

Paul's Problems 10

The Battle of Greek Row

By Rols Garten

The sorority house was evacuated, giant chartered buses had come out of the night and carried the newly transformed sisters off to a series of hotel suites that Veronica had apparently booked for the night. Iris guessed that Allison wasn't the only one with money. N At the same time Samantha and Olivia were hard at work trying to get Paul and Allison to have sex. Normally this wouldn't exactly be a difficult task, but one eventful day and an entire Sorority had left Paul a bit worn out. Iris wasn't sure what they were trying up there, she was just hoping it would work fast. She already missed her muscular lover, though the petite partly Asian princess that they'd brought upstairs was not without her charms.

This left Iris alone in the sorority's front room with Riya, the only sister that had elected to stay, all of Allison's amazons, who had arrived with the buses that had carried off the sorority girls, and Veronica and Laura. The fact that they were just sitting around made the whole thing a bit awkward, not to mention that Laura had brought a giant medieval looking sword with her that she was spending her time sharpening with a whetstone. Which meant that there was a steady rhythm of scraping noises.

Suddenly Laura blurted out: "Peter the Great."

The others looked at her trying to figure out what she meant except for Veronica who had taken on a thoughtful expression. "...True," she said.

"Yep," said Laura, "he had a thing for strong women. Liked to watch me bend steel bars in half while he was recovering."

Veronica looked thoughtful for a second. "*Catherine* the Great."

"False," Laura said without looking up from sharpening her sword. "I stuck around Russia for a bit and Cathy was as straight as an arrow."

“Correct. Point to you. Though I did meet her once and she looked quite fetching in those uniforms.”

“I’ll say. I learned she was straight the hard way. Charlemagne.”

“True. You’re forgetting that I was there.”

“Oh shit, right.”

“Samuel Beckett.”

“Hm... False?”

“True, just the once during my bohemian phase. He was quite drunk so I’m not sure if he remembered.”

“Damn, ok... Genghis Khan.”

“False. Temujin was your son.”

“Oh! And here I was thinking I’d covered that up. I wrote a whole fake history and everything.”

“A fake history that was so your style that you might have signed it.”

“Um...” Iris cleared her throat and asked, “what are you two doing?”

“A little game we’ve developed over the millennia. Joan of Arc by the way.”

Laura looked up. “I am *so* tempted to say that’s true but we both know that’s false.”

Iris cleared her throat, “So these are historical figures you’ve...”

“Had sex with, yes dear.”

“It’s too bad Eveline isn’t here.” Laura said with a chuckle. “She’s had way more of these than us.”

Laura and Veronica suddenly froze, realising the implications of what they’d just said. Part of Iris wanted to just brush it off. Iris had known that her mother had sex pretty regularly for a long time. And that was before she knew that her mother was an immortal mermaid, and Iris didn’t really see any problem with either fact. But a much larger part of Iris saw Laura and Veronica’s reactions and Iris

couldn't just pass up the opportunity to see a pair of immortals squirm, "What do you mean by that?" she said in the most innocent tone she could muster.

"Well..." Laura looked a bit uncomfortable.

Veronica jumped in to save her. "We're not saying that your mother is especially promiscuous..."

"Well..." Laura's expression became more sceptical.

"Not more promiscuous than the two of us at any rate," Veronica corrected. "It's just that she has a tendency to move among the corridors of power, as it were."

"Yeah," said Laura, "she's backed off on that since she had you though."

"Correct but... as a consequence a greater number of those that she's slept with tend to be historical figures."

Laura chuckled, "Now Riya *your* mom-" Suddenly she sat up and her eyes went to the door. All around the room Iris could see the other amazons tense up. In one smooth motion she stood up and slid her sword into her scabbard. "They're here."

In certain senses it was an army. There was a lot of them, around two hundred at Claudia's last count. There was... some form of organisation, they all acknowledged that Claudia was at the top at any rate and they knew that Emma answered to her, but Claudia wasn't kidding herself. This "Order" that she'd created was nothing more than a convenient distraction. Veronica could not afford to ignore it, especially when she marched it onto the old witch's front lawn.

The crack of a gunshot split the air and Claudia turned with murder in her eyes. "Who did that?" she let menace creep into her voice, but didn't raise it. She didn't need to raise her voice. People tended to listen when she talked. The culprit was obvious, a young man with his pistol raised and a panicked look on his face. Claudia hefted her spear and swung it down onto the idiot's gun, sending it clattering

out of his hand. She was about to verbally put the man down when she heard a far too familiar laugh behind her.

“Trouble with discipline? You always were one to go for fear rather than respect.” Claudia looked over her shoulder to lock her gaze on Laura. The damnable amazon had a longsword across her shoulders and looked ready to lead an army despite the casual tank top and jeans that she was wearing. The five amazons following her out were easily the equivalent of a small army. They weren’t armed but against the Order they probably wouldn’t need anything. Claudia wasn’t quite certain what the importance of the mermaid and the naga tucked into the middle of their formation was but she was certain they would have a role to play. Laura’s tactics were nothing but impeccable and if it had been just her and her army of halfwits against Laura’s little band she might have been nervous.

This battle did not matter though. She had to remind herself of that.

“And here’s the bitch herself.” Claudia shot back as she spotted Veronica stepping out of the house.

“I’d say the same to you,” said Laura, “but I actually like dogs.”

“I suppose,” Veronica said, “that there’s no chance we can end this peaceably? That you’ll see that there’s nothing wrong with returning to a world of magic and that it won’t lead to the death of humanity?” It was those same imperious tones that Claudia remembered. That heady mixture of righteousness and reason that had won Veronica so many arguments in the past. Not this time though. Not now.

“I think that we’re all way past that.” As Claudia said this she brought her wings out. She could feel the tension of her troops. The Order was never sold to them like this, like an army, so it was worth while to let her people know that they were literally on the side of the angels. She just hoped that her daughter didn’t show her face and confuse the matter.

“Very well.” Veronica looked to Laura. “Laura, please plant your boot directly in Claudia’s shapely well toned ass.”

Laura hefted her sword. “Gladly,” she said and then gestured to the amazons behind her. They all started forwards at a steady pace, not charging but with the same force and inevitability as a glacier.

Claudia growled, hefted her spear, and shouted “Charge!” before giving one great beat of her wings and shooting up into the air.

Angel pussy was tasty, Allison had to admit. She’d noticed that each of the species seemed to have their own distinct flavour. In fact of everyone she’d licked out so far she had to say that Olivia tasted the best. Better than Iris even. It still all tasted like pussy of course, but Allison had spent the last week getting a crash course on the subtleties of flavour in the female genitalia. The fact that Olivia was making some very gratifying noises and Allison could feel three of Samantha’s fingers probing into Allison’s own slit meant that in all of her past week’s experiences this was definitely a standout.

Which made it a shame when she knew that she had to pull away from Olivia, wipe her mouth off, and say: “Sorry, this is bullshit.”

Olivia looked down at her, a bit of disappointment apparent on her flushed features, but she nodded. “Good, I was hoping I wasn’t the only one thinking that.”

“Yeah,” said Samantha, “no. Total bullshit.”

“Uh, girls,” Paul said, “I really think we’re almost there. If you’ll just-”

“Paul,” Samantha said in a sweet voice, “we can all see that you’re still as soft as fucking cream cheese.”

“What *does* turn Paul on?” Olivia tapped her finger on her lips. “You’re cleaning those by the way.” She pointed at where Samantha was wiping Allison’s juices off of her fingers on Olivia’s bedsheets.

Samantha rolled her eyes. “I don’t know. Maybe we should tie Allison to the bed and have her beg to be let go.”

“What!?” Paul was sitting up straighter now. “We are *not* doing that.”

“Do you think it would help?” Allison asked.

“No.” Olivia chuckled a bit. “I just think that Samantha wants to see it.” Again she tapped at her lip. “You know. I’ve noticed that Paul is somewhat partial to you and your sister... maybe you could play up the racial angle?”

“...*What?*” They chose to ignore the warning tone in Paul’s voice.

“How?” Allison asked. She could hear the sounds of battle from outside. She wasn’t too surprised to find that it was seriously turning her on. Something about the sound of people’s voices raised in passion, bodies clashing together... It was probably her amazon nature talking but the idea of violence raging nearby was enough to leave her wanting to either jump up and join or screw everyone in the room until they couldn’t see straight.

