

Paul's Problems 5

What Happened to Olivia, Growth, and a Small Death

Rols Garten

Allison paced back and forth in front of Samantha and Iris. Her round and muscled ass swung back and forth like a metronome under her tight leather pants at their eye level. Her equally muscular arms inside her leather jacket were folded under her prominent breasts, so large that they strained credulity especially with Allison's part-asian features. With her incredible height of six and a half feet she was able to glare down at them very well.

Samantha cleared her throat, "I think that-"

"You turned my sister into a frog," said Allison.

It was technically a toad but Samantha had a feeling that it wasn't going to make a difference. Instead she pursed her black lips to try and look innocent while at the same time tried to sit in a way that emphasized her figure to appeal to Allison. As she was completely naked this was not particularly hard. "Well, she and her friends were going to-"

"And *you*." Allison spun on Iris. Making the mermaid jump and her massive, larger than Allison and Samantha's combined, breasts quiver despite the red bra that she was wearing. Though she *could* switch her legs back and forth between her light blue mermaid's tail and a pair of human legs, Samantha felt that both forms had their charms, the redhead liked to keep it as a tail whenever she could. Which was why she now had it curled up underneath her. "You left my sister in sexual agony for hours using that damn siren song of yours."

Iris bit her lip. "Well she *was*-"

Allison stamped her foot down, leaving her in a wide legged stance while bending over to reveal a deep chasm of porcelain skinned cleavage. "You two have been *very* bad."

Samantha and Iris looked at each other for half a second. "We've been very bad," said

Samantha.

“Very,” said Iris.

“We deserve a spanking.”

“For starters.”

Olivia attempted not to get distracted by the noises that were coming from the bedroom, which was made more difficult because most of her audience was intent on being very distracted. She tucked her angelic wings in behind her and sat her lithe body down next to Paul. “God,” she said to him, “there sure are a lot of them. Paul, did you transform *all* of these girls?”

“Nah,” said Paul, “I don't even think that I transformed most of them. The amazons,” he pointed to a group of tall and muscular girls, “Allison transformed all of them. They're easy to remember because all their names start with 'a'. Alex is the small...ish one, Alice is the brunette with the great ass, Aida's the black girl with the caramel coloured hair and she also does this thing with her legs that's a bit hard to describe but if you ask her to show you you won't regret it, Ashley's the *really* tall blonde the abs you can play tic-tac-toe on, and Amber is the one with the curly black hair who will do *anything* for a back-rub.” He pointed over to a pair of girls that looked considerably younger than the others, laying on the ground while gazing into each other's eyes. “The nymphs. Molly's the brunette, I changed her, she used to be a professor, and then she changed Julia the blonde who used to be a librarian. Also don't worry, they're legal.”

“They look like sisters.”

“Yeah...” Paul pointed to a pair of very pale girls with spiraled tattoos on their bodies. “The sorceresses. Jade's the one with the platinum blonde hair and the... *very* nice lips, I transformed her. The one with the blue hair is Samantha's work, she's Harriet.” He paused, “I think that's everyone, I mean you know Hitomi.” He pointed at an asian girl, Allison's half sister in fact, that had similarly angelic wings on her back while she made her cautious way over to the cluster of amazons. Judging by the

looks Hitomi was receiving from Aida and Amber, Olivia thought she'd find herself warmly welcomed.

“One more,” said a voice from behind Olivia. She turned to see Riya slithering over the couch. The beautiful east-Indian girl had a wonderfully flexible body, large and bouncy breasts almost the same size as Iris's, and she was a snake from the waist down except for in a few key areas. She slid in next to Olivia as her snake body continued to flow over the back of the couch.

“Riya!?” Olivia said.

“Oh,” said Paul. “I just assumed, what with her being your roommate and all, somebody would have told you. Yeah, your roommate's a snake girl now.”

Olivia closed her open mouth and then looked at Paul with a mischievous grin. “Your work?”

“I guess, it's not like I'm in control of this any more than you girls.”

The end of Riya's tail found one of Olivia's legs and she felt it start to slither its way up. “So...” said Riya as she brought up a hand to stroke Olivia's hip. “I heard that you didn't like being an Angel, what's with the sudden turn around?”

“That is...” Olivia squirmed a bit as the tail made its way further up her leg. “That's why I wanted to get everyone together to talk to them.”

