

Curses!

Written and Edited by PgFalcon

The library was quiet this early in the morning. The air was clean and cool, and smelled like spring was on the way. School would start in half an hour, but I liked to have a cup of coffee and relax before I walked to class. I looked down at my phone.

It was a game I had never heard of, a turn-based virtual card game I had stumbled upon after accidentally clicking on an ad. The game was called "Curses!".

Bored and intrigued I installed it. In seconds a little 8-bit trill signaled the loading of a start screen.

<Username?> it asked.

'CoolDude9000' I entered, smiling to myself.

<Would you like to enter your first battle?> it asked.

'Yes', I responded, touching the yes-button.

The screen swirled around, then resolved itself into a first person perspective of me sitting at a table. A shuffling animation was soon followed by the dealing of five cards to myself and to a shadowy opponent sitting across from me. Floating above their cards was the username <Sweety007>. I could only see the backs of their cards, and the fronts of mine.

Before I had a chance to read what mine said, however, a pop-up covered the screen.

<Tip! Place cards on the table to give your opponent a 'curse'! Each player has 1 hour to make each move, so please feel free to take your time! If no move is made in 1 hour however, you forfeit the game, and keep your curses plus a penalty card. The winner receives a reward card and all their curses are lifted, including curses from previous games.>

I hit okay, and then read my cards. My face immediately began to burn.

Permanent wedgie!
Grow a tail!
Height change!
Frequent, involuntary, sexual arousal!
Animal attraction!

What the hell kind of game was this? Some sort of sexual fantasy roleplaying deal? How the hell did it work?

Well, one way to find out. I played my 'Permanent wedgie!' card by dragging and dropping it onto the table in front of my opponent. I was rewarded by an animation of a suddenly-visible pair of pink panties being pulled up tight against my invisible opponent.

Panties? Was I playing against a girl? How did the game know, or was it just guessing? It didn't ask *me* what gender I was. Maybe it used cookies or something.

If found myself getting a little excited from watching the invisible avatar of my opponent struggle a bit before sitting back down in her seat, now with visible panties tightly digging into her. The animation in this game was excellent, definitely conveying her discomfort with her 'curse'... but now she seemed to be playing her own card, as one lifted up and floated down face up in front of me.

It read: 'Breast enlargement!'

I chuckled. My character was a guy after all, so a card like that shouldn't have any effect...

My train of thought was cut short as I felt my shirt grow tighter.

I froze in my seat, but it didn't stop what was happening to me. My chest was expanding. Before my very eyes I was growing a pair of soft, shapely breasts where only seconds before was only a proud, masculine chest.

My immediate instinct was to cover them with my arms, doubling over in my seat as I glanced around to see if anyone was watching. Nobody was.

They stopped growing quickly, but not until I had a modest handful squeezed into my shirt, rubbing directly against the now tight fabric. So soft! So sensitive! I could tell right away my nipples, and my areola, had both gotten much bigger too! Every touch sent tingles down my spine! Not only had I spontaneously developed well-defined feminine breasts, but they were shockingly erogenous as even the mere sensation of my shirt brushing against them was making my heartrate skyrocket.

"WHAT THE FUCK?!" I whispered to myself before slapping a hand over my mouth. No need to attract attention. I looked down at my phone in amazement.

This game was REAL!?!?!

I did nothing for what felt like the longest time.

Was I really going to be stuck with these tits if I lost? What about the reward card? Should I quit now while I was ahead? I could fix myself with surgery if I quit *right now*, but a breast reduction would probably cost a lot...

But in the end, I couldn't ignore one thing. On top of the fact that I now had a pair of sizable tits, I also had acquired in seconds the hardest erection of my life. I couldn't resist picking up my phone again. My own desire was my undoing.

A new card had been placed in my hand, and I now had:

Permanent lactation!
Grow a tail!
Height change!
Frequent, involuntary, arousal!
Animal attraction!

