

Prologue

I wish I could tell you that this was a story of comeuppance, revenge, and appropriate punishment. I really wish I could tell you that today's victims were jerks, douchebags, that they had done something vile to deserve what was going to happen to them. Unfortunately, the truth is that these men were just men, all that simply at the wrong place and the wrong time.

Madam Jericho had spent her life prosecuted by men, rejected and outcast, until she was finally burned at the stake as punishment for witchcraft, hundreds of years ago. And while that was a false accusation at the time of her living, her intense hatred of men and violent death turned her soul into a vengeful spirit, bound to the place of her burning. Now, every few years, she awakens, and curses men that venture too closely to her final resting place, whether they be guilty or innocent, evil or pure, bad, or good. She makes no such distinction, as her intense hatred encompasses all men, and she is deprived of any empathy for the gender that had tormented her so long ago.

This time in her dormant state, Madam Jericho had prepared cursed cards, each of which had been enchanted with an aspect of men's desire, a sexual stereotype. The spirit wanted to punish men and make them suffer as she did, so she usually turned them into women to provide them with some change of perspective. But being a woman in itself wasn't truly a punishment, in fact half the population got along very well with being a part of the fairer sex. So, she liked to add some compulsions, forced behaviors that would make their new lives more difficult, and this time around, it was a curse of nymphomania. The new women would find themselves addicted to sex, with men, as their sexual orientation would switch at the same time as their gender. But sex itself wasn't so bad either, so she would impose conditions on each one of them, leaving them unable to receive satisfaction or orgasm if those weren't met, leaving their new libido and sex drive unfulfilled. Such was the nature of this curse, to become the ultimate female sexual stereotype.

So, in that night, she awakened, hiding in the darkness, her vague translucent form basically invisible in the dim evening light. She had only accumulated enough energy to prepare six cursed cards and would go back to her dormant state once these had been distributed, but for now she lurked, seeking out potential victims. As her requirements weren't very restrictive, just any man would do to unleash her ancient fury, she quickly found the targets she was looking for. This area had changed a lot since the time when she was alive, and no signs of what transpired here remained. Now this place was just a local park, with nice, grassed areas, trees, and a beaten path.

There wasn't a lot of traffic at this time of day, but enough that she would soon encounter all her victims. There was an average guy with glasses, not super fit but also not overweight, focused on his phone and not very aware of his surroundings. There was a chubby man, carrying a bag of take out, walking as fast as he could, huffing and puffing as he went. A tall man in his early thirties also walked by, wearing a button up with rolled sleeves and khakis, carrying a book. A couple was taking a stroll, hand in hand on the path, enjoying a leisurely pace, content with each other's presence. She slipped the cursed cards on her targets without them noticing. As soon as they would find the cards, the curse would activate, changing them forever.

Kyle

Kyle groaned as he got back home from his daily hunt in Pokémon Go. He hadn't caught anything worth his while, so he decided to simply call it a night, head home, and play some switch before going to bed. But as he shut his phone off and dropped his bag he got an eerie feeling, some kind of foreboding dread, like something bad was about to happen. Looking at his bag, the feeling reinforced, and his instinct was to just run away as fast as he could. But he didn't, his intellectual curiosity was too strong for that. He had to know what was causing that fear to surge within him in such an unnatural fashion. Opening his bag, he checked the contents. Notebooks, his laptop, deck of Pokémon cards, his phone charger and spare battery, nothing was out of the ordinary. He was about to account all this to simple delusion and put his bag away when a hit of darkness caught his eye in his deck of Pokémon cards, black as opposed to the blue back the cards usually have. Inspecting it, he noticed that this card was indeed different from the others, slightly bigger and made from thicker, more durable material. Curious, he withdrew it from the deck of cards, looking at it.

He blinked in surprise as soon as he saw the image on it. It was a drawing of a man and a woman kissing outside in nature, very naked, with the man's dick hard from arousal. The man was clearly married, but the thought bubble made Kyle think that the woman probably wasn't, and that the man was actually cheating on his wife with her. This thought was confirmed when he read the text at the bottom of the card.

"The Homewrecker? What does that even mean?"

His question would soon be answered, as thunder clapped above him outside in the night sky, even if no clouds had gathered and rain wasn't falling. Then a booming female voice, hoarse and croaking like an ancient woman's, resounded through his apartment.

"I bestow upon you the curse of The Homewrecker! You are destined to leave behind your life as a man, and fully become a woman. And to repent for your sins as a man, you will be forced to become an incarnation of male sexual desire, a Homewrecker! Your lust for men shall be great and unrelenting, but to receive pleasure, you will have to sleep with men already in a relationship with another woman, lest you be left unsatisfied by the encounter. Such is your fate."





Kyle looked at the card in surprise, seeing the woman turn her head towards him, and smile. Then the card vanished from his hand in a blinding flash of light. As it disappeared, so did its magic take effect. Suddenly Kyle felt his body seize up, a rush of changes taking over him all at once. His hair tumbled down past his cute, feminine face with painted lips. His waist caved in, and hips popped out, giving him an alluring hourglass shape that all men would drool over. His dick shot up in him as his ass plumped out. A tattoo sleeve rolled down his thin, smooth, and hairless arm, giving him a naughty look. Finally, his clothes reformed, glasses vanishing as he wouldn't need them anymore, his casual outfit becoming a very sexy and revealing skirt and tank top, finishing his physical change into a woman.

But the changes weren't merely physical, as burning lust overtook his new feminine pussy, irradiating throughout his body, making him pant with need. He needed to get fucked. Immediately, discarding his bag and Pokémon cards, he sat on his bed, spreading his legs, and massaging his new cunt through his panties.

