

The Puzzle Box Curse, Part 2

Randomking

The walk of shame, as it is often called, is bad enough on its own. It's even worse when you just did something sexually that you always considered sinful, perverted, and socially unacceptable. For Violet, these factors were compounded by her magical mandate to remain nude in her own apartment at all times. When she woke up, her hand was involuntarily massaging the central breast that her secretary and friend had grown yesterday. That Shona's third breast existed was a problem, but Violet was also psychologically compelled to enjoy every aspect of bosoms. She felt a tingle in her unmentionable regions just thinking about having groped that beautiful and yet grotesque feature.

It was 6:30 in the morning, so Violet felt that she should make an effort to freshen up. Her legs were a bit crusty with dried vaginal secretions and Shona's saliva, and she felt that the sweat she generated had given her a sensuous but socially awkward funk. In light of these things, a shower was certainly in order. When she entered her bathroom, a small red figure was perched atop the showerhead, grinning widely at her. Hamamelis was the source of her troubles, a demon bent on perverting the bodies and minds of all who came into contact with Violet. She came from a puzzlebox that Violet had almost accidentally bought at a curio shop in a redneck vacation area in Missouri. Hamamelis cursed her to inadvertently transform anyone she interacted with personally. She'd changed people sexually without meaning to, and now she felt as if she were under siege in her own home, a posh apartment in downtown Chicago.

"What are you going to do now?" Hamamelis asked.

A scowl developed on Violet's face. "I'm going to take a shower and then call in sick."

"You can't be a recluse forever!" Hamamelis teased.

"I'll do the best I can for now," Violet answered, remembering that her pastor was coming over later to undo the damage. She just had to make it until the evening. As she prepared the shower, she realized that she had no food. She had just come back from a vacation, and there was virtually nothing that she prepare with what she had. Violet didn't envy the pizza delivery person who would inevitably come over later.

After her shower and calling in for herself and Shona, Violet went to awaken her secretary. "Wake up, Shona. We need to figure out what to do."

Shona groaned, blinked, and then sighed, when she realized that she hadn't just had the most fucked up nightmare ever. Looking at the nude Violet next to her, Shona decided to lighten up the mood. "If I'm gonna go down on you again, you'd better lose the beaver."

Taken aback, Violet nearly shouted, "Hamamelis! I thought you weren't going to change her anymore!"

Hamamelis poked her head out from a light fixture. "I didn't." She put on her best innocence face, something that was not at all convincing.

"Relax, boss. Despite everything, I had fun. I don't want these," she nearly gasped, as she briefly hefted her abundant bosom, "but that was some pretty good sex! Now, don't you

mistake me. I've had better with an old boyfriend of mine, but that was definitely the best girl-sex I've ever had."

Violet's blush was about the deepest she ever had. "Um, thank you? That was a terrible sin, though! I need to repent!" That blush was mostly in embarrassment, but a bit of it was excitement at seeing Shona display that enticing rack of hers. "I can't go through life looking at boobs! Homosexuality is evil!"

Hamamelis snickered.

"What?"

"Oh, you silly religious people, going on about that. Besides, you're not really homosexual. Just think of all of the handsome guys of the world, their powerful masculinity, their cut muscles, their tight butts, their oh-so-satisfying cocks! Just imagine one right now! It's proof of your bisexuality!"

Violet briefly did, and she was pleased by her mental images of beefcake, but she caught herself. "I'm not falling for it, your corruption."

Hamamelis bared a wicked grin. She loved the fundamentalists. It wasn't that she liked corrupting people in general. That wasn't really her game when it all came down to it. Still, people bent on following some set of arbitrary sexual mores were just too much fun to pass up. Convincing a straight guy with a sexually liberated attitude to engage in a bit of homoerotic behavior was never very interesting. The same situation with a fundamentalist religious person, though... That was always worthwhile. Watch them kick and squirm as they do things they hate, loving them the whole time. It wasn't the corruption at all. It was the torment.

"Anyway, Violet, I'm just saying that you should get with the times and get rid of the pubes," Shona said. "It's a common grooming standard, these days."

"Yeah, whatever. I think doing anything sexual right now would just be kowtowing to *her*."

"Okay, it's cool." Shona realized that her boss was in a mood. Still, she wouldn't mind doing what they did again. It did feel really good.

"Um, I thought we'd order enough pizza to make it through the day. You can stay here."

"Okay, but who answers the door?" Shona asked, realizing that what would normally be a rather mundane question had a great deal of gravity.

"I don't want to embarrass you anymore than you need to be, an innocent bystander and all," Violet said.

"Okay. What about the delivery person?" Shona asked.

"Oh, they get to see me naked. It might make some fellow's day. I think that a quick interaction won't do too much harm." Violet knew that she just had to make it until the evening. The exorcism should do the trick.

"Alright, boss. Your call." The two ordered online, getting enough pizza to keep themselves satisfied for a day and maybe breakfast. It wasn't the healthiest of choices, but that was not much of a factor for the temporary fix. After ordering online, emails were checked, and things seemed okay. Finally, there was a knock at the door.

"I've got it," Violet said. Breathing deep for courage, she stepped to the door in her birthday suit. She then opened the door to the delight of the young man before her.

"Sign here, miss." He was ogling her, and why not? Anyone who answers a knock from a pizza delivery man in the nude has to expect a certain degree of lewd staring. Most who would do so desire it.

"Thanks," Violet said, as she signed the receipt and received the stack of hot pizza boxes. She then shut the door, her face flush with embarrassment. Upon opening the first box, Hamamelis swooped down, apparently suspended by a tiny vine attached to the ceiling, and snatched a piece of pepperoni. This startled Violet, and she fell back on her butt.

