



The Cursed Coin is a mysterious item. It always seems to find its way into the hands of innocent bystanders, people usually content with their lives, inexplicably appearing to them in nebulous circumstances. Then it alters their life in a drastic way, transforming their bodies, their realities, their minds, usually for the worst, leaving the stranded in an undesired existence, aware of who they were but stuck as their new selves. Then the coin vanishes from their possession, seeking out another target, another life to ruin, another person to transform. Its power of attraction is irresistible, so even if you would be aware of the coin's existence, which very few people are, you would still find yourself picking it up as you see it, maintaining it in your possession long enough for it to work its magic before vanishing from your life forever, leaving you miserable and changed.



The first person to pick up the coin was Sam, a 23-year-old man who had just finished college, and had found an apartment downtown, as well as promising work as a junior accountant for a big pharmaceutical company. Life was looking up for him finally, after a hard time at school and a lack of motivation after that. He finally had his own place and a job that could easily end up being a career. That is, until he found the coin.

It was in the middle of his new apartment, laying on the ground in the middle of the room. It looked ancient and quite valuable, so he figured he would hold on to it for now and reach out to the previous owners to confirm if they had lost it by any chance and slipped it in his pocket. It wasn't long before the coin started to work its magic, changing him and the apartment around him.

His chubby figure started to slim, the few extra pounds of weight he needed to lose fading from his frame, leaving him slender. Brown short hair lengthened into long blonde hair, down to his shoulders, as his muscle mass faded, just as his fat had, leaving him with tiny arms and barely any muscles. He grunted as he struggled with bringing in his last few boxes, which weren't even that heavy. Small breasts grew from his chest, as his butt perked up, gaining a round feminine shape, and his dick withdrew, leaving him as slender, and slightly older woman.

As the changed woman tried to look around her for boxes to unpack, she found that they were all gone, and everything was already in its place. In fact, memories of living here for years surged in her head, confusing her...

"Jayden! Give me back my doll!"

Sarah sighed as she heard her two kids arguing for the millionth time today. Being a single mom sure wasn't easy, but she made it through, even if she was constantly exhausted. She sighed, thinking that she desperately needed a spa day, even though she definitely couldn't afford one, with her meager salary and two kids to take care of. But she really felt off today, like this wasn't her, she shouldn't have kids, and this wasn't her life. But she shrugged it off, blaming her weird thoughts on lack of sleep. She got back to washing dishes, thinking about how she didn't regret having kids, but also how life would be so much simpler without them, unaware that the strange coin she had tucked in her apron earlier had just vanished, forgotten by the single mom.





Frank was a typical nerdy guy. Tall without being lanky, he wasn't ugly, but he wasn't handsome either, just an average man, who liked technology so much he had made a career for himself running a repair shop for various devices. He was overall happy with his line of work and his life, his one regret being that he was single, always had been, and starting to feel like he always would be. Nerds weren't the most appealing to women, and owning his business meant that he scarcely had time for his social life, not that he had much of that to begin with.

It was early morning, and he was about to enter his shop to start opening up for the day, when he noticed the cursed coin right in front of his door, laying on the pavement. He looked at it confused, thinking who could have dropped it there, considering it wasn't there when he had closed up yesterday, and that his store was on a private lot, and there shouldn't have been any other traffic between then and now. Shrugging, he picked it up and put it in his pocket, planning on looking if it had any value online during down times today.

Only, as soon as he unlocked the door, the coin started to affect his reality. He looked around in surprise as he passed through the door. The cramped interior packed with computer equipment and spare parts had been replaced by an open and spacious studio, with mirrors fully lining the walls with some kind of handrail in the middle. He figured he must have the wrong place, but in that case, why did his key work in the lock? More and more confused, he headed to the back of the room, where a door was, most likely an office of some kind, where he might find some clues as to what was happening.

But as he walked through the floor, music started pouring through the speakers hung up on the wall, high tempo Latin American tune. He found each of his step falling in beat with the tune, the clacks of heels ringing as his shoes morphed right on his feet. He just couldn't help himself; the music was too entrancing. Soon, his larger hips were undulating to the rhythm of the music, slender arms waving gracefully as he gyrated and posed. His skin pale skin tanned slightly, and his hair became long and quickly tied itself up into a tight bun. Shirt and pants formed into a red flowing dress, and two arms grabbed him closely for the final pose of the dance. Francesca couldn't help but look up and smile at her dance partner and husband, Diego, as the class she was teaching started applauding her fiery and passionate display. Francesca gave them a bow, before going over each portion of the dance more in detail, reviewing them in steps for her novice class. She counted herself lucky, owning her own dance studio was no small thing, and she was immensely proud of what she had accomplished, and of her career as a professional Salsa dancer.