While that felt good, it was clearly not enough for the new woman, who quickly removed the interfering piece of clothing, and masturbated for the first time as a girl. The pleasure she felt was great, amazing even, but somehow, she couldn't bring herself to orgasm, only to the edge. She ended up covered in sweat, her burning need far from sated, in fact the craving had only become worse, the stimulation bringing her pleasure but not relief. Remembering the words of the curse, she knew that no amount of self stimulation would ever satisfy her. She needed a man, a taken man, for her to finally get the relief this body desperately needed. Unable to resist the urge and fight this curse, she got dressed again, and out into the night, seeking a potential suitor to bring back home.

The first night was unfruitful. Kyle, who now chose to go by Kayla, as to not rise any suspicion on her real identity, couldn't find any man that corresponded to her specific criteria to take her. She lacked knowledge or experience in that kind of thing and didn't even know where to start. She went to bars, nightclubs, but every man that was obviously taken outright refused her advances, being in the presence of their partners, and those that weren't seemed to be taken aback by her strange question. One did say that he would sleep with her even if he had a girlfriend but seeing as Kayla was once again stuck in the same loop of denial and frustration as he fucked her in the alley behind the bar, he had probably just been lying to comply with her weird line of questioning and get to sleep with the beautiful babe she had become. She went home, distraught, and scared, confused by the events of that night, and distracted by the raging desire still emanating from her loins.

It took a while for Kayla to get a hang of her curse, and all its implications. She did a few more outings like the first one, some of them had resulted in successful encounters, bringing her to her first female orgasm, and finally some respite from her ever-growing lust. Some had been unsuccessful, leaving her pent up, horny and in a bad mood. Over time she started noticing signs and developing her skills as a homewrecker who could only sleep with unavailable men.

Older men were easy targets for respite, but she only used those as last resort, as she

wasn't as attracted to them as younger, more fit men, but they did the trick in a pinch, if she hadn't gotten laid in a few days. For younger men, the signs were more subtle, but still there. Discoloration on the finger where the ring spent most of its time but had been removed, quick furtive looks at the door in panic when a seemingly familiar face walked in, and stuff like that. These were the prime targets for Kayla.

But now, she had setup an even better scheme. She had a regular, a man she met once, and then again, and again. He was in a train wreck of a marriage, out of love with his wife, and not sleeping with her. Kayla simply provided some relief to the poor man... as well as to herself. She would visit him during office hours, to keep their affair a secret. It did the trick, and satisfied her unnatural cravings quite well, without the hassle of going out to clubs every night, and hunt for someone to fuck. He did propose to leave his wife for her once, which she categorically refused, obviously. At least for now she had a good handle on her curse, with a good thing going. She truly was the other woman, a Homewrecker.

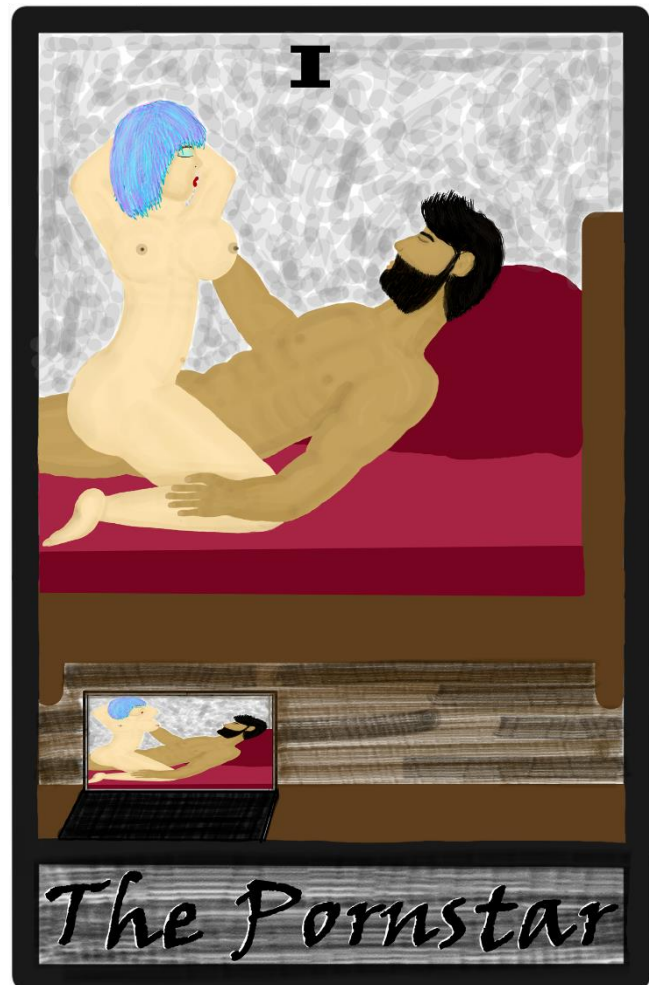


Cody

Cody was huffing and puffing by the time he got to his room in his parent's basement. He promised himself that he would get back in shape for the 10th time this month, as he dropped his bag of take out next to his computer on his desk. Normally he would have had the food delivered instead of having to go out, but his parents were out of town and the money they had left him for the week was already running low, so he had to ration it. He powered up his system, eager to get back to his games. Not that he did much else, he didn't have many real-life friends, so his socializing happened pretty much only online, and he had yet to find a job. His parents had insisted he go to college, but after flunking out he had promised he would find some work. It had been months now, and he was still jobless, living in his childhood room. He felt they were starting to get exasperated with him, but he just didn't have the energy or will to find a job. But he didn't want to stay here until he was thirty, so he promised himself he would finish filling out his resume and start applying for jobs nearby... tomorrow. Tonight, he would take some time to relax, eat and play some games.

As he opened the bag of food next to him, he noticed an odd card sitting on top of his order. At first, he figured it must have been some kind of promotion or coupon, but upon inspecting it closely he found that it was none of those things. It featured a woman riding on top of a man, her arms raised behind her head to make her tits pop out as she impaled herself on his dick. They were on a bed, and on a table next to them there was a laptop or tablet that was visibly recording them. Below that was inscribed what seemed to be the name of the card, "The Pornstar". This was obviously too graphic to be something from the restaurant itself, so someone must have slipped it in while he was walking back... But who? That question was answered when a booming voice resounded through his room.

