



Curse

By Tidy_Fox





"You guys are *leaving?!!*" George shouted as he chased his sister and mom to the front door in a panic.

"I'm just going to drop your sister at her friends house for their little Halloween get together, I know you said you didn't want to go out so I'll be back soon and I'll pick up some dinner on the way!" replied George's mom calmly.

George huffed in frustration "-But, but mom what about all that weird stuff that's been happening? I don't want to be alone!"

"Oh my god George, you're such a *baby!* It's just your imagination, stop being such a weirdo!" snorted his sister impatiently "Mom, can we go now I'm going to be late!"

"I'll be home soon honey, why don't you just sit and play one of your games. It'll be fine I promise!"

With that, the two left the house and George was suddenly all alone.



He looked around the room nervously.

Earlier in the week he'd stumbled on an old VCR and some tapes. One of them had been a really strange, occult-looking porno where an innocent girl was possessed and taken over by a nightmare demon of lust. As hot as it was, after watching it he'd begun receiving strange text messages warning him of a curse, counting down to this very night!

Other weird things started to happen too. On his social media feeds he'd scroll past images of the possessed demon girl, but then couldn't find them if he scrolled back. He'd been hearing moans and whispers late at night. Sometimes he swore he saw flashes of her in reflections and mirrors, slowly creeping closer to him. Always following him...

George shook his head. No! He was just getting too caught up with all the scary movies and stories he'd been into! There was no curse. His sister was right... It was crazy, right? Finally, he decided to take up his mom's advice and play some games until she got home.



After a few minutes, as George settled into a quick online session, his anxiety over the curse slowly died down as it was increasingly replaced with the anxiety of getting his ass handed to him in the match.

As his attention was sucked in by the game and without his phone on him, George wasn't aware that the countdown of the curse was finally nearing zero. Perhaps if he did have it, he could've averted what was to come.

Sitting comfortably on the couch, George deftly moved his character side to side, dodging incoming fire as he moved towards the enemy flag, but just as he was about to achieve victory the game cut out and the screen turned to static!



As George sat there, staring at the flickering black and white speckles dancing across the screen, he was momentarily annoyed that the game cut out right at his moment of triumph.

This thought was interrupted though by what appeared to be a hand slowly emerging from the snowy static of the TV.

George squinted his eyes at the screen as his brain slowly worked to understand what he was seeing.



KREEEEEEEE



It slowly and painstakingly dawned on George that something entirely abnormal was occurring as his vision finally grasped the hand that was extending impossibly from the television, reaching for him. As the hand pushed its way further, it was accompanied by an awful creaking noise as if the fabric of reality was screaming in pain as something from beyond it forced itself into our world.

As the hand stretched out towards George, it was quickly followed by a mess of thick, black hair that dragged against the ground.

George was paralysed with fear as he looked upon this impossibly scene and finally it clicked in his mind. It was her! It was the girl from the porno! It was the girl from the curse!



FREE AAKI



And then, in an instant, she was standing right in front of him!

George wanted to scream. Every hair on his body stood on end and he desperately wanted to run, but at the same time was too terrified to move.

Then after a moment of deathly silence, she spoke.

Her glistening black lips parted "7 ways..." she croaked, barely above a whisper but somehow echoing in George's head.