Kevin and Alexis were a classic couple, cute girl, and her loving boyfriend. They had been going out for a few years now and couldn't really picture spending the rest of their lives with anyone else, so much so that Kevin was actually considering asking Alexis to marry him. Until one fateful day when the girl found an odd coin on the ground. Believing it was good luck, she picked it up, and then noticed this was no ordinary penny, but an intricate, seemingly ancient gold coin with the effigy of a skull on it. She held it out to her boyfriend, proclaiming:

"Hey Kevin! Look at what I found!"

The man barely had time to turn his attention over to her before she started changing right before his eyes. Her slightly frizzy, all-natural brown hair began to bleach to a very fake light blonde, becoming neat and hand curled. Her light makeup began to expand and thicken, becoming much more visible, exaggerating her facial features. Her pert b-cups began to expand and thicken under her clothes, pushing her shirt up. Then, in one surge, they bounced up, becoming visibly round and fake. As her butt started expanding similarly, her clothes reformed, becoming a whorish outfit, almost see through, leaving her panties and nipples clearly visible under them, her bra vanishing into thin air. All the while she looked at her loving boyfriend, panicked expression on her face.

"Kevin... Kevin, help me please! I don't know what is happening to me... I feel weird... so warm... down there..."

But Kevin could only stare dumbfounded as his adorable girlfriend transformed into an obscenely curvy bimbo before his eyes.

"Oh god... Kevin we need to go back home... I need you to fuck me! I... Lexi wants dick in her cunt, like, right now!"

Never had his girlfriend spoken in such an obscene manner! Yet Kevin could hardly resist the curvaceous blonde that his little Alexis had become. But, after going back home and fucking for the better part of an hour, they were both distraught to find that Lexi's urges weren't sated, not even close. He tried pleasuring her some more, but it was futile, one man could never be enough for the newly created bimbo slut.

After that she still remembered him and what they had, and in honor of that relationship she still fucked him whenever he asked, but they were no longer a couple, they couldn't be. The only thing on Lexi's mind was sex, as often and with as many people as possible. Kevin had tried finding the coin that had caused the transformation, but it had vanished, leaving his poor girlfriend trapped as a sex crazed bimbo that could only wear revealing clothing forever.





The next victim of the coin was a young and rich girl. Living off the trust fund her father had setup for her, Tiffany was having the time of her life. Going to parties and other social events, hanging out with friends, not having to work, she truly had a great life. But this had made her entitled and bitchy, she wasn't the most kind and compassionate person, talking down to staff at different events, or while shopping or eating at a restaurant. Even her social circle wasn't safe from her attitude, as she gossiped behind their backs, spreading rumors about trivial things, more often than not lies she made up to sound interesting. But still, she had money, and people endured her for a chance to share in her wealth and opulent lifestyle, if only a little. But things were about to change, as she noticed an odd little coin on her nightstand when she came back home late from a party.

A gift from one of the staff perhaps? She shrugged, picking up the golden circle and examining it closer. She wasn't sure why someone would even think this would make a good present for her. She wasn't interested in antique stuff, and this coin looked dreadful and worn, like no one had even tried to polish it or clean it up for a century. Scoffing, she tried to toss the hideous thing in the garbage, but found it stuck to her hand. She barely had time to stare at it in confusion when a loud rumbling came from her stomach, and she started to change.

Her beautiful, slender figure started to thicken up. Arms grew flabby, face became pudgy, and rolls of fat bulged from her belly. Her shiny hair became dull and brown, makeup turning cheap and poorly applied. Hair spread onto her usually shaven pussy, finishing her shift for a proper young socialite to an unkempt fat slut.

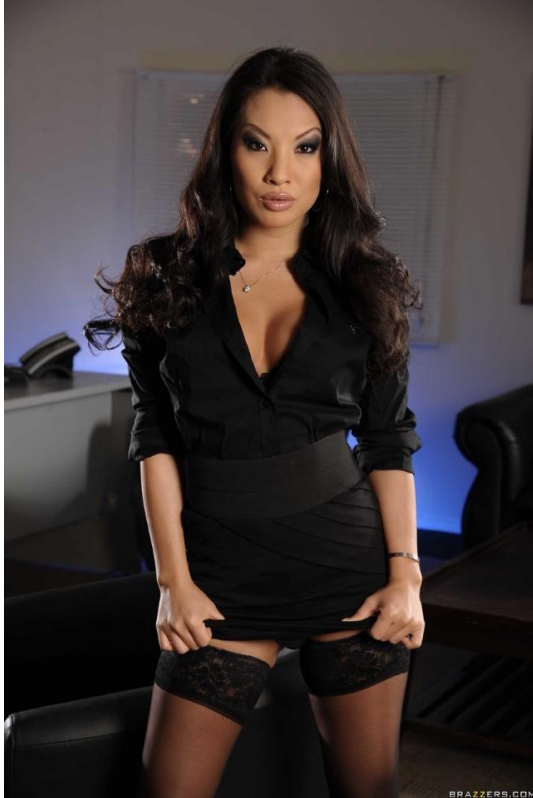
The coin vanished from her hand, just as Tiffany told herself she would probably have time for a snack before tonight's hookup arrived at her small one-bedroom apartment. As she started reheating pizza rolls, she couldn't help but massage her horny pussy a bit, eager to finally have a cock thrusting inside her. At this point she didn't even bother wearing pants or even panties around her place, making it easier to access her constantly wet cunt whenever she wanted. She really was a fat slut, but as long as she wasn't too picky on the type of guys she was with, she got as much dick as she could ever want.





