

# The Seven Ex-Girlfriends of Jonas

**For LoudVirus  
By TheSpiralledEye**

*Jonas tries to use magic to lay a curse on his seven ex-girlfriends for dumping him, but the magic backfires. Now, he is forced to become them each in turn for a day and feels compelled to act as they would.*

## Prologue

I cursed as I put down the needle, sucking on the tiny pinprick wound and hissing in frustration. When I set out to get revenge on my seven ex-girlfriends, I hadn't imagined it would involve so much...sewing. Luckily, I had just finished the last detail on the final little doll when I pricked myself for the thousandth time.

I smiled down at the seven little voodoo dolls, all made in the likeness of one of my exes or at least as close as I could get. A blue-haired girl in a skimpy streaming outfit for Nari, a big-titted blonde for Heather, a pencil-skirted businesswoman for Gina, a roided-up gym girl for Lacey, a naked porn star for Bella, a heavysset pregnant woman for Jane and a pair of thick glasses and a graphic tee for Kira.

Nobody could ever accuse me of having a type; that was for sure. After almost ten years of trying and failing at relationships, I had come to the only conclusion: it was not, in fact me, like they all said, but them. I tried different women and different techniques to woo, and yet I couldn't keep a girlfriend for more than a year.

And, of course, being from a somewhat small town meant barely anybody else was left by the time I'd made my way through seven women. Everybody talks to one another around here, and the few women I would consider rejected me outright. Those who didn't weren't exactly dating material. I wasn't ready to lower my standards further; I'd already tried Kira, and she was barely a six out of ten for crying out loud!

I'd wanted to get revenge on them for the callous way they broke my heart for months now, ever since Kira dumped me. It wasn't until I stumbled on this book at the flea market I found the perfect avenue for it. The old woman who'd sold it to me was completely batty, of course, all healing crystals and tinctures, talking about how magic was tricky and didn't always work the way you wanted it to. Honestly, I wasn't even sure if this would work, but even if it didn't, it was cathartic.

Now that my little voodoo-style dolls were complete,, it was finally time for the finishing touches. Getting a piece from each of my exes hadn't been too difficult. I always

took trophy the first time I slept with somebody,, so I had scraps of cloth from panties and even a few strands of hair.

These little trophies had actually ended my relationship with Bella when she found them. Which personally, I think was a bit rich. She starred in porno films and posed for nude magazines, and she was angry I had a few stray panties? Frankly, she should have been happy that anybody wanted to date somebody as used up as her!

Just looking at all the tiny dolls with their dead button eyes made me angry, I almost wished they were real just so I give them all a piece of my mind. Oh well, vengeance would soon be at hand. I flipped through the pages of the book. Contrary to what I thought, there wasn't any stabbing with pins involved. Not that I would have, I didn't want to kill them or anything, just give them a taste of their own medicine.

I'd curse them all so that nobody ever wanted to date them. That way, they'd know how awful it was to be me! Then maybe I could research a few more of these spells, something that could make me irresistible. That way, no matter how much they bad mouth me, I could finally get a date. Somebody who wouldn't leave me even if they wanted to.

I was so excited that my fingers were shaking. I grabbed the chalk and began to draw the magic circle as it appeared on the page. It was intricate and hard to read, thanks to the book's years of wear and tear, but I knew it would be worth it. I placed the dolls down in the circle and set about deciphering the words at the bottom.

"Mutare Vindictam...Intellegere alteram...p-partem?"

This all sounded like gibberish. I expected silence followed by some awkward embarrassment, but instead the chalk seemed to light up like fire, and the dolls began to float.

"Holy shit..." I whispered, "holy shit, it actually works!"

The dolls floated for a while before the light faded and I was left with the silence I'd been expecting. Was that it? How would I know if it worked? I was about to reach for my phone and stalk one of the girl's socials when there was another burst of light, and I found myself dazzled.

Images flashed though my mind; a bright pink computer set up, a busy gym, three children running through a park. It was all nonsense and left me disoriented before I blinked the images away. The magic circle and dolls were gone, the only sign they were ever there was a slight burn mark on the top of my coffee table.

I reached out to run my fingers over it, but I was hit with a wave of exhaustion. I felt as though I'd run an entire marathon all of a sudden; my lips and eyelids were so heavy even getting to my feet to cross the room to go to bed seemed impossible. Before I knew it, I was flopping back onto the couch, head lulled against my chest. I was just on the edges of sleep when I heard the sound of hoarse laughter; I didn't have time to wonder who it was,

though, because before I knew it, I was fast asleep. Or was I? It was hard to tell, I felt like I was floating in a black void, utterly exhausted.

