

The Curse

~Part two~

“*I*lsa! Gwen!” Faye called as she knocked for a third time on their hand-carved

wooden door. “Where are they? I don’t have time for this!” She tried the handle and the door opened. She immediately walked in and looked around. From the look of things, it appeared that somebody was home. She heard voices coming from upstairs. “What are they? Deaf?” she exhaled, exasperatedly and she quickly darted up the old stairs to find them.

Faye found their room and swung open the door. “Ilsa! I tried knocking.. “ and her words died on her lips. There on the bed, both naked and surprised were Ilsa and Gwen, locked in a sixty-nine position. Ilsa on the bottom with her face in Gwen’s crotch, while Gwen, on top was obviously eating-out Ilsa.

“Ayyee!” Screeched Gwen in surprise as she bounded off of Ilsa and pulled a pillow up to her flat chest. “Who are you? What are you doing here?” Her eyes grew wide as she assumed that the woman standing in front of her was nobility. “Uh.. I mean, I’m sorry mistress.. We didn’t know you would be stopping by. Please forgive our unseemliness.” And she elbowed Ilsa to get her to sit up and act proper.

“Well, I’ll be a monkey’s uncle!” giggled Faye. “I knew old Potiphar forced you together, but I never thought you’d keep it up after he was gone!” She laughed out loud.

“What? Wait? Faye?” Ilsa squinted at her across the room. “Is that you?”

“Of course it isn’t, Ilsa!” whispered Gwen, “there isn’t a single pretty thing about Faye and just

look at this lady's bustline!" In a louder voice she politely said, "Uh, If it pleases the mistress, um.. Could we inquire what business you need.. And uh.. Wait.. why are you in our house again?"

Faye had taken scissors to her dress and cut the top low enough to show just the tops of her new plump girls. The dress was still tight enough to trap her boobs and force them to bulge up a little. As an added measure, she had laced the back as tight as possible to make sure the outline of her figure could be seen.

"Do you like them, Gwen! I knew you'd be jealous! But you both need to get dressed and come with me. I don't know if the magic will work on you, but you need to come help me with him. We can't let him get away!"

"What?" said Gwen, a little less sure of herself. "Mistress.. Perhaps you are related to Faye in some way.. Which would explain the resemblance... but you jest, surely you can't be her.. you are far too pretty, you have breasts and plus, Faye stutters."

"Not anymore!" chirped Faye. "C'mon you two.. We don't have all day. He's going to wake up soon and we can't let him get away. I need both of you to help me. Plus, if the magic works on you.. Wouldn't you like to have some boobs like me?" She reached up and grabbed them and shook them a little.. Showing them off.

Ilsa sat straight up, suddenly interested. "Magic boobs? What magic? Who are you talking about?" Ilsa had always been a bit slow.

"Cham! You ninnies! He's back and he's changed. That cursed cock ring that the sorceress put on him has turned him into some sort of huge sex stud - you should see his cock! But there's something wrong with his mind, he can't hardly remember anything and he seems a little dense. We just had sex for over an hour and his cum has magic powers or something... I mean, look at me! I'm not ugly anymore!"

"Wait," chirped Gwen.. "you are Faye aren't you! Well I'll be! Ha! Found some rogue magic, did you?" Her demeanor changed immediately as she slipped back into her skeptical bitchy self. "Too bad you're still short!" Finally admitting that this, indeed, was Faye.

"So what? I happen to like being short," she grinned, "it makes the men seem so much bigger! Would you two quit clowning around and get dressed! I told you, I need help! Do you want to see him or not?"

Ilsa popped right out of bed and started getting dressed. She was kind of tall and skinny as a rail, she looked underfed... almost skeletal. You could see her ribs and shoulder bones. She was definitely flat and featureless, her almost white blonde hair was cut in a bob and her face almost seemed gaunt. Her eyes were kind of sunk in and she had dark circles under her eyes

and her nose was way too big. But the worst part was her teeth, she looked sort of like a horse, her oversized teeth and pronounced overbite made it so that she couldn't close her mouth without her teeth sticking out.