I placed down the card 'Animal attraction!'

I didn't know what the card did, but something told me it had to be good. I was immediately rewarded by the image of an animated dog's head happily sniffing the crotch of the tightly pulled panties sitting opposite me in the game.

My opponent was quick to follow suit and played a card that read 'Bitch in heat!'

I only had a few seconds to ponder what that could mean before I felt something growing in the seat of my pants. Very quickly it was becoming painful, as I felt my tailbone growing longer and longer, trapped against my jeans, and I had to quickly reach my hand down my ass and tuck what was growing there.

It was already covered in loose, shaggy fur, and growing longer and longer. In no time it had already grown long enough to curl up between my front legs and out the front of my pants, the long and soft fur tickling my belly and teasing my incredibly erect hard-on.

Well, it wasn't erect for long. As soon as the tail stopped growing I felt myself go inexplicably soft despite my face flushing with powerful arousal. I already had an idea of what was going to happen to me. Bitch in heat didn't leave much room for the imagination in *that* regard.

Time to escape from the library.

I picked up my stuff as quickly as I could and started to try and make my way to the exit, but I had barely stood up before I was doubled over again, only this time it wasn't out of embarrassment, although certainly my situation was becoming more and more embarrassing.

No, this time it was because my stomach was cramping, and as I felt my manhood grow softer and softer I felt a spurt of wetness between my legs.

And that's when it began. Something I never imagined I could feel.

I moaned out loud before I could stop myself, as an intense *desire* and *need* began to fill me, radiating from deep within my belly and turning my nether region into *burning sauna*. Oh it felt so good, so *warm*, and I knew without a doubt in my mind what it was my body now needed more than anything else. With my face lit up like a glowing red lantern I ran for the bathroom and locked myself inside.

It was one of those small, private, unisex restrooms, and I could get undressed in safety there. I wasted no time at all in yanking off my pants and pulling my shirt up.

My tail felt immediate relief, and sprang up behind me to start wagging with a mind of its own, but my manhood? My manhood was long gone.

In its place was a wet, aching, tingling pussy. It felt so strange to be without a boner, yet so incredibly horny, as new muscles within me made themselves known, tingling and spasming outside of my control. I looked in the mirror at my body and what little body hair I had had turned into the same soft fur as my tail, which I now saw was golden yellow. Before my eyes the hair on my head was following suit, changing color to match and growing longer! I could feel my ears stretching and drooping, and I watched in amazement my ears became dog ears.

I was turning into a golden retriever? Was I going to lose my humanity??

And then the changes finished. I breathed a hot sigh of relief that it stopped before I had transformed *all the way* into a 'bitch'... but this heat? Oh *God* this *heat*!

I immediately began touching myself, one hand diving straight into my new pussy and the other grabbing hold of one of my now even larger breasts. It felt amazing! My fingers pushed gently into my body and I nearly froze up from the sensation! My nipples felt so good when I rubbed them, and I quickly found my clit too and began playing with it!

It took me no time at all to bring myself to orgasm, and I fell to the floor in ecstasy as my stomach convulsed and my pussy squirted, creating a slippery mess between my legs and on the tile floor. This body felt so good I couldn't help but laugh out loud as I lay down on that dirty bathroom floor.

Man, my opponent had some good cards... but they couldn't have possibly known one thing. I was a hopeless closet pervert, and I *liked* these changes. Yes, my new appearance was troublesome, but I wasn't thinking about my future, or my family, or even school. All I knew in that moment was that my body felt fantastic, and I wanted to keep playing.

With sticky fingers I reached for my phone and looked at my cards.

Permanent lactation!
Grow a tail!
Height change!
Frequent, involuntary, arousal!
Easily impregnated!

Terrible cards really. With one card play my opponent had managed to have the same effect as three of my cards put together. Maybe there was a way to build a better deck later? I wouldn't lose though!

