

## The Family Legacy

### A Paul's Problems Story

Rols Garten

The air on the train was stuffy and hot. So much so that despite being squeezed into the corner of her seat by Sean's body, Tanya could feel herself starting to fall asleep. The day had left her far too weary to stand *and* keep her balance on the train so she had been quick to grab a seat. The gentle rocking of the train along with the heat had Tanya feeling groggy. It felt like a voice was calling to her. "Tanya... Tanya..." Just as she felt her eyelids becoming heavier she felt Sean perk up next to her and Tanya glanced up to see what had gotten his attention.

Tanya immediately realised that it had to be the pale goth looking girl with black lipstick at the end of the train. She was enormous. Or to be more accurate she was quite small, barely coming up to the armpits of the people around her, but there was one part of her that was enormous. Her breasts had to be the same size as her head.

"Careful you don't drool on me," Tanya said to Sean.

"Just... they're so big... Bigger than Denise even."

"I guess?" Denise, Tanya's friend, was rather well endowed. To the point that Sean's lack of control meant that Tanya tried to keep the two of them apart. "I mean I'm not an expert-"

"She's a 32 G," Sean said. "Denise that is. I'm not sure how big this girl is."

"What?" Tanya stretched in the confines of her seat and frowned at Sean. "Have you checked the tags on her bra or something?"

"Don't need to, I can tell by looking... not with this girl though. That *can't* be a standard size, she must get them custom made." As Sean said all of this his eyes never left the girl.

"Ok first, they're probably fake."

"They're not. Not that I care either way, but those are all her."

“*Second*, you can’t tell that just by looking.”

Sean made a dismissive noise. “*You* can’t.”

“Ugh,” Tanya rolled her eyes. “Ok then. How-?”

“36 A,” Sean said. Then he turned around with a raised eyebrow, “Almost at least.”

Tanya folded her arms across her chest. “Ok, then what about Elvira over there?”

The goth girl suddenly shot a glance over to them and they both sat back and pretended not to be looking at her. “I think she heard you,” said Sean.

“You think?”

They both looked back up as the train stopped. and were relieved to see that the girl had gotten off. “Soooo... it’s your birthday tomorrow?” Sean said.

“Yep, I’ll be a twenty-something.”

“Going to do anything?”

“With who? My non-existent boyfriend?” Tanya kept her arms folded as she scrunched down further in her seat.

“Well you could hang out with me... and maybe bring Denise?”

Tanya had to roll her eyes. “Denise doesn’t like you.”

“Why not?”

“Because you don’t do anything but ogle her,” She stood up as she saw her stop approaching.

“Look, maybe I’ll do something tomorrow. No promises.”

Sean shrugged. “Sure, see you tomorrow.”

“Yeah see you tomorrow.”

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“Hello Tanya.”

Tanya blinked and looked around, she didn’t recognize the lavishly decorated sitting room that she was standing in the middle of, it looked like something out of Jane Austin. Lit by gaslights and

artfully placed mirrors it was decorated with several paintings of sunny landscapes and the old grandfather clock in the corner was producing a loud tick-tock unfamiliar to more modern ears. Her dress was similarly old fashioned. Tanya could count on two hands the times in her *life* that she'd worn what might be considered a "fancy" dress. This one resembled a highly decorated cake and had enough skirts to hold a safari in. Her upper body was scarcely better as a constricting feeling around her insides showed that she was wearing a corset, explaining the exaggerated waist and how her normally modest breasts had been pushed up into eye catching cleavage.

Despite this she felt downright plain next to the woman sitting across from her. The woman's dress was a bright red next to Tanya's own more deep blue, and while Tanya was by no means an historian she was fairly certain that tastes around this time did not exactly permit a neckline that went down to the woman's navel. Nor was it common in any era for a woman to have a pair of breasts that were large enough that Tanya couldn't even see calling them breasts. Tits seemed like an understatement. She was thinking that even gozongas might be under selling them. The looked to be roughly the size of a pair of watermelons and yet didn't have a trace of sag. She was even bigger than the girl on the train had been. She thought that Sean might have been able to tell for sure but Tanya was pretty sure they were fake.

The woman's face was also quite eye catching. Full red lips, sparkling amber eyes, and flawless creamy skin framed by high cheekbones and a narrow jawline. Tanya felt even more plain with her dull brown eyes and skin that had never quite managed to be clear of acne. About the only thing that she and this mystery woman had in common was their hair. The woman's was the same glossy black that Tanya's was, though a quick check showed that Tanya's was done up in a bun while this woman's flowed over her shoulders in gentle waves.

"I'm sorry," said the woman with a slight flush in her cheeks. She had a slight accent but Tanya couldn't place it. "Could you *not* look at me like that?"

Tanya felt herself blush and looked down. "Sorry! I just... how did I get here?"

The woman took a deep breath, which did little to help Tanya from staring. She wasn't into girls but... "It's all right and let's not worry about how you got here let's just..." the woman hesitated. "I'm sorry this is harder than I thought it would be. You should sit."

Tanya had more than a little trouble sitting in the ridiculous skirt that she'd found herself wearing, but managed to find her way into a sitting position. "What's going on?" She said, feeling a bit light headed. Something about this whole scenario was off but she couldn't quite figure it out...

"My name's Xera." The woman said.

"Sarah?"

"...Sure. Anyways, there's no easy way to say this but... I'm your mother."

Tanya blinked, then blinked again. "Uh... My... I've never met my..." she decided it was a bit too early for words and so went back to blinking where she was comfortable.

"I don't know what your father's told you..."

"That you had to go away after I was born... I always just thought that it was his nice way of saying that you were dead."

She shook her head. "No, not dead. Not even a little. He was right though. I would have raised you if I could have. How is John by the way?"

"He's... No. I'm sorry. How can you be my mother? You look a bit older than me but not that much. You look like... thirty which mean's you'd have had to have me when you were like eight or nine."

Xera sighed. "I see he hasn't told you much. Not that I blame him, but there are things that you need to know now."

"Like?"

"Well-" The woman suddenly looked up in exasperation. "Oh damn. We'll have to finish this tomorrow night."

"What? Why?"

“Because you stayed up too late and your alarm is about to go off. Listen, if things start happening today look for the card I put in your wallet.”

“Wh-?”

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The cacophony on Tanya’s alarm woke her up. “Ugh...” she said into her pillow and rolled over to shut it off. *Weird dream...* she thought. What had it been about again? Something about dresses and her mother and a wallet? She was never any good at remembering her dreams. The house was quiet, fortunately. Her dad would already be at work and her single class today wouldn’t start for another two hours. She smacked her lips and rolled out of bed before wandering bleary eyed into the shower.

As the hot water hit Tanya she felt herself waking up a bit and looking down at herself. She blinked. She was looking *good* today.

She couldn’t spot a single blemish on her body and her skin felt smooth to the touch under her hands. Tanya was a bit dazzled by herself. She could have sworn that she had a slight tummy yesterday but now her torso looked toned and downright sumptuous. Even her breasts, while still fairly small, were perky in a way that she hadn’t noticed before. Tanya also thought she might be a shade or two paler than she had been. Even the small bush of her pubes looked neatly trimmed and groomed. “Wow...” she said to herself. She’d been dieting and trying to exercise more but she hadn’t noticed what a difference it was making. She hurried up with the rest of her shower and got out to look at herself in the mirror. For a moment she wondered if she’d gone to sleep with her makeup on before she realised that no, this was all her.

Had her lips been that lovely deep red before? Hadn’t she had bags under her eyes? And what about the eyes themselves. Normally they seemed a dull brown and they were still brown but right now they looked like the kind of eyes Van Morrison was talking about.

An exited chuckle escaped through her lips. She didn’t know what was going on with her today but whatever it was had her looking and feeling amazing. Even a bit horny if she was being honest with

herself. Eager to get going and get breakfast (she was starving) she started blow-drying her hair and humming to herself. *Maybe this would be a good birthday after all...*

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“Oh hey Tan- wow.” Denise took a step away from Tanya and ran her eyes up and down her friend.

“Have you been watching those makeup tutorials on youtube?”

“No,” Tanya said flatly, “I actually skipped makeup this morning.” She was gratified that Denise, whom Tanya considered her “fashionista” friend, noticed how good she was looking. But those feelings were tempered by the fact that even though she’d had breakfast Tanya felt especially hungry. Not only that, she felt even more horny and was actually wishing that she’d taken the time to rub one out during her morning shower.

She was horny enough that she even found her eyes trailing over Denise. Tanya had never seen her friend wear the same outfit twice and today’s number was more revealing than usual. The top was lacking sides, save for a band that ran around Denise’s breasts. Coupled with the skirt that Denise was wearing without any sort of leggings and Tanya was being treated to a good amount of Denise’s deep brown skin. If only that top had a bit of side boob action... Denise really did have a nice pair, large handfuls to be sure, Sean’s estimate might even have been right.

Tanya blinked and shook her head. Since when did she ogle her best friend? She needed to run to the bathroom and take care of things before she did something that she’d regret.

“...the gym though. Can’t really seem to fit it into my schedule,” Denise said.

Realising that her friend had been talking this whole time Tanya just nodded and said: “Yeah.”

Denise gave her an odd look. Apparently that hadn’t been the right answer. She placed a hand on her hip and stopped walking, giving Tanya a quizzical look. “Ok, something’s up.”

“Don’t know what you mean...”

“You come to school looking amazing and claim you haven’t so much as touched your makeup, then you start checking me out when I’m trying to talk to you.”

“I...” Tanya wanted to deny it but as she met Denise’s eyes she felt something electric at the back of her skull. Whatever it was must have shown on her face because Denise took a sudden step away from Tanya and let her mouth hang open just a fraction of an inch. Tanya rapidly shook her head from side to side in an attempt to clear it. “Sorry. Real sorry. I’m not sure what’s coming over me this morning.”

“Yeah...” Denise looked like she was staring into the distance even as she kept contact with Tanya’s eyes. “I’ll meet you for lunch after English ok?”

“Sure.” Tanya swallowed and tried to keep her eyes above Denise’s neckline. She barely even consciously registered Denise’s goodbye as she made a beeline for the cafeteria before class. Her morning cereal just wasn’t cutting it. She needed a muffin or something if she was going to last until lunch.

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Music Theory was torture, and not because of the content of the class for once. The muffin that Denise had grabbed did nothing to satiate her. In fact she felt all the more hungry after eating it. Which would have been bad enough but she was also about as horny as she could remember being and her eyes seemed to be attracted to just about every student in the class. Men, women, even the professor (who had to be in his mid forties) was catching her eye.

She honestly couldn’t understand how her body could manage to hold both sensations at such a heightened level. By the end of the lecture the dual bombardment of both hunger and arousal meant that her notes had devolved into nonsense and she didn’t know whether to head for the cafeteria or the bathroom. As she rushed out of the classroom to try and figure this out she ran right into Sean.

Sean had never been the best looking guy on campus. His teeth were crooked, he was tall but a bit of a beanpole, and he had trouble so much as looking at girls, much less talking to them. How he and Tanya had become friends was something of a mystery to both of them, but he was one of her few friends in the Music program.

All of this was shoved to the side as the two of them collided. As he stumbled back a step and took her in, Tanya saw Sean's eyes go wide. Tanya wasn't fully surprised, especially when his eyes drifted further downwards. Even looking like she did she knew that he would only find disappointment there. Tanya knew Sean well enough to know that he would have preferred a pair more akin to Denise's. On the other hand he looked more than interested in the rest of her.

Which was good because right now Sean was looking like bacon-wrapped-sex to Tanya.

"Oof! Sorry Tanya didn't... um... see you..." Sean looked to the side and Tanya could detect a hint of blush. Which was more than cute.

"It's fine, I've been a bit distracted this morning." She felt more than a bit distracted right now. She was feeling ravenous and at the same time the heat from between her legs was enough that she was worried her jeans might catch fire. Part of her wondered if she got Sean alone if she'd have sex with him or eat him whole. Even still, Tanya was a bit shocked when she said: "I was actually wondering if you could help me with that?"

"Uh..."

Tanya grabbed a hold of Sean's hand and started dragging him along behind her. Just the simple act of touching him was enough to ignite feelings inside of her. All of her hunger and lust seemed to be combining into something even more basic. Need. Tanya *needed* Sean and what he could provide. What that was she wasn't quite sure but every single part of her body was calling out for it on a level that was driving her insane. She let out a relieved sigh as she spotted her destination.

The practice rooms for the school music program were private, soundproofed, and could be locked. Tanya was certain that she wouldn't be the first to use them for what she was about to do.

As she shut the door Sean looked like he was about to ask her something but she pounced on him before he got the chance. Her lips found his and she started clawing at him, running her hands over every part of his body while at the same time trying to work her pants off. "Lick me," she said between kisses "down there. Eat me out and I'll return the favour."



“I...” Tanya felt like she could feel the lust radiating off of Sean’s body. “I’ve never done anything like this before...”

