

The Puzzle Box Curse III

Randomking

“...With what doctors are calling medical anomalies. Public health officials are warning that while most of these problems appear to be non-threatening to human health, there seem to be many cases that can be classified as socially isolating, potentially psychologically traumatic, and generally bizarre. We are getting reports of numerous incidents here in Chicago, mostly centered in downtown but increasingly expanding into the suburbs, but there are also isolated cases being reported in Los Angeles, Seattle, and London. Reporting from the University of Chicago Medical Center, this is Sheryl Potts reporting for WLS-TV Channel 7.” The reporter was standing outside in a parking lot as is their custom. Given the sprinkling of vans representing other news agencies parked in the background, this was obviously where the media circus had pitched its metaphorical tent.

“Thanks, Sheryl,” the anchorman said. “I now turn to Doctor Harold Dannel from the University of Chicago. Thanks for joining us.”

“My pleasure, Steve.”

“What can you tell me about the cases you have seen so far?”

“As you know, I am a psychologist and councilor, so I can say that I have seen several cases of what I thought were perhaps severe amnesia or even gender dysphoria. However, I think, given the number of other really strange cases, these cases are indeed physical. I can’t explain it. These were men who had actually changed sex. No evidence of their previous gender remained on their person, though they looked like people who could have been their own sisters.”

“What were these people saying?”

“Well, they were obviously upset. Their identities had been turned upside-down. They are behaving somewhat like I’ve seen some particularly repressed transsexual individuals behave like. We managed to keep them from harming themselves, and a couple of them were sent in for sexual reassignment surgery—specifically total mastectomies, or what is often called ‘top surgery.’ The effects of the surgery reversed themselves in hours. We have no idea how or why, and all of these cases seem to go beyond our understanding of physiology and development.”

“And have you seen any other kind of patient, like the ones reporting a compulsion for exhibitionism?”

“Not personally, no. We’re a bit overwhelmed, and I think that those individuals don’t appear to be particularly distressed, though it is obvious that this is a problem.” The screen then went black.

“Goddammit!” Violet yelled. Ever since sex with Jenna, she felt empty. She really needed something inside her to feel satisfied. It wasn’t 24/7 or anything, but she had this need for penetration. Trying to hold back only made her desire for messing with breast tissue even more difficult to subdue, so she was worried that she’d have to make another booty call. Fortunately, they had a means to ending the nightmare. In a couple of hours, she and Shona were going to meet the mysterious stranger who supposedly had a plan to rid the world of the foul demon Hamamelis. Her friend had taken the little vial with the imp’s cunt juice in it, and they had left some odd metal disk in Violet’s apartment that was supposed to help.

“What’s wrong, dearie?” Hamamelis asked. Violet jumped. She was understandably nervous.

“You. You’re what’s wrong! Are you not seeing what you’ve done? People are hurting!” Violet gesticulated wildly at the darkened screen.

“Oh, they’ll get over it,” the demonette said.

“People are attempting suicide. They’re not getting over it.”

“Once everyone knows the true wonder of my gifts, they will fall in line. I shall be a beloved and beneficent ruler!” Hamamelis put on a wicked grin. “Anyway, I have a little task for you. I need you to put these origami figures in Millennium Park.”

Violet hesitated. Doing this would throw her timing off.

“Is something wrong?”

“Um. I, uh, don’t want to help you.”

“I know, but if you don’t... You know that your disobedience has consequences.”

Violet swallowed. Maybe this could be an excuse to get out.

“Well, I think that if you’re not going to talk, then maybe your lips are too dry. You need to check out the Be Your Sexiest! line’s newest edition, Lip Moisturizer.”

“No, I’d rather not.”

“Oh, but you must! See, I need to test your obedience, and so I need to see you do what I command in front of me. Your hesitation cost you. Either try my product, or I will turn each of your limbs into a breast!”

Violet had to hand it to Hamamelis; she could make a hard sell. Being immobilized would certainly put a damper on her being able to help. She looked at the table where the terrifying little tube sat, its pornographic labeling and sickeningly pink plastic building more fear than such a thing should warrant. She noticed that her adrenaline rush was further fueling the unwanted lust that had been generated by whatever disease that Jenna had given her. She grabbed the thing anyway, removed the cap, and turned the screw to raise up the waxy chapstick.

