

Paul's Problems 6

Secretarial Duties, Backroom Shenanigans, and Inappropriate Use of the Facilities

By Rols Garten

Once again Paul found himself outside of the Dean's office, with a much larger group than last time.

Ever since last week when his life had taken a turn for the strange when the girl sitting to his left had thrown herself at him in a girls locker room. Before they'd had sex Allison had been a five foot nothing asian girl with an athletic but still rather slim frame. Now she was even taller than Paul (who was over six feet) and had prominent muscles that somehow only managed to accentuate her femininity. She also had a pair of firm and succulent tits the size of basketballs and an ass that could start another Trojan war, particularly as she seemed to have grown an appreciation for tight leather pants. "So," she said, "what does your mother want to see us for."

"The fuck should I know?" Samantha slouched down in the chair across from them. Her having sex with Paul had awakened her latent magical abilities as a full fledged sorceress and transformed her from a skinny, pale, goth shut-in to an alabaster skinned goddess with naturally black lips and nipples. Those nipples capped a pair of perky breasts that were really quite large, well into the realms that most women could only reach with the aid of a scalpel, but compared to most of the women around her might have looked a bit on the small size. She was also the daughter of the university's dean. "I'm her daughter, not her *lover*."

This last comment was directed at Olivia, the only girl in the group whom Samantha could justifiably say that she had larger breasts than. Unlike Samantha though, Olivia didn't seem to mind 'only' being what would normally be considered extraordinarily buxom. She was currently accentuating it with a red halter-top that conveniently left her back exposed, though as she was leaning against a wall Paul couldn't see the edges of the stylised wing tattoos on her back that she could transform into large angelic wings at will. As for Samantha's comment she just tilted her head a bit and gave Samantha a bit

of a look before returning to a more neutral expression.

Paul supposed that it made sense that she hadn't been insulted by Samantha's statement. After all, she *had* had sex with Samantha's mother.

"I'm actually looking forwards to meeting her," said Iris, an old friend of Paul's that he had turned from having frizzy carrot orange hair and all the figure of a sheet of particle board to a voluptuous mermaid with a mane of crimson silk and a pair of breasts half again as large as large as Allison's impressive pair and certainly larger than any of the other girls. She currently had her mermaid's tail transformed into a pair of shapely legs under a pair of skinny jeans and her fashion model face was wearing a slight grin as she looked around the waiting room. "She's a sorceress from ten-thousand years ago, isn't that interesting?"

"I'll tell you what's interesting," said Molly. While she looked like the youngest of the group she was actually the oldest, actually having been one of Paul's professors until she'd been transformed into looking like (what she insisted) was an 18 year old with a marvelous figure. She was also now a nymph, able to both gain and impart knowledge though sex. "You need to ask her about something called a Babylonian Twister. I only got flashes of it when we had sex-"

Samantha let out a frustrated growl and slapped her hands over her ears. "Lalalady-fucking-la! I can't hear you..."

"*When* we had sex I saw that it involved a whole jar of cyan peppers and the last time she did it it caused an orgasm so intense it started the Cuban revolution."

"*Really*," said Riya. "I think they skipped over that in my poly-sci courses." Riya was the latest addition to their group. Or the second latest if you counted that Olivia had been AWOL for most of the time since her transformation. Like Iris she had the ability to switch between a tail and a pair of long shapely legs, but in Riya's case the tail was that of a snake and about three times the length of Iris's. She was also the only one of the girls who could even approach Iris in terms of cup size, being only a shade or two smaller than the mermaid. That and her curvy chocolate coloured body had made her a hit with

all of the other girls.

“Well *clearly*,” said Molly, “you aren't taking the *right* courses.” She smiled and crossed her legs under her short plaid skirt while also crossing her arms to push up her breasts. The sweater she was wearing was one of those amazing paradox sweaters that could meet the most conservative dress code but at the same time showed every inch of her figure and showed off breasts that were only slightly larger than Samantha's but on her tiny frame (which was even smaller than Samantha's diminutive stature) they looked positively gargantuan.

A frustrated noise came from Samantha, whose face was now buried in both of her hands. “Why do we always talk about sex when we're outside my mother's office?”

Iris gave a long, musical, laugh. “Sam, we always talk about sex *period*. I bet you anything that all the girls that we left back at the apartment are having sex right now.” By the other girls she meant the other girls that had been transformed by Paul and, oddly, the girls that had been transformed by several of the girls sitting around Paul right now. As far as Paul knew, he was supposed to be some sort of chosen one who could transform these girls. However, Allison, Samantha, Molly, and Olivia had all transformed other girls into their respective magical species without Paul being involved (for the most part.) All of that aside though, Iris was probably right. The only reason that the girls around Paul weren't having sex at the moment was because they hadn't really figured out a good way to have sex in public. Like Iris, Paul was certain that the girls back at Allison's apartment were having sex right now.

Alice smiled. “And it's on a triple word score, and I used all of my letters so that's another fifty points-”

“You know what?” said Harriet. “Nine player scrabble isn't as fun as I thought it would be.”

“You should have let me play those Japanese words,” said Hitomi, “then I'd be able to beat her.”

Julia groaned, “Hitomi, nobody here believes that 'qjbkxix' is a real Japanese word!”

“*Anything*,” said Iris. “Anything at all that they're doing that right now. I will let you turn me into a sex

slave for all eternity versus you giving me a back rub that this is what they are doing.”

Samantha sighed and slumped down in her chair. “Yeah, I don't really feel like giving you a back rub now.”

The secretary sitting by the dean's closed door cleared her throat. Paul noticed that this wasn't the same one that had been here last time. That had been a young man of about the same age as the rest of them whom Molly and Samantha had almost driven crazy through a combination of flirting and magic. This was a woman who looked to be a few years older than them, definitely out of university, and seemed willing to ignore the blatantly sexual talk of the people around her. “She's ready for you now,” was all she said. She tossed a bit of strawberry blonde hair over her shoulder and continued typing.

“Wait,” Samantha looked at her with narrowed eyes. “How do you know that she's ready for us? She didn't buzz you or-”

“Magic,” she said with a small smile. Paul had to wonder what she was typing and why she was so intent on it. To be honest she really didn't look like a secretary despite her professional clothes and demeanor. Her makeup was a *bit* too showy, her earrings were a *bit* too flashy, and her neckline dipped a *bit* too low for her to really look like a secretary. She looked like a party girl who just happened to have a respectable day job. Still, Olivia stood up and started into the office.

Paul started to stand up but suddenly felt it. He'd decided to call it the twinge, but only because he didn't have another name for it. It was what he'd felt right before all of the other girls had thrown themselves at him and been transformed. It was an odd combination of sexual arousal and vertigo and he sank back into his chair. One glance at the secretary, who was now looking at Paul like he was pure sex wrapped in chocolate, was telling him that she was feeling it too. “Uh...” said Paul, “girls? I think I'm-”

Samantha gasped, in the past the sorceress had shown herself to be sensitive to the other girl's transformations, often feeling the same arousal as came from the other girls. “*Really? Now!?*” She

looked at Paul with a bit of annoyance before rushing over behind Olivia, who was just about to reach for the office door, and reaching around the angel to grab hold of both of her breasts from behind.

“Gah!” said Olivia “What are you-!?” Some sort of flickering electricity came from Samantha's palms and Olivia's protest died in a moan. With a sigh she turned around and wrapped her hands around Samantha's ass that was only barely covered by a black pleated microskirt. A low purr emanating from Olivia's throat, she pulled the young sorceress close and then ground their hips together. “For the record love?” she said in a breathy voice. “That is cheating.” Before Samantha could respond, Olivia kissed her deeply and they melted together to the floor.

It only seemed to be a minor blip on the secretary's radar. She stepped out from behind the desk, giving Paul a view of a pair of long slender legs in a pair of high heeled stilettos that led up to a skirt that was a *bit* too short for what most offices would consider proper. Above that was a girl in a semi-professional looking suit jacket and button up shirt that was currently being undone down to the secretary's navel as she stepped over the rapidly disrobing Olivia and Samantha to stalk towards Paul. In between the white shirt Paul could glance a red lacey push-up bra supporting a pair of breasts that were... perhaps a bit on the small side although that could have just been contrast with the rest of the girls.