Olivia’s jaw was working as she thought. As if she were literally chewing the problem over. “Oh, I don’t know... Maybe try and make your accent more like Hitomi’s? Bow a bit? Say ‘this one’ instead of I?”

“And switch your R’s and L’s around,” Samantha added. She was glancing at Paul as she said this, and smirking.

“Oh my *God*...” Paul groaned into his hand.

The climb was not easy. Rick had to first climb up a gutter (thankfully it was an older home with a wrought iron gutter instead of one of those flimsy ones you got on newer houses) and then had to crawl along the roof until he was right above the room that Paul and his trollops (and the mistress’s daughter) were in.

He could hear some snippets of a conversation from above. A British accented voice that had to belong to the mistress’s daughter was saying: “It’s nothing to be ashamed of Paul, but we need you to get over it if we’re going to-”

A man’s voice, Paul. “You’re not listening! I’m really not into that!”

Rick shook his head. The way that Paul was ordering his corruptions around. Was he just sitting there, having the poor girls that he'd enslaved offer up different perversions until one of them met with his sick demands?

"I'm just fucking saying," said another girl's voice. "We tie her up, hang her upside down from the ceiling so her head is at the level of your dick. Then she sucks you off but the blood is rushing to her head so the more she sucks you off the fainter she gets and at the same time her pussy is at the same place as your head right? So you eat her out while she's sucking you off but the blood's still rushing to her head so just as she cums-"

"Jesus Samantha..." This voice belonged to the girl that escaped with Pauline's help. Allison was it?

"I think it sounds hot. It'll totally turn Paul on."

"We don't need that stuff to turn him on, we've done it tonnes of times we just..." Allison got quiet for a bit. Rick had heard enough anyways.

Leaning over the roof he swung down and tried the window. It was stuck, typically. Rick pulled out his gun and looked in. Unfortunately he couldn't see Paul from this angle, though he could tell where Paul was based on the directions that the other girls were staring. With an angry shout he grabbed at the window and pulled as hard as he could, there was a satisfying crack and the window swung open. With another shout he jumped into the room.

"Jesus fucking Christ it's raining douche-bags!" Rick heard Samantha shout but he didn't have time for her. Instead he sighted Paul (naked on the bed and surrounded by the women he'd transformed of course.) Rick raised his pistol to finally end Paul once and for all when there was a sudden flash and he could feel the pistol writhe in his hands. He screamed as he realised that he was no longer holding a gun but a writhing black cobra. It lashed out and bit him in the upper arm.

"Ha!" shouted Samantha, "Go suck a fuck you little cunt waffle!"

The snake detached itself from Rick's arm and he turned towards Samantha. She was standing not two feet away from him looking smug and without a word he grabbed his stun rod from his hip and jabbed it into her stomach.

"Samantha!" Paul cried out as the witch crumpled around the rod. Her eyes went wide and she made a little whimpering sound as she fell to the ground. Allison and Paul seemed shocked for a moment, though the little Chinese girl looked like she was about to pounce. Before she could though Olivia stood up from the bed, radiating calm and control and looking confident enough naked that Rick almost felt overdressed.

"Well," said Olivia. "It took you long enough."

"What?" said Paul.

"What?" said Rick.

Olivia scoffed, and reminded Rick of her mother. The two actually looked quite similar. Her mother's hair was a bit darker and there were some differences in how their faces were structured but the two of them looked closer to siblings than mother and daughter. "I'm on your side, obviously." She smirked at Paul and Allison. "Did you really think that I'd betray my mother for some good sex?"

Rick nodded, there was an odd burning sensation coming from where the snake had bitten him and he was feeling a little dizzy but what Olivia said made sense.

"You bitch!" Allison yelled and started to get up only to stumble back down as Rick swung at her with his baton.

"All's fair blah blah blah." Olivia pointed at Paul and Allison. "Rick, be a dear and finish these to off so I can get back to my mother?"

Rick smiled, "Yes mistress." He turned towards Allison and Paul, bending down to retrieve the second gun from his ankle holster.

Then there was a cracking noise as something impacted with and broke over the top of Rick's head. He cursed and stumbled as he turned to look at Olivia. She held the shattered remains of her

alarm clock in her hands and was looking a bit sheepish. “Oh,” she said with a sigh. “I was rather hoping that would knock you out. It usually does in films...” She looked almost embarrassed as Rick jabbed her with his stun prod.

He went for his spare gun again, feeling dizzy from his blow to the head, only to suddenly have a blanket thrown at him and over his head. “Paul run!” He heard Allison yell followed by two sets of footsteps rushing out of the bedroom.

Rick groaned, managing to fight the blanket off of himself and stumbling after Paul and Allison, snake bite still burning.

So far the battle wasn’t exactly what Emma had hoped. Mostly it had consisted of her running around trying not to get her head punched off by one of the amazons, especially not that one with the sword. So far the scary and muscular lady seemed mostly content to slap people with the flat of her blade but Emma wasn’t going to risk being there when she decided to use the pointy parts of her sword.

That was why, while others with more pride might call this withdrawing to assess the situation Emma was perfectly comfortable to call it what it was: hiding in the bushes and hoping that nobody saw her.

She gave a little gasp as she watched the dark skinned amazon (Emma thought that maybe her name was Aimee?) pick up two men by the collar and hurl them away.

“Whoa!” said a voice next to Emma. Emma yelped and tried to pull away, but something pulled tight around her waist and she discovered that a strong snake’s tail had wrapped around her mid-section. “Did you see Aida throw that guy?” Emma looked to the side and saw the smiling face of Riya. The snake girl let out a teasing hiss and stuck out her forked tongue before turning her attention back to the fight. “Think that’s Aida...” she said mostly to herself. “I have a bit of trouble keeping all the amazon names straight...

Hands clawing at Riya’s tail, Emma desperately tried to get free.

“Forget it,” Riya said without even looking at Emma. “I can crush a minivan with that tail... I think. Haven’t really tried. Minivan’s are expensive you know. It’s not like I’d ever do that to a person... maybe Allison when she gets her muscles back. I bet she could survive it and I feel like she’d be a bit turned on by it.”

“W-what are you going to do with me?”

“Huh? Oh, more or less just keep you there. I guess I’m more of a lover than a fighter. I kind of only stayed because I wanted to watch the fight? I mean look at that!”

Emma followed Riya’s pointed finger as she watched the amazon with a sword fly into a group of Emma’s comrades. She had to admit that despite the fact that it was her friends (or at least acquaintances) that were getting pummelled there was a certain intoxicating grace to the warrior woman’s movements.

In fact... something about this whole situation...

Emma couldn’t tell what was coming over her. Just meters away her friends were getting tossed around like rag dolls and she was trapped by a being that by her own admission could crush the life out of Emma in an instant. Yet all she could do was gaze at Riya’s figure. The snake girl wasn’t actually naked, but the tight blue tank top that she was wearing barely contained Riya’s titanic bosom and made it pretty obvious that she wasn’t wearing a bra. She also couldn’t see how Riya could be wearing any underwear under that short skirt of hers...

“Mmmm!” Emma realised that she was squirming in Riya’s grasp. And not exactly in a way that described desperately trying to escape either.

“Look, like it I said it’s useless for you to...” Riya trialed off and then turned to Emma, face a bit flushed. “Do you feel that?”

“I don’t...” Emma tried to stammer out something to the effect that it had to be in Riya’s imagination but she found herself nodding as she said it.

More and more of that smooth and muscular tail wrapped it's way around Emma, pulling her closer to Riya and her now heaving canyon of chocolate cleavage. The visible dent's of the snake girl's nipples had Emma wondering how they would feel between her lips. The word divine sprang to mind. Riya hissed as she said "What'ssssss your name?" Emma became acutely aware that Riya was now close enough to her that she could feel the snake girl's breath tickling the tip of her nose as she talked.

"Emma... you're Riya right?"

"I think we might have something in common Emma." The tip of Riya's tail slid into Emma's pants and Emma gave a little yelp of surprise before lunging forwards and locking lips with Riya.