"Oh chill out. I don't have to eat, but if I get to steal food this way, it is fun."

"Okay, what did you do to him?" she asked.

"The pizza guy?"

"Yes."

"I changed his ejaculation. If uninterrupted, he can ejaculate thirty feet in the air. Every orgasm, he will produce a full pint of spunk! Sexual congress will get very messy for him, but it should be a fun thing."

"Okay, that's not too bad, I suppose," said Violet.

"I'd like to see that!" said Shona.

"Shona! Don't encourage her!"

"I'm just saying. I mean, you can't tell with his change. I'm the freak here."

Violet just simmered for a bit. Food was eaten, and the two women decided to have a quiet day watching television and browsing the web. All was going well, until they heard a ring of the doorbell. That was bad. There weren't many people who would be able to get outside of their door to ring the bell, since the apartment had a good deal of security. Apartment personnel could, as well as fellow tenants. Violet approached the door to look out. *Shit!* It was Jenna. She had a grocery bag in one hand and a spare key to Violet's door in the other.

Jenna wasn't a fellow resident, but Violet did entrust her with a key, and she had developed a very friendly relationship with one of the doormen. Well, the relationship wasn't much as far as friendliness went, since they met in a club, and they occasionally just hooked up. Violet managed to retreat to behind the kitchen counter before Jenna opened the door.

"Hey Violet!" she called out. Violet temporarily kept her cover. "I heard you were sick today, so I brought you some stuff." Violet, resigned to the situation, raised her head above the counter level.

"Okay, but you really shouldn't be here!" Violet said.

"Oh, it's no worry. The weather was so nice, our boss let us all go. Why are you crouched in the kitchen?"

Violet sighed and stood up.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I caught you at a bad time."

"Well, I guess you could say that."

"It's alright, though. I don't mind nudity."

“Uh, yeah, it’s not just that.”

“Oh?” Jenna asked.

Suddenly, Hamamelis swung into the room from a series of strings hung from the ceiling. Each disappeared after Hamamelis finished brachiating from it. “Ta da!” she said.

Jenna barely stifled a scream. “What the fuck is that?” she asked, backing away from Hamamelis who had taken a spot on the countertop.

“Um, that, or rather she, is what’s keeping me from work.”

Hamamelis butted in, “I’m glad you consider me more than some object.”

“What is she?” Jenna asked, letting her own curiosity get the better of her.

“She is a curse from that little box I bought in Missouri.”

“Curse?”

“Yeah, you’re not going to like it, but I think it’s too late. Basically, whoever I talk to, Hamamelis—that’s her name—changes in a perverted way.”

“Um, you realize you’re talking to me, right?” Jenna asked. Given the presence of a tiny red demon woman on the table, Jenna was prepared to believe anything that Violet told her, and she was certainly a quick thinker.

“Yeah, but I think it’s too late now. It’s why I didn’t call you.”

“Uh, okay. Perverted? What do you mean?”

“Well, you remember Shona, my secretary?”

“Yeah.”

“She’s here, and I’m sure she’s listening. If she’s willing, she can show you.”

There was some shuffling in the bedroom, and Shona emerged, wearing a sweater and sweat pants. “I guess if you’re the next victim, you might as well see what’s up.”

Despite her quick wit and reasoning ability, it took Jenna about ten seconds to register what happened. “I’m going to grow another boob?”

“Nope,” said Hamamelis. “At least, not this time.”

Jenna turned to the imp. “What then?”

“That’s for me to know and you to find out!” she responded, finishing by blowing a raspberry.

Jenna started to move aggressively toward the tormentor, but Violet interjected. “Don’t. I tried that, and now I can’t wear clothes in my apartment.” Jenna relaxed.

“Okay, I see.”

“But please, you should leave, because exposure time seems to affect the severity of the curse.”

“Okay,” she said. “I’ll leave you this sherbert, chicken soup, and 7-Up.”

Quick good-byes were exchanged, and Violet turned to Hamamelis. “What did you do?”

“I’m not telling.”

“Any hints?”

“Nope.”

“Did you do something to her private parts?”

“Nope.”

“Well, whatever you did, it wasn’t apparent.”

“Nope.”

“Did you mess with her head like you did with mine?”

“Nah, hers is pretty perverted, and it wouldn’t be that fun to mess with.”

“It can’t be too bad, then.”

“That’s where you’re wrong. It’s my most aggressive change yet!”

Some time later, Violet heard the apartment buzzer. She looked at the little screen by her door and saw Pastor Morris and his wife Isabel. Violet quickly hit the “Enter” button, and the two proceeded into the building.

“Who is that?” asked Hamamelis.

“Friends,” Violet responded coldly.

“Uh huh. You wouldn’t let friends in to see me.”

“Well, I am, okay?”

“Uh huh. Well, I look forward to their visit then.” Hamamelis had an unusual smirk on her face.

Soon enough, Mr. and Mrs. Morris knocked on the apartment door. Violet cracked it open, just enough to show her face. “Hi.”

“Hello, Ms. Harlowe,” Pastor Morris responded.

“Uh, the demon won’t let me wear clothes, so I want to apologize for my state.”

Pastor Morris blushed, and Mrs. Morris’s eyes widened. Still, they came in. Shona kept hidden in the bedroom, not knowing what was going on. Violet figured that keeping her in the dark about this was for the best, since she didn’t want Hamamelis to be able to anticipate what was happening. The two walked in, Mr. Morris trying to keep his gaze in a decent direction.

