

There was nothing strange or odd about the new antique store that opened up on Main Street. Except for the fact that it mysteriously appeared overnight, as if out of thin air. That and the fact that every single item in the store is cursed in some way or another. Of course, customers don't know that last part, and anyone who comes in will find themselves unable to leave without buying precisely one item from the store and bringing it back home, even if they only intended to browse through the items quickly, or worse, didn't even mean to come into the mysterious place. Such is the influence that the owner of this place has on its visitors. After all, being a warlock, who is a human who inherited mystical powers from a demonic ancestry, has its perks.



Many cursed items are littered about haphazardly, eager to ensnare a mortal victim, and irreversibly change their lives and destinies forever. Antique binoculars which seem to make things seen through it not only closer but smaller as well, a typewriter which sometimes starts writing by itself, a till that seems to make all the money stored in it disappear overnight, these are but some of the cursed antiques present in the shop, ready to transform their future owners, their lives, their bodies, their minds, their very souls to a form more of their liking.



The first item to get purchased for a suspiciously low price was a globe, that sometimes starts spinning for seemingly no reason at all. Kevin wasn't sure why he had entered the store in the first place and was even more surprised when he left with the old antique packed in a box. Shrugging, he figured it would make for a unique decoration, along with an interesting story. He would simply have to find a place for it, which shouldn't be too much of a problem, considering he had just bought a new house which was now severely lacking in furniture and decorations. As he was just arriving to his place, turning the key in his lock, he started to feel the box shaking wildly in his hands. Unbeknownst to him, the globe had started spinning rapidly inside the box, before stopping suddenly, the South American continent glowing faintly in an ominous light. Kevin barely had time to get inside the house to investigate before the light spread from the globe to the whole box, then to Kevin and his bag of groceries.

The items were the first to change. Kevin watched with shock as the box that contained the globe changed shape, elongating, and becoming thin, with what looked like a brush at the end. Similarly, the soft reusable grocery bag he had been holding in his other hand became a hard plastic tray, no longer holding any of his food, but various bottles and towels. He was left stunned on his doorstep, holding a broom and a tray full of cleaning apparel, but the changes were far from over, as Kevin was the next to be affected.

His pale complexion started darkening, gaining a tanned, foreign look. Hair darkened to pitch black, growing long and silky to the middle of his back. His tall, masculine, and broad shape shrunk down quickly, giving him a sense of vertigo as his field of vision lowered by more than a foot, leaving him a diminutive five feet tall. As he shrank, all his excessive weight started pooling around specific area, predominantly his chest, hips, ass, and thighs, leaving him with a curvy, feminine hourglass shape. A tugging in his groin indicated that the last remnant of his maleness was quickly fading as well, leaving nothing more than a female mound behind as it vanished between the lips of his new pussy. Finally, his clothing started to reform all around him, underwear becoming snugly fitting panties, jeans becoming tight spandex pants that showed off his lack of equipment up front as well as his enlarged ass. Bra formed to support his newly gained, voluminous tits, that was clearly made visible by his shirt becoming almost sheer and feminine in pattern. Finally, Kevin was left no longer a tall and strong white man, but a tiny Hispanic woman.



Looking around her, Camilla started to lose herself, mind swimming with alien thoughts, with new memories. Pictures in frames were fading, the portrait of her male self being replaced by some other guy's pictures. She felt less and less at home in big house and thinking back to her own place, she could only picture a small, rundown apartment with a single bedroom that she could barely afford with her maid job. She would love to get a real job with proper pay and advancement, but that was quite hard to do considering she didn't have a green card, a no social security number. So, she had to resort to this job, where she got paid under the table and off the books. Speaking of which, she should definitely get started if she ever wanted to be done with the cleaning. As she entered the Master Bedroom to start there, she noticed with surprise that the owner of the place was not at work like he usual was, but sleeping in, naked, on top of his covers. She blushed in shame and turned around to leave when she heard his grumbling voice resound behind her.

"Who told you that you could leave, bitch? Get back over here!"

