

## Paul's Problems 8

Bars, Swimming Pools, and Vans.

By Rols Garten

Short, panicky breaths filled Paul's lungs as he ran down the street next to Samantha. Under normal circumstances he would hardly be able to keep his eyes off of her bouncing nude form, but at the moment he was just trying to get away.

Things had been going so well too. Or, sort of well. He still had a looming showdown with a psychotic ten-thousand year old angel and her army of fanatical minions. But that was in exchange for some of the most beautiful women in the world constantly seeking sex from him, and each other, so he was willing to put up with it. And besides, every time that “his” girls had tangled with these minions the girls had come out on top. But not this time. This time Allison had ended up with a spear through her gut and they'd ended up having to abandon her along with Samantha's mother, probably the most powerful sorceress ever and one of the biggest arrows in their quiver.

Both Claudia, the aforementioned ten-thousand year old psychopath, and Samantha's mother had said that as long as she stayed still Allison would be all right and Paul hoped that was true. The amazon had been hurt trying to protect Paul. He couldn't imagine what he'd do if she died.

He stopped running, reaching out and grabbing Samantha's hand to stop her as well. “Wait...” he took a few deep breaths. “We're in public.” He gestured to get across his point that they were now both completely naked and running down a suburban street.

He expected her to be argumentative, to be annoyed that it was *her* job to keep them from being arrested, to wonder why it was such a big deal that she was naked in public. In short he expected her to be Samantha. What he didn't expect was for her to mumble “Right.” She raised up one arm covered in glowing tattoos with her index finger extended. A small bead of light jumped from the finger to both of them.

Paul actually cringed at first, wondering just what ridiculous outfit Samantha would put him in given the chance. So he was surprised, and maybe a bit disappointed, to find that she had cast the illusion of him wearing a plain white t-shirt and jeans with a set of generic looking runners on his feet. But his jaw dropped when he saw that Samantha had dressed herself the exact same way. He'd have thought that the touch of conservative clothing would have burned Samantha like a vampire in sunlight. Distant sirens drew their attention.

“We should get out of here before the cops show up.” Samantha turned away from Paul and started walking quickly.

“Wait,” said Paul. “Look, I know that-”

“Don't think they'll go after us in public. There's a bar near here. We should go to the bar and try to contact the others.”

“Look, can we just-?”

“Paul.” Samantha fixed her dark eyes on him. “Follow me to the bar and don't say anything until we get there.”

He tried to talk to her again but when Paul opened his mouth he shut it again immediately. It would be better not to provoke Samantha right now. He just hoped that her mother and Allison would be ok, because right now he needed spitfire Samantha, not mopey quiet Samantha. She'd said two whole sentences without swearing and that alone made Paul think she should see some sort of doctor.

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Feeling like the time that she drank those four frat boys under the table in senior-high, Allison awoke to the feeling of being in motion. With a frown she tried to blink away her headache and consider her surroundings. It was dark, but the sound of an engine told her that she was in some sort of van or truck. Probably a U-Haul given the amount of space the acoustics gave the impression of. One of the ones that people used when moving. Speaking of moving, Allison couldn't.

She was spread-eagled on the floor with each off her wrists and ankles secured to the bed of the

truck by what felt like big solid pieces of metal. She frowned, realizing she was naked as well. A sharp pain in her stomach caught her attention as well, the last she'd remembered she'd been impaled so the fact that she wasn't currently bleeding to death was definitely a good thing. On the other hand it felt like her whole gut was full of fire ants.

“Yeah... no.” Alison gritted her teeth and flexed her right arm as hard as she could. As first it didn't budge but she kept up with it. Soon sweat was forming on her brow and she swore she could *feel* a vein bulge on her bicep but she just shouted a bit and finally she felt the restraint give. Not by much, just enough to let her know it was working.

“Please stop that,” said a voice out of the darkness. “They'll only come back and sedate you and then I won't have anyone to talk too.”

Allison went quiet for a moment, panting from her exertions. “Dean Thorenson?”

“Hello Allison. And please, call me Veronica.”

“...I kind of blanked out after I got stabbed, when did you get here?”

“Shortly after Samantha arrived, which was shortly after you were impaled.”

“Samantha was here too? Are she and Paul ok?”

“Yes, I delayed Claudia so that they could get away.”

“Oh... good. Claudia's Olivia's mom right?”

“Right.”

Allison frowned. “So, why am I all trussed up like this?”

“To keep you from escaping.”

“I know that.” Allison wished it was bright enough for her to see Veronica in the truck as she'd have loved to roll her eyes at the dean for that comment. “I meant...”

“What?”

“Well she has me naked, my legs all spread apart...”

“Ah, I see what you mean. Claudia is something of a pervert.”

“There's an expression about pots and kettles...”

“Yes, but I am more than willing to admit it. She's so repressed she won't touch you. Though do expect to be ogled a little.”

Allison blew a strand of hair out of her face. “Hey, I'd be insulted if she didn't.” The joke got the attention that it deserved and they were both silent for a little while longer, listening to the van as it seemed to be navigating a set of traffic lights. Or at least that was Allison's best guess. “I don't suppose...” Allison licked her lips nervously, “you have some sort of magic spell to get us out of this situation?”

“I would...”

“I'm sensing a 'but' here.”

“...but all magic requires a deal of manual dexterity and in anticipation of this, Claudia has broken all of my fingers.”

“...Holy shit.”

“Language.”

“Sorry... but doesn't that hurt?”

“Oh, it is excruciating. However ten-thousand years of mental discipline comes in handy in certain situations.”

“Right... Not that I'm complaining, but why aren't we dead?”

Allison heard a slightly bitter chuckle from Veronica. “Oh I doubt she intends to do you any serious harm. Your mother and her got along quite well once upon a time. As for me... it's complicated.”

“That mean's you used to fuck right?”

“Like rabbits. For millenia we were practically married.” She made that same bitter chuckle. “Never was up to my standards with her tongue but she more than made up for it with her massages. What she knows about erogenous zones...” Veronica actually purred at the memory. “She could give me

one of those right now and I'd almost forgive her for breaking my fingers.”

“So... what's her deal now?”

“It's...” Veronica trailed off as the van stopped and the engine shut off. “Well, I suppose we should ask her.”

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It was dark by the time that Paul and Samantha reached the bar. The place was packed too, which Paul figured was natural given that it was a Saturday night. The crowds would also help because Paul couldn't picture the Order trying anything with all these people around.

Samantha wasn't doing much better though. She seemed to stare at the crowded bar like it had personally offended her. But there was something else on her face. Weirdly, Paul thought that it looked like guilt. “Shouldn't have made you take me here,” she mumbled.

“No,” said Paul, “it was a good idea. I was just worried about contacting the others.”

She looked up at Paul with sad eyes, “Is that *really* how you feel?”

“Why wouldn't it be?”

Samantha went back to glaring at the crowds in the mall. “I screwed up again.”

Paul blinked, had she just said *screwed*? Since when did Samantha even know what a euphemism was? “How? How did you screw up? What could you have done differently?”

“I shouldn't have...” She grimaced, “Paul... I want you to-” Samantha's eyes went wide and she slapped a hand over her mouth.

“What?” Paul frowned at her, “What do you want me to do?”

“Nothing!” She yelled it a bit too loud and several people in the bar stared. Samantha didn't seem to care about this though, “There's nothing that I want you to do ok?”

“I guess...” Paul scratched his head. Even for Samantha, even for her having just had to abandon her mother to God knew what fate, she was acting bizarre.

She took a deep breath. “I can enchant a pay-phone so it won't need money. We can use it to call

the others.” She went back to her sullen look. “If this place even has a pay-phone...”

Paul nodded, then he caught sight of the clock hanging above the bar and his eyes went wide.

“What?” Samantha looked up at him with narrowed eyes.

“Is that the time?”

“Yeah, probably, why?”

“Think the others are keeping to their schedule?”

Samantha's eyes went wide to match Paul's. “Oh no...”

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Being allowed into the changing room felt like cheating to Iris. Not that she ogled other girls in the changing room... much. But she couldn't help but noticing when another girl was checking *her* out. Like Natalie, her teammate and the only other girl that was new to the swim team this year. Ever since Paul had transformed Iris, she had caught Natalie stealing glances at her while she changed into her suit. Iris had returned a few strategically placed grins and winks that had resulted in some amazing blushes from the petite chestnut haired girl. Very petite in fact. Iris thought that the girl was probably only a half inch or two above technically qualifying as a dwarf. She was also probably the most flat chested girl that Iris had ever seen.

Natalie was once again blushing as she stripped out of her skinny jeans and button up shirt. Though that may have been blushing for different reasons, seeing as right now the team captain and assistant captain were standing in front of them beside the dive-tank and telling them both to strip.

The lights were off in the pool so Iris couldn't see them super well, but she knew that Jean (the captain) was a blonde who looked like she might have stepped out of a fifties pinup, or maybe a painting on a WWII bomber, with her generous hips and large (for a normal girl) breasts. Her short and light blonde hair and lips that were always painted bright red when she was out of the pool only added to the image. Iris had wanted Jean ever since Iris had been transformed, but while she'd heard of the captain being with several guys Iris had never heard of her so much as glancing at a girl.

The assistant captain, Katerina, was another blonde although a bit darker of a shade than Jean. She tended to rock the “sexy Russian athlete” look as Iris was convinced that her wardrobe constituted nothing but tank-tops and bicycle shorts. Not that Iris was complaining, and found herself admiring how the Russian girl's sports bras clung to her small but pert chest. Unfortunately, Katerina seemed completely uninterested in sex. Iris remembered in the past week, while they'd all been scrambling like mad to find Olivia, Paul had come to meet her after practice and all the other girls on the team had stared at him gratifyingly except for Natalie and Katerina.

“Quit holding out on us Iris,” Jean said with a smirk. “We all had to go through this, so you have to go through this.”

Iris blinked, she'd been lost in thought and she guessed that Jean had mistaken it for reluctance. She didn't really know where this hazing ritual was going, but Iris did know that according to the dean she was in a room with three potential mermaids. With that in mind, she made a bit of a show of undressing. She'd been wearing a pair of tight jeans that she slowly eased her way out of, bending over and letting them get a good view of her shapely ass that was currently swallowing up a pair of sky-blue thong panties. Then she sat down, pretending that she needed the leverage to get out of the jeans but actually it was just to give them a better look at her legs.

