

Barbie Witch



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In the stillness of the midnight hour, cloaked by the obsidian shadows, Sabira lurked. Her gaze, as piercing as the crescent moon overhead, traced the silhouettes of the two people who had left her heart in shambles. Chad, the brown haired Adonis she once called her own, and Suzie, the insipid but beguiling blonde who stole him away.

Sabira was not a woman of ordinary means. She was a young witch, a master of the arcane, her mystical essence only magnified by her distinct gothic attire. Her raven-black hair flowed down to her waist, streaked with an alluring purple shade. However, beneath this enigmatic exterior, Sabira was wrestling with a whirlwind of emotions, each one more tormenting than the last.

Fury was the most potent. Each time she spotted the couple in their blissful ignorance, it ignited within her like wildfire. Each laugh they shared, each stolen kiss, served as fuel for her rage. Then there was the pain, raw and relentless, gnawing at her heart. It was the sting of betrayal, of love lost and trust shattered. Lastly, there was the desire for revenge, a thirst that could only be quenched by the suffering of those who had wronged her.

As she watched Chad and Suzie from the shadows, Sabira couldn't help but recall the day her world crumbled. The day Chad had callously discarded her love as though it was nothing more than an inconvenience. His confession still echoed in her mind, the memory as clear as crystal.

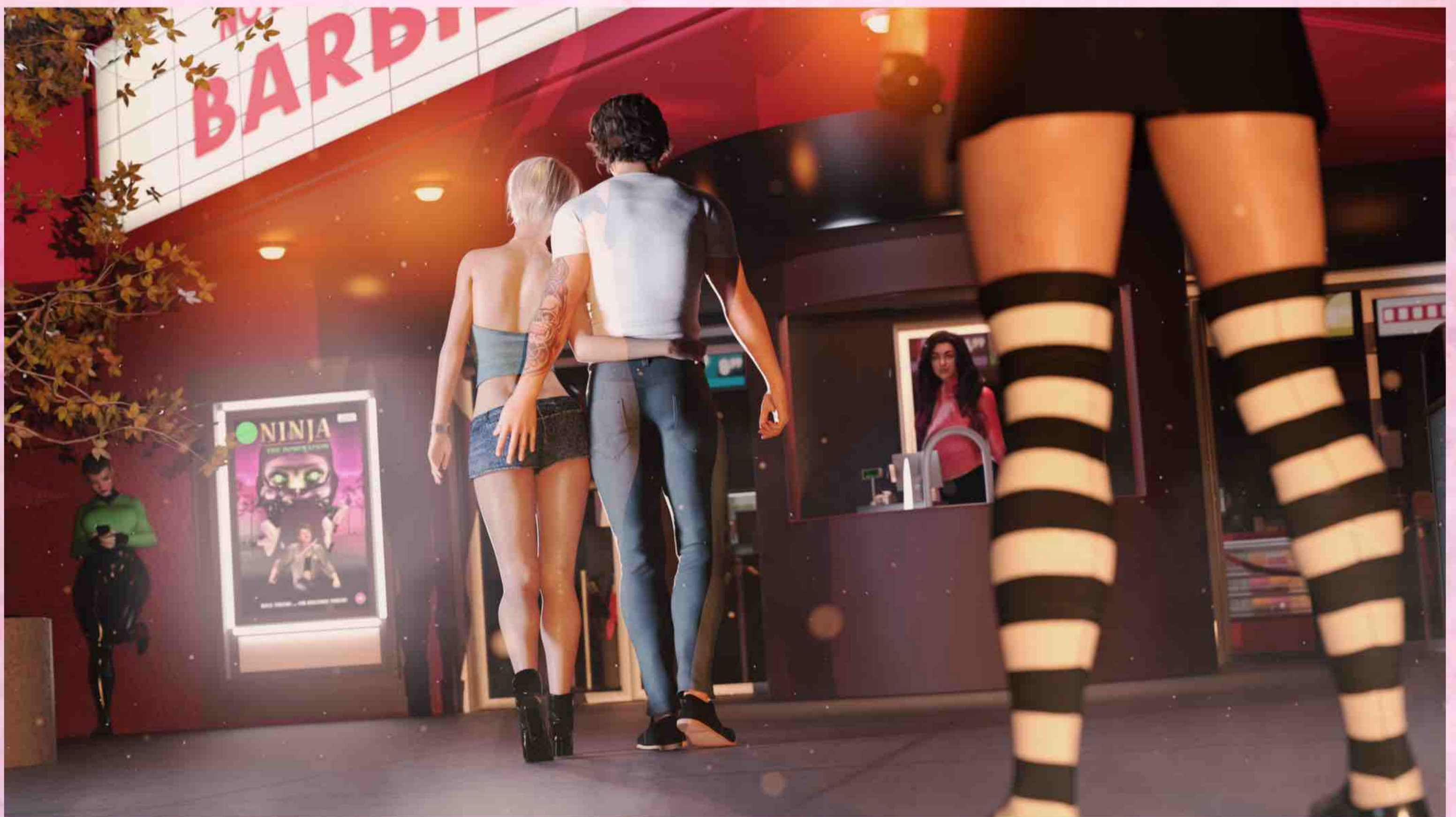
"I think we should break up, Sabira," Chad had said, his voice devoid of any semblance of the warmth it once carried. His clear blue eyes, once mirrors of his affection for her, were now cold, apathetic.

"Why, Chad?" Sabira remembered how she had clung to the hope that perhaps there had been a mistake, a miscommunication. "Is there someone else?"

She remembered the flash of guilt in Chad's eyes before he nodded, confirming her worst fears. "Um. No. It's just now working out."

The memory triggered a fresh surge of bitterness within her. There was, in fact, someone else. Suzie, the blonde bombshell with the intellectual depth of a puddle. The woman Chad had chosen over her, Sabira, who loved him with all her heart and soul. The audacity of it was unbearable.

"Chad was mine," Sabira muttered to herself, the icy breeze carrying away her whispered words. "And he dared to break my heart, for her? For Suzie? He will pay. They both will." Her mind echoed with thoughts of fire and brimstone.



