

The things are hip these days, so let's start with a disclaimer

If you are thinking that you shouldn't be reading this, don't.

If you are thinking about trying any of this in real life, don't.

If you are thinking about stealing this story, don't.

Annotations and Origins:

This story is the result of a bad dream the author had after being up late coming up with an AddVenture post in response to Iron Nick and has been aided by Ms Myrrh, Chase The Wind, and the aforementioned Iron Nick before his departure. They did their best, so if it sucks, blame the author.

Why is a story containing girls who are turned into beautiful nymphomaniacs a bad dream? Read on.

In the dim light of a shuttered room a couple made love standing up. The male's arms encircled the woman as he moved rapidly up her body then arched his hips inwards as his head tilted back; mouth wide with a groan. His animation was in stark contrast to that of the woman as she merely stood there, taking what he had to give with no sign of pleasure or emotion.

The mood was shattered completely by a closer look in on the lovers. The man, a shady, balding fellow named Dennis, was merely trying to lift a very explicit golden statue of a naked woman.

"God damn thing weighs a ton."

Dennis stopped a moment and looked the statue in its sapphire eyes. He stopped and stared for a few moments before he sucked in a quick breath and dropped to his knees beside the shallowly breathing body of a well dressed old man. Dennis grabbed one of the statue's legs to see if he could get a better grip when suddenly he straightened up.

"Well holy shit. Crazy old bastard bolted you to the ground. What," he said to the old man on the floor, "you were scared that she'd walk out on you?"

"Fuck it," said Dennis as he stood back up to gaze on the statue's face. He froze again for a moment when he met her eyes.

"You've got a nice body baby, but I love your eyes."

Dennis raised a screwdriver, sank it into the soft gold, and pried.

Then the statue exploded.

Baby's Got Blue Eyes

By William Pratt

Act I

Liz heard the bang.

Loud noises weren't uncommon in her part of town. Hell, the neighbour's car sounded like a gunshot when he started it up every morning at 6:30, but that last blast had the much richer sound of a movie style explosion. Despite the echoes Liz had little problem

sighting the source of the blast. Not far from her street smoke and fire roared upwards as the shattered remnants of a house rained down.

Thwack. Liz's briefcase jerked, its fake leather cover now punctured by some flying debris, and distracted her from the pyrotechnic display. She looked around, partly in shock at the near miss, as shards and great chunks of the exploded house fell on her lawn. Then something else caught her eye; something in the air burning, spinning and growing but otherwise not moving. Realizing almost too late what that meant, Liz took a half jump, half fall backwards as the flaming remains of Dennis's screwdriver embedded itself in the ground between her feet.

As she lay on the grass, she alternated between staring at the burning tool and at the wreckage of her lawn; the tinkling of falling glass attracted her attention to the shattered picture window that made up most of the front of the house she shared with her fiancé, Todd.

And, where she could not see it on the living room floor, a lone sapphire eye sat and softly glowed blue.

* * *

A short time later Liz stood in the living room of her house wearing heavy gloves and large rubber boots as she surveyed the damage.

Glass was everywhere and "ohhh . . ."

The picture of Liz and Todd, taken the on their first date, had been torn; the glass shattered and frame plainly dented by the impact of something that had come through the window.

Putting the picture out of her mind for the time being, Liz moved methodically across the room with a small garbage bag picking up the larger fragments of glass. Two bags in and almost half done, Liz finally saw the blue stone shimmering through a piece of glass. She pushed the glass aside, picked the jewel up, removed a glove to hold it more easily, and moved towards the wide and now empty window frame to get better light. She scarcely noticed the pleasant tingling in her hand.

The glittering of the blue gem was reflected in Liz's beautiful brown eyes as she gazed at it. It was cut into an oval, 'sort of like an eye. It's even got the iris and pupil cut into it.'

"Wah-ha-ha-how. Merry Christmas, even if it's a couple days late. THIS is worth a broken window."

Liz looked off to the distance where smoke continued to pour into the sky, down at the gem in her hand again, and then back to the billowing cloud. She held the gem up again pinched between her thumb and two lead fingers and looked straight through it. The jewel glittered softly in her eyes again as Liz's eyes faded from their soft brown to the same blue as the gem.

Liz smiled, pocketed the stone and returned to picking up glass. The work seemed easier somehow.

* * *

With the glass cleared away or vacuumed up from the living room and the chunks of glass remaining in the pane carefully removed, Liz now sat on a stool in a kitchen with a phone book in her lap.

"No. I can't wait until tomorrow--half of my house is totally open. Anyone could just walk in and out with my TV set. You will send someone out NOW or I'll be calling someone else."

"Good. I'll be waiting."

Liz ended the call with a too firm press of end button, hit an autonumber on her cell, and waited for Todd to pick up.

"Todd Randall."

"Hey Todd, some bad news here . . ."

* * *

"Holy shit Liz. I thought you were exaggerating on the phone." Todd stood on the sidewalk looking up at the ruined yard in the rapidly failing light. "This is a disaster area. You were out in this?"

"I was about half way to the door when I heard the explosion and stuff started raining down around me. I almost got impaled by that" Liz said, pointing to the melted screwdriver still in the ground. "I am so lucky nothing crushed my car."

"Liz," Todd gazed into her eyes with genuine concern, "you're so lucky nothing crushed you."

"Uhm, yeah." To derail that line of thought, Liz changed the topic. "The window guys sent people out really fast. They probably had a truck in the area--lots of broken windows around here today I bet. I talked to the insurance broker. Replacing the window eats up the deductible, so I called some roofers to come out to give things a look-see. Don't worry, it's covered."

"The insurance cover the contacts?"

"What contacts?"

"Your eyes are blue Liz."

"Nohohoho. They're brown. You better go get your eyes tested."

"I'll take care of it on Monday," said Todd, looking distracted.

"Take care of what?"

"My eyes."

"Right . . . You do that Todd."

Her fiancé's eyes twitched a little and then refocused. "Well, I guess I better go inside and get changed into grubbies."

"Don't get too messed up. Glazier should be back in an hour with a new window and then you are taking me out to dinner. Today's been too much work, I'm starved, and I'm NOT cooking. Then you are going to thank me long and hard for all of the cleaning up I did--so I don't want you to get too tired either."

As Todd walked into the house he was amazed at how clean everything looked. 'The picture Dale took of Liz and me on our first date came through. Man, I'd hate to have lost that. Hmmm. Hope it's not too late to make a reservation at Michaels. Liz deserves a treat for all the work she's done.' He made a quick note in his PDA to pick up some condoms on the way back from the restaurant and wandered upstairs.

* * *

The soft light around the sapphire was even more visible through the haze of steam from the shower as Liz's silhouette, a shapely dark patch on the curtain, danced across the

fogged mirror until, with a sexy twist, she spun around to turn off the water. As she stepped out of the shower she dried herself with a towel.

Liz picked her jewel up and gazed into it.

Looking through the gem and condensed water at a blue tinged and blurry Liz in the on the mirror she smiled.

"Baby, we are going to look beautiful tonight."

* * *

"You look good with blue eyes," mumbled Todd as he drifted off to sleep.

'Oh, way to ruin a perfect evening Todd,' Liz thought with disgust. Up until just then, the night had been surreal. Todd never took his eyes off of her, they'd had a great meal, danced like it was a dream, then they had some fabulous sex. They'd barely made it through the door before the romp started, and then Todd had to ruin it by fantasizing about another woman.

Pissed off, Liz got up and headed to the en-suite.

Looking in the mirror dejectedly, Liz wondered where she had gone wrong and how she could be losing Todd when he had been so attentive all night . . .

"Maria." Todd's manager who tried to pick him up at the Christmas party. Or was this just more only child paranoia? "How come I never got a little sister to have fun with?"

'Did Maria have blue eyes? Yes, dammit. She has blue eyes and big tits. I'm not stacked, but what's wrong with my eyes?' Liz pondered, looking in the mirror.

"Oh my god."

The slightly off-center nose that always bugged her was straight. It sat on a face that was her face, but not her face. It was a models face; it looked like it had been airbrushed and everything because her complexion was nothing less than perfect. Few people would even notice the difference and, if they did, they'd probably just think it was make-up.

Looking closer at the mirror things started to fall into place. The attention she'd been getting tonight. People had been seeing this almost her. Her lips were full and pouty; teeth were white, perfectly straight and even; nose straight and slightly upturned into a cute button. Even her ears looked sexy.

And her eyes were a soft sapphire blue. For a moment she was relieved because it meant Todd still loved her, even though she was going nuts.

"My eyes are blue. Blue like . . . NO!"

Rushing back into the bedroom, Liz grabbed her purse and rifled through it until she found the stone. Back in front of the mirror she held it up and looked. Her eyes were exactly the same colour.

Don't worry Liz, I look good on you. Oh . . . we're going to have so much fun together.

The blue stone fell to the floor, but the voice, her voice, echoed and told her she was not insane.

Liz didn't believe it.

* * *

Oh come on Liz. You HAVE do that with Todd again! He'd like it, I'd love it and you got most of it wrong last time. It was way too tame. And Todd's so hot so I know he can do better. I can make him hotter! Would you like that Liz? Todd could be so cool with bigger muscles!

Liz felt the voice rummaging through her mind as she lay beside Todd in bed. It was digging up memories both recent and long forgotten and throwing them around as if it was a child searching through a toy box for something and not knowing what. Every now and then the voice would find a pleasant memory and stop for a moment to enjoy it before pitching the thought and diving after another.

Ohhh how about that guy? We can get all dressed up and tease him until he pops. Wouldn't that be so cool?

"Stop it. Why are you doing this? What do you want?" Liz whispered, fearing Todd would hear.

I want what you want--FUN! Go to parties, flirt with guys, you know! Hang out together and do stuff. You don't like to do stuff anymore. You used to be fun. I found lots of fun stuff in here, but not much on the top. I think you've been working too, too much. You should have more fun. No more working Liz. We're going to party--just the two of us! Wouldn't that be so cool? Party the night away, pick up some cute guys, get laid--have fun!

'Oh god. I'm insane. I'm talking to myself. I'm dreaming that this is all happening. I'm dreaming that my mind is being examined by a bimbo incapable of thinking about anything but sex'

Oh ho no. I used to think about all sorts of things, me an my sister, mostly my sister--she was always thinking about boring stuff--but there was this loud noise and fire and now I don't want to think about them any more. Now my sister is gone. No more sister. I'm so much happier without her. Oh this guy's cute. Oooooo! Lets do him too.

"Stop it. Please stop it," Liz sobbed in frustration, exhaustion and at the memory of her first boyfriend dumping her for a blonde drama queen.

You need sleep. Ok, you sleep and I'll find something for us to do tomorrow other than boring old work. Oh, that looks so cool . . .

Against her will Liz slept.

* * *

"9:20?"

'I'm late for work. I slept through Ed's car and Todd didn't wake me up,' Liz thought as she sat up. At first everything seemed fine; it was as though last night had been a dream. Then sensation of an unusual weight pulling her forward snapped her to full wakefulness.

"Oh my god."

"I wasn't dreaming. Or I'm still dreaming. Oh god please let me be dreaming."

Nope. You're awake, squealed the parody of her voice. Better get up; we've got a busy day. I wanna go to the beach an' go dancing. . .

"Put. Them. BACK. Putthemback! Putthemback! Putthemback!"

Why? We can get much cooler guys with bigger breasts. All guys like big breasts, some lie and say they don't, but they're just saying it to get in your pants so I don't really mind.

And Todd really likes them, the voice cajoled.

"What do you mean, 'Todd really likes them'?"

Well you were still sleeping and I got bored waiting so I kind of borrowed you so we could make out. He was so gentle at first, but I got bored with that too and I teased him a bit. He was much better after that.

"You used me to screw my boyfriend?"

We screwed your boyfriend. It WAS your body after all. He was goooood once we got him going.

"I can't believe this. I have a nympho living in my head trying to ruin my life. Listen, whoever you are, I can't go around like this. This isn't me. I've got to go to work. What will my friends say?"

They'll probably say you look hot. I think you look hot. We're hot. We're both hot. I like being hot. You should like being hot too.

'She's right. These are nice.' Liz thought looking down at her impressive chest. 'Sal never would have dumped me for blondie if I had these back in grade 11.'

Her nipples started to harden as a hand idly stroked one. Then her head cracked back up.

"Ooo. No! Stop that. Stop playing with me!"

Why are you so mad? I'm just trying to help.

"You're not! I don't want to go meet guys--I've got one. And I don't want big boobs. I just want to be normal--I want to be me. I want to be the way that I was. I liked myself that way. I just want to go to work, live my life and be normal," Liz screamed while her mind worked overtime to maintain her body image against the voice's onslaught of looking hot.

Fine! You're no fun like this. I'm going away. See how much fun you have without me!

The stomping feet echoing through Liz's mind signalled the departure of the visitor as she felt the weight on her chest decreasing. Her reason returning, Liz pulled her hands away from her now swollen nipples and made her way through last night's haphazardly scattered clothing to the en-suite.

By the time she got in front of the mirror her breasts were back down to normal, but she still looked different--trim. And a lot thinner, but the scale said she was only a bit lighter.