Lucien was having a busy day at work. Meetings after meetings, he wasn't getting ahead on any of his outstanding work and would be lucky if he would have an hour or two at his desk before going home. He hated his job, but couldn't really afford going anywhere else, as in all honesty he was being grossly overpaid for the kind of work that he did. It was boring, tedious work, but easy enough. But the meetings were what truly made this job horrible. Daily stand-ups, Weekly departmental discussions, project meetings, focus groups, it all piled up into a jumble of constantly running around from meeting room to meeting room, waiting on late participants, being late himself to some, and bringing new people up to speed, while discussing and rediscussing the same items over and over again, week after week, day after day. It was exhausting, and all in all pretty pointless. Most of these conversations would be better off in emails, saving time and effort all around. But that was the policy for this company, and more than once Lucien was scolded for missing one of these meetings, he considered pointless. But still, he kept his head down, and complied with his boss, attending meetings, and catching up on his work whenever he had a chance.

It was coming back from such a meeting that he plopped down on his desk, exhausted, only to find a strange looking coin sitting right on his keyboard. Looking around, he couldn't see anyone waiting for him to pick it up, so it most likely wasn't a prank. Besides, company was very much straight to business, and so that kind of thing wasn't tolerated here, so it was even more unlikely. He picked it up and examined the skull shaped intricate design on the golden coin, when suddenly the eyes on the skull glowed briefly red, and changes started happening to him.



His hair started rapidly tumbling down past his shoulders, gaining a healthy sheen. Pale white skin gained a slight tan, eyes slanting as his ethnicity shifting from Caucasian to south-eastern Asian. But the man was becoming less and less of a man, beard fading and features softening, face clearly becoming female. The rest of his body quickly followed, small perky breasts raising up from his chest, waist caving in and hips popping out, giving the man an alluring hourglass shape. But he wouldn't remain a man for long, as his dick finally withdrew into a tight slit with a small landing strip of hair on top. His attire flowed around him, reforming into a sexy parody of an office suit, barely covering his ass and tits, thighs fully on display. Then it was done, the French man was gone, replaced by a sexy Asian woman.

Li Xiyu blinked a few times regaining her senses. She was in her corporate office, where she worked as a high-ranking manager. Being extremely assertive and dominant in the workplace, she had basically all the other senior managers in her pocket and had free reign to do what she wanted. She smiled and decided to call it a day.

During the day she was Li Xiyu, first generation immigrant, corporate powerhouse, in charge of a whole division at work. But during the night, she was Mistress Sadia, a professional Dominatrix. Men would pay to visit her den and be dominated by the tall strong Asian woman. She would insult them, torture them, smother them with her ass, anything that they wanted. Confident men loved to lose control in the bedroom, and she loved to take these men, so used to being in charge, and ordering them around, slipping a leash on them and walking them on all fours.

She smiled as she slipped on her red and black corset, which propped up her tits, leaving them out in the open. Her tasteful makeup had been replaced by dark eyeliner and bright red lipstick, enhancing her feminine features even further. Her tall platform shoes clacked on the floor as she made her way to the throne at the back of the room, eager for her first client to come in, no doubt a pathetic mongrel that barely deserved to be stepped on by the tall sexy woman standing before him.