Camilla grunted in exasperation, before turning back to the naked man, who was now propped up on the bed and looking at her viciously.

"Si señor, is there anything I can help you with?"

"Did you forget our little arrangement, slut? When you clean this house, you gotta do it naked. Wouldn't want me to call ICE and have your sexy little ass deported back to Ecuador, now, would you? Now take off your clothes! And since you thought you could sneak one past me, I think you owe me a little something. How about cleaning my dick, spit shine included? Then you can get back to cleaning the rest of the house, naked, of course."



Camilla groaned internally, but outwardly did her best to appear cheery and grateful, despite the lewd proposition. This was one of her top paying clients, and if she lost him, then she definitely couldn't afford her lousy apartment anymore, and that's if the bastard didn't get immigration involved. So, she obediently stripped out of her clothes, revealing her curvy brown body, which resulted in the perverted man getting an instantaneous erection.

"There, isn't that much better? Now on your knees slut, and don't make me repeat myself!"

Camilla fell down on all fours in front of the man, crawling to him. She propped herself up on his thighs, grasping his dick in her manicured hand sliding it into her mouth quickly, eliciting a groan from him. If she was going to do this, might as well get it over with quickly. She somehow felt overly repulsed by the act, which was strange considering this was far from the first time she had to suck a cock to avoid being deported back to her home country. Little did she know that deep inside of her mind, Kevin was rebelling as much as he could, trying to regain control of his changed body. But it was useless, he was left without any control of his new body, his new life, as the Latina maid he now was kept polishing the dick of her loyal client with her mouth.

After her task was done, the maid returned to her duties, meticulously cleaning every nook and cranny of the apartment, naked of course, under the watchful, lusty stare of her client. This was particularly humiliating when she got to cleaning the windows, where the bright sunshine revealed her small but well-endowed body to every neighbor, every car, and every pedestrian on the street. Kevin felt helpless in his new, tiny body, scrubbing motions making his new bouncy tits jiggle, sweeping motions making his bulging ass sway back and forth. He glanced at the broom, desperate to try to use it to change back, somehow. But even if he was able to take control of his altered form, the broom was now only that, just a broom. The cursed globe was forever gone, just like any hope Kevin had of ever being anything else than Camilla, the slutty Latina maid that was ready to do absolutely anything to stay in the country, no matter how shameful or degrading.





The next item to be chosen by a customer was an antique and ornate couch, that looked so comfortable anyone laying on it couldn't help but fall asleep. When Jean spotted it in the store, he knew he absolutely needed to have it as a luxury item for his gaming room, even if with his busy adult life, it was a room that he ended up visiting less and less often. And he was more than pleased when he saw the ridiculously low price, which included

shipping, considering that it really looked like an authentic piece. Without hesitation, he bought it, providing his home address and contact information for the shipping, before returning home.

It took a few days for the item to finally arrive, and Jean had almost forgotten he had even bought it. He was nevertheless very excited to see it come into his place, lifted by two large burly men who didn't speak a word, but were helpful enough to follow instructions and drop the couch right where Jean had indicated. Eager to try it out, Jean decided to postpone some of his chores for the day and take a break, maybe play some games for an hour or two. He grabbed a controller, turned on his console and took a seat on his brand-new fancy couch. He groaned in satisfaction upon feeling himself sink into the soft cushions, the plush seat contouring his whole frame perfectly. By the time the console had finished booting with a satisfying string of musical notes, Jean was already fast asleep, controller slipping from his grasp onto the couch beside him.

As he drifted off into deep sleep, he started dreaming a vivid dream. It felt so real, except it couldn't be, because in that dream he was no longer a 35-year-old man, but a young woman in her early twenties, with smooth skin, light complexion, and vibrant, purple hair. Just like he was about to do himself in real life, the woman he was now was playing video games, controller in hand, headset over her ears blasting various gaming sounds. She was laid back on a couch, which was not nearly as plush as the one Jean had

fallen asleep on, but reasonably comfortable, nevertheless. If this was only a dream, might as well play along, Jean thought. He resumed playing the game, despite the strange sensations this different body was providing him, the full head of hair, the weight on his chest and the definite lack of equipment between his thick thighs.





