

Sweetest Revenge

PART 1

A Galentines Event

Written by Jessie Star

Art by Grumpy-TG



Life working at the Bullseye Super Store was the perfect balance of tortures, being both tedious and strenuous. If you weren't going bored out of your mind, you were pressed and stressed to your last nerve, with no in-between. Will scratched his beard and looked at his cell phone, groaning that only 4 minutes had passed since he last checked. "I swear, this place is indeed hell." He took a selfie looking as if the life had been sucked out of him and sent it to his friend Alexander with the caption "Rotting in hell, wish you were here." A reply came back to him shortly:

“If you are sending me this shite to mess up my interview so I’m stuck in the same job as you... I will kick your ass!” Alexander was the only person working the store that liked Will, and now he might lose him to the programmer lead position Alex had groomed himself for with years of college and dual jobs. This new one, if he landed it, would pay double his two jobs combined and that would mean bye-bye, Bullseye... and Will. It was best not to think about such things, losing the only co-worker who found you somewhat tolerable. That grasped you could be a little arse-hole.. but also still someone good inside? Maybe... Deep deep down in his core? But probably not, after all, Will had already returned to browsing the net behind his cart of store returns set to go back on the shelves. People were idiots, Will thought. Buying what they don’t need again and again only to return them. If they would just take a moment to double-check their shopping, he wouldn’t have to pretend to be putting these back while he ran out the clock on the day’s hours. Pathetic.

“Excuse me, sir?” A woman off to Will’s side called. Fuck. Maybe she was talking to someone else. If he just sat still maybe she would move on. She cleared her throat. “Sir, may I have some help, please?” Guess she wasn’t a Jurassic Park T-Rex, she saw him even standing still.

“Oh sorry ma’am, I have to get these back on the shelf.” He looked up, the “ma’am” seeming to land hard as her expression went from hopeful to slight grimace. She was a pretty woman but suffering a bit of wear. The three kids whining and tugging on her to go here or get this were the likely culprits. Once athletic and vibrant, Dana now had a couple of coats of life added, some pudginess here, some wrinkles there. Maybe a gray hair hiding in her pulled-back blonde dye job. Her breasts and ass, once firm, now prone to a little sag that went well with the droop of her shoulders that marked her long exhausting day as a full-time mother of three.

“It will just take a second.” The slight edge added to her voice signaled she was annoyed that she even had to make a plea for help. “I just can’t reach this LEGO set on the top shelf. Tommy wants it for his birthday.”

If you ordered online, you’d have it dropped on your doorstep! he internally griped. With a deep sigh, he walked over to the shelf. “Which one am I getting?” Will’s voice teetered between unenthused and aggravated. The woman looked tiny next to Will in his maroon shirt and khaki pants, just over six feet tall with his mop of blonde hair and bristly face. The two couldn’t be more opposite. With a grumble, he followed her finger to the box and got it down. Putting it in the basket next to some groceries and a cheesy Valentine’s box of chocolates, he avoided the snotty hands of a two-year-old sitting in the front of the shopping cart. These kids were a mess, she was a mess. People biting off more than they can chew for what... love? It was a good thing Will doubted anyone would ever fall for him, family life looked abysmal.

“Thank you so much, if you can just ring me up I would be so grateful!”

“You can go to the front of the-”

She cut him off, desperation in her voice, pointing to the electronics counter. "That's a register, right? Please, I can barely keep them in line anymore today... save us from waiting in those horrible lines after over an hour of shopping."

Will's eyes narrowed for a moment, simmering at the guilt trip she just tried to pull. *If kids are so hard to shop with, shop on days you can leave them with someone!* he reasoned. Then, a smile crossed his face as genuine as he could make it look. "I'm supposed to be on break already ma'am, these darn returns are eating up all my lunch hour, but I'll tell you what. Let me go find you someone."

And with that Will turned on his heels and walked away, grabbing his cart and disappearing out of sight. He really didn't want to be a bad guy, but he didn't want to be an overworked good one at the beck and call of three little gremlins and their worn-out soccer mom either. His relief to be out of the cacophonous racket of the woman's brood was too strong, however, and he "forgot" to call someone to ring up her purchase as he promised to.

With a big sigh, he parked his shopping cart full of returns and sat behind a shoe rack where no one could see him, and as if on cue his phone started to vibrate. Alexander, a normally by-the-book guy, was calling Will during his work hours, something big must have happened.

"Alex? You alright man?"

"I got it! I got it, man!" Alexander's voice was high with excitement and energy.

"Got what?" Will tried to play it stupid, hoping against hope he wasn't about to be alone, in the world's worst job.

"The bloody job, mate!"

