

The effects of breaking off a near ten year relationship were truly chaotic. Jen had always been in a state of chaos, naturally, but this was a new type; a hurricane going in the opposite direction to hers, colliding and melding and melting her brain. The hatred and frustration all built like a bile in her head and pushed her to edges she didn't know. Alcohol had become an issue. Jen was very much aware of this, and try as she might, it was the crutch she leaned her shoulder on every night. Just so she could sleep. So she could not think as hard for a bit.

Every day was a continuous onslaught of stimuli that her brain could not take in and process anymore. The numbness that crept into her over the past few months truly began to burn inside her. And all that pressure, those feelings, they bottled themselves up inside her and wound up so hard that she was now pulling a coworker into the meat cooler at her work, Jen shaking and trying her best to move forward in a way that made sense. To her. Maybe not so much to him. Didn't matter that much anymore.

"You ok Jen?" He asked; they had known each other since they had gotten hired there three years ago. Jen shook her head at the question, taking a moment to gather her thoughts before letting them all spill out against her will.

"Its been really hard, Matt. I just...ever since I split with Levi, its just...its been really tough."

"I...yeah, I get that..." He rubbed his neck and avoided eye contact; Matt wasn't sure he understood the energy of the situation. Whether or not Jen was here to get advice or get away from others with him alone...needless to say, he was a bit nervous. There had been a few times previously the last few weeks where sexual tension, confusion, and meandering small talk blended into a few minutes somehow. Its not that he minded all that much; he liked Jen quite a bit. She had always been nice to him and while they didn't know each other much outside of work. And she was beautiful, at that; brown hair cut in a bob, piercing blue eyes, tall, leggy and slender. Hell, the only reason Matt never put much thought into anything with Jen was due to her long-term relationship. And now here they were at a weird cross point where Matt was unsure if she was trying to move over to...more than that. But no numbers had been asked for and no plans had been made. He tried implying, but no bait was ever taken. The last thing he needed to do at work was create a sexual harassment scenario.

And so, the dance continued until this moment in the cooler, Jen brushing a loose strand of hair out of her face before making eye contact with him, cheeks going pink. Closing the heavy metal door behind them, the light only coming from the faint halogen bulb doing 5 years overtime, Jen moved closer to Matt, boots clacking against the cement floor.

"I wanted to thank you, by the way. You always...were a really good listener. I know I'd vent a lot and...uh..." Jen lost her train of thought, moving close to Matt, who stood, speechless, feeling the distance close between them. In one way, he was nervous that someone would burst through the door and catch them. But the other part of his brain reminded him that no one used this cooler past the early morning. The thought eased his mind as Jen brought her face up to his, and he returned favor, the two locking lips and making out, quietly at first, before slowly building up fervor, Matt getting pinned by Jen up against the empty shelves behind him. This went on for a minute or two, before Matt's hands started to grab at her hips, then further south. Jen only let out a soft laugh, pulling away from their kiss and giving a nod, pushing his hands further down across her butt. The feeling pushed Matt's arousal over, and the energy reflected off Jen as well, a smile crossing her face as she brought her hands down to his crotch.

Even in the cold and stench of a meat cooler, Matt was fully erect. Jen could feel it through his jeans,

and she proceeded to pull the zipper down and unbutton them. Matt couldn't believe how fast this was going. Jen knew, before she even entered the cooler, exactly what she wanted to do. Moving her hands up and down below his waistband, she rubbed his member before grabbing hold, Matt's breath catching as she began to stroke slowly, gradually building up speed. Matt brought a hand up to his mouth to stifle his moans, Jen grinning as she continued her work, bringing her head down further past his navel.

"W-wait...Jen..." Matt tried to cough out between gasps of pleasure, body writhing under her touch. "What're you...gonna..." Jen merely grinned, bringing his hard cock closer to her lips before wrapping them around it, slowly pushing her head further and further down across it. Matt cried out, Jen bringing a hand to his mouth as his own were too busy flailing around at the feeling. As his blow job went on, he grasped one of her arms, trying to get her attention. "J-Jen...just...don't...swallow...nnnn..." He barely gasped it out, and Jen had to resist laughing at the request. For one, she wasn't one to be told what to do. And secondly, she wasn't about to have cum all over the meat cooler that she would have to clean up.

Matt lasted another fifteen seconds after that, and Jen refused his request, load after load shooting down her throat until his body and cock lay limp, sitting propped on the shelf behind him. Before he could gather his bearings, Jen started to move towards the door, Matt pulling his pants back on as she adjusted her hair.

"J-Jen...uh...look, there's something you should know." Matt coughed, trying to gain his breath.

"Don't worry, Matt. This can stay between us, ok?" Jen winked at him before making her way out of the cooler, brushing off her clothes.