As he was playing, he noticed a laptop on the coffee table next to him, displaying the game he was playing, as well as the woman he currently looked like in a smaller screen, situated below what seemed to be a chat, a very active chat. Apparently, this girl was streaming her gaming session, and was quite popular, considering the amount of people currently viewing her stream. The tag XxGamerJadexX was displayed on the game, and the viewers kept calling her Jade when addressing her in the chat, so Jean figured this must be this girl's name. Distracted by all of this, Jean didn't pay quite enough attention to the game, and his character died. At this moment, the chat went up in a frenzy, even more messages coming up than before. Reading the flurry of messages, Jean was able to put together that this was this streamer's gimmick, where whenever she died, she would strip on piece of clothing. Figuring that this was only a stream, and that this wasn't even his body anyway, Jean decided to play along, and removed his shirt while smiling naughtily at the camera, revealing the purple bra he was now wearing to all of Jade's enthusiastic viewers.

Jean then kept playing the game, but distracted by the chat and the knowledge that if he died in the game again he would have to strip further, it wasn't long before he made another mistake, and had to remove his booty shorts, revealing his creamy thighs and silky underwear. Piece after piece of clothing fell, until Jean was left playing naked on the couch, much to the pleasure of his viewers.

After playing naked for a while, Jean decided that he had enough, and bid farewell to Jade's audience, logging off despite their insistence to keep going, no doubt in hope of being able to admire this woman's generous, naked form. Laying back down on the couch, Jean figured that going to sleep in this dream should allow him to wake up in the real world. But sleep came and went, and when he woke up, he was still in this alien, female body. The couch he now owned was no longer the cursed antique couch and falling asleep on it did nothing. He was stuck in this new life, as a sexy gamer girl called Jade, who earned a living by streaming herself playing games naked to thousands of perverted men, who liked nothing more than ogle her naked body. He would desperately try to find a way back to his old life, but in vain, he was now stuck in a female body, in a female life. But on the bright side, he was now young, with much less responsibility, and a much more enjoyable job, even if a little degrading. But whether he liked it or not, he was stuck, and would have to get used to this new body, this new life.





The next victim was Louis, who had been absolutely fascinated by a gold trimmed mirror, which despite its reflective surface, showed nothing but an empty, gray haze. It was like a portal, to an empty, alternated dimension. Unable to resist the lure of the cursed item, Louis bought it, and took it back home. Louis lived a nice, middle-class life. He wasn't rich, but worked a good office job, and was never lacking for anything. He even got to travel once a year for vacation, letting him see the world, break the monotony of his lonely, suburban life.

Mirror in hand, he began going back and forth in his house, trying to find a proper place to hang the thing. While he was intrigued by it, he didn't relish having the strange item in his bedroom while he slept. Just thinking about it gave him goosebumps. His washroom already had a decently sized mirror, assorted to the rest of the furniture there, so that wasn't an option either. Finally, he settled on his home office, figuring it would make something to look at and lose himself in thought whenever he was brainstorming on a problem, or when he was bored with a meeting. Satisfied, he hung it up somewhere where it wouldn't constantly be in his field of vision, but where he could easily turn and look at it whenever he wanted.

But as he hung it up, he noticed something particular. Like a vague blurry shape, slowly gaining definition. Louis bent over, curious to see if he would see himself in the mirror, or something else entirely. It became quickly apparent that it was the second option, as the person in the mirror had darker skin, slanted eyes, long hair, and was most definitely a woman. A woman who was rocking back and forth to the motion of getting fucked from behind while looking into the mirror.

The image kept gaining definition, details manifesting, like the trashy necklaces around her neck, and the burly man fucking her from behind. And Louis was transfixed by the whole bizarre scene, unable to look away. Then, as the image fully formed, and everything around him *snapped* into place. In an instant, not only was he watching this Asian chick getting fucked, but he was this Asian chick!





