

## Good Neighbors Chapter Two

I gotta say, life is getting better and better lately. Not twenty minutes ago, I had my cheating bitch ex-girlfriend Kelly down here cleaning my apartment top to bottom in her birthday suit, showing off her big new boobs to me and anybody inclined to look through my apartment's many windows. She used to be flat as a board, but thanks to a little intervention from yours truly, she's packing ta-tas to make any girl envious.

With a little help from a curse or two, every three days that go by without her swallowing my load, they shoot up another couple cup sizes. Right now, it's been eight days since it all started, and she's gone from A's to DD's. It's a great look for her - she's a part-time personal trainer, part-time yoga instructor, so on her tiny body they look even bigger than they are. Today she skipped work to make me breakfast, give me a nice long full-body massage, and give me a tit fuck with those new jugs I'd given her. Still, I couldn't wait until Kelly went back to work and had to try to do all those fancy moves, try to explain away how she needed a new leotard since last week because her new tits are the size of her head.

It was almost enough to make me want to join a yoga class. Almost.

I could tell she didn't totally believe me about the jizz-swallowing halting the growth, but really, what choice did she have? I could just tell her to blow me, of course, but I liked making her sweat. For one, I'd be perfectly happy to see those puppies balloon up another increment, and for two, I wanted to see her come to me and beg to be allowed to suck me off. Gotta get her good and trained.

She had until tomorrow night. If not, we'd see how she liked her new FF's. I know I would.

Life is pretty frustrating of late. I leave my ex Warren's apartment feeling just filthy, like a piece of meat soaked in barbecue sauce and shame. Then I come home and I just have to shower to try to scrub the feeling off me, the feeling of his eyes. And who knows how many other eyes. I'd seen one apartment across the street literally had a telescope pointed at Warren's living room windows already. If this kept up, there'd probably be a whole bank of them by month's end.

Only problem was, all that scrubbing on my wet naked body got me just the littlest bit... well, turned on, I guess. But thanks to his stupid curse -- and I cannot believe I've come to believe in curses -- whenever I get turned on, I don't come back down until I have an orgasm. And I can't have an orgasm without Warren's permission. So by the time I get out of the shower, I've already started pushing myself right back to him.

Then there's these... *things* on my chest. I'd always had petite breasts. After all, I have a petite figure. It'd be weird if I didn't have little breasts. Only now, they were fucking huge. Sure, they weren't the size of my head yet (at least not individually), but they looked insane on my tiny body.

Plus, whenever I was around Warren -- which was most waking minutes, and the only reason it wasn't my sleeping minutes was because he didn't like to cuddle -- he made me call them the most disgusting terms. "Breasts" was utterly forbidden. He'd let me get away with

“boobs” now and then, but most of the time they were knockers, jugs, hooters, tits, titties, funbags, boobies, and with a steady stream of extra adjectives to garnish them. I’d gotten so used to showing him my “enormous jiggly ultra-slutty sweater puppies” that I made myself talk about them as just plain breasts whenever I was alone.

Which meant more time thinking about what a big slut I looked like. Which got me hornier. Which sent me back to Warren. Hell, I actually got turned on from my own dirty talking. It’s not my fault I get aroused by being naked or mostly naked, being ogled and groped and all that. Anyone would. The curse just makes it worse for me. Hell, just thinking back on the day I was already horny enough to want to just lie back, spread my legs, and treat myself to a good jilling.

Except then I’d have to go right back downstairs and convince Warren to let me come.

I’d made plenty of adjustments to keep it down in what free time I had left to me. I didn’t watch TV -- too many sexy people -- and the internet -- same. I hadn’t gone to work the past few days, ever since I’d ballooned up to, well, balloon size, and I didn’t know when or if I could. Everyone would be staring. None of my clothes fit right; everything I owned was now either flat-out too small to even squeeze into, or was a billboard for my expanded chest.

Worse, Warren had assured me that if I didn’t swallow his cum -- UGH -- by tomorrow at midnight, I’d go up two more sizes! It had to be bullshit, though. I know him, and I know what he really wants is for me to go crawling back to him and do it of my own volition. As much fun as he’s having bossing me around, making me do little chores and performances for him, he really wants to see me want it. Hear me ask for it. The fucker. But I won’t give him the satisfaction.