Parting her lips slightly and giving her audience a lusty glare, Iris grabbed her spaghetti strapped blue top to slowly pull it up over her tits. She was more proud of her breasts than she liked to admit. It wasn't that she was obsessed with being the biggest (though she did enjoy it). It was their effect on other people that she really enjoyed. Iris' shirt was covering her eyes when she lifted her top over her breasts, but she heard a small gasp from one of the girls, she couldn't tell which, and that was more than enough to ensure that Iris was smiling when her face came back into view. She gave a theatrical toss of her silky crimson hair before sliding out of her sky-blue thong and unhooking her matching lacy, magically custom fitted, and equally sky blue bra to let it fall to the ground on top of the rest of her clothes.

She gave the three girls watching her a grin. Katerina started clapping until a look from Jean silenced her.

“Ok,” said Jean, a bit out of breath. As she spoke Katerina came forwards and picked up Iris and Natalie's discarded clothes. Natalie was not looking nearly as comfortable as Iris but Iris couldn't see why. She may not have had much in the tit department but she more than made up for it with her cute little butt. Katerina had a nice athletic butt too and Iris kept an eye on it as she took their clothes back into the locker room and emerged a moment later without them.

“Ok,” Jean repeated. Iris realised that Jean had to tear her eyes away from Iris's breasts before continuing. She looked up and into Iris's eyes, then Jean's own eyes widened and took on a far off dreamy quality.

“Jean!” Katerina hissed. She'd lived outside of Russia for most of her life so she only really had enough accent to make her words sound smoky and amazing. While Iris enjoyed Olivia's refined British accent there was something about Katerina's rough Slavic tones that Had Iris tingling down south every time she heard them. “They key!”

“Ok,” Jean said a third time. She held up a key with a small flotation device tied to it. She took a deep breath and a bit more confidence returned to her gorgeous frame. Iris smiled and gave her thumbs-up, which seemed to shatter all of that confidence. “T-this is the key to the locker room,” her voice was stiff and she swallowed after the sentence. “Katerina just locked all your clothes in the... locker room.”

There was a small smacking noise as Katerina slapped a palm against her forehead. Iris shot her a sympathetic grin... and the Russian girl responded by lowering the palm to cover her eyes. Iris couldn't help but notice that there were two dents poking through her white tank-top.

Meanwhile, Jean pulled at the small flotation device on the key and it came off with a snap. With a slightly jerky motion, she tossed the key at the pool. Then Iris's hand shot out and caught the keys as they flew by her.

“Careful! You could lose them that way.” Iris blinked at the stares of the girls around her.

“What?”

Jean was shaking her head slowly. “This is not going how it's supposed to...”

“So,” Natalie licked her lips and looked at the keys in Iris' hand, “can we just skip the hazing?”

“Oh!” Iris' eyes went wide. “*That's* what this was?”

“Yes!” Katerina's voice had a bit thicker of an accent than Iris was used to. “How could you not know!? You think we got you to sneak in here and strip naked for fun!?”

Iris frowned, “Well *I* was having fun.”

“Let's just,” Natalie swallowed nervously while her eyes hovered between Iris's breasts the keys, “go get our clothes and we can act like we did this and-”

“*No*. I want to have fun!” Everyone gasped as Iris tossed the keys over her shoulder and into the dive tank where they dissipated with a little “plop!” While all the other girls were busy staring at her like she was a crazy person, Iris leaped backwards into the pool.

The others may have shouted something out, but Iris wouldn't have listened even if she could have heard it. It just turned out that between her preference for showers and the fact that she had always worn her suit during practice, this was the first time that she'd been naked and submerged in water since she'd transformed. It felt so good that for a few moments she forgot to breathe. If every part of her body was being touched, not rubbed or massaged but just simply touched, by extraordinarily skillful lovers without a single inch of her neglected, it might feel like the potential she could feel coursing through the water.

Still submerged, she breathed in. Water filled her lungs, but it didn't feel like she was drowning. It felt just as natural as breathing air. She glanced down and, despite the depth of the water and the lights above the pool being out she could see the keys clearly. The diving tank was an over-sized sixteen meters deep and she could spot the keys with ease. In fact, Iris knew that retrieving the keys at the bottom of the pool was about as difficult to her as retrieving something from the other side of the

room.

So when she started swimming downwards, the last thing on her mind was actually getting the keys. Instead she just got deep enough that the girls above her couldn't see her clearly, then she transformed. Her back arched, along with her tail, and her mouth opened wide in a silent scream as pleasure tore through her body. It had always felt good to transform but this... The only thing she knew to compare it to was that first beautiful night she'd had with Allison as she learned to love her new body and... other things.

She licked her lips, cringing a bit at the chlorine taste. A road-trip to the proper ocean was definitely in her immediate future. But on the whole she felt content, like something that was missing from her life without her even knowing it had suddenly been restored to her. She lazily glanced up and spied the nude floating form of Natalie above her, treading water and looking downwards. Iris smiled, and instincts she didn't even know that she had started telling her exactly what she had to do.

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The din of the conversations around them mostly drowned out the low chanting that Samantha was doing as she sat across from Paul. If anyone noticed that there was a goth girl with glowing tattoos and eyes, with her hands above her head, and chanting in a language Paul had never heard in his life they didn't seem to be saying anything. After a while Samantha stopped and for a moment Paul saw a strange double image, one of Samantha leaning forwards and smiling at him casually and another of her slumping down in her chair and panting for breath. After a moment the first image faded and Paul was left with the exhausted looking Samantha.

“What was that?”

“Camouflage charm. Now nobody will notice anything we're doing at this table.”

“So why'd we have to come to the bar? The mall was just as close.”

She made a disgusted face. “I'm not just having sex in the middle of the mall, there's kids out there.”

“Why not the bathroom?”

“I'm not having sex in a public bathroom either!” She folded her arms. “No, we're having sex in this bar on this table and that's final.” She tapped one black painted fingernail on the table for emphasis.

Paul just let that sit. Instead he glanced at the clock. “She's running a little late.”

Samantha shrugged. “Well eight o'clock was just when she was supposed to meet the girls. Do *you* just start having sex with girls right after you meet them?”

“Going by the past week? Yes.”

Samantha laughed, more than laughing she tilted her head back and howled. Quickly, very quickly, her laughs became sobs and she leaned forwards to bury her head in her hands. Paul got up and put his arm around her.

“Hey... It'll be all right,” he said to her.

“I'm just... I'm fucking worried about my mom all right! And Allison!” She pressed her weight into him, tucking her head underneath his chin. Still, Paul thought it was a positive sign that she was swearing again.

“We'll get them back,” Paul stroked her shoulder as he said this.

Samantha pulled away just a bit so she could look into his eyes. “Yeah?”

“Sure we will. You're a bad-ass!”

“I don't really feel like one... I kind of fucked up when I tried to fight Olivia's mom. The cunt.”

“Well yeah... but you made a cool entrance. You came in with those robes flowing around you and that kick-ass new braid.”

She pulled the braid over her shoulder and held it up to look at it a bit critically. “Yeah, still not sure about this...”

“Where did it come from anyways?”

“I was trying out a new spell with Riya. The hair was kind of a fuck up on my part though. I'm

still don't really know where this shit even really came from.”

“Well you looked kick-ass. Allison did too, before you got there she took down like... forty guys with guns.”

“Forty huh?”

“Slight artistic license. Your mother too, I wouldn't be surprised if they didn't even need our help.”

“I wouldn't go *that* far... But you know what? Yeah!” Samantha pulled herself off of him only to jump on top of him and straddle him in her excitement. “Fuck Olivia's mom! And fuck all her jackbooted thugs too! We're awesome and they're the ones that are totally and completely gonna get ass raped!”

Paul frowned. “Are you being literal or...”

“Oh shut up,” she leaned forwards and kissed him. He returned it and it was like a dam broke, waves of arousal washing over the two of them as she started grinding her hips into his. Paul abruptly realised that the cloths they were wearing were just an illusion, and Samantha was actually rubbing her naked crotch against his. She pulled out of the kiss and instead leaned further into him, crushing her delectable breasts into his muscular chest as started nibbling at his ear. “Fuck me Paul...” she whispered. “Fuck me right here right now.”

Paul was more than happy to oblige, reaching down to get a grip on his massive rod and guide it in to her bucking hips. There was a weird sort of phantom feeling of denim parting as he slid into her. Her whole body shuddered as she did, a little whimper escaping from her lips.

“Think...” Paul gasped a bit as she kept working her way up and down his shaft, now planting kisses down his neck. “Think that Iris has started yet?”

Samantha groaned and started to writhe against his body, increasing the pace of her fucking and practically yelling into Paul's ear. “Oh God! Fuck me Paul! Fuck me harder!”

Their pace increased more and more as their bodies intermingled in the chair. Paul was running

his free hand up and down her body, feeling the shape of her as she started to breath more and more heavily. “Oh God, I... I...” he said between panted breaths.

“Yeah... You're gonna cum? Cum with me you amazing fucking man you! Fill me up!”

They both climaxed with loud shouts. Whatever spell Samantha had cast seemed to be a good one as nobody in the bar was even glancing their way. Samantha pressed her warm and lovely body further into Paul. “I love you,” she muttered into his ear. She suddenly stiffened and pulled back from him. “That is, I... You know... Want to... What I meant to fucking say was-” Paul shut her up with a kiss. He just spent a moment breathing in the intoxicating scent of her. Raw sex mixed with dried flowers and powerful spices.

“I love you too,” he said after the eternity of the kiss ended.

They both sat without saying anything for a while.

Then Samantha sighed. “No going back on that shit.”

Paul panted a bit and chuckled. “I guess that Iris is done-” Paul seized as a new and more intense wave of raw sexuality washed over him. “When am I going to learn...” he said just as Samantha started grinding against him again.

“Don't think- oh yeah- that shit wasn't Iris. It think that was just us.”