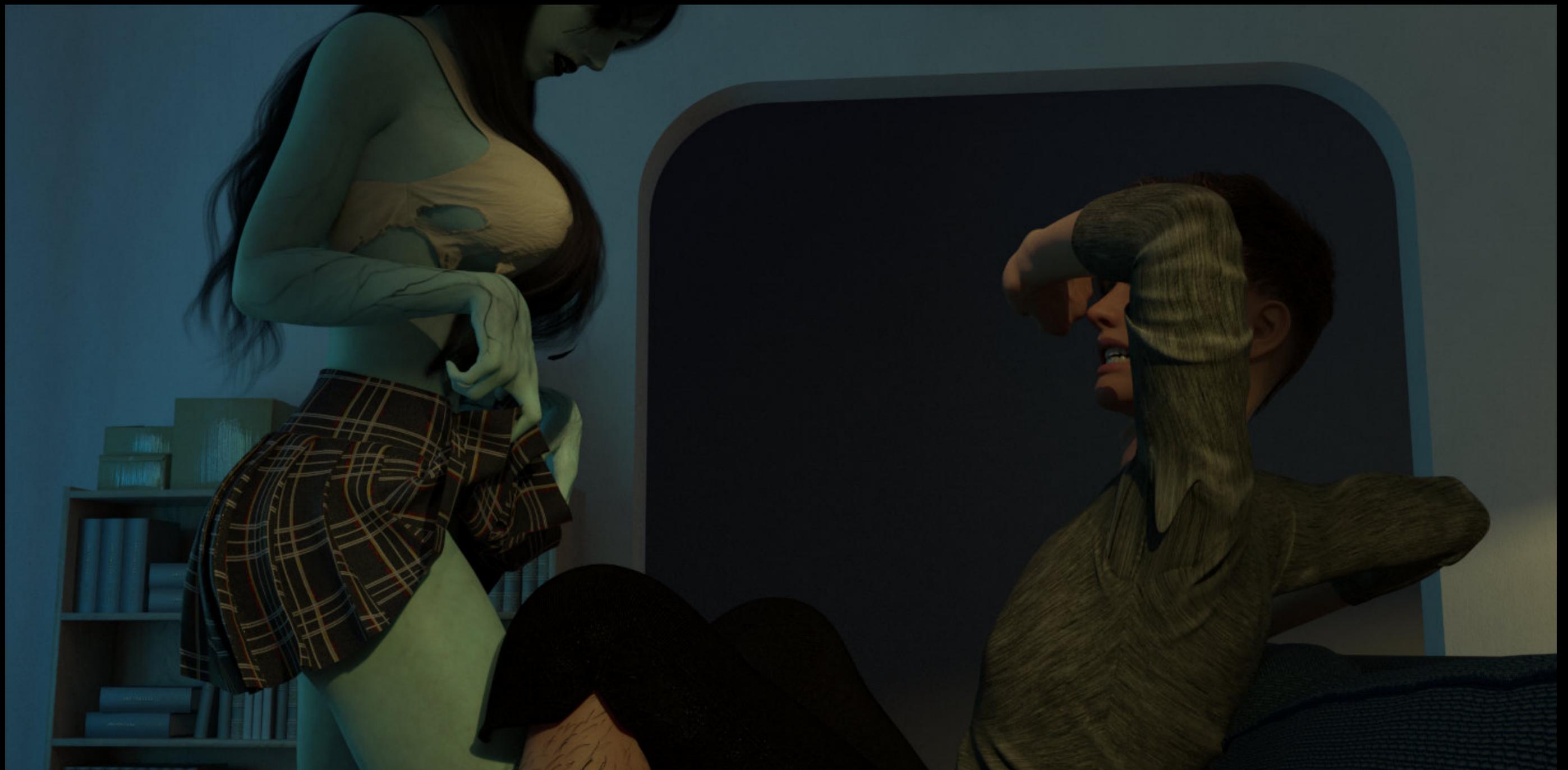
"W...what?" uttered George meekly

"...7 ways..." she repeated.

She then leaned in slowly and knelt closer to him, pushing her thigh up against the young mans leg and rested her hand on his leg.

"...Pleasure me in 7 ways..."

Images of the demonic porno bubbled up in George's memory and even as he flinched away from her, his eyes glanced down at her ample tits, hanging ripely from her chest. Despite his abject fear, his cock stirred in response.



George felt like a deer in headlights, trying to understand the situation he was suddenly in. He knew he needed to do something but he didn't know what!

She slowly rose back up and as if to prod the poor boy along began lifting her skirt up to reveal her bare, pantless crotch beneath.

