

Lauren's Inconvenient Curse

Chapter 1- The Fuck Up

My name is Lauren Winters and I admit... I can be a bit temperamental at times. I've never been the most level headed creature and patience is not a virtue I possess. Essentially, once you get me going I can't seem to stop. This is apparently what led to my downfall.

I wish someone would've put a warning label on the woman I verbally assaulted earlier today so I wouldn't be in the predicament I now find myself in.

"Caution Witch. Will curse you if you piss her off!"

So much for that I guess. Enough Lamenting, let me tell you all about my little fuck up.

It all started this afternoon on the Subway. My lunch break was almost over and I was running late to get back to the office, which was something that could not be afforded. If I was late to clock back in one more time that was it for me. I'd get the old pink slip and be sent on my merry way, no longer employed at the cushy desk job I took for granted.

Irritated with stress and anxiety flooding through my veins, my feet aching terribly from the black stiletto heels I wore to match my business casual outfit (a white blouse and plain black pencil skirt), coupled with a bunch of hot sweaty morons all squeezed together in a subway train- I was not a woman to be messed with.

But yet, somebody dared to mess with me.

The train was about to depart when I got to the platform, so admittedly, I may have gotten a little handsy with some people waiting to board the train and pushed my way past into the train car, procuring a spot next to a pole to grip on. The slight relief about not being late to work only lasted a few seconds before a sharp sting came from the back of my heel. The person behind had kicked one of my heels, which then caused my ankle to buckle in on itself and the shoe dug deeply into the skin on the back of my foot. I stifled a cry and didn't do anything.

Maybe it was an accident and they didn't mean to. Yeah, this train is crowded so that must be it.

Then it happened again, and the shoe cut even deeper into my skin. What little patience I had left melted away and I spun around in a frenzy, coming face to face with a smaller, older, and more robust woman. I recognized her from the platform.

"What the *hell* is your problem lady?" I shouted, not giving a shit about everyone on the train staring at the woman and I.

"You pushed me back there, so I only thought it fair I do the same to you." She said smugly in some sort of European accent. I think it might've been Romanian, but I'm not sure.

"I'm sorry, but I didn't kick your heels twice, now did I?"

"No, but I almost didn't make it on the subway. For your rudeness you should be punished."

Ooh she had got my gears grinding then. My number one response in these situations- insults. Like I said, she was on the rounder side. "Well maybe you shouldn't be such a big fat fucking cow then? Maybe if you weren't such a big tit sucking bitch you wouldn't have gotten in my way in the first place!"

The little old lady's eyes went wide as I dropped vulgarness insult after insult. The people around us started whispering. A few people's laughs rang out through the small crowd of people. The lady just stood there in complete shock for a moment.

Everyone's attention was turned away from the woman and I and to the loudspeaker. The conductor announced we were briskly approaching the next stop. I brought my attention back to the old lady for her response to my crushing blow of a verbal assault.

She looked me deep in the eyes, basically staring right into my soul, before saying, "You think *I'm* a cow huh? We'll see about that, my dear. Just you wait. we'll see which one of us gets milked first!" Suddenly the hag had grabbed my wrist and grabbed it tight. She started muttering words silently yet vigorously out of her mouth all while staring at my chest. Then the subway

train came to a halt and the doors opened. The woman let go of me and was quickly swept away in the crowd of people getting off.

I stood there shocked as a weird cold tinge traveled down my spine and seemingly right into my nipples. I blinked rapidly as I regained my composure. *What the fuck just happened?*

It seemed like nobody who had seen my earlier outburst was paying attention when the lady did whatever the hell that was to me. I thought nothing of it and brushed the whole encounter off as I waited for my stop to come up. The rest of the train ride and walk to the office a nagging unsettling feeling lingered in the back of my mind.

"Cutting it awfully close there, Ms. Winters." My boss, Stanley, said in a smart tone as he lifted his watch to his eyes to check the time."

"You can't get rid of me that easily, Stanley." I replied with equally, if not more, sass. I then made my way back to my little cubicle and finished doing some paperwork. I noticed that my white button up blouse was digging into my armpits and my chest felt a little bit tighter than normal, but I just pulled my shirt down a little bit and slid a finger up and down under the straps of my bra and continued to work.

