

Angela and the Cursed Overalls

Created May 2025, main storyline supplied by Carg, text and pictures by ChatGPT 4o.

Chapter One: The Purple Temptation

Angela Marsh had always hated shopping for clothes. The world, as she often muttered to herself, didn't seem designed with bodies like hers in mind. Every trip to the mall ended the same way: a trail of sweat, frustration, and changing room mirrors that told her everything she already knew. Today was no different.

She stood in front of a full-length mirror in a department store, tugging at a tunic that clung to her in the wrong places and drooped in others. "Ugh," she groaned, letting the fabric fall back to the hanger. "Who are these even made for?"

Angela was, by her own admission, a large woman. Obese, if you wanted to use the cold, clinical term. But she carried herself with the kind of no-nonsense defiance that came from years of being told what she should or shouldn't wear. Still, it didn't make shopping any easier.

After an hour of defeat in the plus-size section, she pushed through the revolving doors and back into the grey drizzle of the city. Her canvas tote bounced on her shoulder as she trudged down the side street, determined to head home and forget this whole trip.

That was when she saw it.

A narrow alley between a coffee shop and a boarded-up pharmacy. Angela had walked this route dozens of times but had never noticed the alley before—or the tiny shop wedged within it. It had a crooked little sign swinging above the door:

"Thimble & Hex: Unusual Garments for Unusual Folk."

In the dusty shop window hung a single piece of clothing—a pair of purple overalls. Not lavender or plum, but a deep, royal purple that seemed to hum with its own secret life. They looked vintage, somehow. The brass buttons caught the fading sunlight, and the fabric seemed thick, heavy, and undeniably expensive.

Angela's breath caught.

"They're gorgeous," she whispered.

Then she frowned. They were much too small. Just a size ten, maybe twelve, hanging there in all their taunting, perfect glory. She shook her head and turned away.

Not for me. No way those'll fit. Probably don't even carry my size in there. What kind of boutique even is this?

But she paused.

The overalls lingered in her mind like a song's melody long after the music stopped. She took a few steps back, hesitated, then finally turned and ducked into the alley.

The door opened with the tinkle of an old bell. Inside, the shop smelled of cedarwood and incense. Everything looked cobbled together: mannequins in moth-bitten shawls, hats stacked on bent

hatstands, shelves of scarves that shimmered and shifted colors when she wasn't looking directly at them.

"Hello?" she called out.

From behind a bead curtain shuffled a woman no taller than Angela's chest. She looked ancient. Her white hair was woven into thick ropes that hung like curtains on either side of her face, and her eyes were a cloudy green, milky and intense all at once.

"Ah," the woman said. "You're here."

Angela blinked. "Sorry, what?"

The woman said nothing more, simply reached to a rack behind the counter and pulled out a pair of the same purple overalls she'd seen in the window. They looked even smaller up close.

"Those aren't going to fit me," Angela said flatly.

The woman held them out. "Try them."

Angela stared. "Lady, no offense, but these wouldn't fit my left thigh."

"Try them."

There was no mistaking the command in her voice. Angela hesitated, then took the overalls. The fabric felt heavier than denim, but smooth like silk. It was warm, somehow—as if they had been waiting for her.

She stepped into the small fitting room and stripped off her loose jeans, bracing for disappointment. She slid one leg in. Then the other.

The fabric shifted. Expanded. Not like stretch—no, it *reshaped*. It wrapped around her calves, her thighs, her hips. The brass buttons popped up to her waist as though guided by invisible fingers.

They fit.

Perfectly.

Angela stared at herself in the mirror, jaw slightly open. The overalls hugged her body, but not tightly. They accentuated her curves without clinging. She turned side to side. She almost looked... good. No. She looked *great*.

Emerging from the fitting room, she found the old woman watching her with a knowing smile.

"I don't understand," Angela said.

"No need to," the woman replied. "They are yours. Twenty pounds."

Angela gawked. "Twenty? These look designer. They should be a hundred at least."

The woman shook her head. "No. Twenty. And..."

She reached beneath the counter and pulled out something else—an accessory.

A choker.

It was the same deep purple, made from what looked like velvet ribbon, with a single small charm in the center: a silver eye.

Angela hesitated. "I don't usually wear things around my neck."

"Today, you do."