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This wasn't exactly a situation that Natalie had ever expected to find herself in. On the one hand, her hot redheaded friend with the giant tits was going down on her, which was awesome. On the other, Iris was doing this while underwater while Natalie was forced pretend to tread water to keep the others from noticing. Part of her was still recoiling in shock from the knowledge that, A: mermaids were real, and B: her friend Iris happened to be one, but Iris also happened to know *just* how to tease her folds with one of her fingers while tongue continued to lap at her clit so mythical creatures and their existence was placed as a secondary concern.

“Do you see her?” Jean's face was a mask of worry.

“Uh... no.” She gasped a bit and said: “Yeah right there...”

“What?” Jean scrunched up her face.

“I mean she's not... right there.” She lamely pointed to one corner of the dive tank. Jean and Katerina were staring at her like she'd grown a second head. Natalie realised that she had forgotten to keep pretending to tread water and now Jean and Katerina were looking down at what was happening below Natalie. She felt herself blushing and couldn't believe herself when she said: “Hey look! I found her!”

Then Iris's hands gripped her thighs, pulling her underneath the water with a firm yank. The mermaid's lips find Natalie's and kiss her deeply. Natalie returned the kiss, guiding her hands down to feel where the mermaid's tail met the rest of her body. It's not a clean break exactly, the mermaid still had a very human (and amazing) ass even though that was below her where her tail started on her hips. There was also a triangle of perfectly human skin on her front that lead down to an equally human (if a bit more forwards facing than usual) vagina. Natalie started to stroke Iris's slit while still kissing her and the mermaid responded by bringing her tail forwards and wrapping it around one of Natalie's legs.

The feeling of Iris's succulent breasts pushing even further into her was enough for Natalie to take in a shuddering breath purely on instinct. At first she panicked, remembering that she was actually submerged in water and expecting to choke or even drown. Then she didn't. In fact, breathing water felt as natural as breathing air. She broke away from Iris's kiss and gave the mermaid a startled look, but Iris only smiled before suddenly diving down to renew her assault on Natalie's pussy.

Natalie was surprised to feel a hard surface against her back and spared a moment to look around. Without realising that they had been sinking, she was now lying on the bottom of the dive tank, the surface shimmering above her as Iris floated down between her legs. For a moment, Natalie was entirely at peace. Then Iris touched her and she came so hard she was worried she might crack her head against the bottom of the pool. She moaned, surprised to be able to hear her own voice underwater. She

was a swimmer, so she knew what things normally sounded like underwater except that now they just sounded like they did in the air except, if possible, even clearer. She moaned again as her orgasm kept rolling on, water pumping in and out of her lungs. Then, very suddenly, she *felt* the water as she never had before. Its pervasiveness, its intimacy, the water around her was as amazing as anything that Natalie had ever experienced. She gasped and looked at Iris, who was now floating above her and smiling down.

She knew right in that moment what she was. So it didn't surprise her as she felt her face shift around, becoming supernaturally beautiful. Her orgasm just seemed to have no end to it, and she grunted as she felt her waist narrow and her hips widen. The hair floating around her also began to lengthen and it was hard to tell with it wet but she thought she saw the colour of it change slightly, natural highlights working their way in.

She ran her hands along her new curves, enjoying the sensation of her ass filling out, she reveled in just how flawless her skin felt. She couldn't find a trace of hair anywhere beneath her neck. At the same time she considered all of this to be the appetizer. When she felt her legs (which had become a bit shapelier) press together she knew that she was in for the main course. A tingling sensation centered squarely on her breasts and she thrilled at watching them swell from their original bee-sting size. They weren't even beyond what most people would consider flat chested yet but she started reaching down to stroke herself anyways. For the first time in her life she had breasts. She grabbed both of them with her hands and leaned back to moan.

Natalie felt something stroking her legs, or tail, and looked down her body to see Iris floating next to her and running her delicate hands over Natalie's tail. It was starting to look more like a tail than a pair of legs, her tail had started to stretch out and she could see tiny red scales begin to poke through her skin.

At the same time her breasts were getting enormous. She was racing past what was normally considered busty and nearing the territory of ridiculous. She looked like she had a pair of watermelons

on her chest now and the thick nipples that pointed straight out from them looked like they were begging to be pinched. She reached forwards and did so, and her orgasm redoubled.

There was a feeling, almost like a snapping throughout her body, and suddenly she knew her transformation was complete. She smiled at her new form, running one of her hands along her candy-apple red tail while her other hand cupped one of her massive new breasts. The rest of her body hadn't gotten too much bigger so even though she thought that she might be a bit smaller than Iris, Natalie looked like she was carrying enough boob to snap her extra thin waist.

“Heh,” she chuckled a bit and was surprised when it sounded like completely normal speech even though she was under the water. “I guess it really is better down where it's wetter.”

A long and exasperated sigh from Iris interrupted her and she looked above her to see Iris shaking her head, causing her lovely crimson locks to swirl through the water. “I made that joke literally seconds after I transformed.”

“Oh...” Natalie felt a wicked smile spread across her face. “Well then, thanks for making me a part of your world.”

“We're going to have to get a jar. You know, like a swear jar?”

“For just the two of us?”

“Oh no. There are two other girls in this room just waiting to become mermaids.”

Natalie felt her smile go even wider.

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“Where did they go?” Katerina asked Jean.

“How should I know? They're probably still down there.”

Katerina peered into the depths of the pool. “There's a Russian legend about a creature called a rusalka. It is a beautiful red haired girl that lures the unwary into the water to drown them.”

Jean spent a moment just staring at Katerina. “...Holy shit why would you say that?”

“It's possible.”

Jean digested this for a moment. "...Maybe we should get out of here."

"How? The door is locked."

"The men's change room?"

"Also locked at this hour. We had to unlock the girls room to get in, remember?"

"...Well fuck. You were just making up that rusalka stuff right? That's not... Iris isn't..." Jean was suddenly aware of how close they were to the edge of the pool and started edging away.

"She had a fish's-" There was a splash and something red jumped out of the water. Jean only had the impression of arms wrapping around Katerina and the Russian girl yelling something that sounded like: "Chërt!" before she was pulled into the pool and disappeared with a splash.

Jean stared at where her friend had disappeared with wide-eyed shock and took two shaking steps away from the pool. The bubbles on the surface dissipated and the room was left very quiet. The darkness started getting to her and she started wondering what it would take to get the lights back on. Dimly, at the edge of her senses, she thought she might be able to hear something. Was it... moaning coming from the water?

Still working up the courage to go and look, Jean screamed as something came splashing out of the water. She felt herself go pale as the smiling face of Iris appeared over the edge of the pool. "Hey," Iris said.

"...Please don't drown me."

Iris squinted at her. "...Ok?"

Another splash appeared next to Iris and suddenly Natalie was bobbing next to Iris. At least Jean *thought* it was Natalie. The tiny girl's hair framed her face perfectly, a face that belonged on a movie star or a billboard selling mascara. As Natalie bobbed up a bit higher Jean saw that Natalie was now sporting a pair of knockers that looked regulation size for the NBA, if not bigger. "Jean..." there was a world of breathy promise in just that one name.

A third splash drew Natalie's attention and she actually gasped. Katerina had been pretty before,

but now she looked like some sort of Russian goddess of beauty and sex. Her light blonde hair had become perfectly golden and her face had been erased of any blemish or imperfection. A long slender neck went down to her well formed shoulders and arms decorated by just a bit of muscle, and of course there were her breasts. They were a bit smaller than Natalie's and a *lot* smaller than Iris's, but they still made Jean's handfuls look like pancakes by comparison. "Oh..." Katerina moaned and cupped one of her new breasts. "I've never felt anything like this before..." It sounded like her accent had gotten a bit thicker.

With a small giggle, Natalie swam over to the Russian girl and kissed her. Despite the fact that Jean knew that Katerina was asexual Katerina more than reciprocated, putting one hand on the back of Natalie's neck to pull her further into the kiss while using the other to cup one of Natalie's amazing new breasts. Natalie responded to this by throwing herself at Katerina, putting the two of them sideways in the water and giving Jean a view of their long mermaid tails. Natalie's was a deep crimson while Katerina's was a royal purple.

Jean noticed her breath coming in deeper and deeper as she watched them. Despite the fact that she knew she was straight, and had been for all of her life, the sight of the two girls making out was getting her seriously turned on.

A whistle from Iris caught her attention. The redhead was giving her a look that didn't leave much room for interpretation. Before Jean knew what she was doing, she was up and running and with a shout of "Cannonball!" she jumped into the pool.

She laughed, treading water in her sopping clothes and expecting the mermaids to be on her in seconds. Instead, as she looked around the pool, she was alone again. "Uh, ladies? Hello?" For a second she was worried, and then she felt someone's hands attacking her fly. A second pair of hands wasn't even bothering, instead they were trying to rip her jeans off of her and take her boyshorts with them. She looked down to try and see who was trying to tear her \$200 designer jeans, but instead came face to face with a smiling Katerina, her head just breaking the surface of the water. Seeing as she

could see Katerina's hands and they weren't clawing at her pants, she figured it was Iris and Natalie going after her down below.

For a moment, Jean felt like she should say something. Katerina was her friend after-all. But it was Katerina who spoke first. "I never felt this way before. I never..." Katerina wrapped her arms around Jean's neck and pulled her into a kiss. Jean had never kissed a girl before and it sent bolts of lightning straight from her lips to the pleasure centre of her brain. Even the feeling of her jeans finally being pulled down and a pair of fingers being thrust into her was just background noise to the taste, smell, and overall *feeling* of Jean's best friend slowly turning up the heat on their kiss. Soon the two of them were entwining tongues and Jean was surprised to find that her right hand was squeezing Katerina's breast while her left grabbed one of Katerina's ass cheeks. Katerina returned the favor by reaching under Jean's shirt and starting to unhook her bra. Katerina also tried to pull Jean's shirt up over her head, but those precious few seconds without contact with the perfect creature in front of her was a concession that Jean was not willing to make.

Jean's hands started roaming up and down Katerina's body, feeling the line where the Russian mermaid's scales met her flesh, the perfect arch of Katerina's back as Jean leaned further into the kiss, and the way that Jean's precious little handfuls pressed into Katerina's massive melons. She could feel Katerina's nipples poking in to her just as Jean could feel that she was returning the favour.