“Okay,” said Mrs. Morris. “I went to a conference, and I think I know what to do. The demon isn’t in your apartment; it’s in you, so I must exorcize you!” She spun to face Violet, but suddenly Hamamelis perched herself atop Violet’s left shoulder, staring coldly at the apparent contender. “In the name of Jesus Christ, Jehova our God, and the Holy Spirit!” she said, clearly controlling her own fear, since she did not expect any physical manifestations of demons, “I command you to left this woman!”

Hamamelis lurched and staggered backward off of Violet’s shoulder. “You cannot stop me!” she shrieked back.

“No, but God can!” she nearly shouted. Pastor Morris was busy readying his Bible and an ornate cross. “In the name of the Holy Trinity, I command you to return to the depths of Hell from whence you came!”

Hamamelis expressed great fear, as she inched backward toward the coffee table. “Fuck your God!” she responded. The lights began to flicker in the apartment, and a strange haze manifested. “See my own power!” she screeched.

Pastor Morris thrust forth his cross, reciting the story of Legion the demon. "You too shall leave this woman! Be gone, foul spawn! In Christ's name I command you!"

Hamamelis hissed, as she hopped atop the Puzzle Box. The room was becoming choked in fog and the stench of brimstone began to permeate the air. "You are nothing in comparison to my power!" she spat. "Your God is nothing to me!"

"In the name of Jesus Christ, Son of the Almighty God, I condemn you to return to the torments of Hell, foul demon!" Pastor Morris again thrust his cross forward, and the room was blasted with bright light, as it shook violently. Hamamelis clutched her chest, groaning and screeching out. She collapsed to her knees and then fell, dead upon the Puzzle Box.

In seconds, the air cleared, only a slight sulfurous odor remaining. Various items in the room had clearly been perturbed by the quake, and Hamamelis' body lie slightly smoldering atop the her cursed box. Violet stared in amazement, and the Morrises were clearly impressed. Indeed, they seemed to be exhilarated by their success and their efforts.

"You want to talk about it?" Mrs. Morris asked.

Remembering that Shona was in the back and probably didn't want to come out, Violet responded, "No. I think I want to rest."

"All is well now, Child of God," Pastor Morris said. "We'll let you get some sleep."

With that, the two departed. However, a careful observer would have noted that Hamamelis carefully opened one eye in a squint as the two left. That same observer would have also seen the wicked grin that slowly grew on her face.

Violet turned back to the apartment, as Shona carefully eased out of the bedroom. Violet looked at Hamamelis who was lying still on her coffee table. "I think she's dead." She approached the tiny imp and knelt before the table for a closer look.

And then, "Boo!" Violet fell backward in fright, and Shona screamed. Hamamelis got back to her feet and proudly put her hands on her hips. "That was fun, but I've seen better," she said.

Violet looked at the terrible demon and was barely choking back tears. "But, they exorcized you!"

"They tried to, yes."

"I saw you die."

"You saw me acting. Can I get an Emmy? I think that I could be the first to get an Emmy for both acting and special effects, don't you think?"

"It didn't work, then," Violet said.

"Of course not. I'm not part of Judeo-Christian lore. Besides, Baptists? Seriously? They couldn't exorcize a retarded incubus. They have no style. Catholics are a lot better at it. Well, both are as easy to defeat. More accurately, both are as easy to ignore. I just like to put on a show to make them go away."

Violet was about to say something about the power of God, but she held it back. Presently, the evidence was not on the side of God being omnipotent. "Damn."

“Yup, I’m pretty badass. Well, that was fun, and I think you should be punished.”

“No, don’t! I won’t do it again.”

“Of course you won’t. It didn’t work, and you’re not that stupid. That said, you will likely be more pliable for me in the future. I’m adding a little something to your clothing restrictions. From now on, the only thing you can wear on your hips and legs are skirts and dresses that go no more than three inches below your crotch. Plus, you can say goodbye to that bush you sport around this apartment. It keeps blocking my view of that pretty little pussy of yours.” Instantly, Violet’s pubic hair drifted to the floor, leaving perfectly bald mound.

Violet felt awful. She was going to have to be even more slutty, and it was going to be hard to keep passers-by from viewing her really naked privates. This was not good.

“I will tell you what, though. Our relationship does need to change some. I am going to lift the main part of your curse, as long as you do some work for me.”

Violet’s face immediately brightened. “What kind of work?”

“Well, first off, we can’t have you going around without some kind of curse, so I’ve devised an alternative. It’s less intrusive, though that will depend on you and your willpower. I am giving you the ability to change breasts as you want. You can change any breasts you can see, but the catch is that you can only change them in ways that you *want* them to change. You like big boobs, now right?”

Violet nodded.

“Well, that means there’s no making ‘em smaller. You like perky tits and luscious nipples. You can’t make them otherwise. You have to be careful then, because you won’t be able to undo your damage.”

Violet nodded. She could do without this power, but it was better than the chaos she was causing before. “You said something about a job, too.”

“Yeah, I’m going to want you to run some errands for me, but I’ll tell you about that in due time. For now, you should probably realize that you’re going to go to your normal work tomorrow. I’ll alert you to any jobs I want you to do.”

“What about me?” asked Shona. “I can’t go around with these?”

“Sure you can,” Hamamelis said. “Dress conservatively.”

The following morning, Violet snuck Shona to her house in order to find something semi-professional that sufficiently covered her triplicate assets. A stop at a drug store yielded some breast pads. After taping them onto Shona’s nipples, they were good enough for the purpose of preventing nipple poking. When in the store, Violet was paranoid of her fanny, and looking at items on the bottom shelves was a terrifying task. She couldn’t bend over nor squat for fear of exposing herself. She had to quickly get down on both knees, something that she was unhappy with, since it made her conspicuous in the sense of being odd. Fortunately, the trip was uneventful.