A scream came from the bedroom.

“It hasn't been as successful as I'd hoped. I really do need to talk to Samantha.”

“Oh,” Riya pouted a bit. “It's not something that can wait a bit?” She leaned down and placed a kiss on one of Olivia's breasts while her tail teased the folds of the angel's pussy.

“Ah!” Olivia arched her back and gasped, but shook her head. “I should really get it out of the...” She watched as a foot long tongue slid out of Riya's mouth and wrapped around one of Olivia's nipples. “Nothing that can't wait an hour.” The end of Riya's tail slid into her and Olivia let out a loud moan while reaching out to feel Riya's body. “Or two.”

The hotel room's bathroom door lock was splintered, and the bed was an absolute mess. Pauline looked

around with wary features. "The mistress is not going to be happy," said Fara as she examined the piles of discarded clothes on the ground near the bed.

"It's my fault," said Pauline. "I should have seen this... weakness in Hitomi."

"Uh..." Emma, a petite blonde standing by the door, lowered the cellphone she'd been holding against her ear. "That was Ana, she's bringing the mistress up now."

"The mistress," said a voice in a refined English accent, "is already here."

Someone looking at a picture of the mistress would believe that she was young, nobody who had actually met her would ever see her that way. She wore a matte black pantsuit that was as flattering to her curves as a suit of armour, behind her came Ana with a bowed head that showed only her bright orange hair. Pauline knew that the girl's freckles would be masked by one of her near constant blushes.

"Mistress, I humbly-" Pauline started but the mistress held up a hand.

"I'm sure that you do. We must bring in reinforcements."

Pauline blinked, "I have several suitable candidates that could be brought in to replace Hitomi."

"Good, bring me all of them."

"Well... I have over forty." She stopped talking as she met the mistress's glare. "I'll bring all of them."

Pulling her to the side of the orgy, Olivia gripped Samantha and held her in front of her. "Listen, this is actually kind of important." Samantha smiled with her black lips and leaned forwards to kiss Olivia's breasts. Olivia gasped, amazed at how good just being touched there felt but shook her head, "No, you need to listen."

"So talk," Samantha said between kisses, "I can do this and listen."

"I don't know if I ca-ah!" Olivia had brought her wings in, hiding them underneath the tattoos on her back, to help her concentrate, but as Samantha gently bit one of her nipples she found them springing out of their own accord, their over twelve foot span emerging from her back and folding

forwards to wrap around Samantha.

“Ooh... They're so soft.” Samantha placed another few kisses.

“Are you talking about my breasts or my wings?”

“I can talk about both.” She brought out her tongue and started flicking it back and forth on one of Olivia's nipples.

“I...” Olivia gasped a bit but managed to stutter out: “I need to talk to you about your mother.”

Samantha stopped and rolled her eyes, pulling away from Olivia. “Wow, way to kill the mood Hermione.”

“Well it's- wait. Of the two of us, how am *I* the one being called Hermione?”

“You're British.”

“You have magical powers!”

“Why are we talking about this!?”

“Your mother, we have to go see her.”

Samantha rolled her eyes again and waved her hand as she fell backwards, a well cushioned love seat slid into place behind her. “How do you know about her anyways?”

“It's a long story.”

A flash of light jumped from Samantha's fingers to Olivia, hitting her square in the chest. “I think you'll have time.”

“What do you...? Oh!” Olivia started down wide eyed at her breasts, they were getting bigger again. They'd already caught up in size to Samantha's and were shooting past them, a heavy weight pulling on her chest as waves of pleasure seemed to radiate out of them and turned her knees to rubber. Gaining in size and volume rapidly, they thrust outwards as they at first surpassed the size of volleyballs and didn't look like they would slow down soon.

“Cool,” Iris appeared at her side, dragging her tail along the ground as she walked on her hands. Laying down next to Olivia she looked up at the angel with longing eyes. “Can I touch them? What

does it feel like.”

Without waiting for permission Iris folded her tail up underneath herself so she she had enough height to reach out and gently stroked one of Olivia's boobs. Olivia screamed so loudly that Iris withdrew her hand... until Olivia grabbed her by the wrist and forced her hand to her chest. The best that Olivia could describe it was like her breasts had gained the sensitivity of her clitoris, or even more-so. The passage of air over them was responsible for the bursts of pleasure that she'd already felt and Iris's groping was enough that soon she was flopping onto her back and thrashing on the floor as she was overcome by an orgasm so intense that she was seeing stars. But Iris didn't let up.