Gwen finally stopped complaining and also got dressed, grumbling the whole time. Gwen was shorter, but still quite a bit taller than Faye. She was also thin but not as skinny as Ilsa.. Potipher did like his girls that way. Gwen wasn't quite as skeletal as Ilsa, instead, she had a figure like a young teenage boy. Flat and undeveloped, with hardly a drop of fat on her body. Her hair was dark brown and hung in a stringy, unkempt mop that was about shoulder length. Of the three, Gwen was the prettiest, though, not by much, even though her hair looked ragged and unkempt. Her face was plain but she had a ton of freckles and she was missing a couple of teeth.

Ilsa kept asking questions as the three of them hurried back down the lane to Faye's house.

"Why did you have sex with him, Faye?"

"I don't know.. He was.. Is.. so attractive.. I couldn't help myself.. It's like he.. You'll see... And you should see his cock, it's enormous."

"Whatever, Faye!" spoke Gwen, "You shouldn't lie about such things."

Faye shrugged, "you'll see," she said quietly.

"I want big boobs like yours Faye" said Ilsa, "if I have sex with him, will I get boobs like yours?"

"I don't know, Ilsa. But be prepared. He's quite big and rough, I hope you can handle a really hung guy."

"Oh, yeah. Potipher made me have sex with Joe all the time. I'm used to it."

"Joe? Who is Joe?"

Gwen finally spoke up. "He's the fucking donkey, Faye. That sick fuck, Potipher, good riddance, made us both get fucked by that stupid horny donkey all the time. The thing has a penis as long as your arm! Only someone as stupid as Ilsa would actually enjoy it."

Ilsa smiled and blushed and stopped talking until they got to the house.

"Come on, he's in my bedroom."

They opened the door to find him still sleeping on the floor.

Ilsa looked at him and gasped. Her eyes grew wide and she put both hands to her mouth. As sexual as she was, Ilsa was quite dense and therefore quite innocent in her mannerisms. She was far too sweet to ever lie and she tended to take everything at face value. It made her very compassionate and endearing. She walked right over and knelt down and started examining his body. She cooed and giggled a little as she traced her hands along his legs until she arrived at his large penis, which had deflated quite a bit, but was still huge.

"Holy Moly, Gwen, Faye was telling the truth! Look at the size of this thing.. And it's not even hard yet!" She looked up at his sleeping face and she traced her hands on his chest muscles. "Oh, look at him, he's gotten so big and so muscular. Poor thing, he was probably so scared, from that mean ol' witch. Well, we'll have to fix him right up." She kissed him on the forehead and smoothed his hair. Gwen rolled her eyes.

"He's a man, not a baby, Ilsa. Why are you always like that? I've never met someone as guy-crazy and horny as Ilsa."

"That's strange," said Faye, staring at his body. "He seems a bit bigger than before.. weird, it must be my eyes playing tricks on me. Now remember girls, we don't want to spook him or have him run away," said Faye. She closed the bedroom door and pulled the chair in front of it.

The same magical pheromones that affected Faye were doing their work on Ilsa, because she kept kissing and started licking Cham's sleeping face and she then moved down his body, licking and kissing his skin.

"Ilsa!" Gwen hissed, "Stop that! What are you doing?"

But Ilsa couldn't stop. "He's so yummy. Gwen, you should try this. He tastes so good!" Something had overtaken her, and her already intense horniness was indeed kicking into high gear. Within seconds she was holding his long soft member in her hands like an offering which she kissing and licking tenderly. Even in sleep, his cock began to thicken and swell.

"Ilsa!" Gwen spat, "Ilsa!" and she grabbed Ilsa's shoulders and tried to pull her off of the young man. But Ilsa grabbed harder onto his hardening cock as Gwen pulled her back which comically looked like a game of tug-of-war. "Let go Gwen!" cried Ilsa, "he's mine! He needs me!"

Cham's eyes blinked open and he woke up from all the comotion to find these two women screaming and pulling hard against his dick.

He smiled gently, "Hello Mistress, Ilsa.. Mistress Gwen." His voice rumbled in an impossibly low bass tone. He looked up at Gwen then back at Ilsa who was staring him in the eyes. Gwen squealed a little bit and let go of Ilsa, who rebounded back onto Cham.