'Muscle is denser than fat.' She thought as she looked at her slender and well toned body in the mirror. 'Wow. No wonder I look lighter. I could live with this.'

'It's nice to just be kinda hot.'

* * *

"Yes Liz," said her glassy eyed boss. "That's right. You are on paid leave. You have been working too, too hard. You need to have some fun. Go have some fun. Go to the beach."

Liz was getting frightened again. She had a body that looked like she'd lost ten or fifteen pounds and her clothes all still fit. Hell, they fit better than before; they fit like they'd been custom tailored. Todd sounded different on the phone; his voice was larger and deeper. The gas tank in her car was full when she'd left it nearly empty the night before and there were no scratches or dents from the little bits of exploded house that had landed on it.

Now her boss--no miser, but certainly not an idiot--was happily paying her not to work. He wanted her to go to the beach.

In the middle of winter.

I told you I wanted us to go to the beach. You can't go to the beach and work, so I took care of work said the voice in her mind. Can we go to the beach now?

'What? I left you at home! Shut up!'

"Go away!"

"Yes Liz," said her boss in monotone as he backed out of the office.

* * *

Around lunch time Liz sat in a coffee shop picking at a light snack across from her coffee-guzzling life long friend, Dale. If it weren't for the openly staring guys and the voice appraising all the men and women, and a few teens of both genders, for looks and estimated quality in bed, things would have been almost normal. Liz tried not to look at the people as the voice brought them to her attention and looked away as fast as she could when she found herself staring.

Dale's kinda hot, the voice babbled, but her brain is weird. She doesn't let anyone in and I don't think she's all that happy despite what she's saying. If she dyed her hair brighter, dropped about 30 pounds, and stopped being so scary I'd do her.

'Shut up,' moaned Liz in her head. 'Please shut up. I've known her forever and she's always been like that. I'm not screwing a friend so SHUT UP!'

"Dale, I need help," pleaded Liz finally frustrated enough to risk talking about IT. "Something weird is happening to me and I can't stop it."

"Wow. I'll say. Why do you want to stop it? You look great! Well you've always looked great--I'm the fat one," said Dale before she slyly added "Did you get implants?"

"No! I told her to stop doing that."

I didn't change a thing, said the voice. Honest! I just made them stand out a bit more--they're exactly the same size and you're a bit thinner so they just look bigger and your clothes fit better. I changed my mind. I really like her. Can we . . .

"NO!"

"Whoa--relax Liz. Told who? Told who to stop doing what?"

"Nothing. I. I don't know. A house up the road exploded last night and I could have been killed by falling crap and ever since strange things have been happening and . . ."

Liz gagged on her coffee as Dale's hair lightened to a golden, then platinum blonde and pounds melted away. "Dale . . ."

"That WAS up near your place!" Dale interrupted, completely oblivious to her lightening and lengthening hair and sliming body. "It was all over the police band yesterday. I wanted to cover the story on that one, but Mike got it."

Dale paused to sweep a lock of perfect blonde hair out of her eyes, then barrelled on full speed. "Police are saying it was a gas explosion, but Mike did some checking--the house was all electric. So either the cops are full of it or they are covering the fact that they still don't know shit about what's going on. Stuff like that's why I carry my rape prevention kit."

"You . . . you're, uh . . .," Liz was about to point out the change in hair colour, but stopped dead and blinked as Dale's showy, but tasteful, top got a lot fuller and showier--

and correspondingly less tasteful. 'If she doesn't see what's happening to her there's no way I could explain it.'

"You're paranoid Dale," Liz continued, trying not to sound like a stammering idiot. 'Stop that! And put her back the way she was.'

Who me? asked the voice as it casually whistled. *Not listening until you apologize.*

"And you don't believe you got a boob job and blue contacts--we're both freaks. So what sort of strange things are happening?"

"You just called it--blue eyes and bigger boobs strange enough for you?"

'Stop that!' Liz almost screamed out loud as Dale's clothes were resized and re-cut to emphasize her new figure. 'What are you doing?'

Not listening . . . teased the voice as she made Dale's face up for a hot night on the town. Lighter hair and 25 less pounds and she's hot--admit it. We'll have to loosen her up a lot before we could have any real fun with her though.

'Don't you dare mess with her head . . .'

Not lissss sening.

"Ok. I'm interested." Dale intruded in the internal dialog as she flipped a blond hair out of her eyes and adjusted her glasses. She's genuinely smiling, not the TV smile, and it looks good on her thinner, better defined face. Beautiful face. Beautiful enough to make a straight girl wet. "Tell me everything . . ."

Liz jerked her eyes off of Dale and bleated out "OK!"

'OK! I'm sorry! I was rude. Now please put her back!'

"She looked like a bimbo."

She looked classy. Admit it--you thought she was hot. I sure did and our tastes are pretty similar. All she needed was a little bit of work. And I did put her business suit back.

"You would call that a suit. Suits aren't supposed to show that much . . . you know, boobs. Why didn't she see what you were doing to her? Why didn't any of the other people in there--god knows enough of them were staring at us."

I didn't want anyone too. I could have blown you both up like balloons and no one would have thought it was funny except me. We could have had our pick of the guys in there and made out in front of everybody and they would have just clapped and cheered.

"If it's all so easy why didn't you change her back?"

I don't think you mean the apology yet. Besides I'm still mad at you, I still want to go to the beach and I still want to meet some guys.

"It's December, you moron. It's too cold to go to the beach," Liz snapped back.

Who's the moron who just tried to explain magic boob jobs and eye tinting to a paranoid TV reporter?

"A TV reporter who is my best friend and you were busy turning into a slut."

Oh ho no. Anyone who takes her for a slut is gonna be carried home in a box. She's got a gun, a knife, a can of mace and a sonic alarm in her purse.

"You serious? I knew about the mace and I bought her the knife . . . But a gun?"

She's got some sort-of ugly parts in her mind. She's way too protective and really unhappy. But she's good looking now, so she's got no reason to be so upset.

"Oh that's great logic," Liz mocked as she pulled onto the highway.

Shows what you know. Beauty isn't everything, but it sure helps. And she's got a bit more of a positive attitude now.

Hey! Where're we going? It's too early! We can't go home yet! If it's too cold for the beach and too early for a club we can still go shopping! I wanna do something this afternoon.

"Fine. YOU find something to do. YOU entertain yourself. I'm going home. But first tell me what you did to Todd. You did more than just sleep with him didn't you."

I made him a bit better looking, yeah, and I taught him a few things about pleasing a lady. Can I drive?

"NO! I'm driving. A bit better looking? I've seen your idea of a bit. You made Dale a 'bit' better looking. You made my boobs a 'bit' bigger. D-did it ever occur to you that maybe you could have s-stopped at a D? Whuh what'd you do to make T-todd a 'bit' better looking? Give him a f-foot long cock?"

Don't be silly. That wouldn't fit. Oh! We could make it fit. Wouldn't that be fun?

"N-no. hhhuh No. L-leave us alone. oh."

You never want to try anything new. You can be almost as boring as my sister. At least you're not my sister. All she ever wanted to do was hurt people. She wasn't very nice and we're all better off without her.

"Whuuuhat are you anyway? Who are y-yooou."

I dunno anymore. I'm just me and right now I'm sorta you so that makes me Liz too.

"mmm Liz. Can't b-both be Liz.uhh!"

Ok. You're Liz and I'm Beth. Both parts of the same name. Just like we're sort of the same person now.

"B-beth. Gramma was B-beth. 's why 'mmmm Liz."

And Grandma is in California . . . Oops. Hold on a second we just missed the turn off. Maybe you'd better start driving again. Darn. I was having soo much fun.

"Whuhat? Omigod! Yuh . . ."

Oh. I'd better keep driving while you finish. I hope you don't mind if we just go around in circles for a while it's hard to pull directions when all you're thinking about is Todd. And it's not THAT big. But we could make it that big! Would you like that Liz?

"Nuhhhh. YEEEESSSSS! Yeessss!"

Oh good! Finally something new! Do we want to turn here Liz?

"uuuhhhh!"

Liz? Oops. Guess that's a little bit too much fun for right now, but it is entertaining right Liz? Ooooh do that again. Oh! Wait, no! I need that hand.

Liiiiiz!

* * *

A few hours later Liz's car sat out front of her house shining like it was new while Liz tried on a hot new dress.

* * *

When Todd came in this morning, a bit late, Maria almost started to drool. She wasn't alone and she prayed that she'd disguised it better than some of the others, but she was the lucky one to be running his section. Normally Maria would have let ten minutes slide given Todd's excellent record, but today . . . Wow. She'd called him on the carpet just to get a better look at him; then she kept swinging by his desk to keep looking at him. By

lunch she'd been openly flirting with him. She'd done that before--at the Christmas party--but that was business. She'd been doing it to bug the snooty chick Todd had come with. "Elisabeth" had been so plain about Todd's position being beneath him, that he should have her job, that it got on Maria's nerves. Sure, it was true. Todd being a guy, and with his work ethic, he probably would have her job if she didn't have the MBA.

She paced near the doorway to Todd's office glancing inwards as she worried and nervously toyed with her hair. At lunch the flirting had gone from teasing or massaging a male ego and into the more dangerous and blatant sexual harassment territory; worse, she'd been doing the harassing and she wanted to take things way, way beyond harassment. Since lunch she hadn't gotten any work done; she kept touching up her make-up and adjusting her clothes trying to find what caught Todd's attention when she swung by his office. Displaying more breast did, but it wasn't a very good idea to walk around the office with her blouse open so she stopped outside his office, fluffed out her hair, and compromised by undoing the top three buttons.

'Cool it girl. He's the best worker I've got. If I hadn't worked harder he'd be on top of me.'

Todd on top of you, said a voice from off in the distance. I bet you'd like that!

"No takers on that bet." Maria muttered then paused for a moment as she forced her bra up higher to make breasts stand out more. That sounded like Miss Murray, her fourth grade teacher--the one who taught her that girls didn't just have to do girl stuff and the voice she's subconsciously assigned to her conscience and advisor.

'There's no one here,' thought Maria taking a quick look around. 'Someone's playing a joke.'

No joke--go on in. Close the door and have a little fun. It's not like he's married.

'Him and Elisabeth? They might as well be. You should be telling me to stay well away and go back to work.'

You don't want to work--work's dull. Look at him. Todd and Elisabeth aren't married. You want to and he wants to; otherwise he wouldn't look at you the way he does.

On cue Todd glanced up from his work and looked right at her. His eyes sank to her chest and then bounced back up to meet her eyes.

'But I can't sleep with one of my employees--I'll get busted for harassment!'

It's only harassment if he doesn't want it--you can make him want it. You know how .

...

Maria's troubled expression became a smile as she closed the door.

Todd knew he was in trouble. Maria had been watching him like a hawk all day. Ten minutes late never caused her this much concern with anyone else so he knew something had gone wrong. Every ten or fifteen minutes she was in his office making small talk, trying to put him at ease, but the last few drop-ins had been quite disquieting. She'd sit on the corner of his desk like she wanted him to stare at her legs. She'd lean over like she wanted him to look down her blouse. She kept him, even after Liz's amazing efforts this morning, in a state of constant arousal. He hadn't been able to get any work done since lunch. It was a toss up as to whether that lack of progress or Maria's projected availability was frustrating him worse.

'Shit. Maybe it was that blonde joke yesterday at lunch and she's on a harassment kick. Here she comes, right on time. Have I been staring at her tits? Oh hell. Maria's smiling. And closing the door. Fuck fuck fuck.'

"Ok Maria--I give. What'd I do wrong?"

"Nothing," Maria said as she moved around the desk; her walk emphasizing her legs and her posture adjusted to allow her breasts to compete for attention. "You've just seemed a bit distracted today. Is everything right at home?"

She stopped beside him; her legs slightly apart, left hand on her hip, and her upper torso leaning slightly forward as if she wanted to give him a better look down her blouse. Todd turned his chair to face her, feeling uncomfortable. It was like she was trying to trap him. For some reason she was really pissed off and was trying to sucker him into getting himself fired and blacklisted. Either that or she was really trying to finish that flirting she started at the Christmas party in grand fashion. There were few responses that a man could make at this point, and his body had already made the most obvious of them, so he straightened up and started to speak.

Then her eyes grabbed him.

Maria's blue eyes seemed to glow with an inner light as she gazed at him, then the shining blue eyes drifted downwards to check out her handiwork as Todd shifted in his seat and his heart started to race.

"Oh my god," she whispered. Her conscience had gone silent, but there was no need for it anymore. She knew what she had to do.

For Todd it was like being hit by a hammer. One moment he was on the verge of ordering his boss out of his office and the next had him wanting it as much as when Liz went at him in the bathroom this morning.

'God, Liz was wild. She'd never looked that good or did anything like that before,' Todd thought as Maria planted her squirming body on his lap and kissed him. His arms slid around his manager as he remembered Liz's lips on his, her body pressed against him, her hips moving expertly up and down. He started to respond. His hands and tongue explored the girl in his lap until she let out a musical sigh and snapped him out of the memory. He was with Maria, not Liz. It was Maria he was about to lift up and spread out on his desk. Maria he was making love to while dreaming of Liz.

Arms full of that and he still thinks of us first. I really like him, came a voice, Liz's he thinks, from in the distance.