A shower of sparks leaped from where Laura's sword smacked against Claudia's spear-tip. Claudia let loose with a series of thrusts that Laura easily parried while Claudia effortlessly evaded Laura's counter blows. Every now and then one of the Amazons would try to step in to help Laura but a quick stab to their mid section or a slash across a major artery was enough for Claudia to keep them out of the fight without killing them.

All in all, Claudia had to admit that she was enjoying the fight and by the look on her face Laura was as well. Of course Laura was an amazon. For her violence was foreplay. The flush on Laura's cheeks was probably only partially from exertion. And yet...

"Dear Laura," Claudia said between thrusts, "my sister, my comrade-"

"Spit it out cunt." Laura punctuated this with a vicious overhead chop that Claudia was certain would have chopped her in two had it connected.

"Surrender."

A series of lunges and cuts that had Laura flapping her wings to get away served as a fairly eloquent response. Unfortunately for Laura, it was also rather predictable. While Laura was still recovering Claudia managed to stab past Laura's guard and sink the point of her spear directly into Laura's chest.

The ancient amazon's eyes went wide and she fell to her knees, blinking and trying to focus. She never had the darkest complexion but she turned as pale as a sorceress as she collapsed to the ground, her mouth gaping and her hands pawing uselessly at the shaft of Claudia's spear.

"Too much time with guns these past few centuries I'm afraid." Claudia said with a shake of her head and then yanked the spear out. Soon all of Laura's front was soaked with blood and she fell on her back, wide eyes staring at the night sky. "Well you put up a better fight than your daughter at any rate. If you survive that hole in your heart I suspect you'll find solace in that."

Claudia stepped over Laura and kept walking towards her target. Veronica stood surrounded by three Amazons that hadn't been taken down in her fight with Laura. There were fewer of them than she'd thought. She ran a bit of a checklist in her head. "My, I did do a number on you lot didn't I? You three are all that's left... It's Alice right?" She shifted her gaze to a dark skinned girl "You're Aida, and you're..." she pointed at an especially busty amazon with dark curly hair. "...I have no idea. Something else beginning with an A? It doesn't matter, I'm speaking with Alice. She is Allison's second right?"

Alice squared her shoulders and glared at Claudia over her fists. The fight had done a number on all three amazon's clothes and in Alice's case her jeans had been turned into a pair of cutoffs. If Claudia was being honest it actually wasn't a bad look for Alice.

"Listen Alice. You saw what I just did to Laura right? And you've heard about what I did to Allison? Now I've been watching the rest of you and I have to say that they were better than all of you combined. So please, do the smart-"

"Shut up and fight!" Alice said and lunged forwards, the other two followed just behind her and Claudia sighed. She easily weaved around their wild and untrained blows and managed to get a stab into Aida's stomach, taking her down. After that it was even less of a fight with Claudia taking to the air above the other two and panting two stabs in the mystery amazon's back (was she Amber? Or was that the *really* tall one?) leaving Alice standing alone with her teeth clenched and fists balled. Claudia sighed and touched down near the girl, levelling her spear.

“Do you see how this-?”

Alice let out a primal scream and threw herself at Claudia. She wasn't even fast enough to dodge the spear that burst through her chest and out of her back. Claudia watched the girl collapse in shock.

Slowly, purposefully, she turned her eyes to a much less confident looking Veronica. “All right, so, are we done here?” Claudia took a few purposeful strides towards Veronica and lifted her spear. Veronica swallowed nervously and took a step back. “What?” Claudia asked the sorceress. “No witty remarks? No holier than thou attitude? No last minute tricks?”

Infuriatingly, Veronica smiled. “Well, about that last bit...”

Claudia's eyes narrowed. “No...”

Suddenly Veronica's features started to shift. Her platinum blonde hair shifting to an orange red and her volleyball sized breasts starting to push forwards into a new even greater size that started to strain the seams on “Veronica's” blazer.

“Oh for the love of... The shape shifter? Haven't I fucking killed you already!?”

“Don't worry.” She smiled wickedly and started shifting into something else. Her limbs grew longer and her whole form became leaner. “The best part's still coming up.”

A growl bubbled up from the back of Claudia's throat as she tried to stab at... whatever the damned shifter's original name was. The shifter's new form moved too quickly though, practically blurring as she darted away and across the lawn, heading towards the bushes. Claudia resisted the urge to follow. Chasing after something that could change its shape was a bit more than she had time for now, and she wasn't the real target. Claudia still needed to find Veronica, wherever she was now.

A dull thud kept repeating against the bathroom door. Allison assumed that it was Rick constantly ramming himself against it. Apparently whatever venom that snake Samantha had summoned to bite him had done it's job to some extent because he didn't seem to be making a lot of progress. Still, there

was a man with a gun throwing himself against the door. Which presented a problem (beyond the obvious reasons) because while Allison might no longer have the *body* of an amazon she seemed to still have the *mind* of one. The threat of impending violence was just making her horny.

It didn't seem to be doing to many favours for Paul though as he was just pacing back and forth trying to find an exit.

"Maybe... maybe the vent?" He said as he paced past Allison.

"This isn't Nakatomi Plaza. I doubt I could fit my arm into the vents here." A few more thuds and some shouts from the front lawn reached Allison's ears. She looked at the massive rod that Paul still had dangling between his legs and bit her lower lip. If something didn't happen soon she'd have to sit down and finger herself right here.

"Well you know all the martial arts in the world right? Can't you just beat him up?"

"I thought about that but I don't think I can manage it without the gun going off, and right now neither of us are bullet proof." She stepped in front of Paul and reached up to place her hands on his shoulders. "No Paul, the only way that we get out of this is if you fuck me. Right here, right now."

"I can't think about sex at a time like this!" Paul tried to back away from her but she dug her fingers into his shoulders.

"I am not going to stay like this Paul! Even *if* Iris thinks I'm cute like this I *need* to be an amazon again. I need you to pump me up Paul. Make me tall and muscular and-" She lowered her head in frustration... then felt herself smile. "Oh hello..."

"What?"

Allison smiled and sank to her knees, placing both of her hands on the shaft of Paul's cock and then smiling even wider. "I've spent a pretty good amount of time this week getting to know this monster and right now I can tell that he is *just* a tad stiff."

"I don't follow..."

"It's so obvious, of course this is what's been getting you off... it's been here the whole time."

“Allison if you don’t-”

She lifted Paul’s cock and planted a kiss on the tip. “Think about it Paul. Think about how when you fuck me I’m going to change. Think about those legs growing. Think about my muscles swelling with power. Think about my ass becoming so fucking amazing right underneath the hands you’ll be using to grab at it.” She could feel Paul getting stiffer and stiffer. Allison knew it was time to go in for the kill. “Think about my breasts Paul. Think about them swelling up as you pump into me over and over. Think about the first tits you ever transformed.” Paul looked like he wanted to back away but Allison kept a firm grip on his cock. Instead he half fell half crouched, eventually ending up sitting across from Allison.

She started to crawl forwards, bringing herself face to face with Paul. “Allison...” he breathed, “you now you’re still plenty sexy like this don’t you?”

“Forget being sexy,” Allison said and then leaned forwards to kiss Paul, “I want to be a goddess.” She pulled Paul into a deep and heated kiss and at the same time reached down and got a firm grip on Paul’s now rock hard cock. With a smile she slid it into her, feeling it fill every last inch of her pussy and letting out a little mewl as she started to slowly screw herself up and down on it.

Iris crouched on the ground next to the front door of the sorority house. The bubble that she was sitting in cast everything through a slight shimmer, as if she was viewing everything through a thin layer of running water. It kept her invisible from any onlookers but it also meant that she couldn’t sit up, and her feet were falling asleep. From what she could see the battle looked like it was going poorly. Olivia’s mom looked to have taken out all of the amazons and without them there wasn’t anything stopping Claudia from just rushing up the stairs and killing Paul.

But Veronica had been very clear that all of this didn’t mater, as long as Claudia was distracted with the fight out here Iris was not to intervene. However she’d also said that the moment that Claudia

got a hold of Celina, Iris was to do her thing. So as she watched Celina shift into a smaller and more agile form Iris raised her borrowed megaphone to her lips and started to sing.

It was a wordless song that, Iris had to admit, was a bit more mellow than she might have intended. A significant proportion of her friends were laying injured on the ground to be fair. Still, the song had it's desired affect.

