

The Cursed Inheritance

by TG Sorcerer



“Wow, this place is really huge!”

Denise walked into the house, although it was more appropriate to call it a mansion, mouth agape at the sheer size of the thing. Not only that, but the large building was located on quite a large estate, making it an incredibly valuable piece of real estate. Adam chuckled at her reaction, remembering he had acted pretty much the same way when he had first set eyes on it as well, so many years ago.

“I told you my grandpa was loaded! I am just sad you never got to meet him, he really was a nice guy, and an important part of my childhood, even if we lost touch these last few years...”

Adam’s chipper mood suddenly soured, the memory of his recently passed grandfather bringing up a wave of nostalgia, as well as sadness. Denise didn’t seem to pick up on this shift in attitude, too focused on the immensity of the entry hall, and the implication this had on the size of the place, and the number of rooms it had to contain.

“But won’t this cause trouble with the rest of your family? Won’t your aunts and uncles be mad that you are the one inheriting the family estate?”

Adam scoffed at this.

“Oh please! All they ever cared about was grandpa’s money, and I am sure they got plenty of it. They would have sold this place in an instant, especially with the real estate market being how it is. But for us this is an opportunity, the chance to actually have a place to call our own. This is probably why he left it to me, because he knew I would be the only one to actually keep it in the family.”



And it was indeed a safe bet, as the young married couple who were in their late twenties, had yet to find an affordable home, despite both having respectable jobs, Adam in IT and Denise in accounting. This meant that they had both been renting their way through life, until they learned of Adam's grandfather passing, and that he had inherited the great house, as well as everything in it.

This meant that they had very little to move into the house, other than their personal belongings, and nothing new to purchase, considering that the house came with all its appliances, which seemed to be brand new and top of the line, despite the age of the home. This was a dream come true for the young couple.

But with the house, came a warning. It was in a sealed envelope laying on the dining room table for Adam and Denise to find:

Dear Adam,

I hope this letter finds you well. You were always special to me, and I cherish the bond we share, which is why I am leaving you my home, as a gift, and as a memory. But be warned, there are some caveats. First, the house must stay in the family. Second, whoever inherits the house after you, whether you be living or dead, must be given these warnings as well. And third, you MUST NEVER go in the basement. No matter how tempting, or how curious you are, you can NEVER go there. I cannot understate the importance of this. Enjoy every part of the house, make it your home, but whatever you do, never go in the basement. I am truly sorry that I cannot say more, but you have to believe me, and trust me with this.

I hope you enjoy this place as much as I did,

Grandpa John

The couple looked at each other with sceptical eyes. Sure, Adam had mentioned that his grandfather could be a little eccentric, but this letter was downright weird.

“You don’t think there is a flesh-eating monster down there do you?” Denise asked in a half-mocking tone.

“Nah, most likely some compromising or even just embarrassing family secret. Want to check it out? I’m betting on some Nazi memorabilia or something of the sort.” Adam was very curious by nature, and such an avid warning had to mean something interesting, and he was not about to leave the mystery undisturbed. Denise however was slightly more superstitious than he was, and a worried look spread on her face.

“You want to check it out? Really? Right after your grandpa explicitly told us not to?”

Adam scoffed, laughing off her concerns.

“Come on, how bad can it really be? And besides, you can’t tell me you aren’t a little curious?” He edged her on.

“Well... sure, but...”

Adam interrupted her immediately.

“Then it is settled! To the basement we go!”

And he was off. Denise sighed and followed him. She knew that when her husband had an idea stuck in his head, there was no dissuading him from it.

They found the door to the basement easily enough. Though the mansion was large it was well configured, and so getting lost was impossible despite the large number of rooms, corridors and stairs. The door was locked, as expected. But that would not stop the determined man, who tried every key there was on the keyring that had been given to him along with the house, eventually finding the right one.

