

## Paul's Problems 4

### Sisterhood, Occult Research, and Bawdy Songs

By Rols Garten

“I hope you are fucking grateful.” Samantha leaned against the side of Allison's luxury car. She pursed her black lips and examined her fingernails, painted black for the occasion unlike her lips that were their natural colour. “I had to talk to my mother to get Olivia's information, and I *really* don't like talking to my mother.” Like Samantha, her mother, Dean Veronica Thorenson, was a sorceress. Unlike Samantha she hadn't been transformed into a sorceress by Paul, instead she had apparently been one for over ten thousand years. Samantha wondered if her tits would be quite so perky in the next historical epoch.

“Hey,” said Allison, “ass off the bumper.” With her amazonian build, courtesy of another intimate encounter with Paul, she was easily able to glare down at the short sorceress. Samantha stood up in a way that thrust out first her plump ass and then her large tits. She'd realised recently that while she and the amazon had been at the same orgies for the past few days, Samantha hadn't gotten any personal time with Allison's hard body and that was something that needed to be corrected.

Samantha had decided to go “full goth” tonight and as such was wearing a pair of torn fishnets, a tight black tank-top with no bra, and an incredibly short black plaid skirt. Short as in she had to make sure that her panties weren't too revealing or she might be arrested. But after all, they were going to a party.

The Phi Pi Phi Sorority was in full swing this Friday. The whole place was lit up and pounding bass could be heard out on the street while people constantly poured in to the place. A new trick that Samantha had learnt was that she could sense when people were horny. She probably hadn't picked it up over their initial transformative weekend because she was constantly surrounded by people who were *very* horny. But right now she could tell that this whole sorority was full of people who had come

here with what felt like the sole purpose of getting laid. If they weren't here looking for a missing person she might be tempted to enjoy herself. As it stood she intended to mix business and pleasure.

On Monday, Paul had encountered his new lab partner, in every sense of the word. Afterwards like the rest of the girls Paul had had sex with she'd gained a smoking hot body and become one of the magical species that had once inhabited the world, in this case an angel. Unlike the rest of the girls, she decided that she didn't like being transformed and had taken off into the stratosphere where nobody had seen her since. They'd tried asking around campus but nobody in their social circles seemed to know who she was, so Samantha had finally decided to bite the bullet and ask her mother the dean for where she lived.

Next to Samantha and Allison stood Paul and Iris. Paul had the cut physique of a... not really a body builder, more like a martial artist. Samantha had been the one to change him from his out of shape nerd build into something that she found more appealing. She'd also doubled the length of his eight inch cock because hell, go big or go home.

Speaking of big. Iris had the biggest boobs of the three girls, which was really saying something because while Samantha's boobs looked like they might be seen on an actual human being Allison looked like she was smuggling a pair of basketballs under her shirt. Except they were smooth instead of being all bumpy. And they were Allison's natural half asian porcelain skin tone instead of orange. Also they didn't have black lines all over them.

Anyways, Iris's were about half again the size of those and she also had a face that could grace the cover of *Vogue*, silken red hair that could have belonged to Jessica Rabbit, and she was also a mermaid now. Though she currently was sporting a pair of killer legs that were showed off by the jean shorts that she was wearing. Her only other articles of clothing were a pair of flip flops and a bikini top that barely managed to cover her nipples which Samantha thought was a bit ridiculous seeing as it was the middle of September.

"It must be nice living in a sorority," Iris said while leaning against Paul and stroking his abs

through his shirt. “Surrounded by all those hot girls all the time.”

Allison grinned, “You know, not every hot girl likes other girls the way that we do.”

Iris scoffed, “Then why be one?”

“Girls,” said Paul, “can we focus? Please?”

“It's possible,” said Samantha, “stranger things have happened.” She lifted a hand and light poured out of the mystic tattoos that ran up her arms and down her back. A few motes of light jumped from her finger tips to attach to her and the other girls. “This party's supposed to be invite only, so I cast a spell that will make everybody in there think that we're somebody else's friends.”

“What about me?” said Paul. “I don't exactly have an invite.”

Samantha rolled her eyes, causing her black and purple loose pigtails to bob up and down. “It's a *sorority* party Paul. Have you really looked at yourself? None of these girls is going to question whether or not you have an invite. Now come on.” She walked with an exaggerated motion to her hips, leading the way into the sorority house with a confident strut. As she walked inside to the loud music and dim lighting of the inside she held out her hand and somebody passed her a drink in a disposable red cup because that's just the way things work. As she turned around to face the rest of her group she cast a spell to transform the cup and it's contents into a crystal glass filled with red wine. She took a sip and smiled at her friends.

“So what's the plan?” Allison had to shout over the music.

Samantha cast a quick spell to make sure they could hear one another and took another sip of her wine. She loved having pale and flawless skin and black lips, nipples, and vagina to contrast with it. She loved having huge boobs and an ass that people could start a war over. She loved the fact that she was surrounded by beautiful women and a hot stud that were in the mood whenever she was. But really, more than anything else that had changed in her life in the past week, she loved being able to do magic. “You and I,” she said to Allison, “can ask questions about Olivia down here. Paul and Iris? You go up and check on her room, my mom said that it's supposed to be number twelve, try and find hair or

something so I can put together a tracking spell.”

“Wait,” said Paul, “you can do that? Not to be lewd, but my dick was covered with her juices on Monday. Couldn't you have done it then?”

“Look, who here is the expert on magic?” Samantha said, evading the question. The truth was that that hadn't occurred to her until just this moment. “Just get me a hair or something and we can find your Neil Gaiman reject and get her back to,” she made a disgusted face, “normal.”

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The top floor of the sorority was a bit quieter than the bottom. There was only enough volume on the music to rattle Paul's bones and only a few small clusters of people seemed to be occupying the place. Most of them seemed to be going to or from the various bedrooms. Paul had noticed that there didn't seem to be a lot of guys at the university but what few there were seemed to be at the sorority party.

One guy, obviously drunk, stumbled by and glanced at Paul and then stared at Iris for a moment. He turned back to Paul to give him a big grin and thumbs up before stumbling back down stairs. Iris gave him a shy wave as he left.

“Samantha mentioned Neil Gaiman,” said Iris.

“So?” Paul started looking for room twelve. Unfortunately the rooms didn't seem to actually be numbered.

“Didn't I see a few of his books on your shelf? I think you two should go out on a proper date sometime.”

“We are kind of sleeping together.” There did seem to be paper signs on the walls next to some of the rooms for new arrivals. Most of them had been taken down but if that was room number 4...

“I mean a *date* Paul. You turn up at her room with some flowers, maybe lilies and something purple, you go out for a coffee or dinner and then to a movie, something violent...” She looked lost in her fantasy. “Then you'd take her back to your place where you'd sprinkled rose petals over everything and spend a night making beautiful and passionate love. The kind that they write poetry about. Not that

you'd stop having sex with the rest of us, just that you'd do couple stuff in between.”

“Is this really the best time to be talking about this?” He'd found what he hoped was room twelve and tried the knob, fortunately it was open. “Let's just grab something and get out of here.”

“What?” Iris looked around the room with a frown. “Sorority girls have to share rooms too? This school's kinda bogus sometimes. Which bed do you think is hers?”

“That one,” said Paul. He pointed to a bed that looked like it had been folded by a military recruit, that entire side of the room was impeccably neat in a way that may have bordered on mental illness. The room's other occupant looked like their preferred form of decoration involved most of their clothes being on the ground.

“How do you know?”

“There's a picture of a girl that looks like her on the bedside table.”

Iris leaned in and looked at the picture. “She looks like that?” The girl in the picture looked quite a bit like Olivia, except that she had blue eyes where Olivia had green and black straight hair next to Olivia's chestnut curls.

“Yeah, that must be her sister or something.”

“Wow, no wonder you want to get her back.”

“I'm not 'getting her back' she said she doesn't want to have anything to do with me.”

“Her loss,” Iris frowned at the picture, “and mine.”

“Uh,” said a voice from behind them, “this room's taken. You'll have to find somewhere else.”

At first Paul thought that it might be Olivia but this girl didn't have a British accent and when Paul turned around the girl looked East-Indian, with deep brown eyes and dark hair. She also had a killer figure, with breasts that probably meant that she probably wasn't used to being the smallest girl in the room. All squeezed into a tight purple dress.

“Oh,” said Paul, “we were-”

“Hi!” Iris stuck out a friendly hand. “You're Olivia's roommate?”

“Yeah, Riya.” She shook Iris's hand and frowned. “You know Olivia?”

“I'm Iris and this is Paul. We're looking for her,” Iris said, “have you seen her?”

“Not since Tuesday morning.”

Paul stepped forwards, “You saw her after Monday?”

Riya met his eyes for the first time since he'd entered the room and suddenly he felt it. That crazy feeling like someone had just hooked up the part of his brain responsible for his libido up to a car battery for half a second. The twinge, the feeling that had come before he'd transformed each of the other girls. Before they threw themselves at him. *Oh shit*, thought Paul, *not now*.

“Yeah,” Riya looked Paul up and down and played with her hair a bit. “She looked a bit... different but she was here.”

“How different?” Paul asked, desperate to keep her on track, “anything strange?”

“She looked like she'd been hitting the cross trainer. Guess I just never noticed. Other than that? She was sleeping without a shirt on so I saw that she'd gotten some ink.” Riya bit her lip.

“Ink?” asked Iris.

“Yeah, tattoos, thought it was tribals at first. Then I realised they were like stylized wings.” She sighed a bit at the memory. “Kinda cool looking but her mom's gonna freak.” She licked her lips and stepped forwards. “So... how well do you know Olivia, Paul?”

Behind her Iris had sneaked around and shut the door, locking it as well. Paul gave her a bit of a glare. “I just met her this Monday.”

“So nothing serious then?” She took a step forwards and reached up to touch his shoulder, pressing her soft body against his. “I could tell that she'd just been fucked the way that she sneaked in through the window naked on Monday. Was that you?” Paul had been backing away from her a bit when suddenly she pushed him and he landed on her bed. She fell on top of him, giving him a view of a delicious canyon of chocolate coloured cleavage. “And here you are with another girl...” She glanced over her shoulder and back at Iris, her eyes widening a bit. Paul was guessing that like the other girls a

mental change had just shown her how to appreciate the beauty of the female form. Iris for her part looked very interested. Riya shivered a bit and looked back at Paul. “That's ok, I like my orgasms frequent and uncomplicated.” She wiggled a well padded rear in the air, right in Iris's direction.

