

Paul's Problems

The Changing Room and the King Sized Bed

by Rols Garten

Paul yawned as the women around him began to stir. All three were some of the most beautiful women he'd ever seen, though until the past two days they hadn't been quite so beautiful.

The first to get up, Allison, had previously been a small if athletic girl. Now she was a muscular asian amazon with a pair of giant tits that were firm enough to bounce quarters off of (Paul had actually tried this). She sat up and stretched, smiling at him.

Her waking up stirred the redheaded girl that had been sleeping on her front. Of all the girls Paul had known her the longest, having met her in junior high. When he'd known her then, and up until yesterday, she'd been a somewhat plain looking girl with frizzy orange hair. Her transformation had been the most drastic. The orange hair that she'd never seemed to know what to do with had been replaced with a crimson waterfall that hung down past her now voluptuous ass when she stood. That is when she could stand as she'd also been transformed into a mermaid. Her breasts were also by far the largest, at least twice as big as Allison's and Allison looked like she'd cut a watermelon in half and stuffed it down her shirt.

She looked over her shoulder at Allison and smiled, "God, are we gonna stay this horny forever?" She shrugged as one of her hands wandered up to play with one of her prominent nipples. "I'm not complaining, but it would be good to know."

"We should get used to it enough to function," said the last girl as she sat up. Samantha had been a slight dark haired lesbian when Paul had first met her. She was still short but now had a wonderful hourglass figure and breasts that, while not quite as big as Allison and Iris's, dominated her tiny frame. She also firmly counted herself as bisexual now, as did Allison and Iris though they were coming from the other direction. "Still, if you have a willing partner I don't think that you'll have to

worry about getting in the mood.”

“I’ll say,” said Allison while starting to stand up. As she did Paul’s flaccid dick fell out of her vagina and she gave a little gasp. “Oh! I forgot where we put that.”

The penis was also new. Paul had always be above average in that department, and whatever had changed the girls seemed to have given him a level of sexual stamina that bordered on the superhuman. Apparently above average and simply bordering on the superhuman wasn’t enough for Samantha as the newly minted sorceress had shot some kind of spell at Paul that had doubled the size of his cock and had left him with enough stamina to see all of the girls asleep before he was even beginning to be worn out. She’d also given Paul a better physique, which was an area that he was willing to admit that he’d been a bit lacking in. While it had been Samantha’s idea, Allison seemed to be the one getting the most out of it. Even now she was tracing the lines of his six pack abs. “We’re going to have to start working out together.” Her smile implied that this was out of more than a concern for his fitness. “But there’s other stuff we need to do today.”

She looked to the side and Paul followed her gaze to see Samantha with her legs locked around Iris, pulling the mermaid into a deep kiss.

“Besides each other that is.” She strode over to the pair and placed a hand under each of their chins. With what looked like minimal effort she pulled the two of them apart and forced them to look up at her. “Girls, we have to go shopping.”

“Oh yes please!” said Samantha with a grin. Iris just nodded and started licking Allison’s wrist while slowly fingering herself.

“Iris,” said Allison, “are you listening to any of this?”

“Oh yeah. A shopping trip sounds great!” She kept fingering herself. “Remember our deal?”

Allison nodded, slowly guiding Samantha to her feet with one hand while withdrawing her other hand to make walking motions with her fingers. Iris sighed and closed her eyes to focus for a moment. After a few seconds her tail split in half and the bright blue scales seemed to retract into her

legs, leaving a pair of shapely legs while her fins changed shape and became a pair of dainty feet.

“Yeah,” said Allison, “I get to pick out one outfit for you and you get to pick out one for me.”

“That sounds fucking amazing.” said Samantha. “mind if I get in on that?”

“Course not,” said Allison. She frowned and hefted her breasts, “I think the only problem we'll have is finding things in our size.”

Samantha laughed as she was placing a t-shirt on over her head. All of her old t-shirts now had the problem of looking more like belly shirts. This one barely made it over her nipples. “Bitch please.” She raised her index finger and touched her shirt. A small spark jumped from her finger to the shirt and the fabric immediately started shifting around on her. “We can get whatever we want and it'll fit like it was tailored to us.”

“Wait,” said Paul, “so you don't really need a new wardrobe. You can just re-size what you have?”

“Paul,” Samantha shook her head. “Those were the clothes of a skinny little girl who thought that just because someone was an Aquarius they'd want to be a swimmer.” She pointed at Iris, who started to laugh.

“Oh wow. That was why you said that? We thought you might know something, it's the only reason we came here.” She frowned, “And I'm a Capricorn.”

“Eh. The point is that I could wear her clothes, or I could get a wardrobe fit for a sex goddess mistress of the arcane arts. Also I want to see these two,” she hooked her thumb at Allison and Iris, “looking like something besides porn stars on laundry day. Only limiting thing is going to be money.”

“Well now, I don't think that will be a problem.” Allison said while getting dressed in the discount sweater and sweatpants she'd picked up the previous day after her transformation. “I happen to be rich.”

“How do you mean?” Samantha cocked her head, clearly fascinated.

“Oh!” Iris held up her hand. “I know about this. She was telling me about it last night when I

was trying to see how long I could hold my breath in the tub. Turns out that I can breath underwater but once I was out of the tub I was eating her pussy and it turns out I can hold my breath for an hour.” Iris looked at all of them proudly.

“While that is an amazing story, and I'm going to get you to prove that hour thing to me later, you kind of started off telling about one thing and finished with another.”

Iris raised an eyebrow, then her eyes widened. “Oh, right, the money. Her full name is Allison Sakamoto and her dad owns a company called Sakamoto Conglomerates which is one of those super big Japanese companies that doesn't really do anything besides buy up other companies.”

“Huh,” Samantha frowned. “Hey Iris, what's your last name?”

“Du Bois, yours?”

“Thorenson.”

Paul began rapidly putting on his underwear and searching around for his jeans.

“Hey Paul,” said Allison, “what's your last name?”

Paul slipped his jeans on and started looking around for his t-shirt, only when he found it did he remember that Allison had torn it in two trying to get it off him last night. “It's...uh...”

“Oh! I know this one too!” Iris smiled as everyone in the room looked at her. Paul guessed she wasn't even aware that she was thrusting her tits out and batting her eyes at everyone. “His full name is Paul Patrick Peters.”

Paul blushed a bit.

“Aww,” said Allison.

“You sound like a background character from Harry Potter.” Samantha grinned wickedly as she said it.

Holding out the torn t-shirt, Paul asked “Can you fix this?”

“Sure thing, Paul Peters.” She smiled as she reached out and touched the t-shirt, its material joining back together as Paul slipped it over his head.

"It's just so cute!" Allison said, "I just want to wrap you in a warm blanky and serve you hot coco!"

"That's it I'm outta here." He stood up and got his shoes on.

"Oh Paul, don't be like that." Iris stood up and gave him a pouty lip. "You know we're just teasing, you're still the sexiest man in the world to all of us." She placed a hand on his chest and started rubbing it back and forth. "Come to the mall with us? I don't know about the other girls but I'd love for you to pick out some lengerie for me." The enthusiastic nods from the other two girls caught Paul's attention.

But he shrugged, "Sorry. I'm exhausted, it's been nothing but sex since yesterday afternoon. You girls have a fun time shopping and I'll catch up later ok?" He sighed, "I'm just going to go study."

That same pouty lip from Iris, mockingly mirrored by the other two girls as well. "Ok Paul... It's not because I told them your last name is it?"

Paul sighed, "No Iris."

She still seemed a bit sad. Paul felt like he'd just kicked a puppy. A really sexy puppy.

Finally Allison stepped in, "Don't worry about it." She grabbed Iris and spun her around to face her, giving her ample ass a little squeeze as she did. "He's going to make it up to us later, and we can put on a bit of a fashion show when we get back." She smiled, "I still haven't given you my cell, have I Paul?"

"Uh no, no I don't think that I have any of your numbers." *Or middle names* he thought.