"Just...let me know if anything...like, weird happens, ok?"

"What, you got some kinda disease or something?" Jen asked, folding her arms. Matt merely shook his head.

"No, nothing like that...my uh...my cum can just...its hard to explain." Jen rolled her eyes at the statement.

"God, Matt. You're being weird. You got special cum then? Is it radioactive? Am I gonna get superpowers now or something?" Matt went red at the accusation and receded, folding his legs up.

"I...um...just..." Matt struggled to form a sentence; the aftermath of an orgasm mixed with the anxiety he was going through was shutting him down. Jen had no patience with it, however.

"GOD, Matt, you're almost 30! Grow up. This is such...weird behavior, you know that?" With that, she left the fridge, slamming the door behind herself.

The rest of the day continued, the two of them not crossing paths for the last hour of their shift. Jen made her way back to her tiny apartment, her cat meowing as she made her way in. Jen promptly fed her, then started her shower. The steam filled the room, and as she stepped out and clothed herself, she couldn't help but notice that her white camisole she wore to bed seemed a little...snug this evening. Arching an eyebrow and observing further, she pushed closer to the mirror, grabbing at her tits and cupping them gently. There certainly felt like there was a little more to grab...but she couldn't be fully certain. Was she simply imagining things? Had her clothes shrunk in the wash?

As she stood there, observing them, she felt a tingling sensation suddenly rush through them, like she was back in the shower and water drops were cascading across them. The feeling took her off guard, and she gripped the sink counter in front of her, leaning forward so her breasts projected forward. As she did, her eyes slowly opened, looking back in the mirror; she gasped, watching as the fabric of the camisole slowly pulled up her navel. Her breasts were pushing up and out with little puffs, each sudden surge adding maybe a centimeter or two into her tits, her once B-cups now upgrading to resemble something like a C or D now.

“What the...” Jen muttered, staring closer at herself in the mirror. Sure enough, as she stood there, she could tell her breasts were swelling; their forms seemed to stretch the wrinkles out in her top. It was slow, gradual, but she could still see it happening before her eyes. She couldn't believe it; they had already grown at least two cup sizes at this point. Standing there, dumbfounded, Jen tried to pull her thoughts together to explain what was happening to her body. But no answer came. She stumbled out of the bathroom, making her way to her bed, cat meowing in distress as its owner cried out in horror.

“What's going on?! Why am I...” She started to cough, throat still a bit phlegmy from her antics in the cooler earlier.

And that's when it hit her. “...is THAT what Matt meant by...” She hesitated, staring as her breasts swelled up past the size of apples and into small grapefruit territory, the sight stirring both terror and slight arousal within Jen, still not completely sure why something like this was happening to her. But she wanted to find out, and her best lead was Matt. Picking up her phone, already having his number in her phone, she dialed, waiting a few rounds of tones before a voice picked up.

“Hello?”

“Hey. Matt. Its Jen.”

“Oh...uh...hey.”

“Hey. Yeah, so, listen, um...something, uh...really weird is going on and uh...well, I remember you saying something earlier today while I...while we were...”

“...listen, Jen...I'm...I know this is gonna sound weird, but like...women who have drank my...uh...y'know, they...they end up having...well, their body changes-”

“Do their boobs get bigger?” Jen asked bluntly. There was a pregnant pause for a moment, before Matt spoke up:

“...yeah. That's...what happens.”

“What the fuck? How does that even-?”

“Look, I wish I knew, but for all I know some witch put a curse on me or something. Would make as much sense as anything!”

“...so when does it stop?” Jen asked, grasping the side of her swelling tit, graduating to large mango territory; the feeling of her breasts now gradually crossing the surface of her chest made her hairs stand

on end, Jen biting her lip as she gazed down at them for a moment.

“...well, um...you kinda...drank a lot of it, so...” Jen got heated at the statement, gearing up for a reply.

“Hey, fuck yo-” Before she could finish chewing him out, her body pitched forward, her phone flying from her hand as she reached forward onto the counter in front of her to catch her balance. Gripping the surface, Jen cried out as her breasts thrust outward, wobbling wildly as her body got hot. Sweat broke out across her face, the feeling inside of her quickly intensified. “What's...happening...to me? UNH!” Jen let out a loud moan as her bosom started to tear through her shirt, white threads tearing apart to reveal a deep cleavage that only surged deeper. Flesh puffed through the gaps, more holes ripping across the surface of her cotton top.

Finally, it failed, her tits spilling forward out of their confinements and landing with a “slap” on her counter. They had vastly upgraded, going from mere grapefruits to bowling balls in one growth spurt. The sight, and feeling, of her tits resting upon her bathroom sink made her breath catch in her throat.

