

Paul's Problems 9

by Rols Garten

The front room of Phi Pi Phi went quiet as Olivia and Riya walked in. Olivia had been absent from the sorority for over a week and Riya hadn't been seen since the previous night. In Riya's case only a few eyebrows would be raised as she had left in the company of someone very attractive. That this happened to be an attractive *girl* would only get people's attention in so far as Riya had never shown any interest in that direction before. Olivia, however, had simply vanished last Monday and nobody had heard from her since. Of course they'd both changed a lot since then. Olivia had gone from merely looking good with a nice ass to looking like something most merely beautiful people could only aspire to with the kind of ass ancient civilizations would carve statues of and speak of in hushed tones. Her already amazing body had gained wonderful curves, an even more amazing ass, and a pair of firm breasts that by the standards of non supernatural women were very large. This was in addition to the large pair of angelic wings that Olivia was currently hiding beneath a pair of magical tattoos.

Riya's transformation had been in its own way both more and less extreme. The Indian girl had already had a fairly buxom and curvy figure, now she was just more so. Where Olivia's breasts were a shade smaller than your average cantaloupes, Riya's were just a bit bigger than most watermelons. Riya's body had also picked up a slight layer of muscle that managed to better define her curves instead of diminishing them. Unlike Olivia she had gained a very long and strong snake's tail that Riya currently had transformed into a pair of human legs. Not to mention that her tongue was now much longer, more dexterous, and forked. This came in handy as both she and Olivia had found themselves attracted to women just as much as men ever since their transformation.

What was really odd about these transformations was that besides a select few, most people couldn't tell that they *had* changed. Just that they were looking better than they had been. Riya thought there was an explanation for this but when people started explaining things to her she usually just kind

of tuned them out and wished she could skip ahead to the sex.

“Olivia!” a skinny blonde girl named Michele stood up from the couch and hurried over to stand in front of Olivia. “You are back!” Riya had found Michele's french accent alluring even before she'd started to be attracted to girls. Olivia had always disagreed, which Riya just put down to the age old rivalry between the English and the French. Given the way that Olivia's eyes widened as Michele hugged her it looked like Riya had just won an argument.

“Where were you?” Tamara's tone was less charitable. The redhead sat perched on the back of the couch with an intense look. “You just left without telling anyone.”

“Ease off *Tamara*,” said Tamera. The blonde stared daggers from behind her glasses and what was practically a fort of opened textbooks.

“She can't just leave like that! We almost called the police!”

“I'm sorry if I worried you.” Olivia said, easing herself away from Michele and doing something subtle with her posture and voice. Riya couldn't tell just what she'd done, but all eyes in the room immediately were fixed on Olivia. “I have had some personal problems recently and it quite slipped my mind to call. Allow me to sum it up by saying that I have entered into a new relationship that my mother did not approve of.”

“So it's a guy?” Tamara looked at Olivia with narrowed eyes.

“I'd... rather not get into specifics. I can only repeat that I am sorry that I worried you.”

“Well,” said Michelle, “you missed a grand party yesterday. Though you also missed today's cleanup.”

“Sorry.”

“No no, it is fine. Only if you find you must disappear again, please see to it that you leave a note?”

“You're back?” Riya turned to see Mei walking down the stairs. Riya was a bit surprised when the tiny Chinese girl came up to her as opposed to Olivia, who was currently holding the room's

attention. Mei was only loosely Chinese, despite her traditional name Riya didn't think the girl had ever set foot in China and her accent fit more with the American south.

“Well...” Riya rolled her shoulders a bit to shift her boobs up and down. She didn't know any of Olivia's Jedi mind tricks but she had her own way of getting eyes on her. Or at least on parts of her, which is where Mei's eyes were drawn for just a second. Riya also caught Tamera glancing her way. “I was only gone for the day.”

“It's just that...” Mei looked hesitant and glanced to the side. Riya smiled and touched Mei gently on the shoulder and guided her away from the rest of the group over to the side of the room. Mei started to whisper. “Tiffany said that she saw you leaving with that Japanese girl.”

Riya frowned and feigned confusion. “Which Japanese girl?”

“The uh...” Mei licked her lips, “the *tall* one?”

For a moment Riya wondered what Mei was going to describe Allison the Asian amazon as before that pause. Hot? Stacked? Hot and stacked? “You mean Allison. Yeah, she wanted to introduce me to some friends.”

“Oh, so it was just friendly?” Riya couldn't tell just what Mei's expression was meant to convey. Pursed lips, wide eyes, a slightly furrowed brow... Riya thought she had to be looking at a mix of several emotions. The erect nipples poking out of Mei's sweater were less ambiguous.

Remembering that she was supposed to be here to transform several girls into snake girls like herself, which involved having sex with them, Riya decided to go for the kill. “It was *very* friendly. I had sex with her and all of her friends. Later on Olivia joined in.”

Mei made a choking noise and Riya just laughed.

Allison stopped breathing for a moment as she pointed at Claudia. The memory of Claudia's spear tearing through her gut, of the feeling of being weak and helpless at her hands and being transformed back into the silly little tomboy she used to be was too much. She tried to say something but the words

wouldn't come out.

A pair of gentle hands gripped her shoulders and Allison heard Veronica say “Shh... It's not really her Allison.” Allison looked over her shoulder into the reassuring ageless and extremely beautiful features of Dean Veronica Thorenson. Her platinum blonde hair and incandescently pale skin framed a worried expression. “I'm sorry, I should have known you would have a strong emotional reaction.” She looked over to Claudia. “Could you assume your natural form? For just a minute?”

Claudia nodded, “Of course mistress.” She shifted again, her breasts ballooning out as she lost a few inches of height and her hair shortened from running all the way down her back to falling to between her shoulders. Her features shifted while her skin turned a shade paler and Allison was just getting a sense of familiarity from her changed features when the woman's hair changed from brunette to a dark orange.

Allison narrowed her eyes. “...Adrianna?” The moment that she said it Allison realised that she was wrong. While this woman *looked* like Veronica's secretary turned doppelganger, this woman looked a bit older, with slightly wider eyes and breasts that might have been a bit fuller... maybe. Allison hadn't seen much of Adrianna's enhanced form as Adrianna had spent most of her time transformed into other girls.

The transformed woman shook her head. “My name really is Celina. Adrianna...”

“...Is your daughter.” Allison finished for her. Then she was back to pointing a finger at Celina. “Aren't you supposed to be dead?”

“Yes, obviously I faked it.” She had a bit of the eastern European accent she'd been using before but much more subdued. “Claudia did almost kill me though, but Veronica managed to save my life and plant a false corpse.”

A little whimper came from across the room. Allison turned to see Pauline with wide eyes and covering her mouth. “Wait,” she said, “who are you really? I'm so confused.”

“Look!” Allison jumped as Veronica raised her voice. She turned to see Veronica take a few

calming breaths and pinch the bridge of her nose before continuing. “We can discuss our pasts and explain how everything works later. Right now we need to get out of here.” She looked at Celina. “I assume that there are guards on the door.”

“Yes mistress,” Celina punctuated this with a nod. Allison wondered what the “mistress” stuff was about as none of the girls’ other mothers addressed Veronica that way... but Veronica was right, they really needed to get out of there.

“Right,” Veronica looked at Allison. “Take care of the guards, if you would.”

“Uh...” Allison held up a thin arm and gave Veronica a sceptical look. “Not exactly as buff as I used to be.”

“You have the collective martial arts knowledge of the entire human race. I am certain that you will be able to think of something.” A knocking sounded from the door. “I am hoping that you will be able to think of something very fast.”

Swallowing, Allison stepped forwards and stood in front of the door. A brief memory of her previous fight jumped through her head and Allison had to take a calming breath. She told herself that this wouldn't be like last time.

The door swung open and two young people, one boy and one girl, came in with cattle-prods in hand. “What's going on in here?” the boy said. “You were just supposed to give the prisoners their food and then-”

Allison couldn't help it. She burst out laughing.

The girl narrowed her eyes at Allison. “You got a problem, freak?”

“It's just...” Allison chuckled and shook her head. “You aren't doing anything right. Your feet are too close together, your legs are straight, you're letting your shoulders droop, and you're holding those-” she indicated their cattle-prods “-all wrong.”