For now, I’m just going to try to get a good night’s sleep so I can wake up refreshed to try to find a way out of this shit show. And try not to think about all the things I’ll have to do tomorrow, so I don’t lose half my sleep to dreams of now-unattainable-orgasms.

Technically one way to attain them. But... no. I wouldn’t do that again.

It was eleven o’clock before the doorbell rang, over an hour later than she’d made it any other day so far. I was an early riser by habit, and since I was burning through my PTO days on this little vacation, her late arrival had left me a combination of hungry, impatient, and all-around grouchy.

I looked out the peephole first, and saw Kelly standing there in a t-shirt sporting an athletic company logo I could barely make out because of how distended the fabric was, and a pair of knee-length denim shorts. “What the hell, Kelly? Make me wait all morning, then you show up looking like you’re stopping by for Sunday brunch?”

“Just let me in, OK?” she said. She sounded a little annoyed, but only a little. One thing I loved about tormenting Kelly, she couldn’t keep her ego in check if her quality of life depended on it. Which it did.

“Hell no. Get your ass back upstairs and try again.”

She demanded entry again, then tried some meek pleading. It got her nowhere; I’d trained a few dogs in my life, and I knew they’d never learn to obey if you gave them treats for misbehavior. A few minutes later she came back, and I was glad there was a door between us so she couldn’t see the insta-boner I’d sported just from a glance. This time she was in a spaghetti

strap tank top, cleavage bursting out the top and hard nipples plainly visible. She'd paired it with some much briefer athletic shorts now.

To give credit where credit was due, this was entirely up to standards. She looked hot as hell, and I dug the way it was a riff on her yoga instructor attire. Probably not even intentional on her part, parodying her old self without meaning to.

Still. "Good enough" wasn't the standard I wanted to set.

"Closer," I said to the door. "Still, no makeup? And your hair looks like shit."

"C'mon, pleeeeeease?" she whined. "Not like I won't be sweating it off anyway, and ruining whatever work I put into my hair."

"Don't make assumptions. Now go fix yourself."

Another fifteen minutes passed, and when I peeped out again, my impatient inner voice that had been raging at me for sending her away graciously conceded the point. Kelly was a pretty girl, but even aside from her old tits, she was angular and severe in her design. She knew just how to soften the edges, add contours, make herself good and girly.

And with bright pink lipstick, just like I liked.

"Now can I come in?" she asked with what little humility she could muster.

Her head turned to the side, and I could tell she was looking at someone down the hall.

"Sure. Come," I said, pausing to let the solitary word sink in, "on in."

I couldn't help a little laugh at my practical joke as Kelly doubled over right there in the hallway, the lurid quality of her moan making it obvious she wasn't sicking up but rather getting off. She squirmed and twitched and clawed at her tits through her top as she bent double.

I opened the door. "Well? What're you waiting for?"

She still took a few seconds to steady herself and, using a hand on the wall to brace herself, stand upright. Down the hall I saw old Mr. Jennings carrying in his groceries and staring at her agog, and I gave him a little nod. The least the poor guy deserved for putting up with all our noises the past few days was a good show.

"Well, I got what I came for," Kelly said snidely. "Guess I got all dressed up for nothing."

"Hey now, I'm not done with you yet, Slutcakes. Get your tight little ass in here."

Instead, she turned and started down the hall. "Yeah right. I hope your right hand works better than your curse." She pumped her hand crudely, sneering over her shoulder.

"Do you really wanna do this the hard way?"

"Whatever -- as if I'll swing by later when I need you again and you won't be willing to take me back." She shrugged, sauntering past Mr. Jennings, who scurried into his apartment, embarrassed to have been caught looking.

"Fine, fine," I said, thinking back to my dog training days. "Kelly, come."

And she did. She flopped right down on the ground this time, having been ambushed mid-stride. My cheating bitch of an ex-girlfriend, normally one of the most graceful women I'd ever seen, tripping over her own feet as a single spoken word from me got her off. As she lie there moaning and whimpering at the release of it, I calmly walked over and picked her up by the hips. We were almost inside my apartment when she was with it enough to try squirming out of my grip. "Kelly, come."

Her whole body tensed up, then went limp in an instant. I carried her in and dumped her on the couch. "Now quit being a pain or I'll cuff you to the radiator," I warned her.