Across from her she watched as one of the Order's male members stopped and blinked then looked down at his erect... well... male member. Beside him a brunette girl with really cute freckles dropped her weapons and grabbed at her own fairly sizable (for a human) breasts. A look comprised of equal parts panic and lust crossed their features as they fell to their knees and their proximity to each other meant that they were soon tearing their clothes off and falling the rest of the way to the ground together. Near them a pair of girls found themselves in a similar situation, awkwardly kissing while a third was enthusiastically tearing their uniforms off.

All around Iris similar scenes were playing out. Members of the Order were falling together in little makeshift orgies or just touching themselves. Most of them had been taken out in one single swoop, but Veronica had explained the limits of Iris's song to her. There were three kinds of people that it didn't work on. Angels, people that were standing near angels, and anyone who'd had sex with an angel in the past twenty-four hours. Thanks to Olivia this meant that most of Iris's friends were safe, however it also meant that Claudia was currently standing around with a still active member of the Order, and Claudia at least looked incensed. Iris shrank a little lower into her cloaking field.

"I know you're out there..." Claudia growled through gritted teeth. "I bet they're hiding you with magic."

"Uh ma'am," the remaining Order member was looking around with wide eyes. "What was that?"

"Quiet Ana," said Claudia, "I'm trying to concentrate." Claudia closed her eyes and looked like she was meditating, then suddenly those eyes snapped open and the bubble of magical energy hiding

Iris just disappeared. Claudia's eyes locked on Iris and Iris felt her hands clutching at the grass as she slowly tried to push herself back across the ground.

"Hey..." Iris said, "so you're Olivia's mom. Hi. Anyone ever tell you you look just like her? Strong uh- strong family resemblance there." Iris knew she was babbling and was frantically trying to switch back from her tail to her legs so she could get up and get away. Unfortunately by the time that happened Claudia was standing above her and reached down to wrap one hand around Iris's throat.

"Mermaids are weak," she said, "they are cowardly, submissive, suited to the bedchamber not the battlefield."

Iris swallowed, "Right, on all accounts," her breath was a bit short. Claudia wasn't choking her exactly, but there was definite pressure there. That and Iris had to admit that if this wasn't Claudia she might find the situation a little hot.

"So tell me... what exactly are you doing here."

Iris smiled, "I'm hurting you, as much as I can."

"And why exactly did you do that?" Claudia's eyes narrowed, Iris couldn't tell if she was confused or incensed.

"Because you hurt the woman I love, and you're trying to kill the man I love. And trying to kill the mother of my best friend. And you want to take my boobs away. I'd cut off my own tail if I thought it would inconvenience you."

For a second Iris was worried that Claudia was going to snap her neck. Then Claudia threw Iris to the ground with a growl and started stalking off into the house, her single order member in tow. Iris lay there and tried to catch her breath when someone threw themselves on top of her.

A very cute Order member with middle eastern features and what Iris's soon exploring hands found to be a cute bum sat perched on Iris, her pants already off and a look of total lust in her eyes.

"That song. Mermaid. Need to fuck. Need you. Fuck me!" She started humping against Iris with urgency.

Iris glanced over at Claudia's retreating back and hoped that the rest of the plan would work. However her part in it was done. She turned back to the girl who was now reaching down to grab hold of one of Iris's breasts to kiss and lick at it. Sighing, Iris lifted up her top to give the girl better access and started shifting her legs back into a tail. "I've heard worse reasons..."

Claudia did not grumble. It was far beneath her dignity to grumble. She did however *think* some very choice words about that blasted mermaid. "Search the house, we need to find Veronica."

"What about Paul?" Ana said.

She turned on Ana, "Rick is taking care of Paul, but if we don't get Veronica she can just make another like him."

The sound of a car engine starting drew Claudia's attention to the street. Her eyes went wide as she spotted a very anxious looking Veronica starting up one of the Order's cars. "Change of plans, go find Rick and give him some help. I have something personal to take care of."

Emma lay wrapped in Riya's coils. The snake girl had wrapped her tail around each of Emma's limbs and left enough room for Riya to hover over her, pressing her massive breasts against Emma's smaller affair. She was aware that the singing from Iris she'd heard earlier had probably made her hornier, but to be honest it didn't really stand out from what she was already feeling.

The tip of Riya's tail worked its way slowly in and out of Emma and she started to feel the orgasm that she'd been trying to hold back begin to overflow her. Her body shook and she screamed as she worked herself against Riya's tail and pulled Riya into another deep kiss, her whole mind buzzing with pleasure at how Riya's tongue explored every inch of Emma's mouth.

When the orgasm came the thunder seemed to go on and on, to the point that at first Emma didn't notice the warm tingling sensation that was running through her whole body. Her hair growing out and taking on a new lustre, her face taking on a new flawless glow to match the rest of her newly

flawless skin, not even when her newly forked tongue shot out of her mouth and intertwined itself with Riya's. The first thing that she really noticed was her breasts. The uncut and unbridled pleasure coming out of Emma's erect nipples caught her attention and she finally broke off her kiss to look down at her growing boobs.

They were now pressing back into Riya's, pale skin and brown now forming two deliciously shaped pillows of flesh. Emma watched as her breasts went from miniscule to respectable, and then from respectable to spectacular. Riya chuckled and took both of her breasts in hand to start rubbing them against Emma's growing pair. The sensation drew a shocked shiver from Emma and an exited gasp that seemed to fuel her change as her breasts seemed to spring forwards in one last surge of growth. She sat there gasping and looking down at her newly enlarged bosom. "I think I'm a bit bigger than you now..." she was half laughing as she said it, though her voice was thin and breathy from the sensations that were still buzzing through her brain.

Riya smiled. "I'd love to sit here making smores to compare," she pressed her bust into Emma's to make clear that she wasn't talking about anything involving campfires. "but there's one more thing to deal with."

Emma was about to ask what she meant when suddenly she felt her legs feel forced together and begin to stretch out. "Wh-wha-?" she moaned again and arched her back as she felt her hips widen across the grass and a slowly filling out ass lift them up.

Riya in the meantime was looking down with a studied expression. "What colour do you think you'll be? I'm thinking sable."

"Wh- oh fuuuuuuuu-!"

"I don't know, my gut just says sable."

Fara's body shook though the most intense climax she'd ever even thought of. Her body called out with with uncontrolled desire as she clutched at a pair of breasts that were now escaping the meagre

confines of her own hands. Iris's able tongue between her legs did not let up though and seemed to grab hold of Fara's orgasm and guide it through untapped reserves of pleasure. Iris didn't even let up as Fara's legs started to merge together.

The only pause that she gave was a moment when she pulled back and said, "Hm, black, Sam'll be jealous." Then she went back to licking Fara out.

On top of Paul Allison worked her hips back and forth. She was experienced enough with Paul that, despite her diminished form she was well aware of how to move to extract the most pleasure for both of them. However the feelings that she was able to get from Paul's rod were nothing compared to what she felt when the change started again.

She took a moment in the middle of her gyrations to flex one of her arms. A gasping chuckle escaped her as she watched it swell with muscle in mid flex. The power that started to fill her limbs, the way that she could feel her abs tightening and how moving up and down on Paul started to require different motions because her legs were gradually becoming longer and longer. And of course the increased jiggle from her chest was more than thrilling.

Also thrilling was the increased pounding coming from the door. It sounded like Rick was getting over whatever it was that Samantha had dosed him with, which meant that the bathroom door probably wasn't going to be a major problem for him soon. All that meant was that Allison knew that very soon she'd have a fight on her hands, which only made her go at Paul harder.

Not too hard though. Never too hard. With all of her power came control. It was how she'd managed to be in bed with people who couldn't bend steel or stop bullets with their skin and not seriously injure or even kill them. It meant that she could get down to some serious fucking with Paul, but not be worried about shattering his pelvis. Even during orgasm she was always able to hold back enough so that she'd never left so much as a bruise on Iris's perfect skin.

It also meant that she was now able to use her vaginal muscles to give Paul's cock a serious milking.

She caught Paul looking towards the door and reached down to take his chin in her hand and forced him to look at her before pulling him down into a kiss just as she came. She could feel Paul finish inside of her at the same time and it only made their kiss more heated and more, dare she say it, romantic.