I played the card 'Height change!', and watched as my opponent shrank in size considerably. Ha! Take that!

She played 'Raped Frequently!'

Right on cue the door, which I had locked, opened up and in walked a large Dalmatian... with a large red rocket between his legs. The door closed shut with a click behind him.

"Stupid game," I laughed. "It's not rape if I want it to happen."

And so I spread my legs for the dog. I was, after all, a bitch in heat, and that red rocket looked *really* enticing.

A bitch... in heat? Why did that phrase make me suddenly worry?

While I began to hesitate, the Dalmatian calmly walked over to me and began licking me, sending thrills across my skin and making me even wetter. My body was so ready for this, so desperate to feel the touch of a male, to feel him move deep within me, to be filled up and pounded until he came inside. To have sex over and over until...

Until.... we made puppies? I wanted puppies?!

Oh hell no.

I was in heat. Dogs go into heat when they're *fertile*. Did that really mean I could become pregnant?!?! Something in my gut told me unequivocally *yes*.

I made an immediate mental 180 and began to try and scoot away. I was rewarded by the low growl of the Dalmatian, and a nip of his teeth on my thigh, and felt myself become paralyzed. Because of what I had become I realized I was now *much* more persuadable by this stud, and found that I could barely move, and couldn't resist as he resumed licking me.

After several seconds I gathered my courage and strength and tried to move away again... but now I was starting to understand what the card meant. It meant I was going to have sex, whether I was ready for it or not, whether I wanted it or not, and apparently it would happen 'frequently'. If I didn't win the game now, I could look forward to being forced upon by dogs and made pregnant over and over for potentially the rest of my life.

And at that moment, conflicted as I was by the hormones and the wonderful way this dogs tongue felt as it pushed deeper into me, I felt afraid. I suddenly didn't want to have sex at all. Not if it meant babies.

At the *very* least I wanted to try and find a condom, if dogs could even *wear* condoms. The Dalmatian had other plans of course.

I tried to get away again, and to my surprise the Dalmatian stopped and let me get to my feet... but he was still between me and the door. My body felt like it was glowing red hot with lust, sweat covering every inch of my skin, and my pussy was dripping with dog slobber and my own slippery fluids. I wondered for a second if I should try to grab my clothes on the way to the door when the dog jumped into the air and easily knocked me to the ground. The floor was wet after all.

I fell straight to my hands and knees, and before I knew it the Dalmatian was on my back and humping. I could feel his red-hot poker on my belly, sliming my sweaty skin with pre-cum. Oh man was this dog *hung*! As his dick hit against my belly, reaching all the way to my naval from behind, I forgot myself for a moment and drooled at the thought of it inside me. It had to be seven or eight inches at least, and so thick and hot! My pussy was *desperate* for penetration, muscles involuntarily clenching and squeezing at the very thought of being penetrated as I felt blood rush to my new sex and cause a gush of fresh wetness. I could feel my heartbeat pounding in my skin as my tender breasts hung from my chest. I realized I was panting like a dog, my tongue even hanging several inches out of my mouth, as I looked back eagerly for the big Dalmatian to get it right and stick it in me. This teasing was torture! I wanted him to fuck me already!

No, wait a minute... I might *need* him to fuck me, but I didn't *want* it! Did I? He was going at me bareback! I wasn't ready to become a parent! I was too young! Oh God I just wanted to get out of that bathroom! Why didn't I have a condom!?! How many times had my dad told me to keep one handy for emergencies?!

Of course, the Dalmatian chose that second to get it right, pulling back before ramming forward. I yelped as he hit my pussy right on the money and slid in a few inches.

I didn't expect it to feel like that! It hurt!! I wanted to yell for him to take it easy, but he was a dog and already busy doing the opposite of taking it 'easy'. He was already jack-hammering his way deeper into my *fucking virginal* pussy. My fingers were so much smaller by comparison, as my pussy was stretched wider than I could have imagined possible in an instant, and inch after inch was rammed and stuffed into me until he was bottoming out and ramming me like a jack-rabbit as fast as he could go.

