

Mirror, Mirror (Man to Nympho TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Freelancer

When Liam finds an odd mirror in his deceased grandparents' house, he feels compelled to take it home. Little does he know that the mirror is possessed by a powerful succubi who relishes changing him slowly every time she sees him, remoulding him to humiliate Liam with the ultimate body for sin . . .

Mirror, Mirror

At the moment of seeing you, Liam Garrett, I know you are perfect. It has been some years since someone bothered to uncover my little mirror in your plane, but as soon as your hand removed the sheet, I knew. I truly did. There is just something about you, my delicious dear, the way you gently place your hand over the odd curves of my mirror even now, how you nearly cut your digits upon its sharper points, how you gaze into your own reflection in the void-black glass, as if already entranced and under my power.

What you don't know, Liam, is that I'm looking back, right back into your sumptuous soul. We succubi can do that, you know. Don't worry, I like what I see. You're rather tall, but that's perfect for the height of the mirror. You could do with a bit more muscle, but perhaps that's just the rather *horny* mind of a devil thinking. I like the blonde hair, and the glasses suit you - I think we'll keep both of those. The freckles . . . hmmm, I can work with, a bit too many at the moment, too intrusive. Oh, I can already see you're shy. Don't like seeing your reflection too often, do you? Ah, but your soul tells me that *self-improvement* is on your mind. I love that, I truly do, so many sins to be found in self-improvement, and I do aim to improve you, Liam. I have languished here in your grandparent's attic for far too long. Oh, they were a loving pair, that was for sure. I doubt your grandmother ever truly imagined she would birth nine children, one of which was your mother. No, I highly doubt she ever thought she'd be 'quite the looker' as she turned out, nor so fertile, given that she was born Malcolm Gatewell. Ha! But such are my powers to lead men into temptation and sin. Why not give Adam a taste of being Eve, after all? It worked for your grandmother *Evie*, Liam, why don't you let me work this power on you?

"Incredible," I hear you say. "This thing looks medieval. But beautifully crafted. I wonder . . . I could take it back to the apartment."

Yes. Yes. Do it, Liam. Do it. Take me there, and I will take *you* places you never imagined, places of desire you *never* desired, but will soon.

Your hand trembles again, hovering over the edge of my mirror. I can feel the reluctance in your soul. What a shy soul it is. Oh, we can do wonders with that. Perhaps just the teensiest change already, just to push you over the edge. Just look at me, Liam. I know you can. Just look for a brief moment, lock eyes with the demon in the mirror and -

THERE!

Your eyes glance at mine, and for just a moment I let you see me. It's part of the contract, the dark magic of it all. I have to let you see me, or it doesn't work. For a fleeting second I let you view me in all my sensual glory, a red-skinned succubi with a gorgeous face, full lips, impressive fangs. I let you witness my dark hair upon my naked shoulders, my large breasts nearly tipping out of my loosened black bodice. I let you witness my devilish beauty, sharp crimson horns and forked tongue and all.

"What the hell!?" you yell, jumping back and looking behind yourself. Ah, but there is an old image of a horror poster back there. *Rosemary's Baby*, a classic. You sigh, thinking you just drew a tired mental connection between the two. It helped that I boosted your confidence just a little, and perhaps severed some higher critical thinking skills. The changes won't be permanent, unless you-

"You know what, I think I will take this," you say. "I'll need help getting it back to the apartment, but this would look seriously sick."

Seriously sick indeed, dear Liam Garrett. Seriously sick indeed. What wonderful humiliations and pleasures are coming your way.

For a time, I do not see you. I lounge in my lair, listening to the screams of damned souls and getting my best talon manicure. You know, succubus things. We're a horny bunch, but we *do* have downtime like anyone. And besides, I'm far more turned on by the prospect of what I'm going to do to *you*, Liam. I simply can't wait. I take care of myself several times just in anticipation for it.

And finally, the moment arrives. The transport workers mount me on your wall. I let them see me in the mirror, just for a second. The one named Juan is a moral man, but wants to talk very dirty to his wife in bed. I give him the encouragement he needs. The other, Nathan, is not moral at all. He has a pair of mistresses. I convince his mind to bring them to his family to try for a foursome. It won't work out well, the foolish thing.

"Thank you so much," you say, paying for their services on the spot, despite the fact that my mirror is slightly crooked. You'll correct that later, darling, I know you will. And we'll work on your subservience, or at the very least weaponise it in a marvellously sensual manner.

The two men leave, and there is just this delicious moment where you stare at me. I can't reveal myself again too quickly, but my golden eyes with their black-slitted pupils stare right into yours, Liam. With the door closed, it's just you and me in the apartment. I hate to be in the bathroom, but we can work on placement down the line. For now, it's time for the first true change to begin.

"You look great," you say to the mirror, oh but I know you mean *me*, you naughty thing. He adjusts me so my mirror is sitting straight - what a gentleman! - and now it's time to repay him in kind. I reach out through the mirror as he runs his hands through his hair. Yes, we can start with that, and some minor features. We don't want you panicking just yet, my soon-to-pet.

"I better get ready for - ohhhh."

You clutch your head, your fingers tensing for a moment as a slight headache begins. Without knowing it, your hair begins to spool out, just an inch longer for now, and I do my best to fix up some of those nasty blemishes, and fade some of the more exaggerated freckles so they look cute rather than a smattering. Your eyelashes extend just a tetch, and to hell with it, let's diminish that height by half an inch. Nothing you'll notice yet, but enough to make a start of it.

"Mhmmm," you moaned, and it is a tasty sound indeed. I extend my succubi powers out to you, Liam, and this is the crucial moment. I offer vast amounts of pleasure, but if you reject them, I can do no more. You can feel the pleasure, I know you can. The strange 'rightness' that comes with these changes, the sensation of arousal that pools in your centre and then down to that cock of yours. Accept it, Liam. Accept how good this feels.

"Why do I f-feel so . . . ahhhh, that's lovely . . . ahhh . . ."