The rest of those girls were still sitting down. Paul's experience of the past week suggested that this was more of a sense of surprise than an unwillingness to join in. They were still in a state of shock as the door to the office opened and out stepped Dean Veronica Thorenson. Samantha's mother, immortal sorceress, and a pale skinned goddess with flowing platinum blonde hair and bubblegum pink nipples and lips. Paul had this last part brought to mind because she was also currently not wearing a scrap of clothing. Samantha's eyes widened a bit at this and she looked like she was going to pull away from Olivia, but the angel slid her hand underneath the skirt that was the only item of clothing that Samantha was still wearing. Paul couldn't see exactly what Olivia did but given the way that Samantha bucked and then sank back down to kiss the angel, Paul guessed that Samantha wasn't the only one

with magic fingers.

As the dean passed by her secretary she slid one manicured nail across the small of the girl's back. Immediately, the secretary straightened and her mouth opened in a small gasp, though her eyes didn't drift away from Paul. The dean gave Paul a small look that seemed to say *make a note* and then she surveyed the still sitting girls. Taking her time in surveying them and seeming to bask in the attentions of all of the people in the room, she held out a hand to Allison.

The asian girl swallowed and took it, lifting herself to her feet. While the amazon was a good foot taller than the dean, her expression was that of someone looking up in awe. This didn't lessen when there was a slight snapping sound and suddenly Allison was naked, her body glistening like it had been coated with a thin layer of oil. She had time to let out a little yelp of surprise before the dean jumped up into her arms, Allison's superhuman strength easily supporting the dean's spectacular body as the dean wrapped her legs around Allison's torso. The dean squeezed Allison close, mashed their breasts together, and planted a line of kisses down the side of Allison's neck that had the amazon swooning so much that Paul was a bit worried that the two of them would go crashing to the ground. Instead Allison lifted off of the ground and along with the dean floated into the air, bodies intertwining above the others as a chorus of heavy breathing and moans joining with the sounds of Olivia and Samantha on the floor. Olivia now had her head buried between Samantha's legs with the sorceress thrusting herself into the air. Samantha was practically singing with joy at the sensations she was feeling.

But again, none of this seemed to matter to the secretary, who walked past the floating dean and Allison like she'd seen it a thousand times. Instead she stood in front of Paul, still seated in his chair, and stood with her legs wide as she began feeling herself up, swaying her hips seductively while slowly easing herself out of her skirt, exposing red thong panties to match her bra. *She's moving like...*

"Are you a stripper?" Iris asked with a bright smile on her face. Over the past week she'd gotten more sex each day than the rest of her life combined, so while Riya and Molly were starting to make out while frantically pawing at each other's bodies, Iris was for now willing sit and watch.

The secretary giggled a bit, turning around to present an ass that she waved back and forth just above Paul's crotch. "Not anymore," she said in a tone that didn't contain a hint of offense. She turned back around and bent down to let her hands delicately work at Paul's fly. As she did she looked up at Paul with a pair of green eyes so intense he actually felt a bit intimidated. "Buy I wasn't exactly rich and I had to put myself through secretarial school somehow." She climbed up to sit in Paul's lap, one hand reaching down into his pants while the other caressed the side of his face.

When Paul had first transformed Samantha she'd cast a bit of a magical makeover on him. It had done multiple things, such as giving him a chiseled physique and the sexual stamina of an entire Kentucky Derby starting line. One of the more curious effects was that Samantha apparently liked her men with a bit of stubble on them. Paul had noticed that no matter how much, or little, he shaved he now always had just enough facial hair to make his skin feel a bit rough. Paul could tell when the secretary found the other major change that Samantha had made to his body when her eyes went wide for a moment as the hand she'd placed in his pants slid down the length of his shaft.

"Don't worry," said Iris, "it'll fit."

Paul cleared his throat. "I'm Paul, by the way." He'd never have thought that having sex with girls before they knew his first name would be a problem for him.

The secretary gave him a smile, beginning to slowly work her hand up and down his shaft. "Adrianna." She pressed her body against him, her shirt was open and, save for her bra, it was all warm naked flesh sending tingles all through his body. Her breath tickled his ear as she she whispered, "You know that we're not in an actual strip club, right? Nobody's going to throw you out for touching me."

Paul smiled and reached a hand up to caress her, tracing along her stomach and up to play with her bra. His thoughts drifted back to what he'd seen the dean do... surely it couldn't be that simple? With the hand that wasn't busy reaching under Adriana's bra to play with her nipples, he gently caressed the small of her back.

The effect was immediate, he felt her gasp and then suddenly she was practically tearing his

jeans in two in a desperate attempt to get at his crotch. “Oh y-y-yes! I've been waiting for you for three years! Make me bigger!”

“Three years?” Iris had gotten up from her chair and was now standing behind Adriana and slowly easing the secretary's panties off of her. Despite that, her expression looked more curious than aroused. “And you said bigger? So you know what'll happen if you let Paul do you?”

Sticking her legs through the chair's arm rests, Adriana had Paul's cock in both of her hands as she balanced surprisingly well and lowered herself until her folds were just touching the tip of Paul's phallus. “Not exactly, I don't know what I'll become. But I do know that I'll change. I have been serving the dean for three years now.” She gave Paul a measured look, and then leaned forwards and kissed him full on the mouth. Her balance really was impressive, Paul wondered if maybe she was a gymnast before she was a stripper/secretary. Then Adriana lowered herself onto his rock hard dick and Paul didn't really wonder about all that much.

“Oooh... Ah!” She made several interesting noises as she slowly took Paul into her incredibly flexible body. Somehow, and Paul had never really gotten Samantha to explain the logistics, but like all the other girls Adriana had no problem fitting all sixteen inches of him into her. However she didn't seem to have total control of herself, seeing as how her eyes rolled into her head and she made a “Glug” sound before starting to fall back off the chair.

Fortunately Iris was there to catch her. Still fully clothed, Iris caught Adriana and let the secretary's head rest in her massive cleavage. The weight of her head pulled Iris's bright blue tank top down and exposed the blue bra (Paul was starting to think that colour coordination was a side effect of transformation) that she was wearing underneath. Adriana's eyes fluttered a bit as she tried to recover from the sensations flooding her. Almost without thinking it she turned her head to the side, further pulling down Iris's bra and causing her erect nipples to pop out of the top of her cups, and started to kiss one of Iris's breasts.

“Gah!” Iris's knees trembled for a bit. “Maybe don't distract the only person that's keeping you

from cracking your head open on the floor?” She looked up, biting her lip to maintain concentration. “Paul? Could you start doing your thing? She's a bit heavier than I thought.”

Paul realised that he'd been so distracted by the sight of Adriana licking one of Iris's massive breasts, he'd forgotten that he was currently inside of her. The fact that she was sitting on him and that he was in the chair made it a bit awkward at first but the moment he found the right angle he started working his way in and out of her. Adriana gasped, back arching and thrusting her small tits upwards as she started running her hands along her body. “Oh yes,” she muttered, “oh I want to feel it.”

Paul could see that the change was starting. A small scar he had spotted on the inside of her left leg, some relic of a childhood misadventure, began to fade before his eyes to be replaced by smooth creamy skin. He watched her hips become wider and her waist narrow while he could feel her ass swelling against his thighs. A strange feeling of familiarity washed over Paul as he saw the changes in her body start to take hold. But his senses were practically of fire with desire and he pushed it into the back of his mind as he increased his pace.

Her bra starting to show signs of pressure, Adriana continued to lap at the sides of Iris's boobs, setting fire throughout Iris's body, as Adriana began fondling her own. Hurriedly, Iris tried to shift her grip on the secretary in order to get at the straps of her bra, but before she could there was a loud pop and a pair of huge breasts sprang out from within their confines, bouncing in the air and while they were smaller and any of the other girls's, Iris could see that they were still visibly growing quite quickly. Pretty soon they were going to be past Olivia, Molly, and Samantha territory and at the rate they were going Iris was pretty sure Adrianna was going to end up leaving Allison in the dust.