The door creaked loudly as it opened, its hinges rusted, almost stuck, the door having evidently not been opened for many, many years. The cellar was dark and dank, in a state of disrepair that clashed with how neat and proper the rest of the house was. Adam searched for a light switch, but there was not, another evidence that it had not been renovated to match the times, as the rest of the house had. Taking out his cellphone and using it as a flashlight, he ventured forth, Denise following close behind him in a nervous silence.

The basement was strange, and definitely not what the couple had expected. It was a single large room, with stone lined walls, that was completely empty, except for a single pedestal in the center, on which sat a closed vase, an urn. It looked antique, clay painted a vibrant red, topped with inlaid gold patterns forming intricate symbols. But strangely, despite the state of the room, dank and full of cobwebs, the vase looked pristine, not a chip of paint gone, the gold reflecting Adam’s cellphone light brightly, as no dust had settled on it. It seemed to be untouched by time. But that did little to dampen Adam’s spirits, who approached the pedestal with a wide smile on his face.

“Freaky...” He said as he observed the urn from closer, looking at it from all angles.

“Babe, I really don’t like this... Why don’t we go back upstairs, alright? If your grandpa said not to come here, there must be a reason...”

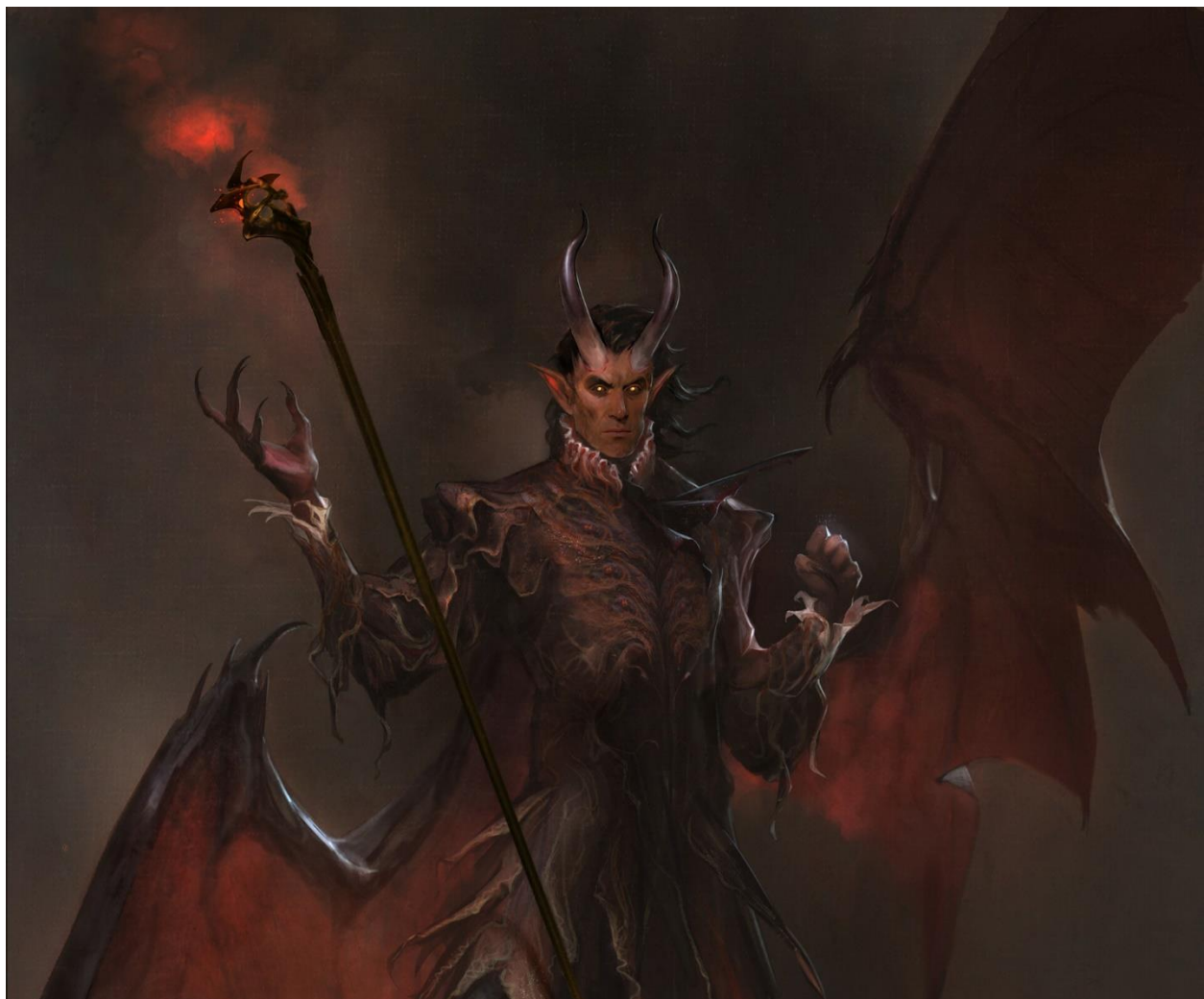
Once again, Adam brushed her concerns off as he removed the lid from the urn.