Violet managed to find parking in the garage beneath the company’s building—something that wasn’t always easy to do. The two women walked into the building and decided

to take an alternate route to their offices. The elevators appeared to be very popular, so they took the stairs up the five flights necessary. In that building, the doorways for the stairs opened at the ends of hallways, where there were no offices or other busy places. Instead, on a typical floor, there were janitors' closets, store-rooms, and network server closets. It was from such a room that Violet and Shona heard a woman's moans. Whether they were from distress or pleasure, neither could tell.

"Should we take a look?" Shona whispered.

Violet paused, then said, "Yes." Violet thought that if was distress, then the woman would need help. The door to the storage room was locked, so Violet produced the key and opened the door, keeping herself on her toes in case of any potential violence. However, there was none, as it was Karen, the woman that Violet had accidentally given an extra tongue that resided in her vagina. That tongue was lapping away at her clitoris, while Karen rubbed a breast and worked a dildo in her pussy. Besides her shoes and socks, she was completely naked and apparently unaware of her new audience.

Violet stared. Karen had bent herself over a chair, and Violet couldn't help but to watch those breasts quiver in ecstasy. The trouble was that they were typical for Karen's Asian heritage, being rather small. Violet wanted them to be bigger, as the undulations would be much hotter, and because of her new power, Violet made them bigger. She really didn't mean to, since she didn't really know how to use her bust expanding power. Still, there they went, growing from rather flat breasts that barely hung when facing downward to more full boobs. These were definitely rocking with Karen's movements, bouncing and swinging. Before she knew it, before she could realize that she was using the power that Hamamelis had given her, Karen's tits were swaying four inches from the back of the chair. Karen was snapping out of it, but it was hard for her, since that same power had been used to make her nipples more sensitive and the rest of the skin alluringly erogenous.

She looked up at her viewers and clasped her hands over her mouth to stifle a scream. As she looked over, she felt her dildo start to slip, and not wanting it to fall, she squeezed down on it and steadied it with her new tongue. Her masturbatory haze fading, she could make out her two coworkers staring at her. She knew Violet some, but she wasn't sure why that usually respectable woman had lifted the front of her very short skirt and was diddling herself. She also recognized Shona as Violet's secretary, and she couldn't understand why she was so heavily clothed.

Finally, she muttered, "I, uh, was..."

Shona, being fairly no-nonsense responded, "fucking yourself."

"I was not!" she retorted, before saying, "Okay, I was, but you have to understand. I have some sort of problem." At this point, Violet realized she was playing with her clit and stood straight up, hands at her side.

"I know," Shona said. "We know, and we know where you got that problem."

"You... you do?"

“Yes,” Violet said, clearing her throat. “We have a problem with a sex demon, and we can’t seem to get rid of it.”

“Sex demon?”

“Yes, it’s this nasty little creature that changed people I met with the other day. I know about your tongue down there. Hopefully, if we can figure out how to get rid of the little demon bitch, we can fix you and Shona. And me, for that matter.”

“Wait. What’s wrong with you two?” she asked, realizing that her cup size had probably grown from A to D.

“Well, Shona has three big breasts. I have weird compulsions and some other things.” She tried to make that last part quieter.

At this point, Karen was weighing her new tissue with her hands.

“Please don’t do that,” Violet said. “One of my compulsions is that I really like breasts now, and you are being very distracting. In fact, find your clothes, please.”

“Okay,” Karen said, trying to figure out how to get her shirt over her new assets. The tiny bra on the floor was obviously ignored.

“In the meantime, I’m sorry about the breasts,” Violet said. “The demon gave me a hard-to-control power over them. I’ve already tried to shrink them back, but I don’t think I can.”

“Well, when you get that demon, hopefully, it will be fixed,” said Karen, kind of liking the new assets. Granted, they could have been a bit smaller, but it was a better size than she had before.

“Okay. You get home. I’ll talk to Ari about you needing to go home.”

“Okay.”

In their offices, Violet and Shona set to work, making sure that they appeared to be making progress. After calling Ari about Karen being ill, Violet had a lot of email about Senator Bensen and what to do about the situation. She responded as best she could, stating that she was not convinced that the woman in question wasn’t Bensen, as stranger things had happened. She then found an email from Hamamelis. Could that cursed creature never leave her alone! In the email, she found a .pdf attachment of some odd spiraling symbols and some instructions:

Print these symbols and bring them with you to the Pharma-Mart near your apartment. On the north end of the fourth aisle, you will find a display. Place these over the signs on the display and then ring your apartment. If you don’t, then you will be punished.

Violet looked at the instructions. No doubt, this was some sort of nefarious sorcery, but she needed to follow along until she could find a way to kill or trap Hamamelis. She would have to play the villain until that was possible. In the meantime, with her emails checked and some busy-work done, she began searching for some sort of occult instructions on the ridding of obnoxious demons. Given the scattered and unprofessional arrangement of the internet, that was

going to take a while. All sorts of strange cults, wacky religious folks, and simple pranksters offered advice on websites that dated from throughout the ages of the internet.

She tried looking up Hamamelis, and it took her a few times to get the spelling write. It turned out to be the name for the genus of witch-hazel plants, but the term itself was just ancient Greek for a shrub. She found no information on a particular demon with the name. Finally, in desperation, she left somewhat obscured requests on various occult forums about her problem. Maybe she would get lucky.

Later on, Grace, the payroll clerk for the office stopped in. She was a tall and lithe woman with curly brown hair and a few freckles on her face. Much to Violet's distress, she was wearing a vee neck top that exposed her unexceptional cleavage. Violet could make out that Grace was not wearing a bra, probably so that she could get away with the vee neck. "Hey, Violet, up here," Grace said with a cute smirk.

