

**[CONTENT WARNING]**

**Includes: Dirty foot worship, sexual assault, coercion, abuse, farting, light scat, and paranormal/occult bullshit.**

I hope you guys like /x/ greentext creepypasta cuz I tried to write this like one as something a bit different.

Everything here is a purely fictitious creation of my own tortured mind.

Figured I'd just throw that disclaimer out right off the bat.

Enjoy.

**[Anon gets Cursed]**

Alright this whole story is going to sound ridiculous and I know that. And I don't blame you if you laugh at me or think it's all a joke. In truth I'd probably think I was full of shit as well if I wasn't forced to live through these events first hand. Tbh, this whole thing is really embarrassing for me and the only reason I'm talking about it is the off chance someone can give me some advice on how to deal with this absolute nightmare.

>Be me. 19yr old macdonald's employee.

>be miserable. Hate life. Hate people. Hate self.

>jus fucking kill me already.

>somehow end up with 38yr old goth gf. Absolute milf. Massive ass. Glorious rack. 8.5/10

>tfw suddenly chad.

>relationship is good. Sex even better.

>She's apparently relatively wealthy and insists I quit mcdonalds job to live with her.

>dontmindifido.wav

>spend days doing nothing around house while gothmommy showers me with everything i could ever want. Vidyas? All the time. Gaming rig? Only the best.

>gothmommy eventually confides in me. Tells me she's really into witchcraft and satanism. Not the Quija boards normie shit either.

>shows me summoning books and even takes me to a few of her coven's events.

>did i mention the coven? Apparently gothmommy has been heavily involved in it for years, and is one of the senior members.

>be slightly creeped out at first but coven is surprisingly friendly and normal, despite the witchcraft/demon shit.

>they don't even sacrifice animals. Apparently daddy lucifer went vegan. Kek

>a few of the younger witches are only slightly older than me.

>find out they like to play vidya.

>gamer witch girls

>gamer. Witch. Girls.

>jackpot.png

>end up playing vidya with them a lot during my plentiful spare time.

>they flirt heavily with me

>oh god. Oh fuck.

>want to reciprocate but don't wanna cheat on gothmommy.

>play dumb.

>witch girls think it's cute.

>ara ara moment.

>later gothmommy asks me if I'd be comfortable having orgy with coven of pagan mistresses innawoods as part of their samhain festival.

>say yes because this is an actual fantasy come true.

>life is good

>too good

>later, at festival. Get fed assortment of drugs while tied to slab.

>get savagely fucked by entire coven around bonfire in buttfuck nowhere while tripping balls.

>holy fuck this is intense.

>half the time i dunno if i wanna cum or have a panic attack.

>witches are chanting and howling while dancing around fire.

>whole thing is a blur.

>gothmommy comes out for her turn. She's naked and painted in spooky runes and wearing branches in her hair like antlers.

>chants something while looming over me.

>dick is hard as diamonds

>tells me to denounce the trinity.

>hell yeah, fuck you jesus lol

>gothmommy smiles.

>actually looks kinda evil

>she lifts her foot over my face and wiggles toes while continuing to chant.

>what.jpg

>foot is dirty and can see sweat rolling down her wrinkled sole.

>smell hits me like a truck. Vinegar and death.

>she steps on my face and shoves toes into my mouth.

>probably the grossest thing that has happened up to that point in my life.

>gag and try to tell her to stop.

>all the comes out is muffled sob

>can only taste sour sweat and grime

>so nasty I feel myself start to cry as I begin to have panic attack.

>dick goes flacid.

>hear giggling as one of the gamer girls crawls toward me and begins sucking me like a Dyson.

>oh fuck. Still really wanna cum

>gothmommy fucks my face with her foot, forces tongue between toes and uses my tongue like a rug.

>face goes red with humiliation.

>i hate this with every fiber of my being

>feel drops of liquid fall on face.

>it's raining?

>nope, gothmommy rubbing her cunt and dripping on me as she pulls foot out of my mouth.

>finally

>cough and retch and spit

>wanna cum now

>look up

>see full moon as mommy begins to lower phat ass on my face

>facesitting time

>feel gothmommy's asshole rub against lips

>her ass is musky with sweat and fat enough where it's hard to breath but-

>try to breath

>oh fuck no

>smell nothing but rancid sweat and shit.

>rimed her before. But she was always clean.

>face pressed into gothmommy's unwiped ass?

>horrific.

>scream and struggle

>no use

>really wish i hadn't opened my mouth.

