

Big Boob Bayou

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"Oh dammit, Burt! I said drive this damn car nice and easy!" Gary Elmers, the redneck exclaimed as his massive breasts bounced and sloshed uncomfortably. It was a bumpy ride in the backseat of his son's car.

"Pa, I'm KURT!" Replied Gary's 17-year-old son. Kurt's twin brother Burt sat half turned around in the passenger seat staring in disbelief at his father's breasts that were slowly swelling up larger and larger in the backseat. His large, erect nipples protruded through his thin confederate flag t-shirt.

"I don't care which one ya are, just get me to that old hag's house!" He screamed as his son desperately navigated the dark woods searching for the old cabin secluded in the bayou. Everyone in town knew to steer clear of that old house. Everyone in town knew that an old witch lived there. However, much fewer people knew that the sexiest young woman in town lived there as well.

Brandy was the finest damn woman Gary had ever seen walk into his favorite dive bar. She had long legs, juicy thighs, wide hips, a slim waist, a pretty face, blonde hair, and a big, round pair of tits that would make strippers jealous. In fact, it was Gary that suggested she work at the local strip club after drunkenly hitting on her and getting turned down. He whistled at the sight of Brandy's big round booty filling out her short shorts as she angrily stomped out of the bar. He couldn't help but give it a good squeeze before she left. The voluptuous blonde gasped and slapped him before storming out in a rage. Gary and his friends all laughed.

Later that night, Agatha the witch herself burst through the door. No one could believe the words that came out of her mouth when she informed everyone that Brandy was in fact her daughter. Her *17-year-old* daughter. That's right, she was actually a classmate of Gary's own boys! She just wanted to see if she looked grown up and sexy enough to get into a bar without ID. Unfortunately for her, she was right. Unfortunately for Gary as well, as the old hag promptly placed a curse on him. She said it was quite the befitting one and cackled as she vanished into the night. Gary just laughed it off, but couldn't ignore the sudden tingling sensation in his chest.

That night, Gary tossed and turned in his bed. His wife Debra asked him what was wrong, but he just dismissed her and went back to sleep. He kept having dreams of his wife's breasts growing bigger and bigger. This was quite the pleasant dream already, but then it got even better. His wife suddenly transformed into beautiful young Brandy. Her breasts were still as engorged as Debra's were after they expanded, but then they started growing even more. This turned Gary on like crazy. Brandy moaned as Gary fondled her massive teenage tits. But then something strange happened. Suddenly, Brandy morphed into a large mirror. The mirror of course reflected Gary, but one thing was a bit off... well, *two* things... Jutting out from his chest were the gigantic jugs that Brandy had! Gary instantly woke up in a cold sweat and sat up in his bed. As he did, he felt an extra weight on his chest. He fearfully looked down and saw them protruding from his

chest... HE HAD TITS! He had grown sizeable breasts literally overnight! They weren't nearly as large as they had been in his dream, but they were at least D cup. As he heard his wife begin to wake up, he instinctively jumped out of bed and ran into the bathroom.

As he examined himself in the bathroom mirror, he could barely believe what he was seeing. His shirtless hairy chest definitely had two budding breasts protruding outward. In shock, Gary splashed his face with water in an attempt to snap out of this hallucination he was no doubt experiencing. Not only were his new boobs still there... they almost appeared to be growing. He knew that this couldn't be possible. Men don't just spontaneous grow breasts!

Out of desperation he warily tried to push them back into his chest, but they just seemed to continue slowly swelling. The surprising sensitivity of his breasts made them feel like much more than a hallucination. They felt all too real. He began to panic more and more. A part of him wanted to rush straight to the hospital, but another part of him was too mortified to go, imagining a doctor poking and prodding his baffling boobs and asking him questions that he couldn't answer. He feared he would become a laughing stock throughout the town and eventually throughout the whole country as stories of the man who grew breasts would spread throughout every news outlet as they continued to grow and grow bigger and bigger. His heart pounding, he resigned himself to just go back to bed and pray that the swelling in his increasingly womanly chest would go down and stay down without anyone being the wiser.

He couldn't sleep as he was painfully aware of every little sensation in his chest. Terrified to see how big his breasts were getting, he covered himself up to his neck in his blankets. Not only could he feel his chest continue to swell, but eventually it started to itch. He rubbed and scratched what felt like massive, highly sensitive water balloons rising under the covers. Unable to sleep and continuing to panic, Gary couldn't take it anymore and slowly pulled the blankets down to reveal the monsters on his chest.

