

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

A pervert is cursed to gain a pound for every naughty thought they have. They try to stop the flow of perverted thoughts but can't help themselves

Contains: *Weight Gain*

Clean Thoughts

Naomi sat in the middle seat in the back of the UberXL. She tried not to think about the warmth on her hips from the women who sat on either side of her. They were her friend's sisters. "Friend" was a generous word. Sierra was her college roommate. They'd barely spoken in the past ten years. And yet, the invitation to be a bridesmaid was something one simply didn't refuse. So here she was, sitting hip-to-hip with Sierra's little sisters. Both in their twenties, one with Sierra's genes, the youngest, Blake, seemed to have gotten a double visit from the boob fairy.

No, stop it! None of that!

Naomi felt her pants get a little more tight as she resisted the urge to look down Blake's skin-tight tank top. She saw the redhead's freckled cleavage in her mind anyway. She couldn't help it.

Fuckin curse...

She'd spent the last two years living the mental life of a monk. Not those secretly-gay monks, either. A real enlightened, stoic monk. The kind who never thinks about how warm and squishy Blake's gazongas would feel in her hands...

Naomi's pants cut into her belly as she gained another pound.

God damnit!

Baseball players, the ugly ones. Politicians, screwing the voters while shopping for second yachts.

At least this bachelorette party wasn't likely to cause her too many problems. Naomi had *no* interest in guys. Especially not the muscley, gym bro kinda guys that became male strippers. Sure, being around Sierra was bad enough. Finding one of her roommate's bras in college and reading 30D on the tag was a memory Naomi had returned to many times over the years before she'd gotten cursed.

Now, she was guaranteed to feel the consequences of her dirty thoughts. She'd been a bitch to some hack fortune teller on a boardwalk, and the old hag cursed her.

"Whenever wicked thoughts fill thy mind, an extra pound thy body shall find."

It wasn't until months later Naomi understood the witch's words. After a round of jilling off to pictures of pre-weight-loss Adele, she couldn't get her pants to button back up.

It's fine. It'll be fine. Robert Pattinson, Ryan Gosling. The stupid, simpering straights who lust after those fucks.

The party filed into the bar with plenty of "woos" and insistence on "shots!"

Naomi could *not* drink tonight. If she let her inhibitions drop, she'd wake up a size thirty-eight and need a different bridesmaid dress. She held up a hand to decline the tiny glass of tequila offered to her.

"Naomi, what the fuck?" Sierra called.

Naomi glanced at her "friend." Sierra's crop top hung from her tits, making them seem even bigger. Even Blake was looking at her.

This is a whole family of big-titted enablers.

"Just one," Naomi said, downing the shot.

"I heard someone ordered a... Oh. This is a *bachelorette* party?"

The stripper was a woman. A slutty nurse. A slutty nurse with a huge rack.

Doctors. Insurance. The medical industry getting rich off people suffering...

The dancer did her best. Sierra and the other cisgirls in the group declined her offers, and she inevitably stepped in front of Naomi.

“What about you, big girl? Can I make your night a little better?”

Her pink bra was showing through her white lab coat. The button popped off Naomi’s pants.