"Oh, er, yes, sorry. It's been a crazy few days. What do you need?" Violet wanted desperately to use her power, but her moral core was keeping her resistance up.

"You have some paperwork to sign regarding yesterday's sick day, as well as your vacation." Grace wasn't the prettiest woman in the world, not by far, so she always liked it when someone appreciated some physical aspect of hers. For her own amusement, she leaned further over Violet's desk, accentuating the cleavage she had. If she had known Violet's capability, she would have anticipated what a mistake that this was.

The first thing that Violet noticed was that Grace must have been wearing pasties or something similar, since while she was braless, she wasn't poking out of her top, and in Violet's boob-obsessed mind, nipping out would be very sexy. Grace's nipples sprung outward, awkwardly peeling away the pasties, which fell down her shirt. Grace jumped back with a start, and Violet felt the need for a better bounce in Violet's bosom, so it expanded with a faint concussion. A couple of seconds later, Grace looked down at her chest. Each tit had clearly gained mass, but they had only increased to an above average size. However, Grace's top draped far from her breasts proper. It was clear that she had very large nipples, standing erect at two and a half inches.

As Grace touched her new nearly udder-like teats, she felt an electric jolt course through her body and settle into her crotch. She held back a surprised whimper and looked to Violet, who was also shocked. "What just happened?" Grace asked.

"Uh..." Violet was not prepared to explain the unexplainable to someone who had not previously been exposed to it. She was also trying to clear the sudden influx of the fog of libido. She could feel her womanly juices spread on her leather chair. "I... Er..."

Grace attempted to press her nipples back in, perhaps in a vain attempt to resolve her condition. Apparently, though, they were like stimulated clitorises, and she buckled to the floor, trying to choke back a loud orgasm.

"Are you okay?" Violet asked, as she got up. By this time, Shona had opened the door, having sensed a disturbance. They both help Grace up, and once Shona had seen Grace's chest, she shook her head at Violet in admonishment.

Her face flushed with red and sweat, Grace responded, “I think so.” The words came out of her throat with honey, even if she was in some distress. “I still don’t know what happened.”

Violet steeled herself, but it was Shona who first piped up. “Violet and I are dealing with a weird sex curse, and you got caught in the web.” She tried to sound as sincere as possible, but the words were so absurd that she thought there was no way she could pull that off.

Looking down at her transformed front, Grace had to almost agree, but her inner skeptic spoke first. “That sounds unlikely.”

Violet said, “It’s real, and we’re working to undo it, but we need some more time.” She walked to her closet, opening the door. Her knees were a bit weak from arousal, but she felt didn’t show that. “Take this coat, okay?”

“Uh, yeah,” Grace said, backing out of the office.

Once she was gone, Violet said, “We can’t stay here. I’m too much of a menace.”

“Okay. You want to go home?”

“We need to do an errand for Hamamelis first,” Violet said, handing a printed copy of the demon’s email to her. “And before that, I am really, really horny. I’m sorry.”

“It’s that bitch. It’s cool. I’ll lick you, if you want,” Shona said. She was feeling somewhat randy herself, given all of the excitement. Plus, she knew that Violet was under a lot of pressure from that wicked imp.

“No, no. I’m afraid I’ll mess you up more. You know how the eighth floor is presently vacant?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, my key works for the lock, and there is a bathroom there. I’ll take care of myself there.”

Once past the detritus of abandonment and half-finished construction, Violet turned on the lights of the bathroom. The fluorescent bulbs flickered and coughed, as their ballast desperately needed replacement. Violet nearly ripped off her clothes in the strange intermittent glow and looked into the mirror, one hand already grasping her own groin. She groped herself with a passion that she had rarely known before and rolled her clit between her thumb and forefinger. She was getting even hotter watching herself in the mirror, and she loved the feeling of her own breasts beneath her frantic fingers.

She tried, oh how she tried, to resist the temptation, but in her state of erotic abandon, she needed some extra soft flesh to push around, and it felt so, so good to feel it expand beneath her grasp. Likewise, she wanted more sensitive nipples, as it was in moments like this that she felt like, as wonderful and sensitive as her clitoris was, it was only one small organ that she could stimulate. Her nipples now burned with sensation, and with the gift of Hamamelis, she colored them the color that they felt, a bright and vivid red that shouted out their lust.

The familiar, though admittedly underutilized, feeling of her ravaged clitoris combined with the unfamiliar stimulation from her chest, and Violet’s mind exploded into a sea of pink, lightning flickering from erogenous zone to erogenous zone, traversing the nerves to her addled

brain. The overwhelming sensation took some time for her to overcome, and that time was not something that she could possibly quantify. Gradually, she became aware of the intermittent fluorescent lights, the smells of cut boards and musty abandonment, and the reverberating sounds of the buildings ventilation system. She drew her slick fingers from her groin, as a bead of her juices rolled down her leg. Panting, she looked in the mirror again.

Her tits had grown. Amid her passion, she had done it to herself. Their mass must have nearly doubled, and the nipples were almost as big as Shona's, but the oddest part to her was the color of the new nipples. They were as red as a fire truck. Violet was intrigued, knowing that this was the product of her new and perverse imagination and Hamamelis' curse. She had to hurry and get her task done, though. She wrapped the coat around herself, almost staggering herself with the pleasant new sensitivity of her bosom, and she returned to her office.

Grace and Shona were talking to each other in low, anxious voices, and they both looked up fretfully at Violet when she entered. "Okay, Shona, let's go," Violet said. And they went. It didn't take long for them to get to the Pharma-Mart, and they brought the printouts and some transparent tape with them. The particular end of the shelves was not especially exposed, but the two had to wait for the woman who was looking at the various toiletries to leave before they could go to work.