Her resolve hardened like diamond, her path now clear. She had the power, and she would use it. Chad had toyed with a witch's heart, and he would soon learn the price of such folly. Their love story was about to take a dark, twisted turn. After all, hell hath no fury like a witch scorned.

Sabira's keen eyes tracked Chad and Suzie as they made their way down the city's bustling street, hand in hand, oblivious to the fury brewing in her wake. Their destination became clear as they stopped at the towering edifice of the local movie theater, its neon lights flickering in the summer twilight. It was a place Sabira and Chad had once frequented, a sanctuary for their shared love of A24 films.

As she stealthily inched closer, she spotted a movie poster that made her blood boil even more. "Barbie," it screamed in vibrant pink letters. The thought of Chad, who once appreciated thought-provoking and intellectually stimulating films, now succumbing to such a frivolous choice was the proverbial straw that broke the camel's back.

"Of course, it would be Barbie," Sabira thought, her lip curling in a sneer. "Suzie, that vapid, plastic, bitch." The thought stirred up a whirlpool of contempt within her, magnifying her resolve. She felt her anger seeping into the ground beneath her, resonating with the forces that answered to her call.

A wicked smirk painted itself onto her face as an idea began to take root in her mind. Her hands tingled with anticipation, as if they were already toying with the strands of Chad and Suzie's fate. The ludicrous choice of the movie provided her the perfect ammunition for her revenge, a revenge that would be as twisted and ironic as the circumstances that birthed it.

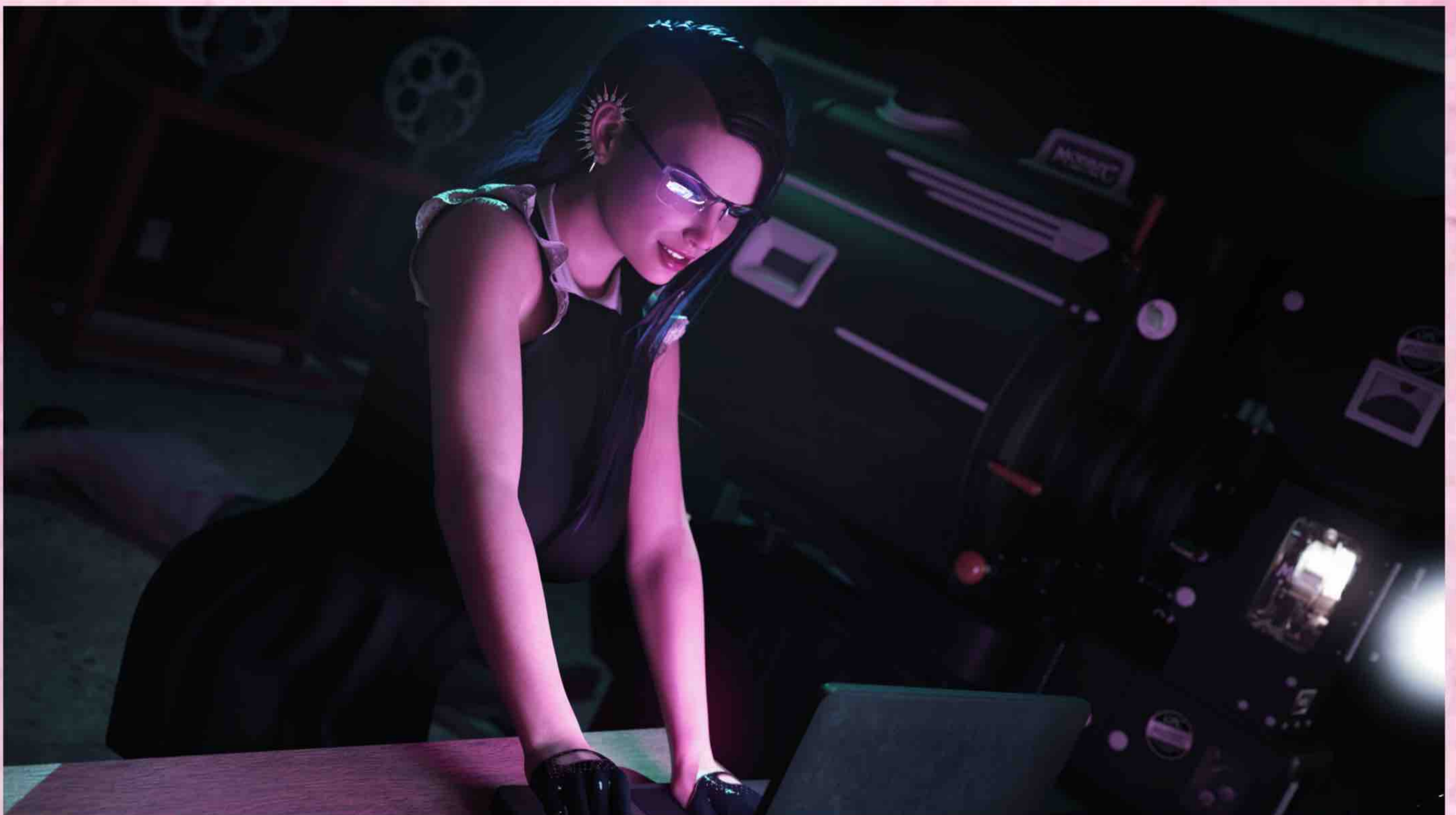
Sabira slipped into the shadows, using her cloak of invisibility, a nifty little spell she had perfected over the years. The world around her swirled in smoky hues, keeping her hidden from prying eyes. She followed the couple into the theater, a predator on the prowl.

As she settled into the dark corner of the theater, she saw Chad and Suzie take their seats. Sabira could barely contain the bitter laughter threatening to spill from her lips. "Enjoy the show... Chad," she whispered, the words echoing ominously in the cold, dark abyss of her heart. "And oh, what a show it will be."

Sabira glided still unseen through the theater's maze-like corridors. Her destination: the projection booth, an essential part of her plan. She found the booth perched at the highest point in the cinema, the perfect vantage point. Inside, the projectionist, a middle-aged man with spectacles perched precariously on his nose, fiddled with the reels of the movie, oblivious to the approaching doom.

