

Curse Box

By Morpheus

SRU: Curse Box

The sign, proudly pronouncing the store as Spells R Us hung just over the door, looking slightly worn. That was the first thing to catch Donald Spellings eye. The second was the smell of things old, that slight mustiness that seems to hover around all old things. As a collector of antiques, Donald was very familiar with that smell, and it drew him into the store, like a bee to honey.

Donald smiled faintly as he looked around, seeing a large variety of things in the store. What caught his eyes the most, were the antiques. There were a number of them, scattered around, and mixed with new things, and cheap gimmicks. But the antiques were the only thing that his eyes sought out.

Behind the counter was on old man, wearing a worn out robe, carefully bent over cleaning a dark wooden box, seeming not to have even noticed Donald's entrance. Donald smiled faintly at this. This eccentric geezer probably found all this stuff in his attic, Donald told himself. Probably doesn't even know its value. He chuckled silently to himself, thinking cheap he was going to get these valuable antiques. And that senile looking old man won't even know.

"How much for that box" Donald asked, gesturing to the one the old man had been cleaning.

The old man looked up at Donald. "It's not for sale" he said, then went back, carefully wiping a rag along a carving in the box's side.

Donald felt annoyance begin to rise, then pushed it down. Smiling, he was determined to have that box. It looked like it was easily centuries old, and still in perfect condition. It ought to be priceless, and certainly wasn't going to keep this old fool from letting him have it. "I'll give you \$200 for it" Donald told the old man arrogantly.

"And I told you, its not for sale" the old man snapped back at him, without looking up.

"All right, \$300" Donald said, trying to sound reluctant to spend that much, as if the box weren't worth it, when Donald knew full well that he'd easily spend five times that much if he needed to for that box.

"Look, Donald" the old man said, looking back at Donald. "I just acquired this, and was cleaning it up. It isn't for sale." The old man looked Donald in the eye, looking a little annoyed.

"I'll give you a thousand for it, not a penny more" Donald announced once more, not about to give up.

The old man looked at Donald, as if trying to decide what he was. After a minute, with Donald feeling uncomfortable under this eccentric old mans gaze, the old man spoke, "Fine. If you want it that bad, you can have it for \$1500. It's on your head though, and remember, I warned you."

Donald smiled, though somehow felt that his triumph didn't feel quite right. He'd known from the beginning that he wanted that box, and what Donald Spelling wanted, he got. Whether it was a woman, a business deal, or something else, he always got his way. But for some reason, this time, he felt somehow uncertain. As if he hadn't gotten quite the deal he'd bargained for. Annoyed at himself for this unfamiliar self doubt, he shook his head, and left the store with his new purchase.

The Old Man stared as Donald left the store, almost feeling sorry for him. Almost. The Old Man reminded himself that Donald was to blame, and deserved whatever was coming to him. After all, even he couldn't control the curse box, and Donald had been warned.

Getting home, Donald rushed past his most recent wife, Patty, and into his den. He carefully set the box down on the table top, and excitedly examined the very finely carved shapes on the outside of the wood. Deeply carved into the wood were strange patterns, and what looked like grotesque faces. He shuddered at the realism.

There was a strong brass latch holding it shut, which Donald left for the moment. After several minutes, he realized that he couldn't see any grooves or places where the pieces met, almost as if it were carved straight from one piece of wood. Donald smiled greedily at that, thinking how much more valuable such a piece would be worth, and how much more envious his "friends" would be of him.

Just as Donald was about to open the latch, Patty walked in, making him instinctively cringe. They'd only been married for 8 months, and were already considering divorce. She'd married him for his wealth and position, while he'd wanted another trophy wife, after his first two hadn't worked out. Her raven black hair and dark eyes made her look very attractive, and definitely had caught his attention at first.

At first their marriage had been decent, with each of them doing their own thing, but recently, Patty had really been getting on his nerves. It was getting about time to get rid of her. He chuckled to himself, remembering that little prenuptial he'd had her sign.

"What do you want?" he snarled at Patty, adding "bitch" inside his head.

"Mr. McGee's here" She said politely, then turned around with her nose in the air, and left, making Donald sigh in relief. George McGee was his lawyer, and they had some work to do on that real-estate contract. Donald wondered if he should ask George about getting that divorce, as he went out to see him.

Patty fumed as she walked down the hall. Just being in the same room with Donald was enough to get her annoyed anymore. When she'd first married him, she'd dreamed of a life of wealth and social success, being the center of her social circle. Unfortunately, the charming suave man that she thought she married, quickly turned out to just be Donald. She scowled at the thought.