Quickly, they set about their task, though Violet had to sit on Shona's shoulders to get the last paper up. She was already feeling frisky, and she had to resist the urge to hump Shona's neck. Still, Shona gave her a dirty look, when she wiped the vaginal juices from her own nape.

Red-faced, Violet already had her cell phone out. "Hello, you tart!" said Hamamelis. "It's done."

"Ooh!!! Goody! Stand back a moment, would you?" An unusual set of intonations crackled over Violet's handset. The room went a little pink for a moment, which was something, considering that the two were standing in a female toiletries area, but it subsided, and now, the display had changed. Everything was now branded "Be Your Sexiest!" There were all manner of hygiene products, from razors to tampons to lotion. All of them had imagery that was barely non-pornographic with scantily clad or strategically covered women with expressions of ecstasy and desire. Violet was not sure if she had done the right thing, but she had been cowed by the little imp, and until she could figure something out, she was going to have to play along. "How does it look?"

"Like it should be in a sex shop."

"Good. Come on home when you're ready."

Shona was looking at some of the packages. "What do you think this is about?" she asked.

"I'm not sure I want to know. These are probably as cursed as anything else that demon has been up to."

Just then, a man dressed in what could only be described as some sort of confused costume for a science fiction convention approached them. "Meet me by the entrance here. We

need to talk about your wicked little friend.” His voice almost boomed. It was clear, confident, and almost Shakespearian. Before either could react, he dramatically strode away, his gaudy cape swooshing behind him.

“Uh, what do you think that was about?” Shona asked.

“We can find out, but I think he’s either one of Hamamelis’ tricks, or he’s here to help.”

The two headed for the door, as they saw what looked like a college student approach the display of goods. Violet paused as if to stop her, but she knew better; blocking the display was not a sustainable strategy. They looked around the corner just out of the door, and they saw the strange man standing next to a newspaper vending machine, his fists resting confidently on his hips. “Uh, you know how to defeat Hamamelis?” Shona asked, “Because we can’t be bothered with you, if you’re going to be no help.”

“I can,” he said. “She has been beaten before, but that was long ago, in a land not from this plane.”

“What can we do?” Violet asked.

“Well, it is important that you understand what is going on here,” he responded.

“Hamamelis is a wicked little creature with carnal desires that are barely imaginable. She has destroyed empires, and she must be stopped, for now, she has wrongly torn at the fabric of this universe!”

“Uh, fabric?” Shona asked.

“Yay, for she has (unwittingly, I think) severed this plane from the cosmic realm of the masculine and further opened the connections to the feminine and erotic realms. In the past, she has opened all of them, creating chaos unheard of until now, but even then, the balance of the masculine and feminine remained. Here, you will not be so lucky. She must be stopped soon, for there is much damage that will not be repaired for eons.”

“You mean this is permanent?” Violet asked.

“For your mortal lifespans, yes. However, the severity will rise and rise, until that foul creature has wrested control of your world from you, and free will falls to her cruel dominion. All will desire, and all will despair in their dissatisfaction.”

“What do you want us to do?”

He paused for a moment and then retrieved a disk-shaped object from his pocket. “You need to put this in your apartment, and you need to acquire some amount of Hamamelis’ vaginal secretions. It may be diluted some, but I will need them for a proper binding spell.”

“How are we supposed to get pussy juice from her? She’s quick!” Shona looked incredulous.

“You have to be creative. The creature also has desires of her own, and you must exploit them.”

“How?”

“There is not much time. Hamamelis is on the verge of scrying on you two again. Do not speak of plans, even when you are alone, as her ability to spy is great. I must go. You may

meet me here in two days time to give me what you find.” With that, he spun on a heel and strode away confidently.

Violet looked down at the small stone in her hand. She squeezed it and put it in her pocket. “We’ll just have to wait for the right timing.”

“Yeah.”

As the two headed back to the apartment, Violet received a call. It was Jenna. “Hello?”

“Violet! You’ve got to help! You know Eric, the doorman?”

Violet did. Jenna would occasionally use him to get into the building. He was kind of cute, and Jenna liked the occasional one-night stand with the dude. “Yes.”

“Well, he’s sick or something. I’m in the break room in the apartment building, and he’s not looking himself! I think we need to get him to your apartment.”

“And why not a hospital? Jenna, I don’t have time for this.”

“That’s the thing. I think it’s one of your problems.”

“Great. I’ll be there in a minute.” Violet handed to phone to Shona so that she could drive more aggressively. Soon, the two were back at the apartment building, moving briskly (but not enough that Violet was over-exposing herself.) Still, she couldn’t shake the stimulation of her sensitive rolling tits, the nipples rubbing against her shirt’s fabric. Once at the door, Violet had to shake her head before entering. There, she found Jenna and another woman.

“Where’s Eric?”

Jenna looked forlornly at her companion. “Right here. He started getting this way when I got here.”

“Oh.” Violet’s supernaturally charged curiosity drew her eyes to the new woman’s chest. It rose and fell rapidly in the polo shirt, a testament to the beauty of women. Violet could barely repress the urge to make them bigger. “Um, what happened?”

“I don’t know. We had a little quickie last night, and when I came here today, he was, um, getting sick.”

In an uncertain but distinctly female voice, Eric said, “I just felt weird, like I was dizzy. What’s going on?”

“We’ll explain later.”

“Whoa,” Jenna said, looking confused.

“What?” Violet asked.

“My pussy feels funny.”

“Wonderful. Let’s get upstairs.”

“With that sicko fairy thing?” Jenna asked.