She slowly sat up, taking a few deep breaths while she composed herself. “You know, I could just clobber your lazy ass and stuff a gag in your mouth. See how you stop me then.”

I shrugged. “Do you need a moment to think things over? I could make things much harder on you, Kelly. I’m being polite because I’m a nice guy. But if you want to see what happens if you really fight back...”

Her head sunk as she processed it. What would become of her if I didn’t let her get off -- that is, a quivering, desperate mess of pleading fuck sauce. “This is inhumane.”

“Yeah, ‘cause you were nothing but considerate of my humanity when you ran out on me with that dumb jock. Now c’mon, we can’t let you feel rewarded for being a little brat.”

“Fine. You have me, so now what.”

“You’ve really let your good attitude slip today, Kellycunt. I think I’m going to need some kind of apology to make this right.”

She wilted further. “I’m sorry, Warren.”

“Talk is cheap.”

“Seriously. I... I promise it won’t happen again. I’ll be good.”

“You said that yesterday, after you told me to... what was it? Break it off and shove it up my ass?”

“Look, this is kind of a big adjustment to make, OK? I’m trying.”

I shook my head. “I don’t give two shits about you trying. I want to see you obeying, and cheerfully. Not giving it your best effort. Now, let’s talk about how you’re going to make it up to me.”

“No way,” I said. “Not that. C’mon Warren, please.”

He seized one of my titties -- my breasts; in my head I could still call them that -- in each hand, fondling them without even considering my permission. Just putting on these clothes had already got me a little excited; he was obviously out to drive me to my desperation point. I wasn’t there yet, but I knew it would work before long.

My arousal these days was no longer a matter of something exciting me or finessing me. Being leered at, dressing sexy, being touched almost anywhere... now, all of this was guaranteed to get me going. Even if it was attention from someone I despised. Even if his hands on me were humiliating.

But right now, I’d let a dozen guys feel me up rather than give him what he’d demanded.

“That’s the price, Kelly. You can either get to work, or else I’ll see you tomorrow when you’re no longer able to see your toes.”

“C’mon, you like my big, slutty new titty-boos, don’t you?” I said, adopting a tone to match my terminology. “Wouldn’t my strong, sexy man rather play with those instead?”

I could see his pants tenting, but it got me nowhere. “I can do both, so why play favorites?”

“C’mon, why don’t you let little Kellycunt get on her knees and just titty-fuck you to your heart’s content, baby? Oooh, or I tell you what. You keep saying I need to suck your cock... this seems like the perfect time to me, right? I could just make myself comfy and give you a nice hour-long blowjob. How does that sound?”

“Hey, that blowjob is on *your* schedule. I’m not postponing my fun so you can take your medicine.”

“Oh? But I want it. C’mon, Warren, I want it sooooo badly,” I said, putting all the fake enthusiasm I could into my voice as I slid to my knees in front of him, working at his pants. Honestly, it sounded a little sarcastic still, even to me. Thankfully though, he didn’t stop my efforts. (Thankfully. Ugh.) I took him into my mouth all in one go, not sure I could keep down my gag reflex if I tried to be slow and seductive about it.

I’ve always been kind of a priss about sucking cock. I’d done it a few times in high school, mostly from pressure and because I was inexperienced so I didn’t really know what I liked or not yet. Now I know.

But this was life now. I’d watched my boobs grow two cup sizes right in front of me, and Warren had told me it would happen again every three days at midnight if I didn’t get another dose. He could be lying, but... with all the other things he’d had me do, maybe that wasn’t bullshit? Besides, whether it was legit or not, this was still better than giving him what he wanted. That was more than I’d ever given anyone.

He let me blow him for less than a minute before he put his hand on my forehead and pushed me off. I felt like a complete idiot, literally fighting to get my mouth back on him as he forced me off, but I was desperate.

And by now, getting pretty fucking horny again. Damn it!

“Your ass, Kelly. Now.”

I don’t know what it is about guys that makes them want to nail a girl’s ass when she has a perfectly serviceable hole right next door that’s cleaner, better fitted, and totally noncontroversial. My pussy works just fine, but for some reason, being a gymnast is one of those things that seems to make them want it ten times as bad. Like having tight, well-toned glutes has anything to do with what it would feel like on the inside. (At least I don’t think it would.)