She practically pounced on Olivia's right tit that was now the size of one of Iris's, and still growing, massaging it with both hands and licking at a lengthening nipple. Despite her first orgasm being only a few seconds ago she could feel another coming on, one that exploded out of her as Hitomi appeared and grabbed her left breast. She moaned and humped at the air as every nerve in her body twisted and screamed as wave after wave of pleasure rolled over her, one orgasm leading into another from her ever expanding breasts. At some point she felt rougher hands and hairy legs against her own and without even thinking about it she spread her legs and lifted her hips invitingly, another explosion of pleasure overtaking her as Paul's phallus penetrated her and he added his own hands and kisses to the others on her breasts.

“Damn that's hot,” said Allison's voice from above her. “Not really into sharing with my sister though...”

There was another flash of light and suddenly Allison fell to the floor in view of Olivia. She could see Allison writhing through her own orgasm and clutching at a pair of breasts that were also starting to swell in her hands. The sight, as well as the ever intensifying sensation from a pair of breasts that now had to be the size of Olivia's torso and were *still* growing made it feel like her body was being dipped in molten silk. It was so intense that she had gone beyond any sort of moans or screams or any other noises normally associated with sex, she just lay back with her arms wide as wave after wave of

pure brain melting bliss washed over her. She could feel her breasts growing bigger, feeling them slip along her outstretched arms, soft and warm and firm. She could feel something smooth and moist and soft envelop her expanding nipples but she was so far gone she barely cared about what it could be. She felt her expanding bosom press against her outstretched hands and she managed to get a squeal out past her pleasurable fugue, when suddenly it stopped.

She came to her senses, still feeling the lovely sensation of Paul pushing his penis into her and Iris and Hitomi- She blinked as she saw that Iris, having grown her legs back at some point, and Hitomi had both decided to place themselves on top of her breasts and start using her nipples like dildos, literally fucking her tits. Her tits themselves were now larger than the rest of her body combined, burying her under their mass while still amazingly round and firm as they reached halfway to the ceiling.

She felt somebody scrambling up the side of her breasts and soon enough Samantha's head came into view. She panted a bit from the climb and grinned at her. "Hey guys?" she said to Iris and Hitomi. "Could you give us like, five minutes?"

Both girls sighed and pulled off of her nipples with a popping sound before sliding off of her nipple. She felt as much as heard a voice deep in her cleavage go "Hmmm!"

"Paul?" asked Samantha, laying back and reclining on Olivia's breasts. "Are you in there?"

"Mmm!"

"Can you breath?"

"MmmHmmm!"

"Well could you stop fucking her for five minutes? Her boobs are only going to stay like this for another half hour." Samantha's face brightened and she snapped her fingers like a thought had just occurred to her, "Hey! That's just long enough for a long story!"

Olivia gave her a frown. "You are a pain in the ass."

"I'm thinking about getting that on business cards."

On Monday...

The orgasm rocked its way through Olivia's body. From her amazingly filled pussy (she'd never even *considered* that she could fit all of that monster of Paul's into her) it seemed to spread out in waves to fill her entire being. She felt the changes happening to her, felt her muscles swell and the odd grinding sensation of her hips becoming wider and she certainly felt it when her breasts suddenly exploded forwards, destroying her bra and button up shirt, but the sheer power of the liquid pleasure flowing through her every pore meant that none of it really registered.

Just as she thought that it might be over she bent forwards as something new hit her. She didn't know how to describe it besides pure rapturous sexual bliss was somehow centred between her shoulder blades. She felt them moving under her lab coat, knowing what they were even before she got a look at them. Her wings burst through her shirt and lab-coat, reducing them to shreds. She let out a sigh and flexed her transformed body. Then exactly what had happened to her filtered to the front of her pleasure addled brain.