"I bestow upon you the curse of The Pornstar! You are destined to leave behind your life as a man, and fully become a woman. And to repent for your sins as a man, you will be forced to become an incarnation of male sexual desire, a Pornstar! Your lust for men shall be great and unrelenting, but to receive pleasure, you will have to record yourself while sleeping with them, lest you be left unsatisfied by the encounter. Such is your fate."



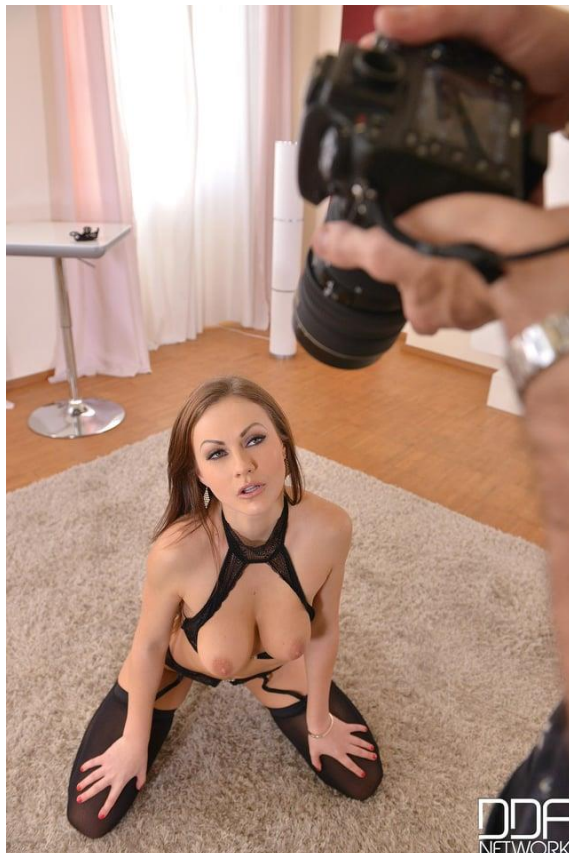
This was clearly some kind of trick, Cody thought as he looked for a speaker in the bag, something that could be projecting such a loud voice. But this was no joke, as the card vanished in a flash, leaving him stunned momentarily. When his senses returned to him, he cried out in a feminine voice. Everything about him had changed. His hair was long and brown, his face unrecognizable. His figure was now trim and thin, with obvious curves showing through his now skin-tight dress, instead of his previously bulky overweight figure. In his petite feet he now wore a pair of high heels, and make up was expertly applied to his face, his fingers adorned with red nail polish. There was no denying it, he was now a girl, a very sexy girl!



Her wonder was short-lived as she was gripped with burning lust, a desire for cock in her brand-new cunt. Recalling the words that rang through her place moments ago, she knew what that meant. She now desired men, and not only that, but she also needed to film herself doing it. Her face became red at the thought of it, not only getting fucked by a man, but filming it as well. She had been a shy virgin prior to the change, unfamiliar with the very concept of sex, and now she was dependent on it, but not only that, needed to film herself like a Pornstar. Looking down at her body, she could certainly appreciate how good she looked, and understand why someone would want to see her naked. She shook her head at the thought. This wasn't just some random cute girl on street, this was her body from now on! As she contemplated what that meant the urges came back like a rush, leaving her breathless. She needed to do something, and she needed to do it now. Thinking on her feet, she texted one of her few friends, telling him to come over and to bring a camera. He was confused but complied.

After a few minutes he was there, staring at her, slack-jawed. She had explained what happened, and how she needed him now, but he seemed confused, and quite sceptic. Yes, this was indeed his friend's house, and yes, a hot chick that was saying she was actually his transformed friend was asking him to fuck her, but the part about being filmed made him uneasy. What if this was an elaborate plan to tease him, or worse, blackmail him? He considered his options and ultimately decided he didn't believe this weird story about this girl really being his friend Cody under a curse that required him to fuck guys and film himself doing it, so he left, leaving the new woman alone and unsatisfied.

She tried masturbating, she even tried filming herself doing it, but it was no use. She needed a man and nothing else would satisfy her new cravings. Not sure what else to do, she created a profile for herself on a dating site and hooked up with a random man from the internet. It was... awkward to say the least. It was her first time having sex, and her first night as a woman, which made for a confusing combination. Seeing how her friend had reacted, she decided to record their session in secret instead of asking the man, in this already uncomfortable situation, if he didn't mind being filmed. But even as she fumbled inadequately in front of the stranger, she that was already social awkward, the feeling of pleasure she received from the experience was indescribable. Then it was over, he got dressed and left her alone, even as she hid her naked body under the covers. But as she got up to shut off the recording software on her laptop, she discovered another aspect of the curse. Instead of deleting the video like she intended, she found herself to be uploading it to a porn website, fulfilling her curse and destiny as a Pornstar.



Since then, Carla, as she called herself now, had become much more comfortable with her curse. She gained experience by hooking up with random men online, her confidence reinforced by her sexy body, and the multiple comments she was receiving on the websites where she posted her videos after sex. Soon she was recruited by a professional agency to start filming scenes with them, putting her naked body on display for the camera while men fucked her over and over again. It really was the perfect solution. Her body received the sex the curse forced her to have with its conditions fulfilled, and as a bonus she had a job and made money. Sure, it probably wasn't what her parents had in mind when they asked Cody to find work, but it was the best solution for her at the moment. She was more in shape, and less socially awkward than ever before, truly taking her role to heart as a renowned Pornstar.