The girl's prod came up. “You little-” Allison swiped her hand out and snatched the prod from the girl's grip. Before either of their guards could react, she jabbed the cattle-prod into the boy's

stomach and turned it on. While the boy was still seizing up Allison swung the prod back to the girl, who was just starting to back away. "See?" Allison said, "I shouldn't have been able to do that." With that she jabbed the cattle prod into the girl's chest and watched her crumple to the ground.

"Well done miss Sakamoto." Veronica stepped forwards to pat Allison on the shoulder. Allison glanced at her and had to take a moment to process what was wrong with what she was seeing. At some point during the short exchange Veronica had managed to get dressed in the clothes she'd come here with. That she'd done this quickly was one thing, that she'd managed this with broken fingers was another. "Hmm..." Veronica considered the two guards. "The girl is a bit bigger than you but I don't think anyone will notice."

It spread through the sorority like a wave. Mei was the first one as she locked eyes with Riya and for a moment her whole body went stiff. Then her hand drifted up and started rubbing at one of her nipples through her shirt. "All her friends..." for someone with such small breasts Mei certainly had a prominent pair of nipples that were now poking through her blouse. Riya watched as her other hand went down to start stroking herself through her jeans. "So you're..." Mei's voice was getting breathy, her southern drawl getting a bit thicker, as she kept her eyes firmly locked on Riya's. "You're up to being with more than one...?"

Something about the situation had Riya feeling coy. She turned away from Mei and looked out across the room. Riya saw that Michele was still touching Olivia's arm with one hand in the aftermath of the hug she'd given her. In the mean time Tamera was looking over at Riya and Mei like they were the most interesting thing in the world and Tamara was very blatantly trying to stare a new hole in Olivia's ass. "I don't know." Riya said without looking at Mei. "Depends on what strikes my fancy." She was hoping to see how desperate Mei was and Mei did not disappoint.

A tearing sound caught came from Mei's direction and she saw that she'd grabbed her blouse in both hands and torn it wide open to expose a deliciously smooth and tanned chest capped by a pair of

small and perky breasts with fat brown nipples. At the same time Mei, her face a mask of flushed sensuousness, said: "My first kiss was with a girl!"

For a while, the whole room just stared at her and Riya could see a blush begin to spread across the poor girl's face. Riya smiled at her. "Hop on, Tex," she said as she pulled Mei into a kiss.

Mei broke the kiss for a moment to say: "I'm from Arkansas," before diving back in to stick her tongue right into Riya's mouth. Riya stretched out her own tongue and began to return the favour, feeling her tongue go forked as she stretched it out and began probing Mei's mouth. Mei's eyes went wide but she didn't seem to disapprove as the kiss only got more intense.

A cry from across the room made Riya look out of the corner of her eye. Olivia had Tamara, Tamara, and Michele all over her. Tamara and Tamera were a bit hesitant, slowly stripping off Olivia's tight jeans while self-consciously pawing at her with a lot of nervous laughter. By contrast, Michele already had both Olivia's shirt and bra off and was now kissing and licking at Olivia's nipples. Olivia responded by gripping the sides of Michelle's head and holding the French girl there as Olivia twisted with pleasure, letting Riya catch a glance of the tattoos that resembled stylized wings running down Olivia's back.

"Mmph..." Riya pushed herself away from Mei while she disentangled her tongue. "Mmm... wait."

"Don't wanna..." Mei was breathing heavily and reached a hand up to grab hold of Riya's breast.

"Something you should see first." She stepped back (her breasts large enough that Mei didn't have stop pawing at them even though Riya had moved to more than an arm's length away) and changed. The widening of Mei's eyes was gratifying as she watched Riya's legs merge together and push her somewhat loose jeans off of her body. Her legs lengthened and transformed as dark green scales burst out from underneath the to coat the whole thing in a shimmering layer save for the very front which gained a series of pale ridges. The room went silent at the sight of Riya's tail. Long, limber, and coiled up underneath her, she waved the tip back and forth invitingly.

“Oh God...” Tamara said as she brushed her dishevelled red hair away from her face “Why is that the hottest thing I've ever seen?”

Mei bent down, peering closely at Riya's tail while Riya stripped out of her shirt and bra. As Mei started to stroke the part of Riya's tail where her hips would have been Riya let out an involuntary hiss. This was shortly followed by a yelp as Mei smacked Riya's ass. “Nice rear you got back here. I might wanna- gak!” This last noise was the result of Riya wrapping the end of her tail around Mei's waist and pulling the girl to the ground.

There was a lot of Riya's tail for her to play with. She had more than enough to keep Mei pinned to the ground while at the same time having enough left for Riya to loom over the struggling girl. “Now that wasn't very nice. Slapping me like that.” She guided the very tip of her tail to the waistband of Mei's jeans. The Chinese girl from Arkansas's struggles to get free soon became anticipatory squirming as she felt the end of Riya's tail start to play with her underwear. “Do you know,” Riya said in her best dominatrix voice, “what happens to bad girls?”

Suddenly Mei's expression became a smirk. “Dunno ma'am. Is it exactly what happens to nice girls?”

“...Smart ass.” Riya found Mei's folds and plunged the tip of her tail into them.

Mei let loose with a series of high pitched squeals and her hands reached out blindly, both of them landing on one of Riya's massive tits and starting to grope it furiously while Mei's eyes rolled into the back of her head as her back arched. Her whole body started to shake and hump against Riya, twisting and turning beneath the snake girl as Riya continued to probe into the girl's purring pussy.

“Riya...” a voice with a french accent whispered into Riya ear. She glanced over to see the ever adventurous Michele, completely naked and sitting on the ground with her legs spread. “If that serpent's tongue of yours is not being used...”

Riya locked eyes with Michele for a moment. Then she lunged at the girl with all the serpentine speed she could muster, which was enough that Michele jumped in shock to suddenly find Riya's

mouth clamped around her pussy. Riya let her forked tongue dive in and started tasting Michele. Thin but nimble, Riya's tongue was soon producing low throaty moans from Michele to contrast with the higher pitched noises coming from Mei.

The sound of movement came from around Riya but she decided unless someone was willing to tend to *her* poor neglected pussy she wasn't all that interested. According to the dean she was going to have to bring every member of her sorority to orgasm before the night was through so Riya was going to try and pace herself. Bringing two girls to earth shattering orgasm at a time was her limit.

Unless someone was willing to return the favour, then she could see herself stretching it to three. Four if they were willing to do something with her ass.

“Oh God...” Mei took in a sharp breath. “What's... what's happening to...” she shuddered and grit her teeth together as her orgasm overcame her. Fists clenched and back arched, she let out another long squeal as her whole body shook. At the same time Riya felt Michele's pussy clamp down on her extra long tongue. Riya pulled away from the French girl's pussy to watch as Michele screwed her eyes shut and let loose a long and low moan, her hips bucking as she reached up one hand to cup at her minuscule breasts.

The change hit both girls at the same time. Riya used her tail to drag Mei over next to Michele so she could see them both and watched as it started with their hair. Mei's straight black hair took on a shimmer normally reserved for shampoo commercials as it lengthened from her shoulders to fall somewhere near the small of her back. Michele's blonde hair didn't get an inch longer but picked up natural highlights and transformed into a wavy curtain of pale gold. Their faces started to change. At first it was just like a well applied layer of makeup. Blemishes disappeared, lips looked fuller and seemed to take on a natural gloss, and the slight darkness under their eyes that was the legacy of student life just evaporated.

Then the changes started to become more drastic. The actual structures of their faces started to shift and change. Mei's face changed to highlight her prominent cheekbones and Asiatic eyes while

Michele lost some of the slightly too harsh angles on her face. Their eyes changed too as Michele's blue eyes took on a much deeper shade while Mei's brown eyes gained sparkling amber flecks.

So far the girl's reactions to their changes had been minimal. Mei had a hand up to touch her face while Michele was running her fingers through her newly silken locks. Riya knew the feeling from her own transformation, and that was how she knew that in a moment neither of the girls was going to be quite so inattentive.

Both girls suddenly clutched their hands to their chests and started to make noises like they were having another orgasm. If Riya was remembering correctly, they very nearly were. Mei pinched at her nipples and fondled the barely there breasts that she'd no doubt resigned herself to at this point in her life. So Riya smiled when the girl's eyes bulged out when she suddenly had much more breast to grab. Not much, not yet, but where there had only been the slight suggestion of a bosom before there was now a definite pair of boobs.