“Relax Honey, what’s the worst that can happen?”

As soon as the lid was removed, however, smoke began pouring out from the urn, spreading around the pedestal and Adam’s feet. The opening at the top of the urn started glowing red, and a panicked Denise barely had time to shout: “Lookout!” Before it exploded in a bright white flash, blinding them both.

Two things were apparent when their vision return. First, the décor had drastically changed. The drab basement they were previously in was gone, replaced by a decorated interior room, complete with various portraits, flame lit lamps, plants, other ornaments, as well as a cozy flaming stone fireplace. And second, the two of them were no longer alone.

In front of them stood a hellish creature, with large bat wings on its back, curved horns atop its head, pointed ears, red skin and glowing fiery eyes, giving little doubt as to its nature, despite the impossibility of it. Adam and Denise stared in shock at the devil before them, eyes wide with fear and awe.



Denise immediately turned around, running for the stairs, only to find them gone, trapped within the room with the creature. Adam fumbled with his phone, trying to dial 911, but he found that he had no signal, which he was sure he had when they had first entered the basement.

“Alas, your efforts are futile, mortals. You cannot get away from me, or from your punishment. You, have broken the terms of our contract, and now you shall suffer the consequences.”

The devil had a wide smile on its face, clearly taking pleasure from this whole situation, as well as the fear he was instilling in the poor, terrified couple. Adam regained enough composure to ask in a quivering voice.

“What... what contract? I never signed a contract with a demon!”

The creature tilted its head, its eyes growing unfocused for a moment, as if it were looking beyond the two humans before it, before snapping back into focus, a satisfied smirk on its face.

“I am a Devil dear, not a Demon. I promise you, demons aren’t this polite or sensible, and you would be in an entirely different kind of hell right now if I were one. And your grandfather, John Hargreeves did enter in a contract with me. That is how he got his fortune, and this very house. And by accepting it in your inheritance, you accepted the contract he held with me. Whether you were fully aware or not does not matter, your acceptance of the property is sufficient to also burden you with the terms of my deal with him. And I am sorry to say, but the legal aspects of your marriage with dear Denise here also implicates her into the contract, and its consequences. Since she is down here with us, this means that she broke the terms of the contract as much as you did. Now, let us begin!”

Adam and Denise were both frozen in shock, watching with dread as the creature raised its clawed hand, snapping its fingers with a deafening *SNAP*. Their vision were filled with white, and they were overtaken with vertigo as reality spun around them, reshaping itself. It only lasted for a moment, just enough to make them dizzy, and then their vision returned, as reality settled back around them.

They were now in a more modern setting, although definitely not as classy as the ornate chamber they had been in. The room they were now in was small, made smaller by what little furnishing there was. A couch, a small tv, a table and even a tiny kitchen. Their best guess was that this was a small, cramped apartment. The only thing that remained from the previous room was the pedestal with the urn, oddly out of place in this setting, along with the winged devil, who was still smiling at the couple, sharp fangs glistening in the artificial light.