Paul was about to protest, seeing as how this had gone so wrong last time, but then that same feeling of his libido shooting through the roof hit him and he suddenly had his hands all over Riya's soft body. She'd put on a tight dress for the party, and Paul started working at the buttons in the back. He soon found a second pair of hands helping him as Riya reached back, and then a third as Iris was there.

“I'm just going to help,” she whispered to Paul, “I think this should be a personal experience.”

They stripped off Riya's purple dress, leaving her in a pair of matching purple panties and bra that were quickly on the ground. She smiled, rubbing her naked crotch against Paul with her soft and smooth body exposed. She cupped her round breasts, large enough that she could lift one up and give it a little lick. “Your turn,” she said and started attacking his jeans. Paul lifted his own shirt above his head, listening appreciatively to the “Ooh,” that Riya made. She pulled his pants down and gasped, looking at Paul with a mischievous grin. “I can honestly say this is the second biggest I've ever had.”

“*Second!?*” Both their gazes went over to Iris, still clothed and sitting cross-legged on the floor.

Riya smiled, “My brother had this friend and... never mind. I'll just-whoop!”

His libido raging out of control, Paul grabbed Riya by the thighs and flipped her onto the bed, with a grunt he plunged into her. She gasped and started to moan. Normally Paul would have been worried about the noise, but from the sounds coming from the other rooms in the sorority they were probably making the room less conspicuous.

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Downstairs, Samantha was talking to a girl. Mindy, Samantha thought her name was. “Oh, that Olivia girl? Yeah, I haven't seen her all week. I think she might have had a family thing and had to go back to England?”

Samantha nodded. Judging by the arousal that she could detect in this girl, and the glances that Samantha had caught her taking at her boobs, she thought that maybe Mindy was a likely source for amusement if this evening turned out to be a waste. Samantha had heard the term “generically pretty” but seeing Mindy she felt like she got it for the first time. Hot, but not in a way that stood out from any other hot girl. Still, there was something alluring about having white bread Mindy take a walk on the wild side.

She was about to probe further, when a wave of raw sex hit her like a freight train. She blinked, but her mother had given her a few lessons in the mental discipline that a sorceress needed, which was the only reason that she wasn't throwing herself at Mindy right now. She'd only felt this a few times before, it meant that somebody was being transformed. Which, when she looked at it was obvious. A large group of pretty girls, plus Paul, equaled somebody becoming something else.

Samantha quickly scanned the room, catching sight of Allison. “Say Mindy-”

“It's Tiffany.”

“Tiffany, could you refill this for me?” She held out the empty wine glass.

Tiffany took the glass and frowned at it. “Uh... where did you get-”

Samantha was already walking off, Making her way through the crowd towards Allison. “How the hell did you manage this?” she asked Allison.

“What?” said Allison completely innocently. She looked like an empress holding court. She was reclining on a sofa wit a drink in one hand while two girls of the same sorority blond model as Tiffany leaned against the couch by her feet and two guys that could have been male models leaned by her head.

“We've been here like ten minutes...” A new wave of lust hit her. “Never mind. We have to get to Paul it's an emergency.”

Allison nodded and set her drink down getting up to follow Allison while leaving behind a gaggle of followers that looked like kicked puppies. Samantha led her upstairs. *Shit, they didn't number*



*the doors. Wait if that door is four then that one has to be- Fuck it, I'll just use magic.*

She raised a hand, focusing on a mental image of Paul and letting loose with a short range tracking spell. A bead of light shot from her finger to one of the doors. “That one,” she said, “break it down.

Allison nodded and stepped up to it. “Wait,” she frowned and looked at Samantha, “can't you just magic the door open?”

“Well yeah, but I want to see you break the door down.”

“Samantha...”

“Ugh, fine.” She shot a spell at the door and it popped open with a click. “You're no fun.”

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The dick pumping in and out of Riya had her clutching at her bed's covers and unable to speak. Part of her wanted to explain how while she'd had a *longer* penis, Paul had him beat in girth. However the sensory overload coming out of her vagina meant that all she could say was: “Uh uh! Oh yes! God yes! Oh wow you're so- oh fffffuuuuck!”

She wasn't quite sure what had come over her. One moment she was about to throw Paul and Iris out of her room and the next she was overwhelmed with an undeniable need to fuck him. He seemed to reciprocate as he pounded into her. Riya liked it rough and she was glad to see that Paul had picked up on that.

The lock to her room clicked and a note of panic struck through her. *Oh fuck, Olivia's back!* She tried to lift Paul off of her but her hands seemed to have different ideas, instead caressing his physique before gripping his shoulders so she could get a better angle. She did glance up as the door opened and was surprised to see that it wasn't Olivia, but two other women. Riya was amazed that she'd never quite noticed just how *good* girls looked before and these two were no exception.

The pale girl in the fishnet stockings came in first, licking black painted lips and going over to curl up beside Iris. “Has it started yet?” She asked while practically humping Iris she threw herself

against the poor girl so hard.

“This was your emergency?” said the second girl to enter the room. She was incredibly tall and muscular, especially for an asian girl. Her giant breasts were barely contained by the tight t-shirt she was wearing and her short-shorts off long toned legs that set something off in Riya. She began to work herself against Paul even faster, feeling the heat of an orgasm building in her chest. “*This* is an emergency, Samantha?” the asian girl repeated. “You're horny?”

The pale girl, Samantha apparently, had Iris pinned and the two were kissing passionately while Samantha ran her hands up and down Iris's enormous boobs. The sight was just too much for Riya and combined with Paul's continued ministrations, she felt an orgasm roll over her like thunder. She screamed out and started squirming and writhing underneath Paul.

“Allison look!” Samantha said to the asian girl, “it's starting!”

Riya panted as her orgasm subsided, only to gasp as another feeling overtook her. It was like her body was producing an intense heat, but without any burning sensation. Indeed she found it quite pleasant. It seemed to start at the top of her head, and then slowly start to work its way down her. As it moved it felt like her body was shifting. Her hair, usually kept down to her shoulders, grew out and started to look like something from a shampoo commercial. She also couldn't see how exactly but her face was definitely changing, the strange feeling of bone and muscle shifting around under her skin should have frightened her, but instead it was all just exciting.

The other girls seemed to be largely ignoring each other now and were focusing on her changes. “Whoa,” said Allison, “what's with her eyes?”

“What?” Riya's hands went to her face, “is there something wrong winuh-?” She tried to talk but a strange stretching feeling was coming from her tongue. The end of her tongue was now sticking out of her mouth and seemed to have become thinner. Experimentally she stuck her tongue out and was surprised as her now quite thin tongue stretched out to a full foot. She gazed wide-eyed at the fork on the end of her tongue. She pulled her tongue back in and felt it conform to it's original shape. “Huh...”

she blinked a few times, “That's different.”

Then the feeling ran down her neck and into her arms and shoulders, now she could watch the change as she held out arms looked like someone was going over them with a photo shop tool, erasing microscopic blemishes and leaving behind flawless smooth skin. She watched as the muscles under her skin also changed, becoming not necessarily larger, but definitely more toned. She ran her hands appreciatively along her new arms but suddenly stopped when she felt what could have been twin nuclear explosions going off in her tits. She involuntarily closed her eyes and bit down on her lip as the sensations from her breasts overwhelmed her and left her taking in deep gasping breaths.

She eventually pried her eyes open to see her breasts growing. Dark brown nipples pushing forwards as the rest of her body seemed to quiver in sympathy. She'd always been big, by the time high-school had rolled around she'd had boys lined around the block just to get a glance. Now they were like a pair of balloons hooked up to a pressure hose, the law of conservation of mass taking a nap while her breasts jumped past their initial D range and well into the range of... well into the range of the other girls in the room. She was approaching the pair of cantaloupes that Samantha had stuffed into her tank-top and then surpassing them to reach the pair of half watermelon t-shirt deformers that Allison was sporting.

Another surge of pleasure hit her and with it came even more growth. She pressed her hands over her tits and moaned at the sensation. The skin under her fingertips had a wonderful stretching sensation that made every other interesting part of her anatomy tingle. Finally the growth seemed to slow down a bit and she took her eyes off her breasts. She was a bit surprised to see that Samantha was leaning in close giving them a critical eye.

“Nope,” she said. She was close enough that Riya could feel Samantha's breath on her tits. Some unexplored part of her sexuality wanted the pale girl to lick at her nipples and she thrust her chest out invitingly. Samantha didn't seem to get the message. “Looks like you're still the biggest Iris.”

The redhead giggled and shook her giant tits from side to side.

“Only just though,” Samantha looked up at Riya and grinned, then gave one of her nipples a lick which after everything she'd felt was almost enough to give Riya another orgasm.

“Are you all right?” Paul said to her.

“All right? Have you seen me? I look-” her eyes went wide. “Oh! We're not done.”

The warmth had spread to her waist. After the feelings from her breasts it was almost anticlimactic. But she did appreciate the way that her waist naturally tapered inwards, showing off her naturally wide hips. It was when the wave of change reached those hips that things became interesting again.

While at first she the only thing she noticed was that her already wide hips flared out and she placed her hands on her ass to feel it fill out. Then she started to feel something peculiar, some rough texture building up on her thighs. “What?” She rubbed at it. “Are those... scales?”

Suddenly something seemed to force her legs together, and then made them start to grow longer, and longer. She stared at her legs not knowing if she was terrified, fascinated, or aroused as they stretched out further and further, almost as long as her whole body had been before they started changing. The scaly texture on her thighs was spreading too, now reaching down her transformed legs but stopping at her hips and left a “v” on her front and back that left her vagina and ass unaffected.

“Oh my God!” Iris was leaning forwards and gazing at Riya's change, along with Samantha and Allison. All three girls had shed their clothing at some point and in the case of Iris and Samantha were openly touching themselves. “Are we finally getting one?”

“Getting whaaaaaaa-” Riya screamed as the changes accelerated. The scales spread over her in a dark green wave, except on her front where pale ridges started to form. Her legs, or leg, or tail started to grow longer and longer, eventually becoming much too long for her bed and beginning to trail along the floor. It became flexible too, and with a simple thought she found she could gather up all of her tail and curl it up underneath her.