But now, I was out of options. I knew full well what’d happen if I withheld it from him. He’d let me go crazy from horniness, or just make me lie there cumming on his floor until he could shove it in me without resistance. Warren was holding all the cards. May as well get it over with. My only hope was that I could make it bad enough for him that he wouldn’t want it twice.

I stood up, and Warren took charge of undressing me himself. He was quick about it, no fussing or admiring his present. He just tugged down my shorts, all but ripped off my tank top, and told me to fetch the lube from the bathroom, smacking my ass to spur me to action.

I half-hustled, doing my best now to sway my hips for him. It wasn’t easy, thanks to these giant knockers shaking and wobbling around every which way with every step I took. I found it right where he’d said, never before used or opened. I allowed myself a quick moment to tidy up back there as best I could, grunting as even *that* was now adding to my arousal. I broke the seal and shuffled back out, the death march of my asshole’s virginity.

“C’mon now, get me ready, babe. This is more for you than it is for me.”

“What a gentleman!” I cooed. The sarcasm was implicit.

I squirted a big dollop into my palm, wrinkling my nose at the stuff’s attempted fruity smell that to me was just chemically pungent. I slathered it up and down his shaft, and don’t sue me for trying, but I even tried to divert him into a leisurely handjob. (The attempt failed.)

With a hard look from Warren, there was nothing else to do. I put a hand on each shoulder, lowering myself with trembling arms. Down, down I went, both in body and in spirit, until at last I felt him where he’d aligned himself right with my tight little chute.

I paused. I could still back out.

Except I was already horny enough I'd be catatonic by morning, and who knows if Warren would do anything about it.

I sighed, and lowered myself all the way.

I've only had anal sex with two other women in my life, and none of them recently. Most of the time, I was just as happy with the usual holes -- but when it came to Kelly, there was just something about her. I didn't know any girls who had an ass that perky. Just the thought of her doing her yoga routines in those leotards of hers...

So help me, I don't know why, but I've always wanted to nail a gymnast in the ass. I just do.

And now, I was. I felt her anus fighting to keep me out, finally relinquishing control and letting my tip slide past the gates. Kelly's eyes squeezed shut, but from how she was breathing I could tell the curse was doing its job. She was turned on as all hell. She went down another half-inch... then another centimeter... part of another...

And it was like she was trying to crush my dick with her ass.

Figures, I wait all these months to finally get a shot at fucking Kelly in the ass, and when it finally comes time she's too damn tight. Of all the luck! I cursed loudly, and tossed her off of me before she could crush me altogether. "What the hell, Kelly!"

"Sorry!" she yelped as she rolled back over. "What happened?"

"Your ass is too damn tight is what happened," I grumbled. "You could kill a man with that thing!"

"What, like it's my fault? You're the one who insisted, remember?"

It took me almost an hour of storming around my apartment cursing, then taking a long shower, then sipping down a cup of earl gray tea before I was ready to come back to the issue. Kelly was still there on the couch, still naked. I was a little surprised -- I'd just said to "sit right there until I figure out what to do with your worthless ass" and she was actually doing it.

Progress.

I think that was the little nudge my libido needed, a nice reminder that whatever her ass's flaws, it belonged to yours truly.

"All right," I said, settling back in beside her, helping myself to a few soothing squeezes of those jugs of hers. Of mine, really; those belonged to me too. Her nipples were rock hard. "So that didn't go well."

"Yeah, it sure didn't. Still, we can always try some other ways of making you happy, right? Or hey, you could just end the curse altogether..." She shrugged in response to my frown. "Worth a shot."

"So I have a new mission for you. You're heading out to Needful Things. You know it?"

She nodded. "Yeah, I think so. That little... you know. Sex shop. By Tiller's, on Walnut."

"That's the one. And once you're there, you're going to get this." I pulled out my phone, where I had the store's website pulled up to a particular item. I gave her a moment to look it over.

"What... what is this thing?" she asked nervously.

“It’s nothing weird,” I replied. “Just a butt plug. A very special one, you see -- it can be adjusted to spread you wider while it’s inside you.”

“To get my ass ready for you to fuck it.” She shuddered.

“Smart girl.”

“But... what’s the rest of this? Why’s it all hooked up to this whole... underwear-looking thingy?” She pointed at the picture of the woman wearing it.

“What, that? That’s just the locking mechanism -- to make sure you’re not a bad little slut who takes it out without permission. After your willfulness this morning, we just can’t take chances that you’ll keep your priorities straight on your own.”