An overwhelming number of sensations came rushing in all at the same time. Tits flopping with every thrust under her, hair sticking to the sweat on her head and back, feminine but raspy voice moaning in rhythm with the beat of the cock ramming repeatedly inside of her. She wanted to push away from the large man fucking her from behind, but instead found herself to be pressing her ass even more against him. She wanted to yell at him to stop but heard herself telling him to fuck her harder, in a broken, accented English. She stared in the mirror, trying to catch a glimpse of her male self, to return to her old reality, but this was just an ordinary mirror, and she only saw the Asian slut she now was getting fucked from behind.

The man repositioned himself, and Anong was soon on top of the man, bouncing up and down on his cock, massaging it with her pussy as her gaudy necklaces rattled with the motions. Despite having been a woman for merely a few moments, she was fucking this man like a professional, gyrating her hips and squeezing his cock with her cunt as she moaned in pleasure.

“How much extra for you to use that filthy mouth of yours to finish me off?” The man asked her between grunts. Who did he think she was, some kind of whore?

“Ten dolla’ extra fo’ mouth.”

Fuck. Apparently, she was indeed a whore now. And she had intended to tell him to fuck off, but once again her body and mouth betrayed her, forcing her to act like the cheap, Asian prostitute she now was. She slid off his cock, as he gave her a slap on the ass for good measure. Turning around and kneeling, she was overwhelmed by the stench of his dick, covered in her own juices. Yet as disgusted as she was, she was powerless to resist the will of the curse, which forced her to act like a filthy slut, a lowly Thai hooker, and she took in his cock deep within her mouth, bobbing her head up and down vigorously, making sloppy sucking noises, much to her client’s satisfaction. He finished in her mouth quickly, spent from all the fucking they had just done, and the taste of his spunk was just as bad as the smell. Yet she swallowed dutifully, as the man got dressed and threw down a measly 50 dollars in crumbled bills on the table next to the door, leaving the trashy hooker to her new life, and to her next client, who was just coming into the room.







Arthur didn't believe it when the store owner proclaimed that this ring was magical. He claimed that it would adjust to fit the finger of the person who put it on perfectly. The only catch was, that he couldn't try it on in the store, he had to wait to be back home to do so. But the creepy owner swore with a devilish smile that he would get his money back guaranteed if ever it didn't do what he claimed it did, so Arthur decided to buy it on a whim. Normally he would never have even considered buying such a bauble, but there was something alluring about the ring, something mysterious. And besides, it was probably worth twice as much as the fool of an owner was selling it for, as it looked quite old and authentic.

As soon as he stepped through the door to his place, Arthur couldn't resist the temptation anymore and pulled on the ring, slipping it on his left hand's ring finger. It was a few sizes too big, nothing too dramatic, but still quite noticeable. It would definitely fall off if he pointed his finger downwards. He stared at it expectantly, eager to find out if it would shrink to the proper size. He smiled in surprise and awe as he felt the ring tighten around his finger. But his satisfaction was short lived, as he noticed that the ring had not shrunk down like he had expected, but his own finger had grown slightly pudgy, so that the unaltered ring fit around it perfectly. He gapped at his hand wordlessly, shocked to see his other fingers, then the rest of his hand follow suit, not only becoming a little pudgy, but also devoid of any hair.

The changes then rapidly ran up his arm, his masculine muscles melting away into fat, and his hair thinning to almost nothingness, leaving him with a chubby, smooth, and feminine arm. He gasped as the wave of transformation hit his torso, and then flew out in all directions. Large flabby tits pushed out on his chest, as his trim midsection became flabby. Ass and hips grew out, gaining cellulite and stretch marks. Face softened, becoming round with prominent cheeks, a few wrinkles of age appearing here and there. Hair grew out to his shoulders, and his eyes slanted slightly, giving him the appearance of a middle-aged Japanese woman. This was further confirmed by a tugging sensation in his groin, his dick inverting into a hairy, well used snatch, and his whole complexion gaining a slight olive tint. His clothes reformed on his body, flowing a more befitting of a woman of his girth, complete with an apron hung around his neck. Finally, all the changes were done, and the cursed ring reformed into a plain, ordinary, and non-magical wedding ring.