Despite his condition, Todd had let go and was about to dump Maria off his lap when Liz piped up again, louder, laughing happily. *Close the blinds and enjoy her Todd. She's a gift.*

Maria moaned as her fingers scrabbled at the remaining buttons of her blouse. Todd helped and quickly both were too busy to close the blinds.

* * *

Liz was getting turned on just looking at the new Todd. Between Beth egging her on and her own fantasies it was all she could do to keep her hands off and keep eating.

"You remember that girl from the Christmas party Liz?" Todd asked over the dinner table.

"Huh? Maria? The one who was eyeing you all night?"

"Well she did more than just eye today. It was weird--like she'd never seen a guy before. I was about to send her packing and the next thing I know she's all over me and then under my desk going down on me looking up at me with these fantastic blue eyes. Uh . . . Not as nice as yours. I invited her over for New Years so we can . . . I--I thought you . . . You're not mad are you?"

"Yes. But I'm not mad at you. Excuse me Todd," Liz said smiling sweetly and boiling with rage.

'Beth!'

What? If he's going to have to share you with other guys then it's only fair that we share him with other girls. My sister never shared--she'd finish with guys before I got to have any fun. I hated that about her.

'But Todd wouldn't just let Maria . . .' Liz flashed back to the drive home. A sort of hazy day dream, but Liz felt herself getting turned on by it. She was talking to Beth. Talking about something about Todd and then feeling all tingly and horny and pop. No more memory until she got home.

'Beth you didn't.'

Sure I did. You wanna see? It looks real nice. You'll love it. Maria sure did.

'Oh god Beth I meant the car, but you did THAT too? You turned my Fiancé into a slut! He just banged his manager and he doesn't care.'

No, he's not a slut. He's just a little bit less discriminating. He'd been sort of wondering about Maria a bit too. You would too if you stopped to look--I'd do her. She's not as good looking as us though and now Todd won't have to wonder anymore--he knows we can treat him better. We sure did this morning!

'You did this morning. I slept through it. Put him back to normal.'

But I like him this way and there is no way old Todd would be any fun after the workouts he's had today.

"Liz? You all right?"

"Just a little stressed out Todd."

"I know how to get you relaxed," Todd said as he leaned over the table and kissed her. As Todd stood up and walked around the table Liz could hardly miss the massive bulge that started in his jeans and continued up under his shirt.

'Oh god Beth. You really did it. That's ridiculous. It'd never fit.'

Sure it would. I made sure of that first thing.

"My God," stammered Liz as Todd started massaging her shoulders with a strength and skill that wasn't there last night. 'Ok, but you are putting us both back to normal as soon as we're done.'

Todd's hands caressed, his mouth whispered and nibbled. Liz started to melt out of her chair.

'Beth? Are you doing this? It feels unreal.'

No this is all Todd--driving you nuts at the dinner table actually is one of his fantasies; you should see what he wants to try out in a restaurant! He's just been scared to suggest anything like this with you. You've both really got to loosen up. Lean back, enjoy it, and don't fall out of the chair.

Liz pressed back against Todd and sighed. 'Uh, Beth? What happened to the back of the chair? Where'd the food on the table go?'

Shhhh. Just go with it--he might be up to doing you on the table so I just took a head start. Think about the hands and what they are doing if you have to, but just feel them. Feel his lips, his tongue, his body.

Beth's voice was sliding away as Todd became closer, more real than ever and Liz was drifting and floating, more being held up by Todd. Her blouse open she couldn't quite remember how. 'Oh god, his hands.'

Liz was bent around, twisted a bit, but was comfortable because she was pressed up against his body while Todd was making love to her mouth. Oh god, his hands.

'He never did anything like this before . . . Oh god, his hands.'

Because he was too scared to. Passion's my thing and bravery's a part of passion.

'Oh god, his hands.'

Could you get back to the lips thing? I liked that better . . . Oooo maybe not. Get him to do that again.

"Again. Do that again" Either Beth or Liz moaned. Neither was sure which and neither cared as their body quaked. "Oh god, your hands."

At some point they'd migrated to a hallway and now they were on the stairs headed to their bedroom, but with what Todd was doing right now there didn't seem to be any reason to hurry.

'I think I've come already,' thought Liz happily while she squirmed. Or was Beth squirming? Didn't matter. 'And he hasn't even started with your monster.'

Once? Are you kidding? You better catch up then. Between you and him--I've never felt like this before, but then I've never really been in someone else who's doing this.

'It wasn't like this this morning?'

No! I was totally in control and I had to push harder to getwoooooooooo. Beth's mental speech died into a moan as Liz's body jerked frantically.

And banged her head on a step.

WOW! I-I think Maria taught him something. That's not one of mine. Oh wow I think we oughta let Todd invite her over for New Years.

"Won't need fireworks for sure," gasped Liz as her hands released the grip they clamped on Todd's head.

She rubbed the back of her head as her body slowly relaxed.

"Wooo. That left a mark."

"Sorry Liz," said Todd. "Was the rest OK?"

"Oh god, was it," Liz started to say. Beth finished it.

'I think we owe him something extra special for that effort Liz.' Beth thought to Liz as they rolled Todd onto his back, slid down his body, and started on his pants.

Oh no, no way Beth. I can't do that!

'Sure you can. It'll be even easier on the stairs once he sits up a bit.'

OK--I'm NOT doing that.

"Are you sure?" asked Beth aloud as they came face to face with what was sticking out the top of his underwear.

"What's wrong Liz, you liked it this morning," said a confused Todd as Liz pushed back into control and started to pull away.

"W-why does this keep coming back to what happened this morning?" Liz asked.

"Because I think the rest of my life will keep coming back to this morning. You looked so perfect and what you did . . . It was all I could think of even when Maria was . . ." Todd paused as he saw the look on Liz's face. "I'm sorry Baby. I didn't mean to bring that up. It's just that this morning you were so amazing."

"It wasn't me. I don't really know what it was this morning, but it wasn't me."

"What? What do you mean?"

"It was me, but it wasn't . . . I don't know how to describe it. It's like this voice in my head is telling me to do things; changing things. I wish it had been me this morning, but it was her. I wanted to give you something to remember your whole life and she went and did it. God I wish it was me."

REALLY? You wish you'd been me? Oh! You're the best friend in the world! squealed Beth as she gave a sisterly ethereal hug.

"Huh. Whoever you were this morning you should listen to her more often," Todd advised before kissing Liz. "Both of you were amazing."

Oh wow! Todd loves us Liz! He really does. Kiss him! If you don't I will, so it might as well be you since you are sort of me.

Liz felt her mind go slightly fuzzy like in the car, but it was a good sort of fuzzy. A better fuzzy because it was her idea to let go this time. Her face lit up, eyes practically glowing, as she smiled, kissed her fiancé, slid happily down his body, and tugged the pants out of the way.

"Liz? I thought you didn't want to do that? God! Liz!"

Liz pulled off Todd barely long enough to speak. "Call me Beth when we do this . . ."

* * *

You won Beth. Liz lay staring up at the dark ceiling. You turned me into a slut. Didn't even take you a day and you turned me into a slut.

'You aren't a slut,' Beth thought back while staring up at the same ceiling. 'All you did was what you wanted to do and it was only one guy--a slut would have done that to everybody. That's what sluts do. They don't care. You like Todd and I like Todd and we made Todd happy. That's not being a slut. I thought I wanted to be a slut, but now I'm not sure. If Todd can treat us like that every night we won't need anyone else.'

'And I can make it so he can do that every night so we don't need anyone else so we'll never ever need to be sluts!

'Doesn't mean we can't look around and party a little now and then does it?'

No. We can party a little bit. But my little bits--not yours. And don't bother putting Todd back. I kind of like him this way

'I knew you would,' Beth thought as she kissed Todd's cheek and whispered. "I like him too. After tonight we owe him his table fantasy."

"Wanna do it at a restaurant?" finished Liz.

Act II

The next night, Todd smiled broadly in a back booth at Michael's Bistro. Dinner twice in one week at Michael's would wreck his carefully planned budget--not to mention

still needing to pay the deductible for the shattered window--but matters like that were far from his mind as Liz made another one of his fantasies a mind blowing reality.

His shy little Liz sat straddling his lap with her dress, a new dress and fuck was it hot, pushed up around her hips, rubbing against him as her lips attacked his. Her body was moving up and down like she was already impaled, her hands were shamelessly exploring and she was letting him, asking him to, peel her gown down to release her breasts. As if she had tapped into one of his oldest dreams and knew exactly what to do to bring it to life, she was going to fuck him practically in public. She'd just started and already Todd was too warmed up to be worried about anyone disturbing them. Let them watch. The way Liz had been for the last couple of days, any observer would probably learn a few things.

This morning Todd had gotten up early, Liz got him up early really, and he went off to work in a complete daze. The only reason he didn't get lost was he'd been going to work half asleep for the last couple of years; going to work screwed completely out of his senses wasn't all that different. Well, it was, but not so different that he couldn't navigate a bus and a five block walk. It also meant that he barely looked at Maria and Todd was hardly stupid enough to not guess that was the whole point.

Liz cooed enthusiastically as he sucked a nipple and caressed her ass. Her hands felt like they were everywhere, but somehow she was slowly working his shirt off.

Some of Liz didn't seem to mind his, er, experiment with Maria, but, for Todd, some of Liz wasn't enough. Liz had to be all happy or he wasn't doing his job right. Sure, Todd and Maria flirted a little today and Maria was certainly dropping hints, but neither he nor Maria seemed to have the same insane hunger as yesterday. Without that raw need, and with the memory of the look on Liz's face when he told her . . . up until that look it hadn't occurred to him that Liz would be mad. It was just sharing, right? Would he be mad if he found out Liz was sleeping around?

Last week he'd probably have been upset, but now he had a better perspective on things. So long as they were open about it what was the harm in a little bit of fun every now and then? Hell, he wouldn't mind a bit and he'd probably join right in. Keeping Liz happy was what mattered. Liz couldn't be totally mad about Maria or he'd have woken up on the couch, certainly not inside an enthusiastically rocking Liz.

Todd's pants were open and Liz was looking downwards and smiling. Her head snapped up again, her eyes flashing that intense shade of blue (did she ever have different coloured eyes? Brown seems right, but blue is so much better), then she lunged forward and her tongue raped his mouth.

Right now she needed that extra bit of happiness. Liz was denying it, but she was certainly shaken up by the explosion. Even Dale noticed something was up with Liz. Dale had called him up at work and they'd talked about Liz for almost half an hour. Dale said Liz looked different; Todd couldn't see it--Liz had always been beautiful. Dale though, she must have a new phone or something because she sounded fantastic. Things were going well for Dale obviously; despite her worries she sounded happy and excited, not at all like the usual fake happy over her voice of doom. Maybe she'd met someone with a thing for tall, robust women and was getting laid regularly or something.

He was about to ask about Dale, but stopped. When your fiancé is leaving a wet trail as she slides down your legs, taking your pants with her, it is not a good time to start asking questions about other women. It is time to sit up a bit and make her job easier. Liz

had to tug a bit and pull a shoe off before his pants were left dangling around an ankle as she nudged his legs apart. Something was definitely up. Before yesterday Liz would never have done anything like this.

Where Dale seemed to be fixated on Liz's appearance, Todd had been more worried about Liz's mind. Specifically her "little voice" named Beth; the one Liz claimed was responsible for yesterday's extra special wakeup, but not this morning's. Liz was taking full credit for that.

Dale didn't believe the imaginary friend was dangerous. "It's just a coping mechanism," she'd said in that sexy new voice of hers. "She had a pretty nasty shock."

All the same Todd was worried, not so much at the moment as he had been earlier. His own little voice was telling him to stop thinking so much; *that an imaginary friend who was into blowjobs and waking a guy up like THAT was definitely on his side. Tonight was his night; he should sit back and enjoy it.*

So he did. He sat back and he enjoyed it a lot, starting with the licking and soft caresses. Oh god, the hands . . .

Todd was not entirely correct about what happened this morning. Liz started with Maria in mind, of course, but quickly pre-empting Maria was on the back seat, forgotten, and Liz was busily satisfying a few needs she hadn't known about until Beth described them in glorious detail. Beth had totally understated one of them and Liz spent part of the day actively imagining ways she and Todd could improve on it. This train of thought ran, getting continually wilder, while she and Beth saw the town, did a little window shopping at the gym, and even now as she sat under the table doing something deliciously naughty and, as Liz found out last night, so very tasty.

She paused for a moment as a horrible thought surfaced.

'Uhm . . . you are going to make sure no one catches us, right Beth?'

Where's the fun in that? Get back to work, but remember to look up at him every now and then. Guys love that. And I want to see his face when he pops.

'How much of this is you making me do things I really don't want to?'

None of it! Who do you think I am? Beth sounded shocked. My sister was the one who ordered everyone around. I'm just helping you do things that you wanted to do anyway. You always wanted to be able to give Todd what he wanted, the way he wanted it. I just made it a little bit easier.

'How much easier?' Liz licked up the shaft and across the head while locking Todd's eyes to her own.

Just enough for you to give Todd a blowjob under a table in a restaurant, maybe enough for you to let him do you on the table later.