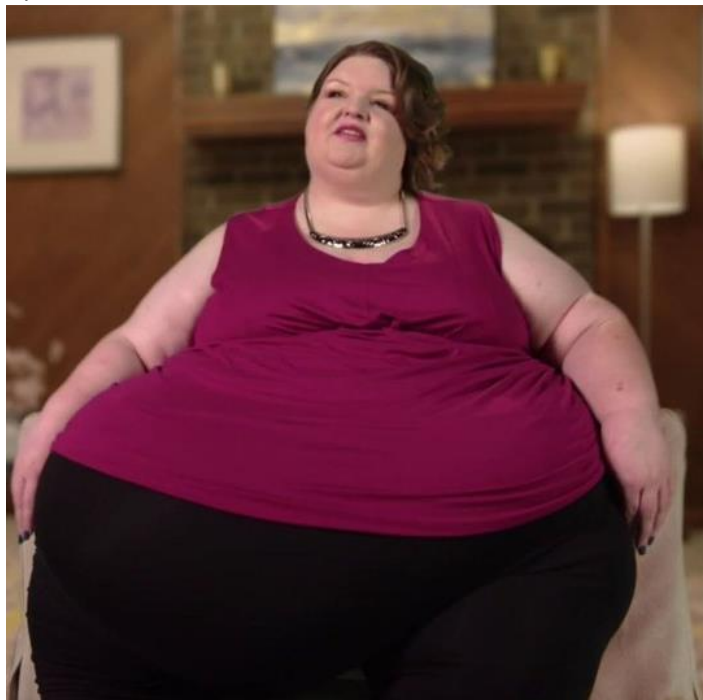


Arthur and Megan were a happy couple. Married five years now, they were still very much in love, and enjoyed their lives together. This was about to change, when Arthur picked up an Amazon package dropped onto their doorstep, when he noticed the coin lying underneath it. Collecting coins as a hobby, he was immediately enthralled and intrigued by the mysterious coin, and he quickly grabbed it and ran to his computer to research the antique artefact. But already, as he was walking over, changes started happening. He was in pretty good shape, taking care of his body, intent on staying healthy and looking good for his wife, who did the same for him. But as he walked to his office, his thighs started rubbing together with every step, and he found himself panting simply from the effort of going down the stairs.

As he sat down, he found his computer chair to be a bit smug. As he browsed the web, changes kept happening to his body. Fat piled up all over his body, limbs thickening, stomach bulging and ass expanding, raising him higher and higher on his seat. Man-boobs became actual tits, although the bulge on his chest was tiny compared to his growing belly. Pressed under that massive mass of flesh, his dick was crushed and pulled back within his own body, leaving him with a large, gaping slit instead. Soon, the web searches shifted over from researching some old antique coin to looking up fast food places, and fastest deliveries. Finally, Amy chose and ordered what she wanted to eat, and decided to go and watch some television, but found herself unable to rise up from the couch she used as a computer chair, the only thing large enough to fit her enormous shape.

“Megan! MEGAN! I need help getting up!”

“Coming!” Sounded an exasperated voice from across the house. The coin had made it so Megan was still in Amy’s life, although not as her spouse, but as her caretaker, which the fat woman now needed considering she was so big it was basically impossible for her to do basic things like the dishes, cleaning up or even washing herself. Just remaining standing for more than a few moments was an exhausting effort for the woman, who spent most of her days laying down, watching movies, and eating, which did nothing to help her aberrant shape. Stuck in this endless loop of self-indulgence, she would forever remain an obese woman too fat to take care of herself.







Tim was a laidback man, not stressing about the big picture, life, and all that. All he knew is that he had a well-paying job that he didn't hate, which was good enough for him. Around him all his friends were off getting married, having kids and all that stuff, but he didn't envy any of them. Sure, he was well into his thirties and without a girlfriend, much less a wife, and he would have to start thinking about having kids soon if he didn't want to be raising them into his retirement, but honestly, he didn't even know if he wanted to have kids. To him they seemed more like a hassle than anything else, extra responsibilities, costing so much money. Sure, he might regret not having that experience later, but right now he simply couldn't consider why he would ruin his great life simply because of the possibility of being regretful once he was old and alone.

It was with this line of thought that he was getting up from bed one morning and started getting ready for work. He was at the washroom, about to brush his teeth when he noticed the coin right there, in front of the sink. It was definitely not there when he went to sleep last night, and his apartment door was locked so there was no way someone snuck in to drop a single coin there. Puzzled, he picked it up to examine it, sealing his fate.

He gaped at the mirror as his features started shifting rapidly, his chiseled bearded face becoming soft, hairless, and very feminine. He grasped at a strand of hair as it lengthened in his hand, brown darkening to a deep black, the mass on his hair now long and wavy. Chest bulged out in a pair of large breasts, as his thighs thickened with fat, a large ass bulging out behind him. He felt a sucking sensation in his groin area as his dick slurped in, leaving him with a brand-new pussy. He barely had time to observe his now completely female form, when he felt pressure in his belly, and it started bulging, more and more, becoming rounded and taut, stretching out in front of him. He could only gasp in surprise as he felt a kick, confirming his worst fear. He was a pregnant woman.

Tanisha stood there for a few moments, staring at her very feminine, very pregnant form. She could still remember that she was supposed to be a man, and was definitely not supposed to be pregnant, but at the same time, she remembered her drunken one-night stand with a guy, getting pregnant and her months of pregnancy. She was horrified. She never wanted kids, and now not only was she going to have to give birth to one, but she would also have to raise her child as a single mother! The coin vanished from the counter in front of her, off to change and possibly ruin someone else's life once more.

