

“Valedictorian of Whispervale Academy, highest marks yet achieved, and a master of mysticism both mental and magical. Also creator of a new variety of eclectic illusions,” The elf raised an eyebrow and looked at the eager young male human across from him. He put the parchment had been reading down.

“I could read more, but what’s been said is impressive enough.” He shrugged.
“I’ve hired worse.”

“Worse?” The human protested, before realizing what the elf meant. “You mean that’s it?”

“Yes,” the elf stood up and extended his hand. “Welcome to the team—I apologize, I didn’t see your name amongst all the achievements.”

“Evers,” the young mage said, shaking the elf’s hand.

“Evers,” the elf repeated, not offering his own name. “Quite. Well then, Evers, follow me. I will guide you to your work quarters.”

The elf moved past Evers and opened the exit to his office. He extended an arm outwards.

“After you.”

Evers got to his feet and walked out the door. The elf closed it and motioned down the hall.

“Your quarters are at the left of the hallway’s end, second door to the right.”

Evers began to traverse down the hall, the elf following closely behind. Along the way they passed many runed doors on each side of the hallway. Evers heard a variety of noises from the rooms beyond the doors: arcane mutterings, the tick of clockwork artifacts, the harsh screeches of an unknown creature, and the sizzle of boiling liquids.

Upon passing a room which an odd hum sounded at the end of the hall, he took a left as he had been instructed to do. Soon enough he and the shorter elf stood before the work room.

“Here we are,” the elf said, stepping forward. He opened the door, revealing a small room packed with an assortment of objects, small and large with seemingly no organization or connection between them. The only item that seemed to belong was a large desk that was barely visible amongst the clutter.

“Welcome to the decursing room,” the elf said.

“It’s...full,” Evers said.

“It has been a few days since my last employee worked here. Obviously, otherwise I wouldn’t have hired you.”

“Oh? Where did he go?”

“Retired.”

“Retired?”

“He...made a mistake, shall we say. Couldn’t quite work here anymore due to his...debilitation.”

“Ah.”

“Well, I should get back to my office. Good luck here. I don’t doubt your competency, but some of these items are not meant to be taken on alone. Any who work within these halls will be happy to help you, just as you should be willing to aid them when they inevitably ask for it with their projects. Do not disturb me, unless it is a true emergency. Then I will come.”

Evers had to stop himself from snorting derisively. Though he detected vile energy with the items in the room, he did not fear any of them. Decursing and disenchanting was something he excelled at yet considered beneath him. The only reason he had even applied for the position of Chief Decurser was because the elf paid well, and he would need plenty of gold to become accredited as a Master Mage.

“I understand,” Evers said.

“I hope you truly do.” The elf turned from the human and then stopped. “Oh, and dispose of the items after you’ve decursed them in the portable hole underneath your desk, would you?”

Evers nodded. With this, the elf turned the corner and was gone. Now alone, Evers walked into the room, closing the door behind him. He surveyed the items—several days worth of accumulation, the elf had said. Evers chuckled. He was only obligated to work each day until the room was cleared. Sure, his first day would be long, but he had gotten a good night’s rest and it was still early. In addition, any day beyond this would be much shorter. Without further ado, he set to work.

The first cursed item was a slime-covered lexicon containing ancient words that could summon an unfathomable alien entity that would spread madness throughout the world. With practiced ease, Evers altered the words and their magic, rendering the foul-smelling book powerless and closing one entrance for the entity to enter into the world. The new item was a silver locket with a small painting of a cruelly grinning woman inside. The vengeful spirit inside would possess anyone who wore it. Evers exorcised out the spirit and banished it, preventing any further harm. He disposed of the book and the necklace before moving onto a third item, a gleaming bauble. If he had mishandled it, he

would have been hypnotized by a series of shining lights prior to being drawn into an unknown fey domain. However, Evers simply drew out the lights and was treated to a harmless display. Afterwards, he threw the depleted orb into the portable hole. And so it went, Evers decursing item after item. As the hours passed, his energy waned. His judgment only wavered once, causing him to barely avoid contracting warts from a frog-shaped idol. After this incident, he worked more slowly and carefully. By the time he had finished the penultimate item, a small ring, it had nearly been half a day of uninterrupted work. Exhausted, he took a look at the last item, a mirror covered with a dusty brown cloth. He paused to rest for a moment, taking solace in the fact that he could still hear others at work beyond closed doors. Soon enough, he would be done.