Iris was bouncing up and down and clapping, “Wow! We finally got a snake girl!”

“Snake girl?” she ran a hand along part her tail. Unlike an actual snake it was warm and there was a natural smoothness to it. She shuddered at the sensation. The actual tail was very long, the room almost didn't have enough room for it and she had to keep most of it curled under herself. If she had to guess she'd say that she was at least twenty feet long.

Suddenly there was a very pale hand also running along her tail and Samantha was there, grinning through her black lips. “There's some debate over what exactly to call your species. The way I see it, everybody knows what I'm talking about when I say snake girl.”

“Are you ok?” Something had Paul on edge.

Riya gave him a grin and, again without consciously thinking about how to do it she slithered over to Paul, who had moved away while she was transforming. Using her long tail as a stand she was able to lift herself up and see eye to eye with him. “I'm so much better than ok Paul.” The relief that washed over Paul was palpable and she smiled as she turned away, then paused as she caught sight of herself in the mirror on her closet door.

There wasn't a square inch of her body that hadn't been changed. Besides what she'd already noticed the colour of her hair seemed to have become a bit darker of a brown and her face had rearranged itself. It wasn't too extreme, she didn't feel like she was looking at the face of a stranger, but she was definitely prettier, no *hotter*, than she'd been before. But by far the most striking change that hadn't been readily apparent was her eyes. The brown colour of them seemed to have taken on other characteristics, with some flecks of yellow all through out, and the big change was that her pupils were now reptilian slits. She stuck out her now long tongue and was a bit shocked when she made a hissing noise without meaning too. She blushed and looked at the other girls. “Did Paul change all of you too?”

Allison folded her arms and Samantha hefted her breasts while giving Riya a sarcastic look. Iris just giggled and before Riya's eyes Iris's legs became a bright blue mermaid's tail. “Some of us more than others.” She leaned back and flipped her hair over the back of her head and Riya was struck with a strange sense of kinship.

“You can change back and forth?” Riya asked her.

Iris looked a bit concerned, “Can you not?”

Riya was about to say that she didn't know, but then realised that like the muscle memory to move around with a snake's tail instead of legs she *did* know how to change her tail back into a perfectly functional pair of legs. “Yeah, but who would want to do that?”

Iris giggled, and then gave a little scream as Riya curled her tail under herself and lunged like, well, like a snake. The two girls mashed their massive mammaries together while Riya flicked out her long tongue to explore Iris's mouth. It was the first time that Riya had ever kissed another girl, and she had to say that she was hoping it wasn't the last. She probed Iris's mouth with her long tongue, making the other girl shudder and reach a hand up in between their breasts to play with Riya's nipples.

Her tail swished around the room, stopping when she hit a muscular leg. Without quite realizing what she was doing, Riya allowed her tail to crawl up the leg. “Hey,” said Allison, “what the-?” She then gasped as Riya's tail found her pussy and plunged inside. Riya broke off her kiss with Iris and gave a little gasp. Her tail wasn't sensitive in a sexual sense, but she could still feel every inch of it entering Allison, could feel as the asian amazon sank to the floor and hear her gasps and moans as Riya's tail went to work. She smiled at Iris and started using her extra long tongue to probe the mermaid's anatomy as she slithered down her body.

She retracted her tongue just long enough to say, “Oh Paul...” before she twisted her hips sideways. Apparently the changes to her body had left her more flexible as turning her hips perpendicular to the rest of her body didn't even feel like a strain. She reached down and used her fingers to spread her pussy.

Whatever misgivings Paul might have had earlier he was quickly getting over them as he was soon on his knees next to her, guiding his cock into her and then thrusting over and over with . Riya continued to move down Iris's body until finally reaching her pussy and going in with her long tongue. Again this was a first for her, but it was amazing.

Her tongue didn't have the length and girth that Iris was no doubt used to from Paul's massive dick, but Riya was certain that she had an advantage in speed and dexterity as she put her forked tongue to work. Apparently Iris approved as the mermaid started moaning while humping her pussy against Riya's face. "Yeah," said Samantha's voice from behind Riya, "No way I'm sitting this out." There was a flash of light and Riya felt a tingling sensation from her anus.

Riya broke off from Iris and turned, managing not to dislodge Paul only due to her extreme flexibility. "What are you...?" She could barely form a coherent thought with the sensations from Paul and Allison flooding her brain, and Iris had reached down to grab her head and bring her back to Iris's glistening pussy.

Samantha stood behind her with what looked like solid light in her hands. She'd shifted it into a long rounded shaft and she slipped one end into her own pussy then, gently, slid the other one into Riya's ass.

Riya opened her mouth but the sensations coming from all over her body were too much for any noise to come out. Iris guided Riya back down to her pussy just as she saw Paul and Samantha lean over her body and start to make out. She hissed in pleasure at the continued sensations coming from every part of her body as she brought her tongue back into play on Iris. Behind Riya she could feel that her tail, almost of its own accord had wrapped even more of itself around Allison while still penetrating her. She now had enough of Allison in her grasp that she could pick the girl up, doing so while the asian girl kept screaming her pleasure. Most of Riya's incredibly strong tail was caught up in keeping Allison in the air so she was quite close to Paul and Samantha, close enough that Samantha was able to reach over and cop a feel of one of Allison's firm tits.

Apparently that one sensation was enough to drive Allison over the edge and as her powerful pussy clamped down on Riya's tail and she began to thrash around in her confines, riding the waves of pleasure and stroking the tail that held her aloft. That set off Riya and as she started bucking in her own orgasm and Paul and Samantha soon followed suit, the feeling of Paul's seed shooting into her almost

enough to set Riya off again.

All that was left was Iris and with the speed at which Riya could move her tongue Iris soon came hard enough that she was thrashing around like a girl having a seizure. Riya grinned at the sight and grabbed the mermaid under the armpits, moving her onto the pile of her twisting tail where the others were laying and basking in their afterglow. Riya slithered herself over to Paul, resting her giant new boobs against his chiseled chest and drawing him into a deep kiss. She let her tongue linger in his mouth after breaking the kiss, drawing it back into her own mouth slowly with another hiss. "So," she asked, "what did you turn Olivia into?"

"Ah," Paul's expression immediately soured, "that."

"Oh no!" Riya brought a hand up to her mouth. "She didn't turn into anything gross did she?"

Samantha stood up and started poking around Olivia's side of the room. "Nah," she said. "She turned into an angel. I didn't get a good look at her but it was pretty hot."

"Oh," Riya thought for a moment, "is that what those tattoos on her back were about?"

"Probably." Samantha picked up a hairbrush and squinted at it. "What the hell? Who doesn't even have hairs in her *brush*?"

"Yeah... Olivia's a bit of a neat freak..." Riya smiled. "Where is she anyways?"

"That's the problem!" Samantha sighed. "She freaked and flew the fuck off! If I could just get like a hair or a toenail or something I could track her down with magic, I'm a sorceress by the way, but nope! I can't find a damn thing on this side of the room." Samantha sat down on Olivia's bed in frustration.

Riya thought for a moment. "That kind of makes sense. I don't think she's exactly normal about that sort of thing. That could be why she ran off too... if anybody would freak out over sudden changes in her body it'd be her."

"Actually," said Paul, "I think she's the only one of you girls that's acted like a normal person."

Riya shrugged, enjoying the way her new boobs bounced. "I don't know. This snake girl thing is



sexy but I wouldn't mind being able to fly.” She smiled at the thought but then her eyes went wide.

“Wait, you said she's an angel?”

Samantha rolled her eyes, “Don't worry about the theological stuff. It's not even like-”

“No, wait, hang on.” She dislodged Paul, Allison, and Iris from their positions on top of her as she slithered over to her nightstand. “I found these on the windowsill.” She opened her desk drawer and rummaged around for a bit. “I don't usually collect this sort of thing but... well...” She held out two feathers. Long and perfectly pale white, they were so white that they almost seemed to glow. They could have been carved from pearl or ivory the way they caught the light. “Would these work to find her?”

Samantha was across the room in a second. “Oh yeah! I can get started on this shit right away.”

“Really?” Paul sat up, “So we can find her tonight?”

“Uh, no, I said get started. This can be a bit tricky.” She looked around for a place to put the feathers. “As much as I hate to do it I'm gonna have to ask my mother for help too...” She sighed and started looking around for her clothes. “You are going to owe me for this Paul.”

“I'm grateful.”

“I'm serious, I'm talking about like three days straight of cunnilingus and back massages.” She threw on her skirt and tank-top, taking a second in the mirror to make sure that everything was tucked in. “And I'm going to miss the rest of an evening's fucking. It's been like a whole week since I had a go at Allison.”

“I'm not an amusement park ride.” Allison had crawled over next to Riya and Paul and was making eyes at both of them.

Samantha laughed, “Baby, you're roller coaster, a drop of doom, and a God damned churro stand all rolled into one.” She blew a kiss at them and opened the door. In the hall was one of the sorority girls whose eyes went wide as she took in the sight of three naked girls and a guy in the room, two of the girls being obvious supernatural creatures. Samantha sighed and a bead of light appeared at

her finger and she stabbed it between the sorority girl's eyes. "You didn't see shit!" She said and slammed the door.

Riya looked at Paul and Allison. "Yeah," said Paul, "she's always like that."

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Hitomi sat in a car outside the sorority house with her head in her hand. They'd been following Paul for over a week waiting for an opportunity to grab him, but so far he was always with either the sorceress or... or Hitomi's sister. Allison.

The divine mistress and head of their order had explained to Hitomi how Paul Peters was the great corrupter. A foul and perverted man, he had used evil magicks to twist Hitomi's sister and several other girls to his desires, making them virtual slaves. He'd made her sister into some sort of combination amazon love slave and bodyguard. He'd had help in this of course, from the sorceresses. One was the dean of the university and the other was her daughter.

Hitomi swallowed involuntarily at the thought of the daughter. Hitomi'd been on the receiving end of the botched attempt to capture the daughter. She swore her mouth still tasted like flies.

A little sickening feeling caught in Hitomi's throat. There she was now, the sorceress. Hitomi shrunk down a bit in her car seat and watched her go. She was clutching some sort of feathers in her hand, no doubt for some horrible arcane ritual involving... goat blood or something.