There was some screaming, some sharp words were exchanged, and the end result was that Olivia had flown off into the night, completely naked and heading for the upper atmosphere. She had a scientific background, so she knew that the higher she went the colder it should be getting, but it just wasn't. Cool yes, but in a refreshing way. Against her naked body in felt wonderful instead of the skin freezing ice that should be gathering there. Without thinking about it she began to beat her wings faster and picking up speed, aerodynamically what she was doing was impossible but the ecstatic feelings that had her practically vibrating from head to toe didn't seem all that concerned with aerodynamics. After she'd done a few corkscrews and loop-the-loops she had to grudgingly admit that she was enjoying this.

She stopped, beating her wings to allow her to hover in place while she considered the situation. She'd changed, *been* changed, and that was mostly what bothered her. Looking down at her body she

had to admit that she could have done a lot worse. If Paul had simply *told* her about the change she could have planned for it, talked to the other girls that he'd mentioned had been changed, planned to have a new wardrobe ahead of time and budgeted for it, and set some time aside to get... acquainted with her new body. Nodding to herself, she decided that was what had really gotten her so riled up, it was all so unorganized.

A woozy feeling washed over her and she dropped a few feet before recovering. The initial thrill of transformation and flight had fallen aside and was now replaced by bone weary tiredness. She wondered if she could find her way back to the sorority from here and was mildly shocked to discover that she could. In fact, she was willing to bet she was perfectly aware of exactly where she was on planet earth at any given time. *Neat*, she thought and then flew off in the direction of home.

As the sunlight poured in through her window, Olivia sighed and stretched in her bed. The feeling of her sheets running against her tits told her immediately that last night hadn't been a dream. She reached up and hefted one, gasping at the sensations coming from it. "Oh, wow." she breathed. Part of her said that it would probably be proper to scream a bit and have a few moments of panic, but the only panic had been a few moments earlier when she'd thought that what had happened *had* been a dream. She turned over in bed and caught sight of herself in the mirror "Oh, *wow*."

While she knew what had happened to her body on an intellectual level, it was too dark when she climbed in through the window last night to really get a good look at it. Her whole body was trimmed and lithe, the only traces of fat on it seemed to have been artfully applied to soften her in just the right places. She sat up and then stood up to run a hand up her curves, more pronounced than they had been, and marveled at how deliciously smooth her skin felt. Despite her not having shaved she couldn't feel a trace of hair on her legs, under her arms, or even around her pussy. That last bit shocked her because, while she kept as groomed as the rest of her, she certainly had never shaved *down there*. She turned around to get a look at her back, she'd found out she could pull in her wings last night and in

their place were a pair of tattoos that looked like stylised wings. Olivia had never even *considered* getting a tattoo but she had to admit that she enjoyed the way that these clung to her new curves and stopped just above the curve of her ass.

And *what* an ass. Round and shapely, callipygian was a word that sprang to mind thanks to her mothers endless attempts to expand her vocabulary. It was round and firm, with two discrete globes that felt pleasantly springy under her pinching fingers. Speaking of discrete globes, she turned around and cupped her new breasts. She wasn't aware of any vocabulary words to describe having a great rack, but she supposed they could speak for themselves. Like her buttocks, they were very firm, and so large that her hands couldn't fit them. Gravity seemed to be fine with ignoring them as they thrust out in a way most actresses and supermodels could only dream of or attain with silicon. She still wanted to be a doctor, but if her mother ever cut her off it was nice to know that she could probably supplement her scholarships with some part time modeling.

“Mwuh,” said a muffled voice from across the room. “Livia? 'Zat you?”

Olivia turned her head and caught sight of her roommate. “*Oh wow!*”

“Oh wow what?” Riya said as she sat up. Olivia had known that her roommate was a good looking girl, but until this moment she'd never fully understood exactly what that meant. Ample, relatively, breasts, flowing brown hair matching her deep brown eyes and a pair of lips that just begged to be kissed. Her hips and legs were still under the covers but according to Olivia's memories they were quite luscious. “You sleep naked?” She was still blinking the sleep out of her eyes.

A growing warmth between Olivia's legs drew her attention, and it took an effort of willpower to not just rush across the room and pounce on the unsuspecting girl. Instead she turned around and started towards her dresser to find a pair of panties. “Sorry, didn't know you were awake.”

“Salright. Not like you've got anything I haven't seen before.” The thong panties had gone on all right, despite pretty much disappearing up her ass, now Olivia dug through her dresser and found a pair of jeans. They'd been a bit baggy on her before, so maybe now... “Uh...” said Riya, “cept maybe

that. When did you get a tattoo?”

