

Gods and Goddesses

In the beginning...

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Synopsis:

Gods and Goddesses originally started out as "Magic Man", which is only part one here. After getting both pleasant and scathing reviews I embarked on correcting its shortcomings on part one as for the criticisms. If you wanted a shorter story for "getting off" on, the first 13,000 words ought to do ya. For those who want a good plot, read the whole thing. As I always felt that too many of the stories here ends abruptly with no decent conclusions, I wrote out this story to a satisfactory end.

Disclaimer:

This is a work of erotic fiction. You don't like? Then why are you here? If you're too young, beat it kid. Everyone else, welcome to my first piece of fiction. It was intended to be a two parter, but it kind of 'grew' on me.

I don't know what happened the day this gift (curse?) came to me. I just woke up in bed just knowing something visited me last night. A presence of unimaginable power, but it seemed like a dream. I'm Jason by the way, a sixteen year old boy from an average city in North America. I live with my mother who's raising me on her own. Like most teenage boys I'm one big hormone, noting all the blossoming girls around me. Unfortunately, I'm the typical social wallflower, and I really don't like the attitudes of my peers. I'm frustrated and shy to say the least.

Anyways I get up from my bed in the morning after that dream last night feeling AWESOME. I had to wonder why as I take a look in my bedroom mirror. Hmmm, I don't notice anything out of the ordinary, I have nothing to show for myself you see. I'm an average 5' 5" tall figure with no muscle tone to speak of really, brown hair, blue eyes, but no acne (thank God). As I stand there looking in the mirror, I start thinking about my peers at school; particularly those of the female variety and I get a boner. Hmmm, bit faster than I expected too. My penis is only 5 inches long when erect, which is why I never felt confident in the "men's department". Always wondered why some of the boys in the locker room after P.E. class were sporting boners while coming out of the showers. I sometimes wondered if they're gay, or if they were just too proud of their own "equipment". Anyways I was idly wishing it was twice as long, and before my eyes my penis was sprouting like Pinocchio's nose. While it was growing it gave me a huge sensation in the process making me cum all over the floor instantly. My dick fountains upwards

shooting cum up on the mirror. I lose balance, stumble and fall backward on my ass, in the rapture of the moment.

As that dream came back into my mind it occurred to me, *“how else can I explain my dick growing out to ten inches in seconds?”* I was seriously getting weirded out here as I pondered the implications. The details of the dream are sketchy but it was too intense and too real to have been ‘normal’. I’m sure something or someone had come to me in my sleep and told me it had stolen something from the gods. Said he had to, “ditch this power,” as he had to run and hide. So, until he can get back to reclaim what he’d taken, he said, “I could do anything I wanted with it.” I remember asking, “What kind of power is it you’ve stolen?” Before he disappeared, he responded with a sly smile, “why nothing short of the key to this reality.” Now the proof was literally in my hands, a ten inch boner that was now going limp. It was then that I was looking at the mess I had made and I was feeling sorry about having to go clean up after myself. Right then my cum on the floor and the mirror had all of a sudden, disappeared before my very eyes. The next thing I thought to do was get dressed and there I was standing up now off the floor, and in my usual street clothes. I’d briefly thought I’d try on some high fashioned clothes, but decided to put that off for now; just didn’t want to attract undue attention.

I was going to have to restrain this power from going off at the slightest whim, as it appeared to be doing. I thought on this for awhile, trying not to surprise myself with another granted wish generated by random thoughts. I stated clearly to myself that, “I wanted things to only come about when I thought of something; and then answered in reply the trigger word, ‘exactly’”. I could’ve otherwise said, “I wish”, but that’s too easily done by way of casual thinking and may cause more trouble. People often think that, “I wish” phrase all the time in answer to wishful thinking. It just never comes true automatically for them, as it would for me. Still I had to try an experiment. I’d thought of having a nice cold cola in my right hand, I even concentrated on that act. Nothing showed of my efforts until I said/thought, “exactly”; and a bottle of cola instantly appeared as I imagined it. *“Good stuff,”* I thought, and went to leave my bedroom drinking it down quickly.

Since it was just me and mom living here, we didn’t need any more than a small bungalow. It’s a single floor home, two bedrooms, and totally unpretentious. I’d thought about zapping a nice lavish executive style house, with great furnishings and all, but I’d wanted to take things slow for awhile. I’ve read quite a few parables and morality stories. I figured if I got thinking too big, too soon I may end up destroying something precious; like the earth itself. Who knows from whom this thief had stolen this power and had hid in me. If I got too big in my ambitions, those ‘higher beings’ in looking for that thief could think the thief was me. It could be that I was the bait for these imagined hunters, who knows? On the other hand, this thief could come and take the power back at any time. I may not have much time to have some fun with it, and so I was therefore quite anxious to get started. I walked out of my bedroom and entered the kitchen to the smell of bacon and eggs.

Mom was the perfect picture of the harried, overworked working mother, standing by the stove and cooking breakfast. She used to get an allowance paid out from dad’s life insurance when he died. Unfortunately, the stipends only lasted for ten years, and it’s been eleven years now. Fortunately, the house mortgage was paid in within that time frame, so we’re ‘okay’ with living only on her income. I

was thinking that I could zap a lot of money into her bank account, but how to explain its presence? Do I have to alter other facets of reality to accommodate that? I suppose. I wondered how'd that come about though, I mean the magic in me could use a wide latitude in interpreting how the money was produced. I'd thought of a few scenarios that would not be pleasant at all, at least, not for my mom's well being, like money traced to an armed robbery. Nah, money is transferred into bank accounts electronically.

As I was looking at mom, my idle thoughts took a nasty turn in regards to her body, and my personal demons started rationalizing it all away while I watched her. It started innocently enough though, as mom started serving breakfast on the table. As it was Friday morning mom had to leave for her office job and I to school. We both start the day at pretty much the same time generally. She's in her early forties and though she was by now dressed for work; she had yet to apply her make-up until after she finished eating. She looked positively fat, tired and dumpy with a slight black coloring under her eyes. Being that it was the end of the work week, she looked 'out of it'; she was just going through the motions. So, I'd thought I'd help, but first I figured she'd notice if I did anything at all, and freak out. So, I wished that she wouldn't notice anything happening to her via my power, and completed the thought with 'exactly'. Knowing it was my mom and the potential changes I could inflict on her, my heart was pounding in my throat. I just wanted her to feel youthful again, so she can get on with her day with more ease. I knew she wouldn't react to anything I did while I was using my power on her. Even if for some reason she did, I could take it back, by either rewinding time or erasing the incident from her mind (or so I hope).

I reasoned that I needed (desired?) to see the changes first hand for what I had in mind, so I 'thought' her clothes away, concluding with 'exactly'. Okay, so, there she was getting all the cups and plates of food on the table, and perfectly stark naked to boot. Then she sat down seemingly totally oblivious to her state, and she began eating. Like I said before, she looked, fat, dumpy, 'matronly', one could say. I wanted to broach the subject with her and find out by what reason, my altering of her reality, could have to convince her to walk around the house in front of her son while naked. I asked her if she was "feeling chilly being naked" and as casually as you can imagine, she glanced at her body, and said she wasn't. So I asked her, "Well...shouldn't you be dressed when at home?"

She then gave me an indignant look and said, "Jason dear, I have to wear those restrictive clothes all day while out of the house. You know how much I like to feel free and unrestricted at home. Now eat your breakfast, 'Mr. Prim and Proper'. She added, "You know people are allowed to do whatever they please in the comfort and privacy of their own home; after all everybody does this".

"Ah", I thought, the magic had provided a different 'moral compass'. So, I thought, about what she said, figuring that she had her mind changed to think her behaviour as normal... interesting. If I hadn't figured in advance to force her not to notice what I was doing, I know she'd be freaking out right now. I for one was feeling really beside myself for even going even this far. I'd thought this power was very corrupting, but I rationalized it by my next move. I'd thought she'd feel better having a body that

was 25 years old, and I concluded with, 'exactly'. Hmmm, instant transformation, and she'd looked much more firm, though apparently, even at the age of 25, she was heavy set. Then I noticed something else, I did intend for no one to really figure out the differences she's been put through. So, here I was, presented with a woman, with a 42 year old head, and a 25 year old body. I did think 'body' after all and intended it, but the contrast was still, ahh, unique.

It was my intent that though that she wouldn't notice her actual physical youth. But reap the benefits of feeling better and being more energised. So I wanted to gauge again how much she had noticed. So, I asked her how she felt and she responded by saying she felt great. Then she frowned. She assessed that she hadn't felt this good in years, while looking at herself up and down. She started listing all the chronic aches and pains she'd been having for years; now all gone. I'd thought I go one step further and give her perfect health, and weight, concluding with 'exactly'. "*Whoa*", I thought, she's really getting to be a 'hottie', but still she didn't catch on. She did seem to be enjoying her morning now as she had a big grin on her face. That told me the results was exactly what I wanted, and I finished by wishing her clothes back on. I added that all her clothes be tailored to her new figure concluding with, 'exactly'. A brief thought flitted across my mind of mom with nice big breasts, and that was greeted with the correct reaction of disgust and fear about corruption.

With that and breakfast concluded, we did our usual routines to get ready to get to our respective places of work and toil. I was soon out the door and down the street for the usual five blocks to school like every other day. Remarking to myself, just how much more spring mom had in her step, while she got herself ready. As I walked down the street, I figured people at mom's work place would still notice the differences in her. I thought then that everyone she knew, aside from me, will not notice anything new about her. They will think then that she had always looked that way, and then I concluded with 'exactly'. Still I wanted to keep her face and head as is; 'mom' was mom after all.

By the time I had that figured out I had reached school, and I was noting the usual crowd. It was an okay place as far as I was concerned. As I said before I was a wallflower at school so nobody paid me any attention, and for the most part, I preferred it that way. It was about this time that I realized I hadn't thought about my own augmentations, other than that of my bigger dick that is. I thought about having an athletic body, just 5% body fat, perfect health, great teeth, sight and hearing, and then I concluded with 'exactly'. Now having been a teenager I was already feeling fine beforehand, but now I felt super, like I was ready to bounce off of the walls. Oops, my clothes didn't go with it though, had pain in tight areas all of the sudden and before anyone had noticed I had all my clothes fit me perfectly, concluding with 'exactly'. Whew, that felt better, and like with mom's clothes, I'd set all my clothes at home to fit me as well, 'exactly'. Hehe, pardon the pun. I was really getting to enjoy this new power; the confidence building in me was phenomenal. Striding across the school grounds and up the steps to one of the buildings many side entrances, I was feeling just wonderful.

So as I was walking down the hallway towards my locker, I noticed a girl with nice looks and decent tits. I wanted to feel her up without anyone or even her noticing. I could freeze time I thought, but then it occurred to me that eventually the whole world would have to be frozen in time. Think of it, I'd freeze the people in the hallway, but how much of it? How about people venturing into the hallway

and getting stuck in say, the at the fire door entry as the time field takes hold of them? I'd time freeze the school, but that'll be even worse at the school entrances and exits with people getting frozen in time there. Should I time freeze, the block, the city, the world? If I'd gone that far, the 'powers that be', particularly the ones whom this power was stolen from would take notice. So, taking a cue from an old Star Trek episode, I sped up myself, to make it appear that everyone else had stopped in time, at least from my point of view. With that in mind I concluded, 'exactly', and sure enough the world froze.

Now I could play all I want, with whomever I want and get away with it. I strolled up to her, ogled her and then tried to feel her up. To my shock and disappointment, she was hard and stiff as stone, even her clothes was like bending a tin can. Hmmm, well live and learn besides, it was still a great effect for getting in and out of places that I'm not allowed in. Indeed, after I've had my fun at school today, I'll visit a few banks and maybe make a few withdrawals. I was at least able to make her clothes disappear 'exactly', and I got a boner just looking at her naked in a school hallway. The incongruity of the scene made me real hard, and I wanted to screw her right there, but then she's still hard as a rock. I stood there and bopped my new ten incher till I was weak in the knees, and spewing all over her, then I popped her clothes back on, 'exactly'. Heheh, that smell and stickiness would leave her wondering where she got her 'gift'.

I returned to standard time, 'exactly', after I stood back from her and composed myself. The first thing she did was scream, as she was apparently in terrible pain. I was feeling sorry for her, so I needed to know why she was in pain. She was telling her nearby friend that she felt like her skin had been hit very hard. So I decided go with a new power, 'X-rated vision', to see perfectly clearly under everyone's clothes, 'exactly'. Just like that, everyone appeared naked before me but I knew they still had clothes on because, as per shoes, their feet never really touched ground. I looked at her and, OH MY GOD, everywhere I'd had touched her in my accelerated state she'd had developed blood blisters. I froze the scene by my time acceleration spell, and stood there staring. The confidence I had started to have earlier had vanished. I wished her well again, 'exactly'. I wiped the incident of her pain and screams, from everyone's memory, except me, 'exactly'. Then returned to standard time 'exactly', just then someone came up to me and mentioned that I appeared to be moving without moving. I was mortified, I realized as I sped myself up when someone was looking right at me, then when I returned, I would've just reappeared in a different pose. Well, at least everyone else appeared to resume their normal lives. So I wiped that mistake from the observer's memory, 'exactly'. At least I can do the trick of mind wiping a specific incident and still get out of difficult explanations.

Anyways I got to the first class, and we got to our usual seats, and everyone still appeared naked to me, including the teacher, which was to me embarrassing because he was middle aged guy. I was seeing my teacher's wiener being held down and shrivelled by his invisible underpants. I must've been blushed a furious red, because I noticed that the girl to my right was staring at my odd reaction. Fine then, I thought to myself, *"I'm either going shrink away from using and enjoying this power, or I'm going to take it by the horns."*

I noted that everyone who normally attended this classroom was already here. Knowing that no one usually intrudes when class is in session, I didn't have to just speed myself up, I sped up the whole

class 'exactly'. Heh, it could be weeks before the hour was up for them. I did this way so I can do everything I want to everyone here and experiment as long as I want. All the while within the confines of the classroom I'll be in the same time frame as they are. Next thing I did was put everyone in a magical trance, 'exactly'. I turned off the x-rated vision, 'exactly'. Walked up to the front of the class and looked back at them. Hmmm, now no one was going to notice what I'd do to them, and I also get to touch as well, nice. I was thinking about what to do next while looking at their numbed faces, their arms hanging limply at their sides. I ordered the boys to the back desks, and girls to the front desks. They complied in an autonomous fashion.

Well first things first, they were in a magical trance, what I said was law. I combined this command, "All the eighteen girls would now receive sexual thoughts from all the worlds human inhabitants, minus all the negativity associated with sex," while I brought my power to bear into this statement with the usual, 'exactly'. In case they didn't understand the first time I said it, I rephrased it, "You'll receive all world's human inhabitant's thoughts of sexual pleasure and fantasies, with no thought of consequences.

I commanded, "You will not find release through orgasm until I say so. I will define those conditions further in a moment," concluding with 'exactly'.

As they started writhing already I continued, adding that they will, "Get these thoughts in their heads only when they look at me." Thus despite themselves they just had to leer at me with eyes already in a state of intense avarice and lust. *"Oh cripes,"* I thought, *"Look at them staring at me like I was the sexual equivalent of the second coming."*

I commanded further that, "These thoughts are to be incorporated into your personalities and that your personalities are to be brought to the fore while you still remain in your trance mode." That last command I had figured needed some magical assistance so I concluded with 'exactly'. This last combined command and spell brought the intelligence back to their eyes. By now they were flicking their tongues at me, and squeezing their tits while fingering themselves. They were also winking and smiling at me whenever my eyes had graced them.

Then I wound a spell around the girls making them connected psychically with each other 'exactly'. The intended effect was, as one of the other seventeen girls gets an orgasm the girl I'm currently screwing will feel that girl's orgasm as well as her own. That'd potentially give the girl I'll fuck a combined orgasm of 18 times normal as well as multiple orgasms. Then I ordered that, "None of them will have an orgasm unless I'm currently engaged in intercourse with one of the other girls at that time. At which time whoever is engaged with pleasuring themselves in whatever fashion, can get relief from her horniness."

I continued, "No one can approach me to touch me unless I purposely go to them first, otherwise they must keep a respectful average distance of five feet from my person." That was to prevent them from raping me, as it may have easily come to that.

Then I told them, "You can have a portion of my power only as far as modifying your clothes, makeup, hair and bodies." I told them to use the power to attract me since they all wanted me. The only proviso I gave in that last statement is that I preferred to see their real faces in general. I completed giving them that capability with the usual, 'exactly'. I wanted this, so that I could still recognise the girls for who they are, as those girls I've in school with for the current school year. Who they are at least in public life, and how'd they're acting with total abandon now. I even told them that, in explaining how corruption of who they are was a turn on for me. At which point it seemed their faces only fine tuned to accentuate who they are, but in a totally slutty way. Fuller lips and thinner noses, brows thinning and redefining.

By then, they all wanted me very badly; they were all writhing and stroking their twats furiously. They seemed to realize all at once, that they won't 'get theirs' until they can entice me to approach at least one of them. So right before my eyes they began to use the enormous sexual knowledge that was pouring into their heads to that effect. Morphing before my eyes they started with changing clothes, 16 year old girls started wearing slutty high heels platform shoes and boots, short mini's, see through shirts and bras, teddies, corsets, fishnet stockings, PVC, rubber, etc. These were continuously changing, in their desperation to attract me NOW rather than later.

The makeup on their faces started looking real slutty as well (thick even) so I made a side wish regarding this, that the makeup was to actually be the real color of their skin and lips, 'exactly'. I did this because didn't like the thought of kissing cosmetic paint. Their cheeks coloured, lipstick with lip liner appeared, long coloured mascara lashes grew, and sexy accented eye liner and shadow framed the girl's eyes. Nose studs and rings showed up on their faces in varying designs. Then there was the multi-piercings in their ears as in some cases, rows of earrings appeared there. *"Crap" I thought, "real sixteen year old school girls couldn't even afford the professional looking, high end call girl make-up they were now sporting. Hollywood make-up model stuff, only the world wide sexual thoughts they're receiving must have told them how to look sexiest. SIXTEEN YEAR OLDS!"*

Their hair started changing into real exotic hairdo's and colors that had no business being on girls from a middleclass working neighbourhood. I decided then to line the classroom walls and ceiling with mirrors to help their visualization. For about a half second they were shocked after seeing what they had wrought upon themselves, and then they were even more turned on. At this point they figured out they can change their bodies. First thing was the fat and dumpiness went, that was easy enough. That provided the clue that they can do even more to themselves. Some girl became more adult, others tried longer shapely legs, rounder rumps, slim waists, no hair anywhere under the neck. But they all knew that all boys liked tits. Tit's spouted along with their tops accommodating for the growth. The average tits size being around sixty inches, was taking on unusual firmness and shapes. Some tits were perfectly round, others trying torpedo type profiles, jutting out, and with various nipple sizes and lengths.

I decided to help out with suggestions to help me decide. I told them that what also turned me on were incongruities. For example, small slim girls who had no business wielding huge breasts. All at once they were no more than five feet tall, slim, and sporting whoppers. I continued listing examples,

mixing young and old features, to this they added 5 year old heads with adult hairdo's, etc., to sexy bodies (damn by now my dick was way past hard), innocent with corrupt (sexy nurse, schoolgirl and nun costumes among others appeared). I mentioned trying mismatching body parts, when I said that to the girls, things got freakish, some sported elongated/shortened limbs or animal parts.

I was beside myself by this time thinking how easy it was to get them to do these things to themselves willingly. The girls were reaching sexual overload, some had their eyeballs rolling up saving themselves from further overstimulation by looking at me, still drilling their cum buckets with their hands all the same. But they were addicted by the sight of me by now, so they always returned their leering, avarice, lustful stares back at me. They were continually morphing themselves by using the craven imaginations I had provided for them. I told them to stop with the animal parts though, that was too freaky even for me, and they complied.

I briefly looked at the boys in the back and had a delicious thought. First, I knew I couldn't get around to servicing all the girls all the time. In the state they're in already, they would be humping anything they could find. I zapped all the girls and boys school desks onto short cushioned benches 'exactly'. The new cushioned furniture is low enough people lying on it could be rode like horses by their partners, giving easy access to their sex. Secondly I thought; why should the lead girl have all the sexual orgasms of their female peers? Why couldn't I have the same from the thirteen boys now lying otherwise uselessly on their backs? I popped off the boy's clothes, and 'wired them' into my own erection 'exactly'. I noted how all their rods were now sitting up oozing precum. They were getting excited within their trance state from the feedback they were getting from me.

The girls were too focused on me to notice the forest of woody's that was behind them, particularly after I popped my own clothes off. All the girl's eyes had a truly fanatical look now. They were actually getting scary to look at; by the way they were leering back at me. They were drilling their cunts for gold they weren't going to find while longing for my dick to get it for them.

I approached one girl I knew as, Amber Brown. She was now looking like an incredibly thin waisted sixteen year old girl, with sixty inch knockers squeezed into a tight elastic tube stocking red dress. She wasn't wearing too much make up at this point because I believe she was trying to convey contrast with a sweet face tied to a slut body. It worked for me, and she was beaming a smile at me like she'd won the lottery as I approached. As I was getting ready to mount her, I looked up momentarily to tell the other girls to look behind them. Saying, "The rest of you are just going to have to enjoy the forest of ready and willing dicks behind you. Mount the standing forests of woodys you'll find there. As for the four girls that won't have a partner, I popped some vibrators for you." Then I zapped four powerful vibrators, 'exactly'.

When I looked down again at Amber, she had changed again into the most perfect thin and sexy blond vixen I had ever seen. Forty-six inch DD boobs rested on a frame devoid of fat without the look of being emaciated. Her boobs were covered the remnant of a cut off red t-shirt that just barely hid the nipples. Her exposed thin waist presented at the belly button a small navel piercing. A really tight and firm ass that wasn't covered by a strip of plaid cloth six inches wide, to call it a mini skirt would have

been an over-statement. One could clearly see the red thong underwear. Her shoes were the usual black 5 inch chrome heeled stiletto ankle boots. But what was really beautiful, was the face. Under that lovely mane of near white blond hair that had this reached down to her lower back, was the face of a sex goddess. The face was so perfect; she didn't even need rouged cheeks. Perfect eyebrows arched over long black lashes that framed the most beautiful grey eyes. A perfect straight nose and a beauty mark over luscious pink coloured lips completed the image that was her face. *"Damn", I thought, "Me, of all people, getting to screw this willing piece of ass like this,"* as I started ramming her.

Right off as the girls were already hot and wound up tight as a drum, while screwing the other boys and all. They orgasmed their best orgasm they ever had. Amber received all seventeen other orgasms as well as her own in one go. She stopped moving and I ordered her not to close consciousness so she'd get it all. I could see her eyeballs roll back, and felt her slit clench so hard it threatened to cut off the blood pressure to my own woody. Fortunately the other boys' bodies, even in their entranced state, started to respond with orgasms too. Since the boys were going about it mindlessly though, I was spared them all going off at the same time, like the girls did. In my case it was just in rapid succession instead. A never-ending orgasm streamed through me, or so it seemed. Me and Amber were both blissed out, though I still had enough of a mind to keep humping her. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed and Amber was still riding the Mount Everest of orgasms. Then after their initial release, the girls in the room started to space out the timing of their own orgasms. I had to suppose so anyways, because Amber started to move and twist again. Good thing too, 'cause I could swear she was starting to turn blue there for awhile.

Then when she finally had a chance, she opened her eyes. She gave me this look that was unexplainable. The impression that I got was that even without trances or magic, I owned her. I chanced it by removing the world wide sexual input, and trance control from her. As well as the connection to the other girls, while preserving her memory of the events 'exactly'. I wanted her honest reaction even with my rod still in her. I could swear that she was going to say something like, "you monster." When a flash of terror flashed in her eyes, her mind did a flip-flop followed quickly by a look of desperation. All this I could easily read on her face. Eventually she said rather tentatively, "M-my fuck master, I'm your sex toy forever more. Please forget those other bitches. You can't serve them all at once and I can be anybody you ever wanted, at anytime." To prove her point, she instantly changed rapidly into various female stars and singers, all with sexual enhancements. Amber finally settled on a young copy of an old pop singer who now-a-days is way past her prime, a young version, with sixty inch boobs squeezed into a tit uplifting corset.

"Any 'body' I ever wanted, eh?" An idea came to me, as for the briefest moment Amber's eyes flashed uncertainty in her pledge after seeing what had flashed across my own face. With the trigger words necessary, I placed the classroom and everyone back to their original starting position. I double checked on everything while keeping the class frozen in time while I and Amber went towards the back, taking up two desks there. I said, "My sex toy forever, eh? Very well, you'll be given your own set of powers through me. The world wide sexual thoughts and desires will still be fed through..." at which she interrupted.

“Sorry master, but that ‘spell’? was a headache, I mean all at once”? She said, “It all came together as a white noise, the desires were felt, true enough, but can you modify it so that my mind can disseminate the worlds thoughts minutely in a matter of nanoseconds, streamed one after another? Hmmm, the desires all at once, the thoughts themselves streaming, that would be nice.”

“Fine” I said, “and for that helpful suggestion, I’ll cut you some slack, I want you constantly percolating without rendering you an invalid, so a minimum of five desires and thoughts at all times, and I’ll let you control the amount above that.”

“Ohh, thank god”, she said “I think you’re going to be a great master”.

“Thanks” I said, “It’ll only get better my little sex toy, for to be my one and only, at least for the most part, you’ll be loaded with lots of extra features. Your worldwide sex reception, will be fed to your nipples and clit in a mnemonic/sympathetic fashion from your brain, in other words, as you get turned on so does your sexual parts; directly.” “Because of that effect, I think I’ll call the whole package ‘hotwire’,” and I concluded with ‘exactly’ to complete the spell. After that, she was just purring with hotness.

“UMMMmmm, this is just a delicious level of horniness, the five minimum that is, thanks master”.

Heh, from what I remembered of the old Amber, the formally shy introvert was now quite sexually exotic all of a sudden. Your tits will now orgasm on their own in response to the “hotwire treatment”, spurting vanilla favoured milk, you’re cum juices will taste like banana cream, and you’ll have candy apple kisses, whereas you’re lips will be the candy while you saliva will taste like apple juice to whomever you kiss.” I concluded with ‘exactly’. Yeah, the sight of her young singer’s body costume now soaking through with milk was out of this world. I get to screw every celebrity female I want, all acting like this slut.

“Of course you still have your shape, clothes and makeup changing ability. I want you to be sexy all the time for me, but I don’t want people to stare either. In fact, I don’t want to share you with other people at all. So I’ll make you totally unnoticeable to anyone but me.” I said, “You’ll be able to walk down the street naked, buy groceries in a thong bikini, the effect will be so strong that you could slap somebody in the face but they’ll still not recognize it was you who’d done it.”

Amber said, “Erm, okayyy, but don’t leave me lonely honey, I don’t want to be alone.”

“Not to worry”, I said, “You’ll still be able to converse with people for needed things, but the reason will be made quite clear. By the way you’ll note that your ‘unnoticeability’ will pass onto me whenever we’re fucking, to holding hands”, Jason completed the spell with ‘exactly’.

“Next, you’ll be able to phase through inanimate objects and assume zero weight and mass at will.” I said the trigger phrase and it came true. To demonstrate, we held hands and went to leave the classroom, returning the class to normal outside time. We exited the room, turned around and while holding hands went back in while slamming the door. No one in the class even flinched.

Next we got naked and paraded in front of the class while holding onto each other. No one even noticed us all the eyes were still locked onto the teacher while he was giving his lesson. I had her assume her weightless state with no mass, and had her mount my rod. I tell ya it was as easy as masturbation heaving her up and down my spike like she was a blow up doll. To demonstrate why I wanted her to be able to phase through inanimate objects, I walked with her while she was still attached to my penis. Came up to an empty student's desk then asked her to phase before I sat down.