At the same time Iris was treated to the curious sensation of having a face buried in her breasts transform while still kissing them. It was difficult to guess what Adrianna would look like when she was done from just the feeling of her face in Iris's cleavage, but from how soft her lips were, Iris was hoping for a real looker.

And she was progressing along nicely: good curves, smooth skin, long flexible legs (if the way she was able to wrap them around Paul's chair was any indication), her hair changing colour to crimson red and lengthening down her back, and *big* breasts. Big enough that they'd gone past Riya's and now were rivaling the size of Iris's own. Iris smiled as she looked over Adriana's whole body... and was struck with the oddest feeling of deja-vu.

Paul felt his orgasm rocket through his body, and he could feel Adriana's answering as she bucked on him, her transformed body quivering and setting her massive new breasts jiggling. She turned her head outwards and Paul had to stop, look at her, and try to understand just what it was that he was seeing.

“Cool!” said Iris. “I always wanted a twin sister!”

“Huh?” Adrianna sat forwards and away from Iris. Suddenly she changed again. Her hair went back to its original strawberry blonde and shortened to become about neck length, but it was much fuller and almost looked like it belonged in a shampoo commercial with how shiny it was. Her face looked like an expert makeup artist had gone over it, erasing any blemish or flaw while giving her slightly fuller lips and green eyes that seemed to sparkle.

Her breasts went down a bit from Iris's massive mammaries, but she was bigger than how she had been by far, well into the realms that would have men thinking in terms of produce, maybe large cantaloupes as opposed to the watermelons or pumpkins that Allison, Iris, and Riya sported. This was all rounded out by an ass that, while Adrianna's had been cute before this one had an athletic firmness to it that sent sparks directly to the hind-brain. Paul meanwhile, groaned a bit as he was treated to the curious sensation of the pussy currently wrapped around his fullness transforming.

Suddenly, her boobs ballooned outwards and her face, hair, and body rearranged themselves so that Paul was once again looking at an exact double of Iris. And then just as suddenly she snapped back to being Adrianna again. Then Iris, Adrianna, Iris, Adrianna... She twisted around, which- seeing as Paul was still filling her- produced a momentary gasp from both of them. “Could you- ah! Could you

not?”

Behind her, Paul could see Iris. Her finger was extended to touch Adrianna's bare shoulder while her other hand played with the nipple of one of her exposed breasts. “Sorry,” she gave both Adrianna and Paul a bit of a grin. “It's just so cool! And besides...” she reached out and traced one finger delicately along Adriana's jawline, watching the transformation with something much more sultry than a grin on her face. “You wear me so well.” This last bit was said in a much huskier tone than Iris's usual and she followed it up by pulling Adrianna into a kiss that, while Adrianna started off a bit hesitant, began to heat up rather quickly.

“Isn't anyone going to ask me what she is?” Paul jumped a bit to see a suddenly clothed Samantha standing next to his chair. However, seeing as he was currently *inside* of Adrianna and was hurriedly pumping into her, Paul's hormone addled brain's only reaction to Samantha's statement was to lean forwards and try to kiss her .

With a sigh, she pulled back and stepped around Paul to stand next to the still kissing Iris and Adrianna. Iris looked at her out of the corner of her eye and gave a little wave before leaning back forwards to start playing with exact replicas of her own boobs. “So,” said Samantha, “if anyone is fucking curious as opposed to just... fucking, she's a doppelganger.”

Samantha looked around the room. Allison and her mother, she took a moment to shudder if only for appearance's sake, were floating lazily near the ceiling with Allison's head buried between her mother's thighs and her mother occasionally saying things like: “No dear, don't just *go* for my clitoris. You have to tease it a bit first, get me worked up.” Or, “Oh good girl! You have a natural talent for this!”

On the other side of the room from Samantha, Riya and Molly were completely intertwined, using Riya's tail to hold Molly's arms above her head while the two of them shared a long and passionate kiss as Riya's hands explored every inch of Molly's nubile form. With Paul in that... *really*

uncomfortable looking chair orgy that only left...

“Excuse me,” said Olivia from right behind Samantha. “I don't know how you were raised, but I was always told to finish the things that I start.” Samantha turned to see Olivia standing naked behind her, arms folded to push her firm breasts even higher and wearing an expression that managed to be both a bit pissed off and seductive. Her wings were out and folded in behind her, which gave her statement: “You can't just piss off in the middle of licking my pussy,” the air of a divine revelation.

“No look,” Samantha pointed at Adrianna. “She just changed, aren't you at least a little fucking curious as to how?”

“Not really.” She swayed her hips as she closed in on Samantha, pressing close and letting her hand rest in the small of the sorceress's back. “She turns into other girls when she touches them. Case solved, let's fuck.”

“No, but look at this.” Samantha reached out and placed a finger on Adrianna, whom had managed to force Iris into the more comfortable position of standing next to the seated Paul while never breaking their kiss. As Samantha touched her her skin it immediately took on the same chalk white of Samantha's while her lips and nipples became as black as Samantha's own. Adrianna gave a little moan as she changed again, shuddering as she slid herself up and down Paul's phallus. Her ass might have become a bit rounder too, but the rest of her remained looking like Iris. She'd become a bit of a hybrid of the two girls. Samantha even noted some black streaks in her otherwise crimson hair.

“Ok...” Olivia's face came alive with interest. She sidled up next to Samantha and opened up one of her wings to fold it around the sorceress. “This has potential.”

Samantha relished the silky smoothness of Olivia's wing as she glided a finger down the side of Adrianna's body, stopping to grab a hold of one of her ass cheeks. It was vaguely familiar, maybe a bit softer than she was used to but the overall shape reminded her of her own. There was also a slight tingle... something she was sure she was only feeling because of her being a sorceress. Whatever it was it felt like she could do something with it...

“Let's see how many she can do.” Olivia said as she reached out to Adrianna. Samantha was going to stop her by pointing out where they were standing, but before she could Olivia placed her hand in between the girl's shoulder blades. With a little ‘whoomf’ of displaced air, Samantha and Olivia were both knocked off of their feet by the pair of bright pink wings that burst out of Adrianna's back.

This last transformation looked like it was a bit much for Adrianna as she broke her kiss with Iris and suddenly bent her back into an arch and screamed: “Oh fuck yeeeeaaahhh!” Her mouth wide and smiling as she bucked even faster on Paul. His head went back and he let out a low moan, suggesting he'd also finished.

“Oof.” Samantha rubbed at her backside as she stood up. “Nice going Hermione. You're lucky your pussy tastes like ambrosia or I'd never talk to you again.”

“Well how was I to know that would happen?” Olivia seemed to be more concerned with the ruffled feathers on her wings than with any loss of conversation with Samantha.

“What *did* happen?” Hearing the sound of her own voice Adrianna's eyes went wide. While it still sounded like Iris's voice, it had taken on Olivia's British accent. Adrianna had slid herself off of a nearly catatonic Paul, goofy grin plastered on his face, as she surveyed her transformed body. “You said I was a doppelganger? What's that?” She glanced over her shoulder and her eyes widened. “And what are *those*?”

“Wings,” said Olivia. “I know that they're a bit of a-”

“Awesome!” She gave her wings a few experimental flaps. As she did, Samantha took the time to get a bit better look at her. Besides the obvious, she appeared to have taken on Olivia's toned muscles and the pertness of her breasts. As Iris's boobs had never really been slaves to gravity, Samantha found the new effect was almost comical as her massive tits stuck out of her like a pair of torpedoes.

“See?” Samantha said to Olivia. “She thinks it's awesome. It's just that you're a bitch. It was your naturally bitchy qualities the whole time.”