Once Donald had gone into the other room to talk to Mr. McGee, Patty walked back into his den. She went for the bottle of expensive scotch in the corner, pouring herself a generous glass. After a deep drink, she noticed the wooden box sitting on table, and got curious.

"Obviously another one of Donald's wastes of money" she muttered to herself, finding it foolish to waste perfectly good money on lots of old things, when they could get brand new stuff for cheaper. She saw no reason to bother with antiques.

But for some reason, this one caught her eye. Bending over it, she admired the carvings, her eyes almost being drawn along the patterns against their will. She stared over it hypnotically for several moments before breaking herself away.

Curiously, she wondered what was in the box, and moved the latch. As she opened the lid, she jumped back quickly, horrified to see a strong glowing light emanating from within the box. She stared horrified as the lid didn't drop back down, but remained opened, with a green mist beginning to come from within.

Panicking, she tried to turn around and run, but found that her legs wouldn't move. Looking down, she saw that the green mist was circling her legs and quickly moving upwards. She tried to scream, but her vocal chords wouldn't work. Seconds later, she was enveloped in the green mist, and a golden glow.

Patty felt a strangeness running through her entire body. She didn't know what it was, but she knew that it wasn't good news. Everything seemed to twist around in her body, making her feel as she was being crushed. Dimly, through the mist and the glow, she saw that everything within the room seemed to be growing larger.

Then it all stopped, and she found she could move again. She looked up, seeing how much higher the table was than before, and that the box was once again closed and latched. For some reason, she didn't feel scared anymore, only distant and distracted. Looking down, she was curious to note that she no longer had breasts. That didn't seem very odd to her though, nor the fact that she now only looked like a 3 year old little girl. She just smiled and giggled, realizing that she'd just pooped herself.

Donald smiled, shaking George's hand, pleased that the contract looked so promising. He was going to make a lot of money off of this one.

"Why don't you go wait for me in my den" Donald suggested to George, "We'll celebrate this with cigars and scotch. I've got to put this in my safe first" Donald held up the contract.

"All right, in just a few then" George chuckled, heading towards the den. He stopped in front of the mirror in the hallway, frowning to see himself, middle aged, balding and overweight. Even the graying beard served to make him look older. Shaking his head, he determined once again to lose weight, and went into the den.

George stopped, shocked to see a toddler lying on the floor, amid a pile of clothes, with shit smeared all over. "What the?" he asked, confused.

"Where the hell did you come from?" he asked the girl.

She just smiled up at him and held up her hands, covered the offensive waste, "I Poopy" she announced proudly.

"You sure did" George muttered, holding his nose. He was about to go out and ask Ms. Norris, Donald's maid, if this was her kid, when he noticed the box on the table. Curious, he remembered Donald telling him about it, and decided that the toddler could wait for a minute longer. He just wanted to have one quick peek.

As George opened the lid, a strange green mist poured out from within. He jumped back, tripping over the toddler, and falling onto the floor. Fearfully, he stood back up, finding that the green mist had poured across the floor and had caught him. He tried to move but couldn't.

A glowing golden light was pouring out from within the box, and starting to glow around him as well. Horrified, he struggled, but couldn't move in the slightest. All he could see was his arm out of the corner of one eye, noticing that the mist was covering it. He saw the mist and the glow beginning to pull back, leaving his arm a white stone behind.

He was still screaming in his mind when everything went black.

The toddler asked "Poopy?" as she started smearing some of it along the leg of the new marble statue.

Walking back into his den, Donald stopped, staring. There in front of him was a small toddler, wiping something all over the legs of a statue, that looked just like George. He gulped, seeing the look of horror on the statues face. He started to get angry, wondering what the hell was going on.

His first thought was that Patty was playing some kind of joke on him, but then realized a prank of this sort wasn't her style. Not at all. He remembered his new treasure, and wanted to make sure that nothing had happened to it, that no one had messed with it. He sighed, relieved to see that it didn't seem to be damaged in any way. Carefully he looked along the outsides for any signs of damage from whomever had been playing this prank.

"Obviously, George" he told himself angry. He didn't really believe that, George being far too serious for any such foolishness, but how else was he going to explain that statue. "Ms. Norris" Donald screamed for his maid. It was all her fault he decided. She should have found and fixed this immediately. He was going to give her a good piece of his mind, and make sure she couldn't get another job for some time to come. Angry, he needed someone to take it out on, and she was going to be that person, whether she liked it or not. Especially if not.

"Coming Mr. Spelling" Donald heard faintly in Ms Norris's voice.