"Oh my GAWD", she said, "We can fuck in a student's desk? Awesome!" Her torso was sticking out of the desk that I sat in, as she was pumping me. She decided it was time for another change to something similar to what brought me over to her in the first place. A purple elastic tube stocking of a dress was stretched over her sixty inches boobage, never mind that the dress left nothing to the imagination. Her body was the picture of perfect body/weight ratio on a compact frame of 5'4" with a perfect little bubble for a butt. There wasn't a single blemish on the entire surface of her skin and there was a lot of skin to be seen. She had a head and face that again was beautiful in its simplicity, suggesting innocence proudly displaying a corrupt body all for my personal favour. "*Holy cripes*", I thought while we had our orgasms and had them loud. Heh it was such a turn on with everyone sitting around us and the teacher droning on. We stopped and rested, while I explained another power I was going to give her.

I explained I wanted to give her the ability to possess another person's body. "You did say earlier that you could be, 'anybody' I ever wanted. Well here's your chance," I said, "you could phase into and take over the bodies of other people by whatever varying degrees you want. For example, just take over the mind to rewrite the motivations and history of that person, or take over the body alone. Leave that person's head in their control and listen to them freaking out about how they've 'lost control' of themselves. Your powers will carry over too, change their appearance till they can't recognize themselves, then you can leave them and their bodies like that. For instance, you could leave a stiff and unattractive old librarian looking like you do now, clothes and all I explained. You even can go so far as leaving said librarian unable to do otherwise than carry herself in the manner her new body suggests. To get them really started, your 'hotwire' effects, juices, phase, weight/mass, everything carries over to their bodies while you possess them".

"Ohhh, that's positively 'wicked' I my master," she said, as she writhed on my slowly shrinking member. Which I corrected by another spell that I'll always get a perfect hard-on whenever my member touches her skin and it perked right up after the usual trigger word was spoken.

Which got me thinking, who's getting more corrupted? The 'hotwired' thoughts are definitely giving her new ideas and encouragement in this area. As evidenced by her next suggestion after I told her my next idea. I wanted to give the whole female demographic of those who attends this school daily, a magically physical illusion of super sluts. Other than strictly keeping their female faces intact to enhance the incongruence of slut teachers and students. As I was getting into explaining the details to Amber, she had a better alternative in mind. "An altered reality zone", she said.

The details goes like this, since we (she now, as well as I) like the see the plain 'nobody's' of girls and women here get corrupted into their ultimately sexual form. The key thing is we get to watch it

happen where ever we arrive in an area. Those outside this zone will be totally indifferent to what's happening inside the zone; indeed those inside the zone won't notice they're changing either. The zone will be fifteen feet in diameter around my person, wherever I go. All females will undergo a full body makeover in a space of the first ten seconds with growing tits, slimmer waists, wider hips, beestung lips, fuller hair, etc., while still being in their regular street clothes.

"You can imagine, girl's regular looking body warping into sex bomb status and still see who she was like by way of the clothes she's wearing up to first ten seconds," Amber said, "The girl's everyday clothes at this point are only changing to fit the new dimensions of their changing bodies."

The next ten seconds they spend in my zone and their clothes would morph into sexually provocative stilettos, corsets, teddies, halter tops, mini-skirts, tube dresses and shorts, etc.

"So, you get another ten second show of the clothes catching up to the new appearance of the bodies to suit," Amber put in.

Then finally during the final ten seconds sexy makeup and jewellery changes would appear on them. Or face coloring, as I told her I don't like the thought of smooching face paint or lipstick. This final phase would also change their demeanour to that of wonton sluts. All the while, the affected females won't notice the changes to themselves or the others around them. Thirty seconds to go from zero to super-slut I thought, and I get to watch, cool. I carefully thought it out also adding that the effect would cease in a reverse fashion when I leave an area where they are; and added my trigger, I then watched the girls around me get slutty again.

Amber was so proud of her suggestion; she changed again into a tight, firm bodied eighteen year old bleach blond, with the same theme. Minimal makeup was only needed on yet another perfect face that ended in a nice pointed chin. Mascara and lipstick that was so soft and light, one could hardly tell it's there. Her body had perfectly symmetrical pair of hooters, making them appear as if they were boob jobs. This time she was wearing a red PVC dress that went up from her knees, following all of her curves. The her dress from her crotch to her belly button was a zippered affair, from then up was a black string lacing that showed cleavage. It was so revealing was it that around her tits the dress barely reaches in from her sides to cover the nipples.

"Jason, can you explain to me more exactly what you mean about face colouring instead of makeup?" Amber asked.

"Well you girls could lay on makeup, and I guess after it's on you don't really notice the feel of it. Really though, what you call a base feels like a kind of tacky freshly painted wall. Why would anyone smooch that? Same thing with lipstick, it's like kissing greasy wax paper. A guy like me has no choice but think he's going to get it all over himself too. My spell concerning that renders true skin colouring, like it's tattooed on. No fuss, no mess, no icky touch," I replied.

Right around then the buzzer for the first recess sounded, Amber mounted my rod like a jockey and we were first out the door. She was enjoying the spectacle of being able to ride me down a school

hallway filled with students. As we were half naked and with her bumping up and down my shaft to the motion of my stride I explained that I wanted to try this new effect out in the cafeteria. As we got there, I spied two plain looking girls sitting by themselves at the far side.

To be sure they'd don't just get up and leave when I sat down in front of them, I wished that they'd be intrigued by my company then said, 'exactly'. Amber hopped off my shaft and I sat down across from them at the table observing them. I must say, they were happy I joined them, as they had big smiles upon my arrival. After about even about five seconds their tits expanded until they looked like overly big titted but regular type girls. At around twelve seconds their bodies having completed the transformation two seconds ago with regular necked shirts, had the necklines droop down into very low scoops revealing cleavage that was like a hidden treasure that had magically opened up of its own accord. The girls were still not showing any signs of what's happening to them. "*Ummm marvy,*" I thought. The girls continued onward in development until at twenty seconds their clothes finished morphing. The brown haired girl now had a perfectly form fitting shiny plastic tube dress that reflected light from a glossy surface. Enclosing a set of funbags in a revealing V the boobs defied gravity so well, the tops of her tits almost went straight out from the bottom of her collar bones. The tits looked like really proud tits that way, and she was obviously proud to have them. Her blond friend had her huge tatas enclosed by a pink halter top that barely reached her torso underneath to her torso, and barely travelled up to cover the nipples revealing the top half of her boobs. Her slut clothes were complete with a pair of low rider jeans. Indeed, this effect made her appear half naked in a public school setting. Their makeup and slut personality filled in after the last ten seconds.

Amber, who was sitting down next to me fingering herself wasn't to be out done by a couple of rank amateurs. So she changed again into something literally eye popping. Starting from the head Amber had perfectly brilliant red hair that frames a mischievous look on her smiling face. Lips of the deepest red, brown eyes and a straight nose, this sixteen year old looked to be a mature twenty-nine year old. Oh but what a body, perfectly round boobs each the size of small beach balls, squeezed into a light, pink coloured long sleeved sweater, that had no choice but to hang from the bottom of those huge mammarys. The waist was waspishly thin, guessing at about 14" around, that expanded over an ass encased in tight black Lycra shorts. That ass extended impossibly out behind her at about 42 inches around. Going down into legs that narrowed from her fat hips to her feet that wore fashionable four inch heels. The look was completed with red nails and a orchid in her hair.

I said, "Amber, that form's a keeper, stay like that awhile", she answered with a smile.

The girls across from me, who being sluts were giving me all sorts of sultry looks and there I was just enjoying myself. Watching them and the scene around me.

Amber suggested adding another ten second transformation to the end of the initial 30 seconds of my 'sex zone'. A more environmental addition, whereas everyone (boys included) would think this behaviour was totally natural. She explained the gist of it to be sure I got it right in my head when I cast the spell.

Essentially, if everyone had always believed this kind of behaviour was natural; boys would act like they were fed up with having to fight off sluts at school every day. The girls would respond in kind, being even more blatant, because 'Hey, everyone does it, I gotta top them to get the boys attention'. "So the other boys would act cool to the scene, but you get to enjoy strip tease shows just walking down the halls, female staff and teachers included, that is if you in the area for 40 seconds", Amber said.

I thanked my lucky stars I came up with the 'hotwire' spell, 'cause I'm sure that's where she's getting all these nasty ideas. I added this ten second addition on to my sex zone, and watched as the girls in my area, including those who were in front of me, start humping the furniture and stripping. I soon had an average of at least three girls feeling me up and/or rubbing their inflated fun bags against my torso. I realized that eventually it'll get annoying then I'd want to get moving, but as long as I'm in motion, it shouldn't get too bad.

There was still ten minutes of recess to go so I decided to see these effects on the teachers, by going to the teachers' lounge. I got back up from where I was seated and Amber hopped on my dick, and off we went. Amber's 'unnoticability effect' was wonderful in the sense that even when I loitered on the way to the teacher's lounge; which I did a couple of times, the wild girls in my 'sex zone' didn't pull me under with their come-ons. I've seen some other unfortunate boys get trapped under groups of horny girls. We got to the teachers' lounge with eight minutes to spare and we went inside immediately. Two men and three women were present; the women were Mrs. Beasley, Miss. Connors and Ms. Kellerman. I watched it all at once, viewing them all as best I could.

I'll start with Beasley though, sixty years old, overweight at 230 pounds, and iron grey hair worn in a bun, wearing a lab coat; as she's the science teacher. Old fashioned stockings, black horn rimmed glasses, black knee length skirt, white blouse buttoned up to the neck with a cameo, sensible shoes and makeup, ...what makeup? A stickler for procedural discipline, she never liked students who goofs off in class. When they do she gets out the yard stick. Now it's not so much the threat of the stick itself, it's the sound she makes with it that thing slapping the table right in front of the offender.

When the changes started on her, it's like the lab coat was a living thing. Moving as her body parts was moving to their new sizes and positions. Fortunately for us, given her large size her lab coat was fairly snug to begin with. Given that it seemed to stay that way throughout. The snugness having the effect that it was tailored made as her waist slimmed. Her hips stayed wide but shaped into a perfect ass, and her fat chest was rendered a more shapely sixty inches of boobage. Her hair let loose and fell down her shoulders turning a lovely brown, lips puffed out, and the nose slimmed. She suddenly noticed that her eyesight had changed and took off her glasses, and that was the first stage done.

She now appeared like a lovely woman in dull but tight clothing. The next stage being just for that we start with her shoes morphing into red knee high five inch stiletto boots with skin revealing lacing on front. Her stockings turned into fishnets attached to red garters which now showed as the lab coat got shorter. The lab coat continued shrinking to the point that it was not even covering her red thong underwear. She was sitting in a low couch showing her snatch, and not being aware or caring. The

lab coat became sleeveless and seeming to lose buttons almost down to the belly button. Her now revealing breast cleavage was made deeper by a red lacy over the shoulder boulder holder bra. That did it for these ten seconds.

Finally in the last ten seconds her face assumed heavy fiery blush, hot red lips, mascara and raunchy eye shadow. Her fingernails grew out to an inch, sporting French cut red nail polish. A gold ring pierced her nose on the right side. Rows of four diamond studs then graced each ear. Then her demeanour went from self disciplined to slut as she slouched down, opened her legs wide and started lightly stroking her twat with her eyes closed. Heh, what a difference I wanted to jack off right then. That finished the physical changes to her

Then there was Miss Connors. She's a new teacher of around twenty five. Most boys take her Home Ec. class because she displayed a sweet and nice kind of personality. I'll watch her go to slut level under my 'sex zone' spell, but afterwards I had in mind that when she start reverting to normal after my departure that she halts at sexy slut clothing. I'll throw in an additional spell as well, changing every article of clothing she has at home to reflect her new fashion sense. I'd thought it'd be awesome to have a "sweet and nice" twenty five year old teacher teaching class dressed like a stripper. She wouldn't act or be slutty, so no heavy makeup either. I would like her to keep her new bigger boobs though. She'll have an aura or zone around her to accommodate her new image of herself. Within it she'll think the most outrageously skimpy and sexy clothing items are conservative in appearance. Heh, Sears would look like a sex clothing store to her from now on, while an intimate apparel shop clothing would look 'normal' to her. So that she doesn't get arrested or fired for her outrageous fashion sense, this zone would make every male and female adult and female students view her as conservatively dressed. This zone would have to silence teenage boys when they plan to talk about her to anyone outside of other teenage boys (including written/text messages/no video clips/anything). I can imagine the consternation of her and the girls in her class when they notice all the boys walking around with hard-ons and staring at her. HAH, she'll guess what's happening and dress even more 'conservatively'. Next year, if I'm still around, I might take her class.

But for now, let's review her changes. 'A' cupped breasts ballooned out to beach balls crowned by half inch long nipples. The waist was already perfect and made more perfect as her hips flaired out. Her butt rounded to a beautiful heart shape as the lips puffed out to a pout, then her shoulder length blond hair grew down to her ass. That was for the first ten seconds. What can I say; you can't improve much on perfection.

The clothing stage then started. She started out wearing a light white buttoned sweater over a beige t-shirt and jeans with flat sandals. They in turn changed into a braless fuzzy halter top, real tight mini spandex shorts that showed off her 'camel toe', and eight inch red platform stiletto shoes that had laces going up over her calves.

Then the face coloring and sluttiness was next, as her lips turned hot pink, mascara lengthened lashes were next, then there was light pink eye shadow and rouge appeared on her cheeks. Then she turned around from facing the lounge's kitchen counter, jumped up on it and started squeezing her new

melons in ecstasy, moaning. She was lactating so she soon took off her top and cooed, "Does anyone want cream in their coffee"?

Finally there was Ms Kellerman the girls P.E. teacher. She's 30 years of age, with shoulder length brunette hair tied in a pony tail, lightly muscled with little fat, very little breasts to speak of. Trim would be the word and tall too, around 5'9". She had the lounge's T.V. remote checking out the sports scores. Most people suspected she was a dike, though she never had any complaints of improprieties. She started out with the usual t-shirt over a sports bra and sweat pants likely over a pair of shorts. She did wear t-shirts that was sort of tight to show off her fitness level, and thus her validation to teach P.E.

Overall, she went from gym teacher to slutty gym teacher in dress and manners starting with her boobs of course, as her tight t-shirt and sports bra started stretching out to ridiculous proportions. Her ass inflated a lot due to her previously trim behind, along with the width of her hips. Almost imperceptively her legs grew out even more (she's gonna be an Amazon). Then her body took on even more muscle, not quite filling out to female weightlifter status, but strong in appearance none-the-less. That finished her first ten seconds.

Then her clothes started, the sports bra disappeared while her t-shirt became tied up like a halter top with a knot right under her melon sized tits. Then her sweatpants also disappeared, revealing her black gym shorts which quickly shortened to a thong that was jammed up her crotch and ass, leaving nothing to the imagination. Then her sneakers developed into 8" platform high heeled running shoes. Her pony tailed hair split into two, over each of her ears, giving her a puppy dog appearance. That does it during the first twenty seconds.

The next ten seconds she slouched down into the couch she was sitting in and started fingering her clit, while still obviously flicking through the channels. Still, with her being a gym teacher, her makeup still didn't get too heavy, mascara and lipstick with eye shadow was all she wore. But then her whistle turned into a clit vibrator.

The last ten seconds changed all their demeanours as even more as garish slutty makeup increased on their faces along with bangles on their wrists and ankles and loop earrings suddenly appeared on newly pierced ears, noses and nipples, (yeah, that's how tight their clothing were). Struck in awe, I let go of Amber and the science teacher locked her eyes on me, reached out and dragged me down for a one-on-one encounter. Meanwhile the apparently lesbian gym teacher had gotten up from the couch; walked over to the home economics teacher who was still sitting by herself on top of the counter, sucking on her lactating breasts. Ms Kellerman then proceeded to help Miss Connors relieve her of her milk while fingering her twat using the clit vibrator.

The two male teachers had to roll their eyes in resignation. One of which got up, admonished me for being in the teachers' lounge, while he dragged me up off of Mrs Beasley. Apparently, he did not want any students in the teachers' lounge encouraging the horny female teacher's behaviour. Saying he had quite enough of this behaviour from the school girls in class as it is. He then proceeded to push me out the door, while Amber walked out afterwards to join me. She looked at me a little miffed at not

being able to have more fun with me at the teachers' expense. But then I was thinking there'll be plenty more fun today anyways.

Besides, the bell for the next class was about to ring, Amber hopped on my dick and off we went then. I asked her, "Amber, don't you have any other classes to attend"? She said, "what, and miss all the fun? Besides since nobody would notice me anymore anyways, I'd still fail in my attendance record." She concluded with, "I have an important question to ask you when we get to your next class anyhow".

"Fine", I said, "besides, at least my next class has a female teacher".

We got into the classroom, and this time I took a seat that'll likely have the teacher in range of my 'sex zone'. As everyone filed in, the girls taking up the seats within fifteen feet of me had started their changes, then lastly, the teacher Mrs. Nicola Rhodes strolled in and went straight to the blackboard and picked up a piece of chalk.

Nicola Rhodes was like so many other average girls and teachers in everyday life. She was around thirty eight years of age, and well to coin a phrase, 'totally tubular'. She wasn't as thin as Popeye's Olive Oyl, but just didn't show any features through her clothes, which were today, a white short sleeved blouse, ankle length blue jean skirt and flat white sandals. She's a good teacher in fact, I kind of like her for her clear and concise delivery on what is sometimes a sexual subject, Biology. While never encouraging any sexual jocularly, she talks about chromosomes, hormones, and describes the male and female attributes as "apparatus".

As she started the lesson on biology, she was facing the front blackboard while writing down the material for today's lesson. I had to content myself with the view of her rear only, as I couldn't see the frontal effects from my vantage point. Her ass started to inflate to a nice and firm heart shape that inflated hugely outward from her backside, seen through her jean skirt. It was easy enough to see that her legs were growing longer, the skirt started rising up towards her calves. Her waist slimmed noticeably Mrs Rhodes clothes automatically shifted to fit in their own manner of regular street clothes during the first ten seconds. Her hair grew from the previous shoulder length, to bottom of her back flowing into a mess of waves and curls. Finally, the last thing I got to notice was the hint of boobage as they grew wider than the width of her body.

The next ten seconds and those same clothes lost their formality and shifted to racy, then to downright tight and revealing. Her white blouse drew up so tightly that it started pulling up from her skirt, which in itself shrunk to that of a blue jean coloured mini skirt, impossibly stretched over too much ass, showing off her white panties peeking out from underneath. Her white sandals turned into 5 inch heels.

Then during the third ten seconds, and she rubbed out some of the material she'd written down on the chalk board and drew a couple of boobs, "HAH" I couldn't believe she did that. I could see her nails grow long and red, earrings appearing on her lobes. She moaned as she wrote down "breast tissue" on the board.

Then during the final ten seconds, she while moaning and fingering herself with her free hand, changed her name on the board from Nicola Rhodes to Nikki Roads. When she finally started turning towards the class, she looked like a regular porn star teacher. Damn, *"that's one sexy lookin' teacher"*, I'd thought. I decided I wanted her to stay that way like with Miss Connors. The usual trigger word uttered, I'd got her to live a 'normal' life in the same vein as I did Miss Connors earlier. With the added proviso that "Nikki Roads" followed the new school curriculum that required her to give 'personal lessons' in biology in front of the whole class. Her biology class will for now on be a sex class. The boys will compete to be "A" students' in order to receive the best lessons in sex education. That being the best male student in class gets to help demonstrate 'Nikki Roads' new sexual prowess. She'll be riding a student's cock for demonstration purposes, with the class sitting in their seats answering her questions.

Then we'd all get to try out the day's lesson on each other while she graded us on our performance and improvement on our technique. In this the boys enthusiasm waned a bit because, while under my 'sex zone' spell, in the boy's minds they had always gotten propositioned and/or fucked by every girl in school. Ergo, I had (according to the 'sex zones' alternate reality) the best marks in this class as I wasn't under the influence of my own spell. Seems I appeared to be relatively gung-ho, as I was the one getting the 'personal lesson' on top of Nikki's desk today, as the whole class sat and watched the lesson like it was an everyday thing. Hmmm, nice having Mrs Roads as a prostitute of a teacher for biology. I had this all framed in my head then said the usual, 'exactly'.

In any event the rest of the day continued on like this, and by the time I got out of school, I was physically exhausted and well sated. Thank God it's Friday. ;-)

As Amber and I were walking towards my home, she remembered those questions she'd wanted to ask me. She was rather hesitant as she probably rightly figured it to be a 'touchy' subject. She asked me how I got my powers seemingly today after all these years of being a 'nobody'. After consideration I didn't seem to feel any threat in this question and told her about the powerful being in my dream this morning. Well she kinda panicked; seeing this power would be temporary as this 'thief' may come back at any time and to reclaim what he's stolen. We stopped and talked about for awhile. The main points came out as being that...

1). Whoever this is, must be powerful in his own right and possibly very ancient. Messing with him would be quite serious. *It's the main reason I never considered trying my luck at keeping this power.*

2). If he could steal it from other mystical beings probably as powerful as he, what's to stop him from taking it back from me. *Though I had already had formed an idea about how that could be done.*

3). Finally, to cease the threat, I had to attack and over take him in return. *The same idea that brought me my defence can be used in conjunction with an offence.*

During our conversation, I told her my ideas on the subject. I told her how I came up with the idea of speeding up our time rather than freezing other people in time and why. "My current thoughts on my dilemma on trying to retain control of my magic, Amber; is again inspired by Star Trek," I told her. "The 'Next Generation Star Trek', in fact. See, I figured that for him to take this power away from me,

he'd have to be able to grab a hold of it in order to take it back. So what if I made it as 'slippery as an eel'. Seems when the Borg wanted to grab hold of the Enterprise by use of a tractor beam, the Enterprise tried to stay free by changing its shield's frequency modulation rapidly. So, I need a defence that would simultaneously sense an attack occurring, and adjust frequency rapidly as well as set up a point defence," I said adding. "I'll set up a shield to make sure all of my raw power was completely within me, inside the shield. Floating within the shield would be billions of magically powered microscopic notebook computers of the best and fastest kind, all networked together, programmed to this task of defence and offence," I continued. "I figured alone without this to aid me, I'd be overwhelmed. But I also figured that a magical being like this one would have never considered needing a computer, which was a relatively recent human invention. These computers floating within my shield would achieve a semi sentience, subservient to my defence, whims and needs. Gaining its own intelligence from the complete knowledge found on the internet," I concluded.

I then postulated, "In offensive considerations I figured that this being would be offended that I would put up a fight to begin with. If, and that's a big 'If', I'm right about my defence, he'll be 'put off' by my shield's defences, and use more raw power to compensate. He'll be 'pushing' through the defences while trying to ascertain its complexity," I said while gesticulating the pushing forces with my hands. "The computers within would have to sense the level of output being thrown up against the shielding and its main source of direction. If the estimation of the being's output, as is deemed by me and my computers to be more than 55% of his total power. Then with whatever power we'd have left to spare, we'll grab hold just behind his attack and close to the source. We'd draw his power in that way, while converting it to our use. I didn't want to attack him directly as I figured he'd have his own defences to respond to an attack. If he's pushing outward himself, I might be able to tip him off balance before he can recover by pulling/sucking on his power before he realizes it," I said to Amber

Also, I thought that if he escaped me and he tries to recover the power through the past, I had to send this defence backward through time; to the first nano-second he gave me this power. I then said the trigger word and felt, more like a **god** than ever before. Then it happened, this being must have felt the shift in my power because he reappeared.

I immediately teleported only myself, to the middle of a desolate desert I didn't want anyone to see this exchange or get involved. He appeared there right after my arrival and let me tell you, he was pissed. During his rant he introduced himself as Loki, Norse god of mischief. An ancient and powerful wizard in his own right, he had stolen the power from the other gods for his use. Loki was trying to convert the power for his use when Odin appeared. Seems the most wise and powerful of the gods had escaped the initial magical assault largely unscathed. Odin's presence rendered the magical conversion procedure useless, the power's frequency stuck on or near that of 'Midgard', my dimension. Loki fled with the power contained in a magical reliquary, and Odin was hot on his trail. Loki couldn't find enough time to kick start the conversion procedure again. For Loki, the power was now useless for his takeover of 'Asgard'. He had to dump the power here, where the dimension's background frequency noise could best hide it.

Now he considered his decision to be a major blunder in his bid to escape quickly and quietly. He should've known the treachery of humans would rear its ugly head. He just didn't figure on a young boy having the balls to try it. He was angry at the fact that a battle to get the power off of me would be like a beacon to draw Odin here. That's when a smile grew on his lips; he flung one arm straight up and fired a shot sending a beacon, then disappeared.

Then the big guy Odin himself appeared. Well long story short, I won a battle that wasn't really conclusive. I drew off half of his remaining power, while using perhaps a quarter of my own. At least that's what my computer intelligence within my 'psychic shield' (as I now call it) concluded. I was in fact more powerful than before. During the battle, my computer Intel told me that Loki's next probable move was to assume we'd draw ourselves out and leave each other relatively powerless, in comparison to his own power level. So Loki must have gone back to assume control of 'Asgard', and then come back at us later to pick up the pieces.

I called a truce, telling Odin of what happened, that now that I have this power I wasn't going to give it up, and finally, what I understood of Loki's chances of a takeover. Odin was definitely not a happy camper, and disappeared.

But it got me thinking, that if these legends were true, then what about others? I asked my 'Psychic Shield' to scan for other sources of magical beings and probable dimensional doorways. In fact, it managed to scan the earth's surface and atmosphere. Using my magic's own frequency as a beginning reference, and the frequency of the 'Asgard' power signatures, it obtained info of other sources of magical beings, items and dimensions. All for the most part extremely dormant, like they were asleep a very long time. I got the answer as to why almost just as soon. The Big guy, God, Yahweh, Jehovah, Allah, Brahma, however you call him; has an imposing presence, a weight came bearing down on me that was stifling. At once I knew that this dimension was His alone, as knowledge of the ages were expanding my mind, both from His source as well as being disseminated by my 'Psychic Shield'.

It'd take too long to get into detail, but the gist of it is, that all the other sources of magic had retreated into pocket dimensions of their own to either get away or avoid a direct confrontation. If I wanted to keep what I got, I gotta leave this earth behind. The 'psychic shield' had gotten all the info it needed. So I whipped up a bauble on an elaborate chain, and within that bauble, I created a duplicate universe of my own, complete with its own earth. This gem's earth's relative size being subatomic to this reality meant that my power would be massive once I went within this gem and call my home forevermore. To appease the Big guy I rescinded all operating spells in hoping to buy more time. It did, but I felt there was an hourglass out.

I teleported back to Amber, apparently she'd noticed her plain state right away, I can tell you, as she was well...agitated to say the least. I figured that mom was currently on her way back from work too, probably feeling all the worst as she was her old self again. But I needed to get this show on the road and teleported her, Amber, and me back home into the living room. Mom was disorientated, Amber's was aghast, and this needed clearing up quickly. I applied my palms to their foreheads and gave them the whole story as I experienced it. Mom was still shocked at the way I took advantage of people

earlier, but came quickly to the fact that I'm preparing to leave soon. The 'Bauble' was out for them to see, as I explained what's in store. I told them I created my own reality, were I am God. Once I go inside this 'bauble', it would teleport to the bottom of the ocean. I wouldn't want to have anyone discover it for a million years, and it'll be magically cloaked to keep 'Asgardians' from ever finding it again. I intended to this to be a one way trip after all.

Telling them what's to be found inside, including billions of galaxies, quintillions of planets, and another earth exactly like this one just for a start. That since I was the creator, I was God, and whatever I do to people and their reality found within it was not to be considered a sin. Explaining that since these beings had but a tiny fraction of my own soul, to animate them into a state of life they were mine to do as I please. I invited both of them to come with me, telling them that they'll be Goddesses in their own right, living forever in whatever fantasy their hearts would desire. They could have their own galaxies to fool around with, empires to command, men and riches to possess. I made no bones about it, having no challenge in life would get monotonous. If that was to occur they can decide to be 'born' into a mortal life. Anything their hearts would desire would be possible. But the choice was theirs to decide, but it had to be soon, like within thirty minutes.