"I'm sorry, my good man," Sabira murmured softly, raising a delicate hand and murmuring an incantation under her breath. A soft blue glow emanated from her fingers, coiling around the projectionist like a gentle breeze. His body stiffened for a moment before slumping onto the controls, fast asleep. The booth, now empty of any potential interruptions, was her stage to command.

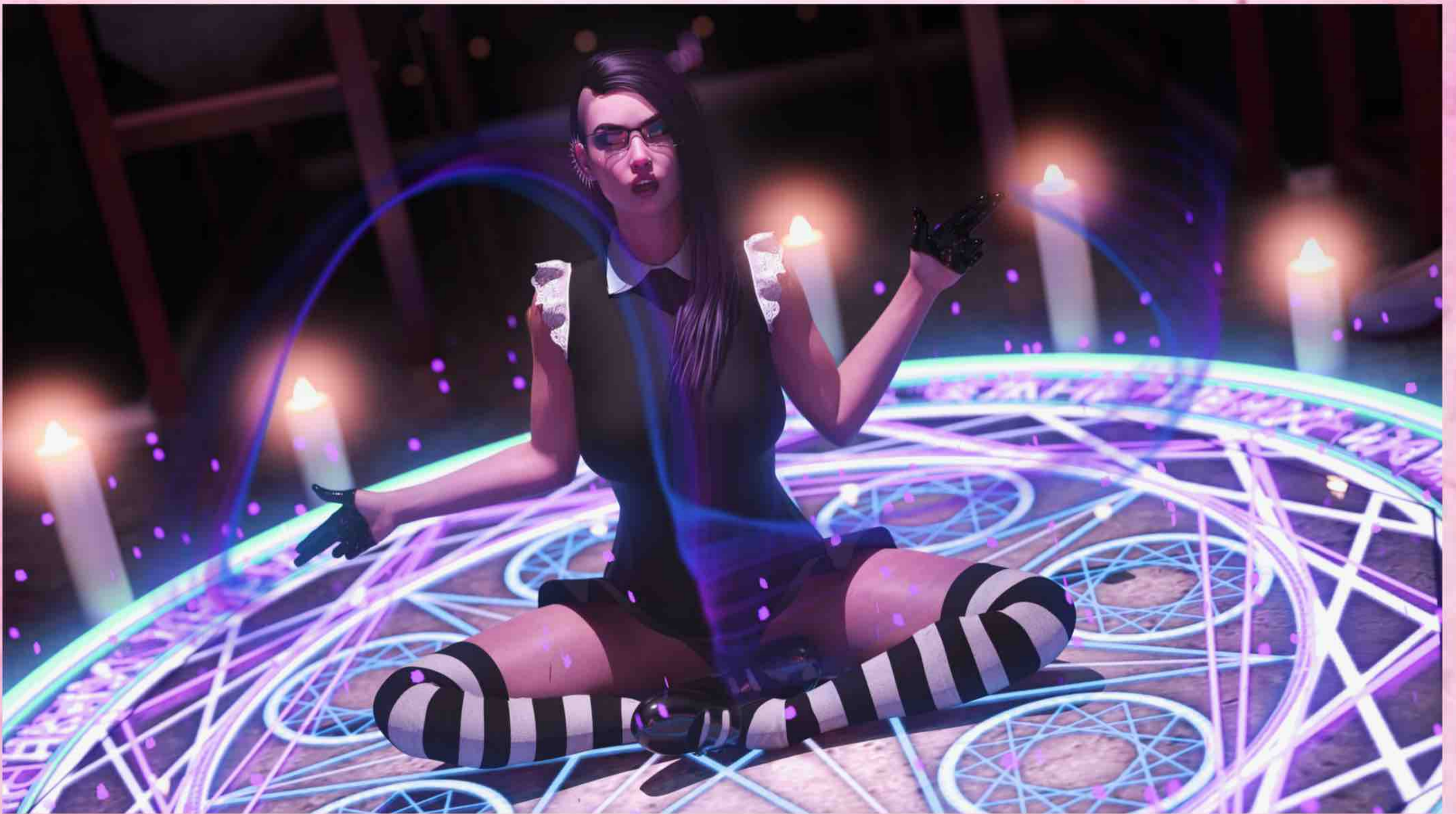
Sabira stepped over the snoozing attendant and settled herself in front of the antiquated film reel system. A chuckle bubbled up from her throat. "Now, this won't do. It's time for a little modern touch."



From the folds of her gothic attire, she pulled out her sleek laptop, its ebony surface a reflection of her own aesthetic. Sabira had always prided herself on being a witch of the 21st century, someone who wielded magic and modern technology with equal finesse. It was time to put that to good use.

A complex incantation spilled from her lips, a web of ancient words spun together with technobabble. Her fingers danced over the laptop keyboard, each press echoing through the booth. The device began to glow, pulsing in tandem with her incantation. Streams of iridescent energy poured out, winding their way into the projector, intertwining with the machinery, pulsing, and becoming one.

"All systems go," she murmured, her eyes lighting up with a devilish glee as she pressed the start button. As the familiar opening credits of The Barbie Movie started to roll, she looked out through the small square opening towards the audience below. Sabira's gaze fell onto the backs of Chad and Suzie. Unaware of their impending fate, they sat nestled in their seats.