It was Katerina that finally broke the kiss to start delivering smaller kisses all down Jean's neck while steadily heading lower. Jean groaned in disappointment, feeling that the most passionate moment of her life had just been cut short. Then Katerina wrapped her lips around Jean's left nipple and flicked it with her tongue.

Jean's mouth opened up in a silent scream, her back arching and body shaking as her awareness snapped back to below where Iris, Natalie, and her pussy were sharing a three way kiss. "Oh God." Jean said. "Never felt this good befooooooaaaaah!" The orgasm set fire to every nerve in her body, she shook, bucked, and her whole body started to change.

Strangely enough, she didn't care. She took the opportunity to take off her shirt and bra, leaving her entirely naked in the pool as she threw herself at Katerina, both of them sinking underwater and Jean just didn't care. She didn't care when she felt her first lungful of water, she didn't care when she felt her own breasts swelling and pushing into Katerina's, she didn't care when she felt her legs press together and begin to fuse, and she didn't care when she felt the face she was pressing into Katerina shift and change. The only feeling she cared about was how the affection that she'd felt for her best friend had been transmuted into pure and raw *need*. She wanted to breath Katerina in, wanted to be filled with her, surrounded by her, wanted every single part of her life to revolve around Katerina.

It was a feeling that could only be cured by a monumental amount of fucking.

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To be honest, the way that “the Order” (which Allison thought was a stupid name) was treating them was kind of disappointing. After they bolted her to the bed of a truck, spread-eagled and naked, she'd been expecting something a bit more exciting than being put in some metal lined room with Veronica and left there. Not that she *wanted* them to torture her, but it would have been nice for them to go to the effort after all that setup.

Placing a finger against the cold metal surface of the cell, Allison considered her surroundings and wondered just how tough the cell's armour really was. “Don't bother,” Veronica said as Allison pulled her fist back. “It's a composite material. The same one they make tanks out of.”

Allison frowned and glared at the armour plating. “So what do we do?”

“Wait, for now. Look for an opportunity for escape. This won't be the first time that I have broken out of confinement and I doubt it will be the last.” A small noise escaped from the back of Veronica's throat and for a second she had a glazed and far off look in her eyes. “Actually, Allison, there is something that you can do for me.”

“Yeah?” Allison eyed the seams of the metal room. No luck there either.

“Could you... could you be a dear and eat me out?”

For a moment Allison just stood there blinking. She turned around and looked at Veronica. Disheveled was the word that came to mind. Her messed up pale blonde hair, her rumpled white suit, and hands that had been tightly wound in bandages. Added to this was Veronica's eyes being screwed up with her pink lips slightly parted while deep breaths caused her generous bosom to rise and fall like an empire.

“Uh... you really think that now is the best-”

“I know! But we can't do anything else and...” Veronica opened her eyes and looked at Allison with pure and unbridled lust. Despite the plethora of sexual experience that Allison had received over the past week she found herself taken aback. “It's Iris.”

“Iris?” Allison felt her heart give a little jump at the mention of the redheaded mermaid with her piercing blue eyes and carefree smile and huge wondrous- “Is she ok?”

“Oh... I would say that she's better than ok. She appears to be transforming several lucky girls in to mermaids as we speak.” Veronica shivered for a moment and smiled. “Don't tell anyone, but I've always found mermaids *exceptionally* erotic.” She seemed to note some confusion in Allison's face as she continued. “It's slightly taboo and embarrassing, perhaps even a bit racist among my culture. A bit like if I had admitted a fetish for... well, Asian women for example.”

Allison grinned, “Don't tell Paul that.”

“Quite. At any rate the feeling of Iris transforming these girls is rather like having several mermaids pressing themselves against me.” She closed her eyes again and breathed deeply. “I'd take care of it myself but...” she held up her bandage wrapped hands.

For a second Allison thought about it, but only for a second. “...Ok.”

Veronica slid out of her suit pants while Allison crossed the room to kneel in front of where Veronica was leaning against the wall. Allison considered if maybe she should have put some sort of sexy sashay into how she was walking, but she reasoned that Veronica seemed more than turned on enough all ready. Still Allison eased Veronica's lacy white undergarments off of her with more than a

bit of care, making sure that Veronica was relaxed. Allison was a bit surprised to see Veronica tensing up as her nakedness was exposed. “Are you all right? Is it your fingers?”

A deep shuddering breath tore its way through Veronica. “No I've... I've blocked off the pain from my fingers it's just that... Iris...” She sighed and slid down to wall to the ground. “Oh... damn it anyways. It's not Iris.”

“She's... not making mermaids?” Allison scratched her head. She really wished she could just punch something or have sex with someone. Those tended to be her areas of expertise.

“Well... she is but... It's Claudia.”

“Olivia's mom?”

“Yes. She's... well we used to be quite close. Almost married though we never used the term. For roughly six thousand years.”

Allison blinked, thinking about how most people were lucky to keep a marriage going for fifty years. “So you're not worked up from Iris. You're worked up from seeing your ex?”

“I'm sorry, this whole thing is getting unbearably personal.” Veronica gave a bitter laugh. “I try not to let this sort of thing out in front of other people. I could blame you for not wanting toooooooo...” She trialed off as Allison leaned down and began kissing Veronica's pussy.

She put all of her not inconsiderable skills to work on the pouty pink lips in front of her, exploring the woman's folds, teasing her clit and giving it tiny and gentle nibbles. She remembered the lessons that Veronica had given her earlier and put them to work on her teacher.

Veronica slid herself further down the wall until she was sitting. “Oh gods above and below, you are good at this Allison.” She hissed in pleasure while cupping one of her volleyball sized breasts through her suit jacket. “I... let me return the favour...” Veronica moved so that she was lying flat on the ground.

Without breaking contact with Veronica's pussy, Allison twisted around so that her own slit was placed just over Veronica's waiting tongue. The moment that Veronica started working on Allison,

Allison felt her body practically shaking with need. Veronica's ministrations felt like she was being penetrated by silk, like some heavenly font of pure ecstasy was connected directly to her. She attempted to reciprocate, attempted to lavish Veronica's folds with the attention that they deserved and return some of the glorious rapture filling her body, but she was afraid that she couldn't do an adequate job. Veronica had been practicing the art of cunnilingus for millenia, Allison had been doing it for about a week.

Still, Veronica seemed to adjust her pace so that she brought Allison to orgasm at the same moment that Allison brought her to orgasm. Allison clutched at Veronica's thighs as wave after wave of bliss rolled over her. It occurred to Allison that as good of a lay as Iris was, it would take a lot of practice for Iris to be able to make Allison feel like this.

This was ok though, because practice with Iris was *awesome*.

Sighing, Allison rolled off of Veronica and lay on the ground for a moment to feel the afterglow of her own orgasm. "Was that what you were looking for?" Allison's voice was breathy and her whole body had a pleasant "just been fucked" tingle to it. She was almost able to forget exactly where she was.

The sound of the door opening broke this and Allison looked up to see Claudia wearing a smile that took all of Allison's pleasant feelings and dropped them down a deep and dark hole. "Oh please," said Claudia, "don't stop on my account."

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"Don't stop! Don't stoooooohhhhhh!" Samantha moaned and beat her fist against the table as her orgasm took hold of her and shook her like a martini. "Ok," she panted, "that was Iris. That was definitely Iris."

Paul pulled out of her and grunted his approval. "Felt like her." He laid himself down next to Samantha on a table she'd cast a spell on to be about twice its original size.

"Yeah," Samantha sighed and reached up to pinch one of her own black nipples. "All that

deceptive innocence and submissiveness hiding a core of... fuck I don't even know. It's like sex and nap-time had a baby and that baby was raised in a strip-club.”

“...Do you listen to yourself?”

“I try to let other people do that for me.” Samantha reached down and grabbed a nacho off of the plate resting between them. She took a bite and then looked at the chip in slight confusion. “I don't even remember ordering this.”

Paul grabbed some nachos of his own and was busy munching on them. They sat in a comfortable post sex silence for a little while. Samantha had dissipated the illusion of their clothes somewhere around her third orgasm, but her camouflage spell kept people from noticing. However nothing prevented *Samantha* from noticing that the sweat that Paul had worked up from their fucking made a real impact on his cut physique or how his massive cock, still sticky with her juices, rested against his thigh.

“Hey Samantha?” Paul said.

“Yeah?” Samantha caught herself almost saying “Yeah sweetie?” and had to suppress a shudder.

“What's a consort? As in a sorceress's consort?”

Samantha almost choked on her nachos. “Where the fuck did you hear that?”

“From Siobhan, you know Molly's mom? I thought that you and Allison were in the stalls listening.”

“Well I was a bit busy fucking Allison to hear everything... Look, look just forget- No! Don't forget! Shit... I...” Samantha hadn't wanted to have this conversation like this. She hadn't wanted to have this conversation at all really. “Ok so, you know how I can change people temporarily.”

Paul's eyes narrowed. “Yeah... like how you made Olivia and Allison's boobs huge that one time. Or me.” He gestured down to his own toned body as he said this.

“Right, but with you it was permanent. Did you ever wonder why?”

“Uh... I just assumed magic.”

“...Technically you're not wrong.” Samantha sighed. “Look, when a Sorceress fucks a guy she can choose to make that guy her consort. I can only really do this once so it's kind of a big deal.”

“Right... so uh that's what you did to me? But what does that mean exactly?”

“It has a few benefits...” she gestured to Paul's body. “You're familiar with some of them. A body more suited to... my tastes,” as she said this last part she reached down and ran a finger along the length of Paul's shaft. “Also increased sexual stamina and a sort of... sex telepathy? Fuck radar?”

“What?”

“Well you know how you've been able to sleep with like... sixteen girls and you never have to wonder about what they like in bed? That's on me.”

Paul pursed his lips as he tried to parse this information for a moment. “I can't help but think that this has a catch.”

“Well... your libido for one thing. I don't think I'm ever going to see you turn down a decent fuck.”

“Wait, but I have turned down sex. I turned down sex with your mom.”