Amber said, "yes", straight away. Mom needed more convincing, so I applied my palm to her forehead again, in order to show her all the things she had to deny herself all these years. Then I got slowly more and more elaborate in my presentation, visually showing her all the adventures and things that'll be hers. What sold her was when I took her around a representation of the solar system, showing her how she could explore space under her own power. That and I told her how real the environment was inside; how it contained everything, every fact, and all the knowledge that mankind understands about this universe. Plus the scans my powers were conducting currently of this reality, to confirm the science. Life will be 'real' in effect, and we'll be able to break whatever rules we want at any time. When mom finally said yes to my entreaties, we were gone.

Gods and Goddesses: Part Two

Personal problems....

Second part to my first story...ever, this segment can be read pretty much as a standalone. In this part, our trio comes to realize just what they will be like, as goddesses

Jason, his mother (Jessica), and Amber Brown appeared within Jason's self made universe that is hidden inside a magic jewel. That magic jewel is now resting in the bottom of the sea, somewhere in the Bermuda Triangle of our earth. But that's irrelevant, as our story takes place inside this jewel. This jewel's universe is an exact copy of the world without. All the people on this particular earth within the magic jewel are all copied from every person that exists on the 'real' earth. Their bodies brought to life by a small piece of Jason's own soul, thus making Jason absolutely the God of everybody on his earth. He didn't *really* relate this to his mom as well as he wanted, didn't have the time to. Nor did he relate what he intended to do by being the absolute of power here. He did try to describe this universe's conditions when he was trying to convince her to come with Amber and him to live here forever, but he was in a hurry.

As it is, along with Jason's absolute Godliness, Jessica and Amber were given powers as goddesses in their own right to do as they please. This is evidenced by the fact that the three of them first appeared in Jason's universe, floating in space above the earth and not popping like corn kernels in the process. Jason had in mind to continue what he was doing before in 'the real' universe, before he ran up against THE God there, and had to beat a hasty retreat. He, having been a sixteen year old boy and thus one big hormone, had all sorts of sexual deviations in mind that he still wanted to try out. And now, being that he'll visit these deviations on people possessed of a piece of his own soul, he figured that sin would never enter into it. The worse he considered it would be, was that it was no different than masturbating. These people on his earth were his creation and as much as he, as he himself is, that

is, being on the spiritual side of the equation. Whether they are white, black, Hispanic, male or female; they were him, and his to do with as he pleased.

Still, before getting started, he wanted to see how far his mother would go along with in being a goddess. While floating there above the earth, he again explained to her and Amber that all of these people were created by him, utilizing his semi-sentient 'psychic shield' to process a tiny portion of his soul's energy as a catalyst for life. What he or either of them could or would do to these people were not to be considered a sin, as he is the ultimate arbiter of judgement here. His mom still had that 'uncertain' look on her face as he teleported all of them to a food court of a shopping mall. As Amber had seen what he had done 'back home', she went to sit down at a food court table and watched as he towed his mother around for a demonstration.

He explained to mom that yes, "They can just pop food from any of these venues right upon their table, but there's more fun than that to be had." He brought her up to a pizza stand and noted that there were two Chinese people, a man and a woman, manning the front, and an Indian male working the kitchen. Jason and Jessica were still ten feet back from the counter, as if they were trying to decide what to order.

That was when Jason noticed that Jessica was still in her dowdy mother type body of 42 years, with a 'spare tire' for her waist, and wrinkles at the corner of her eyes and mouth. She's an average height 5' 6", with brown hair with streaks of grey visible in it, tied in a messed up bun in back of her head. She was still wearing the work clothes she still wore when she was brought rather abruptly into these new conditions in the jewel's universe. He knew she wouldn't be 'feeling her age' right now as he had already given her goddess like powers. Still, now she can look like anything she wanted, why not a goddess. "Mom", he said "I've given you great power now, and that you don't feel your age any more, but why don't you make yourself 'look' better." She replied by making herself younger (About 25), trimmer and healthy looking, and her perfectly brown hair now down and free hanging down to her upper back. Still she had her conservative style of dress, white blouse over, a regular white bra, with navy blue knee length skirt and jacket, panty hose, three inch pumps and only a watch and plain gold stud earrings for jewellery.

"Sigh", Jason thought, *"I'm going to have to shock her out of her conventional thinking"*. He immediately replied to her efforts by going naked right there in the crowded food court. He then changed his appearance in very next second, turning himself into a 7' tall heavenly vision of a Greek god, sporting muscled abs, pectorals, quads, biceps, triceps, heck everything. Jason was standing there in a mall's food court with a constant foot long erection for everyone there to see. Jessica's initial reaction was of utter panic, until she noticed that no one else paid any attention to him at all. Her second reaction was while she was looking at Jason, was *"Wow, I'd date that in a heartbeat, pity it's my own son"*.

She then went through the memories of the day's events that Jason had while he was at school. Those were the memories that he had 'pumped' into her head earlier, when he was in a hurry to leave their own universe. At the time, God was pressing down hard on him to force him to either yield up his

new powers or leave His universe. So, in Jason's hurry he was forced to explain everything that's happened by sharing his memory in a bid to convince her to follow them here quickly. Looking into those artificial memories, she saw what he did there at school that day, and it almost made her want to slap him. Seeing him as he was now in all of his glory, she could understand the direction he was taking here as well. She was of two minds though, thinking that she may have a monster on her hands, yet intrigued by the possibilities. She for her part decided to match him for now at least to a point. She concentrated on an ideal goddess like body with Amazon strength, beauty, and appropriately dressed for the role, and wished it.

Before Jason's eyes Jessica turned into a beauty of photogenic quality, 6'5" tall with long flowing blond hair flowing down to her ass in waves and curls. Lusciously large green eyes stared back at him from a face of oval perfection ending in a daintily pointed chin, full lips in a wicked red smile, under a beautiful fine nose. Long and slender neck proceeded to broad feminine shoulders, over strong and lean perfectly proportioned arms, ending in smooth graceful hands. She had a perfect body which slimmed gracefully down to her waist and widened dramatically back out at the hips and continuing down to lean and strong legs and ending in perfect feet. All of her features could be perfectly seen as she was wearing flat sandals along with a filmy translucent toga style gown that a Greek goddess would be normally seen wearing. Through her gown her prize features could be seen by all. Proud forty eight inch breasts that pointed out at Jason, defying gravity, aureoles that bulged defiantly under erect nipples that are pierced by dainty gold rings inviting any male to touch. Jason eyes at first were bulging out of his head; his mouth was agape with awe. Then that mouth smiled.

Jason said, "You're catching on mom, you're absolutely stunning, but you need more instruction in how to use your power." He indicated around them using his eyes and suddenly Jessica noticed everyone in the food court was staring at her. Not at the big naked man standing beside her, but her. Blushing, she wished that the people would forget what they saw and go back to what they were doing and not to notice her again. When everything was 'normal' again, Jason continued, "Note mom, as I've done, you can even walk around naked in winter if you were so inclined, but you have to make for all of the allowances yourself manually. It could make your wishes rather difficult, embarrassing and tiring to perform. You need an 'interface' so to speak, to weed out your desired intentions."

"Case in point", with that he pointed at the Chinese couple, and the female disappeared. Jessica was shocked, but the Chinese male didn't even notice. Jason explained, "The female was Tina Min Wong, now gone from existence".

Jessica was mortified, "You murdered that girl?"

"No, I merely erased her from existence for now, as a demonstration of contingent possibilities. They were a married couple before, now Charlie Tran Wong here only knows life as a bachelor. Everything in his life was rearranged, to meet that fact. Tina's family never had a child by that name; their lives changed to accommodate that fact as well. Fates was needed to be rearranged to provide different lives and lifestyles for all those people who were involved in her life. Murder by us gods happens if we gods just make someone like her disappear, period. That would be easy enough, but not

‘godlike’ in its scope. To provide for all these contingences for a complete erasure from my universe’s reality you need a manner of spell casting that would be completely complex. Yet only require nothing more than a vague intent when planning such a spell, we need something to automate the process to avoid gaffs. At first I used a trigger word to stop any errant thoughts from leaking out and granting unwanted wishes, but even that got tedious. In preparing for my battles with Loki, and then Odin, I came up with the ultimate insurance against error as well as a personal defence.”

“Your ‘psychic shield’”, Jessica concluded from her implanted memory.

“It’s comprised of billions of powerful nano sized computers, Jason continued, “ Networked together and floating in a magically charged yet invisible force field that goes through you, surrounds you, protects you, and interprets the true intent in your wishes for you. This ‘shield’ provides for the complexity of contingencies in afterthought, whether your wishes are simple or massive in scale. To wit, before we do anything else, there, I’ve provided ‘shields’ for you and Amber. These ‘shields’ will allow us to survive any possibly cataclysmic wishing either of us makes. You can make a wish that’ll set off a chain reaction and blow up the earth or create a supernova and even if we’re nearby we’d survive. But since our ‘shields’ provides a defence against errors, that alone is the shield’s best quality.” Jason concluded while turning around to look at Amber, and motioning her to come join them.

After seeing Jason’s signal, Amber teleports herself from her seated position at a table, to a standing position beside Jason and his mother. Jason was about to explain what he’d given Amber during his conversation with Jessica, and Amber put up her hand in a gesture to quiet him saying, “I heard everything. I knew you wanted privacy while showing your mom ‘the ropes’, but I didn’t want to be left out either, so I was magically eavesdropping on your conversation. Sorry about that. But now that I’m on the playing field, so-to-speak, time for my own make over.”

Amber morphed from a typical sixteen year old high schooler, with glasses and no real figure at all, under loose fitting blue jeans, a loose fitting pink hoodie and sneakers, into a smiling redheaded twenty-something year old, with hair flowing in curls down to mid back. A perfectly unblemished round face that belied mischief with deep blue eyes lovely tapering brows over luscious lashes, and a lovely long nose over red lips. But that was nothing, as her body spoke ‘SEX’. Her sexy 6 foot frame supported, huge rounded eighty inch boobs that were impossibly round, firm and gravity defying, over an impossibly thin waist, and hips that expanded impossibility outward, and sporting a tight rounded yet huge ass, that seemed to say, “Fuck me here, baby”. She was wearing a blue tight stretch mini shorts that showed off her ‘camel toe’ and a tight horizontally pink striped white pull over top that seemed to be painted around her boobs. The pink stripes of her t-shirt were almost going transparent in the process of stretching across her chest. Lastly she added on four inch sand coloured wedge sandals. Wetness could be seen soaking through her clothes appearing at her nipples and crotch.

Jessica had to roll her eyes at what she saw, but she also noticed that no one else outside their party bothered with them. Jason, for his part, just had to ask Amber, “You on that ‘Hotwire’ treatment again?” This sounded more like a statement than a question.

“Yeah”, she said, “I love the way it keeps me percolating.”

Putting a hand on Jason's shoulder to bring him about and face her, Jessica asked, "Hotwire"? Jason's reply was a furiously red face, so again Jessica accessed the 'memories' that he had provided her. 'Hotwire' was a spell he had come up with during his debauchery at school. She found that the spell's design streams into a person's mind, sexual fantasies and physical sensations from at least five other people on the earth, possibly ramping up to that of the whole of its population, minus the negatives associated with sex. The spell had three functions. As for the first part, the sexual pleasure anyone of the earth's people was feeling at any given moment was felt. With 8 billion people, there's bound to be at least five people orgasming at all times, not to mention other physically sexual sensations apportioned to at least five people.

The second part of the spell was a streaming of one after the other in perfect clarity, the sexual thoughts and fantasies of at least five other people. The feelings and effects of how fantasies turned on other people with their particular tastes, was minus the negative feelings deriving from those certain sexual activities that would normally turn anyone else who's receiving them 'off'. This was accomplished by integrating those sexual fantasies into the receiving person's personality. Thus, it left the gist of only the sexual excitement of those acts behind. For instance, a normally staid and proper person would then delight from streaming scenes of anal sex or S&M entering their brain while under the 'Hotwire' influence.

The third part of the spell was that the mental simulation was sent from the brain directly to the breast, nipples, labia and clitoris in a mnemonic/sympathetic fashion. This part of the spell along with mental second part aspect, would all by themselves be enough to cause the nipples to spurt out milk in an orgasmic bliss, never mind the vagina. Thus the term, 'hotwire', as the mind was boosted in sexual activity and wired directly a woman's sex.

Realizing this, Jessica was beside herself; on the one hand she was distraught at the sheer evil intent of this spell. On the other hand, and particularly seeing Amber's wet enjoyment, she wanted to try it too. Dammit if she's a mother and a woman too. But the thought entered her mind that she was now a goddess as well. She reasoned, *"It was Jason's spell to begin with, he'll understand."* Jason was still looking at his mother's face. He figured that she was accessing the information he had previously given her, and was waiting for a scolding like he's never heard before. He in turn was shocked when he noticed Jessica started 'percolating' too. Unlike Amber though, who had already felt the full force of the spell earlier in the day and was well used to its minimal effects, Jessica unfortunately wasn't.

Jessica screeched out as five simultaneous continuous orgasms brought her down onto the floor as she started to dry hump the air and stroking her tits, those same tits that were clearly seen through the sheer fabric of her garment, gushing milk all over her chest, stomach and sides. Briefly she noted, *"This floor is hard and cold"*, and provided herself a daybed off to one side of the aisle, while teleporting herself on it. Still she went on for ten minutes in a constant state of sustained ecstasy until she turned the spell off. But when she got up from her daybed, the look she gave Jason would have been totally alien if she'd still looked like the mother she used to be.

Walking up to him and then tracing her manicured nail down his gorgeously massive chest. She said with a leering mischievous grin, "My, my, my, it is rather kinky having sex here out in the public without worrying about reprisals, and I just love the look of that dick of yours, I wanna ride." Before Jason could say otherwise she hopped up and shafted herself on his foot long rod.

"Hey", Amber said, "That's my ride; get your own, besides isn't that your son."

"Look at the both of us dear," Jessica said while pumping away, "I doubt that anyone would say that we're related. Besides, Jason gets to call what's a sin or not, it is his universe after all."

Amber was about to utter in reply and Jason sensing an argument starting up, butted in with, "Ah, mom's right, genetically speaking, we're not even related anymore. None the less mom, I'd like to know, did that 'hotwire' spell ah, well, corrupt you?"

"Hell no baby, it just got me into the right mood before I had to turn it off. Speaking of which, she turned herself back on again, and her eyes rolled back in her head. Between her gurgling moans she managed, "uhhh, mind ohh you errmm ah that guy, guh ... over there I could, urrggg, handcuff, and whip, ahhhhhh, all ommpph, day. That's eerrggh some...thing I would havvvvvee neverrrr donnnneee beffooooorrreee."

Jason was beside himself as this stunningly beautiful creature of a female, so otherwise magnificent in what would have been grace and refinement; was humping him like a pig in heat, and she used to be his mother to boot. Amber was looking on with fury in her eyes, which Jason noticed, so he made himself into something like the god Janus, and sprouted to front sides, back to back.

"Fine Jason", Amber said, "but what about our arms and legs tangling with each other on the other side of you"?

"Use your imagination, you should be able to phase through each other and just touch me only" Jason replied. With that, Amber jumped on the foot long dick on the other side and started her own humping and contented gurgling.

So, here we have a scene, of a seven foot tall, two sided muscle man, with two incredible looking women banging away on either side of him for all it's worth. In front of a pizza stand, in a crowded food court of a shopping mall and nobody was paying them any attention.

Each of Jason's two front halves had a pair of legs but even with four combined legs he was getting weak kneed. He flashed a thought to the girls, a reminder about a spell leaving them with no weight and mass and they complied. Fine but he still needed help in standing up, so a post with a saddle appeared up out of the floor which propped him up exactly where he was standing. The girls now weightless and empowered by their own godliness were trying new things as well; Amber's tongue grew longer while Jessica boobs expanded to match Amber's size of eighty inches. Then Jessica increased speed until she was a human piston engine. Amber sensing this also picked up speed, and both of them had eventually reached a speed of human vibrators. They had each turned into a blur. Jason, was getting worried through his orgasmic haze, and then tasked his 'psychic shield' with making sure to keep

up the lubrication up at all costs. He didn't want a burn-out now, no way, and it went on like that for an hour. Would you believe it? After an hour he was starting to get bored. Oh sure, the orgasms were great, but he came to the mall for a reason. So, he tapped the girl's minds reminding them about stopping awhile. They complied quickly but reluctantly, coming out of their blurred state instantly.

Jessica had a wicked look in her eye though saying, "Fuck 'this' goddess routine." Her clothes changed from what was left of her filmy toga to a form fitting leather half length corset with half cups, which forced her massive tits to sit sticking further out with her pierced nipples exposed. Hell as it is now, with her power and strength, she could make a couple of buildings on her chest look light and airy. She was also wearing form fitting crotchless leather thong and mid thigh length 8 inch stiletto platform boots. Her makeup went really heavy with rouge on the cheeks, succulent collagen filled red lips, long lashes and sultry eye shadow. A huge diamond rested in her belly button, flamboyant diamond earrings popped on her ears and her hair was still long but caught up in tight airy curls that flaired out around her head under one of those old air force style type caps but made out of black leather.

As Jason formed himself back to a 'normal' one sided Greek god like being, he started to say, "God mom..."

"DON'T EVER CALL ME THAT AGAIN", Jessica said, as her voice took on a tone normally associated as sounding all powerful.

Okay, fine, I'll call you Jess for now, in honour of your new image, how's that?" Jason said.

"Good", was her reply.

"I must say, you came along farther and faster in this particular field than I expected, Jess."

"Well you try living forty-two years of your life slaving away, not knowing these pleasures. Pleasures I had to deny myself for the sake of hearth and home. Ah no, I'm not decrying ever having you 'my boy', but I'm breaking out," she said. "I recall you had given Amber the full measure of this 'hotwire' treatment against her and her classmates will. I'm going to do this to myself now to see what that's like, but in case I wouldn't have the mind later to shut it off, I'll just take five minutes on it." With that she walked over to her daybed, laid down, and let it rip. Streams of cum erupted from her vagina, and milk orgasmically fountained from her tits as she managed to bliss herself out completely. Her body was pumping spasmodically in jerking movements, her back arching repeatedly, eyes rolled back and drool was foaming at her mouth

Amber came up beside Jason and said, "Wow, your mom really turned out to be a party girl after all."

"Yeah, but don't ever let her hear you call her 'mom' again." Jason said. "I think that part of her life is now truly behind her. She's quite the fucking slut now."

"Wish I could've done this to my bitch of a mother back home though", Amber said.

“Well you still can in a way, there are copies of you and your family here on this earth that you can corrupt and enjoy. Think of them as your personal ‘Barbie’ family”.

“HAH”, Amber laughed, “You have the most wonderfully evil imagination, my own mom as a living breathing ‘Barbie’ doll. I’ll make her troll the streets acting like a perfect hooker against her will.”
HAHAHAHA *snort* “But I don’t think we’ve even begun to inflict ourselves on the patrons of this mall, haven’t we dear”?

“Nope, I’m just waiting for you girls to stop fucking yourselves long enough to get started.”

“Hey that’s right, you never given yourself that ‘hotwire’ treatment, have you”?

“Well, no, the spell was originally for girls, in order to include tit orgasms...” Jason tried to explain.

“Either as a guy or a girl then, you gotta try it at least on low power, Jason. I’ll demand that and get your mother to join me in this. The way she’s turned out, she’ll definitely agree with me”, said Amber

As the five minutes came up and Jessica came out of her spell, she opened her eyes, and they were definitely wild eyes at that. She got up out of bed lunged at Jason and swept him into a powerful kiss for which to devour him. As she was doing that Amber came up and told Jess what she’d figured out about Jason’s ‘lack of experience’. Jess stopped and looked at Amber, then at Jason, and then an evil leer graced her face.

“*Oh shit*”, Jason thought, “*I’m in for it now*”. As with a wave of her arm, Jess cleaned the bed of her sweat and juices for a new occupant. Jess then said, “Now ‘my boy’, your either going to try this as a male or temporarily as a female. I suggest female, the tit function just cannot be passed up.”

“Okay, all is fair I guess, the change in you is quite evident Jess, so fine. Ummm, I’m really nervous about a sex change though, can I let you change me instead, erm, Jess? I’ll let you work through my ‘psychic shield’ to change me.

“That’s ‘my girl’, you always was a real trooper,” as Jess raised her arm and touched him. Jason morphed somewhat differently than anyone except Jess, had expected. He changed into the ultimate voluptuous female form. Straight brown hair cascaded down his back, from a head that shrank in the process proportional to the female ideal, slender shoulders replaced broad muscled ones. The thick arms thinned and the hands shrank to perfectly proportioned female forms. As Jason’s male chest shrank of its own accord, its loss of depth was being taken up by eighty inches of boobage. Along with the waist slimming, the hips rounded out into a full, round, apple shaped butt. The legs also loss their slabs of muscle and took on the trim form of a female athlete, ending with the feet becoming dainty. The difference was that Jason was still sporting his foot long woody, so she was technically still a he. Amber stared at the unreal turn on of an incongruity that Jess had created.

“Yes ‘my boy’, you really only needed the tits for the full effect of the ‘Hotwire’ spell. So I figured, ‘what the fuck’, we don’t need another cunt, so let’s keep the cock. I must say you look positively delicious.” Jess said “Who knows, I may get around to trying a cock out myself later.”

Jason had to pull his own eighty-inch tits apart in order to see down to where he felt was his dick still sticking out there for all to see. Then he just had to pop a full length mirror next to the daybed to get a good look at himself. Astonishing was the word, a face reminiscent of Anne Hathaway stared back at him, large doe like brown eyes, a dainty nose, high cheek bones and a full sexier mouth. Still as yet, his face was unadorned by makeup. Jess he figured, wanted him to decide what he wanted for himself in that department. Perhaps after his ride on the ‘Hotwire’ spell he figured. He started playing with his new tits, enjoying the feel of oversized and sensitive sexual organs on his chest. Yes, he was still a man too despite the feminine body. Looking at the mirror and the combination of tits and cock on his female body he was turning himself on. He was seriously considering staying this way when he looked at the girls looking at him, and he guessed they approved as well.

As he went to lie down on the bed, he stated, “It’s only fair that I get as good as I had given for at least five minutes.” Momentarily marvelling at his newly feminine voice he zapped the ‘Hotwire’ spell on himself at full power. As not everyone on earth is having sex at the exact same time, an average of twenty three million orgasms shot through his dick. Nearly as much in sensations was felt up and down his tits like, they were being caressed and tit fucked. But more than just lovers having sex would be thinking of sexual fantasies in daydreams during any given minute. Nearly a billion streaming sexual thoughts and fantasies, all clearly defined and understood went whizzing through his head to keep up with influx of information. The thoughts integrated as nothing but pleasure sans negative opinion into his psyche, his mind in turn sent this signal to his new breasts and dick. Among a huge amount of other sensations, he felt his tits squeezing out milk in orgasmic ecstasy. About then he lost conscience thought altogether, as he became a nexus of SEX and nothing else.

Unfortunately what he didn’t know though, was that since he was the world’s spiritual center, everyone in the world except the goddesses standing there have been affected by Jason’s spell. The spell you see operated on the physical and psychological aspects of humans. So Jason didn’t therefore anticipate his ‘spiritual connection’ to the people would be dragged into play. Jason’s ‘psychic shield’ having received no instruction concerning this effect amended it by excluding those people currently working in a potentially dangerous activity. For instance, the people walking in the mall weren’t spared its effects, but the moment a car driver in the parking lot threw their cars into park, they, like the mall folk stared off into space and started fondling themselves while having their own individual orgasms.

Fortunately the ‘shield’ spared the kids as well, but they were as yet traumatised by the sight of the adults, young and old alike, molesting themselves in public. This added to the problem with Jason though, as a feedback occurred he now had 6.5 billion people zipping sexual fantasies through his mind now and rising. Five billion overlapping orgasms slammed his body which was also increasing. This was for example, caused by people in heavy industry who’d stopped to see what was going on with their co-workers, and the spell’s effect over taking them as well. Jason’s mind was completely gone, unable to order a halt. The ‘psychic shield’ itself, found that it couldn’t fulfill their master’s wish through the whole

five minutes. All of these conditions were overtaxing their ability to deal with the contingencies, such as keeping the old and infirm from having heart attacks and strokes for instance, among several other things. Three minutes and thirty seconds later the 'psychic shield' itself had shut the spell down of its own accord.

The scene in the food court was sheer pandemonium as the people there came out of the spell. Teenage girls for instance, woke out of their trance on the floor with their hands jammed into the unzipped flies of their jeans, their hands covered in their cum. Old ladies had ripped off their dresses and undergarments to do the same thing, they took longer to get up off the floor and recover. Teenage boys to old men woke out of their trance finding they've been yanking their dicks while spewing their seed all over the place.

The two goddesses, seeing and sensing that it had all come to a relatively safe end, were laughing their heads off. If they were still human they've would have fallen down trying to catch their breaths between the guffaws they had. Jason woke up and soon sensed the situation, and he was himself quite mortified at first. But he caught on to the total craziness of the situation and soon joined in with the laughter. Like any great laugh they kept egging themselves on with even more observations. Like, "...if it wasn't for their spell of unnoticability, their laughter would've had them lynched by a mob", not that it mattered to gods really. One observed; "Besides our laughter, two females and one she male, all with eighty inch boobs would have identified us as the culprits," sparked another round of guffaws. So after they'd calmed down enough, Jason said, "I still want to have some 'fun' here at the mall, but the place was in too much of an uproar right now. Let advance three days ahead in time."

"THE WHOLE WORLD HAD A FRIGGING WET DREAM", screamed a newspaper headline. Christian rags claimed that the, Whore of Babylon had arrived and that it's the end of the world! Supermarket tabloids stated that the phenomenon was a result of a practical joke by aliens. The goddesses were having a ball reading all the crap the various media was pouring out. It was now three days later, but an instant later in time by their perspective. They had returned to the food court and took a table, then zapped themselves copies of printed material from the local area. The mall was louder with everyone telling every else, who cared to hear what had happened to them when the "Biggest rape in world history" occurred, as one rag stated.

"Awww, that's not nice," Jason said, "I ought to zap whoever wrote that some boils, preferably on his dick."

Jess was still laughing saying, "If you want, we can still eliminate the damage you've inadvertently caused. Which, by-the-way, I'd thought this 'psychic shield' of yours was supposed to eliminate gaffs."

"Hold off on that first suggestion for now Jess. We can always do that at any time we choose to anyways" Jason said, "As for your question, the 'psychic shield' as well as I, is still young to this game. It'll learn and adapt as I will. I doubt that were I to use the 'Hotwire' spell at full blast again, the 'psychic shield' would allow for this to happen where I'm concerned. But you guys are right; running the

'Hotwire' effect at level five after having the full treatment is excellent. I've had all sorts of nasty thoughts already, and my tits and dick, keeps creating a nice lovely mess."

"You know," Amber put in, "I wouldn't mind sucking on your juices if we use that spell we had on earlier back at school. Remember the banana cream cum, the vanilla favoured tit milk, and the candy apple kisses were the saliva tasted like apple juice and the lips the candy favour"?

Jess said, "Nooo, really? That sounds divine, let's all do that and suck each other off."

"Let's all do that flavour shit but hold off on the sucking for now, okay? I still owe a Chinese man a wife. Also, I'm still waiting to get the locals involved, ah, properly this time," said Jason. That last statement enticing a small laugh from the girls, as they looked over towards the counter. Jason, brought the wife back, and the forty year old male owner looked over at his reconstituted wife as if to say, "Where have you been?" Jason thought that the guy really didn't appreciate what he had in her and suggested a game plan.

He postulated a variation of his sex zone spell, wherein as the goddesses get closer to the pizza counter to "make an order", the sexier the Chinese lady will get. This dowdy, dumpy forty year old little Chinese man will have a super sexed hot Chinese chick for a wife, who's dressed to kill by the time they walk over there; and she'll stay that way after they leave. The new conditions of the Chinese couple's relationship afterwards would be as follows. No matter what, she'll stay loyal to him. The plain looking middle-aged Chinese guy will be totally clueless about this, yet outclassed by her sexual beauty. She'll have other men constantly making advances at her. He'll probably die from high blood pressure sending the men away from her all day. Jason would also make it so that, the Chinese guy would rather have her by his side despite the public's attraction. The Chinese guy's paranoia, as well as his need to take in her rampant sexiness while she's standing nearby, would make it paramount to him. As a reward for his frustrations though, she'll be one of the best lays in bed nearly anyone has ever seen. All for him alone, that is, until he gets a heart attack.