"Hello Master Cham," said Ilsa, with a weak ugly smile, her bucked teeth stuck out profusely as

she swooned at him. She was now straddling his leg, and she wasn't wearing any undergarments so her wet pussy was pressed directly against his skin. She put her hand on his six-pack and let the other one casually squeeze his hard dick. Without thinking, she started mildly grinding his leg.

He tried to remember where he was and why he was there, but his thoughts seemed sluggish. And why was Mistress Ilsa sitting on his leg and stroking his penis? This was all very confusing.

He looked around and there was another lady, much prettier than them also there. She had nice small breasts; and breasts were an immediate turn on for any man in Noblash.

"I'm sorry.. I'm a bit lost.." he said slowly. His voice was deeper than before. "Am I supposed to be here?"

Ilsa and Gwen immediately started asking him questions. Faye was a bit surprised, earlier he seemed a bit lost, but not so dumb. What was happening to him? Perhaps he didn't remember, she wondered if she could trick him a little bit, "Cham, you are here to help us," she smiled her winningest smile and batted her newer, prettier eyes. She leaned down close and inhaled deeply and her new bosom strained. His eyes were riveted on her cleavage. Ilsa, her hand still resting on his cock, squeaked as she felt his member jump and start to grow turgid.

Faye continued, "you have been ordered by the King to make love to all three of us as much as you can, it's life or death. The kingdom depends on it," she lied. Gwen's mouth dropped open in astonishment and Ilsa shook her head in disbelief and looked like she was ready to correct Faye. Her statement was ridiculous and nobody in their right mind would believe such hogwash, but she breathed deeply, hoping her cleavage would somehow confuse his mind, hoping her theory was right about his stupidity.

Eyes wide and somehow disbelieving, Gwen reached forward and put her hand around Ilsa's mouth to keep her from talking. Cham's eyes stayed riveted on Faye's breasts and then he nodded "yes" and seemed to swallow the whole lie without pause.

"Well Ok", he shrugged. And he quickly stood up. His head almost touched the ceiling. Ilsa started to slide off his leg onto the ground but he easily caught her and then picked her up like a rag doll and carried her over to the bed, where he threw her down on her back and began tearing off her clothes. She squeaked and giggled as he proceeded. He was so huge and muscular, that he had her poised and ready in no time. Ilsa panicked a little in her typical way, but otherwise, she seemed consumed by his actions. Her tiny glistening slit was wet and ready for him as she tried to wrap her ugly skinny legs around his waist. Within seconds his mighty cock was fully erect and he started pushing the head into place.

"Wait, what is going on?" Protested Gwen. This was moving too fast. "Ilsa, are you sure? Faye, are you sure?" She walked up next to the tall man who was standing at the foot of the bed,

preparing to fuck Ilsa. He was easily twice her size.

But he didn't wait for approval. His huge dong slipped easily into Ilsa's Donkey-worn cunt and he went to work fucking her like a raging bull.

Ilsa screamed and cried and orgasmed and came some more while he pistoned his full rod as far as he could go. He bottomed out only about halfway inside of her and the outline of his cock bulged in her super skinny belly as he thrust into her. He was unrelenting and kept pounding her hard for a good ten minutes. His veiny cock smashed hard against her uterus, stretching her out.. But Ilsa was used to it, the donkey was a bit longer than Cham. Ilsa reached down and rapidly rubbed her tiny clit, making lots of noise while Cham thrustured into her.

Faye was massively turned on. She came up behind him and crawled up under his crotch until she was able to catch his swaying balls in her dainty hands. They were huge and oversized. She started licking and massaging them in rhythm to his thrusts. Gwen couldn't believe her eyes, but soon, his powerful musk began to also affect her and she began to swoon in his presence. Finally he grunted loudly the black rings glowed bright and he shot his load into the moaning Ilsa. Ilsa's body spasmed as his seed burned itself into her body.

Almost instantly the transformations began. Faye watched as Ilsa's face became prettier. Her hair stayed white-blonde but exploded in growth from her head. Waves of luxurious white-blonde hair bunched up behind her head as she tilted it back on the bed while moaning in ecstasy. Her thin lips filled out and her teeth visibly shifted until she could barely fit them inside her mouth.