Sighing, she applied it to her lips which immediately began to tingle. She licked them to try to ascertain what was happening, and that lick felt quite good. The sensation that started in her lips, though, began to migrate into her mouth. Her teeth even felt funny. Several things happened at once. It felt like her mouth was collapsing, her teeth were shrinking, and her motor control of her lips was disappearing. “Oh no.” Well, that’s what she tried to say, but it only came out as a sultry groan. Her mouth was still open, though her lips were changing. The sides were closing in, though the center was gaping more. Her fingers confirmed what she felt.

It was then that her nose tingled. As her lips continued to distort, becoming thinner but protruding more, her nose was shrinking. By now, her teeth were gone, though her tongue remained. It was becoming a sexual thrill to move it around her modified mouth. She could almost (but not quite) reach her diminishing nose with it. Now, she couldn’t breathe. A new panic built in with this fact, but she soon found that she didn’t need to breathe for now. Finally, the tingling tapered off, the metamorphosis complete. Violet went to her bathroom mirror, where she saw that in place of her mouth and nose, she had a new vulva. It quivered a bit to the touch. Her nose had become a new clitoris which was perched atop the fresh genitals. Any attempt at sound only resulted in carnal grunts, coos, and sighs. Despite this, her tongue was tantalizingly too short to reach her the clit. Worst of all, the experience only served to stoke the undercurrent of desire that had been building all day.

Hamemlis smiled, “Oh goody! It works as designed, and it will be appearing on Be Your Sexiest! shelves the world over. I’d tell you to turn your frown upside-down, but that is a moot idea right now. Like most of the products in this line, the effect is only temporary. You’ll get your usual bits back in a few hours, and your lips will have lost all evidence of having been chapped. Now, off you go.”

Violet paused. She had some clothes to wear once she was out of the apartment, but this lewd new face was going to cause trouble. She started digging through her closet until she found a surgical mask left over from the SARS scare from a while back. Well, time to go. It was now just a problem of how to get these two things done.

Violet had realized that Hamemlis would probably be too busy to scry on her after she set down these origami things, so she would have to do that first. She just had to hope that Shona could delay the stranger for a while. Once at the park, Violet looked at the map that

Hamamelis had given her along with the origami. It detailed where she needed to put each specific one. They were all little plants and animals that looked innocent enough. There were mystical markings on each of them.

One by one, she set them down, moving as quickly as she could. A few people gave her funny looks for the mask, but she couldn't focus on that too much. Finally, all of them were placed, and she texted Hamamelis. As she walked out of the park, there was a sound. Well, it was like a sound, anyway. The subsonic rumble that she felt more than heard was also accompanied by a very brief flash of light that seemed to come from everywhere. Everyone seemed to have sensed it, and Violet looked around to try and figure out what had happened.

In the park, she saw that some of the trees had changed. Lewdly shaped fruit dangled from the limbs. On one tree, she saw that it was full of mango-like fruit that had clear vulvas. Nectar glistened on their lips. Another had weirdly disembodied breasts that dangled and jiggled in the breeze. She saw a third kind that looked sickly. It had several sets of male genitalia, but they looked shriveled and blotchy.

Then, she noticed that some of the people in the park had been affected, too. A man near her was warping and changing, as feathers sprouted from his body, his form rapidly twisting. A woman nearby was shrinking somewhat as fur grew. It appeared that everyone who was in the park when Violet tapped send was being affected by Hamamelis' dark magic. Indeed, even the animals looked different. Violet had to get out. She would be hyperventilating, but she literally couldn't breathe.

Like the stranger said, she needed to stop Hamamelis, and gawking at the demon's newest abominations wasn't going to help. She ran to her car and sped toward the Pharma-Mart. A news crew was there, seemingly reporting on the strange new products, but she didn't have time for that. She spotted Jenna by the corner and parked. Jenna, Shona, and stranger were gathered by the dumpster.

"Do we have everything?" Jenna asked.

Violet moaned.

"What's wrong?"

