

Valentine's day. A day celebrating love, more specifically the romantic partnership between lovers. It is the occasion to renew vows of love and to demonstrate the affection each person has for their other half. But contrary to what some people tend to believe, it is also a holiday for single people, more specifically those seeking such a relationship, hoping to find their soulmate, someone with whom they could spend the rest of their life with. That is where cupids come in, little creature who emerge from the heavens once a year on this sacred day to spread love, and match up compatible people and bring them closer, creating a spark of love with their enchanted arrow between the two partners, driving them to one another, and create a passionate and intense between the two of them.



But like fallen Angels, there also exists fallen Cupids, evil counterparts to their heavenly cousin who come from hell instead. And while their objective and results are more or less the same, intent and method vary greatly. These mean-spirited devils do not match up compatible souls, but enjoy pairing up unlikely couples, and having one of them change to match the other's most perverse desires and making the both of them become sexually attracted to one another. They also take special pleasure in breaking up already existing couples, targeting people already in relationships, which normal cupids never do. And on this Valentine's Day, there were many unsuspecting people that were about to be hit by such cursed arrows.



One such unexpected couple were Vincent and Marion, not a romantic couple, but a mother and son out on a walk in the local park. As it surveyed from above, the corrupted Cupid immediately spotted them as potential targets. It briefly considered hitting the both of them, starting the day with a little incestuous couple. But then it spotted a shady looking Asian man across the street and decided that this would be even more interesting. It nocked and loosed the first arrow, hitting the creepy guy right in the chest. The mortal man did not notice, of course, but did feel a slight shiver of arousal run through his body as sexual desire awoke within him, causing him to picture his most desirable and ideal woman in his mind. The flying devil then channeled this image into his next arrow and shot it at the mother.

Meanwhile Marion and Vincent were arguing, the 18-year-old man telling his mom that they should avoid the creepy looking man that was wearing a trench coat in 80 degrees weather, while she said that they were fine and that she didn't want to take a different path. They often argued over little things like this, her being a strict mother, which caused frequent conflicts between the two. But this time she would have done well to listen to her son, as it could have spared her the awful fate that was in store for her. Once again, the winged creature struck true with its arrow, piercing the woman's heart with the immaterial projectile, dooming her forever. Her body seized up, and she stopped walking suddenly. Her son stopped as well and looked at her, at first in confusion, then in horror as she started changing before his very eyes. She was rapidly de aging, wrinkles fading away to reveal smooth skin. Blond hair darkened to black and shortened to barely shoulder length. Eyes slanted, her ethnicity changing from Caucasian to eastern Asian. Her conservative clothing became light, skimpy and provocative, revealing her thighs and perky, youthful breasts. Her confident, almost arrogant attitude shifted, becoming shy and meek.





But those were only physical changes, and this arrow changed not only its victim's appearance, but its mind, more specifically the libido, and what arouses them. Quickly she felt lust rise up within her, unbidden, but looking at her son, she felt nothing, no attraction whatsoever. But when her eyes fell on the middle-aged Asian man across the street, the heat between her legs flared up, and she knew that she absolutely had to have him. Vincent gaped in horror as his changed mother crossed the street without even addressing him, eyes fixated on the man there, who in turn noticed the beautiful Asian woman walking towards him. He seemed surprised, wondering where this walking wet dream came from, and why she would be interested in an ugly loser like him. He figured she must be some kind of hooker, as those were the only kind of woman interested in him. So, when she came up to him, eyes burning up with passion, he found himself asking: "How much?"

A moment earlier she was not a whore, just a woman interested in getting fucked by this man, the most desirable man she had ever seen. But she was still under the lingering effects of the cursed arrow, and so his imagine of her, his ideal woman, became true, and she knew that she was what he wanted her to be, a slut for hire, willing to sleep with any man ready to pay.

"Fifty dollah' sucky sucky, hundred me love you very, very much." The changed woman responded in a broken English, a language she barely understood now. The man slipped out five crumpled twenty-dollar bills, prompting the whore the grab them and slip them into her purse, before undressing herself, right here and there on the street. The man did the same, and in a few moments, she had his dick in her mouth, as she pleased herself vigorously. Marion was gone, entirely replaced with this stranger's fantasy, Mariko the Asian prostitute, and Vincent could only watch in horror as the woman who used to be his mother rode this disgusting pervert right there, on the street, all for a bit of cash. He tried to tell himself that this wasn't real, that this was a twisted figment of his imagination, but he could not deny having seen his mother change before his very eyes, and he certainly could not deny seeing her fuck this man. He would forever wonder what had happened to her on that day, while she would forever stay an Asian prostitute, sleeping with man after man for money, but having a slight preference for one client in particular.





