

## Three Conditions (Cheating Jerk to Bimbo TG)

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A Story Tier Prompt for TG\_Sorcerer

*Marsha is devastated; Josh cheated on her and then dumped her when she confronted him about it. When she tells her friends, they spring into action, ready to use their secret witchy powers to curse him. Each can set a single condition for Joshua's new existence, and they aren't going to go easy on him . . .*

### Three Conditions

"There, there, let it all out," Lisa said as she held her sobbing friend.

"I j-just don't understand! We could have made it work!" Martha cried, rocking back and forth. "I love him, Lisa, I really do!"

"He was a cheating bastard," Monica replied. "He should rot in hell."

"It's true," Cass added. "Martha, he didn't treat you well at all. He was always stepping out on you."

Martha sobbed again. "B-but he told me he loved me. I don't know wh-what I did to anger him. I just pleaded with him to be with me, and to - to stop seeing that girl!"

"That slut," Monica added, by far the most fiery-headed of them all.

"Hey, she didn't know he was dating Martha," Lisa added, the most maternal and conciliatory of the three friends, which was emphasised by her pudgy, kindly face.

"Girls, this is about Martha, not her," Cass reminded them. She gave them an expression that told them to argue later; this was Cass's way. She was good at keeping a group knit together by balancing their tempers.

"I just wish I knew what I did wrong!" Martha cried again, holding the three of them. "Why does he treat me like this?"

Monica wanted to say it was because her friend was a doormat, but she resisted the temptation. Instead, she just sighed.

"Because you're better than him, and the bastard rat doesn't deserve you, especially after breaking your heart."

Martha sobbed again, but seemed to take this in, especially as Cass and Lisa added to the refrain. She made a slight hiccup sound, and then calmed herself.

"I wish I could be free of him," she said finally. "And I wish he could know how he made me feel."

Monica turned her face to look at the other two girls, and a malicious grin spread across her features. If their expressions could have been a conversation, it might have gone something like this.

*'We can do something about that, can't we, girls?'*

*'That would be risky!'* Lisa replied with her concerned eyebrows. *'Besides, we avoid using our powers for revenge.'*

*'This is a special occasion,'* Cass said with her furrowing brow. *'For Martha.'*

And even Lisa had no real response to that, as Martha sobbed into her shoulder. Her friend was hurting, and her own mama bear instincts were activated.

The coven had made their decision without a word.

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Joshua was just leaving Sasha's apartment when things started to get weird. He'd just enjoyed some pleasure time with that naughty slut. She was convinced he was in love with her, but the truth was, he just couldn't get enough of her tight pussy and ripe C-cup tits. They were way better than Martha's, even if Martha *did* give pretty amazing blowjobs. The girl had been upset too many times about him cheating on her, though. What did she expect from a bloody office romance? These were flings, and he'd only kept her around because she was such a total doormat. A real pushover who'd do any crazy thing in bed to make him happy. Now though, he was a free man again, and shacking up with way hotter chicks.

At least, that was his thought process, just before he was sucked through a black hole into a strange room filled with strange Wicca ornamentation and trinkets hanging from every shelf. It smelled like incense, and he nearly threw up as he fell to his knees in confusion.

"What the f-fuck!?! Where am I?!"

Three figures in dark dress surrounded him, emerging from the shadows of the candlelit room.

"You are in our den," one said, removing her hood to reveal Lisa Stells, the pale, pudgy blonde who worked the front desk one office floor below him.

"You are under our power," said the second, removing her hood to reveal Cass Liu, the cute Asian girl in marketing who'd spurned his advances more than once.

"And you are royally, absolutely *fucked*," said the third, removing her hood to reveal Monica Rananga-Hughes, the dark-skinned girl with cornrows who just wouldn't change them no matter how much he tried to neg her about them.

Joshua stood, his fists balled. He looked around the room for an escape, but couldn't quite seem to find one; shouldn't there be a door or a window here? The three girls

exchanged a smirk; they could see the exit, but thanks to a little illusion work from Lisa, their mark certainly couldn't.