“There we go! I have taken away your financial stability! Gone is your inheritance, you can say goodbye to that fabulous mansion your grandfather had received from me. You now rent this lousy little apartment. I also took the liberty of removing any savings you had, making sure you would have to live from paycheck to paycheck, as punishment for what you did.”

Adam wanted to protest, but was suddenly overtaken by a headache, his memories catching up to this new reality. He still remembered the mansion, and his grandpa being filthy rich, but it was like remembering a fading dream, distant and vague. He could clearly remember renting this place with Denise however, and that his grandpa died without a penny to his name, and no inheritance to speak of.

“How could you do this to us? To my Family? You ruined our lives!”

Adam exclaimed, grabbing Denise in his arms protectively, who was shivering in fear. The Devil burst out laughing, clearly amused by the mortal's distress.

"I ruined your lives? I *gave* your grandfather all of his wealth and riches. And now that you broke the contract by opening the urn, I simply took it back. I hardly *ruined* anything. At least... not yet. When I am done with the two of you then maybe we can say that your lives have been ruined..."

Confusion spread on Adam's face, as he asked in a wavering voice.

"When you are done? What do you mean? We broke the contract, I get it, and now you took back what you had given, and that's it... right?"

Another burst of laughter resounded in the sound room as the creature fed on their fear and confusion.

"That's it? You think that signing a contract with a Devil doesn't come with risks, and breaking said contract doesn't involve dire consequences on oneself? You are sorely mistaken my dear. I own your soul, your identity, your whole existence. I can change anything and everything I want about your life, both your lives! Sorry my dear." He said, giving a wink to the terrified Denise. "So no, this is far from *it*, we are just getting started. Now what else can we change about the two of you... oh, I know! Your heritage! Being such a basic *white* couple must be so boring! Let's spice it up a bit, shall we?"

Another snap and flash of white, only this time, while in the void outside of reality, they could feel their bodies change ever so slightly. Skin darkening here, hair becoming frizzy there, it was somewhat subtle, but it still felt oddly perturbing for the young couple to have their actual bodies be modified against their wills. When their vision returned, they gasped in shock upon seeing the changes that had occurred with each other's bodies.

In Adam's place stood a man of Hispanic descent, with various piercings and tattoos adorning his now tanned skin. And in Denise's place was a black woman, with long dark hair instead of her old shorter blond cut, dark skin, and a much thicker build overall, far from fat, but much more generously rounded and curvy than her previous slim figure. But it was obvious that, once again, it was more than their mere physical appearance that had been changed, but their whole lives, their realities. They instinctively knew that the other person was their partner, despite their altered forms.



“There we go! Much better now, isn’t it? Of course, switching ethnicity isn’t so bad in of itself, so I had to do a few tweaks to your own lives as well. This is a punishment, after all. So, Adam... well, Alejandro now, is actually an illegal immigrant. This means no more nice cushy desk job for you, you are going to be working under the table, menial labor jobs from now, like construction, gardening or pool keeping. The perfect stereotypical undocumented Latino!”

He then turned to face the black woman, a wicked smile painted on his blood red lips.

“As for you, my dear Destiny, you get to keep being an American, Afro-American that is. But you will find that you have had a much more... humble upbringing. With your parents being much poorer than in your previous reality, you barely made it through public high school, and with you have no higher education to speak of, it seems like your job prospects aren’t much better than your boyfriend’s... Oh, did I forget to mention that you two are no longer married? Marriage is such a white people thing after all... and it wouldn’t make much sense for an undocumented man to be married, now, would it?”