The cupid felt quite pleased with the result, and his mission accomplished, decided it was time to move on to its next victim. It focused on another couple, this time an actual romantic relationship. Two young folks, Matthew and Blair, both in their last year of college, and ready to head into their respective fields of chemical and structural engineering. Top of their class, they were both highly intelligent, with a liberal and progressive mindset in both their relationship and regular lives. But the Cupid was looking to change that. Smirking, it hovered around, looking for a suitable target, and found him quickly. An older man, in his forties, trucker by profession, hard conservative, the perfect opposite to this lovely young couple. Intent on finding out what this man considered his fantasy woman, the cupid shot its first arrow at the man. It then took aim at the unsuspecting couple and decided that this time it was the man who should be victim and let loose another bolt straight at Matthew.

Both arrows struck true, as they always did, and Matthew suddenly stopped, a shiver running through him. Blair looked at him, a worried look in her eyes, asking "Is everything alright Mat?", but he was unable to answer, as his body suddenly felt like it was on fire, and he started changing before her eyes.

Tall masculine frame shortened, large shoulders narrowing and becoming dainty. His dark brown hair lightened to a pale blond as it lengthened and curled to a feminine cut. Square face rounded and became smooth and delicate, free of his short stubble and any imperfection. Large breasts rose from his chest and his rear became wide and shapely. Clothes reshaped and reformed all around him, shifting from plain masculine wear to a figure hugging, revealing and feminine outfit which proudly displaying his newly acquired assets. His body had been fully reformed into a little blond girl with large curves, and now his mind was about to be reformed to match. Blair could only watch as her changed boyfriend grabbed her pretty little head, thoughts of submissiveness, obedience and lust invading her mind, rewriting her whole personality to match the desires of the trucker on the other side of the park.



In the end, nothing remained of poor Matthew, there was only Margaret. Blair questioned the new woman, in tears, asking her if she was okay, but Maggie didn't remember her at all, responding with a "Hum, like, who are you?". Blair tried to bring Matthew back, but he was gone, and Maggie quickly lost patience with this strange woman, deciding to get away from her, and even threatening to call the police. She was in the process of trying to get away when she heard a strong, masculine voice right beside her.

"Excuse me Ma'am, is this lady here bothering yah?"

Looking up, she saw what she could only describe as the most handsome man she ever saw. She silently nodded, and her rescuer proceeded in telling the weird woman to back off. This woman tried to tell him that the blond girl behind him was actually a man and her boyfriend, which was obviously crazy talk, and the man threatened to call the police once more with an aggressive tone, which prompted the other girl to run off crying. As her turned back to ask her if she was alright, Maggie once again felt butterflies in her stomach, and found herself to be replying.

"Oh, yes, I am doing better now, much better... Now is there any way that I can repay you?"



She was his ideal woman, and she was helplessly attracted to this man above all others because of the curse that linked them, and so it was only a matter of time before they were married. She was his perfect, submissive little housewife, caring for his house, and eventually his kids, whenever he was gone for long days and sometimes even weeks on the road. She always welcomed him home with a clean home, a warm meal and an even warmer bed. She may not be the brightest girl around, not anymore, but the love and devotion she had for her husband made up for that. And she felt very accomplished being nothing more than a wife, and eventually a mother for her very traditional and conservative family.



The next two potential victims that the hell spawn spotted were Arthur and Steeve, two friends. They were hanging out in Steeve's backyard, doing a little impromptu photo session for Arthur. Steeve was a professional photographer, and he had noticed that Arthur was getting more and more self-conscious about his weight lately, so he had offered to do a little photoshoot session for him, get him to see how he really looked through a photo lens and not the mirror, and boost his moral a little bit, because even if Arthur did have a little weight to lose, he was very far from obese. And so far, it was working, Steeve was in the process of showing his friend the first few pictures, which were looking great, and already boosting his morale a little. But the cupid was about to change that. With no other potential victims around, it decided that maybe these two should be taking their relationship to the next level. Shooting one arrow, then another, he hit both men, starting with Steeve, which meant that Arthur would soon be reformed into his friend's deepest, most perverted fantasy.

And a perverted fantasy he did have. Unbeknownst to his friend, or anyone else really, he had a fetish, a specific fantasy he liked to play out. And little did he know that his fantasy would soon come to life right before his eyes. It started like it always did, with a shiver of arousal for the both of them, and then burning heat coursing through the changing man's whole body. Arthur asked his friend if they could take a break inside as he wasn't feeling too well. As they walked inside, he did not notice his skin starting to darken and his large frame growing even larger, becoming flabby even. His stomach grumbled loudly, and he figured he must have eaten something bad, and decided to head home. But Steeve had noticed something wrong with his friend, his skin tone getting darker and darker, his slightly overweight shape getting pudgier and pudgier. Suddenly changes started happening faster and faster, and his hair grew longer, weight started accumulating even faster on his chest, hips, and rear, giving him a feminine shape, despite his new corpulence.