Angela opened her mouth to protest—but something about the way the choker caught the light, about the cool sensation she felt just looking at it, made her nod.

She reached for her wallet.

Chapter Two: The Heat of Change

Angela stood in her bedroom the next morning, staring at the purple overalls laid out across her bed.

She hadn't even hung them up, as though doing so might break the spell. All night, they'd seemed to glow faintly in the moonlight—though that, she told herself, must've been her imagination.

She'd meant to tuck them away. To keep them in the back of her closet like a secret, a beautiful fantasy garment never meant to be worn in real life. But something had stopped her. Something kept whispering: *Wear them.*

Now, fully showered and dressed down to her underthings, she stared at the mirror. She stepped into the overalls again. They adjusted themselves as before, widening where needed and hugging in ways that didn't feel tight but... *right.*

They fit like they were made for her and only her.

Angela turned left, then right. Her full arms and soft middle weren't hidden, but the way the overalls cinched her waist made her look powerful rather than frumpy. The brass buttons gleamed. The legs were wide enough to move comfortably but tapered just so at the ankle. Even her posture felt different in them—like her spine remembered it used to stand taller.

But her stomach turned.

She imagined stepping out in public wearing them. The stares. The snickers. The assumptions. She'd spent years building a sort of invisibility armor—neutral colors, baggy tops, big scarves. These overalls were the opposite. Bold. Radiant. Defiant.

She couldn't do it.

Angela pulled a charcoal-grey vest out of the closet and shrugged it on. It covered enough of her upper half to quiet her anxiety. The overalls peeked out underneath, the color dimmed but not extinguished.

"There," she muttered, eyeing herself. "Compromise."

She slipped the choker around her neck—why not?—and clipped the small silver eye charm into place. It was strange. She didn't feel silly. It felt like part of the outfit. Or... part of her.

She stepped outside.

It was a warm, sunny afternoon. The breeze carried smells of street food and car exhaust, the comforting chaos of the city. Angela tried to act normal. She crossed the street, went toward the bookshop. Her plan was simple: be quick, be unnoticed, get back home.

But two blocks in, it hit her.

A sudden *heat*.

Not just from the sun. This was internal. A full-body flush, like a fever spiking. Her neck dampened. Sweat pooled under the vest, clinging uncomfortably to her skin. She gasped and stopped near a bench, pulling at the collar.

Her body felt *on fire* under the vest.

She had no choice.

With a groan, Angela slipped the vest off and balled it under her arm. A breeze rushed across her skin. Sweet relief.

And that was when she noticed.

People were looking at her.

A young man across the street actually paused mid-step and turned. A woman walking past gave her a once-over—then a faint, polite smile. No curled lips. No snide side-eyes. Just... interest.

Angela stiffened, waiting for the familiar flash of mockery.

But it didn't come.

An older lady near a flower stall said, "Love that color on you, dear. You don't see purple like that anymore."

Angela blinked. "Oh. Thank you."

A pair of teenage girls passed, whispering to each other, but the tone wasn't cruel. One of them even said "That's such a vibe," and the other nodded in clear agreement.

Angela didn't know what to do with herself. She'd spent so long trying *not* to be seen, that visibility felt like a threat. But this wasn't harsh spotlight attention.

This was... appreciation.

Curiosity.

Something else entirely.

Her heart raced, not with panic, but exhilaration. Every step forward now felt lighter. Her hips swayed with an unfamiliar confidence. Heads turned not with scorn, but with something closer to admiration.

The heat hadn't left her body completely. It thrummed just under the surface—like the overalls were alive, reacting to the attention, the sun, the pulse of the city. She caught her reflection in a shop window and barely recognized the woman staring back. She looked radiant. Not thin. Not conventional.

But *striking*.

Angela straightened her spine and kept walking.

She wasn't invisible anymore.

Chapter Three: A Comfortable Habit

Angela kicked the door shut behind her and leaned back against it, releasing a long, contented sigh. Her cheeks ached from smiling.

The day had drained her physically—more walking, more interaction, more eyes on her than usual—but emotionally, she felt light. Charged. For the first time in what felt like years, Angela didn't immediately retreat to her sofa and sigh into a pint of ice cream. Instead, she floated into her small kitchen, humming an unfamiliar tune, and made a proper meal. She caught herself grinning at the kettle as it whistled.