Beneath her skirt was her smooth and cleanly shaved pussy. It glistened in the dim light of the room; wet, dripping and ready to be filled. Her clit stood proudly at the peak of her nethers, engorged and ready to be touched, rubbed and licked.

For the briefest moment George began to move towards her, magnetically compelled by some primal instinct. However his religious and conservative upbringing came flooding back and he threw himself back, averting his eyes.

"Get away! Don't touch me you *demon!*" he screamed hysterically!



Dropping her skirt back down, the supernatural woman stood motionless, not a hair or breath of movement.

After a minute of silence George slowly and cautiously opened his eyes. Had she heard him? Maybe she couldn't harm or touch him without his permission! Maybe he would get through this unscathed! A glimmer of hope rose up within George, but he didn't dare to move, quietly hoping his mom would return to his rescue.

Long moments passed as the two remained entirely still.



Then suddenly and without warning, she began to move her hand back towards her skirt.

George tensed up. What would happen next?

"...No touching..." she whispered

"N~ no touching!" George repeated immediately. He was right! She couldn't touch him without his permission!

"...If you won't give... then I will show you... Mmmmm"

The ghoulish woman began to softly moan and as George looked down at her skirt, he saw it begin to stir.



There was no doubt that something was happening under her skirt as it shook slightly from side to side with a soft squirming noise accompanying it.

Then, slowly her skirt began to rise.

George couldn't quite tell what he was seeing at first, but it soon dawned on him as a thick, veiny cock emerged from between the woman's legs!

As it pushed her skirt back exposing itself, fully erect, to the open air she let out a contented sigh.

"...I will show you pleasure..."



The ghostly woman grabbed her engorged cock firmly and began rhythmically pumping it.

"...Mmmmm...ahhhhhh." she let out long moans of indulgence as she tugged her member up and down its length. With her free hand, she grasped her soft tit and began exploring and massaging it in time with her pumping.

"...The ~ahhh~ first pleasure... is *mmmm Masturbation...*" she spoke between moans.

"...grab your cock uhhhhh... firmly.. up it's entire length... Haaah... and back down. Feel it.. Up and *mmmm* down the shaft."



TUG

STROKE

PULL

TUG

TUG

PULL



"...up...down... Rub ohhhh the tip of the uhhhh head.. Savour the feeling..." she continued, licking her lips as her arousal increased.

Despite himself, George couldn't seem to avert his eyes from the lewd display in front of him.

His eyes drank in the vision, lingering on her breasts as her hand squeezed and pinched her nipple. They looked so soft and inviting, he wanted to know how they felt.

His eyes wandered back to her crotch as she continued thrusting her hand up and down. Precum oozed from the tip and coated her cock in a thin slick, film helping to lubricate her hand as it moved up and down its length.

"...feel mmmm every ahhh little inch of movement... It's so sensitive... ohhh... It feels sooo good."

George's rational brain began to recede as he watched her pump her hands and thrust her hips back and forth.



George had become rock hard and without really noticing he slowly moved his hand down and unzipped his pants. His cock sprung out and before he knew it he was pumping in time with the lusty creature in front of him.

"...Ahhh... Mmm.. Yesss pump your *beautiful* cock with me... ahhhhh... get lost in the pleasure..."

Her words melted into his increasingly pliant mind. It felt so good, so right to stroke himself in front of this creature.

"...yesss good nghhh the *second pleasure* ahhh is *mutual gratification*..."

George was helplessly captivated, stroking himself whilst he watched her hypnotically pleasure herself. It began to form a feedback loop in his head as his brain released bursts of dopamine and serotonin with each stroke.

Up and down, up and down, up and down. The two moved in unison.



Before long George began to feel a hunger grow in him. While stroking his cock felt incredible, his arousal saturated brain wanted more. He needed to be closer to what was going on, he wanted to see more, *feel* more. He wanted to experience greater heights of pleasure!

Dropping to his knees, he slowly crawled closer to her. He could tell that this greatly turned on the unnatural woman as she quickened her pace and groaned in approval.