It was all he could do to not scream at the top of his lungs as he saw two basketball sized breasts jutting out from his torso. His now hairless, smooth torso. To him, his cleavage was as deep as the Grand Canyon. His massive mounds jiggled and sloshed as he leapt out of bed. He rushed to the bathroom as he began to sweat which only made his impressive set of twins glisten as if covered in baby oil. The buxom man racked his brain to think of what could possibly be causing this nightmare that he couldn't wake up from. A severe allergic reaction? A new disease? No. he thought back to angry old Agatha back in the bar. Everyone always said she was a witch, but no one actually *believed* it? ...Right?

Gary had to get to the bottom this. He had to find a way to fix it. He could NEVER let his wife see him this way! With no choice, he burst through his sons' bedroom.

"Get up! I... I need one of you to drive me to ol' Agatha's place down in the bayou!" He barked. His twin sons began to groggily wake up.

"Huh? ...Pa? What time is it? It's still dark out." Kurt, asked in a confused, half asleep haze.

"It don't matter, just get up and get dressed, were goin' NOW!" Gary declared impatiently.

"But Pa, why do we gotta go to the old witch's house? That place gives me the willies." Burt sleepily replied.

"Yeah, and why can't you drive yourself?" Kurt asked. Gary frantically tried to think of a good excuse, but his growing breasts made it hard to focus. It killed his manly pride, but he was forced to just reveal the truth to his boys.

"Because... dammit, because of THESE!" Gary said as he turned on the lights and lifted up his shirt to reveal his massive tits to his sons. The boys finally roused awake fully as their jaws dropped.

After explaining that he feared his breasts were getting too large from him to be able to drive, Gary got in the car with his worried and confused sons and they sped to the woods. The twins tried not to stare at their father's... "*twins*", but it was difficult. They couldn't wrap their minds around the bizarre turn of events. As if things weren't strange enough already, Gary started to rub his large protruding globes. They ached with sensitivity and as he massaged them, he began to moan with what almost sounded like... pleasure. However, Gary's voice sounded different. His gruff, masculine voice was becoming soft and feminine. Gary was too distracted by all of the strange sensations in his engorged bosom to notice his voice changing. The boys on the other hand, were growing even more confused and concerned. Was this some contagious virus? Why were they headed to the old witch lady's cottage and not the hospital? Well, there was no time for those questions as they had finally arrived at their destination in the bayou.

Gary's new breasts were too heavy for him to keep his balance. Plus, he was feeling increasingly delirious, almost as if he really *were* sick with some new disease. With his boys' help, he hobbled up to the front door of the rickety, spooky shack. As the twins supported their father's compromised balance with his arm resting on their shoulders, they tried not to notice a few things: the soft, warm squish of their dad's massive new breasts pressing up against them, the large erect nipple protruding from his shirt which was beginning to tear from the strain of containing the swelling breasts, and the strange moans of pleasure escaping his lips that sounded decidedly sultry... even feminine. The three of them stood nervously before the witch's door. Kurt and Burt both had this inescapable feeling that they should not, by any means, be where they were currently standing. They felt like something terrible awaited them.

"Well... knock on the damn door, Burt." Kurt whispered anxiously, breaking the silence.

"Mm-muh... ME? Why the fuck do I have to...?" Burt replied fearfully before being cut off by his buxom father kicking the old wooden door.

"Get out here, witch! Fix whatever the hell you done to me right fuckin' NOW!" Gary demanded. Only it wasn't his normal voice that came out of his mouth. To Kurt and Burt's shock, their father's voice completely sounded like a woman's! Gary's tits had finally stopped growing after reaching the size of beach balls. They jiggled as he proceeded to bang on the door and beckon the old witch to answer. Suddenly, the door opened and the old, leathery, sagging hag stood before father and sons menacingly. As the old witch examined her handiwork, Gary and the boys stood there nervously. As Gary absentmindedly rubbed his enormous breasts, the witch let

out a terrifying cackle. Kurt and Burt stepped back, startled by this.

"Well, look at you, Gary! Those babies gotta be three or four times bigger than my daughter's! Though she's still got some growin' left to do. As you know, she's only seventeen like your handsome boys here." Agatha teased as she gestured toward Kurt and Burt. Being around the witch made their skin crawl. They just wanted to go home and fast. However, at the same time, they couldn't help but feel a strange, but continuously increasing feeling of arousal. Almost like there was something in the air in the dark bayou.

"Look, is this...? ...Did you put this curse on me to punish me for how I acted toward Brandy?" Gary asked, humiliated.

"Of course. I know you ain't the first drunken pervert to treat my beautiful Brandy the way you did, but who better to make an example of than Gary Elmers? Everyone in town knows you. And now when everyone sees those big udders of yours my little girl won't be known as having the biggest tits in town anymore."