“Me neither. I’m sure we can help each-other along.” She finally pulled her pants down and her panties with them before stepping back and pressing herself against the wall and spreading her legs. She locked her eyes on Sean’s and said: “*Please.*”

There was that same tingling at the back of her skull, the same one that she’d experienced with Denise earlier, and again there was an immediate reaction from Sean. Though this time instead of pulling back from her he fell forwards, landing on his knees right in front of her waiting crotch.

As he leaned closer she could feel his breath on her lowermost regions and she felt her own breath become deeper in anticipation. He kissed her tentatively at first, then slowly gained confidence. His inexperience showed, but the radiating waves of satisfaction coming from between her legs was enough that Tanya didn’t care. She *did* give him a helping hand by reaching down to spread herself open and expose her clit to Sean’s eager attentions.

“Oh God,” he said, “you taste so good!” Sean probed ever deeper into her with his tongue as she felt herself grow closer and closer to her climax.

“Oooohhhh... Don’t stop.... Don’t stop!” Tanya said. Mostly because it was what she thought she should say. This would be the first orgasm another person had given her and what she knew of Sean suggested that this was his first sexual experience as well.

She looked down at him and placed her hands on his shoulders as she felt warm pleasure radiating out from her pussy to every corner of her body. Tanya bent forwards and sighed as Sean continued to lick up her juices. She giggled a bit at both the sight and the feeling. Then Tanya had to do a double take because Sean looked incredibly different.

His hair was thicker and looked like someone had styled it. At the same time his eyes were now a much clearer and brighter blue and he had a newly strong jawline. That was strange enough but at Tanya watched she saw his body begin to start changing under his clothes. Muscles swelled under

Sean's skin and soon his shirt became tight. "Woah..." he pushed himself to his feet and looked down at himself, taking in his changed form. As he did so Tanya felt her eyes being drawn to a noticeably growing bulge in his pants. She licked her lips and bent down. "What happened to me?" Sean said.

Instead of trying to give answers she didn't have Tanya smiled up at Sean and started to unbuckle and unzip his pants. Sean met her eyes and swallowed as she started to ease his pants down and free his cock from the confines of his boxers. Whatever had come over Sean had made his cock huge, thick and long it sat partially erect and waiting for Tanya's attention. She kept her eyes on Sean as she started kissing the tip at the same time as stroking her soft and dexterous hands along its length. The feeling of his growing hardness under her attentions had her breath coming in short puffs as she started to slide it into her mouth.

Sean had to be at around a foot long as he grew harder and Tanya didn't think she'd be able to accommodate all of him. Which meant she was quite surprised to find there was no hesitation in her as she effortlessly slid his length down her throat. Sean rolled his eyes back and let out a breathy grunt as Tanya's lips touched the base of his shaft.

Save for not being able to breathe, Tanya didn't feel even the slightest amount of discomfort as she started to massage Sean's cock with her throat muscles. He clearly liked it as Sean started slowly sinking to the ground as Tanya kept him in her mouth. As she did she slowly stroked the underside of his balls and used her other hand to quest under Sean's shirt to feel his newly rock hard abs.

Needing to breathe she slid his length out of her throat and took in a gulp of air while at the same time using one hand to stroke Sean's length. He moaned as she again started to slide him into her. They repeated this process several times and Sean only seemed to enjoy it more with every repetition.

"I..." Sean's eyes fluttered "I think... I... I'm gonna..."

Tanya knew what he meant and as he was currently down her throat she started to remove Sean's cock from her mouth. Something stopped her as she reached the final bit. That same need overcame her and she held Sean's tip in her mouth as he let loose. She'd always heard that most girls

didn't particularly like the taste of seed. Tanya decided she had to be in the minority on this one as she soon found herself ecstatically drinking down what was being produced. Whatever change had come over Sean seemed to make it so that he came way more than was normal. At least Tanya assumed so. It was her first time but she'd never heard of girls having to swallow multiple times. Much less five mouthfuls.

Tanya pulled his cock from her mouth and gasped for breath. Her whole body had a tingle running through it and she felt herself make a purring noise. In its own way this felt better than when Sean had licked her out. She ran her hands all over her body in order to savour the feeling.

It was then that she encountered some unexpected resistance. Far from the small but perky pair that she'd seen in the shower, her chest was now sporting a moderate and perky pair of breasts. Just as she was taking this in Tanya saw them begin to swell up towards being a large and perky pair. She was a bit disappointed at how soon they stopped growing, but it was still way more than she'd started out with. Each looked to be a comfortable handful now. Maybe even a bit more than a handful, though it was hard to tell when they were compressed by the tight confines of her t-shirt. She still wasn't up to Denise's size, but maybe there was a way to change that...

"Hey stud, ready for-" she stopped as she saw that Sean was out cold. Interestingly enough his cock was still fully erect, but he was very clearly unconscious. Part of Tanya wanted to just wrap her lips around him again, or even go a bit further than that... but she knew that would be wrong. At least a little bit wrong. He probably wouldn't mind if he woke up to it but...

Tanya shook her head and bent down to fix up Sean. She quickly tucked his cock back into his pants (with a bit of difficulty) and zipped everything back up. Then she reached up and wiped the rest of her juices off of his face. He stayed blissfully asleep during all of this and part of her wondered if maybe she should get a doctor. The thought immediately repulsed her. Whatever was going on with her was clearly strange, but it didn't feel unnatural. She felt bone certain that Sean would be fine. Even if

someone walked in on him now he'd hardly be the first person to be caught taking a nap in one of the practice rooms. It was really more frowned upon than against the rules.

Everything thoroughly rationalized, Tanya left Sean there.

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A quick beeline to the bathroom allowed Tanya to get a good look at herself in the mirror. More changes immediately jumped out at her besides the obvious one in her chest. She wasn't sure if her waist had become thinner or her hips wider or both but there was a definite flair to her hips that hadn't been there before. Her hair also looked thicker and maybe just a bit longer. Her lips had also turned an even darker red that normally required lipstick to reach and her eyes just seemed more sparkingly brown somehow, she even caught sight of a few flecks of amber that hadn't been there before. The colour seemed to draw something from her memory but it seemed to slide away as Tanya reached for it.

The fact that Tanya did not usually wear a bra was both a blessing and a curse. She hadn't had to go through having it explode on her but at the same time she was a bit concerned about how her nipples were showing through her shirt.

A quick turn around and a glance over her shoulder confirmed that the tightness that she was feeling in her panties was real. Her butt had definitely filled out to match her hips. She winced a bit and wondered if she should have worn a thong today. At this rate she was going to have to go without if she got any bigger. Not to mention her shirts were all going to be quite restricting and the fact that she didn't have a bra that could fit her at all anymore. Though for now her girls seemed to be doing a pretty good job of staying up on their own.

She broke herself out of her reverie and started heading out. She needed to get her newly pert ass to English. The thought that Denise would be in English only made her walk just a little bit faster.

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More than a few heads turned to look at Tanya as she walked into class. Fortunately most people had never really noticed her so nobody commented on how much she changed. There was one exception though.

“What. The. Fuck.” Denise took in all of Tanya’s body and Tanya swore she could actually feel her friend’s gaze roam over her form. It tingled where it fell.

“Not so loud,” Tanya said as she sat herself next to Denise.

Denise took a glance around and then leaned in and whispered “I’d say you were stuffing your bra but I can see that you’re not wearing one!”

A glance down made Tanya sigh. “Yeah, they just won’t go down. Do you think I should put some tape over them?”

“I think you should tell me *what the hell is going on!*”

“I don’t exactly know,” Tanya said. “I’ll tell you what I do know at lunch, but class is starting.”

The glare that Denise was giving Tanya made it clear just how unsatisfied Denise was, but she held her tongue. The professor had entered and conversation around the room was dying down as the lecture began.

Not that it was all that easy to focus on the lecture. Tanya kept letting her eyes drift over to Denise and she found herself comparing their breasts. Denise’s were definitely still bigger. According to Sean they were a 34 G. She wished that Sean had been conscious to use his mutant powers on her. She felt like she was around a C but wasn’t sure. A D maybe? Denise’s were definitely above the D range. Soft and round, the bra that she was wearing pulled them up into a lovely cleavage that Denise’s shirt showed off very well. Had she been wearing that shirt earlier? She remembered it not having sides but Tanya hadn’t noticed that delicious chocolate cleave-

The abrupt realisation that she was staring at her friend’s breasts made Tanya snap her eyes away. What was with her? Had she really just blown Sean in one of the practice rooms? And had him

eat her out? He'd transformed into a complete stud and she'd changed too. What would happen if Denise licked her pussy? Would Denise's change too?

Tanya ground her legs together as she thought of it. This was getting out of hand. She wasn't like this. She wasn't some sex crazed nymphomaniac. Sure she'd never had sex before, but it wasn't because she couldn't have. It wasn't like she'd been ugly before, or even if she couldn't have if she'd been ugly. The interest hadn't been there. Now she was having a hard time thinking about anything else.

Suddenly everyone was getting up and putting their stuff away. Tanya blinked and looked around her. How long had she been staring at Denise's cleavage? She glanced at Denise for a second and then frowned as she realised that Denise was looking a bit too far down to meet Tanya's eyes. "Uuummm..." Tanya crossed her arms over her breasts and Denise immediately looked back up. Her friend was a bit too dark skinned to blush, but Tanya was pretty sure that she would if she could. "Can we talk now?"

"Yeah uh..." Denise looked aside and cleared her throat. "Let's get lunch."

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The fries that Tanya was chewing on didn't have any flavor. It wouldn't be that odd for the college's cafeteria but Denise suspected that there was something else behind it. Especially as she could feel herself getting hungry again, and horny. It seemed like the two ideas were linked for her now. "So that's what's been going on. Now that I say it I should really send a text to Sean to see if he's alright..." she took out her phone and did so while Denise just stared at her.

"So you-"

"Blew Sean, yes." Tanya rolled her eyes. "I liked it and I'm probably going to do it again. Sue me."

Denise smiled. "I was going to say 'So you just woke up like this?'"

"Oh," Tanya slouched down, "yeah. You know as much as I do."

“And this dream about your mother?”

“I only bring it up because my mom had huge boobs in the dream. Like, bigger than...” she glanced down at Denise’s chest, “but I don’t really remember anything that she told me. I don’t even know if it’s related.”

“I think so,” said Denise. “It’s at least a bit weird and everything that’s happening to you is weird.”

Tanya’s phone buzzed and she peeked at it. It was Sean saying: “Feeling great. Can I see you again?”

Tanya laughed and quickly texted back: “Later. Let me know if you feel sick or anything.”

“Sean?” asked Denise.

“Sean.” Tanya picked her phone back up and texted: “Can we keep this just casual? I don’t know if I’m looking for a relationship right now.”

“That’s fine,” Sean texted back. “getting a lot of attention from girls now maybe I’ll see how Denise is doing?”

Tanya looked at Denise out of the corner of her eye and smiled. “I think she’s busy.”

“Maybe try going back to sleep? She might be able to talk to you again.” Denise said.

“Eh... No guarantee that I’d remember it this time either. And I’m not tired, like at all.”

“So what do we do now?”

Tanya shrugged then pushed her fries away. “These aren’t doing anything for me.”

“You’re not hungry?”

“No I am,” actually she was getting very hungry and keeping her eyes off of Denise was getting hard. “These aren’t going to do it though.”

“Wait you said that you stopped being hungry after...” Denise made another face that made Tanya think she’d be blushing if she could.

“Yeah...” she eyed Denise’s bountiful breasts for a moment and then looked away. “I think I’ll go find someone.”

“You don’t...” Denise looked Tanya in the eyes and swallowed. “I mean if you wanted...”

Tanya reached forwards and touched her friend’s hand. “Don’t feel you have to.”

“...And if I want to?” Denise gripped her hand back.

“Well,” Tanya felt the heat building up between her legs and squeezed her thighs together, “that’s different.”

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There was an awkward silence on the drive over to Denise’s place. The tension was there but more than that Tanya just felt a little embarrassed. At the same time she suspected that Denise felt similarly. The silence persisted as they reached Denise’s building and even until they reached the elevator.

The moment that the elevator doors closed there was a noticeable easing in the tension and Tanya smiled and turned to speak to Denise. The dual impact of Denise’s breasts against her was unexpected but not unwelcome. It was also a natural consequence of Denise practically throwing herself at Tanya for a kiss.

It abruptly occurred to Tanya that when she’d kissed Sean earlier it had actually been her first kiss. This thought immediately passed her by and she placed her hands on Denise’s waist to pull her closer. They kept kissing as the door of the elevator opened, and down the hall to Denise’s room, and as Denise unlocked her door, and in fact didn’t stop kissing until Tanya threw Denise onto her bed and climbed up to straddle her.

“You ever done anything like this before?” Tanya said.

“Maybe a bit. You?”



“Not at all...” she reached down and ran her hands up Denise’s sides. The bare skin that Denise’s top left exposed had Tanya’s finger tips tingling, especially as Tanya reached up underneath her top and rubbed more of Denise’s smooth brown skin. Tanya honestly wondered what her friend was even doing in school sometimes. She was hot enough that she could have been a model. Hot enough that people would have given her money just for turning up, and now Tanya had her squeezed between her thighs.