Her tiny nipples poked up straight and ever so slowly, two small mounds formed on her board-flat chest, like bread rising in the oven. She giggled and squealed in delight as she groped her new tiny breasts. They were barely a handful, but she was delighted.

"Gwen! Oh my goodness, Gwen! Look! Can you see them? I have boobies! They feel so good!" She sat up as Cham pulled his mighty snake out of her pussy with a light 'pop'. Faye, used to cleanup, slid up under him and went to work cleaning his flaccid penis with her mouth. Cham stood there in a sort of daze, grunting and enjoying her ministrations. She slurped off all of Ilsa's juices and did her best to suck the rest of the cum from the tip, knowing the magical potency of it would help her along.

Gwen stood there in shock. What dark magic was this? She knew that things like this could happen, but it was always a curse, like a children's tale.

"Ilsa, what are his black rings, I've never heard of this? This seems dangerous. What if he's cursed? You could die or something. And why do they have moons on them? I've never heard of that."

"Oh don't be such a stick in the mud." Said Ilsa. "Fine, if you don't want him, That's just more for Faye and me."

Meanwhile, Cham had already recovered and he was busy face-fucking Faye. He had grabbed her sandy hair in his huge fist and he was increasing speed as he rammed his hardening manhood into her stretched mouth. Amazingly, Gwen noticed, Faye was able to take the whole thing without gagging. Somehow, she was breathing in between strokes which was probably good, because he didn't seem to be slowing down.

Ilsa stood up on the bed so she was tall enough to reach him and then she leaned over to put her face in his face. In moments they were kissing and making out. With Ilsa's urging, Cham sat down on the ground and then laid back on his back. Faye just followed along continuing her ministrations on his supine figure. He never let go of her hair and he never stopped thrusting. Ilsa crawled up and sat on his face where he began to eat her out while she wriggled on his mouth.

"Oh! Yes!" cooed the slightly prettier Ilsa. "He's got a nice hot tongue!" She grinded and swayed her butt on him like a dance.

Gwen fought her emotions. She stared at Ilsa's ass. She knew the skinny girl's body inside and out, she had spent her whole life with younger sister., and her butt obviously looked better than before. The normal blemishes and acne was all gone, her skin was now smooth and pretty. Instead of a flat bony rear, she was looking at a slightly plumper, more attractive bum. Whatever was happening, it was happening all over, her legs looked nicer and fuller. She had left her clogs at the door, and even her long ugly feet seemed better looking. Her normally short stringy hair, was now halfway down her back and flowed with her body as she moved. For the first time, she was actually jealous of her sexmate. She felt herself losing to this situation. Her fear was slowly being replaced with lust and envy. She didn't know what to do.

Ilsa squealed like a noisy pig as she found another orgasm from his tongue. His back suddenly arched and his rings glowed again as he dumped his entire load into Faye's throat. He grunted more times than a normal man and then stopped. Faye jerked and spasmed as the hot cum worked its way into her. Finally she stopped and stood up and turned to Gwen and smiled, she reached up and undid the messy bun. Her hair dropped down and swept around her in a shimmery curtain of sandy color, it was rich and vibrant. She was definitely prettier than before.

Faye walked towards Gwen. Gwen, sensing something was up, backed up to the dresser, holding her hands up in a warding gesture.

"What are you doing?" her eyes narrowed at the approaching Faye.

Faye walked up smiling and gently moved Gwen's hands out of the way. Gwen was not very tall and Faye was much shorter than Gwen, she was definitely the shortest woman in the village, most of the young boys were taller than her. The top of her head was only about even with Gwen's bosom. And even with her transformations, she didn't seem to have gotten any taller, perhaps she had even shrunk a little. Faye smiled a beautiful smile at Gwen, her eyes sparkled and looked even bigger than before. She was changing right before her.

Faye reached up and twined her arms around Gwen's neck. Slowly arching the taller woman down until their faces were inches apart. Gwen trembled with emotion. She was scared and confused, envious but skeptical. But she didn't resist.