Olivia gave Samantha a flat look, then just at the end of it quirked the corner of her mouth up a

little bit. Samantha wasn't quite sure how Olivia did it but somehow what Samantha was sure would just look like a muscle twitch on Samantha held infinite erotic promise on Olivia. "How does she have wings anyways? I thought that she had to be touching someone."

"She came," said Samantha, "that means she gets to stay like that for a few hours. It's like octopuses."

She was aware of everyone in the room not currently having sex looking at her. "...What?" Olivia asked.

"You know. Octopuses can change colour to match their surroundings but they can only do it while they're touching their surrounding unless they have sex." She looked at all of the staring faces around her. "Or maybe that's cuttlefish?"

"That's not anything!"

"As beautifully horrendous as this conversation is," came a refined voice from above them, "we really do need to get to the purpose of this meeting." Samantha looked up to see her mother floating above them. She had a snoozing Allison curled up in her lap and Samantha could see magic building along to pink tattoos on her arms. "Deep breath everyone."

Paul blinked away a flash of light and was surprised to find himself fully clothed, feeling very clean, and standing in front of the door to the dean's office. A glance around told him that all the girls were in a similar situation to him, save for Samantha and Adrianna.

Adrianna was still transformed into some sort of cross between Iris, Samantha, and Olivia, and in the place of her original suit that she'd been wearing was a replica of Olivia's outfit with alterations to accommodate her different dimensions, and her bright pink wings were still sticking out of her back.

On the other hand, Samantha was completely naked. "*Mom.*" She stamped her feet as the glow of magic spread down her arms. There was a small flash and suddenly she was dressed in a pair of tight black jeans and a black leather corset. "You dispelled my illusion!"

The dean was standing in front of her own doors, now wearing a cream coloured pantsuit.

“Samantha, you should really try to wear real clothing. Walking around naked underneath the illusion of clothing is... well I don't approve.” The dean's eyes went wide for a moment and then she buried her head in her hands. “Oh gods above and below... You're never going to stop now.”

Samantha just smiled and stuck out her pink tongue.

“Um...” Adriana raised her hand. “Not to be a complainer but...” she flapped her wings a bit. “Is there any way that I can get rid of these?”

Olivia shrugged. Paul appreciated this, he appreciated it when any of the girls shrugged. Their anatomy agreed with them shrugging. She went over and started talking to Adrianna in low whispers, coaching her on how to get her wings back in. While she did eventually get them to disappear, Olivia was probably a bit more hands on than she needed to be. Paul reflected on the fact that he was pretty sure that Olivia hadn't gotten off during their impromptu waiting room orgy. Adrianna for her part didn't seem to mind the attention.

“Now,” said the dean, “if we're all ready. This really is an important meeting.” She opened the door to her office.

“Agh!” said Allison, covering her eyes. Exclamations of “No!” and “Why!?” soon followed from Riya and Molly while Olivia and Adrianna just stared wide-eyed at the spectacle in front of them.

Samantha pointed at the other girls and said: “Ha! Now you know how it fucking feels!”

Iris just waved and said: “Hi mom!”

Paul blinked. Iris's mother, Eveline, was definitely in front of them. He'd known her since junior high, but somehow he'd just never noticed that she was hot enough to melt an iron ingot. The resemblance to Iris was quite strong, her dark red hair and massive breasts being only the beginning. They had the same blue eyes, dainty hands, and a smile that managed to be innocent while at the same time promising earthly pleasures that even kings and emperors could only dream of. Another prominent feature of Eveline that she shared with her daughter was her long mermaid tail, though green as

opposed to Iris's blue. Paul also noticed that despite the fact that he knew that Eveline was in her mid fifties, the woman in front of him was clearly thirty at the most. She looked more like Iris's sister than mother. She returned Iris's wave and slapped her tail on the ground a few times.

Straddling that tail was woman who, despite her Caucasian features, could only be Allison's mother. Her naked body was covered in muscle, and her flowing dark hair was framing a pair of firm breasts the size of the woman's head. She was also blushing a bit. "Hello..." She stood up with feline grace and made a bit of a show of dusting off her naked body. "Ladies? We might want to put this on hold."

Next to the pair was a woman with east-Indian features and a long blood red snake's tail in the place of legs. The shock on her face was evident as she brought her hands up to cover her breasts. However, they were actually quite inadequate to the task as (and she could only be Riya's mother, despite her skin being a shade lighter than her daughter's) her breasts were even larger than her daughter's and her nipples themselves were very large. In fact, despite her efforts one of those nipples was popping out from between her fingers. "Sorry!" Unlike her daughter, she had an Indian accent. "We thought you'd be a bit-"

A sound somewhere between a cackle and a giggle cut her off. A sprightly figure wrapped up in Riya's mother's tail started disentangling herself while at the same time reaching out with dainty fingers to stroke the snake-woman's pussy, Paul could see that her other hand held a large purple dildo. By process of elimination this had to be Molly's mother, but where the other three had a strong family resemblance she looked only a little like her daughter. Her short hair was bright blonde and while all of the other mothers looked rather improbably young she looked like she was only Paul's age. But the thing that really set her apart were her breasts, or lack thereof. While Paul often described the girls in terms of produce and sports equipment, he found himself looking at Molly's mother and thinking of mosquito bites and pimples. He did notice a small silver medallion dangling between them. She slid the dildo that she held in one hand along the Riya's mother's tail and said: "Now Nalini, there's no reason to

cut our fun short just because the girls have arrived.” She looked at Paul and the girls and licked her lips. “We'll just have Laura and Eveline's daughters come over here and ours can go over there. Then Veronica and her daughter split up and go to separate piles and I suppose the angel and the 'chosen one' can do whatever they want.” Paul was aware that her eyes had focused directly on his crotch.

“Personally I can't wait to watch the 'chosen one' do whatever he wants.”

Riya's mother, presumably Nalini, gave a little hiss and waved the offending hands (and dildo) away from her. “Siobhan! At least try to act decent!”

“Samantha,” said the dean. “Do you remember that cleanup spell that I just used?”

Samantha chuckled, “Sure, watch this shit,” she said as she struck a wide legged pose with both of her hands above her head. Paul was blinded by a flash of light and when his vision cleared he was looking at a group of women standing across from himself and the girls, all more or less dressed. While most were wearing rather everyday clothes, apparently Allison's mother (Paul guessed her name was Laura) thought that a pair of short shorts that didn't even reach her upper thigh and a black tank top with a deep enough cleavage that Paul could tell that there wasn't a bra beneath it counted as casual clothing. And Nalini was wearing a black evening gown that, while it had a rather conservative neckline that stopped just underneath her throat, also had a slit in the skirt that went up high enough that she'd have to move carefully to avoid exposing herself. “Well done dear,” said the dean, “Though I am questioning why you would make yourself naked again?”

Paul looked over to see a wide eyed Samantha staring down at her own naked body. “Oh... shit-fuck-damn!” She moved one hand to cover her bare breasts but seeing as this still left her vagina exposed, Paul didn't really see the point. Light poured out of her fingertips and coated her body, eventually disappearing and leaving behind the same black jeans and corset that she'd been wearing earlier.

“Oh the cleanup spell!” Siobhan clasped her hands together and leaned against a smiling Nalini.

“That takes me back! *Versailles* with the Sun King, ladies in waiting, gentlemen in... well... the mood

and that secluded little nook in the hedge maze. Do you remember, Veronica?”

The ghost of a smile crossed the dean's features. “You'd think that they'd never seen a loaf of bread-”

“Wait,” Molly stepped forwards. “Mom, what do you mean that you were at Versailles with the Sun King?” Her face took on a slightly apprehensive look that was being shared by the other girls. “...How old are you?”

The girls spent a moment looking at their respective mothers. Finally Eveline stepped forwards, placing a hand on Iris's shoulder. “I think it's time we told you girls something.”

The warehouse that the Order used for staging its operation was crowded. Dozens of young men and women swarmed the place, some rushing around on important jobs, other just milling in groups, and others still sitting in front of projectors that showed pictures of Paul, some of the girls he'd transformed, and an overview of the university campus.