As George closed the gap between them he never once took his hands off his stiff cock, continuing to pump his engorged member as he neared her. When he reached mere inches from her, she stopped her ministrations and dropped her hands to her side.

They both knew what had to happen next.



George hesitated for just a moment but as he felt a soft feminine hand begin to push down on his head he closed his eyes and opened his mouth to willingly take in her member.

Despite his inexperience, it seemed to come naturally to George. Moving his tongue up the length and sucking on the sensitive tip.

"AAAhhhhhh~" she cried out loudly, *"...wonderful... nghmmmm"*, tearing off her top to proudly expose her pert, silicone breasts.

Pushed on by her moans of approval and in his aroused state, George worshipped her unnatural cock. Licking, sucking and exploring it's every inch. His own already rock hard dick seemed to get even harder, straining against itself as he continued moving his hand up and down its length.

"Deeeper.. .morrree... ahhhhhh" she pleaded, rolling her hips in time with George's mouth.

OOHHHHH YESSSSSSSS



SUCK

LICK

LICK



As the woman's moaning increased in intensity, George became more and more lost in the act. All the taboos he'd been taught across his life suddenly felt so small and insignificant. All that mattered in the moment was this feeling of immense pleasure. To give and to receive it.

"Yessss... So good!... Ahhh ahhh ahhh... the third pleasure... is fellatio... mmmmMMmm"

A slick slime began to leak out of her cock. Black precum oozed out, sliding from George's mouth and dripping from her shaft. Instead of disgust it only made George more excited as he became more and more focused on pleasuring the woman.

Her arousal and pleasure seemed to feed directly into him, invigorating and fueling him further.

The slime came thicker and faster. He knew she was getting close as she bucked her hips with abandon and screamed out

"more... More... MORE!!"

...Yesssss.... ooOOOOooohhhh....

Ahh~ the fourth... The fourth pleasure is

OH

OOHHHHH

EJACULATIONNNNNN AHH



As the buxom girl breathlessly moaned out the last words, she *erupted* in orgasm!

A flood of black bile burst from her cock as it twitched and spasmed uncontrollably. The ghoulish woman screamed in ecstasy.

Unable to stop the unrelenting flood, George let go of the throbbing cock, only to be met with the torrent directly on his face. As the warm liquid covered and soaked his head he too couldn't hold back as his already painfully erect cock finally gave in and spurted gob after gob of cum.

Even as George fell backwards wailing in pleasure, the stream of black cum from the woman moved with unnatural forces and continued to saturate his face. Neither of the two seemed to care though, both lost at the peak of their sexual tryst, frantically humping the air to push out more of their cum and prolong their orgasm.



The black ooze poured into George, flooding in through his mouth and pushing in past his eyes.

Once into his body, the slimy substance moved through him with malicious intent. It seeped into his bloodstream and wound around his nerves, sending signals of orgasmic pleasure to his brain. In response, George moaned and feverishly swallowed more and more of the oily slick into him. His cock kept erupting burst after burst of cum, covering his cock and saturating his pants.

None of this phased him though. All he wanted was more of this. More demonic pleasure!

As far as he was concerned, he was in heaven!



YESSSSS!

MOAN

MOAN

MOAN

MOAN

MOAN



As the two continued writhing at their orgasmic peak, the ghoulish woman began lifting up and floated in the air as it overwhelmed her. Throwing herself back as her shrieks of ecstasy wailed on alongside the seemingly endless torrents of cum bursting from her throbbing meat stick!

Behind George's moans, his body began expanding from the sheer amount of liquid pouring into him. His stomach swelled and shirt stretched against him. George felt like he was going to burst, but still struggled vainly to take in more of the glorious ebony goo as his body ebbed and throbbed from the dark energy circulating within him.



Gradually her spirited cries of pleasure quietened to a hoarse moan, expended of energy and then finally with a final squeeze of her balls, the last spurt of her eruption ended. The evil slut fell to the ground and lay there panting breathlessly, periodically twitching as post-orgasmic contractions pulsed through her body.