The girls looked at Jason and Jess had to comment, "How do you come up with these ideas?" They all got up and slowly walked over. Jess asked, "If we talk with people while still looking like we are, will people notice what we look like?"

"Not unless we want them to, the unnoticability spell has the component of letting us communicate with them without them noticing what we look like," Jason put in.

"Unnoticability spell? Why not call it invisibility?" Jess asked

"Invisibility is a state of being invisible alright, but bump into a chair and someone would know you're there. Unnoticability maintains that you will remain unnoticed even if you're banging around like a one man band. The spell only partially retreats for your need to make transactions with people. As your powers make you as invulnerable as needed, you can even walk around naked in winter. You can go out to the corner grocery store wearing nothing but a thong bikini over those knockers and you'd really feel 'liberated'," Jason said.

By the time the goddesses reached the counter, the forty something wife had morphed into an eighteen year old sex bomb, with 55 inch 'G' cup sized tits that were squeezed into a bra, under a restaurant logo t-shirt. One could tell there was a bra on because the t-shirt was under heavy strain, almost becoming sheer across her boobs, which forced the shirt to ride up showing her midriff. She was wearing black low rider leather pants with a chrome studded black leather belt. Her black five inch stilettos shoes made her tall enough for her to be able to take the Chinese guys face, and jam right into her cleavage. The look from her face towards the Chinese guy was of admiration 'Lord (being Jason) knows why' she did. The look he gave her was of desperate worshipfulness though. The rule was that only he served the guys, as a scowl from him was reserved for any man who tried to address her while he was standing nearby. Despite this a long line-up occurred immediately behind the goddesses, all male. Confucius would say "Good business brings bad temper," in this business man's case.

After getting their order and paying with money pulled out of thin air, Amber mentioned, "Why can't they have real Italians serving Italian food?"

"That's a narrow minded thing to say," Jess said, "but tell you what, if the food isn't up to snuff we'll turn them and all their staff into Italian's, see if that improves the taste." That seemed to have placated Amber for now as the food was later declared good. But as they were leaving the food court finally, Amber changed them anyways.

They were looking for victims and considering ideas of mischief as they made to go up to the second floor. Rather than walking towards an escalator, they'd teleported up instead. Jess looked over to Jason's she-male body and commented, "Hey, when you going to put on some clothes and make up by the way?"

"Oh, I forgot, these bodies are just so exquisite and invulnerable to drafts it seems. Still I like to proudly keep these knockers on display and for touch." Jason whipped up a cross between a man's vest in red leather, as it went over the shoulders like one, and a corset as it was set to hug the waist exactly with no zipper, since he could just pop it off anyways. The major difference this thing had was the lack of any cups, his boobs still were out on display unhindered. The two separate holes of the vest at his titties base had the effect of separating them and narrowing the tits base as they emerge from the chest. Looking like they've been squeezed through the holes, this effect highlighted his eighty inchers to look even more like balls. The second item of clothing was a red leather thong made to appear like his own dick was a strap on dildo. It had a ring of leather missing around the base of his constant foot long woody to let it stand proudly out on display. Having a discrete ball sac, designed to make his balls appear non-existent. He then sported red leather five inch ankle boots. He stood really wobbly in his new boots at first until he granted himself the skill to walk in them, like he was born with them on. He popped on arm bracelets of diamond encrusted gold and an expensive diamond encrusted watch. Jason liked the look of Jess's belly button diamond, so he copied one for himself. Then he proceeded with a series of three- gravity defying bands of red leather on each thigh, followed by two more on each of his calves. Lacy, fingerless red glove sleeves graced his arms going up towards his elbow without sagging. His hair now wound in tight airy curls and flaired out in all directions, like that of Jess's hair style, while a

band of white gold was seen emerging out of his hair around his forehead. The transformation finished with white gold rings piercing his nipples and linked together with a gold chain.

“How’s this, you guys like?”

“What about the makeup?”

“Ah, Jess, can you do that for me, I’m not sure about how to do it properly.”

“Then wish for the expertise and get on with it.”

“Oh, good idea”, Jason said, as he continued with his transformation. Dark eye shadow to accentuate brown eyes appeared, along with long lashes, cheeks rouged with a dusty light brown, and red lipstick appeared with a brown lip-liner around the outside of the lips. “Okay, now how do I look?”

Jess said, “Well ‘my boy’, you sure know the meaning of ‘goddess’, I’ll give you that. Sure you don’t want another fuck right now? Our ‘equipment’ is both out in the open for easy access after all”.

Jess and Jason were both yielding inevitably to their ‘Hotwire’ supplied libidos, slowly approaching closer to each other. Then Amber intervened walking up between them saying, “Wow, the both of you really look hot, umm, I feel totally pedestrian in my shorts and tight tee, let me try that again.

As Jess looked on, her eyes belying a look like she was about to knock Amber’s block off.

Jason said, “Go for it.”

Amber, just stood there at first with her eyes glazing over mentioning, “I just have to gather some info, wait a sec.” Amber accessed the internet using the ‘psychic shields’ micro-computer network and images of fantasy pin-up girls flashed through her mind’s eye. Comments of, “Oh, that’s good” ...”wow I like that” ...”what a great idea,” was mumbled during this process, then she stopped. She looked at the other two and said, “Goddess, eh? You ain’t seen nothin’ yet. Think I’ll start at the feet.”

Her wedge sandals disappeared as her heels rose higher off of them. The feet then became slightly longer. At the balls of her feet, which themselves floated up four inches off the floor golden hooves appeared. Attached to the top of the hooves and traveling over the tops of the feet, silver sheened black PVC would be seen traveling upwards towards her heels where no supporting heels appeared at all. Thus, the effect gave her the appearance of actual golden ‘equine’ type feet. The back of her heels developed three chrome spikes in a row the longest of which, being an inch. The silver-black PVC continued on unabated all the way up her legs. As it reached her hips, her crotch was left exposed as the effect travelled around from there at a 45 degree angle around her sides up to a point in mid-back. From the top of her butt crack, a smooth four-foot long tail grew and seemed to have a life of its own. As the tail’s tip seemed to be vibrating, it was moving and probing its way towards her slit. The silver-black started again going up her arms from the back of her hands where a string of it looped around her middle finger. It ended in its present form just above her elbows, where it continued upward

from there converting to chrome bands circling up around and around until ending just under her shoulders. From the mid-back a strip of the PVC resumed its trip seemingly as if it was painted on her, up towards her neck. There it attached itself to a choker comprising of four rows of tightly spaced square studded low profile chrome spikes. From there two straps went down over her huge tits joining at a metal ring at the center of her cleavage, more straps radiating out from the ring appeared and formed a black web to accentuate like a cup-less bra. The straps went around her sides to connect back at the strip at her back in horizontal lines. Then within the center ring at the center of her tit's, a Ruby appeared. Her hair developed a turquoise color, a silver sheen could be seen as it reflected in the light, which was quite often. The hair had grown unusually thick, long, and had the effect of flowing in a slow current of water. The effect was astonishing, apparently dry looking hair fanning outward flowing constantly behind her in slow lazy waves and jerking to any sudden movements just like it would've had in water. At her eyes, instead of eye shadow, a line of a fine mist of airbrushed black went straight across from temple to temple. In the dark area of that black stripe where her eyes have been, there were golden glowing orbs with black spots for pupils. She then developed chrome lips which had the look of thin softness, framed in golden lip liner. Completing the look on her face was a light ash-grey blush on her cheeks. Her body then firmed up effectively accentuating her equestrian pose, particularly her legs.

"How you guys like that, eh?" Amber said as she was standing there being tail friggid.

Jason said, "Amazing, what effect are you using to stay up on your toes exactly?"

"Well the 'psychic shield' is an invisible force field, isn't it? That's what's holding up the heels of my feet. So, it's no sweat at all."

"Well you look positively lean, strong, lethal and out of this world, Amber," Jason said.

"Oh great, so now my look is 'old hat' again," Jess fumed, "Still, that tail of yours gives me an idea." At that point, at Jess's crotchless thong, what appeared to be a foot long dick had popped out.

Jason jokingly said, "What, got tired of being a girl?"

"No silly." Jess said, "With our powers we can assume the fantastic. It isn't really what it appears to be."

Both Amber and Jason stood there thinking they knew what a dick looked like and not making the connection. So Jess explained, "It's a magic, cybernetic, two way dildo dick. When it's attached to my cunt, it takes on the real form, function, and feeling of a dick because it magically taps into my sexual nerves. I can now get off my 'bopping my own baloney', I can even pee with it." Affecting a sound of a fairway huckster, Jess continued, "But that's not all, it even has two way vibrating action, either around, or up and down." Jess stood there and started caressing it.

Jason said, "May I examine it"?

"Sure".

"I know what my dick feels like when I work it," Jason said, "If you don't mind, may I tap into your sexual nerves magically and verify your claim while I handle it?"

"Okay"

Jason shut his eyes as his hand gripped around the dick's shaft. Right away he found something wrong, and he said so, "Jess, I'll do some adjustments, but first off, this skin is supposed to be able to move around on the surface of the shaft." Though he couldn't believe the realism of the feelings he got off of it, he did manage several small improvements to that effect. Still he wanted to feel the vibrating action for himself while he was still magically connected through Jess's nervous system. "Jess, turn on the vibrating action each separately please."

"So, you want a demonstration, eh?" Jess said, "Well, I'm disappointed so far, because I can't feel a thing since you've cut in. We'll try the circular action first then"

Jason own dick let off a shot of cum, as it itself felt like it had three separate weighted rings spinning around inside just under the skin, one near the tip, one at the middle and another at the base, all spinning in tandem.

"Now we'll try the vertical action"

Jason jumped and moaned, now the rings were each vibrating in an up and down fashion in tandem stationed where they were along the shaft. The rings combined that with a slow movement up and down, it felt akin to being sucked off in triplicate. He had another orgasm in response to that effect.

Jess turned it off and shoved Jason away. "Now, if you don't mind, I'd like my cybernetic magical two-way dildo dick back."

Jason had to wonder, "We're constantly on the 'hotwire', you'd think after all this time our 'equipment' would get used to being simulated. It's a good thing we're immortal, we'd have run out of cum a long time ago."

In fact, the floor in that area of the mall was actually getting slippery from all the cum they've been spewing. Fortunately, their 'psychic shields' extended the trio's desire to remain anonymous to that fact, and none of the mall patrons cared about the sight or smell of it as yet. One of the trio had wished it cleaned anyhow. One of them then suggested that their juices would be absorbed by their 'shields' outside that of directly fucking, and so it was.

Jason changed his natural one foot constant woody, into a permanent one foot magic cybernetic dick and said, "There, now I've got one too, it's not a two way dildo like yours Jess, just a cybernetic vibrating dick. Now since we've all acquired our own individual toys lets hit the sack for awhile." Jason whipped up for their bedroom what looked like a security camera half globe. Inside was a miniature bed that covered the whole bottom, then he popped it onto the ceiling.

Jess said, "Ah, would mall security figure out it's not one of their own?"

“So? Unnoticability spell for our home then” Jason said.

“Home? That? Shouldn’t we live in a castle on a mountain top?” Amber said angrily.

Jason replied, “Look at it this way, we can live anyway we want. For now we can have our nest up on the ceiling and look down upon the natives. Besides, I’ve still haven’t had my ‘fun’ with them yet, and being up there we can see the possibilities from the comfort of our bed”. So, they all shrunk to miniature and teleported inside. “Besides, I thought girls like malls, and now you’d get to live in one,” Jason concluded his argument. They had a constant threesome for two days up there. All the while Jason had told them he had suspended controllable cameras around the bed, recording their actions and reflecting the action from the cameras angles like they were hand held mirrors so that they can see for themselves how the view looks from the cameras point of view. When Jess and Amber asked Jason about the cameras, he mentioned something about, “breaking out of the closet.”

By that end, they were at least close to being satiated. So Jason then asked them to lie back and use the computing power from the ‘shields’ to edit the combined images of the four cameras into a twenty minute sex video. It took awhile but they got what they wanted. There was a scene for instance when Jess took off her two way dildo dick, with an audible ‘click’, and pulled it out of her cunt. The submerged portion had the look of a smooth black soft sided blade that she waved for the camera to see before she jammed it up Ambers slit. Now Amber had the dick, and it was vibrating as soon it had made its magical connections, then Jess humped on that. Amber was busy sucking on Jason’s dick, while he and Jess made with the caresses and kisses. Amber’s tail, now missing its usual love hole eventually found an ass to penetrate (Jason’s).

When the editing was done, Jason composed a greeting to stick on the end of the video. After much revision and re-editing, the message was this. From a camera high above their bed, showing all three lying down and facing up at it, Jason who was in the middle of the three announced, “We are the ‘Sex Goddess Trio’. Though I don’t look it, I’m Jason, the one on my right is Amber, and the one on my left is Jess. It was I who gave everyone on earth, out of danger of accident or lack of health; that famous wet dream. I am sorry as it was unintentional, and I promise it won’t happen again. Suffice to say, that incident and this video will stand for what we are, omnipotent sex goddesses. The wet dream resulted because as I’m your creator and all of you share a piece of my soul.” Jason then explained in detail how his universe came about. “I explained this to convey that I am the final arbiter of judgement in my universe, in the matter of sins committed. If you are becoming afraid for your lives, don’t be. We are already all powerful, we don’t need or want to rule. What we do want is to discuss a deal with a Pay Per View T.V. network about obtaining at least an hour’s air time. We intent to use the air time to introduce ourselves more appropriately to the public. Be mindful, we want a studio audience with the courage to have their bodies and minds changed for the better. For inducements to attend said audience, we will be offering magical implements for free.”

Jason then sent copies to the head editor’s desks of all the major newspapers. Suffice to say, it took an extra day before the news got out, because all the editors either thought it was a dirty joke before they threw the DVD into the garbage, or after seeing the start of the video, had stopped it

immediately to view it later at home. When the news finally did get out, everyone was in an uproar over it. Illicit copies of it appeared on the internet immediately, so everyone else saw the video as well as the news reports. The 'Trio' were certainly famous now.

While they waited for the news to sink in, between sex sessions; the trio prowled the mall. They revealed themselves but rarely and only when they did something really nice for a person. Like turning fat people thin. Case-in-point, Cindy McMurphy, thirty-three years old and already headed to a life in bed being fed to death. Currently weighting three hundred pounds and sitting in the food court when the trio spotted her.

"Ugh, what a tub of lard," Amber put in, as they sat around Cindy under the 'unnoticability' cloak.

"You got that right," Jess put in. "Jason what's the scoop on 'fat girl' here?"

Jason announced, "Cindy McMurphy's in a dysfunctional overweight family. Low self esteem as a result. Her emotional defence says she doesn't care what others think of her. This defence is pretty thin because of how lonely she is for intimacy. We'd have to not only slim her down but enforce a healthy lifestyle. Then get her family and friends to recognize the new her.

Amber chimed in, "Hey she read about us in the paper. Kinda hard to miss when we've made the front page, huh? If it weren't for that worldwide fuck session, we'd hardly rate a supermarket rag."

"Masturbation session," Jason corrected and concluded with, "Ready to reveal ourselves to her?"

With that they all appeared sitting around her, while they put her in a enforced calm state of mind. Cindy put down her milkshake and looked around her at the sight of three, over-the-top dressed show of boobage on three females, two in front and one beside her. She'd have screamed hysterically, but she just couldn't get up the nerve to make a spectacle of herself. "Why am I so calm?" she said. "I'm surrounded by the very people who claimed to given me those intense sexual thoughts. I know I should be scared out of my wits."

"That's because we don't want you to be scared. We're here to grace you with our help," Amber said.

"What, by turning into a tramp like you? No way," Cindy spat.

Jessica said, "Oh sure, we're self styled 'sex goddesses', but we're not really evil. It's true we can do anything we want with this universe, but we're no worse than the average human really."

With that, Jason did a instant transformation of Cindy's body to a slim one hundred twenty six pounds, with good health too. Her t-shirt and stretch waist pants reduced to fit as well. Concluding with, "That's just to start, honey. But if you want to stay that way, you'd need an attitude adjustment."

“Oh my GAWD, look at me. Talk about a weight loss program!” Cindy said as she began to feel herself up.

Indeed, though Cindy wasn’t too loud, people started to stare at her reactions, causing a word of caution from the trio. “Well why doesn’t anybody react to you guys?” asked Cindy.

“‘Unnoticability spell’, it’s how we surrounded you without you noticing that we were coming, only you can see us now” Amber said.

Oh, thanks, like that’s supposed to help me trusts you, still...thanks for the weight loss.”

“No prob.”

Jason chimed in, “There’s other issues that needs to be cleared up before we leave you like this.”

“Like what, you want my soul in return, is that it?”

The last question brought some laughter out of the trio while they stated, “no”. But they listed the fact that her friends and family needed an adjustment to the new ‘her’. That her taste in food would be forced to change for the better; low fat, healthy, less processed, etc. That she would find jogging a pleasure to do. Then finally, all her clothes that she owns would be ‘different’.

“Oh, wow, all of that too!” Cindy exclaimed.

That last outburst brought more looks from people nearby, as they decided to move away from that weird female, talking to thin air.

“Sure,” they said, “you approve then?”

“Yes, oh yes.”

“Done. I have two more items I can throw in.” Jason said, “Your self-esteem could be helped by having a career. I know you’ve always wanted to be a dentist. So, here’s the skills and knowledge.” Jason applied his palm to her forehead. “And here are the credentials.” Jason handed her diplomas and certificates, including a business license and lease agreement.

Cindy asked, “Lease agreement?”

“Yeah, here’s the keys to you new office. You have a business account too with a hundred thousand dollars to start hiring staff,” Jason cautioned, “I recommend that you stay with treating children under the age of fifteen, that’s your specialty. After we have our air time, everyone over the age of sixteen will be perfectly healthy, including their teeth. We’ll use the magic of fate to give you a quick boost in clientele before that happens.”

“Huh, what do you mean by that?”

"I plan to bless the world with a new society, starting with perfect health and youth up to the day they'd die at age one hundred. Because of that, some professions will suffer, true. But we'll strike a balance, not to worry," Jason said. With that, the trio disappeared from Cindy's notice, releasing their hold on her mind.

Cindy sat there, ogling her new fit body, and running her hands all over herself. She took a sip of her milkshake and almost retched at its sheer fatty sweetness. Just then she really noticed how people were staring at her, with mall security nearby looking menacing. *"Ooh, better go,"* Cindy thought to herself, as she got up to leave (more easily than she was ever been used to). *"Darn, maybe I should've asked for bigger tits too",* she thought, *"would've been nice to be a little bit bigger."* Her breast expanded from 'B' to 'D', telling her trio was still in the area. This set her off running more quickly for the exit.

Occasionally Jason or the others were left to their own devices. In those cases, who's to criticize going a bit more over to the 'dark side.' In particular case, Jason meets a hen pecked husband and decides to reverse his fortune.

"Hmmm, James Dooley, I can see that you work hard and deserve to do things that you enjoy on your weekends," Jason thought after he'd scanned him with his 'soul connection.' *"Jennifer Dooley, ugh...ugly as in battleaxe and here I see in your soul you have put the onus on poor James because he's not sexually interested in you anymore. You've been raking him over the coals because you two don't have anything in common in skills or interests. You've been making him feel guilty about his pastimes that don't include you. His only real fault is that he married you. Well wait until I get through with you my dear."*

Jason had put a calming effect on James before he made himself known to him, saying, "Hi there James Dooley, mind if I chat with you a bit?"

"Uh, s-sure, uh what do you want with me, you're not gonna do anything kinky are you?" While he noted the gigantic tits, foot long woody and sexy costume, and not knowing what to do with himself in the process.

Jason said, "I know you pretty well. It's a fact that you regard your wife as more of a problem than a wife. She demands satisfaction yet she just doesn't turn you on at all. She's ugly and overweight. You have to get yourself excited by looking at images you've downloaded off of the internet. You jerk off to pictures that are corrupted even further by the fact that they're morphed pictures of sexy models with huge knockers. Your wife knows this and makes your weekends a living hell."

"Hey buzz off, bad enough I get this shit from my wife. Looking like you do, I don't have to explain myself to you. By the way, why is it you out here in the open and no one seems to see you?" James put in.

“Only you get’s to see me, so better keep it quiet. Or else people would think you’re nuts, talking to thin air and all. Secondly, you got me all wrong, I’m here to solve your marriage problem,” Jason said.

“Ah no, you’re gonna castrate me, are you? My wife’s nearby you know.”

“Geesh, one magical being and they always jump to us being ‘evil’ by definition. Look dear, I and my associates aren’t ‘evil’ per se, just corrupted. Evil would damn and torture just for its own sake. We on the other hand, like to corrupt to facilitate pleasure. Everyone likes pleasure,” said Jason.

At that point, Jennifer was returning, with a look on her face that indicated that she’d noticed her husband’s odd behaviour and was about to ask a question when she froze in place.

“Uh, Jenny? Hello? HEY! What’d you do to her?” asked James.

“It isn’t what I did to her; it’s what I did to you. We’re in a vastly accelerated mode of time James. I still have some things to say, and I wanted ‘Jenny’ close by to show you what you can get from me,” Jason continued, “You know all of those pictures of morphed boobage you have in that hard drive file of yours?”

“James now looking rather anxious and unsure answered, “y-yeah?”

“What if you can have ‘Jenny’ here look like any one of those pictures at any time you want? You can do it from memory even, but the best bet is to look at any of those photos and just ‘think’ you want ‘Jenny’ to look like that. All her clothes will be sexual in nature and fit whatever her current body is. Also everyone she has ever associated with will never know she has ever changed. Everybody will still treat her like a regular person, even while she’s ‘dressed to kill’. To top it all off, she’ll always be nice and supportive of whatever it is you’re doing, and serve your needs.” Jason said

“Sounds kinda evil to me, but my life’s been real depressing with her as she is. It’s also every man’s fantasy to have a hot chick hanging on his beck and call. You don’t require anything in return for this favour?” James asked.

“Nope, I have plenty of power to spare here in my domain. Besides, I like giving people who are stuck in a lousy situation like you are, a break. A break the likes of which they’ve never had before. So, you want the blessing or what?”

“I feel kinda awful saying it, but yeah. Jenny’s really giving me no choice in the matter, so go ahead and do it. Just hope it don’t affect my karma or anything.”

“It’s done. Before we return to real time, why don’t you picture an image if you can, and change her. When you do, her attitude will change as well. Also understand, any picture would do for you when you want to change her. Since people will not regard her any differently, you can even make her into a movie or pop star with even bigger assets than the real McCoy’s have. That is, if you so desire.” With that, Jason ‘disappeared’ from James sight and watched.

James stood there running through the images he could still remember. He wanted to try one that was young, thin with overinflated knockers and wished it. At that moment, time started up again and his new and improved wife came up to James. She hugged her 61 inch tits into his chest and gave him a huge sexy smile, saying, "Come on darling, I've been dragging you through this store long enough, besides suddenly I feel like going to bed, don't you?"

As he was being led away by his sexy new trophy wife, he turned his head back to where the 'sex goddess' was last seen standing and mouthed a silent, "thanks".

It was because of these activities within the mall's environs that rumours started to circulate that the mall was somehow haunted. Mall patrons noticed how other people occasionally start acting weird. Never mind that some people noted how other people's appearances totally changed when they were looking right at them.

Two days after the 'shit had hit the fan'; the 'Sex Goddess Trio' decided to test their notoriety. They decided to take a stroll down a public street downtown, in their full glory. The normally crowded street emptied out in front of them when people saw them coming. "Fear of the unknown," Jason said, "pity." But after two blocks of this, a very worried looking old man approached them. The old man was looking like he was about to grovel his way into the ground. So when Jason noticed they were all standing next to a cell phone cabinet, he lifted the old man onto it so that they can make eye contact with him. Jason said, "Don't be scared, we won't hurt you."

Amber said, "You guys! Do you sense his heart? It's about to explode or blow an artery or something, we better slow it down for him."

Jess, touched the old man on the chest and began to instantly calm his heart and nerves. "Poor fellow, we appreciate the fact that you're the first to approach us." Jess said

"For that you deserve a blessing," Jason said. The others agreed. Sharing the old man's soul, Jason already knew what the old man wanted in order to brave the goddesses' attention. "He's sick of being in pain, old, tired, and of having to have worked hard in his life and having by fate and fortune the inability to have enjoyed it. He's so poor, living off of his government pension; he shares a cruddy apartment with four others in a slum area. His time on earth was so pitiful; he was been considering suicide for some time now. Having nothing left to lose gave him the courage to come to us, before any other had dared. His name is Albert John Smith, eighty one years old"

With this news the girls were cooing in sympathy, drawing closer. Though Albert was calmer now, still having three relatively unknown sex goddesses surround you would get anyone anxious as to what would happen next. Albert asked, "How'd you know all that?"

"If you'd heard or read about our introductory video, you'd know I share a piece of everyone's soul. I animated you with a piece which came out of my own soul you see. I am quite literally therefore, your god." Jason added, "It doesn't take much effort for me to surmise what's a person's about. That is except, excluding these two." Jason said while pointing out his companions.

Albert was feeling better almost before he even knew it, as the magical effects started. The aches in his joints faded, hearing became perfect, eye sight cleared, even his sense of smell improved. When his health reached, 'normal', he continued feeling even more better until he was highly fit. This prompted him to look at his hands and he noticed that they were still aged. Albert asked, "What gives? I feel like a million bucks, but I'm still old looking?"

"Keep in mind, 'Albert John Smith', that if we change your outward appearance, you will no longer be Albert John Smith. Understand?" Jason said, "You'd need a new identity. Do you want that?"

"Well yeah sure, if I'm gonna be given a new start in life. I don't have any other living relatives anyways. The only other people who'd miss me would be my roommates, and that's only because I help pay the rent. Mind you, I don't have any resources to start a new life at the moment; you have any ideas on that?"

"SURE" all three stated in unison, as if they'd already had come to an agreement. Jason continued, "You have had a hard life from the very beginning till now, and for now till you decide otherwise, you will become our first consort." Music started up which only the four of them can hear and feel, as the goddesses started gyrating and dancing provocatively to the tune of, "Gotta Hold On You (Uh, Oh It's Magic)." Sexuality started flowing through them and into Albert changing his appearance from that of an aged Caucasian male, to a twenty five year old man of Mediterranean origin, with smoky handsome looks. While they danced and pumped their hips the goddesses started flying off their feet as the sexual effect intensified. As the goddesses start flying around Albert in circles he himself lifted off the cell phone cabinet. The sexual sight that everyone else was watching while cowering inside the store fronts was simply amazing. Leaving some of the observing males thinking, "*D'oh, that could've been me if I only had the guts.*" Albert was already into his fifth orgasm, when twenty feet into the air, the dancing swirling panoply disappeared.

Back in their bedroom in the mall, Albert was treated like a guest of honour. They stated early on that it was imperative he stay mortal for now at least. So in order to help him keep up, they plied him with stamina and energy. He did keep it up for eight hours before they let him rest and recover. Then they got down to serious talking for awhile. Stating that what they are is what they will always be and weren't about to change for anybody else's sake. "Therefore, as our first consort", they said to him, "they needed a mortal go between as normal as the rest of the population. He's to announce the goddess's arrival at events and meetings, and that Albert was to function in the capacity of intermediary." They in turn will take care of him and keep him in safe, fed and entertained. Jason applied further knowledge of their history by putting into Albert's mind what's been happening until then. That concerned Albert a bit as he found out from the information, what exactly they could do.

Albert then realized his universe was really only a few days old. Albert turned to look at Jason and said "You really are god!" in astonishment.

"Haven't I've been telling you that?" Jason said.

"But you're just a sixteen year old boy. A good looking piece of ass with a dick mind you, but a boy, none-the-less."

"Thanks", Jason replied.

"Well it's not fair that I've suffered so terribly a hard and niggardly life for eighty one years, and you gets to play GOD at the tender age of sixteen! I can't say that I'm pleased with the unfairness of it all," said Albert, "You and your eighty inch tits and that big vibrating dick."