Olivia jumped up and down, the jeans had been fine until she reached her hips, now they required a bit of negotiation. Fortunately the new muscles on her arms weren't just for show and she was managing, slowly, to get them on. “Oh,” she said over her shoulder to Riya, “had it for a while now.”

“Haven't noticed it before...” Riya looked confused for a moment and then shook her head. “Must just have slipped my mind. But don't think you're off the hook that easy missy.”

The confining feeling of the jeans was strangely arousing, and Olivia's nipples were now stiff and proud, much more than they had been. “What do you mean?” She went back over to her closet and started to search through for *something* that would fit over them.

“Well you sneaked in through the window last night, naked. I want his name and *all* the details.”

Olivia found a black sweater, thanks to her breasts it only went down to just above her navel. Still, she could get it on. Her taste in tight t-shirts had always made her a hit with the guys but right now it also meant that it was either the sweater or going naked underneath a jacket. While the latter lent itself to a certain erotic thrill, the sight of Riya combined with her tight jeans and the way that the fabric of the sweater was rubbing against her sensitive nipples had her planning a *long* trip to the bathroom. “Uh well, his name...” she swallowed. How much to tell Riya? And how was she going to explain coming in through the window. and naked to boot?

Suddenly Riya's phone started buzzing and she looked at it with a frown. “Shit, I've got class.” She jumped out of bed and Olivia caught her breath as she saw that the girl had only been wearing an old t-shirt to bed. She didn't even bother to put any underwear on before slipping into a faded pair of jeans and grabbing her bag. “You're not off the hook. Full story, with details, and I want to meet him.”

“It wasn't really anything serious...” Olivia licked her lips of the thought of those wonderful deep brown legs disappearing into a pair of jeans, seeing them intertwining with her own...

“If he's into casual sex that has you giving *that* look I definitely want to meet him.” Riya bent

down and picked up her book bag, giving Olivia a glimpse of cleavage that had her weak in the knees. Throughout her teenage years, Olivia had perfected the art of teasing and flirting. Having it turned against her, even unintentionally, had her both pitying and envying the guys she'd toyed with. "Tonight," said Riya as she headed for the door. Olivia refused to believe that she was swaying her ass like that accidentally. "All the juicy details."

As she wondered how she'd never noticed that her roommate's ass belonged on some sort of marble carving, she stood by her bed, calmly made it and smoothed out any wrinkles that she might have left during the previous night, lay herself down on top of the covers, and sighed to herself. "Oh... bother." Olivia then undid her fly with enough force that she almost tore her jeans and reached around her thong panties to attack her clit with every ounce of energy she could muster. The feeling of release was palpable and before she was even approaching orgasm tension that she hadn't even known was in her left her with massive shuddering breaths as she slowly started to work her hips up and down, imagining Riya's head buried between her legs. She was only mildly surprised when the image of Paul taking Riya from behind came into her fantasy unbidden. Maybe she would make sure that Paul's apology was short, *very* short. She might not let him finish the second syllable in "sorry".

"You know," said a slightly sarcastic woman's voice, "I could probably help you with that."

Olivia sat bolt upright and looked around her room, hurriedly pulling her fingers out of her and doing up her pants. But her room was empty. "Who's there?"

"Don't speak out loud. You'll look like a crazy person. I'm speaking to you telepathically."

"Telepathically? Seriously? I'm supposed to buy that?" Olivia said, still out loud.

She heard a sigh. "You were transformed into an angel by a magic penis not eight hours ago. I would think that I deserve a bit of credulity."

Olivia blinked. *Point*, she thought.

"I'd like to speak with you... among other things. If you could stop by my office?"

I don't know who you are.

“Oh, sorry, trying to multitask. I'm Dean Thorenson.”

The dean's office was actually very well squared away. When Olivia usually entered a room she was assaulted by things like crooked clocks and picture frames, books that weren't quite the same colour as all the others on the shelf, and pencils not lined up with the edges of desks. She was only able to live with Riya, who took an approach to organisation that held if she could find it in less than ten minutes it was put away, by reminding herself that she was not supposed to touch things that didn't belong to her.

But this office was very nice, tastefully decorated in a modern style, but not so modern that it was some nightmare of polished chrome and glass. Instead it spoke of a very tidy and organised mind with everything in its own place. The desk was especially impressive. Polished wood and neatly stacked papers with a set of ornate fountain pens in the corner, all serving to frame something much more impressive.

