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<Cursed Pumpkins>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter 2

Cassie managed to compose herself and she played some Halloween themed games with him, unfortunately I had a party to attend so I couldn't stay with them. I left feeling a bit strange, it was quite hard to process such a reaction from Cassie, she was always so calm and measured.

Something about that woman's house really spooked her.

I got into my car and started to head towards my friend's house. She lived close enough to the club we were going to that we were going to crash there for the night after the party.

I mean... Curses? What would that make that woman? A Witch?

I chuckled to myself.

No such thing.

Arriving at Chloe's, I let myself in with the key she gave me. Chloe was my best friend; she was beautiful and kind. I caught myself in the mirror and checked that I was still rocking the witch's outfit. My eyes scanned over all 5"10 of my thin body. I had been working out, eating healthy and really looking after myself. I always had. I hid my blonde hair under a black wig, it was well secured, and the scraggy black hair sat perfectly under my black hat. I am not really a vain person but I had to admit that I did look beautiful, I loved how cute and small my features were, but it was my eyes that I loved, The deep blue eyes had a good smoulder when I gave "The eyes", or so my previous partners had told me. My long legs led to a perky rear; it was decently sized, but I did

yearn for a bit more back there. The black shirt I had on did well to accentuate it a bit more for me. My trim stomach was on show thanks to the crop top I chose to wear.

A sexy witch... How original...

The top itself looked real good.

The girls are poppin'

I was a B cup, I grew in my early teens and stopped, I wasn't too beat up about it, I felt I had enough beauty to carry me otherwise but it was always a bit frustrating when I would be overshadowed by someone with bigger tits than me.

I think I might win out tonight...

My crop top wasn't snug when I first put it on, but it did appear to be a bit tight now. I paid no attention to it and walked on through towards the bathroom where Chloe was. She was running late, as usual.

"Make up time?" I chided her.

"Yes Jules..." Chloe said, rolling her eyes.

"I thought we were meant to leave at nine. Isn't Nathan going to be waiting?"

Nathan was Chloe's crush, she met him in college, and they've been flirting with each other for quite some time.

"Tonight is the night" I recall her saying to me this morning.

My comment caused Chloe to rush, she was dressed up as a black cat. Painfully original, but cute that she was my familiar. We had been friends since we were ten, our parents are best friends. Chloe was strikingly beautiful, I found her more attractive than me and it certainly did help that she had the tits to back it up. She developed later than I, but she didn't stop growing. She had a healthy set of Ds, but she would regularly wear a C in order to make herself pop more. The brunette tied her hair into a ponytail for tonight, her tight black booty shorts showed off her rear to perfection, her legs were in fishnet leggings, and she chose to wear a crop top like me, the difference was that her top was much lower cut than mine. Putting on her cat ears and checking herself in the mirror one last time she turned to me.

“What do you think?”

She was my best friend, but I couldn't deny that I would love to do more with her, I wasn't a lesbian but if there was anyone in the world that I would have in a threesome, it would be Chloe.

“Nathan isn't ready for you.” I teased.

“He fucking better be, I need him.” She started to lead the way to the front door but paused when she was passing me. “Look at you!” She cupped her hands under my tits and shook them.

“Hey” I gasped from shock.

“Wow, they look good. Whatever you are doing, keep doing it. Let me know your secret for the next night out, we're late.”

She saw it too...

I looked down and took stock of the melons I was trying to contain in my bra. They looked plump, the bra, strained.

“Come on!” Chloe yelled from the door.

“Coming!”

We rushed to the club; the exercise kept us warm through the chilly weather.

“Why didn't we bring jackets?” Chloe asked.

“Because we are stupid.” I replied.

“Oh yeah...”

There was a queue to get in, luckily, we knew the doorman, so he let us in after Chloe showed him some cleavage. The club was dark, the music was thumping, and the floor was sticky.

Normal club vibe then...

“Let's get a drink.” I pulled Chloe towards the bar.

Chloe was scanning the club for Nathan, but it was hard to see between the strobe lights where he was, she was resistant to me pulling her.

“C'mon, I am not staying sober for a single second longer.” I had to yank her arm. “Why

don't you just sniff him out, I am sure you could do that..."

"Har har. Fine. I'll get the first one." Chloe stopped putting up a fight and we waded through the crowd to the bar.

The overworked staff behind the bar were rushing around like headless chickens trying to keep up with the amount of people screaming their orders over the blaring music. Chloe tucked herself between two guys to get to the front of the queue, one of them was more than a little tipsy, he smacked her ass and allowed her to order first.

Returning with two cocktails that probably cost her way too much, Chloe handed me the drink.

"Let's get these down us and then let's dance, Nathan said he was running late."

Wanting to find myself to that happy drunk stage, I tilted my head back and necked the whole cocktail in one motion.