“Seven dolls, seven lives to live...” A voice whispered. “A day as each, a week in their shoes...”

I wanted to ask what the hell the voice was on about, but there was no time before the void swallowed me up, and I was out like a light.

## Part 1 - Asian E-Girl Streamer

The sound of K-Pop blared in my ears, and I groaned. It was one of those poppy boy bands I hated; I hadn't heard music like that since I dated Nari. She'd used it as her alarm. Hang on, that was Nari's alarm. I shot up in bed and immediately felt disoriented; my body felt all wrong; my chest was much heavier than I was expecting, so was my head. Long black hair covered my eyes, and I reached up to try to pull the tangles away, only to feel my nails stick in the knots.

"Ugh! What the hell?"

My nails were so long and intricately painted with little rhinestones. I stared at them in confusion, taking in the olive skin tone, the soft skin and the bright nail art. I blinked, staring at them, my heart beating in confusion. Then, I slowly pulled the sheets away from my body, and my breath caught in my throat. I wasn't wearing my usual boxers or an old T-shirt I'd usually sleep in.

Instead, my body was draped in something... pink and silky. A tank top. A very tight one. I stared down at my chest in disbelief—my chest, which wasn't my chest at all, but... breasts. Beautiful round breasts, C cups by the looks of them. I reached out tentatively and poked one, and immediately pulled my hand back like I'd touched a hot stove. Then, I slowly moved back to cup them; each filled my palm, and I felt my jaw drop as I massaged the soft flesh, expecting to disappear at any moment. In shock, I sat there, fondling my own chest with my mouth hanging open; this had to be a dream, right?

Another round of K-Pop made me jump and I reached over to turn off the alarm when I saw the worlds flashing on the screen.

"Stream - Nine AM?" I read, "Oh my God...I've become Nari!"

I jumped to my feet, wobbling a little as I got used to my new petite Asian body. Nari, or rather I, was small, with a slight build that she made up for by having perfect skin and gorgeous dark eyes. The added benefit was that her job was to get dressed up and look cute on camera. I'd thought dating an E-Girl would be fun and easy. Turns out, she had been demanding as heck, plus I had to deal with a bunch of guys on the internet drooling over her.

I raced to the full-length mirror in the corner of the room, pressed my soft hands to the glass, and gaped at my reflection. Soft, olive skin, dark hair streaked with pastel pink, and a cute little mole right at my right cheekbone.

"Oh my god, I really am Nari..."

I tried to breathe, tried to make sense of it, but my mind was racing. I needed to figure this out. What happened? How did I get here? And, more importantly, how do I turn back?

But before I could even start to process anything, a sudden urge washed over me, an almost physical pull toward the computer sitting on the desk near the bed. I didn't want to get up and walk over to it. The rational part of my brain screamed for me to sit back down, stay calm, and figure this out like a normal person.

But something deeper, instinctual, almost automatic, pushed me toward the desk. It was like my body was on autopilot. I stood up, my movements awkward and foreign in this body, and walked toward the setup. I could already feel the nerves building in my stomach, that weird fluttering sensation of excitement and anxiety all mixed together.

There was a cute black-and-white outfit sitting neatly folded on the desk, along with a selection of makeup and accessories. I'd seen Nari do this hundreds of times. Each night before she went to bed, she'd set up her clothes ready for her next morning stream. I reached out, almost against my will and picked up the plaid skirt and stockings. I didn't want to put them on, but there was an overwhelming urge to do so.

I started to strip off right there in front of the mirror, revealing more of my gorgeous petite body as I went. I couldn't resist running my hands over my body as I stood before the mirror. God, I loved feeling Nari up. She was so hot. Now, though, I could feel her up and feel the sensations myself! I gave one of my nipples a pinch and gasped in pleasure, no wonder she loved it when I did that. I wanted nothing more than to keep touching myself; if I was stuck in this body, at least I could get the most out of it. But that strange urge was back, compelling me to pick up the clothes again and start getting dressed.

"Oh man, this feels so wrong..."