The overalls hung from her frame like armor and silk all at once. Even now, after a full day, they were spotless. Uncreased. Still warm.

She only took them off reluctantly, folding them carefully and laying them on the chair in her room before changing into pajamas. As she climbed into bed, a small flicker of worry tried to rise.

They're just clothes, she told herself.
But part of her wasn't so sure.

The next morning, after her shower, she opened her closet and stared at the usual suspects—baggy cardigans, long tops, comfortable leggings.

Nothing looked... right.

She glanced at the chair.

There they were.

The purple overalls, still immaculate, still humming in that strange, silent way.

Angela hesitated.

"Two days in a row isn't that weird," she muttered.

She slipped them on. They wrapped around her like they had the first time. Warm, perfect.

The third day, she didn't hesitate at all. By the end of the week, she didn't even consider anything else.

She told herself it was practicality—the overalls fit, made her feel confident, and they were easy to wear. But deep down, she noticed something had shifted.

Whenever she reached for something else—jeans, a dress, even her softest sweater—it felt *wrong*. Like drinking juice after brushing your teeth. Like sand in your shoe. She'd recoil and reach for the purple overalls instead, each time telling herself it was the last day.

A week and a half after that first outing, she met up with her friend Clara at their usual café. Angela had prepared herself for a side glance, a joking comment about her "new uniform."

But Clara squinted and leaned across the table with her iced latte in hand.

“Okay, seriously—what’s going on with you?”

Angela blinked. “What do you mean?”

“You look... good.” Clara tilted her head. “Slimmer. Not just the outfit. Your face. Your arms. You’re glowing.”

Angela laughed, deflecting as usual. “Oh, it’s the overalls. They’re magical or something.”

Clara raised an eyebrow. “Don’t joke. You *do* look different.”

Angela waved it off—but later, when she got home and caught her reflection again, she paused.

Was her face a little less round? Her upper arms slightly firmer?

She stepped onto the bathroom scale for the first time in months.

Five pounds down.

Not much—but noticeable. And the next week, another four. Then six. All without changing her diet, without adding exercise, without doing *anything* differently except wearing the overalls.

And she always *did* feel tired at the end of the day. Not sick-tired, not drowsy—just... used up, like a battery running down. But a good night’s sleep always brought her back.

Until it didn’t.

It had been a long Tuesday. She worked from home now, which helped—but the client calls had been endless, and her feet were sore from pacing during meetings. She collapsed onto the sofa that night, overalls still on, intending to rest just for a minute.

She didn’t wake until morning.

The room was dark, the air stale. Her body ached in places she didn’t expect—neck, shoulders, even her fingers felt clumsy.

Angela sat up slowly. “Ugh. Bad idea.”

The overalls were still on, of course. They looked just as they had the night before—no creases, no sweat marks, no signs she’d slept in them. But her head was thick, her limbs sluggish.

“I should’ve changed. The sofa’s too soft.”

She stretched, shuffled toward the kitchen, and tried to shake it off.

But the fatigue didn’t lift with coffee like it usually did. It clung to her, quiet and insistent.

And as the day wore on, she began to feel like something else—something just beneath her skin—was shifting.

Watching.

Waiting.

Chapter Four: Threads That Tighten

By the third week, Angela couldn't ignore the strange rhythm her life had fallen into.

Wake up—already in the overalls. Work—still in them. Eat, walk, rest—always in the overalls. Try to take them off at night, only to pause halfway, staring at herself in the mirror. Something in her reflection would grip her attention. Her eyes would soften. Her thoughts would fuzz.

Leave them on. It's easier.

And she did.

Every night now.

Every morning, she'd wake feeling groggy and drained, like she hadn't slept at all. Her skin felt dry. Her dreams—when she remembered them—were vivid, shadowy, full of voices she couldn't place.

But then she'd stand, the weight of the purple fabric comforting her shoulders and waist. A strange strength always returned once she moved. Not quite human strength—more like *momentum*, as if the overalls propelled her, guided her forward.

People still stared. Still smiled. Compliments continued, even when her under-eye circles grew darker, when her hair began to dull.

And through it all, Clara noticed.

"Angela, I'm serious," Clara said one Friday afternoon, pushing her coffee aside. "You look great, sure—but you also look *exhausted*. And you've been wearing the same damn thing every time I see you."

Angela forced a smile. "It's just comfy. And it fits so well. You said so yourself."

