

Mini-Story: Gothic Curse (Man to Big Titty Goth GF)

By FoxFaceStories

Circe is a sexy goth rocker who loves driving her boyfriend Jason wild with her body. But this wasn't always the case. Once, she was a man, and Jason's bully no less! But things really change when you end up cursed . . .

Gothic Curse

I fucking rocked the show. Of course I did. I always do. I belted the metal lyrics, posing in my black leather outfit and sexy dark corset, my black and purple dyed hair flipping all over the place as I headbanged with the music. My tits were practically urging to burst out of said corset, what with it laced tight to make my huge boobs look even huger. It gave my fans what they wanted to see though, so I went with it, the same as me strutting my stuff in my big heavy black boots and sexy fishnet stockings.

"We love you Circe!" shouted several members of the crowd.

"I fucking love you guys, too, man!" I shouted back, before winking and getting back to the music. My real love was out of view of the crowd, hidden away right of stage but watching my whole performance. I spared a brief grin in his direction.

Jason.

My sexy boyfriend who was utterly devoted to me, and who I was even more utterly devoted to. I had a bad girl aesthetic, a tough rocker vibe, and rebellious attitude, but when it came to him, I was utterly loyal. Even now, I was thinking of all the things I wanted to do to him later. I wanted to push him back onto the bed and fuck his cock like crazy. God, I loved riding him, and the thought of it was making me excited even as I performed. It was a cover this time, but my own original stuff was coming. For now though, I was doing my best Joan Jett.

"I love rock and roll, put another dime in the jukebox, baby!"

Of course, that wasn't always the case. I can't say I was into rock and roll and metal at all, previously. Nor had I ever imagined I'd be a punk rocker goth girl, right down to the pale makeup and dark eyeliner and sexy corsets and fishnets and all the rest.

Probably because I used to be a guy. Hell, I was a *dude*. An *alpha male*. My name wasn't Circe, it was Larry, and I was the top dog on campus at the local college of my hometown. This was several years ago now, but no matter how long I lived as Circe, I'd never forget the man I used to be, or the actions I took that got me stuck like this.

You see, when I was Larry I really liked to strut my stuff in an altogether different way. These days, I show off my legs and cleavage, especially when I puff out my chest, what with

these big tits. But puffing out my chest was to impress girls, back then, and to pick on weak dweebs like Jason. He was a bit of a nerd, a bit of an alternative kid. He was into drama and music, and always had an old school cassette player, looking like a total dork. I liked to trash his day and throw his player around, often because others laughed and thought it was hilarious.

"You're such a fucking loser," I'd say. "No one likes that old sound. Especially that sad goth shit. So lame."

Jason would often step back against me, though. Not physically, but he always stood his ground.

"Some people have taste," is what he'd say.

Yeah, the fact that he tried to stand up to me is what kept me coming back, and what led to me making a big mistake.

It was by chance that it happened: it was night, and I was heading back from a killer party half-drunk. I'd already had some action so I was feeling good, but as I made my way back to my frat I happened along Jason chatting to some goth-looking chick. Total ugly duckling and too chubby by half, if you ask me. Naturally, I stepped in.

"Finally found an ugly bitch willing to talk to you, Jason?"

"Piss off, Larry. We're just minding our own business."

"Oh, listening to that shit gothic piss, are you? Still stuck in the rock and roll era? I guess this chick is the best you can find, huh?"

I pushed him aside and kept on walking, thinking that was that. Except while Jason was content to leave it there, the girl chased after me.

"Hey! Hey! Dickhead! That's my cousin you were speaking about, asshole."

"Ha, I guess that fits, given how desperate he is."

At this point, the woman fumed. "You just pissed off the wrong lady. I was just catching up with my cousin while I'm in town, listening to his troubles. But now it's just you and me, asshole. And I can see what trouble he really has, and how to solve them. You don't my cousin's taste in music? You think he needs a girlfriend? *And* you act like a bully? Why don't we kill a few birds with one stone, huh?"