Because she may not have clicked with Paul the way Samantha did, she may not be able to be as effortlessly sexy as Olivia, she wasn't as busty as Iris, as eager for sex as Riya, or as frantic in the sack as Molly. She wasn't as experienced as Veronica, and she had to admit that while it might have nothing to do with sex (for most people) both Claudia and Allison's mother were probably better fighters than her. But she was the first one and nobody could take that from her. She and Paul in a locker room had, in their own way, started everything.

As he finally finished Allison could feel Paul go soft inside of her as he shut his eyes, finally fucked past the point of exhaustion. She bent down and kissed him before lifting herself off of him. A crazy thought danced through her head that maybe, someday, she might have a talk with Samantha about this whole "unable to conceive" thing. She could easily think of worse men's children to have...

A cracking noise from the door drew Allison's thoughts back to the present. She made a fist and revelled at the strength in it, then caught sight of herself in the mirror and smiled before blowing herself a kiss. "I've missed you," she said, then turned back to the door.

"Don' feel so go- ow!- od..."

At some point, Rick had started talking to himself.

"Lotsa pretty- ow! -girls around here- ow! -gotta make sure Clau- ow! -dia's happy..."

He was also repeatedly ramming his shoulder into the bathroom door.

Suddenly the door swung open and when he charged forwards his shoulder hit something hard but his head hit something soft. In a second he realised that his head was buried between two sizable breasts and his shoulder had rammed into a very strong set of abs.

Rick took a big step back and looked at just who he had run into. It was Allison, the one he'd chased into the bathroom with Paul, but she looked different. She was looking at him with an inquisitive eyebrow and her hands on her hips.

"Sorry..." he muttered. She was taller than he remembered. Claudia had told him to do something if she was taller but he couldn't quite remember what...

"It's fine," she said, "honest mistake."

"Yeah..." he reached for the stun prod on his belt and fumbled with it for a second before producing it and turning it on. He wasn't quite sure what Claudia had told him to do but he was certain it was something along these lines. He jabbed out with the prod and caught Allison right in the gut.

The prod buzzed for a moment, neither Allison's expression or stance changed. Rick pulled the prod back and looked at it.

"You done?" asked Allison.

"Uh..." Rick took a few stumbling steps back.

Allison smiled. Or, more accurately, she showed her teeth. "My turn."

As Allison's fist seemed to come at Rick in slow motion he finally remembered what he was supposed to do if he saw Allison like this.

Run.

Ana started to creep up the stairs. She'd heard a repeated pounding noise from upstairs but now there was nothing. Suddenly her breath caught in her throat as she looked up the stairs and took in the sight of Allison, fully an amazon once again. Ana's hand drifted towards her baton.

“That didn’t work out too well for the last person that tried it,” Allison said as she started down the stairs. “He hurt some friends of mine so I hit him a bit harder than a I probably should’ve.” She stood right in front of Ana and said, “Hopefully he’ll wake up.”

Ana considered Allison for a second. Then she stood to one side on the staircase.

Allison passed by without comment. “I’m going to go beat the shit out of your boss now. If I come back in and find out you laid a finger on the guy asleep in the bathroom...” She shot a look over her shoulder, “Well. I’m sure you know better.”

Allison took the last few steps away from the stairs to the door. The second that the door closed Ana let out a breath she wasn’t aware that she’d been holding. She turned to head back up the stairs only to squeal in surprise at the sight of the short pale girl standing on the steps above her.

Samantha was rubbing her head groggily and holding a rat in one hand. The rat tried to bite her and she shook it violently. “Hey! I could have left you on the ground to bleed into your brain you little fuckstick. Show a little gratitude before I feed you to your gun!” She looked down at Ana and for a moment their eyes made contact.

“Mhmmm...” Ana caught herself whimpering and to her shock realised that one of her hands was playing with the buttons of her fatigues, exposing what cleavage she had to the naked sorceress.

“Yeah,” said Samantha, “I felt at least two of you changing, figures some of you bitches would be like us.” She made an annoyed face and swiped her free hand at Ana. A wave of blue-white energy shot from Samantha’s hand and engulfed Ana. She screamed and took a few steps backwards, only to scream more as the light cleared and she realised that she was now completely naked. However it also just made her feel more aroused, a fact that she found very hard to resist as the still fully naked Samantha was now walking down the stairs towards her seemed to be pushing every button she had.

Suddenly there was a tightness around her wrists and ankles and Ana could feel herself getting lifted into the air. A look to the side showed that glowing blue-white restraints had appeared on her and as she saw them she felt them slowly dragging her out into a spread eagle position. She tried to scream

only to realise that at some point she'd picked up a gag that was slowly tightening around her mouth. She looked down at Samantha with panicked eyes.

"Ok here's the deal," Samantha said while twirling a ball of light between her fingers. Ana felt a cold sweat break out when she saw that the light was taking on an oblong shape. A very long and thick oblong shape. "Normally I'd try to make this at least a bit more romantic, but you guys just shocked me and tried to kill my probably-maybe-boyfriend." She reached down and placed one pale finger along the inside of Ana's thigh and Ana let out a little whimper. "However I don't want you to think of this as me getting revenge either." As Samantha said this part she started teasing Ana's entrance with the tip of the glowing dildo she'd created. "Trust me, when I take revenge you'll fucking know it." She suddenly thrust the entirety of the dildo into Ana and Ana tried to gasp through her gag, while at the same time writhing at the sensation.

Then she felt a note of panic as the dildo started pumping in and out of her, while Samantha started walking away without so much as touching it or even looking at her. "But you're gonna be a sorceress soon, and that spells not *too* hard to break. Not for me at least. So don't think of this as punishment." Suddenly Samantha was right behind Ana and whispering in her ear, "Think of it as a well earned lesson." She planted a kiss on Ana's cheek and then was gone.

Ana was left floating above the stairs, bound and with the conjured dildo slowly working its way in and out of her. Just as she was getting used to it, it started to vibrate. Ana let out a little whimper.

A screeching, crunching noise howled through the night as Claudia drove her spear through the engine of the escaping car. She was able to back off and hover above the road as she watched the car careen to the side and roll up onto a lawn and into a tree. With a lazy twirl of her spear she glided down to the driver side door of the car and spotted Veronica struggling with the airbag.

“Oh dear,” Claudia said. “I guess things aren’t going as well as you’d hoped.” She hefted her spear and readied it to stab through the window. “I suppose I should have done this earlier. I guess we can blame it on an old woman’s sentimentality.”

Veronica held up her hand and Claudia prepared for a spell to be unleashed, but instead Claudia said “Wait!”

“For...” Claudia pulled her lips back from her teeth and took a step forwards. “You’re not Veronica are you?”

“Uh...” the fake Veronica licked her lips nervously.

“I’ve seen Claudia afraid, and while she might feel it she never shows it.” With a growl that made the fake Veronica jump, Claudia slammed her spear into one of the SUV’s tires and listened to the air hiss out. “Let me guess, the shape-shifter has a daughter too?”

“Well I mean-”

“You know what I don’t care. I’m just going to kill you anyways.” Claudia lifted up her spear. “Remove one more headache.” A shrill whistle pierced the night air and Claudia glanced over to let out a frustrated sigh. “Speaking of headaches...”

Allison strode onto the lawn, once again in her full amazon form and completely nude. In fact by the state of her hair Claudia was fairly certain she’d just come from Paul’s bed. “Hey,” she said.

“That’s all you have to say? Need I remind you-”

“Yeah,” Allison held up her hands, “I’m gonna fight you in a minute. Just got to talk to my mom first.” With that she started striding across the lawn to where Laura was laying prone.

Allison bent down next to her mother. First aid wasn’t exactly a skill of Allison’s but she didn’t like how pale her mother was looking, or how little it looked like she was breathing. Despite that Allison’s mother’s eyes opened up and she gave Allison a smile as she bent down. “There’s my girl...”

“Are you going to be ok?” Allison looked down at the wound on Laura’s chest.

“Yeah, this is nothing. You should have seen me after fighting the Wehrmacht. Now they could do some damage.” She winced and shifted her position a little. “I’ll be pretty sore in the morning though. I probably should have just shot Claudia. I guess part of me still thinks of her as my sister.”

“Uh...” Allison gave a nervous glance towards the sorority house. “That’s... like a metaphorical sister right? Because Olivia and I-”

“Excuse me!” Claudia yelled. Allison glanced up to see her pointing her spear at the two of them.