"I thought you were just... interviewing today," Will mumbled.

"So did I! But they're a startup. They are excited to get fresh, new people or... who even cares, I'm about to make five times what I'm making as a supervisor!" Alexander was downright giddy.

"So, I'm losing you as a co-worker... are you going to find better lodgings next?" Will picked up one of the toy dolls in his cart and dropped it, like a bored cat with a dead bird.

"Wha- no! I wouldn't do that to you! You're my best mate. Heck, when our lease is up we could find a new, better place, easy!" Alexander could hear the discouragement in Will's voice. They both hated the Bullseye, but he had hoped that Will could be a little happy that one of them was out.

“There’s no way I could hold down half on a better place,” Will sulked.

“No, you just keep paying what you’re paying, I’ll cover the rest. Maybe we can get you a job at my new-“

“I... I can’t really talk much right now, Alex.” *Why am I getting so down about this?* Will asked himself.

“You hav’n an especially bad day?” Alex wished his interview wasn’t so far away. He wanted to come in and drop off his quitting news with the manager, maybe steal Will away for some video games and beer.

“Same ol’ same old,” Will huffed. “Though an extra wench was added to the mix, with a brood of evil goblins. I hate how everyone wants sympathy for their hard lives but treats us like servants ready to bend over backward to their whims.”

“I’ve dealt with my share of overstressed parents. Never comfortable for either side.” Alex was going to be so happy to be out of that miserable hole.

“Both sides? I have no side in her ‘popping out more than she can handle’ dilemma. If she didn’t want a barbarian horde tugging on her yoga pants, she should have kept her... legs... shut... I have to go.” Will hung up; the woman from earlier was standing there, face red as a beet. “Hello, ma’am, can I help-” He tried to put on a smile but... he had been overheard for sure.

“How dare you!” Will opened his mouth to reply but she wasn’t having any of it. “Keep my legs closed?! I have half a mind to speak to your supervisor.”

“That might be tricky, he just got a new job,” Will spat. He was just going to get a write up for this one. It wasn’t worth being a verbal punching bag.

“You didn’t even get me help, I had to beg for the help I got, and now you’re talking shite about me, you little pissant!” Mother of the year award for this one, cursing with her little ones as an audience. “If you hate your job so much, maybe find a place that doesn’t make you such a bitter arse!”

“And if you don’t want to be a mother, maybe you shouldn’t-” he bit his lip; he had never been like this with a customer before. His depression and frustration were just pouring out his seams.

“Shouldn’t what? You have NO idea what it’s like being a woman, a mother. How hard of a job it is... how little respect you get! Hey... hey, I’m talking to you!” She growled as he turned his back on her and quickly pushed his cart back to the register between clothing and toys where this had all began, her growls and curses fading behind him.

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“You told her... you would get her help, and then just walked off? You think I like dealing with customers you piss off? And you told her you had to put back returns and you haven’t even put anything back. I am furious, William!” said Samantha, a girl who worked in the clothing department and apparently had to ring up the mother from earlier.

“I get it. Sorry... just a bad day.”

“Well, now I’m having a bad day as well!” the short girl ran her fingers through her curly hair and huffed. “Like... I should tell Alex about this.”

Will stopped and thought; the idea clicked in his mind that he could look both agreeable and not see any consequences. “You know what Samantha? I fucked up and... you should tell him. That’s super fair.” He said with a nod, and she seemed to accept it. She grumbled an “ok then” and disappeared back into the racks of the clothing department. Will reached into his cart to put away some women’s yoga pants when he spotted the woman’s Valentine’s box of chocolates on the ring-up counter. It was a shiny red box in the shape of a heart, its cover scrawled with a misspelled ‘Milf’ chocolate, instead of ‘milk.’ He hadn’t seen anything like these anywhere in the store, so he reprinted her receipt and it had been rung up... AS Milf Chocolates even. “That’s some weird shit right there.” He shook his head. Then it dawned on him, the woman had to have gone a while ago, doubtful to come back. And the chocolates had already been taken out of inventory. “I suppose... I can just say she bought me a treat for how bad of a day she caused. Karma and all that.” Will smirked and broke the wrapper off the heart box. Inside were twenty-one assorted bite-sized chocolate hearts, with one white chocolate in the center. “Ah, sweet revenge is mine.”