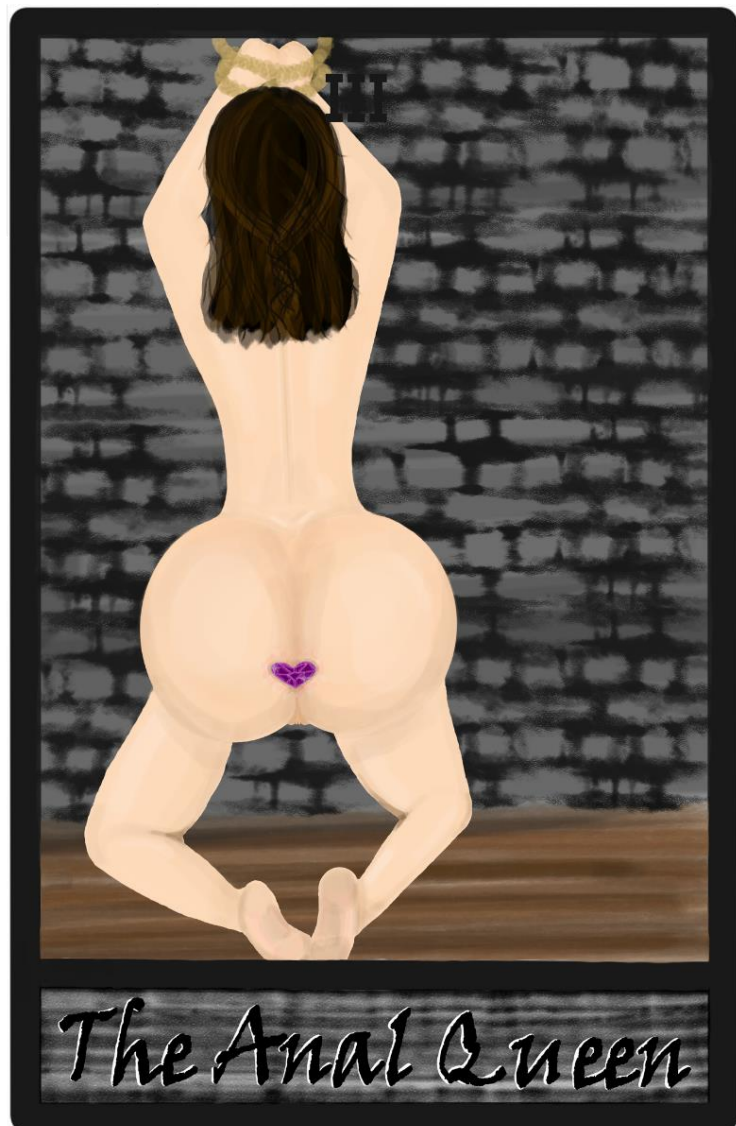
Sean

Sean was exhausted from his day. Lectures all morning and afternoon, then he spent most of the evening grading, unpaid overtime of course. He loved his job as a teacher, but sometimes it could be incredibly draining and frustrating. But for now, he would disconnect, stop checking his email, which was most likely filled with angry students complaining about their “unfair” grades, eat some food and take a nice warm bath. Then he would do it all again tomorrow. He sighed as he dropped his bag and book on his kitchen table. He was about to head to the fridge and get started on some dinner when he noticed something poking out of his book. It didn’t look like a bookmark, in fact it looked like a card of some sort. Curious, he grabbed the card and looked at it, then sighed once more in exasperation.

It was an explicit depiction of a woman on her knees, facing the opposite direction and presenting her large ass to the viewer. She was bound, in a basement of some sort, and had what seemed like a butt plug in her ass. The card was named *The Anal Queen*, probably some kind of pornographic title. Sean shook his head; this was probably some kind of tasteless pranks from one of his students. It certainly wouldn’t be the first time. He was about to rip the card apart and throw it out when a loud clasp of thunder resounded throughout his house, making his heart jump in his chest in surprise. What the hell was that!? He would soon find out as the old witch’s voice boomed out, making his heart skip once more.

“I bestow upon you the curse of *The Anal Queen*! You are destined to leave behind your life as a man, and fully become a woman. And to repent for your sins as a man, you will be forced

to become an incarnation of male sexual desire, an *Anal Queen*! Your lust for men shall be great and unrelenting, but to receive pleasure, you will have to stimulate your ass, be it with a butt plug, finger, or a dick, lest you be left unsatisfied by the encounter. Such is your fate.”





Sean was perplexed. If this really was a prank, it was elaborate, much more than any other that he had endured in his career as a teacher. But if it wasn't... he shuddered to think of the implications. He didn't have long to contemplate before the card puffed out of existence in a cloud of brilliant light. That light enveloped him, changing his whole body at once. His visage rejuvenated and softened, losing his short stubble, few wrinkles and first signs of grey hair, becoming youthful and feminine. brown hair tumbled past his shoulders down to his pecs, which exploded in a pair of large female breasts. Shoulders narrowed, fit arms thinned and plumped up with a small layer of baby fat, and his tall frame shortened drastically. Butt popped out, hips widened and waist caved in, giving him a desirable hourglass shape. Finally his dick vanished forever, replaced by a tight shaven pussy, leaving him a young woman instead of a man of thirty years old. Her ill fitting

clothes had reformed, and instead of her previous button up shirt and khakis she now wore booty shorts and a tank top.

She barely had time to take a breath when the mental changes kicked in, sending a shiver running down her spine to her newly enlarged ass, making it quake and quiver in desire. She grabbed a hold of it, shocked at the lewd images and thoughts running through her head. As a man, she had never had any interest in anal sex. All the times she had slept with women as a man, she had been quite satisfied with a more conventional experience. But now, she couldn't stop thinking of big hard cocks penetrating her pert behind, of bending over and letting some guy do whatever he wanted with her large ass. Just the thought of it made her flush with desire, her pussy moist and her ass demanding some attention.

