

Sweetest Revenge

PART 2

A Galentines Event

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It hadn't worked. Will looked at the curvy woman in the mirror, her blond hair framing the cute face that still had plenty of him in it. Her eyes were wide, fat lips trembling, and her too-small overstuffed red satin c-cup bra swayed and creaked with even the subtlest movement. He could read her expression, the shiver of her exposed over-sensitive body, the fire deep in her eyes. She had been driven to the edge of orgasm and denied, now sitting on that edge like a cliff. He

wanted to roll his eyes and say, what a slut, someone gets this poor “bitch in heat” laid before she loses her mind. Anything to objectify and separate what he saw in front of him from himself. But the slowed drag of his feminine fingers from the tight clenching walls of his new office made it impossible. The need he saw in her was alive and seething in his skull, boiling in his loins. The grasping of his womanhood on his long slick fingers was trying to hold them in place even as they popped free from his newly formed labia. “Put them back in! Or something even bigger! Please!!” The eyes in the mirror begged.

Will dropped his hand by his side and took some slow, calming breaths. This feeling was worse than nicotine withdrawal. It was worse than being trapped underwater and needing to breathe. This body needed a good fucking. His breathing was ragged, hands shakey, all too real to be a dream. “Call Alex,” he gulped, “and go to the hospital or something” But his hand was no longer on his wallet and phone. It was on a small purse instead. “Oh, for fucks sake!” He whined and held it up. Will unzipped it to find a rose gold cellphone in place of his, with the last message he sent still on the screen. The crazy-ass magic girlfied his cellphone.

Whatever was happening to him was beyond science; this was witchcraft or something. It had changed him first, and now it changed his belongings as well. Could a hospital even do anything about... this? It didn't matter. He couldn't just sit here. Will stood up on his wobbly legs, pushing his intense sexual need as deep as he could. Ugg, he needed to not think about the word “deep,” his new emptiness drooling over the idea of something plunging way up inside of- holy crap, Will shut that shit down!

The hard nipples blonde bent over grappling his borrowed yoga pants, ignoring how his fat tits bounced and swung, hanging from his rib cage. He had to close his eyes and wish away the sensations of his swollen bottom and softened hips violently wobbling and jiggling as he bounced on his heels till the curves finally slid into his pants. Gawd damn his bottom half looked like an over-packed sausage casing, the material pulled thin over his rounded cheeks, and deep into the crevices of his bubble-boosted backside. He was even sporting a camel toe that was soaking through. He furiously tugged his shirt over his firm and full tits, a sliver of tummy showing now that the uniform wouldn't lay flat.

And on top of everything, now he really needed to piss. “Okay, make it to the front of the store, go to the bathroom. Get Alexander to answer his damn phone,” he whined, looking at himself in

the mirror one last time, fixing his lengthened hair on impulse. Things were getting insane.

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Will tossed his purse into a cart and pushed it through the store. He felt so short and off. Every step, his breasts jostled in his ill-fitting bra. His hips swayed even when making tiny strides, causing his ass to jiggle in its thin fabric prison. Just keep your eyes down, Will, ignore the stares. Why were there so many gawking ogglers? Was it because of how odd he looked? Or did the men find him attractive? His stomach fluttered at the thought. There was still half the store to cross, and the transformed man could barely keep his shoes on. His feet had grown so petite. One step in front of the other. One step in front of... the... hngggggg. Oh shit. Another burst was coming. Will clamped his thighs shut, hoping he wouldn't piss himself. Why did they have to wobble? Why did everything quiver and sway for a second or two with each subtle move!? But now, clenched and bent over, he saw his breasts were moving regardless. Heck it felt so good, why did it feel so good? The multiplying of breast tissue, like some hose filling his bosom up like balloons. Skin prickling and buzzing with sensation. Nipples pulled wider till it was almost excruciating. "Bigger? Really?" The store clerk's girlish whimper caught in her throat, his boobs were rising over the top and sides of the cups of his bra. He was so far from a C cup now... when was this going to end? Grgrgl. Another round was coming. He had to get off the sales floor. His recent growth had his bra digging into his back and underarms, and his new giant aching mammaries especially. He had to run. That's all there was to it. So he did, for about six steps. How he regretted thinking slow-motion running of big titted women was hot. His E cups bouncing towards his chin and then down towards his belly button were a mix of pain and pleasure he sincerely could have done without. "Just.. steady steps then"