She flicked her wrist and said some words. I was about ready to smirk and laugh at her, but then in a flash everything changed. My body wasn't my own anymore. I was a chick, with big pale tits and a set of wide hips and a waist that was pulled tight due to a dark corset I was wearing. My fingernails were painted black, my hair was longer - though not really long - and dyed dark. And worst of all, I wasn't in control of my actions.

"Welcome to your new life, *Circe*," she said. "I think it's a cool name for a goth girl like you. That's who you are now, by the way. You're a sexy goth girl who loves showing off her

body and playing music and singing rock'n'roll, punk, and heavy metal. And you're also my cousin's totally devoted girlfriend. You absolutely love him."

"I don't! Turn me back! This is bullshit!"

She just grinned. "What's bullshit is how you've been treating him. Now you get to make it up to Jason for the rest of his life. You're going to be his fantasy girlfriend . . . and he's never going to know it's really you in there, Larry. That's just between you and me. Enjoy your new life. Oh, and by the way, I've made it so you are very, very attracted to Jason, too. Hope that 'blessing' helps you! And by the way, Jason is still sitting on a bench that way - better go catch him!"

My body was on autopilot straight away. I moved, swaying my hips, my tight purple skirt swishing around my bare thighs, my thick dark boots going one in front of the other. I was sex on legs, stuck as the kind of big titted goth girl they make thirsty memes about. With each step, my boobs bounced, wobbling heavily on my chest.

And then I found him. I wanted to turn away, but the worst part was that my mind was instantly flooded with a series of instructions, ones to follow, as I later found out, *for the rest of my life*.

"He's your number one fan."

"You want to please him. You love him."

"Be his perfect Goth GF."

"Always dress like this."

"Be the punk rocker of his dreams."

"Suck his cock. Ride him. Use handcuffs. Do all sorts of kinky stuff."

"You're into guys now, but completely loyal to him."

"Never tell him who you really are."

And so on. By the time I reached him and he looked up, he was captivated.

"Um, hi!" he said, looking sheepish.

I wanted to hit him. I wanted to get him to drag his freak cousin back. I wanted to be a man again. But the programming kicked in, and my body was already in horny attraction mode, and the dopamine rush in my brain was lighting up in his presence. So instead, I leaned over a bit to give him a perfect look at my creamy tits, raised an eyebrow, smirked, and said:

"Hey. I'm Circe. I hear you're into goth girls."

The rest is history. I've been his girlfriend ever since. We've lived together for four years now, and the sex is as constant as it is always orgasmic. I've long since given up trying to fight it, though I did fight the programming for a great deal of time. Always, though, I

succumbed. His cock was just too good, especially when I rode him on top. I ended up becoming a musician, and I've become a damn successful singer, and I'm only getting bigger. I guess it's a kind of success, really. Plus, I still get to push and shove Jason when I want, and even mock him . . . but only when we go rough in the bedroom and talk dirty, just how he likes it. I'm addicted to pleasing him, and as far as he's concerned, Larry just dropped off the edge of the earth one day, and this gorgeous girl came along to literally rock his world. It's not like he'll ever know, and I wouldn't want him to know anyway. I'm already humiliated enough, what with loving it when he takes me up the ass, or when I suck his cock, or when I dress up in my sexiest goth girl costumes with the most revealing cleavage all to please him. If he knew who I really was, I think I would just die from embarrassment.

It's far easier to just pretend I was always Circe and accept my life as a hot, successful punk goth rocker, one who loves fucking her loving boyfriend and making music with him. I can go entire weeks pretending this was always me.

That is, except for when I got to his big family get-togethers. There's a certain cousin of his, it turns out her name is Anna-Lee, and she always arrives with a grin on her face and an eagerness to chat to me. It makes sense; we're both goth girls, of course. And most of the time, she says nothing, just smiles a bit too widely. But very occasionally, when the pair of us are alone, she'll lean over and whisper something in my ear that just makes me want to die.

"I think being a big titty goth girlfriend suits you so much better, *Larry*."

The End