She swallowed. “I’m not wearing that. No fucking way. It’s... that’s... no. No way.”

I tweaked her nipples; she didn’t even try to stop me, she was already so horny. Her eyes closed immediately and she moaned softly as I played with her. No matter what she said, I know she was secretly loving the hyper-sensitivity of her new rack. “Suit yourself. Hopefully you figure out who’s in charge here before you have to lug those things around in a wheelbarrow.

She shoved my hands away from her chest then, standing up and scanning the room for her clothes. “No way, Warren. You’ve got to get back in touch with reality. What you’re asking for is insane. You want a little suck and fuck on occasion? Fine. But I’m not going to be some... bondage whore for you.”

“Tell ya what,” I said, watching her dress. “Toss your clothes off the balcony and head back up to your apartment naked, and I’ll think about maybe letting you blow me later tonight.”

“Fuck you!” she yelled back.

“Your call. You can be embarrassed for a minute while you run up to your apartment, or you can get used to needing to special order bras for the rest of your life.” I came up behind her, squeezing those titties again. She froze in my hands, standing still for a long moment as I groped the hell out of her.

I let go before she could wriggle out of it, and she whimpered at the end of my contact with her flesh. Without another word, she hastily pulled on her shirt and shorts and marched out the door, slamming it shut behind her.

Who did that son of a bitch think he was? Using me like a sex object was despicable enough, but *this*? It’s not my fault my ass was so tight, or his dick was too big, or whatever. After all, he’d suffered (“suffered”) for like ten seconds of me trying to fit him in. I, on the other hand, had my arousal spiking off the charts ever since the incident. I didn’t want to give him the satisfaction of knowing, but I was having a hard time formulating sentences.

All the groping hadn’t helped.

Now what to do with myself? I didn’t dare go out anywhere; I was in no mental condition to drive, and there was too much a risk that I’d just lose it somewhere along the way. A wolf whistle could have me feeling myself up without realizing it; some perv could pinch my ass and I’d swoon into his arms.

So I did my best to keep my mind occupied, and safely away from arousing influences. I turned on some horror movies until I found myself staring at the male lead and wondering how big his dick was, if he stuck it in that trampy little co-star of his. I went and paid some bills online, but before long I was just browsing for porn and playing with my nipples. I ordered

dinner, figuring that'd at least keep my hands busy for a while, and when I caught the delivery boy staring at my chest, I was caught between wanting to slap him and inviting him in to fuck my brains out. (Instead I just tipped him and shut the door in his face before my mouth could betray me like my pussy was.)

I even called my mom, which was usually good for a good couple hours of boring stories and medical updates, but she just told me she and my dad were out at dinner and were going to the movies after.

Date night for my parents. I wondered if my mom took it up the ass.

The minutes ticked by so slowly it was like they were trying to punish me for staring. I lost count of how many times I found my hands under my shirt or down my pants. At one point I realized my shirt had come entirely off, and I couldn't bring myself to put it back on. The fabric rubbed against my nipples too much. Of course with it off, my fingers did the same anyway.

It was maddening. Once he got me started, it just kept building and building until it overwhelmed me. I didn't know how bad it could get; when I'd given in and gone down to Warren's the other night, I'd barely been able to walk, and I hadn't had the willpower to keep my hand out of my panties in the elevator.

If someone else had been in there watching me, I don't think it would've changed anything. Except I might've tried to have sex with them too -- an exercise that I'd now learned would only satisfy me with Warren's blessing.

I'd already been teasing at myself enough that I'd definitely have gotten off if I could. Clearly the curse was still working; me going down to get Warren to let me orgasm was a matter of when, not if. Why keep fighting it? Looking at the clock, I saw it was already half past eleven. If that stuff about the blowjob countdown was true, I still had time to get down there and do it before midnight.

I looked down and realized I'd taken my shorts off without realizing it, and had slipped not one, not two, but three fingers into my sopping wet pussy.

Oh what the hell. May as well get this over with. I redid my makeup and slipped back into the outfit from earlier that he'd liked, silently promising myself I could do whatever it took until this was over.

"Who is it?" I asked in a playful tone. It was 11:41. Damn, the bitch really thought she'd just pop in and do this whenever she wanted.