Akami looked around her. This house was a mess! She needed to get to cleaning, and then cooking, if she ever wanted to be done before her husband came home. She quickly got her knees, straining at the effort of bending down with her lack of muscles and all the extra weight she was now sporting. Deep down Arthur was struggling against this, horrified at his massive new body, how his thighs rubbed together with every step, and how every part of him jiggled with every moment. But more than all, he was terrified at the lack of control he had, stuck as a passenger in this Japanese woman's body. This terror was only amplified as he heard the doorknob rattle, the door open and a masculine voice shout out: "Honey, I'm home!" Akami smiled as she heard her husband arrive. She had done all the cleaning and was now finishing up with supper. She wiped her hands on her apron and went over to greet her husband coming home from work, like the dutiful wife that she was. As usual he seemed very tired from his day at work, but his face still lit up as soon as he saw her.

He himself was not particularly attractive. But that was to be expected. They were both in their forties, and quite a bit out of shape. But Akami still felt very attracted to her man, and she could tell by the look in his eyes that he shared those feelings of attraction towards her. Smiling naughtily, she approached him with a lustful glance at his crotch, leaning up against him.

"You look so tired Sugar Bear... How about you let your wife help you relax a bit, while we wait for supper to be ready?"

The man smiled knowingly as Akami bent down to her knees one more time, unbuckling her husband's belt and lowering his pants, to show him how much she appreciated all of his hard work, like the proper and obedient wife that she was, while in the background of her mind Arthur screamed in despair and horror as he felt the small hairy cock enter his mouth past his plump lips.





The following item to be acquired was an old gramophone. And while the owner of the shop warned Thomas that the thing would sometimes start playing by itself, he figured that even if that were true it wouldn't be an issue, he would simply need to make sure to remove the vinyl whenever he was done with it, which he would have done anyway to make sure they stayed in good shape and weren't accidentally. As a collector of such items, Tom was very happy with his purchase. He spent the whole evening listening to one record after the other, playing classics by Bach and Mozart while he painted on a large canvas, one of his latest works. Tom liked the finer things in life and considered himself to be a sophisticated gentleman. And there was nothing quite like listening to classical music such as this on a real, antique gramophone. The slight grittiness of the audio made the experience even more authentic than through any other more traditional medium.

He went to bed relaxed and satisfied with his newest purchase. But in the middle of the night, a gritty noise coming from his study woke him up. He figured it was the gramophone he had just purchased, that had started playing like the shop owner had advised him it would do. But it was strange, because he was convinced that he had removed the record from it before leaving. But there was definitely sound coming from the room, so with a sigh Tom got up and walked to his study. But as he approached, the faint sound grew louder and louder, gaining definition. This was definitely not one of his usual discs. There were no vibrant, flowing sounds, just a repetitive thumping beat, the kind of mind numbing tune that kids listened to these days. He was sure that he didn't own anything like this, and much less in a format that could be played on this precious antique. As he barged into the room, intent on shutting that damn thing off, the sounds around him became overwhelming, and bright lights from an unknown source flashed towards his face, blinding him momentarily.

When he regained his vision, he gasped in surprise. He was no longer in his study, or even in his house. He was up on a stage with a metal pole next to him, in a very crowded club. The obnoxious music was still blasting all around him, and the men down below were hooting, eyes fixated on him. Thomas was wondering what this was all about, when he noticed a few strands of hair in his field of vision. Grabbing them revealed his now dainty and manicured hands, which prompted him to look down and inspect the rest of his body. He almost fainted when he was greeted by two large, fake, barely covered tits. Glancing past those was not much better. Trim, nude midsection, panty clad and flat crotch, followed by thin legs encased in pantyhose and dainty feet sporting a pair of platform heels. He shrieked out in a high-pitched, feminine timbers, trying to hide his almost nude form from the eyes of the cheering men down below, much to their discontent.