“Yes, we need to get somewhere private, and that fairy thing might answer some questions.” She might also provide some vaginal fluid, Violet thought.

Upstairs, they found a pile of large boxes next to the door. Violet looked both ways down the hall and quickly stripped before entering the apartment. “What’s with the boxes?” she demanded of the she-imp.

“Oh, good! You’re here! I ordered a bunch of stuff, and I’ll need your strength and size to open the boxes and set up my new communications center.” Hamamelis was busily organizing various odd items in what could only be described as a space for dark magic. “It’s all I really need for the rest of the day.”

“Communications center?” Shona asked.

“Yep, I figured out how to hack a bank, so I ordered the best stuff. You’ll need to move some furniture.”

Not wanting to piss off the little devil more than was necessary, the girls set about getting stuff done, but it was getting clear that Jenna was feeling uncomfortable. She was clearly flushed and sweating, even though the work was especially hard, except for mounting another big screen television.

“What did you do to me?” Jenna demanded of Hamamelis.

“Oh, that should become mostly apparent soon. I suspect your pants are getting tight.”

Indeed, there seemed to be some swelling in her crotch, and Jenna knew she needed to relieve the pressure, both physically and sexually, so she partially disrobed. Her vulva appeared swollen, like it had been stung by hive of bees, though it did not look painful. Her clitoris was very erect, and it swelled at least as much as the rest of her genitals. “What did you do?” she continued to implore, panic clearly sinking in.

“Watch.”

“Unnghh...” Her cunt visibly convulsed, and her clitoris surged forward and upward, its shaft becoming more prominent. It was all that she could do not to grope herself in front of her friends, as the need for masturbation was like the need to relieve a poison ivy rash. The clit was now steadily growing, seemingly pulling her pussy lips with it, and all that Jenna could do was pant and spout incoherent swears and grunts. Finally it stopped, and her rock-hard clitoris was like some penetrator, almost a penis but not quite. The glans was far too big for a normal cock, as it extended two-thirds of the way to the base pubic mound on the dorsal side. Her urethra, though, had clearly migrated to the end of her new member, and on the underside of the strange organ, the pink of her pussy continued halfway up, the inner labia delicately flanking that soft flesh. Perhaps the biggest thing about it was that, well, it was big. While not as large as the dick of some porn stars, in proportion to her modest frame, the thing looked enormous.

Panting obscenely, Jenna desperately ogled her naked friend in front of her, some spittle dripping from the side of her agape mouth. Violet could see the frenzied lust in her friend, and she got scared. There was Jenna looking more like a psychotic rutting buck than her usual self. She had to diffuse the situation. “Come, sit.”

Her breathing irregular and heavy, Jenna slowly sat on the sofa, her drooling cunt smearing the leather surface. “Want...” was all she could say, as she pointed at Violet’s crotch.

“Um, I don’t think that’s a good idea,” she said, as the terror of the immediate prospect of rape faded into an adrenaline rush that only stoked her own magically infused lusts.

Jenna now looked as much pitiful and frightening, as she manipulated herself with one hand and clumsily took off her shirt with the other. “Please,” she said.

Shona said, "I could help."

But, amazingly, Jenna said, "Not now. Need Violet."

Realizing that there may be something more to it than Jenna simply being like some animal in heat, Violet said, "Okay, but we need to take it slowly." By now, Jenna's gaze moved from the striking novelty of the cock-like clitoris to her imposed obsession for breasts. She was working herself up, and she knew that she needed to in order to make this work.

Jenna pounced, passionately and sloppily kissing at Violet, her hands frantically fumbling over her body. Violet, her own passions stirred, kissed back, but she knew that she needed this to be over, even if she felt like she needed it in the moment, too. She managed to maneuver the two back to the sofa where she spread her legs, her moist flower opening in invitation. Jenna was clearly using all of her will to avoid ramming her new phallic device into her friend in one go, and she gently entered. The satisfaction of initial penetration achieved, she began pumping, slowly at first—after all, this was not something she was used to doing—and then thrusting wildly.

Violet's brain was overwhelmed with activity. She was already coming, and all she could see was Jenna's small, pert breasts bouncing and heaving, while all she could feel was white heat and intense sensation coming from her overwhelmed pussy. Those two little mummies were delicious, but some more mass could make them bouncier, so they became more massive, enough to clearly swing with each thrust. More would be fun, too, Violet thought, realizing too late that this would be a mess. Two more pairs of boobs grew from Jenna's torso, and Violet watched with delight as they joined the rhythm of their more natural comrades.

Suddenly, a huge rush of fluid burst from Violet's battered vagina, soaking what dry areas of the couch remained. After a few more drives, Jenna ceased her hips, and she withdrew, clearly exhausted, moaning in relief and in the muscle pain emanating from her abs, thighs, and back. She looked down at her chest and then closed her eyes, knowing that life had just changed, probably for the worse.

Violet felt amazingly satisfied but guilty. Her own sexual mores had been totally shattered now, and she knew she was responsible for new hardships for Jenna, but at the same time, she felt that she could think clearly, even if all she really wanted to do was hug her friend. She then spotted Shona with Hamamelis. She was apparently eating the terrible creature's tiny pussy. The she-beast screamed in ecstasy herself, and Shona disengaged with a smile on her face, then walked into the bathroom.

"What's this?" Jenna asked weakly, pointing at her member.

"Your new clit-cock. I gave you my wonderful new disease to spread over the world. See, you slept with three men over the last day, right?" Jenna nodded. "Well, you drew out their masculinity, and then it concentrated into your clitty." Jenna groaned, realizing that she had apparently not just changed the Eric the doorman. "Now, you've got the best of both worlds, sort of," Hamamelis said.