“Excuse yourself! I’m trying to talk to my mom!” Allison rolled her eyes and turned back to her mother. “Sorry about that.”

“It’s alright. You probably should take care of that sooner or later. And yeah it’s metaphorical. You two are fine.” Laura reached to the side and grabbed her sword before weakly dragging it across her body to present to Allison. “Listen, I need you to do me a favour.”

“Anything.”

“Go shove this down her throat.”

Claudia cleared her throat loudly. “That is a lovely sentiment, but I think that I’ve already shown that dear Allison here may have the knowledge but she doesn’t have anywhere near the practical experience to take me on.”

“Yeah,” said Allison, “I’ve been thinking about that too.” She gripped her mother’s sword and stood up. It was different than the kind of blades she was used to but it would do. “And I realised that there *is* something that I have practical experience with.” Allison quickly swished her sword up and down then fell into a ready position. “Allez.”

“Come on Riya...” Emma ran a hand along Riya’s hips and used her forked tongue to probe at Riya’s navel. “I’ve got *years* of sexual repression to work out...”

Riya tried to disentangle herself from Emma's new (sable) coils. "Look," she half heartedly tried to get a bit further from the girl. "I get you're horny but I need to go help Allison."

"Meh," Riya looked up to see Samantha standing over them. At some point she'd changed into a pair of jeans and a t-shirt with a very low v-cut neck. That or it was just the illusion of clothes. Riya was going to give Samantha a little poke with her fingers to tell for sure but ripped her attention away to look at the fight between Allison and Claudia.

"Oh..." she said as she saw the two clashing. She couldn't even begin to follow it. Both combatants weapons blurred as they danced around each-other. The look on Allison's face was actually enough to make Riya shrink back a bit. Of course it also made her heart beat a little faster. That much emotion and that much concentration? If someone looked at her like that she didn't know how she'd react. Riya would either have to run or spread her (metaphorical) legs.

"So yeah," said Samantha, "I'm not seeing you helping much in that shit."

"You mean you don't see *us* helping."

"I know what I said."

Emma nuzzled one of Riya's breasts and purred. "I guess you don't have any other draws on your attention..."

"Samantha..." Riya said as she leaned a bit closer to Emma. "You want in on this?"

"Nah, I'll go check on the other Amazons and make sure none of the Order wake up. You two have fun..."

Riya locked lips with Emma again. She knew she should probably be a bit more concerned with what was going on with Allison but she's never felt someone just quite so eager as Emma. She was especially surprised to discover that the girl was a virgin. Was being the operative word.

She may have been sitting there naked and with another girl's love juices on her lips but sex was the furthest thing from Iris's mind as she watched Allison and Claudia fight. A thousand different feelings

had formed a hard core in her gut as she watched the blurring motions of their weapons clashing against each-other.

A bit of movement to her side caught her eye and spotted some of the Order members rousing themselves from their sexual comas. Allison seemed to be able to hold her own for now but who knew how she'd do if she had to fight of a bunch of crazy people at the same time. That and they seemed more misguided than evil. If those poor idiots wanted to take a swing at *Allison*, Iris feared what might happen to them. She supposed that there was one way that she could help Allison. "Fara?" she asked the newly minted mermaid laying next to her.

She was currently laying on her back with her head tilted towards the sky. Her eyes didn't look to be staring at anything in particular and every now and then she'd take a sharp breath that would send a jiggle through her wondrous breasts. "...Yeah?"

"Would you care to join me for a duet?"

The tile floor felt cool beneath Paul's body as he came to. He was honestly a bit surprised to glance up and see that it was still night out. He was certain that he'd been worn out enough that he wouldn't be waking up until tomorrow afternoon.

He could still hear the sounds of a fight coming from outside though it didn't sound like the all out battle that there was earlier. Instead he could hear a constant noise of metal clanging against metal punctuated by the occasional feminine grunt or shout. He tried to get up and head over to the window to see for sure but found that he was too weak to stand. All he'd really managed to do was roll over onto his front and crawl a bit closer to the window. A glance showed that the window was frosted glass meaning that he probably wouldn't be able to see too much anyways.

A pair of soft hands placed themselves on Paul's shoulders and he was gently rolled over to look up at Olivia's smiling face. "Hello handsome," she said before leaning down and placing a kiss on his

forehead. She'd placed Paul's head in her lap and while normally this would be quite arousing for him right now Paul just felt that it was somewhere warm and comfortable.

"You're all right?" Paul said. His voice came out quiet and a bit slurred.

Olivia nodded. "I feel like I should be asking you that." She looked up at the sound of a particularly violent clash from outside. "I need to... I need to go out there ok? I need to go help the rest of them. Maybe I can... I don't know maybe I can talk some sense into my mother."

"Olivia don't!" Paul found enough strength to get up on his elbows and look her in the eye. "I've met her and you're... she's not..."

"I know." Olivia swallowed. "But she's my mother. I have to try talking to her." She leaned down and planted a kiss from her perfect lips on his cheek... and then kissed him much more deeply on his lips.

It didn't leave Paul with much breath but he managed to say: "She could kill you..."

Olivia stood up and strode to the door then stopped and grinned at Paul over her shoulder. "I'm not going to die. I still have that date with you and Samantha."

Paul watched her go and sighed. It was probably a sign of how worried he was that he almost didn't notice the extra sway she was putting into her hips as she walked away. To be fair it was probably a sign of just how effortlessly sexy Olivia could be that he noticed at all in his current state.

He was still chewing this over when suddenly Veronica entered the room. She was dressed in a cream white pantsuit that was only slightly darker a shade than her skin. "Paul? I need you to do something for me."

Paul winced. "I'm pretty spent and I kind of promised Samantha that I wouldn't..."

"Not like that Paul." A pale pink glow began to emanate from her eyes. "I need you to relax."

"Mmm!" Ana tried to keep moan after moan in as the conjured sex toy inside of her led to yet another near climax only to back away at the last minute. It seemed to be slowing her transformation into what

she assumed was a sorceress. Her skin had turned pale and a lock of hair dangling in front of her eyes was taking on a new colour. She wasn't sure but she thought it might be a darker more crimson red similar to that mermaid.

She recognized Olivia as she rounded the top of the stairs, stark naked but otherwise looking ok. Actually looking much better than ok. Ana had never really taken the time to appreciate just how a firm pair of breasts could move with a girl's stride. And the fact that Olivia was heading down the stairs only made it better.

Ana's own breasts were starting to plump up as well. She wasn't nearly Olivia's size but she had a pair of comfortable handfuls where there weren't any before. Her nipples were also incredibly stiff, to the point that they actually hurt a bit. They were taking on a much rosier colour, matching her hair as well.

However Olivia barely glanced at Ana as she walked underneath her. "H...hey!" Ana managed to say to Olivia. "Can you..." she swallowed as another not quite orgasm hit her.

Olivia seemed to get the message though as she looked up with a smile. "No I don't think I will." Was all she said as she kept walking beneath Ana and down the stairs.

Ana wasn't sure what to be more mad at. That Olivia had just left her or that she wasn't able to turn around and get a glimpse of Olivia's bare bottom as she walked down the stairs.

Allison was mad.

She was mad that she had to spend some time not being an amazon for a while. She was mad that she'd been stabbed through the gut earlier and that all of her amazons plus her mother had received similar treatment. She was mad that Claudia had to be so goddamned smug.

But what really got to Allison, what made every nerve ending sing with total and undiluted rage and what made every ounce of her want to tear Claudia apart was that Allison knew that she could beat Claudia. Her experience with fencing and the knowledge that she'd got from Paul meant that she was

absolutely certain that she could wear down Claudia if she had enough time and win this thing. And that was the problem that made Allison so mad that she could actually taste it as bile from the back of her throat.

She'd be able to beat Claudia if she wasn't so fucking tired.

Maybe it was all the sex. Maybe it was that she'd shifted physical form twice today and been in multiple fights. Maybe it had just been a really long day but Allison was just about dead on her feet.

There were gaps in Claudia's defence and she could see them but she just couldn't move fast enough to take advantage of them. It was all she could do to keep Claudia's constant attacks at bay. All she would take was one mistake on Allison's part and she knew that Claudia would stab her again and the look on Claudia's face made Allison wonder if she'd get off as light as having a spear through her guts this time.