“Well... yeah, but that's kind of me too. It's because I told you not to sleep with her.” Samantha took a deep breath before continuing. She'd been dreading this last part. “You don't have as much free will as you used to and can't really disobey me for any reason and I'm really sorry it just kind of happened and I wasn't really thinking of the consequences when I did it and did I mention that I'm really fuckingsorry?”

Paul stared at her. He did it for a long time and Samantha felt like she was balanced on some kind of precipice for the whole time. “Wait, you're saying that I can't disobey you?”

“I've tried *real* hard not to abuse it. I really don't give you that many orders.” She winced. “Just to take me to this bar... and to ass-fuck me when you were already basically comatose... I'm very sorry.”

“I don't...” Paul looked at her. “This is real? You actually did this to me?”

“Yes and-”

“Can you stop talking?” The tense note in Paul's voice felt like someone was gutting Samantha. She'd almost have preferred it if he was angry with her. “I... can you make it looked like I'm dressed?”

Samantha nodded, tossing a spell at him that restored the look of his plain white shirt and jeans. She also threw in one to clean him up for good measure.

“Thanks.” Paul stood up.

*Fuck*, Samantha thought “Uh, where are you going? It's not a real good idea for you to go off on your own.”

“I just... can I be alone for a moment? I'll stay where you can see me... just...” *Fuuuuuuck*.

“Yeah, ok...” *Fucking fuck fuck fuck!* “I'm going to go put a spell on one of those payphones. Get the others to pick us up.”

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Iris felt great.

Even though the mermaids that she'd created couldn't for the most part fit in their clothing, and had to get around with several somewhat artfully tied together towels. Also, since Jean's transformation Iris was now no longer the bustiest girl in the group. Iris would be lying if part of her wasn't going to miss that distinction, but she also felt that Jean was welcome to it. There was a burden that came with the role, in more ways than one.

Jean's transformation had probably been the most drastic overall as well. She'd gone from merely hot to divinely stunning. Her smooth and pristine skin was wrapped around a body that managed to be both toned and curvaceous, and the aforementioned breasts got Samantha wet just looking at them. They had to both be larger than the rest of Jean's torso on their own and they were capped by a pair of thick and dark nipples that were just begging to be sucked on. The dreamy look that Jean was sharing with Katerina was just another reason for Iris to be happy.

Once Iris got the girls wardrobes adjusted she was looking forwards to meeting back up with Allison and taking a night of well deserved rest in her muscular arms. Iris wasn't even sure that she

wanted to have sex with the asian amazon that night, Iris just wanted to be near her. Of course if there was sex she might be able to get Paul to join in and she *knew* she could get Riya as well...

All of this contributed to the spring in Iris's step as she passed through the door to Samantha and Paul's private room. The weird atmosphere inside hit Iris almost immediately, before she had the time to take in the sight of her mother surrounded by all of her paleolithic friends sitting around and looking grim with most of the girls that Paul had transformed in the small room with them. Nobody was having sex.

She realised exactly who was missing. "What happened?" Iris asked.

They told her, and Iris just stood there and listened to them. Iris vaguely remembered her mother coming forwards to wrap her arm around Iris's shoulders. Iris was pretty sure that she thanked her for it. Then the phone rang.

She was the nearest to it so she picked it up without thinking. "Hello?"

"Iris? It's Sam."

"You haven't come back and the police are at Paul's house. They say that there was a lot of gunshots and blood there."

"Yeah, listen. Those cocksuckers from the fucking Order came and took my mom and Allison, Paul and I barely got away from Olivia's psycho cunt mom."

"...They took Allison?"

"Look, can you tell the others that we need to get picked up? We're at some bar called Ellis's on-"

"I know where it is. Sit tight." She hung up and turned around. As she did she felt her mask slip away. She started pointing to girls across the room. "Alice, Riya, Olivia, Molly, Jade, and... Ashley." All the girls that she named looked up at her with a bit of shock. It was probably her voice. She had that affect on people when she spoke without her mask. "I need all of you to come with me, we need to rescue Paul and Samantha. Then we have another stop to make and *then* we are going to save Allison

and Ms. Thorenson.”

Laura, Allison's equally amazonian mother, looked like she was about to say something but then Eveline, Iris's mother, placed a hand on Laura's shoulder. “You will be careful, dear?”

“Yes mother.”

“I'm coming too!” Iris's attention snapped to Hitomi, who was clinging to Olivia's side but looking right at Iris sternly. “Allison is my sister.”

“Actually,” said Iris, “I was thinking that there was something else that you might do for me.”

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Claudia strode towards Allison like an empress. The resemblance that she had to Olivia was actually quite striking, but despite her apparent youth she projected a profound sense of age in the same way that Veronica and the other mothers did. Allison knew she was stronger than Claudia could ever be, but she found herself backing away from Claudia. This was the woman who had shoved a spear through Allison's gut. Though that wound was more or less healed, not even looking like it was going to leave a scar, the pain from it was still a fresh memory for Allison.

“Claudia.” Veronica stood up tall and proud in the face of Claudia. The fact that she was naked and had been caught “in the act” as it were didn't seem to bother the sorceress. Nor did she show any pain from her broken fingers. “Stepping into a room alone with an amazon and a sorceress that both hate you. How bold.”

Claudia made a mocking pouty face. “Oh, darling, none of this false bravado. We both know that you're no threat without your fingers and I could defeat dear Allison with my eyes closed.”

“Is this going to be a torture thing?” Allison put her hands on her hips and tried to use her superior height to look down at Claudia. Somehow she was the one that felt diminished. “Or what? Rape?”

“Nothing so crass miss Sakamoto. In fact I'm not going to hurt you, I'm going to help you.”

“Claudia, don't.” The fact that Veronica sounded frightened had Allison's nerves on end.

Feet tapping loudly on metal coated floor, Claudia took a few steps until she was directly in front of Allison, looking up into Allison's eyes. Allison swallowed, terror ran through her but part of her was acutely aware of just how beautiful the woman in front of her was. She had a classically beautiful face that could have come out of some old movie, mixed with the body of a porn star. The feelings, the raw sensuality that was pouring off of Claudia was tickling at Allison's senses and drowning her brain in hormones. She took a deep breath, pushing her massive breasts up and closer to Claudia's head... then she exhaled and punched Claudia straight in the jaw.

Or tried to anyways. The angel moved like a snake and Allison's mind stupidly commented *be like water* just before Claudia grabbed at Allison's arm and twisted it behind her back. "Ow! Fuck!"

"What did you think would happen?" Claudia sounded genuinely curious.

"Oh... I thought that I might turn your jaw into gravel."

"Well I can't fault you for optimism."

"Claudia," Veronica said. "please..."

A pair of Claudia's fingers pressed into the back of Allison's head. "It's for your own good." Claudia whispered.

Something struck Allison. Something different, unlike anything that she'd ever felt. The only way she could think of it was as if she was having an orgasm backwards. She made a choking noise as the strange rushing inwards feeling consumed her body. Her feet started to slide along the ground, which was odd because Allison could have sworn that she was standing still. She screwed her eyes shut as she fell to the ground. The strangeness of this feeling was like bile in her throat. It wasn't pain, but it was the opposite of pleasure. With one final gasp it passed over her and she became aware that she had her eyes closed and was soaked in a layer of cold sweat.

"And there we are. All better." Allison could hear Claudia's footsteps retreat away from her.

"I swear Claudia... you *will* pay for this."

"Oh Veronica. Always so melodramatic. This really is for the best." Allison hear a door closing.

Slowly Allison started to open her eyes. “No...” she whispered as she took in the sight of her body. Thin but athletic, short, small firm breasts. She looked exactly the same as before she had slept with Paul. “No!”

“I’m sorry Allison.”

“Why? Why would she do this to me?”

“She believes that we are all a threat to humanity. When we started this we had no idea how long it took to build a civilisation.” She frowned, “It get a bit technical but suffice to say that when we started this we thought that there was no way that we could have predicted just how many descendants there could be.”

“I’m not quite...”

“There are roughly one billion potential amazons, mermaids, naga, angels, sorceresses, nymphs, and doppelgangers on the planet.”

Allison blinked and for a moment her troubles fell into the background. “One *billion* with a b?”

“Yes. Claudia thinks that you will overrun humanity and we’ll be right back to where we started. She thinks that the best result for humanity would be for all of our species to go extinct. So she intends to return all of you to your human forms and kill Paul.”

“...Jesus.”

“Quite.”

Allison thought for a moment. “So why hasn’t she just killed you?”

Veronica took a deep breath, and Allison was a bit pleased to find out that whatever else had been reset in her, she still had a deep appreciation for the female figure and what deep breaths could do to it. “I suspect that Claudia is still in love with me the same way that I am with her.”

“Oh.” Allison chewed on that for a moment and then held up one of her now skinny arms and suddenly felt like crying again.

“It’s not that bad, one session with Paul and you’ll be back to normal.”

That changed everything. She could feel her face brighten. “Good.”

“Unless she kills Paul like she plans to. Then I'd say you're roundly fucked.”

“Right...” Allison thought for a moment. “Veronica? Do you think that now that I'm not an amazon, they might not be so guarded around me?”

“Probably. Why?”

Allison made a fist. “Because there's something that Veronica *didn't* take from me.”

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“I can't believe that this is your car.” Olivia said from the passenger seat next to Iris.

“What's wrong with it?” Iris had been catching rides with Allison so this was the first time that she'd really driven since she'd gotten her new breasts. It actually wasn't as hard as she'd thought it would be, save for the fact that the steering wheel was occasionally rubbing her nipples. However as there wasn't a girl in the car that she hadn't had sex with she figured a little showing off of her nipples wasn't going to be a problem. She'd also firmly affixed her mask again so they were much more at ease now.

“What's wrong with it?” Olivia scoffed. “How about that it looks like it should have 'free puppies' written on the side.”

“Oh, whatever. It's low profile and it has enough seating for everyone.”

“But seriously.” Riya said from the seat right behind Iris. “Why *do* you drive a white utility van?”

“It was on sale. Unlike *some* people, my parents aren't all that rich.” Iris realised as she said this that Allison wasn't there and she suddenly felt a bit sad. Olivia seemed to sense this.

“We *are* getting her back Iris.”