Pauline took in the sight with a feeling of trepidation. The day that she had trained for was almost here. She believed in the order's cause, believed in the divine ideals of the mistress about chastity and the preservation of humanity. But...

All these new recruits, she just wasn't sure about them. Something just seemed odd the way they talked to each other in little cliques or got silent when she entered the room. It felt like they all knew each other before they'd signed up. If Celina hadn't vouched for them she'd be worried.

Celina was approaching her now. The tall polish girl could have passed for one of Paul's amazons with her muscular build over a feminine frame. Only the smallness of her breasts and her unconventional shaved head showed her as human. “Hello Pauline!” her accented voice was cheerful and she was practically skipping across the warehouse. “Ready for some action?” She produced a cattle prod from her belt as she said this. Giving it a little twirl like a baton before replacing it on her belt.

“Are we going now?” Pauline gave a panicked look as she glanced around the warehouse.

Despite their numbers they weren't nearly ready.

“Oh, no. It's still next night.” She frowned. “No, tomorrow night yes? That is the right way to say that?”

Pauline let out a sigh. “Good.” She doubted they'd be as ready as she liked by tomorrow night either but speed was partly of the essence here. They didn't want Paul and his slaves to be *too* ready, and with the betrayal of both Hitomi and Olivia, Paul's slaves would be ready. Part of Pauline was terrified at what those amazons could do in actual combat. “Wait, if we're not attacking until tomorrow night what did you mean by...?”

The glint in Celina's eye told Pauline everything he needed to know. “I know that nobody will be going in supply cupboard 4 for a long time little scientist.” That had been Celina's nickname for Pauline ever since Pauline had called their time together “experimenting.”

“Uh,” Pauline looked around. She spotted the mistress, talking in front of one of the projectors to a group of the new people. “Now might not be the best time.”

Celina shrugged. “It's not like the mistress disproves... disapproves.” She leaned down a bit to look Pauline in the eye, invading the girl's personal space but Pauline didn't back away and instead savored the smell of sweat and gun oil that washed off of Celina. “I'm her right hand and know, she has also been a scientist.”

“N-no that's not... I'm just not in the mood.”

“Oh.” Celina leaned back up smiling. “It's alright then. I can find someone in the mood.”

“What? No!” It came out a bit louder than Pauline had intended and it caught her a few stares.

Celina looked worried. “I hope you did not misread. This... is not exclusive thing. I'll still be around for-”

“Supply closet 4? Ten minutes?” Pauline tried to sound more sultry than desperate.

But a great big smile appeared on Celina's face. “Ok, ten minutes.” She leaned back in and whispered, “Bring the handcuffs.”

Pauline swallowed as she watched Celina walk away. A quick glance to the side showed that she was attracting a few stares so, blushing, she rushed from room and back to where her bunk had been placed. After all, that was where she'd put the handcuffs.

Finally, everyone was sitting down and Samantha's mother had their attention. More or less. With this group Samantha knew from experience that you had to assume that half of them were just going to be thinking about sex and hoping that whoever was paying attention would fill them in later. She was acutely aware that Paul at her side was squirming a bit uncomfortably and occasionally “accidentally” brushing his hand against her thigh. To him it would have felt like running his hand along denim thanks to her illusion, to her it was skin to skin contact. She realised it was probably possible for him to fuck her through her illusory clothing. It had promise and she filed the thought away for later.

She mentally slapped herself as she realised that she had been thinking about sex while her mother was talking.

Her mother leaned against the front of her desk. Arms crossed as she regarded the group. Most people weren't used to seeing past her mother's stoic demeanor. Samantha could tell that part of her mother was pleased (probably at seeing all of her old friends) but she was also apprehensive about something.

The rest of the group sat in a small semicircle around her, those girls whose mothers were there sitting by them. Samantha realised that it was hypocritical of her but she couldn't help admire how absolutely gorgeous all of the mothers were. She figured that if she got the chance, it would be a case of turnabout being fair play with Allison and Molly's mothers.

“Let's start with what you already know,” said Samantha's mother. “Samantha, would you care to fill us in?”

Samantha gave a little shrug. “I guess. Ten thousand years ago, blah blah blah, sorceress bitches and mermaids and shit, blah blah blah, people wanted to kill them so they hid themselves as muggles,

blah blah fucked up blah, chosen penis.” With this last remark she pointed beside her at Paul's crotch, he crossed his legs.

“Succinct...” said Samantha's Mother. “Could stand to be a bit more informative.”

“Eh, everybody's already heard it.”

“Uh,” said Riya. “I never... technically... have.”

“Nor I,” said Olivia.

“Oh.” Samantha thought back on it and realised that she never really had filled Riya in on any of the history. Not that she'd ever asked either. “Well you heard all the main parts now.”

“It's just,” said Olivia with a bit of a frown, “the dean told me a very different story.”

All eyes shifted back to Samantha's mother, who cleared her throat slightly. “Like I said, we need to tell you girls something.”

“Veronica,” it was Laura, Allison's mother, who spoke up. “Exactly what kind of junk have you been filling our daughters' heads with?”

For the first time Samantha could ever recall, her mother looked off balance. “Just a little white lie, I assure you. And please Laura, it's Dean Thorenson, or Dr. Thorenson if you prefer.”

“If I'm gonna call you Dr. Thorenson you can call me Dr. Prince. Don't act like having a PhD means anything when you're over ten thousand. Now, are you gonna set these girls straight or am I?”

Samantha blinked. For all her rebelliousness, she'd never talked to her mother like that. She'd never even *heard* of someone talking to her mother like that. She moved Laura Prince from the list that read “Revenge Sex” to “Admiration Sex.”

“Laura...” a bit of the air seemed to rush out of Samantha's mother. “I wanted my daughter to think that she came from a noble lineage. Is that so wrong? I didn't know that the truth would become relevant.”

“Wait,” said Samantha, “hang the fuck on. Are you saying that all the information that got pumped into my head when I transformed was bullshit?”

“Not all of it,” Samantha's mother actually looked a bit wounded. “Not even most. All of the magic knowledge I put in your head is perfectly valid, as is the information on other magical species. But yes, the historical account is a tad embellished.”

“How?”

“The sorceresses didn't go into hiding. We turned them into humans. *I* turned them into humans.”

“Along with all of our species,” Evelyn added.

“Right. It was because they'd discovered a way for us to reproduce without humans.”

Samantha scrunched her face up. “Wait, wouldn't that mean that men wouldn't be involved?”

“Yes, but as far as they were concerned it meant that *humanity* didn't need to be involved. They were going to wipe them out and that's why we stopped them.” The faces of the mothers had become grim. “It wasn't something that we did lightly.”

“At any rate,” Evelyn continued, “because we were components in the spell it sustained us.” She smiled and leaned forwards and clutched her hands together. She had a warm, inviting smile. It was almost enough for Samantha to take her eyes off of Evelyn's boobs. A quick glance around the room showed that even among the mothers, Samantha wasn't the only one having trouble paying attention. . “But, we also knew that eventually we'd want to put the world back the way it was.” She reached to where Iris sat beside her, “Give our daughters a chance. That's why I suggested that we use Paul.”

Paul blinked. “Wait, I thought that I was some sort of chosen one...”

A wicked grin spread across Siobhan's face. “Yeah, and we're the *ones* that *chose* you. It's not like we had a lot of men at this university to choose from and Evelyn said you were nice enough.”

“And,” said Evelyn, “I always knew that my Iris had a bit of crush on you. I suppose Samantha making you into her consort just makes you better suited.”

“What?” Paul frowned. “What do you meant that she make me into her consort?”

“It's nothing,” said Samantha, “don't ask about it.” She looked around the room. “You know,”

said Samantha, “not that all of this isn't fascinating and *totally* worth walking out on an orgy, but what does any of this mean in the immediate sense?”

Samantha expected her mother to answer but instead her mother looked at Olivia. Samantha saw that the British girl had, at some point, bowed her head and folded her hands in her lap. Suddenly all of the tightly controlled sexiness that defined her was gone and in its place... she just looked sad. “It's because of my mother.”