"Yes, the dick." Jason said, "I can't even enjoy you at the moment, and Jess gets to enjoy the best of both worlds. Try as I might, I can't fight it anymore, I wanna cunt." With that Jason reached down and detached the dick, and in its place was a new virgin slit. The dick in 'her' hand developed the smooth rounded blade like that of Jess's magic cybernetic two way dildo dick, and then she laid it aside. Then she adjusted the physiology of her brain to that of a female to finalize the conversion. "You can now call me Jasmine; I always did like the sound of that name anyways."

"Hey Jess let me try my cunt out on you for a bit?"

"Sure, hop on my dick for a change, why don't you, 'my girl'.

That statement brought a small involuntary shudder from Albert when his implanted memories came up with the fact that they were at one time, mother and son.

"A bit", turned out to be an hour of mind blowing new sensations for Jasmine as they caressed, kissed and fucked with Jess's cyber dick in alternate settings. "Thanks, that was 'educational'," Jasmine said to Jess when they'd finished at last. Jasmine got off, and rolled over to where her dildo dick was laying and shoved it back in.

Then they heard a commotion outside in the mall and they all moved to the edge to look down at the scene. There was a mother of about forty, with an unremarkable figure and her black hair in a mess like she was in a harried state. She was wearing a long sleeved light red blouse and light brown pants, her shoes were a pair black slip on flats. She was determinedly arguing with her daughter with a haggard looking face that had a look of sheer exasperation. The daughter looked to be about seventeen, also with an unremarkable figure, with her blond hair in a pony tail down to her upper shoulders. She had on a light blue pull over blouse, with blue jeans and sneakers. She was expressing her argument with a pout on her lips and a sad look in her eyes.

"Mom, come on, why can't I go out to see Candace. You've grounded me from going to visit her at her house for a year."

Amber said, "Geesh that is severe"

Jess said, "Well let's not convict the mother for caring for her child yet."

The mother replied, "Well you were found by the police at an 'out of control' house party, high on this Ecstasy crap. The police called me at 2 A.M. in the morning for what you've told me was

supposed to be a 'sleep over'. You're NEVER going to Candace's house again, as far as I'm concerned Susan, never.

"There," Jess said, "I think the punishment does fit the crime."

Amber, while after sticking out her tongue at Jess said, "Well, it probably did start out as a sleep over and got out of control afterwards. That really wouldn't have been her fault then would it? Jaso... ah I mean Jasmine, can you scan them?"

"Already done, and your both right," Jasmine said, "It was Candace's fault really. As Candace bought some Ecstasy for her sleep over, rumour got out that she and her friends were going to have a party at her place. Seems Candace was proud of the fact that she managed to score a kind of drug that encourages illicit sex, so she blabbed about it too much. See apparently, Candace is a closet lesbian. That mother's child Susan was innocent by her lack of knowledge of the trap she was getting into, and peer pressure to try the drug. Susan had already ingested the drug by the time people had started coming over for the rumoured house party, and the rest is history."

Amber gave a look to Jasmine as if to indicating an idea had passed between them.

Then Jasmine announced, "We're going down there to settle the issue and bring peace to their relationship. I'll take the girl Amber; you can have the mother."

Jess tried to stop them to enquire what they're planning, saying, "Wait... Dammit, why do I get the feeling I won't like the result," while looking over at Albert for commiseration.

The scene changed dramatically down below as Jasmine and Amber re-appeared. The mother now had a figure with 'DD' breasts in a push up bra and now wore her hair down in waves that had dark blue highlights. She had on a short sleeved half shirt that just managed to reach back under her assets with a hole down the middle expressly to provide a window of her cleavage with two words, one over each mound that said, "Open here." Her pants had become mini-shorts, and she was wearing knee high black boots with chrome 5 inch stiletto heels. She appeared happy and even rested, as her smiling face was sporting conservatively slutty makeup*. She had a large leather bag over her shoulder.

*(*I know, sounds like an oxymoron, but it is a slutty mother we're talking about after all, apparently she still had some standards)*

The daughter, for her part now sported forty eight inch balls for boobs, like she just came back from a boob operation in Thailand (She did too, paid for by her parents). Her blond hair now streaked with pink highlights was tied with thin pink ribbons into two pony tails over both ears in a cute puppy dog style. She was wearing a sexy school girl's outfit, with a white unbuttoned shirt with no bra, tied under her tits in a knot that looked precariously like it might give way under the pressure. She had on also a short plaid mini-skirt and panties, and finally mimicking her mother with the same style boots. 'Suzy' as she was now called stood there lightly stroking her twat through her skirt in public view. If her mother had noticed this as she was talking, she didn't seem to care.

Jasmine made it easy for them to eavesdrop in on the relatively quiet conversation from near the beginning. "...here take this," the mother handed over the shoulder bag, to 'Suzy', explaining what's inside. "You got some nice costumes for your sleepover with Candace because I want you two to continue having a great time while 'getting to know one another'. There's an excellent video camera in here too, see if you can convince someone else to film you guys in action. I've included some ecstasy and pot in case you need to get her and her friends to get to loosen up some more. Hopefully the sleep over won't get crashed again, I'd like a more intimate setting if possible.... but see what you can do otherwise. You can make good money in porno films like I did you know, I had a good run in the porno industry myself. This 'sleepover' will be a good training run if you do it right honey. Last thing I want is for you to go 'walking the streets', with those investments (she indicated Suzy's tits). Who knows, you could be a big star honey, you're sexy as hell," She finished with a kiss that was a little too passionate for being in public.

"There now," said Amber, "at least they're on the same wavelength."

Jess looked over at Albert, and as Albert was now the oldest member of the group, he recognised a look in her eyes that told him they'd be a reckoning, and soon. Though neither he nor Jess said anything about the corruption of what was supposed to have been a decent family.

Right then Jess's eyes locked on someone in the mall and she cursed, "That bitch! During a work day and it's not even time for lunch, what the fuck is she doing here now!"

"What, who?" asked Jasmine.

"The reason I was getting so wiped out at work lately, that's Yvonne. I'm a receptionist at the front of the office, as you well know. Technically I don't have to do the work she's been off loading on me, despite her having a secretary already. Yvonne's been goofing off and now I'm sure of it. She's been threatening me to do her work, giving me deadlines to complete her proofreading and shit. I've seen her private secretary, she's frazzled, and her desk is overloaded with paperwork." Jess said, "Fine, time for some payback."

"Can we come along then?" both Amber and Jasmine asked.

"Okay, as long as you two stay out of it and out of sight under the unnoticability cloak, you can bring along Albert too if you want." Jess teleported to the office under cloak, as the others blinked in after her and took up stations by a corner.

There was the old Jessica, sitting at the desk typing away furiously at her computer, answering calls, taking messages, etc., etc., etc., looking frazzled herself. Jess came up to the front of the desk. As Jess wanted Jessica's complete attention, she remembered what Jason did in the 'old' days. She sped up Jessica and everyone in their crew thus freezing everyone else in the office in place. Jess, while still under the unnoticability cloak, just let her voice be heard. She softly said, "Jessica, don't be alarmed, I'm here to make you and your son's life easier."

Jessica looked up and saw no one and hurriedly thought she was 'losing it'. She had no time to stop now, even though she noticed that the office ambiance seemed 'off'. After briefly glancing up she went right back to work. That's when Jess appeared in front of her in her full glory, which fortunately, was partly obscured by the front desk. Jessica had a fright, which turned to horror as she recognised the character in front of her as one of the self described, 'Sex Goddess Trio'.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, calm down, I'm a friend. I'm here to help you with your life" Jess said.

Scared for her life, Jessica said, "What the hell kind of character like you have anything to do with me for?" Thinking right then that what she just said might have just resulted in insulting a demon witch of some sort, and she was going to die any second.

"Because," Jess said, "at one time not too long ago I was you, Jessica."

"What!" Jessica nearly screamed, "Why the hell would I look like you!? I don't understand!?"

Jess said, "It's a long story. But think it through, if I am so all powerful, and claim that I was you at one time, don't you think I would be really willing to be helpful to you?"

"Yeah but you're certainly really ah..., fr-freakish looking now. I mean, what's got into me....you... m.mme? Jessica said while trying to calm down.

"Like I said, long story, and I not here about that, I'm here for you and that bitch I just saw at the mall," Jess said.

"What bitch?"

"That bitch that makes five times your income and hardly does anything, while she off loads her work on you and her secretary."

"You said you saw her at the mall just now? What time is it?", and while looking at the wall clock she said, "That bitch! And for that matter, after all the commotion we've just put the office through, why hasn't anyone looked in on us? It seems awfully quiet."

Jess said, "From our point of view, it would appear that I've stopped time, when in reality, I've sped us up to the point that everything else slowed to a halt."

"Get out of town!" Jessica got up to look around and noticed everyone else throughout the office looked like manikins. She walked rather unsteadily back to her desk at the front of the office and shakily sat back down. "That's it, I'm asleep and I'm dreaming. I'm gonna be fired. Wait a minute; I remember some of the details of that message you guys sent out. If it wasn't for that 'wet dream' effect, I would have thought the whole thing was a hoax. I was at work when I just could not stop imagining these sordid images and that constant powerful continuous orgasm."

At that Jasmine perked up and walked up to the front of the desk near beside Jess. Jess noticed the movement but was still intent upon Jessica.

Jessica continued, "That story of a new universe that was created as a copy from the universe they'd...you came from. Now you claim you're me."

"Was you," Jess corrected.

"Then what happened to your Jason?"

Jasmine appeared before Jessica, and said, "Hi mom."

Jessica fainted dead away, eliciting a heated statement of, "You've always hated me, didn't you!?" from Jess.

Jasmine thought Jessica's feint was funny so she didn't quite catch on to the danger sign. They were both busy with getting Jessica back up and conscious again as it is. So that meant that Jasmine and Jess were behind the front desk helping Jessica up and Jessica saw the rest of their costumes, including the foot long dicks sticking out of their crotches.

"Y-you, I'd swear, I heard y-you c-call me 'mom', am I right?" Jessica asked cringing a bit from the oversized tits and cocks that were now much closer to her. Marvelling at the diamonds they sported and the stiletto heels "Are you, ah, were my son Jason. Shaking her head quickly, restating "Her Jason?"

"Yep"

"What the hell happened? I don't fucking want the 'It's a long story bullshit either'" Jessica said.

"Fine I'll pass the knowledge to you directly then," while Jasmine was about to touch Jessica's forehead.

"THE HELL YOU WILL", Jess said in that godlike voice again, "I will pass it on, properly edited. She's me and I know just what she needs in the way of info." She touched Jessica's forehead, and the story, minus the corruption at Jason's school, and the effect of the 'hotwire' that led to her own initial downfall, amongst some other details.

"I got most of it, thanks; I still have gaps though it'll suffice for now." Addressing Jasmine, Jessica said, "Young... girl, if that's what you are, I don't appreciate what you did to that mother and daughter in the mall."

"Well, they're on the same level, and playing 'nicely' with each other now."

Mumbling to herself, Jessica said, "Yeah, the gutter level."

"Anyways," Jess cuts in, "I'm here to fix your problem."

"Yeah and how's that?" Jessica replied.

"I'd say we have Yvonne trade careers with you," Jess said.

“What! she’d supposedly has the qualifications for doing her job, I don’t. I wouldn’t know the first thing about it. I bet she even couldn’t even do mine,” Jessica said.

“One doesn’t have to sweat the details when you have an intelligence driven method of making wishes come true,” Jess said.

“What do you mean by that?”

“We have with our method of magic, an ‘interface’ that determines our best intent and the necessary details that needs servicing to make a spell come out the way we want it. Complicated wishes become simpler to apply. What we want is for you two to switch places as a means to: One, rectify the injustice that’s been done to you. And Two: Because knowing you was me in a past life, I want to provide you with her level of income,” said Jess. “You see I otherwise would probably have to determine every detail almost on a step by step method. ‘Every detail’ would have to be thought out, if it weren’t for our ‘Psychic Shield’. It has billions of high powered computers to help carry out my instructions in the fashion I want it. I do have to give at least some vague direction as to how I want the spell to take shape as. I do know your job in any event. But given what you already said about our lack of knowledge about Yvonne’s position and its required qualifications, the ‘shield’ would automatically give you the knowledge and qualifications to do her job. Then it would place her in your job with your skill set and qualifications. Naturally since the blessing is for you, you would be allowed to remember the switch, while she’d think she’d been in your shoes all this time. As a result of losing her previous identity, her memories and fates dating back probably to her early school days, will have to be adjusted for her to fit into her ‘new’ lifestyle, ,” Jess concluded.

“Cool, though I think the punishment lacks the personal touch that’s lost when she loses her memories,” Jessica said.

“Hmm, you remember that movie, ‘Click’? I’ve watched it, so I know you do. You know the scene where the Adam Sandler character gets to pause the action, and kick the ex’s wife’s new boyfriend in the nuts? I’ll stage the switch so you’d get to give her a kick in the ass as she’s sitting down in her chair, would that do?”

“Hehe, heaven, let’s do it,” said Jessica.

“Let’s get you out of ‘her’ chair then. Now when she appears here in the office, unlike everyone else, she’ll just be paused within our speeded up time frame. If you were to kick her and she’s a member of the slow people’s time frame, your kick would likely send her to the stratosphere when we return to normal time. The ‘Shield’ is ‘Psychic’ for a reason, it sometimes gives a heads up to our minds about the method of its doings and why. In so doing it helps to make us goddesses seems more intelligent,” said Jess as the victim appeared frozen and already with her ass sticking out as if she was in the process of sitting.

“The switch has already taken place, by the way. Her duties ought to be in your head now, Jess said.

Jessica had new knowledge and insight alright. She saw something that didn't quite jibe with the duties and what Yvonne was doing up until then. Jessica asked, "Can you go back to what Yvonne was doing up until this switch, something about her actions doesn't seem right."

"Yes, the 'shield' had already picked up on her activities and identified that she'd been embezzling from the company. Apparently, her goofing off was a result of her preparations to run off with millions in company funds. I wouldn't be surprised if she'd put everyone here out of work in the process," Jess said.

With that Jessica gave Yvonne a good swift kick in the ass. Jess said, "Give her one for me too." Followed by another kick. "Fine we'll let her sit in the chair," Jess said, while moving the office chair in place under an all too soon to be sore ass. Okay Jessica, why don't we get you over here by the front door, as if you have just came in the door on your way to your 'new' office.

Jessica was in the process of compliance when without thinking, noted that Jasmine's dick was always erect. Slightly offended that her 'son', would be so 'excited' to see her she said, "Is that's for real, or are you excited to see me," indicating the appendage.

"Oh, this thing?" Jasmine said, while pulling out the dildo dick and handing it over to Jessica. "Here you can try it out."

Jessica, seeing the life like appendage linked to a soft black blade oozing cum off of it, she promptly fainted again.

Jess, having seen the exchange flew into a rage. In her godlike voice again and as loud as can be she screamed. "YOU NEVER DID LIKE ME BEING YOUR MOTHER, DID YOU? THAT'S IT, I'M OUT OF HERE," with that Jess teleported out of the office.

Jasmine sank to her knees in shock, uncomprehending. "What did I do, it was only just a little fun..."

"I'll tell you what you did you imbecile." Albert yelled out from where he was standing. "From the get go, you been shoving Jess's role of motherhood back into her face at every turn. You corrupted her and that was the beginning. But what of that mother and child in the mall, you've managed again to corrupt motherhood in front of Jess. Now right here again, you gave to her former self a tool of Jess's own corruption right into her hands," as Albert pointed to the now unconscious Jessica. "What would YOU feel like if you own offspring keeps spitting back into your face, the years of raising a child? What it means to Jess of being your mother?"

Jasmine, after hearing what she'd really done was wracked with tears. "I've lost her, I've lost Jess. Oh my god what have I done?"

Amber came over to console and encourage Jasmine. "Jasmine, please, go to Jess. She's still on planet, I can sense her. Try to get her to understand, you meant nothing by it. Go to her."

With that, Jasmine seemed to pull herself together and teleported out to where Jess was sitting on a beach. Jess sensed the intrusion and in her anger turned on Jasmine saying, "Here, you can have this, I've had it with the 'sex goddess' routine." After handing her cyber dick to Jasmine, she turned and zoomed off straight into space. Jasmine could do nothing but sink into despair again. While Amber, sensing Jess's departure appeared on the beach to console Jasmine.

"Amber, I...I don't know what to do. I ca-can't f-force her back, I-I'd have to force a mind change. Attack her 'shield', I'd be committing an evil.... what am I to do?"

"Fortunately, calmer heads will prevail 'my girl'. We go back in time and fix it from the point before you popped in to scare Jessica that first time. Since it's your universe, you could make it universal wide to be sure every detail including Jess's shield will have a reset. Except you, me and Albert that is. That way we'll be around to remind you not to be so dense the next time. Okay?"

"Sounds like a plan, thanks Amber."

Everything had restarted at the point where Jessica had asked about Jess's Jason. Only Jasmine didn't even make an appearance, just strolled under cloak over to Jess's side. Jess, on the other hand had sensed the sudden sombreness of the group and knew something odd had just happened. But answered Jessica's question. "You seen the announcement we've made have you Jessica? The one leading the intro IS Jason." Jess put in, "It's HIS universe after all."

"Th-that female looking thing is Jason!? Giving her head a shake Jessica restated, "Your Jason? Okay, tell me what going on and don't give me that, 'It's a long story, B.S.'." Jess applied her palm to Jessica's forehead to gave her the edited version. Jessica responded, "Just what does he, I mean she, thinks she's doing to that mother and child in the mall? Makes me want to slap my own Jason for having such a creatively dirty mind."

"I'll give you leave to slap mine, if you want." With that Jess reached over and grabbed Jasmine by the back of the neck and told her to reveal herself while shoving her along with her upper torso over the front of Jessica's desk.

"YOU BITCH", *slap*! As the palm of Jessica's hand hit solidly across Jasmine's face, before Jessica had a chance to notice how 'Jason' had changed.

Jess, knew something was terribly amiss when Jasmine didn't offer any resistance what-so-ever, and just cowered in shame.

The routine went pretty much the same as last time up to the point where Jessica made the same snide remark about Jasmine's apparent erection. Jasmine froze in panic, not knowing what to do, then just turned around. This brought about the same observation from both Jessica and Jess that something was definitely 'off'. But given Jess's experiences so far and her, 'Psychic Shields' aiding of her powers of deduction, she figured out that the cause was due to her own corruption.

Anyways, the office scene was restarted with Jess and Jessica now under cloak after they said “goodbye” to Jessica. Yvonne was crying about her sore ass as she just landed it on her chair. Jessica took pleasure in observing Yvonne’s situation stated, “Oh sorry to hear that, you need some Preparation H or something?” As she continued to ‘her’ office, said “Hi” to ‘her’ secretary, went in and sat behind ‘her’ desk.

The gang was there too, under cloak while Jessica started checking out her new digs. Pulling the desk drawers open to see what was inside. Jessica found a Magic Cybernetic Two-Way Dildo Dick inside, with a small note attached explaining it was from Jess, and it’s magical functions. Jessica kept looking around as if to see any one spying on her. Got up to stick her head out of her door and explain to her secretary she needed 15 minutes of privacy. She then locked the door behind her. She raced to her chair behind her desk tilted it back and just before she was to open her legs up.... Jess turned on Jasmine blocking Jasmine’s view.

“You want to see me screw myself over again don’t you?” Jess demanded

Jasmine was in a panic, “NO! Honest! That wasn’t me! I didn’t put that there! Please!!

“Oh I know you didn’t, I did, just a little going away gift to help alleviate executive stress. You on the other hand can’t help but to watch, can you? You want to see your mother fuck herself silly. LOOK INTO MY EYES AND TELL ME.”

It was at this time Jess had Jasmine backed up against the wall. Jasmine was in denial, but couldn’t for the life of her respond as requested, by looking Jess in the eyes. With added badgering Jasmine was wedged on the floor with her arms up in defence before she teleported out of there.

Jess turned around and looked over at the other two, and Amber decided she’d take Albert straight back to the mall bedroom. Jess stood there, with a smirk on her face thinking, “*Motherhood’s a bitch,*” to the sounds of Jessica’s moans. “*But I don’t think I’m done playing hardball with ‘my girl’ just yet.*” Then disappeared.

Jasmine had teleported under cloak to a bench in the mall nearby their ‘home’ on the ceiling. She was crying and melancholy and sensing she’d somehow did deserve the treatment she’s been getting. She sent out waves of feelings to other mall patrons as to, ‘not to approach this bench’, so that she could maintain her privacy.

She sat there moping when Amber came up to her and offered consolation. “There, there, ‘your moms has been tough on you, but in retrospect I guess you had it coming to you, huh?”

“Yeah, I really am sorry it is my mom after all, the way she used to be. I shouldn’t go messing around with that whole motherhood thing. I just couldn’t stop watching that scene in the office. I...I just again wasn’t thinking...I...

Just then Amber changed instantly into Jess and Jasmine fell off the bench in a fright. Then in a rage, saying, “Oh you’re despicable you know that”! As she hauled herself up off the floor.

Jess taunted, "Oh you poor dear, let's make it up with some more sex then, shall we?"

"NO"! Thanks to you, I'm not in the mood, thank you very much."

"Well actually neither am I, guess it's time to raise the 'hotwire' to ten then."

"Your incorrigible Mom! Fine, you're on, I'll need to go to level fifteen then!"

With that Jess and Jasmine popped into the bedroom while Amber, after seeing that last display, takes Albert to the food court for something to eat. Amber had observed to Albert during their lunch, "Wish I had a mother like that. At least she cares about what goes on inside Jasmine's head. My mother wouldn't care less what I thought."

To which Albert replied, "I don't think the 'fireworks' has ended just yet."

Indeed, when a couple of hours of sweet fucking had ended, Jess got a look at Jasmine's jewelled watch and said to Jasmine, "Let's go out." Grabbing Jasmine by the wrists she'd teleported both of them to just outside of Jason's school under cloak. "School is letting out just now" She said, "I can even see some of the girls you did the first time, isn't that charming?" As Jasmine scowled at Jess, this world's Jason appeared out of the school's exit. Jess had Jasmine fall in behind Jason, while they continued talking. Jasmine knew something was still 'up' with Jess.

"How many hours out of the day did you really work Jasmine, excluding recess and lunch?" Jess asked.

"Well we have a nine a.m. start to 3:30 in the afternoon. Six and a half hours minus an hour and a half for lunch and both recesses, so that's five hours," Jasmine stated.

"Whereas I work eight hours minus one hour for lunch and coffee breaks, for seven hours. You owe me two hours a day. That's not to mention the summer, winter and spring breaks you get, that amounts to three months to my three weeks I get off a year, Jess concluded.

"Your point being?"

"I know you've kept yourself out of trouble for my sake while I was raising you, I appreciate that. In particular during the time when Yvonne was about to cash out on my employer, and I was so stressed and tired from working long hours. I could've used more help around the house though, and a guarantee that you would do your homework more studiously, Jess said.

To wit, Jasmine's gaze took on a look of sheer determination upon hearing about this, stopped in her tracks and raised a finger directly at the back of Jason's head, saying: "Listen Jason and listen good for a geas be on your head, for two added hours a day you work on the home or the work of school instead."

With that Jess thought things were definitely turning around. "*Just one more final touch to be sure,*" she thought to herself. "Jasmine, come along 'my girl' let me take you somewhere else." Jess took

Jasmine by the hand and teleported her not only through space, but through time as well. They arrived in the kitchen area of their 'old' house under cloak again, just as Jess's mortal self had arrived. In through the front door Jessica had casts off her shoes and was rummaging through her purse. Then Jessica continued whizzing through the kitchen on her way to her bedroom. The two goddesses could plainly see the dildo dick was in her hand as she passed by them. Jessica entered her bedroom whereas she'd shut the door behind her.

Jess still hadn't let go of Jasmine's hand and had started to pull her towards the door of the bedroom. Jasmine started to panic, trying to pull away, and pleading. They were both pulling quite hard before Jasmine, in the sheer fright of self preservation teleported once again back to their mall bedroom. There under her own spell Jasmine curled up in a ball and fell asleep for awhile.

Meanwhile, the 'real' Jessica had just entered her home after her first day as an executive, feeling quite on top of the world. Jessica dropped off her work shoes and blazer, and ventured into her kitchen to see Jess sitting; having already made a pot of coffee and popped a plate of donuts. Apparently, that first vision of Jessica was a simulacrum made by Jess. Jasmine, while under the stress of realization and panic, didn't notice the lack of soul consciousness the simulacrum had.

"So how was your first day as the boss lady?" Jess asked.

"Marvellous, a challenge too, particularly picking up on the current events in upper management," Jessica mused, "But I bet that's not all you wanted to see me about."

"Just came by to say that you'll find Jason more helpful around the house, and that his grades ought to improve. You shouldn't have to worry about the 'home front'," Jess said.

To wit they got to walking like any females who knows each other like the closes of sisters should.

Jason called from his bedroom, "Hi mom, back from work!? How was your day!?"

"Fine dear, today's been like a miracle, I'm quite happy about the way things turned out today!"

"Cool, I got to finish this homework tonight, mom. For some reason I feel driven to get it perfect. Call me for dinner when you can, love ya."

"You did something to him, did you? Jessica said to Jess.

"Well technically... Jasmine did it... at my suggestion," as she explained the geas.

"Oh, well, I should be angry, but I can't. I just can't see any down side at the moment," Jessica said as they continued to talk for another hour.

Later that day when Jess had returned to their roost in the mall, she found a repentant Jasmine awake and apparently full of conviction about respect for the sanctity of motherhood and how she'd taught her well about not messing with it.

"I'm really sorry mom, you know I love you and respect you, please don't be angry with me," Jasmine tearfully pleaded.

"It's okay now, even with you calling me mom again. Despite my corruption, I feel content once again. Just don't remind me again by screwing up any more parents like you did earlier, okay?"

"Sure thing mom," Jasmine replied with a deep kiss.

Albert had to wonder at the odd behaviour of this relationship when Amber spoke up. "Well, that's all fine and dandy you two, but you know not all mother's are deserving of respect you know. In fact I wish I had you for a mother Jess. Mine's the shits."

"Oh? Do tell," replied Jess.

"I think its best I show you by that forehead thingy, if it's okay with you two?"

"Sure", they both replied. Through the contact with their minds the story of how Amber was raised became instantly clear. Including the emotional trauma of sexual abuse meted out by Amber's mother. Almost every day after she returned from school, Amber's mother would sodomize her. All the while telling her 'it's because you dress like a tramp', as her excuse to Amber as to why she was tempted. Amber's father wasn't any help either, because by the time he got home from work by seven in the evening, he was always too tired care. Other than taking the mother's side of the story as the truth.

Amber replied in tears after the contact was broken. "I can't bear the fact of letting this world's Amber to persist in this suffering; I want to do something for her."

"Well," Jasmine said, "You have to admit mom, that there's at least one type of mother deserving of the type of treatment we could give. Wouldn't you agree?"

sigh "Yes, I agree, but how to go about this task in the most 'poetic' way possible? I'd like to think that we could tailor the reprisal to suit the crime. We'd all have to agree on the appropriate response," Jess offered.

Jasmine just had to ask Amber though, "I hope, given what happened to you at home, that I didn't really affect you badly with what I did to you at school a few days ago? I mean geesh, now I know why you've always dressed in those baggy clothing. I'm sorry for it now, I mean for what I did."

"Don't sweat it Jasmine," Amber replied. "Because of you I had fun with sexual fulfillment. The 'hotwire' did teach me that sex is sensuous fun. I for one got off on being the one to give it instead of taking it from my mother. So maybe I'm not pure as driven snow. Like you, I like to see people get corrupted into their ultimate sexual form, it turns me on. But sex shouldn't be about torture, or taking advantage. I guess we can split hairs along the lines of the difference between 'evil' and 'corruption'. Corruption isn't evil if people actively allow for it and participates in doing it to themselves.

"I like that." Jess put in, "If we'd applied to the whole world, a way to 'level the playing field' where there be no more jocks verses nerds. Or ugly fat female's verses fashion models. Perfect health for all until a set date of death arrives. Imagine having any kind of body you'd want for any given purposes or occasions."