The sheer stockings were black and sparky, they hugged the curve of my thighs as I pulled them up into place. The air passed through them easily, making me shiver; there were no panties in this pile of clothes, so I was going to commando. Next came the black, lacy bra. I didn't have any idea how to put on a bra, but this body did. I cupped each breast and squeezed them into the cups before hooking up the bra and pulling the red tank top to complete the outfit. The top was low cut, low enough that the bra cups were clearly visible.

Then, my body turned to the make-up. I tried to resist, but it was like my limbs weren't listening. The clothes were one thing, but make-up? It felt so wrong, but my lips puckered, and the next thing I knew, there was a layer of bright red lipstick on them. The hope that this was all a dream was rapidly fading, I could feel everything so intimately it had to be real. Had I done something wrong with those voodoo dolls?

My heart clenched; the pinpricks. My blood had gotten on the dolls, just a little, but had that been enough to change the nature of the curse? Right before I passed out, I remembered a voice saying something about seven lives...

"Oh no...am I going to have to live as each of my ex-girlfriends!?"

I didn't have time to panic. My phone alarm was buzzing again. It was nine o'clock, time for Nari's stream. Again, I couldn't help myself; I sat down in the gamer chair, clicked on the webcam, and booted up the streaming software. My heart thumped in my chest as I looked into the camera, seeing that unfamiliar face staring back at me. A stream countdown began, and a thought occurred; if I was being forced to live as Nari, the least I could do was get back at her for dumping my ass. A wicked grin formed across my pretty lips; I'd get on stream and make an ass of myself. I'd tell everybody about my wonderful ex and how dumb I'd been to dump him. If I had to suffer through the humiliation of being turned into my ex-girlfriend, I may as well turn lemons into lemonade. The countdown finished, and the stream officially started.

"Hey guys," I heard myself say, my voice sweet and playful. "I hope you're all doing amazing today!"

*'What the hell am I doing?'* I thought, but the words kept coming out like some part of her was still in control. The chat on the screen lit up with comments, emojis flying, people welcoming me—or, well, Nari—back online like I'd just been on a short break. I wanted to put my plan into motion, but the words couldn't come, it was like there was some invisible force; making me act like Nari.

It was terrifying, this pull to entertain, to perform for these people, but at the same time, it was... exhilarating. I could feel their attention on me, their excitement. It was like nothing I'd ever experienced before. It made heat gather between my legs, and I felt wetness start to form. Oh god, I was getting turned on!

"Let's get started," I chirped, my hands moving to the keyboard, "What game should I play today, fellas? I know. Let's do a poll. Is Cookie Cutie the new RPG?"

My fingers, delicate and nimble, danced over the keys, knowing exactly what to do, even though my brain still felt like a passenger in all of this. The poll votes and comments came, and I found myself posing for the camera, making sure to show off my bust and lips while making it look accidental. The chat continued to flow, and I found myself responding to it naturally, jokes and comments spilling out of my mouth in that same sugary voice.

"Oh boo! I lost." I pouted. God, this was so embarrassing. "But that's okay, cause you guys still love me, don't you?"

The donation chime started ringing, and I watched money and adoration pour in. I'd always hated this, watching my girlfriend bat her eyes and get money just like that. Then I felt myself say something that turned my blood cold.

"Okay, fellas. It's time for requests. What should I do today?"

*'Try on a new outfit!'*

*'Sing for us'*

*'Can you eat some whipped cream, omg I love your ASMR'*

The delightful giggle that escaped my mouth starkly opposed my real feelings.

“My my, so many choices, but you know the rules, boys. The highest bidder gets to decide!”

The whole morning passed that way, eating chocolate strawberries in the most sensual way, trying on new outfits, and buying new outfits at the watcher’s request. All throughout, I tried not to get turned on, but it was impossible. Being in this cute body and doing all this sexy stuff was just too much for my mind. I remembered why I dated Nari in the first place. The worst part was I couldn’t seem to break the compulsion and get the revenge I craved. If anything, I was earning Nari a fortune!

It was oddly tiring, spending all day in front of a computer being egged on by a bunch of strangers. Every time one donated I found myself leaning forward into my camera to give them a simpering smile.

“Thank you so much, darling.” I cooed.

The affection just came pouring in, after months of being single, it felt good. Really good. All the love and attention was addicting. Maybe that’s why I was getting so turned on. Fuck, I was so wet. And I couldn’t stop thinking about my body, the constant stream of compliments made sure of it.