Denise’s legs kicked underneath Tanya and whimpered as Tanya used her position to slowly remove Denise’s top to reveal the plain white bra that encased her more substantial chest. A smile creased Tanya’s face as she rolled off of Denise.

“What?” Denise said in a voice thick with lust.

“Nothing, just saving the best for last.” Tanya smiled and took hold of Denise’s skirt and started to ease it off of her friend’s generous hips. “God you’re so hot.”

Denise had let her hands start to feel up her own body. One hand was currently tracing small circles around her navel while the other was fingering the straps of her bra. “Speak for yourself.” She licked her lips, “If I... do to you what Sean did, will I change too?”

“I don’t know,” Tanya slid Denise’s skirt off and flung it to the floor to lay next to Denise’s top. The white thong that Denise was wearing matched her bra, though by it’s nature was a little less plain. “I don’t know how any of this works. Maybe it won’t because you’re already hot... but my gut says it will.”

Denise looked down at herself. “I’m not sure that I want to be any bigger...”

“Well you don’t have to lick me, I can just lick you and be on my way.” Tanya reached down and pulled her top off, letting her new breasts free for the first time. She was more than pleased with how they stayed up despite their lack of physical support. The rouge nipples that capped them looked nice and sexy too, if a bit odd because Tanya’s nipples had been a lighter pink this morning.

“Wow.” Denise stared at Tanya’s tits in fascination.

“Like you haven’t seen bigger.” She reached up and ran a finger along the side of Denise’s still covered breasts.

“But those girls are *perky*...” Denise’s hands started to reach up but Tanya leaned back out of her reach.

“Uh uh uuuuhhh...” Tanya crossed one arm across her chest and waved a teasing finger. “I showed mine, you show yours.”

Denise grinned, but it was small and she looked away from Tanya. Again Tanya thought she’d be seeing a blush on someone with paler skin. She sat up and looked at Tanya. “Sorry, I’m nervous...”

“We don’t have to,” said Tanya. “I’m sure I can find someone else, or even just use Sean again.”

“It’s not that... it’s just that we’re friends. I’ve had sex before, but never with anyone that I actually like being around. It was always with people that I was fine with never seeing again, you know? Not that they were bad or anything...” She sighed. “Exposing myself to you just feels like it would mean something.”

“Like I said, we don’t-” Tanya stopped as she found Denise’s finger on her lips. Still looking to the side, Denise reached behind her and unhooked her bra with one hand. She shrugged out of it and let her breasts fall free. “Gotta say,” said Tanya, “worth the wait.”

They had a more natural shape than Tanya’s (or maybe just a less supernatural one) but they were still plenty full and round. Each hung down to just past her ribcage and jutted outwards to a provocative degree. The dark brown nipples at the end pointed upwards and looked just delicious, so much so that Tanya found herself bending down to kiss one before she even knew what she was doing.

“Oh!” Denise stiffened. “Oh that feels good!”

“Should it not?” Tanya said as she moved to lavish attention on the other nipple.

“W-W-Well no, not really. I don’t usually get much out of...” she took in a deep breath and all of the tension disappeared from her as she melted back down to the mattress. “Oh... You are something special Tanya.”

Slightly curious, Tanya started to explore other parts of Denise's body with her tongue. She started with the rest of Denise's delicious brown breasts but soon moved on to her collar bone, her sides, and even her arms. All of them got the same ecstatic reaction from Denise, and a quick check showed that she could get a similar reaction with nothing but her fingers.

"Ooh..." Denise laid back on the bed and writhed in pleasure. "How are you doing this."

"Magic sex powers," Tanya said. "I mean, I'm guessing."

"It feels like I'm going to cum already."

"We better get this off then," Tanya said and took hold of Denise's thong and slid it down her legs. As soon as it was off Denise obligingly spread her legs.

"Wait," Denise said as Tanya placed herself between Denise's thighs. Tanya paused and looked up at her. "I want to..." Denise swallowed, "you too. I want to taste you."

"You sure?"

Denise bit her lip and nodded. Tanya smiled and rolled onto her back before sticking her legs up in the air to strip off her jeans. It took a lot more work than it had taken to put them on but in the end she managed to get both them and her very tight panties off. Then she lay on her side next to Denise with her pelvis at Denise's head and her head next to Denise's slit. She eased her head between Denise's legs and spread her own as an invitation to Denise.

Hesitant kisses started to be placed around Tanya's slit and she curled her toes in pleasure. She stuck out her tongue and started running it up and down Denise's own intimate areas. It was enough to get a reaction from Denise as she first made a short humming noise before following Tanya's lead, which seemed a bit absurd to Tanya because it wasn't like she'd done this before either. Still she easily accepted her role as leader and started probing deeper into an already aroused Denise with her tongue.

Denise tasted like heaven.

Tanya let her tongue probe into Denise and sample every inch she could reach of her friend's folds. It soon became apparent to her that like with Sean she seemed to instinctively know just how to

wring the most pleasure from Denise. At the same time Denise was doing her best to replicate Tanya's efforts, while there was a certain hesitancy there it would be a lie to say that Tanya wasn't enjoying herself. She even knew how to back off so that Denise's amateur efforts would produce an orgasm in Tanya at the same time Tanya could bring Denise to one.

As their simultaneous orgasms hit the two of them moaned into each-other as Tanya savoured the sensation washing over her that was not only pleasurable, but fulfilling. She felt herself being to change yet again and it felt good enough that Tanya thought she may have another orgasm. Her breasts pushed forwards a few inches with a delightful tingling sensation that seemed to echo throughout Tanya's body. As she knew what to look for she was able to notice the way her hips grew slightly wider while at the same time her waist became just a bit narrower. The tingling resonated through her body and Tanya suspected that there were plenty more changes that she wouldn't be able to consciously notice.

She cupped her new breasts and laughed. "I'm about as big as you now, Denise." She looked up and felt a little disappointment that Denise was asleep. Especially since Denise looked to be going through some changes of her own. The most obvious was in Denise's breasts, they were slowly spreading outwards under the effects of gravity. Never small chested to begin with, Denise's breasts began to dominate her sleeping ribcage. They also stuck upwards and outwards more than they had been, Tanya suspected her friend's breasts were becoming firmer and a few quick squeezes confirmed it. Denise stirred a bit in her sleep but didn't wake up.

As Tanya watched there were many more changes throughout Denise's body. Her stomach, previously slightly padded, pulled in and tightened up. Tanya hadn't minded how Denise looked before but she couldn't deny that the new look was hot. Thinking quickly Tanya pushed her hands underneath Denise's rear and smiled as she felt her friend's ass start to fill out underneath her fingers.

Tanya crawled up next to Denise and spooned up against her, reaching around to hold both of Denise's breasts as she basked in the feelings of their mutual transformations. It looked like Denise was

still going to be the bigger of the two, for now, but Tanya was loving the way that her new breasts squashed against Denise's back. She lay there for quite some time, breathing in Denise's perfume and listening to her gentle breathing. It was relaxing, but it didn't look like she was going to be falling asleep soon.

Tanya got up and did a quick search around Denise's apartment. She decided to borrow one of Denise's old bras, seeing as Denise was obviously too big for it now. It just about perfectly fit Tanya now, though the band was a bit too tight for her. She squeezed into her now painted on jeans sans underwear and sat in the front area while Denise slept. Cautiously she eyed her phone and sighed. "Might as well..." she said as she dialled and held the phone to her ear.

"Hello?" said Sean.

"Hey Sean..." Tanya put as much seduction as she could in her voice. *"How's the search for a hot date going?"* Tanya was a bit shocked by the sound of her own voice. Smoky and breathy, it sounded like liquid sex being poured down the phone line. At least it did in her head.

"N-N-Not as well as I'd hoped," Sean just blurted out. Tanya laughed.

*"Poor guy, how about you come over here and I help you... lick your wounds?"*

"Uh..." Sean's swallow was actually audible over the phone. "Where's over there?"

*"Denise's place, you know where it is right?"*

"Yeah she had that party there, but I don't think that Denise likes me that much."

*"Well, if you two can't get along I'll just have to put myself between you."*

"Uh..."

*"I need you to bring me some things though? Can you do that Sean?"*

"As long as it's not too expensive..." Sean sounded like he was about to explode over the phone line. Tanya wondered if maybe she shouldn't back off on the voice.

"Some condoms," she said in a more normal tone, "and something that you and Denise can eat. I'll split the cost with you."

“That me and Denise can eat? What about you?”

Tanya glanced back at the partially opened doorway to the bedroom. “I have my meals covered.”

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Tanya answered the door in nothing but a pair of Denise’s underwear. A part of her pointed out it might have been a bit awkward if it had been anyone besides Sean at the door. However a larger part of her didn’t care.

Fortunately it was Sean, and she hoped he didn’t break his jaw as it fell to the floor. “Wuh...” his hand pointed at her breasts.

Tanya glanced down and then back to Sean. “They grew again.”

“Again?”

“Oh right, you were unconscious. After I... what’s the delicate way to put this?” Tanya tapped her lips with one finger for a few second. “After I blew you my boobs got bigger. Then I ate out Denise and it happened again. And she grew too, same as like what happened to you when you ate me out. Except with her boobs and not her dick.”

Sean just stood there and Tanya started to feel a bit sorry for him. He may have had the body of a stud now but by some measurements he was still a virgin. She supposed that by some measurements she had been too. In fact she’d never really been penetrated so she might still technically be one.

That didn’t meant that Tanya couldn’t have a bit of fun with Sean. “Can you come it and close the door?” She pointed to both of her nipples. “It’s getting a little cold.”

A few muttered apologies later and Sean was inside and still staring at Tanya’s bountiful new endowments. Tanya relieved him of the pizza box he had in one hand and the bag he had in the other. “Let’s see...” she said as she went through the bag. “Condoms, check. Some snacks, check.” A smile spread across Tanya’s face and she looked up at Sean. “Are those two bottles of baby oil?”

“Well,” Sean shrugged, “a guy can dream right?”

“Yes he can...” Tanya eyed the bottles and imagined what it would be like to rub it all over her body. “This dream might have a bit of potential. We’ll see what Denise says. It’s her bed.” Tanya suddenly winced and smacked her head. “Right, Denise! I better go wake her up and tell her that the food’s here.”

She left a gaping Sean as she bounded down the hall to Denise’s room. “Denise...” she said at the door. Tanya leaned in and crept over to Denise, still fast asleep. Or maybe unconscious was the better word. “Food’s here,” she said. Still no response. “Hey,” she said as she went over to the bed. Tanya reached out and touched Denise’s shoulder. “Are you all-?”

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It was just the kind of party that Denise had always wanted to attend. Classy looking people holding cocktails and discussing intellectual pursuits. Suits for the men, evening gowns for the ladies. Her own gown was a bit more provocatively cut than the rest of the crowd. It gave the average viewer a more than generous view of a pair of breasts that was even larger than Denise remembered. Still the black material, whatever it was, felt delicious against her skin and the slit in her skirt was just long enough to show off her toned legs whenever she took a step.

“Very nice,” said a voice from behind her, “my daughter has excellent tastes.”

The woman that Denise saw as she turned around was so beautiful that Denise swore her heart stopped for a second. In some ways she didn’t fit in with the party. She was so overtly sexual, her red dress exposed her to the navel and the breasts that it barely covered (let alone contained) were of a size with Denise’s engorged pair. At the same time there was a grace and charm to the woman that blended in anywhere. Far from looking trashy she looked natural and at ease. Denise suspected that this woman could be naked and everyone else would feel overdressed. “Who are-?”

The woman placed a finger encased in a red velvet glove over Denise’s lips. “No time for that. You’re an actor aren’t you?” She removed the finger.

“Theatre major, yeah.”

“Excellent, I find that actors have a better time at remembering these sorts of things. You need to tell my daughter to check her wallet.”

Denise looked the woman up and down. Before today there wouldn't have been a resemblance. Now there was a strong one. “Tanya?”

“Got it in one,” the woman said as she took a sip from a drink. “Oh, speak of the devil.”

A hand fell on Denise's shoulder and Tanya stepped into view, wearing a blue version of what her mother was wearing, and now sporting a pair of breasts that were closer to Denise's original size. “Denise?” she said. “What's going on here? Where are we?”

“It's a party,” Denise said.

“Here we go...” said Tanya's mother.

“But how did we get here?” Tanya said, “Who's party is this? Where did these dresses come from?”

“Well...” Denise frowned.

Tanya looked at her mother with narrowed eyes. “Wait... I've seen you before haven't I?”

Denise looked around. Now that she was paying attention she noticed a lot of odd things about the room. The people that were at the party all looked vaguely familiar, and as she bent down to examine the label on bottle of wine on a coffee table she found that she couldn't read it, the label was pure gibberish.

“Mom?” Tanya said.

At the same time Denise stood up and said “Is this a dream?”

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The first thing that Denise noticed as she woke up was the added weight on her chest. It wasn't surprising, she'd thought that making love to Tanya would do something like that and she didn't have any right to complain. Also they looked great.



The second thing she noticed was Tanya at the foot of her bed, stretching and shaking her head as if she had just gotten up as well. “Uhm...” Denise rolled over and started lifting herself up. “These are going to take some getting used to...”