There was a sturdy pipe in the storage closet, and with her hands cuffed to it and stretched above her Pauline could barely graze the ground with her toes. The pain would have been excruciating, if it weren't for a pair of well muscled shoulders supporting her thighs as a shaved head nestled in between them. Another kiss made her shudder as Celina's hands traced along the burn marks on her buttocks. The cattle prod was normally too powerful to use on humans, but some genius had given it a lower setting.

As Celina kissed her again, Pauline licked her lips and savored the taste of Celina's own juices on them. “Oh fuck!” Pauline's back arched as the Polish girl's tongue started rubbing against her clit. She could feel an orgasm building and almost shrieked in frustration as Celina pulled away to begin planting kisses down the side of her thighs instead. “Come on!” she urged, “We only have a few more minutes until we're missed!”

“You don't give orders.” Celina looked up at Pauline with mock severity. “But you think you are ready?”

“Yes! Oh fuck am I ready!” She shifted her weight a bit on Celina's shoulders, pressing her pouting pussy towards the Polish girl. But instead, looking up at Pauline with a smile, Celina reached around behind her. “Wait! I haven't-!” she squealed as she felt the thumb enter her ass. She wasn't sure what kind of magic Celina did back there, but soon enough she was cumming as hard as she ever had. Yanking at her handcuffs as she bounced up and down on top of Celina's thighs. A tingling warmth

spread up from her lower body, slowly spreading over her. Celina let her go, standing up next to the much thinner Pauline and taking hold of her in her muscular arms.

“It feels good, yes?”

“Y-yes...” She wondered if something was wrong. She'd never really had an orgasm feel like this before. Instead of a wave it was a slow warmth going through her body. Radiating out from her vagina, it now covered her entire lower body up to the bottom of her rib-cage. She sighed, letting her legs relax and rest on the ground so that her body could dangle from the cuffs. *Wait...*

She looked down and couldn't decide whether to laugh or scream so she just kind of squeaked. The whole lower half of her body had changed, her legs becoming defined and the shadow of abs sticking out of her torso. Another attempt at a scream turned into a moan as she felt the changes in her breasts start. She writhed against her handcuffs, only to yelp in surprise as, with a small *ping*, the chain snapped and suddenly she was left standing much further from the ground than she was used to. Breasts still growing, now heading out of the range of what she considered realistic. She reached up to feel them as she savored the feeling of skin stretching beneath her hands and their steadily increasing weight.

Pauline looked up at Celina only to see that the other girl was in the midst of similar changes. Her already prominent muscles were bulging out and while Pauline considered her own breasts that were approaching the size of medicine balls to be ridiculous, the pumpkins that Celina was growing put them to shame.

But Celina didn't look nearly as surprised as Pauline felt. Indeed, the polish girl just grinned and stepped forwards to place her hands on Pauline's ass. Pauline reveled in both the feeling of Celina's hands, and the obvious resistance that her muscular ass gave to the squeezing. She leaned forwards to kiss Celina...

Then she woke up. She was gasping for breath and her sheets were soaked through with sweat. She was on the top bunk of her room that she shared with one other recruit, her mind rapidly filling in

the blanks of what had just happened. She *had* met up with Celina, and she *had*... well the burn marks she could feel on her behind could attest to what had happened. Then they'd cleared out and she'd gone back here to get a bit of sleep. With a sigh she rested back on the bed and fanned herself. No transformation, no becoming voluptuous amazons. Which was good. That was what Paul was doing to those poor girls, what she was trying her damndest to stop along with the other order recruits.

“Hey,” her current bunk-mate's head popped up over the side of her bed, only being tall enough that her eyes barely showed above the four foot high bed. Fara's cute middle-eastern features were scrunched into a worried expression. “You ok?”

“Yeah... bit of a nightmare is all.”

A coy grin crossed Fara's face. “Didn't sound too bad from down here.”

“Shut it you.” Pauline laid back down and sighed. “I just need to get some sleep. I can't stop thinking about the attack tomorrow. I feel like there's some vital information that I'm missing...”

“Ok, you haven't seen Celina have you?”

Pauline kept her cool. “No, not really. I mean she's about but it's not like I keep any sort of watch on her more than anyone else here. She's probably around, you should go look for her.”

Fara's face scrunched up again. “Yeah, I'm gonna go... look for her. You're all right here?”

For a second Pauline caught herself picturing Fara being about two feet taller and bristling with muscles, but she shook her head to clear it. “Yeah, ok. I'll be fine. Just getting some sleep.”

Fara just nodded, she backed off and went through the door. “Ok, feel better...”

“Yep!” The door clicked closed after Fara left. Pauline blew out another long sigh. She was pretty sure she'd kept her cool. No way Fara suspected a thing.

For a moment, Olivia didn't know if she could talk. Her emotions were bubbling up inside of her and a significant part of her didn't know what to do with them. Then she took a deep breath, thought to herself *serenity, balance, perfection* and took in her audience.

Samantha's left pant cuff was at least three centimeters higher than her right one. How could that even happen? Her clothes were only illusory. Why would somebody bother to make the illusion of asymmetrical clothes? She tried to block it from her mind and started talking. "After... getting acquainted with Dean Thorenson." She spent a moment trading appreciative glances with Molly and Allison, and taking in the annoyed expression of Samantha. "She explained to me much of what she has explained to you. She also explained that my mother was key in starting their rebellion against the sorceress queens, and that until recently she was one of their most steadfast allies. Then well, there was an altercation and..." She spared a glance for Adrianna. The girl had changed back to what was now normal for her and was looking down at the ground. "She killed Adrianna's mother."

"What happened?" asked Paul. He turned to dean Thorenson. "Also, why are we hearing this from her instead of you?"

The dean smiled. "She knows enough to answer your questions, and I find these sorts of things sound better in a British accent, don't you?"

"...'Kay." Paul gave her a skeptical look and said: "So Olivia, what happened next."

"Us." Olivia gestured to the gathered girls. "We happened. Our mothers had a few children over the millenia, but only boys and never at the same time. Then seven girls all within a few years, the Dean took it as a sign. Most agreed, mankind was strong enough to stand against us but not so strong that they would enslave us." She winced a bit, "This is where we come back to my mother. She believes... differently. Without getting into too much detail: she believes that we're all abominations, including her, and so she intends to capture all of us, use some unknown process to strip us of our powers, then kill Paul. She intends to do it with a small cult that she seems to have recruited from young impressionable girls that watched a bit too much Buffy growing up."

Paul looked at her for a long time. "...Kay. Why am I the only one that's getting killed."

"Oh, sweetie!" Allison was immediately at his side, hugging him around the shoulders. This also had what Olivia was certain was *not* an unintended side effect of mashing Paul's face into her

breasts. “Nobody's gonna kill you! Not if I have anything to say about it.”

Slightly muffled, Paul said: “Is this why you girls haven't been leaving me alone for the past few days?”

Samantha batted her eyes at Paul. She clearly wasn't used to it so it just looked like she had something in them. “Why, who would ever want to leave such a handsome, wonderful-fuck.” She made a sour face. “How do people have flirty relationships? I can't even say that with- Yes. Allison's sister and the rest of the paramilitary Barbie play set tried to abduct me so I discretely put the girls on high alert.” She frowned, “I think I said that 'the girls were on high alert' earlier to mean that my fucking nipples were erect. That's not what this is though. This is literal.”

“Ok.” Paul pulled himself away from Allison and held up his hands. “So why are we at DEFCON 1 here?”

“Oh,” Laura stood up, flanking Paul with her daughter so that he was surrounded by muscles and tits. “Perhaps I should field this.” She batted her eyes and, unlike Samantha, looked like she knew how to do it. Olivia was weak in the knees and she wasn't even the target. “It is a military matter after all.”

“Mom!” Allison gritted her teeth. “Don't.”

