

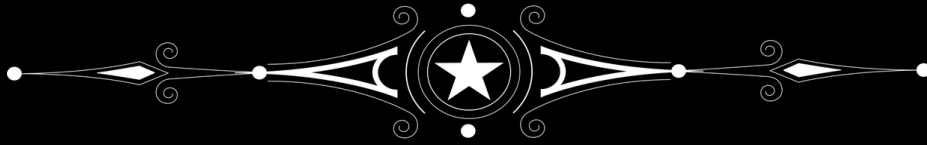
# *Cursed Note*

By

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The following contains: Male to female TG, reality altering, mental changes

Read at your own discretion.



Another day, another disappointment. Seeing a new notification for a private message has a way of filling one with joy. An actual person was taking the time to reach out, establish some new connections. It could be the start of a whole new friendship.

And then Rotten opened the note.

*I really like your character. Would you allow me the honor of drawing a commission for you? I have very fair prices and can show you examples of my work.*

Given that the sender's profile had nothing at all on it, Rotten seriously doubted the validity of such claims. The dingo's nose flared in an indignant snort as he clicked on the delete button. This was not something that might be worth risking money on, even if he could afford some art at the moment.

He clicked back to Fur Affinity's front page and blinked. Another note notification had popped up. Going back to his inbox revealed it was from the same person mere seconds ago.

*Do not take my attempts at proper business to lightly. Continue to ignore me with disrespect and suffer my curse. Stupid furry!*

Wow. getting angry and making threats sure is a convincing approach. Rotten chuckled as he deleted this new note. Heading on over to this guy's account page, it looked like he was going to have to hit them with the old block feature. Hopefully they didn't have several junk spares to spam him with messages later. This felt like one of those times a 'no' wasn't going to be a sufficient conversation stopper.

"Whoa!?" Instead of being taken to a simple confirmation text prompt, Rotten clicked the block button and found his eyes under assault. The computer's drive hissed alarming grinding noises as images flashed one after another with barely a second between them. Not that the dingo could make sense of them with the pain so much flickering light drove directly into his retinas. "Gah! What the fuck!?"

He turned away with a snarl, bringing both hands up to cover his face like that action did him any good after the fact. The monitor continued its rapid slideshow of intricate glyphs and ancient texts unnoticed to Rotten while he tried to rub the pain out of his eyeballs. They were going so fast for so long that smoke radiated from behind the screen, which did eventually reach his nose.

"Oh, crap baskets!" He tumbled out of his desk chair, ignoring the pain of landing on his tail while scrambling blindly for the wall plug. One hand eventually found the outlet, pulling both plugs free just out of relative safety.

There was little more he could do for a few minutes besides sit on the floor waiting for his vision to return. A white void gradually faded back into the familiar sight of his bedroom, if it were decorated in colored spots. Rotten still thought it best to wait a bit longer until everything was clear again. Besides, his hips had a dull ache in them from the short fall. At least he didn't bend his tail in the process.

"The hell kind of virus was that?" he mumbled, staring at the PC beside him. Of course, nothing looked seriously damaged on the outside. The lingering smell of burnt plastic, however, was not all that reassuring. "I swear if that burned my graphics ca-hwack-kak!?"

Something itched inside Rotten's throat, causing his voice to crack into a coughing fit. He tried several deep breaths, but every attempt to clear it seemed to make his voice scratch tighter. Everything around him was getting a bit hazy. Why'd it feel like his face got blasted with a blow dryer on max heat?

"Didn't think HD monitors could shoot off that much light," he tried to joke, immediately hating how high pitched his voice sounded. Using the desk for leverage, Rotten hoisted himself onto shaking paws.

Damn. He really was feeling cooked after a blast like that. Checking the computer for damage would have to wait a second. Staggering on out into the hall, he had to catch on the door frame. The ache in his hips was getting to be a full-on cramp now. It was really making his legs refuse to work normally. They seemed almost compelled to move closer together.

"I really hope I didn't break myself on top of this."

Rotten continued a slow, careful pace with arms outstretched trying to find his balance. Getting into the bathroom at long last was a big relief. The blue dingo dived right for the sink basin, splashing cold water across his face several times before indulging in a few handfuls of water.

"Ah that feels so much better!" He gave a few happy barked at the refreshing effect overtaking his senses. A few shakes of the head sent water spraying everywhere. The wet strands of his hair smacked across his shoulders clumped together in small whips that was pretty fun. Once the fun had passed, he settled on drying off properly with a rack towel.