She waited about a half hour more until she appeared. Her sister, Allison. She wasn't quite sure why the others had joined the order, but she had joined when she found out about her half-sister's mother.

Standing next to Allison was someone that Hitomi didn't recognise. Her dark brown skin and hair marked her as either east Indian or middle eastern, and her impossible figure meant that Paul had definitely gotten his sticky hands on her. Allison and the girl had stopped to talk to each other and Hitomi slowly rolled down her window just a crack to hear what they were saying.

"...has better stamina than that. This whole Olivia thing has got him all out of sorts." said

Allison.

“Yeah, but you were saying that there were some other girls too?”

“Oh yeah. More amazons like me, and a pair of nymphs.” Allison pulled out her cellphone. “I’ll see who wants to meet up at my apartment. I’m sure they’ll all want to get a look at you...” The two girls shared a lustful stare before getting into Allison’s car and driving away. Hitomi remained in her car, fuming. The Allison she knew would *never* behave like that. It was all down to that horrible Paul and-

She blinked, doing some math in her head. She’d been there when Paul arrived, he only had Allison, the sorceress, and the mermaid with him. With the other two gone it was just Paul and the mermaid left, Hitomi could handle the mermaid and bring in Paul.

She smiled, going over what she knew. They’d mentioned an Olivia, that was the name of the head of their order’s daughter and she had also been corrupted by Paul. Before that, the head of their order had them keeping tabs on Olivia, so she knew where her room was. Hitomi was betting that if Paul and the mermaid were anywhere they would be in Olivia’s bedroom. Another thought clicked into place, she *did* recognise the girl with Allison. She was Olivia’s roommate. That cinched it, they had to be in Olivia’s room.

Fortunately, Hitomi was wearing her civilian clothes instead of her uniform and the party was in the phase where everyone was drunk enough that nobody noticed if somebody just walked in. She made her way upstairs to Olivia’s room, pausing outside and drawing a small black TASER out of her purse. She took three deep breaths and then burst into the room, aiming the TASER around and looking for Paul.

The room was empty. Hitomi sighed and sat down on the better made of the room’s two beds. She didn’t even want to know what had happened in the other bed. She was certain that Paul was here, and there was no chance that she had missed him going out. She leaned back on the bed and rubbed at her eyes.

Another weight came down on the bed next to her. Hitomi slowly opened her eyes to see a girl with strikingly red hair and an amazing figure, she was also naked. The mermaid. “Hey there!”

Hitomi shrieked and jumped off of the bed, aiming the TASER at the mermaid while looking over her shoulder. “Where did you come from?”

“Oh,” said the mermaid as she sat up. She currently had legs and she curled them up underneath her. “I was hiding in the closet.”

“Why?”

The mermaid's face scrunched up. “You ask some strange and difficult questions.”

“Where's Paul?”

“He's in the bathroom. Hey, do you know a girl name Allison Sakamoto? You look so much like her. That's not racist is it?”

“Stay back!” Hitomi kept the TASER pointed at her and gestured with it threateningly.

“...Kay.” The threat seemed to have no affect on the girl. Paul could be hiding anywhere in this building.

“Again, where is Paul Peters?”

“...Bathroom. I already said that. Are you feeling ok?” Absolutely nothing in her face, body language, or voice changed in any way but when the mermaid said: “You're not going to hurt him are you?” Hitomi's spine turned to solid ice.

“I said stay back!”

The mermaid gestured to herself, running a hand along her curves. “I'm not moving.”

“You just... I'm taking Paul Peters and you can't stop me.”

“Say...” the mermaid smiled, “would you like me to sing you a song?”

“I- wait what?” Was this one mentally deficient? Had Paul turned her into some brain dead bimbo?

The mermaid said up and clasped her hands together, holding them just under her chest. “It goes

like this.” She opened her mouth and Hitomi heard a wordless melody.

The music seemed to come from nowhere, like the mermaid was singing directly into Hitomi's head. “Stop,” she tried to say but instead she dropped her TASER and took a step forwards. She tried to pull back but her legs felt like they were being drawn along on strings. She took another step and another and soon enough she was in front of the mermaid. *This is a nice song*, she thought. *The girl singing it is nice, and so sexy*. She felt a warmth growing between her legs and started rubbing her hands against the crotch of her pants.

Part of her was trying to fight it, trying to keep herself from succumbing to her urges, but it was a very small part and she'd already shoved both her hands down her pants as that wonderful song rebounded throughout her head. Suddenly the song cut off, but the intense arousal running through Hitomi was as strong as ever. She slipped her jeans down around her knees along with her panties as she rubbed her pussy with both hands, mouth wide as she basked in the sensations that her body was producing.

“Did you like it?” the mermaid asked.

Hitomi glanced to the side. The mermaid was on all fours with both of her massive knockers dangling right in front of Hitomi. Without quite realizing what she was doing, Hitomi tried to reach out for them but the mermaid pulled back.

“It's called a siren song. Samantha was telling me about it.” Hitomi lunged at the mermaid again but she effortlessly got up and out of Hitomi's reach. “She said that some people tried to hurt her, and I should know how a mermaid defended herself.”

That somebody could even *be* this horny was something Hitomi had never considered. Her lust was so strong she could *taste* it, it almost seemed to make a noise like a dull roar in her ears. Wordlessly she slipped more fingers into her pussy, trying to reach an orgasm that just wouldn't come. She worked her fingers in and out of herself faster and faster and hovered just at the edge of her peak, but nothing seemed to be able to move her closer. “Let me...” She moaned and looked at the mermaid.

“Let you? Let you do what?”

“Let me cum!” Laying on her back with her pants around her ankles and her knees spread wide, her t-shirt was already soaked through with sweat and her nipples stood out like a pair of pencil erasers.

“But that's how this works! My song makes you horny and then keeps you there. You're lucky I didn't sing the whole song or you'd be like this for days. You'll just be like this for... probably the next three hours. I think. It's the first time I've done this.” While she'd been talking the mermaid had slipped on a pair of tight jean shorts and a bikini top. She checked herself out in the closet mirror, fixing her hair and making sure that not too much, or too little, was showing.

Hitomi rolled over onto her front and groaned, she now had most of her fingers inside her and was trying to move them as fast as she could, giving every bit of attention that she could to her needful pussy. “This is torture!”

“Yeah.” The mermaid turned towards her with the same cheerful grin on her face. “I hope you'll remember that the next time you try to hurt one of my friends.” Suddenly she sang a few more notes of her wordless song. Hitomi squealed and started rubbing herself with even greater intensity, to her shock she even stated leaning forwards and extending her tongue to try and lick her own clit.

“I made a new friend tonight who could probably manage what you're trying. Needless to say she's off limits too.” She bent down and picked through Hitomi's pockets and took out her wallet, glancing at the driver's license. “Oh that explains why you look like her...” The mermaid headed for the door but then stopped, turning back with a serious look on her face for the first time. “Do this again and I don't care who's sister you are. I'll make you masturbate until your heart explodes.” She swept out the door.

Hitomi whimpered a bit.

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Paul stepped out of the bathroom when he ran into Iris. “Hey,” he said.

“Hey,” she smiled, “you wanna get out of here? Back to your place maybe?”

“I was thinking we might want to search Olivia's room more...”

“Oh, there probably nothing important in there.” She smiled at Paul and ran a finger up one of her legs. “It's been a while since I wrapped these around you.”

Paul smiled back. “I thought you preferred your tail?”

“Oh, a girl likes a bit of variety. Your place isn't too far right? I'd like to share the walk with you.”

“Yeah, ok sure.” Paul looked into Iris's innocent blue eyes. That's how he would describe her, of all of the girls she was the most innocent.

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When she finally came, Hitomi could only enjoy it for a few seconds as the most intense orgasm of her life washed over her and she blacked out. The next thing she knew, someone was shaking her shoulder. “Get up,” said a voice with a British accent. “You're in my bed.”

Hitomi's eyes snapped open and she shrieked. Sitting straight up and then realizing that she was not only naked from the waist down but that she'd fallen asleep with most of her fingers in her. A kleenex box appeared at her side, “Here,” said the same British voice. She looked at the hand holding it and up the toned arms to stare into the face of an absolutely gorgeous girl with curly chestnut hair, full lips, and sparkling green eyes. She was wearing a pair of jeans that looked far too tight and a button down shirt that she had to tie the ends of together to get it to cover her massive bust. She shook the kleenex box again. “You're loony if you think that I'm going to let you wipe your hands on my linens.”

Hitomi wordlessly took a tissue from the girl and wiped her fingers off. “You're-”

“Stand, please.”

“You're Olivia aren't you?”

“Yes, now stand. I need to make the bed.” Hitomi stood and watched as Olivia smoothed out the wrinkles that she'd left on her comforter, she hadn't even gone underneath the sheets but Olivia just shook her head at what to Hitomi's eyes was a perfect bed. “I'll have to wash all of them.”

“Did they send you here to...” She felt tears building up in her eyes. Olivia looked at her with a raised eyebrow.

“What?”

“Does Paul want me dead?”

“How the hell should I know? I doubt it though, he doesn't seem the type.” She frowned a bit, “Good God, you thought I was here to *kill* you?”

“Well, I uh...”

“I'm not here to kill you, sweet.” She smiled. “I'm here to help you.”

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The night with Iris had left Paul waking up feeling very content. He reasoned that there just weren't a lot of things that could compare with waking up next to a redheaded mermaid smiling at you while the sunrise's rays turn her hair into melted copper. As she woke up she sat up in bed then stretched, something Paul thought he could watch her do all day. He felt a sort of fluttering under his sheets and glanced underneath them to see that she'd just turned her tail back into her legs. As Iris stood up and got out of bed she leaned down and kissed him. “It was nice having you all to myself,” she said.

“Yeah, just having one person to focus on was...”

“Nice?”

“Yeah, nice.”

“I'm going to take a shower. Then I'm going to cook eggs, do you have eggs?”

“If I don't have eggs I will run out and get you some eggs.”

“So gallant.” She kissed him again.

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It took Iris another half hour to get in the shower, and with Paul joining her the shower itself took the better part of an hour, but eventually they did go into the kitchen and confirm that yes, Paul had eggs. Iris donned an apron that she'd found, and nothing else. She claimed that while the apron was necessary



the whole rest of the day was a naked day until somebody forced them to put clothes on.