The couple stared at him, aghast and horrified. Their lives, their very identities had been upturned and changed! They felt at their left ring fingers, knowing deep down that they would find nothing there, confirming the creature’s words. Not only that, but their memories had also been toyed with. Alejandro... he had a hard time thinking of himself as Adam now, could clearly remember growing up poor in Honduras, his lifelong dream of getting a better life in the United States finally coming true with a clandestine trip across the border. And Destiny could hardly remember her previous parents. She knew that she had been in a good family, and gotten a college degree, maybe even gone to University. But now all she could remember was a tiny household, with too many people and not enough food to go around, sparse money going to necessities and education falling to the background, until she finished high school and got a job at a lousy fast-food joint.

This was a much more drastic change, with a profound impact on their lives, on both their past and their future. It was too much for Alejandro, who finally snapped at the devil in a heavily accented tone.

“What the fuck *Diablo*! This isn’t fair! This is *mierda*! We don’t deserve this! You can’t ruin our lives because of a *pendejo* contract! Undo this right now or I will fuck you up!”

Despite the insignificance of the little tirade, Alejandro’s outburst seemed to anger the powerful being. It seemed like they did not understand how supreme his powers were, and that they were at his utter mercy. Maybe they needed to be reminded of that. Destiny on her end seemed to be properly playing the part of the terrorized victim, but unfortunately, she would once again have to suffer the consequences of her boyfriend’s actions along with him.

“You fool! You think this is harsh? You think I am being unfair? You grandfather knew the risk when he signed that contract all those years ago! And whether he failed to communicate the terms of it clearly to you, or you simply decided to ignore his warnings, is none of my concern. I own your pitiful souls, and your lives along with them! Count yourself lucky that you are still human! I could turn you into worms, writhing in the dirt in an instant, or even worse! I could imprint your consciousness into inanimate objects, force to witness the world around you without being able to move or speak! But that would be no fun, as I do enjoy watching you squirm. But I think you deserve further punishment, to ensure you truly understand your place on the cosmic scale of things.”

Alejandro's anger quickly soured into fear as the hellish creature raised its voice. The Devil had been courteous and civil so far, but now was now clearly angered, with the glow of its eyes intensified to a bright blood red, ghostly flames manifesting around its body. This intimidating sight instilled pure terror into the hearts of the two mortals, who cowered away from it, as it snapped its fingers one more time.

While the changes to their bodies had been disconcerting last time, in retrospect, they had been relatively tame. This time however, the changes were much more drastic. Muscles bulged out, face softened, hair lengthened, height and bulk grew drastically, and within a few moments, they had reappeared into their small and dingy apartment, as a well build black man and alluring Latina woman.

"Congratulations! You now get to experience how life is on the other side of the fence. Although, that isn't technically entirely true according to this new reality, after all, you have always been a sexy woman, haven't you, my dear Alejandra. And you have always been a strong black man, Desmond."

The couple were listening to the Devil with half an ear, still taking in the most recent changes to their bodies. Alejandra was caressing her new curves, feeling at the softness of her skin, the length of her silky-smooth hair, the padding of her ass. She cupped each of her breast, gasping in shock. It felt wildly different to be the one with boobs now, and she couldn't help but wonder what it would feel like to have a man holding them, the thought sending shivers running down her spine, and a tingling in her crotch highlighting the change that had happened down there, confirming that once again the changes were far from only physical, their minds having been tampered with once more. Desmond was flexing his newfound muscles, feeling energy and strength coursing through him like never before. He felt tall, powerful, and dominant, and he instinctively that he was packing quite the monster between his legs now, as indicated by the tightness in his pants, as well as his memories of this new reality, which were slowly but surely resurfacing.



“I see you are acclimating yourselves to your new bodies. Of course, this isn’t much of a punishment in itself, as being a man or a woman isn’t inherently bad. Hell, so people would actually be jealous, knowing how the other half live! So, I had to add a few... twists and turns here and there, to make things not quite as enjoyable. For one, your sexual orientations were switched along with your genders, making you, well, heterosexual! Once again, not a real downgrade but I thought I would mention it either way. You have also gained some new perversions along with your new sexual orientation. Alejandra, you are now a little exhibitionist. Nothing gets your motor running more than exposing yourself to men in public, or even better, having sex with men in public. The thrill of the forbidden and illegal act, of getting caught, it gets your heart pumping, and your juices flowing.”