It wasn't long before she reached out to one of her students, snapping a picture of her new body and sending it his way, telling him she had been naughty and that she needed him to give her a spanking... and more. Sean was deeply humiliated at having to resort to such tactics to get laid, but the curse demanded that she get fucked in the ass as soon as possible, and he was



powerless to resist. The student, being quite a horny young man, barely questioned who she was and how she had gotten his contact information before heading over to her place, primed and ready to go. It wasn't long before the new girl was on all fours, bare naked and butt thrust into the young man's face, as he vigorously made out with her ass. As humiliated as she was, she couldn't help but moan like a wanton slut, the feeling of pleasure irradiating through her body, to the point where she orgasmed from anal stimulation alone.



From then on, Sophie became known as the campus slut, the easy lay that would sleep with any guy, as long as he was into butt stuff. She hated who she had become, what this curse had done to her and the reputation that it had given her. Yet she couldn't help but love it as well, the thrill of being recognised while walking down the street, men staring at her shapely ass as she sauntered by, guys whistling at her from cars or the other side of the road, the look of jealousy or judgement on other girls' faces, knowing they had too much self respect to lower themselves to her level. But not Sophie, Sophie didn't have any issues degrading and debasing herself to get what she wanted, what she needed. But there was also the sex, the divine feeling of having a cock shoved up her ass, stretching her out and making her feel so delightfully full and satisfied, as if any time she wasn't being fucked there was a small vital part of her that was missing. Every night she would have a guy over to sate he cursed desire, her need for men, for dick, for this perverse and corrupted pleasure. She had truly become an Anal Queen.

Elliot

Julie and Elliot had just had an amazing date night, going to then dinner, then the movies, and finished it off with a nice romantic walk in the park, enjoying the brisk night air. But this couple was slightly different than other couples, as they had started dating back when Elliot was still called Ellie. After many years of treatment, surgeries and hormones, Elliot was finally who he was meant to be, his body now reflecting his real gender, a man. And throughout this process, Julie had been kind, supportive and understanding. She loved him, not his gender, so she would make it work, whether he was a man or a woman. Now they were back home, about to cuddle on the couch and watch some TV, when Elliot felt something stick out of his back pocket. He reached back and pulled out the card that was there, looking at it suspiciously.

On the card was a blonde woman, winking seductively at some unseen person. She seemed to be more mature, with her various assets having undergone obvious enhancement surgery, face, breasts, and ass. She was visibly disproportionate, her waist thinner than it had any right to be, with large hips and huge gravity defying boobs. She had a skin-tight leopard print dress that showed off her exaggerated curves, and the said card was aptly named The Cougar. Julie had noticed him examining the card and looked at it with him, asking.

“What’s this honey?”

“I don’t know, I just found it in my pocket, I don’t remember seeing this before, somebody must have slipped it there without me noticing...”

Then a loud voice resounded in the air, making the both of them jump in surprise and look around, trying to find the source of it.

“I bestow upon you the curse of The Cougar! You are destined to leave behind your life as a man, and fully become a woman. And to repent for your sins as a man, you will be forced to become an incarnation of male sexual desire, a Cougar! Your lust for men shall be great and unrelenting, but to receive pleasure, you will have to sleep with men at least 10 years younger than you, lest you be left unsatisfied by the encounter. Such is your fate.”



The both of them were staring at the card, dumbstruck. Was this some kind of sick joke? Someone who knew Elliot and wanted to taunt him for being trans? Whatever it was tasteless and inappropriate, and they wouldn't give whoever did this the satisfaction of reacting to it. They were above that, and Elliot was very comfortable with his journey as a trans man, and never hid it from anyone, so this kind of insult had never affected him. Except that this time it wasn't only an insult, it was a curse of nefarious intent, which would undo years and years of progress, spinning them around and taking them in the opposite direction, enhancing his femininity instead of removing it.



The card vanished in a flash of brilliant light, taking the couple by surprise once more as it enveloped Elliot and started changing him. In a moment, everything he had worked so hard for became undone, and before the horrified eyes of his girlfriend he became a woman again. But the changes were far from over. Wrinkles appeared on her face and hands, her visage losing its youth and becoming more and more mature. As the skin started sagging slightly, it lifted back up unnaturally, Botox injection appearing under her skin, giving her a sexy, yet very fake look. Same thing happened to her breasts and ass, as they started sagging with age and the weight of the years, then sprang back up to their gravity defying glory, implants materializing in them. Finally, her masculine clothes, that she had been so proud to be able to wear properly in public now, reformed in a tacky and all too feminine leopard print dress. In a matter of seconds, the sensible young trans man was gone, replaced by a caricature of a MILF, almost a carbon copy of the woman that had been pictured on the card she had just been holding.

But the curse did a lot more than just change the body, however horrific that change was. It also altered the mind and forced very unhealthy and powerful desires unto its helpless victim. Ellie could feel its effects wracking at her brain, and as she looked at Julie, the love of her life, she felt her attraction for her ebb away, and dwindle into nothingness. Julie had always been bisexual, not attracted specifically by either men or women, but Ellie on the other hand had always only been attracted to women. Now her desires had been flipped by the curse, leaving her with a thirst for dick, younger, more inexperienced dick to be precise, much to her horror and discontent. Julie could see it in her eyes, the panic and denial, as she ogled her curves, her breasts, everything that she had found so appealing before, trying to light that familiar spark of lust for her girlfriend, but in vain.

“The card was not joke... it wasn't lying when it said you would become a woman again... does that mean that you men now as well, like it said?” Julie questioned with a fearful tone. Ellie shook her head, still in denial.

“No, no I am not! I love you, and we are going to make this work, like everything else before, we are going to get through this.”

And they tried, they tried desperately hard. Ellie's urges were overpowering, fueled by the magical curse, and it wasn't long before she was begging Julie to fuck her thoroughly. Luckily, they still had a strap on that they used before Ellie's transition, and although it was usually her that wore it and not Julie, tonight they switched roles, so that Ellie could get the fucking that her new body demanded. But as the curse had imposed, it did nothing to sate the poor woman's lust, who approached the point of orgasm but stayed stuck there, never receiving the relief she yearned for.