About an hour later nature called and I got up to go to the restroom. There were bathrooms with stalls in the building and I'd normally take the trip to the floor above, however I'd grown rather uncomfortable since returning back from lunch and figured using the single person restrooms on the floor I was currently in would be for the best.

I relieved my bladder and then went to the small circular mirror above the sink where I washed my hands. That tight uncomfortable feeling around my chest returned and I decided to unbutton my shirt to let the skin on my abdomen breathe.

A small gasp escaped from my lips when I looked in the mirror. Now I'm a small woman, about four foot nine, five foot one in heels, with a pretty unremarkable body. I hadn't been blessed in the boob or butt department and was flat as a board all around- but that didn't stop me from wearing bralettes. The thing that shocked me was that there were two small lumps

protruding from under the black lace bralette. Two small lumps that hadn't been there before. Shocked, I gently rubbed my hand over my right boob. The skin was sore and tender to the touch, but it was real. And super sensitive too.

I blinked a few more times then rubbed my eyes. It looked like... it looked like they were swelling up a little.

A sudden knock came from the bathroom door, "Lauren?" Stanley's voice rang out somewhat concerned.

Panicking, I quickly started to button my shirt back up.

"You've been there for like an hour. Is everything ok in there?" He asked. I was too busy struggling to button my blouse. It was more difficult to button and seemed like I had to stretch the fabric more just to get the button in the hole.

Shit I've been in here that long? I thought to myself as Stanley's words caught up to me. Due to a lack of response Stanley opened the door to the bathroom.

Just as my frantic gaze met his, one of the buttons on my shirt slipped, revealing my chest and the two new mounds of flesh that protruded from it.

"Oh my, Lauren..." Stanley said, bringing a hand to his mustache covered lips. "You're breasts... they were nonexistent before but now? Now they are bigger than what you used to have."

I looked down at my chest to see I now sported a small amount of cleavage thanks to my ever so tighter bralette.

A disgusting taste filled my mouth as Stanley spoke, feeling up my chest with his eyes as he took a step towards me. How could he just straight up harass me like that? I've known him for a year and a half. He was a pretty nice and decent guy, not this perverted monster I saw before me.

"Lauren, please, can I touch them? Did you get a boob job or something? They look so natural!"

"Ew! What the hell?" I shouted as I dodged the creep that had lunged for me. I grabbed my blazer jacket and held it over my open chest as I made a dash out of the bathroom.

"I fucking quit!" I yelled out through the office after I grabbed the essentials off my desk. I then made a dash back to my apartment.

As I sprinted, heels and jacket clutched to my chest, all I could think about was, *what the hell is happening to me?*

As I navigated the somewhat busy streets home one thing became apparent. My chest was tight, and felt restricted. It was super sore and it felt like there was a heavy pressure growing by the minute. By the time I reached my apartment I felt like I was about to explode. As soon as the key left the locking mechanism, my ass was in the bathroom.

My once flat chest was now swollen and puffy, having grown about three cup sizes. If I had to guess I'd say I was somewhere between a C cup or D cup, which was unusual for me since I was barely an A cup. What once was small cleavage was now overflowing out of my bralette. I grabbed the thin lace fabric and pulled and tugged to set the mounds on my chest free. The thing finally ripped off my warm sweaty skin and I could see my new boobs in all their glory. The pressure in my chest was unbearable at this point and my nipples went hard and erect. Instinctively, I brought my thumb and forefinger to my left tit which was hurting the most. I began to lightly massage it and felt goosebumps rise on my arms as liquid started to seep from my nipple.

It was white and odorless, but it released the pressure that had built up in my chest. I squeezed and rubbed my boob over the sink as the thick breast milk seeped down the drain. Once I felt my left boob was empty I switched to the right. Although still larger than before, my bust had returned to a more normal size. I washed my hands and started pacing back and forth in my living room topless.

I can't believe I just milked myself...

I can't believe it felt that good.

All of a sudden, the door to my apartment opened and in walked my next door neighbor Davis. I was mid step, biting my thumbnail as I analyzed my situation, already feeling the pressure building back in my boobs as I felt them swell up again.

And they were swelling fast.