Yes, acceptance, as I knew you would. I reward you, my pet, with images of your biggest crush. Oh, how sad, she's a flat-chested little childhood friend with thick glasses and a toothy smile. Well, we'll make you sexier than that. For now, masturbate away; you won't be able to help yourself.

And you can't. Your libido rises furiously. You can't think of anything but Stacey Ackermann's wooden board of a sister. Why not the older bimbo type? Well, Hannah will do then. You draw back, sitting on the toilet and unbuckling your pants. You don't even notice that your hair is longer or your face just a little more feminine. All that matters is your arousal, and you do marvellously. I can *feel* it, your hand upon your dick, stroking it up and down, up and down, your balls tensing with the need to expel their delicious produce. Be prepared to be on the other side of that pole one day, Liam.

"Ohhh, Hannah! I - I - ahhhh!!"

You cum, and I must say, I'm quite impressed. I didn't figure you for quite the grower, nor for how much tasty sperm was being stored up in those testicles. The mess you make is

humiliating of course, and you spend the next several minutes desperately trying to clean it up, knowing your friends will be arriving soon.

“Shit, shit, shit, why did I do that?”

I know, Liam. I know. For now, be a good dearie and clean my - ah, thank you. Yes, now it's time for a peak. For that split-second you see me face again, my lips pursed as if ready to suck your succulent cock. You blink, and I am gone.

But it is done. The curse is upon you, and the first humiliation served. There is a ringing of your doorbell, and I can't help but giggle at the prospect of the friends outside the door smelling the faint whiff of your cum in the air, or noticing that strange stain on the hem of your shirt that you failed to catch.

Yes, this is a great start, great enough for me to lower your IQ just a digit or two to start off with. It's only half an hour later when one of your friends enters the bathroom that my giggle turns to an outright cackle. It's Hannah Ackermann, and she doesn't suspect you like her at all.

But she does find the smell in her a little strange.

I'm having sex with this absolute *beast* of a minotaur when I feel your presence again, Liam. It doesn't take much to finish a minotaur, but thank the Dark Ones for black magic, because the cleaning bill afterwards would be enough to rebel against order all over again. I rush to my copy of the mirror in my lair, and there you are, examining an annoying zit on your forehead.

I would apologise if I truly meant it, but this is an old trick of mine. When are mortals most likely to gaze into a mirror? Well, the answer is just so very human. It's when you're unhappy. You never truly appreciate when you look glorious. No, it's always the negative emotions that draw you out. Well, I *feed* on negative emotions. That and sexual sin. They empower me.

“Damn it. Hannah will see it,” you say. “Shit, it's right in the centre of my forehead. What do I do?”

Stare at me, Liam. That's what you do.

No need to let you see me again. Too many times and you'll get a little too suspicious. Instead, I reach out with my succubus powers and let you make the choice, my darling pet-to-be. Do you want pleasure? Do you want the knowledge of how to deal with that oh-so-terrible zit?

Ah, but you are as easy as your grandmother, God rest her soul (alas, we did not get her in the end, despite the nymphomania I left her to deal with all her life). You feel the

knowledge creep into your brain, the understanding of powders, foundation, makeup and zit removal. Where did you learn this? Well, let me drop just another couple of IQ points as a shiver of anticipatory pleasure sends a parade of dopamine-laced chemicals through your skull. Ah, it was Hannah, of course. Or perhaps one of your sisters. Nevermind, you begin to act. There is a list of things to buy, and the sin of Pride in one's appearance I will always encourage. Oh, but before you go, let me make a couple of adjustments . . .

“Need to get some foundation, maybe just a little natural makeup for my dry lips. Definitely need some skin colouration to match mine, and . . . mhmmmph.”

Perhaps I overdo it, just a little, because you clutch onto the bathroom benchtop, shivering with the bliss I feed into you. Your hair grows again, now it almost reaches your eyes. Your lips become a tad fuller, and yes, those cheekbones show promise. I can't make your face too different just yet though, so I work my dark work upon your body. Your nipples throb as I swell them, knitting nerves together to heighten the sensitivity. I shrink some of your muscles, not that you have many, and shrink your height down another half-inch. Your buttocks itches, and you grip it with one hand as you would a lover in mid-coitus. It gives me the perfect excuse to up its sensitivity, and you moan deliciously as I increase the subcutaneous fat there. I want you looking *quite* healthy in the rear department, just like me. Sans a tail, of course. You're not *that* special, Liam.

Gasping, you stand up straight. Your cock is hard, and you need relief. Think of Hannah Ackermann, Liam. Think of fucking her hard. But just for a second or two, let me slip in another image that will make you even more libidinous.

Think of how sumptuous it would be to suck not on her little nipples, but on something far more firm, hard, and long. A man's cock would be quite tasty, yes?

“What the fuck, why did I just . . . NGHH!!”

Ah, again the long ropes of cum. Start to clean up dear. In the future, your mouth alone will be all that's required.

The next major victory comes just a few days later. I have grown tired of hanging in the bathroom, so imagine my relief when your dependence upon me has grown to the point where you put me in the main living room. Now I can watch over you, my pet, and catch your eye subtly across the entire day.

You have your college course, of course, and your job on weekends at that foodie place or whatever it is. We'll work on time schedules as we go, but on those free nights and mornings, you sit your shy ass (a more rounded ass, now) down upon your couch, pull up a controller, and you game. Yes, game. Not the old dice games I'm used to, but all electronics

and sounds and machine guns and sword blades. It's all very violent and goodness terrible me I love it already! My effect upon your mind is already working though, because you spend an entire hour crafting a character for something called a 'Role Playing Action Game' only to delete the whole thing, go back, and create a *female* character.

"Never played a female character before," you say out loud. "I wonder why. What shall I make her?"

You make Hannah Ackermann, you stupid dolt. I yearn to change the results, and thankfully for me you stare up at my mirror, and I let you have a brief flicker of *mademoiselle moi* for inspiration.

"Actually," you say, blinking for a few moments. "Maybe something hotter. There's a boob slider. Maybe give her some blonde hair. Make her a sexy female me."