Maybe he could contain the bursts if he focussed. The blossoming store clerk clenched every muscle in his body, from his shoulders to his buttocks to the new internal walls he never had before. He felt that bubble of pleasure and fire sit in his pelvis, growing and gurgling, adding pressure to his insane need to pee, but it did not burst into his curves like the others. "Maybe I can h-hold it back if I just s-stay calm and take it slow, what's this called sauntering? Was he Sauntering now? With each steady step, the chaotic bouncing calmed to a slow rhythmic sway. Yeah, see? It's not that horrible, right? With cantaloupe-sized knockers and a jiggling bubble butt. And a horny that was crawling over every inch of him like a swarm of ants, whispering to

his mind how nice it might be to sit down on a nice thick-

“Man, look at the size of her tittes!” William’s concentration was disturbed by a bunch of loud gawking teenagers. Catcalls now, I should curse them the- uh oh. He lost the clench a little. Tiny bits of throbbing warmth was dripping down his tail bone into his ass. Now every hip-swaying step, he could feel an extra small cup of fat forced into a cheek. His hips gently popped and spread wider than his shoulders. Almost as wide as his cart. It was slow and excruciating. The hourglass-shaped man was trying to hold himself together in too many ways. Reclench! RECLENCH! His mind screamed, but the clenching between his fattening thighs, deep inside where his cock should be, was just driving him mad. He needed to cum. His whole body was screaming for it, from his sweat-covered forehead to his aching grape-sized nipples. Holding anything back was like walking with a melon between his legs, losing more and more as it slipped lower and lower. “She got an ass too, don’t she!” Another teen laughed and took a picture. That’s it, time to give these idiots a piece of my... nope. Another surge landed right on top of the one he was trying to hold back. The magic was coursing through his veins, out into his bloated form. It was tingling in his toes and out his fingers. Bathroom it is then, no stops.

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Will let the cart slam into the wall as he shouldered his way into the women’s restroom. He was beelining for the men’s room he knew so well till he thought better of it. The last thing the busy store clerk needed was to wobble into some group of guys with their dicks out. He had never been in the lady’s room, always avoiding the cleaning shifts. It was tidier than what he was used to and larger with more stalls, but that all escaped his notice. Instead, he checked to make sure he was alone and then turned to face the mirror. There he was, in the mirror, buried in a ridiculous stack of curves. No longer was he passable as some college dream coed. The woman who was mimicking his every move now was closer to his aunt... if she had a diet of just dessert and cake four times a day, and it all went to her tits, ass, hips, and thighs. “That’s not me!” he squeaked, watching her fat glossy lips mouth along with him. So much of his view was blocked off by long blonde hair and his giant breasts, the mirror was the only way to see, but now he wished he hadn’t. His fat thighs rubbed together with every pacing step, leading up to the mother of all birthing hips, and behind him, if he turned, he could see the black material pulled thin by his ginormous ass. It looked like it had eaten a Karshasian, the paleness of his

thick cheeks showing through the pants. He spun back around, grimacing as the giant swaying pendulums on his front took a few seconds to settle. "Wake up, Will!" He smacked his face. "Wake the fuck up!" KrrSNAP!