Soon there was nothing left of the white man that had been Arthur, only a hefty black woman named Aaliyah. And Steeve couldn't take his eyes off of her. She was absolutely perfect for him, even if not everybody would agree with him, considering his particular taste in women. He admired big women, with big curves, particularly women of color, exactly like the one Aaliyah had become. He absolutely couldn't stop imagining himself pounding into her large rear from behind, or having her on top of him, body jiggling with the up and down motion of riding his cock. And likewise, since she was done changing, Aaliyah couldn't take her eyes off of him, off of this small white man. Despite him being a scrawny dude, she couldn't help but feel attracted to him, her new pussy growing wet with arousal and desire as she approached him.

"Hey there stud, how 'bout you take this black chick for a wild ride?"

Steeve could only nod wordlessly as his most secret sexual fantasy came to life, and this obese black girl leaned up against him to kiss him, grabbing his hands and planting them firmly on her large buttocks. She then started kneeling down in front of him, fishing his hard cock from his pants and sucking his dick earnestly.

Soon she was bent over on the couch, moaning like a bitch in heat as he rammed into her cunt from behind, sending her ample curves jiggling wildly with each thrust. Deep down he knew the woman he was fucking used to be his friend, but the arrow compelled the both of them to desire each other, and so he pushed the thought away, focusing on the big beautiful black woman in front of him, and how he would undoubtedly fuck her every day for the rest of their lives.





The cupid left the new lovers to their intense and passionate fucking, seeking out a new target. It then saw an interesting opportunity. Next door, a couple in their mid thirties coming home from wherever, while next doors a couple of teenagers were making out wildly on the couch in the living room of the house the guy's parents owned. The cupid decided to give the older couple a new, much different lease on life.

It started by shooting the teenage girl, and then the woman, imprinting the later with the former's desires, her ultimate fantasy. Then it shot the teenage boy and took aim at the man, but something strange happened, something that had never occurred before. It missed. Not entirely, but by a few inches. The creature did not know how or why it had happened, nor did it want to, but it was interested in finding out the effects of the missed shot.



Turns out that it caused a rather severe delay in the transformation. When the curse was stuck in a person's heart the effects of the enchantment were almost immediate, like in the case of the woman, who was gaining a youthful but rugged look to her face, as her frame gained muscle and bone mass. But in the man's case, the effects would be delayed by hours, days maybe, as the curse worked its way to his heart through his flesh.





But at the moment, Richard was staring, aghast, as Felicia, his wife of over five years now, was losing years and years, becoming a young and fit man, the kind teenage girls would drool over, with short hair, a stubble, and a deep voice. He could see the fear in his wife's eyes slowly fading away to simple confusion, her whole identity being pushed to the back of her psyche, replaced with that of this man, a man was definitely no longer in love or even attracted to him. After some discussion and arguing, the newly created man, called Felix, agreed to continue living here. This way Richard wouldn't lose track of his changed wife while he looked for a way to change her back. But unfortunately for him, there was no way to restore her to her previous form. And the newly created man, despite having a special affinity for a specific girl, was quite active sexually, and brought girl after girl home, much to Richard's disgust and despair, as he once even caught him sleeping with two women at once on the living room couch. This was too much for him, and he ran off, unable to witness any more.



And it was at that moment, after he had stepped out of their house to try and clear his thoughts of the horrific vision of his wife fucking two young women, two strangers, right there in front of him in their house, that the curse reached his own heart, and he started changing. His cursed arrow was still linked to the teenaged boy's, and so he was rapidly becoming his fantasy. Not a super sexual girl, but a small, girl next door type girl that would charm a boy off his feet, despite being slightly lacking in the curves department. The whole world seemed to grow bigger around him as he shrank down, large masculine figure becoming petite and dainty, and he was left stranded, in the body of a small woman who couldn't be over 20 years old.

Then his mind was starting to get affected. Images of his wife, in her new, virile, and masculine form came to his head. Images of the man she had become fucking those two sluts in front of him, and picturing himself not as the man, but as one of these girls, legs spread open, moaning in ecstasy as this stud pounded in her pussy. She felt her new identity surge forward and then... nothing. She still remembered who she was, that her name was supposed to be Richard and not Riley, and she still remembered what had happened to her. After taking so long to take effect, the curse had lost some of its juice, cursing Riley with awareness, awareness of what had happened to her, and her wife. She would be helplessly attracted to men, men like her wife now was, and would be unable to fight those urges, despite the fact that she would be very aware that they were not natural, but mystical and fabricated, part of the change that was forced on her.