“I like them,” said Tanya as she rubbed at one of her eyes.

“Didn’t say I didn’t.” She yawned and sat up, watching as her new breasts fell into two teardrop shapes just below her ribcage as she sat up. “Had a weird dream about you too. We were-”

“At a cocktail party and dressed like total sluts and my mom was there too?” Tanya said.

Denise stared at Tanya, “Was it not a dream?”

“No I’m pretty sure it *was* a dream,” Tanya sighed. “We should probably have a talk... and I should fill Sean in on what’s going on. He knows even less than us.”

Denise stuck out her tongue. “Ugh, can I not be there for that. He spent half the time staring at my tits the last time we met. I can’t imagine what he’d be like now.”

“Oh...” Tanya glanced around Denise’s room. “Something else I should tell you...”

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Sean’s eyes looked like they could fall out of his head at any moment. While Denise didn’t look like she was terribly happy about it Tanya thought that the way that his eyes drifted between their breasts was actually pretty funny. Maybe even a bit cute. Why he was looking between the two of them was obvious too, while Denise may have had the larger (and in Tanya’s opinion better) pair Tanya was topless where Denise had stuffed herself into an oversized sweater (that due to having to make room left her midriff exposed.)

All three of them sat around Denise’s Kitchen table. The pizza sat forgotten, along with the box of condoms. That weird corner of Tanya’s mind that had been awoken since this morning was actually telling her that she didn’t really need them. She’s really only said that Sean should bring some in case he wanted to have sex with Denise. The look that Denise was giving him seemed to indicate that this was not really in the cards at the moment.

“So that’s about it,” Tanya said to Sean. “And sorry for abandoning you in the practice room. I was kind of panicking.” It was only a half lie. Tanya wouldn’t have described herself as panicked in that moment. It was more that she was worried what she might do with an unconscious Sean.

“It’s uh...” Sean’s gaze drifted back to Denise’s chest and Denise rolled her eyes before folding her arms across them.

“Could you please focus?” said Denise. “Am I the only one here who thinks all of this is seriously weird?”

“No,” said Tanya. She bent forwards and propped her head up with her hands while her elbows rested on Denise’s kitchen table. She almost laughed at the expression Sean made as her new position blocked his view of her breasts. “No I know this is weird.” Though Tanya felt she was exaggerating with the word “weird.”

Weird meant something unnatural. Something strange and frightening and not quite able to be explained by a rational mind. This seemed to be more two out of three. Strange and not able to be explained for sure, but none of this felt frightening. This felt like the most natural thing in the world to her. Tanya’s previous life of involuntary chastity was what felt unnatural.

Denise scowled “You aren’t acting like it. Sean’s a horny idiot-”

“Love you too,” said Sean.

“-but you just seem to be accepting all of this.”

Tanya returned her scowl. “Hey, I gave you every opportunity to back out of this and you wanted to go through. Stop acting like any of this is something you didn’t want.”

“Ugh,” Denise slouched down a bit, which was now enough that her breasts were resting on the top of the table. “I know. Sorry. It’s just that you were *really* hard to say no to, even when you were telling me that I could.”

“Tell me about it,” said Sean. Denise raised her eyebrow but he continued: “I may be a bit desperate but I don’t usually let girls drag me aside and eat them out on command.”

“Hmm...” Tanya rubbed a stomach that was beginning to produce hunger pangs. Whatever relief from starvation her two sexual encounters had given her seemed to be fleeting at best. Her mind was drifting towards getting the two of them in bed again. Having Sean take her from behind while she ate out Denise sounded like heaven. Plus they were saying that she was hard to resist, even despite their reluctance. She also had that sex voice she’d used earlier, that seemed to compel them. In spite of the part of her warning against making too much use of her friends the heat between her legs started building up...

“Excuse me for a second,” Tanya said and stood up. Sean and Denise watched as she rushed into Denise’s kitchen and threw open her freezer. She quickly grabbed the ice trays out of them and snagged a handful of cubes.

“Uh Tanya?” Denise said. “You all-”

Tanya pulled the band of her panties away from her and dumped the ice cubes in. She shivered and then went back to the table. The others were staring at her with identical looks of slack jawed confusion. “Sorry,” Tanya said, “I was about to do something I’d regret.”

“Uh....” said Sean.

“What was it your mother said to me?” Denise said quickly. “Something about checking your wallet?”

“My wallet?” Tanya said. She got up and went over to her book bag and dug her wallet out. “I think she said something similar to me this morning...” Tanya opened her wallet and something white fell out. She bent down and saw that it was the back of a crisp white business card. It felt somehow extra solid between her fingers as she picked it up and placed it face down on the table.

Sean leaned in and squinted, “What’s a T-L-S-T-W-T-Y?”

“Is it an acronym?” said Denise. “Or do you say it like ‘tlistwity’?”

The card didn’t give too much information. All it had was the seemingly random jumble of letters and an address. “I know that address,” said Tanya. “It’s North Plaza Mall.”

Denise shook her head. "I don't know about any store in the mall called that."

"Maybe it's new?" Sean asked.

"Whatever it is my mother wanted me to know about it, even if she only said it in a dream..."

She held up the card and looked around. "Can I borrow something from you Denise?"

"Sure," Denise shrugged. "It'll fit you better than it fits me now."

"Great, then I guess we're going to the mall."

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"I swear this wasn't here yesterday," said Denise.

The shop had a fairly non descriptive sign that just said "TLSTWTY" in black text on a white background and below it was just a black door. No windows displaying things, no open storefront, and the door looked more like the kind that you'd see on a house than one on a shop.

"Do we knock?" said Sean.

Tanya stepped forwards and tried the doorknob. It turned easily and Tanya slowly pushed the door open. "Huh," she said.

Inside looked much more like a shop, though not one that sold anything in particular. There was row after row of long and narrow aisles that held high shelves stocked with what appeared to be random junk. A small rack of magazines was next to a row of shirts on hangers. Next to those was what looked like a display of candy and then a display of watches followed by several old oil burning lamps. Tanya started to wander into the store and she could hear Sean and Denise following her. It was dimly lit inside and smelled of age. Not of dust, not of decay, but an indescribable ancientness that Tanya could only think of as age. They kept walking and peering down the aisles, one after the other, no rhyme or reason existed in how they were organised and each seemed more eclectic and esoteric than the last.

"Hello?" Tanya called out.

"This is weird," said Denise.

“No shit,” said Sean.

“How long have we been walking? Shouldn’t we be in the store next door by now?” asked Denise.

They stopped and looked around. It didn’t seem like they were too far from the door but it seemed like they’d been walking for at least a minute.

“Seriously,” said Tanya, “does anybody work here?”

“Wait,” Sean held up a finger. “Do you hear that?”

They listened. There was a papery sound coming from deeper into the store. Slowly, trying not to make any sound the three of them crept towards it and soon it became apparent that the sound was someone turning the pages of a book. Visions of a wizened old man hunched over some ancient tome filled Tanya’s head. Shaded eyes and a flowing white beard with a wrinkled brow meant for puzzling through the mysteries of the universe. Or maybe some hag reading off ingredients as she plopped things into a bubbling cauldron. Cackling to herself as she plotted some curse or prepared to summon some demon into the earthly realm.

Finally they peered down an aisle that had a desk at the end. “Ok... not what I was expecting.”

Behind the desk sat a pale girl in a back tank-top and torn jeans. Her black boots were perched up on the desk and her black lips pursed in interest. What stood out most were her breasts though. They didn’t quite reach the torso dominating fullness of Denise but they were still larger than even Tanya’s expanded bosom. The tank-top showed that they were staying up rather well for the girl not wearing a bra.

It became apparent that the noises of pages turning were coming from the magazine that she was thumbing through. Exactly what kind of magazine became apparent as she lifted it up sideways and displayed the woman on the cover wearing nothing but lingerie. At the same time a few pages folded out and the pale girl smiled.

“Shit, Hitomi.” The girl shook her head, “What *are* your parents going to say?”

“Uh... hello?” said Tanya.

The girl looked around her magazine, apparently not too concerned with other people seeing her look at it. “Oh hey, with you in a sec’.” She looked back at the magazine for a long moment and then looked back at the three with narrowed eyes. “Do I know you two?”

“Hey,” Sean leaned in close to say to Tanya, “isn’t she-”

The girl pointed at Sean. “You’re that guy that was staring a hole in my tits on the train yesterday.” She then pointed at Tanya, “And you’re that bitch that called me Elvira.”

“Right...” Tanya licked her lips. “Sorry about that. You’re not mad are you?”

The goth girl narrowed her eyes at Tanya. “Are you a frog?”

Tanya looked to Denise and Sean for help but they looked just as blank as her. “A... frog? Are you asking if I’m French?”

“No, literal frog. Eat flies, sits on lily-pads, grows from a tadpole? I assume you know the fucking animal.” The girl leaned forwards as she said this part, giving Tanya a view of milk white cleavage that was hard to ignore. She was starting to get very hungry again.

“No?” Tanya said.

“Well,” said the girl as she went back to her magazine, “guess I’m not mad at you.”

There was another long silence before Tanya cleared her throat again. “We have your card.”

“I don’t print business cards,” the girl didn’t even take her eyes off the magazine this time.

“Could you just look?”

“Could you just buy something?” the girl snapped back.

Tanya felt herself fuming as she strode down the aisle and placed the card on the girl’s desk as hard as she could. “**Look at it,**” she said in the sexy voice that had just slipped out of her. The girl didn’t flinch. Tanya was wondering if she’d done it wrong when Denise and Sean were suddenly next to her and peering down at the card. “Uh guys?” Tanya said, “You’ve already seen it.”

Suddenly the goth girl let her magazine drop from her hands. As it hit the counter the centrefold spilled out and revealed the picture of a well endowed Asian girl kneeling with her legs spread and completely naked, one hand was cupping a sizable but firm breast. However this only caught Tanya's attention for a moment as suddenly the goth girl was in her face and peering closely at Tanya.

"You," she said, "just got upgraded to interesting. I'm Samantha," she reached one hand out to shake.

"Tanya," she shook Samantha's hand lightly. There was an odd electric feeling where their skin made contact. It didn't just feel like touching a beautiful woman but instead it felt like there was something under Samantha's skin just begging to be set loose.

"Pleasure to meet you Tanya. How long have you been able to control people?"

"Control people?" said Denise. "She can't control people."

Samantha's eye sparkled. "They don't even know that you're doing it? That's advanced shit."

"It just started today," Tanya said as she gave a wary look at Denise. Her friend looked confused. Sean was still looking at the card.

"And I'm going to guess that none of you looked like this before today?" Samantha said.

"Wait," said Denise. "She can control people? Has she been controlling me?" She started backing away from Tanya.

Samantha rolled her eyes. "Denise, calm down."

Denise turned a fuming look on Tanya. "Who told you my name? I never told you my name!"

"Magic," Samantha said. "Look, you can go. I'm not gonna keep you here. If you think that Tanya is the kind of cunt that would take control of you and make you fuck her against your will then I suppose that's what she's like. I don't know her, can't say. If you trust her then stay. I can explain what happened to your tits."

Denise sat still and her eyes darted between Tanya and Samantha. "You can explain *these*?" She pointed a finger down at her chest.

“Yeah,” said Samantha. “Might be tricky, but I can do it.”

“Wait a minute,” said Sean, “if Tanya can control people then why didn’t you look at the card?”

Again this got an eye roll from Samantha. “Because I’m not a fucking amateur? I know how to resist mind control. Plus she was kind of at a disadvantage. Her whole thing works by subconsciously telling you what sex with her would feel like.” She shot a grin at Tanya. “You’re good, but I’ve had some fucking amazing sex.”

“Not to sound self centred, but can we get back to me?” said Tanya. “You’re supposed to help me somehow.”

“Who told you that?” Samantha said.

“My mother, sort of, it was in a dream.”

Samantha eyed the group. “Ok, tell me everything, don’t leave out a single fucking detail.”

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“Hmm...” Samantha leaned back in her chair and pursed her black lips while she tented her fingers. She also had her boots up on her desk and a half eaten bowl of popcorn next to her. Tanya wasn’t sure where or when she’d gotten it.

“So,” said Denise. “Any ideas?”

“Hmm...” Samantha said. Her dark eyes stared into the distance as she furrowed her brow.

“Any theories? Hypotheses? Any hunches?”

“Hmm...”

“Is she even listening to me?”

Tanya cleared her throat and leaned forwards to tap Samantha on the leg. Just that little bit of contact, even through a pair of jeans, was enough to seen tingles shooting up Tanya’s arm. Something about Samantha was seriously turning Tanya on. It wasn’t just how she looked, though that was a bonus, Tanya could just tell that Samantha would be satisfying on a whole different level than Denise



and Sean were. Not that she didn't care for her friends, and Samantha was still a stranger, but Tanya felt that same primal hunger that couldn't be denied absolutely thrilled when she looked at Samantha.

"Tanya!" Denise was shaking Tanya's shoulder. "What is with you two?"

Tanya looked around and saw Denise and Sean staring at her worriedly while Samantha was just grinning. "Sorry," Tanya said as she brushed her hair behind her ear. "I was-"

"Mentally undressing me?" Samantha said.