Will spent the next half hour making his trips back to the shelves take as long as possible. In his boredom, he would eat a couple of chocolates, take some pictures of him eating chocolates for Alex, captioned “You got a better job, but I got all the chocolate, bitch!” And so it went from twenty-one... to sixteen, to eleven. His last picture was of him holding up the white chocolate, giving it the middle finger. “Not a fuckin’ chocolate,” but he slowed on the five left after that. Will put a hand on his gut and sighed, some unfamiliar rumbles and gurgles bubbling under his palm. “Oof... chill out,” he said, patting his abs, the last five chocolates being eaten with bigger gaps. By the end, Will threw the box with its single white chocolate on the counter by the dressing rooms and looked at his cart, almost empty. “Maybe those candies were a bad idea... it’s what I get for eating cheap *chooo-uug!*” Will doubled over, his eyes going disturbingly wide. He couldn’t quite place what the feeling could be compared to. Not a stomach pain, or flu symptom, but a fullness and heated throb that was spreading from his gut up into his rib cage and down into his pelvis. The sales clerk’s body buzzed with energy, jittering like a giant vibrator. Most awkward of all, the heat had poured into his balls and penis, both feeling bloated and full and swelling quickly against his pants. He was only able to let out a whimper before the

pressure that had built up in his gut gave a final surge like a hatch inside him had been blown open. The feelings rushed full force up to his scalp and down to his toes, and when it could go no further it raced back to his center pulling on his whole body with a CRUNCH!

“Gaaaah!” Will staggered into a rack of clothing, flush and panting. He rubbed his beard as he stretched his jaw; every bone in his body felt weird and off... and yet... “No pain?” he wondered, what the hell had that been? Everything felt awkward. From his dewy skin to his uniform feeling a little baggy on his shoulders. The sales clerk dropped his hand only to jump from a jolt as his palm passed over his nipple. “*Hnnnng* what the hell!” he whimpered. Why was his chest so sensitive? He wandered over to a long mirror set up so people could try on sunglasses, made sure no one was looking, and lifted his shirt. “Woah!” On his slightly hairy chest sat his nipples, both stretched wide into two big circles with a plump hard teet in the middle of each one. They resembled lady nipples no doubt, firm and throbbing. He tried to touch one but it was still insanely sensitive. Even around his hard nipple nubs, his pectorals felt swollen and soft. What an odd allergic reaction this was. He dropped his shirt as another wave built in his gut. “Oh nnnnooo!” His breathing got raspy and frantic. He pushed down on his belly, hoping to stop the next building surge. Its odd, hot, electrical zapping heat was already giving him goosebumps again. “Breathe, breathe, and get your *ppppphhoooo nngggg!*” He pushed hard against the pressure, and this time it just sank downwards into his pelvis. Will’s cock throbbed angrily in his boxers, wanting to release its load. The undergarments beneath his pants seemed to shrink against his dick, though the reality was it was his ass that was growing. The surge was now making the rear of his seat swell; he reached behind his back, shocked to feel two soft orbs instead of his normal flat butt. This was too much. Will had to get off the store floor and make a phone call. He saw that the changing rooms were just around the corner, so he reached for his shopping cart and tried to hide behind it as he pushed forward to the changing rooms.

“Okay, just get out of sight and make a call... maybe an ambulance or *hnnnnng*, no, no, not again!” Another surge building his gut exploded through his body with a gasp and then pulled back again, like mass was being sucked from his extremities and drawn into... oh wow. Leaning over he felt it, weight shifting on his chest attached to his rib cage. The man peeked down the neckline of his maroon polo shirt and could see them. He had man tits. Even if he didn’t look, he could feel their subtle sway and bobble as he sped up his walking. Will gave his shirt a tug and found out quickly that was a horrible idea. The rough material of his uniform dragging against his hypersensitive nipples made him let out a shocked, high pitched wail. He fell to his knees shuddering, cupping the masses and their thick nipple tips that left ever-present outlines, one even lifting his name tag slightly. There was no time to recover; the fourth wave was building already, even crawling slowly he could feel swelling pushing into his thighs, ass, and hips, which popped and cracked like an old man’s as he attempted to stand. He reached into the cart and grabbed his phone along with some clothes to hold in front of the small hills on his chest. Small golden hairs were falling on them as his face tingled and shed. He wasn’t aware of his facial hair falling out, or his arms and legs shedding. Or even that he had shrunk more than a foot. He just had to get to the changing room, that’s all that mattered. He dashed, one of his shoes falling off his feet, his hair getting in his face as another surge blossomed. Like balloons

rising up his core and into his... bosom? Even stumbling in his too-long pants, squashing the masses on his ribs, he could feel them, stretching, growing, inch by erogenous inch. His shirt tugged and tightened as the tits demanded more space. Will convulsed as he slammed into the changing stall red, out of breath, and insanely turned on.