She smiled wickedly to herself. Giddy with excitement for what would come next...



Next to her, George was still paralysed on his knees, lost in euphoria as the last of the evil jism slithered across and forced its way into his body. As the ickor disappeared down his throat and into his body, he finally fell back onto the couch. His aching cock spurt out a final stream before finally running dry as well.



George lay there, bloated and powerless to do anything but gasp for breath.

As some level of sanity slowly returned, the weight of his actions suddenly hit him. He had sinned. He had partaken in pleasures of the body and performed acts against his religious upbringing. He had done something horrible... and yet, it had felt *so good*.

So good to sin. So good to lose himself in carnal pleasures.

As this thought crossed him, George felt the black slime in his body writhe and squirm with approval, sending dark pulses of pleasure through his body and digging deeper into him. George let out a loud moan in response.

"What was that?" He thought, "it felt... *so good!*"

Again, as if in approval, the dark matter within him shifted, spreading itself further into his body.



As erotic energy surged through him, a deep part of George suddenly yelled out "No, no this is wrong!" thought George "I have to fight whatever this is!"

He felt the darkness within him recede slightly. George realised he was at a crossroad – was this a test of his faith! He could muster up his strength and devotion to his religious upbringing or succumb to this dark, delicious pleasure.

He thought about what his mom would do if she found him laying like this, "*would she lick my cock clean?*" the darkness came rushing back and George cooed out with forbidden lust.



"No, no, no..." He had to think regular thoughts. "Think to his religion and his elders. What would his pastor do at a time like this, *would he fill his wife up with demonic cum?*"

Images of a corrupted George fucking his pastor's wife flashed in his mind. Her riding his dick and screaming with lust. George's cum soaked cock sprung back to life as the darkness bled further into him. "God, why was it so good to just keep thinking about fucking??"



"School, think about school work. *Working Ms. MacKenzie, bent over her desk and pounding her wet, dripping pussy.*"

George groaned and moved his hip up and down to the thoughts. The cute, young new teacher at school. So innocent, earnest and willing to help her students. "I bet she'd be so excited to help her senior class students with extra curriculars. It's her job to make sure her students *unghh* thrive!"

The stuff inside of him pushed and pulled, deeper and deeper. As his mind kept on wandering to lustful thoughts, his body began to be remade by the black essence.

As it soaked into him, his bloated body began to return to a more normal size but at the same time his stiff cock also began shrinking alongside it. His stained pants also started changing as they liquidfied into the same black ooze and began shifting across his now hairless and smooth legs.



"Think about something annoying! My sister, she was always such a mean bitch. If she was here right now, I'd force her face down onto my glistening, pink slit and force her to lick me until I came all over her face!"

George imagined his sister, sucking on his clit and licking his pussy... Pussy? No, that didn't seem right... He didn't have... have... He didn't have time to linger on these details. He needed to think of his sister and fucking her, corrupting her into his little docile plaything. Transforming her in the perfect, evil little slut.

George's thighs grew in size as his pants reformed into fishnets and tiny black shorts that barely covered his thick round ass. His waist slimmed and toned as his hips widened.

George playfully thrust her hips, imagining the feeling of riding his sister's face to orgasm.



"Wait... Wait! What was I doing? I was thinking... thinking dark thoughts. I'm such a bad person..."

George's mind was swirling, it was so hard to focus but he knew he had to think of something to get through this ordeal!

His friends... his best friends, Zach and Ellie. God they were such losers, the bunch of them. So afraid and weak... he would go after Ellie first. Bend and twist her into a hungry, thirsty whore and then they would both go to torment Zach. He'd always had a crush on Ellie. He'd twist her into such a sexual creature, whose greatest pleasure would come from denying Zach.

"Yesssss..." George whispered to himself, losing himself to his fantasies.



"Yesss, so much darkness. So much pleasure... I want it... I want more darkness!"