"Well..." Tanya shrugged. "Other things too."

"Oh I'm sure," Samantha said and winked at Tanya.

"Do you know what's going on or not?" Denise said.

"Hm?" Samantha said as she spared Denise a glance. "Oh that shit? Yeah. I knew what was going on the moment you entered the shop."

"What!? Then why was it story time for the last half hour!?"

"Uh, because I wanted to hear some dirty stories? Duh?" Samantha shrugged. "You guys interrupted my personal time." She gestured vaguely towards the magazine on the desk.

Denise started to stand up, "If you're just going to waste our time-"

"Alright alright, bad joke." Samantha held her hands up and sighed. A sigh that Tanya couldn't help but notice went right to her breasts. She needed to get laid again and soon or she was going to jump the next random stranger she saw. Or maybe a not so random stranger. "I didn't *know* exactly what you were when you walked in. I suspected but I didn't know. Your story more or less confirms it though." Again Samantha met Tanya's eyes and grinned. "That and the fact that even though this involves her, Tanya's not listening to a word of this and just eye-fucking me."

Tanya blinked, feeling her face heat up a bit. "Sorry." She tried to find somewhere else to look but then her eyes fell onto Denise and Sean and that didn't help at all.

"Don't worry," said Samantha. "I'm pretty eye-fuckable. Plus it's not like you can help it. You're a succubus."

“A what?” Tanya looked to Sean and Denise.

“I know that one,” said Sean. “It’s like a sex demon right?”

“Close enough,” said Samantha. “Tanya, you’re a succubus. Or at least you’re becoming one.”

Tanya looked down at herself, “I’m a demon?”

“It’s not as bad as it sounds.” Samantha whipped out a phone and started rapidly tapping at the screen. It looked to Tanya like she was texting someone. “See, from what you’ve told me it sounds like your mom is a succubus and has been trying to get in contact with you through your dreams. The reason that you’ve been changing every time you fuck someone is because you feed off a bit of their...” Samantha made a see-sawing motion with her hand, “let’s call it vital essence.” She set down her phone and held up a hand to stall any questions from Sean and Denise. “Don’t worry, that shit grows back. Just don’t have sex with her more than two or three times a day and you’ll be fine. Anyways,” Samantha looked back at Tanya, “every time you have sex you’re getting a bit of this essence and using it to fuel your change. But since you need a fuck-tonne of it to fuel your change then you get hungry a few hours later. Like Chinese food.” Samantha looked around at Tanya, Denise, and Sean. “You following all of this?”

“I think so...” said Sean. “But that doesn’t explain why me and Denise changed.”

“Denise *and I*,” Samantha rolled her eyes the moment she said this. “Shit, sorry. Mom’s an educator. Being pedantic’s a bad fucking habit. Out of curiosity,” she said to Denise, “how big were you this morning?”

“Uh,” Denise licked her lips. “You mean how tall or...?”

Samantha’s eyes didn’t leave Denise’s. “You know what I mean.”

“She was a 32 G,” said Sean.

Samantha squinted at him. “What’s...? I don’t know how big that is. I magically re-size all of my shit.”

“About as big as mine are now,” sad Tanya. She thrust her chest out just a bit and tried to bat her eyes at Samantha. She couldn’t tell if Samantha noticed or not because she just seemed to keep moving on.

“At any rate it’s because I’m guessing that the two of you ate her out.” Denise shifted a bit in her seat but again Samantha just continued. “It’s a succubus thing to help you attract additional mates for her, and it’s not permanent.”

“Oh,” said Sean.

“You can keep it going though. Just eat her out once a day.”

“But if I don’t...” Denise said. “I’ll be able to fit into my clothes again?”

“Yep, though if you feel otherwise I have some-”

Tanya couldn’t take it anymore. With one shout she leaped over the desk and tackled Samantha. The two of them fell back along with Samantha’s chair as the sorceress let out a loud yelp. As they hit the ground Tanya found herself on top of the sorceress and started to kiss at her throat while at the same time reaching down to pull Samantha’s shirt up and get at those sumptuous looking breasts.

Every inch of Samantha’s skin seemed to be a wellspring of energy. Tanya didn’t know if it was because she was magic or what, but just nuzzling against Samantha felt almost as good as Denise’s tongue had inside of her.

“Oh fuck!” Samantha said, “Should have realised.” Tanya had managed to get Samantha’s shrink wrapped tank-top up and over her breasts and was able to feel Samantha’s voice reverberating through her chest encased in a lace covered black bra.

“Realised what?” Tanya could hear Denise behind her. She was probably leaning over the desk but confirming that would have meant turning away from the delectable treat that was Samantha and that just wasn’t a sacrifice that she was willing to make.

“She feeds off vital essence sommmph!” Tanya sealed her lips over Samantha’s and started to slide one hand down Samantha’s taut torso to reach into Samantha’s jeans. She managed to find the

band of Samantha's lacy panties. Samantha shivered as Tanya fingered the material but then pulled away and gave Tanya a shove.

It surprised Tanya, almost as much as the growl that came from her throat. It wasn't playful either, Tanya could feel real anger and frustration behind that noise. She wasn't quite sure what being a succubus meant but accepting rejection with any sort of grace didn't seem to be an option.

"A bed..." Samantha said through heavy breaths. With her bit of freedom she stripped off the last of her tank-top. "I have a bed."

Tanya smiled and started to pick herself up. Samantha's breasts were still in their bra and Tanya was determined to see that that was a temporary state of affairs. She wanted to lick at every inch of her glorious breasts. Speaking of... "Either of you two want to join us?" she said without looking away from Samantha.

"Hell yeah!" said Sean.

"I actually have more questions..." Denise said.

"Fucking now," Samantha said, "exposition later."

"Then no, sorry. I'm just going to-"

Samantha didn't wait to hear the rest. The moment that Tanya had lifted her weight off of her Samantha sprang to her feet and grabbed Tanya by the wrist. Then she started sprinting off into the store, still shirtless and with her jeans undone and riding low thanks to Tanya. She was pulling with enough force that Tanya was actually finding it a bit hard to keep herself standing. At the same time the pace that they were going at made it hard for Tanya to take in the sight of the ever changing contents of the store's shelves. She did get the impression that the random assortment of items was taking on a distinctly sexual flare. She kept catching glimpses of outfits and sex toys that she could only guess at the use of, as Tanya reached out for one Samantha sharply turned and slapped her hand away.

"Careful," she said, "these fuckers can bite." Without any further explanation Samantha kept dragging Tanya until they were both looking at Samantha's bed.

Tanya was still trying to process what she was seeing when she heard Sean skid to a halt behind them. “Whoa...” Sean said.

The word that came to mind when looking at Samantha’s bed was “opulence.” The first thing that struck Tanya was its size, easily that of most people’s backyards, then there was a gigantic silk canopy in the same rich red and black as the rest of the bed and what had to be easily a hundred pillows piled at one end. “What is this?” said Tanya.

Samantha jumped up onto the bed and took a few bouncy steps across it. What those bounces did to her body made it so that Tanya was so turned on she barely heard Samantha’s response. “I like to have a lot of people over. Plus I’m in sort of a cold war with a friend of mine over who has the bigger bed. She has a fortune but I have magic so it’s anybody’s fucking game.” She smiled at Tanya. “Speaking of fucking games...” she fell down on the bed with her legs spread wide and fixed Tanya with an even glare as she played with the straps of her bra. “Let’s set some ground rules for ours.”

Tanya rolled her eyes and started climbing up onto the bed next to Samantha. “All right... what is it?”

“You can fuck me,” Samantha said pointing at Tanya, “not him.” This last remark was directed at Sean. “No offence it’s just... besides one big exception I’m mostly like your friend Denise.”

“Like Denise how?” said Tanya.

Samantha narrowed her eyes. “Never mind...” She turned to Sean. “Just remember that you can fuck her while she’s fucking me, you can watch and we can take turns, but no sticking your dick in me. Got it?”

“Got it,” said Sean and he hopped up onto the bed next to Tanya. Tanya guessed that Samantha had to have one of those bowling ball mattresses because not only was it incredibly soft but she didn’t feel Sean and Samantha shifting their weight around. That or the mattress was magic.

“So uh...” Tanya looked over the feast of Samantha’s body. She found her eyes particularly drawn to Samantha’s still encased bosom. “I’ve never really done it with three people before...”

“...And I’m guessing he hasn’t either?” Samantha hooked a thumb at Sean while he shook his head. “Well don’t worry. I’ve got some experience with this sort of thing.” She smiled at all of them and started reaching behind herself to the hooks of her bra. “For a start, we should all get naked.” Her bra was unclasped and Samantha shrugged out of it, causing Tanya to pause.

“They’re black,” said Sean

Samantha cupped her lily white breasts and traced her index fingers around her black nipples. They were standing out quite prominently and Tanya couldn’t help but imagine a little “boing” sound as Samantha flicked them. “I’m not one-hundred percent... human.”

“Are you a succubus too?” Tanya couldn’t help herself, she leaned forwards and started nuzzling Samantha’s exposed chest. Somehow one of Samantha’s nipples found its way into Tanya’s mouth and she gave it a gentle nibble.

A purr came out of Samantha’s throat. “No... sorceress... fucking me should...” Samantha pressed her black lips together and the tingling sensation that Tanya seemed to get from her intensified slightly. “It should get you most of the way to becoming a succubus. I know someone that can get you all the way though. They’ll be here in a sec’.”

“Who?” Sean was leaning forwards and planting kisses up Tanya’s back as she said this. She shivered and found herself nuzzling against Samantha’s breasts.

“You’re not even done with me and you want the new model?” Samantha laughed and fell back to better bask in the attention being paid to her. “Calm your tits, you’ll find out.”

Tanya started trailing kisses down Samantha’s body while Sean started to strip her pants off. It soon became apparent that he’d already stripped at some point as she could feel his stiffness rubbing against her flesh. “Mmm... If you’re going to tease me I’ll have to tease you...” She kissed around Samantha’s navel and then took the material around the button on Samantha’s fly between her teeth. With a single movement of her head Tanya unbuttoned Samantha’s jeans and started forcing

Samantha's zipper down. "Tell me," she said in her sexiest voice. "Besides your lips and your nips, anything else interesting on you that's black?"

Samantha squirmed a bit and thrust her hips up slightly. "Maybe you should find out..."

"Gladly," Tanya took the band of the Samantha's thong between her teeth and started pulling it down.

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Denise was getting very lost trying to find the door. As far as she was concerned Samantha had already told them all that they needed to know, the rest was just an excuse for Tanya to get laid again. Not that Denise minded, from what she could understand regular sex was a biological necessity for Tanya now and she was more than willing to let Tanya feed off of the sexy sorceress if Tanya needed it.

That meant that all that remained was for Tanya and Sean to wrap up their "business" with Samantha and they'd be on their way. In the mean time Denise needed to find the door. It didn't help that the store's shelves seemed to just shrink into the distance. She felt like she was going to stumble across the arc of the covenant any moment. Or at least she would have if so much of the store's items didn't just seem to be random junk. Denise was half tempted that to pick some up and examine it but the recent revelation that magic was real made her hesitant. Who knew what some of this stuff could do to her?

The silence of the store was suddenly broken by sudden gust of air as something white streaked past overhead. Denise yelped, ducked down, and stayed there for a few seconds to make sure that whatever it was wasn't going to dive-bomb her again. Slowly she stood back up and looked around to see what had flown above her. Oddly enough the wind, despite being quite strong, hadn't managed to knock anything off of the shelves. Denise was just about to continue on her way when a head popped around the corner in front of her and said "Sorry about that."

The girl, and it was a girl, had long brown hair and spoke in a refined English accent. She also boasted expertly applied makeup on her tanned features and a smile full of perfect white teeth. "I try

not to go flying about the place that fast when we have customers.” She smiled a bit wider, “At least I didn’t break the sound barrier.”

“Fly?” Denise felt that she was missing some key component in this conversation.

“Right, that was me that just went overhead.” The girl glanced up in order to emphasize her point.

“...How?”

Still hiding most of herself behind the corner, the girl held up one hand. “Before I answer that, are you particularly religious?”

Denise was having a hard time tracing the path of this girl’s conversation. “I’m not sure what that has to do with-”

“Humour me. Are you?”

“Not ‘particularly’ no.”

“Oh good,” the girl’s smile became a bit more brittle. “Your reaction to this may be slightly more subdued than some of our other customers.” As the girl said this she stepped around the corner and Denise gasped and fell to her knees. Sprouting from the girl’s back were two large white angelic wings of the most perfect and pure white. They seemed to glow with their own radiance with not a single one of their feathers out of place. The sight of them was so glorious that Denise barely noticed that the girl that was attached to the wings was just as breathtaking.

More than just her beautiful face, the girl was the picture of feminine beauty. Clad in a tank-top and a pair of jeans, the girl made a stunning picture of everything that Denise liked in the female form. Large (though not as large as Denise’s usually were) firm breasts sat high on her chest, well formed and without a hint of sag. Her slender waist, her generous hips, long legs that looked well toned from within the tight jeans that the girl was wearing, even her dainty and long fingered hands meant that Denise found herself unable to speak in front of this angelic figure.