Todd quivered at rapid exhale of breath from Liz's almost laugh. 'And that's a little bit? I've got to see what happens when you go all out some time.'

Oh, back when we had bodies sister blew up a mountain and sank an island once when she got mad and I had all the fun I wanted. It's harder to do that now, but I think I can . . . Oooooo! YES! Just you wait! This is gonna be soooo cool! I did this for Ellen once, but that was a couple of years ago and you make things soooo much easier than she did.

'Did what? What do I make easier? Who's Ellen?'

You'll see! Ignore me and pay attention to Todd. Remember, tonight is for him!

It was a slow night and Michael's hostess, Jaimie, stood dutifully, but bored out of her mind, by the front door. This close to New Years the place usually had more pep, but so far tonight all she'd seen were a couple of the regulars; a family that came in, tipped poorly, and practically ran out; and . . .

Jaimie looked at the reservation book to make sure she had the name fixed in her mind: Mr. Todd Randall.

She remembered the name, sort of. He'd been in before about every second month with an ok looking lady, but two nights ago he came in with someone else; a really hot girl that seemed totally out of place with him. When Mr. Randall came in tonight it was a different story. There was no doubt why he was accompanied by such a beautiful woman. He had the same girl on his arm tonight and all Jaimie could think was 'Of course he was with a hot chick. A guy who looks like that gets his pick.'

"But I wish he'd picked me," she muttered to herself. It wasn't fair. She was good looking. She never had any problem finding guys, but she could never grab and keep a good one. She kept getting losers. Mr. Todd Randall, HE was a good one.

'A keeper for sure,' Jaime thought as she adjusted her shirt to conceal her hardening nipples. She fidgeted for a while, but obviously the shirt was too tight and the nipples didn't seem to want to go anywhere but out. All of the shifting fabric just made things worse.

"Or better," Jaimie moaned as the adjustments became less concealment and more about satisfaction.

She imagined herself on the arm of Mr. Randall in the place of the stunning brunette. Now SHE looked absolutely stunning, her red hair, practically fire, lit up the night while her clothing and make-up emphasized everything sexy about her body to a point where Jaime could hardly recognize herself. She had to look her absolute best to be on Mr. Randall's arm. He deserved nothing but the best because he was the best. And she was the best--she was so hot that she almost wanted to fuck herself AND the brunette on the other arm. They were the best.

From the arm of Mr. Randall, her imagination carried her into the arms of Mr. Randall. His lips teased hers and his hands teased other, both more and less intimate, things. From the arms the daydream took her into the bed--a big, classical canopied bed built more for steamy romance than for sleeping--of Mr. Randall where she gasped as he slid into her. The solid bed shook as she squirmed frantically and arched into his thrusts. Imagination rolled her over onto Mr. Randall; her hair flying around in a flaming halo as she twisted and rocked and bounced and did her absolute brain melting best. Her body was moving and being moved in ways she had never imagined before. It was the best.

Standing there, dazed, in the lobby, Jaimie's eyes rolled up and her head rolled back as her body started to respond in earnest to the festival of delights her mind was treating her to.

It was funny how in her fantasy she was now kissing the brunette as well as riding Mr. Randall. She never thought about another girl that way, but the brunette was just so HOT that it was easy to understand why this girl was different. She felt so empty standing there by the door doing nothing. She had two hands free, so one set a finger to the task of playing with her tongue and the other hand unhooked the fastener at the top of her skirt in order to satisfy the hollow feeling below. It wasn't nearly enough.

It was funny how the daydream now had the three of them enthusiastically making out in a restaurant booth instead of a bed. Her eyes fixed on a table as her hips pumped against her left hand. She almost felt the cool oak against her calves and the hot Mr. Randall between her thighs. Her right hand followed the brunette's lips down to a hard nipple, but it had to almost completely unbutton the obstructing blouse before joining the brunette in her celebration. She pushed the flimsy little bra out of the way and stroked. Her breast felt so soft, so big in her hand and looked unbelievably sexy. Mr. Randall couldn't possibly resist these and, as she raised a nipple to her mouth, neither could she.

It was funny how her imagination was totally running wild and had her doing stuff she never dreamed of before. And it was so vivid; she couldn't believe how good it felt as her tongue lapped outwards and her arms wrapped around the brunette's hips. High school Biology provided the names for what her tongue was teasing in her fantastic first exploration of another woman, but Bi class had silly names. Stupid names that didn't come close to describing what she was finding, giving pleasure to, and taking pleasure from. Screw labia and vagina; the words lacked power. This was something else to learn and experience. "A whole new Bi class," she giggled into the appreciative brunette as she experimented.

It was funny how her aunt was telling her it was time to take a break and directing her to the booth she at which she had placed Mr. Randall and his lady. It wasn't where she would normally take her break, but that was where she wanted to go right now. Besides, smoking was bad for her and Mr. Randall and her brunette dream lover deserved the best.

'That settles it,' Jaimie thought when her mind finally came back to the real world. She was already moving through the empty restaurant with purpose. 'No more smoking. I'll just sneak a quick peek and see if Mr. Randall and his date need anything. They deserve the best service. Nothing but the best.'

Jaimie had eased her freed breast back into her bra and was trying unsuccessfully to button up. It wouldn't do to serve Mr. Randall looking like a complete slut. She adjusted her blouse again because, even with only the bottom two buttons holding it shut and dramatically pronouncing her breasts, it still seemed a bit too tight.

'What was I thinking when I got dressed? This shirt is way too small.' She got the third button, but there was no way she could get the fourth. Panic began to set in before she rounded the corner and saw that the brunette was gone! Forget the buttons; it was her chance to introduce herself to Mr Randall!

It was her chance, but she caught Mr. Randall's eye, saw the lust filled expression, shared his gasp, and froze.

* * *

From the way he was moving Liz knew she almost had Todd where she wanted him when he suddenly went still and let out a shuddering breath.

'Oop. Wasn't quite ready yet.' Liz waited for the white burst. 'Hey Beth, where is it?'

"Hey, uh, Jaimie. What's up?" asked Todd, trying to sound nonchalant with his balls in his throat.

Liz quickly looked around and saw the legs. Worried, but not particularly frightened--in fact it turned out Beth was right; it was sort of exciting to get caught--Liz pulled her top back up and hauled herself out from under the table. She was going to make a witty

comment about contact lenses to try and save some face, but instead joined Todd in his awe at the sight.

Standing by their booth with her eyes flicking back and forth between Liz and Todd was the hostess, a tall red headed girl who earlier just lacked that certain something-or-other needed in addition to her natural beauty to be a successful model. She seemed to have found what was missing since then. She stood breathing heavily, radiating sex appeal, and showing off a lot more skin than she had when she greeted Liz and Todd. Back at the door, Liz had just been looking for a name tag, not checking the hostess out, but Liz couldn't help but notice that, beneath the blouse, the hostess had very nice breasts hidden by a demure white bra. Michael's was a classy restaurant; no one here wore name tags, but that was Liz's excuse and her mind clung to it. Jaimie was most definitely not wearing a name tag, so Liz had no excuse for staring at what was overflowing the filmy black lace. Well, yes she did, but she didn't want to think about it. They were beautiful.

While Todd had been requesting a table and Liz had been looking her over Jaimie'd been eyeing Liz and Todd pretty much the same way--especially Todd. Over the last two days Liz had started to get used to the looks they got, and she was enjoying them more and more, but a glance at or from Todd still made her wet. Just like the hostess was making her feel.

The hostess was trying to say something, but she looked all flushed and was having trouble getting words out. Liz knew how she felt.

'Oh my god. She's so hot. How long's she been there, Beth? What's she doing?'

Just got here. You wanted to see me go all out. That's about as close as I want to get. We could do the whole restaurant. Maybe the whole block, but that wouldn't be that much fun. Once you get past five or six it's hard to keep track and starts feeling impersonal.

'Beth, you do some nice work. She looks amazing. What did you do?'

Oh, I made her really sexy--like us. She sort of thought about what it would be like to do Todd when we came in tonight so I just changed things a bit so that she'd think about doing Todd AND us. Then I gave her enough incentive to do it.

'Whoa. Slow down. Like us? I look like that? What incentive? More bravery?'

Liiiiiz, we are HOT. We're so hot we glow and if you let me do something about our breasts we could have anyone, any time. Just imagine our own pair looking like that like that. Jaimie didn't need any help to want to go after Todd so I just gave her a bit of a push in our direction. She'd probably do anybody right now, but we were at the top of her mind. I made sure of that.

Liz gazed happily at Jaimie's breasts with the sweet little nipples staring back at her. 'Yeah. A set like that would be . . . wait a sec. Our direction? You made her bi? Oh god--you did it to me too didn't you. That's why she looks so good.'

You don't mind do you Liz? She looks so beautiful standing there all hot and confused. I've wanted to do her since the night we met. And now we get to share her! Just like sisters should!

'Beth,' Liz chided as her eyes swept over the girl hungrily, 'mucking with Todd a little is one thing, but I'm not sure . . .'

C'mon. Experiment a little. You'll love it.

"I-I'm. You. Both. Uh," stammered the hopelessly horny hostess before she fell back on old training. She stopped, took in a breath and spat out as one garbled word "Hi!mJaimie.I'dliketobeyourservertonight . . ."

Liz gave up resisting as she felt her body flood with the heat unleashed by the hungry look on Jamie's face.

'Ok Beth, just this once. After this we stick to guys.' After a moment Liz blurted a continuation. 'To Todd!'

"Hi Jaimie," Liz heard her voice sing. "Are you on the menu? You look run off your feet. C'mere, take a seat for a moment."

Todd watched as Jaimie sat beside Liz. His eyes almost exploded out of the sockets as Liz leaned over and locked lips with the hostess, and then he slid over and joined the fun.

The table fantasy will have to wait because it looks like Todd gets the threesome fantasy tonight. Todd's a keeper, but he's so easily distracted.

* * *

Beth was proven gloriously wrong as she and Liz bucked on the table underneath Todd as Jaimie sat dazed, sleepy, but still slowly stroking herself on a chair.

"Oooooohhhh Yesssss . . ." Liz moaned. "Todd's a keeper for sure . . ."

* * *

Dennis. Wake up Dennis.

"Lemme sleep mom. I feel like hell."

I know Dennis, but we have things to do. Chop chop.

He hurt. He hurt a lot, but he could move again. He didn't have this feeling of impending doom and fire anymore and, beneath the pain of the burns and cuts, he could feel the joy of rebirth. And a raging hate.

Dennis my love. We have a lot of work ahead of us and the sooner begun the sooner we can get you all patched up again.

His Baby had come back for him. For the first time in his life he had the love of a beautiful woman. He could see her eyes--bright, blue and perfect.

He was alive. He had purpose. He had to get moving; had to find his Baby's sister.

But first he had to get out of this steel drawer. Somehow, underneath all of the pain, it felt fucking cold.

* * *

"Hey! You!" called a voice from behind Dale.

'Oh crap. Time to pull the Lois Lane and bluff my way out.'

"Hi! Dale Anderson, Channel 12," Dale said as she turned around and put on her best smile. The intruder was a cop, no surprise there since she was sort of burgling a crime scene, but the way he stopped dead and stared was something new. Usually cops yelled at her, bundled her up and escorted her off of the premises, but, keeping with the up beat way things had been going for her over the last couple of days, there was no freak out or power trip. The cop just stopped and stared at her like she was beautiful or something.

Ted Wright was absolutely awestruck. This lady had walked out of one of his dreams. Even though she was fully and modestly dressed he could tell that it was one of the dirtier dreams. The clean ones with a lady anywhere near this lovely got dirty fast.

Her blond hair--the platinum you see on models and actresses, but not on cheap sluts because they are, well, cheap--was mostly pulled back with clips, but not braided or anything, just directed to fall in shimmering arcs around her face. Not the perfectly placed hair of a model, it instead gave the impression that it had been perfectly placed at some point and then, over the course of a working day, simply fell into a better, more natural pattern. It was erotic, hypnotic hair; the patterns pulled at his eyes, guiding them through a maze towards the front where the strands of loose hair formed bangs curving down over the left eyebrow, almost touching her glasses on their way past, and completing the inward spiral to her face.

Eyebrows, eyelashes, and pink-stained lips are mere decoration for a strong face headlined by a pair of green eyes brightened and magnified by glasses. Intelligent, sensual yet somehow timid and troubled came to Ted's mind. It seemed wrong that she look fearful. Ted wanted to comfort her and take away all her troubles. The thoughts of wild, passionate sex were still there, but he would be in heaven just being with her and keeping her happy.

He had to look away from her eyes; he didn't want to, but he had to see if the rest of her matched the face and, oh lord, did it. She had a body built to torture men not lucky enough to be with her. Ted only took a quick glimpse before returning to the eyes, but the way her breasts pushed at her sweater, the way everything eased inwards then exploded back out and tapered in again down to running shoe clad feet was all burned into his eyes. He tried to picture the legs in a dress or jeans and the feet in heels, but gave up. It was beyond his imagination. Instead he knew that women in Adidas runners would turn him on for the rest of his life. Dressed in street clothes and making no attempt to be provocative, the lady gave Ted a charge hotter than the best sex he ever had with his ex.