There was a brief exchange of cell phone information and Allison said: "Oh, by the way I thought maybe it would be better to meet at my house. It's a bit further..."

"I don't really have a car," said Paul.

"...but it has a king sized bed."

"I guess I'll have to start exercising this physique." Allison leaned down a bit and planted a kiss on his cheek.

The Saturday mall buzzed with activity and for a good half hour the girls had just walked around, enjoying the looks they'd been getting. For Samantha this was her first time out in public since her transformation and the way that people were looking at her was beginning to get her aroused again. A quick glance at the prominent nipples on the other girls, visible even through their thick sweaters, showed that they felt the same. That or their sweaters were really rubbing hard. With the way that Iris' tits were straining at the seams it was certainly possible.

Finally their path took them to a fancy lingerie store. Something beyond arousal swelled in Samantha as she looked at the posters advertising the store, knowing she looked just as good as if not better than the women in the photos. "Ok bitches," she said, "time to settle the score."

"Excuse me?" asked Allison.

"We're going in there and we're getting measured."

"I thought you said that you could alter whatever we wanted?"

"Oh yeah, easily. But don't you want to know?"

"I do!" said Iris. "Also that one's cute." It took Samantha a moment to realise that Iris wasn't pointing at a specific bra, but at a young blonde sales attendant leaning against the counter. "We should take her back for Paul."

"We're shopping for clothes not people," said Allison.

"She could be one of us. We wouldn't know until we got her alone with Paul."

"Iris, we are not kidnapping a girl just because you're feeling a little hot under the collar."

"But you see? We've already got a large breasted redhead," she pointed to herself, "ms. Raven-Hair-Alabaster-Skin," she pointed at Samantha, "and the fiery maiden of the orient."

"The *what*?" asked Allison.

"If we get a blonde it'll almost be a complete set!"

"Iris," Allison let a note of warning creep into her voice.

Iris held up her hands. "Fine, but I'm going to try to get her to do my measurements for me."

"Well obviously," said Allison.

They moved into the store, Iris approaching the attendant while Allison and Samantha browsed. After the mermaid came out and gestured for Allison to go next, Samantha noticed that the attendant had taken on a wide-eyed stare. "What's with her?" Samantha asked.

Iris shrugged. "I don't know, she got like that about halfway through. I think when I mentioned that we were students." She shook her head as she picked up a lacy purple bra. "This is nice... It's a good thing that you're gonna touch these up because she said that nobody in the city carries my size. She said there are a few websites and otherwise I'd have to get them custom made. She couldn't believe that they're real, 'cause they don't sag so much." She giggled, "If that's her qualification for what's real and what's not, wait until she gets her hands on Allison."

They browsed for a bit longer before Allison came out. The poor attendant's eyes were bulging out of her head. As Samantha went over to take her turn she heard Allison start talking to Iris. "So it turns out I know her..."

"You know Allison?" Samantha asked the attendant.

"I... yes." the attendant shook her head as she lead Samantha into the changing room. Samantha wondered what she must be thinking. Group discount at the plastic surgeon's? "Her uh, her fencing class uses the same gym after my ballet."

Samantha looked down, "Well you've got the right fucking legs for that. The last time I saw them that toned was on one of those two," she jerked her thumb over her shoulder at Allison and Iris. "And we're kind of special cases." She let her eyes linger on the girl's legs for a bit. "I bet ballet leaves them flexible too, huh?"

The girl gave a small squeak and disappeared into one of the changing rooms. Samantha smirked and followed her in.

Linda was not a lesbian.

She'd known that she wasn't a lesbian for years now. That time that Stephanie Miller's bra had slipped and Linda had happened to be looking down her blouse and had gotten an eyeful of her luscious maroon nipples? That barely stuck out in her mind. Doing fittings, handling other women's breasts all day? That didn't bother her at all, she was certain that lots of people had to masturbate once they got home from work. And just because she'd never felt a real connection with any of her boyfriends just meant that she hadn't found the right guy yet.

And these girls, with their giant breasts coming into the store. She wasn't aroused. That first girl? All bubbly and friendly and casually talking about how less than an hour ago she was sharing a bed with the other two? Linda wasn't interested, she'd just said that it sounded nice and she'd only said that to be polite. And when Allison had come in she was just surprised to see a familiar face in her work. It wasn't like she'd touched those impossibly firm breasts any more than she'd needed to for the measurements. She wouldn't have had to touch them at all if any of these girls were wearing a bra. Not that she was sure those magnificently firm breasts of Allison's needed one, which was also ridiculous. Who heard of someone that big that didn't need a bra?

So when this short girl with the pale skin and purple highlights came in and started talking about Linda's legs, she just brushed it aside. Her legs were her best feature after all. Not every woman could have such gigantic, soft, succulent breasts as these three.

She wound the tape measure around the tops of the girl's breasts, taking note of the spiraling pattern of tattoos that went up the girl's back and down her arms. The way they swirled seemed to accentuate her curves before meeting at the small of her back just before her plump rear end. "You got the measurement back there?" the girl asked. Linda blinked, how long had she just been staring?

"Uh, y-yes. I'm going to..." she swallowed and blushed, "I'm going to measure your bust now."

"Don't let me stop you."

Linda gave a little whimper, hopefully not loud enough for the girl to hear, as the band wound

around her breasts. She stared in shock for a moment as she saw that like the girl's lips, her nipples were a deep black colour. *Does she put the lipstick on them too?* She got the measurement, and it was definitely an accident that her finger brushed by a stiff nipple on the way by.

She giggled a bit, "I think that we actually stock your size." She'd been expecting bigger, the girl's shortness and relative thinness had created an illusion. Not that she wasn't large, compared to Linda's own Bs they were still enormous.

The girl didn't say anything, but turned around and took a step towards her, closing the distance between them so that her prominent bust was almost brushing against Linda's. The girl was short but not so short that their breasts couldn't be mashed together if she took another step forwards. "Hey," the girl said, "I'm Samantha."

"H-hey Samantha. I'm Linda."

"Llllllllinnnda." Samantha shaped the name with her mouth, "Leggy Linda." She did take that extra step forwards but Linda managed to match her step for step, until she was backed into the corner. "What's the matter Linda? Don't you like how I look?" She was over enunciating her "L"s, showing glimpses of her long pink tongue.

Linda's breaths were coming in shuddering gasps. "I...I'm not a...."

"Not a lesbian, Linda? Does Linda not like licking?" Samantha took that last step forwards and mashed her breasts into Linda's while leaning close enough that Linda could feel her hot breath on her neck. "I think Linda's a little liar."

"No..."

"Because in every fitting room I've ever been in there are these big bins of bras for the customers to wear if they didn't come in one. That way the attendant doesn't have to touch your breasts."

"No..."

"There's a bin just like it in this room Linda."

“Oh God...”

“You didn't even glance at it. Do you like the way that my breasts felt, Linda?”

“Oh God... oh yes.”

“I fucking knew it!” That wasn't Samantha's voice and as Samantha pulled back Linda saw that Allison was squeezing herself under the changing room door, not having the easiest time of it with her large breasts but apparently she had enough brute strength to pull herself through. “No fitting takes that long.”

“Is Iris outside?” asked Samantha.

“Yeah, want me to let her in?”

“Fuck yeah.” She looked back to Linda and grinned, “Little leggy Linda the lesbian is gonna get her first taste of mermaid pussy.”

“I'm not a lesbian!” Linda said as Allison opened the door and the bubbly redhead from earlier stepped inside.

“Please,” said Allison, “you were practically molesting me during my fitting.”

“I just have to touch you to get the measurements!”

Allison quirked her hips to one side and gave a grin. “You need to pinch my nipples to get measurements now huh?”

Iris looked around, “Are you sure that there's enough room for us to have sex in here?”

“Nobody's having sex in here!” said Linda.

“Well we were going to,” said Iris. “I wasn't going to force you but before when you were looking at my nipples and saying 'I want to suck them' over and over I thought you might like it.”

Samantha covered her mouth and giggled. “Holy shit!”