Jasmine replied, "I've been thinking exactly along those lines when I told that new dentist of ours to concentrate on children under age sixteen. Perfect health and age would devastate the health industry. But lately it's been getting too costly to keep up with the medical expenses. That and along with a myriad of other pressures, the medical profession should be pared back severely. In any event, we'll go over those details later shall we? I want to get after Amber's problem A.S.A.P."

So it was that an Amber of this world was approached by another Amber of a very different kind...while walking home from school.

"Don't be alarmed Amber," a voice out of thin air said.

"What, who said that! Please don't hurt me who ever you are ... wherever you are. Am I going nuts?"

"No, you're not," the voice answered. "I've come to you under the spell of invisibility, so as not to alarm you any more than you are now. I hope that you may even think of me as your 'fairy godmother' in time, though I'm a very odd looking one. I'm going to appear to you, and only you. To everyone else, you'll appear to be talking to thin air. So I advise not to get too animated in your conversation with me, okay?"

"O-Okay..., whoa what the fuck!? Are those your boobs?... holy (you're a) cow!! Hooves instead of feet!!! A tail!! Oh my gawd, you weren't kidding about your appearance. Hey, I know you, your one of those sex goddesses, that claimed our universe was created by one of you. Wow, I rate a sex goddess? I'm not sure if that's a good thing... is it? Wait a minute, I saw that video you guys made. I watched it three times while I was on the internet. You were introduced as Amber, I'm Amber, of course you know I'm Amber, you just said my name a minute ago. That's a coincidence, isn't it?"

"Heh, I told you not to get to animated, oh well at least no one's around to watch you lose your marbles. To tell the truth, it's not a coincidence, I'm you from another dimension.

With a jaw dropping expression, this world's Amber asked the otherworldly Amber, "Okay, can I faint now?"

"Not if I can help it, you won't. Look, I'm here to help you with your 'mom' issues. Since I'm you, I know all about it. And NO, my mom doesn't look like anything remotely resembling this getup I'm wearing. You could say I got like this 'after' running away from home. My cohorts are waiting for you to arrive at home, so why don't we teleport there right now?"

"Teleport.... whoa, hey that's convenient I'm in the living room. Mom...?"

This world's Amber is faced with the scene of her mother sitting bolt upright in a living room chair stock still, with a look of pure fright in her eyes. The other two goddesses sitting in the couch nearby said, "Hi Amber, nice to see you 'again', we've made the necessary preparations."

"You mean she can't hurt me ever again, for real?"

"Right now she can't move a muscle," Jess said.

"You can address her in any fashion that you like before we pass sentence on her. The effect we're going to place on her will be permanent, so now's the time to tell her how you really feel," Jasmine added.

This world's Amber approached the sitting form of her mother slowly with anger in her eyes. *SLAP* Went her hand across the lady's face, as hard as can be. Then she turned around saying to the others, "I have nothing to say. What are you going to do to her?"

"You have the support of three sex goddesses in that your mother not only failed in raising her child properly. But that she abused our notion that sex can, and should be fun. She damned you while forcing herself on your person against your will. To that effect we commend her to you. You can have the choice of anything from complete mind and body control, to just getting her to ignore you sexually," they all said in unison.

"Wow, spooky how you guy spoke all together like that." *laugh* "Guess you're all of one mind about this," this world's Amber had joked. "Funny when it really comes down to it, one's anger disappears right at the moment you get to serve justice. I don't want to be or do any worse than what she did to me."

Our Amber replied, "Vengeance disappears in front of the scales of justice, doesn't it. Still, this is Jasmine's universe; she'll back you with no reprisal on our part. She's the final arbiter of justice in this plane of existence."

"By the way, what do you mean by total mind and body control?"

"Just what it sounds like," Our Amber said, "we're magical beings so the effects you'll have on her could be almost limitless. Morph her body into a life size Barbie Doll, make her into your little sister and beat the snot of her or have her grow a dick and then get her to pleasure you properly. On the mental side you can make her as dumb as a doorknob, turn her into a regular 'Stepford wife' sporting a big cheesy grin serving you hand and foot, or turn her into a braniac and get her to do your homework for you."

"Nix that last suggestion you Ambers you, you won't learn anything that way," Jess put in.

"May as well listen to her, 'cause that's what a real mother sounds like," our Amber sighed.

"Okay, I like to take the whole package then. But what about my dad, wouldn't he notice?"

"No, he'll keep on doing what he does best. Ignore what's going on with you and her. In fact, everybody they know personally won't seem to notice a difference, we'll see to that. She could appear like a stripper to you, but our magic will keep your family and their casual relations unawares," Jess said.

"Okay then," they all said, "your wish is granted, from this moment on you're in control of your very own mother." Then they disappeared from sight.

"Hmmm", this world's Amber wasn't convinced they were really gone. So she charged at the areas the goddesses were last seen, while waving her hands frantically. Under cloak they had to comment that this Amber weren't a rube. Fortunately their 'psychic shields' anticipated Amber's suspicions and had them go ethereal as well. The Trio did want to watch however, Jasmine, even asked Jess if it was okay in this case to do so, and permission was granted.

Satisfied that the three sex goddesses were gone, Amber turned on her mother and ordered her to stand up and do a pirouette. "Oh, that's divine," after laughing at her mother's efforts, "but now's the time to set the ground rules bitch. First and foremost, you're going to obey my every whim in full consciousness of what happening to you, like you were trapped within your own body. You're going to do these actions as you yourself would, no robotic motions or blank expression. If I tell you to act like a slut would, you'll act like the slut you really are. If I want to have you act out a role of '50's style mother, you'll get dressed in period costume, as well as act like one to the best of your abilities. At this moment, I want you to act casually and address me as if you love your daughter AS a daughter should be loved. You'll not be able to differ from that behaviour until I tell you otherwise, starting now.

At that command Amber's mother relaxed from the look of fright in her eyes to her body taking on a most natural posture. Her face had taken on a calm smile that had the appearance of admiration for her daughter. Amber then said, "Let's test that smile, shall we?" Amber proceeded with a slap to her face and a punch in her gut and after as little time for recovery as was possible, Amber's mother came up beaming a smile at Amber again. "Good bitch, now I want to really know the 'old' you is still in there just to be sure. To verify that that old bitch is still in there, you'll blink twice rapidly." She blinked as requested.

"Good, you're probably thinking this nightmare is just getting started, well it is. You started in on me since I was seven years old; time to pay the piper, bitch. I know you like screwing around, and you've 'serviced' me with that monster dildo enough times. Go into your bedroom and make sure it's got fresh batteries in it. Then grab a thong panty if you have one or anything else that you have that can be jammed up your cunt as tightly as possible. Then return here bitch, now off with you, RUN!

Still with that adoring smile, she turned and ran off as quickly as possible to her bedroom. After five minutes she came back into the living room with the requested items. She presented a tight white thong panty and a monster dildo that could fit five D cell batteries. It was rounded at both ends, so it could be loaded backwards in the vagina with the vibrating head at the 'business' end near the clit.

"Now, 'mom', I'm going to have you jam this up your vagina as it should be jammed. It's going to be on full power at all times. Then you're to keep it jammed up your cunt with the thong here. Your clit

and vagina will have an increase in sensitivity, by a factor of ten, for starters. Hmmm, better to make your nipples more sensitive by a factor of 25. Since dad won't notice a thing that's going on you're not to wear pants, only dresses, I want to see you dripping cunt juices the whole time. In fact, a good way to know just how aroused you are is to have your breast size increase in relation to you arousal. Eighty inch tits means your orgasming constantly down to regular size, like when you're asleep or the batteries in your dildo has run dry. Now you may ask, 'why would I need to have your tits indicate arousal levels'? Well, that's the nice part; you won't be able to so much as squirm, moan or do anything to alleviate your enforced horniness. You are to keep acting just like you are ordered to. Okay so turn it on and jam it up your cunt bitch then keep it in with your thong, NOW," Amber concluded her order.

Smiling demurely, she took the dildo and turned it on full. Then she proceeded to drop her jeans and underwear and jam it's full length up inside her. The buzzing of the powerful vibrator could still be heard when it was at last inside her, her tits were already increasing in size. They stretched her bra to capacity then bursts through them in a matter of seconds. Then her t-shirt stretched out until they were impossibly stretched thin around her erect nipples. By the time she completed the manoeuvre by getting the thong on; her tits were full sized. She was having a hard time straightening herself back up due to the increase in upper body weight. Her t-shirt had also now torn along the seams at both her sides. Relieving the pressure somewhat, but showing off an incredible amount of side boob. Done with fulfilling Amber's request, she was standing there with that smile of admiration on her face. Like as if nothing untoward was going on, all the while sporting eighty inch tits on her chest and dripping her cunt juices on the floor.

"Oh excellent bitch, tell me, how many D cell batteries do you have let left?"

"Just one left, my dear girl," came her reply.

"Too bad for you, I know everyone who's seen you before won't give a damn perhaps. I don't know for sure. What if I sent you to another store you don't usually frequent, say a Walmart, yes that'll do, you are ordered to buy all the D cells that they have. Flirt with the sales staff and treat them to a tit squeeze if any of them asks. Make sure you bring along at least a couple of thousand dollars. That should keep that thing in you going for about a week at least. Then we'll see about alternatives, I'm thinking of having you order up some remote controlled vibrating panties. That'll be an entertaining replacement dildo for you. I can see it now; I'll have you walking into a store and then everyone inside gets treated to a breast expansion when I 'turn you on' remotely."

Amber presented her orders thusly, "Okay bitch, first thing, try and find anything big enough to cover those boobs of yours, look in Dads stuff if you have to. Oh, and so you don't get arrested, put a sanitary napkin on over your dildo filled cunt and under the thong, and a skirt too. Then get your purse, wallet and car keys. You're to go to a Walmart as ordered and buy all of their D cells. Then you may return back home to start dinner; move bitch!"

She did the best she could under the circumstances considering the hugely expanded bust line. She returned wearing one of her husband's old foot ball jerseys and even that was snug across her boobs. She was wearing a skirt now as ordered but the dripping from her cunt juices were stopped up

for now by a sanitary napkin. The football jersey managed to get tucked into the waistband of her skirt, showing off a good shade producing profile of boobage. They were bouncing along merrily to her footsteps with her nipples poking a good half inch out in front. She soon found everything she needed for her shopping trip and left out the door.

Jasmine was privy to her screaming thoughts the whole time, which she related in short narratives to her companions. E.g. after Amber had slapped and punched her, she was momentarily pissed off. Not at Amber, but her body betraying her; thinking, *“Stop smiling at her, you stupid body.”* Or when she was ordered to get her thong underwear and dildo, *“Stop, STOP I don’t want to go get those things, STOP!!”*

At other times she was aghast at how things were turning out. Like after she was told about what to do with those items and the tit growing consequences. *“Oh my god, ten times sensitivity and twenty-five, you have GOT to be kidding me. No stop, please stop, unnnngggg, oh m—my ggggoooddd, unnnngggg, l-m, unnnngggg, cummmmminggggg, unnnngggg, constan, unnnngggg, tly. I’m unnnngggg, m-my body, unnnngggg, is, unnnngggg, pulling, unnnngggg, on panties, unnnngggg, like, unnnngggg, there’s nothing, unnnngggg, going on. Unnnngggg, my breasts, unnnngggg, so big, unnnngggg, I can, unnnngggg, hardly, unnnngggg, straighten, unnnngggg, up again. I’m, unnnngggg, a freak. Unnnngggg, yes, unnnngggg, one fucking, unnnngggg, battery, unnnngggg, ‘dear’. WALMART, unnnngggg, looking, unnnngggg, like this!!”* Her mind kept this up without losing consciousness under the strain of repeatedly streaming orgasms, as ordered. She was even able to understand that her body is not hers anymore. She could comprehend the mortification of being put on public display in her current condition, by her own daughter.

As that was entertaining for Jasmine and (otherworldly) Amber, they had even popped a large tub of popcorn for the show and was watching avidly. Jess on the other hand was more reserved. But the show was over for them when the victim went out the door. So they returned to the mall while still under cloak. Albert had remained there at the mall during the goddesses sojourn and in that time he found some news in the papers concerning the goddesses request for airtime on pay for view, on an appropriate venue no less.

“Given your kind of notoriety,” Albert said, “seems the Playboy Channel© wants to set you guys up. I Googled their address and I’ll be on my way to start booking a live event.”

“Actually Albert,” said Jasmine, “now that you’ve mentioned it, I know exactly where to send you. Right inside the station manager’s office, I sense he’s alone inside at the moment. You ready?”

Albert nodded.

“Then off you go.”

End of part two

Gods and Goddesses: Part three

Getting to know you...

Synopsis:

Our sexy threesome gets airtime in a daytime talk show format. Suffice to say, their notoriety is such that the Playboy Channel© had played this to the hilt. They took out ads in mainstream publications and T.V. networks. The self described "Sex Goddesses", was the talk of the world after all, since the 'wet dream' episode. The promise of free magical items, better minds and bodies had packed the T.V. studio...

A generic T.V. talk show host enters the stage of the T.V. studio, introduced himself and starts the show giving a short summary of what's to expect. "Hello everyone, I'm Ed White. I know everyone here is quite anxious about meeting anybody who'd claimed godhood and proven it. A show of power, the likes of which never seen before. For three minutes and thirty seconds of which everyone on earth who was out of danger of accident or ill health was given a 'good time'." *nervous laughter*

The talk show host continued, "And they're not just any kind of 'god' or 'goddess' but of a particular kind. Yes, we're talking about the sex variety of goddesses. A sometimes rather explosive subject concerning a natural act usually between two people, but can turn rather bizarre when we put our minds to it." *more nervous laughter*

That being the case our goddess's appearance being rather bizarre looking, has opted to start things slow. So, without further delay we'll start with Alberto, reputedly the goddess's 'First Consort'. Let's have a round of applause for the man who was the first to meet the goddesses." *audience applauds*

Albert comes out from the side stage and seats himself down on the couch, next to the host. They shake hands and start the interview...

"So," Ed White starts, "First Consort, owing to the fact that you were the first to actually approach them. That's a gutsy thing to do, facing an unknown like that, what brought that on?"

Albert replied, "It's not so brave when you looking at committing suicide in the first place. Fortunately I was in the area when they made their first public appearance, as they went walking down a downtown street."

"Suicidal? What the heck for? You look to be the picture of health."

"Well, you'd think that looking at me now. I now appear to be a twenty five year male of eastern Mediterranean descent. I'm handsome, good looking and as healthy as an ox. Now, what would you think if I'd told you that I was originally an eighty one year old North American Caucasian male?"

"Really?"

"Yep, I was old, decrepit, in constant pain, and terribly poor. Basically, I approached them because I had nothing left to lose. In hindsight they could've been evil, keeping alive to torture me or something like that. But my life was already a torture, almost from the beginning. Make no mistake, they're not perfect, but they're highly intelligent and evolving rapidly. They also want people to know that though they're not evil, they are instead, quite corrupt," Albert stated.

A low murmur of consternation was heard from the audience

Albert continued, "I have to add that since they are already omnipotent and powerful, they have everything they need in the way of creature comforts. They don't want to get bogged down ruling self styled kingdoms, why would they? If anything, they intends to give to the world a certain measure of their power and in so doing change the world forever. I'll leave that detail for them to reveal later in the show though."

"So I take it they're already here in the studio then?" asked Ed.

"Yep, in fact, they're on stage right now. Currently, only I am allowed to see them. In fact one is standing right behind you Ed," replied Albert.

Ed looks behind but can't see anyone at all, himself betraying a look of nervousness. "You're kidding right?" However, at that moment Ed's hair was given a playful mussing about.

"You have to understand," Albert said, "that people are afraid of the unknown or the bizarre and these three goddesses are certainly that. They are both unknown to the public, and they are most definitely bizarre in appearance. They've book a two hour slot on this pay-per-view channel because they want to be seen for what they are, with no hint of censorship. As you've seen in their released video, they make no qualms as to what they are. They wear their sex in full view of public life, because it's their message. That's part of why they're here. The other part is that they want to use the audience here to test their ideas on what magical items to be made available to the public."

Albert continued, "You see the argument is yes, they can replicate diamonds, gold, or any other rare material for personal profit. But the fact that there'd be anybody at all, doing that to raise funds would be catastrophic to the economies of countries. They can produce money at will out of thin air, but

then again legal tender gotten that way has to come from somewhere. They can magically have bank accounts loaded with tons of credits perhaps. Really though, what they want to do is be a part of the economy and not be a parasite.”

“Whoa, said Ed, “these ‘goddesses’ could produce a castle on a mountain, and give it lavish furnishings, what would they need money for?”

“Well, when it comes to magical beings, a person tends to think they can ask for wishes. Magical wishes are no problem for them, but people also tend to ask for cash as well.” Albert continued, “It’s true they can have anything they want, it’s a mere thought and a spell away. For themselves they will provide for personal items in that fashion. Castle in the clouds, sure, but you want to know where they’ve been living since they’ve become all powerful?” asked Albert.

“No, do tell,” asked Ed white.

Albert signalled to one of the hidden goddesses for a sample security dome/bedroom to appear in his hands; which did. “To all intense of purposes, this looks on the outside to be a security dome you’ll see in any mall, or store environment. Albert turns the dome pointing the interior towards a camera, explaining. “Within is a bed, you see it taking up the whole bottom interior along with pillows and sheets. This would be attached to a mall ceiling, and that’s where they’ve been living ever since.”

“They live in a mall? You’re kidding,” Ed stated.

“No kid,” said Albert, “I’ve been living with them since becoming their consort. They feed me and when the mall is closed and they’re staying in, they magically whisk by feces and urine away. But that’s beside the point; fact of the matter is, they choose to live among humanity. They walk amongst us under cloak just as they are now, but now they want to be visible.”

“So without further ado,” said Ed White, “now’s the time to meet the goddesses. First up is Amber. She’s dolled herself up to the point where she’s definitely one of the odder looking of the threesome. She sports floating turquoise hair, black PVC leggings, a tail and golden hooves for shoes. Here she is, let’s give it up for Amber.”

Amber made her appearance near the right side of the studio stage, already sitting on a stool. With a mike in hand, she looks at the studio audience with her glowing golden eyes. The audience returns her gaze with a collective gasp at the weird apparition in front of them. The audience having collectively forgotten the emcee’s instruction to applaud. Amber in her turn smiles almost wickedly back at them, her tail snaking around to her cunt and entering.

Ed White gives a whistle and said, “Wow Amber, nice tits.”

“Thanks,” came her reply.

Ed continues with the second intro. “Next up is Jess, said to be the wisest of the three, because she’s definitely the oldest. She sports a half corset with half cups, nipple rings, a belly diamond, thigh

length stiletto boots, and crotchless thong panties. Out of which you'll see for the first time ever, the Magical Cybernetic Two-way Dildo Dick. Or Cyber Dick for short."

Jess appeared near the center left of the stage with a microphone in hand. The audience members got fairly excited at the description of Jess's tool, as it was sticking out of her crotch a good twelve inches. Pointing back at them like it was ready to go off. Jess noting them staring at her tool, in her turn said, "Don't knock it till you've tried it."

Ed finished the intro with, "Last, but certainly not least, is Jasmine, formally Jason. Having given herself a sex change not two days ago; why? Better sex. Jasmine 's sporting the same style hair and belly button diamond as Jessica, also wearing instead, a cupless leather vest, arm sleeve nettings, stiletto ankle boots, crotchless panties and another Cyber Dick. Give it up for Jasmine, the creator of our universe."

The audience was rather taken aback by that last statement, and not sure how to address that. At least not in front of supposed goddesses that probably turn them into frogs, or something else less intelligent.

Jasmine appeared and addressed Ed with her microphone saying, "Thanks Ed for the intro's we'll take it from here thanks." At which point, Ed disappeared into thin air leaving the audience pause for thought. "Not to worry folks, Ed was never here. We created him just for the initial segment." Before the audience could react, Jasmine continued, "Above you now are microphones suspended in mid air. You can ask any questions you like, and we'll answer them. You may not believe our answers perhaps, that being the case, we'll demonstrate as best we can. Hopefully without scaring you out of your wits. Please keep in mind, we're totally benign. Well, except if we were faced with dealing with a person of unrequited evil, then we'd 'rip him a new one'. You want to ask a question, just raise your hand and a microphone will come to you.

A thirty something lady raised her hand just then and a mike whipped down into her hand. "You created the universe? How dare you blasphemy against God, you can go to hell."

The audience was beside themselves, thinking that the fireworks were about to start.

Jasmine looking at her said, "Ah, a devout Christian, here of all places on the Playboy© network. Will wonders never cease. I will tell you that yes, your God does exist, but not here. This universe was created by me about two weeks ago. As a result of your God pressing an attack upon me to either give up my power, or to leave His universe alone. The universe you're in is an exact copy of His universe, right down to the last dust particle. That's why it appears to be billions of years old, and you no more than two weeks old yourself. You're a copy of Anna Jane Winston of my original home plane.

"Humph, I bet you can't even prove anything you say too."

"There's only one way that I can ultimately prove to you my contention. You see, in order to create true life, I had to pare off some of my own soul energy. It was the reason why the world was unintentionally subject to those sex fantasies for those three and a half minutes. Shedding my soul

energy in creating all of you, also had the effect of weakening my spirituality in the short term, but I can now appreciate why the original God has done so. In the last two weeks, over thirty-two thousand people had died. They and their life experiences had returned to me an already vast amount of life's wisdom. In turn new babies were born to begin the cycle anew." Jasmine said.

At that new piece of news, Jess and Amber exchanged a knowing glance, a resolution appearing in their faces.

Jasmine continued, "In any event, I can sense everything about you because of this spiritual connection. But this connection need not be in one direction. If you have the guts to put your faith on the line, you may approach me here. All you have to do is look into my eyes closely."

Anna Jane Winston wasn't about to back down, not on T.V. in any event. Jasmine knew she couldn't. Her 'flock' had sent her there to face this 'Whore of Babylon' personally, because of her strong conviction in her faith. They were sure she'd expose these self styled, goddesses for the true demons they were. Anna came down out of the audience and up on the stage. Coming up to address Jasmine closely. In that instant of soul searching, Jasmine merely allowed Anna in through the window of her eyes.

In shock Anna saw herself within the guise of the goddess sitting on the stool in front of her. Saw her own soul, its major portion of herself looking back at her. Realizing that she was just as exposed spiritually in the face of this being peering back at her. Anna fell to pieces on stage, in front of the whole world watching on T.V. Not being able to cope with the reality, that a 'sex goddess' was really her God. As Anna, was wracked in tears she fell into Jasmine's arms while she bawled her eyes out.

"Yeah, I know it is rather shocking to see yourself here inside me, with me looking as I am. Let it be known though, that I wouldn't intentionally harm people unless they'd deserve it. And I'll know when they'll deserve it because of my spiritual connection to all humanity," Jasmine said to Anna during their huddle.

Anna broke off and staggered back to her seat. Jasmine reached out as Anna sat down and said a single word, "Calm," and Anna found herself to be composed again.

Jasmine started up again, "Now that rather unpleasant business is done. I must warn anybody who'd challenge me on this matter. Anyone who'd want to know for sure if I'm their creator is likely to find themselves within me, as Anna did. There's no mistaking one's own soul after all. You're all wondering how one human soul can support a vast number of other human souls? Easy, it's called economy of scale."

Jasmine produced a replica of the jewel she'd used to place her universe in. Holding it up for the audience to see. "You see here in my hand a jewel. When compared to the universe, it's not all that big at all. You remember the first 'Men in Black' movie. In that movie there was a whole galaxy within a jewel. Well in this case, I managed to place a whole universe inside a jewel exactly like this one that I'm holding. A whole universe, imagine that, each galaxy the size of an atom, each solar system smaller than

that, then each planet and so on. By the time you get down to the human scale, well, it's beyond miniscule. Then I climbed right inside the jewel. You see, in my home plane, I was already powerful enough to bend reality to my whim. You can thus imagine the level of power that's sitting in front of you now, as it's been squeezed inside a gem. That is, if you could believe this tale. This God (A Bible appearing in her hand), wanted me to give up my power or to take exile. Jasmine continued, "I took exile, bringing with me my friends here, I bestowed upon them an equal share in my power. The rest they say, is history."

"Now, unlike this God here," holding up the Bible for emphases, "I'm here in person, and quite accessible. For now anyways, perhaps in time with enough human deaths and rebirths; I may myself become too powerful to reside amongst humans."

Jasmine asked, "Any other questions?"

A man raised his arm in response and retrieved a mike. "So in your world, where's this jewel laying now?"

"The jewel is at the bottom of the ocean, under a foot of silt mud which is in turn under a rock within the Bermuda Triangle. I don't want anyone there to find it for a million years. Perhaps then when someone does, I'll pop out like a genie and grant some wishes," She said with a slight smile.

"So, you'll be granting wishes today?"

"Perhaps later, right now I have a lot of things planned, not the least of which is to chastise the medical sector. In my opinion, they've gotten too fat off of humanity's need for good health. Too often they create cures now that are not permanent. They've been known to financially ruin people. Never mind the debates concerning abortion, euthanasia, and the deteriorating quality of life as one ages. Some governments have been finding that the health issue has been taking up to 45% of their yearly fiscal budget, leaving them in a tight squeeze." Jasmine continued, "I'm here to put an end to curable and incurable diseases, to do away with permanent physical traumas due to accidents. This would include loss of limb, except for the head of course, due to accidents. I'm going to do away with paralysis, decrepitude, and everything else you can think of. It's going to change, starting with you people right here in this studio."

"To demonstrate this proposal properly, we'll start, one at a time. I want one fat person, and an old person to come up here on this stage please," asked Jasmine. "The ads by this channel, specified better bodies so I see no shortage of people in various stages of ill health here. Don't be shy, but I like to demonstrate to the world how much better I can do over your regular run-of-the-mill, faith healer. The older and fatter the better, and I guarantee, you'll will be given the power to do body changes to yourself. Once the power is given, I'll only be coaching you in what you can imagine yourself to be," finished Jasmine.

Two people did finally choose to come up to the stage. An old lady, and a 450 pound male both of whom barely able to make it up on stage. Despite the promise, both were displaying nervousness in

the company of such an outlandish personage. Jasmine popped a sturdy chair for the heavy set man, and another for the lady to sit down in before she continued.

“Now like any coach, I have to set some ground rules. Purely logical rules, so don’t worry you two. First of all, as this power gets applied to the world to use, there is an age limit. Childhood could be abused by this power, so there’ll be a lower age limit of sixteen before anyone can access this power. That’ll be sixteen to the second you were born, so at least in astrological terms one can finally get a proper astrological chart done. That’s one industry that would benefit from this spell. Also, the world is over populated as it is, and in order to let couples have a chance of propagating, there’s an upper age limit of one hundred years. Then it’s likely, you’d die on the spot, sorry,” Jasmine said as she turned towards the old lady. “But in your case ma’am, sixteen more years with youth and beauty would be better than none at all. There’s height limits as well from four feet to eight feet. Natural colours only, no blue people with green hair. You would be allowed to change your race. The cosmetic industry would be devastated to know that face coloring is allowed. Finally, no sex change unless authorized by me, or my companions.”

Jasmine turned to the fat man saying, “Michael Lee Cobb, hi.” Shaking his hand she continued, “You now have the power to change yourself. I will tell you that this power would only affect your body, not your clothes, but since you’re here with me I’ll do the clothing part for you. You can try imagining yourself as being thinner, but you can go beyond that. There’s a mirror now, off to the side for you to see yourself, and the changes you’ll make. Here are a few men’s health magazines for you, to help with your imagination. You can look exactly like the men in those magazines, or just adopt their body types. All you need is the picture of the body you want in your mind, and the desire to be it, ready?”

“Uh, yeah just let me find what I want here.”

“Sure, with that I’ll lay on some more explanations.” Turning towards the back of the stage, Jasmine pops up two pictures of very different females. “Here’s a representation of a skinny flat female, who’s gangly and rather ‘regular’ looking. In the other picture, we have a representation of another female who’s, how we say, a super model. There are some sociological imperatives I like to point out here that I’m sure for many people would be glad to be done away with. Gangly relatively unattractive female ‘A’ has poor self esteem compared to, beautiful female ‘B’. Beautiful female ‘B’ can’t find any men to notice her for ‘herself’, other than her looks. Or that many men don’t even try to approach ‘B’, due to their own feelings of inadequacy. Let me ask all of you people, would the playing field be more on the level if everyone looked great?”