"What the hell is this? Did you drug me?"

"Worse, we used magic," Cass said, grinning far too sweetly. "We don't like to advertise it, so don't go spreading it around, but we're a coven."

"Of witches, asshole," Monica added. "And you've put yourself in our fucking crosshairs, dickhead."

Lisa motioned for her friend to calm. "We're talking about Martha. What you did to her."

"So what? I broke up with her!"

"After cheating on her, and destroying her self-esteem for *months*. She's a wreck right now." Lisa took a breath. "We've talked it out, and you get one chance; you have to get on your knees and apologise to her, and promise never to bother her again."

Josh sneered. "I don't know what this is, but there's no fucking way I'm doing this. Now open up your fake wall or whatever before I call the police. Ain't no way this fake magic shtick is working on me!"

Lisa sighed, disappointed. She's hoped to resolve this more nicely. Instead, she took a step out of the pre-prepared magic circle, and nodded to Cass, who activated it. Josh yelped as the chalk circle lit up in green flame.

"What the - !?"

He tried to jump out of it, only to hit an invisible barrier. He banged on this 'wall' in a futile effort, but when he was done with this little temper tantrum, his eyes widened, taking in each of the coworkers facing him.

"Christ," he said. "You are magic."

"And you," Monica said, "are still fucked. Lisa, you're first up."

"Wait. Wait! Wait! What are you doing?"

Cass explained, hands on her hips as she wore her witchy robe. "This is old magic, classic magic. Revenge magic, you could say. You've done Martha wrong, and we're going to do you wrong in response. Specifically, she wanted you to know how you made her 'feel.'"

"Well, tell her I'm really sorry, okay!" he shouted, banging his hands on the invisible wall again. "Just ask her to call this off."

Cass giggled. "Well, she doesn't know we're doing this. Like I said, we don't like to advertise it, even to friends, if we can help it. But for someone like you, Josh, you get to enjoy all the fruits of knowing magic is real up close. Lisa, would you like to explain how this works?"

Lisa smiled, clasping her hands together. “Gladly!” she said in a too-chirpy voice. “Basically, we get to apply three conditions to you - one from each of us. Then the magic is done.”

Josh looked like he was in a panic. “What kind of conditions? Shit, can’t we talk about this?”

“The time for talk is over, you bastard,” Monica spat. “And I can’t *wait* to put my condition on you!”

“But I’m first,” Lisa said. “I won the draw.”

She stepped forward, and the others began to chant together in a language Josh didn’t recognise. Lisa splayed her fingers out as she raised her hands, and her intonation took on an unnatural echo.

*“The first condition applied to Joshua shall be this: his body shall take on the shape of his ultimate fantasy woman!”*

Joshua’s eyebrows leapt up in confusion. “What the fuck!?! There’s no way you can just - NGH!!”

He crumpled down to the ground and began writing inside the magic circle. His skin burned as it changed, his flesh conforming to new dimensions, his body no longer fitting properly in his own clothing, which very quickly became baggy except around the hips and chest, both of which swelled unnaturally.

“You c-can’t do this to *mmmeeee!*” he cried, his voice rocketing up in pitch to become a wailing soprano. His brown hair shot from his head, cascading down over his shoulders, all while his lips plumpened and his face took on a sultry supermodel quality. To his horror, two great ripe breasts burst forth from his chest, large and gravity-defying on his chest, easily larger than double-D’s. Hell, easily larger than any woman he’d dated or cheated with! With a painful yet strangely erotic tug, his genitals pulled back into his body, sliding upwards and creating a passage to the new womb that bloomed into existence below his stomach.

“Ohhhhh, G-God . . . f-fuck! Mhmm!”

To his great shame he actually orgasmed, and it was an alien pleasure from the way it made his insides wet and his nipples throb. He clutched them, only to pull his hands away, shocked by the sensitivity of his new breasts.