I giggle. How could I not? Soon I'll have to turn up the heat, but for now I infiltrate more of your future female mind, rearranging things as you occasionally look up at me (so good that I reflect the clock above your head, so you have to look at me to quickly see the time). I don't want you *too* stupid, that would ruin all the fun, all the humiliation. Instead, I raise your libido, and add some feminine instincts. Your friends will be knocking on the door any second now, so let's really get going with this.

The knocks come, and you yell out for them to come in. It's Hannah again, your nerdy friend, as well as Dexter, who I would just love to change as well. He's a total dweeb, short and scrawny and with thick stupid classes and a bad haircut. But one patient at a time in this clinic.

"Hey man, what are you play-"

Dexter's voice stops, and Hannah actually lets out a shocked squeal. You look at them, confused, only for your gaze to fall to your lap. You're lying back with your feet up on an ottoman, but thanks to a little obliviousness I added, you scarcely noticed that you are sporting a very impressive erection through your pants, or that one hand is resting upon it.

"Oh, sh-shit!" you exclaimed. "Sorry, I was just - it happens!"

"I'll come again another time," Hannah says.

"Please don't, I was half asleep, I swear!"

You, somehow, convince them to stay. The situation is awkward and embarrassing and I am so eating blackened soul popcorn, which lets out a little scream of anguish everytime I sink my fangs into a new one. Dexter asks why you're playing a female character.

"I just thought it would be cool," you say. "I was looking in the mirror before and I just had this weird idea to make a female me."

Hannah lets out an awkward cough. "The female you is very, um, blessed in the chest."

“And scantily clad,” Dexter says, snorting with piggish laughter. I really want to change him next. He’d make a very dirty slut.

You blush again, Liam. Why did you make the character so naughty? Why did you identify it as a female you? Change the conversation.

“Well, I just thought it would be cool. Have you seen the mirror?”

“Yeah,” Hannah says, “Now *that’s* cool. It looks ancient.”

“I think it is!” you say. “I can’t stop staring at, seriously. This is gonna sound weird, but sometimes I think I see like a demon in it. A succubus.”

“Super hot,” Dexter says.

Hannah punches him. “You ass.”

I like her. If I get a chance to change her I’ll make her the most sinful supermodel. She’ll want for nothing, and maybe even end up a delightful succubus like me. But you just stare at the mirror, Liam, running your finger over it.

“You do seem a bit different since getting it,” Hannah notes. “Maybe it’s just that you’ve grown out your hair. Have you been using skincare products? You look healthier, at least.”

Another embarrassed blush. “N-no. I’ve just been, uh, working out.”

A lie. Delicious snacks, lies are.

Dexter frowns. “I dunno, man. You look a bit skinnier these days. Were you wearing heels before or are you just hunching?”

You look at me for comfort. So nice to know the dependence is already there. I let you see my eyes, and I lay on the hypnosis thickly. You step back, sighing.

“Sorry for the awkwardness guys, but I think it’s best we reschedule. I’ve got some stuff to take care of. Sorry.”

There are a few minutes of boring mortal interplay and so forth as your two friends negotiate their exit. Something is wrong, they can feel it. But you just want to feel right, my darling. Come to momma, look in the mirror. Yes, the door is shut, you’ll apologise later. Yes, look at me from the couch. Unbuckle your pants. Stroke your cock. Do it furiously. Think about the girl on the screen. The female you. Wouldn’t you love a pair of tits like that, Liam? Won’t you let me swell your nipples, and grow little pockets of flesh behind them? Wouldn’t a thinner waist be just what a girl wants? And those hips, ugh! Let’s put some width on them.

Yes, keep on stroking. Make yourself cum to your new fantasy.

I’ll take you there.

Keep pumping. I drink in your moans as your body begins to change, as your future shape begins to form, as your hair descends lower, as your hips become ripe for sucking dicks. Taste them in the air, let your imagination go wild. Expel your cum, and I’ll leave your cock just a little smaller each time. It’s not your cock you want anymore, right?

“Oh God, ohhhhh f-fuck, why am I thinking these - ahhh - it’s so good! I need it! I need to feel - mmhpphh!!”

This time you catch your spray with your shirt - quick thinking, there. It’s a powerful orgasm, and I enhance it further. Your chest has small bumps now, and your middle is flatter. Yes, you are starting to look androgynous. The time approaches when I must reveal myself, but first, you should go shopping again.

Perhaps just a little crossdressing is in order to ‘size you up.’

The zit is gone. You know it’s gone because you can’t stop looking at me. You can feel my presence by this point. You know this mirror is not natural. I need just a few more changes in you before I fully reveal myself, but what you’ve done just now fills me with such sinful joy.

You are wearing a bra and skirt. Why are you doing that, Liam? What *possessed* you to humiliate you so? Hells, why are you wearing prominent lipstick and eyeshadow? Are you having slutty thoughts, Liam? I know you are. Slutty, and humiliated.

“What’s wrong with me?” you ask. “I was never into this. Wasn’t I? No, I wasn’t. They all looked at me in the store. Fucking Brent Jantz saw me, and he’ll tell everyone at campus. I stepped out of the change stall wearing a fucking blouse. And then I bought it anyway, ugh!”

And still you touch your chest. It’s getting sensitive there, and I dial up said sensitivity now, letting you marinate in the changes, moaning as I swell the flesh up into two bumps that soon cannot be ignored. The cups of your bra are B-cups. You’re not there, but I think we can go well past that limit in time.

“Maybe I need to go to, like, the hospital or something?” you said. Your hand is between your legs. Fallen Angel, I love how horn you’re getting. “There’s no way this is me. I’m training to become a psychologist, I should know when someone is experiencing a mental issue!”

Should have become an occultist instead, darling. I reach out, offering my pleasure, and you take, take, *take*. You squirm, feeling more at home in that green skirt and ill-fitting blouse than you ever have, and while the bra strap is too tight I make it a little more comfortable, remoulding your body and shrinking your ribcage just so.

“Ahhhhh,” you whimpered. “Mhmm, aaiiie!”

Your voice *cracks*. I didn’t even mean to do that part, but then again, I *am* masturbating while watching this unfold. It turns me the *fuck* on to make you the nymphomaniac slut you were always meant to be.