They tried to make it work, to fight this curse, to make it through this hardship as a united and strong couple. They tried every method of relieving Ellie's lust and desire, they tried using a dildo that was the exact replica of a young Pornstar that they found in a sex shop. They tried to have her watch MILF porn while masturbating. They even tried finding the source of this evidently magical curse, visiting Fortune Tellers and self-proclaimed witches. None of them had ever heard of what they were speaking. The biggest hurdle was when Ellie finally succumbed to her desire and brought back a young man home behind Julie's back, to try and relieve the built-up tension that was honestly starting to drive her mad with lust. But this feeling, finally getting fucked in her mature pussy by this young stud, it was too much for Ellie. As they finished up and he started leaving, she was crying with the realisation that this is what she lived for now, this is what she yearned for, and that she would never be able to go back to anything else after.



She told herself it would be a one-time deal, that she would keep her urges under control, but obviously the curse was unrelenting, and after that feeling of relief, her yearning only came back stronger, demanding she get fucked once more. And then another time, and another. Soon she could no longer keep her suitors a secret from Julie, who was devastated to find out Ellie had been fucking men behind her back, but still comprehensive, as ever. She knew that the curse was overwhelming, and that Ellie wasn't doing this to hurt her, so she said that she understood and that they would work it out. But it was getting harder and harder, as Julie knowing about the men that Ellie was sleeping with made her less discrete, as she assumed as she was okay with it. But when the woman walked in on her changed boyfriend getting thoroughly fucked by a young man, as she moaned like a horny MILF, visibly showing an intense pleasure like she never had before with Julie. This hurt her deeply, knowing that she could never again satisfy Ellie like that, that she would always be her platonic partner while she got fucked on the side by so many men. It was just too much for her, and she ended the relationship there, much to Ellie's despair.

It wasn't long before the transformed woman started using sex as a way to distract her from the sadness of losing her soulmate to this god forsaken curse. She hung out in clubs and bars, looking for young inexperienced men to flirt with and then bring home for a night of wild fucking, never establishing any meaningful relationship with them, as she already met the love of her life, but she was taken away by this curse. Now the only relationships she would have would be one-night stands and random hookups with young impressionable men looking to fuck a more experienced and mature woman like herself, a true Cougar.

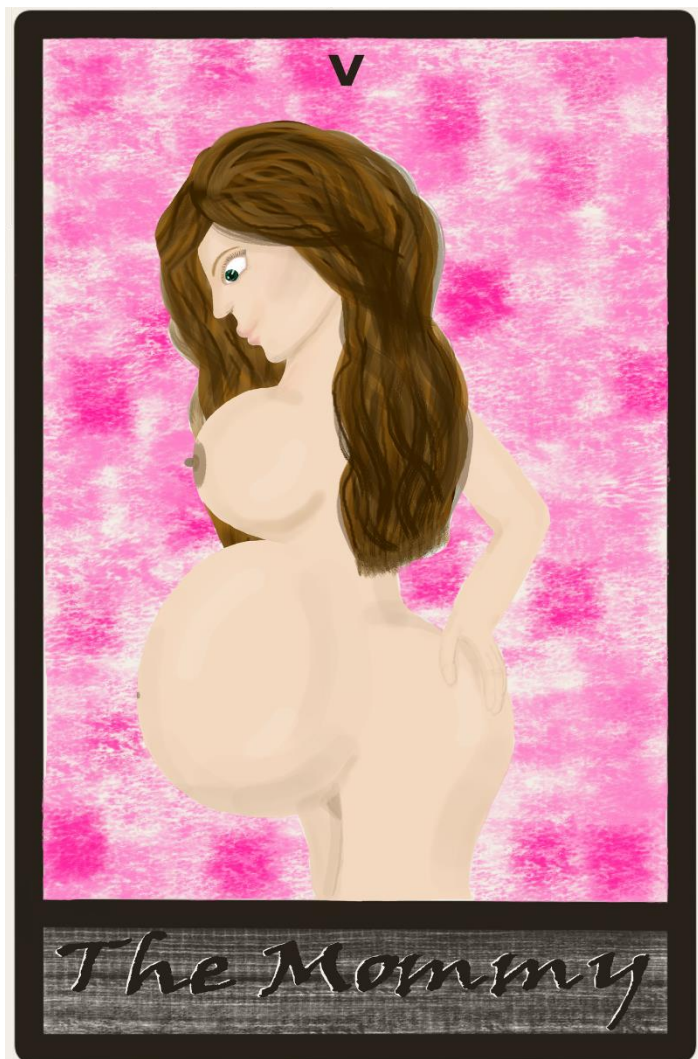


Adam

Adam was getting home after another unsuccessful date. He had succeeded in many aspects of his life, like school and work, excelling in college and getting a good paying job right away. But he never had any luck with the ladies. Focused on his work and personal life, he didn't get many opportunities to meet girls, and when he did, they were either simply not interested, or he wasn't. He had been on a few dates here and there, but nothing that actually resulted in anything other than false promises to go out again some time. He was exasperated, going on his late 20s, he didn't have any relationship experience, and this was made worst because one day he hoped to found a family of his own. He just hoped that he would one day find the perfect woman for him, that he would want to spend the rest of his life with.

He was about to go take a shower and then sit down in front of the computer to relax and play some games, when he decided to check his dating app on his phone, to see if he had received any other matches, not that any of the previous ones had panned out. But as he withdrew his phone from his pocket and card fell on the ground. Curious he picked it up. It was the same shape as a playing card, and on it there was a beautiful naked, pregnant woman with bountiful breasts and a shapely ass, with long flowing brown hair, who was looking down lovingly at her bulging belly. The card was titled *The Mommy*, and Adam was left to wonder how it had gotten there, as he didn't remember his date giving him anything of the sort. He shrugged and was about to toss it in the recycling when a timeless female voice rose in the air around him, taking him by surprise and almost making him drop the card on the ground.