She was just dishing up a couple of omelets when the lock on Paul's front door clicked open. Paul moved to cover himself with one of the table napkins' while even the normally shameless Iris turned so that the only part of her facing the door was the one covered by the apron. "Do your parents have keys to this place?" Iris asked.

"Yes."

They held their breath as the door opened, and then let it out as Samantha walked through. "Hey Sam!" said Iris. "You want some eggs?"

Samantha looked at them with a frown, she was wearing the same tank top from last night but had switched to a more casual pair of jeans. "Great," she said, "everybody got laid last night except me."

"You had sex with Riya." Paul said.

"*Everybody* had sex with Riya last night. Allison took her home and then invited the rest of her tribe over--"

"Her what?"

"It's what you call a group of amazons. Anyways she got her whole tribe over and then called the nymph twins."

"They're also not really twins." Paul said while shoving a forkful of omelet into his mouth. Iris had also sat down and started to eat.

"What. The fuck. Ever. The point was that they ended up having sex where somebody was screaming so loud Allison's downstairs neighbors called the cops because they thought somebody was being murdered."

"The cops came?" Iris had her mouth open. "Are they in any trouble?"

"*They're* fine. According to them the pair that knocked on the door was a pair of attractive man and woman cops. They say one thing led to another... I honestly think they made that part up because I

didn't see any fucking evidence of fucking cops. I think they're all over there thinking up new ways to piss me off.”

“Oh,” Iris said, “they're still over there...?” Her nipples were obviously erect through her apron, seeing as the apron was barely large enough that it *could* cover her breasts anyways. “Paul,” she turned to Paul, “I know we said that we were going to spend the day in but...”

“It's fine,” said Paul. “You can go.”

“Really? You don't want to come?”

Paul shrugged, “It's Saturday. Thought I might take the day off.”

Iris looked at Samantha and she gave a little nod. “I'm just going to go get dressed and then...” She smiled and shrugged a bit. “See you Paul.”

Samantha sidled over and finished up Iris's omelet while Iris got ready and then left. Samantha sighed and then looked at Paul, “Alone at last.”

Her hungry expression didn't look like “Can't we just cuddle” was going to be an acceptable answer but Paul cleared his throat and said, “How did it go with the feathers?”

He didn't expect Samantha to deflate and slump back in her chair. “Ugh! I spent all night on that stupid thing and I've got nothing Paul! One of the feathers even burst into fucking flame! I asked my mom and she was all, 'Oh, some angels have a resistance to magic. I thought you'd know.'” she took on a nasally tone that in no way sounded like her mother to relay this last bit. “She says that in order to get through the block we'll need a coven and that means at least three sorceresses, which is a problem because there are only two on the planet. Also a coven has to have sex to cast spells and just... no.” She stuck out her tongue, “I like you Paul but I'm not fucking my mother for you.”

“I understand.” He sighed and looked at his omelet. “I guess we need another way to find her.”

Samantha was quiet for a second. “...Oooooor the main problem is that we don't have enough sorceresses right? Why don't we just make a few more? I've been looking in on what makes girls turn into what, right? Apparently there's this like attracts like principle? I think that's why *all* the girls on

Allison's fencing team were amazons. Anyways you might remember me mentioning that I was in the occult research society? There's just these two other girls in there-”

“Samantha,” said Paul, “no.”

She stopped and looked at him wide-eyed. “Why the fuck not!?”

“Because we're in this whole mess because I changed a girl without consulting her.”

“That was a fluke! Riya was fine with it, and you changed her too remember?”

“I couldn't control myself. If you're right about these two I won't even go near them.”

“Oh,” Samantha bit her lip, “that might be a problem.”

Paul blinked, “They're on their way over aren't they?”

“...Maybe? Well, maybe I won't even need you. Allison got her amazons all by herself you know.”

Paul pinched the bridge of his nose. “Don't you think they deserve to know what they're getting themselves into?”

Samantha rolled her eyes. “Ok fine. If we tell them that they'll change and they say 'no thanks' we won't change them.” She shrugged, “Besides, they might not even trigger.”

“Good,” said Paul. “One more thing.”

“Oh my God... what!?”

“Don't think that I haven't noticed how none of you girls are letting me be alone for even a second ever since Olivia disappeared.”

“Oh... uh... hmm...” Samantha blushed, and with her chalk white skin she could blush like a champion. “That's not anything. You're such a fine physical specimen what kind of girl would want you to be left alone?”

“Even when I say: 'Hey, this stuff is getting to me. I'd like to be alone for a moment?’”

“...Suicide watch.”

“Really.”

“Oh yeah... there's not going to be any other reason is there? We couldn't have you just... I mean what guy wouldn't when he was surrounded by beautiful women having sex with him all the time...” The door bell rang. “Oh thank Christ!” Samantha sprung up and rushed to the door.

Paul realised that he was still naked and retreated to his room. People weren't telling him something and that was rubbing him the wrong way. But he quickly threw on a t-shirt and jeans and went back out into the front room.

The two girls sitting with Samantha on his couch looked up as he entered. What struck Paul immediately was that the girl on the left was a redhead who had died her long hair blonde save for the roots and the other was a blonde who had died her long hair red. “Paul,” said Samantha. She pointed at the died blonde, “This is Harriet.” Harriet was skinny, with big horn rimmed glasses and a small nose. She was sitting hunched over, like she was trying to hide her body from Paul. “And this is Jade.”

“Hey there,” said Jade. She had deep blue eyes than drew Paul in and a rather deep voice for a girl. Not too deep though, just deep enough to be smoky and tingle at the edge of Paul's libido. The rest of her body, while not exactly plain, was nothing special with a modest bust and hips. But there was a lightning behind those eyes that almost had Paul catching his breath. Neither of the girls were particularly tall either, like Samantha they were quite short.

“Hi,” said Paul, “has Samantha told you what all of this is about?”

“Well,” said Samantha, “I don't want to *trigger* anything if we don't have to.”

“Right,” said Paul. That was a good point. He hadn't felt any twinge from these girls yet and they might not even be the kind that would transform.

“Paul,” Harriet said, “Samantha tells us.” She swallowed, “Samantha tells us that you think your house is haunted?”

I shot a glare at Samantha, who shrugged. “That's not exactly accurate.” Honesty hadn't worked that well with Olivia, but Paul was a terrible liar. “Samantha brought you here for sex.” It was close to the truth anyways.

Harriet's mouth went wide but Jade smiled. "Samantha..." Jade said, "I thought that you were only into girls?"

Samantha shrugged, "Well, you know, you can experiment with the opposite sex in university and it doesn't really count." She shot Paul a wink.

Harriet bit her lip and looked at Paul. "I'm... maybe?"

Jade laughed, "I'm surprised we got that much out of you."

"He is kinda... hot. I don't like girls like you two but-" The twinge hit then. With two girls at the same time it was so intense that Paul fell forwards onto the couch, only to feel a pair of legs wrap around him from the side. He looked up into Jade's deep blue eyes only for her to lick his cheek.

"Uh, Samantha..." Paul said. He turned the other way to see Harriet straddling Samantha, hesitantly leaning forwards to kiss her. She was becoming less hesitant by the second. "Samantha we had a deal."

"Aw fuck me!" Samantha said. She waved her hand and suddenly Jade and Harriet's hands shot above their heads. With another gesture both girls floated up in the air, suspended above Paul and Samantha. Harriet gave a little shriek while Jade just gazed at Paul with an almost frightening amount of lust. He was guessing she didn't like being pulled away in the middle of what she was doing.

"Ok girls," said Samantha, "here's the story." She took a deep breath and:

"Paul is the chosen one and is going to bring back a new age of magic by revealing hidden magical creatures like me and probably the both of you he had sex with me and made me look like this and you can't notice because of a memory charm placed on all of us by my mother who is actually a ten thousand year old sorceress and I'm a sorceress too and we're hoping that you two are also because then we can use you to cast a spell to find this girl that Paul turned into an angel and freaked out and made Paul nervous about turning any more girls without their consent because that's what will happen if you have sex with him and possibly me." Samantha stopped and stuck out her tongue and coughed a bit. "Oh fuck, I need a glass of water now." She held out a hand and after the sound of a cupboard opening and closing and a tap running a glass of water sloshed into her hand. She held it up

to her black lips and drank it in one go.

“So wait,” said Harriet, “if we have sex with you two we get magic powers?”

“And we get to look like you?” said Jade.

“Yes,” said Samantha.

“Ok, why the fuck are we still wearing clothes!?” Samantha laughed and her tattoos glowed as both girls's clothes started unbuckling and lifting off of their bodies. Jade giggled while Harriet stared in open mouthed awe.

Paul felt magic lift him up and he floated over to Jade, whose hands were still pinned above her head as they floated together. “I don't think that Samantha is going to let me down...” She smiled and shook her average breasts from side to side while spreading her legs. “She's always been a bit kinky...” She looked down and her eyes went wide. “Holy crap! Is that all you?”

Paul looked down to see the size of his erection straining at his pants. “Uh, yeah.”

“Then we better get those off!”

Fumbling at his pants, Paul took a glance over to Harriet and Samantha. To his surprise Samantha hadn't floated up to meet Harriet. Instead the skinny blonde was floating spread-eagled above Samantha while one of Samantha's magic light dildos was working its way in and out of her pussy. Harriet's face was screwed up in pleasure and then opened up in shock as a second dildo appeared at her ass and started to work its way in.

“Ahem,” said Jade.

“Oh,” said Paul, “right.” He slipped off his pants, letting his massive cock free and pulled off his t-shirt for good measure. Jade reached her legs down and wrapped them around him, pulling his weightless body up to hers. He reached down to get a grip on his erection and guided it into Jade.

“Fffffff-” She bit down on her lip and started bucking against him, pulling him close and resting her modest breasts against his hard body. “Gah! Uh! Full! So full!”

Paul drove his hips into her, every thrust met with a gasp or a moan. The thing was, she actually

was incredibly full, more than any of the other girls so far. He didn't know if it was down to Samantha's magic or if it was just how Jade was built but he could feel her having to stretch to accommodate him.

The changes started in her hair. Like somebody flipping a switch all of the dye in it disappeared, leaving her with a dirty blonde mane that was thrashing back and forth in sheer ecstasy. Then that hair began to become lighter, passing first through a honey colour and then into platinum blonde.