You clutch your throat, eyes wide. I take the time to reach out and gift you a few more changes. I increase the addiction to my power to prevent you from turning of the tap, and I know you can feel the sensitivity in your chest as it grows forth. You've only got little A-cups now, dear, but trust me, it's the start of a full bloom yet to come.

"What the hell?" you asked. "What happened to my voice? It sounds higher. I - I need to go get checked out. I need to . . ."

I feel your resistance. If you get checked out, you won't be able to check *yourself* out in this mirror of ours, will you? I see you waver on the edge of your willpower, dancing in indecision. Then, you collapse your shoulders and trot off to the bathroom.

When you return, your bra fits a little better, and your mascara is ready to be applied.

I climax quite hard myself when Dexter catches you wearing women's clothing. He left his jacket here when you were gaming the other day. That was my little touch, but I didn't even have to do anything for you to put proper product in your hair or wear light lipstick. You blushed the entire time, utterly self-conscious but unable to bring yourself to remove your feminised appearance. He called you a "surprise metrosexual," and while he was just breaking the ice, Dexter's joke hit you where it hurt. But try as you might, you couldn't resist putting on a bra and crop top when he was gone, nor that green skirt that is far too long. Why cover the thighs, dear?

And now he steps into the room just as you leave the bathroom. I'm already touching myself, using my tail to enter myself while I squeeze my perfect breasts, and now this moment arrives. I cry out at your frozen embarrassment.

"Dexter, what the fuck are you doing here!?" you screech, voice far too high.

His eyes are wide. "Dude, what the fuck are *you* doing!?"

The immense pause that followed was what made me curl my toes; figuratively speaking of course, I have a pair of devil's hooves to die for. You are visibly flustered, barely able to get a stuttering word out of your mouth until:

"It's for a play! I'm in a play!"

"Dude, you expect me to believe that?"

"It's true! I have to play a . . . a really sexy blonde nympho with huge tits. And she's addicted to sex. She can't stop sinning and she loves it and -"

You place your hands over your mouth. So disappointing; I wrote those words myself but you gave *life* to them, Liam. And such passion too! Don't you know that your friend Dexter will never believe you when you're practically purring the description?

Indeed, your friend leans forward and picks up his jacket from the couch. The eye contact between you is excruciating.

“S-sure man, sure. I’ll, uh, tell Hannah that’s why you’ve been kinda feminine lately, I guess.”

“No, don’t tell her!” she cries, but even as you do, your voice cracks again, going up another notch. Your nipples are starting to throb, I can tell. Just being in the presence of another man makes you feel a bit turned on, and now you lean forward too, in order to disguise your man meat getting hard. “It’s, uh, a surprise! It’s a surprise, okay?”

“Sure, man, sure,” Dexter says again. “Totally. Um, I’m gonna go now.”

He retreated, and you can’t stop him as he closes the door and practically runs down the hallway and then down the stairs. He has seen a new side of you, one that wears makeup and makes himself up like a woman, clothes and all. You fiddle with your bra nervously, massaging the soft tissue there, as if willing it to grow. Perhaps subconsciously you do, my darling. You are already so good. Evie tried to resist too, but I made her a woman of lust in the end, and my was your grandfather thankful for that.

You moan again, and this time your eyes go wide. Already you are at the edge of humiliation, needing to ‘take care’ of yourself, but I sense the recognition in your soul. You know something is up, something very wrong and not at all scientific. You lock your eyes upon our mirror, and you slowly step towards it. As you do, you pull the bra down, ripping it off and tearing the clasp painfully - it makes you squeak just like a girl, I love it! Your chest jiggles, just slightly, but jiggles all the same, and as you rub your hands over your nipples you whimper from the sensations as much from the revelation.

“Tits. I’m growing fucking b-boobs. You’re behind this. You’re doing it. You, the mirror! I’ve seen you! I don’t know why but I couldn’t think about it directly, but now I can! I’ve seen you in there! A monster of some kind. Show yourself!”

Another crack in your voice. Step into my web, little fly.

I manifest myself, adding a little bit of a smokey special effect to really get the dramatic entrance going. And suddenly I am before you, bare naked this time; all the better to heighten your arousal. My breasts are full DD-cups by your standards, topped with dark red nipples against my crimson red skin. I am free of blemish and sexual imperfection. My face is that of one of your supermodel’s, with full lips for teasing men with my mouth, and large eyes that you can get lost in. Even my horns and fangs and slitted pupils with their golden irises only make me more exotic to your mortal kind, human. Trust me, I know. I give off my best sensual moan, as if the very act of being summoned makes me orgasm, and it practically does. Teasing mortals like you is just too fun.

“You wished to see me, Liam Garrett,” I pur. “Well, here I am. What do you think? Am I not a pretty picture?”

I flood his system with arousal as he stared at my chest, so I crossed my forearms under it, emphasising my lovely girls.

“You - who are you?” he managed, putting one hand on his crotch. It’s already diminishing in size, but even that will bring pleasure to him.

“I’m your mirror, mirror on the wall, darling. But you may call me Jezebel. It’s one of many names I’ve had over the millenia.”

“And what are you? What are you doing to me?”

I bite a taloned finger, grinning cheekily. *“I’m a devil, honey. A succubi, specifically. I feed off your sexual energy and invite you to commit sumptuous, delicious sin. As for what I’m doing to you, can’t you already tell?”*

You swallow nervously. You’re going to be so submissive, I can already tell.

“You’re making me a woman. You’re making me *think* like a freaking woman! WHY!?”

“A golden star for you, my pet. I do it because it’s wrong. It’s evil. And it’s fun. And given I’m a devil, that makes it good. Besides, it allows you to commit all kinds of wanton acts of lust, all while punishing you!”

“Why me!?! I didn’t do anything wrong!”

I lean forward. God, you’re aroused. You’re rubbing your cock and you don’t even know it. *“Of course not, that’s what makes it so fun. Besides, you found me. I had fun with your grandmother decades back and have been waiting for someone else to find my mirror since. Now I suppose the curse is in the family.”*

“You - you did something to Gran?”