The Devil winked at the girl, who’s eyes widened in shock. She knew it was true, in fact, she could clearly remember specific episodes, like the time that she was on the bus, sitting face to face with a guy, and she slowly uncrossed her legs while maintaining eye contact with him, a sultry smile spread on her lips, revealing the fact that she was not wearing any panties under her dress. The look of shock on his face when he laid eyes on her bare snatch, how he had turned away in embarrassment... It was so hot! She had masturbated so hard when she had arrived home! And that was far from being the only time...

“And you, mister Desmond, have a slew of inappropriate cravings, mostly about women’s bodies. You love big tits, you love big asses, you love thick thighs. Just spotting an attractive or curvy woman in public is enough to give you a hard on, and you will find that you have a hard time not ogling them openly like a creep. And when getting intimate with girls, you will constantly want to touch them, caress them, feel their smooth skin, ample curves, silky hair. You will give them foot rubs or back massages, denying home much even that turns you on.”

Desmond was having a hard time focusing on the Devil’s speech, as his eyes were intently focused on the gorgeous Latina next to him. The curve of her ass was perfect. Her tits were a bit small, but that was alright. And she smelled so nice, like spices and vanilla, it was intoxicating. He could feel himself growing hard just from being so close to her. God what he would to touch her, to press his rock-hard body against hers, to be able to inhale deeply, smell her fragrant perfume from up close, feel her delicate skin against his rough fingers...

He blinked in confusion. What was he thinking? Why was he acting like some perverted freak. It was getting harder and harder to fight this new life, these new thoughts, but a moment of clarity, he remembered. Remembered that he wasn’t supposed to be black, wasn’t even supposed to be a man! He was Denise! And the sexy woman he had been perving on was actually her husband, Adam! Identities clashed, and the man grabbed his head with his large hands, closing his eyes and focusing on who he was.

“NO! This is wrong, all wrong! Alejan... Adam! You have to remember! You have to fight it! You aren’t some sexy slut, you are a man, my man!”

The girl, who was still lost in thought, snapped back to reality, confusion leaving way for recollection, her original identity resurfacing partially, just enough to make her remember who she should be, who she had been in another reality...

“*Dios Mio!* You are right *Corazón!* This... *cabron* is messing with us! With our thoughts as well as our bodies! Stop this this immediately *pendejo!*”

This time it was the Devil who seemed surprised. These two mortals seemed to be able to return to their previous selves, despite these identities being buried beneath three layers of altered realities... Definitely unusual. Nevertheless, the creature couldn't run the risk of them breaking out of his spell like this. And so, he would have to apply another layer, and probably have to make sure to keep the two of them apart, to ensure that they wouldn't use their love and previous connection to try and escape their new lives.

"Wow! Very commendable. I have to say, it is very rare to see love as strong as yours, strong enough to undo my magic, well, the mental portion of it at least. Unfortunately, this means I will have to change you further, to remove any chance you may have of escaping this new reality. I truly hope you despise these new lives you are about to enter."

They both vocally protested, pleading the Devil to keep them as they were, to let them remain together, but it was useless. They held on to each other, the tall and strong black man wrapping his muscular arms around the petite and curvy Latina as the creature snapped its fingers a final time.

In the void, still pressed against one another, they could feel each other's forms shift, becoming bigger, plumper. They held on tight, trying to grip to their love, physically and mentally, fighting against the curse that had befallen them, as their bodies and minds kept shifting.

They were still in each others' arms when reality reformed around them, although not for very long. Alejandra jumped back and away from chubby and sweaty black man who had been wrapping his arms around her, meaty hands fondling her ample curves lewdly. Deep down, buried under multiple layers of personality and thoughts, Adam was crying out for his wife, but unable to break through to the surface, stuck as an impotent witness to this new person he had become.