At the same time she could feel the eyes of everyone on the lawn on her and was acutely aware that Iris was among them. She knew what losing would mean for them, what losing would mean for Paul and Veronica.

She slowly backed away under Claudia's constant thrusts, having to use both hands to keep the bone jarring force of Claudia's blows from shaking the sword out of her hands. As she did a crazy idea came to her. The problem was that she wasn't sure she could survive it. However since it seemed that she might die anyways if she kept fighting Claudia she was willing to risk it.

Allison knew that if she let herself be stabbed she could stay on her feet for just long enough. She could force herself down the shaft of the spear and stab Claudia in the heart before the bitch realised what was going on.

Again, not the best plan but it was the one that she had.

Allison focused on parrying Claudia's attack and tried to make it look natural when she opened a hole in her defences at just the right angle that she needed. Claudia let out a scream as she stabbed forwards and Allison let out one of her own as she did the same.

There was a blur of white feathers and tanned skin and Allison barely stopped her blade in time as it hovered less than a hair's breadth from Olivia's right breast. The fact that she didn't have a spear protruding from her front meant that Olivia's mother had managed to do the same.

"Is this really what we should be doing right now?"

Paul lay on his back in the centre of the bathroom while Veronica did... something magical around him. She seemed to be tracing some sort of design on the ground but Paul couldn't really see much of it from his position.

"Lay still," Veronica said.

"I just... I think I could be helping." Paul scrunched his chin against his chest to get a look at what Veronica was doing by his feet.

"You are." Was all she said before sitting back and looking at Paul. "Lay down completely."

Paul followed her instructions and stared at the ceiling. He heard Veronica stand up and move around the circle before perching herself above him. He stared up into her deceptively youthful features and saw the echo of Samantha's own in them. Her look was much more icy than any Samantha had ever given him though. Samantha's face was always animated, Veronica looked like she was carved from marble. Paul supposed that some people, looking at the size of her breasts and pink highlights in her platinum blonde hair might think she was unintelligent. Those people would have never looked her in the eyes. Paul felt vivisected under those eyes. He knew from what the others had to say that this woman was an almost legendarily skilled lover but right now she radiated all the passion of an iceberg, and all of the warmth.

"Listen closely Paul because all of our lives are at stake. You must answer truthfully." Her eyes glanced up and down his form with total lack of erotic interest. "What are your feelings towards my daughter?"

Paul swallowed. "Well... you know..."

“No, I don’t. Tell me Paul. How do you feel about my daughter?”

“I mean if you think about it I haven’t known her for all that long...”

“Paul. She will die if you are not truthful. What are your-?”

“I love her.” Paul felt a wave of relief wash over him at saying it. “I do, I love Samantha.”

Very suddenly the iceberg melted and Veronica was wearing a grin that was not only friendly, not only wide, but really downright goofy. Her hands immediately came up to cover her mouth and she made a very girly “Ooooooh!” sound.

In an instant she regained her composure and took a deep breath. “Then think about her Paul. Think about Samantha.” Her eyes started to glow a pale pink and a similar light came from the circle around him. The whole room was soon bathed in the pink glow. “Concentrate Paul. Think very deeply about Samantha.”

“Please mother,” Olivia said without turning away from Allison. She was visibly trembling and Allison thought she could see tears in her eyes.

“Olivia, I was about to win...” Allison huffed and tried to get her breath back.

“You were about to get a spear through your chest!” Olivia’s eyes glanced down at the sword near her own chest and Allison backed it off a bit.

“That too,” a weird part of her wished that Paul could be watching right now. If only to see how every deep breath made her breasts rise and fall. She may have been exhausted but Allison was still an amazon and this fight was downright sexy. Of course the knowledge that Iris was definitely watching made her whole body tingly in a way that was probably bad for life and death duels for the fate of mankind.

“Out of the way Livy,” Claudia said.

“No! Mother would you please listen to reason!?” Olivia looked upwards and tilted her eyes to the side. Allison thought that she was probably trying to get a look at her mother from over her shoulder.

Something caught Allison’s attention from behind Olivia. It almost looked like there was a light but she couldn’t see what was causing it, however Olivia shot her a warning glance so Allison focused her attention back on Olivia.

“Reason? Don’t talk to me about reason. You girls may not realise it but you could cause the extinction of the human race! I’m the only one here showing any sort of reason!”

“You don’t know that will-”

“Wait,” said with a note of iron. “Why are you saying this?”

“Because-”

“You know I won’t change my mind. So why would you be doing this if not...”

“Oh!” Allison heard Samantha call out from behind Claudia. Allison quickly pulled back in order to get a better look. Samantha was on her knees and her whole body was radiating a cool blue light. “This is... I feel...” Samantha’s back suddenly arched and she squeezed her eyes shut as she let out an ear splitting, but very familiar, scream.

“Unless this was a distraction...” Claudia finished.

“Oh fuck!” Samantha said as she recovered from her sudden orgasm and hesitantly looked back up at the fight. Only the fight wasn’t there, in fact the whole yard wasn’t there. She was standing in what looked like a star-field with blue dots floating in the air around her. The rest of the area seemed to be a black void with whatever surface she was standing on feeling like nothing at all except for solid. Samantha belatedly realised that not only was she suddenly standing but she was standing there naked. The moment that she wondered where her clothes had gone she suddenly found herself clothed, though not in anything she’d ever worn before.

It was a black strapless ballgown with a very long slit up the side, it hugged her curves like it had been made for her and a quick glance over her shoulder confirmed that it was backless as well. What was really crazy was that she recognized the dress. She remembered it when she was twelve and digging through a magazine in a dentist's waiting room with her mother. She'd come across a picture of a woman wearing the dress. It was a blonde with big blue eyes and tanned skin, more or less the opposite of what Samantha would become. At the time though, Samantha had thought that she was the most beautiful woman that could ever exist.

It was then that Samantha had realised that she was much more interested in women than she was in men.

"Samantha?" said a voice belonging to the main exception to that rule. She turned to see Paul standing behind her.

"Oh my God! The fuck are you wearing?" Samantha couldn't help it, she pointed and laughed at what Paul had on.

Unbuttoned poofy white shirt that showed off his physique, tight pants that accentuated his bulge, and a pair of high boots. He even had a sword buckled on to one hip. He looked like he belonged on the cover of a trashy romance. "No idea," Paul admitted as he looked down at himself. "I think I'm supposed to be some sort of sexy pirate? More importantly, where are we?"

Samantha looked around. "Well according to all the shit that's been beamed into my head over the past week..." she scrunched her face up as she looked around.

"Wow the slit on that dress goes high. Like, I can tell that you aren't wearing any underwear..."

"Down boy," said Samantha with a wink. "I think I know where we are. You know what the astral plane is?"

Paul squinted, "...Kind of? I think I've read comics where they go there... It's like a psychic dimension right?"

“Yeah sort of, but that’s not really where we are. Sort of, maybe. It’s really fucking complicated.”

“So where are we?”

“It’s like an astral plane but only for sexual thoughts. Kind of. Any idea how we got here?”

“Your mom did some kind of ritual and told me to think about you.” Paul peered at one of the floating orbs that surrounded them.

“Yeah, probably too much to ask that she actually tells me what her plan is...” She looked around, trying to figure out why she was here.

“What the... this one looks like...” Paul reached out and touched the orb.

Olivia jumped “Uh!” she grunted as a shock of pleasure jumped up her spine. “What the...” Allison and Claudia had continued to fight away from her but a nearby Iris looked at her with concern.

Samantha peered closely at the tiny light Paul was indicating. Up close it was obvious that there was a tiny figure in the light. A tiny winged figure. “Hello Olivia...” Samantha said.

“She looks like she felt it when I touched her,” said Paul.

“Yes she did...” Samantha smiled.

“Oh God-! What’s-!?” Olivia clutched at her breasts and threw her head back as her wings started to flutter.

“Are you all right?” Iris said from her spot on the ground. She lay curled up with her tail underneath her alternately watching the fight between Allison and Claudia, the renewed orgy that the members of the Order were taking part in, and Olivia’s antics.

“I don’t- I- I- OHHHH!”

Samantha giggled as she watched the tiny Olivia swoon and fall to the ground.