This was only slightly undercut when said angelic figure folded her arms, rolled her eyes, and said: “Oh well. A girl can hope. Perhaps Samantha is right about my having some sort of passive psychic effect on humans...”

“You’re... you’re a...” Denise blinked, trying to find some sort of mental life preserver to cling to. “You know Samantha?” was what she managed to get out.

“Yes, in every sense of the word. I’m comfortable calling her my girlfriend. While we’re on it, are you the one she sent the text about?”

Denise could vaguely recall Samantha texting earlier. “I don’t know, what did the text say?”

The angel pulled out a cell phone and cleared her throat. “Come quick. Someone I need you to fuck.” She gave Denise a look. “It’s not exactly an unusual text from her.”

“Uh...” Denise swallowed and started to pick herself up. “I don’t think that it was talking about me...”

“Well... that’s too bad.” The girl held out a hand. “Olivia. And you are?”

“Denise,” she took Olivia’s hand and shook it softly. Olivia had some of the smoothest skin that Denise had ever felt. She felt a warmth spread through her body as she imagined seeing if every part of Olivia was that soft. “You can’t do that thing that Samantha does where she knows my name without me telling her?”

“Oh I can actually, as long as you’re in this store.” Olivia let go of Denise’s hand and gestured around her. “Helping run this store gives certain benefits. However I find using someone’s name before they introduce themselves to be a tad rude, don’t you think?”

“Uh, yeah, I guess I can see that.” Denise was starting to feel a tad awkward just staring at Olivia. However she was also finding it extraordinarily difficult to look anywhere else. “So can you tell other things about me from running the store?”

“About you? No. I *can* tell what every item in the store does. It comes in handy as this store just *refuses to be organised.*” This last part Olivia seemed to direct to the shelves around her. A note crept

into Olivia's voice that was enough to make Denise take half a step backwards. Olivia then turned back to Denise with a perfectly pleasant smile. "Of course I can tell a few more things about you. Like that those are new," she pointed to Denise's breasts.

"How can you tell?" Denise said as she looked down at her new "assets."

"Your shirt doesn't fit and you're not wearing a bra."

"Oh," Denise sighed, "yeah I guess that makes sense."

"I went through a similar change," Olivia cupped her pert breasts. "Obviously not as extreme as you but I feel like I can sympathize."

The sight of Olivia feeling herself up sent a tingle between Denise's legs and she hurriedly looked to the shelf, her eyes falling on a flashlight. "So uh... this is what you do? You run the shop with Samantha?"

"Mostly I'm a med-student. I just lend a hand when my girlfriend needs it. That's a fun one by the way."

"What?" Denise's head snapped back to Olivia, who was now standing with her hands on her hips and a raised eyebrow.

"That," she pointed to the flashlight that Denise had been looking at. "Go ahead and shine it on me."

"No, it's just I mean..." Denise winced, "you said Samantha is your girlfriend? She's kind of..."

"Let me guess, she's currently fucking someone?" Olivia just chuckled. "Don't worry. We have an open relationship." Her eyes traced up and down Denise's body. "A *very* open relationship."

Denise was starting to feel warm and quickly turned her head back to the flashlight on the shelf. "You... wanted me to shine this on you?"

"That's correct." Olivia smiled and leaned back against the shelf, draping herself over it and striking a pose straight out of a fashion magazine. "Go ahead."

Denise picked up the flashlight and looked at it. "It's not dangerous is it?"

“Why would I tell you to use it on me if it was dangerous? Just go ahead.” Olivia flashed Denise that same polite and pleasant smile that she’d been using the whole conversation.

Denise swallowed, aimed the flashlight at Olivia, and slowly flicked it on. She gasped and nearly dropped the flashlight when she saw that Olivia was suddenly naked. Olivia giggled at Denise’s reaction and reached up to cup her breasts. As she did so Denise noticed something odd. Where Olivia’s hands cast shadows on her body Denise could suddenly see Olivia’s tank-top again, little hand shaped outlines of clothing tracing across Olivia’s body.

“This flashlight doesn’t make you naked,” Denise said.

“No, though I’m sure if we dug around we could find something that would,” Olivia shot a wink at Denise and Denise was once again glad that her skin was too dark to blush. “It makes clothes invisible. Always thought it might be fun to shine it on a disco ball. At any rate, let’s go find my girlfriend.”

“Wait,” said Denise as she trailed after the rapidly departing Olivia. She flicked the flashlight off but brought it with her, not knowing where to put it down. “You’re just going to walk in on her while she’s...”

Olivia grinned over her shoulder and past one of her wings. “Oh don’t worry, it will hardly be the first time I’ve walked in on her. The most reaction it might garner is an invitation to join her.”

“I already turned down that invitation.”

“Nobody’s expecting you to join in! Just come along, it will give you something to do besides stare at my ass.”

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Tanya supposed that in some ways Sean was taking her virginity, or at least her heterosexual virginity. As heterosexual as she could get while eating out another girl. The only odd thing (or one of the odd things) about it was how it didn’t seem special at all. To be honest Tanya hardly felt like a virgin.

She knew exactly how to move herself against Sean's shaft, just as she knew how to put her tongue and fingers to best use pleasuring Samantha. The moans that Samantha was making and the way that she was running her hands through Tanya's hair told Tanya that her efforts were appreciated. Just as the grunts and tightening of hands on her hips told her that Sean was also enjoying her efforts.

That was the other odd thing that was becoming increasingly obvious to Tanya. While she was enjoying the sensation of Sean buried to the hilt inside of her, it seemed like the fact that Sean was enjoying it was more important to her. Samantha's reaction was likewise pleasurable. In fact it was like she could feel the pleasure in their bodies washing back over her.

Tanya moaned into Samantha's slit as she clamped down on Sean's shaft. Those same instincts that were telling her how to pleasure the others were now telling her that with just the right amount of focus and skill she could get all three of them to experience their climax at the same time. Revelling in the taste of Samantha's juices and the constant slide of Sean in and out of her made it a bit hard to concentrate, but her partners' orgasms felt like physical things in her mind. It was easy to take hold of them, and shape them, to make them match her own.

She felt Samantha and Sean's pleasure absolutely consume her as both arched their backs in ecstasy. Tanya's own orgasm was lost amid the tumult of the dual tsunamis of pleasure overcoming her. Her legs and arms could no longer support her and she fell face first onto the bed. Behind her she could feel Sean fall back, presumably into unconsciousness. Samantha also fell down in front of Tanya. Though she didn't look unconscious but instead she writhed on the bed and smiled up at the canopy with heavy lidded bliss. "Fffuuuuck.... for someone that was a virgin this morning you sure know how to use that tongue."

Tanya let out a breathy laugh. "Thanks I..." she paused with her mouth wide open as she felt something welling up inside of her. It felt like another approaching orgasm but it didn't feel centralised to any one part of her body. She clutched her hands to her chest and revelled in the feeling of her breasts once again pushing against her palms. Tanya writhed on the bed and squeezed her legs together

as more heat poured out from between them. She felt dozens of minute changes taking place all over her body, her waist narrowing again, her hips growing wider while her legs became long and toned. All of these changes were background to what was happening to her breasts. They swelled under her hands and she could feel the weight of them building as she let out a moan.

She ran her hands along them and laughed. She was bigger than Denise now, even in Denise's expanded state. It was the most she'd grown yet. Maybe it was having two people at once, or maybe Samantha was right about her being a bit more nutritious than Sean and Denise. Tanya didn't know either way, and frankly didn't care. She was too focused on her own change and her own pleasure.

A sudden sharp pain from the base of her spine managed to cut through her blissful haze. "Ah!" Tanya said, "Ahhhhhowowow!"

"Yeah," said Samantha, "figured that might happen."

"What's- Ah!" The pain very suddenly reached a crescendo and then vanished. She tried to ignore the feeling of Sean idly brushing her thigh as she focused on Samantha. The sorceress was laying on her side and slowly running heavy lidded eyes up and down Tanya's body. "What was that?" Tanya said to her.

"You don't feel it?" Samantha was smiling quite widely. "I wouldn't think it was the kind of shit you could ignore."

Sean's hands were getting a bit more adventurous but again Tanya tried to keep focused on Samantha. The fact that he was rubbing the insides of her thighs was not making it easy. Despite what she'd just been through Tanya was certain she could go another round. "Well I can't see it. It felt like a muscle spasm." She reached down and slapped away Sean's hand as it started reaching between her legs from behind. "Quit it!" she hissed and for some reason this got a very big laugh from Samantha. "What's so funny?"

"Sean's asleep."

"Then who's-" Tanya looked down and froze.

Emerging from between her thighs was a tail. It was a deep enough blue that it was almost black and came to a spaded point at the end of its hairless length. It looked like it would probably fall down to mid calf when she was standing and the tip of it was waving back and forth of its own accord. “I... I have a tail...”

“Don’t worry,” said Samantha. “You’re hardly the first girl I’ve fucked with a tail. Though you are the first one with a... what would you call that? A devil tail?”

“I have a tail...?” Tanya reached down and prodded the tip of the tail with one finger and then flinched back when she realised that she could feel it not just in her fingertips but in the tip of the tail. Even though it seemed to twitch around with a mind of its own it was clearly a part of her. She felt along its length to where it emerged at the base of her spine.

“Let’s call it a devil tail. Kind of looks like what you’d get on a sea-ray of some kind...”

“I think I kind of like it?” Tanya rubbed at where the tail connected to the rest of her body and shivered. “Oh I *definitely* like it.”

“Thas’ cool,” Samantha rolled onto her back and yawned. “Wow that took a lot out of me. Normally I can fuck for hours but...” she yawned again. “Oh fuck...” Samantha shut her eyes.

“Wait don’t go to sleep! What am I supposed to do!” Tanya grabbed Samantha’s shoulder and started shaking her. This just awarded her one very displeased open eye.

“Quit it. Unless you want me to shrink you down and put you in a terrarium.”

“But what’s going on? How am I supposed to hide this!?” Her tail gave a few annoyed flicks to illustrate her point.

Samantha groaned. “I don’t fucking know. Just wait until my friend gets here and it’ll be fine.”

“How’s your friend going to help?”

Samantha made a vague waving motion with one hand. “She just will. You’ll probably have to screw her to find out.”

“What?”

But Samantha's eyes had drifted shut again and no amount of shaking from Tanya seemed to be able to get her to open them again. In fact she got a very lazy slap to the face for her troubles and afterwards Samantha's hands started to glow a dangerous colour so Tanya decided to leave her alone.

She sat and fumed, feeling her tail swish around behind her as she sat on the edge of the bed and tried to figure out just who Samantha could have been talking about.

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"Hmm..." Olivia held open the magazine that Denise had seen Samantha reading earlier, the centrefold hanging open in front of her. "Can't say I approve of this..."

"Not big on porn?" Denise asked. She had to admit that the girl in the picture was stunning. Full breasted but athletically toned, she was on her knees with her legs spread, her long black hair was wet and clung to her curves, one manicured hand cupped a breast while the other stroked her thigh. The expression that the girl was looking at the camera with was equal parts primal lust and aristocratic grace.

Even if it was just a picture and Denise had an equally attractive angel standing right next to her she couldn't deny that it was doing something for her. Not for the first time she found herself reminiscing about what it felt like to have Tanya between her legs.

"No... it's not that. I know the girl in the photo." Olivia glanced over her shoulder at Denise. "She's a... friend? A close one. Intimately close. Lover may be a better word, though perhaps a tad too romantic... At any rate I know her well enough to know that the real reason she's doing this is to upset her parents." Olivia shook her head. "To think that her *sister* would turn out to be the responsible one..." She sighed and set the magazine down. "At least I talked her out of doing it with her wings out."

"Wings out?" Denise said but Olivia just started walking away and Denise had to rush to catch up with her.

"Come on, we have to get to this friend of yours. What's her name again?" Despite the heightened speed that Olivia was walking at she managed to get a good amount of pendulum sway to

her hips. That her wings really more framed her ass rather than cover it meant that Denise was having a hard time following what Olivia had to say.

“T-Tanya,” Denise said.

“Right, let’s go see what Samantha wants me to have sex with Tanya for.”

“I-” Denise blew out a long breath. “Ok yeah.”

Olivia suddenly stopped walking and pivoted on the spot. Denise came up a bit short and found herself standing uncomfortably close to Olivia. If either of them had taken a deep breath she had no doubt that her so recently increased bust would have pressed into Olivia own impressive pair. “What-?” Denise started to say but suddenly found Olivia’ finger on her lips. This also had the effect of making Olivia take that extra half step forwards to press herself into Denise’s mountainous cleavage. Denise started to feel weak in the knees.

“Denise, forgive me if I’m wrong but I’m feeling some tension here.” Olivia’s other hand came up to stroke the side of Denise’s right breast. It was a gentle touch, but it managed to elicit enough feeling from Denise that a low moan escaped from her. “Now, I don’t believe that all of this tension is coming from apprehension about seeing your friend with Samantha, is it?” Olivia took her finger off of Denise’s lips and started running it down the side of Denise’s body to play with the band of her pants.