Linda blinked. Had she said that out loud? “I-I'm not...”

“Linda,” said Allison, “if you were any deeper in the closet you'd be in Narnia.”

“Tell you what,” Linda had to do a double take, Samantha's eyes were glowing and small sparks

seemed to be jumping from her fingers and sticking to the wall. "I'm casting a spell to make this room completely soundproof and make it so nobody will notice any other things we might do. So the three of us are going to start fucking each other and if you feel like joining in, just go ahead."

Iris and Allison began to eagerly make out, stripping out of the plain gray sweaters they'd been wearing. Samantha, squeezed into the wall by the two of them, smiled and crooked a finger at Linda.

Linda stared, three pairs of amazing breasts attached to three breathtaking women. All of them were now topless and Iris was stripping out of her pants as well, revealing a wonderfully rounded ass that Allison was eagerly groping. "Who are you girls? How are you all so...?" She groped the air in front of her breasts.

Samantha laughed and Iris let out a little giggle, Allison was too busy eating Iris' pussy to comment. "Here," said Samantha, "let me show you." Samantha's eyes started to glow again with pale blue light, Linda also saw the tattoos on her arms light up in the same way. She squeezed around the other pair and pressed in to Linda, her boobs mashing right into Linda's again. Looking deeply into Linda's eyes, Samantha pulled her into a deep kiss.

At first Linda wasn't going to kiss her back. But then a warmth started to build up in her mouth and pour down her throat, every second that it was there seemed to send tingles into Linda's pussy. She moaned into Samantha's mouth and reached around to grab the pale girl by the ass while locking her pink lips with Samantha's black ones.

"Hey Allison, do you mind if I..." Iris was stroking one of her long and shapely legs.

The warm feeling reached the bottom of Linda's throat and started to spread through her chest. It seemed to be spreading evenly through her body, a warm tingle that seemed to scream at her libido with every moment.

Allison stopped licking Iris's pussy for a second and looked up with concern. "What? No, Iris are you kidding? We're already in here like sardines. There's not enough room for your tail."

Suddenly the tingle hit Linda's nipples and instead of warmth there was *heat*. Intense heat,

extreme heat that spread through every nerve in her body, it was like her two tiny breasts had just become nuclear reactors.

“But it feels *so good* Allison. You're strong, you can hold me up.”

Samantha's kissing became wilder, her hands questing around Linda's body and grabbing under her shirt. Linda leaned into her kiss, pure lust radiating out of her confined breasts. As she breathed deeply the bands of her bra dug into her shoulders. *Odd*, she thought, *It wasn't doing that earlier*.

“It's not about whether or not I can hold you! There isn't enough- GAH!” Suddenly something very large whipped up knocked the girls off of their feet, leaving them all in a pile on the change room floor. The change room was a bit large because it was usually supposed to have two occupants, but there was still only enough room for all four occupants on the floor if one of them was buried. In this case it was Samantha. Linda could feel her soft body squirming underneath them. More amazing though, was that Iris had become a fish from the waist down.

Linda tried to say something about that but all that out was a long low moan, the bands of her bra dug more tightly into her back. A loud knocking came from the door. “Is everything all right in there!?” *Oh shit*, thought Linda, *Rachel!* She could see her manager's well tanned legs underneath the changing room door.

A pale arm with intricate tattoos emerged from the pile of women and Linda heard a muffled voice say, “Fuck off.” A pale blue light shot from the hand and through the door. A loud gasp came from the other side and Linda saw Rachel's legs wobble on the other side. After a moment the legs rushed off.

Samantha's face pushed out from underneath the pile, staring daggers at Iris. “Naughty, *naughty* mermaid.” She said while making a gesture with her hand. Iris gave a tiny shriek as she floated into the air, above the girl pile, and slowly turned upside down with her tail pointing towards the ceiling and head towards the ground. Her impossible tits continued to ignore gravity somewhat, definitely hanging downwards, but not nearly as far as they should have been. She ran into the changing room mirror tits

first with her amazing ass facing the rest of them.

With Iris removed it was easy for the others to stand up, save for Linda. The waves of pleasure radiating out from her nipples were as intense as anything she'd ever felt, but the straps of her bra were starting to seriously dig into her back and shoulders. She worked at the buttons on her shirt, hoping to get to the problem, when there was a sudden snapping noise and her breasts sprung forwards. Suddenly free of confinement they filled Linda's shirt completely, already moving to straining her shirt's buttons. She let out a small whimper and bit her lip.

“Oh wow,” said Allison. Linda looked up to see the busty asian amazon had striped naked and was crawling towards her on all fours. “Need a bit of help with that shirt?”

“Sam!” squealed Iris from her spot on the wall. “I'm sorry! Please let me down. Or turn me around because I want to see her tits get big!”

Samantha huffed and snapped her fingers. A glowing white ball of light appeared in the air beside her, slowly spinning and deforming until it looked unmistakably like a giant dildo. Without turning around Samantha pointed and the dildo zipped off towards the mermaid's ass.

“Eeeek!” she squealed as she thrashed back and forth on the mirror. “Ooooooooooh... I don't know if I like it...”

Allison had reached Linda by now and was gripping the sides of her shirt. “Let's just get this out of the way.” With a quick motion she tore the shirt open, causing Linda's still constrained boobs to pop out. “Mmmm...” Allison licked her lips, then suddenly reached out and grabbed Linda by the armpits. The amazon lifted Linda off of the ground. Standing up, she had Linda above her head. This left her boobs right at eye level for Allison. Looking Linda in the eyes, she extended her tongue and licked one of Linda's nipples.

Linda gasped at the sensation. She'd never dreamed her nipples could feel like that. As she glanced down she saw her breasts start to surge forwards again.

“Hey Samantha,” said Allison, “do you wanna-” the sentence ended in a gurgle and Linda

looked down, barely being able to see past her expanding assets, and saw that the ivory skinned beauty was lapping at Allison's deeply tanned pussy. They fell into a steady rhythm, Samantha kissing Allison's pussy at about the same rate that Allison was kissing Linda's, occasionally punctuated by a squeal from Iris.

Eventually Allison set Linda down, gently but in a hurry, as she fell back onto her toned ass and lay against the wall next to Iris while an orgasm raged through her body. She squirmed on the ground, hands reaching out aimlessly. One of them eventually found the edge of the changing room's bench and tightened on it. There was a loud crack as Allison tore the bench from the wall.

“Wow,” said Linda, before shuddering as another wave of growth hit her. She grabbed her tits, “Oh God, how big are they going to get?” She was already way past Samantha and quickly looking like she was going to be shooting past Allison in terms of size.

Samantha stood up, licking pussy juices from her lips. Her eyes locked on Linda. “Oh Linda, luscious-leggy-lascivious,-lusty-Linda the lesbian.” She stepped towards Linda. Her hips were still encased in a pair of form fitting jeans, despite her toplessness, and they clicked back and forth like a pendulum while she walked. Expecting her to make some move towards her breasts, instead she slid in behind Linda and grabbed the side of her head to turn her over to where Iris was still pinned against the wall and being penetrated by Samantha's magic light dildo, though judging by the noises that Iris was making it was obvious that she'd made up her mind about whether she like it or not.

Hard nipples poked into Linda's back and she could feel Samantha's breath hot in her ear. Samantha made a gesture and the dildo disappeared and Iris turned back around. “Whew,” breathed Iris, “I'll have to pick some stuff up so Paul can try that.” She glanced to the side at Allison. “What did I miss?”

Allison was fanning herself with one hand, but pointed to the bench that she'd torn out of the wall and then at Linda's tits. They were bigger than Allison's now, and the continuing torrent of pleasure from her nipples told her that she wasn't done.

“Don't you think she could use having her pussy eaten?” Samantha said while pointing at Iris.

“Oh yes please!” Said Iris, “Also, she could use being let down from here. All the blood is rushing to my head.”

“Not until Linda's done. I want you to be her first lick.”

“Aww.” Iris bunched her hands together by her face and batted her eyes, “That's so flattering. I think.”