"You're crazy, you old bitch!" Gary interrupted.

"And they'll know what happens when you mess with my daughter." The witch declared with a wicked smile. It was then that the voluptuous young Brandy came to the door.

"Mama, I told you don't do this! Please! I don't want this!" Cried the distraught girl. The twins' eyes couldn't help but be drawn to their curvaceous classmate. Burt didn't know what to say. The two of them actually dated briefly, but she had ended it because he would often pressure her for sex before she was ready and his brother would often flirt with her as well. Despite their father being cursed by a witch, the only things the boys' lustful thoughts could focus on were his massive tits and Brandy's sexy body.

"Quiet, Brandy!" The witch snapped back as she began to push her daughter back into their dilapidated little home.

"No! Mr. Elmers is a MAN! He doesn't deserve to spend the rest of his life with those huge boobs!" Brandy protested. Her mother cackled yet again.

"A *MAN*?! Why don't you tell them the truth, Gary?" Agatha said wickedly. Suddenly Gary's rage turned into shame as he tried to avoid eye contact with anyone. With a wave of the witch's hand Gary was awash in an overwhelming sensation. As he fell to the ground, he felt compelled to rip off his clothes as a warm, tingling arousal racked his body.

"Pa, what's wrong?!" Kurt asked, startled and confused. He was ashamed, but seeing his father's massive, naked bosom made his cock as hard as Gary's large nipples were. As their father lay naked and writhing with pleasure on the ground, the twins, as well as Brandy, were shocked to see that his male genitalia had transformed into female genitalia. Gary could only moan loudly as his moist new womanhood desperately longed to be penetrated for the first time. Brandy stared in horror at what her mother had done to the man.

"Ya see? Gary's no man. She *needs* a man." Agatha said with a wicked smile as she looked at Kurt. Kurt's arousal suddenly skyrocketed even higher as if something possessed him. He couldn't bare it anymore. As hastily removed his clothes, he knelt down to where Gary lay. The shame of what he was about to do to his father had been swiftly shoved deep into the back of his horny mind. Burt felt a mixture of disgust, shock, and jealousy as he watched his formerly male father get his new pussy pounded by his twin brother. They went at it like wild beasts without a care of who was watching. As Gary cried out in satisfaction, she shoved her mammoth breasts in her son's face. Kurt motorboated his father's enormous milk mountains as they bounced and jiggled wildly with every thrust.

"Oh, yes! YES! Give it to me boy! Pound your daddy's pussy!" Gary cried out. Burt was now just as erect as his brother.

"Oh shit yeah! You like it don't you daddy! DON'T YOU?!" Kurt taunted in a dirty talk tone. He was treating his own father like any other huge titted slut. Gary responded with her first female orgasm. She screamed in animalistic release as it rocked her entire body. It had only taken two minutes of her son's cock to set her over the edge. They kept going even more passionately. Burt couldn't move. He was still in complete shock at what was happening. He wanted this all to just be some horrible dream. He noticed that his dad had completely turned into a female version of himself, and appeared to have regressed in age to about eighteen years old. Her wavy black hair had only grown a little longer, but was still fairly short for a girl. Almost like she had grown up as a tomboy before her enormous tits and slutty sex drive kicked along with her a slim, smooth, supple body. As Burt was transfixed on his brother and transformed father, he was suddenly snapped out of his daze by the voice of Brandy.

"Burt, you have to get away! Get your daddy and Kurt back to your car and drive! I don't know what my mama's gonna do to you!" She implored frantically, her eyes welling up with tears. This caused the fear within Burt to overtake his lust and confusion as he instinctively grabbed Gary and Kurt by the arm, pulled them off the ground and ran with them toward the car. Gary couldn't run very well with her massive endowments bouncing all over the place. She had to stop just over halfway to the car due to her unsteady balance. As she looked down at her ridiculous breasts, she felt a twinge of regret that she was forced to abandon the fleeting hope of Agatha removing the curse she had placed on her. She considered going back and begging on her knees for her to change her back, but a part of her felt so ashamed of what she had just done with her own son that she deserved to stay cursed. And yet another part of her deep down inside that remembered the amazing feeling of being fucked by a hard cock didn't want to ever go back to having one. These confusing thoughts were suddenly shaken by the sound of her so Burt groaning loudly as he fell to his knees while holding his chest and privates.

"NO! Stop it, mama! You leave Burt alone!" Brandy screamed at her old witch mother.

"That's the one you used to date, ain't he? You told me he was too much of a boy, so just like his daddy, he don't deserve to be a man." Agatha replied ominously.