And as much as it hurt at first, I couldn't stop from pushing against him and crying out with every thrust. I screamed quietly into my shoulder as I felt myself reach another climax not even a minute into my pounding, reveling in the feeling of his dick as he didn't even slow down, while my pussy squeezed and flexed on his rod. I was so sensitive that it was driving me insane, having had two orgasms in such a short span, but I knew he wasn't going to stop on my accord and so braced myself against the assault on my body and mind as best I could. He was so big, and I was so *tight*, I thought he was going to turn me inside out every time he pumped into me, the wet sounds of sex punctuated by my gasps with every thrust, his pre-cum painting my insides and further lubricating my already well-greased gash.

I had no idea that I could feel like this. I was being pushed beyond anything I had ever experienced, or though myself capable of feeling. My body had already recovered and I could feel a third, massive orgasm building in my stomach, bigger than the previous two combined. I could feel the tip of the Dalmatian's dick bump against something *deep* within me, he was touching my womb with the tip of his pointy doggy dick! With every thrust I felt him go just a little deeper, pounding me like a jack-hammer. Just when was he going to be finished? Did I even want him to be finished? Would I be able to pull him out before he came inside me?

My limited knowledge of dogs told me no, as I suddenly remembered a part of the canine anatomy that I could no longer ignore as a slowly swelling bump at the base of his shaft began to pop in and out of my entrance.

He wouldn't stop until he had come, and he wouldn't come until his knot had fully expanded... and if his knot fully expanded while it was inside of me there was *no way* I was going to be able to pull him out before he impregnated me.

I struggled for a moment, but immediately felt teeth on the back of my neck and was once again paralyzed. I couldn't move as he sped up, faster and faster, the feeling of his knot popping in and out of my terribly abused sex growing more and more painful and stimulating as it grew bigger and bigger. In a matter of seconds it had grown so big that I could feel my far-too sensitive clitoris rub against it as it slammed into me over and over, making me yelp in shock and discomfort as my pussy spasmed.

I shouted out even louder, unable to control myself anymore as it popped back into me for what felt like the hundredth time, and to nobody's surprise felt it get stuck. The Dalmatian could no longer pull out of me as my battered and bruised pussy closed tightly over the offending bulb, and tears of relief and defeat leaked from my eyes as I realized I had been officially knotted. Any hope I had of getting out of this was gone, as I felt my own body betray me, the entrance to my vagina squeezing tighter and tighter against his knot, pulling him up into me even further and creating a perfect seal through which not a drop of his seed could escape. He was so huge that I could feel the tip of his dick penetrate even the furthest reaches of my new body.

He continued to hump me through all of this of course, trying to push *even deeper still*. He had already penetrated my slightly dilated cervix with ease, the pointed tip of his burning hot cock having just barely pushed into my womb, and I felt an even deeper feeling of stimulation as he pushed in and out of there too with his efforts to continue fucking me.

It was inevitable. Before too long he began to seize up, squeezing me hard with his front legs and pushing himself as deep as he could with his hind legs, and he let loose an incredibly loud "BARK!"

So much for avoiding attention. With all the commotion we had been making it would be a wonder if everyone in the library didn't know someone was fucking a dog in the bathroom by now. I vaguely worried that I might be arrested.

My thoughts were interruptedly, however, as he came deep into me, directly planting his seed into my waiting and *very* fertile womb. I felt my belly physically swell with the sheer volume of it, stretching as he filled me up with an improbably large amount of sticky dog-cum. Quickly it was too much for my womb to hold it all, and I felt it gush and overflow into my pussy and around his dick, and that was the last straw.