"What.. what do you want, Faye?" she whispered.

Faye tilted her head sideways and closed her eyes and brought her juicy lips up to hover right in front of Gwen's mouth. Gwen panicked, she could feel her hot breath. Thoughts flashed through her head. *It's just a kiss*, she thought. *There's nothing wrong with a kiss.*

She broke. And finally allowed herself to be kissed by the short woman. It was intoxicating. Her lips were silky smooth and large and pillowy. Gwen closed her eyes and enjoyed the moment. She sensed a flavor in her mouth.. It was gamey and musky. *Was that him? Was she holding his cum in her mouth?* She thought of pushing away, but she couldn't seem to. Her body ached for the prize within her mouth. She lightly extended her tongue and met Faye's tongue, the flavor was there.. Gwen tasted the musk and it sent chills through her spine. Faye locked her hands and fully shoved her tongue into Gwen's mouth. With it came a rush of the salty fluid. Before she could resist, she swallowed the magic cum. It hit Gwen like a gong. Her libido raged and she desperately sucked and slurped on the smaller woman's extended tongue.

She was like an animal, she wanted to chew Faye's lips off. Her hands came up and she grabbed Faye's burgeoning breasts. They had swollen in the short time and they spilled out of her hands. Each breast was larger than a grapefruit, almost as big as a cantelope, but wider and fatter. They bulged out to the sides, already eclipsing her tiny frame. Her breasts were squishy and smooth, and she dug her fingers into them with wild abandon. Faye obviously felt pleasure from the groping because she rose up on her tiptoes in response to her hands. Gwen found her nipples and pinched them hard.

Faye gasped and broke from the kiss. Her hands came up and she joined Gwen in the molestation of her larger bosom. Gwen got a better look at Faye. Her face had grown even prettier. Her eyes were bigger, her cheeks higher, her mouth luscious and full. Gwen stopped and moved in front of the the mirror that Faye had used earlier. Her transformations had begun, amplifying her latent desires and combining them with Cham's perversions. She stripped off her ugly dress and began to inspect her body with a keen eye. Her face was indeed a little prettier, and her brown hair a bit fuller. Her skin was smoother, her eyes nicer.

She opened her mouth. Teeth. Small budding teeth were filling back in the spaces where she had long lost her teeth during one of old Potipher's perversions.

She checked her breasts and waist. Yes, things were happening. She could feel the magic moving things around, there were actual lumps forming into her breasts! She massaged her tiny nipples and grew excited at the prospect of breasts the size of Faye's... or much, much bigger. Her ass was a little rounder, even her knees looked less knobby. She looked less like a boy and was starting to look more like a woman.

Unlike Ilsa, Gwen was much more dominant and far more bitchy and envious. It was not good enough that she would change.. She wanted to change the Most! She wanted to be sexier than Ilsa and Faye! She had to be. And she knew where to get it from!

She spun and headed straight for Cham who was still laying on the floor on his back. Ilsa had slid down and was now kissing his face and tracing her hands over his muscular chest. She was whispering sweet thoughts to him and treating him like a lover. From somewhere, she had retrieved a pillow and had tucked it under his head to make him comfortable.

Gwen rolled her eyes. It was just like Ilsa to fall in love with every guy she met.

"Ilsa, leave that poor boy alone. You! Cham, are you ready again? What's the hold up?" she demanded, pointing at his long flaccid penis which hung down over his leg.

"Leave him be, Gwen, can't you tell he needs to recover." She turned to Cham, "isn't that right my little sweetums. Chammy needs his rest, so he can play with the girlies again."

"Oh for Pete's sake, he's a man! Not a baby! He's got an enchanted cock, I'm sure he can keep going if he needs to. Let me show you how it's done." And she dropped to her knees and started roughly squeezing his manhood with her hands. She grabbed it by the base and started slapping it against his belly, forcing blood up into it.. Getting him hard again.

"Gwen, you're being too forceful," protested Ilsa. "You're going to hurt him if you keep smacking it like that!" Faye had walked up and was now staring down at Gwen's behavior, smiling and giggling a little at her eagerness. But Ilsa was wrong and the forceful motion had quickly re-inflated his cock. Cham grunted a few times and readjusted his hips as Gwen continued to coax his cock back to full attention.