>brap time

>bitch strains out a massive blast down my throat. It's wet and I feel flecks of slime hit my tongue. Also it's shockingly hot. Painfully so.

>find new grossest thing that has happened to me in my life.

>heart is beating so fast as lungs burn for oxygen

>full blown panic attack now

>gamer girl forces me to cum

>straight up pass tf out beneath gothmommy's ass just as she fucking blasts ass down my throat again.

>wake up later. Ceremony apparently over. Everyone jus having food and whatnot, almost like regular party innawoods.

>still shaking from trauma

>gothmommy tries to comfort me like nothing happened.

>refuse to speak to her or anyone else

>gothmommy and others continue to try and console me. Saying that they are sorry if the ceremony was too intense for me.

>end up crying and screaming at all of them in moment of sadboi rage. Call them bitches and whores and degenerates. Use every word in the book

>coven isn't mad, instead they all hug and cry with me like twisted group therapy session

>wtf.png

>go back to gothmommy house

>life returns to normal.

>even get jacuzzi installed in personal bathroom cuz gothmommy feels guilty

>jus start to get beyond trauma at ceremony when gothmommy says she wants to try to incorporate ceremony happenings into sex life.

>confesses that it had been fetishes of her's for years and never told anyone.

>says she really wants to do it again

>hell no to the no no no  
>she gradually gets more pushy about it  
>tries to bribe me, says she'll accommodate any fetishes of mine  
as well  
>still no  
>offers to take me on a long ass vacation wherever i want.  
>still no  
>ends up getting mad and throws temper tantrum  
>I will do anything for love but I won't do this.  
>gothmommy gives up and drops it. Doesn't bring it up for days.  
>victory achieved?  
>nope. Shit goes from bad to worse  
>wake up one night  
>see familiar full moon  
>oh god. It's happening again!  
>gothmommy sits on my face and farts loudly in my mouth jus like  
last time.  
>panic mode engaged.  
>manage to yeet gothmommy off bed entirely.  
>gothmommy goes through all 7 of the stages of grief as i pack  
my things [including everything she bought for me. except the  
jacuzzi of course, i'm gonna miss that thing. Kek]  
>got parents to come pick me up  
>"mom pick me up i'm scared", but unironically  
>move out of gothmommy house next day.  
>see gothmommy as I pack the rest of things.  
>she's more composed and resigned.  
>asks if there's anything she can do to get me to stay.  
>nope get fucked you crazy bitch.  
>gothmommy tries to pull out trump card. Says if i leave she  
will summon some demon whose name i can't pronounce nor remember  
to torment me every night.

>i pull out my trump card; i dont give a fuck  
>atheism ftw baby.  
>leave gothmommy residence  
>move back in with parents  
>don't talk about gothmommy. Don't talk about coven. Speak no evil.  
>realize without sugarmommy i have nothing. No job. No aspirations.  
>parents are understanding and let me leech off them for as long as i need to to get life together.  
>1 week later wake in cold sweat in old bedroom.  
>can't move. Can't speak.  
>I'd read about sleep paralysis but never had it myself.  
>so this is what it feels like  
>hear scratching across room. Can't turn head to see but something dark is moving in peripheral  
>absolute dread takes over. The kind of fight or flight our ancestors might have felt being stalked by a predator.  
>can't fight of flight atm  
>having silent panic attack as shadow slowly crawls up wall.  
>begin to hear it breathing as it's nails scratch my walls on it's ascent.  
>see shadow begin to crawl across ceiling. Begin to make out it's form.  
>it takes up the majority of my ceiling so it's big, probably at least 8ft tall while standing. Pitch fucking black with 6 arms like a spider. But weirdly feminine. With curves and visible tits and ass.  
>4/10 woulda been hotter if i weren't pissing myself in terror.  
>hear the thing's bones crunch as it's head falls back to look at me upside down.

>two red eyes stare down at me through a veiling of oily black hair

>i would have screamed if i could. Instead I felt myself silently crying like a scared little girl in my bed.

>Remember when i said i was atheist? Well i am. But faced with something like this that went out the fuckin window cuz i prayed and prayed hard to any god that would listen to pull me outta this nightmare.

>thing on ceiling pulls lips back revealing what seems like a thousand needle like teeth in an evil fucking grin before her long black tongue lolls out of her mouth.

>her tongue extends down, dripping black gunk on my face before slithering across my visage.

>hear the fucking thing laugh at me as i continue to cry.

>thing forces her tongue down my throat like a demented french kiss. Before slowly making her way off the ceiling and down to my bed.