I can’t help but grin, fangs bared. *“Well, she wasn’t Gran back then. She was just like you; a young man with his whole future ahead of him. But she bought me at cheap sale and I worked my magic on her whenever she gazed at her reflection. Your gran was a terrific looker by the end, let me tell you that. She also had a bit of a reputation before your Pa snatched him up. Lucky man; she pleased him to the end of their shared days. Let’s just say there was a reason she got knocked up nine times, that naughty slut, rest her soul.”*

You step back. Your chest is growing. You look at me with betrayal as you feel your tits grow, literally beginning to fill your palms as they ascend to a pair of B-cups that shall not be hidden behind regular clothing.

“And you’re doing the same to me?”

“Well, times are changing,” I say. “Contraception and all that. Who knows, you might end up a trophy wife popping out kid after kid, that’d be fun. The thought of you having to push Dexter’s babies out of your future bimbo body makes me wet as water, let me tell you. But then again, you might just end up a back alley slut addicted to sucking every trucker’s cock who stops along the way. Or something in between. All I care about is the wild ride, pet.”

It's around this point that most make the decision. A man from now-Ancient Greece did the same thing you do now; he grabbed the nearest hard object he could find and attempted to throw it straight at my mirror and smash it to pieces. But just like you, he found he couldn't do it. The addiction to gazing into me was too much, and it just felt all wrong. He ended up quite the lustful priestess in the end, and you can't do it now.

"Why can't-"

"Because you want this," I pur. "Ponder that, Liam. You want to transform. Can't you feel it? You want your boobies to grow, to be all the more sensitive. You want your lips full and pert so you can suck men's cocks and drink their cum. You don't want Hannah, you want to be the girl that makes her invisible when you stand beside her. You want a pair of head-sized tits that men just love to squeeze."

You drop what you were holding, a trophy of some kind. A gaming trophy? How droll. Your hands shake, and then right before your eyes, they become dainty and slim, a manicure appearing upon them.

"N-no," you manage, your voice quiet, but I use that moment to soften your face and make it cute, to pull your waist in, to expand your pelvic bone. Soon your entire body is alive with sexual fire, and you writhe and moan, begging me to stop.

"It's you doing this now," I lied, only to sprinkle a taunting truth: "All you have to do is get rid of me and this ends. Or cover me. Or stop looking at me. But each time you do, well . . ."

You groan, clutching your crotch. You are unable to help yourself. You tear off your skirt and underwear and grip it, whining about its heavily reduced size even as you stroke it. I masturbate too, now openly before you, and the sight of me playing with my nipples is enough to send you over the edge into sinful paradise. You clench your eyes shut and spill your seed once more, only it's far less than usual. As you lie there, gasping, clutching sensitive breasts that are now unmistakably female, I give you my best grin.

"I won't talk to you much from now on, Liam. This is just part of the ritual. You need to see me. You need to know the stakes. I might talk to you again, at the end. For now though, try to resist me. Just try. That's all you have to do."

I make myself vanish from your sight, leaving you moaning, almost naked on the couch, your shame beyond the pale. Your hands cup your breasts, feeling their slight weight, barely believing this new crop that had begun to bud is yours.

Don't worry, darling, they're going to get a whole lot bigger.

In the coming days, you try to distract yourself. You play videogames, cover the mirror for a brief period, even get out and about while wearing a wrap around your chest. But it just doesn't feel right to your feminised brain. You find yourself wearing a skirt out without realising, and even a tight pink t-shirt that emphasises your new chest. Pity you forgot a bra, but judging from your tears when you returned back, it made for an amusing scene when Hannah came across you and saw you 'flashing the high beams', as you so eloquently put it. Dexter hasn't come around for a while, nor has the girl. You try to message them and they do indeed answer, but you're too afraid to explain your changed voice and appearance, and you deny that you are becoming a woman or trying to dress like one.

It only leads you to become more sheltered, but that's exactly what I want, Liam. The more you're in here the more you can't resist me. You play your games and watch your films, but your eyes flick up to me, and that's when you are reminded of your libido and begin to feel your lovely nipples and fondle your breasts. I grow them for you, just as I leech away your remaining stomach fat to reveal a tenderly slim belly. Just like I make you have an utter mental aversion to trying to cover up your body, so that now you literally *can't* hide your breasts. When Dexter next comes around, he will find you with a C-cup at least; but we are far from done there. Palm-fillers are not enough. You did put that cloth over the mirror, but eventually you tore it down. You just couldn't help yourself.

"Damn it!" you yell, voice now high and reedy. "This isn't fair! You're messing with my mind! Jezebel, fucking t-talk to me! Stop m-making me soooo . . . ohhhhh . . . horny."

I don't answer, but I do watch you collapse back onto the couch. You reach for the drawer beside you, and it is then that you bring out something I saw you carry into the apartment in a box, but before this moment wasn't sure what it was. Oh, how I giggle with delight as you draw it forth, your own expression shocked that you are doing this. It is a large rubber dildo. A very large one. You purse your lips as if ready to plunge it into your mouth . . .

Do it. Do it, Liam. Rub your meagre cock and do it. Soon you'll have other places to put it.

You look at me, anger and disbelief and perfect shame upon your face, and then you begin to suck on the rubber cock. Your eyes roll into the back of your head as you do so, your darkest fantasies that I have given you now streaming through your mind. You rub your cock, glancing at me as if hoping to make this moment go away, or perhaps *last forever*. I heighten your pleasure yet again; even sucking on something like can give such sweet ecstasy. You moan and struggle, fighting against these new instincts, but already your mind is being flooded with fantasies, ones involving well-muscled men who are hung like stallions. Wouldn't it be better to suck on a real man's hard dick, Liam?