Dean Thorenson was gorgeous. Her cream white pantsuit was cut to show a curvaceous body, with generous hips and breasts that were far larger than Olivia's. Her shirt was wide open and gave Olivia a view of wondrous lily white cleavage. All of the dean's skin was pale white, along with platinum blonde hair and even white painted fingernails. The only spots of colour on the dean were her dark hazel eyes and her bright pink lips. Lips that curled into a smile as Olivia made her hesitant way into the office. “Well,” said the dean, “look at you.”

“Uh...” Olivia licked her lips and tried to ignore the heat building in between her legs. She was acutely aware that the last time she'd climaxed was with Paul on the roof. Normally this would have been more than enough for her, but now she was just itching for release. “You wanted to see me ma'am?”

Everything about the dean spoke of control, but the look the dean was giving her had nothing but lust behind it. “I used to have one of those. I'm affraid I've been in this country for a bit too long though.”

“Excuse me? I'm not sure that I quite-”

“A British accent. I used to have one. Yours is very nice. Oxford, right?”

“Uh, right.” Olivia's breaths were coming in shuddering gasps and the way that dean Thorenson was looking at her had chills going up and down her spine. “So-”

The dean stood up and stepped around her desk, crossing the office to stand next to Olivia. Olivia was reminded of national geographic and lionesses crouched in the long grass. “You've never had sex with a woman before, correct miss Bradshaw?” The dean was standing very close to her now, looking out at Olivia from the corner of her eye while starting to slowly pace around the younger woman in a circle. Olivia found she had trouble telling exactly how old dean Thorenson was. While her body spoke of a woman not even out of her twenties the rest of her conveyed a sense of almost geologic age.

“I...” the deep breaths that seemed to be coming of their own accord were swelling her breasts under her tight sweater, something that the dean seemed to be taking great interest in. “No. No I've never had sex with a woman before.”

“That's good. I'm an educator by trade. But first, let me see them.”

Olivia had perfected teasing, had spent several summers on Spanish holidays turning flirtation into an art-form. Part of her had always suspected that with a bikini, a black dress, and access to a vanity she could probably start a war with nothing more than a wink and a muttered promise. But dean Thorenson had all of that confidence disappearing. Olivia slipped out of her sweater like some blushing virgin on her first church camping retreat, and then the poses that showed off her breasts that had previously come so naturally to her, that had men drooling across the beaches of Europe, became an awkward and artificial thing in front of the dean. The fact that the dean was looking at her with wry amusement instead of arousal just compounded her feelings of inadequacy and she was ashamed to realise that she was starting to blush.

“Ah, no. They're quite nice but what I really want to see are...” she made a twirling motion with

her finger and Olivia finally understood. She slowly spun herself around, gaining back a bit of confidence by swaying her hips a bit as she did it and catching a slight note of interest cross the dean's face. Before her transformation her hips had always been one of her best features. Now, if she could forgive herself for even thinking the pun, they were simply divine.

But of course, that wasn't what dean Thorenson wanted to see either. Olivia brought her wings out, it felt like letting out a breath that you didn't realise you were holding. She spread them out to their full span and flapped them a bit, marveling at how she could suddenly feel every air current going over their feathery surface. She felt something else on their surface and she looked over her shoulder to see the dean brushing delicate fingers along the length of her right wing. Olivia knew how to use her hips and the ass attached to them, she knew how to position her breasts, show off her legs, even give that slightly playful smile that seemed to jump right past the reasoning centre's of mens' brains, but she wasn't quite sure what to do with wings. She thought, maybe, she could use them like some Vegas showroom dancer, covering herself up while doing a strip tease. However one glance at the dean showed Olivia that this would be a problem for another day.

“Magnificent,” the dean's voice was breathy and she was leaning close enough to Olivia's outstretched wing that she could feel the dean's words in the vibrations of her feathers. The sensation of the dean's hand made her shudder and she folded her wings behind her back without really meaning to. The dean followed them in, nuzzling in between them and pressing herself against Olivia, making a purring sound that Olivia felt reverberating through her entire body. “I've always liked angels the most. More than the mermaids, or the naga, the amazons, the nymphs, even other sorceresses. With angels, it's always felt that extra bit more profane.” As the dean said this her right hand reached around Olivia and caressed her breasts and the left slipped between her panties and her jeans. “I like profane,” she whispered into Olivia's ear.