>it's hard to describe how she moves. Kind of like how watching a movie at 60fps can seem so smooth that it feels unnatural and uncanny? Kind of like that.

>hear her bones crack and creak as she contorts herself around until she's standing over me.

>the thing was taller than my ceiling when she stood on the bed. But the room's dimensions seemed to stretch to accommodate her.

>she peered down at me before shuffling forward until my face laid beneath her ass.

>her knees snap as she lowers her ass toward me.

>oh god not again.

>her ass is huge, at least as wide as my bed.

>I can only stare into her dirty asshole as I recall what gothmommy and the covendid to me.

>I couldn't tell you which was worse. The pants shitting terror, or the fucking smell of rancid sweat and shit.

>black goop oozed down from her asshole onto my face as I whimpered. Continuing to pray and try to break free of the paralysis.

>it speaks

>the fucking thing speaks.

>her voice is low and guttural and croaking, kind of like a smoker's. And honestly I feel like I heard it more in my head than I heard it aloud.

"God won't save you."

>oh shit

>remember denouncing the trinity

>heart sinks. oh god. Oh fuck. I'm on my own.

>she strains and I feel a burst of wet, searingly hot vapor fired into my face. It burned my skin and stung my eyes. My nose felt like it was on fire from the sheer nastiness of it.

>at last I let out a noise. Just a slight groan that was meant to be nothing less than a full blown shriek.

>too late i realized my mouth was still open as I tasted her gas on my tongue.

>I tried to shut my mouth but i couldn't.

>the thing moaned as if savoring my panic as she lowered her twitching asshole onto my lips.

>I managed to retch as i feel her hot flesh collid with my mouth.

>remember when i said the smell is painful? Well the taste iss absolutely hellish.

>couldn't stop from dry heaving as i felt the goop dripping from her asshole onto my tongue.

>the thing peeks around her shoulder to look at me, just one red eye peering at me in the darkness.

>remember gothmommy's parting warning.  
>couldn't dwell on it however cuz immediately i feel the thing strain above me.  
>her asscheeks clench around my face. I feel like my eyes are going to burst. It's so tight.  
>a torrent of horrifying boiling nastiness shoots down my throat, gas and liquids with chunks of solids all cascading over my tongue.  
>it feels like acid burning away at my insides. I wanted to puke on the spot.  
>it feels like hours this goes on.  
>when it's over the thing stands over me and giggles as if taunting me before lowering on all four [eight?] and contorting herself to crawl into my closet.  
>I feel myself able to move and i rush to the bathroom to vomit.  
>can't. I just feel like i'm dry heaving.  
>look in mirror.  
>face red, eyes bloodshot. Look like shit. More than usual.  
>no mess to clean up though.  
>jus seems like a nightmare after dealing with gothmommy, right?  
>thats what i hoped too. But this was 3 weeks ago. And i've been having encounters like this every time I sleep.  
>I jus want this to stop. I've tried pills, religion, burning sage, meditation, the works.  
>am I really doomed to deal with this for the rest of my life?  
>has anyone had any experiences like this? Can anyone give me any advice to make it stop?  
>anything at this point would be appreciated

Update:

>be me. OP.

>actually take advice from /x/ and revisit gothmommy estate.

>don't own guns cuz not /k/ommando, arm self with crowbar and bear mace in case gothmommy gets any bright ideas.

>gothmommy answers door

>overcome with mixed emotions. Dunno if i wanna hug her or bash her brains in. leaning toward the latter.

>interrogate her on potential curse.

>gothmommy is very forthcoming about placing curse. Seems cold and dispassionate.

>gothmommy retrieves old tome on summoning demons or some shit. Shows exact curse she placed.

>wtf.png

>read page describing the summoning of demon. Summoning ritual not important.

>demon description fits to a T.

>fuck

>apparently named Maaluith and is a lesser princess of hell. Seems to be associated with lust and fear and vileness.

>oh boy

>gothmommy says only way to break the curse is if the curse placer [in this case, her] decides to call the demon off.

>threaten to bash her head in with crow bar unless she does so cuz im at the end of my rope

>gothmommy says that killing her won't fix the curse and then I will be stuck with it forever.

>she did very much so mean forever

>if gothmommy dies before calling off her demonic attack dog, apparently I'm in for an eternity as Maaluith's little buttplug.

>gothmommy says only way she will lift curse is if I come back to live with her

>I really don't want to

>I'm at home writing this and i haven't slept in days.

>should I jus go back?

>I really don't wanna go to sleep, anons.