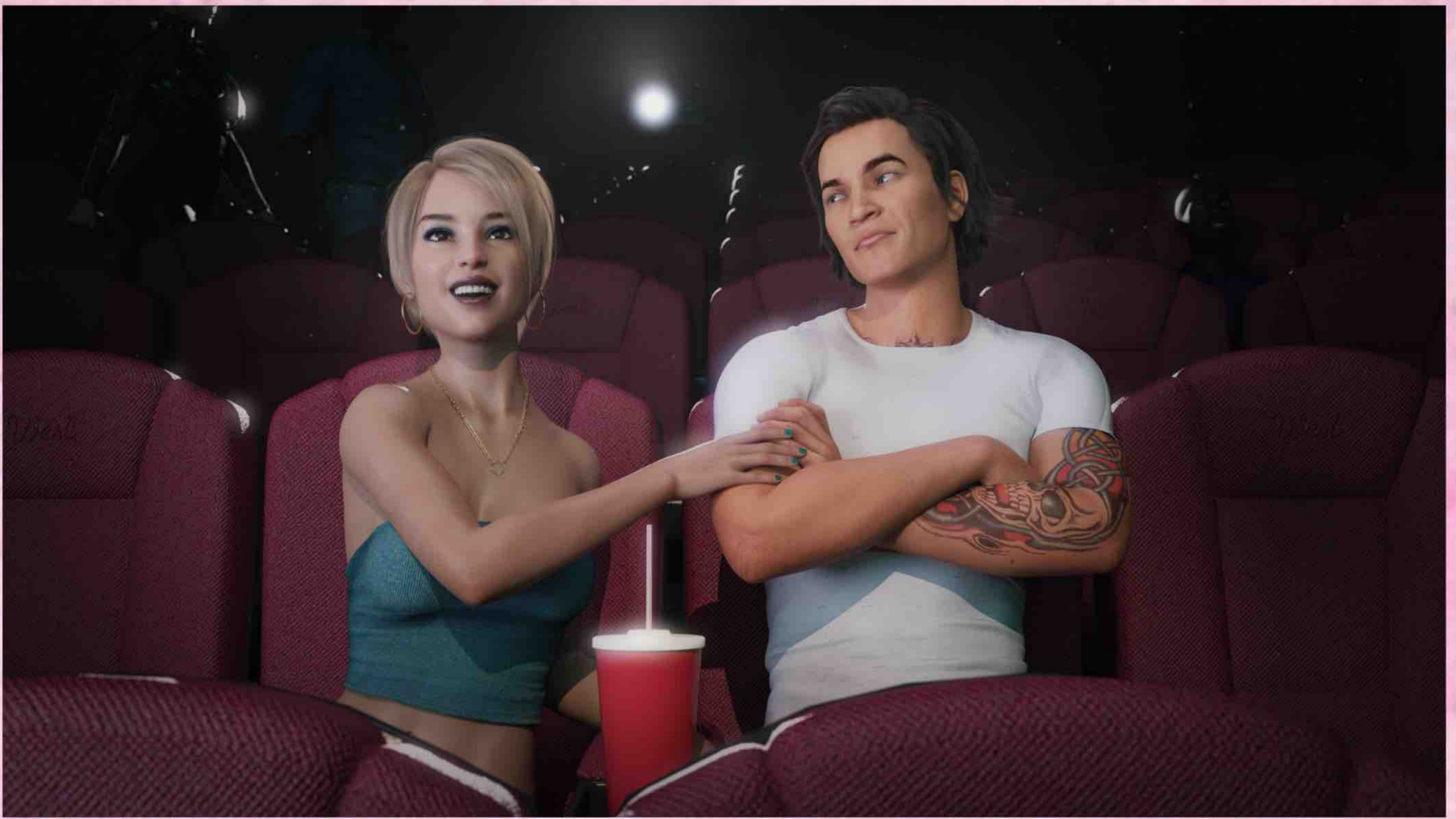


"Let the show begin," she whispered, a wild gleam in her eyes, her fingers poised over the keyboard. Sabira was ready to pull the strings of fate and watch as her carefully crafted spectacle of revenge played out.

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In the heart of the theater, ensconced in plush red velvet, Chad was already regretting his decision. As the Barbie Movie logo appeared on screen, bright pink and full of sparkles, he sank deeper into his seat. It was a stark contrast from the art-house dramas he once enjoyed with Sabira.

"Why on earth did I agree to this?" Chad grumbled under his breath, casting a sidelong glance at Suzie, who was already entranced by the opening sequence. He felt a pang of guilt as his mind wandered to Sabira. They would have been watching an indie movie right now, discussing the finer points of the director's vision.



Yet, Suzie was different, simple, and full of whimsical innocence that was almost endearing. It was an allure he had fallen for, but at times like these, he couldn't help but miss the intellectual conversations he'd had with Sabira.

"Honestly, Suzie," he began, trying to keep his voice steady, "Why are we watching the Barbie movie? You know this isn't exactly my cup of tea."

Suzie turned towards him, a frown replacing her bright smile. "Aw come on, babe," she replied, her voice taking on a pleading tone. "It's supposed to be good. You'll love it. Besides, it's nice to try something different, right?"

Chad sighed, running a hand through his hair. "Different, yeah," he muttered, "This is definitely different." He resigned himself to his fate, focusing his attention on the gigantic screen.

"Besides, you're gonna get a blow job tonight. So don't be a grumpy poo." Suzie said, giving his crotch a little pat.

As the film progressed, Suzie's laugh filled the theater. Chad couldn't help but find it infectious. Despite himself, a smile tugged at his lips. Suzie leaned into him, resting her head on his shoulder. Her blonde hair was soft against his skin, and her delicate perfume wafted up to him. It was a different scent than Sabira's earthy aroma, lighter, simpler, like Suzie herself.

"See, it's not that bad, is it?" Suzie giggled, poking him lightly in the ribs. Chad simply rolled his eyes and smiled. He decided to give it a chance, for Suzie's sake.

From the start of the movie, he found himself drowning in a sea of pink sparkles, fluffy pets, and high-pitched giggles. It wasn't his preferred genre, but Chad was determined to sit through it.

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In the secluded haven of the projection booth, Sabira's fingers flew across her laptop's keyboard, weaving an intricate web of enchantment. The screen lit up with an arcane language, a mix of magical runes and lines of code. Sabira couldn't suppress a smirk, her black lipstick perfectly matching her raven hair with its rebellious purple streak.

A soft glow emanated from her fingertips as they hovered over the keyboard, each keystroke sending ripples of magic through the complex circuitry. Her heart pounded with exhilaration, the thrill of her plan taking shape was intoxicating.

"Et mutatio incipit," Sabira whispered, her voice echoing in the cramped space, the incantation reverberating off the walls. A bright flash engulfed her laptop, followed by a harmonious hum, signaling the successful cast of her spell.