"MMhmmmm," you murmur, gripping your breasts with your free hand. They swell up, pushing out from your chest. You can't stop yourself now, you fondle them, tenderly rubbing

your nipples and appreciating how larger and more sensitive they are. You writhe and shuffle on your couch seat. Your ass is growing, becoming peachy and round just the way modern men like them, and your hips creak audibly wider, expanding to proportions that are positively *breedable*. That is a quality beloved by men in all eras, and now you are blessed to be bestowed with them. I know you recognise the changes. You can stop them, but instead you stare into my reflection, seeing my luscious form for brief moments. I stir up jealousy in you; you aren't really attracted to me anymore, Liam, you are *competing* with me. My breasts are large, but yours can be larger. My figure is sinful, but yours can be that *and* divine. Your hair grows, extending down to near your shoulders, and it gains a wavy quality that will drive men wild, especially since your face is reshaping so that it could launch a thousand ships into the hell of war. Your nose is defined, your lips even fuller - perfect for that dildo, among other things - and your eyes I make bigger. Crystal blue is the colour we want, no, *ocean* blue. With those cheekbones and that perfect womanly jawline you will drop 'em dead. Your Adam's apple melts away, and this just makes your moans even more heavenly. The last of your body hair, other than what's above your shrinking penis, simply fades away. Your skin is now smooth and warm, perfect for bedding.

You climax. Your tits are now sensitive enough for that. You fall forward onto all fours, gasping on the floor, the dildo thrown aside. Your hair falls over your face and frames it rather sexually, and this is enough to get me going, let me tell you, dear. Your breasts hang like two ripe fruit, and I can see in your soul your first stray thought:

Why aren't they just a little bigger?

You shake your head, clutching it and trying to push away the shameful temptations, but they are with you now, *part of you*.

"You're a m-monster," you manage to stutter, but I can hear the hesitation in your words. You want this. You are too far gone now. Slowly, you rise up and look at yourself in the mirror, despite knowing I can still tweak those eyebrows for a perfect feminine arch, still make that neck a touch more slender.

"Oh God, oh fuck. I look like a total woman now. I've barely got a penis. Please, Jezebel, please undo this! I'll do anything you want! I'll do anything, please! I don't want to become some horny slut who loves taking big cock into her wet pussy!

You quickly clasp your hands over your mouth, those beautiful blue eyes wide at what you've just said. The compulsion is there to talk dirty more often, Liam. Let's see how you deal with it.

Try as you might, you can't fight it, especially not now that the tipping point has been reached and you appear far more woman than man. You manage to avoid looking at me for another day, but the compulsions with your new existence hound you. You literally can't wear men's clothing anymore, and your female attire is getting naughtier and naughtier. You leave to go to the library and find some book on the occult. It's a good idea, but far too late, because instead you can't resist the call of the mall instead, and you return with more crop tops, more skirts (miniskirts this time), sexy lingerie, swimwear that is wonderfully scandalous, and high heels. You can't help yourself; the rush of dopamine when you show your hot body off is too great to resist. Even your bathrobes are silky and cling to your body, showing your large nipples against the fabric.

And that's not all, because you move like a woman now, too. Your hips sway, and you have to remind yourself to walk in a silly, manly strut, only to end up reverting. You do your hair and makeup, spending more than an hour before me, as you try on pretty sparkling earrings for the first time. You have a necklace, one with a jewel that sits down in your cleavage, drawing attention to them. The moment you first settle it there is a deep sensation of *rightness* within you, followed by disappointment: couldn't they be bigger?

I acquiesce, and you shiver, shaking your shoulders and setting your boobs wobbling as they swell up another cup size. Double-D's it is, and what a fine pair they are, more sensitive with every growth.

"I d-don't want this!" you whine, trying to convince yourself. "I'm L-Liam. I'm a m-man. I'm not some slutty girl who just wants to h-have a good time and fuck lots of hunky guys' brains out!"

I giggle at your words; half the time I'm not even influencing them, now. You squeeze your breasts, marvelling at how they flow over the cups of your bra, at their weight and pertness. I promise you, Liam, there are blessings here. Your marvellous rack will never sag, and while you will get your back pain, it will never be so much as to interfere with your ability to show them off and let men grope them. Even your body's aging will be slower. I didn't grant Evie that, but I'm more powerful now than I was then.

But you don't appreciate any of this. You fight it, railing against the humiliation, struggling to hold onto what's dear.

"H-Hannah," you breathe, even as you caress your form, wrapped in a tight cocktail dress that shows your wonderful curves. "I will b-beat this. I'll t-tell Hannah who I am, she'll h-help me. I'll tell her how I f-feel."

Please do, Liam. Please do.

You manage to text her. What a marvellous furthering of technology this social media is, and how ripe for sin and despair! It takes every effort not to invite Dexter instead. He's hardly a true man, but I'm encouraging this, because the embarrassment of being fucked by your nerdy best friend is simply to die for. But first, the death of your hope.

She arrives not long after. I have no idea what you texted her, but a peek inside your soul tells me it was quite urgent, heartfelt, fearful. Oh, by all the nine levels of Hell, don't tell me you confessed that you love her? You really are making this all too easy for me, I swear.

"C'mon, Hannah," you murmur, trying to keep your tone low and mannish and utterly failing. "You have to believe me. You're the one I want, and you can save me."

Your eyes pointedly do *not* look at me, but the fear is there, mingling with the flailing hope. It's true, Hannah is smart, and I won't deny I get a little nervous. The right research into the occult could find a way to banish me before my methods are complete, and this would slowly reverse your changes. But once finished, they are permanent.

So I prepare to play my tricks, influencing your mind and speech with every brief glance you put my way.

There is a knocking upon the door, hurried and nervous.

"*Liam!*" her voice echoes from the other side. "*It's me, Hannah. You wanted to see me?*"

Liam is in the other room, doing devil knows what but growling in frustration.

"*I read your text,*" Hannah continues. "*I've read it several times now. I . . . I didn't know you felt that way. But you've been acting so strange lately, I wasn't sure . . . and Dexter told me that you were, um, dressing up? I'm just trying to understand what's going on. Can you let me in? You wanted me to come over, and I want to be here. I want to see you.*"

I sense her soul; so I was wrong, she did have interest in you, shy just like your own. Delicious. My tail flickers in anticipation. Everything rides on what happens next. Your salvation is not out of reach just yet, Liam.