With that statement, Jasmine had the girl representing female ‘A’ take on the look of a totally different ravishing beauty. “And I mean, everyone”. To those first two images were added millions of beautiful representations of women. “And wouldn’t men have the confidence to pursue all of these beauties if they themselves were supremely handsome and virile?” More pictures flew up into the air above the stage, stacking in a collage of strong and rugged men. “If you’re thinking that’d be superficial, fine. Just use the power to correct your physical flaws, and maintain good health. But I’ll bet you that at

least in the privacy of one's own home, people will take on the persona of their favourite pop or movie stars, and strut around for their significant others."

With that, Jasmine turned around having transformed her face into a young version of Madonna, still sporting her eighty-inch tits, and strutting around the stage for all to see the effect. "Oh and Madonna dear, if you're watching, don't be put off by imitation. Think of it, people would just assume it's a girl looking like you, or you could look like somebody else. Either way, you can rejoin the human race without being mobbed by your fans or the paparazzi. You could be young again and keep performing like you've always have for another fifty years. But there is the possibility of you or any other famous person's image being abused. Or that the power would be abused in the commission of a crime."

Jasmine popped a pair of sunglasses saying, "I call these 'Dorian Greys'. With these on, anyone can see the real person beneath the facade. They're free to all audience members." A pair popped in the lap of everyone there. They are to be free to all law enforcement personnel who carry a badge, because they need to identify the wrongdoers. To those that do wrong while abusing this power, if a judge so orders it, said judge would merely have to say so, and this power would disappear, leaving the perpetrator in his original appearance. They would then have to find me or my cohorts and ask for its return. Beware, if I find you evil enough, I may well curse you instead."

Jasmine continued, "Suffice to say, whenever humans find a way to exploit this power for abuse, just like a piece of software can be patched, I can put more rules on this power to prevent abuses. Don't force me to do this too often, I hate to see a good spell go to waste."

With that she turned around and addressed Michael while at the same time, returning to her old looks. "I sense you've made your selection Michael, ready? Just look at the picture, then look at yourself in the mirror and imagine yourself just like you want it to be. This time your clothes will shrink with you, for the audience sake and yours. I don't want you to drop your pants at least not just yet."

With that a small laugh came from the audience.

Michael slimmed and trimmed and put on tone and muscle in seconds. When he was finished he said in elation, "Oh my god, wait, you're my god, thanks god." Michael was running his hands over his now firm body, jumping, pumping his muscled arms and moving about. "I can change anything I want, at anytime now?"

"Yes, you can do anything you want at any time in relation to your body. That's the best part, the power is yours to use at any time. Say, if you want to shrink down to a slim four foot tall in order to crawl into a crawl space and do some wiring. Or increase height to eight feet, in order to reach for something caught in a tree. But there's going to be with this power, at least one specialized 'setting'. Michael, can a get you to grow to eight feet and pack on the maximum amount of muscle please? Just think maximum height and muscle."

"Hmmm, okay 'god' anything for you." As Michael grew and packed on the muscle he became the human coloured version of the 'Hulk', though not nearly so strong. The audience had to wonder at what they were seeing.

"Okay Michael, how does that feel?"

"Like well, 'Hulk smash'. Really, I feel like a human tank."

"This setting is what I call the 'behemoth' setting. It's to be used in heavy industry, for heavy lifting, with that you should be able to lift a ton. Now if you don't mind, taking down your body to what you had before."

"Sure," said Michael "though it felt marvellous it's not practical in these settings. I could feel the power of that body, and the confidence that goes with it. Like it's not really me, but it was," he said as he shrunk back down to the muscled man he had before.

"Yes, a side effect of the power is that it instils the required body language or attitude. Think of it this way, a wan little girl could take on the appearance of a beauty queen. She'd still act like a wan little girl unless the apparition she has taken on gives her the 'skill set' and confidence to be that beauty queen. In that case, a little bit of corruption goes a long way to making a wan girl into a seductress. Anyways thanks Michael, for your cooperation, here's your 'Dorian Grays', you may return to the audience."

Jasmine continued, "Meanwhile, we'll turn our attention to our 'little old lady' here and see just how far she's willing to take it. Everyone, meet Emma Sharon Williams, hi," greeted Jasmine as she shakes her hand and sits down next to her.

"As far as I'm willing to take it' eh, and what is that supposed to mean?"

"Well that picture of figure 'B' was behind you the whole time. I'll bring it forward for you to be able to see it. The picture was of a beautiful seductress of with a photogenic face and a nice figure with brown hair all up in a 'do. In the picture the figure was wearing makeup, jewellery, carrying a small fashionable purse and wearing a red evening dress like she was ready to head out nightclubbing in a swanky club.

"Now Emma, see this picture of a beautiful fashionable woman, really to go out for a night on the town." Jasmine asked, "Can you imagine being her?"

"No, I can't say that I can really. I've never been like her in all my life. I've raised a family and been a good wife to my deceased husband, and mother to my four kids, Emma replied"

"People have often wondered what it'd be like to be like someone else. Even if you were just to take on her form, you'd still act like the way you are right now. If you were to go further than just make yourself more youthful and healthy, you'd be able to go out on a night on the town like she would. Of course as I've said before, you only get to change the body with this power. You have to buy the clothes

to go with the form. That is, except tonight, I'll provide the clothing and accessories. So your choice Emma, just youth and health for now or be somebody different. Given this power is permanent you can change to whatever form you wish from this day forward. The power is yours now, what do you want to do?"

"Well, like you said earlier, I'll take it slow for now. I just want to be younger and healthier." With that Emma closed her eyes and concentrated on being just that. Her face grew younger and her heavy set figure slimmed in a manner of seconds. When she had stopped transforming, she looked to be around the age of twenty. Emma opened her eyes and immediately felt wonderful. "Oh this is great! I haven't felt this good in decades. But I still need to know if I can trust you. That you won't leave me in the lurch if I try going further."

"You can only be certain by looking closely in the eyes."

Emma looked over to where Anna was sitting in the audience for encouragement. Anna in her turn nodded approval. Emma asked Jasmine, "That's no trick is it?"

"No, but it's the only positive way for you to be certain of my desire. I want you go deep if you dare, and discover what I really am and what I want to do for the world. What I want the world to do for me in return."

"Okay, I accept the challenge, what can I expect?"

"Initially, you'll find yourself in me, it's a little disconcerting I know, but that's the soul interface. As you probe deeper you'll find my history, you'll find that like all humans, I'm not perfect. I started out thinking only about myself when I got this power. Then you'll find out how I got to this point, and my motivations for this world. So, when you're ready, just look deeply into my eyes."

Emma said, "This will be a trip. I guess you're right about the change in our bodies changing our point of view. Youth would dare things old age and wisdom wouldn't, but I need to know you're on the level."

With that Emma stared in through Jasmine's eyes, through the window of the soul. Like Jasmine said, she found her soul looking back at her. At this point she already knew that Jasmine could be trusted, but she plunged further still. She found Jasmine as Jason, the sixteen year old, the battle to retain his power, the creation of Emma's universe, the corruption, the lessons learnt and finally the motivations for dispersing the magic and items.

Emma finished and said, "So, you want to corrupt the world just as the world has corrupted you. That's what you want in return for your help with humanity?"

"That's correct."

The audience was disturbed, hearing this revelation. Fear was now seen in most faces in the audience and some appeared ready to bolt.

Emma immediately appealed to them saying, “Settle down folks, actually it’s not as bad as you might think. Jasmine is telling the truth in any event, and is being forthright, which is better than any damned politician has ever been. It was her spell, but it was the world that corrupted her. She wants now to return the favour by removing all taboos regarding sex, sex fantasies, sexual diseases, unwanted pregnancies, social injustices caused by sex and inequalities caused by personal appearances. Sex and sexual corruption isn’t evil if it’s voluntary people. These ‘Sex Goddesses’ are here to expand our choices, by just giving us the option to corrupt ourselves. “

A male audience member got a mike and asked, “Just how is it we corrupted you?”

Jasmine replied, “A spell we had applied to ourselves, it’s called ‘Hotwire’. It’s so corrupting though, we are not about to release it to the public. What it does at the minimum setting is to give us the orgasm and sexual stimulation of five other people in the world that’s currently having sex. That’s five orgasms’ that is constantly being fed into us goddess’s. Then there’s the five sexual fantasies that is streaming through our minds one after another in quick succession. That part of the spell is very corrupting, because whoever is thinking those fantasies can be very turned on by their own imagination. We get those sexual fantasies integrated into our personalities as a result. Finally, the spell is called ‘Hotwire’ because the mind’s simulation is wired into our erogenous areas in a mnemonic/sympathetic fashion. If it wasn’t for our ‘Psychic Shields’, you’d be seeing us spewing breast milk and cum all over the place. Believe me sir, if you asked for it, I’d jump your bones anytime and give you a ride like you never had before.”

A look came over his face that belied he wanted it very much to try it, then he stammered, “Ah, y-yes um, what’s the m-maximum setting?”

“The spell could feed us the entire world’s sex at once that is currently happening at the time. That’s what happened with the spell, and my soul connection giving everyone that famous ‘wet dream’. It was an unintended collision of those two things, it won’t happen again.”

“So you had everyone who’s having or thinking about sex, running through you at the same time?”

“Yes, all three of us tried it. All three of us are now on the minimum setting. All three of us wants to liberate sex out of the dark ages. With your cooperation of course”, concluded Jasmine.

Emma turned to Jasmine and said, “I can trust you now, and I now understand your message. I now want to try going all the way. I want to be a man eater and see what’s that’s like. Can you provide me with some over the ‘top heavy’ pictures please?” Emma said as she indicated her breasts with her hands, “I’ve been a mother, wife and an old lady, and now I want to live. I’m going to live hard since I’ll only have sixteen more years left, I want it all.”

A laptop appeared in front of Emma, with the internet browser set to ‘Expansion Mansion’, where there’s fine examples of big titted females, that’s been morphed even bigger by various morphing

artists. "OH MY GOD", Emma said upon viewing just a few pictures, "to think I can be any of these women that I want. Would you match the clothing in these pictures for me too?"

"Sure thing sugar, just keep browsing awhile, there's a lot of fine example in there for you to try out," Jasmine replied. Indeed Emma was getting wet between the legs thinking about the possibilities.

An adventurous female had gotten a mike and asked about the 'Cyber Dick', the goddesses were sporting. Jasmine let Jess take the lead as it was her invention.

Jess replied, "Okay, you all know the full name of this device? It's called the 'Magical Cybernetic Two-Way Dildo Dick. So it not really a real dick, it just feels like one. So audience bear with me here, I'm going to pull this sucker out to show you its full length." Jess reached down, gripped it twisted it a turn to the right and yanked it out.

Some members were shocked, others were by now intrigued. As Jess displayed it soft rounded black blade at the base, Jess explained its functions. "The blade connects to your nervous system, ergo it's magically cybernetic. It has two vibrating functions so it's a dildo. It can simulate both the wearer and their partner, thus it's two-way. Plus it feels like a real dick when worn, so when you orgasm you feel it like a man would. You can even use it to take a leak while standing up. The only thing it doesn't have is balls. So when you orgasm with this thing on it'll be cunt juices flowing out of it. Now this is the Playboy© Channel after all, so you can have sex right now to try it out. If you're not an exhibitionist we'll provide a private area for you. Really, we want to sell items like this for profit so that we can help people with money legally obtained. A few testimonials would be nice before this show is done, any takers?"

The original questioner had started to argue with the person sitting now next to her asking her about giving it a try. When her female partner complied with the request they asked for some privacy. Jess pointed out the security dome that's up on the studio ceiling. Knowing there's a bed up there already they each grabbed two new 'cyber dicks' that was offered them and they were teleported.

Jess spoke up, "Okay folks, they could take an hour at it I'm sure. What they didn't know is that there's a time differential flowing in that security dome. An hour for them would be a minute in our time. When they've had all the fun they could ever want, all they have to do is hit a 'Ready' button and they would be back here with us."

About this time Amber who was quiet up until now offered a suggestion to make the cyber dick even better. "Jess a circular and a vertical vibrating function is nice, but that's so old hat. You know what would really give your Cyber Dick a real big boost in enjoyment? Music, have the Cyber Dick take whatever music a person's listening to and have the Cyber Dick vibrate magically to the music. Give it a magical amplification that will shoot the dick's musically sexual simulation throughout the whole nervous system of both the wearer and the partner. Given that it has the possibility of overloading the nerves and muscles of the couple, make the spell so that they get all the pleasure and none of the exertion or possible damage. That way they can ride the song all the way to its conclusion before they can be released from the song's rapture. Also since they'd be saved from the exertion, the couple can 'do it' all night long without tiring."

"I see what you mean," replied Jess, "we could make it so the lovers wouldn't be able to tell whether the music is fucking them or they're fucking to the music. Good idea Amber." At that time the lesbian couple returned after a minute/hour had passed looking flushed and dishevelled. "So, how's it, you like?"

They were both acting towards their Cyber Dicks, like Gollum had in Lord of the Rings had regarding his 'precious'. When it was suggested that a big upgrade was in store, their eyes grew wide as saucers. Jess asked them if either of them had an iPod with them and they both said yes. "Good, hand me your 'Dick's for a second." The dicks started to float in mid air as Jess started the upgrade spell then let them have them back. "Okay, your dicks now have a powerful musical component added to them. I suggest trying a rock song with a good driving regular beat and lots of bass. Only one need to be wearing a headphone for the spell to work on the both of you, or you can listen to speakers. If you have Billy Idols, 'Like a Pony', I suggest trying that for your first try."

"Oh but we're already tired from our first go," they said.

"Not to worry, this spell has an anti-fatigue component to it, and for good reason. It'll be intense. In fact since this is so dramatically powerful, I insist that we be able to view the proceedings this time. We need to gauge the effects it'll have on you. You can use the dome again, but cameras will be present, so you wouldn't feel too exposed. Come on, you two will be the first in the world to have music fuck you up the middle. All you have to do is get into position with a dick in your partner and hit the play button on your iPod."

"Okay," they both replied, and off they went for a second go at it. "This time, it'll be in real time so we'll have a good look see at the proceedings," Jess said while referring to the audience. Three large screens popped out above the studio stage. The audience watched the couple get undressed again, get an iPod ready then got into position. Then one of them hit the play button.

Immediately as the song started they started pumping to the songs beat, in a somewhat unnatural cadence for a human. Mechanically, the female on top was going up and down exactly like she was beating a drum to the beat. Switching cadence to double time if the song's beat went that way. The audience was allowed to listen to the song the couple was on and noted that the couple was even mouthing the lyrics. But there didn't seem to be any conscious thought on the faces of the couple as they drove on with the song in a mechanical frenzy. A counter appeared in mid air giving an orgasm count and as the song was Billy Idol's, 'Like a Pony', it was about as intense as it could be. The orgasms were into the double digits by the time the song had ended. They came out of their rapture and since Jess wanted them presentable in a hurry, to ask them some questions. The couple was dressed and neat a moment later, in front of the audience, thus temporarily disorientated.

"What? Whoa, hey you took my dick off and dressed us, what gives?"

"Ha," Jess laughed, "I remember a few minutes ago you were reticent about performing live in front of cameras. You've changed you minds about that already?"

“Oh hell,” one of them said, “Once the music starts you’re deep into the song. God it was... my body was the song or the song was my body. I was fucked by Billy Idol’s singing, and the drum beat, the bass. There was nothing else till the song was over. I mean there’s sexual musical energy flowing through your nerves from your groin. One’s whole body reflects the orgasmic energy as if you were one big cunt or dick.”

“Do you feel any fatigue at all during the song, or after you came out of it?”

“Nope, it’s like we’ve never done it physically. Except for the pure enjoyment of it all, I came out of it feeling no cramps or anything,” one of them said.

Jess replied, “Well here’s a play back of your performance, and the orgasm count you guys had.”

As they watched their previous mechanical movements up on the viewing screen, the couple began to fidget. While the song was replaying their hands were unconsciously rubbing their twats through their clothing as they watched themselves performing on screen.

“Okay you two,” Jess said as the video concluded, “How’s about your opinion on the corrupting aspect of the dicks. You were worried about performing in public five minutes ago. Now you’ve even managed to wet your clothing with cum while stroking yourselves to the video. Never mind that you were watching yourselves performing on video in front of a live T.V. audience, and didn’t seem to care.”

“Madam,” the other one said, “I don’t care what anybody says. If we’re only now seeing a fraction of what you and yours are planning to do to humanity, I say go for it. We just need to be able to get to work and earn our pay the day after. Corrupted? Maybe. Would this give us some serious bumps on the road? Perhaps. But you’d have to take my cyber dick from my cold dead fingers before I give it up. No, sex isn’t evil either; only people’s actions make sex something evil if sex was forced on them. But I have a feeling you’re going to make sex so free in society that you and your friends are going to kill the ‘oldest profession’.”

Jess gave her and everyone a big smile and said, “Funny that you would say that, that is our intention. But we’ll keep that till a little later, I don’t think our studio and T.V. audience is quite ready for that revelation yet. After all, what we’re going to be proposing to the world is nothing short than a paradigm shift in humanity’s thinking on sex. In the end we hope to have eliminated prostitution, rape, child molestation and unwanted pregnancies. Due to society’s aversion to sex as being sinful or socially unacceptable, there’s been quite a few frustrated perverts. I’d dare say they would be able to fade into the background after awhile, having being satiated.”

An audience member got a mike and asked for, “clarification on the elimination of unwanted pregnancies.”

“Just exactly that,” Jess replied, “in order for a pregnancy to occur the couple in question would both want a child. Therefore sex can be entered liberally and without the need of contraceptives on either sex’s part. Also, since everyone can order up their own perfect health, venereal diseases is also eliminated.”

"Ah ma'am," asked one of the lesbians, "can we get back to that little bedroom again please? I haven't had the chance for give my lover here a musical ride yet on my own dick."

"Oh sorry," Jess replied, "By the way, I suggest Pat Benatar's 'Hit me with your best shot,' if you have that loaded in your iPod."

"Good idea, say, do we have that body morphing power too?"

"Actually, everyone in this room has the power to morph themselves already; we just wanted to have a few individual examples up here on stage first. As well as only in the here and now, the added feature of clothes changing to fit new body sizes."

"Oh cool," said one of the lesbian's, "I'll fuck to Pat Benatar, as Pat Benatar then." as she'd changed to Pat. Oh wow, that feels really rockin'. Hey, what's the maximum tit size for body morphing?"

"Same as us goddesses, eighty inches."

So, the Pat Benatar lesbian increased her tit size to eighty, and on that small frame she looked like she was carrying beach balls. "Hah," said the other one, "if you're going to be Pat Benatar then I'll be Cyndi Lauper." Changing her form to match Ms. Lauper's early stage image, but with equally large hooters as her friends.

"Okay, how about something more up to date, I'll go as Beyoncé," followed by another morph.

"I know someone with some really good tunes to fuck to," and the other changed into Janet Jackson.

They both turned on Jess and together said, "Well, aren't you going to pop us back or what?"

"Oh sorry, we goddesses just love to watch a good bit of voluntary sexual corruption." With that she popped both of the lesbians back to the security dome/bedroom.

Right then, Emma after watching the show so far and perusing the website was herself quite ready. "About time they left, I was getting to feel left out." Everyone turned to see Emma stark naked, rather morphing within her clothing she decided to forgo the clothes and get straight to business. She appeared to be still her twenty year old self in a slim build but supporting sixty-six inch boobs. "If you guys are finished with everyone else for the moment. Pop me a bed right here and give me one of those marvellous dicks and I'll take on one of you guys. So, hows about it, any takers?"

Amber didn't waste any time saying, "Oh, me, me, me." As she hopped off her stool popped a bed on stage and popped a cyber dick into Emma's hands. Then Amber and Emma flew onto the bed and started pumping to the sound of Boston's 'More than a feeling'.

Jess was commenting about how the show was starting to move when a male audience member got a mike and asked, "Well, that's just great, so far only the girls has been getting all the fun. What about us guys?"

"Well," said Jess, "you have the power to morph right? You're sitting down still but I bet you have a nice woody by now, how about unzipping your fly and letting it out. Tell me when you got it out please."

A bit abash he did as instructed, with some difficulty, "Okay, done."

"Now as I told the girls, that the maximum tit size is eighty inches, you'll find that the maximum dick size is two feet. I want you to think that and grow to maximum."

As he did he got a wonderful feeling during the process, closing his eyes as he was close to orgasm. The middle aged lady next to him, who wasn't acquainted with the fellow, had her eyes bulge out at the sight of the growing man meat next to her. Without much thought she grabbed it as it was finishing its growth. The man gave a start as his dick did as well, shooting cum into the back of the head of the man sitting in front of him. The man in front in turn felt the back of his head and realized what had happened as he cried out loud, "AH, FUCKen SHIT!!"

Jess while having a hysterical laugh said between guffaws, "Hahehahe, o-okay, heh, it's all cleaned," HAHAAAA. Whew, heh, sorry about that sir, you can now guess sex has it funnier moments."

The cleaning spell appeased the aggrieved man that was sitting in front of the two foot cum cannon. He then turned around to see what exactly a two foot dick looked like. "HOLY CRAP!" he exclaimed. He turned right back to Jess and asked, "You mean to say, I can have one of those?"

Jess replied, "Do it."

The formally aggrieved and now anxious man had as quick as can be, undid his belt, his pants and then manoeuvred his already hard dick out and grew it. While he was doing just that, the twenty something male in behind him with the two footer dick, asked the grabby female, "Hey, if you don't mind shaving off twenty years, you can ride this sucker right now if you like."

"Oh I'd like," she said to him, "but first I have another suggestion." With that, she raised her arm to get a mike and asked Jess, "That's a good start ma'am, but what about providing musical cyber dicks for men?"

Another male audience member rather sheepishly asked, "The girls get to try a male orgasms with cyber dicks. What about giving us guys a chance to experience having cyber cunts to orgasm with?"

"That's what we're here for; let me confer with my only unengaged colleague," Jess replied.

After awhile they came up with a two-piece unit to answer both charges. The first part appeared like a condom that had a hole at the end of it. The second part appeared to be like one of those molded plastic novelty cunts. As Jess now explained after giving the items their special magic.

"This first item appears to be a condom that had failed. You'll find that it's extra thick and durable. It could even be thrown in with the laundry, if you're so inclined. Once rolled over your own dick it'll meld with it making it a Cyber Dick with the vibrating and musical component aspects. I dare

say, in the future, you won't be taking it off if ever. Because we believe, the change in society would be so profound as to have people displaying their sexuality in full view as we goddesses do. Jess continued, "This second item appears as a novelty cunt, used in conjunction with the 'Cyber Sheath, the 'Cyber Cunt', effectively turns your dick outside in. It sound disturbing but it's harmless, to break the spell the cunt has to be withdrawn from your skin's surface as with all 'Cyber' products, with a quarter twist to the right." As Jess demonstrated how to mount and dismount all the items. Jess added that, "'Cyber' cunts could be used by females to make their cunts vibrate and musical as well. Everyone here in the audience gets 'Cyber sheaths and cunts for the men, and 'Cyber cunts and dicks for the women.'" Shopping bags with the items appeared in the laps of all the audience members. Consider yourselves lucky, because these magical items will be worth a thousand dollars each when sold to the public. We will not be producing these items directly though. We'll contract a company for production and provide them with a 'magical well' to imbue the needed magical properties. These copies may well become collector's items, so don't lose them. They'll be subject to patches and upgrades like today's computer software, because you just know that some idiot is going to find a way to abuse these gifts. For now they will not work on anyone under the age of sixteen.

It is by this time about a dozen of the studio audience were trying to have sex with each other after, not only morphing, but also trying on their new toys. Jasmine, who had been quiet for some time now, had come up to Jess to mention while off mike. "Well, seems we have them 'on the ropes' now."

"Yeah, but we can still botch this up still."

By this time Emma was still going strong with Amber going through what must be their fifth song. The lesbians were nowhere to be seen, and a dozen was going at it in the audience. Jasmine had an idea that might just make or break it once and for all. Making the most part of the stage into a massive bed and inviting the audience to try out their new toys in a mass orgy using a speaker system. Jasmine explained it as she 'pinged' the others who were currently 'away' in orgasmic raptures, to alert them to stop after their current song ends. Five minutes later, everyone who was willing was all set, with half the audience still sitting out. The ones on stage didn't even look like their old selves anymore, so they didn't care about being seen as who they were. All sporting huge boobs and long dicks, some even looking like pop, T.V, or movie stars.

They all started in unison mechanically pumping their hips to the tune of "I just came back" (To say goodbye). Jasmine, having no partner was out in the front part of the studio stage dancing sexually swaying her hips to the beat. Jasmine was pumping out raw sexual energy while she was doing that. It might have appeared to be on purpose, but it wasn't. The atmosphere was actually charging her from all the kindred souls behind her having sex to the sound of the music. In effect was a reverse flow of the same effect she had with her famous 'wet dream' incident that had affected the world. This sexually charged soul energy radiating from her was intuitively familiar to anyone who felt it in the studio audience and to a lesser extent out in the world of T.V.

When the song ended, the religious Anna Jane Winston came walking up towards Jasmine again on stage. It was apparent she was flustered and 'turned on', along with a rather reverent look in her

eyes. "Jasmine," she asked in a breathless tone of voice, "can I take another look into your eyes the way that Emma did earlier, please?"

"Uh, sure thing sugar, anytime."

Anna stood there for two minutes probing deeply into Jasmine's soul. Anna found everything that Emma saw earlier when Emma had searched Jasmine's soul. Anna also found the soul memories and knowledge of those who had already passed on. To Anna, it seemed like she was witnessing an embryonic phase of heaven and realised everything was truth. With tears in her eyes, she grew out her tits and said breathlessly, "I give myself to you." Then she kneeled down in front of her new goddess and started sucking Jasmine's 'cyber cock'. Jasmine could only stand there in awe, thankfulness, and pleasure. Anna wasn't the most experienced, but her sprit was certainly willing.

Jess, seeing that there was currently no one to carry on the show, went and pulled Amber off of Emma and together with her went up to the front of the stage. Jess then asked the audience members, "Okay, so any other questions anybody?" An audience member got a mike and asked about Amber's feet, and whether she was part animal."

Amber replied, "Oh these things are just magically supported shoes. My 'psychic shield', is what supports the heels, see?" Amber drew the stool she was sitting on before, and got up on it and then pulled her 'hooves' off. The PVC material seemingly separating just above the ankle came along with the 'hooves'. Amber got back down off the stool and padding in bare feet as she came up to the audience member to display her pride and joy. "See with no heels in the way, one doesn't need to bend the knees to get the toes to make contact with the ground, before putting your weight on it. It even has a nice little bounce to it." Noting it was a female audience member that had asked the question, she concluded, "I could whip you up a pair if you like."

"Why thank you, yes please. By the way, the reason I asked is that I'm with a major fashion house. My name is Elisa, here's my business card; do you think you could find a way to get these into production, same as you plan on doing with your sex products?"

"My, all business today, aren't we?"

"Well yes, see my boss noticed your hooves in the video's and the advertisement for this show. Therefore, my boss ordered me to attend this show and that I was not to do anything else here until I get the rights to these, ah, unique shoes. That is, provided my company can manufacture them of course."

"Well then, guess you'll be leaving here with quite the armload, because that'll be two more items you'll be leaving here with on top of the sex toys you'll be getting. Then again, stand up please." Elisa stood up and out into the aisle of the studio's seating area. "Good, now look down," Amber said. Elisa was pleasantly surprised to find that her previous heels was replaced with her own pair of PVC topped golden hooves, along with the spikes included on the back of the heels. "I'm sorry that is the only current style they come in. Nevertheless, I can leave that to you and your business partners to

come up with new designs. As for the manufacturing aspect..." Amber reached out in front of herself, like as if she was going to hug Elisa. A second later a metal ring four feet across and two feet wide at the sides appeared in her hands. "This is called a magic well; nothing will happen to anybody if they'd go through it. Doesn't even matter which direction, you send stuff through. It has only one function, to raise the heels of whatever product you have manufactured up five inches from the balls of the toes. Just like our hooves." As Amber had popped her hooves back on as well by this time. "All you have to do is chuck the product through it."