Michele wasn't wearing quite the expression of shock that Mei was. She was looking down at her growing breasts with surprise sure, but more of the expression of someone receiving a gift that they'd been hoping for for a long time. Her breasts had a slight head start on Mei's and soon Michele was filling her hands with them, squeezing them hard and biting her lip with the pleasure. She was so distracted that she didn't notice as her skinny body filled out. Michele's arms were tiny twigs to the point that Riya was wondering if the girl might have been a tad anorexic. Now those arms were gaining both a layer of muscle and fat. Not *too* much, just enough to smooth out the hard edges like had happened with Michelle's face.

Mei's arms didn't need quite so much of a tune up, but her breasts had kicked into overdrive. She'd shot past Michele's early lead and was now swelling into areas that could only be described by sports equipment and the produce section. In short, she looked like she was going to go from Brussels sprouts and golf balls to the realm of cantaloupes and medicine balls. And pumpkins and basketballs didn't look like they were too far in her future. Her eyes were still wide and full of shock but a smile

was playing at the corner of her lips. Mei only had a brief shudder to spare as her hips became a bit wider and her ass a bit rounder. But all of this was only the appetizer and Riya was watching in rapt interest. Especially as Mei's tongue fell out of her mouth. A foot long and forked, Mei looked at it with wide eyes.

“What iiiuuuhh...?” Michele tried to ask before her own tongue fell out of her mouth in a similar way. She actually brought a hand away from her recently grown breasts to touch the tip of her tongue. Michelle's breasts had stopped growing just a bit smaller than Mei's, but they sat amazingly high and firm on her chest. After a heartbeat of silence, both girls pulled their tongue back into their mouth. They looked confused for a moment, then gasped as both of them felt the change spread to their legs. Riya watched as dark blue scales began to pop out of Michele's upper thigh while Mei's skin began to produce red ones. The scales spread down the girls's legs, leaving a “v” of undisturbed flesh on their front and back, leaving their asses and vaginas unaffected as the scales overtook more and more of their legs. Those same legs were starting to stretch out and merge together, white ridges starting to form along their fronts while undisturbed scales coated the back and sides of their tails. Their tails stretched out to longer than their entire bodies, both girls instinctively starting to curl the scaly appendages underneath them as they finally finished their transformation, panting, smiling, and looking at themselves with complete wonder.

Riya looked away from the two and realised that she was entirely surrounded. She'd wondered if the noises coming from Michele and Mei would attract any attention and sure enough they did. Apparently the entire sorority, some forty or so girls, had come to investigate and were now crowding the living room as they all sat, or stood, staring at the transformed beauties. Some watched with breathless stillness, a few were openly rubbing their crotches or playing with their nipples, given the late hour more than a few of them were in their pajamas and some were just in their underwear.

Riya even spotted Tamara and Tamera, on either side of a topless Olivia, both lightly had a hand on one of Olivia's boobs and the slight sheen of saliva around Olivia's nipples told Riya exactly what

they had been doing. Despite that, the two girls were looking at Riya with the same rapt attention as the other members of the sorority. Only Olivia was looking around with mild curiosity, everyone else was staring at Riya and waiting for the pin to drop.

Gathering her tail up underneath her, Riya propped herself high enough that she was above the heads of even the tallest girls in the room. Their faces took on a look of both fear and lust, and Riya could not believe how wet it was getting her. "Ok, some of you might have questions." The room stayed silent, which Riya was thankful for. She was worried that someone was going to ask her to explain all of the stuff with the sorceresses and Olivia's mom and she really hadn't been paying attention to that before they'd kidnapped Allison. "It's simple though, if you want to be a snake girl like me... and Mei and Michele, you're going to have to have sex with me or..." She paused as she heard knocking on the door, then smiled as it burst open and she saw who it was. "...or him."

Her sorority sisters turned to see Paul barrel in through the opened door, lean and muscular arms ending in big strong hands cupped around the shapely and well proportioned ass of the pale goth girl he was carrying. With her legs wrapped tightly around Paul as she continually ground against him, Samantha broke off the deep kiss she was giving Paul to smile with her black lips over her shoulder. "Olivia..." Her voice held deeply erotic promise and she ran her hands down Paul's back to squeeze herself closer and squish her perfect tits against his chest while feeling more of the whip-chord muscles under his skin. At least that's what Riya assumed she was doing. It was what she would have done. Paul was a bit standoffish and tended to over think the whole sex thing, but once a girl could talk him out of his pants he had an amazing body and made love like a conqueror.

Samantha made a small noise as Paul nibbled on her neck. It was almost so distracting that the two amazons and the barely legal looking former university professor with melon sized boobs entering behind Paul and Samantha barely caught anyone's attention. "Olivia," Samantha started again, "Paul and I need to get down to some serious fucking. Can we use your bed?"

Olivia made a show of brushing herself off as she stood up, which was ridiculous seeing as she

was still completely topless. “Not without me you're not.” She weaved her way through the crowd of watching sorority girls, not particularly caring if her nipples rubbed against any of them in the crowded space and produced shivers or yelps. As she reached Paul and Samantha she gently reached out and stroked both of their shoulders. “Come you two...” she started to lead the way up the stairs while Paul chuckled.

“That is the plan...” Paul said this before rushing forwards. Almost too fast for Riya to follow, Paul shifted Samantha so that he was carrying her in only one arm, bent down, wrapped his other arm around Olivia's waist, and over her playfully protesting screams he picked her up along with Samantha and ran up the stairs with both of them.

“So yeah,” Riya said as she listened to Paul's footsteps thump across the upper floor. Soon the sounds of giggling were coming from above them and then much softer noises. “Me or him. Those are your options.”

The guard that Allison had knocked out had *not* turned out to be “just a bit” bigger than her. The girl had turned out to be a *lot* bigger than her. Allison was starting to remember that most people were a lot bigger than her and she wasn't too thrilled with this. As far as she was concerned, the sooner she could get Paul's penis in her the better.

She also wanted to be an amazon again.

Pauline, Veronica, Celina (who looked like Claudia again), and Allison made their way through the warehouse that the Order were using as their base of operations. Veronica was keeping her head low with a pair of unlocked handcuffs on her wrist, Allison and Pauline were playing the role of guards by walking behind her while Celina led them. Allison just had to trust the shape shifter knew her role well enough to get them out of the warehouse and then... whatever the next stage of the plan was. Allison wasn't sure if Veronica was making it up as she went along or if she was just unimaginably brilliant and had all of this planned out years ago.

So Allison tried to hide her terror as a figure broke away from the crowd. Lanky but somewhat good looking, a young man with an unruly mop of blonde hair stepped up in front of Celina and said, “Mistress? A word?”

In a pitch perfect imitation of Claudia, Celina held up hand to brush him aside. “Not this moment, Rick.”

The young man seemed to deflate a bit. “But, where are you taking the prisoner? And what about the other one?” Realizing that he meant her, Allison tried to keep her head down.

“Miss Sakamoto is harmless now. I am personally escorting Dean Thorenson to a more secure facility.”

Rick's face scrunched up a bit. “What more secure-?”

“Is there a car ready?”

‘Uh, yes mistress.’ He was quiet for another moment. “I can see- I mean talk- to you later though. Right mistress? We are going to have another... private meeting?”

Allison realised what he was talking about and she burst out laughing. This immediately caught Rick's attention and he shot her at first an angry glare, and then his gaze became a bit more narrow and Allison froze. She tried to look inconspicuous, but Rick kept looking at her. He looked like he was about to say something when Celina grabbed him by the chin and forced his gaze on her.

“I would *love* to talk to you later.” Celina managed to make Claudia's refined accent sound erotic by putting just the right amount of breathy tones into it. Rick immediately locked eyes on her and nodded. “But it *will* have to be later.”

“Y-yes mistress. I'd be happy to.” He looked them back over but the suspicion was gone from his eyes.

“I should be back in... half an hour? In the mean time, Miss Sakamoto will be exhausted from her cleansing. Please make sure nobody disturbs her until I get back.”

Rick snapped a salute. It looked a bit sloppy to Allison's eyes though. “It won't be a problem

mistress.”

“Good,” Celina looked over her shoulder with a small but confident smile. “This way.”

There weren't any other problems on the way out and there was a car waiting for the four of them. “Lucky thing that guy has a crush on Claudia...” Allison muttered under her breath.

“It's not a crush.” Pauline said. “They're sleeping together.”

Allison made a face. “*Him?*”

Pauline smirked. “Tall, vaguely good looking, and does what he’s told. How exactly is he any worse than Paul?”