Will tried to catch his breath and steady himself, but almost screamed when he saw some blonde girl was in the room with him. His body seized and so did hers, his hand shot to his mouth and so did hers. The "girl" in the mirror... was him! Well, not a girl, but something insane was happening to him and if his mother had twins and one was a girl... today she would look just like he did now. The sales clerk smooched and squeezed his smooth face with new dainty hands; there were many aspects of him still there, but softer and more feminine. His nose was smaller, brow smooth and less prominent, and his hair! It was longer, hanging past his jawline. Even his eyelashes were longer, and while everything was changing one side seemed faster than the other-

"Oof" Will groaned when his elbow bumped one of the newly plump, extra sensitive masses on his chest. Looking back to make sure he had closed the door, the anxious young man grabbed his work polo gently and lifted, watching the girlish figure in the mirror do the same, face wincing as it caught his boobs and nipples for a brief moment before they flopped down into full naked view. "T-tits" he stuttered. "I have actual 'tits'! Not pecs, not moobs but-" Will gently squeezed one, feeling his legs go weak. God, he could feel it, from both ends. His probing nimble fingertips sank into the warmth. His chest felt full and heavy and bloated, wobbling like boneless appendages, and zapping pleasure to his nipples and dick as he squeezed. The insane amount of pleasure made him jump, and those firm swaying C cup breasts bounced and swayed in reaction. "What do I do? Is this like... a hallucination? I can't have just... grown boobs!" In a moment of fear, even though he could feel it throbbing below, William struggled to get his pants off to make sure he still had his dick. His work khakis were loose on his waist, but he found they needed a little effort to get over his hips. A final tug and both his pants and boxers fell to the ground, his painfully hard dick swaying free. Okay... good, he still had his dick. His body was softer...and shorter, and way smoother, but that was still his face and penis. Looking over his body some more sent another wave of arousal to his balls and he covered his face as the frustration grew.

"Okay, think man. Your nipples are way too sensitive to shove back in your shirt, you need a plan." The words left his mouth and immediately the answer was provided. In the pile of clothing he had brought in with him was a red satin D cup bra. He didn't know if it was the right size, he wasn't even sure how to put it on, but he knew it was going to be much better on his pencil-eraser-sized nubs than the rough polo. He struggled, learned, and overcame how to latch a bra's hooks and twirl the cups back to the front, working hard to see around and ignore the wobbling bits of his body that made him feel like he was dipped in a naughty Instagram photo. William gingerly scooped the blobs of warm sensitive flesh glued to his ribs and lowered them into the cups, their cool material soothing. It was too big, but the support was nice all the same. Through the hefted cleavage he saw his hard swaying dick and grabbed it in frustration. "Can

you chill out?" he demanded. But his tiny feminine hand struggled to grip his shaft, feeling so much girthier in his narrow grip. His hands were also soft and girly, and it felt like he was about to get a hand job from a small petite cutie, but HE was that "cutie." Even disgusted with himself over the thoughts, he couldn't help giving a little pump, and then another. He moaned involuntarily and then brought his palm to his mouth, gave it a lick, and returned his tiny hand to his throbbing pole. Will let out the tiniest of burbs, the faint reminder of his chocolate gorging invading his mouth.

GUrgle gUrgle- went his stomach, building in heat and pressure again, even as another pump to his plumbing made it seep a tiny dot of pre-cum. "Are you kidding me?!" his voice cracked. His masturbating hand returned to his gut, feeling it bloat and tighten. He was changing again? Why was it starting... again?! *Unless...* he paced in the changing room, his penis and tits swaying with each step. What if... each surge was from a chocolate? He had maybe five surges so far, but he had eaten a whole box! As he anxiously whined he felt the wave push low into his body, making him crouch and shiver. The Bullseye employee squeaked girlishly as the heat and pressure and pleasure went right to his ass and balls. Like someone had put a hose in him and pumped his skin full of hot Jello. He needed to get out of here, now! Grabbing his pants and boxers, he kicked and shimmied to get them on and over his swelling butt, now a smooth set of firm cheeks. A bubble butt that looked like an Instagram model's hard work from daily squats, and it bounced and swayed with every pant tug just like the videos such girls would put online. The worst moment was when he went to zip the pants shut and he couldn't get the fly closed. A good two-inch gap was in the front of his pants, and though his waist had shrunk, between his booty and hips, his pants would no longer fit. With a girlish growl, he wrestled them back off and grabbed the women's yoga pants that he had brought in with him. Will stuck his smaller feet through the garment with a huff, bending over to drag the clingy material up his wider thighs and hips. This caused his pert breasts to sway and jostle in their satin cups. Another bloated pressure and a surge bubbled up his chest and into his bosom. He snapped back to standing, sending his new bits wildly bouncing here and there. They warmed and buzzed, the skin and nipples stretching as more size and weight blossomed until they fit the cups perfectly. The bra finally held his breasts in place, settling with a fair amount of cleavage and a bit shiny with perspiration. They throbbed with agitating levels of pleasure that made his mind cloudy and knees shake. And still, his boner demanded attention, now tenting his mom-bod workout bottoms. That's what he was starting to look like, a young thick mother with a raging cock whose demands were the strongest he had felt in his whole life, as if choking his shaft was a matter of life and death.