Violet removed her mask, revealing her second pussy. The three were taken aback, but Violet managed to tap out, "It's temporary," and then, "I need to fuck." Indeed, she was sweating and shivering with carnal desire. She could see something moving under Jenna's dress, and she visibly staggered, nearly losing her balance. Her wetness was starting to trail down her left leg and her chin.

“Okay, you and I will take your car. Shona and Dar—yeah, we learned his name—will take my car. We’ll meet outside your apartment.” They all scrambled to their vehicles and took off.

Violet and Jenna found their way into the apartment building’s mail room, since Jenna had managed to pilfer a key from her hookup there. At this point, Violet couldn’t help but to make gratuitous moaning sounds. Jenna was hobbling, as her distended new member was getting caught in her clothes. She managed to free it and looked at her desperate friend who was already naked. “Which one?” Jenna asked, indicated her choice of vaginas.

Violet pointed to her face. She didn’t know why, but she felt like it might help. Jenna sat down in a chair, and Violet knelt into a blowjob position. She worked herself up and down on the bizarre clit-cock, her tongue swirling around the shaft. She could feel Jenna’s lower breasts on her head, their softness practically caressing her. As she bobbed up and down, she also fondled those breasts, and that sent her over the edge. She cooed and moaned with such noise that Jenna had to come out of her own ecstasy to check that no one was nearby.

Then, Jenna blasted her bizarre jizz into Violet’s face. Violet herself could taste it, and it tasted like pineapple juice. As they both had climaxed, and her neck and back ached from the ordeal, Violet sat back down on her rump, and she could feel her face contorting back to its original form. Jenna smiled at her, as both women were flush and practically glowing.

“What a relief!” Violet exclaimed. “I was so horny.” She looked up at Jenna again and said, “Oh no, I’m still really horny.” She felt her original twat, as it was swollen and dripping with need. “Please...” she begged.

“Uh, give me a second.” Jenna was feeling ready to try again. “I might need a bit of help here.”

Violet got the message. Even though she was essentially inexperienced with having a lover, she knew that someone’s help was always nice. She pulled Jenna down from the chair and fondled her breasts, tweaking the artificially sensitive nipples. “Honey, my pussy needs some help, too.”

“Oh, right.” Violet felt guilty for ignoring it. Sure the already hardening clit-cock looked like it should be the center of things, but Jenna was still a woman, even if she had been so dramatically altered. She hesitatingly fingered the snatch, and the erection process accelerated.

“Get on all fours,” Jenna demanded. The forcefulness of the command only enhanced Violet’s need. Jenna then started fucking Violet doggy style slowly. The new sensations on Violet’s G-spot were fantastic, and she rocked in sympathy. Jenna sped up and then forced Violet to use her own hand on her clitoris. That seemed to do the trick, and Violet orgasmed.

Apparently, Jenna hadn't, and she was not letting up. Unused to continued pounding, Violet revved herself up again, and the continued thrusting forced a second orgasm. Now, it felt like more force was needed.

"Harder!" Violet demanded. As best as she could, Jenna acquiesced. Huffing and puffing, Jenna got there, droplets of fluid spattering everywhere. As Violet's cunt gripped down hard, Jenna let her load go, and the session was over.

The room looked and smelled like a mess. Both women were covered in sweat and sex. "We'd better go," Jenna said as she covered up. Once dressed, they gathered themselves for what they hoped would be a final battle with Hamamelis.

The group met before Violet's apartment door. "When we step in, you must charge Hamamelis to cause a distraction. I will need about fifteen seconds to cast the spell. Are you ready?"

Each knew what Hamamelis was capable of, and each was frightened. This was going to be a rough 15 seconds. However, if they failed, it was going to be a rough eternity, so each knew it must be done. Dar readied a glowing orb of energy between his hands and nodded to Violet. She turned the key, and they charged into the apartment.

All hell broke loose. Violet went straight for Hamamelis, and the demonette took flight spraying a blast of pussy juice to cause a slip. While the poor heroine struggled to keep upright, Shona grabbed a blanket from the sofa, unfurling it behind her. Jenna broke for the kitchen, hoping to draw the villain toward her. As they acted, Dar quietly slipped in behind them, casually disenchanting some preset wards made by Hamamelis.