“Paul's sweet, and has some sense of self worth. *That* guy seems like a needy little sycophant.”

“Then he should be just Claudia's type.” Veronica said as they reached the car.

Allison suddenly threw herself flat on the ground before she was consciously aware that she'd heard gunshots. Pauline hit the ground a half second behind her and the others came right after that. “Is everyone ok? Nobody hit?” someone said. Allison realised that it was her who'd said it. She was surprised by how calm she sounded, seeing as her heart was currently trying to break past her rib-cage and escape into the wild.

“He was aiming for the car.” Veronica said.

“He?”

“I don't know who you are!” Allison heard Rick's voice echo across the empty parking lot, “but you are *not* my mistress and you are going *nowhere!*”

“He's more or less right.” Veronica said. “He's shot up the engine block.”

“See?” said Allison as another burst of gunfire rang out. The safety glass on the car above them shattered and fell to the ground in little pebbles. “Paul's never shot at *my* car. He's way better than this guy.” Allison had no earthly idea why she was talking like this. For some reason a huge part of her brain was screaming at her to act like she was calm and in control even though neither of those things applied to her current situation.

“Can we focus on something important here!?” Pauline sounded a bit less in control.

“I'm waiting for him to run out of bullets. He really just seems interested in shooting our car.”

Allison realised she was right, again surprising herself. Rick was constantly raking bullets back and forth across the hood of the car. However, he didn't seem to be a very good shot so Allison decided it might be best to crawl away from the car.

“Do you have a plan Allison?” Veronica asked this as she crawled on the ground after Allison, occasionally flinching when some of Rick's wild shooting sent bullets skipping off of the pavement.

“Well, I was thinking-”

“A plan that takes into account that you are no longer bulletproof?” Veronica was quick to add.

“...that being human sucks.”

Quietly humming to herself and watching the stars. Iris sat in her van outside of the sorority house. It wasn't that she wasn't interested in sex, or that she didn't want to save Allison. But Iris knew she couldn't help with the latter directly and she was far too busy thinking about that for the former. So she sat, thinking about the ways in which she felt useless, when her phone rang.

“Hello?” Iris said.

“Uh, hello, miss Iris?” Hitomi sounded shaky.

“Any news?”

“Well, you told us to patrol around, look for any trouble?”

“Yes, have you found any?”

“Well we think we see my sister and also the dean in the middle of an escape with two other people that we don't know.”

Iris sat up straight and grinned. “That's great news, can you get them out?”

“But you see... miss Iris, they are being shot at, we think.”

“Well... Allison is bulletproof.” Iris should know, the amazon had caught a bullet meant for her

once.

“But... I don't think she is miss Iris. I think... she looks like she did before Paul changed her.”

Iris pursed a pair of plump and beautiful lips. Her flawless features were marred by worry and she was struggling to get her thoughts in order. “Ok, not irreversible. Who's shooting at them?”

“I don't know... he's not very good. We're hovering above him right now.

“Right, I need you to...” Iris hesitated. “I need you to go down and rescue your sister.

“It's just that... he's shooting very... everywhere.”

“I understand. I hope you can also understand that we just can't sit by while your sister is being shot at while she's not bulletproof.”

“What 'we'? I'm the one that's going to be shot at!”

“Hitomi...”

“Ok... I'll try to land behind him.”

“Good idea.”

The shooting stopped and Allison started to sprint. It wasn't exactly easy for her to rush an armed opponent in the middle of a nearly empty parking lot with no cover to speak of and burdened with the knowledge that she could no longer shrug off a bullet. She got around this by reminding herself of a few things. First: this idiot probably wasn't expecting her to do this so she'd have the element of surprise, second: he'd shown that he couldn't hit the broadside of a barn if he was inside it so having him aim right at her was probably safer than being in the general vicinity of where he was aiming, and third: she was tired of hiding from some guy named Rick. Still, despite all of her willingness to charge Rick, Allison was very glad that when she stood up she saw him flat on the ground with Hitomi standing above him.

Allison's sister's wings were spread wide and she looked a bit breathless. Unfortunately it also looked like she'd only knocked the guy shooting at them down as he was trying to struggle to his feet

and was reaching for his discarded gun. Allison kept sprinting across the parking lot and, just as Rick had gotten up on all fours, she kicked him square in the jaw. Thanks to the heavy combat boots that she'd taken from one of the guards that she'd knocked out she felt a very satisfying crack as he went down. Part of her hoped that, despite the fact that he was a colossal dick, he'd be fine. Or at least not permanently injured. Not dead at least. Another much larger part of her didn't give a damn what had happened to him and instead rushed over his prone body to hug her sister. "*I'm so glad to see you,*" she said in Japanese.

Hitomi looked like she was going to say something but the sound of approaching footsteps drew both of their attention as they saw more and more of the Order running out of the warehouse towards the two of them.

"*Hang on.*" Hitomi said as she wrapped her arms around Allison's waist, spread her angelic wings, and shot the two of them into the air.

The next span of time passed in a sexual haze for Paul. His Samantha-enchanted body could keep going in bed for quite a while but this was a whole new experience.

Every time that he turned around he was greeted by a new beautiful face, one that may have been a *bit* too uncomfortable to join the rapidly growing orgy going on down stairs but one that was more than horny enough to give Paul a try and Paul found himself more than willing to accommodate. The sorority sisters may not have fulfilled the stereotype of being a bunch of bleached blonde airheads, but they did meet the stereotype of being hot. And they were only getting hotter.

The redhead that was currently straddling Paul had already sprouted a brand new pair of watermelons that would have been jiggling with her up and down motions if she hadn't been clutching at them so hard. The girl had been basically flat when she'd first climbed on top of Paul and her face had turned into a mask of total elation as her breasts had expanded to go beyond filling her hands. Her face was more relaxed and confident now though as she had pulled herself into a deep kiss with Olivia,

who was grinding her pussy against the girl's right thigh while Samantha did the same to the girl's left. The sorceress had also bent down to lick one of the girl's nipples, popping out from between the fingers of... the girl.

Paul realised that he had no idea what this girl's name was. He also realised that he had no idea what the names of the two girls on the floor were either. They were now fully snake girls with their tails intertwined, sharing a long tongued kiss while they pawed at each other's massive breasts. They made an interesting visual (as well as an erotic one) as the girl on top had very dark skin while the one on the bottom had a complexion that was just shy of Samantha's in terms of paleness. Coupled with the fact that the girl on the top had developed a shining white tail while the girl on the bottom had a glossy black one, meant that the two together looked like the world's sexiest yin-yang.

Suddenly the girl on top of Paul (he decided to just call her "Red") pulled away from her kiss with Olivia as she moaned and started to shake on the end of Paul's dick. In fact, it progressed even further than that as her moan became a scream and she started shaking so much that she lifted off of Paul. He saw her fall back and felt the beginnings of scales pushing through where her thighs were pressed against his own. She kept screaming her way through her orgasm but Paul was willing to leave her too it as she fell back off of him, even the sight of Olivia leaning down to continue her kiss with Red wasn't enough to get him going again. Even though Paul was given an amazing view of Olivia's ass as she bent down and thrust it in the air in Paul's direction (probably on purpose) he just couldn't summon up the will.

Red made eleven girls that Paul had transformed so far. Add all the other times that Paul had had sex today and he really just wanted to go to sleep. A glance to the side caught Samantha panting and looking at the ceiling with glassy eyes showed that he had at least one kindred spirit. The two of them may have had their libidos refreshed every time another girl started to change, but certainly there had to be limits. He couldn't even guess how Olivia was keeping her motor running. Even now she had her pussy placed over Red's mouth and had her own mouth ready to eat Red out. Somehow she

managed to position Red so that Paul and Samantha would have the best view. Paul reflected on how sexy Olivia's eyes looked as they locked on his own while she lowered herself to lick at Red, just before Paul closed his own eyes to try and get some sleep.

“Uh... It's Paul isn't it?”

Paul opened his eyes to be greeted by a short haired brunette, blushing and looking at him while biting her lip. “Uh...” Paul managed.

“I've never... with another girl and they told me that you...” Her erect nipples on already sizable breasts were straining at the fabric of her skimpy grey tank-top that barely hid said nipples and left her midriff exposed. Her low-riding jeans showed the straps of her thong and were tight enough that they could have been painted on. One of her hands was idly playing with the straps of her thong, and the other was tracing lazy circles around her nipple.