Deciding to return home, having nowhere else to go, she encountered a young man, the one her arrow had been linked to, and couldn't help but feel a yearning, an immediate attraction to him. With a little convincing, and the fact that he was also attracted to her because of the curse, he agreed to invite her in his parent's house, so that she could share her story. He was incredulous as she revealed to him what had happened to her, how she had lost his wife, and was now a girl, and how she was now into men, men like him. Upon admitting this, he admitted that he also was very much into her as well, and one thing led to another, and they were soon kissing in an awkward but tender embrace, like the teens they now were. Passion flared up and soon the two of them were in the throes of lovemaking. Yet somehow, Riley couldn't find release, couldn't bring herself to orgasm for the first time as a woman. Until she imagined that it was her changed wife, Felix, that was pounding away at her pussy, which immediately sent her over the edge. She



felt disgusted by it and didn't want to think of her ex-wife in that way, but found that this was the only way she could receive true pleasure. Despite that she decided to stay with this guy, whose name was Tristan, rather than return to Felix, and hope to one day be one of the sluts he sleeps with just for fun, and risk being discarded like the rest of them.



Despite the last couple not turning out exactly how it had planned, the Cupid was very satisfied with the result, and felt that it had accomplished its mission. But as it was about to return to hell after a good day of work, it decided that it could ruin one more couple, destroy one last relationship before taking a year long break. This young and happy couple had just bought their first home a few months back, happy to start their life together in such a positive way. There was only one problem, one thing that they did not, could not, foresee when they bought the place. The neighbor was a creep. And not the annoying but you get used to it eccentric kind. Full on creep stalker, that would peer at them from his apartment window whenever they came in or out of the house, roaming around their place at strange hours. Carla even swore she saw him checking her out with binoculars once, much to Kevin's horror. They had called the police on multiple occasions, but there wasn't much they could other than issue a warning without hard proof and evidence.

And now he was once again at their doorstep, trying to find an excuse to talk or see the young lady that lived here. But this time was different, as the corrupted was watching, eager to strike, if this man wanted to have this girl for himself, well maybe then it was time to make his dreams come true. It struck the man with an enchanted arrow, then made its way into the home, where Kevin and Carla were having diner, and struck the girl with the other arrow, dooming her to become the fantasy of the man outside. Suddenly she stopped eating, a look of discomfort and even fear spreading on her face as unnatural heat rose up from within her. Kevin looked at her, a worried look on his face, and asked.

"Babe, is something wrong?"

"I don't know... I feel hot... I'm burning up! I need some fresh air!"



With that she stood up and rushed off towards the door, eager to feel the cool evening breeze on her burning skin. Kevin followed after her, worried that she might have gotten sick. But as she opened the door of their home, they were surprised by the sight of their perverted neighbor, just standing there, mouth open and looking as surprised as they were at getting caught. He started stammering an excuse, saying that he needed to borrow one tool or another for some repairs at his place, when suddenly Carla started changing before both men's very eyes. Her youthful face quickly matured, gaining slight wrinkles and a mature look, while remaining quite beautiful. Her hair became dull as it lost some of its shine, and her trim and fit physique became soft and pudgy with age. She looked 10, 15, and then finally twenty years older than she used to be. Even her outfit changed to an old, out of style cheetah print.

Slowly, her look of discomfort changed to one of lust and desire. Only she wasn't looking at Kevin anymore, but Ted, their neighbor. She dropped down on her knees, eagerly fishing out the pervert's cock from his pants, much to Kevin's disgust and horror.

"Babe! What the fuck are you doing?"

"I don't know... he just looks so good, so sexy! I need him in my mouth right now!" And with that, she slipped her mouth of his cock, much to the man's happiness and pleasure.

Soon they were kicking Kevin out of their house, and he strangely found keys he had never seen before in his pocket. Out of instinct, he headed to the apartment next door, and found that not only his keys worked there, but all of his stuff was here too! It seemed that the curse had swapped his home as well as his girlfriend, and now he was the single loser crushing on the hot MILF living next door. He could hear them loudly fucking all over their place at any time of the day, and could only despair at the loss of his girlfriend, who was now the submissive wife of the horny pervert next door. And the worst part was, that hearing them have sex was the only thing that could excite him, or arouse him any more...

Thinking that this was the perfect conclusion to this year's Valentine's Day, the Evil Cupid flew off, bidding farewell to all the new couples it had created, as well as the old ones he had ruined.