She kept riding him. Squeezing her eyes shut against the pleasure and forming her lips into an 'o' as she screwed herself up and down his cock. Where before she had a light tan and a few freckles, her skin was now lightening in the same way that Samantha's had. As it did Paul saw that her lips were also changing colour, though unlike Samantha's black lips they were becoming a candy apple red. They also looked a bit bigger but Paul didn't know whether or not that was real or if it was an optical illusion of the bright colour against her now alabaster skin. Paul glanced down to see that her nipples were also the same shade of red but they were soon hidden from view as her swelling breasts pushed against his chest.

Paul ran his hands over her body to feel her change. He felt fat on her waist literally evaporate under his fingers, while her ass filled out and her bones stretched as her hips became wider. With her breasts still crushed against him he couldn't quite tell how big they were but they were firm enough that she was being slightly forced away from him by their continued growth. He could feel the hard nipples poking into his chest lengthen slightly as he leaned forwards to pull those amazing red lips into a kiss. She started breathing even more heavily as her tongue entwined with his.

A wave of lust washed over him and he intensified his thrusts, breaking off the kiss and focusing entirely on the increasing tightness in her snatch. Jade rocked her head back in pleasure, letting him see that she was now ahead of Samantha in the breast department as they were almost as big as her own head now. Eyes fluttering open, Paul could see that her deep blue eyes had turned the same red as her lips and nipples. She gave him a wicked grin and increased the pace of her fucking as animal noises bubbled up from her throat.

Paul couldn't hold it back any longer as he came and the sensation of him shooting into her seemed to be enough to set her off. She arched her back, shoving breasts that had gone past the size of her head into the air. Her pussy clenched down and seemed to milk his cock, wave after wave of pleasure rolling over her as Paul noticed red tattoos of the same flowing design as Samantha's creep over her shoulders and up her still bound arms. Her orgasm seemed to end and Paul pulled out of her pussy as she licked her lush red lips. "Oh wow, I can feel magic." Her red eyes locked with Paul and she smiled. "It's so great! Every nerve in my body is alive with it!" She made a little cooing noise and looked up at her arms. "Samantha? Can I lower my arms now?"

"Shouldn't need my permission," said Samantha in a bored tone.

"Oh yeah!" Deep red light shot up Jade's arms and out of her eyes. There was a snapping sound and suddenly she lowered her arms, one to feel her new body and one to feel Paul's. "Does it feel like this for you Samantha?"

"Huh? Yeah. Probably." Paul and Jade both turned and were shocked to see that Samantha was on the couch looking bored, with all of her clothes on. Harriet was looking nowhere near as bored, however she didn't look like she'd changed at all either. She looked like she was coming down from her own orgasm, while Samantha's glowing magic dildos continued to work in and out of her pussy and ass.

"Uh, Samantha?" said Paul. "Are you feeling ok?"

"Huh? Oh yeah. Just doing a little experiment is all."

Both Paul and Jade floated down to rest on the couch next to Samantha. Paul guessed that this was Jade's doing. "What... kind of experiment?"

"I wanted to see what makes her change." She grinned at Jade, "Love the hair by the way. And all the red."

Jade blushed a bit. "Thanks. Black really suits you."

"Doesn't it though? Hey do me a favour and join hands with me." Samantha extended her hands



daintily and Jade took them. As Paul was sitting between them they were just above his lap.

“Is this a spell?” The eagerness in Jade's voice was clear.

“Yes, but for now just focus on sending me your energy.”

“Is there anything I should do?” asked Paul.

“Just be quiet, I have to concentrate.” A small gasp escaped from Harriet, still being administered to by Samantha's magic. “You too.”

“Uh,” said Paul, “is she going to be all right?”

“Oh yeah,” Samantha leaned a bit closer and whispered in his ear, “her safe word is 'petunias'.”

Samantha closed her eyes and so did Jade. Both of their tattoos lit up like the Vegas strip, almost too bright for Paul to look at, and the air in Paul's living room started to crackle with energy. Suddenly there was a pop and a flash of light and in the middle of the room, just below the floating Harriet, was Alice.

Alice was an amazon that had been a member of Allison's fencing team. Her bright blue eyes were currently wide and she was wearing a bathrobe over her muscular frame. Samantha had helped all the transformed girls with re-sizing their wardrobes so this one fit pretty well with lots of extra room as it was supposed to be a big fluffy bathrobe. However her curves could still be seen, especially an ass that was stupendous even by the standards of the transformed girls. “I got sucked through a portal,” Alice said, still blinking.

“Yeah,” said Samantha. “That was me.”

“And me.” The look that Jade was giving Alice made it very clear that she wanted into that fluffy robe.

Alice held up a dark blue mug. “I was making tea.” She had a listless look on her face that matched the somewhat detached tone of voice that she currently had. She looked up to see Harriet floating above her and still being fucked by the magic cocks. “Oh, hey there. I'm Alice.”

“H-H-Harrieeaaaaah!” The petite girl shook as another orgasm hit her. “Harriet.”

"I'm Jade."

Alice sipped her tea. "Nice to meet you." She looked at Samantha and Paul, "So what are you doing?"

"Science," said Paul, "apparently."

"Alice," said Samantha. "Could you touch Harriet for me?"

"YES!" Alice jumped a bit as Harriet shouted. "I mean, please, yes."

Alice shrugged still sipping her tea as she reached up and started to caress Harriet. Being six feet tall meant that Alice could reach her pretty easily. For someone that looked so uninterested Alice was being quite sensuous, moving slowly and caressing the smaller girl's nipples. She even pulled Harriet down low enough that she could kiss her... between sips of tea.

"Hmm," Samantha had one finger up on her lips in a contemplative pose. The effect was spoiled by her other hand currently playing with her own nipples. "Jade, now you."

"Yes ma'am!" Jade floated up and across the room to beside Alice, giving the amazon's ass a firm squeeze as she went by to float above Harriet. Jade's tattoos glowed for a second and the glowing dildo working its way in and out of Harriet turned red and became longer and double ended. With a sigh Jade lowered herself onto it and started humping her hips against Harriet. The thin girl let out a gasp and started working her hips back at the same time as Jade and Alice's lips met above her.

"Still no change..." Samantha was frowning and her brow was furrowed with thought. Again, the effect was spoiled due to her having both of her hands down her pants. "Ok, fuck it, my turn." She turned to Paul, "If I don't change her, you come in and... finish the job." She winked at Paul and strode over to the trio of ladies. She held out a finger hesitantly, "Let's see... I think I'll start with- Fuck!" As soon as Samantha reached out and touched one of Harriet's nipples the changes that had taken minutes in all the other girls took her over in seconds.

Her flat chest abruptly shot up at least a half dozen cup sizes while her skin abruptly turned ivory white. In contrast, her nipples and lips (both upper and lower) took on a bright cotton candy blue

that was soon matched by her hair save for a few streaks where her natural red showed while that same hair lengthened down to past her ass and ended up at mid thigh. She let out a little groan as her body shifted into an hourglass figure while her ass plumped up. From his perspective on the couch Paul could see her dark blue tattoos start on her back and grow up over her shoulders, weaving symmetrical mystical curlicues down her arms and stopping at her wrists. Almost immediately, deep blue light poured from Harriet's tattoos and she floated to the ground, hands running over her new body.

“Ooh,” Harriet cupped her breasts and played with the nipples.

“Neat,” said Alice, still sipping her tea.

“Uh, Alice?” said Samantha.

“Hmm?”

“Are you feeling all right?”

She lifted her mug and pointed to it. “I haven't had my tea yet.”

“Riiiiiiight.” Samantha took on a serious look and leaned in next to Harriet's breasts.

Harriet was leaning to the side as Jade pulled her into a kiss so she looked down at Samantha out of the corner of her eye. “What are you doing?” She said as she came up for air.

“Mother. Fucker.” She grabbed her breasts and started shaking them. “How are these the smallest!? How!?”

“Actually,” said Paul, still sitting on the sofa. “I think that Olivia was a bit smaller than you.” He shrugged, “I mean she ran away so-”

Samantha clapped her hands. “Right, ladies, we have work to do.” She turned to Alice, “Do you want us to send you back home?”

The amazon lifted her tea to her mouth and drained it. Suddenly a smile spread over her lips and she shook out of her robe, her tall curvaceous body glistening with what looked like a light layer of sweat. Every part of her anatomy seemed to pulse with sexual potential. It was like watching Linda Carter turn into Wonder Woman. She stepped towards Paul while swaying her goddess like hips,

planting one long leg up on the couch and then reaching down to caress his chin before pulling him into a deep kiss that bristled with passion. “No thanks,” she murmured as she broke the kiss and left Paul breathless. “I’ll stay a while.”

“She’s getting me all worked up,” Harriet said, pressing her body in against Jade’s while rubbing at her own breasts. “How am I supposed to concentrate on work?”

“Don’t worry,” Samantha moved in close to both of the other sorceresses and wrapped her hands around their hips, “for sorceresses, work usually involves sex.”

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As Alice bounced up and down on Paul’s eager cock, Samantha led her new coven into a circle. They joined hands and met each other’s eyes, licking their lips in anticipation. Samantha had stripped off her clothes after producing Olivia’s feather from her pocket.

“What is that?” Jade said as Samantha held the feather between them.

“A feather from an angel.” Samantha reached forwards and tickled Heather with it a bit. The blue haired girl squirmed.

“And what are we going to do with it?”

“Track the bitch down” Samantha put the feather in between the three of them and let it hang in the air, suspended by magic.

Across the room, Alice moaned out in an orgasm but instead of stopping just seemed to ride Paul harder. Harriet squirmed, “When does the sex part start?”

“Horny little fucker aren’t you? Is this the same Harriet that had to mouth the word P-E-N-I-S?”

Harriet leaned forwards, making eye contact with Samantha. Her eyes were now a deep midnight blue. “When. Do we get. To the sex?”

Samantha smiled, “You’re a sorceress too. You tell me.”

A frown creased Harriet’s face as she dug through the new knowledge that had suddenly appeared in her brain. “Oh!” she said with a smile and lay down on the ground. Samantha and Jade

followed suit, spreading their legs so that one of the other girls could get at their folds. Samantha licked eagerly at Harriet's blue pussy while Iris probed Samantha's black one. Of the three of them Samantha knew that Harriet was the only one that had never licked a girl out before, Jade having been a confirmed bisexual and occasional fuck buddy of Samantha's before her transformation. Still, the way that Jade's moans were reverberating through Samantha's clit made a good case for Harriet's ability to pick up new skills.

