d gone almost a full day since getting off. Besides, she was sucking my dick with a vengeance.) “Now Kelly, I want you to put your ass up in the air and convince me to fuck it. Then I’ll come in your ass. That’s what I want. Or you could ignore my desires. If you keep sucking my cock, I’ll jizz in your mouth, but you’ll have disobeyed me. Decide, but decide fast.”

She paused, her eyes narrowing with comprehension. She could obey me, and her tits would grow again; or she could defy me and spare herself. But what would come after? How would she pay the price? What else could I take from her?

Kelly did the mental math with remarkable adroitness, and slowly slid off my cock. A thin line of spittle ran from its tip to her lips, then it broke off and dribbled down onto the gap in her leotard. “Warren? Would you pretty please get this plug out of my ass? I need you to fuck it soooooo bad.”

She wouldn’t win any Oscars, but I didn’t really want her to. I helped her to her feet, smiling as she wobbled slightly. Seeing me staring, she spread her arms out wide to either side to present herself -- and then the clock chimed.

They grew. Lord help me, those babies grew. By the time the clock had chimed three times, they’d grown enough to finish the work they’d begun with her PT client earlier in the day and shredded her leotard right down to the pussy. Then they burst out the neckline, pressed together by fabric that was practically gasping in relief. I nodded permission, and Kelly understood to remove the tatters of it. They went right in the trash.

Then she came back to me and stood still, letting me ogle them. They were beautiful. Huge, mouth-watering tits. She’d been over-exaggerating their size since they first started growing, even calling them “freakish” after the last growth. This time, though, even I felt like they might be a bit much. Which only made them more beautiful. They were the size of her head now, yet jutted out like they were in zero gravity. Her nipples pointed the way forward, and her smooth-shaven cunt glistened with her unwilling arousal.

“Get in position, Kelly,” I said finally.

My little acrobat put her grace to use, turning away from me and assuming a hand stand, her face pinched in concentration. With all the trouble she’d been having, I couldn’t believe she held it -- but not for long, sinking down to her head and then to the back of her neck. She used her elbows to hold herself up, spreading her legs good and wide to give me easy access to the plug, and to its miniature padlock.

Meanwhile, her tits sunk down into her face. Those whoppers looked like they were smothering her. I would’ve worried about her ability to breathe except then she resumed speaking. “My ass is ready for you now, Warren. Please fuck it. Only you get my ass. No other man ever has, no other ever will. Fuck my tight little ass. Please. I’m begging you, Warren. Let me give you my virgin butt fuck.”

I took hold of the plug by the base and gave it a few little twists, her pussy twitching before my eyes. After retrieving the key from my pants pocket, I undid the clasp. A few little twists and it shrunk inside her until it slid out with ease from her well-stretched anus. There it was, the ass I’d dreamed of fucking since the day I’d laid eyes on her, just above the tits I’d dreamed of since I’d fallen in love with them as an adolescent.

“Fuck it, Warren. Oh god, please fuck my ass.”

I bent over and angled down my cock until it was nearly vertical, then inserted the tip. Still wet from her mouth, it slid it with only a little resistance -- resistance I overcame with ease as my weight drove it home. I gripped one of her slender calves in each hand for balance, and she obliged me by pushing back with her surprisingly strong leg muscles.

“Yes!” she cried as I bottomed out in her ass. “Now fuck it, Warren. Fuck my slutty, cheating bitch ass. Fuck me like I deserve to be fucked.”

I couldn’t see her face through her titties, just a mop of tangled hair splayed out on the ground behind her head. I imagined what she’d look like beneath those things. Scowling, probably. Unless she knew I was looking, and then she’d be smiling at me like I was doing her a favor.

Because maybe she was a bitch, but now, she was *my* bitch. So I pile-drived her like a bitch. “Come, Kelly.”

Her ass clenched down on me as she cried out in release, but I was thrusting too hard for it to stop me. I gave her ass a few smacks at full strength. The first time I’d gotten her out of her pants I’d risked a gentle swat as a test, and she’d put an end to festivities instantly. It had taken a lot of apologies and flattery on my end to dig my way out of it.

This time, I simply told her to get off on it. “Come, Kelly.” She came as I spanked her like a bitch, fucked her like the big-titted gymnast butt slut she now was.

“Come, Kelly.” Her pussy gushed, wetting my belly as I kept fucking her ass.

I let all of my weight rest on my cock, driving it deeper in her ass than I’d yet been. With her athletic strength supporting me, I reached down to grab her nipples, like twin raspberries on either enormous tit. I twisted them unmercifully, twisting my hips to tease her tight little chute. “Come, Kelly.” And she did. Because she was mine, and I’d told her to.

“Thank me,” I grunted as I resumed thrusting.

Kelly moaned at the tail end of her most recent orgasm. “Oh thank you, Warren! Thank you for fucking me! Thank you for my huge tits! Thank you for my fuckable ass! Thank you for taking me! Thank you for using me! Thank you for making me come! Thank you for breaking me!”

With a willpower I didn’t know I possessed, I stopped myself and pulled out. The sudden removal of my weight made Kelly lose her balance and fall down on her back. I followed her down dick-first, aiming right for her panting mouth and shoving it right in. Her eyes widened, but it was only a moment before her tongue got to work, her hands grabbing my ass as if to hold me in. She forcibly held my cock in her mouth, not even seeming to register where it had just been.

Moments later, I came in her mouth. Just like she’d wanted.

With my balls drained into her mouth, I rolled off of her face and onto my floor, catching my breath for a moment. Beside me, Kelly panted too, her gigantic tits wobbling and bobbling every which way as if they couldn’t decide which direction to let gravity pull them. Like they would do from now on.

“Warren?” her small voice said after a time.

“Yeah, Kell?”

“If I’m good, do you think I could do that again sometime?”

I turned to look at her, and she looked right back with those big doll eyes of hers. For the life of me I couldn’t tell if she was asking because she knew she needed it, or because she wanted it. Really, I didn’t care which.