While waiting for her to get in the den, Donald absently opened the latch, cracking the lid slightly open. He stopped, stunned to see green mist pouring out from the box. Startled, he tried to pull his hand back, but not quick enough, as the mist grabbed hold of his hand, holding it on the box.

Scared, Donald saw the mist pour out of the box, going around his body. A strange golden light accompanied it. He tried to yank his hand back, but it still wouldn't move, nor would anything else on his body. Horrified, he felt helpless, while the mist and the light continued to surround him.

Donald felt a strange shifting within his body, as if his bones and flesh were moving into new positions. It didn't really hurt, just feel extremely strange to him. He screamed inside his head since he couldn't scream any other way. Seconds later, he felt a tingling all along his chest, and could actually feel his chest growing, while at the same time, he felt a similar tingling in his groin. Oddly enough, he found that he wasn't scared any more, but felt more distant from it all.

Finally the mist pulled away from him, returning into the box from whence it had come, closing the lid behind once it had all gone back in. Donald found he could move again. Stepping back, Donald realized that he'd changed. His whole body felt different, and all out of balance.

Looking down, he saw that he had a pair of large female breasts pushing out from his chest. Calmly, he examined his whole body, finding that all of it had changed along similar lines, leaving him with long wavy blonde hair, perfectly manicured fingernails, and even vagina where his penis should be. He knew that this last thing should have him horrified and screaming in panic, but he just didn't feel it.

Slightly startled, he realized that he was getting sensations from his new nipples, and touched them, finding that they were very hard. He gasped in surprise as they sent a wave of pleasure through him. Unable to help himself, he started rubbing his breasts, moaning in pleasure.

He felt absolutely horny suddenly, and felt great pressure in his vagina. Putting his hands to his groin, he absently noted how wet he was, and started rubbing his clitoris. It felt so tight, so tense, and he felt so horny, that he thought he was going to die. He started butting his fingers inside himself, loving the feeling, knowing that his body wanted something else inside there instead.

He didn't notice how odd it was that he'd easily accept that, or how much he wanted a man. He only knew that he wanted one. That he wanted sex, and he wanted it now.

"Mr. Spelling?" Lolita Norris gasped for breath as she entered the den, knowing that she'd get in trouble for taking so long to get there. Mr. Spelling wasn't easy to work for, and she was afraid that he'd fire her soon. Fortunately she had another job lined up if he did. It wasn't as high paying as this one, but her cousin Burt had offered her a job as a secretary. And she wouldn't have to wear this stupid French Maid's costume either. However, this one was still paying enough that she'd hate to lose it.

Lolita gasped, seeing the scene in the den. Some woman was rolling around on the floor masturbating, in front of some little kid. She was too shocked at this to even wonder about the statue. Her sense of propriety got hold of her, demanding that she remove this toddler from that bimbo.

As she tried to grab the dirty naked toddler, the bimbo attacked her, grabbing at her breasts. Lolita tried to pull away, finding the womans hands going between her own legs. "What are you doing?" she demanded, afraid.

"I'm horny" the bimbo said, pouting slightly. "Make love to me" she said, grabbing Lolita again.

Horrified, Lolita pulled away, falling backwards into the table and knocking the box off. As the box hit the ground, its latch came loose, knocking its lid open just a little.

Lolita was too busy trying to avoid the sex crazed bimbo to notice the green mist until it had her frozen in place. She quickly found herself changing, growing smaller and different.

Finally, she could speak again, and tried to cry out for help. But all that came out was a "Meow"

As the air in the room shimmered, the Old Man appeared, and glanced around the room, a look of disapproval on his face. A little toddler was petting a young, gray and black cat, who seemed rather content, while they sat leaned up against a rather ugly, but very realistic statue. In the corner, a naked, overendowed blond woman was furiously masturbating herself, until she glimpsed the Old Man.

A look of absolute lust appeared on her face, and she ran towards the Old Man. "Maybe another time" he said, smirking slightly, making the girl freeze motionless.

The Old Man bent over, carefully picking up the box, making sure that it was unharmed. He felt ashamed that he'd let his annoyance get the best of him, and sold the box. It was by far too dangerous to be left around for anyone, and he decided to put it someplace safe so that it wouldn't cause trouble again.

After all, it was too powerful, and even he could do nothing against its abilities. He shuddered at the thought of getting caught in its power himself. Then he looked towards the four victims, trying to decide what to do with them.

Shortly afterwards, a new statue appeared in the park, delighting the pigeons. A little girl and her cat were adopted by a loving couple, who now remembered her as always being their daughter, thanks to the Old Man's magic. And the local whore house had its newest and most popular girl.

The End