I came so hard I saw spots, a loud ringing in my ears resolving into the rushing of my blood in my eardrum as my heart hammered away as hard as it could. His dick was slippery inside me from all the cum as I squeezed down as hard as I could on him, every muscle in my body convulsing as my belly fluttered like a million butterflies. It crashed over me again and again in waves as fiery flashes of heat roiled across my body, and lasted for over a minute before the powerful rushes of pleasure began to subside only to be replaced with impeccable bliss and the deepest sense of satisfaction I had ever known.

The bitch I had become was happy. The man I still was, underneath it all, was conflicted. I called it even and melted to the floor with the dog still tied with me, and he happily laid on top of me, both of us spent.

What was I going to do? I looked down at my cellphone. My new cards were:

Permanent lactation!
Grow a tail!
Infinite pee!
Frequent, involuntary, arousal!
Easily impregnated!

I sighed and ran a hand across my sweaty forehead.

How could I be expected to get revenge with cards like these? In three cards I had been reduced to *this*, while all I had managed to do to *her* was make her uncomfortable. I was definitely losing. Infinite pee was tempting, but almost certainly not worth whatever she would probably hit me back with.

What could I do? It seemed obvious that she had the better deck. Maybe I should call it quits while I was still ahead?

My eyes started to droop. I was *exhausted*... and with my phone still in my hand and my thumb hovering over my cards in indecision I drifted off to sleep.

I awoke with a startle, as I felt a familiar tongue rasping over my naked body. Having presumably licked clean my nether regions while I slept, the big Dalmatian was contenting himself now with licking my breasts, his wet tongue dragging over my overly sensitive nipples.

I sat up, only for the dog to start lapping his tongue down into my cleavage, obviously enjoying the taste of my sweat. I tried to push him away, overly aware of the close proximity of his huge cock and balls, but

he instead continued his attentions elsewhere, my push guiding his head downwards instead of away and his tongue finding itself questing downwards along my stomach.

What time was it? I looked at my phone and saw that it was past midnight. He library must have closed up without checking inside the bathrooms nor anyone bothering to investigate the noise. Lucky me.

With a swipe I unlocked the screen, and the pit of my stomach dropped.

<You Lose!> said a cheerful animation.

Well fuck.

I tapped the screen and the message changed.

<Due to inactivity for 1 hour you forfeited the match! Better luck next time! Your penalty card is now in play, and your curses will remain until you win your next game!>

I grimaced. The curses were fine for now, but what was this penalty card? I tapped the screen again to display again to see the card and swiped it to turn it over. The Dalmatian was licking lower and lower, and starting to lick my still-sore pussy, but I ignored him for the moment as I read the card.

<Penalty! For losing a match this card will remain in play until the conditions are met. You must have sex with 20 different breeds of dog in a public place, and until then may only be allowed to orgasm when knotted. Be careful not to let too many penalty cards stack up!>

No orgasms unless knotted? That didn't sound *too* bad. Being a 'bitch in heat' was going to make that tough to ignore, but so long as I let dogs mount me when they wanted it should be pretty easy to take care of that itch, and eventually I'd be able to meet the 20 breeds of dog requirement too.

My only real concern was my current physical appearance. At least I wouldn't be recognizable right now, but it made it difficult to continue with my normal life.

I quickly settled on a plan of action as my new *doggy* friend continued to lick me with increasing eagerness, much to my enjoyment, and I watched the tip of his red rocket begin to poke out from its furry sheath. I would hold off on playing a second game of 'Curses' to try and return to normal so that I could more easily get rid of my penalty card first. If I didn't fool around I could probably take care of it in a couple of days... although just one round was exhausting enough, but at *minimum* 19 other dogs? I could feel the intense heat building within me again and knew that it was probably going to be a lot more than 20 total dogs fucked before I could get 20 different *breeds* under my belt.

My Dalmatian seemed to agree as he stood up and over me, his cock fully exposed and erect now as he readied himself for round two, and how was I to say no? Hell, I probably couldn't if I tried.

I was definitely going to need to leave a 5-star review... when I could get around to it.