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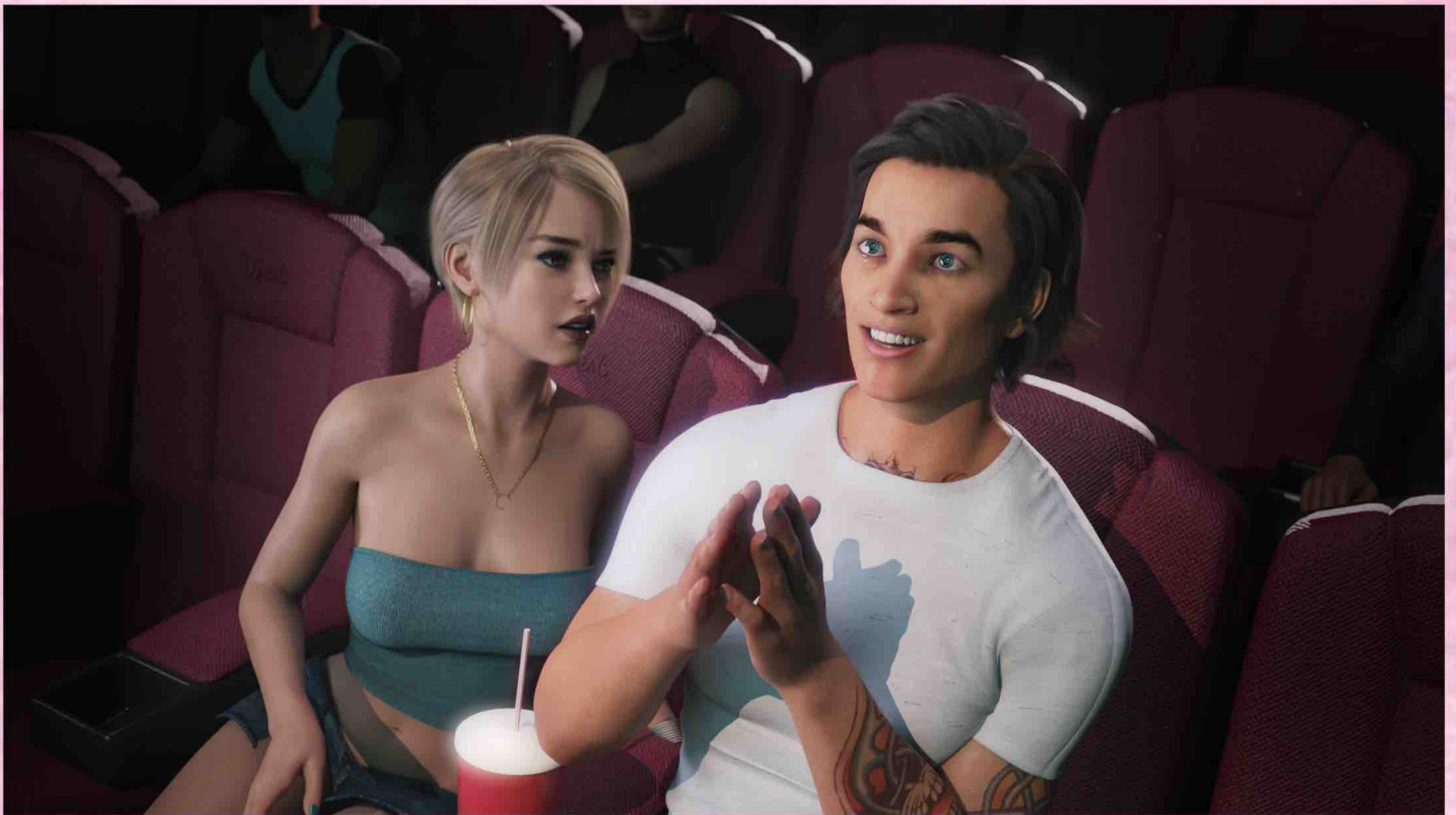
Down below, in the heart of the auditorium, Chad shifted in his chair. Something felt off, but he couldn't quite put his finger on it. Now, Chad had always been a masculine guy, not a misogynist by any means, but he was definitely a man's man. Still, as he watched the Barbie Movie, he found himself being a bit swept away by the girlish charm it exuded. And so, he giggled.

Chad's sudden outburst surprised even himself. It was a little high-pitched, almost...feminine? He clamped a hand over his mouth, his eyes wide with confusion. Suzie turned towards him, her eyebrows arching in surprise.

"See?" she said, a hint of smugness tinting her voice, "I knew you'd like it."

Chad managed a weak smile, choosing not to comment on the odd sound that had escaped him. He had no logical explanation for it, and the less he dwelled on it, the better. As the movie progressed, Chad found himself increasingly engrossed. When Barbie strutted onto the screen in a new, sparkling pink dress, Chad gasped, his eyes shining with an unusual admiration.

"I love her dress!" he exclaimed, surprising both himself and Suzie. His voice was louder than he intended, and his words echoed across the theater.



Suzie stared at him, her eyes wide. She laughed nervously, assuming he was playing around. "Ha ha, babe. Just watch the film."

Chad nodded, blushing, and turned his attention back to the screen. Internally, he was grappling with a whirlpool of emotions. What was happening to him?

Up in the projection booth, a faint laughter could be heard, just barely.

As the movie plunged into the heart of Barbie's world, something inexplicable occurred. Chad, the embodiment of masculinity, man's man, became progressively infatuated with the frivolous glamour of Barbie's life. It started subtly, his eyes lingering on the screen a bit too long, his expressions a tad too animated.

"Her hair is sooo cute," Chad gushed, an odd lilt to his voice. He was referring to Barbie's best friend, a brunette with a meticulously designed outfit. He watched in fascination as the characters flitted across the screen, their words and actions evoking strange reactions deep inside him.

"And those pink shoes... ooooh they are to die for!" Chad exclaimed as Barbie paraded around in her signature pink pumps. His eyes were wide, his pupils dilated with excitement and an unfamiliar girlish fervor.