*‘You ass is so cute.’*

*‘God, I want to kiss you I bet your lips taste good.’*

*‘Lean over like that again, I’ll donate.’*

By the time the stream was over, I was an odd mix of exhausted, horny and embarrassed. I hated that I felt compelled to parade myself around but also humiliated by how much I enjoyed it, how much it turned me on. When the camera finally turned off, I sighed in exhaustion, alone at last. Maybe now I could stop feeling so compelled to act like Nari and figure out what the hell was happening to me!

It had to be the spell. I didn’t know what was more surprising, the fact that magic is real or the fact that I somehow royally screwed it up.

“How long am I going to be stuck like this? At least I’m not streaming anymore.”

I’d been typing and gaming so much that my fingers twitched out of habit. The arousal still lingered, but I was torn; I desperately wanted to get off so I could think clearly, but I also didn’t want to debase myself further. Getting turned on by a bunch of guys giving me attention? Even if I was in a woman’s body, that was just wrong! Even if it was my hot ex. Damn, she was hot, though, and now I was hot!

I flung open Nari’s closet and felt my jaw drop; she’d expanded since we broke up, and she had a huge clothing collection back then as well! Everything from leather pants to G-strings was hanging in the massive wardrobe, and suddenly, I felt that same compulsion start to come over me.

“Oh no...”

Before I knew it, my stockings and skirt were on the floor, and I was sliding into a pair of tight-fitting leather pants with a chunky belt. The leather was shiny and hugged my butt so much you could see the crack in the mirror when I waggled it around. It was so hot and embarrassing, but I couldn't stop. I tried on a hot tube top, and then my phone buzzed. The second I looked at it, I knew what was about to happen. I had to take a selfie. I looked too cute not to! One selfie became two, then six, then 12, all of which immediately got fed into Nari's social media pages.

“You can go live on Instagram?” I muttered seconds before my finger hit the button.

Before I'd even had a chance to say anything, the love had started flowing in. People must wait all day to see if Nari went online, to see if I would go online. I couldn't help it. I moaned as warm wetness flowed between my legs. The attention was just so intoxicating.

“Hey, cuties, I just couldn't stay away!”

I pressed a finger to my lips and pouted, then held back a greedy grin when the donations started coming in. My cheeks flushed as I realised that action hadn't even been a compulsion. I'd just gotten so used to it that I was acting like Nari all on my own.

*‘Stop Jonas.’* I begged myself, *‘Stop posing and shut the stream off!’*

But I couldn't. I kept flirting and pouting for the followers, raking in the money as the sun went down. Each comment made me feel wetter until my pussy was throbbing between my legs.

“Aw, you're all so...so good to me...”

It was getting hard to talk, my pussy kept throbbing. A warm pleasure was growing between my legs, and I couldn't help but squeeze and rub my thighs together, which only made it stronger. The realisation that I was about to cum from the attention alone crashed over me too late; I couldn't turn the screen off. I felt my mouth open, and it took all my self-control not to let my eyes roll back into my skull.

“Oh....Oh, I love you all s-so much. Ahhhhhh!!”

The donation button exploded along with the pleasure between my legs. Money and adoration poured in, and my face flushed with pleasure and humiliation. Finally, my self-control kicked in.

“Sorry, I think I have to go to sleep now. Aw, it's so sad leaving you all.” I gave them an air kiss. “See you soon! I'll dream of you all tonight!”

I hit the end button and dropped the phone so I could bury my face in my hands. My pussy was still throbbing with aftershocks, and I was trying so hard not to enjoy them.

“Oh my God, what is wrong with you!”

I looked out the window and watched the setting sun; I'd been online all day. How pathetic. Still, as I mentally did a rough tally of the money I'd earned, it seemed worth it.



“Am I going to be stuck like this forever? That voice mentioned seven lives...”

I flopped down on the bed, exhausted; I never realised how exhausting and emotionally draining it was to stream near constantly. It would be a nightmare to stay like this forever, not just because of my pride. I wonder if Nari worried about her audience getting bored and being left high and dry; after only a day, I was. I'd been off-stream for all of five minutes when my phone started buzzing. Private messages, a lot of them, all disgusting. All of a sudden, those dick picks I'd sent in college made me blush; turns out it didn't feel great to get them after all. I spent what felt like an age blocking spam and disgusting DM's until my eyelids started to droop.

“God, today was exhausting.”

I wanted nothing more than to flop into bed, but part of me was scared: who would I wake up as tomorrow? Nari again, or one of my other exes? I could only curl up and pray that when I opened my eyes, I was back in my proper body. But something told me it wasn't very likely.