“What are you doing bitch? Give us a dance!”

One of the impatient patrons gave her a shout just as she was running off the stage. She found herself to be stopping, turning around, and sauntering back to the pole. Her face still expressed fear and confusion, but her body started gyrating sexily on the stage, swinging on the pole like an expert. The men started cheering once more, while Tom fought to regain control, but in vain.

“Give us a smile! Act like you enjoy this!”

Once again upon the crowd’s order she found herself unable to disobey. Her lips perked up into a sultry smile, and her eyes sparkled with life and pleasure, instead of the terror that Tom was feeling deep inside. She was forced to keep going all night, dancing song after song on stage, stripping her clothes off whenever someone in the audience asked to see her tits, ass or pussy. At the end of the night, when only two patrons remained, they asked to see her down at their table, and once more she found herself to be complying to their demand, stepping down from the stage.

“How about you let us fuck you right here and now, slut?”

And that is how she ended up bent over their table, one cock in her mouth, one deep in her pussy, as she was spit roasted like a common whore. They kept asking more and more degrading acts of her, to which she had no choice but obey. They ended up cumming all over her face and tits, while she eagerly lapped up whatever she could. They left a hefty tip on the table, leaving the establishment.

“Amazing, as usual! See your pretty ass on and off-stage tomorrow night, Tammy!”

And even if it wasn’t quite an order, the girl knew that whatever she did, she would have to return to this seedy establishment for her shift tomorrow night. And every night to come. Gone was the upper-class gentleman that Thomas had been, all that was left was this trashy stripper named Tammy, who fucked her clients after closing time for some extra income.





The last item to be sold was an old nightlamp. This one had the unique property of making things darker around it rather than making them light up. Corey found this to be quite intriguing, and besides, he was desperate at this point. Tonight was his five-year anniversary with his girlfriend, and he absolutely needed to buy a gift for her. Coming back from work, this was basically the last place that was open, so he had to get something nice for her. And he remembered her complaining of not having a light on her nightstand, so this would do perfectly... or so he hoped.

Dinner went by without a hitch, and when they exchanged presents, Liana was very pleased with the lamp, despite the fact that this was obviously a very last-minute gift, as it was hastily wrapped in paper rather than presented in proper gift wrap. This was what Corey loved most about her, she never put too much pressure on him, on them. She loved him for him, for who he was as a person and not for what he gave her, or what he could provide. And he loved her back just as much, if not more, for being the pure, innocent, and beautiful angel that she was.

They setup the new lamp on her nightstand, next to her side of the bed, and turned it on. Corey was a little disappointed to see that it did not in fact absorb all the light around it, like the shopkeeper as promised. But at the same time that would have been very impractical, so he was kind of glad that it lit up the room like any other lamp. Corey went to bed, satisfied that Liana had liked his gift, unaware that this was the last time that he was going to sleep next to his girlfriend in her current form.

He was woken up by sounds of grunting next to him. Turning around, he was surprised to see movement on Liana's side of the bed. He heard a loud moan erupt from under the covers, making him jump lightly in surprise. Was she... was she masturbating? In the middle of the night? He opened the lights and slid the blankets off of her writhing form, gasping in horror and surprise at what was revealed underneath. Yes, this was his girlfriend, but she was very, very different. For one, her plain, auburn hair was now a vibrant, unnatural shade of blue. Her casual nightgown was replaced by a leather outfit fit for a biker chick, complete with fishnets and a spiked collar. And she was indeed masturbating as he had suspected, plunging a large rubber dildo, a sex toy that they didn't even own before, in and out of a shaven pussy that was red, swollen and appeared to be well-used. She looked at him, panic mixed with pleasure on her face as she whispered in a barely audible voice that quivered with arousal.





“Corey... I don’t know what’s happening... Help me...”