For the first time in the almost eight months since it happened, Ted was glad Marcie dumped him. She freed him up for a chance at perfection. A small chance, but a chance he was going to make the best of as soon as he remembered how to talk.

"Ma'am," he started. He had to be polite. He had to get her out of the investigation area without ruining his chances and calling her ma'am seemed to be the right place to start.

"Ma'am, you can't be in here. This is a crime scene."

"I know, I know, but this is news! Morgue attendant strangled, body stolen and it's nobody important or I'd have heard about it by now. It's a mystery!"

Dale almost backed up at the cop's reaction. The way he blushed, cringed and bashfully looked away was totally un cop-like. Where was the blustering and the power trip? She was used to that, but this shy broken staring was new and frightening in its strangeness. And kind of exciting. Nobody had ever looked at her like that before.

"Well, yeah." Ted managed to get out in spite of the crush of disappointing his perfect woman. "It will be news, but you're supposed to wait for the press release. Yuh yuh you. You don't try and break into a crime scene. Ma'am."

"Try? Hey, I'm inside right? And I know what I'm doing--I haven't touched anything. I just want to look around a bit"

"Weeeell OK! You're lucky I found you before someone else did Missus. How'd you get here so fast anyway?"

"Miss. Dale, hi. I was just up the street when the call went over the radio."

A look of shock shot across the officer's eyes as they locked on hers again. Shock was swiftly replaced by relief and flash of beaming smile before the worried look returned. Something was really stressing the poor guy out, but Dale noticed something with the cop's renewed stare--he had nice eyes. The smile wasn't bad either.

The rapid change of expression left Dale pondering this new mystery for a moment before pumping for more information. "Ok, so someone breaks into the morgue, takes a body and you want to turn the case into a black hole--what are you covering up, Mr. . . . Officer?"

"Ted! Ted Wright! Um. Yeah. I'm Ted Wright."

He was babbling like an idiot, Ted knew it and couldn't stop. His blonde goddess didn't seem to be very comfortable either; she seemed to be confused, dithering over something. Then she made up her mind and her face lit up with a smile that almost killed him.

"Cool. I finally meet Mr. Wright," Dale oozed as she shifted her weight onto one foot in a failed attempt to hit a hot movie vamp pose. "Where've you been all my life?"

"Hack," choked Ted.

"You all right Ted?" she asked as her smile turned up a few notches in pleased intensity. Pink and white. Even her teeth were sexy beyond belief.

"Haa. Yeah, Just. Uh, just something in my throat."

"Hey Ted, I just want to know what's going on. I promise I won't bring up anything that's not in the press release. Heck, I probably won't even get the story. I'm just curious."

Dale's lips pursed and her eyes drifted in contemplation. Her face looked like she was readying for a kiss while she thought and a twitch ran through Ted as his heart hammered. When her eyes made a quick pass over his body Ted found himself straightening up, emphasizing his height and something else. He twitched again as the kiss parted slightly and broadened into a smile; then the lips opened to speak. Pink on white; her tongue moved.

"Why the cover up?"

"Whu? Why? Uh. Look there, there, over there and in that corner."

"Cameras. So what?"

"They didn't record a thing," Ted almost whispered, "because they are melted from the inside. You see that burned area on the floor tiles? That's where we found most of the lock. The rest of it went through," he pointed up to where a ceiling tile was removed, "the ceiling. And look at the fucking door--sorry miss--someone tried to PUNCH their way out."

For the next few minutes Ted flirted with his dream come to life in the only way he could--he spilled everything. When she smiled at him it was all he could do. He knew that he was acting like a teenager hoping to get laid after the prom, but he couldn't stop himself. This was way beyond love or lust at first sight, that's what got him into his first marriage, no this feeling was way better. He could make this work; he had to keep busy because when he wasn't talking and showing Dale stuff he just kept staring like a fool. A lady like that was probably tired of fools staring at her.

He wasn't bugging Dale. Not the slightest bit. She didn't feel like second or third string with the attention Ted was giving her, but she listened to what he said and took notes with her usual care. When you're the ugly girl you have to be a good listener if you want any friends, but Ted was distracting her. He was making her feel beautiful and she wasn't

sure whether this was a set up or if he really was interested. The last time she'd felt this good about a guy was right before her almost fiancé dumped her so he could sleep around guilt free. She'd thought that she was getting a ring that night, not a boot to the head. And then there was the time she introduced Todd to Liz, but they turned out to be such a great couple that Dale didn't really mind that one so much. Ted looked like a good deal, but could she risk it again? Could she not risk it?

Ted was winding down when he noticed that Dale was watching him. It'd never occurred to him before, but a woman deep in thought was really, really sexy. Her eyes slid over him again, almost appraisingly and Ted started to get nervous again. She looked like she was trying to talk her self into or out of something.

"You really aren't going to print any of this are you?" asked Ted when he ran out of stuff to talk about.

"Hey!" barked Dale. "I make a promise; I'll keep it. No strings attached."

Dale nodded. She'd made up her mind. Everything else had gone so well today, why not take another risk? He was cute, attentive, and he looked like he meant it.

"But for doubting me you owe me a coffee. Any good places around here?"

Two coffees and almost two hours later, Dale was sitting at a light on the drive home and jotting an entry in her diary.

"I can't believe I'm thinking of asking a cop out, but, you know me, anything for a mystery. Hah. Next thing you know I'll be polite when interviewing a councilman. But you never know how this'll turn out. Ted's kind of cute in a timid and troubled way. Someone's got to look after him . . ."

"I can practically hear Liz saying to go for it"

* * *

That evening, while Todd, Liz and Beth did their best to burn a hole in the living room carpet, in the suburbs to the south of the city a similar act by a pair of lovers had just been messily broken up.

A young woman, about 20, was scrunched up in a sitting fetal position on the end of her bed under a single watchful, bright blue eye cupped in a shadowy hand.

Dennis my love, said a female voice that wasn't there. Move me in closer.

Ellen, came a different voice this time, softer and gentler like mother's. **You already know you don't want to lie to me and if you tell the truth I'll give your lover back.**

"You killed him. He's dead," moaned the girl, Ellen, as the blue light from the gem glinted off of dark, wet splotches that marred her nakedness.

Yes dear, but only because he needed to be punished. I can bring him back. Just like I did with Dennis here.

The room lit up with a strong blue light for a moment allowing Ellen to get her first good look at her attacker.

"No. No. No. No." The girl screamed over and over, tears running down her face.

"I think you overplayed that hand Baby," rasps Dennis.

Shut up, Dennis, snapped the first, older voice as Dennis dropped the stone on Ellen's bed and let out a gurgled groan.

Then the more pleasant voice returned, **Ellen dear. If you won't tell me where my sister is we'll have to come to other arrangements. You have such lovely hands and I'd hate to see them go to waste.**

* * *

I'm NOT cheating on Todd.

'Not even with that?'

NO! Look, flirt, and swim a bit, but that is it.

'Oh. Ok. How about her then? Or her? That one's cute, but . . . there we go.'

Oh, nice one Beth. The strap just broke.

'Oh, she doesn't mind anymore, but I fixed it anyway. Go back to sleep. I won't do anything to embarrass us. Unless he's really cute.'

No! Dammit Beth . . . hey, that lifeguard looks pretty nice . . .

No Beth, not even with the lifeguard you've been after all afternoon. With what you've been doing, the poor guy's going to die of blue balls. Liz said as her body slid itself downwards before quaking slightly, setting her large breasts jiggling again and lifting back up the stiff cock causing the pleasant sensations centered between her legs.

'Hey, you pointed him out remember?' Beth thought back as her tongue played with his. His hands felt much better on her breasts now that they overflowed his grip.

"Fuck," said the lifeguard when the arching of Liz's body pulled their lips apart.

"Beth. You're amazing. Never felt . . . Uh!"

He's hot, yeah, but look and don't touch. I'm not cheating on Todd.

'I know. It's all you've been harping about all afternoon.' Liz's body rocked as a burst of pleasure exploded through it. 'Just a few more laps since swimming's all you'll let me do.'

"Yeah, Gary! Harder! So close!"

Another series of shudders shook the body as it rose again.

"This . . . huh! You Oh! Oh god!"

Sorry, don't mean to be so anal, but you really do have an impulse control problem when it comes to getting laid.

"Oooh! Anal! Giggle!"

What's so funny?

'Nothing.' Beth felt the lifeguard exploding into her borrowed body as she savoured her approaching orgasm, its ecstasy, and the fading glory of the aftermath. It wasn't quite enough; Gary was no Todd, but she could fix that. 'Last lap. As soon as we're done with the shower you get the body back and we go to meet Dale.'

"C'mon, Gary," Beth said as she rose off the wilting Gary and pulled him to his feet. "I'm not done yet! Showers await." She took a few steps, turned to reveal a spectacular profile, and gave a hint of a smile as Gary, to his amazement, began to harden again. Beth threw a kiss, patted her ass, and then bounced erotically as she jogged to the shower.

'What the fuck,' thought Gary as he started to run after Beth and set off a bouncing of his own. "God she's hot. Never been this hard before either.'

Then, out of the blue, a new thought hit him. 'I've never done anal before . . .'

Dale clutched her coffee and looked around nervously at the guys looking at her while building up the courage to bring up something.

Pretty funny considering you were the same last time we were in here Liz.

Liz nodded while actively checking out the ogling guys, but she was doing it with a distracted enthusiasm. Most of her attention was focussed on Dale. Beth had been right, Dale didn't look anywhere near as cheap as she'd remembered.

'If she wasn't an old friend, yeah, I'd do her. What did you do to me Beth? I never used to get this sexed up.'

Didn't have to do much. I just woke up some of you that was asleep. Actually I think Todd and Jaimie's screaming did most of the work. Don't worry about it--you can stop looking whenever you want to.

'I'm not sure I want to stop, but could you PLEASE do something to turn down the attraction to Dale? God. I should have done your lifeguard just to take the edge off a bit. What's so damn funny? You didn't . . .'

How could I? You were awake and watching me the whole time. I'd love to help you with Dale, but I can't really just turn her down and I wouldn't want to--I haven't done a job that good in . . . I dunno, few thousand years probably. Besides, I'd like to do her too.

"Liz? I think I met a guy . . ." Dale finally said and promptly took a too large swallow of her drink.

"Right on Dale! Is he cute?"

"Yeah!" Dale coughed. "Well, sort of. We haven't really . . . I just had coffee with him, but I'll be leaving the New Years party a bit early."

"Oh hell," groaned Liz, "Dale, bring him."

"I can't," muttered Dale, not looking up from the table, "he's working."

"He's working New Years Eve? What kind of job's he got?" Liz questioned around a drink.

"He's a cop," whispered Dale.

"Hah! Haaah HA!" Liz burst before she could stop herself. "You have to be kidding me. You?"

"I knew it was a bad idea," said Dale, shrinking into her seat.

"NO!" Liz practically shouted as she bounced up and pressed against Dale with a quick hug. Liz made it quick because she didn't really want to let go and if she didn't they'd probably wind up on the table. Ever since the restaurant . . . "No, it's a good idea; it's just picturing you and a policeman . . ."

"I know. I just don't know what to do."

"Do what you did when you hooked Todd and me up. Show him a good time."

Screw him senseless!

'Not that good a time Beth. Let them get to know each other first.'

No serious, get him addicted to that body and he'll do anything. I can't wait to meet him. We can do a three way!

"Earth to Liz--you there Liz?"

"Sorry," said Beth as she leaned in closer to Dale, "my little voice was recommending we try him out in a three way."

Hey!

" . . . you're weird Liz. I," Dale gestured at herself, "barely even know the guy."

"So?" Beth was running a hand up Dale's hip and smiling as Dale jerked upright and stared. Beth traced up the hourglass waist and out a firm breast to the tip of a swollen nipple. The gulp of air Dale sucked in was gratifying and shocking. "If we get things off to a hot start we know right away if he's worth keeping."

OK, back in the box Beth, thought Liz as she looked at the pink lips on Dale's shocked face from kissing range. *And don't do that again--my body, my friend.*

All right, all right. You know you both want it though. We should take a break and do the barista--just so you won't be so jumpy, mentally mumbled Beth as Liz found herself back in control again and more than a little chilled at how easily she'd let Beth out. Maybe she let Beth out to have no excuse.

'Dale even looks turned on.' Liz pried her eyes up from Dale's inviting nipples and looked over at the green haired, teenaged and emphatically female barista. 'God, you're right Beth. Maybe we should, just so I can keep my mind off Dale.'

"Ok," started Liz as she pulled back a little and tried to regain control of the conversation, "now that we have shocked you out of your little pout, you want to tell me what happened?"

Dale started slowly by describing the crime scene, and then began speed up and gain enthusiasm as she described Officer Wright. The more Dale perked up the hotter Liz got. She got distracted again as Dale's eyes lit up with excitement and the description of the chat at the coffee shop got more animated.

'We both need it so bad right now and it would be so easy. Dale and I could make out right on the counter and Beth would cover for us. Maybe even get the barista to join in.'

For a change, Beth ruined the mood by being the wet blanket.

He doesn't sound like too much.

'Oh, relax. He sounds normal. Dale needs normal; she's totally freaked out right now. Besides if he doesn't meet your approval you can just change things again.'