"It's Kelly," she said from the other side of the door. "Your Kelly. I'm here for you. I'm... I'm yours. Please let me come in." Her voice was quiet; she obviously didn't want my other neighbors overhearing her.

"I'm sorry, it's who?" I called out, not standing up from my chair, not turning down the TV. "You'll have to speak up."

"It's Kelly," she repeated. "Let me in? Please?"

"Kelly? I don't think I know any Kelly's... could you give me any more information?"

"You know me, Warren... it's Kellycunt? Kelly, with the huge titties? The giant sexy knockers?"

"Oh, *Kellycunt*," I said. "I think I remember you. Threw a little tantrum earlier, stormed off in a huff and left me blue-balled. What do you want now?"



“Why don’t you let me in and I’ll show you,” she said in a sultry tone.

I turned up the TV a bit louder and nestled into my chair.

It took her a moment to realize that was all the response she was going to get and that she needed to try harder. “Pleeease, Warren? I need it soooo bad,” she started.

“Oh? Need what, exactly?”

“Uh, my pussy is just soooo wet, and I need your cock in it super, super bad...”

“Sorry, we’re all out of that.” In spite of myself, I giggled. “Besides, it’s pretty late, I was gonna go to bed.”

“Oh, no, Kellycunt is soooo thirsty, she needs to drink your jizz soooo bad. Please? Please, let me in and I’ll make it up to you, you’ll forget I ever left. I’ll suck you off all night and all day tomorrow, OK? I need it. Please, just let me in, and I’ll be your perfect little slut. Please? C’mon, Warren, just open the door, let me blow you, you can play with my titties as much as you like. They’re yours, for as long as you want them. I’ll do chores for you, dance for you, perform for you, whatever you want, just please, please fucking let me come, open the door and let Kellycunt in so she can come, please, fucking PLEASE, open the fucking door and let me--”

I opened the door. She was caught with one hand in her panties (if she was wearing any, which I doubted) and the other fondling one inflated breast through the tank top. I don’t think she even noticed for a moment, as she kept on pleading for several seconds after I removed the barrier.

“You may...” I began, pausing for dramatic effect and treating myself to the sight of her face lighting up with hope for what my next word would be, “enter.”

She only frowned for a moment before rushing in.

“Warren, let me just say I’m sorry about earlier. I shouldn’t have run off. This is how things are, and I get it now. I’ll be good from now on. I won’t fight you any more. Just let me come and I’ll do whatever you want.”

“You got it backwards,” I said, giving her ass a nice open-palm slap. “You’ll do whatever I want, and I’ll let you come. Maybe.”

“Sure, yeah, whatever, just... please? I said please, OK? I just want to suck your cock. Me, Kellycunt. I... I want to. Really, really bad.”

“And you know me, if there’s one thing I love, it’s a big-titted slut begging to give me a blowjob.” Kelly immediately lifted her top off, freeing those beauties, then dropped down to her knees. “Only,” I continued, walking away from her as a confused frown overtook her face, “you’ll be a lot more of both in a few minutes, won’t you?”

“I... what? Both of what? C’mon, Warren, please, it’s getting late...”

“I said I liked big-titted sluts. But in... eleven more minutes, you’re going to be a whole lot sluttier, and have way bigger tits. And since you kinda said you were free all night and tomorrow, what’s the rush?”

“I... but... please? C’mon, they’re already so big, Warren! Surely you don’t want them any bigger -- aren’t my titties perfect the way they are?” She rubbed them for me, then removed her hands and shook them from side to side.

“Eh, it’s a good start, and definitely an improvement. But is it enough, I wonder,” I mused, stroking my chin. “I tell ya what. Just to show you how unbelievably nice I am, I’ll make you a deal. I’ll let you blow me, Kelly. If you can finish it by midnight, you get to keep your ‘perfect’ tits. You don’t, and -- once I’m good and satisfied -- we head out tonight and get you that butt plug. No more fuss.”

She opened her mouth to argue, or counter-offer, or who knows what other waste of her precious time, and I did her a favor and cut her off. “Kelly, you have... let’s see, fourteen minutes now. Do you really want to spend them trying to haggle with me?”

“No, I guess not,” she said, sighing.

With total casualness, I took off my clothes and plopped down in my arm chair. Kelly crawled frantically to be in front of me, looking genuinely relieved for this turn of events. She was flushed from head to toe, her breaths coming like those of a panting dog, a prominent wet spot present in the crotch of her shorts. It was sexier to me than if she’d been naked.