As a male character appeared on screen, Ken, Chad let out a dreamy sigh, "He's dreamy!" The words slipped out before he could stop them. He was lost, lost in a world that was so foreign yet felt eerily comfortable. These thoughts and feeling kept coming, they kept pushing themselves out of him.

Suzie had been watching Chad's bizarre behavior, her amusement turning into concern. "Ok Chad, that's it! Stop it! I get it, you don't like the movie," she snapped, her patience wearing thin. The joke was no longer funny, especially as Chad's behavior began to tread on alarming territory.

However, her retort was met with an unexpected sight. Chad's face was wet, a stream of tears carving their way down his cheeks. He looked terrified, he was trembling, his eyes locked to the screen.

"Suzie, help," he croaked, a shaky hand reaching out to her. "I... can't... stop..." His voice trailed off, a strangled sob taking its place. Then, in the next moment, his demeanor quickly changed again.

"Yay! They're going shopping! I love to shop!" he squealed, clapping his hands in excitement. The sudden shift from despair to giddy elation left Suzie in shock.

"Chad, what's...what's happening to you?" she stuttered, her blue eyes wide with terror. He seemed to be entranced. But by what?

In the midst of the enchanting glow of Barbie, the movie that continued to play on the silver screen, a real-world transformation of shocking magnitude began to unfurl.



Chad's muscular frame started to convulse uncontrollably, his eyes wide with terror and confusion. His once strong voice now came out in frantic whispers. "I... I wanna be pretty!" he stammered, his gaze unfocused, darting around the theater as if seeking help. "Us girls have to stick together!"

Chad giggled and gyrated. "Tee hee! I'm a p-pretty girl!" His hair, previously a modest shade of brown and neatly trimmed, began to lengthen. It turned lighter with each passing second until it was a perfect shade of blonde, cascading down to his shoulders in soft, glossy waves.

"Chad! What's happening to you?" Suzie's voice trembled with panic. She reached out to touch him, but her hand recoiled as if shocked.

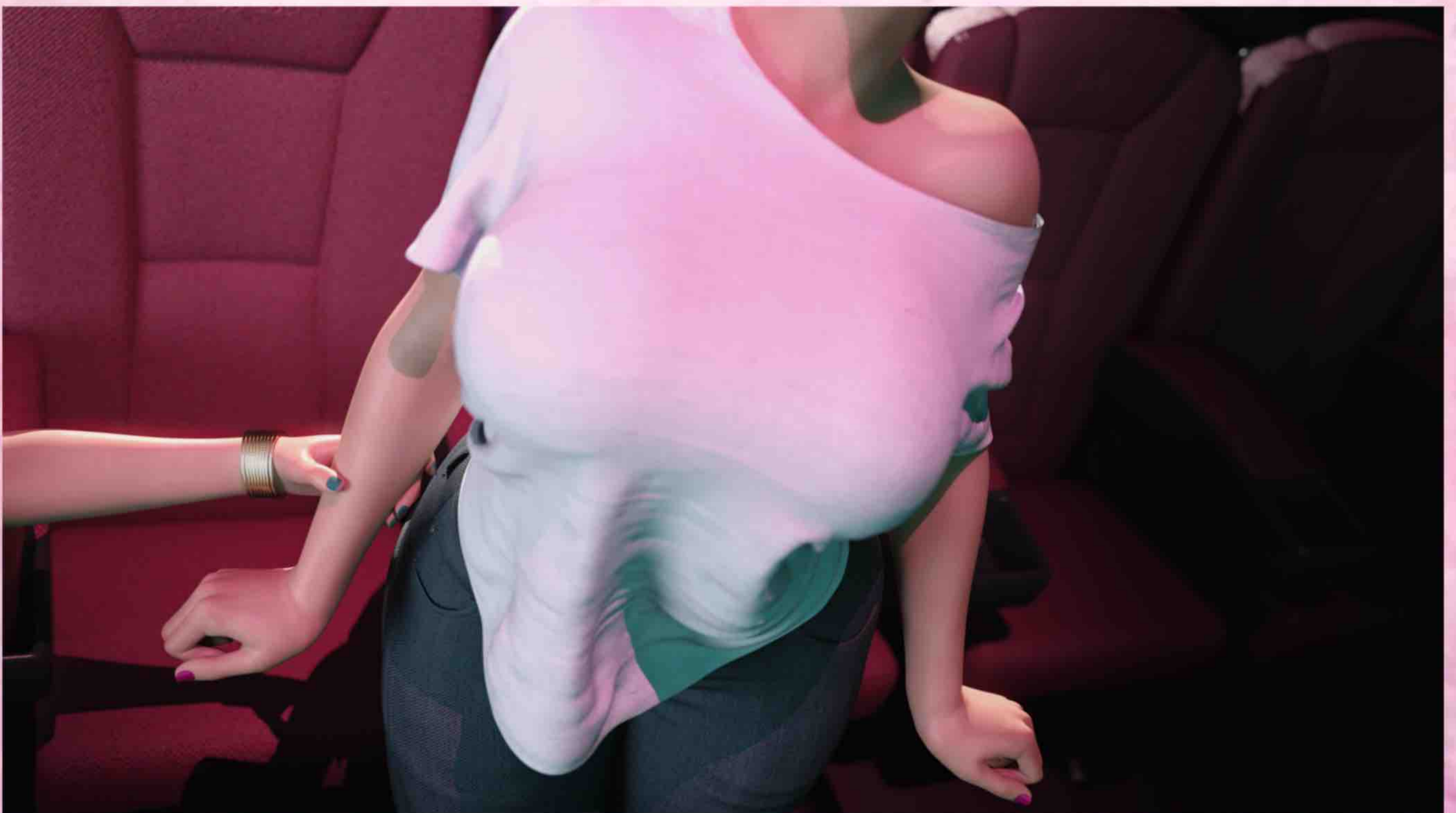
Suzie's world felt as if it was spinning, the theater around her turning into a bizarre spectacle of twisted reality. Panic clawed at her chest as her eyes darted around the room, realizing with growing horror that Chad was not the only one.

All around her, men were also convulsing, their bodies transforming before the bewildered eyes of their companions. Echoes of "I'm so pretty! Pink is totes the best color! I'm just a silly girl! Tee hee!" reverberated off the theater walls, the previously normal men now seemingly possessed by a high-pitched, giggly madness.