Her knees going weak, Olivia partly fell forwards and only the dean's surprisingly strong hands kept her up. A shuddering breath came out of her lips as the dean started to massage her right breast

while at the same time rubbing slow circles over her crotch. “I...” her words were cut off by a grunt but she managed to stammer out, “I’ve never... with another girl...”

The dean waved a hand and one of the overstuffed leather sofas on the side of the room suddenly stretched and jumped out, becoming a leather bed of sorts. With the state she was in, Olivia had no problem reacting to the slight shove that the dean gave her as she fell onto the bed. She managed to turn around as she was falling, spreading her wings out behind her to make a cushion as she landed on the leather surface of the 'bed'.

Reaching down to take her jeans off, she was surprised to find that she wasn't wearing any. She looked up at dean Thorenson to see that she was similarly naked and every other thought jumped out of Olivia's head. The dean was an inspiration, every line of her body sent a jolt right to Olivia's pussy. “How...” she breathed, unable to tear her eyes from either the gravity defying jiggle of the dean's breasts or the pendulum like motions of her hips as she stalked forwards to stand above the young angel. “The bed, my pants, your-”

The dean pounced, leaping onto the bed to straddle Olivia while leaning forwards to press their tits together. Olivia's mouth formed an 'o' and the dean took her chance, leaning forwards into a kiss with her nimble tongue probing Olivia's mouth. The kiss seemed to stretch for hours, the dean caressing Olivia's wings while Olivia explored the dean's body, committing every curve to memory. Finally the dean broke her kiss, biting Olivia's lip as she pulled away. “To answer your question darling, it was magic. I'm a sorceress and I used magic. As for your earlier statement I already told you.” The dean's hand shot down between the two of them and grabbed hold of Olivia's slit. Olivia bucked under the dean's expert administrations, until the dean used her free hand to grab Olivia by the chin and force her to look at her eyes. “You're not about to have sex with another *girl*, darling, you're about to have sex with another *woman*.”

On Saturday...

“Ooooooh-kaaaay.” Said Samantha, still perched comfortably on top of Olivia's slightly diminished breasts. Whatever spell Samantha had cast on them was starting to wear off and they were now low enough that she could see the very top of Paul's head nestled between her breasts. It moved up and down just slightly as Paul had decided to start fucking her again partway through her story. Olivia had tried to cover up the five, or maybe six they were kind of blurring together, orgasms that Paul had given her by pretending that she'd had to clear her throat. Samantha probably would have been suspicious if it hadn't been for the other sights in the room.

Allison seemed to have taken the full brunt of the same spell that was affecting Olivia right now. The asian amazon was pinned under a pair of breasts that were large enough to dominate the living room, her nipples brushing against the ceiling even though she was lying on her back. From the constant moans coming from her, Olivia suspected that Allison was experiencing the same heightened sensitivity that Olivia had felt, and having most of the other girls in the room crawling all over her enlarged assets probably wasn't helping. Or it was helping quite a bit, depending on how you looked at it.

The only two that weren't participating were Hitomi and Iris, who had apparently crawled off to one corner of the room to reconcile their differences. Hitomi had wrapped her wings around Iris so Olivia couldn't see most of what was going on, but from the noises and the way that Hitomi's legs were intertwining with Iris's tail, Olivia guessed that their differences were, pardoning the language, getting the shit reconciled out of them.

In fact the only people that Olivia hadn't seen were the two other sorceresses.

“So,” said Samantha from her position still on the top of Olivia's breasts. She had her legs crossed which was quite the distraction as this meant that Samantha was basically rubbing her vagina against one of Olivia's nipples. Or it would be if, again, Paul wasn't currently fucking her from in her impossible cleavage. “We're going to pick up the story *after* you had sex with my mommmmmmmfffff!”

Something glowing and blue wrapped itself around Samantha's mouth and she suddenly lifted into the air, hovering a few feet above Olivia's enlarged assets and sending a jiggle through them with the sudden lack of her weight. Glowing red wound its way up Samantha's body, digging into her skin and binding her legs together and her arms behind her back while it wove over her in a criss-cross pattern. At the same time another glowing object, this time a deep blue colour, slapped itself across Samantha's mouth and in a moment Olivia recognized it as a ball gag.