"Come on, big boy!" commanded Gwen, she whacked him in the leg like some sort of animal. She stood up and reached down and grabbed his dick with both hands pulling him hard like a rope. "Get up, get up. It's my turn. Come on, you don't want to disappoint the King. It's his royal command, you know. You better get busy with me or you'll be in big trouble. You don't want to have to go to the gallows again," she lied. Ilsa practically choked on these words.

Evidently, that did the trick, "Yes maam," he said with a low rumble. He pushed Ilsa off of his chest, despite her protests, and he stood up. Without a thought, he simply grabbed Gwen and threw her on the bed, face down. Before she had time to even position herself, he grabbed her hips and began forcing his swollen member into her wet slit. As fast as a jackrabbit, he was plowing into her with all of his concentration. Gwen didn't expect quite such a rough introduction, but she was game. "Yes!" she yelped, trying to catch her breath. "Damn, you're a big one!" "Come on 'Chammy' ", she said sarcastically, in between grunts. "Is that all you got? You can go faster than that!"

Not to be dismayed, the huge hulking man doubled his efforts. Faye was impressed. He looked like he was trying to split Gwen in half with his monstercock. She grunted and squealed and carried on. The young man had already orgasmed four times today by her count. Twice this morning, and twice this afternoon. Based on how long he had fucked Faye this morning, Gwen may be in for quite a ride before he would be able to cum again.

Ilsa felt depressed. She had been having fun with the big brute, but now he was banging the heck out of Gwen. How come Gwen always got her way? She turned to complain to Faye, and was shocked by what she found.

“Holy mother! Faye, you’re gorgeous!” She walked over to stare at the tiny woman. “Have you seen yourself? Look in the mirror!” and she spun her around to show her.

Faye didn’t recognize the naked woman who looked back at her. It was still her, but only barely. She could see hints of her features, but other than that, the trollop who looked back was nothing like her former self. “Wow.” she said, as she looked at her breasts. And she watched as her reflection looked astonished back at her. This person was sexy and beautiful. Her sandy hair now flowed down her back like a waterfall. And her entire chest was taken up by two perfectly sculpted breasts that projected off her tiny frame like fresh fruit. She reached up and caressed each breast, lifting and inspecting each one in admiration.

Ilsa ran her hands down her back onto her waist. “Oh my goodness, look at your tiny waist! You never used to be like this, Faye, your waist is probably smaller than mine now!” Indeed, as she rotated in the mirror, it was true. No longer pudgy or fat, her waist had shrunk, while her ass had continued to jut out even more. She was turning into an hourglass. Ilsa slipped her hands around her front and softly caressed her breasts. “Oooh.. these are nice. A little bigger, and you could fit right-in in Noblash. And as pretty as your face is, you could find a man, right quick.”

Noblash? Thought Faye. As she enjoyed the soft breast massage by Ilsa. Impossible! But was it? She looked up at the mirror. Yes.. if she got a fair bit bigger up top, she could pull it off. Could she really go to Noblash?

“I want boobs like this, Faye. Yours are so soft and lovely.” Faye turned around and slipped her tiny hands up onto Ilsa’s smaller pert breasts.

“Yours are coming along Ilsa. Just give it time.” Together they groped each others boobs and then started kissing. It was much softer and erotic than her moment with Gwen. They moved slowly. Ilsa had to bend over to reach the tiny woman, but they continued for quite a while.

“Oh FUCK!” cried Gwen in the background as she experienced yet another orgasm. Cham looked serious and focused, but he didn’t slow down. He took this ‘fake’ job very seriously. “Come on! Cum! Cum for Gwenny! Uh! Oh! You can do it!”

“Maybe we should leave them alone?” said Faye finally as she took Ilsa by the hand and led her out of the room. “He’s going to be mighty hungry when this is over, let’s make dinner.”

“Aww. I wanted to spend more time kissing,” lamented Ilsa. “Do you think they’ll be much longer?”

“Yeah.. I think this might take a while for him to get this one out, he’s been a busy boy today.

Continued on Part 3