“Listen...” Paul held up a hesitant hand.

Suddenly both of the girl's hands found his and she guided his hand to cup her ass. He of course hadn't been able to see it from the front but it fit very comfortably in his hand. She sighed as she leaned forwards, practically driving her large breasts into his face. The fragrance of the girl wafted over Paul as she gave a little gasp that almost sounded like surprise. As if it hadn't been her who had placed his hand on her ass. “Oh...” she moaned, “take me. Take me right now.” Her whole body gave a shiver, which made quite a sight in how it affected her breasts.

A different, more familiar, but no less pleasant scent reached Paul and he turned his head to see a much larger pair of breasts hanging next to his face. These were much more pale than the first pair and much larger, with perky black nipples capping them. “Well Paul...” Came Samantha's voice with a sort of resigned arousal. “Care to make it an even twelve?”

Allison had a few reservations about her current situation. On the one hand, she was holding on to her sister for dear life, also part of her thought that she shouldn't have to rely on her little sister for rescue.

In addition the fact that she was clinging close to her little sister also gave Allison ample opportunity to feel just how firm Hitomi's breasts were, something Allison *really* didn't want to think about.

On the other hand, flying was *awesome*.

The cool wind, the sight of the town underneath her, and the sheer adrenal thrill of being this high up and moving this fast made it feel like every nerve in Allison's body was just *singing* with absolute joy. It was almost as good as sex.

So when she landed, still clinging to her sister, she was laughing but also completely breathless. “Oh man... that was great!” She took a few shaky steps away from her sister and breathed in the night air. “Huh...” she made a sound halfway between a pant and a laugh. “Does flying feel like that every time?” she asked her sister.

“I don't know. This is new to me too.” Hitomi was grinning happily though and Allison spotted the others landing just behind her. Pauline was clinging to a strangely familiar looking blonde girl hovering above them. Pauline's hands were probably not in the most appropriate of places, but her angelic carrier didn't seem to mind. Suddenly Allison was struck by the image of a very similar looking girl in a lingerie store's fitting room. Putting that aside, she saw two identical blonde angels land next to each other, both looking like tall European supermodels. Allison could only tell which of the two was Celina as she was still wearing an ill fitting guard uniform.

Veronica was the last to land and as usual she did it with her head held high and with not a hair out of place. That she'd done this after the flight was more than a little impressive. Allison was busy watching how Veronica could arrive in the hands of an angel and make it look like it was the angel that needed a lesson in class, when something very soft ran into her from behind.

Or two somethings at any rate. Along with a pair of arms that wrapped around her, squeezing her into Iris's very large breasts. Allison had never seen them without having an enormous pair of her own so the sheer size of Iris's knockers almost seemed surreal at first. Then Iris purred and Allison could feel it reverberating all through her body.

Allison turned as much as she could while Iris had her arms wrapped tightly around her, but she caught a glimpse of the red headed goddess just a moment before she locked lips with Allison. She didn't know how long she spent there, breathing in Iris's scent, basking in how smooth the other girl's skin felt against her own, and just taking in the taste of whatever it was about Iris that drove Allison wild. She didn't know how long the kiss lasted, but it wasn't nearly enough.

“So...” Allison's breath was coming in pants and she could feel a flush spreading to her face.

“You missed me then?”

Iris laughed and leaned forwards to nuzzle Allison's neck from behind. Allison giggled, and then gasped as one of Iris's dainty hands found its way to Allison's crotch, rubbing her through the material of her stolen uniform. She started to grind against the sexy mermaid behind her. Her body seemed to be moving of its own accord as she started to respond to Iris's touch. “I... you don't mind?”

“Mind what?” Iris cupped one Allison's small breasts. It was taking a lot of Allison's self control just to remain standing.

“That I'm not...” Allison felt Iris undoing a few of the buttons on her shirt and whatever idea had been brewing in her mind was lost in how Iris was teasing her.

“I don't think you're as hot... but you just might be *cuter* like this.” She spun Allison around and brought herself nose to nose with the, temporarily, small girl. “But what I really need is someone big and strong to protect me.” As with so many things with Iris, Allison couldn't tell how much of this was an act. If it was an act Allison couldn't even begin to guess whose benefit it might be for. “She can turn back right?” this last bit was said over Allison's shoulder and presumably to Veronica as she was the one that answered.

“If she has sex with Paul, yes. Though she won't feel the initial... drive that you girls originally felt. She'll have to sleep with him of her own will.”

“Not a problem,” Allison said but she still didn't take her eyes off of Iris.

“...Soon preferably. I'm not sure how long Claudia will give us. Take Pauline as well, another

amazon will always help.”

With a big sigh Iris let go of Allison. For her part Allison had to take a few moments to catch her breath and get her heart under control. She was used to dominating Iris, not the other way around, but she could see the merits of this situation. Maybe they could take turns in the future? Clearing her throat, Allison turned to look at Veronica.

“Is Paul going to be up for this? I assume he's not in there to help plan the bake sale.”

That got a bit of a smirk from Veronica. “Indeed, he will probably be quite exhausted. But Samantha's alterations to him enhanced his stamina, and when he is facilitating a transformation he is... refilled as it were. To an extent.”

Allison narrowed her eyes. “All that means...?”

“He should have one good fuck in him. As long as he hasn't gone and kept going past his limit.”

Samantha lay barely half awake. It would have been the best sex of her life, if the last week hadn't happened. As it stood she was looking at it being at least the best sex of the day. Certainly the most plentiful.

She was crammed into Olivia's bed. A bed that was barely big enough for one person, let alone three, but for three people who didn't mind getting *very* close it was just about right. The blanket was warm too, and soft... and feathery.

It was also moving quite a bit so Samantha opened her eyes to see Olivia, laying astride Paul and with her face making an expression of closed eyed wide mouthed ecstasy that Samantha was intimately familiar with. Olivia had also brought her wings out at some point and in the tangled amazing jumble that was their sleeping arrangement Olivia lowering herself meant that one of her wings draped over Samantha. It would have been really nice if the wing hadn't been bobbing up and down. Though Samantha did appreciate the view of Olivia's firm tits squishing against Paul's hard chest as British girl tried to pump one more orgasm out of a very tired (but not even remotely unwilling)

looking Paul. The sounds that the two of them were making left little doubt as to her success.

Olivia's mouth went from a mask of orgasmic bliss to a coy smile as she leaned forwards and draped her perfect body over Paul, reaching out with one manicured nail to trace the outline of one of Paul pecs. "Mmm... have I told you that you're very good at that?"

"Thanks..." Paul looked drained in a way that Samantha hadn't seen before. She wondered if Olivia had finally found the limits of Paul's sexual endurance. Samantha also had to wonder where Olivia was getting all of her sexual fortitude from. All Samantha could think about was how sore her lady parts were going to be the next day and here was Olivia, still looking like she was raring to go.

"Paul, I've been thinking. Maybe I want a bit more."

Samantha felt her jaw go slack and Paul shut his eyes and groaned. "Not tonight. Please. I hope you don't feel insulted or anything but-"

"No no." Olivia chuckled and slid down Paul's body, pressing her firm breasts into his abdomen and resting her chin on his chest. "I was thinking that... even though we haven't known each other for long I might want to be more than..." Paul didn't see it because his eyes were closed and he was too fucked out to notice it even if it he had them open, but Samantha saw how Olivia bit her lip before saying, "Paul, would you like to get dinner some time?"

"Sure..." Paul mumbled. "Sounds fun."

Olivia just grinned as she watched Paul closed his eyes and started to drift to sleep.

"Ugh," Samantha caught herself making the noise at the back of her throat. Before she knew what she was doing she was climbing over Olivia and Paul, and for once she wasn't really enjoying the experience. Over Olivia's shocked protests and Paul's half asleep indifference she got out of the room before she knew what she was doing.

The hallway outside was filled with a continual hissing followed by the occasional feminine moan. Samantha guessed that the snake girl orgy must still have been in full swing and judging by the noises coming from a few of the sorority's locked doors, select groups had taken it beyond the confines

of the lower floor. She quickly made her way to what was labelled as a bathroom.

It was a larger affair than what would normally be in a house. More like what you might see in a public swimming pool, including multiple shower stalls. Fortunately the place was unoccupied and Samantha made her way to one of the stalls. A few days ago she'd figured out a spell that would constantly remove any dirt, excess sweat, or anything that could fall into the category of "dirty" from her body. As a result, she hadn't actually had to shower for a few days now, but that didn't mean that she didn't enjoy the feeling of hot water running over her skin.

