

It was a beautiful sunny day for a yard sale. Trevor and Laura Jameson were very happy with this turn of good luck as they setup tables filled with various items, eager to start the day and get rid of unused items, as well as make a bit of money. But all the while that they were setting up, a nefarious eye was watching over them. Beatrice, their neighbor from across the street, was watching them from her second-floor window, a scornful look upon her face. They had never gotten along, the married couple being outgoing and social people, while the lone woman was more of a recluse, fond of quiet and privacy. So, when the Jamesons had announced their plans for a yard sale that weekend, she had immediately visited them to protest vehemently, complaining that this was going to cause a high volume of traffic on their usually quiet street. But the couple insisted that this was happening, the HOA's president had even signed off on it already. Clearly angry, Beatrice had retreated, vowing that they would regret this.

And indeed, they would, as Beatrice was not just some quirky old woman, she was in fact a witch, and she was very much intent on making her two neighbors pay dearly for the disregard of her very sacred privacy. Maybe she was going overboard with this curse that she was going to put on them and their little event, but she didn't care. The accumulation of all those little things they had done just to spite her made her furious, and so she fully planned on ruining their lives with this one spell. That would teach them to mess with her. As they were just finishing up their setup, eagerly awaiting their first potential clients, she was finishing up with her spell, adjusting the final little details to make sure it was tailored perfectly for her cruel plot.

If they wanted a yard sale, they would have one, but of proportions unimagined by them, life altering and destiny changing. This spell would make it so that everything they had was up for grabs at that yard sale. Absolutely everything. Their possessions, their house, their bodies, even their very identity would be for sale. And the best part was, they would have to accept any price that was offered, for items with no price listed. They would agree, and offer it up willingly, and reality would alter to make it so they never possessed it in the first place. They would vaguely remember how things were, how things should be, but be forced to live their new lives, however it changed.



The unsuspecting couple was now ready for new commers, just as the witch finished her hex. A light purple glow irradiated briefly over their whole setup, too faint to be seen by the naked eye unless you were looking for it, and new writing appeared on their sign, which now read: "Garage Sale – Everything is for Sale!"

The first few clients bought regular stuff. A few baskets here, a picture frame or two there, unused wine glasses. It was going very well until one of the visitors spotted the sign, and jokingly asked:

"Everything is for sale? How much for the car then?"

The couple chuckled at the obvious joke, but when Trevor went to reply that it wasn't for sale, he instead found himself saying: "How much are you offering for it?"

Laura looked at him, dumbfounded. The man seemed just as surprised at the response, not sure if he was serious or just playing along. Tentatively, he proposed: "10 bucks?"

"Sold!"

Laura and even Trevor were both incredulous at his own words, unsure of why he had said them. The man on the other hand was ecstatic, fishing out his wallet and handing a ten-dollar bill to Trevor, who handed the keys over. As soon as the trade was made, reality shifted, and the man was gone, as so was their car, all that was left was the ten dollars. Even their memories had shifted from driving around in a SUV to taking UBER and the bus wherever they went. Deep down they knew they had had a car, but those memories were vague and fuzzy, hard to recall. But in the end, they were aware that something was very, very wrong. But they couldn't do anything, couldn't act on that feeling of dread rising up within them, telling them to run, escape before it was too late. Unfortunately for them, it was already too late.

Some other old guy walked up, sight jumping between the sign and Laura, as he eyed her lecherously, licking his lips. She shrank away in disgust, taking a step back while Trevor stepped in between the two of them, sensing that his wife was clearly uncomfortable with the man, who promptly asked, sounding a little hesitant and unsure of himself: "Hum... Can I... Can I buy your wife?"

His heart skipped a beat. Oh no. Anything but that. He wanted to protest, to tell him she was his forever, that he was sworn to her for life. Yet no matter how much he struggled and resisted; those fateful words still came out of his mouth: "How much are you offering for her?"

"I have a hundred dollars!"

"Sold!"

And with that he was a single man. He looked on with sorrow, at the young woman pressing herself up against the older man as he vigorously grabbed her ass. He looked down at the hundred dollars in his hand, vaguely aware of what he had just lost, knowing that this woman, whatever her name was, had been with him, in some other life, in some other reality. Know she was married to this sleazeball, and clearly loved him, and Trevor was left alone. And the worst part was that he couldn't do anything about it, he could only smile and converse with visitors while the both of them got back to their car, got in, and drove off out of his life forever. But he didn't have too much time to reflect and mourn before someone, apparently some woman in baggy boyish clothes, walked up sheepishly to him.