"Right. But when's the last time you washed it?"

Angela's lips parted—but she had no answer. She couldn't *remember*. Had she ever washed them?

Clara leaned in, concern plain on her face. "Look. Humor me. Take me to the shop where you got them. I want to see this magic boutique of yours."

Angela hesitated. Something tensed in her chest.

"I—I'm not sure I remember exactly where it was."

"Then we'll look together."

They retraced her steps from that day weeks ago—past the café, past the old boarded-up pharmacy. Angela felt uneasy. The alley was there, narrow and grimy, but the crooked little sign, "*Thimble & Hex*," was gone.

In its place was a locked metal door with faded graffiti.

They tried every door in the area. Every shop. Asked baristas, old women walking dogs, even a man sweeping his doorstep.

"Nope," said the man. "Been here ten years. No tailor shops around here, miss."

Clara frowned. "Are you sure? It would've been just a few weeks ago. Purple overalls in the window?"

The man scratched his head. "Never seen anything like that."

Angela's hands were cold. Her fingers fidgeted with the edge of one of the brass buttons on her chest.

"Maybe they moved," she mumbled.

Clara looked at her sideways. "And took the *entire* storefront with them?"

Angela offered no answer.

That night, Angela stood in front of her full-length mirror, watching herself again.

She thought about taking them off.

Her fingers hovered near the buckles. Her breath caught. Her shoulders tensed. A pulse—subtle but unmistakable—throbbed from the choker down through her spine.

Her hands dropped away from the straps.

And then she smiled. Not because she was happy. But because *she didn't know why she was smiling*.

Sleep came heavy and dreamless.

When she woke, it was still dark outside. She didn't remember falling asleep. The digital clock read 3:17 AM.

She sat up on the sofa, still wearing the overalls. She could feel the fabric clinging to her—not tightly, but *intimately*, as if it was part of her skin now. A layer deeper than clothing.

She stood, shivering.

In the bathroom mirror, her eyes were slightly sunken. Her jaw looked sharper. Her cheekbones more defined. In just a few weeks, she had lost more weight than she'd meant to.

She ran her fingers along the fabric at her thigh. It was warm. Pulsing.

Breathing?

She backed away from the mirror.

Something's wrong. I know it.

But the thought slipped from her like water through her fingers. She sat on the edge of the bathtub and closed her eyes.

By the time morning came, she had already convinced herself there was nothing to worry about.

Chapter Five: Unraveling the Thread

Clara had always been the practical one—organized, skeptical, allergic to nonsense. But something about Angela’s overalls had burrowed under her skin like a splinter.

She’d watched her friend lose weight too fast. Watched the sparkle fade from her voice, her skin grow pale, her eyes distant. Angela was disappearing—but not just in the literal sense. She was being *worn away*, thread by invisible thread.

Clara didn’t know what she was looking for when she started digging, only that no normal shop could simply vanish like that. She stayed up late, scouring online forums, digital archives, even a few old occult blogs she’d always laughed at.

But laughter turned to unease.

The name **Thimble & Hex** surfaced just once—buried deep in a thread on an obscure subreddit titled *Cursed Objects & Occult Tailoring*. A user had posted nearly five years ago:

“Ever heard of Thimble & Hex? Little tailoring shop that appears for the desperate. One of those traveling curses that moves like a flea market—different alleys, different cities. They say if you find it, it’s already too late. The clothes make you beautiful, confident—but they feed on you. Slowly. And you’ll never want to take them off.”

Clara’s throat went dry.

Another user replied with a warning:

“If they gave you a matching item—especially jewelry—it’s a binding. Don’t wait. Burn the item. Salt the space. Cut the thread.”

The post ended abruptly. The account had been deleted.

Clara leaned back, goosebumps crawling up her arms.

Angela wouldn’t listen. Not fully.

They sat on the park bench two days later, and Clara laid it all out—what she’d found, what she believed was happening.

Angela was quiet, face tilted up toward the sun. She looked thinner than ever, the purple overalls hanging on her body like a second skin. Not loose. Just... adapted.

The choker was still around her neck, the silver eye in the center now a darker shade—almost black.

“You need to take them off,” Clara said gently. “We can destroy them. Or at least the choker. That might be the key.”



Angela smiled faintly, but her eyes were glassy. Tired. Distant.