With a chorus of giggles, Harriet and Jade floated up from behind Olivia's breasts and took their places on either side of the Samantha. Her eyes darted between the two other sorceresses with a note of panic, but then Harriet bent down and licked one of Samantha's black nipples while Jade had started applying a row of gentle kisses to the side of Samantha's neck, causing Samantha's eyes to roll up and her whole body to start heaving.

"Don't stop now," said Harriet, bringing her lips away from Samantha's nipples for just a moment.

"We want to hear-" Jade paused to run her tongue up the side of Samantha's face while her fingers started to slide between Samantha's thighs. "*-everything.*"

It was too much. Whatever reserve of control that Olivia had to draw on crumbled in front of sight of these two girls with pale skin and neon hair nibbling on a bound and gagged Samantha in front of them. As if sensing her weakening resolve Paul started increasing his tempo in her and she found herself moving in a rhythm against him.

"Well..." she tried to start her story back up but instead started writhing against the ground. A moan found its way past her lips and her hands reached up and started rubbing along her enlarged breasts. It hit her then, like lightning striking her between her legs. She gasped, feeling the wings trapped underneath her body give an involuntary twitch. She writhed as her body was wracked with pleasure. A heat started growing in her breasts, a pleasurable warmth that only seemed to be building.

A low light seemed to be emanating from her breasts. A glow that seemed to be building along

with her pleasure. Suddenly Paul's pace became frantic, making her breasts begin to ripple with his movement and making the light become all the brighter. Above her, Jade, Harriet, and Samantha started to writhe and buck in mid air. Eyes rolling into their heads and hands, save Samantha's which were still bound, rubbing their own bodies. "Wh... what's happening to-" Olivia shuddered before she could finish the sentence as her breasts glowed ever brighter, before it had looked like she had two glow in the dark beanbags on her chest, now they looked like a pair of extra large light-bulbs.

A chorus of gasps followed by the sounds of frantic movement came from the other side of the room. A quick glance revealed that what was happening to Olivia's orbs was happening to Allison's assets as well and what was happening to the sorceresses was happening with the other girls. Not having the advantage of magically floating in the air, most of them were on the ground, a few touching each other but the rest just laying on the ground with stupidly blissful expressions on their faces.

The glow increased, Olivia found she couldn't comfortably look at her own breasts due to the brightness as the pleasure coursing over every pore in her body robbed her of conscious thought. The whole universe collapsed, galaxy's crushing in on themselves and building to a point smaller than a pinhead. Then it exploded, a new cosmos burst into being between her legs as a million pinpricks of incalculable energy flared and died only to be reborn a second later.

Or, to put it in simpler terms, Olivia had the most intense orgasm of her or anyone else's lifetime.

It took a while for the afterglow to fade. For what could have been hours or minutes Olivia lay back with her arms spread wide. After a while it occurred to her that her breasts were back to their normal, well 'normal' since becoming an angel, size and a quick glance at Allison revealed that she was also back to normal, although unconscious. The only sign of her change was a light coating of ceiling plaster around her nipples.

A quick glance around the room revealed to her that most of the other girls, and Paul, were unconscious. Paul in particular had placed his head on Olivia's stomach and was gently snoring,

absolutely spent for the first time that she could remember. Dean Thorenson had had her spying on Paul and his escapades for the past week and she'd always seen the girls tire before he did. But now the only other people besides Olivia who seemed to be awake were Hitomi, gently running her hands through a sleeping Iris's crimson hair, and the three sorceresses.

They were sitting on the floor, Samantha now unbound, and looking around a bit confused.

“What was that?” Jade's words were thick and a bit slurred.

Samantha sighed. “She turned my spell on her and Allison's tits into some sort of... fucking... sex beam or something.”

Harriet blew a bit of tousled blue hair out of her face. “Did you know that Olivia could do that?” she asked Samantha.

“Yeah,” Samantha's expression turned into a pout. “I was hoping that she didn't.”

Olivia cleared her throat. “For your information, and pertaining to your earlier question, what happened next with Dean Thorenson?”

Samantha immediately covered her ears and rolled her eyes.

Olivia smiled. “Basically what just happened here.”