“Go on,” whispered Samantha. “Go do it.”

Linda took a the few steps it took to cross the changing room and stopped in front of Iris, glistening pussy right at her eye level. She was still wearing the most clothes out of all the girls, even if all of her tops had been destroyed by her expanding breasts, so Iris ended up with a face full of blue jeans. Linda licked her lips and said, “But I'm not a lesbian.”

A chorus of groans echoed around the room.

“Ok,” said Iris, “I've kind of had fun with this whole submissive role that Sam's pushing on me.”

“I'm not-”

“Shut up Sam. But I'm starting to see spots in my vision so...” She reached up and unzipped the jeans in front of her, yanking both the jeans and panties down with one quick movement. “Wow. Shaved. Nice. Anyways while you're thinking about whether to take up a seafood diet-”

Allison gave a rather unfeminine snort and she and Iris shared a quick high-five.

“-I'm just gonna get started down here, ok?”

Linda gasped at the feeling of Iris's tongue entering her, flicking up occasionally to stimulate her clit. She groaned and then launched forwards, burying her face in Iris's snatch.

Samantha slouched down by Allison. “I wasn't trying to be dominant, was I?”

“Hey,” said Allison, “remember when we came in here to get bras?”

The looked at each other for a few seconds, and then giggled.

Paul looked at the textbook in front of him, rubbing his eyes and trying to focus. "I should know what liturgical means," he mumbled. The words seemed to be running together. Everything he said about wanting a break came back to him. At the time it was true, he had wanted a break. Now he had gotten some food in him and had re-hydrated and was horny again.

He looked at his phone, but there were no messages from the girls. They were probably still shopping. "They'll probably be pretty worked up by the time that they're done," he said to himself. He thought for a few more seconds, "Unless they just have sex while they're there. But would they have sex in public-" He frowned. "Maybe I could just swing by the mall..."

He was suddenly hit by another of the distinctive twinges that had been following him around for the past few days. They'd always felt like someone was simultaneously hooking his libido up to a car battery and taking a hammer to his sense of balance, but this time it felt very intense, at least twice as much as it ever had before. It took Paul a second to figure out that he was now laying face down on his textbook. He popped his head back up and looked around.

Nobody seemed to be looking his direction. Apparently his falling forwards on to his textbook had just looked like a bit of frustrated pantomime. But the odd thing was that his twinges had previously been either just before a girl had decided to "spend some time with him" or before he and that girl had both become incredibly horny and preceded to fuck each other's brain's out/turn into creatures from legend and myth. But nobody was even looking at him.

Maybe I could ask Samantha what they mean. He thought, because obviously he was missing something. *Unless...* All the other girls had been somewhere private, the closest to not being private was Allison and she'd grabbed him and taken him somewhere private. Maybe whoever this was was too shy to approach him. How to fix that though? He couldn't just walk up to every girl in the library and say, "Excuse me, are you currently overwhelmed with an urge to take me somewhere and make dirty passionate monkey love?"

Maybe, he thought, *maybe if I go somewhere private she'll follow?* The school had a basement with only a few labs in it that nobody would be using on the weekend. That could be ideal. He packed up his things, slowly, trying to make sure that everyone could see him as he left the library.

“Aww,” said Iris, “she's like a horny little angel!” They all looked at Linda, completely exhausted and snoozing in one corner of the change room. Her breasts had ended up just shy of Iris's in size, with thick pink nipples just begging to be sucked. She still had her destroyed shirt on, as well as her trousers bunched around her ankles.

Allison bit her lip. “Y'know, I don't know if we're being entirely fair to her.”

“I never heard a no from the bitch...” Said Samantha, cuddling up against Allison's shoulder. Reaching up, she drew the amazon into a kiss.

“You know,” said Allison a bit breathless, “for someone with such an amazing tongue you sure have a dirty mouth. But what I meant was all of this.” She gestured around to the change room. Besides the bench she had torn out of the wall the mirror was now cracked from Iris thrashing around in an orgasm. Apparently there was a lot of muscle in that tail. Not to mention that the room had taken on an odor that wasn't going to leave any ambiguities about what had been going on in here. “I also think that she probably doesn't have any rich girl friends to buy her a whole new wardrobe on a whim. Or witches to make that wardrobe fit.”

“Can I come down now?” Iris said weakly from the mirror.

“Oh shit!” Samantha looked like she was trying not to laugh, “I totally forgot that you were up there. Allison, catch.” She made gesture and the mermaid fell from the mirror to be cradled in the Amazon's waiting arms. Gazing into each other's eyes, they gave each other a quick- well, reasonably short- kiss and then Allison set her down next to them.

“Anyways.” Samantha stood up and brushed herself off, despite the fact that she was completely naked. “All of this is nothing that I can't handle.” Her tattoos started to glow and she held a

finger up in the air, twirling it around. With a groan the bench slid back into place and the mirror repaired itself.

Iris sniffed the air, “Hey, pine.”

“As for her,” Samantha pointed at the prone Linda and a spark shot from her fingers, striking Linda without any apparent effect. “Now she'll think this was all a dream and her clothes will repair themselves when her breasts go back down.”

“Go back down?” Iris asked, leaning forwards to get a better look at them.

“I can't make them permanent.” Samantha shrugged and then pressed her arms together forcing her own breasts up and outwards. “If I could, do you think I'd be the smallest?”

“So is Paul not going to stay like that?” asked Iris. She had a look of worry in her eye that matched a child wondering if Christmas was cancelled.

“Paul's a special case,” Iris said while reassuring her with a pat on the shoulder.

Allison stood up and started getting dressed while Iris switched back to her legs. “Consequence free sex, huh?”

“Fuck yeah. Now let's go buy some bras.”

The checkout clerk stared wide-eyed at the gigantic pile of underwear in front of her. “Uh, is this all together?” she asked Allison.

“Yep,” she took a brushed silver card out of her wallet and gave it to the cashier.

Iris cleared her throat as the price came up on the screen. “We could chip in a bit...”

“Guys, it's ok. Sakamoto Conglomerates made like a trillion yen last year.”

“What is that, like five bucks?”

Allison stuck out her tongue, “Try about ten billion dollars.”

“Holy shit!” Samantha said. “Shouldn't you be going to Harvard or something?”

“Eeh.” Allison shrugged, “I've never been really comfortable with the rich crowd. Also my

grades were kind of shit and my dad doesn't believe in free rides.” She took the offered card back from the cashier, “Fortunately for us, he does believe in spoiling his little princess.”

“Uh,” said the cashier, “wow I didn't know we stocked some of these sizes. Did anybody help you today.”

“Linda,” said Allison.

“Oh I was wondering where she was.” The cashier let out a low whistle. “I'd love to be in her shoes.”

Allison felt her mouth twitch as she suppressed a grin, “Oh really, why's that?”

“We get paid on commission.”

Paul looked at his watch, frowning at the time. “...Yeah this isn't happening.” He stood up and picked up his bag, trying not to feel let down. “Course, I felt that first twinge with Iris hours before she turned up at my house for a booty call. Might just be impatient.” He made his way out of the abandoned chemistry lab and through the basement. Turning a corner he almost ran into someone.

“Sorry,” he said. He glanced at whoever it was that he'd almost run into. “Oh, Professor Brown.”

The professor was standing in the middle of the hall completely still. Almost seeming to be hiding behind her lanky brown hair and thick rimmed glasses.

“Uh, are you ok?”

Her head shot up and looked at him with great big deer in the headlight eyes. “Yes. Mr. Peters. I am fine.” Her voice was weirdly monotone for the look on her face.

“Ok...” Paul thought for a moment. “Actually I was having some problems with the coursework, do you think I could stop by your office?”

“No!” Paul jumped back a bit. “Uh, what I mean is. You should.” Her speech was taking on a weird start-stop mechanic. “Other students.” She shook her head, “This early in the course I'd

recommend you reaching out to other students. Make a study group if you're having trouble.”

“You know, I do actually know two of the girls in your class.”

