

A word from Sponson

Curses Aren't Real

Here we are in 2025 and I can say, "Finally done!"

This short 6 image series started in 2022 as a "No Nut November" themed picture. It was originally titled "Tucked In", because, well, that was the focus. I threw in an unaware/reality warp subtheme which ended up being very popular, and so I drew the follow up where she fails "NNN".

One thing led to another and I drew more and more progressions, and thankfully I had a lot of novel compositions and poses for them! I never expected it to be a series, but then I found myself finishing the 5th picture in 2023... and while I had an idea for how I wanted the series to end, I didn't feel ready to do it.

And, well, two years later I was. It's not like it was some big revelation or anything. I just felt ready to draw the final pic. The vision changed slightly from when I first thought of it, I originally wanted the main character to realize curses ARE real, and that revelation breaks her mind. But I kind of already explored that mental break in the comic "Line of Sensibility". So I went with the tamer version you see here.

Thank you all reading for being patient and supporting me all this time. If it weren't for all the comments and interest around this series, I don't think the final pic WOULD have been done. It was getting annoying getting asked "Hey when are you finishing "Curses Aren't Real" in unrelated topics/posts/pics, but it honestly was/is needed.

Welp, enough rambling. Please enjoy!



-PWCSponson

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TRACEY IS SO
DUMB, CURSES AREN'T
REAL! WHY WOULD SHE
SAY I WOULD GROW A
GIGANTIC COCK AND
STUFF WHEN I ALREADY
HAVE ONE?

SHE SAYS
I WON'T KNOW
WHAT'S COMING TO
ME. HOW RIDICULOUS,
AS IF I WOULDN'T
BE AWARE OF MY
OWN BODY
CHANGING.

WERE MY
LEGGINGS ALWAYS
THIS TIGHT AROUND
MY COCK?



HOLY SHIT!
W-WHAT'S
THIS FEELING?!
AM I CUMMING?
IT FEELS
AMAZING!

WAIT... WHY
AM I REACTING LIKE
THIS? SHOULDN'T
I BE FAMILIAR WITH
THIS FEELING? I'VE
HAD A COCK SINCE...
WELL, FOREVER!

BUT THIS IS
LIKE NOTHING
I'VE EVER FELT
BEFORE!

FUCK!
THIS IS
HEAVENLY!

THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
I CAN'T BELIEVE I JUST
FUCKING JIZZED IN FRONT
OF THE WHOLE CLASS!
I'M NEVER GOING TO
LIVE THIS DOWN!

TRACEY
DEFINITELY DID
SOMETHING
TO ME!

I FEEL WEIRD
BUT THE NURSE SAID
NOTHING'S OUT OF
THE ORDINARY
WITH ME.

NOTHING'S
MAKING SENSE
TODAY! LIKE MY
MEMORIES ARE ALL
MESSED UP OR
SOMETHING...

LIKE... THIS
MORNING...
I DON'T THINK
I REMEMBER
DRAGGING MY
COCK AROUND
ON THE
GROUND...

BUT... THAT
SHOULDN'T EVEN
BE POSSIBLE...



A girl with long blonde hair and a red shirt is riding a bicycle. Her buttocks are disproportionately large, fleshy, and orange-colored, resembling giant hamsteers. She is looking back over her shoulder with a worried expression. The bicycle is green and black. The background is a hazy city street with a silhouette of a person in the distance. There are yellow lightning bolts on the ground near the wheels.

AT LEAST THE
NURSE DECIDED TO SEND
ME HOME- AH! MY BIKE!
I SAVED UP ALL SUMMER
FOR IT! OF ALL THE DAYS
FOR IT TO JUST BREAK
AND FOLD OVER!

OR DID TRACEY
SABOTAGE IT? NO...
I WEIGH HUNDREDS
OF POUNDS, OF
COURSE IT FOLD
IN HALF!

BUT THEN...
HOW DID I RIDE
IT TO SCHOOL
TODAY?

UGH, I'LL
FIGURE IT
OUT WHEN I
GET HOME...



I'M ALMOST FINALLY HOME! JUST ONE MORE BLOCK... FUCK, WHEN DID WALKING TAKE FOREVER? I REMEMBER THIS WALK TAKING, WHAT, TWENTY MINUTES?

SO... SWEATY... I CAN'T WAIT TO HOP INTO THE SHOWER. HMM, CAN I EVEN FIT IN THE STALL?

WAIT, WHAT AM I TALKING ABOUT? I'M PRETTY SURE I CAN'T EVEN FIT THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR. I MEAN, JUST LOOK AT ME!

NO, BUT WAIT... THIS MORNING I SWEAR I WAS JUST IN MY ROOM. HOW THE HELL DID I EVEN LEAVE THE HOUSE?

**SERIOUSLY!
WHAT'S GOING
ON WITH MY
MEMORIES?!**

TRACEY SAID I WOULD GROW A GIANTIC COCK... DOES THAT MEAN IT WAS NEVER THIS BIG?

DID I EVER EVEN HAVE ONE TO BEGIN WITH??

FINALLY HOME
BUT... UGH, WHAT WAS I
WORRIED ABOUT JUST NOW?
WAS ALL THAT JUST...
A VIVID DAY DREAM?
SOME SORT OF
HALLUCINATION?

GOD, THAT'S
FUNNY. AM I COPING
BY HALLUCINATING
SOMEONE PUTTING
A CURSE ON ME?

GET A GRIP!

JEEZE, MY HEAD
IS SPINNING SOMETHING
FIERCE. NOTHING MAKES
SENSE NO MATTER HOW
MUCH I THINK THROUGH
IT. TRACEY'S CURSE?
SCHOOL? MY BIKE?
WALKING?

CURSES
AREN'T
REAL!



IT ALL FELT SO
REAL! I MUST
BE GOING CRAZY IN
THIS HEAT. NONE
OF THOSE THINGS
HAVE EVER BEEN
POSSIBLE FOR ME.
I MEAN, I'M JUST
A GIGANTIC COCK!

END