Yeah, well he sure better treat Dale right or I'll kick his ass.

"Liz . . . I haven't really been paying attention because I sort of gave up after high school, but how long have I been gorgeous? Ted acts like I'm like a wet dream come to life and even the guys at work are looking at me funny. All day today people have been staring at me and even you've been . . . uh, not you. I weighed my self this morning and I'm at least forty pounds lighter."

Bull! interrupted Beth. *I shaved twenty five pounds, thirty tops. Stop being so damn insecure about your weight; you're almost six feet tall, you idiot. You aren't supposed to weight a hundred pounds.*

When Dale kept talking right through Beth, Liz was surprised for a moment before remembering that Beth wasn't really there.

". . . and 5 years in the gym never made that much of a dent before, but I have clothes that fit so obviously it's been a gradual loss.

"And don't you dare give me that shit about voices again."

Can you believe her? Over two days she goes from being a normal person to a dream and she still won't believe us.

'Minds are pretty funny things.'

Uhm. Who's driving right now?

'Doesn't really matter much, you drive as well as I do. What did you think of the barista?'

Passed out too soon, but she was sooooo soft. Hey, listen, I got an idea about Maria . .

Dennis. I grow weary with all of this walking. Procure us a horse.

"That's pretty hard Baby," Dennis rasped as he marched down the highway. "Not many horses left around. People haven't used horses much for a hundred years."

No horses? You jest. Tell me, beloved, how do people travel?

"Mostly we drive cars."

The odd boxes on the side of the roadway?

"Yeah. I figure you'll like them. They run on fire, make people sick by poisoning the air and more people die because of them every year than in most wars."

That does sound intriguing, my love. Once I am reunited with my sister you may introduce me to cars. Those and this radiation should prove amusing for a time.

"We're almost there Baby; almost back where we fell in love. Another hour, hour and a half tops."

* * *

At 7 PM the doorbell rang. 'Right on time,' Liz thought. The plan was hers--she and Beth had been arguing all day over who really came up with it--but Beth certainly added to it and made it work. Todd was off on an errand that would take at least an hour, as planned, so Liz opened the door.

"Elisabeth! Uh hi. Where is everyone? Nine o'clock right?"

"Maria!" Liz gushed while making a quick appraisal. "Hi. Call me Beth. Todd's out getting something for drinks. You're just a little bit early--c'mon in! You look sooo good in that dress. We are going to have so much fun tonight!"

'She's kind of bubbly--drunk already? Maybe Todd didn't wuss out and tell her about us,' Maria thought as Elisabeth, Beth, gave her a hug and led her inside. 'What is Todd feeding her? She didn't look like this two weeks ago. She's beautiful--and when her breasts rubbed . . .'

"Uh. Thanks Beth," stammered Maria as Beth moved closer. "You're looking, uh, well. Feels kind of early still. I-I must have, um, worked at the office later than . . . than I thought."

'Conscience? I really need you now . . . Oh GOD!'

"There," said Liz after she pulled back, trailing a strand of saliva. "That was so much better than sniping at each other the way we did at Christmas."

Maria just nodded, and then quivered slightly as Liz's hands started to roam.

* * *

Ok, now THAT probably makes us sluts. But it was worth it, wasn't it Liz?

"mmmmm hmmm. What did you do to set her off like that?" Asked Liz while enjoying Maria's work.

One of my old tricks. I tried it on my sister one day, but she took the idea and totally overdid it. She'd keep teasing someone with it and hurt them at the same time until they got all confused and liked being hurt, but this was way it was supposed to work. Maria's all confused, but really, really happy and if we ask her nicely she'll stay away from Todd.

"mmmmmm. Yeah. Let's do that," Liz moaned before pulling Maria's head up.

"Todd's mine. You don't touch him without me, OK?"

"Yesssss," sighed Maria. "Won't touch without you. Do it again, Beth. Please?"

"Good," Liz said as she stroked Maria's hair and Beth started to work her magic.

"Tonight after the guests are all gone you and I are going to show Todd a really, really

good time. So let's finish you up, get you showered, dressed and made back up before Todd gets home and the rest of the guest get here. Can't let people think we're mistreating a guest now can we?"

"Yessssss," sighed a happily twitching Maria as she had a "Really! Really! Gooooo tiiiiiiii!"

* * *

With Maria in the shower Liz chatted with Beth, mostly about clothes, and started getting dressed for the party. Curious, Liz decided to change the topic.

"You always talk about your sister like she was a total psycho. Was she really that bad? And what are you anyway?"

I dunno. We used to be gods, she giggled, but that was a long time ago. It was fun. Try that one--it goes better with our eyes. I could do whatever I wanted, but then my sister got everybody mad and they killed the few priests we had left and burned us.

Sister never should have threatened to sink that island because when she finally did it the islanders were already on their way and, boy, were they pissed that they arrived too late to stop her. I managed to move us to our crowns, I had this really nice tiara, when they burned us, but was too worn out to get back out again afterwards and no one would build us new bodies.

After that we just got passed along by a few of the followers we had left until they didn't believe anymore and, bit by bit, we were broken down and sold. Now all that's left of us is the gems. Things were real fuzzy for me until I met Mr Gould. He gave us to his grand daughter to wear in her hair. She took us to clubs and parties and the beach and she had sex and it was almost like when I had a body, but Mr. Gould didn't like me partying with Ellen, that was Mr. Gould's grand daughter, and built my sister and me a body to hold us. That woke up my sister.

That was sort of OK for a while, but he wouldn't let me go anywhere and sister was awake and she's never very nice. Then something really hurt; there was a lot of fire and then I found you. Now I'm happy again because you're sort of like a sister, but not so mean. My old sister used to boss me around and make me do things I didn't like to do.

"What kinds of things did she make you do? Could you . . . thanks," said Liz as her bra adjusted to a perfect fit. Then a bit too tight. "Hey!"

Liiiiz. They look so much hotter when the bra's a bit too small.

"Then why not just make the bra smaller?"

Where's the fun in that? You like big boobs--I've seen you staring--why don't you want any? Anyway my sister used to like burning people so she made me do that once. I hated it and wouldn't do it anymore so she kept finding other things I didn't like. Actually it was kind of funny when the islanders burned her, but it wasn't really 'cause they were burning me too. Creeps. I never did anything to them. I wouldn't have--they made the best sex slaves.

"You know . . . They might have been mad about the sex slave thing."

Why? All my sex slaves; servants really, 'cause I never really bossed them around; had nothing but fun. Not like my sister's slaves. She liked making them suffer all the time. She treated me like a slave too, except when she wanted something. Well, even then too, but she was sort of nicer about it.

"Why didn't you just ignore her and do stuff like you do with me? You are going to put those back right?"

Oh, alright. Because when she'd find out she'd hurt more of my friends and sometimes me too and I really, really didn't like that. You don't hurt people when I do stuff, even if you do yell a lot. And you're getting a lot less square. Sometimes when she found people I liked she'd hurt them and keep hurting them until they couldn't feel pain anymore. Then she killed them and added their bodies to her slaves. I'm glad she's gone. I'd hate for her to take you and Todd.

"Uh, yeah. I think we'd hate that too. They don't look like they've gotten any smaller yet Beth."

Hey, I made a clip so you can wear me in your hair like Ellen did so when we dance, we can both dance--that would be so cool! I haven't really danced in so long.

"Don't worry--I'll let you take over and dance with someone tonight. Just please don't get too wild. And put. Them. BACK."

ALRIGHT! Alright. Geeze you don't have to get so mad, Beth whined as she tried to cover by making the bra a little bigger.

* * *

When someone started up the walk, Liz was alone in the living room, her breasts back down to a reasonable size and Beth off moping somewhere, watching for guests while Maria finished up her makeup. Liz was almost at the door, a large smile plastered on her face, ready to distract anyone to give Maria a few more seconds to finish when the door opened.

'No fair! Todd promised he'd call before he left the store in case I missed anything.' As she approached the door, there was a burning smell. The doorknob, its insides all blackened, fell off.

It wasn't Todd who opened the door. It wasn't her mother or anyone else she knew had a key. It occurred to Liz, a few moments too late, that someone who could melt a doorknob wouldn't need a key. Another too late afterthought was that anyone who could melt a doorknob was probably someone that she really didn't want in her house, but by then the door was open and bathing her guest in light.

What she saw first was a hypnotic blue eye set in the blackened devastation of a face. Only one eye because the face, and the skull behind where the right eye should sit, was missing. Missing straight through to the back and beyond of the head. The rest of the body was also a burned ruin, bits of clothes burnt into the flesh and one arm dangling loose behind its back.

The charred and mangled corpse of Dennis looked Liz in the eye.

"Hi," it croaked, "Happy New Year."

Act III

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!

"Oh. Oh my god! You! How can you be alive?"

"My Baby's keeping me alive. She promised I could live forever. And she's helping me get back together again. Look!"

The corpse tried to wave its nearly severed arm. On the end sat an unburned hand. A female hand.

"She wants her sister back, lady. And my Baby, she always gets what she wants."

"You can't hide her forever girly. My baby knows she's here so you might as well give'r up now," whispered desiccated Dennis as he shuffled into the house.

'Beth? Help!' pleaded Liz as she backed away from the walking corpse.

I can't help! That's a zombie. I can't touch the dead. The only thing left alive is that hand--Oh no! Ellen!

Run away Liz! And don't turn around--I'm still in your hair! They'll see me and we'll never get away then!

"What do you want? I have money; just let me get my purse."

"Don't be stupid 'Liz'--you know what we want. You been touched, just like me. I can tell by the eyes. My baby wants the stone you found. Blue gem--looks like an eye."

Liz backed towards the stairs before she realized that upstairs was a stupid place to be and that outside was a much better idea. The problem with getting outside was that Dennis was blocking the door. The quick solution, other than dying, was to go out through the kitchen door, jump the fence and pray Ed was at home. She reached back and undid the hairclip so that she could turn and run off at full speed.

"Nice hair, but I'm not interested," Dennis said moving closer. "Where's the gem?"

Beth held tight in her left hand, Liz made a dash for the kitchen and back door. Her attacker, despite the condition of her body, came in at almost her speed, but he started closer. She passed through the open doorway just as Dennis grabbed her gown with his good hand and hauled her back. Liz grabbed at the counter, unable to get a good grip, but she did grasp something with her right hand while her left, refusing to drop Beth, flailed uselessly trying to hook something. Dennis tugged her backwards, partly tearing the dress, and almost slipped. She made one last lunge forward, trying to tear free completely and leave him with a handful of fabric, but she lacked the leverage and was simply tossed to the dining room floor.

"Gotta be faster than that Liz," Dennis coughed out as he stepped forward to stand over her prone body. "Where is the gem?"

"I'm fast enough. Can you run without hamstrings?" Liz retorted and took a left handed swipe down at Dennis's feet with the knife she pulled from the counter. It had melted cheese and pizza sauce from lunch on the blade, but food safety was a minor concern. The knife chipped away burned skin and embedded in Dennis's ankle. It was stuck and pulling it out would get her killed for sure, so Liz let go of the knife and scrambled to her feet, almost running four legged while she fought to right herself.

"Nice," Dennis chuckled. An oddly wet sound made by air being pushed over a ruined voice box. "You think after all this," he gestured at his ruined body as Liz made for the stairs. "I'm gonna notice another cut?"

"One, two, Denny's coming for you," the monster half laughed, half gurgled as it charged up the stairs almost on Liz's heels. Scaly burnt finger scraped across her back looking for something exposed to grab when there was a yelp as Dennis tripped over the knife stuck in his ankle.

"Fhuuuuck!" Dennis gargled as he tumbled backwards.

Liz looked back at the sound of the thumping and saw the corpse, Denny apparently, lying folded at the bottom of the stairs. She stopped for a moment, relaxed, and then it

moved. The good hand grasped the knife and worked it out of the bone with a pop. It glared up at Liz, the blue eye glowing evilly, and Liz fled into her bedroom.

'Jesus, why was I always so anti gun?' Liz asked herself as she looked for something to barricade the bedroom door with. 'Oh hell, a gun's not going to help on that guy. What are a few more holes to a dead man? If I was lucky I'd knock him over, but it'd probably go through him.'

Her eyes scanned the room for something she could barricade the door with. Her good sewing shears, Todd always borrowed them to cut stuff up with and, thank god, never bothered to put back away. Liz grabbed the shears. 'Weapon? No. Talk to me Beth--how do I stop this guy?'

'Beth? Hello? Say something!' Liz raved mentally as she kicked the open pair of scissors into the gap beneath the door. The handle turned. The doorknob clicked and the door opened an inch before locking on the scissors. They gouged the carpet, probably were ruined forever, but they held.

'That should give me enough time to hide.' Liz looked at the flimsy, slatted closet door for a moment before muttering "Screw that."

Liz headed for the window.

The door bounced twice more as the zombie tried to ram it open, then silence fell.

'Thank god for narrow halls,' thought Liz. 'He's too light to knock the door down without a run.'

Part way out the window Liz heard the crackling of a fire and turned to look. The door, and only the door, burst into flames as though it was being instantly and completely consumed.

"Cheap door Liz," came the voice of Dennis through the already fading smoke. "Back when I was building houses I loved those doors. Bet you hate them right now."