Halfway through vigorously ruffling his ears with the cloth did a sudden thought slowed his actions. Rotten glanced in the mirror, eyes going from confused to shocked in seconds. The towel slipped from limp hands and snagged on his tail before hitting the floor.

He wasn't a dingo that had any natural hair.

And yet, there it was, resting around his pointed canine ears in a rich bush. He had grown long strands of hair a rich golden blonde all the way to the middle of his back. A quick tug confirmed it wasn't just his, but the roots were also very strong.

"The hell is going...on!?" The rhetorical question for his reflection died out upon realizing the strange voice coming out of its flapping muzzle. It was so light, possessing a natural sultry undertone that made almost everything sound like he was flirting. Rotten felt his throat, having a hard time finding his Adams apple anymore.

He continued gawking at his reflection, finding more details off about his face as if they were materializing before his eyes. Eyes that were a lot smaller with longer eyelashes. Cheeks had lost their scruff after growing a bit fatter, losing their hard edge. They worked perfectly with the way his muzzle had gotten smaller, creating cute dimples to go with a petite black dog nose.

"Why do I look like a girl?" he screamed, immediately hating how his new feminine voice carried off the tiles. Even that seemed to want to fight him on the illogical changes overtaking his head. "Hooo fuck!"

If only things were staying confined to his head. The ache in his hips chose that moment to ramp up into a high priority dysfunction. Rotten grappled with the bathroom counter just to keep his legs from buckling out from underneath him. Few things felt as upsetting as one's hip joints suddenly dislocating, allowing the bones to grow out before muscle and sinew were allowed to reattached everything.

"Holy..." Rotten gulped for breath, ignoring the drool staining his diminished chin. The tension passed nearly as fast as it started, leaving him struggling to stand straight.

It was all too easy to see what had happened soon as he looked down in the mirror. The waistband of his boxer shorts was getting pulled so taut over the span of hips so incredibly wide they were starting to slide down. His thighs had joined in, plumping up with so much juicy fat the cheap satin clung around them like a second skin. Even his paws had slimmed a little into dainty meatballs with manicured claws.

"What's happening to me?!"

Thoughts jumbled together in a swirling storm as the dingo twisted this and way and that, finding more and more signs of changes in his increasingly woman's physique. He could only go back a few minutes to that random note. All those flashing signs on his monitor before it shorted out. Did that rando scammer actually cast a curse on him?

"Arf!"

A snap in his back made Rotten twist to view his profile. The curve of his spine had deepened into a solid S-shape, which left his butt prominently sticking out. He ran both hands along the rounded curve of his fattened flanks and had to bite his lower lip trying to stifle a girlish moan. Just a light touch from his thinning, elegant fingers was enough to rock his core with waves of pleasure.

Rotten tugged down the waistband of his boxers, letting the fat filled cheeks of his rear fall out with a soft jiggle. It felt even better directly groping the thick glutes. They were so plush like fresh loaves of bread. He turned his back to the mirror, watching his

tail wag feverishly above the hump he was kneading. Goddess, he had such a perfect ass. The kind of pillow any man would love to hump until they filled him with cum.

"Nngh! W-what...?"

Rotten recoiled from his self-massage with a violent head shake. Trembling fingers brushed away the lock of blond hair that had caused to fall across his delicate face. Where had that train of thought come from? He wasn't the type to take it from another guy.

So why did the thought of riding a big hunk cowgirl style fill him with arousal?

"F-fuck," he gasped in barely a whisper. Hands came to rest atop the erection bulging halfway out the waistband of his boxers. They feared touching it further but the dingo's confusion only seemed to fuel this growing heat inside his thinner stomach.

Some small part of his brain kept telling him this was so wrong. Wanting to just deep throat some sexy stallions' cock shouldn't have been on his top list of priorities. But damn. That couldn't be true. A hot sexy girl like Rotten knew exactly how to make people at the club happy. Especially if his computer was broken. It'd take a couple of shifts of hard rocking to bring home the big bucks.

No. No. That couldn't have been right.

But why?

He wasn't...what?

A fabulously hot canine?

That couldn't be right. He was damn proud of how he worked the dance floor. Not to mention the clients that paid well for his 'special' performances. The boxers got tugged fully off, pooling around the fidgeting dingo's paws as his cock twitched from the open air. Pre was already leaking down the underside before fingers coiled around its length, becoming stained in the sticky fluid.

"Mmmmh! That's so good!"