“No...” Denise said to a suddenly very close Olivia.

Olivia smiled and leaned in further so that she was muttering in Denise’s ear. Denise barely noticed when Olivia took a hold of her hand and started guiding her backwards. “All of this that you’re feeling, it’s because of me isn’t it?”

“Mmmm...” was the only noise that Denise could manage as she felt her thighs make contact with Samantha’s desk. She tentatively reached out with her own hands, feeling the curve of Olivia’s hip and the musculature of her thigh. She felt Olivia’s breath tickle the back of her neck as she nuzzled closer, Denise’s own breath coming in longer and more sensual gasps.



Olivia's hands found their way underneath Denise's sweater and started lifting it off of her. Soon it was bunched up under Denise's breasts and Olivia had to lean away, which Denise made a small noise of protest at. It had taken a lot of tugging for Denise to get her new assets into the sweater, but Olivia was able to pull it above them with a single smooth motion. Denise registered that there was more strength in Olivia's thin frame than seemed normal, but so much of her was on fire with lust that she didn't really care.

"Very nice," Olivia said. "Care to see mine?" Denise nodded. Her sweater was still partially on but bunched up above her breasts and squeezing them down in a way that was a tad uncomfortable. As Olivia pulled away to deal with her tank-top Denise pulled her sweater the rest of the way off. As she did she saw Olivia's wings start to shrink and recede into her body. "Don't worry, they'll be back," Olivia said with a smile as she started easing her tank-top up, exposing a toned core before sliding it up over her breasts. They were a bit larger than where Denise had started out, but unlike Denise's they barely fell an inch when freed from the confines of her tank-top. The dents of Olivia's nipples had made it obvious that she wasn't wearing a bra, but as Olivia started sliding her jeans off Denise was a bit surprised to see that she hadn't been wearing anything under them either, and also that Olivia's body had an even tan over every inch of it. She must have exclusively tanned in the nude.

Slowly Olivia turned around and Denise could see her luscious rear uncovered. Denise had always considered herself to have a pretty nice ass, but Olivia was making her feel inadequate. Rounded, but sculpted with muscle. It had a perfect heart shape and the flawlessness of Olivia's skin made Denise wonder just how soft it would be in her hands.

Also catching her eye were the two tattoos that dominated Olivia's back. They existed mostly as black outlines and were somewhat stylised but they were unmistakably the outlines of wings. As Denise watched they started to fade into lighter shades of black before disappearing completely as Olivia's wings re-emerged from between her shoulder blades. As Olivia finished turning in a circle she

met Denise's gaze with her smouldering green eyes. "Now, you're not going to make me take your pants off too are you?"

Denise took the hint and started sliding her own jeans off, as well as her underwear. Soon she was laying naked on top of Samantha's desk, panting with arousal as she gazed on Olivia's equally naked form. "I don't normally do stuff like this," said Denise.

"With girls?" Olivia asked as she walked closer to the desk. She placed a single hand on the edge of it and locked eyes with Denise.

"No, actually this," Denise made an all encompassing gesture, "has happened exclusively with girls. I mean stripping naked and having sex with strangers in public."

"I understand," Olivia leaned forwards across the desk and kissed Denise. Denise filled her lungs with a deep breath and swore that she might cum from just Olivia's lips on hers. Then Olivia guided her down to lay on the desk and climbed up on top of her, one hand supporting Denise's neck and the other hand stroking the thigh that Olivia didn't have trapped between her own. "I have that effect on people," Olivia murmured between kisses.

The hardness of Olivia's nipples poking into Denise, the hardness of Denise's larger nipples poking back into Olivia, and the shared warmth of their sexes pressed so close together had Denise starting to lose control. She started running her hands over Olivia's body, stroking her divinely soft wings and grabbing a handful of her supple backside. Olivia seemed more than willing to return the favour, running her hands along Denise's curves and lavishing attention on her expanded breasts.

After a fleeting eternity of this Olivia apparently decided that Denise was ready as Denise suddenly felt a finger slip into her folds. She barely had time to react to this as two more followed suit and Olivia began to slowly stroke her insides. She broke her kiss with Olivia and moaned, arching her back against the desk and lifting Olivia up slightly as well. It seemed that Olivia took this as encouragement as she allowed herself to slide down Denise's body and crawled backwards until her head was between Denise's legs.

“Ready?” asked Olivia.

“Mm-hmm...” Denise said as Olivia leaned forwards and, keeping her fingers inserted, applied her tongue to Denise’s pussy.

It could have been a bolt of lightning hitting her between the legs. Denise wanted to hold on for longer and savour the feeling but after how worked up Olivia had gotten her it was impossible for her to stop her orgasm from rolling over her. Her vision whited out as pure ecstasy poured out of her pussy and into every corner of her body. She was so consumed by her overwhelming pleasure that she barely registered that for the second time that day her body was starting to change.

Of course, under the effects of Tanya’s succubus essence there was only so much about Denise that *could* change. Muscles toned up underneath her dark brown skin, her limbs taking on a more lithe and toned look, while her already bulbous ass gained firmness.

Her enlarged breasts only gained a small amount of size, probably only half a cup at most, but in terms of shape their change was much more dramatic. In defiance of gravity they started pushing upwards and outwards, retaining their shape even as Denise was still on her back.

“Oh dear...” said Olivia. “You’ll probably want to roll onto your front.”

“What’s happening to my body?” Denise said, barely registering Olivia’s words. A sharp stab of pleasure hit her between the shoulder-blades and she moaned. She offered little resistance as Olivia rolled her onto her front, her mind too consumed with the unfamiliar sensations her body was producing. She felt something emerging from her back and was shocked when she discovered that she could move it like another limb. Or move *them* to be more precise as Denise knew what she’d see even before she looked up over her shoulder.

Two angelic wings, soft and white, emerged from her back. Just as wide as Olivia’s, Denise flexed them experimentally, marvelling at the feeling of air running over them.

“I’m so sorry,” said Olivia. “I didn’t think that would happen.”

Denise sat up, letting her legs dangle off the edges of Samantha's desk. Now that her thoughts had cleared she realised that the desk was much larger than it had been when she'd first laid down on it. More magic, she assumed. "This has happened to you before? To other girls?"

"Yes... I suppose I should have seen it coming." Olivia sat herself down on the desk next to Denise. "Normally I can tell because of the feelings of overwhelming lust that come up. I suppose those were here but I just thought that it was down to my not having had sex for a few days."

Denise found herself grinning, "A whole few days huh?"

Olivia returned the smile. "I know, It's a wonder I didn't just explode."

"Well..." Denise looked over at Olivia. "You know you didn't actually get off during that."

"True," Olivia said, "but I hear you've got a friend who can take care of that."

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Tanya was getting bored of watching Samantha's black nipples rise and fall with the sorceress's sleeping breaths. Not only that but she was getting hungry again. She wanted to crawl across the bed and take what she needed from Samantha and Sean as they slept, but she resisted. Not only would it have been wrong, she sensed that it might have been dangerous to them. They were sleeping to recover what she had taken from them, taking more before then was probably a bad idea. Tanya recalled vague memories of succubi literally screwing people to death, and she was damn sure she didn't want that to be her.

So she sat there, alternately admiring Sean and Samantha's bodies and trying to get her tail under control. This last part was proving a challenge as her tail seemed more attuned to her unconscious thoughts than her conscious ones, which meant that Tanya had to stop her own tail from sticking itself anywhere too interesting a few times.

All of this meant that she found herself excited to hear approaching footsteps. Tanya then found herself *very* excited when she heard those footsteps stop periodically to be interrupted by the smacking noises of lips on lips, giggles, and the occasional feminine gasp.

Tanya had guessed that whoever Samantha's friend was she may not be entirely human. She had also guessed that there was every possibility that this friend might have met up with Denise on her way in, but the sight of both Denise and a gorgeous brunette both sporting white angelic wings made Tanya sit up straight. Not to mention that they were both completely naked.

Denise's eyes went wide and her mouth fell open as she saw Tanya. "Oh wow, you changed again."

Tanya had a blink a few times. "*I* changed!?"

"Is that a tail?"

"Are those *wings*!?"

"Hello," said the brunette, "you must be Tanya." She crossed the room over to the bed and held out a hand, "I'm Olivia."

"H-hi..." Tanya reached out and took her hand.

The second their hands made contact Tanya gasped. That same feeling of intense energy that had existed when she touched Samantha was there, but several orders of magnitude greater. She'd thought she knew what it was to be alive with arousal before but this made it look like a glow-stick next to a hydrogen bomb. She barely realised what was happening as she threw Olivia face forwards to the bed and placed herself on top of her, nuzzling her, rubbing her wings, and trying to get as much of Olivia's delicious skin in contact with her as possible.

"Oh-!" Olivia said partially into the mattress. "Is she normally like this?"

"Tanya!" Denise said. Tanya could hear her coming closer. "Tanya what's gotten into you!" As Denise said this last part she placed a hand on Tanya's shoulder.

For once Tanya and her tail were in agreement as it shot out and wrapped around Denise's thigh. With surprising strength for such a thin appendage it yanked her forwards so that she fell forwards onto Tanya's back.

Laying on the edge of the bed, sandwiched between two angels, it was enough that Tanya was able to groan and climax just from the sensations overflowing her fragile psyche. She lay on the bed shuddering as Olivia and Denise disentangled themselves from her. She felt some minor changes, but nothing that truly stood out to her. Her breasts may have been slightly larger, her hips a little wider. And she felt a faint ache in her forehead but that was about it.

She sat up straight, “Oh God, what did I do?”

Beside her Olivia was giving her a look with a small grin. However Denise was sitting much further away by Samantha’s sleeping form and was giving Tanya a much more suspicious look. “Good question,” she said.

“I’m so sorry, I have no idea what came over me...” Tanya rubbed at her aching forehead and backed a bit away from Olivia.

“Yes, well,” Olivia brushed some invisible dust off of her naked form, “it was unexpected to be certain. However I’m more than willing to believe that you had no control of it.”

“Denise... you ok?” Tanya winced as she looked at her friend.

“I’m fine,” said Denise with her hands up. “Just a little shaken. This is weird for all of us.”

“Indeed,” Olivia stood up and walked across the bed to where Samantha was sleeping. “Fortunately I know someone who can give us answers.” She sat down next to Samantha and gave her a stern look.

“Ok,” Samantha said without opening her eyes, “in all fairness I didn’t think *that* would happen.”

“Really...” Olivia lifted up a leg and straddled Samantha’s sleeping form. Then reached forwards and took one black nipple between her fingers. “Did you know that Denise was an angel?”

“I... suspected. That’s why I didn’t let her leave the store until you got here.”

“What?” said Denise. “Is *that* why I couldn’t find my way out?”

“Yeah,” Samantha opened her eyes and sat up, “pretty much.”

All through this Tanya had found her eyes drifting over Denise's changed body. At first all she'd noticed was Denise's wings but now she was getting a good look at the rest of how her friend had changed. She'd had a nice ass before but this one looked amazing, and her whole body had taken on a sexy toned look that somehow didn't manage to take anything away from Denise's inherent feminine softness.

"So tell me *dear*," Olivia said, "how is it that I can solve Tanya's problem when you can't?"

Tanya couldn't take it. The orgasm she'd had from being sandwiched between Denise and Olivia had taken some of the edge off but she was still ravenous. Know just how good it would feel made it impossible for her to resist. Tanya got up on all fours and pounced on Denise. The surprised squawk that Denise made was partially drowned out by the moan that Tanya made at the back of her throat as she placed herself on top of Denise and bent down to nuzzle her head in between Denise's perfect breasts. Tanya felt contentment wash over her as she lay down on top of Denise and basked in the amazing feeling of Denise's skin against her own.

"Eh," said Samantha, "just watch. You'll find out."

Olivia scoffed, "I didn't come all this way just to watch."

Tanya could barely follow their conversation, given that she was now pressing her massive breasts into Denise's equally grand pair and leaning into Denise to kiss at her throat. The implications of what she was hearing didn't really dawn on Tanya until she felt Olivia's smooth skin and firm breasts pressing into her side. That same rush of arousal that her contact had first delivered was still there just like it was with Denise. She felt herself shivering with pleasure as she joined Denise in a three way kiss with Olivia.

Denise suddenly pulled away with a gasp and looked down at her body. Tanya followed her lead and saw that her tail had once again acted without her permission, though this time she didn't particularly mind as it had decided to dive between Denise's folds.

"Isn't that sharp?" Olivia asked but Denise began rapidly shaking her head.

“It feels *gooooood...*” she moaned and began humping her hips upwards against Tanya.

Olivia chuckled and immediately leaned in for another kiss with Denise. Tanya wanted to join but after a moment’s thought decided against it. She’d already had Denise, she wanted to give Olivia a try. She slid down the bed, her flexible tail remaining in Denise as she found Olivia’s legs and spread them open. As Tanya manoeuvred Olivia onto her back she slid her tongue between Olivia’s pussy lips and began licking the angel. It was absolute ambrosia and Tanya swore she moaned in pleasure louder than Olivia did into her continuing kiss with Denise.