“We better.” The other's leaned away from Iris imperceptibly. She and the other girls rode in silence after that, stopping right in front of the bar. “Wait,” Iris said as she saw the other girls getting out of the van. “Just Olivia, Alice and Amber. They can handle themselves, the rest of you can stay

here. We don't want to attract attention.” There was a bit of grumbling from the other girls but they eventually let the three go into the bar on their own.

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Every eye in the bar drifted over to Olivia, Alice and Ashley as they entered. Fortunately it was a college bar and not some sort of biker establishment, which Olivia would have had no problem picturing Samantha choosing. Not that she would have felt particularly threatened, especially not while being flanked by two girls who were quite literally bulletproof, but those places were so... dirty.

It took only a moment for Olivia to catch sight of Paul and Samantha. “Oh... seriously? Out in public?” Paul sat at a table, an oddly large table, across from Samantha. Neither was looking at the other and they both wore sulky expressions. What really grabbed Olivia's attention was that they were both naked. “And what has she done with her hair?” Samantha usually had hair running down the back of her neck and typically wore it up in a pair of pigtails. Now it reached past her sumptuous well formed bottom and was in a single long braid.

“Where are they?” Alice was leaning forwards and peering into the crowd.

“Yeah,” Ashley was using her impressive height, even by amazon standards, to peer over the crowd “where are you looking 'Liv?” The fact that both girls were leaning forwards meant that their impressive busts were close to Olivia's head and although Olivia was fine with her own size, most women would kill to have a pair as large and firm as hers, it was hard for her to ignore that she was now surrounded by four orbs roughly the size of her own head.

“Right there.” She pointed at Paul and Samantha. Now that she squinted she could see the vague outlines of clothing on them. A *very* thin translucent image of a plain t-shirt and jeans on Paul and what looked like a leather catsuit on Samantha, though while one of the catsuit's arms was a full sleeve the other only came down to her elbow. “Damn her...” Olivia grumbled. “She knew I was coming and she did that on purpose. Ruddy magic.”

“I don't see where you're looking. Are you sure they're in there?” Alice was looking at Olivia

with a bit of concern now.

“Hey there...” A guy was approaching them from the crowd. Olivia realised that they'd been standing in the entrance for a while. He actually wasn't that bad looking. Short blonde hair, nice square jaw, reasonably good shape, under different circumstances Olivia might have entertained him. “You ladies-”

“Sorry, we're just here to pick someone up.”

The guys eyes lit up. “British huh? You know I visited London once.”

Olivia frowned. “I can't help but feel that you missed the important part of what I just said.”

“Oh!” Alice's face brightened. “I see them.” Olivia glanced over to notice that Samantha and Paul had stepped away from their table and were headed towards them.

“Yeah,” continued the guy, “I went to London, did the tourist thing.”

Olivia sighed, “I'm not from London. I've only been once or twice.”

“You been to the British Museum?”

“Olivia...” Without her noticing Paul had crossed the bar and before she could react he grabbed her and hugged tightly. The fact that Olivia couldn't even see the illusion of Paul's clothes meant she was acutely aware of his naked body being pressed against her. She immediately felt a heat spread through her body. An electric tingle of pleasure suffusing her whole being. She also noted that her habit of not wearing a bra ever since her transformation was going to become very apparent as soon as Paul stopped squeezing her. Olivia had never really liked being hugged, even as she enjoyed sex there was something about having another person grab her, messing up her clothes, that itched at her sense of personal space. So Olivia was surprised when she hugged Paul back, and even more surprised when she reached out and dragged Samantha into the same embrace.

“Uhhhh...” Samantha wasn't hugging Olivia back but that just meant that Olivia was going to squeeze her harder. “The fuck are you doing?”

“I missed you, *so much*.” Olivia breathed in their combined scents and felt her arousal build.

Her hands drifted from Paul and Samantha's shoulders down to the small of their backs.

“Olivia, Paul's been gone for like two fucking hours. I've been gone for less.”

“So... uh... is this guy your boyfriend?” said the guy who was inexplicably still standing there.

“And is this your girlfriend?”

“Now listen you two.” Olivia squeezed Paul and Samantha tighter. “I know that mother is horrid, and I know we all miss Allison-”

“Again, gone for like two hours.”

“-but we will get through this.” She leaned back and took in Paul and Samantha's slightly confused faces with a smile. “Now we have to get in Iris's creepy rape van.”

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“Paul!” Molly shouted as soon as they opened the back door and Molly caught sight of Paul. “Quickly! We have to have sex right now!”

“Uh...” Molly immediately cut off any argument that Paul could have raised by pressing her lips to his and immediately started groping at his body. She broke off the kiss and said, “You've been sleeping with the others haven't you? Since you slept with my mother?”

Paul blushed, the fact that the other girls in the van were just staring at him with knowing smiles was not helping. The feeling of Molly pressing herself against his bare skin, slipping out of her sweater and showing off her lovely sweater stuffers encased in a lacy red bra. Despite everything, Paul decided he was willing to plunge forward and forget his troubles for just a little while. He hadn't quite connected with Molly the way that he had with other girls but he wasn't exactly looking for attachment right now. Suddenly Molly gripped Paul's chin in her hand and forced him to look her in the eye. “How much did you give away?” Her voice was sensual but Paul couldn't help but feel a note of warning.

“What... sex?”

“No, knowledge. The knowledge that my mother gave to you to give to me.” Paul flashed back to the inrush of knowledge that he'd received after having sex with Molly's mother.

“Uh... well Allison got all the karate.”

“Just the karate? Not the other martial arts?”

“Oh well no she got all of those.”

“Damn it!” Despite her angry tone she was reaching down to slide her hand along his semi erect cock, bringing it to full stiffness. She was remarkably skilled at it, alternately gentle and firm, teasing Paul almost to the point of bursting. “It’ll take me a week to screw that out of her.” A note of sensuality crept into her complaining tone. Paul knew that a week with Allison would be anything but a chore.

“How about Samantha? She get anything?”

“Not that I know of... or she didn't-”

“Yeah I did,” Samantha said from the passenger seat of the van. Paul took a quick stock of his surroundings. He was on his back in the rear of the van with Molly straddling him. Iris was driving and Samantha was sitting next to her, with all of the other girls squeezed into the back of the van willing to give the Paul and Molly some space, though Olivia was looking at him with eyes clearly reflecting lust.

Molly gave a smouldering look to Samantha. “And what exactly did you get?”

“Magical theory and craft... the first time.”

Molly didn't waver in her look but started to grind her hips against Paul's naked crotch. He reached up to slide her out of the skinny jeans currently containing her pleasing bubble butt. “And the second time?” Molly asked.

“Gardening, for some reason.” Samantha shrugged. “Never had any interest in it before but now that I know more...”

“Right,” she turned back to Paul and she had enough hunger on her face that Paul was a bit intimidated. “Second things have calmed down you and Allison are going to be alone with me in a hotel for an entire week.”

“You let me bring Paul and you have a deal.”

With a single sudden movement, Molly had both her jeans and the lacy red panties off and

pooled around her ankles. “Deallllllllll!” The word was drawn out as Paul plunged into her. It wasn't gentle joining, or love making, Paul had a lot of feelings about what Samantha had told him and unfortunately some of that was translating to how he was using Molly. He was almost about to stop and apologise but Molly's cry of “Yeah! Yeah! Fuck me hard!” made him keep going as he pistoned in and out of her on top of him. Though she didn't stay on top of him as he slipped his hands under her hips and using his strong arms lifted her up and set her down on her back with a “thump” again Paul was worried that he might be a little too rough with her but the increased pace of their fucking just drew more and more from him. For a second they were both on the edge and looked into each other's eyes. That spark he had with Samantha wasn't there, but the smoldering fires of lust were willing take that role. Paul came, and Molly surged against him. There was the vague sensation of something leaving Paul and going into Molly. Her eyes rolled up into the back of her head and her whole body started to shake underneath Paul. She was getting so violent that Paul started to wonder if something was wrong but eventually after one mighty seize she relaxed to the ground and a wide grin spread across her face. “Oh Paul... you spoil me...” She reached up under her still done up bra and teased one of her nipples.

A small ridge of flesh started to bulge over the edges of her bra's cups. “Molly,” said Paul, remembering the absolutely massive breasts of Molly's mother Siobhan. He combined this with Siobhan's statement that a nymph's breast size was linked to their level of knowledge. “Molly, you might want to take that bra off.”

His former professor stared skywards with an airy smile. “So much knowledge. It could take me years to sort through... *decades* to sort through.”

Paul sighed and just reached forwards. Her bra was fortunately a fairly simple clasp so he had it unhooked in less than a second. Before he could do anything with it, Alice snatched it from his hands. The amazon's look was cheery but there was a sort of brittle quality to it and Paul wondered how she was really holding up. Samantha had told Paul that amazons had a strong group mentality, and Allison was the leader of her particular amazon tribe. For all Paul knew Alice was one second from a nervous

breakdown.

A little “Ooh,” from underneath him brought Paul's attention back to Molly. One of her hands was cupping her left breast, kneading it and pinching her own nipple, while the other was going down to stroke in between her legs. Since Paul also still had his dick close to there he ended up getting a good deal of attention in the bargain.

Molly's breasts were definitely getting bigger now. They were already starting near the same size as Samantha's cantaloupes, and now she was creeping up on a pair of watermelons.

“Typical,” Samantha said as she turned around to look out of the front of the van.

Riya, who had slid up next to Molly and was watching with curiosity, laughed at Samantha. “Earlier you gave yourself a pair bigger than mine and you said that you didn't like it.”

Paul blinked. “When did that happen?”

A loud moan came out of Molly and she started flopping around in the back of the van and causing her newly even bigger breasts to really start jiggling. They were a pair of pumpkins now and prize winning ones at that. Round and firm and not seeming to pay much attention to gravity, Molly's breasts were taking up quite a bit of room in the back of an already crowded van. Paul found himself getting pinned against the rear doors by a combination of Molly's mammaries, a curious Riya, and an equally curious Alice who seemed to be more concerned with leaning across Molly to play with her ever growing nipples rather than any concern for Paul's personal space. Of course some of the looks that Alice was shooting Paul indicated that she was *very* interested in his personal space, occasionally twisting herself to a provocative angle that didn't look comfortable but gave Paul a view of her *really* amazing ass. He blinked, when had she stripped naked?