And with that she resumed plunging the dildo in and out of her snatch, hips bucking with every thrust, her moans become louder and lewder as she kept changing. Voice became raspy, as if she had smoked her whole adult life, her thighs and ass thickened with fat, giving her a thick, juicy look. Her still reasonable breasts pumped up with silicone, becoming a pair of large fake tits, straining against her new leather halter top. And Corey could only watch as his girlfriend changed further and further. How was this even possible? Things like that were simply not possible! Unless... The lamp! It was making her darker, which apparently meant it was making her a gothic slut...

“Come on Corey you stupid asshole, do something you useless fuck!”

Corey was about to reach for the lamp, intent on destroying it to try and undo what had been done to his tender and loving girlfriend when she shouted those obscenities at him.

It stunned him, hearing those harsh words coming from her once sweet mouth, and he felt tears welling up in his eyes. What had happened to his beautiful angel? This wasn’t her; this was this cursed lamp doing this to her. All he had to do was destroy it! He reached over, and made it topple over, shattering glass from the light bulb all over the floor. The loud crashing noise made them both jump in surprise. Corey turned to her, eager to see her change back, only to be met with a face that expressed anger, hatred, and disgust.

“I meant come and fuck me you pathetic cuck, not break the furniture! Now if you don’t want to stick your tiny dick inside my wet cunt, I’ll find someone who will!”

Liana slid out the dildo out of her soaked pussy with a wet slop. She then arranged her disheveled hair and adjusted her panties and skirt, taking in the opportunity to tease a confused, stunned, and horrified Corey with her shapely enlarged ass, and seeing no reaction from her boyfriend, sighed out of exasperation, and walked out the door. Corey just kept staring at his altered girlfriend, hoping to see signs of her changing back to her old self, of the changes reverting, but nothing happened, and she disappeared from his sight. By the time he snapped out of his daze and ran up to the front door, she was long gone, and her car was no longer parked there. He was left alone inside their place, wondering what happened, and how he had lost her.





He decided to sleep on the couch, in the living room near the front door, in hope that she would come back, changed to her old self. He knew that the lamp was responsible for this, it had to be, so he didn't understand why destroying it didn't fix her. Little did he know that by destroying the item he had sealed her fate. The lamp only affected things around it, so if she had simply walked away,

she would have simply changed back after a few hours. But now that it was destroyed, it's magic was gone, and any change made by it were permanent, as the lamp was no longer there to undo them. He was the one who had changed his girlfriend by buying the lamp, and he was the one who had made the changes permanent by destroying it.

He was once again woken up by noise coming from his bedroom. After crying himself to sleep, he hadn't woken up when Liana had come back home with a random guy from the bar a few streets away. Corey walked up to his room, horrified to see his one chaste and pure girlfriend being fucked roughly from behind by a musclebound meathead. She smiled as she saw him watching, making no effort to stop the man from fucking her. In fact, she redoubled her efforts, moaning even louder and pushing back her large round ass against him with every thrust, staring into the eyes of her now former boyfriend.

"Here to see how a real man fucks a girl? Watch and learn little guy, watch and learn..."

Corey wanted to run and hide, wanted to punch the guy in the face, wanted to tear Liana apart from him and shout some sense into her, wanted to do anything but watch this. But he was transfixed, hurt to his very core by the scene unfolding in front of him, and once again found himself unable to do anything. When she sensed that the unnamed man behind her was about to cum, she slid of his cock, turned around and placed her mouth around it, giving it a few quick tugs as it spurting jizz inside her hungry mouth, which she all swallowed eagerly. She then turned to Corey, an evil glare in her eyes as she spoke down to him.

"If I am going to stay here you are going to need your own room. After your pathetic display earlier, there is no way that I am ever sleeping with you, like ever. But you can watch if that's what you get off to, I don't mind. My name is Lilith now by the way, hope you enjoy having a hot goth slut for a roommate, because that is all I'll ever be for you from now on, whether you like it, or not."