“Good!” Paul jumped again. “You should spend time with girls your own age. Spend lots of time with girls your own age.”

“Yeah...” Paul took a step backwards. “Well, see you on Monday.” He turned around and tried not to sprint for the stairs, suddenly aware of just how dark the basement was.

The professor seemed to be muttering to herself, Paul tried to ignore it but his blood froze when he realised what Professor Brown was saying. “I will not fuck my student. I will not fuck my student. I will not fuck my student...”

Oh dear, thought Paul, this could be a problem.

Linda woke up to find someone shaking her shoulders. “Are you all right? Are you hurt?”

She blinked blearily, “Rachel?”

“Thank God,” the older woman blurred into focus in front of Linda. “What happened? Did you faint?”

“No I...” her memory was blurry and indistinct but she said, “I helped those three customers with their measurements and then...” things seemed to buzz for a moment, “I helped them with that big purchase of theirs. Then I came back in here because I thought they might have left some bras and...” she licked her lips, “I think I might have fainted?” *And had one of the most amazing dreams about those girls*, she didn't say. It had felt so real, so powerful.

“You look flushed.” Rachel frowned, “You did good with those three, they bought out half the high end stock. Why don't you take the rest of the day off if you're not feeling well?”

“Yeah, yeah ok.” Linda picked herself up, looked around the room, and froze.

On the mirror was a giant boob print, near the bottom. Like someone with giant breasts had been suspended upside down in front of it.

The shopping trip continued.

“What could you possibly need black lipstick for?” asked Allison. “Your lips are already black!”

“Ah, but what shade of black?”

And continued.

“Ok,” said Iris, “seeing as we all get to pick an outfit for each other these are mine for you two!” Allison quirked an eyebrow as she held up a pink bikini that looked like about as much material had gone into it as the average napkin.

“Swimwear,” said Samantha holding up a black one-piece that had a neckline low enough that she'd be in danger of showing off her pussy if she jumped. “Who would have thought?”

“Yay!” Iris clapped, holding up her own bikini, possibly more revealing than Allison's. The others noticed the colour.

“Iris. Did you pick that to match the colour of your tail?”

“You noticed! I chose both of yours to match the colour of your nipples!”

Allison looked back at the bikini, “Oh, yeah that's actually pretty close.”

And continued.

“No... I may be rich but that's fifty thousand dollars. And I have enough swords.”

“Why do you own any swords?”

And continued.

“Ok so my turn,” said Allison.

Samantha examined the pair of yoga pants she'd been given, along with a form fitting t-shirt. “I could get into this, how about you Iris?”

Iris held the sports bra and spandex shorts up to her in the mirror. “Uh, you might have to re-size these...”

Allison crossed her arms, “You're going to... uh.” She frowned, “Some sex based exercise

metaphor. I can't think of one.”

“Ooh,” said Iris, “how about, 'You ladies are going to feel the burn!’” she said in a mock tough voice while flexing her skinny arms.

“Good enough.”

And continued.

“I think we should have fucked that clerk back at Iris's store,” said Samantha.

“Kind of mediterranean complexion, curly black hair, bit of stubble?” Iris asked.

“Yeah, I like Paul but sometimes a girl wants a bit of variety.”

“Oh I agree, but not Alonzo.”

“What's wrong with him?”

“Well I've been going there for a while. Let's just say that you're trying to sell a cat to a dog person.”

“Hmm. Maybe we could find a bi guy for him? Put the bi guy in the middle? We could make it work.”

Until finally...

“Why the hell,” asked Allison, “does this town have a specialty leather store?”

They were facing a trio of full length mirrors, modding Samantha's suggested purchases. Allison had to admit that she loved the way that the leather pants hugged her ass, and she just plain loved the way that the leather jacket looked on her, and the plain white t-shirt from another store managed to pop against the rest. She'd just felt tough since she'd changed and looking tough suddenly appealed to her. *Maybe I can get some gloves too. Or would that be too much? I don't want to look like a parody...*

“It looks like they're doing a lot of business, so it can't have been a bad decision.” Iris was modeling the miniskirt (“So she can wear it when she changes!” Samantha had explained) and corset that Samantha had picked out and re-sized. Both leather of course. “The rent in this mall is quite high and Samantha says they've been here for years and I don't see any signs of a store in trouble (slashed

prices and limited inventory and the like). I'd have to check the prices of our purchases against what they charge for tailoring and other services. Also, specialty stores such as this one can attract a larger clientele than the immediate area would suggest due to prospective customer being willing to travel to get quality goods." She realised that Allison and Samantha were staring at her. "What? I'm studying economics."

"Right... Well this store makes perfect sense to me," said Samantha.

Allison puffed out a laugh. "Yeah, you're not exactly an unbiased opinion."

"What do you mean?"

"You have such a fetish for this stuff."

Samantha turned away from the mirror where she had been cupping her breasts encased in a full body leather catsuit. "I have no idea what you mean."

"Is everything fitting all right ladies?" The shop-keeper came up behind them, seemingly out of nowhere. There were two types of people that Allison expected to own shops like this. They would either be totally normal except for a few bedroom kinks, or greasy scumbags. This guy looked a bit like the latter with his Hawaiian shirt and pudgy balding body, but so far had come across as very nice, not even ogling the girls at all. Well he'd looked when Allison had bent to adjust a shoelace, but she'd almost have been insulted if he hadn't. The shoelace hadn't really needed adjusting. "We normally have to do re-fittings," he said, "especially for... more extreme figures."

"Yeah, we're good here Craig," said Samantha. "We'll just get changed and buy these."

"Actually," said Allison, "I was going to wear mine out. If that's ok?"

"Perfectly, and you'll be paying with...?" Allison reached into her folded jeans sitting on a bench next to her and pulled out her credit card. Craig's eyes narrowed slightly but he said, "That should do nicely."

A few minutes later they were walking through the parking lot with Allison carrying a bit more than her share of the thirty or so bags they'd accumulated. Actually a lot more than her share as the

others only had one or two bags a piece, but Allison barely felt the weight. She wondered about stopping by the gym to see just how strong she really was. "That was fun," said Allison.

"I wish the owner of that leather store had been there though," said Samantha.

"Craig wasn't the owner?"

"No, the owner's a lady named Mandy. She's who's usually in. You would have liked her."

"Would we have liked her?" Asked Allison, "Or would we have *liked* her?"

Samantha smiled, "Well I can't speak from experience, but there are rumors." Her smile faltered from her face as she looked ahead. "Oh fuck."

Allison turned and sighed. Craig was in front of them, she marveled at just how much of a greaseball he really looked like. It was like a checklist, balding, Hawaiian shirt, scraggly not quite there beard, gut he could have used as a writing desk, and of course the gun he was holding didn't exactly endear him to her. "Really? You were doing so well Craig."

Craig snorted, "Give me your credit card."

"That stupid. I'd have it canceled before you could get anywhere with it. Also you're holding your gun sideways."

"So? Give me your stuff bitch!"

"If you fire that the shell's going to go right into your face."

"Allison, just do what he says." Samantha's voice was a bit shaky.

"Can we find a smarter mugger? I'd listen to him."

' "You bi-" the gun in Craig's hands went off. Allison's hand whipped out a *lot* faster than she'd have thought that she could. Something hot smacked against her palm but she took two fast steps forwards and punched Craig across the jaw as hard as she could. He flew back, clearly unconscious before he hit the ground about six feet away from them. Allison walked over and stood over him, breathing heavily.

"Are you ok!?" Iris ran up, "He didn't shoot you?" Allison looked down at the mermaid, such

genuine care and compassion in those blue eyes framed by that supermodel face. She pulled Iris into a deep kiss, fire and passion erupting out of her heart and making her toes curl in anticipation. As she did her hand relaxed and a flattened metal disc that had been a bullet fell from her unblemished skin and onto the pavement. Leaning down, she dipped Iris closer to the ground, bending down and not breaking the kiss or the wonderful heat that was building within her. *God, she thought, put something exploding or on fire in the background and this might be my ideal date.*

She reluctantly brought the kiss to an end and said, "Samantha?"