"Thank you very much, and as soon as this show is over we'll get together and discuss the licensing agreement," Elisa said.

"Oh you'll do that alright, because if you don't, the magic well gets turned off," Amber replied with a wink. "I'd like to see you trot around a bit in those hooves first though. It might be more difficult for a mortal to walk in them, then again maybe not. Magical refinements on the well may be needed, so give me your feedback after the show."

Elisa still with a mike still in hand began by testing the bounce of the heelless hooves by hopping in place. Then she started to walk around the studio. "Oh this is odd, I keep expecting a heel to make contact with the ground first. Also, I can feel the toes of the hooves making corrections on their own. It seems they mean to make even contact with the ground every time I go to put my foot down. This is also unusual as it keeps my heels up while anticipating my sense of balance." Elisa then ran a short distance across from one side of the studio to the other. She turned around to face Amber with a surprised look on her face. "Do you realise that the way the raised heels bounce, these hooves makes running a pleasure!? My god, err goddess, they could be both high fashion and running shoes at the same time!"

Amber was returning to the stage as several women and even a couple of men were yelling out for free pairs as well. Amber had to reply, "Sorry folks but as I said earlier, there might be unanticipated shortfalls in the magical aspects of the design. I need the manufacturer to test it for awhile."

Elisa couldn't help but keep walking and running around awhile longer. All while with a sly grin on her face. She was thinking along the lines that her hooves would be priceless collector's items, being the only unmanufactured pair outside of Amber's own hooves. She was hoping to keep them away from her bosses somehow, perhaps maybe as a prize for securing the manufacturing rights.

Anna finished with giving her new deity her devotional blowjob. She got up on her feet and kissed Jasmine passionately. Anna then turned around and said defiantly into the live camera, "To the brothers and sisters of the Christian Evangelical Baptist, I bid sayonara. If you don't leave behind that rather dried up old do nothing religion, you're going to miss a rather big boat." Anna continued while indicating Jasmine, "I found heaven does exist inside that body; a new heaven." Anna then found Emma's laptop from earlier on, lied down on the stage bed, and started searching the website for a truly fuckable body.

At first, nearly half the two thousand strong audience had a good musical fuck session, but about half of them had returned to their seats, after being sated for now. Now, they had other things on their minds as another member had stood after getting a hold of a mike for his question. "Excuse me, hi, sex is fine and all, but it isn't everything. Besides good health, what else are you prepared to do for humanity?"

Jasmine answered, "I've always been a fan of the magazine 'Popular Mechanics'©, have you? They have always displayed these great uses for technology that is either, just within our reach, or a smidgeon beyond. Technological uses that had for some half-assed reason, never gotten off the ground. This is due in a large part because the industrial or governmental entity's would have to invest billions in brand new infrastructure. Well, to put it bluntly, I could do the heavy lifting."

Jasmine continued, "See, I've always wanted human's to be a space faring species. To do that I'm willing to see to it that it's done as soon as possible. Starting with space elevators, I want to have three in operation before I proceed with a huge orbiting space station, similar to that like the one seen on Babylon 5. Then a large permanent underground moon base, followed by a space station hollowed out of the Mars Diemos satellite. Finally, I would seek permission to cover the whole surface of the moon with solar arrays. We'll use microwave towers to beam electrical energy back to various points on the surface of the earth. With a huge abundance of cheap electrical energy, we could then afford to spare the power needed for a hydrogen economy. My last project would be to see if we could get fusion generation started. Between the human scientific know how and my magic, I believe these frontiers can be breached quickly. For instance, see here in my hand is a solar cell the one second, and the next second millions," Jasmine finished her demonstration with a large pile of individual solar cells. "I can replicate any product that's on hand, or on blueprints."

Jasmine continued on, "Those will be my pet projects, because if we can get half the earth's population off the surface of the planet. Say mining the asteroid fields, maintaining the moon's solar arrays, or terraforming Mars; we'll take a lot of the pressure off the earth's natural environment. Secondly, we goddesses can broach time in a way that we can warn of coming disaster a week in advance, such as earthquakes and volcanoes for instance. In other cases, we can mitigate coming disasters such as hurricanes and typhoons. Finally, we can put to rest some long running racial disputes by separating the combatants. For instance, like forming a new island for either the Palestinians or the Jews to settle on. I'll be sure to make it minerally rich enough to entice either of them. How's that for an answer?"

Stunned by the revelation and the implications, the questioner sat down.

Meanwhile we break away from the goddess's talk show and look into the office of the station manager Joseph Mathias, as he calls in his personal assistant, Clive Steward. Clive starts the conversation as he rushes into his boss's office, "Sir, have you seen these viewership numbers? They started as our highest rated T.V. show ever. Now an hour and a half into the show, they're dwarfing the three major networks combined. Sir we have a major cultural event on our hands...sir?"

Joseph hardly moved from his position standing by the window while looking out over the street below, noting the crowd that has gathered by the building's entrances. Signalling Clive over to come join him he said, "That isn't all of it Clive, take a look at that. Security had called me five minutes ago; they say the crowd wants to come see the goddesses in person. The first hour it was only a few protesters, now it's a freaking goddess love-in. It started after the Jasmine goddess had that song and dance a while back. The way she puts out, I don't know how to describe it, a 'familiar' kind of energy. It was all I could do from going into that studio myself and hugging the hell out of her. Hell, I want to see what that Anna lady had found in Jasmine's eyes. However, right now, we got a potential problem in our hands; there are around five thousand people out there. I've notified the police and goddess willing; this won't turn out to be a riot. Secondly, given those unprecedented numbers you've mentioned, those goddesses have basically written their own ticket. Go to the studio and call over that Alberto fellow, tell him to pass the message on to those goddesses that this show of theirs is now open ended. They can go on for as long as they like."

We now return to the studio as Jess was asking the audience, "Is there a police person in the house?" One man had raised his hand from the back where he had been sitting since the beginning of the show. "Can you come to the stage sir?" Seemingly embarrassed he morphed his face before coming down to meet Jess on stage.

When he arrived Jess asked for his badge since he was rather reticent about giving it over he asked, "Why do you want it for?"

Jess replied, "You are about to be the first of many 'super cops'. Through your badge, you will receive super powers. Take the badge out of that ID wallet please, and hand your shield to me."

Stunned into disbelief, saying only, "super powers", as he numbly handed over his shield for its coming enhancement.

Jess kept on talking as she wielded the shield floating in mid air in between them. "The goddesses have been somewhat worried about giving the average world citizen morphing powers. Giving all law enforcement personnel 'Dorian Greys' is a start but, we like to give police an added edge. We will start with you and your local force to test out and eventually expand both the added powers and the ability to gather evidence quickly and efficiently. The program will eventually encompass all of North America and beyond, from the secret service, down to the lowest beat cop. There will be magically cybernetic storage and retrieval interfaces between you and computers that will be irrefutable in court. That should help lessen the paperwork. Some police members may object to being turned the magical equivalent of cyborgs though, so that will be negotiable. In addition, rules and regulations will have to be enacted before we can deploy 'super cops' in full, as the law will have to recognize said powers. For now, you will be able to ramp up whenever its needed powers of invulnerability, running speeds of thirty miles an hour, double behemoth strength while in behemoth mode, and sensitive directional hearing, so enjoy. Report to your superiors of your enhancement, and that at least one of us goddesses will make an appointment to see them about the possibilities." she said as she returned his shield.

“Any fire fighters in the audience? No? Pity, perhaps later then.”

Albert had passed on the information of the extended show to Amber and she in turn alerted the others through their ‘psychic shield’ network. Meanwhile, Anna had done her final transformation of the night. Naked because none of the goddesses was attending to her through her morphing, Anna presented herself to Jasmine. “I feel positively naked before my goddess, could I have some black garters and stockings please? Oh and some nice high heels too.”

Jasmine complied with Anna’s request given the sexy beauty that she had turned herself into, as blond curly hair now cascaded down around Anna’s face which had a unnatural airbrushed complexion. Anna’s now five foot six inch slim frame had eighty-inch boobs, on a torso that slimmed to a fine wasp like waist that flared out to beautifully rounded hips and ass.

“I thank you my lady.” Conspiratorially Anna moved in close and suggested quietly so that the studio microphones wouldn’t pick up what she was going to say next. “May I suggest a plan of action mistress? You have a way of radiating your soul’s energy when you dance to music that you enjoy. I sensed it, and due to our recent contact through your eyes, I knew what it was. Your soul is our home when we die, so as a result we yearn to return to you. We can relate to you more better if we can feel your soul’s energy. I also believe you would feel the same in response to us. The matter is reciprocal my mistress, the larger the crowd that is enjoying your soul’s energy when you’re enjoying music, the more you yourself would respond. For now try dancing to a song that is both sexual and uplifting.”

Anna departed and went back to enjoy herself on the large stage wide bed. In the meantime, Jasmine related to the others, what Anna had said through their ‘psychic shield’ network, and a plan was developed between the goddesses. All three goddesses came to the center stage as Jasmine announced some entertainment through song and dance is in order. Music to the tune of Steve Winwood’s “Give me a Higher Love”, started pumping out as the three goddesses started dancing and gyrating in earnest.

Though both Amber and Jess didn’t feel any of this while dancing, they could actually see the response the audience had to Jasmine, and she in turn to them. Rapture was plainly evident on their faces, as they couldn’t stop staring at Jasmine’s gyrations. Jasmine was enraptured herself being clearly absorbed in the moment. The more she felt their response, the more elated she felt. The more elated the audience felt, the more they yearned to be with her. They knew instinctively it wasn’t any magic that was being practiced on them, as it was that Jasmine’s body was the home of their souls. As soon as the first song ended Jasmine flew immediately into another, Boston’s “More than a Feelin’.”

As the effect was spreading out first, to the T.V. audience, Jasmine continued on dancing. People at home started staring at their screens slack jawed. They felt that the highly erotic sight was more than that, but of a revelation. The two simultaneous yet normally incongruent messages of yin and yang were in conflict in their minds. Their conditioning against aberrant sexual ideals was breaking down even without their knowing it. It wasn’t because it was “evil” per se, but that their goddess wanted it that way. That sexual freedom was theirs for the taking as long as it was done by her wishes. The T.V. audience was now enraptured and that was causing a further feedback through Jasmine and in turn she reflected it back again.

Jasmine just didn't want to stop dancing for the crowd. No one wanted her to. Except the other two goddesses who originally planned on only the one song and dance. Not that Jess and Amber really minded extending the dance routine though. Jasmine poured it on into Madonna's "Like a Prayer," and flew herself into it, feeling invigorated. The effect now was physically palpable around the area of the T.V. studio. Most people who at the time didn't know why, felt drawn to the building's exterior. They then learned from the crowd that was already present, why they were drawn there.

Jasmine then launched into a fourth song, one with a stronger sexual overtone as she went with Blondie's "Call Me". Everyone who was witnessed to the phenomena felt the sexual energy ramp up and started either masturbating or fucking the nearest person. Jasmine was going at a feverish pitch by this time, and the other two goddesses can see her actually glowing from the spiritual energy flowing through her. They both felt that four songs were long enough for now. As the song was nearing the end, they magically 'tapped' her on the back of her head to snap her out of it.

As she complied with Jess and Amber's wish to continue the show, it was as if everyone was disappointed, the spiritual feedback had ceased. As the studio audience came down from their spiritual 'high', one of them caught a mike and asked with reverent awe, "What kind of society do you want, mistress?"

Jasmine responded with another magical screen suspended in midair above the studio's stage saying, "Here's what I envision, society to be like in the near future. Keep in mind again that with sexual diseases, and unwanted pregnancies removed, I expect sexual stigmas to fade. Excepting for the rules, I will lay down; firstly, that no one under sixteen will be able to morph. I want to make it clear before we view this scenario, that childhood will be preserved up to that point. For now, on with the show..."

The scene on the screen came on with a view of the usual office environment, with notable differences. As like the goddesses themselves the office workers were fragrantly displaying their sexuality. The women were displaying their tits as if they were showcased like trophies on what weren't so much as bras, but shelves. They also weren't your average everyday working females either, as they all looked like models from the classiest sex magazines. Every female was drop dead gorgeous with racks as big as they like to carry, on an hour to hour bases. Occasionally, when a male they liked would walk by, a female would temporarily inflate her boobs to even bigger. As the females were walking around, most of them were also wearing 'cyber dicks' in full view out of their skirts or pants, totally unconcerned about them. All were wearing rather over-the-top face coloring...

Jasmine paused it here and mentioned, "Think about it girls, no more having to buy makeup, and having to waste money constantly in reapplying it. Furthermore, your ability to morph face coloring will feel natural to the touch to those who'll kiss you. It won't even wear off. Wear it to bed and shower with your color scheme on if you want to."

The scene resumed, with some heavy flirting going on in the office cubicles and corners. The women making advances as strongly as the men, who were themselves, everyone of them handsome and powerfully built. All the men looked as though they had stepped out of those men's fitness magazines. All of them strutting around with their two foot woody's out in front of them. It appeared

that in this office environment the company policy was that flirting was okay. As long as the flirting was in the course of doing the company's business, without getting in the way of business.

The scene scrolled through the office until stopping in a private office space. Inside of which, there was another sexy female finishing some paperwork before heading out for lunch. A knock on her door brought up her attention. "Hi, Adora, say have you been paired for today yet?"

"No, Lisa, pity I was in late and paid the piper for tardiness. Everyone's got a lunch partner and it seems that no one feels like a threesome today. I'm going out for lunch today, don't worry; I'll 'get mine'

With that, Adora got her purse and headed outside on a fine sunny day. The outside was displaying some rather unusual scenes as well, which 'Adora' seemed oddly oblivious. A nearby construction site had some behemoths working doing some heavy lifting, a policeman had raced by on foot apparently on his way to a call while weaving through traffic at top speed, and of course, everyone outside was also displaying their sexuality. Inside a transit bus, apparently a female was paying for her fare by humping the bus driver in his seat while parked at a bus loop. A couple of women sporting huge boobs were on a sidewalk bench with one giving the other anal sex. Lewd behaviour and flirtatious acts were taking place everywhere, as it was the lunchtime crowd and everyone whose outside is looking to hook up with anyone that they can find.

Apparently, Adora herself wasn't so much as strolling on the sidewalk outside on a downtown office street, as she was trolling for a possible partner. As the day was sunny, Adora got out her 'Dorian Grey' sunglasses for a little fun of, peaking 'under the hood'. Often though she never could help but look at herself in a mirrored surface of a glass office tower. She herself weren't a pry chicken. At sixty-four years of age, her sexy body and complexion was revealed to the audience members through the mirrored reflection of a glass window and her 'Dorian's'. As she's wearing a corset, with which she usually displayed her shelved tits. Her formerly large and expansive tits were little shrivelled things with veins running throughout. The 'Dorian's' displayed her in her tight fitting corset as if she was an insanely deluded old lady. As she is one of those heavysset old ladies whose waist is bigger than her breasts, her corset, along with her tight skirt within the reflection, appears to have ballooned along with her lost youthful figure. Throw in her stiletto heels, and she definitely looks like a positively deranged sixty-four year old within the reflection in the glass.

"I don't care what you say," she said to her reflection, "I have thirty-six more years of fucking fun to go."

As she continued down the street, she spotted a bike courier having lunch over a newspaper box. Alternately looking at him through and then over her glasses, under the 'Dorian's' he appeared to be about twenty-four years of age. As he in turn went from a greasy looking pimped faced skinny framed loser, to a cross training hunk of a man, in his skin tight Speedos. Adora approached him from behind and expanded her tits out to their full eighty-inch expanse, shoving them into his backside.

As he turned around it became apparent that he too was wearing 'Dorian's'. A big smile crossed his face and as he noticed the embarrassment that had caused her as he said, "I'll take these off if you take yours off. Besides, I always like fucking older ladies. They have the experience, the expertise, and are definitely harder up for fun before the end." He concluded as he offered his hand, "my name is Dale, by the way, what's yours?"

"Adora, and thanks for the compliment. My experience tells me you're always downtown outside on your lunch break, looking for a quick fuck"

"You got that right babe," as he with his other hand went to feel up her boobs, as they continued to walk.

"Well I'm just the office slut you've been waiting for. You have any requests?"

"Yeah, actually I feel like some Chinese."

"The next second Adora had taken on the look of a Chinese vixen, as she said in return, "Well I feel like Scandinavian."

Dale took on the look of a proud and strong Norseman saying, "Here's the reason I like spandex, I can change my body shape without too much regard for clothing. You like?"

Taking on a false Chinese speech pattern and a big grin she replied, "Oh me likey lots. Me fucky fucky now. You like lots, ya?"

"Ya, sure babe."

As they turned into a plaza where, as it turns out, there was benches everywhere. Designed for straddling sex partners, and most occupied by the lunchtime crowd. Dale and Adora found an empty bench and they were just getting into position...

Clive burst onto the stage in a near panic yelling, "Goddesses, we need your help, NOW!!! There's a major crowd control issue going on right outside the building. There must be a hundred thousand people outside right now...people are getting crushed we think... HELP!!!"

Jasmine upon hearing this, was next to speak, "Oh my, he's right there's people in distress at this very moment. Ohh, I feel as though this is all my fault." Tears started in her eyes as she turned to the audience saying, "The rest of the show's cancelled due to the emergency. We have to go help those people outside.

Then Jasmine disappeared, followed by Jess, and then Amber was left, behind. Amber shrunk the T.V. cameras down to little balls of light and sent them outside. Then she flung up three screens so that the audience can watch the commotion outside as the goddesses dealt with the situation. "Sorry, have to go, but you can watch, just stay where you are." Then Amber disappeared as well.

Outside the goddesses appeared above the crowd's heads. Most people weren't even aware of the distress that the crowd next to the T.V. station's wall were undergoing. The goddesses Jess and Amber drifted away from the building slowly to draw the people away, and it worked in relieving the pressure against the wall.

Jasmine teleported the dead and injured to float around her person up in mid air, and while holding one of them in her arms, began to emit an intense glow. It was as if a physical manifestation of heaven had touched down in the midst of the people gathered there. Her heartfelt sorrow flowed from her, after feeling from the victims, the memory of terror from crushing suffocation and slow death. Tears were gushing from her eyes, as she simultaneously brought the dead back to life, healed the injured and soothed the emotional trauma. The glowing manifestation around her intensified as Jasmine added Anya's "Who Can Say" to the soothing effects.

The formerly dead thirty-two year old paralegal Alice that Jasmine held in her arms, was alive again and in such a state of bliss. A while ago she herself had left work, not even aware of the event that was to take place within this particular building. Then she felt herself being drawn like a moth here, only then she was told why she was attracted so strongly to this place. She didn't have a high opinion of 'the goddesses', at the time she came to be here. In fact, as she came to her senses, she was about to leave again, when within Jasmine had started her second dance routine. Now Alice thought to herself that she would die as she did, 'a thousand times' just to feel this contented. She felt like a five year old caught up in her mother's arms again. Jasmine's eighty-inch boobs notwithstanding, Alice was going to hug her new goddess as hard and as long as she could.

As the spiritual glow cascaded around the world, the goddesses Amber and Jess made sure their 'psychic shields' were at the ready to handle any mishaps. Though they were not affected by the glow, they were made aware of its effects upon the inhabitants of this earth. The crowd below were totally 'out of it', as they were on their knees and staring up at the floating figure of Jasmine, all of them awestruck. The floating cameras that Amber brought outside sent the images around the world, leaving no doubt that the goddess Jasmine was indeed their GOD. Right then Jasmine declared that this will never happen again, and sent the morphing power throughout the world.

End of part three

Gods and Goddesses: Epilogue

Yes, yes, the end is in sight...

Five months had now passed from that fateful day in front of the T.V. station. All the Goddesses were indeed busy at work. Their business in regards to their magical products has made the lot of them billionaires. Everyone had, or wanted to have 'cyber dicks, sheaths, cunts, Dorian Greys' and hooves. In turn, the goddesses have been doling out cash to their favourite charities and various needy people who would ask them for help. As the manufacturing agreements and business practices became more cumbersome to keep track of, they hired Jessica and put her as head of their new corporation. Moving her and Jason into a new mansion near the new head office.

On Sundays, the goddesses would rent out the stadium in their hometown to do nothing more than to grant wishes to those who'd come and wait in line. On the other days, they go around the world during daylight hours to do public works and restore or protect areas threatened by natural disasters. Warning people a week ahead of time to the minute when any particular disaster was due to occur. Such as in the case of earthquakes.

During the night time hours, Jasmine and her cohorts would give concerts in large outdoor areas where she could accommodate the usual average of five hundred thousand people. One of her favourite places is at a western desert butte, its flat top forming a natural stage. With such large venues, she gets a huge spiritual dose and in turn reflects it back to her people. All of whom would be worshiping and/or fucking at the time as she danced in front of them to her favourite songs.

In this time, Jasmine worked hard with the Philippine government and top scientist to get the first space elevator into operational trials. After a few dry runs and experimentation, she would build two more new space elevators. One in Somalia, in Africa and the last in Venezuela, South America.

It was apparent from the outset that due to her honest efforts in improving the lot of mankind, that the established religions were dying rapidly. Three months in, the Christian faith capitulated. The

stubbornly fanatical Muslims sighting the whore like demeanour and appearance of the goddesses only lasted another two weeks after that.

Sexual freedom was already evident everywhere, yet they were sure to follow every tenet the goddesses laid down. Everyone walked around with his and her sexuality in full view. Fucking chairs and benches were being installed in public venues everywhere. Everyone was super healthy, and as a result, the only thing paramedics were required to do was to get an injured person conscious again so that the injured can heal themselves. Only juveniles still needed hospitalization, and only until their sixteenth birthday when they can claim adulthood and fuck anybody, they want.

There was the cultural shock of seeing odd people in odd places. For instance, in classrooms there was often teachers who looked to be sixteen year olds, teaching students who wanted to be treated like adults (seniors had to be separated from the junior grades). Therefore, the students often appeared to be twenty years old or older. In Japan before the morphing powers, the business big shots had always sought to party with Caucasian women. At the time, they found them to be 'exotic'. While now whole neighbourhoods appeared to look like Caucasians. The odd part was that they would be speaking perfect Japanese and be parents of Japanese children. In Africa, the tribes that usually sported huge disks in their lips, earlobes and ringed necks were often Scandinavian in appearance. A Chinese female in Ireland would be heard speaking in a perfect Irish brogue. Shocking as these cultural surprises were, it made life interesting, and mixed up the cultural divides so much as to expose prejudice for what it was.

Statistics indicated a drastic drop in divorce rates, as married couples suddenly found each other sexually attractive again. It would turn out to be the one demographic most happy with the goddesses arrival. As they, in order to service one another morphed into whomever the other wanted, and the men never failed again to 'get it up' for their spouses. Sports revenues even dropped as the male armchair quarterbacks were suddenly missing from their perch in front of the T.V.

By the end of this fifth month, Jasmine and her friends were beloved. Whenever Jasmine would be seen enjoying a walk down a public street, people would have her surrounded. They would for their part treat her like as if she was like a butterfly. Because whenever her progress down the street became impeded by too many people, she would worry for their safety and disappear. So people always try to maintain a space in front of her so as not to make her go away from them, as they worshipped the sight of her. It was because of this that she wasn't really paying attention to where she was headed when somebody had stepped out in front of her abruptly. She bounced off of another set of huge tits and fell on her ass before she knew what was going on. The crowd around her froze; they didn't want her 'scared' away anymore than that.

Then Jasmine had the opportunity to look up at the person who had blocked her path. It was Jessica in full sexual regalia; she'd kept her face young but recognizable. Her body was a teenager's wet dream, and sporting a 'cyber dick' from out of her crotch. Wearing a spandex super mini shorts and tight half corset supporting her eighty-inch tits. She also had on the latest fashion hooves, jewellery and face coloring that meant 'business'. She stood there in front of Jasmine imperiously looking down at her with

her hands on her hips. When Jasmine recognized Jessica, and read her intent, she herself flew into a panic.

Jasmine got up quickly, spun around, and started to run in the opposite direction, only for her to bounce off of a second set of tits and fall butt first back on the ground. This time as Jasmine opened her eyes, she found herself staring up at the underside of Jessica's tit's and crotch. Then she looked at where she met her second obstacle. Fear gripped her like nothing before, and she couldn't even move or speak, as she found herself looking up at Jess. Then she saw Amber behind her, and knew something 'particular' was up. Jess then offered her hand to Jasmine and got her up presently.

Jess spoke first, "Amber and I came by to say goodbye. Not in a permanent fashion mind you, but it's time we started our own worlds."

Amber cut in, "Yeah, we want what you have with these people."

Jasmine knew exactly what they were talking about and realized that it would be selfish of her to ask them to stay. "Besides, we will always know where the others are, and can teleport to them in an instant to visit anyhow," Jasmine replied. "I understand. So, I'm interested in knowing what kind of worlds you two will be constructing."

"Well," Jess said, "I'm interested in creating a kind of 'dungeons and dragons' world. All of that sword and sorcery, half-naked heroes, alluring sorceresses, elves, dwarves, weird flora and fauna. I want a world of adventure and heroics."

"Mom," Jasmine said with a wide-open mouthed grin, "I never knew you were into all that D&D shit."

"Well fantasy is one thing, but now I can make fantasy real and be a part of it too. I could tag along in an adventuring party, or play the part of one of their many gods. It's likely I'll be a powerful enchantress. Oh there could be many parts I can play and still get people to worship me as they do you."

"What about you Amber, what kind of world would you like to create?"

"Oh, I don't think I'll stick with just one stinkin' little planet. I'm going to set myself up as a powerful god empress of a galactic empire. I'll probably go over to Andromeda and take that over, or any galaxy that's easy to adjust for maximum inhabitable planets." Amber looks up to the sky wistfully saying, "Me, the center of a whole galaxy of worshippers."

"Oh that'll be nice, but I bet it'll be a lot of work to set up just right. Good luck my friend. Perhaps in time I'll visit you in your imperial throne room." Jasmine started a psychic conversation with Jess asking, "Uh, mom? What's with Jessica standing there, looking like that? She knows you've forbidden me to think of her as a sex object."

Jess psychically replied, "Because for starters, this is your world, and you'll have it all to yourself totally from now on. Secondly, I myself have seen you in action in regards to your people and I am

content as to your stewardship. Thirdly and most importantly, Jessica wanted to be able to fuck her boss and goddess. Who am I to say 'no' to myself," and with that Jess smiled. She then said verbally, "I'll be taking Alberto along with me to my world. He's interested in playing along like he was Conan."

Jasmine hugged her friend and then her mentor each and said, "Goodbye." With that, they both disappeared from the face of the planet. For a moment Jasmine stood there, sensing them they headed for far off galaxies and adventures. Then saying aloud to the crowd gathered around her she said, "If there's anybody from the media here, let it be known; that my friends are off to create their own worlds. They will not be seen here for an age!

With that, Jasmine turns around and addressed Jessica, "Hi 'mom'."

"Hello my mistress. I must say that your enterprises are doing well. Your accounts are brimming with money," Jessica said as she started walking with Jasmine down the street towards a plaza area. "There's just one unfinished business I like to address with my Goddess."

"Yes, I've been told. Let's get this on I feel a good reaming is in order."

Just then as they turned the corner to enter the plaza, they bump into Jason, and he said, "Hey mom, sis; can I get some action too?"

Jasmine looked rather incredulous at the forwardness of Jason's inquiry and looks to Jasmine for clarification. Jessica said in defence, "Well, you can't expect me to keep my hands off of my son when we both have access to your magical sex toys, and can change into anybody we like. You must also admit that as a sex goddess you look pretty hot yourself, and we both want a piece of your ass."

"Well then." said Jasmine as they approached one of the new sex benches in the public plaza, "Let's get it on. You on the bottom and Jason can ride my asshole for starters." They got into position and started fucking to the tune of Annie Lennox's "Sweet Dreams are made of these".

Fini...