"Are you kidding me right now?!" he screeched in a voice decidedly a bit too high and pouty for his pride to ignore. He was so angry and bewildered and... frustrated! The word rang too loudly in his mind as he pulled his phone and wallet from his khakis and threw the useless pants to the ground. "I need to take a picture before Alex doesn't recognize me," he muttered as he took a selfie and typed the words. "It's me! Help! Meet me at the apartment!" It took a few attempts to hit send as his longer fingernails made it harder to operate his touch screen. He hoped Alex could tell it was him and blushed deep red when he saw how much cleavage was in

the angle of the sent picture. He needed to leave, but... he couldn't while his penis pushed out his yoga pants to the point where you could look past the waistband and see the slick veiny shaft. "FINE!" Will pulled the pants down to his creamy thighs and sat down hard on the changing bench. His plump peach of an ass spread across its cool surface wider than it should have, like someone had attached a little throw pillow to his bum, but at the moment he couldn't care less. He needed relief. His hand pumped his needy cock frantically, the milking motion stirring his balls and driving more fluid to the tip. "Please..." he panted, frantic and furiously masturbating for all he was worth. His curly blonde locks stuck to his face, which he swept away with his well-manicured free hand before he moved it to his bouncing bosom. The jacking off was sending his red packed bra bouncing left and right, straps digging into his slight shoulders. He used his arm to stabilize it. As the hand cupped one of his tits he found himself fondling it, adding more heat and lust to his body. A fire bubbled in his belly again, this time he almost mistook it for a coming orgasm, but the weight it added to his core cued him in that more change was about to hit. "Please... please let me cum! I need this... I need it!" Tears rolled from his eyes. He sounded like some nympho 18-year-old trying to lose her virginity freshman year of college. It was so wrong in his head but it didn't matter. He closed his eyes and imagined it was a girl whimpering to him, her hand on his shaft. Desperation was leading him to a crazy road. "Will," he said his name out loud. "Cum for me, Will. Please cum in me!" No no NO! That wasn't working. He was in too much of an existential crisis to hear his own name. Maybe a porno star or the hot woman who ran the warehouse... Or... "Alex!" He called half in a cry for help and half-trying to imitate the girls he used to masturbate to while his roommate had loud "guests" over. "Yes, Alex let me cum!" He squealed as bubbles of pressure and heat swam upwards and settled in his mammaries while another wave took its place in his belly. "Squeeze my big fat titties, Alex, make me cum!" As the words left his full glossy lips he could feel the fat gathering in his hand, pushing out his throbbing nipple further, muffining over the top. He could only think of getting off, the fact he was outgrowing a D cup meant nothing! His eyes snapped open to the blond in the mirror with her legs spread and tits shaking under her arm. Eyes full of a primal need and he had to ignore that she looked like him. That he was wrapped in that panting, jiggling body of a girl. "Alex now, please... cum! Cum in meeeee!" He almost screamed as the second wave sank low in his pelvis and rang right to the tip of his dick. It was shrinking in his hand as a massive bolt hit his genitals and zapped up his spine to his skull, the pumping never ceasing... Was he going soft? Had he cum? Was his hand getting bigger again? Was he cured? The swirling high in his brain that was mimicked in his manhood made the room spin, and sensations hard to place. Were his balls emptying? Had he just cummed on that hot blonde in the mirror's abs? What the hell was.... Mmmph.

Will froze as he felt his long thin fingers part his velvety flesh and sink deep inside him. They were holding his dick one moment and now, somewhere beneath his satin-clad breasts, they were inside him. They were shoved inside where his ball sack should be! His stomach felt displaced, rearranged as something besides the odd sensations settled there. Missing balls turned ovaries, a blooming uterus? Who knew, all he could focus on was the fact that he had two fingers knuckle deep, wrapped in the most sensitive flesh he had ever experienced... and the heat that had caused it wasn't done. His body clenched down on his fingers, his other hand pulling from his tit and landing on his wallet and phone trying to stabilize from the biggest wave

of erotic madness yet. The girl in the mirror opened her pouty mouth wide and...

“AaaaaaAAAAALEXDER!!!”