"Yeah?" the sorceress's voice was breathy.

"Call Paul, tell him we're meeting at my place." She hissed out a breath as Iris groped one of her tits, "Tell him the fashion show's canceled. We're going to get right to the sex."

"Yes ma'am."

Professor Molly Brown sat across from the Dean. "You want to resign?" The Dean asked, "So early into the year?"

The fire in Molly's pussy squirmed at the words. Squirmed at everything really. Especially when she thought about Paul Peters. Paul fucking Peters! She'd spotted him in the library and even followed him into the basement hoping for... she didn't know what. That was a lie, yes she did. *It's all right, a voice in her head told her, you're very young for a professor, only 27? And he's nineteen! Just ask him? What's the harm in asking?*

"No," she mumbled, "he's my student."

"Professor Brown?" Molly's eyes snapped up to look at the Dean. She was standing over her with a strangely knowing look on her face. Molly had always found the Dean a bit intimidating with her flawless tanned skin and platinum blonde hair that fell down to frame a pair of jutting tits that looked like she was smuggling a pair of volleyballs out of the athletic department. She looked remarkable for a... however many year old. But she wasn't as well muscled as Paul... "Professor Brown

are you listening to a word I am saying?"

"Sorry I... I'm having some personal problems. I don't think I'm fit to teach."

"Does this have anything to do with Paul Peters?"

She looked up with wide eyes. "How did you...?" She turned her head to the side. The Dean was rolling up her sleeves, and revealing long spiraling tattoos all up her arms. Molly saw the tattoos begin to glow. A bead of light appeared on the end of the Dean's finger and she poked Molly in the centre of the head. A feeling of more gentle warmth came over Molly as she swayed in her seat.

"Now," said the Dean, sitting atop her desk. "You will listen what I have to say and accept it without question."

"Why?" Molly said with a goofy grin.

"Gods above and below." The dean rubbed her eyes. "I will take no disciplinary action if you engage in any relations with Paul Peters. In fact I can guarantee that no one in this entire school will initiate disciplinary action."

Molly's eyes had grown wide and her breathing had become faster. "Really? I can..."

"Yes," the Dean smiled. "I can also tell you that very soon Paul will be at the apartment of one Allison Sakamoto, at this address." She jotted down a sticky note and placed it on the end of her desk. "Now, when I snap my fingers you will do what comes naturally." She snapped her fingers.

Molly blinked, then blinked again. "I uh," she grabbed the sticky note from off of the desk. "I have to go."

"I trust it you won't be resigning?" The Dean asked.

"Yeah," she said standing up, "I'll see you... ma'am." She bolted for the door.

The Dean smiled and sipped the glass of wine she preferred to keep at her desk. *The poor girl, she thought, she should have got me to guarantee she'd be able to keep her job.*

It was night by the time that Paul made it over to Allison's apartment. Whoever had buzzed him in

hadn't said anything and when he got to the top floor the front door wasn't locked. As he let himself in he let out a low whistle. He'd known Allison had money but this was a really nice apartment. Hard wood floors, expensive looking modern furniture, and swords.

He blinked as he glanced around. There were a *lot* of swords in this place. Hanging on walls, leaning in the corners, all different styles from all over the world. Paul supposed that she was a fencer but this looked like it went beyond a mere hobby and into a full on obsession. "Hello?" he said

Samantha exited the hallway leading away from the front room. She was wearing something that looked like a sun dress, but it was, perhaps inevitably ,black and low cut to show off a pants melting display of cleavage. "You're here!" Her face lit up and she ran forwards, arms wide.

Paul opened his own arms to receive her, only for her to duck down just as she was about to reach him and wrap her arms around his hips. She pressed her face into his groin and said "I've missed you!"

Paul frowned, "Are you talking to me or my penis?"

Samantha looked up and gave Paul a clearly fake hurt expression. "Can't I mean both?" She smiled and slid up his body, pressing his weight into his. "But seriously," she wrapped her hands up and around his neck, dragging him down into a kiss. "It's good to see you Paul. How was studying?"

"Uh... there was actually a problem with that."

"Will somebody die if we don't address this problem in the next few hours?"

"No..."

"Not important enough. Lemme show you the bedroom." She grabbed his hand and started dragging him down the hallway. He spotted more swords mounted on the wall.

"What's with the swords?" he asked as she dragged him.

"Don't ask me. It's Allison's house." She put a finger to her black lips, "Though I did notice that she was by far the most interested when I made your dick bigger." She stopped in front of a door and opened it.

Inside, Paul saw a gigantic bed with Allison and Iris in the middle. Allison was naked save for a leather jacket that covered her to about half the way down her ass as she ground her self against Iris's body, kissing the mermaid and entwining her legs with her tail while groping one of Iris's massive tits.

“They've been like this since we got here. I think it's victory lust.”

“What's that?” Paul asked, transfixed.

“When an amazon wins a fight sometimes she becomes super fucking horny. She'll fuck everything in sight entire sight until either we're all unconscious or she is. With the way that she's been going my money's not on us.”

“So,” said Paul, entranced by the sight in front of him. “She got in a fight?”

“Just some asshole. She's fine.”

Paul just nodded, “So why haven't you tried to join in?”

Samantha huffed out a breath. “They won't let me! They've been giving each other these sultry looks ever since the mall. I think they might be going monogamous on us.”

“Not true,” Allison gasped in between kisses, “I just think Iris might be my favorite, Paul's welcome to join.” Paul didn't need to hear anything else, stripping off his jeans and t-shirt and jumping onto the bed, rubbing at his cock to get it erect. He saw Iris shift her weight to her side and a bit out from under Allison, exposing her moist pussy to him.

The position she was in made it hard for him to penetrate Iris without rubbing up against Allison but he hardly saw this as a disadvantage, grabbing a handful of the asian's muscly ass as he began to work his way into Iris. He was still slightly amazed that he had no trouble getting all sixteen inches (he'd measured) of his new cock into any of the girls save for an amazing tight feeling. He just chalked it up to magic and kept thrusting into her.

Allison pushed her ass up into the air a bit more, presenting her snatch to him. “Fingers,” she gasped. “P-Put your-” Paul obliged her, probing with one hand while the other reached over and grabbed a hold of the one of Iris's tits that Allison wasn't grabbing on to.

“And I suppose that I'm just supposed to sit here and watch?” said Samantha. “Would it help if I pointed out that I wasn't wearing any underwear?”

“S-Sorry,” said Iris. “This is what you get for being...” She hissed and arched her back before continuing. “For being mean to me in the change room.”

“Look!” said Samantha while pulling up her skirt. “No panties. Doesn't this do anything to you?”

“You see,” said Iris as she faced Paul. “I'm denying her her usual dominant role by temporarily assuming it while engaging with other partners. That way once she reclaims it...” She bit her lip and moaned, “It'll be-” her pussy seemed to clench down on Paul's cock and she let out another moan. “It'll be so much more satisfying.” She reached up and pulled Allison back down into a kiss.

“Iris, you're ruining it by explaining it.” Samantha crossed her arms and let her dress drop.

Iris made a muffled noise past Allison's lips that may have been a “Sorry.”

“What,” Paul felt himself building to his own climax, “What happened in the change room?”

“Oh that?” Said Samantha, “We fucked the girl that was supposed to be doing our measurements.” She frowned, “I actually never found out what mine were.” She cupped her breasts. “What do you think? Gs?”

Paul's pace increased, thinking of the three girls cramped into a tiny change room and having their way with some innocent sales clerk. He grunted, feeling his orgasm coming. He increased the pace with both his cock in Iris and his fingers in Allison. The amazon started to moan just as he could feel his load shooting into Iris and the mermaid began to thrash back and forth underneath him while making whimpering noises. Simultaneously, he and Allison collapsed on top of Iris with their breath huffing out.

The apartment buzzer hummed.

Samantha sighed, “Well seeing as I'm the only one who can walk, I guess I'll answer that.”

“Who could that be?” Allison looked more curious than worried.