Suzie's heart pounded in her chest as she turned back to Chad, her shock intensifying. His transformation had progressed even further. His hair was not just blonde now, it was stunning, shimmering like gold and cascading down to his waist in a waterfall of silky curls.

"Chad..." she whimpered, reaching out tentatively to touch the golden locks. Her fingers shook as she felt the soft tresses. This was real. This was happening.

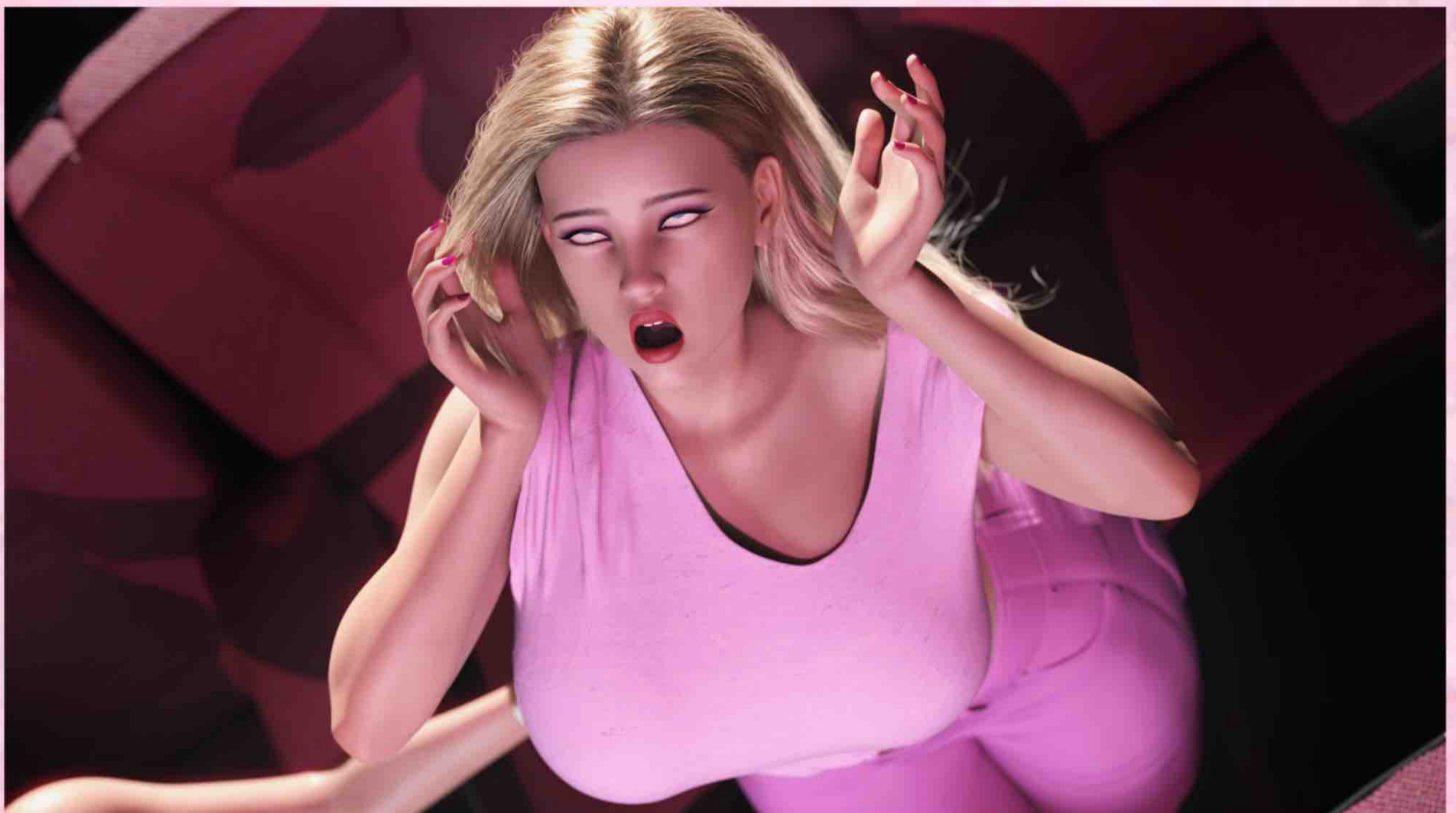
Suddenly, Chad's shoulders were thrust back with an audible crack, causing Suzie to jump back in shock. He let out a gasp, his once broad shoulders now narrow and sloping. His muscular arms began to slim down, looking delicate and feminine.



Before Suzie's horrified eyes, his body continued to morph in a series of snaps and spasms. His torso was shrinking, his waist cinching inwards to an almost impossible degree. As if molded by an invisible hand, two ample breasts appeared on his chest, straining against the fabric of his shirt, tentpoles at the nipples.

"My God!" Suzie shrieked, her voice echoing through the theater. Chad's transformation did not stop there, though. His lower body followed suit. His hips widened dramatically, curves replacing the once hard straight lines of his body.

Just as Suzie thought the spectacle had reached its climax, there came one final push. Chad, or the person who used to be Chad, arched her back with a breathless gasp. She threw her head back, blonde curls bouncing around her face as her eyes stared up at the ceiling, reflecting the light from the projector with a look of pure, unadulterated fear and ecstasy.