He imagined his mom coming home to find his slut of a child on the couch. He'd feign tears over what'd happened and reach out to her for comfort. She'd respond with motherly love and care, that's when he'd kiss her. Kiss her deeply and pour black bile down into her throat. He'd take hold of her and pleasure her as it transformed her.

George... Or was it Georgie... she was lost in her fantasies, egged on by the constant thrumming pleasure that the black fluid was driving into her.

With each quickening heartbeat, his chest slimmed down a little more as his shirt became a black amorphous liquid, travelling across him and reforming into a tight leather bra that squeezed her pert figure.



"Goddd, there's so much darkness. I deserve this... I'm such a **bad, bad** girl."

Georgie's mental defences were failing as she began rationalising all the reasons to give in.

"I've already sinned and it felt *so* good! I'd probably~ I'd probably do it again... "

"I'm a slut. I'm a sick, fucked up, horny slut." he whispered aloud as his body completed its transformation, growing two soft and perky breasts atop his slim, delicate frame.



"My friends... my family... my teachers and elders... I'll show them all such pleasures. Such dark and filthy pleasures *ahhhh!*"

Georgie couldn't control her errant thoughts anymore, they all flooded through her, twisting and perverting themselves. She moaned in absolute, wanton acceptance.

"*Mmmm* and they'll all know what to do when I show them, they'll all know how to fall to their *ahhhh* knees... and crawl towards me, towards my promises of endless lust!"



Her hair turned a slick black as his old personality was swept aside.

No longer would Georgie be limited by the constraints of her old religion or what society forced upon him!

She moaned with exuberance.

No longer would she be stifled and repressed!

She could truly be free. Free to seek out and indulge in all the pleasures of the body.

Georgie ran her soft hand down the length of her body from her new, lush breasts down to her taut, flat stomach tracing her belly button and down to her wet pleasure centre below.



Georgie rubbed her swollen pussy mound over her black latex spanks, her black hair grew longer and permanent dark make-up stained her face to reflect her corrupted soul.

"OooooOOohhh!" Georgie moaned lewdly *"Yesss, this is my destiny! More darkness. More pleasure!"*

Then, finally, Georgie let out long sigh as she exhaled the last of her light and goodness. She lay still and unmoving except for her right hand, still pushing hard onto her swollen clit, down her slit, between the folds and back up again. Her eyes tightly shut as she focused entirely on the vibrant sensations they sent through her, lost in an ocean of darkness and ecstasy.



The changes were over.

After laying there panting from her exertions, Georgie slowly staggered and swayed as she tried to stand. Slipping, her feet unsteady on her heeled boots.

She slowly and silently rose.



Finally getting herself up, she took several long moments to pause and take everything in.

She could feel dark corruption throb through her new, lithe body. Tingles of erotic energy danced up and down her.

Experimentally she flexed her kegals in her tight new pussy and pushed her legs together to feel the pressure on her hungry, swollen clit. Bobbing up and down on the spot, she felt her small, pert breasts jiggle and bounce.

Yes, this body was perfect.

Perfect for seduction, for corruption and most importantly, for *pleasure*.

Georgie opened her eyes.





Behind Georgie, the ghoulish woman crept up and groped her from behind. Kneading her hands roughly into her firm, round ass.

Georgie offered no resistance, but instead pushed her bum up against the wandering hands and relishing in the physical attention.

She turned around slowly to face her assaulter and where George would've been filled with fear and hesitance, Georgie felt only lust and desire.

The two wasted no time began to touch and explore each other. Their lips locked in a passionate, messy kiss. Their tongues desperate to meet and wrap around one another.



Georgie relished the feeling of the ghoul's flesh pressed up against her as she broke the kiss and swept her hair back. As her pitch black eyes looked upon the world with new perspective, she saw a pair of headlights pulling up into the driveway. Mother was finally home, just in time. The two giggled in glee and without speaking already knew what was to come next. "Show her pleasure..." whispered the dark spirit "All the ways of pleasure..." responded Georgie as the front door began to open.



THE END