Olivia clapped twice and then brought her fingers to her lips to produce a shrill whistle. “*If* I may finish. My mother was holding off because She thought I was her agent in this matter. Now that this has been proven false she will soon be planning a full scale assault and we need to prepare or else all that we are shall be stripped from us.”

“You see?” Dean Thorenson stood up and stalked around the desk, somehow managing to draw every eye in the room back to her with nothing more than a slight cocking of her hips. “Like Churchill with a great ass. Always good to get the British accent to rally the troops.” She smiled. “Speaking of rallying the troops... we have a good number of amazons, sorceresses, and nymphs, at least all the ones that I could find, but we could use more angels, mermaids, and naga.” She produced three envelopes

from seemingly out of thin air and passed them to Olivia, Iris, and Riya. “You three need to get recruiting. Paul, you can't leave campus for a few days. I suggest you go with Allison and gather some things from your house and then come back here.” She produced a set of keys from the same mysterious place and handed them to Samantha. “You'll be staying together in the university's special suite.”

“What about the rest of us?” asked Molly.

“I'm sure you can keep yourselves entertained, I would advise you to also not leave the campus for the next few days. Also, I'm going to tell all the other students that we've found asbestos in fourteen hours so that they'll get out of the line of fire.” She looked around, “If everyone is ready? Let's get to it.”

Paul splashed cold water on his face. Finding the mother of one of the girls he'd been sleeping with wanted him dead was... less than surprising. Still the actual reasons had been a shock and more than that, the feeling that someone wanted him dead was a bit disconcerting.

“Hey.” Paul actually didn't jump. He'd more or less expected one of the girls to follow him into the bathroom. Then he spotted who it was and he did jump to see Molly's sprightly mother in the mirror.

“Uh... hi... Miss Brown.”

She smiled brushing some of her blonde hair out of her face. Only one side of it was long enough to get in her way, the other side shaved short. The punkish look suited her youthful features. “Please, call me Siobhan. Brown's not even my last name, she took her father's. My last name is this horrible Gaelic mess with more c's and m's than you'd believe.”

“Ok, Siobhan. This is the men's room”

“It's pronounced like 'shiv-on’” She smiled at him, playing with the straps of the small tank-top she was wearing. She was pulling it far enough away from her body to show that she wasn't wearing a

bra, but also that she really didn't need one. From what Paul could see, all she had was a pair of longer than average nipples on a chest that could have belonged on a prepubescent. "Not 'sigh-oh-ban."

"I... know. That's how I was pronouncing it... How would I not know how your name is pronounced?"

"Oh, no reason..." She kept smiling and bit her lip a little bit, "So anyways, I need you to have sex with me."

"I... huh." Paul held up a finger.

"What?" She looked intrigued and closed the distance between them, placing one of her thin legs between his and rubbing her chest against him. While she was more modestly proportioned than the other girls, she looked like she was positively brimming with sexual confidence.

"I just realised that this sort of thing became normal for me."

"Sounds fun."

"I feel like the protagonist in a porno."

For some reason Siobhan gave a long and full throated laugh at that. "Oh, I wonder why that could be."

Paul gave her a moment to finish laughing. "Right. Listen, It's not that you're not attractive."

She nodded slowly, "I completely understand."

Paul sighed. "Thank you."

"My tits are just way too small."

"What? No that's not-"

"It's this," she said and held up the silver medallion that hung in between her non-existent breasts. "You see there's a side effect of the nymphs, the more knowledge we gather the bigger our breasts get. To answer your next question: No. I am not fucking with you." She licked her lips, "Not yet at least." She cast an appraising glance up and down Paul. "Unless you're some hidden treasure trove of knowledge, my daughter must be quite brilliant."

“Wait,” Paul held up a hand to stop Siobhan from leaning in for a kiss. “You don't know what your daughter's like?”

“She doesn't want much to do with me,” she gave a mock pout while toying with the cord on her medallion. “She thinks I'm some care free slut that has nothing better to do than fuck her way through every university town on the planet.” Suddenly her fist gripped tightly on her medallion and the cord snapped and she dropped the medallion to the floor with a small *tink*. “To be fair? She's right.” Siobhan gasped suddenly and clutched at her breasts, which drew Paul's attention because suddenly she had breasts to clutch. Small ones, little perky mounds that nonetheless deformed under Siobhan's grasp.

She sighed and shuddered as her breasts started to spill forwards. “Wait,” said Paul, “so that medallion-”

“Keeps me flat, yeah.” She pulled her hands away from her breasts and stepped forwards to press her expanding cleavage into Paul. He tried to back away but found that he was pressed against the bathroom sink. “You should feel lucky, I only bring the girls out on special occasions.” She said as she shrugged her way out of a tank-top that starting to strain at a pair of breasts the size of grapefruits. The tank-top hung loose around her waist as she casually started running a hand up his leg.

“Wait,” Paul asked in spite of himself, “how big are we talking here?”

“Oh, big enough that I keep them down to let me operate modern conveniences like computers and cars and doors.” She squeezed a hand in between herself and Paul and started stroking at his length through his jeans. “Oh, well I'll have to give Samantha a little thanks for that. Haven't had one this big in a while.”

The rate of growth on her breasts was also increasing, pushing against Paul's chest and flattening against him. They were soft and warm and approaching the size of cantaloupes. One of her hands started working at Paul's belt while the other started unzipping her own jeans. “Wait,” said Paul, “I can't.”

“I've heard otherwise.”

“Yeah, but... Molly wouldn't-”

“Silly,” she leaned back and gave him a playful slap on his shoulder, also giving him a moment to appreciate breasts that were now the size of watermelons. Prize winning watermelons. They were also amazingly bouncy, the slight motion of the slap was enough for them to jiggle. “Molly is the reason that I'm doing this.” She looked like she might have something else to say but suddenly her breasts quivered a bit of their own accord and she gasped. She bit her lip and reached forwards to touch her nipples, now requiring her to stretch her arms in order to reach them. Her whole body was starting to shake. “Hurry Paul! I wasn't exaggerating when I said that I needed this.”

“You *need* me to have sex with you?”

“Yes!”

“Or what, you'll die?”

“Yes!”

Paul folded his arms and gave Siobhan a deadpan look.

“Ok, no.” Siobhan's tits were now too big for her to grasp her own nipples, their weight put them around her waist but at a glance Paul could tell that they didn't weigh as much as they should. The fact that they weren't snapping Siobhan's skinny body in half was the first clue. She was now bigger even than Iris. “Look, it's a nymph's duty to pass on her knowledge to her daughter.” Her voice had gone from desperate back to husky seductress. “Now I can't very well just go and have sex with my own daughter, we may not have a lot of sexual hangups but...” She reached underneath breasts that were larger than her entire upper body. She spread them apart and stepped forwards to place her breasts on either side of Paul. Their warm softness enveloped him and Paul could feel his libido taking a bat to whatever moral imperative kept him from sleeping with the girls' mothers.

“So wait, I have sex with you to get all of your knowledge and then I have sex with Molly and give it to her?”

She nodded. Her breasts were amazing now and looked like they were nearing the end of their

growth. Siobhan had backed Paul against the bathroom sink and her boobs were big enough that they rested on the counter on either side of him. He was right in thinking that they weren't as heavy as they should have been and as Paul squeezed his way past one (Siobhan made appreciative noises as he did so) they felt almost like pillows or slightly thicker marshmallows. "So are we going to do this?"

Paul grinned, slipping past Siobhan and going to one of the stalls. "Let's just get a *bit* of privacy." He opened the stall door and looked in. "Ok, what the fuck?"

Inside Olivia was in the arms of... Olivia. A moment's thought told him that one of them had to have been Adrianna. "Uh..." said one of them, "this isn't and narcissistic as it looks."

The other rolled her eyes. "Oh, shut the bloody door! We're busy!"

Paul shut the door, then opened it a crack and said: "For the record, this is the men's room."

"All the ladies' were full, now shut it!"