Then she leaned in to blow me -- but once more, my hand stopped her with a gentle pressure to the forehead. I don’t think the poor dizzy bitch knew her tongue was snaking out to try to lick at me.

“One last thing before I let you, Kelly.”

“Anything,” she said immediately.

“Ask. And make me believe you.”

She paused, looking up at me with those bright blue eyes of hers, their focus clouded by the perpetual haze of lust I’d put on her. “Warren? May I please, please, please give you a blowjob? It’ll be the best one I’ve ever given someone. I swear on my life, it’ll be the best blowjob anyone has ever given anyone.”

I patted her on the head. “You may proceed.”

An hour later, I walked into Needful Things, and I was aware enough of that to let out a little giggle as I realized that I was essentially the namesake of the place. A needful thing. It’s about all I was aware of.

I wasn’t aware -- not really -- that I was being lead in on a leash clipped to a collar around my neck, tugged gently in Warren’s wake. I think the collar read “SLAVE”, but I couldn’t make my eyes focus on minute details that weren’t cocks.

If I was aware that I was topless, it was only with muted relief. It would be easier to get fucked this way. Men -- Warren -- would see my titties and want to bend me over and fuck me like a slut. Which would be fine. Sluts got fucked, and fucking made girls come.

I didn’t take much notice the eyes of all these strangers on me, this tethered, misshapen whore. Did they think I was a freak? A hooker? Just some nutjob with a kink? It didn’t matter. I wasn’t here for their approval. I was here to help Warren get me ready to get my ass fucked. Then maybe he’d let me come.

I did notice -- I couldn’t help but notice -- the enormous weight on my chest. Right at the stroke of midnight, as that grandfather clock of his began to chime, his still-hard cock stubbornly refused to fill my mouth with its medicine. It had happened. Just like he had said it would.

I was so fucking horny then that I didn’t even stop sucking him. I felt the change happening. Skin stretching, tissue growing, boobs swelling. I gripped them in my hands, remembering the last time this had happened and thinking how silly I’d been to think I’d had anything deserving of the title “titties” before.

A week ago, I’d had boobs only barely more pronounced than my abs, flatness itself. Then I’d been cursed, and I remembered being mortified at what people would think at the addition of a couple cup sizes. In hindsight, it was laughable; I’d not even been average, maybe

just a bit big for my size. Then I waited too long, and they'd grown again, to the point where it would be one of the first things people saw when they looked at me.

After tonight, they'd be the first thing people heard about when my name was mentioned. I'd no longer be just "Kelly." I'd be "Kelly, you know, that girl with the preposterous titties? What the hell was she thinking, getting them so big? Is she trying to get into porn or something? She sure can't teach yoga any more, that's for damn sure, but hey, I'd fuck those babies for a week and a day."

That was me now. A conversation piece for horny men, a thing that walked around inspiring jerk-off sessions. The huge-titted needful thing on the end of Warren's leash.

I was only semi-aware as he lead me to where the butt plugs were kept, then into a changing room. He assembled it on me with my mind outside my body, wandering aimlessly in a world of lustful thoughts, the initially thin instrument sliding in and then expanding just slightly. It was just enough to stretch me, just enough that I was screaming and moaning and pleading for my ass to get fucked, fuck me in every hole, fuck Kellycunt, Kellycunt's a slut to be fucked, let her come, please please Warren let her come...

Then he did, right there in the dressing room of the sex shop, a hundred-decibel scream of bliss as all the denied orgasms of an entire evening's pursuit of them exploded all at once.

I was lying face down on the changing room floor when I heard the padlock *click* into place.

Warren bade me stand with a few tugs on my leash. Every eye was on me as he walked me to the checkout counter, took his time writing a check as my nipples hardened under scrutiny. God I was fucking huge. He unfastened the leash only after I settled into the passenger's seat, my new accessory pushing even harder into my tight little asshole as I sat down.

"Warren?"

"Yeah, Kell?"

"Would you... would you fuck me, and maybe let me come again? Please? I promise I'll be a good girl for you."

He patted my titties -- they were that now, even in my own head -- and smiled. "When I'm ready, babe. Now smile, you look great."

What choice did I have? I thrust out my chest, and I smiled.