And then you exit your room, and I cheer, cupping my own breasts and pleasuring myself at the sight of you. Ah, you couldn't resist the little compulsions I gave you, could you, pet? You wanted to cover yourself up and not spook Hannah, but here you are dressed up in sexy lingerie, your miniscule penis easily hidden within the red panties you wear. Your breasts are cupped wonderfully, jiggling E-cups with each step, and your hair is freshly done as if you were just having a wildly fun time. You move sensually, your eyes a little panicked at what you are doing, and then you open the door. I can barely see the edges of what is happening, but it is more than enough

Hannah is stricken with shock.

So are you.

"Um, h-hello?" she says. "I'm, um, looking for Liam. I - I'll come again another ti-"

I see you biting your lip, but your tongue is loosened, and the dirty talk cannot be held back.

“Ohhhhhh,” you say, purring in sensual alto, “Liam. I hope you don’t mind, but I’m keeping him *very* busy right now. Who are you?”

Hannah goes white as a sheet. “I’m Hannah. I’m his friend. I got a text-”

“Oh, he sends those. Sorry, but we’re very busy at the moment. I guess he was just wanting to show off his hot, busty new babe of a girlfriend.”

The words drip, each intoned with the promise of sex. Hannah is lost for words, as she should be.

“I don’t . . . I don’t understand. Look, is Liam okay? He was . . . he said things in his text, and he’s been looking and acting weirdly lately, and-”

I can see the furious blush on your cheeks. “Liam is fine! He’s happy with me, with this luscious rack and these fine thighs and this hourglass figure. Trust me, he doesn’t need a fucking flat board like you, not with this perfection!”

Hannah’s soul shifts. Oh, she is smarter than I thought. Realisation hits her, and you see it too.

“Liam?” she asked.

“H-Hannah,” you manage. “Get out of h-here and find a way to help me. Please, it’s the m-mirror!”

You slam the door and lock it quick. Well played, Liam, I thought I had you trained better. For a moment this succubus is actually in a panic. What if Hannah comes back with a hammer? What if you summon the will to do the act yourself?

But then you do the stupidest, most mortal thing possible. You are filled with rage, with humiliation, with *temptation*. Telling Hannah about your perfect bimbo body still felt *good*, and this new sexual confidence manifests as you wheel about and head directly to face the mirror.

“I beat you!” you declare. “She’s going to save me! I know she will! I won’t be trapped as this sexy, hot, mega-buxom blonde for long. Not with . . . not with those big, heavy tits and sensitive nipples and hungry, hungry pussy . . .”

Your eyes go blank. You are staring right at me. Oh, how the sin of Pride can often be my very favourite! You could have almost won, but instead here you are, lost in the dark magic of your final transformation. This part, I promise you, will be as pleasurable as it is *permanent*.

“N-no,” you manage. “Ohhhhh, God, n-no! I didn’t m-mean it, Jezebel! No, you demon b-bitch! Stop it, I feel - ahhhh - why does it feeel sooooo gooooo!? Why am I s-so f-fucking horny all of a s-sudden!?”

The change is as slow as it is arousing. Your passage forms, you vaginal opening burrowing through you, opening up even as your cock is devoured within it, followed by your meagre little testicles. You can't stop rubbing that area, and the moment your labia and clitoris form - the latter from the vestigial remnants of your penishead - the bliss increases tenfold. I don't like to boast - well, I do, but anyway - but I've made it so you can get dripping wet down there at the drop of a hat, or an article of clothing.

"S-soooo horny," you moan. Your hair is now down below your shoulders, and your breasts grow yet again, surging over the cups of your bra until you have to unclasp it in a hurry. Perhaps I'm going a little overboard. Perhaps even my blessings won't make up for the back pain to come, but who doesn't like a big pair of head-sized tits?

"T-too b-big!" you cry, but you are already cupping them, letting the flesh overflow your palms easily, the melon-like mammaries already responding to your touch. They sit lower on your torso - how could they not? - but they are still pert and ripe all the same. You begin squeezing them with one hand as you return to your new womanhood.

The final tweaks are easy. A bit more in the hip department there, a tinier waist here, and another confirmation of your deep, deep need for male attention. I ensure that you literally *can't* help but look sexy, talk in that breathy voice, move in ways that exist to tantalise. You live for male attention now, for the sins of Lust and Pride. And judging from how you cry out, your first true female orgasm - *orgasms, plural* - assaulting you, I'd say that no amount of remaining willpower is enough.

"Noo! Yesss! Nooooo, yes! Yes! YESSSSS!!!"

You collapsed in a heap, your heavy breasts wobbling on your chest for what feels like a minute. You can't leave them alone. You already know you'll need more clothing. You'll also need something else too.

It's after several minutes that you get up, slowly standing up and beholding yourself in the mirror. You lick your lips, murmuring a little as you touch all your voluptuous curves, so foreign to you, yet so perfect.

"I d-don't want this," you manage to say, weakly. I can tell a lie when I hear one. You do want this now, Liam. That's what makes the punishment and humiliation so powerful. You are *addicted* to this, just like you are addicted to something else.

I appear before you again. It feels like it's been ages.

"Yes you do, my girl," I tell her. "*You want all of it.*"

You fret, trying to sort yourself out, cursing and pleading, trying to maintain a sense of manhood that is now literally erased. But always your thoughts return to your nymphomaniac needs. Just like your grandmother Evie, you need a man inside you. You'll be needing that every day of your life, several times a day.

And just like that, after an hour of your pathetic lamentations and hidden joys, another knock upon the door resounds. You perk up, hopeful that Hannah has found something. You perk up even further when you hear the voice not of her, but *Dexter* instead.

“Dude! Hannah told me that something weird has gone down. She’s headed straight for the library but made some weird claims about you being a woman or something. I don’t know if she’s okay but I told her about your crossdressing and stuff. Look, what’s going on? We should talk!”

But talking is the last thing on your mind. There is a moment’s hesitation from you, just the merest fraction of resistance. How can you do this, you ask yourself? How can you possibly pursue your own male friend? It would be anathema. It would be the death of your male ego entirely. It would be giving in.

You give in anyway. You move to the door, hips swaying, pussy already wet, breasts bouncing. You are naked, and that is power. You open the door, cocking your hip to one side, practically shoving your giant bust in your bewildered friend’s face.