The smoke cleared enough to see and Liz, half out the window, caught sight of Dennis just as the kitchen knife caught her in the chest. She dropped to the overhang below, fell back first onto the front lawn, and screamed. The knife bounced away with the impact and lay beside the scorched patch of grass left by Dennis' flaming screwdriver.

The blue eye glowed in her window and flashed as she rolled over onto her stomach and pushed up. Blood ran down her front as she got to her knees and the feet. The figure in the window was getting ready to jump out when Liz started to run.

* * *

"Fuck!" groaned Dennis as he prepared to dive out the window after her.

Do not, said the voice of Dennis's mother. **In your current state you would break limbs that I cannot afford the time to fix. If she had my sister with her, my sister would be revealed. My darling sister could never stand to see her servants in pain.**

"Why didn't you just fry her like the door baby? She was trying to hurt us."

I could have fired her body as easily as the door, but there is something. . . odd. I do believe that my sister is learning new tricks. Elisabeth is most unusual; she will be useful as a tool. No more knives Dennis. I want her.

"So we need her alive then? Well, you coulda stopped her, baby--like the guy at the morgue."

I must conserve. I let my temper run away once, back when I ruled, and it cost me everything. The islanders needed a lesson. A lesson they received, but too swiftly.

They did not suffer near enough for the troubles their arrogance caused me. My sister's new servant will suffer for a long, long time when I have finished with her.

"She was pretty fine looking baby. Could I have a go?"

You will have your fun when Elisabeth comes back. The voice of the sister rang through Dennis's head. The voice sounded happy, almost.

"She'll probably come back for the car. You can't go far without a car these days."

The car is unimportant. Her kind is very possessive about friends. They always come back and die. In the meantime you can have . . .

"Have to show Todd a really, really good time," said a slow and sloppy voice from the doorway.

Maria.

* * *

"Why didn't you help?" screamed Liz after running and limping over a block away.

Because if I did she'd know where I was and she'd start hurting me. Then that Denny guy would probably kill you or my sister would enslave you like she did that poor creep. I promise you wouldn't like that--Denny is probably in a lot of pain right now. Sister's keeping him alive and functional in a dead body, but I guarantee that she didn't turn off the pain like I did for you. You're bleeding all over. Lemme fix that. Good thing it got stuck, or you never would have been able to run this far.

Liz winced as pain flooded her chest then smiled, dropped to her knees and moaned. Bliss rocked her body as the wound closed and muscle and bone healed.

"oooooooo," Liz cooed as her body shook. "Do that again."

No way Liz--that's sort of what I did to Maria and we both need to be able to think right now. Omigod. We left Maria.

"Us or her at the moment Beth."

Liz! We can't leave her there--Denny, he had Ellen's hand.

"Ellen?" Images of a blond girl, about 18, poured from Beth into Liz's mind. A mental movie played shots of a girl smiling, dancing and wearing a blue stone in her hair. The images changed into something out of a porno with the girl making out with a boy about her age then two boys and then another young girl. Liz shook her head. The two girls making love in her mind was making her wet. More than wet; she felt a tongue, a mouth, her hands holding a head to her groin. Blonde hair dangled in front of her eyes as she watched a raven haired bob cut moving between her legs. Liz shook her head and looked down. No dark haired teenager.

"Ellen . . . Gould?" Liz asked as she got to her feet.

She was the best, sobbed Beth. Always took me out partying with her. I really liked her and helped her out with boys and stuff whenever I could. We can help her Liz. I dunno about the arm if it's totally gone, but I can fix what's there. We gotta find her Liz. We gotta get the hand back and help Ellen. We gotta.

She'll be taking pieces of Maria next, sis never figured out how to fix stuff right. She always just took new things when she broke the old one. Sometimes she'd get me to fix things for her, but usually she'd just find another. Now that she's free again she'll want a body.

"Oh sick. She wants you to build her a new body? Like that dead guy?"

Ick. No way. Sister's got more taste than that.

"How do we stop that guy?" Liz shouted her frustration and waved her hands at nothingness. "He's dead--you could smell it. You can't touch him, I can't hurt him. What do we do?"

Beth was silent for a while as though digging through her own memories for a change. *Salt works good. Screws up the nerves--that's how the islanders got past my sister's guards when they burned us. Chop the body to bits and practically bury it in salt. If we can get Denny down we can take care of my sister easy--without bodies we need a host to work through to affect the real world.*

"You need a host? What about all that stuff you did to me?"

I work in happy thoughts like fun and fantasies--and you have some really, really fun fantasies. Giggle. Deny it, but you are my host. You WANTED to try stuff. I just made it all a little bit bigger and better.

My sister needs other emotions to work from. Denny must have been a really pissed off guy when he was alive if she's been able to keep him sort of alive.

"OK. We get some salt. Hey, can't you just make some?"

Nope. There was a shrug in Liz's mind, then Beth explained. *The stuff is poison--that's my sister's area.*

"Rats. No one's open on New Years. Think we can get to the car?"

Yeah, no problem. That guy was pretty stupid and my sister never picked up new ideas all that well. Without horses I dunno if she'll even notice that those boxes can move. You don't have the keys though.

"Shit. Oh come on. If you could fix the car after a crash you can hotwire the thing or at least make it start without a key."

Yeah. That electricity stuff is nasty. Everything's all fuzzy around it and it really hurts to mess with it, but I can make the car use my hairclip as a key really easy.

"Ok we make a run for the car, find a store that's still open, get salt, then we come back here. We have to be fast--the party guests will be arriving."

* * *

Dennis shook his head as the car disappeared around a corner, closed the door and went back to searching. He wasn't going to say a thing. His baby didn't like to play "I told you so" anywhere near as much as she loved playing "shut up and feel pain Dennis".

"Wasn't anything important Baby."

* * *

Dale was about to knock on Liz's door when

Blam!

A car pulled up into the neighbour's driveway. She stopped and waited for the driver to get out.

"Hey Ed," Dale asked as she walked towards the rusting hulk Ed called a car. "When are you going to get this thing fixed?"

"What?" Ed mocked as he opened up the back door of his beater mobile to pull out a paper bag filled with long slender tubes. "And make Liz have to buy an alarm clock? Nah. Besides it's fun to pull up beside some punk in a sporty little number that's more stereo than car, hit the gas and drown out the shitty music. Liz having a bash tonight?"

"Yup. Might get a bit noisy later."

Ed turned around to face Dale and dropped his bag of fireworks.

"Whoa. Dale. I hardly recognize you. You look fabulous. Holy Christ. Whatever you've been doing you got to share with my wife."

"Uh . . . It's just a little makeup Ed. Nothing special."

"Nuthin' special she says," Ed muttered as he picked up his dropped bag. "You convince Anne to use that nuthin' special and I'll spring for all she needs, gladly and forever. Don't worry about the noise. Me an' the kids are going to be having some fun with these. Heeeeyyyyy."

Ed's five sons flooded out of the house to greet their dad or, as it quickly appeared, to get their hands on the fire crackers.

Dale waved at Ed and the kids and turned towards Liz's place. She smiled as an explosion went off behind her just before she knocked on the door and it drifted open.

"Todd? Liz? The door was open . . . Hello? Anyone here?" Dale asked the darkened house.

"Run. Run away. Get police."

"Holy shit! What happened to you?" Dale yelled. Maria's naked, bloody and beaten body was suspended from the ceiling spread eagle by coarse ropes.

"Run. Dennis's still looking for something--a blue gem--but he'll be back soon. Get the police. Tell Todd. He wants the party guests. He wants hostages to get at Beth."

'Liz's Grandma? She's out on the coast.' wondered Dale as she her .38 rape prevention kit out of her purse. "Fuck that. Where is the guy? If he's lucky, I'll leave the corpse for the cops."

Dale went hunting. The way things had been going lately, what could go wrong?

* * *

Just like at the range, Dale sighted the pistol on the target. Unlike at the range the gun felt different, not as balanced as the target pistols she'd practiced with, but at six feet it wouldn't make much of a difference. She flipped on the light.

Another difference from the range was the target was kneeling down in front of a foldout bed hacking a cushion apart with a knife. A third distance was the target at the range actually had a more human shape. She hadn't meant to, but, when her eyes got a good look, millions of years of survival instinct whispered "Shoot or die" directly into her nervous system and the finger responded.

Whatever the hell Dennis was, the first round knocked him over. It gargled an obscenity and tried to get up. The second round blew off another chunk of his head and the third whizzed over its dropping target and sunk into the back of the chair.

"What the fuck are you," Dale asked herself looking at the already ruined body--particularly the missing chunks of his head. 'That freak was already toast before I shot him.'

"I'm immortal," Dennis rasped. His good arm pushed down on the arm of the shredded folding bed as he started to stand. Its legs under it again, it turned. The blue eye glowed. It reached out.

Blam. Dennis dropped onto the victimized bed as Dale backed out of the room with her gun smoking. Suddenly calling the cops was a more attractive option. If this was the sort of weird shit Liz was talking about this week then it wasn't entirely as beneficial as the boob job and bi/nympho extra personality. Corpse boy had Dale definitely believing in Liz's unbelievable magic angle at the moment.

'If that magic gem stuff is true, I've got to talk to Liz about getting myself made up some too.'

Racing back downstairs she whipped her close range dissuader out of her purse and started to use the blade to cut Maria down.

"Just run!" pleaded the black haired chick as Dale cut through the binding on one arm.

"Leave you with that? No way. I wouldn't leave anybody like this, but, at the very least, you're gonna owe me an interview. Watch out." Right arm freed, Maria dropped to the floor. Her arms barely absorbed the impact and gave way as she saw Dennis silhouetted at the top of the stairs.

"He's coming! Just run you stupid bitch."

"Nuh huh," Dale said around the knife in her mouth as she took aim with the revolver and bought enough time for Maria to slip one foot out of the crappy knot Dennis had used and cut through the other one. Dale dropped the knife, yanked Maria to her feet, and shoved her in the direction of the door while covering Dennis with her gun as he slowly walked down the stairs. Dale should have reached the door by now, but she was no further from the stairs. Her legs were moving but she wasn't. She walked backwards, but Dennis got closer. She turned around, but found herself facing the stairs again. Maria, who should have been long gone, was at her side sobbing.

Dennis was at the bottom of the stairs. He calmly placed the bread knife he had been shredding furniture with on a table by the door. His face pressed in close, grinning with light shining through the new hole beside his mostly missing nose, and gave Dale a lipless kiss. Her hand lashed out and struck nothing.

'Oh god,' Dale said aloud but without noise. 'Please, someone report the gunshots.'

On cue more fireworks went off in Ed's front yard.

"My baby says that normally she'd have burned you by now." Dale watched as the zombie walked around her, its single eye looking appraisingly. "She likes doing that, but she says that I get to keep one of you two and she needs the other."

Its burned hand reached out. Dale swatted at air while the creature caught and squeezed a breast.

"Baby likes the look of both of you so I get to choose which one I get." Dale grabbed Maria's hand and ran again; the door getting further away from them with every step towards it while Dennis retrieved his knife.

"Eney meany miney moe." The point of the bread knife swung back and forth before stopping on the unlucky one. "Sorry Miss, but my baby needs your arms."

As Dennis limped towards them, Dale stopped running and used round six to ensure that Dennis's next victim wouldn't miss her arms.

* * *

So nosy you are Ed. Dennis dear, would you head over next door? Soon this one's wife will be wondering why he is not returned.

"The guy had kids, Baby."

Children make excellent guarantors of a parent's good behaviour, but we need no such assurances here. You know what to do, but do be quick. What you did with your lady friend was a meal I have not tasted in so very long and I am so very hungry.

* * *

Liz sat back in her own mind trying to come up with ways to stop a zombie and an insane goddess while Beth drove.

Beth, you have trouble with electricity--you said it hurt. Think we can electrocute your loving sister? What if we toss her into a microwave or something?

'I dunno. I never tried hurting her before.'

What sort of stuff did she do to hurt you?

'She'd hurt people I liked, lock me up, and she forced bad thoughts at me. She could make me think it hurt, but not even being burned really hurt us. I can make her feel happy, but that's not what we want.'

No. Wait! That might be it! Do you think we can get her all worked up like Maria and brainwash her into being nice?

'Oooooooooo! That would be so fun, but it doesn't work. I tried to make her be nicer to me once and that's how she took my trick in the first place.'

Nuts. That would have been so easy to do. I wonder. My brother and I used to make electromagnets out of a nail and some wire. You can't work around electricity, what if we trapped your sister in an electric field?

"Oh she'd hate that almost as bad as being locked up in the gold body Mr. Gould made for us. But I don't want her hurt!"

Oh for Christ's sake! It's gonna be her or me Beth. Make up your mind--do you want to be bossed around for the rest of your life or do you want to be my sister? Go left here. There should be a 7-11 about a mile up.

Armed with a bag of water balloons acquired at a 7-11, along with an axe and a lamp power cord stolen from Ed's garage, Liz looked next door to her house at her house and then out to the street. The cars parked along the street out front gave Liz a chilling premonition of what was going on inside. The charred zombie was bad enough, but her friends in the hands of that psycho . . .