With her hips thrust into the air behind her to get a better angle on Olivia, Tanya was only slightly surprised when she felt two hands place themselves on her hips. Tanya couldn’t tear herself away from the feast of Olivia’s slit but she knew exactly who it was when she heard their voice. “No way I’m letting you bitches out of my sight until I know what the fuck succubus pussy tastes like,” Samantha said. Tanya could feel her slide down between her legs and bend up to run her tongue along Tanya’s lower lips.

Even though Olivia seemed to be enjoying it, she was only the third girl that Tanya had ever even touched in a sexual way. As such Tanya elected to follow Samantha’s lead as much as possible. This was slightly hard, given that Samantha was doing her best to be as distracting as possible. However Tanya was once again getting a sense of the orgasms building in the girls around her. What her tail was drawing from Denise, what her tongue was drawing from Olivia, even the results of Samantha slowly touching herself while eating out Tanya.

All of their orgasms felt like physical things and shaping them was even easier for Tanya this time. She swore she could even feel what the others were experiencing, that she knew just what her tongue and tail felt like entering Olivia and Denise. Even what her own pussy tasted like thanks to Samantha. She had to say that both her and Olivia’s tasted delicious, though if she had to compare she’d call Olivia’s the mild flavour and her’s the spicy.



She took hold of the girls' orgasms and shaped them to match her own. She let all three build along the same course, allowed all three to reach a crescendo at the same time. Olivia moaned, Denise whimpered, and Samantha screamed. Tanya screamed as well, only much louder as she experienced all four orgasms at once, along with something else. It was that same rush of energy that she felt when touching Olivia and Denise, only so much more than that. She felt it filling her, sating her hunger and her lust in ways that she never thought were possible.

The changes came to her once again and she clutched her ever expanding breasts. She thrilled as they grew even bigger than her mother's had been in her dream. Soon she had two pumpkins on her chest and a quick tweaking of her nipples sent sparks of pleasure through her body. At the same time she could feel her waist becoming even narrower, her hips even wider and they were being lifted off the bed by an ever expanding ass.

This all faded when she felt a stabbing pressure in her forehead. Tanya grit her teeth and placed both of her hands on her forehead, only to find something pushing against them. "Ah! What's happening!?"

"Samantha!" Olivia said, still flushed from her climax. "Mirror!"

There was a flash of blue-white light and Tanya turned to Samantha holding a small mirror. Tanya looked into it and took her hands away from her forehead. She stared in fascination at the two bone white horns that were emerging from her head. She watched them push sideways across her face and then back to curl around her ears like ram's horns. Another sharp pain hit her in the back and Tanya fell forwards onto the bed.

She felt something pushing out of her and she expected that she knew what it would be, especially when she noticed that she could flex them. Looking back over her shoulder she could see two large blue bat-like wings popping out of her back.

"Tanya... your skin..." Denise said. Tanya looked down and immediately saw what she meant.

Her skin had taken on a slightly bluish tint, and it was only getting darker.

“See this is why I wanted her to fuck an angel,” said Samantha. “Succubi feed off of vital essence. I’ve got more of it than any human but even with every sorceress I know here it would have taken all day. But angels? You girls have fuck-tonnes of the stuff.”

Tanya barely followed Samantha’s words as her skin darkened to a deep royal blue. She noticed that her nipples had taken on a purple colour and a glance in the mirror showed her that her lips had followed suit. A feeling of calm came over her as the change in her skin decelerated. It was a sort of calm that she hadn’t felt all day. She still felt sexual, she doubted that would ever change, but she didn’t feel like she *needed* sex in the same way that she had. Tanya was certainly up for it if any of the others were, but she felt like she could say no if she wanted to.

Not that she wanted to.

“Uh...” said a much deeper and more masculine voice. They all turned to see Sean sitting up on the bed. “I feel like I slept through something important.”

“Hey Sean...” Tanya said. She was a tad surprised that her voice came out just a bit different. Not to the degree that anyone would have trouble telling it was her talking, but she definitely noticed a smoky and breathy tone that certainly wasn’t there before. “I’ve got a brand new body. Care to whup oh no.” This last part she said as a sudden intense lethargy came over her and she fell to the side. Sean looking at her with one raised eyebrow was the last thing she saw before losing consciousness.

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Once again Tanya found herself in an ornate sitting room with her mother. She was wearing a similar dress to the one that she’d been wearing in her first dream, but this one lacked a corset and had a plunging neckline to show off acres of blue cleavage.

Her mother was dressed similarly, however her succubus nature was now on full display. Her skin was a bright fire engine red with deeper red lips and a pair of black horns jutting proudly out of her forehead.

Xera gestured to a pair of chairs in front of an ornate fireplace and sat down in the one furthest from the door. "Please, sit, we have much to discuss." She smiled as Tanya wrestled with her skirts in an attempt to sit down. "Just so you know, it's considered polite to wrap your tail around your right thigh when sitting."

Tanya shifted in her seat as her tail constantly twitched. "I'm actually having trouble getting it to do... anything."

"Oh, right. I forgot, it will be like that for the first few days." Xera looked to the side for a moment and frowned. "I remember my tail causing quite a bit of trouble in the months of my conversion."

"Conversion? So you were born human too?" Tanya managed to pin her tail under her legs and hoped that would be enough for the moment.

"All succubi are born human. Though unlike you I grew up here, in Hell. There aren't many angels here to speed things up. Even sorceresses are rare. That was why I was so eager to get you attached to young miss Thorenson." To Tanya's blank look Xera said: "Samantha."

Tanya chewed over all of this. She looked at her mother, and then down at herself. Her new body, her fully succubus body. She felt her tail give a few twitches and her wings flex. "Is this another dream?"

"No, now that you're a succubus I don't have to talk to you in dreams." Xera made an expansive gesture around her. "This is Hell, a succubus can come here whenever she likes." Xera frowned then and folded her hands neatly in her lap. "It's leaving that's the issue."

"Wait," Tanya felt her spine stiffen, "I'm stuck in Hell?"

"Hell is not what you think," Xera said. "It's much more akin to your world than you would imagine. It's not an afterlife, merely a home for demonkind. Also..." Xera sighed. "You're not stuck here. I can get you out if you so choose."

“Oh thank God...” Tanya leaned back and wiped her brow. Then she saw her mother’s pained expression and sat up. “Uh, that is-”

“No, I understand.” Xera sighed. “Earth has been off limits to our kind for years now. Fortunately there’s been an increase in local magic lately, so we may be able to once again return but...” She sighed. “I had hoped to get to know you more. I’m afraid I shall have to intrude on your dreams.”

Tanya smiled, “I want to get to know you too. It’s just that I have a life. I have friends.”

“I understand,” Xera held up a mollifying hand. “You can return right away. I just... wanted to see you.”

“How soon until I go back?”

“Oh, I should say right now.”

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As Tanya blinked and woke up she heard the sound of flesh slapping against flesh. She was hardly surprised that the others had kept having sex in her absence. The sight of just who was having sex was much more surprising.

Sean was on his knees, sitting back on his ankles, and Denise was in his lap. Sean’s cock emerged from between her legs and was penetrating her while she bobbed her hips up and down in his lap. At the same time she had her eyes closed with her mouth partly open while Sean wore a look of eager lust while cupping Denise’s breasts from behind.

“God you feel so good...” Sean said to her.

Denise’s expression of almost vacant arousal turned into a smile. “Yeah? You like that pervert?”

“Oh yes, I could do this all day...” Sean’s hands seemed to grip Denise’s breasts harder and Denise let out a little gasp before chuckling and starting to screw herself up and down on Sean’s dick even harder.

To the side Tanya spotted Samantha and Olivia propped up by pillows and cuddled up together with Samantha's arm around Olivia. Tanya stood up and made her way across the soft surface of the mattress over to them. Olivia glanced up as she approached. "Back among us?"

Tanya looked at Denise and Sean, "What did I miss? They usually can't stand each-other."

"Oh, Denise is just working through her new sexual urges. I know the feeling, becoming an Angel makes you bisexual..." Olivia frowned for a moment. "Come to think of it, becoming most things seems to make you bisexual..."

"Wait," Tanya frowned, "Denise was already bi."

Olivia and Samantha shared a look. "Nope," Samantha said, "full lesbian."

"But that can't-"

Samantha gave Tanya a flat look. Tanya expected that if Samantha was wearing glasses she'd be peering over the tops of them. "Was the part where she had her tongue in your cunt ambiguous?"

Denise suddenly gave a long moan and fell forwards off of Sean's cock. Tanya spotted the new black wing tattoos across her back. She smiled and gave a breathy laugh before rolling over to look at Sean. "For the record, you're still a pervert."

"I never denied it," Sean said.

"Well," Samantha stood up and made a gesture with one glowing hand. Suddenly both she and Olivia were fully clothed, though Olivia looked slightly amused at the leather pants and bustier that she'd ended up in, "you three are probably going to have fun together, but I need some alone time with my girlfriend so let's get all of you squared away and out of my hair."

"Oh," said Tanya. She started giving Samantha her best bedroom eyes. "I was hoping that we could-"

"Yeah, no, I want some alone time with my girlfriend." She glanced at Olivia, "To fuck her. So you three need to get out of here."

Olivia rolled her eyes, “We’ll sell you three some charms to help out with things. Resizing clothes, contraceptives, things like that. We even give a discount for new transformations.”

“Yeah, we’re a regular fucking charity. Now everyone off of my bed and out of my store.”

“Uh...” Tanya held up a hand. “I can’t exactly go out looking like-” She stopped talking as she saw her skin start to return to its original hue. At the same time there was a little discomfort as her horns and wings disappeared back into her, and she even gave a little jump as her tail disappeared.

“Oh,” said Tanya, “that’s convenient.”

Samantha placed her hands on her hips and rolled her eyes in exasperation. “Why aren’t you leaving!?”

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Tanya sat around Denise’s kitchen table with Denise and Sean. Denise and Sean were sitting much closer to one another now, though now that Tanya knew about it it was clear that Denise only really had eyes for her. They were also more comfortably dressed, with Tanya and Denise wearing properly sized versions of their own clothes thanks to the small silver amulets that Samantha and Olivia had sold them. Though Tanya was certain that she needed a new wardrobe, preferably with a lot of skirts and backless tops.

“So,” said Tanya, “we’re going to have to work out some sort of feeding routine for me.”

“Feeding routine,” Denise said with a shake of her head, “you make it sound so clinical.”

“I want a routine too,” said Sean. He gave his muscles a little flex. “I want to keep this body.”

“Maybe we should consider moving in together?” said Tanya.

“What?” said Denise, “All three of us?”

“Why not? Gives us all easy access to each-other. Apparently I won’t need to eat *quite* so often now that I’m fully a succubus but I still need daily meals.” She smiled at the two of them, “I hope you can find some way to provide for me.”

“Well...” said Denise, “as long as he agrees to wear that.” She pointed to the silver ring on Sean’s middle finger. Like Denise and Tanya’s amulets it was enchanted but in Sean’s case it was meant as an all purpose contraceptive and STI blocker.

“No worries about that,” said Sean.

Tanya looked at her friends and smiled. It had been a busy birthday, but she was willing to make it a busy night to.

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“Oh ffff- Oh! Oh! OH FUUUUUUCK!” Samantha said as she writhed on her bed with Olivia’s head between her thighs. Her whole body shook with the absolute ecstasy that the angel seemed to be able to pour into Samantha at any given moment. Samantha took deep breaths as she came down from her orgasm, watching as her black nipples rose and fell while she tried to get her thoughts into order.

“What...?” she said, suddenly realising that Olivia had asked her something.

“I said, now are you going to tell me why you rushed those kids out of here so fast?”

“Kids? They’re like two years younger than us, tops.” Samantha groaned as she tuned over. She wondered if she shouldn’t give Paul a call. Olivia usually stopped asking questions when she was getting pounded from behind. Samantha started digging around in her mountain of pillows and blankets when she suddenly found Olivia’s hand around her wrist. While not as strong as an amazon, Olivia was still stronger than her frame would suggest.

“Samantha. What are you not telling me?”

“Ugh,” Samantha rolled back over to look her girlfriend in the face and make a sour expression.

“Look, it’s nothing. Just the fact that a succubus awoke...” She looked to the side and pursed her lips.

“It means that the increase in magic caused by us is causing a weakening in some of the barriers that surround our reality.”

Olivia shifted herself so that she was straddling Samantha’s chest. “That does not sound like nothing.”

“Look, I already talked to my mom about it while I was pretending to be unconscious. She says she’s got a plan.”

Olivia reached up and started stroking Samantha’s cheek. “And what would that be?”

“She didn’t say. Just that we should be ready to get really busy soon.”

“Meaning...” Olivia’s tone softened a little and she slid herself back across Samantha’s body so that soon she was laying on top of Samantha, their hips meeting and breasts pressing together.

“Meaning I think we should enjoy ourselves while we can.”

“Hmm...” Olivia bent down and gave Samantha a long and sumptuous kiss. “Perhaps you should give Paul a call.”

Samantha smiled and reached over, finally finding her cellphone. “Now you’re speaking my fucking language.”