Of course, this was her first time showering with her new hair. What had once just gone to the nape of her neck now ran down past her ass due to the unexpected side effect of some transformation magic that she'd been experimenting with. She'd noticed the change in weight after it first grew and getting it wet was just compounding that. It dawned on her that she only had the hair by accident, and in a moment of frustration Samantha made a cutting motion with her hand and with a flash of light she felt the weight on her head decrease as her hair returned to its original length. She shut her eyes underneath the steady stream of hot water and sighed.

"Oh, I kind of liked it long." The British accent gave away who was talking and Samantha turned to give Olivia a sour look. Or she tried to at least. She found it a bit hard when Olivia stepped into the shower and gently placed her hands on Samantha's hips and then leaned forwards to plant a tender kiss on Samantha's lips. The slight difference in their heights meant that Olivia had to lean down just a bit to kiss Samantha and the size of their respective busts meant that Samantha could feel Olivia's hard nipples poking into her breasts and she knew that Olivia was feeling something similar. All in all, it made it really hard to be mad at Olivia.

But Samantha had never been the kind to shy away from a challenge.

She pulled back and licked her lips, looking deeply into Olivia's eyes as she said in a breathy voice: "I might have enjoyed that if you weren't a total fucking slut."

There were a lot of ways that Olivia could have responded to this. She could have shot an insult

right back, she could have walked away, she could even have slapped Samantha. These would have been gratifying to Samantha in various degrees but the one thing that was guaranteed to actually infuriate Samantha was exactly what Olivia did. She laughed.

“There she is... I was worried I'd have to look for a pulse.” Olivia managed to cut off any response by kissing Samantha again. Just a quick peck on the cheek this time, but still more than enough to make Samantha's words die in her throat. “You ran out of the room so fast that I didn't get a chance to talk to you.”

“So?” Samantha turned around and shut off the water and at the same time used a spell to dry herself off. She purposely didn't cast the same spell on Olivia and Samantha was perfectly aware of how petty that was and felt that she could live with it. “What? Do you need my permission to ask Paul out now?”

Olivia folded her arms, pushing her breasts up just a bit, and levelled a look at Samantha. It was a complicated look, one that contained both sarcasm and playfulness. Again, Samantha was finding it hard to be mad due to how turned on she was.

Samantha grit her teeth. “Look, I should probably be more mad at fucking Paul but he was only half conscious when he made that date with you. Also, same point? You should confirm that he remembers that when he wakes up... The fuck was I talking about again?”

Now Olivia was just openly smiling. “You should be mad at Paul.”

“Right! I should be mad at him because I don't mind him having sex with other girls but taking them to dinner and getting all lovey-dovey? That's bullshit.”

Olivia placed a finger on her lip with mock seriousness. “I was not aware that you had a claim on Paul's more romantic attentions.”

“I...” Samantha felt herself blush but she tried to keep going. “He said that...” she sighed and pushed it out. “He said that he loved me.”

Gently, Olivia reached out and put a hand on Samantha's shoulder. “I know that you're new to

men, but a lot of them say that.”

“But Paul's not-” Samantha covered her mouth when she realised what she was going to say but it was for nought.

Olivia covered her mouth and gave a little laugh. If Samantha had to describe it she would have said that it was a titter. She didn't think that people actually did that. She guessed it was something that you had to be English to pull off. “Goodness, you were actually about to say that Paul's 'not like other guys.’”

“No I fucking wasn't.” A disadvantage of Samantha's pale skin was that she knew that she was currently as red as a damn beet. It didn't help that very suddenly Olivia was right in front of her and there was nowhere to go in the shower stall.

“It's ok...” Olivia's voice was breathy as she leaned in. She wasn't quite kissing Samantha, but that was just making Samantha ache for it. “I don't think that Paul is like other guys either.” She gripped Samantha's hands and forced them up above her head. Suddenly Samantha realised that she was back against the shower wall, hands held above her by Olivia as Olivia leaned in and whispered in Samantha's ear. “Something else? I don't think you're like other girl's... I wish you hadn't left in such a rush, had I known you were awake I could have asked you.”

“Asked me w-what?”

“Did you want to come to dinner with Paul and I?”

Samantha shut her eyes and took a moment to breath in Olivia's scent. *This infuriating, sexy, fucked-up girl.* “What if I'd said no?”

“Then I would have called it off with Paul. I never settle for half of what I want...”

“And what is it you want?” Samantha's breath was coming in long shuddering gasps. It was actually starting to feel like she wasn't in control of her own body as she started gyrating her hips against a responsive Olivia.

“Do I have to spell it out for you? I want there to be a Paul and Samantha sandwich. And I want

to be the meat.”

Olivia started kissing the top of Samantha's neck and Samantha felt her whole body respond. She could understand how Olivia was able to get one last fuck out of Paul earlier. Samantha felt her hips continue to move involuntarily, trying to rub her needy pussy against anything that was willing. “Wait...” Olivia didn't stop so Samantha found a bit more confidence and repeated “Wait,” in a much more sober voice.

Olivia paused. “What?”

“If we're going to be doing this... you've gotta let me tie you up and spank that ass later.”

One of Olivia's hands shot away from Samantha's wrist and was suddenly at Samantha's pussy. A shudder went through Samantha's whole body as she felt Olivia's fingers enter her. “Deal,” Olivia said. After that she grabbed hold of Samantha's clit and Samantha kind of lost track of time.

The bottom floor had been a gauntlet. A large breasted and hissing mess of young, willing, and in many cases curious girls all trying to get through that initial hormonal rush of being transformed. Allison remembered what it was like. A constant need to fuck for hours on end, exalting in all the new things her body could do, and absolutely lost in how suddenly girls were something were just as interesting as men...

To be honest Allison hadn't really gotten over that feeling. It was just a question of magnitude.

As Allison got to the top floor and started trying to remember which one was Olivia's room, it occurred to her that things hadn't changed all that much.

Pauline, for her part, was staring around like she'd just seen several ghosts. Allison put a hand on her shoulder and Pauline didn't flinch away, but she stayed completely stiff.

“First all girl orgy?” Allison said with a chuckle.

“Snakes...” Pauline said at barely above a whisper.

“Later, first we get Paul to make us both amazons.” Allison felt giddy just saying that. The first

time that she had been transformed she'd gone in blindly following instinct and egged on by a bit of magic. This time she knew exactly what she was in for and couldn't help but be excited by it. It sucked that Claudia had turned her back into a tiny girl again, but the idea of getting to go thorough her transformation again and maybe savour it this time? That had her turned on to no end.

“In here,” Allison said as she opened one of the doors. A chorus of giggles, shrieks, and hisses greeted Allison and she shut the door again. “Not there,” she corrected herself. After a moment's consideration she opened the door again.

In front of Allison was an amazingly complicated arrangement for girls who by Allison's reckoning had only been transformed recently. A blonde snake girl with the dark blue tail was currently lying on a bed and wrapping her tail around the red tail of a Chinese girl with a long curtain of black hair, also on the bed. Both were inserting the tips of their tails into the other's sex, but the Chinese girl was also currently making out with the pussy of a redheaded snake girl with a yellow tail that had white bands striping down it at regular intervals. For her part, the redhead was leaning off of the bed, making out with yet another blonde snake girl, this one with a lime green tail. Said tail was back up on the bed, wrapped around the first blonde girl's waist and with the tip of her tail playing with one of first girl's nipples. It made Allison simultaneously dizzy and aroused.

“Blondy, your tongue's free.” Allison pointed to the first girl.

Her breath was heavy but the girl managed to say: “...*Oui?*”

Allison thought for a moment. “Uh... *quelle... le nom... chinois?*” Allison hoped that wasn't complete gibberish.

Blondy's eyebrows shot up, but Allison sensed more sarcasm than surprise. “Her name is Mei.”

“Great, thanks. Mei?” The Chinese girl's head shot up at the mention of her name. “You and me? Later.” With that Allison closed the door. Then she squinted her eyes shut and put her hand on her forehead. “Aww... shoot.”

Pauline pointed at her. “You...”

“I forgot to ask which one was Olivia's room... Screw it. I'll just have to check at random again.”

“You... *want* to have sex with one of those girls?”