As their pleasure built, their tattoos started to glow. Dimly at first, but steadily getting stronger and stronger. She felt magic tingling under her skin while she built towards orgasm. She attacked Harriet's pussy, moaning into it as Jade's tongue probed her. Magic was filling her and she could feel an orgasm approaching quickly.

When it hit, it hit like a damn freight train. She screamed and thrashed around on the floor like a landed fish. The combined feeling of sexual bliss and being absolutely *overflowing* with raw magical power was too much for her and without any of the other girls so much as breathing on her she had another orgasm right there. When she finally came down, she was able to see that like her the other two sorceresses were laying on the ground grinning stupidly and glowing in the aftermath, literally. A clean white light shot from their every pore, a symptom of the massive amounts of magic each girl was now in temporary possession of.

Samantha drew her fingers out of her pussy, where she hadn't even realised that she'd put them, and watched as sparks jumped from her skin where her fingers made contact. "Cool," said a voice from above her. She turned her head to see Alice on all fours, looking down at her with big sultry blue eyes with a big open mouth. "Can I try?"

"Sorry, got work to do." Samantha started to pick herself up focusing on the feather in front of her.

"Over here big girl," said Jade. Alice gave a little "Whoop!" as she floated off the ground and over to Jade floating in the air. The two girls met in a 69 pose and sparks flew where their tongues

contacted. It seemed to only take a few seconds for their first orgasm to roll over them.

Samantha tried to ignore them, as well as Harriet making her sultry way over to Paul. Paul was looking a little bit worse for wear, which considering that Samantha had given him a sexual stamina to rival a stallion was saying something. But Samantha blocked it all out and focused on the feather in front of her.

*Seriously though, Paul is going to owe me for this.* She was picturing some very personal time with that sixteen-incher of his, some candles, a few rose petals, and enough baby oil to float a battleship. For starters.

The feather floated in front of her and she focused on it, on the connection between it and Olivia. A tiny part of Samantha didn't see why *Olivia* should be eating up so much of Paul's attention when Samantha was right *here*. But she focused on the link and she felt the wall of energy that had incinerated the feather the last time she tried this. Samantha's mother would probably know some clever way around this, but with what she'd gained from the other two sorceresses she didn't need to be clever and was able to bash down the barrier and home in on Olivia. "Ha!" she shouted. "Got her!"

Samantha returned her focus to the room to see that nobody was paying attention to her. Alice was running her hands through Jade's platinum locks while Jade's hands locked around Alice's ass. Their tits were pressed together in a way that had Samantha wanting to touch herself. That and the way Paul had Harriet bent over the couch and was pounding into her from behind. Samantha groaned, there wasn't going to be enough baby oil in the *world* for Paul to make this up to her.

She clapped her hands above her head and everyone in the room was forced apart and their minds were subjected to the equivalent of a cold shower... at least that's what was supposed to happen. Instead just as she forced the coupling pairs apart all of that extra magic that she got from her threesome with her coven suddenly tapped out so she was left with two couples that, while separated, were desperately trying to get back together while giving her evil looks. "Guys, or girls and guy, what the fuck ever, I found Olivia!"

Paul was the first to come around. "Where?" he asked. His huge erection was still sticking out and he could barely tear his gaze away from Harriet spreading her legs and fingering herself in front of him, but at least he was on topic.

"She's in town, which is good because I was worried she might have fucked off back to jolly old England. But this," she held up the feather, "should lead us right to her." She handed the feather to Paul. "It's drawn to her like a magnet."

Paul held it and frowned. "Can't you just teleport her here like you did with Alice?"

"No, it's that weird magic resistance she has. I'd frankly be a bit scared to try."

Harriet's face lit up, literally as she was still glowing with excess magic. "Hey I know, if we can't bring her to him let's bring him to her." She held out a hand and shot a bolt of blue light at Paul that connected with the feather first. There was a flash and suddenly Paul was gone. The whole room sat in stunned silence for a few moments. "Ok," said Harriet, "I might not have thought that through."

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Paul felt like he was being forced through a very narrow and cold space. Suddenly there was a popping sensation and he landed on something soft. His head felt like it was full of molasses and for a few moments he flailed around uselessly trying to get his bearings. At the edge of his hearing somebody was singing.

Things snapped into focus, he was in a bedroom laying on a wide double bed. It looked like a hotel room. He could hear a shower running in the next room and that was where the singing was coming from. Whoever it was had a clear and beautiful voice that was tinged with-

Paul swallowed. The person singing definitely had an English accent. Like Olivia's. What had Harriet said? That he was sending him to her? Now here he was, naked on a bed with Olivia having a shower in the next room. This was kind of the opposite of the message that he wanted to send.

The shower stopped and Paul panicked, looking around the room for somewhere to hide and settling on a big closet by the room's TV. Hurriedly he scrambled in and hid among her shirts as he

could hear her coming out of the bathroom. She was still singing and Paul blushed a bit when he heard the lyrics.

*“I thought you jerks could give me the works,”  
she said in accents cool.*

*“But I guess I must go to the land of the snow  
to find a man with a tool.*

*I'm going forth to the frozen north,  
where the pricks are hard and strong.  
That is the land of the all night stand,  
and the nights are six months long!*

She giggled to herself and Paul could hear her moving around the room. It occurred to him that most of the time when he'd taken a shower he'd gotten dressed afterwards. That meant that this closet might have been the worst place to hide. It was about this time that the closet door opened into the brightly lit room and there stood Olivia, wearing a pair of bluejeans and nothing else. His eyes went up her long lithe legs and lush hips to her toned tummy and firm and full breasts. Not quite the same size as the other girls's but still quite big and deliciously firm as Paul knew. Her round face was framed by her wet chestnut curls and her sparkling green eyes were wide with her mouth open in shock.

“Paul!?”

“Uh...” Paul glanced around nervously. “This isn't what it looks like.”

“It looks like you're naked and hiding in my closet.” Olivia said.

“Ok, this is a lot like what it looks like. Look I-”

“Never-mind,” she glanced over her shoulder at the door. “You need to get out of here.”



“Wait, please. I know you hate me-”

Olivia narrowed her eyes. “What? Oh right, I guess I can see how you'd reach that conclusion.”

“Right, look I can put you back to normal.” Paul got out of the closet and held his hands up. “I can fix all of this.”

“I don't want that.” She leaned over into the closet and started moving her shirts around, making minute adjustments to her hanging shirts. From this angle Paul could see the stylized wing tattoos on her back. A frustrated noise bubbled out of the back of her throat. “God, look at them. You moved them all around.” Paul watched as she moved her shirts around minute distances. The end result was that they were all as evenly spaced apart as if she had used a ruler, after a moment she selected a shirt and slipped it over her head. It was a plain black t-shirt that nonetheless managed to look stunning on her figure.

“You don't want to be normal again?”

“Of course not.” She looked over her shoulder with a wink. “Have you seen how I look?”

“Oh...” Paul frowned.

“So where are your clothes?”

“Uh... didn't bring any.”

“What? How did you...?”

“Magic.”

“Of course.” Olivia rubbed at her eyes. “I don't suppose you could just magic yourself out of here? No of course not, it's Samantha that has the magic right?”

“Wait,” said Paul, “wait how do you know Samantha?”

Olivia's lips pinched shut and she went a bit pale. “I can explain that. I just need you not to judge until you hear the whole thing.” There was a knock at the door. “Blast.” She shoved Paul towards the bathroom. “Get in there and keep quiet!” She hissed at him.

“Olivia?” A girl's voice came through the door. She had a slight accent that Paul couldn't place

at first. Something asian? He wasn't sure.

“Oh shit,” Olivia whispered. She glanced at Paul, “Bathroom, get in and don't make a sound.”

“What? Who is that?”

She gave Paul a big shove into the bathroom and he took a second to be surprised at just how strong Olivia was. She may not have had the bulging muscles of the amazons but she was definitely more powerful than even her toned frame suggested. He turned around just in time to see Olivia shut the bathroom door. He heard her voice call out “Coming!”

Paul took a moment to look at the bathroom. Even for a hotel bathroom this place was spotless. It didn't look at all like Olivia had just showered in here. There wasn't even any fog on the mirror, had she wiped it off?

He dismissed these thoughts as he heard Olivia speaking to somebody outside. “And what's going on with you?” said Olivia.

“Did I hear you talking to somebody?” the faintly accented voice asked.

“Oh no, just singing to myself again.”

“Oh. Well I just got off of the phone with your mother. She'll be here in a few hours.”

“That's good... Will she be with the rest of the Order?”

*Order?* Paul narrowed his eyes. He had the distinct impression of whatever the other girls weren't telling him was about to become important.

“Not *all* of the Order, but the ones in town yes. We're sorry for what happened to you, but you're going to get your revenge soon. With you on our side we might be able to get past the dean and finally get to that... corrupter.” She spat the last word.

“Good, if I ever see Paul again I'm going to tear him apart for what he did to me.”

Paul knew for certain that he was missing some key pieces of information.

“Right well, before that do you mind if I use your bathroom?”

*Oh fuck...*

If Olivia was worried it didn't sound in her voice. "Sure thing. Just make sure..."

"I'll leave it clean."

Paul glanced around and jumped into the bathtub, closing the shower curtain and ducking down. He heard the door open and someone walk inside, shoes clicking on the tiles. Whoever it was shuffled around for a bit, she did *not* sound like she was going to the bathroom. Paul was getting curious but he didn't dare peek out from behind the curtain. He had to have been laying in the tub for five minutes when he heard Olivia say, "Any problems?"

"No." Called the accented voice. "I just thought that I'd have a quick shower."

Paul's blood turned to ice and suddenly the shower curtain pulled back to reveal a partly undressed asian girl. Her body was petite but toned, with small but perky breasts currently behind a black bra and a pair of professional looking slacks hugging her hips. She and Paul met each other's eyes for a very long time. "You know, funny thing," said Paul after a while, "this isn't the first time today that this has happened to me. In this hotel room even."

The girl just kept staring with her wide brown eyes.

"Another funny thing, I know someone who kind of looks like you."

The girl started screaming. Paul sighed.