“I don’t want to talk about anything,” you purr. “I just want your hard cock inside my dripping pussy already.”

“Dude, what are-”

You plant your lips on his, pressing your sexy body against him. He can feel your weighty breasts, and already your hands are roaming over him and stirring his cock to hardness. You pull him inside the room, all the better for me to view your antics. The bedroom is too far, and you have him caught in your web. Dexter’s mind is flailing just like yours, but like you also, he is lost in the sensation. This woman can’t be you, he tells himself, and what chance will he ever have again to fuck a bombshell like you?

“Holy shit, who are you?” he asked between kisses, even as you tear the shirt from him and pull down his trousers.

“Call me . . . Lilith,” you say, and I cheer at how appropriate this is. The fallen woman before Eve. And how far you have fallen, my pet. “You must be Dexter. Do you want to fuck me, Dexter?”

He stumbles over his words. “I - I really do, Lilith.”

Your cheeks blush, but you can’t stop yourself. You pull his face into your bust, jiggling them around for the sheer pleasure of it. “Then do it. I want you inside me.”

You kiss, you touch, you let him squeeze and grope you. Right now, he is yours and you are his. You come to the floor. Already his pants are off. His dick is not impressive but you don’t care. You’ll find bigger ones later. Your needs are too great. You don’t want this but you do. You are embarrassed and shamed, but excited. You spread your legs anyway, embracing the long-haired carpet that will now see plenty of action. You let him suck your nipples, and you coo and cry from the pulses of ecstasy it produces down to your core. Your

juices trickle down your thighs, and it is an alien sensation. I have ensured, just for fun, that you will never fully get used to this. It will *always* feel a little strange to be penetrated. Even years from now, you will cup your breasts and find them so odd to possess, feel a man thrust inside you and find it so foreign. But the delirious joy will always be there to carry you forward in your addiction.

It does so now as you hold his cock and pull it towards your pussy.

He enters you.

“Ohhhhh, God!” you cry, and it has a double meaning. “You’re inside me! Your dick is inside me! I’m so horny, you need to make me cum!”

Dexter is an awkward lover in some ways. He compliments your tits, squeezing them and then gripping your soft ass. He humps into you, thrusting away. He has not done this with such a woman before, barely done this at all. It matters not. You are the product of a succubi now, and you feed off his sexual desires. You buck your hips in time with his, feeling him slide into you. You grip him with your thighs, Liam, not letting him go as you draw closer and closer to climax. Your cries turn all of us on, so sweet is your song, and within moments your friend-turned-lover is fucking you at a rapid pace. I see you looking at his face, wondering where this all went wrong. The humiliation is to die for, and I lap it all up. For one final moment you try to resist, try to slow down, but then the addiction rises. You live for sex. You are sex.

“I n-need your hot cum insiiiiide meeee!” you cry.

How could any man resist that? Dexter grunts, then roars, then shoots warm stream after stream of semen into you. The orgasms that flow are powerful beyond belief, and your voice is a high series of ecstatic cries as you are rocked by them, one by one. You have never felt like this before, but now you will feel it every day.

Disbelief follows. His face is in your breasts, upon your fleshy pillows. Slowly, he rolls off of you. You lie there, the pair of you, gasping. On some level, Dexter is aware of who you are.

“I . . . dude, I think we shouldn’t have done that,” he says weakly, though he means it not. “Is that actually you, Liam?”

You swallow. Even your old name no longer suits you.

“I’m Lillith now,” you whisper, glancing towards me. I see the defeat in your eyes. You know now that you can never change back. Dexter ensured it.

“Holy shit. Dude, this is . . . what the fuck. I wasn’t thinking. I just wanted you. Um, you’re hot as fuck now, but how do we turn you back? Like, this isn’t natural, right?”

You roll up against him. Already, your thoughts are turning back to his dick. You begin to stroke it with one hand.

“I can’t even care about that right now,” you say, voice breathy and needy. “Right now I just really, really need to suck your cock. Tell me you don’t want this busty, sexy slut to give you the best blowjob of your life?”

Oh, Dexter, how can you possibly refuse?

Hannah never does manage to change you back, and Dexter is soon discarded too. They both see you from time to time. I know because you tell me, trying to influence me to change you back. I’m sorry dear (well, not really) but you’re a total nympho for life, now. And what a nympho you are! You dress in the sluttiest outfits, always showing off your best assets and moving and talking in the most undeniably sexual ways. You bring a parade of men back into your apartment, and where you plan to have sex, that’s where you have my mirror moved. You don’t want to, but deep down it turns you on to have your succubus tormentor watching you succumb to your desires again and again. You let them rail you from behind, you ride them aggressively, you suck their cocks or fuck their manhood between your lubed-up tits. No act is beyond you, including the sexy outfits you choose to wear to turn them on. I’m particularly a fan of the naughty nurse one.

You’ll never get entirely used to it, of course. Evie never did, and she birthed nine children! Perhaps motherhood is on the horizon one day, perhaps you’ll slip up with your contraceptives. For now, though, there is simply the relish of the act, the lustful sins that bring you again and again back to your powerful orgasms. You are on your knees, jerking them off. You are on your back, legs spread wide. You are out on the town, showing off your body. You press yourself against them, urging them to hurry up and be ready for Round Two.

It will never end. This is your fate now, Lilith. So glad you’ve embraced it. But whenever you see Hannah and Dexter on campus or around town, I hope you still feel that squirm of shame within you, that memory of manhood you once possessed. I am a devil, after all, you can’t fault me for wanting to drive home how much you’ve lost. But worry not, because I’ll always be here to see you through, and ensure you know how much you’ve gained. And given from the cries currently emanating from you as you suck a man from one end and are railed by a second man from the other, I’d say you know this too. And yet still, your eyes turn to look at me, each time just moments before you take their cum and orgasm.

Mirror, Mirror, on the wall, who’s the most devilish voyeur of them all?

I am, Lillith. And I’ll tune in for every show, and you’ll see me in the mirror, enjoying the aftermath.

The End