"I bestow upon you the curse of *The Mommy*! You are destined to leave behind your life as a man, and fully become a woman. And to repent for your sins as a man, you will be forced to become an incarnation of male sexual desire, a *Mommy*! Your lust for men shall be great and unrelenting, but to receive pleasure, you will have to forgo any sort of protection, and risk becoming pregnant every time, lest you be left unsatisfied by the encounter. Such is your fate."



Adam chuckled. Whatever this was, it was ridiculous. Repent for his sins as a man? What sins? He hardly could have hurt any women, he never even slept with one yet! And that talk about transforming into a woman himself? Completely absurd! He was about to laugh it off when the card flashed in his hand and vanished. Taken aback, he was doubly surprised when the light suddenly blinded his eyes, and changes wracked through his body. Short brown hair lightened to a blonde luster and tumbled past his narrowing shoulders, bulk fading at an alarming rate. His short frame actually shot up slightly as his legs became long and shapely, muscles shrinking and softening to a thin layer of baby fat all over his body, giving him thick luscious thighs and smooth arms devoid of any hair or muscle. His hips widened to a child bearing girth, ass plumping out and chest ballooning out in a large pair of breasts. His poor virgin cock receded into the folds of his new pussy, leaving him a full



woman, as the card had prophesised. Finally, his clothing reformed from his clean date night outfit to a feminine outfit, complete with jewelry and makeup.

But the curse was far from only physical. Its most tortuous parts were definitely mental, and Adam could feel it in his mind, altering his sexual orientation, his desires. Gone was his attraction for women, instead replaced by an undeniable desire for men, their cock, but most importantly their cum. Unbidden, thoughts of jizz flooding into his fertile womb and impregnating him made Adam immediately wet with lust, which was unsettling considering he had been a man mere moments before and had never even considered having to bear children eventually in his lifetime. But now it was the hottest thing he could think of, the thought of getting pregnant and carrying life making him hornier than he had ever been. He needed to get knocked up, and he needed it now!



She didn't have to wait long for her wish to be fulfilled. Man after man painted her insides with sperm, sending Alice over the edge in orgasm every time she felt that miraculous throbbing and warmth spread inside her cunt. Eventually, she was with child, finally pregnant, as the curse dictated she should be. She didn't know who the father was, couldn't know. There had been so many men, most of them nameless figures she had fucked solely for their sperm, and so there was no way she could ever retrace the father of her child. But that was okay, she was very content with being a single mother. She would rather remain unattached, because even if she was now pregnant, the curse did not relent, and she still felt the burning need to get fucked, and have sperm ejaculated inside her pussy. Somehow even if there was no way she could become pregnant from it, the curse didn't stop her from orgasm, perhaps as a reward for accomplishing her destined task, or maybe simply to prevent her from becoming completely mad with lust during those very long 9 months.

Lexa had never experienced sex as a man, but now as a woman she had more sex than she could ever have dreamed of, only from the other side of the fence. She had never thought she would be the one to bring her future children into the world, but now that she was pregnant, she was pretty happy with her lot, thinking that the curse could have been far worse. Besides, sex as a woman was quite enjoyable, and she believed that this far outweighed the pains and troubles of pregnancy, the sore back, the swollen and aching breasts, the feeling she had to pee every five minutes.

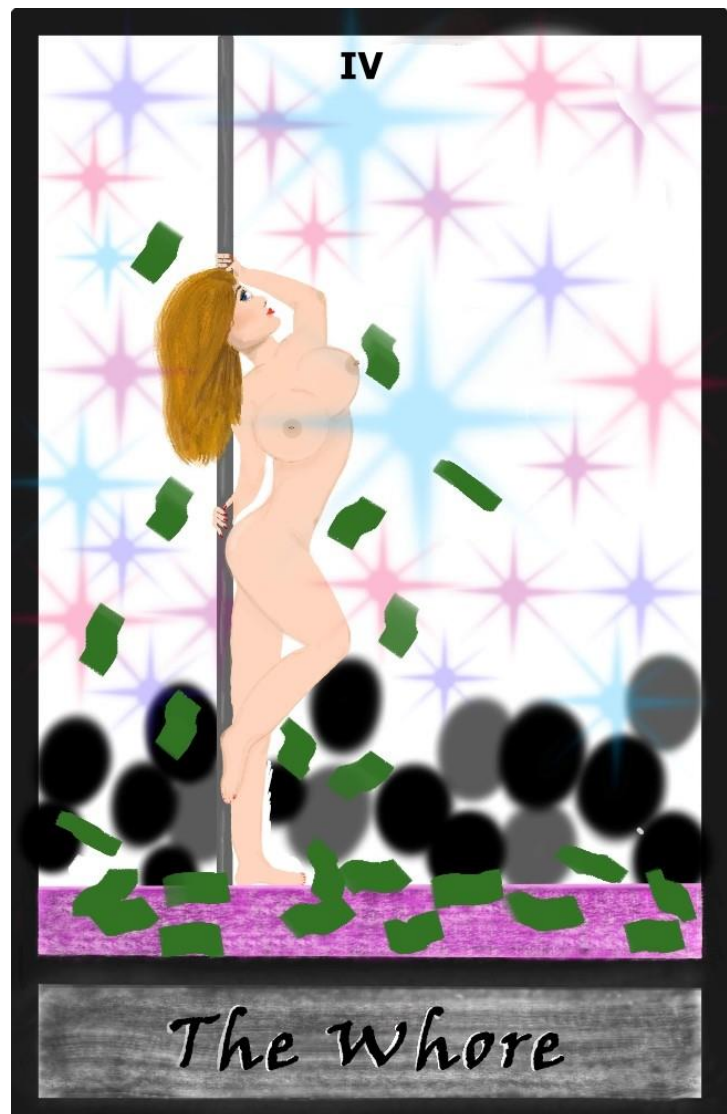
She knew it would be a hard life, and that the curse wouldn't let her much respite between pregnancies, and that she would most likely end up popping out babies for the rest of her life, as well as raising them, but she was still content, and happy that she was finally going to get the family she always wanted, even if it was as a Mommy.



