

The **curse**d Heels

By Tidy_Fox




It had started like so many other Friday after-school evenings.

Jessika along with her friends Eric, Lena and Josh were walking the streets of their quiet town just gossiping and looking for something interesting to do.

After a while of aimless meandering they found themselves out the front of the old abandoned hotel.

On a dare, Josh challenged Jessika to get to the fourth floor and wave back down to them.

And that's where it began...

A woman with reddish-brown hair tied up, wearing a light green long-sleeved sweater and a dark, knee-length skirt, stands in a doorway. She is looking out the door with her hand on the frame. The room is dimly lit, with a checkered tile floor and walls that appear aged and possibly covered in mold or peeling paint. The doorway is framed by dark wood panels.

The hotel had been abandoned and condemned for as long as anyone could remember. It sat imposingly at the end of the town.

Jessika had always been a shy and meek girl. Even as she pushed open the creaking door, a part of her was screaming to just go home.

It was simple getting to the first floor, but as the sun dipped to twilight, the hotel corridors seemed to twist into a labyrinth



Jessika turned one corner and another, becoming more and more disoriented as a sick panic began to set in her stomach

Why had she given in to this stupid dare?

Josh was such an asshole!

If she ever got out of here...



Suddenly, as she turned down another identical corridor she was surprised to be presented with a pair black leather heels, suspiciously illuminated in the middle of the hallway.

Investigating them closely, Jessika surreptitiously picked the heels up... Who could've, or would've left these here?

*This is so weird~
What're these doing here?*

Try me on

They look like my size though, maybe I should try them on real quick!



As she gazed at the textured black leather, she felt compelled to put them on. As if they'd fit her perfectly!

Jessika felt the smooth leather grain beneath her fingers and after a brief moment of contemplation kicked her sneakers off down the darkened corridor.

Oh! These fit *perfectly!*

They feel sooo comfy.
I wonder who left them...

In a haze of excitement, she slowly slid on the sleek, black leather heels over her stockings covered feet.

She languished the feeling of the firm leather as they glided and locked themselves into her feet as if they were always meant to be there.



The moment that Jessica finished pulling the second heel into place, a wave of electricity suddenly shot from the base of the shoes and began travelling up her legs!

What... what's going *ON!*
What is this??

And, *oOoh~*
Why does it feel so good?!

Her first instinct was to pull the shoes off, but as she watched the arc of pink electricity move up her calves and felt the pleasurable tingle course through her, any thoughts to remove them faded away.

As the magical pulse rode up Jessika's legs and across her stomach, she could finally see that whatever was happening was changing her-



What's happening to me?
This can't be real, can it?

Ohhh goddd, it's making
my pussy sooo *wet!*

Everywhere the electricity touched transformed: her clothes and her body. Jessika knew she should be worried, but her body was betraying her and part of her *loved it!*

In her mind she saw flashes of who she could, no, who she *should* be - beautiful, powerful, vain and spoilt. Men would do anything for her, and women would die to be by her side.

Live for pleasure

Anything you desire

You're all that matters

Her pussy twitched at the visions. She thought about her friends. About seducing them, remaking them and dominating them. Never had she wanted anything *more*

A woman with long, dark hair is shown from the chest up, wearing a white, short-sleeved, button-down shirt that is unbuttoned at the top and tied at the bottom. She has a pained or intense expression, with her mouth open as if shouting or screaming. A bright, glowing pink lightning bolt strikes her face, splitting it down the middle. Her hands are raised to her hair. The background is a tiled wall and floor, suggesting a bathroom or a similar public space. A speech bubble is in the top left, and a text box is in the bottom right.

**YES, OH FUCK YES!
I WANT IT ALL!**

Her pussy twitched at the visions.
She thought about her friends. About seducing
them, remaking them and dominating them.
Never had she wanted *anything* more!



Oh my *god*. What a rush!
That was incredible. I want...
I need more!

As the changes subsided, Jessika's body and mind no longer resembled what they'd been mere moments earlier.
The woman that now stood there had a completely new outlook on life...



I, I think it's finished. Is this a dream?
Look at me... My skin, my nails... they
look absolutely immaculate!



Look at this absolutely scrumptious ass!
It's so fat and juicy. No one'll be able to
ignore this booty...

And look at these *tits!*

No more little miss-B-cup for me!

Fuuck, they're so sensitive. Just the cool air on them- they *need* to be touched.

I need someone to worship my ass and tits!





Hmm, I wonder what my "friends" are up to now...

Sending a poor girl into a dangerous condemned building. I think they need to be taught a lesson.

They should be punished and maybe I need some "new" friends who're a better fit for the new me...