“Oh no!” said Iris as she sat up. “What if it's your parents coming for a surprise inspection?”

“Nah,” said Allison. “My dad's in Osaka and my mom's in Venezuela.” She pursed her lips. “It might be some of the girls from the fencing club.” She grinned, “You know, there's this one girl, Alice, that I've always had my suspicions of. Her eyes always seemed to wander a bit too much when we were showering off.” She smiled and squirmed a bit. “Maybe we should see how far we can take that? She might even be another amazon, just waiting for that big thick cock to make her big and strong like me.”

“Hey Paul,” said Samantha. “Do you know why one of our professors might be here?”

“What?” Paul's brain was still a bit groggy from his orgasm. But the sexual stamina that Samantha had given him made him ready to go in an instant while also letting his mind clear up. “Wait you said one of *our* professors?”

“Yeah?”

“The only professor we share is...” His eyes shot wide, “Professor Brown!”

Samantha smirked, and Paul noticed Allison and Iris giving him looks too. “So you do know some reason that she might be here. I thought you might.”

“Uh,” he said, “remember how I said there might have been a problem? I kind of... 'pinged' on her when I was in the library.”

“What's pinging?” asked Iris. “Is that something that you do in the butt?”

“No, it's...” he licked his lips. “Remember just before each of our first times you suddenly found yourself overcome with attraction to me?”

“Not really.” said Allison. The other girls shook their heads as well.

“I always thought you were kind of cute,” said Iris.

“I didn't like boys, but you did catch my eye,” said Samantha.

Allison just looked at him and licked her lips a bit.

“Oh,” said Paul, suddenly sitting up a bit straighter. “Ok. But you did get really horny, right?”

“Oh yeah,” said Allison.

“So when that happened to you a similar thing happened to me.” He looked at the girls, “I call it a twinge.”

“So you felt this 'twinge' around Professor Brown?” Iris asked. “I didn't know you were into older girls too.”

“Not really the point.”

“Wait,” said Allison. “So you 'pinged' her while you were in the library, how long ago was this?”

“About five hours?”

She placed a hand on her cheek and looked at him wide-eyed. “The poor lady must be burning up Paul!”

“Wait what?”

“You never experienced it first hand. I couldn't imagine being that horny for five hours! You were there, I didn't last half a minute.”

“Older girls and asian girls...” Iris mused. “Hey Allison, does your mother-”

“Eww!” Allison shook her head, “God Iris. Ok first of all I am not going to share a cock with my mom, and second of all she's not even asian! And third of all EWW!”

Iris looked at her for a second, and then giggled. “Only joking. For a bulletproof girl you're so sensitive.”

“As gloriously stupid as this conversation is,” Samantha said, “you might want to hurry up and decide on a course of action. I told Professor Brown that she could come right up and that the door was unlocked.”

They all stared at Samantha for a few seconds before she shrugged. “Should've made it a foursome bitches.”

Molly stuck her head in the door and looked around the spacious apartment. Her breath started to

quiver as she crossed the threshold. Paul was here, she'd spotted him crouched over one of his books in the library and it had started a fire that she'd long thought extinguished by neglect.

Dressing down, she called it. Keeping everyone's interest away so that she could stay married to her career and never have to deal with a living person. The great personalities of history were enough for her, or they had been. Damned Paul Peters had put an end to that with his tight body wrapped in a dirty t-shirt and faded jeans. She hadn't taken a second glance at him when he was in her class on Friday. What was different today? Other than everything.

And she knew, just *knew* that the Dean wouldn't get mad, nobody would. So what if Paul was younger than her? He was still an adult. And it would just be one time... Surely there was no harm in one time?

Paul appeared and for a moment she stopped breathing. "Mr. Peters." Her voice sounded stiff, not at all like the sultry tones that she wanted but couldn't make come. Paul was dressed in the same clothes that he had been wearing in the library, only now he was barefoot and looked breathless.

"Professor brown, hello. Uh..." he looked around nervously. "What brings you here?"

She opened her mouth and the words wouldn't come out. Every nerve in her body was on fire and she knew that Paul was the only one that could help her, she just *knew* it deep in her bones, but that didn't mean that she was ready for it.

The sound of footsteps down the hall drew her attention and she saw a giantess approaching them. She was wearing a red silk robe that hung loosely around her knees, but even with that Molly could see that the woman had breasts the size of basketballs and a toned and muscled body that many woman would have killed for. All of this was topped by a beautiful face with bright green eyes nestled in asian features. Molly swallowed nervously, it had only been the one time eight years ago, but her memories of that night still popped up occasionally. "Hey there," said the giantess, "I'm Allison. I don't think I'm in any of your classes."

"N-no." Molly blushed. She'd certainly remember if someone like *that* was in one of her

classes. She probably wouldn't have had to wait for Paul to ignite these feelings that had been ravaging her all day.

"Allison and I-" Paul began but Allison cut him off.

"We were having sex." She smiled and reached out for Paul's hand, "He didn't have time to wash his hands so you can probably smell me on his fingers." She lifted a blushing Paul's hand to her nose. "Oh yeah."

"You're a couple," Molly felt like she was going to cry.

"Eeh," Allison made a weighing motion with her hands. "We have sex. A few other girls too."

"Other girls..."

"That might not all be for you, right now. But trust me when I say that I know how you feel."

"You... how could you know...?" Molly felt her flush building up to critical levels. She might have bolted from the room but she *needed* Paul.

"You'll see." She yanked Paul down the hallway. "Here, bedroom's this way."

Before Molly could process that she was close on the heels of the two of them. She let out a tiny gasp as she looked inside the bedroom to see an absolutely gorgeous and completely naked redhead with the largest breasts that Molly had ever seen sitting on the bed. She was frowning and gently poking her legs for God knew what reason.

Allison bent down and picked the girl up, making her give a little shriek and giggle. "Come on," Allison said, "I think they need a bit of privacy, let's use the couch."

The redhead gave a little wave on the way out. "Bye Professor Brown," she said just before the door closed. Molly blinked. From the hallway she was sure she heard the words "snake girl," whatever that meant.

"Was that Irene?"

"Iris," Paul said, "and yeah."

"She must be watching what she's eating." Molly took off her glasses and placed them on the

bedside table.

“Sure,” said Paul. “Look, I know Allison said that it would be best for you to, uh, I mean if you don't want to...”

Molly turned around and lowered herself to the bed, sitting on the edge with her feet flat on the ground and spreading her legs wide. “Who said I didn't want to?” She gripped the edges of her overly large sweater and pulled it over her head, feeling a bit of inward satisfaction at the surprised noise that Paul made. “Not what you were expecting?” She reached down and cupped breasts that were more than a handful. “I must look flat next to what you're used to.”

“Uh, no I-”

Molly smiled. “I think your friend was right. We just needed a bit of privacy. Lock the door Mr. Peters, and pay attention.” She smiled as she reached under her tweed skirt and pulled her panties down, “There will be a test.”

Paul furrowed his brow for a moment, “Did you hear something just now? Sounded like somebody laughing.”

The fire that was filling Molly sang as she jumped up and grabbed Paul by the shoulders, “I'm going to show you what you're missing with those girls.” She wasn't quite sure where these words were coming from. Her head was swimming, drowning in need for the young man in front of her. He looked like he'd lost his balance for a second but then recovered it as he started to slip out of his clothes. Molly shuddered as she got a look at his body without a shirt, lean and highly muscular. More Bruce Lee than Arnold, she felt herself moisten as she rushed to help him with his pants and underwear.

She gasped as his cock sprang free, rigid and longer than anything she'd ever seen in person. She could tell that Paul was getting into it, getting into *her*. Those impossible women outside and he wanted *her*. She fell back onto the bed and lifted her skirt while spreading her legs. “Fill me! Fuck me! God damn it, if you don't get over here right now I am failing you!”

He sprang forwards, positioning himself above her as he slowly drove his cock into her. She

moaned at how full she felt, how complete it made her feel as he started stroking back and forth. A string of nonsense syllables escaped her lips as he drove into her, a warmth radiating from her pussy.