The door to the bathroom suddenly burst open, door-frame splintering under Olivia's foot as the lock smashed apart. Both Paul and the girl jumped as Olivia stood in the doorway, looking almost as surprised as them. "Oh my God! I did not expect to get the door to do that so easily." She lifted up a hand to cover her mouth as she giggled a bit. "It's a bit like getting the tablecloth trick to work on the first try."

"Olivia!" the girl shrieked. "Paul! The corrupter! He's right here!"

"Ok, Hitomi? I think I owe you an explanation."

Hitomi started to back away holding her hands up between her and Olivia. "No..."

"I knew that Paul was here. It's true that I was afraid after my initial changes." Olivia started

walking forwards while Hitomi backed away. There was something hypnotic about Olivia's eyes, Paul didn't know if it was an angel thing or just pure force of personality. "But after a few hours of flying around at I don't know how many times the speed of sound I started to calm down."

"You're one of them." Hitomi had reached the back wall and kept holding her hands in front of her warningly. "You're one of Paul's mindless sex slaves."

"Hitomi, I've slept with Paul once and haven't had sex again for this whole week. If I'm a sex slave I'm not a very good one." She raised an eyebrow, "Not that I haven't had urges. New and interesting urges." She kept walking forwards with a wide smile on her perfect lips. "I've been watching you."

"Please..." said Hitomi.

"I don't think I'm the only one struggling with urges." Olivia took a final step forwards to where Hitomi's hands were sticking out. Both of her hands ran right into Olivia's breasts and Olivia purred and leaned into the hands. "Oooohhhh... look where those ended up. Complete coincidence I'm sure."

Hitomi was breathing heavily and looked to be getting weak in her legs. Paul watched as Olivia leaned forwards and placed a kiss on the slightly small girl's neck while grinding her hips into Hitomi. The Japanese girl was groping Olivia's tits and her eyes looked to be rolling into her head. "Paul?" said Olivia, still leaning into Hitomi.

"Uh... yeah?" Paul's erection had returned in full force and he found himself stroking it.

"I wasn't lying about those urges." She slipped a hand down Hitomi's pants and Hitomi gasped. "I'm going to move this over to the bed, if you want to join us." She slipped her other hand underneath Hitomi's small but firm ass and then lifted her up, quickly carrying her out past the ruined bathroom door and depositing her on the bed.

Paul practically sprinted after them.

Hitomi seemed especially fond of Olivia's breasts and Olivia smiled as she lifted her form fitting black t-shirt over her head, breasts bouncing deliciously as they sprang free. "I..." Hitomi

groaned at whatever Olivia was doing under her pants. Paul for his part already had jumped up on the bed behind Olivia and gotten her fly undone. Gratified to see that she wasn't wearing any underwear, he slid her tight jeans over wide hips and luscious ass. "I want to see them," Hitomi whispered.

"You can see them," Olivia thrust her tits out, deforming them against Hitomi's spread fingers.

"No, *them*."

Paul couldn't see Olivia's reaction to that request as he was behind her preparing to enter her pussy from behind, but as he watched the tattoos on her back become animated, the stylized wings spreading under her skin when suddenly a set of feathers emerged out of her shoulder blades. In less than a second two gigantic pure white wings sprang from her back and spread wide in the smallish hotel room. There almost wasn't enough room for their twelve foot span but Olivia kept them spread and Paul could see the enraptured look on Hitomi's face. Though he wanted to thrust into Olivia he reached out and stroked one of the wings, marveling at the wonderful silken feeling of them.

Olivia stiffened. "You know, those are quite sensitive."

Paul snatched his hand away, "Sorry."

Olivia turned around with a smoldering look in her eyes. "That didn't mean stop." She spread her legs as far apart as the jeans still around her ankles would allow and reached behind her with both hands to take hold of Paul's cock and guide it into her pussy from behind, sliding herself onto it with a little cooing noise that Paul remembered from the first time he'd had sex with her on the roof.

"Oh God," she said as she slid herself down his monstrous cock. "Oh fuck! I've been fantasizing about this all week."

"This is wrong." Hitomi squirmed on the bed and reached out to grab at Olivia's ample chest above her. "I shouldn't be doing this..."

"Shh..." Olivia said, sliding herself further onto Paul's cock as she bent forwards to bring Hitomi into a kiss. The Asian girl gave a little gasp as Olivia broke the kiss and started trailing smaller kisses down Hitomi's body while backing herself further and further onto Paul's cock. She'd folded her

wings in close while doing this and Paul was rubbing his hands along their length while starting to slowly pump in and out of Olivia. She groaned and shuffled back, prompting Paul to move with her, while she moved further and further down Hitomi's body.

She planted kisses along Hitomi's breasts, which Paul realised weren't actually that small, he'd just been spending too much time with the girls because while he was no expert they looked to be roughly a c-cup, about Olivia's size before she had changed. Olivia kept moving down, kissing Hitomi's taut and tanned stomach before ending up just above her still buckled trousers. Paul was still stroking her wings, being rewarded with the feeling of Olivia's pussy clamping down on his dick every time he touched some new area. Somehow, Olivia still had enough control to very slowly unbuckle Hitomi's pants and slide them down along with a pair of thong panties. "Ooh, she's shaved." Olivia slid back and took all of Paul inside of her, making him groan and gasp while she bent down to begin lapping at Hitomi.

Paul increased the pace of his pounding, causing Olivia's wings to give little involuntary quivers. The smooth and silky feeling of them combined with the feeling of powerful muscles underneath had Paul pumping into Olivia ever harder, her pussy likewise silky smooth and full of powerful muscles that massaged his dick while she moaned into Hitomi.

At this point, Paul wasn't surprised to see that Hitomi was changing. She was starting to overfill her cups of her bra, small mounds of flesh peeking over the tops, and what had been a stomach that had merely spoken of regular exercise was now showing faint signs of a six-pack while her arms filled in with muscle. Seeing her muscles grow Paul suddenly realised just who he was looking. *Oh shit, I'm having a threesome with Allison's sister.* Part of him thought that he should be worried that Allison might tear his head off, literally, but as he saw her expanding orbs suddenly swell with growth while a pair of dark brown nipples peeked over the top of the cups he just felt turned on.

Suddenly Olivia stopped licking Hitomi's pussy and instead drew her tongue in one continuous lick up the girl's body, over her stomach, between her firm breasts, and up her long and slender neck,

and eventually to her mouth where the two of them started to kiss. Their breasts pressing into each other and both of their pussies aligned. Olivia broke off the kiss long enough to breath, "Fuck her Paul, I want her to feel..." she gave a little shudder that spread to her wings, "what I felt." She dove back into a kiss with Hitomi. If Hitomi had any objections to having someone she'd called "corrupter" stick his penis in her she wasn't voicing them.

Olivia slid up and pulled herself off of Paul, actually having to flap her wings a bit to get the height required without breaking her kiss with Hitomi. She had the asian girls face cupped in her hands and both girls had their eyes closed so Paul was the only one that saw Hitomi's features shift slightly. Only very slightly, she was already quite beautiful. The change in her face was like an artfully applied layer of makeup, enhancing what was already there. Paul sat entranced by her new beauty, and then noticed that she was spreading her legs invitingly. He watched those legs fill in with muscle as Olivia, still on top of Hitomi, started grinding into the asian girl.

Eagerly, Paul lined himself up with Hitomi and started easing himself in. As always, it was a snug fit and in contrast to Olivia, Hitomi started going wild. She soon started matching stroke for stroke and if anything she was the one that was making him go faster and faster. He got locked into the mechanics so much that he didn't notice Olivia climb off of Hitomi and re-position herself so that her pussy was above Hitomi's face. As Hitomi's tongue stretched out and touched her Olivia sighed and spread her wings, reaching up to grab at her breasts and then leaning forwards. Her soft, warm lips met Paul's and he realised that during all of the excitement on the roof, he'd never actually kissed Olivia before. He also realised that while Hitomi's pussy felt amazing as she bucked against his cock, Olivia was a damn good kisser.

He was lost in that bliss for he didn't know how long, it could have been seconds and it could have been years, when suddenly there was a loud snap from beneath them. They both looked down just in time to be thrown to the side as Hitomi sat up with an amazing amount of strength, her bra had snapped to reveal a pair of breasts more in line with the size of Olivia's and incredibly firm. Her hips

widened before their eyes as she rubbed at her body, small gasps and moans escaped from her throat and Paul circled around to watch an ass that was already scrumptious gain that extra bit of padding that it needed to be irresistible. All of this combined with the layer of muscle that she'd gained made her look breathtaking.

Suddenly Hitomi arched her back and screamed as if in orgasm, and a pair of cream coloured wings sprang out of her back and spread wide as they caught the light in the room and seemed to glow.

“Cool,” said Samantha from between Paul and Olivia. They both jumped away from the smiling sorceress. “Took you long enough to notice me.” She was naked and sitting between them on the bed.

Paul and Olivia looked shocked but Hitomi was staring at Samantha like she was seeing a ghost. A burst of Japanese came out of her before she said: “How did you get in here?”

“Actually, the question is more how did *you* get in *here*.” She pointed around and Paul took in the room, they weren't in the hotel room anymore. This was Allison's bedroom. “I teleported you guys in. Actually, I just meant to get Paul but I guess with all three of you, you know, *inside* each other I got a three for one!”

Olivia frowned, “How long have we been here?”

“Oh... twenty minutes or so?” said another voice. They all turned to see Allison leaning against the wall. She was wearing her leather jacket and leather pants with a white t-shirt. Paul swallowed. “So Paul, you fucked my sister.” She glared at him.

“Uh well... I can... yes. Yes I had sex with your sister.” The room had gone very still.

Suddenly Allison laughed. “Sorry, couldn't resist.” She kept laughing and shook her head, doubled over and looking almost out of breath as she pointed at Paul. “Oh... you should see the look on your face.”

“You're not mad?”

“Eh, you're both adults. Just don't expect to have both of us at the same time. I don't know what kind of sick asian girl fantasies you've got swimming around in- Hitomi what's wrong?” She said a few



words in Japanese that Paul guessed meant the same thing.

Hitomi was still staring at Samantha with her eyes wide. She looked like she was about to say something when Iris burst into the room, wearing a lacy red bra and nothing else. “Did it happen? Did she change?” Iris was practically, and for parts of her literally, bouncing up and down with excitement.

Hitomi gave a little shriek and fainted.