Rotten eased back to let his plump butt rest on the bathroom counter as his hand started pumping the length of his shaft. A growling moan escaped from muzzle lips that'd gotten thicker from his constant chewing on them. The perfect kind for kissing all a person's favorite places. His head rolled back with eyes half closed, imagining that cute bunny bartender at the club he'd never met going to town on his clit.

"Ah yes! Yes! Fuck!"

Muscles inside the dingo's girthy hips began flexing, urging to pump himself off faster. His other hand grasped at the counter for better support against the pulses of pleasure rocking his insides. Each little contraction pulled the skin of his sack tighter

between his legs. The sensitive contents within slowly shrinking away from as the suction pulled them in.

Now his fantasy partner has switch to a pair of men going at it from the front and behind at once. Their species no longer mattered with Rotten's focus narrowed on the building pressure in diminishing loins. That voice in his head trying to tell him such things were supposed to be wrong got a lot easier to ignore with cocks alternating between drilling his pussy and soft tail hole. Bringing home a few sexy bar flies after tonight's shift sounded a lot more fun than dealing with whatever problem had been bothering him in the first place.

"Aah haa! Yip!"

With a loud pop that nearly sent the dingo collapsing to the floor, the last of his testicles vanished into a forming sink hole just under his dick. Sticky clear fluids were running off his vigorously rubbing fingers across the loose skin as it reformed into a firmer long slit.

"A-ah! A-almost...oh goddess!"

The movements drilling his insides open pushed everything out of his prostate at once. His head rocked back in a sharp cry at the ceiling with his climax. Cum spurred out in a gush, traveling several feet to paint the bathroom wall.

As if in sync, the nipples, mostly hidden under the creamy white fur of his chest, stiffened and grew out into view. The areolas widened with them, further parting the fur away from sensitive bumpy skin.

He was graced with enough time to catch two deep breaths before the sensitive gland got squeezed again. Another stream of dingo spunk lasted much longer, but lacked the pressure to travel beyond a few feet. The prostate sourcing it deflated in size, becoming barely a factor anymore until it ultimately dissolving into part of a new forming system of organs.

The flesh around Rotten's nipples gently pushed around the exposed skin, rising them up and out away from his rib cage. Their growth continued into a soft hand of fleshy mounds, almost like two balloons inflating with water. A paradoxical development with how much fluid his lower region wanted to dispense out of him.

He resumed pumping his cock, trying to urge out one more good pulse. The fact there was less and less cock to rub with each motion didn't register. Rotten felt the muscles clench and let out another cry. His receding cock barely managed a few last spurts of seed. What little masculinity oozed out in a slow drizzle with the waning of his orgasm. Even then his cock didn't stop twitching, getting smaller with each pulse until he was left stroking a little nub almost hidden in the folds of his crotch opening.

"Fuck that was a good warm up," Rotten growled between labored panting.

Her muzzle broke into a smile as she continued gingerly fingering her clit, trying to make the warmth of her contracting insides last a bit longer. It wasn't long before strength returned to her legs enough that the other hand could grope and tug at her gorgeous basketball tits. The firmness granted by some hefty implants hadn't made that any less sensitive and she felt truly blessed by that.

"Guess I better get ready for work. Can't wait to see where I end up tonight."

When it became obvious Rotten had milked all the fun out of herself, she straightened up to face the not so fun reality of the resulting mess. After cleaning up all the male cum from the wall and floor, flushing the excessive amount of toilet paper, and taking a hot shower, she strolled her way back to her room. Getting to enjoy a breeze on the wet fur of her rich curves was always enjoyable.

By the time she'd settled on a dazzling green cocktail dress to go with her naturally blue fur it had already dried out. Then came the hour ritual of applying makeup, doing her eye lashes, and adding a good layer of gloss to her rich lips. The computer she used mostly for OnlyFurs and a few gaming streams sat virtually ignored in its pristine condition. Much like her home vanity dresser, rotten had bought a very expensive one simply because she had cash to burn.

"So many people were willing to just pour money to see this dead sexy girl's face," she teased at her reflection upon finishing the blush in her cheek fur. Rotten turned her head both ways in a brief scrutiny of her profile before blowing a kiss to herself in the Dresser's mirror. " Okay, maybe the epic tits are worth a gander. But, like, it's almost criminal, isn't it?"

She giggled as she stood. Finally feeling ready for a wild night at the gentleman's club where she really worked, Rotten head on towards the door. A black blazer from the coat hook was slipped on while working her paws into some high heels. With one more check of straightening her hair in a wall mirror, the dingo woman grabbed her purse and keys on her way out the front door.

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# Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

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