Not believing that she would be allowed to waste time when she got inside the house, Liz stopped part way out of Ed's garage and finished preparing her electric trap for Beth's sister. She used the axe to split the thin connection between the two wires on the cord most of the way back to the plug. Liz then stripped the insulation off the ends of the two wires. It was easier than she expected; she thought she'd need a knife to cut through the rubbery plastic.

'Thank god Ed takes better care of his tools than Todd does,' She thought remembering the pathetic hatchet she and Todd accidentally left behind the last time they went camping. Noticing the silence, impossible for a house containing five boys aged six to thirteen, Liz shuddered. 'God I hope Ed and his kids are out raising hell with the Pattersons.'

Her preparations completed, Liz crossed the narrow strip between the two houses and walked up the steps to the door. Out of habit Liz was reaching for her key when she heard Beth scream in her mind.

"What is it Beth?"

You don't want to know. I think my sister is either really pissed off or Denny suits her really well. When we go in, don't look. I'll guide you through. You don't want to look.

Believe me you don't want to look. I'm not even going to look. I'm not even going to remember.

"Remember what? I need to know what's going on in there."

No you don't. I wish I wasn't a goddess. I want to pray. You won't see anything except what you need to see.

"And you pick what I need to see? You BITCH! You did do the lifeguard didn't you?"

Liz, we don't have time for this now.

"You better believe we will later."

Liz pushed the door open and, as she did, her focus narrowed to a tight point. Beth wouldn't let her see anything but the stairs, but from the feel she can tell the floor is wet. Wet and sticky.

'I really don't want to see do I?'

No. Hurry up. I'm getting sick.

"Your friend . . . She didn't have to die," said a tired, raspy voice from up the stairs.

Liz pulled a water balloon from her sack as she directed her thin band of sight to the top of the stairs and choked. Dennis sat on the top step playing with a cock haphazardly stitched between his legs.

"All she had to do was help me get it up and my baby would have let her go. Baby promised. You've got nicer breasts. Maybe we can trade? Put Maria back together again so I can give'r another try? We'd like that."

Liz let out a scream of sickened rage and heaved the balloon. It arched through the air into the waiting hand of her tormenter where it exploded, sending a spray of salty water over his hand and up his forearm.

The soaked arm collapsed to Dennis's side and twitched. Dennis sat looking at it puzzled for a moment.

"It feels funny, baby. Like pins and needles. Yeah. Just like that; no pain. No pain! I just can't move it right." He looked at Liz, almost frightened for a moment then his single eye brightened. Liz raised her hand to the hairclip.

'oh shit. I'd needed both hands to haul this stuff.'

"Hah!" Dennis barked as he stood. "I was right! She does have your sister. Ow! Yeah, of course I'm getting it, baby."

Liz had taken advantage of the dialog to get the axe almost ready and swung as Dennis crashes down the stairs towards her. The axe sunk shaft-deep into the upper left of the burned and ruined body. Finally completely severed, Dennis's left arm dropped and twitched; the girl's hand writhing like it was alive and in pain.

The axe didn't stop Dennis. His momentum knocked Liz to the blood soaked floor; the embedded axe supporting him for a moment before it ripped out through his back and he dropped onto Liz, flailing with his remaining arm.

Liz grunted with the impact of a wild swing and slid into something soft. She put her hand on it trying to regain her footing, but the hand slipped and came away red. Beth screamed a warning in her mind, but Liz couldn't understand it. Everything was red. Dale hung upside down tied by the feet to the ceiling fan, blood dripped onto Liz from a hole in her head and from her shoulders where her arms should have been. Liz looked around and immediately wished that she hadn't. The inside of her house was a bloody mess.

Practically everyone she knew, friends, family and co-workers, was here tonight and they were all piled up in stacks. Some recognizably in more than one stack.

Dennis reared up again above her, but everything started to go black for Liz even before he chopped his forearm down across her throat to choke her. Rather than being stunned further, Liz's eyesight went from black to red and she started raking at Dennis's tattered flesh with her nails. Charred and battered flesh came off in chunks as Liz tried to choke out screams of disgust, horror and rage. Finally, as her air ran out, a manner of rationality returned and her mind called for help.

'Beth! The balloons! Hit him!'

The bag rose off of the floor and vomited water filled balloons that sailed through the air across the room impacting across Dennis's head and back. The splatter of water slips though the many tears and gaping open holes in the animate corpse with each drop carrying a payload of magic deadening salt. The effect was almost immediate.

"Baby! Help!" Dennis gargled as he jerked forwards and began to curl up. Behind the nonsensical babbling as Dennis lost control of his mouth there was another voice trying to scream.

Liz rolled the convulsing body of Dennis off of her and staggered to her feet. Beth couldn't prevent her from seeing the room now. Liz couldn't prevent it either no matter how much she wanted to.

"He. He cut off Todd's . . . and Maria's breasts and . . ." The rest was lost to her retching. Liz couldn't remember any more. She didn't want to. She jammed her eyes shut and tried to cover her ears, but Beth was screaming at her from the inside to go upstairs and put an end to it.

"An end to it. You bet." Liz's eyes snapped back open, glaring blued ice. Liz picked up the axe.

Upstairs Liz! What are you doing?

"Putting an end to it." Liz stood over the twitching body of Dennis and raised the axe. He was looking up at her, his single eye an evil and intense shade of blue. It was the first thing to go as the axe came down.

By the time Liz dropped the axe and staggered to the stairs the hardwood floor was totally ruined.

* * *

A female Frankenstein's monster had been partly assembled on the bed Todd and Liz shared. The patchwork corpse's blood slowly leaked through the stitching holding her together and pooled in the sheets. Liz stared as the body twitched as if in agony, as if all the individual parts were still alive.

They are alive Liz. That's where she's keeping our friends. I told you she wouldn't waste the souls until she'd had her fun. We might be able to save a couple of them.

Sitting between Maria's brutally carved and not yet stitched on breasts was the sister.

'Funny. Beth says she's a twin, but I swear she's narrower as if she was squinting,' Liz thought as she put on a pair of rubber gloves and wished that she could work as fast with something thicker.

Liz felt a tingle similar to the one that accompanied Beth the first time, but less pleasant, as she picked up the gem.

"Beth, the rubber gloves didn't work."

Why sister. You've come back to me and brought a friend. And a Name. How nice, echoed a voice Liz remembered as belonging to her 11th grade physics teacher--a battle axe who drove the class through fear and intimidation. **I cannot remember the last time we had names.**

'Funny the way sister picked Mr. Batlak's voice considering she's the one who taught me about how electricity works.' Liz thought while quickly, but carefully, winding the wire around the gem. It had to be loose enough to not push itself down the incline and off, but tight enough that the gem won't slip through. "Hit her Beth."

Sister, the dark voice rang through Liz's mind, you have come back to me and brought love. Why are you doing this? You know I take no pleasure from love.

But if you don't stop this right now I will take your new servant as my slave.

You'll take her anyway you nasty bitch, beth shouted back. *Sooner or later you'd get tired of my having fun and take her, but this time I'm keeping her--she makes a better sister than you ever did.*

Finish my body 'Beth' and I will allow you and your new 'sister' to enjoy each other in peace. I promise.

Nnnno! Every time you promised something nice you took it away. I can't trust you. Nnnng! Stop it. That hurts!

You will join with me again and make the body I've assembled live for us to dwell in and rule or I will take your servant and all of your new mortal friends. I will bring to them unending suffering and burn everything you love to the ground.

You will know nothing but eternal pain.

Liz half listened to the argument as she completed the circuit by winding the ends of the two wires together. It was a crappy job, but it'd hold long enough to get something better.

'I hope. It's that or I die.' She was about to plug it in when her whole body jerked. Liz's brain caught on fire as all the neurons came to an agreement over a single thing--pain. Nothing existed except for the pain. Pain and the small bit of light coming from Beth.

She's not a servant and don't you touch her! She's my friend!

Friend. Another of your lovers. Why didn't you ever love me? Why wasn't I ever enough? I never understood you. You who made all of your little pissant commandments about love and happiness; you healed, presided over childbirth marriage, pleasure and love; you did nothing! Who was the true goddess? I commanded! I brought power and all you brought was idle amusement. I gifted our slaves with Empire! None could stand before my armies, but our slaves liked you better. The obeyed me, but they LOVED you.

If they loved me so much why did they burn our palace and kill me?

I burned our palace. They wanted to keep you for themselves, everyone always loved you better, even father, but you are mine "Beth". My sister. A scattering of mortals wasn't going to keep us apart, so I fired our bodies together. You ruined everything by keeping us alive and separate. In death we would have been one!

You . . . Liz! Plug her in.

Liz flopped over twitching in agony.

Then the pain went away as she was pushed out of her body. Everything took on a bluish cast and she was looking behind her. Then it hit. She was seeing the world from

the gem in her hair. She was inside Beth. Beth was inside her. Beth was plugging the old lamp cable into the wall and jumping back as it sparked.

It all looked so beautiful from in here. Beautiful but strange as the light refracted off of the different faces. She drifted out of the gem and looked around. Everything seemed so easy and obvious--a tug here, a poke there and things changed. In no time at all the bedroom looked like it should, complete with the bed she wanted instead of the POS they could afford. The ugly monstrosity on the stopped bleeding and became one body--just the way Liz always dreamed she should look, but probably a bit bustier. Beth was having a little bit of influence over her tastes Liz noted. The sounds of people enjoying the New Years party drifted into the room. The stereo snapped on and began to play an old eighties tune.

Goddess Liz giggled with joy and sang along. *Walking like a man, hitting like a hammer.*

It was all so easy. Give Beth the big boobs she wanted, make Dale's Ted really worthy of her, cure Todd's mother's arthritis . . . why stop there? She could fix EVERYTHING!

Smack. She was Liz again.

Plain old mortal Liz. Beth was yelling at her for something over the buzzing in her skull and the shrieking voice of Mrs. Batlak.

Liz, you can't mess around like that, she heard over the static and screaming. Putting stuff together or moving it around is one thing, but creating stuff. . . Even my sister wasn't crazy enough to do that. Oh boy, I hope nobody noticed.

The pain! It's so beautiful! Give me more! wailed a barely audible voice through the static as the sister brightened and the wires smoked.

Oh no--unplug her!

"Are you kidding? After what she did?"

Yes! She's family. I can't do this to my sister. She's hurt!

"Tough. Sounds like she's having the time of her life Beth," Liz replied just before the lights went out. "The fuse! Oh shit!"

No! screamed the sister, no longer muffled by static and this time definitely in pain.

Don't stop! Put it back in! Harder! More! Hurt me moooooore!

Yeeeeeeessssssssssssss!

There was a popping sound and a new smell cut through the burned plastic and metal. It was nothing Liz had smelled before and defied comparison. The sister was really glowing now, bright and more than blue; there was no heat but the gem seemed to be on fire, and then the light filled the room along with an audible shriek of pure pleasure. Excitement burst through Liz's body and she began to twitch again. She joined in the cries of pleasure and then slumped over, her body awash with ecstasy.

"Liz? What are you doing up there?" Todd's voice called from downstairs as the lights came back on.

With the return of the light and her eyes clearing, Liz saw the sister. It lay on the carpet all cracked and blackened. A blue smoke rose from the ruined gemstone and drifted to the ceiling where a fan dissipated it. Liz rubbed away tears from her eyes and sighed. Her body was still on fire.

"Oh WOW. What happened?"

That was sick. I think I over did the pleasure a little bit. She was enjoying the pain so much she started to hurt her self. Sis? Where are you . . . Oh.

I think we killed her. Omigod! I just killed my sister! No ohnoohnoohnoohno.

"No way. It wasn't you. I wasn't doing the pleasure thing when we swapped. I don't even know how. Unless you started it up again after, she did this to herself.

"Hey, She loved causing pain maybe she was into it too--you said no one had ever really hurt her before. Maybe we just gave her what she always wanted and when the power shut off she couldn't handle it."

I wanna think something nice like that, but I can't. I killed her Liz.

"After what she and Dennis did to Todd, Dale and the rest--even Maria--it's the least she deserved. C'mon. Let's go back downstairs and join the party."

I don't think I wanna be a goddess any more. I'm a pretty bad sister.

I don't wanna be alone.

"You don't have to be Beth. Look on the bed. Uhm . . . first could you . . . you know. I made them a bit big."

* * *

"Not bahad." Liz said looking over Beth once they had her in one of Liz's dresses. "You'd look sort of like my little sister if I had one, but don't you think those are a bit much?"

Beth looked at the no longer shimmering blue eye on the dresser, gave a fake smile and said "Nope. You've got Todd. But me? I gotta go hunting. I can get much cooler guys with bigger breasts. . ."

Beth cupped her breasts through the blue dress and asked "Like'em?"

"I'd rather lick them. Sis." Liz closed in for a soft kiss that got hungry fast.

"Dressing was a waste of time wasn't it?" sighed Beth when they broke for air.

"You kidding? We can do this later. There's a party going on down stairs!"

* * *

A hard rock version of "My Way" accompanies the credits as they scroll up the screen overlaid on a backdrop of Beth's Gem sitting on the wooden dresser.

After the final copyright notice drifts off the screen the music and backdrop begins to fade. A smoky blue mist gathers around the abandoned gem before the picture and music abruptly cut.