She moaned his name, but then stopped with a wince as she felt her bra strap digging into her back. "Oh shit," Paul said between strokes, "should have taken that off."

Molly reached up to adjust it, but as she did she realised that it didn't feel out of place, only tight. She looked down and gasped, tit flesh was pouring over the sides of her bra, painfully pinched by her straps. *Why* didn't enter her mind, she leaned forwards a bit and reached back to try and undo the clasp. But found that Paul's hands were already there. As the bra came undone her breasts sprung forwards and she sighed with relief. Before she could wonder why it was happening Paul leaned forwards and licked at one of her nipples, sending jolts of pleasure all through her body. Even then she noticed that they were still getting bigger though. It didn't feel odd though, it felt so right. She was meant to be this big, what had come before was the aberration. She knew instantly that the increased tightness in her skirt had the same source, but she couldn't pull it off without Paul pulling out of her and that just wouldn't do for a second. "My skirt," she gasped, "use those muscles. Tear it off!"

"What?"

"Get my skirt off!"

There was a ripping noise as a skirt meant for a narrow pair of hips began to tear at the seams. Paul seemed to get the idea because with minimal effort he grabbed her skirt and pulled, tearing it open and off of her. She moaned and writhed as his pace increased even more, kicking out her legs that dangled over the side of the bed. Something about that seemed wrong to her but she couldn't put her finger on it, the pleasure that Paul was filling her with was just too much. She writhed and touched her body, feeling new breasts suddenly lose any trace of sag, feeling a face that had begun to show its first signs of age suddenly become smooth. She gasped as the beginning of an orgasm began to take her, newly full lips forming an 'O' as she moaned in delight. As she did something flickered at the edge of her consciousness. Names and dates seemed to float by rapidly. Before she could comprehend them,

fireworks seemed to go off in her pussy and she leaned back and screamed as loud as she ever had, “Oh yesyesyes Paaaaauuuul!” She could feel Paul spurting into her, she didn't mind, and then roll to the side and out of her. Gasping and laying next to her on the bed like a just landed fish. “September 8,” Molly said, “1966. The original air date of *Star Trek*.” She blinked and shook her head. “Wha... Why did I just say that? How do I know that?”

“I don't know,” Paul said between deep breaths, “but it might have something to do with why I suddenly know who Carl von Clauswitz is.”

“It's because she's a nymph.” Molly spun to the side and saw a girl with white *white* skin and black lips that were currently smiling at her. Molly gave a little shriek.

“Jesus!” Paul jumped back and tried to cover himself, then realised who it was and didn't bother. “I locked the door, how the hell did you get in Samantha?”

She grinned, and hopped up onto the bed beside Professor Brown, completely naked. “Magic.” She hefted one of her breasts and cast a critical eye at the professor's own expanded assets. “Damn it. I look like I'm smuggling cantaloupes and I'm *still* the flattest one here.” She sighed and tweaked one of her black nipples.

“Really? You can use magic to get into rooms like that?” asked Paul.

She snorted. “No, I hid under the bed when Allison went to get you. I stripped off that dress that was obviously not doing me any favors and rubbed one out while you and this little cutie went at it.”

“Little cutie?” Professor Brown folded her arms under her tits, “I'm a bit to old to be called *that*.”

Paul scratched the back of his head. “Uh, about that...”

Samantha smiled and placed a hand on either side of Professor Brown's head, swiveling it to look in the dresser mirror. The professor screamed again.

She ran up to the mirror and looked deep into it, eyes wide and staring. “I look so *young*.”

“That an understatement.” Samantha got off the bed and went to stand by the professor. “You don't even look legal.”

Samantha might have been exaggerating on that account. *Might*. The professor looked like she'd lost at least a foot of height and if it wasn't for her large breasts and wide hips she'd look all of fourteen. As it stood she was probably going to get carded.

“How did this happen?” she asked.

“I could explain it,” said Samantha as she slid behind the professor. The short Samantha was about the same height as her now. “Or...” she reached around the professor and grabbed hold of her tits, making the professor squeal, but not in a bad way. The two sunk to the floor and intertwined, Samantha licking at the professor's pussy while presented her own to the professor. From Paul's perspective it looked like the professor was a quick study as she began to eagerly lap at Samantha's pussy. Samantha seemed to be moving with more of a purpose, looking more for a destination than a journey. This was confirmed when her tattoos started to glow and suddenly both of them moaned in ecstasy after less than ten seconds of 69ing.

“Oh,” said Professor Brown, “oh I get it now...”

“Yeah,” Samantha sat up and spent a moment basking in her afterglow, “and I know a whole lot about the Franco-Prussian war.” She turned to Paul, “Did you know it upset a balance of power that had existed in Europe since the Congress of Vienna?”

“What?” asked Paul.

“It's because I'm a nymph,” said the professor. “When we have sex with someone we give them a bit of knowledge and receive a bit in return.”

Samantha nodded, “That's why nymphs in old myths are always shown as being hungry for sex. Who isn't? What they really want is knowledge. Not that they're against a bit of sex for sex's sake mind you...” she cast a lewd look at Professor Brown.

“And I look like this,” the professor gestured to her de-aged body, “because by nymph age I am

still a teenager.”

“Oh,” Paul frowned, “I don't know if I'm comfortable with you... being that age Professor Brown.”

“Oh no Paul!” The professor practically jumped on the bed and pressed her body up against his. “I'm still a woman, I still have a woman's desires. Don't shut me out Paul.” She looked at him with big desperate eyes, “And call me Molly.”

Paul looked at her. There was a certain maturity in those eyes that he'd never seen in a teenager, and really Samantha was exaggerating. She looked maybe a bit younger than him. “I... guess you're right, Molly.”

She shuddered. “We should go get Iris.” She smiled and looked around the room. “If the three of you are going to do well in my class you'll need to get some advanced study time.”

The Dean let out a small gasp as she felt the burst of magic burn past her. *So*, she thought, *the nymph it is*. She'd been hoping to save the nymph for last so she could keep her cards close to her chest, but it looked like it wasn't to be. She sipped the wine on her desk and picked up a cell phone. dialing a number.

The phone rang and kept ringing, refusing to go to voice-mail. The Dean knew that this would be a long wait, but she was nothing if not patient. She simply sat drinking her wine and looking out of the window at her campus. It was quiet now. The steady ring of the phone provided a perfect metronome and the Dean was content to wait. She'd been waiting over ten-thousand years, twenty minutes was nothing.

Finally the phone picked up, “Oh my God mom! When are you going to hang up after four rings like a normal person!?”

“You have never once picked up the phone before four rings,” the Dean said.

“And why the hell does my phone never go to voice-mail when you call?”

“One of life's mysteries. What have you been up to?”

“I have been making love to three beautiful women and one handsome man. We will probably all spend most of tomorrow going at it like fucking bonobos.” In the past the Dean had always acted shocked and angry at news like this. She thought it was polite, seeing as it was so clearly what her daughter wanted. But the time for such childish games had passed.

“Yes, I suspected that you might. Unfortunately I'm going to have to intrude on your plans for tomorrow. I need to talk to you.”

“Well gee mom, that's tough but like I said I have wonderful and sinful plans for tomorrow.”

“When you come to see me bring Professor Brown, and also bring Paul.”

“Wait, mom, how do you know about-”

The Dean hung up. Her daughter of course called right back but the Dean didn't answer and her daughter hanged up after only half an hour of ringing. Dean Thorenson sipped her wine and looked out over her campus. It was peaceful right now, but she knew that wouldn't last.

Across town in an expensive apartment Samantha hit the call end button with a growl. She gazed back at the floating pile of entwined bodies she'd left suspended above the bed before she was so rudely interrupted. *Fuck it* she thought *if my mood gets ruined so does everybody else's*. She made a cutting motion with her hand and the whole floating orgy fell to the bed with a muffled *whump*. “Paul?” she said to the pile of groaning bodies. “We've got a problem.”