Allison crossed to another random door and gave Pauline a look. “Do you *not*? Especially that Mei chick. To be honest I’m king of jealous that everyone has gotten to have sex with a cute Asian girl but me.” She opened the door. “Hey, jackpot.”

Paul was having the stupidest damn dream. He was lying half comatose on Olivia's bed, for some reason he'd just agreed to a dinner date with Olivia because he apparently *wanted* to spend the rest of his life as an amphibian, and after Samantha had left and Olivia had followed her Allison, who wasn't transformed for some reason, and Paul's ex-girlfriend came in and started arguing about snake girls. They were both also dressed in really unflattering... Paul wasn't sure if they were coveralls or military fatigues.

“They're fun! Seriously, have you met Riya? She's a blast!” said Allison.

“They've got those gross slimy tails of theirs, and those *tongues*...” said the back-stabbing bitch who was never even that hot anyways.

“Hey! Don't knock those tongues until you've had one inside of you. And the tails aren't slimy.” Allison grinned at Pauline with more than a tinge of mockery as she crossed the room to sit on the edge of Paul's bed.

“Yeugh!” The worst girlfriend who ever existed stuck her tongue out and made a disgusted face.

Allison sat down on the end of the bed and put her hand on Paul's leg and started shaking it.

“Hey, boy toy. Got two more for you.”

“...Wait,” said Paul, “this isn't a dream?”

“Nope, though you are about to have sex with me and not for the first time today. I can't imagine you dreaming anything better. Are you ok?”

Paul sat up, kind of. He was still pretty exhausted. “You got stabbed.” Paul was surprised at how much emotion was in his voice. He'd believed that Allison would survive but actually seeing her...

“I got better.”

“You're small again.”

“I prefer to think of it as lithe and perky.” She cupped her much *much* smaller breasts. There really wasn't even enough there to cup. “Also? Olivia's mom is a cunt.”

“...And my ex is here because?”

“She's part of the Order. A name that someone really has to workshop. I mean, they could at least be the Order of *Something* right? Just ‘the Order’ is so generic.”

Paul froze, something he hadn't really felt in the past week came bubbling up. He was pissed. He turned to look at Pauline. “So, you not only slept with my best friend, you joined a weird cult whose membership entirely wants to kill me?”

Pauline took a step towards the bed, “Hey listen asshole-!”

“Ok!” Allison said about as loud as she could. “I can see how *this* was a bad idea. Pauline, maybe you should wait outside?”

A deep frown creased Pauline's face and it creased with anger but she slammed the door and left. Allison let out a sigh of relief.

“Thank God that's over,” Paul said.

“Ok, Paul, seriously, what the hell?” Allison turned back on him, leaning over his semi-prone form and pointing an accusatory finger at him. “If I didn't have to have sex with you to turn back into an amazon, I might not want to.”

“Wait,” Paul blinked, “what?”

“She slept with your best friend? Seriously? How are you that un-self aware?”

“Hey!” Paul managed to finally sit all the way up and pointed a finger at the door. “She betrayed me. You girls all know about each-other, you're all ok with this! Hell, it's mostly your idea!

I'm just along for the ride!”

“Really?”

“Really.”

“What about Olivia?”

“...Oh,” Paul slumped down on Olivia's bed again. “She did... forgive me... eventually.”

Allison sighed and laid down next to Paul. Her face was right next to his and Paul could take in that unique beauty that her face had possessed even before her transformation. “I'm not an expert at this stuff and I don't know if you should forgive, and I *really* don't think you have to have sex with her even if she is an amazon.”

“She's an amazon?”

“I think so. Don't worry, once you change me back I can do her. I'm just saying that maybe you don't have the moral high ground here.”

Paul gave a nervous grin. “Uh, about changing you back?”

“Yeah...?”

“I don't know if I can right now.”

Like a pair of drunken party-goers, Olivia and Samantha leaned on each other as they came out of the bathroom. “Fuck me, I'm tired.”

Olivia panted a bit and said: “Again? I thought you were saying we had to stop?”

“You know what the fuck I meant.” She reached down to slap Olivia's perfect ass but just ended up grabbing a handful of it.

Olivia made a noise with her throat. “I *will* hold you to that promise of tying me up later.”

“Much later. Let go into a coma on top of Paul first ok?”

“Sounds like- Hello? Who's this?” Outside of Olivia's room sat a brunette girl wearing the dark uniform of the Order. Her expression went from surly to fearful as she caught sight of Samantha.

“Hey,” said Samantha, “didn't I turn you into a frog once?” She frowned and scratched her chin, “Or was it a toad?”

The girl gave a nervous glance to the side and said: “I-”

“You here to cause any trouble?” As Samantha said this she let a bit of magic get channelled into her tattoos, making them glow.

“N-no I-”

“Samantha!” Olivia said, punctuating it was a slap on Samantha's shoulder. “Don't be mean!”

“Hey, this cunt tried to kidnap me!” Her eyes widened, “And her people *did* kidnap my mom and Allison. Now I don't know about you, but that sounds like someone who wants to spend the next six hours in a fish tank.” She channelled a bit more magic and could feel her eyes start to glow.

The girl held her hands up, “But I helped them escape!”

Samantha cocked her head. “...Helped who escape?”

“Allison and your mother! Allison's in there right now, you can ask her if you don't believe me.”

“In there with Paul?” Olivia asked, voice tinged with more curiosity than jealousy.

“Wait,” said Samantha, “is she ok? No wait fuck Allison what did you say about my mom? And more importantly, why am I hearing it second hand!?”

There was a bit of a pause before Pauline cleared her throat. “I get the feeling these are slightly rhetorical questions.”

“Yeah, good job smart ass, where is she?”

“Out front the last that I checked.”

Samantha made a low growling sound as she ran down the stairs, ignoring the sights and sounds of the snake girl orgy downstairs as she barrelled through the front door. “Hey!” she shouted as soon as she spotted her mother. She was standing in the middle of a group, looking like she'd been talking to them. “What gives? You escape and I don't warrant so much as a hello?”

The rest of the group looked at her. Samantha recognized Allison's mom, a few of Allison's

amazons, Allison's sister Hitomi, a few girls that Samantha didn't recognize but their large breasts marked them as transformed, and for some reason Iris was there. A few of them looked shocked, the rest were smiling.

"I mean what the hell? Do you know how worried I was? Ugh, this is so like you!"

"Samantha-" her mother started but Samantha wasn't in the mood for listening to her.

"You just go on with your plans and leave the rest of us in the dark. If you knew I was going to be a sorceress why didn't you tell me about any of this?"

Samantha spun around at a hand on her shoulder. Olivia was behind her and had her hands up defensively. "Dear...?"

"Don't you- Dear? Did you just call me dear? Is that-? Are we at-?" Samantha glanced down and frowned. "Olivia, you're naked."

Olivia smiled, "Yes dear, so are you."

Samantha looked a bit further down. Suddenly the way that people were reacting to her presence was making a whole lot more sense. She could also tell that her face was starting to heat up and knew that her damned pale skin was going to be showing the whole thing. "Well... most of what I said still counts."

"Samantha," it was her mother who spoke up, "in my defence-"

"Oh my God!" Samantha pointed at her mother's bandaged hands. "What happened?"

Her mother's expression became slightly annoyed. "Claudia broke my fingers in order to stop me from performing magic."

Olivia hissed a breath in through her teeth. "Sorry, mother can be..."

"It's all right. We're preparing to break her wings. I'll consider us even after that."

This only made Olivia wince a bit more, but Samantha ignored it. "Wait, we're doing that *now*? And *here*? I thought we were going to fight her at the university, and tomorrow."

"Our hand has been forced, here and... not really *now* per se."

“Good, I thought you'd lost your fucking mind!”

“It will take Claudia around forty minutes to get her forces together and here. In that time we must evacuate the girls from the sorority house, gather our forces, and prepare for battle.”

“Oh, fuck me!” Samantha pinched the bridge of her nose.

“Language.” The smile on her mother’s pink lips was what really got Samantha mad rather than being told off for swearing. “I do have a something you two can do for me.”

“What is it?” Olivia looked genuinely curious. Samantha was just busy wondering how they were going to survive the next few hours.

“First, you can get inside before someone calls the police for indecent exposure. Secondly, you need to go help Paul with Allison.”

“What's wrong with Allison?” Samantha's jaw dropped open. “You don't have him treating that spear through her gut do you?”