“Excuse me sir... This sign says that everything is for sale... Does that mean anything?”

“Yes miss, everything is for sale!”

He desperately wanted to say that wasn't the case, but he was powerless, every aspect of his life was up for grabs, and he was offering it all up, willing, or not.

“In that case... Could I somehow buy your gender? Would you be okay with that? I have never been comfortable with my body, stuck in a woman's body, when I should have been born a man... I have fifty dollars, if that's good with you?”

Gender? How was he supposed to sell that? And hell, now he wasn't good with this! But still the curse pushed on, influencing him and his clients in taking everything he has, down to his very identity. It was downright horrible.

“Sounds great to me!”

Once again, as money was handed over, reality shifted. Gone was the meek girl in men's clothing, hiding her form and figure. Instead, there stood a tall confident man, showing off his toned muscled body in skinny jeans and a sleeveless t-shirt. Tracy looked him over appreciatively, eyes browsing over his large frame, short beard, large bulge in his pants. She would definitely do naughty things to that man. But evidently, he wasn't interested, and he moved away, leaving with all her masculinity, leaving her in a petite blonde girl's body, clothes, and high heels.





Her attention turned to her next customers, a young couple who were browsing around, not looking for anything specific. The woman's attention was caught by Tracy's cute summer dress, and her interest was immediately drawn.

"That's a beautiful dress you have on... It wouldn't happen to be for sale now, would it?"

"Absolutely everything here is for sale ma'am, even the clothes that I am wearing!"

"Oh, that's terrific! Would you take 5 dollars for it?"

"Sure thing! Here, let me just take it off for you."

Unable to resist the curse, Tracy started undressing right there in her yard, unbuttoning the dress, revealing her bra and panties underneath. The woman seemed to be a blushing a little, suddenly regretting asking her for that dress. But her partner on the other hand was very much enjoying the show Tracy was giving, ogling her breasts very openly. Stammering, he added: "We'll take the underwear as well."

"Of course!" Within a matter of moments, the woman was stark naked, handing her clothes to the couple. Reality rippled once more, and suddenly she was much more comfortable and at ease in her nudity. The couple in front of her was gone, and so was all of her clothing. Not just the pieces she had handed to them, but the ones on the racks around the yard sale, and even in her home. In this reality she was a lifelong nudist and had never even owned a single piece of clothing. Her visitors were also different, there were many more men present, attracted by the sexy curvaceous blonde on display, tits, and pussy on full display as she walked around like nothing was amiss.

One such man was now watching attentively, eyeing the naked girl up and down. His eyes caught the sign and in one moment he knew what he wanted. He walked up to her, openly ogling her.



“Hey sexy, how much for that sweet pussy of yours?”

“I am not sure I understand... you want to have my pussy?”
He laughed at her response, shaking his head.

“No, no, I don’t want to have it. I just want to... use it for a while. Say ten dollars for a few minutes?”

“Deal!” She said, grabbing the bill out of his hands and turning around, bending over slightly, and presenting her pussy from behind to him. As soon as he penetrated her, her fate was sealed forever, indicating the final change. The yard sale, the sign, all the other customers were gone. All that was left was this cheap hooker and her client. The purple glow rippled over her body, influencing her one last time, and anchoring her to this reality, the one where Tracy was a prostitute that would perform any act for any amount of money offered. She was currently getting fucked by one of her regulars, who enjoyed doing the deed outside, for everyone to see. Deep down she could still remember her life as Trevor the married man, but the details were fuzzy, far away, and hard to recall. He used to

be married, and he knew he loved that woman, but right now that didn’t matter, all that mattered was making her client feel as good as possible as he fucked her pussy.

Laura was in a similar situation. Back home with her husband, who was at least 15 years older than her. She knew she shouldn’t love him, that she should love her actual husband, who was her age, but she had a hard time recalling who he was, his name or even his face. She knew that the devotion she felt for her current husband should actually be directed towards him, yet she couldn’t help but act the part of the obedient wife, doing everything in her power to please her man, which currently meant sucking his cock, like the submissive girl she now was.

All in all, Beatrice was very satisfied with the results of her curse. Laura was gone for good, never to be seen again, out to live her days as some pervy old man’s sex slave. Tracy still lived in front of her house, but with her permanent nudity and new line of work, she had a feeling she wouldn’t be out as often. Of course, plenty of men would be making their way to her residence to enjoy her services, but she had a feeling they would be more secretive and intimate about it, and she shouldn’t be disturbed by them much going forward.