"Are you mad?" Hamamelis shouted to Violet. "I will ruin you!"

Shona's blanket then whipped over the tiny woman, and a blast of energy burst forth, ricocheting around the room. It was a pink ball of lightning, bouncing left and right. Shona ignored it and balled herself around the blanket. That pink ball blasted the TV, causing it to immediately flip to a hardcore pornographic scene. A wall had suddenly grown a series of vulvas, each twitching and dribbling with strange anticipation. Then it careened into the kitchen, and everyone heard a scream.

As Shona grappled with the struggling creature, another pink burst immediately caught her from the blanket. She convulsed, as the weird and perverted energies set in. That forced her to let the blanket go, and she could only writhe under the influence of Hamamelis' defenses. As the tiny enemy tried to emerge from the blanket, however, Violet got her footing and dived to take Shona's place.

This delayed the beast, and she was forced to shoot out another arcane missile, this one rebounding around the apartment as well. Violet tried to slam the blanket to get at her impish foe, but that only resulted in another blast at point blank range, so she also lost her handle. The bouncing magic then found its mark: Dar. He was almost finished with his incantation, and he doubled over in sensation. Knowing that he had to finish, or he too would lose, he steeled himself and stared down the extremely angry demon.

Transforming power surged through his body, and he realized that he had to redirect it into his ritual's force. With the final words combined with Hamamelis' own magic, the rite was done, and the room filled with vibration and prismatic light. The devilish target tried to fight back, but she realized she had been trapped.

"You may have got me this time, but I always come back!" she screamed.

His voice cracking and softening, Dar said, "No, not this time. This time, you have done incalculable damage to the very foundations of reality. I will see that you are utterly vanished from the universe!"

"I have only worked to take this realm! Why do you persecute me?"

"Your magic tore at the veil separating this world from the fundamental planes. You have thrown everything off balance with your insatiable lust for power!"

The room seemed to get smaller, even though it was not shrinking, and the reverberating energy collapsed onto the wicked enemy, forcing her into the tiny disk that sat atop the coffee table. All had gone quiet, except for strange whimpering and groaning.

Dar's masculinity had been drawn away, and he had taken the form of some angelic woman. He staggered a bit, but he knew that his own plight could be reversed when he returned home. That of the planet could not.

Violet was trying to get up, her own body further altered. Her chest now sported six rows of hefty breasts that seemed to contain an unusual amount of momentum. She had a thick prehensile tail that ended in a slavering pussy. Her original one seemed to have grown, and she had to concentrate to keep her legs from separating.

Shona's legs were gone, replaced by a mass of tentacles. Each one squirmed around, some of them fondling her three boobs. One of them was caressing her cunt. She managed to get them to stop as she walked with them, but when she stopped using them for some task, they would go right back to groping and teasing.

They found Jenna in the kitchen. She now had four legs. The front two legs were apparently the original legs, and a new length of torso separated them from the back legs. She

now had small breasts lining that new torso on the ventral side. Her clit-cock had migrated to her rear pussy, but the front one looked normal.

“I will take this back to my people where we will properly eject it from reality,” Dar said, pointing at the disk. “I hope that your people will recover from this disaster, but it will take many years for it to wear off. I believe that Hamamelis released more energy than anyone saw. I hope I am wrong, but I must leave before my temporary holding spell ends.” With that, he vanished in a flash of amber light.

“What now?” Shona asked, as she tried to wrestle a molesting tentacle from her bosom.

“We could check what is going on,” Violet replied. Even though she was so recently satisfied, her modified genitals were once again tingling with need. She also realized that she still had the power that Hamamelis gave her, and she was afraid.

They turned the television over to the local station, and indeed, it looked like the whole world was in uproar. Weirdness was creeping out of everywhere now, it seemed, and desperate panic was gripping the crowds. It was as Dar had feared.

Dear readers,

I’m hoping to use the Puzzle Box trilogy to set off a special universe. It will be based in the world in the aftermath of Hamamelis. Whenever I get to it, the next story will have a new cast of characters coping with the changes. Feel free to write me at randomkingx@gmail.com if you are interested in contributing or anything.

Sincerely,

Randomking