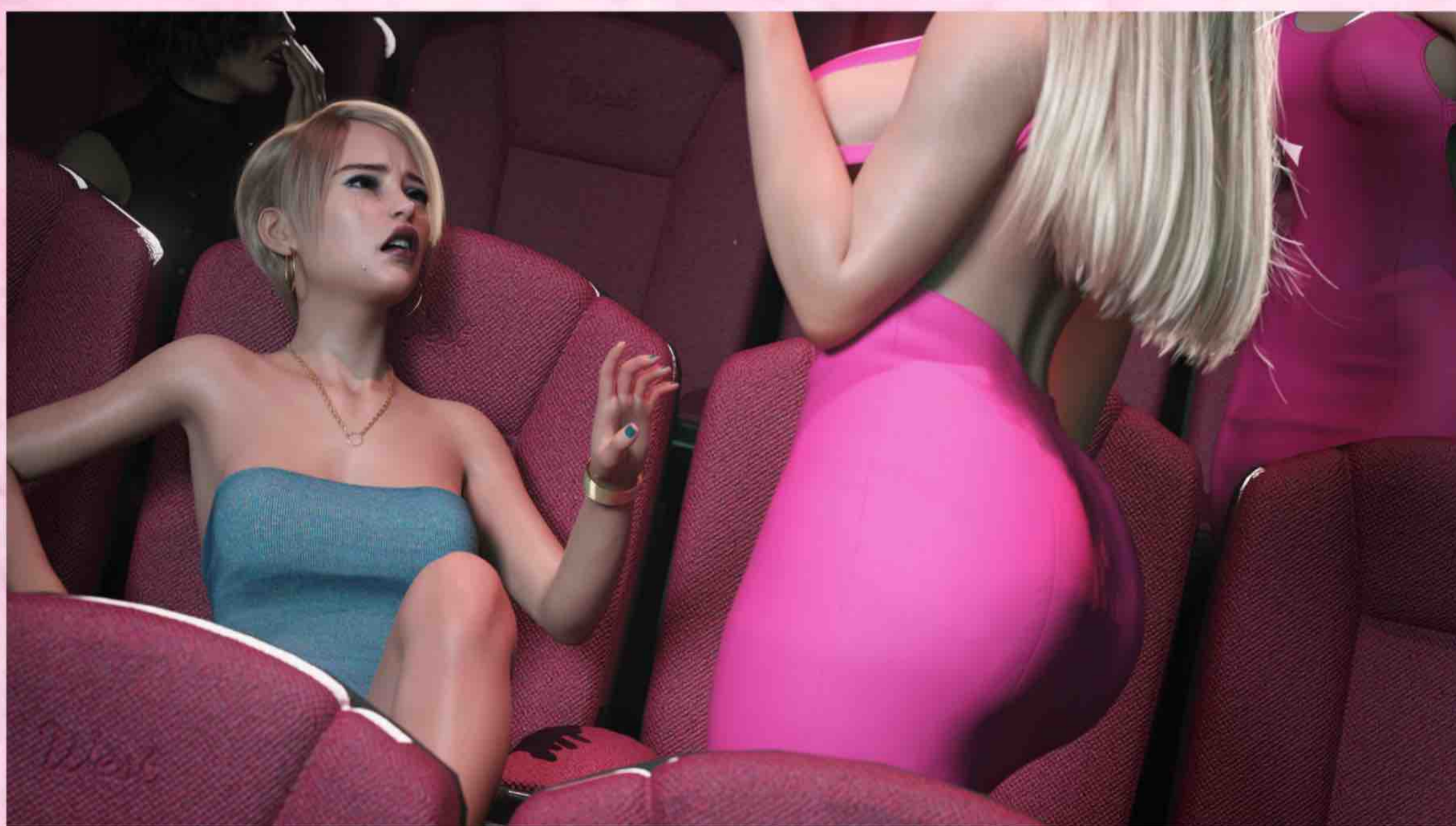


There was a shimmer, a ripple through the air that distorted reality for a fleeting moment. When it passed, Chad's male clothes were gone, replaced by a pretty pink dress. It was something straight out of the Barbie movie, sparkling, pink, and beautiful. The dress, crafted from some ethereal material, clung to her new curves and accentuated the stunning transformation.

Chad's face, once rugged and handsome, was morphing. His jawline softened, his nose became petite, and his lips ballooned out, becoming thick and fuller. His once deep-set eyes were now round, framed by thick lashes. As the transformation completed, it revealed a face that was undeniably beautiful, a face that bore no resemblance to Chad, but was now more gorgeous than any woman in the city - far more beautiful than even Suzie.

Out of breath, Chad's body relaxed into the chair, and the initial expression of horror melted away. In its place came an air of ditziness, a giggly giddiness. Her eyes sparkled with an unfamiliar light, the fear replaced with a satisfied kind of arousal.

"Mmm. That's totes better." Chad's voice, once deep and masculine, now rang out in an extremely high, sweet tone. She batted her long eyelashes, her lips curving into a satiated smile. A giggle bubbled up from her, filling the theater with a light, happy sound, that jiggled her ample breasts.



Suzie could only stare, her mind struggling to catch up with the rapid series of events. The transformation was complete, and it was more terrifyingly beautiful than she could have imagined.

"Chad?" she asked, her voice shaking, breaking the silence. Her mind scrambled to find any semblance of understanding in the chaos that was unfolding before her.

Chad turned towards her, flipping her long, golden hair over her shoulder. The familiar deep blue eyes she had once known were now a lighter shade, shining with joy and a new, oblivious innocence. She blinked at Suzie, confusion lining her delicate features.



"Who's Chad? I'm Barbie!" She exclaimed in a delighted, bubbly voice.

A cold dread washed over Suzie, but before she could react, a deafening chorus rang out from the theatre, shattering the eerie silence. A hundred voices, high pitched and girly, echoed Chad's words.

"I'm Barbie!" The chorus filled the theatre, the words bouncing off the walls and echoing in Suzie's ears. The statement was as horrifying as it was mystifying. Men who were once spectators of the Barbie movie had become the leading ladies themselves, echoing the titular character's name with a giddy delight.

Suzie felt the world spinning around her. She clutched the arms of her seat, her knuckles turning white. She wanted to scream, to shout out in anger and fear, but no sound came out. Instead, a silent scream ripped through her, tearing at her from the inside.



From the shadowy confines of the projection booth, Sabira watched the chaotic scene unfold with a wicked glee, the newly transformed women were primping and preening, lost in their own worlds of superficial beauty. Her heart pounded with the rush of victory, her blood sang with the thrill of sweet revenge. Laughter bubbled up inside her, wild and untamed. She threw her head back and cackled, her laughter echoing through the theater. It was the laugh of someone who had been wronged, who had been scorned, and had recently gotten their sweet, sweet revenge.

THE END?