"Fucking hell Jules, that shit cost a bomb..."

I stifled a burp, "Well, for what it's worth, it was bloody good. Come on, I want to dance."

Chloe downed her drink and we both headed to the dance floor, the DJ was playing appropriately spooky songs and the orange and red lights flashed around the room. It wasn't long before I felt some hands softly rubbing on my body, a staple of being a woman in a crowded dance floor. I secretly loved it.

I felt the drink had gone to my head quite quick, I was feeling loose. Chloe appeared with another two drinks. Over the loud music I couldn't hear what she was saying, nor could I read her lips because of the poor lighting. I grabbed the cocktail and downed it, not wanting to stop dancing. The fruity beverage tasted amazing. I didn't take the time to savour the taste, I just felt the alcohol slide down my throat. Chloe jumped up and changed her body language, I turned around to see who or what she had seen.

Nathan.

Admittedly, he was a hunk. Well built, strong and able, he was also so sweet. He played sports but he wasn't quite the brute that some of his teammates were. He was dressed as

Frankenstein; his large body made it work. That was the last I saw of him and Chloe all night, it was very evident that their brewing flirtations would bubble over tonight, almost immediately his large arms were wrapped around her, and they were dancing.

“Good luck...” I said under my breath to Chloe, not that she heard.

I danced on my own for a song, bumping between crowds of people, the alcohol was clearly having an effect on me. I was feeling warm but loose. I was having a good time, although my top felt a bit tight.

Stupid top.

I glanced down and in my tipsy state, I could've sworn they were bigger, but I quickly found that thought exiting my head when I bumped into my own hunk. He apologised and made sure that I didn't fall over, his arm swiftly wrapped around my waist. He was dressed as a Mummy, the four of us could've been sectioned for our lack of originality.

I could barely make out over the blaring music. “Hey, I'm Steve.”

I didn't bother to reply, I just danced with him.

Actions speak louder than words, right?

I started to gyrate and dance close to him, my rear rubbing against his thigh. When the next song came on, we both started jumping into the forming mosh pit at the front of the club, near the decks.

I don't know how long I was dancing for, nor how many drinks I had gone to get throughout the set, although Steve was generous if nothing else, he paid for me all night. The set ended and the dance floor was clearing out, time had flown by, and the end of the night was here. I checked my watch and saw that it was 2am. I was still in the presence of Steve; he hadn't left my side, and we had a great time. Now with the music having dimmed and some lights coming on to help see people out, I got to see him in his entirety, as did he see me.

He was drunkenly staring at my tits. I was too inebriated to care, in fact, I was quite flattered that my Bs could garner such a gaze.

*This top makes them **pop**.*

“I’ll say...” Steve drunkenly replied.

“Did I say that out loud?” I slurred.

He nodded.

I looked down and saw my tits bulging between the cups of my bra, they were trying to bust the seam of my top.

“Wow...” I gasped. My hands cupping them.

They feel bigger...

I looked at Steve to see if I had said that out loud or not. By his reaction, either I did, and he was too fixated on my boobs, or I didn’t.

I’ll never know.

I was feeling rather horny, after a few drinks that is usually the case with me. I grabbed his hand and dragged him out of the club and started to take him back to Chloe’s. Neither of us were happy enough to walk that far without letting our inhibitions take over. I found his hands were quickly on my tits and his tongue down my throat, my hands were rubbing his thigh.

Thankfully I was drunk, or the smell of whiskey on his breath might have turned me off.

I enjoyed how he was so forceful in taking my kiss and manhandling my breasts, although they felt a bit sensitive. I moaned into his mouth. I wanted more. My hand started to reach for his cock, I was disappointed to find that he wasn’t hard, despite his vigour.

Well... We’ve got this far...

I started to stroke his flaccid member in his trousers, with my other hand I encouraged him to grope my tits.

Still nothing.

I was becoming frustrated.

Not that I wanted to fuck right here, I wanted to at least know that he was hard for me. A few more minutes of trying and there was still no life within his trousers. I had enough. I drunkenly pushed him off of me.

“I’ve... Got to go...” I slurred.

He made another advance for me, but I held him off. “If you didn’t have whiskey dick, I’d be taking you home right now.”

I stumbled towards Chloe’s, frustrated and horny.

Fucking men...

My walk home felt dizzy and bouncy. At some point I held my arm across my tits to stop them from bouncing too wildly. I stumbled into Chloe’s place and heard moaning coming from the living room.

Looks like Chloe and Nathan hit it off alright.

I bounced upstairs to the spare room, falling to my knees as I climbed more than once. I stumbled across the landing, dropping my bag onto the floor as I flopped onto the bed, letting out a yelp when I felt a pain in my chest when I fell to the mattress.

I closed my eyes and felt my world still spinning, the noise from downstairs slowly fading as I fell into a deep sleep.

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