From the perspective of the three witches, there was now a very hot brunette squirming on the ground in front of them, slowly rising up to reveal a deeply alluring face, albeit one that had a rather slutty resting expression on it, complete with pouty lips and arched eyebrows. The new woman nearly hyperventilated as she looked over herself, feeling her large breasts and wide hips, and groaning in disbelief as she felt the flat, feminine mound between her legs, and the warm slit in the middle of it.

“What did you d-do to me!?” she cried, raging at the invisible wall yet again.

Lisa gave a wan smile. "Sadly, what I had to. I was the most hesitant to do this, Joshua. But you resisted your one chance to make things right. Becoming a woman so you could feel what Martha did was, I felt, the most merciful thing."

"Merciful!? This is fucking MERCIFUL!?"

Cass folded her arms. "You'd rather be turned into the copy machine we've been demanding for the office for ages? Or perhaps a stapler, since you stole my last one when you were visiting Martha?"

Josh swallowed. "No, it's just-"

"My turn anyway," Cass continued. "We're not finished yet."

"You can't keep doing this! What other changes could you possibly make? Look at me!"

"I can't, not really. You're far too covered up. But my condition will change that. Girls, can you help me with the chant?"

Lisa and Monica began to sing that eldritch tune, and this time Cass delivered her condition, her voice warbling in a supernatural way just as Lisa's had.

*"The second condition applied to Joshua shall be this: he shall be compelled to always act supremely feminine - bimbo-like, even - and wear things appropriate to his form most revealing, and none shall ever know his truth."*

The magic circle lit up once more, and John yelped a second time, doubling over again. But the magic did not transform his body as before, but his clothing and then his mind. To the man's horror, his shirt and pants fused and altered, changing material to become a very, very tight pink dress, one that emphasised his peachy rear, wide child-bearing hips, and prominent bust, which was also lifted up by the supportive bra underneath. A set of women's lingerie underwear fit snugly over his hips - crotchless, of course - and he even gained a set of prominent high heels. His hair styled itself in a wavy fashion, and makeup settled on his face, sultry and slutty, like that of a woman hungry for a date and some sex afterwards. To complete the effect, some sparkling earrings appears in his earlobes, and some nylon stockings over his shapely legs.

"Like, this is totally unfair!" he squeaked in a feminine voice. Without meaning to, he adopted a very womanly pose; one hand on a cocked hip and the other planted over his chest as if in shock. His mouth even opened in a lovely 'O' shape, lips pouted with their pink lipstick on. It came as little shock that his hair suddenly dyed itself light blonde, completing the 'busty blonde bimbo' look.

Cass giggled, Monica guffawed, and even Lisa had to hide her light chuckle, even though she tried not to enjoy these proceedings too much.

“What!?” Joshua said, placing both hands on his hips and thrusting out his prominent boobs. With the low cut of the top, the upper curves of his breasts jiggled almost hypnotically. “Like, what are you talking about?”

“Just that you’re already playing the part perfectly,” Cass said, satisfied. “Just like you will for the rest of your life; you’ll always wear sexy, showy outfits like this and have to move and talk in a really bimbo-like way. And no one will ever know the truth about who you really used to be.”

“They will!” she said, bouncing in anger and causing her large boobs to bounce as well. “I’ll tell them *my name is Jennifer! I mean, my name is Jennifer and I’m a total slut!*”

She gasped, placing a flat hand over her mouth in a supremely feminine gesture. This only made Monica cackle as she stepped forward.

“If you think that’s bad, *bitch*, just wait till the third condition.”

“No, we can make, like, a deal! I’ll do anything you ask!”

“You should have acted like that for Martha. Chorus me up, girls!”

The chant began anew, and this time Monica took centre stage, raising her hands up as she delivered the last part of the curse.