His bra snapped behind him, humungous tits billowing in his shirt, as if rebelling against his pleas. Instinctively he reached up to settle them but pulled his hands away like he touched a hot stove. They were so sensitive, so full and dense! He dug in his purse (it made him anxious to think of it as his), but it had his new girly phone, his license though it had his feminized face and his first name appeared as Emily instead of William, and what was this little bullet looking thing under the makeup?... Bzzzzt! Oh god, it was a vibrator! A god damn vibrator. And he still needed to pee! The voluptuous "Emily" shuffled into the stall, feeling quite claustrophobic. Were women's stalls smaller, or was it just how much his curves jutted out to eat up all available space. Will bit his lip as his plump backside dragged over the toilet paper dispenser as he tried to turn around, steadying his F cup tits to minimize how much they swayed and rubbed his nipples on the rough material. He felt like he had a one-year-old child gathered in his arms. There was so much flesh. He put his purse on the dispenser and went to work on his yoga pants. Grrr. Hnnrrrrrrrr

How in the world was it possible that his waistband was smaller than his ass. He couldn't get his pants down over his giant hips and his cow of an ass! Tears welled up in his eyes as he tugged and tugged. Finally, it began to give, inch by inch, his creamy flesh puffed into view until it got over his heavy rear and rolled the rest of the way down. Will couldn't sit fast enough, his bottom shuddering and wobbling as it slapped down on the cold seat. The impact alone was enough to set things off. He peed for barely three seconds. That's it!? That's all that was there, demanding to come out? He growled as he wiped himself clean and flushed. Even wiping his ...lips? They were way too sensitive. Everything was so intensely erotic, and a desperate heat was spreading in his body like wild fire, a need to get off planting its roots deep in his brain. Will grabbed his thickening thighs, dismayed out how much of him hung over the sides of the toilet. His neatly manicured fingernails sinking deep into his warm, wobbling flesh. He hefted them up and dropped them, watching them settle like a platter of jello. The Yoga pants at this point were so tight the legs inside of them looked utterly different sizes from the exposed flesh that rose out of them like dough escaping the baking pan. He tried to think, explain, reason this day away, all the while his hands rubbed and squeezed his tree-trunk legs, wandering over his soft hips and pausing to grope and kneed his enormous bottom. His thoughts turned to mud as his hands

continued. How could this feel so goddamn goooooood. His gigantic jiggly curves were so sensitive; he had had blow jobs that couldn't compete with this. His fucking thighs were more sensitive than his dick had ever been. One of his tiny hands wandered up inside his tented shirt, sitting on the crest of his little potbelly, filled and firm with repressed surges leaking into his form. It waited there as it used to on dates, waiting for acceptance, a look from the girl to acknowledge it was okay to go higher, but now it was his body. His index finger slid up his rolls, resting under one of his enormous mammaries. It was so full and firm... and hot! Boob sweat was pooling under the breast as it buzzed with sensation and warmth. The hell with it, there was no girl here to say, "It's okay Will, you can play with my tits" They were His giant wobbling tits, aching to be touched, and he was going to play with them. Massage them. Bring himself to the brink. One over-eager squeeze, and his jaw dropped to let out an exasperated moan. He sounded like a porn star trying too hard, but it was just the natural reaction to being edged maddeningly close to bursting and driving his body to such levels of intense erogenous sensation. "Holy shit," he squeaked, his body trembling. One Squeeze, and he almost fell off the toilet. He had waited too long. His body was just too sensitive now. Using his hands to get off, he would surely fall over and crack his skull. Unless-

His purse was right there, in reach, and within its silky interior sat a short, thick bullet of a vibrator. Was he seriously thinking of doing this? Of filling *his* pussy with a vibrator so he could brace himself and shake and shimmy until he was finally over this mountain of an orgasmic climb. Was there any choice left? If this bubble inside of him grew any greater, the top of his skull could blow off when he finally came. Bzzzt. Did... did the vibrator just signal to him? He snatched up his purse and dove in, Will's phone the culprit. Alex had responded, "Sending me cleavage pictures while I'm at work, not cool, babe"

"Are you serious!" Will screamed allowed. Alexander thought he was some girl he was dating or something sending him boob photos? Will tried to type a response, chew out his friend and tell him to get his ass here now! He needed him! But the tension in his body was so great, the sensitivity so potent that every bounce on the toilet seat or drag of his nipple against his shirt made him shiver and his pussy drool that he couldn't type a mother fuckin word. That was it. He needed this feeling to be over, this madness and heat to be gone. He didn't care if the whole store heard him. Will needed to fucking cum.