Sensing no malice within the cloth and but the barest presence of magic within the mirror, he waved his hand. Spurred by telekinetic forces, the cloth fell to the floor. From his position near the desk he could see that the mirror reflected the space ahead of it, nothing more. Thinking that whomever had transported the item had made a mistake, he stood up and approached the mirror. Instantly he was surprised to see something standing in the mirror that wasn't him and hadn't been there before: a nude tall, green-scaled lizardlike humanoid. It stared at Evers slyly with golden slitted reptile eyes. Evers, taken aback by the sudden appearance, ogled the naked creature, an obvious female due to the presence of pert breasts upon her chest and a pair of puffy female lips between her legs. Her hands remained on her hips as he tail swayed sensually, the only part of her that moved. Though she was not human, Evers was hypnotized by her exotic shape, a combination of perfect female features mixed with that of a lizard.

Without thinking, he stepped forward—and so did she! When he moved, patches of green scales appeared all over his body. Evers's member rose as he continued to stare at the bizarre beauty. There had not been many moments in his academic and magical pursuits when he had been given a chance to observe the female form unclothed. A newfound sense of lust overtook his mind, nearly replacing all rational thought.

He took another step. As a result, his sandals burst apart as his feet grew into taloned extremities much like the lizard's own. He left the ruined shoes behind as he took another step. This time, the hair on his body fell into dust at his altered feet while his form became even scali-er.

Evers paused. Something was strange here—the female lizard humanoid seemed familiar somehow. This thought was swept aside as he swayed almost drunkenly, the female matching his movements. Entranced by her wobbling breasts, Evers and her moved closer together. His fully scaled legs shifted into a digitigrades stance and his fingers formed into claws. He found walking in his new stance to be nearly natural thanks to the addition of a new tail underneath his robe. He took another step and the scales progressed from his arms and up to his neck.

Familiar—why was she so familiar? He had to get closer to find out—and so he did. The scales overtook his cranium. For a moment, the mage was momentarily blinded; when he opened his eyes, they were golden reptilian slits and his head had stretched and twisted into a lizardlike muzzle. He now resembled a male version of the lizard in the mirror, though still clothed. Taking another step forward, the mirror lizard matching his pace, it became obvious that he would not remain like so for long. Moving ever closer, he did not notice as his erect member shrank and drew inwards. At the same time, sensitive

twin hemispheres began to form on his chest, forming a tent in the cloth. With each step, his penis and testicles continued to shrink and wither until there was simply nothing there. When his breasts had grown to their full size, erect nipples visible beneath the cloth, a slit opened in his crotch, leaving *her* with a pair of puffy and moist lips that were as aroused as her penis had been. She grabbed her robe and threw it off herself.

Familiar! Was this déjà vu, a remembrance or—

Finally, Evers nearly stood before the mirror. Before she touch the reflective glass, a few more changes occurred. Her thighs thickened while her ass grew plumper. Any muscle she had once possessed grew leaner and her form as a whole grew more slender and curvy. Lastly, her pelvis cracked, leaving her with childbearing hips.

Standing before the mirror, Evers realized why the lizard was so familiar—it was her, her reflection, her mirror peer!

Overcome by lust, Evers licked the mirror with a long forked tongue. Then she crouched and admired her form. She was so perfect, so voluptuous and curvy and...horny, she realized. Bringing one clawed hand to her sex and another to a breast, she teased her clit while fondling a mammary. She moaned in pleasure and then stopped. She was missing something. She had two breasts and a dripping vagina, one too many pleasurable spots for her two hands. A sudden thought occurred to her. In the next moment, she inserted her tail into her slit while she moved both hands to her breasts. Though it was not the cock she wanted, the tail, along with her sensitive breasts, was enough to satisfy her just then. She self-pleasured herself, bringing her arousal higher and higher and higher until she orgasmed with a shriek. At the same time, the mirror cracked and shattered, littering the floor with broken glass and completing the curse.

Evers, overloaded with sexual energy, fell onto her back. She panted in the afterglow, already thinking about the next round and, more importantly, where she could find the male she so desired. Mind clouded by sexual thoughts, any knowledge of her schooling, of her expertise in magic, and her former life departed from Evers's mind, leaving behind a being that only hungered for sex.

"Evers?" A voice called out as the door to Evers's room opened.

The lizardwoman looked up to the now unrecognized elf with lust. She crawled over to him and began to paw at his crotch for the cock she knew he had. The elf took a step back and looked down at the horny female not with shock or surprise, but of resolute acceptance. It was not the first employee he had lost to the decursing room, after all.

"Oh dear," he said.