"Paul..." he felt the warmth of Siobhan's breasts pressing into him from behind. "You know I'm not going to be able to fit into one of those. Besides, I locked the door so we have all the privacy we could want." Paul turned around to see her. Her breasts had finished growing, now more than dominating her torso. They looked larger than the rest of her body put together and her skinny frame being able to support them without any seeming difficulty looked weird, but it was also seriously turning Paul on. The way she jiggled as she walked over to Paul made it a bit more believable, the things couldn't weigh all that much to be able to sway and jiggle like that. Honestly he was a bit concerned that if she jumped up and down, Siobhan might knock herself out.

However she soon put such concerns to rest as she turned away from Paul, reminding him that she was still wearing jeans. Though not for long as she sank forwards onto her knees and then rested her breasts on the ground, this only requiring her to bend at the waist about halfway before she could rest her weight on them. "Ah!" She started working on slipping out of her jeans, "The floor's a bit cold."

Paul came up behind her and grabbed her jeans. Forcing them off of her legs and discovering

that she didn't have any underwear. Also she was a natural blonde.

He grabbed hold of his erection and positioned it to slip into her from behind. Teasing her a bit with the tip. Siobhan squirmed in anticipation. “Ohhh... It's been so long since I was with a sorceress's consort.”

Paul paused. “A what? They mentioned that about me back in the office. What is it?”

“Ask your sorceress friend. Now-” Before she could say anything else he slid himself into her. She squealed, shivering as he entered her from behind. As soon as he started really going at it she started bucking against him at an ever increasing speed. She looked back at him over her shoulder with such a mixture of need and lust that Paul almost stopped from sheer intimidation. But the first wave of knowledge from Siobhan started hitting him and drove all conscious thought from his head besides fucking her as fast and as hard as possible.

He realised that he was talking under his breath but the words were far too fast for him to make out. Just raw information flowing over and through Paul as his universe started to contract to nothing but his cock, the wonderful tightness of Siobhan's pussy, and the warm smoothness of her breasts as he occasionally reached forwards to grope one of her massive tits. His constant sub-vocalization was cut off when a massive orgasm hit him, the world seemed to flicker and suddenly he was on his back, Siobhan now on top of him and bouncing up and down on his cock. The flush in her cheeks and far away look in her eye suggested that she was coming down from an orgasm of her own but it hadn't decreased her pace at all, if anything she was attacking him with renewed vigor. At least, Paul assumed that she was. All he could see was her head above the massive breasts on either side of him.

His world started to shrink. He stopped being aware of the bathroom that they were in, stopped being aware of the lithe legs wrapped around his hips or the dainty hands stroking what parts of his muscular torso were not covered by her boobs. Even the look that she was giving him, a heady mixture of desire and sparks from the fires of hell, faded from his consciousness. All that was left was a pair of warm, soft breasts pressing into him and the constant amazing sensations coming from his penis. And

after some time even those faded and all that Paul was left with was a feeling of constant information flying into his head at a speed too fast to process.

Then the universe exploded.

When Paul came to he was lying naked on the bathroom floor, and unless he was sorely mistaken somebody was giving him a blow-job. Opening his bleary eyes and looking down, he was surprised to see that it wasn't Siobhan whose lips were currently wrapped around his cock, but Allison. Fully clothed and head bobbing up and down, she used both of her hands expertly to both stroke down the part of her shaft that she couldn't fit in her mouth (which was quite a bit) and massage his balls.

Paul was going to ask what was going on but... Allison was really quite good. After a few seconds (though he had the impression that the blow-job had been going on a lot longer) he could feel that he was about to climax. "I...uh...I'm gonna..." He tried to talk but a combination of a dry throat and the ministrations of Allison's very talented tongue meant his words only came out as a mumble.

When he did cum, Allison didn't even break stride. Drinking down his seed as she took one of her hands away to start rubbing at her own nethers. Her eyes rolled up towards the top of her head as she finished, pulling his dick out of her mouth and gasping for breath. She let out a big sigh and rolled away from Paul onto her back, sighing contentedly while still lazily moving the hand that she'd stuffed down her tight leather pants back and forth.

"You know," Paul glanced up to see Samantha leaning against the bathroom counter. She'd changed her clothes, or the illusion that she was wearing clothes in any case, to what looked like a black (of course) latex catsuit that creaked faintly whenever she moved. "You didn't really have to swallow."

Allison smiled and wiped her lips. "I'm fine. Guys like it more when you swallow."

"Yeah... I'll file that shit away for later," said Samantha in a tone that implied that she meant to do no such thing.

Paul cleared his throat. “Uh, what just happened?”

“You’ve been lying there for an hour. You might have been a lot longer if I hadn’t had Allison intervene.”

“Happy to help.” Allison had scooped herself over to beside Paul and started running a finger along his abs.

“That’ll teach you to try and absorb ten-fucking-thousand years of knowledge through your dick in the space of a few minutes,” said Samantha. “I mean, in all fairness Siobhan should have known that something like this would happen. Also, she could have just given you the God damned blow-job herself instead of just fucking off.”

“It took a bit longer than a few minutes,” said Paul.

“I’m sure it felt like longer than a few minutes but trust us, we know.”

“We were in the second stall,” Allison said helpfully.

“Oh,” said Paul.

“And we gave you the blow-job because that’s how you wake up people in a nymph sex coma. Probably.” Samantha frowned. “I guess it’s good that it worked. You might want to have sex with Molly as soon as possible though. Leaving all that rattling around in your head isn’t really healthy... probably.”

Paul frowned at her. “So, whenever you’re telling us about magic and whatever: how much is true and how much is total bullshit that you’re just making up as you go along?”

“Wouldn’t you like to know. At any rate you two need to get going. Those others are going to start ‘recruiting’ soon and I’d like you back here so we can have magically fueled super-sex.”

“Whelp,” Allison sprang to her feet and grabbed Paul underneath his shoulders. “I wouldn’t want to stand in the way of that.” She easily lifted Paul to his feet. “Your clothes are over there, let’s get moving.”

Rick lay in the middle of an absolutely massive bed. He wondered if there was a size above king for a

mattress. Emperor? He didn't know and right now he didn't care. Instead he was basking in one of the headiest afterglows that he had ever experienced following what had to be his most intense orgasm ever. He ran a hand through his hair and puffed out a breath. "Wow Clau- I mean mistress."

Across the room his mistress stood, naked with her back to him so that he could see the outlines of her wings in the dim lighting of the room. "Claudia," she said. "In this room, and only in this room, you can call me Claudia."

Rick wondered at that for a moment. While he'd been both elated and intimidated when the mistress had brought him into her bedroom, how things gone had been somewhat surprising. While she was undeniably a skilled lover, she seemed more than willing to let him take the lead in just about every part of the bedroom. "Ok, Claudia..."

"May I ask you a question?"

"Of course mis- Claudia."

"Are you devoted to our cause?"

Rick snapped a quick salute and a grin. "Yes ma'am. I know what's at stake here. Not just for those girls, but for all of humanity."

"Yes," she turned a bit and gave Rick a profile view of her amazing body. Her firm breasts and round sculpted ass caught in the room's low light. "If I told you that we had a traitor in our midst, would you be surprised?"

"A traitor? Who could possibly-"

"Who it is doesn't matter right now. We'll find out who soon enough. What I need to know is..." She got onto the bed and started crawling towards him, breasts swaying as she reached him and held her naked body above her own. "If I give the order will you act? In our hour of need, are you prepared to do what is necessary to safeguard the human race?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"Well then." She leaned down and kissed Rick, his whole body consumed for a moment by her.

Her scent, her raw power, the smoothness of her skin, all combined to override any stray inhibitions that he might have lying around. He started running his hands along his mistress's body, to which she made some appreciative noises. "I have nothing to worry about." She pulled away from him and lay on her back, using her wings as a cushion as she reached down and spread her lower lips. "Tomorrow Paul Peters dies, the girls he has corrupted will be back to normal, and all we'll have to worry about is how to celebrate."

Rick pulled the mistress's head up and positioned himself to enter her. He was gratified to know he was on the side of the angels. And Paul? Paul Peters was about to have some serious problems.