"Oh, Burt... I'm so sorry!" Brandy said, beginning to weep as she ran back into the shack. She

couldn't bring herself to witness what was about to happen.

"And besides, you don't want your daddy to suffer the curse all alone do ya?" Agatha teasingly asked Burt just before cackling into the night. Still transforming and groaning, Burt's voice started to become more high pitched as his frightened brother and female father picked him up and got him and themselves into the car. As they sped away from the cackling old witch, Burt continued to writhe as his mind and body were drowning in strange, overpowering sensations. More than anything, he felt an increasingly warm tingling in his chest and genitals. He suddenly erupted into a powerful orgasm which was too much for him to handle. As he began to pass out, that last thing he could notice was the feeling of his chest swelling and his privates shrinking...

3 months later, Brandy was walking with her best friend Bertha back to her house. She had been staying at Bertha's place a lot since she hated her mother for what she had done to the Elmers family on her behalf. Bertha still felt like Burt on the inside from time to time. As the days of being a beautiful bisexual girl continued to go on, she found herself feeling more and more female. She had shoulder length, curly, reddish brown hair, a beautiful face with full lips. She wore a flannel shirt, black flip flops, and a flowery skirt that she had borrowed from her mom. As the former boy looked down at her chest, she was still getting used to the fact that she had breasts the size of basketballs. The huge hooters bounced and swayed as she walked which annoyed her. Being a holdover from when she was a slim teenage boy, her flannel shirt could barely contain her prodigious bust which caused the ill-fitting top to be hiked up in a way that revealed her midriff. Its buttons threatened to burst from the strain. Unfortunately, since her former father still saw herself as the "man of the house" when it suited her, this meant the family's dwindling disposable income was used to update her own wardrobe first and Bertha just had to make due until she could get some clothes that actually fit.

"So... I been workin' on teaching myself some magic, but... I really don't have much of a knack for it like my mama does. Still, I think I found a spell that can change you back... I just don't wanna mess it up or make things worse..." Brandy said to her former boyfriend.

"I told you it's okay, Brandy. I mean it." Bertha replied.

"But..." Brandy said with concern.

"I'm okay. It's weird but I... I think I'm getting used to being a girl. It's not the end of the world like I thought it'd be at first, it's just... *different*." Bertha replied with a thoughtful expression. Brandy didn't know what to say. She still felt guilty.

"It's just because she's totally in love with Freddy Leeds." Kurt teased as he approached the two from behind. He was holding hands with his girlfriend Mary. Mary was slender with long legs that her tiny jean skirt and platform sandals accentuated nicely. Her dark hair was cut very short and her beautiful face was slightly offset by her stern, bitchy expression. However, the first thing anyone in their right mind would notice about her was her staggeringly enormous chest. Her sheer, yet stretchy white tank top struggled to contain breasts that were even bigger than Bertha's. They were fairly round, yet hung down just passed her belly button. They were as heavy as they looked which added to her usually annoyed demeanor.

"Shut up, Kurt." Bertha retorted to her brother timidly as she began to blush and look away. Brandy looked at her friend with surprise.

"Uh-uh, I don't think so. I'm tryin' out that boy first. We've been texting back and forth and he totally wants me." Mary said nonchalantly as she pulled her phone out her cavernous cleavage.

"What?!" Bertha replied, heartbroken. Kurt and Brandy simply sighed and rolled their eyes.

"I can show you a picture of his dick that he sent me if you want." Mary responded aloofly.

"God, what a sorry ass excuse for a *father* you are, GARY!" Brandy retorted with disgust.

"Hey now, you know that I don't go by that name anymore, goddammit! I wouldn't be so horny for high school boys if your damn mama didn't turn me into a teenage slut!" Mary replied in a harsh whisper.

"You *deserve* to be cursed." Brandy snapped at the former father. Since Gary was stuck as a girl with massive tits, she was too humiliated to let anyone in town know who she really was, so the Elmers family made up a story that Gary had cheated on his wife and skipped town for good. This left poor Debra to pick up his slack in terms of supporting the family. Gary was still living with her family, but whenever she and Debra couldn't stand each other, she would just go stay at her brother Rudy's place for a little while as she was now posing as his "daughter" from a past relationship. In the beginning of this arrangement, before Debra decided to let her former husband back in the house, Rudy had enrolled Mary in the same high school as Kurt and Bertha in order to stay close to them and his only possible hope of getting his life back, Brandy. However, she quickly took a liking to experiencing high school as a girl, and the boys certainly took a liking to her. The perverted father turned school slut had no plans of going to college after graduation. She figured with a body like hers she was only fit for one future... working at the local strip club.