“What...the fuck...how big am I even...?” Trying her best, Jen looked down and tried to spot her phone. The task of bending down was once so simple, yet was now a much bigger challenge. Heaving her breasts off from the sink, she stumbled back a bit to regain her balance, before slowly bending at the knees, her breasts resting on the surface of her legs as she grabbed her phone from the floor. “No way these are real...this can't be real...what the fuck...what the fuck, Matt?!” She put her phone to her head and screamed directly into it. The other side was silent for a second before speaking again:

“Look, Jen...I'm really sorry-”

“When does this go away? Like...how long am I stuck like this?”

“Uh...well, I mean...most of the time it uh...away within a day or two... or maybe more, sometimes. But uh...well, I should warn you Jen, its probably not done, and its gonna...distribute itse-” The call dropped. What the fuck was he gonna say? Distribute? The hell did “distribute” even mean? And how many more days more did he even mean?

Before she could redial, the heat boomeranged within her body once more. Unable to process the feeling, her phone once again fell from her hand, smacking against the ground, screen splintering to bits upon impact.

“Shit! No, my phone! FUCK! My tits! NNNN WOW this sucks right now!” Jen cried out in frustration as she tumbled back onto her backside and against the wall behind her, hands grabbing at her tits. They felt hot. And sweaty. She grimaced at the feeling, peeling the rest of her shirt from her body as her tits rested just above her lap. As the heat intensified, she felt them start to shift under her fingertips.

“Don't...please, just...no more. I'm big enough!” Jen pleaded, and much to relief, her desperation was answered; her tits began to recede, pulling away from her hands slowly, much slower than how they had grown. Centimeter by centimeter, they shrunk back down to the size of her head, then further back, Jen smiling ear to ear all the while.

“Oh thank God...he DID say it was temporary, so I guess I should just be grateful it didn't-” Before she could fully feel any relief, however, she felt herself slowly rising up the wall. She wasn't moving her legs at all; much to her utter terror, it was her ass pushing her upwards, its size easily doubled what was once a relatively flat backside. She now had cheeks that squeezed up against her back as she sat there,

and as her tits continued to shrink down to F cups, her ass upgraded to be as big as two melons pushed into her gradually failing underwear. The hipster-style white cotton panties were taxed beyond belief, holes forming along the hem and across her cheeks, pale flesh spilling out as she used the wall to push herself to her feet. She wobbled over to the mirror and screamed, the sight of two firm, perky cheeks the size of watermelons now sticking out further than her head. Her hips had widened slightly as well, but not enough to keep her ass from being almost spherical on both sides, flesh squished tightly together by the struggling underpants.

“This is so fucked...dammit, *this* is what he meant by distributing?” She sighed, looking at all angles of herself in the mirror. “...well, I guess I should count myself lucky that its...just...my ass...” She was silent for a moment, running a hand across her hip and scowling. “Nope. This...still fucking sucks. I'd rather have the tits at this po-”

As if on cue, the universe decided to fully fuck with her. Her eyes went wide. Her face froze, mouth agape. Her tits wiggled and shook lightly, F cups soon swelling up to H cups, then beyond that to be bigger her head once more. “Oh fuck! Its...how am I still fucking growing, I already have a fat ass now, it should be do-UNHHH! NOOOO!!” She cried out as her tits suddenly surged forward in size, quickly surpassing her old bowling ball status and filling out all possible space in front of her. Jen only looked on in horror as her whole front view was completely obstructed by boob – first her navel was obstructed, then she couldn't see her feet; her inner arms began to get swallowed by the flesh as it pushed up and out, bottoms crawling down past her navel and onto her crotch, their weight quickly mounting faster than she could comprehend. “NO MORE! ITS TOO MUCH! I'M SO...” Jen collapsed forward onto her tits, which were now as large as two massive yoga balls.

Finally, they decided to stop, a very bloated and curvy Jen now rendered completely useless on her stomach. As she lied there, she held back tears from how completely helpless she felt in this moment. Unable to stand or move, wholly pulled down by the weight of her own body, she could only lie there in defeat and pity.

That is, until there was a knock on her door. Her head perked up, unable to move from the spot. Luckily for her, Jen forgot to lock the door on a near daily basis.

“Hello?!” She yelled out, just to be sure.

“Jen? Are you ok in there? Its Matt!” Jen didn't want to think about how he got her address, because she knew deep down that it was probably somewhere out there on the internet anyways.

“Matt! Thank fucking God, the door's unlocked! Come in!” The door creaked open, footsteps approaching as Matt yelled out, stepping into a bathroom that was full of either massive tit or gigantic ass. “You better know how to fix me motherfucker or you're fucking *dead*!”