Desmond likewise wondered who this curvy MILF was, and how he had gotten to be so close to her, but he certainly wasn't protesting. Down in his pants, his small erection was throbbing already, on the verge of cumming from the simple contact with the curvaceous Latina. God what he would do to finally get to have sex with a sexy woman like that. The devil smile, looking down at the two confused mortal, content with its work.

"There we go, I think that settles it! I have now made some further alterations, as well as given you new jobs to go along with your new lives. Alejandra, you are now a 42-year-old housekeeper for a family with quite a lot of money, which is great for you, considering your undocumented status. I also enhanced your fetish for the forbidden, meaning that you have a certain type of guy you prefer... Married men. The thought of getting men to cheat on their wives makes you feel desirable and hot. Your favorite target is of course Mr. Harrison, the very man you work for, but you will sleep with any married man you can. You always feel a spark of satisfaction whenever you fuck him, knowing that you will serve tea to his wife later, and she will not suspect a thing. Fitting, really, a faithful spouse turned into a slut that will tempt other men like she had once been into infidelity.



“And as for you, my dear Desmond, instead of age, I added on pounds. I did, however remove a few things... like a couple inches on your dick, as well as your sexual experience. This will secure your fate as a perverted virgin, or how some humans call it, a pre-ejaculator and an incel. And with your new job as a truck driver, I have a feeling you’ll be jerking your below average cock in seedy strip clubs all over the country. Combined with your porn addiction, there is no chance you will get a serious girlfriend, or even an actual woman to sleep with you. This way, chances of you two ever meeting again are almost zero. And even if you did, I doubt you would even recognize each other looking like you do.”

They both looked at him in confusion, their new personas not quite understanding what he was talking about, as a piece of parchment manifested in his hands, the original contract, signed originally by John Hargreeves. But that name was crossed off now, replaced by two other names, Adam Hargreeves and Denise Powell, which were glowing red. With a smile, the devil ripped the parchment in half, marking their punishment as complete, and their fates as sealed. It then vanished in a column of flame, along with the pedestal and the vase, leaving the two changed mortal alone in the small unkempt apartment.

Alejandra quickly ran out of the place, not wanting to remain on second longer in this strange place with this weird man. She took the bus back home, on account of not having a car, or a driver’s license. She needed to hurry, she had quite a few tasks to handle before the day was over. And Miss Stacy had a social event tonight, meaning that she would be alone with Mister Harrison. She smiled, already picturing herself on all fours on the couch as he fucked her from behind, feeling her well-used snatch tingle in anticipation. One of her hands snaked down to the front of her leggings, and she caressed her pussy through the fabric, letting out a low moan. She caught the eye of another passenger, a you man in his late twenties, who was staring at her in shock as he recognized that she was pleasuring herself. She gave him a sultry smile and a playful wink, feeling another rush of arousal as he turned away from her gaze, obviously ashamed. She felt shame too, but mostly pleasure upon being caught. Tonight, couldn’t come fast enough...



Desmond on his end couldn't help but stare at the woman's shapely ass as she rushed out of his single bedroom apartment, slamming the door behind her. This loud bang snapped him back to reality, and he cursed himself for not taking a pick of that fat ass. He sighed, looking around at the messy apartment, boxes of pizzas, empty sodas and other stuff littering the coffee table and kitchen counters. He should really clean up before going to bed, because he had work in the morning and wouldn't be back for the next few days. But that Latina MILF had gotten him all riled up, and he simply couldn't focus on that right now. He instead grabbed lotion, tissues, and his cellphone, navigating to his favorite porn site to have a quick wank. But the quick wank turned into an evening long masturbation session, which ended with him passing out in his bed. He truly hated himself for his unhealthy habits and his inappropriate addictions, to both food and women, and deep down he felt that he should be better, that this wasn't like him. But somehow, he knew he wouldn't have the willpower to change, and that this routine would be his life for the foreseeable future.