Tom

Thomas, or Tom as he was known in his congregation, was a conservative pastor, extremely strict and who lacked tolerance towards others. He had just come back from the mayor's office, where he had petitioned for many hours to cancel the upcoming pride parade that was scheduled downtown, as a respected member of this community he assumed the mayor would bow down to his will and respect his wishes, as he represented everyone at his church. But the mayor was a more progressive fellow, and didn't want to infringe on anyone's rights, so he refused his request, although he did agree to divert the course of the parade to make sure it didn't pass in front of his church. Obviously, this was far from enough for Tom, who exited the room angry that he didn't get his way, swearing to the mayor that he had just lost the votes of his entire congregation.

As he was walking through the park to head home to his wife and children, he saw a shadow from the corner of his eyes. Turning around, he saw a single black card facing down on the ground under a lamp post. Normally he would have simply ignored it and walked on, but there was an eerie energy emanating from it, something too compelling to resist. So, he bent over and picked it up, flipping it over to see what was on it. He was greeted by a picture of a naked woman dancing on a stage with a pole, obviously a stripper with very fake breasts and absolutely no self respect. Below her there was a multitude of men throwing money on stage, the flash of pictures or projectors lighting up the space around her, displaying her as the star of this obscene show. The card was titled *The Whore*, an apt name for such a depraved slut, the pastor thought. There was no other information on the card, so this was obviously not some kind of publicity or ticket. He shuddered to think what kind of woman would lack self respect enough to debase herself to such depravity and sin. A true harlot, lost in the ways of the Lord. He muttered a quick prayer for all these lost souls that fell to this unsavory lifestyle and was about to throw out the card when he felt a cold breath by his ear, and an unearthly voice whispered just loud enough for him to hear.



“I bestow upon you the curse of The Whore! You are destined to leave behind your life as a man, and fully become a woman. And to repent for your sins as a man, you will be forced to become an incarnation of male sexual desire, a Whore! Your lust for men shall be great and unrelenting, but to receive pleasure, you will have to be paid for the act, lest you be left unsatisfied by the encounter. Such is your fate.”

He turned around in a panic, finding himself face to face with the spirit of the old witch, floating and translucent. Her ghostly hand raised up and she pointed a finger at him, approaching slowly. He desperately wanted to run away from this evil creature, but found himself frozen in fear, legs shaking beneath him. All he could do is mutter a quick prayer to his Lord and Savior before her finger connected with his chest. The card and the spirit vanished in a flash, but although she was gone from his sight, he could still feel her slumbering presence, the image of her cruel and twisted smile imprinted in his mind. He then doubled over in pain, his body changing.

His thin grey hair rejuvenated to a young healthy blonde, before thickening and becoming long and flowing. Wrinkles of age faded to give him a cute youthful look, his face decidedly feminine now. His tall stature dwindled from over 6 feet tall to barely 5 feet in height, despite his tiny feet now being encased in a pair of high heels. His towering frame was reduced to that of a petite woman, with the curves and small tits to go with them. His dick was gone, replaced by a smooth and hairless, but very well used pussy. His conservative clothing was also gone, he was now wearing a glittery tank top and booty shorts which showed off his new figure perfectly. In a matter of mere moments Tom the pastor was gone, replaced instead by Tina the hooker, dressed for a night of work on the streets.



Tina was aghast. She was a man, a respected member of this community, not some cheap prostitute that slept with men for money! She dropped to her knees, looking around for the card, thinking that with it she could maybe have a way to switch back, when two shady looking guys walked up to her.

“Hey good looking... First time we see you around these parts. How much do you charge for a whole night with two nice guys like us?”

Despite the growing heat in her nether regions, the vile lust that this devil had cursed her with, Tina wanted nothing to do with these men, and fully planned on using her faith in God to resist temptation. But unfortunately, this particular curse had another twisted aspect to it. Not only could she only cum when getting paid for sex, she also could not refuse money in exchange for getting fucked. So, while she wanted to tell these perverts off and go take refuge at home, or in his church, instead she found herself saying:

“For fifty bucks you guys can do whatever you want with pretty little me.”

Internally she gasped, but outwardly, she was all smiles, giving lustful stares at the two men, who gave each other a look and nodded, signaling for Tina to follow them. Against her will she followed them along to a cheap motel room they had booked nearby. They were about to get undressed when she proclaimed that she needed to see the money before they did anything. As they took out a bill of 50\$, she could feel herself get wet with need and desire, the sight of the cash triggering the curse’s mechanism. The old pastor was horrified, but his new whore persona was delighted as she took the money and started getting undressed.



One of the guys got undressed as well, taking out a condom, but the other one stayed clothed, instead taking out a high-resolution camera from his pack. He asked her if she was okay with them filming her while she fucked, and while she desperately didn't want to say yes, and add to her humiliation by having videos of her performing her new career online, she was getting paid for it, thus by condition of the curse could not refuse it. As the first man laid down on the bed, she went to work, getting on top of him and sliding her well used whore pussy on his dick, riding up and down, feeling the girth of him inside her as she moaned excitedly, giving a real spectacle to the camera that was filming her at the same time. She spent the night with them, doing everything and anything they asked of her, degrading herself, all for a measly 50 dollars.



When morning came, Tina was too ashamed to go back home. She couldn't explain what had happened to her, other than this was the devil's sorcery, punishing him for being an agent of God. She tried going to the church to repent for her actions this past night but was hollered out by other members of the church, saying that her kind weren't welcome here. Soon she gained a reputation, as a cheap prostitute who would sleep with anyone for any amount of cash, a petite beautiful girl with no inhibitions or restraints. And while the pastor was in control most of the time, as soon as money was involved, she found herself unable to act like anything but the Hooker the curse had made her. And without help or resources, she would spend her life on the streets, doomed to perform whatever depraved acts anyone asked of her for money, a true Whore.