*“The third and final condition applied to Joshua - now Jennifer - shall be this: she shall always lust after men and need to have their intimacy, but she will always be cheated on until she finally understands Martha’s heartbreak.”*

The green flames around the edges of the magic circle, and Joshua-turned-Jennifer *wailed* in anger and despair and terror as her mind and body was once more changed. She felt a flood of need in her vaginal passage, a wetness that grew as she thought about men and their hot, *hot* bodies. Young men, older men, silver-haired men, athletic men, nerdy men with cute glasses, mysterious men brooding in the corner of a crowded room, men who were smart and men who were brutish and tough; it didn’t matter, so long as they were adults and they were *into* her, and who couldn’t be, looking as she did and dressed as she was!? She began cupping her breasts, caressing her nipples through the fabric of her dress and bra and moaning passionately.

“Ohhhhhh, f-fuck you! You’ve m-made me, like, a total slut! I’m already thinking about how much this body needs to fuck hot guys! Mhmm!”

Monica snorted with laughter. “Man, that’s an even better result than I could have hoped for!”

“Reverse it! Please!”

“Not a chance, bitch. You’re going to be a busty, lusty lass for life now, and just like Martha, you’ll experience heartbreak. Only your heartbreaks will just keep on coming until you finally actually fall for a man, he cheats on you, and you truly feel as betrayed as Martha

did. Only then will you - maybe, if you're lucky - find a man who'll stay with you. That's more than most people get, so good luck with that!"

The woman rose, her pink-dress clinging to her luscious form as she adopted yet another sexy position. Even fuming she looked delightfully cute, her pout the kind of look most men would get hard at the thought of filling with their throbbing members.

"No! No, I don't deserve this! Listen, that bitch Martha deserved it. I'm telling you, she did! Just listen to my side of the story; she was always crying about something, being all emotional and stuff! I'm totes the good girl in the story! I'm not gonna have sexy times with hunky men with big cocks! I'm not gonna-"

But Cass was already waving goodbye, summoning the magic to eject the cursed woman from their circle.

"Buh-bye, Jennifer. I do so hope you enjoy your lesson. And if not, well, you're going to make a *lot* of men happy in your new life regardless. Just not so happy that they'll stay loyal."

"Try to learn a good lesson from this!" Lisa added.

"Or just have fun sucking a whole parade of dicks!" Monica interjected.

"But most of all, never cheat on anyone ever again," Cass finished. "Because we can always make this situation even worse for you."

Jennifer tried to think of anything to say, but her throat caught in a sob. And then she was whisked away, reappearing not where she had left, but inside a popular club she had often gone to in order to pick up hot chicks while Martha was busy for the night. And now she was the hottest chick here, already gaining male attention as she stepped forward, her hips swaying back and forth, her peachy behind hypnotic to look at. Without thinking, she adjusted the upper part of her dress, pulling it down to reveal more cleavage. Several hot, *hot* men around her own age were looking her way, and she found it hard not to look at them.

"Oh God," she murmured to herself, silenced by the loud club music. "I really, really, really need one of their big hard dicks in me."

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The witch coven watched Jennifer getting her brains fucked out in the club bathroom, crying out in orgasmic pleasure as the man came inside of her. Thankfully he'd used a condom, but she needed to be careful, lustful as she was. Her cheeks reddened in shame, and she bit her lip to stop herself from smiling; clearly, the humiliating experience had been deeply pleasurable.

“You’ll - you’ll be my boyfriend?” she asked submissively to the man as he kissed her tender neck.

“Sure, baby, sure. Yeah, I’m loyal.”

Monica snorted again. “Any bets on how long before he cheats on her?”

“I’m not taking that,” Lisa replied. “I hope she learns her lesson soon, though. That’s a lot of heartbreak.”

“However long it takes,” Cass said, “that’s how long it should be. Besides, it won’t turn her into a man again. Nor reduce that high libido you gave him, Monica.”

Monica shrugged. “What can I say? She’ll make a man very happy one day, whether she wants to or not.”

“And most importantly of all,” Lisa reminded her friend, “Martha won’t be victimised by him again.”

Cass put her arms around her friends and pulled them together. “A job well done, my fellow witches, wouldn’t you say?”

The coven exchanged a smile. A job well done indeed.

**The End**