“Uh, Samantha?” Paul said while eyeing Alice and an increasingly lusty looking Riya. The snake girl was still in her human form but that meant that she still had her forked tongue to run up and down Molly's breasts (which had surpassed both Riya and Iris's impressive endowments) while gazing into Paul's eyes with a look that could have caused an erection in a dead man. “Samantha I think we

might need a magic solution here...”

Samantha turned back to look at Paul and their eyes met. It occurred to Paul that this was the first time since she'd told him about what he was that he'd really looked into her eyes. He still wasn't sure of his feelings about that, but he knew as soon as their eyes met that the spark of desire he felt for her was still there and ready to be turned into a raging inferno at the slightest provocation. The tiny smile that played at the edges of Samantha's lips told Paul that the feeling was mutual. “Oh, I don't know Paul. I kind of want to see how big she can get. Besides, I think that Alice is about to give you some other shit to worry about.”

It was true. Alice was keeping her eyes locked on Paul and crawling over Molly's breasts, which were now bigger than the still moaning girl's entire torso. Her sparkling blue eyes were transfixed on Paul as she got over Molly's breasts and was now pressed against him hard by the swelling walls of flesh behind her. “Hi...” she whispered in his ear. He could feel the heat of her breath tickling the hairs on the back of his neck.

“Hi.” Paul swallowed, “You really think this is the best time for this?” Despite Paul's reservations, the ever increasing pressure coming from Alice's firm and toned body and the ever expanding endowments of Dr. Molly Brown meant he could feel himself growing stiff, his over-sized cock sandwiched between his and Alice's abs.

Shutting her eyes and leaning her head back with her lips slightly parted, Alice started producing soft cooing sounds as she ground her pelvis against Paul. The wetness from her lips started lubricating the lower parts of his shaft as she leaned back against Molly's boobs (now tall enough that they were above Alice's head while she was sitting.) “Oh fuck Paul.” Her voice was strained with arousal. “I need you. I need you so bad. Please Paul, fuck me!”

The feeling of Alice jumping up and down and mashing her firm breasts into Paul, not to mention Molly's breasts, which seemed to have stopped growing at roughly the size of the rest of her body combined each, in addition to the feeling of Alice rubbing her crotch along the base of his shaft,

was more than enough for Paul to be willing to reciprocate. However, and he may have been one of the first men in history to have this problem, his cock was just too big. In the tight confined of the van and with it trapped between himself and Alice, he couldn't manage to get it at the right angle to enter her.

Alice wasn't helping with the way that she was moving around almost mindlessly. Her face had contorted from simple lust to animal need. There didn't seem to be room for thought in that expression, only the raw desire of sex. "What's- ah!?" Paul gasped as Alice reached down between them and grabbed hold of his cock and started to stroke it between them. Around him he could hear sounds that indicated that he and Alice weren't the only ones in this van having sex at the moment. Just the only ones having difficulty. "What's gotten into you?" Paul eventually managed to get out. "We've had sex before but-" Again he was interrupted by Alice. Using her superhuman strength she lifted herself up and pressed back against Molly. If this caused the former professor any problems the low moaning coming from somewhere under the breasts wasn't an indication. This also meant that Alice was now far enough off of the ground to lower herself onto Paul's waiting cock, slowly impaling herself as she shuddered from an apparent pleasure overload. Paul wasn't far behind as the tight amazonian pussy wrapped itself around him, her well controlled muscles massaging Paul's cock even as he started thrusting against her.

A snorting laugh from above caught his attention and Paul looked up to see a hovering and completely naked Samantha pressed up against the ceiling and looking down at him and Alice with a mischievous grin. "It's amazon shit," said Samantha.

"Wh...huh..." Paul tried to ask her what she meant but was stymied by the distractions coming from between his legs and Alice bringing him into another passionate kiss.

Samantha seemed to get the gist of what he was saying though. "Amazons are a bit more driven by instinct than the rest of us. Alice is Allison's second in command. With Allison... indisposed Alice needs to take control of the tribe so she has to dominate Allison's favored male mate. Or at least fuck him."

The fringes of an orgasm were reaching Paul thanks to Alice's earlier attentions. But her increased pace and frantic breathing suggested that the feeling was mutual. Paul reached a hand down to grab hold of Alice's amazingly shaped ass. Paul wasn't one to rate the girls based on how nice their asses were, they *all* had pretty nice asses as far as he was concerned, but Alice's was one of the standouts. Well formed, toned, with just the right mixture of muscle and fat to give it a soft yet springy feel. From the way that Alice moaned then leaned forwards to renew their kiss, Paul guessed that she appreciated the attention.

“One moment though.” Olivia suddenly appeared over the tops of Molly's breasts. She seemed unperturbed about Paul having sex with Alice, instead looking at the whole thing with a clinical eye. “Alice and Paul have already had sex, and Paul's not Allison's primary male partner he's her *only* male partner.”

The prodigious muscle control that Alice had over her pussy was doing phenomenal things to Paul's dick. Massaging it, caressing it, pulling it gently, and their own fucking only intensified the feelings. Alice grabbed the back of Paul's head and pulled him closer to her while her fingernails traced lines across his back. The heat of their bodies pressed together was reaching the point of being unbearable. Slick with sweat and blinded by lust, Paul grabbed Alice's hips and thrust deep into her, feeling his cum shoot off while his orgasm shook his body. With a breathless, “Yes...” Alice also came, rocking back and forth enough that the van jumped on its suspension a bit. Paul was surprised that they kept fucking, even as he slowed down just a bit to savour the feeling.

“Details.” Samantha had a slightly more interested look on her face. “It's all instinct. That shit isn't super logic based.”

Whatever was driving Alice seemed to have died down enough that she could pull away from her kiss with Paul to look back at Olivia and Samantha with a lusty glaze. “It's a bit of a squeeze, but if either of you want to join in...”

“I'm fine, for now.” Olivia smiled as she said this then glanced up at Samantha. “You, love?”

“Eh, I'm good.” Samantha rolled over, still floating on the ceiling and giving Paul a good look at her ass. “I got my fill earlier. Well... temporarily.” She shot Paul a wink. “Maybe Iris would-”

“Sam, I am *trying* to drive!” Iris snapped. Paul was a bit surprised. Not that it was enough to distract from his sex. “None of you are making that easy.”

There was a moment of silence before every other woman in the van started laughing, even Molly. Paul could make out Riya's voice as well, but muffled slightly and by the changing pitch of Ashley's laugh he thought he could guess why.

“Well,” Alice locked eyes with Paul and resumed fucking him with renewed vigor, “looks like I-ah! Like I got you all to my...oh...myself loverboooooohhh...”

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Lying naked on the ground next to Veronica, Allison held her hand up and looked at it through narrowed eyes. “Forgot how small these were.” She made a fist and frowned at it. “That's not going to do a lot of damage.”

“I have to say, you're taking all of this remarkably well.” Veronica had, despite her injured fingers, somehow managed to also strip naked. Allison occasionally stole a peek at her bright pink nipples. Allison had no idea *why* Veronica had felt she should strip naked but Allison wasn't going to complain.

“Like you said. Find Paul and I'm back to normal.” Allison rolled over onto her side and looked down the length of Veronica's body. “You know. I still find you attractive.”

“Thank you.” Veronica smiled and rolled onto her side, casting an appraising eye along Allison's figure. “You look like you've never had to worry about being unattractive. Even before Paul had his way with you.”

“But that's kind of my point. I was never into girls, before Paul I mean.”

“Hmm.” Veronica only sounded vaguely interested. “It may be that you were latently bisexual before and your transformation just let you know. Or maybe Claudia can't reverse everything that

happened to you. It's academic anyways.”

“That's it? That's all you have to say about that?”

“Not really my primary concern now.”

“Well...” Allison reached out and traced one of her fingernails around one of Veronica's nipples.

“Maybe we can find a way to alleviate your concerns.”

To Allison's surprise, Veronica rolled her eyes and shook her head. “How soon they forget.”

“What? You were just saying that I was still hot.”

“It's not that Allison.” Veronica gave her a sad look. “You've forgotten just how much of a physical strain sex is. We *are* in a situation where we should keep ourselves in as good of condition as possible.”

Allison groaned and rubbed her eyes. “Being human suuuuucks, also if you're not interested in sex with me why did you strip naked and lay down next to me.”

“Think of it as a bit of bait... and a bit of an offer.”

Racking her brains, Allison tried to figure out just what Veronica was saying. “...Gonna be honest. Not quite sure what that means.”

“That's all right, you'll see soon enough.” She looked pensive for a moment. “Though, I do think that a good amount of kissing and groping would do good to... better bait the trap.” Without waiting for an answer, Veronica leaned forwards and kissed Allison. The once again tiny asian girl immediately felt a heat spread through her body as she felt Veronica's hands run over her petite but athletic frame.

Pulling back from Veronica, Allison needed a moment to catch her breath. “Wow...”

“Allison,” Veronica purred. “You're acting like we've never kissed before.”

“Well, not with this body.”

“Hmm,” Veronica took on a pensive expression while Allison leaned in to taste Veronica's breasts. “Do you like it better?”

Allison removed her lips from Veronica's nipples and kissed Veronica again. A short passionate kiss that managed to steal the air from both of their lungs. "It's different." She kissed the dean again and she made this one last. She savoured the taste of Veronica, the smell of Veronica, the feel of Veronica. Allison wouldn't have said that she loved Veronica, but the dean was such a skillful lover that Allison couldn't help but love *being with* Veronica. Every single pore of Allison's skin was infused with Veronica and as Allison's hands roamed around the dean Allison treasured the exquisite shape of Veronica.

So Allison found it a bit odd that she kept wishing that Veronica had bigger tits and red hair.

The sound of a door clicking open followed by a gasp almost caught Allison's attention but Veronica pulled her back down into a kiss. "Not yet..." she murmured and then pinched one of Allison's nipples. They weren't as sensitive as the ones she'd had in her amazon form, but she'd forgotten that her nipples had always been especially sensitive. Allison kissed Veronica again and stroked the small of her back.

"Oh...wow..." Allison could tell it was a girl talking, and she could hear a second set of footsteps following her in. "Um... should we come back?"