"I'm fine," she whispered. "It's not that bad. I feel... better when I'm in them."

"That's not *you*, Ange," Clara said, voice rising. "That's the thing *talking through you*. It's *feeding* off of you. You're half a ghost already and you can't even see it."

Angela blinked slowly. "I'm just tired."

Clara reached out, took her hand.

"I can do it," she said. "If you'll let me. I can try to break it."

Angela didn't pull away. But she didn't answer either.

That night, Clara returned to her apartment with a plan. She'd take the choker, burn it, and sever the connection. Maybe it wouldn't undo everything—but it was a start.

But when she called Angela the next morning, there was no answer.

When she knocked on the door that afternoon, no one came.

She pressed her ear to the wood and heard only faint breathing... and something else. Like a whisper of thread dragging across skin. A seam pulling tighter.

The locks wouldn't budge.

Angela was inside.

And the overalls would not let her go.

Chapter Six: The Stitch That Freed Her

Clara stood outside Angela's apartment as the sun set, the sky bruising with oranges and purples, the air dense with late summer humidity. In her canvas bag were a box of coarse sea salt, a spool of red thread, a lighter, and a bundle of dried rosemary wrapped in twine—everything she could cobble together from old folklore and frantic late-night reading.

She didn't know if it would work.

But she knew this: Angela was fading. The longer the overalls stayed on her, the less of her would be left. Clara had seen it in her eyes—how she wanted to fight, but couldn't summon the will.

So Clara would fight *for* her.

She laid the salt in a careful circle around the front door. Then she tied the red thread around her wrist three times, just as one forum had described—"*To bind the living to the living, not the garment.*"

Clara pressed her forehead to the door.

"I'm here," she whispered. "I'm not leaving."

Inside, Angela stirred.

She had been drifting in that half-waking state again, the world around her dim and muffled. The overalls cradled her, warm and unyielding, like a cocoon. Even the choker had tightened slightly, the eye resting against her throat like a quiet sentinel.

But Clara's voice cut through the fog.

"I'm not leaving."

Angela's fingers twitched.

And then she heard it—beneath the fabric, within the seams—a low *groan*, like old wood under pressure. The overalls pulsed once, tightening. Her breath caught.

No, she thought. *I want... out.*

The thought came sharp and sudden. Like a snap of scissors through thread.

Outside, Clara struck the lighter and touched the flame to the edge of the rosemary bundle. The leaves hissed and curled, a clean, pungent smoke rising through the air. She chanted quietly—half memory, half instinct.

"Unbind the thread, release the form,
What's not of her returns to storm.
This cloth that drinks, now break the thirst,
Let her be her own self first."

Inside the apartment, Angela gasped.

The overalls writhed.

Literally *writhed*—seams twisting, threads knotting and unspooling like vines. The choker constricted hard enough to choke, then slackened.

Angela grabbed the strap.

And for the first time in weeks—through pain and fear and trembling hands—she *pulled*.

The buckle snapped.

The overalls screamed—not a sound through the air, but through her bones. A shriek of frustrated hunger.

Angela tore them off, each tug like ripping off a second skin.

The choker dropped to the floor with a dead metallic *clink*.

And then silence.

Real silence.

Clara burst through the door moments later, heart pounding. She found Angela sitting on the floor in a tank top and underwear, drenched in sweat, breathing like she'd run for miles.

The purple overalls lay beside her, lifeless. Shriveled. The fabric was dull now, drained of its color. The silver eye charm had cracked in half.

Angela looked up.

"I did it," she said, voice raw. "We did it."

Clara dropped to her knees and pulled her into a hug. Angela clung to her, sobbing into her friend's shoulder.

The following week, they took what was left of the overalls and buried them deep in the woods, far from the city. Clara salted the soil. Angela said a quiet goodbye.

She never wore purple again.

But as the weeks turned into months, she began to reclaim her own sense of style. Not to hide, not to blend in—but to express.

Her weight stabilized. Her strength returned. Her smile became real again—not the dreamy half-smile the garment had given her, but one born of something harder won: freedom.

Angela never saw *Thimble & Hex* again. But sometimes, when walking past narrow alleys, she'd pause and glance down the shadows, just in case.

And each time, she'd walk away—not with fear, but with pride.

Because she knew now:

She didn't need magic to be seen.

The End.