“That's already healed but...” Veronica glanced at Olivia for a moment and then continued. “She's been turned human again-”

“The fuck!? That can happen!?”

“Yes, and Paul needs to have sex with her

“Oh please,” Samantha rolled her eyes, “Paul's fucked Allison like a billion times. He doesn't need our help.”

“I would agree, only they've been up there for fifteen minutes now and I know that sometimes people like to make these things last but Allison does know it's an emergency...”

“You think we should go up and help?”

“If you would. An amazon with the collective martial arts knowledge of the entire human race might be of use.”

“Oh my God, fine!” Samantha turned away and grabbed Olivia by the wrist, dragging her back to the house. “This way, let's go tell those two love-birds to hurry it up.”

“But-” Olivia grunted as Samantha tugged on her arm, “-what if Paul can't?”

“Oh please,” Samantha opened the door to the sorority and stepped in. “Like Paul's going to have problems getting is up for an Asian girl.”

Fingers clutching at the bed sheets, Allison rolled her head back. “Oh yes, oh y-y-y-y-y-y *oh fuuuuck!*” Allison screamed out as she came and spent a few moments just letting the afterglow wash over her. Then she lifted her arm, saw that it was anything but muscular, and made a frustrated noise at the back of her throat. She took a few breaths and panted out, “Damn it.”

From between her legs Paul said: “Sorry. I think it might only work when I have an erection...”

“Eh,” Allison took a deep breath, “it was worth a shot. Are you sure that was your first time doing that?”

Paul pushed himself up, wiping his mouth as he did so. “I’ve seen it done. So what now?”

“Anything?” Allison gestured towards Paul's crotch.

“Nothing.”

“Damn. That was good though.” She gave Paul an encouraging smile. “Really, for the first time that was stellar.”

“Uh, thanks?”

“Did that do it? Does encouragement give you an erection?”

“No.”

The door burst open and Samantha rushed in with Olivia just behind her. “Hey!” Samantha said with an angry look. “What's the holdup? Are you gonna fuck her or what? Also, how come you haven't done that for me yet.”

“Samantha!” Paul sat up and looked at the sorceress, “Quick! Order me to get an erection!”

“Uh...” Samantha could feel herself blushing, and the stares she was getting from the other two girls weren't helping. “Doesn't really work like that Paul. I mean, I could tell you to lift a car above

your head but that doesn't mean you could... uh..." She felt herself blushing even more. "Why are you two staring at me?"

Allison had a vague idea of what was going on and she didn't like it. "Samantha, why does Paul think that you can control him?"

"No time!" It was Paul who stood up, grabbing Samantha by the shoulders. "Can you magic me horny?"

Samantha looked to the side, her face scrunched up in thought. "Any magic I can do to you in that direction is already there... can you seriously not get it up?"

"I have had sex like forty times today."

"You're exaggerating! Wait... when did today start?"

"You came over to my house and Iris had spent the night. Then we went to look for Olivia."

"...Holy shit. It's been a full day. You might not be exaggerating..."

"What about Iris's song?" Allison asked. "Doesn't that make people horny?"

Samantha shook her head. "Doesn't work on consorts."

"...The fuck's a consort?"

"Look," Olivia said, "if we can't use magic we'll just have to do it the old fashioned way."

"Right!" Allison stood up... and had an odd moment of vertigo when she wasn't as tall as Samantha and Olivia. "Paul, you tell us what to do."

Paul looked at all three girls for a moment. "Ok, first? Are you willing to go with whatever I say?"

For a second there was a note of hesitation on Olivia's face before Samantha jabbed her in the side with her elbow and Allison heard the sorceress hiss: "Fate of the world!"

"We'll do it," Allison said with she hoped more confidence than she felt. She'd had sex with Paul sure, but there was a big difference between that and acting out fantasies. Considering that they had Samantha there it was probably going to go a lot farther than play acting. "But... Could you tell us

first?”

“You being surprised is going to help. Ok,” Paul looked at the three of them with utmost seriousness, “first thing's first. All three of you get dressed.”

Claudia hadn't thought it would be this hard.

Oh, she knew there would be adjustment. In the past she had commanded Roman Legions, armies of Samurai, even commando teams as recently as the second World War. However she and Veronica had spent much of the last few decades eroding each other's political power and she had to make do with what was available. Still, she had expected basic competency.

The fact that Celina, the only one who had come to her knowing which end of a gun to point at the enemy, turned out to be the damned doppelganger was just another source of frustration. At this point she had actually lost count how many times she had thought Celina or Sylvia or Claudette or whatever she was calling herself at the moment was finally dead for real this time. Not to mention that she'd taken Pauline with her. The girl may not have been her best commander but at least she had some experience at this point.

Now she was stuck dealing with the Emma girl who constantly looked like she was afraid Claudia was going to rip her head off. To the girl's credit, the idea had some merit. As they now sat in the van on the way to the sorority it was becoming abundantly clear that her forces were outmatched. It didn't matter, it didn't affect her plan.

“So, uh, we should... close off the street?”

Claudia tried for a maternal smile. Judging by Emily's expression, she was not all that successful. Part of Claudia imagined how much this explained Olivia. “Do you know how to block a street?”

“It... is it hard?”

“What will you do when the police arrive? And remember that with the amount of noise that we

plat to make they most certainly will. Do you plan to engage them in a firefight?"

"...No?" No part of Emma looked sure of her answer.

"I agree, that would not be very wise. Fortunately, half of the police in this town work for me. The other half work for Veronica. They will block off the area for us."

"Oh... good..." She looked like she had an idea. "Hey, why don't we-"

"Because the police don't know what they're dealing with. They'd be like those idiots that charged Paul's amazon with a few pistols and some shotguns, only worse. The next day we'd just have a police force that consisted of broken jaws and amphibians."

Emma swallowed nervously. Claudia assumed that she was remembering her brief time in a pond after an ill advised attempt to apprehend Samantha. "That reminds me. Make sure that you only take the amazons on five to one and don't assume that they're down until their skin is smoking."

"Wow that's... I mean I thought we were going to take them alive?" Emma adjusted her blonde hair under her baseball cap and Claudia had to suppress a sneer. The girl was a bundle of nervous ticks and bad habits.

"If we can. I'm through playing Veronica's games. Remember, one way or another she was using her university's students and staff as 'human' shields." She pointed to a spot by the side of the road to her driver. "Stop there, we'll walk from here." The driver pulled over without a word but Emma was giving her a strange look. "If the elder amazon is there any car will simply be a convenient throwing weapon." At that Emma swallowed and adjusted her hair again. "Get out, I'll be with you shortly." With that Emma got out of the car.

The driver also moved to get out but Claudia put her hand on his shoulder. "Not you Rick. I have a special job for you."

Rick turned, his face a mass of bruises after the beatings that Allison and Hitomi had given him. "Yes mistress?"

Claudia grinned and raised an eyebrow. "I think this qualifies as private, don't you?"

He smiled back at her. “Yes Claudia.”

“You promised me...” She let her voice go a bit breathy, tried to project some sort of vulnerability. “You promised me that when the time came you would act? You would help me?”

“Of course Claudia! Anything!”

“Thank you, thank you so much... because you're going to be the one that kills Paul Peters.”

To be honest, Allison was kind of nervous where this was going. So far it seemed normal. When he'd told them to get dressed and had Samantha and Olivia put on nothing but two of the pairs of lacy lingerie that Olivia apparently owned (one black pair for Samantha and one white pair for Olivia) Allison understood. When Samantha had gone to re-size the garments that had been meant for Olivia's old body, Paul had asked her to make the bra's a bit tighter than was strictly comfortable but looking at the way that Samantha and Olivia's breasts bulged over the top and sides of their respective bras Allison understood. She'd been a bit more confused when Paul had her dress in a t-shirt and jeans, but when he'd had Samantha start feeling her up while Olivia slowly stripped her out of the clothes Allison had understood, and liked it.

Now he had her naked, still standing, while Samantha and Olivia rubbed her with massage oil that they'd produced from God knew where. Allison understood it and that was what had her a bit nervous.

It was so damn *normal*.

“Ok,” said Paul. “Allison, you start taking off their bras now.”

Allison started to comply, starting to unhook the clasp of Samantha's bra, when she heard a loud crack from outside. All four of them froze.

Samantha said: “Was that...?”

“Gunshot,” Allison said. “Paul? You might need to hurry it up.”