"No no. We have brought food." The second voice was clearly also coming from a girl. This one had some sort of accent, Russian or something.

"They seem busy..."

Veronica hugged Allison close and whispered in her ear. "Just a bit more."

Allison giggled and cupped one of Veronica's ass cheeks in order to press their pussies together. "Aww. Only a bit more?"

Allison became aware that there was someone standing above her. Nervous shaky breaths came from whoever it was. She heard the accented voice say: "They are sexy, yes?"

"Yes..." the girl's voice was barely a whisper.

With a gentle push, Veronica pulled away from Allison and let herself rest on their side. "You

two are free to join us, if you want.”

“I... no!” Allison looked up to see the girl spin around and fold her arms across her chest. She was cute more than pretty. Brown hair, modest breasts, and Allison couldn't help but grin at the way she was blushing so hard it was reaching the back of her neck.

“Hey,” Allison said as she sat up with a smile. “It's ok, we don't bite. You know, unless you ask us to.”

“You put eight people in the hospital,” the girl looked over her shoulder at Allison with a frown.

Those words struck against something hard within Allison, some remnant of her amazonian thought processes. “Those eight people stormed a private residence with intent to kill. I would have been legally justified putting them in the morgue.” Allison regretted saying it the moment it was out of her mouth. As far as Allison could tell, Veronica's plan revolved around seducing these two girls and talking about how she should have killed the girl's friends didn't strike Allison as a good way to get into her pants.

At least that was what Allison would have said if the girl's mouth hadn't gone wide, her breath coming in big gulps as she ran her eyes over Allison's naked body. The fact that the girl was now openly playing with her nipples through her fatigues was also a bit of a clue.

At first, Allison was a bit confused. Talking about combat was usually not what turned girls on unless that girl was- Allison could feel her face light up. “Oh, I see. That's interesting.”

“What?” The girl suddenly realised what her fingers were getting up to and she made a squeaking noise as she pulled them away from her nipples to shove them in her pockets.

Allison stood up, it was weird being this short. She had gotten used to have to look down at people when she was talking to them. Because of this she started out looking directly at the girl's tiny breasts. Alice tried to play it off as her slowly checking the girl out. “Let me guess... you've always been a bit uncomfortable with being overly girly. You probably wear pants a lot more than you wear dresses and if any clothing is too constricting you won't consider it.”

“How do you... what is...?” The girl was blushing again and if Allison had accidentally ogled her a bit earlier it was clear that the girl was more than willing to return the favour on Allison's naked body.

“When you got older you were drawn to sports. You liked ones with combative elements to them... looking at your build I'm going to guess rugby.” Allison smiled as she saw the girl's eyes go just a bit wider. “Right, let's bring it home. You want to fight. You've probably even thought about joining the military at some point but... something doesn't feel right about it. You don't think that you're ready, not yet, something about you isn't complete.” The wide eyed stare that the girl was giving Allison was extremely gratifying. Allison liked being able to talk to people like this, she wondered if this was how Veronica and Samantha felt all the time.

“How?” The girl's head was shaking back and forth but it didn't look like she was denying any of what Allison was saying, more that it was disbelief. “How do you know all this about me? Did one of the sorceresses tell you?” Her eyes narrowed and Allison couldn't help but laugh.

“No! No no no, I know all of this because I've lived through it too. I know it because you're like me.”

The girl was back to shock. “...I'm a lesbian?”

It was Allison's turn to be shocked. “What? No! Or, maybe. I don't know. I meant that you're an amazon.”

“I can't be... I...” Her eyes went wide and she turned to face the other girl. It occurred to Allison that the other girl had been very quiet this whole time. “Celina... have we had sex?”

Celina was shaved bald, and muscular for a girl (Allison supposed, she had different standards for feminine muscularity.) Still, despite the girl's less than traditionally feminine beauty, Allison found herself wishing that the muscular girl would wrap her wonderful biceps and triceps around Allison's newly thin frame. Allison pictured it being like wrapping herself in a big snugly blanket filled with dumbbells. “My little scientist,” Celina said in her maybe-Russian accent, “do you really not remember

the experiments we have had in the closet?"

Figuring that she'd found an unlikely ally in Celina, Allison stepped forwards and placed a gentle hand on the first girl's shoulder. The smaller girl looked like she was about to jump out of her skin but she also didn't look like she wanted Allison to take her hand away. "What's your name?" she said as gently as she could.

"...Pauline."

Without her meaning to, Allison's voice came out a tad flat. "Really?"

Pauline laughed. "I know. He must have told you some horror stories..."

"What?" Allison removed her hand and placed it on her hip. "*Who* would have told me horror stories?"

Pauline looked over her shoulder and frowned at Allison. "Paul. Hasn't he talked about me?"

"You *know* Paul?"

"He hasn't mentioned me? Paul lost his *virginity* to me."

"Wait," it was Veronica who spoke and she held up her hand and stepped forwards. "You know Mr. Peters, you have *slept* with Mr. Peters."

"Yes, he seriously doesn't talk about me?"

Allison smirked. "We don't really talk about sex we had before we met each other. It's not like I've told him about Steve or Rick." Allison made a face at the mention of Rick.

"If I may interrupt." Veronica stood up. Despite being naked she projected a commanding presence. Allison suspected that if she wasn't already naked then Veronica would make her feel overdressed. "You know Mr. Peters, and yet you buy into this nonsense about him being some sort of criminal mastermind? Magically brainwashing girls and warping them to his desires?"

"...Not as such..." Pauline looked a bit sheepish. "That's kind of just a line we feed to some of the girls. Like your sister?" She gave a slightly wincing look to Allison. "It's, uh, it's a bit easier to follow and less abstract than our main goal."

“Ah,” Veronica smiled. “Buy you're a true believer?”

Pauline was quiet. “I don't know anymore.”

“Good,” Veronica stepped forwards and placed both of her hands on Pauline's shoulders. Her warm smile didn't waver. “Admitting your own ignorance is the first step to wisdom.” She sighed. “I was hoping we would have enough time to transform you to assist in our escape, but I suppose it will have to be Plan B.” She turned to Celina. “Celina?”

The maybe-Russian girl smiled and Allison and Pauline gasped as before their eyes the bald girl sprouted a thick mane of brunette hair. Her muscles softened and slimmed while her breasts plumped and pushed forwards as her hips flared out and as an encore her facial features reorganized themselves into those of Claudia Bradshaw. She smiled at Allison and Pauline's semi panicked steps away and then turned her gaze to Veronica. “Of course mistress,” she said in a flawless British accent.

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“Ok, so,” Paul watched as Samantha held up a small unadorned silver ring, “this'll get those fuckers down to a more manageable size.” Samantha tilted her head down to indicate the massive breasts that were overflowing Molly's lap. The two of them were in the back of the van still but everyone else was now fully clothed and on the sidewalk. Even Paul, who was dressed in a change of clothes that he'd apparently left at Allison's at some point he couldn't remember. He reflected that this still didn't clarify how these got into his van though.

“Not *too* much though, right?” Molly ran a hand along one of her expanded breasts. “I don't want to be flat chested like my mom.”

“No, you'll be the same size you...” Samantha gave a flat look to Molly's puppy dog eyes. “You'll be slightly bigger than you used to be.” Samantha touched the ring with a single glowing finger. A bright flash came from the ring and for a second it glowed the same colour as Samantha's magic then returned to normal.

“That's it?” Molly asked as she took the ring from Samantha.

“That's it. If you want to get rid of that fucker you'll have to throw it in a God damn volcano.”

“...Are you joking?”

“I don't know, am I?” As Samantha said this she stepped out of the van and what Paul could only describe as a cheerleader outfit as designed by Wednesday Adams materialised around her. She looked around with narrowed eyes. “Hey I've been here.”

They were all standing outside of Olivia and Riya's sorority house. The place was a lot more quiet when there wasn't a party going on.

“We're here to make some more snake girls,” Riya said with a smile.

“Right,” said Olivia as she turned around to address the rest of them. “Riya and I will go in first to smooth things over. They won't let you all come in at the same time.”

“What?” asked Samantha, “You aren't allowed to have guests?”

“Not *seven* of them. Also we haven't exactly been in contact with our sisters for a while so they might be a tad mad and or worried.”

“Fine,” said Samantha. “We'll wait out here. How many of the sorority bitches are going to be snake girls anyways?”

Olivia looked to Riya and the Indian girl put her finger to her lips. “About... all of them?”

Paul hadn't seen complete and total shock on Samantha's face too often, so it was a bit of treat to watch her mouth drop open and eyes go wide. “A-all of... there's like...”

“Yeah...” Riya smiled at them. “I'm good, but I'll probably need a hand bringing them all to orgasm.”

Olivia laughed at the stunned expression that Samantha was wearing. “Don't worry love, we'll call you in when the fun starts.”

“Paul?” Paul found his attention drawn away from the show to look at Iris standing beside him. “Can we talk for a moment?”

“Uh... sure?” He followed Iris to the other side of the van away from the other girls.

Iris looked up at Paul a smile, but it didn't reach her eyes. "Paul, you don't like me do you?"

For a second Paul didn't know what to say. "Of course I-"

"No, I didn't mean it like that. I mean... you don't like me in the same way that you like Samantha."

Paul thought about what Samantha had told him in the bar. "I don't even know how I feel about Samantha."

"Take it from me, you love her. And not like how you like me. Not just as a friend, not just for casual sex, you don't really look at me and think I'm someone that you could spend the rest of your life with. That's what you see with Samantha." She sighed, "But it's not what you see with me."

"I'm so-"

"No," Iris held up her hand. "No need to apologise. And it's not like I plan to stop sleeping with you, I just wanted to know where we stand." She smiled again and this time it was a bit more genuine. "Besides, it's not like I don't have anyone else."

Paul looked at her for a second. "Allison?"

Iris's smile grew just a touch wider. "I know, I went for the rich girl." She started to walk away and then stopped to look back at Paul. "I hope the three of you are happy together."

Paul blinked. "What do you mean the three of us?"

Iris laughed and it was perfect. It made Paul think about wind-chimes on a clear spring day. "Oh Paul, I'm going to leave you to figure that problem out for yourself."