"Disease?" Violet asked.

“Yep. All part of my plan. It’s a venereal disease, I guess you could say. It will emasculate the population, I suppose, but it will make the world sexier!”

“Does that mean I have it?” Violet asked.

“Of course, dear. If you want a clit-cock like your friend here, all you have to do is sleep with three men.” Violet felt sick. This was going from worse to worst. At least people weren’t dying, she reminded herself.

“Thanks to your work at the drug store, my new products are going out in force, too. Watch this!” One of the flat screens lit up. A young woman was on, apparently opening a package of Hamamelis’ tampons. It was easy to make out the label on the box:

Be Your Sexiest!

No-Flow Self-Disintegrating Tampons

Guaranteed to completely stop your flow or your money back!

Directions: Remove from package and insert, no applicator required. The tampon will safely dissolve when your period is over.

The view then revealed the warning label in miniscule font:

Warning: Side-effects include (but are not limited to) increased desire, sexual frustration, and increased sensual feelings in traditionally non-erogenous zones for the duration of your period. Once used, the No-Flow Self-Disintegrating Tampon cannot be removed until the end of menstruation.

“Oh, no,” Violet said. The young woman on the screen frowned when she realized that she didn’t have an applicator, but she clearly was in a hurry to get it in. The bright pink bullet slipped in easily enough, but just then, things got weird. The young woman gasped as her crotch convulsed. Her vulva tightened dramatically and then disappeared! In its place, there was only bare skin. She frantically felt it, trying to figure out what happened. She then read the box more closely, but that appeared to only confuse her a little more.

“See! No period problem!” Hamamelis said.

“But that’s not sexy!” Jenna said.

“What? Sexual denial? Well, the tampon will make her hornier than usual, and she will have to make due. She has two other orifices, as well as other assets. When it’s time for her period to end, she’ll be back to normal. Whether she sticks with this brand or not is her own choice, but there may or may not be addictive properties. Let’s see what else we have.”

The picture now went to another victim in her bath. A fresh Be Your Sexiest! safety razor and a matching bottle of shaving gel were resting on the edge of the tub. The young woman started with her legs and her armpits, a normal activity for most American women, but when she was done, she looked at the razor a bit confused. She tried to put it down, but for some

reason, she couldn't seem to summon the will to let go. She looked at her crotch, and then she looked at the razor. Then, she realized what she had to do, so she attacked her bush. As she did, she began fondling her breasts with her spare hand. She was biting her lip, and a few moans escaped her throat. She managed to be careful, despite her clear arousal, and she finally finished, looking somewhat satisfied with her effort.

The mystical and invisible camera followed her to her room where she started getting dressed. She grabbed a pair of panties and tried to put them on, but once again, she was rebuffed by Hamamelis' geas. The same thing happened with jeans. She couldn't seem to put on her t-shirt, either. Finally, she managed to wear a mini-skirt and a tank-top shirt, and her frustration and embarrassment was palpable. "See, now that is clearly sexy!" Hamamelis said.

Jenna's member was definitely reacting, and she was embarrassed, too, both for her visible arousal and in sympathy with the figure on the screen. "She can't put anything onto what she shaved?" she asked.

"That's right! Now, let's take a look at another product." Once again, a woman appeared on the screen, though this one was significantly older than the previous two subjects. She had a jar of Be Your Sexiest! beauty cream on by her sink. It was clear that there were several other half-empty jars of various brands of other beauty creams stacked nearby. She apparently was upset at the aging process. The woman herself looked to be in her 40's, and though she was obviously older, she didn't possess that many wrinkles or age marks. One could say that she had fewer than the average person of her age.

She applied it like a pro, moving her fingers in easy circles, careful to cover the whole surface. After five minutes, she seemed satisfied that everything was covered, and she dutifully rinsed it off of her face. The result was stunning. Her wrinkles and blemishes had not only disappeared, but her face looked like that of a twenty-five year-old. She was obviously dumbfounded, and she looked at the package. "It's now dawning on her that she will be rather hard to recognize," Hamamelis said. "No matter. That's all part of the plan. Anyway, one final product!"

A nude woman in her bedroom appeared on the screen. She was preparing for a big date night. A cocktail dress was slung over the back of her desk chair, and jewelry was staged on her bureau. Her breasts were of average size, but it was clear that she had prominent nipples. (Violet felt a jolt of erotic energy at this sight.) It also appeared that the cocktail dress was designed to be worn braless, and so it was that the woman had a package of Be Your Sexiest! nipple pasties. The audience of voyeurs could make out several shapes in what was apparently a variety pack: red hearts, yellow stars, and blue triangles. The woman considered these and then picked a pair of hearts and removed the backing of one. She carefully applied the pasty, pressing it down to obscure any embarrassing poking action. Satisfied, she switched to the next one.

They seemed to be working fine when she noticed that her nipples started to reassert themselves. When she tried to press them back down, she became confused. The pasties no longer looked pasted on. Instead, they looked like they had been painted, as if her nipples and areolae were themselves heart-shaped and bright red. She tugged, and nothing happened, except

that she was obviously stimulated by her effort. After some more attempts, she paused to masturbate, as apparently, the experience was too much. Frustrated, she looked at the clock. It was getting late. She grabbed the blue triangles and pasted those on, hoping to keep her still-erect nipples under control. This effort ultimately resulted in blue, triangular nipples and areolae. She then grabbed her dress and hurried.

The women in the room looked forlorn. This demon's terror was bizarre, but it had its own strange oppression in it. "You three can scram now. I've got work to do."

Violet turned to Shona. Shona revealed a small perfume bottle with a little bit of liquid at the bottom and smiled. Violet returned that smile.