“I'm sorry, ok! Look, I wanted to say something, but...I...” Matt sighed, trying to gather his thoughts.

“Spit it out, asshole!”

“I really liked you, ok? I didn't want to make it, like...weird or whatever. Y'know?”

“And this situation we are currently in is ANY less weird HOW, Matt?!”

“You make a good point.” Matt paused before he sighed again, deeper this time. “I fucked up, ok? I should've been upfront. Its...shitty and uncool and really lame. And you deserve better than that cuz you're...really cool and really funny and attractive-” Matt cut himself off at saying it, the word making Jen go red as a tomato before laughing. “But to be fair, you kinda just...you kinda moved so fast that I didn't have time-”

“Ok, ok, look...I'm sorry it was so sudden. Its just...there was a reason I chose you to do that with in the office, ok? I'll be honest, that was only meant to be a...'what if' scenario with...someone I thought was really cool. But...I guess I didn't really factor becoming a massive pool toy into my fantasy...” Matt laughed, stepping over so she could see him better. He had a concerned look on his face that Jen didn't much care for.

“Well, if that's true...then maybe you won't hate me for what I have to tell you.” Jen could only arch her eyebrow at the suggestion. “I...well, so, if you want to go back to normal...like 100% normal, completely back to the way you were...we have to...well...uh...”

“Spit it out, Matt!” Jen was growing impatient with him, as always.

“Ok, so, when my cum goes inside your mouth, you grow big. When my cum goes inside your...” He gestured between her legs. She rolled her eyes at the suggestion.

“Just say we need to have sex for me to shrink, Matt! Come on!”

“We have to have sex for that, yeah.” Jen huffed and tapped her foot, impatiently. As much as she wasn't against this idea, there was an obvious matter of science that held her back from going forward.

“Ok, but like...I should probably have some Plan B or something, cuz...well, no offense, but I'm not really-”

“About that, uh...” Matt interrupted her, which spooked her a bit. “...well, uh...I'm not sure if its the curse or not, but...well, I'm...completely sterile.” There was a long pause, Jen unsure how to react to such a statement. “...you remember when I was dating Sabrina?” Jen nodded. “...well, when things started to get...serious between us, we started to...y'know, we tried for it. We tried a lot. And it kept not happening, and...well, we both tested ourselves and...she was fine, and I was...not so much...” He shrugged. “I've got plenty of cum, but all it does is grow boobs. Can't make kids with it, I guess. Sucks...for me.” The last part of his sentence sort of just...mumbled out.

“Oh, Matt, is that why...?”

“Yeah. Yep. That's...why Sabrina left me. I wanted to try and work things out, but...she always wanted kids.” he shrugged. “I can't hate her for it, Jen. I miss her a lot. But...y'know, we keep in touch. Its...just how things go sometimes.” There was silence again, another longer one, before Sabrina spoke again:

“...I'm so sorry Matt. But...y'know, the thing is...” She looked at him, and paused until he looked over at her, making eye contact. “...I don't want kids.”

She pulled him in for a kiss, and they quickly began making out, Matt pulling himself up and into the squishy palace that was Jen's bloated curves. He grabbed hold of every square inch he could sink his fingertips into, completely engulfed in her until he found his way downwards, Jen's hand guiding him

to where his cock needed to go, clothes tossed aside as Matt pulled himself even closer until he was inside of her.

It didn't last all that long before Matt came. Jen didn't mind. She was exhausted at this point, anyways.

As the two laid there, Jen felt her curves recede back to what they once were, albeit painstakingly slowly. She had already been laying there for an hour and only, perhaps, an inch had gone away.

“How long does this take?” Jen asked.

“Usually overnight. Its faster when you're asleep for some reason.”

“Ah.”

“You might still have a bit on you even when you wake up, but it should all go away by the end of tomorrow.” Jen nodded.

“So...lemme get this straight. When I drink your cum, I get to grow bigger. When we fuck, I go back to normal. I don't get pregnant from it either. And we can do this over and over again?”

Matt shrugged.

“I've never really...I mean, I was never with any women who were ok with it enough to find this kind of pattern out, but...yeah, I guess.” Jen laughed.

“You idiot...you're not cursed! You just needed to find the right person...” She grinned, propping herself up as her tits continued to shrink back down, still the same relatively huge size overall, albeit a few inches shy of the full yoga balls they were before. They made eye contact once more, Jen smiling and grabbing hold of his cock, making him flinch in surprise.

“Can't wait to do this again tomorrow.” She winked. Matt felt a shiver shoot down his spine, his cock going fully erect in that moment. Jen felt this, and couldn't help herself. She pulled his crotch close to her face, a devious glint in her eyes. “Then again...why wait?”

THE END