Paul folded his arms and gave Samantha a look. "That wasn't very nice," he said.

"She's kinky enough to enjoy it." Samantha winced a bit at Paul's continued expression. "I'll make it up to her later. Now help me find Riya!"

"Samantha..."

She rolled her eyes, "Oh fine!" She stood up and looked to the side where a bed had suddenly appeared. She was a little surprised to find that it was the small bed from her dorm room, that she frankly hadn't had to sleep in over a week. At this point she was considering just moving out of the dorm and shacking up with Paul. The fact that the bed was a horrible narrow blue cot was more than enough to get her to move out, not to mention her roommate being a bit of a prude.

However seeing as what she had in mind for the bed it was a pretty apt choice.

"Isn't that the first bed that we..."

"Yup," said Samantha. "Now sit down, I know what my mother brought us here for."

Paul did as she asked but gave her a wary look. Of course he had to do as she asked. It was his nature as a consort. Fixing that being one of many things that she had on her to-do list. She strode over to him and started unlacing his ridiculous trousers... though she had to admit they made his package look exquisite.

"So all these lights around us?" Samantha said. "They're all either people who've already transformed or people that are near us and might transform."

"That's..." Paul looked around with wide eyes and took in the swarm of light around them.

"That's a lot. So what are we going to do with all this?"

A growl of frustration escaped Samantha's throat as she pulled at the laces around Paul's pantaloons. "First you're going to imagine some clothes with a mother fucking zipper! I don't have the first God damned clue how to get you out of these."

"How do I-"

“This place is pulling images from your sexual subconscious. Just picture some pants that you’ve been fucked while wearing or something.” Immediately the material under Samantha’s fingers turned to denim and she was looking at a pair of jeans. One she actually recognized from one of their many trysts. “Good, now before we get down to business...”

Nimble hands unzipped Paul’s pants and took his rod in a gentle but firm grip as Samantha started to stroke him. However she didn’t look at Paul, just kept her eyes on the beads of light around them.

“Uh... is this the best time for-”

“Yeah,” said Samantha. “This is just foreplay but we *do* need to have sex here if we want to survive.” She shot him a grin, “More importantly though... the idea of attraction is pretty *literal* here. As you get more aroused these things are going to get closer to you, but the ones your most attracted to are going to show up first.”

“I’m not-”

“Since I’m here and I’m obviously number one,” Samantha gave Paul’s cock a little instructive squeeze as she said this, “I’m really curious as to who number two is going to be.”

Using his pre-cum as lubrication, she started to massage Paul’s cock more vigorously. All of their previous exhaustion was forgotten in this place so it wasn’t very long until Samantha could feel him begin to stiffen in her grip.

“I really don’t... I don’t think of you girls like...”

“Oh hush,” said Samantha. “It’s not a measure of which of us is the best looking, or of which of us you even like the most. Just which one of us gets the best level of physical reaction from you.” A bead of light separated from the star field around Paul and drifted towards them. “Oh! Looks like we have a fucking winner!”

She smiled as the light drew closer and a figure started to take shape in it. Several others were following close behind as well. Samantha reasoned that whatever victory it was, was going to be a

narrow victory. However the amount and kind of movements that the figure in the light was making made it obvious who it would be even before it got close enough to make out features. “Allison?”

It was clearly Allison and she was clearly still in the middle of her duel with Claudia. Which was annoying as Samantha had hoped she’d be able to massage whoever came in first to orgasm, but now didn’t seem like the best time to do that to Allison. Samantha contented herself with giving another stroke to Olivia, who was trailing pretty close behind Allison.

“Hmm... Allison, her sister... you got yourself some yellow fever Paul?” Samantha said as she climbed up on the bed next to Paul.

“It’s not like-”

“Oh shut up I’m just teasing you.” Samantha pulled herself in closer, still pumping at Paul’s cock but now squeezing her breasts against him with a delighted purr. “I think she’s hot too. In fact I have to admit I was kind of jealous of her earlier tonight.”

Paul came out of his pleasure haze to give Samantha a look. “Which part? The part where she got stabbed or the part where she lost her powers?”

She kissed Paul again. “The part where she got to relive her transformation. Just the thought of having you pump into me and make my tits swell up...” Samantha purred and squeezed her breasts into Paul. As she did so her eyes snapped open and she looked down. There was definitely more breast there than she was used to. *Why not?* She thought, *This place is mostly built out of thought.* Her own thoughts were turning decidedly sexual and the images of Olivia and Iris hovered in between her and Paul. Paul on the other hand was getting a small galaxy of light around him.

The slit in her dress made it easy to pull up past her hips as she climbed onto the bed on all fours. “Do me from behind, ok Paul? I need you to fucking *ride* me.” She bent down a bit and presented herself to Paul and smiled as she felt his hands grab hold of her hips.

Paul leaned forwards, pressing the tip of his erection against her folds but not pressing inwards. “You know,” Paul said into her ear, “for someone that’s trying not to give me orders you’re telling me what to do a lot.”

“Bad habit,” Samantha said. Her whole body felt warm with anticipation and she pressed back against Paul almost without meaning to. “I may need to be punished for it. And I may need one of these.” She thought for a second and suddenly she had a gag in her mouth. She bit down on it and dug her nails into the mattress. She was drawing as many of the spears as Paul now. She spotted Riya and a few of the order members that had caught her eye. Conspicuously she didn’t see her mother or Claudia. Not seeing her mother around herself she could understand but she hadn’t even seen her around Paul. And not seeing Claudia was just weird because no matter how horrible she might be Samantha had never thought of her as anything but attractive.

Then Paul shoved every inch of his impossibly long cock into her and for a moment rational thought was impossible. By the time she could focus again Paul was slamming in and out of her and with every thrust she could feel her dress getting just a bit tighter. She moaned against her gag, the feel of her breasts growing just as erotic to her as treatment Paul was giving her.

She’d let Paul take her from behind before. She’d even asked him to go rougher than this, but she hadn’t worn a gag for that. Samantha had always been able to control Paul at those times, now Paul was free to do whatever he wanted to her and there was nothing Samantha could do to stop him. She was normally pretty dominant but something about this was just so hot. That she could feel her breasts swelling to sizes she’d only been able to envy before meant that actually thinking about any of this was proving almost impossible. As the seams of her dress split and a pair of black nipples the size of basketballs sprang free Samantha screamed against her gag as an orgasm washed over her.

She couldn’t tell Paul to keep going but she didn’t have to. He kept on strong through her orgasm and soon brought her to another. Her breasts had reached the point that they were now resting on the bed’s mattress rather than truly hanging from her. Just the sight of them swelling beneath her

was enough to keep Samantha going indefinitely. Paul reached around her and grabbed a handful of her right breast and their enhanced sensitivity had Samantha tilting her head back and biting down on the gag as her third orgasm overcame her.

While this was going on more and more of the beads of light from around them started being drawn closer and closer. Soon Samantha was coated in little blue figures that clung to her like incandescent drops of sweat and she could only assume that Paul was in a similar situation. She knew that this was important somehow, but then Paul managed to find one of her now thumb sized nipples and give it a squeeze and Samantha felt all conscious thought escape her as her whole body vibrated in exstasy.

It was like someone had turned her whole body into an erogenous zone. Under most circumstances this would be great news for Allison, but right now it was a major impediment as Claudia had renewed her assault and now seemed to be targeting Samantha's unconscious form. Allison didn't know why, and Allison didn't need to know why. Not only would she have protected Samantha anyways but Allison would have protected the devil if Claudia wanted him dead.

So Allison matched Claudia blow for blow as she placed herself between Samantha and Claudia. The rapid and aggressive strikes of Claudia's spear were actually drawing sparks from Allison's blade as she ran through everything she knew about how to defend a prone ally from an attacker. Fortunately it turned out to be quite a bit and so far Claudia had yet to get near Samantha.

Allison was having quite a bit of trouble focusing though, and she didn't look like she was the only one. All around her the women of the Order had woken up only to act like they were in the throes of sex with an invisible partner. Allison knew what they were feeling, the exact same sensations were broadcasting out from her slit to set every corner of her body on fire.

But if she gave in Samantha would probably die. So Allison bit her lip hard enough that she expected she'd be bleeding if her skin couldn't stop bullets, and fought on.

The only other person that seemed to be resisting even a little bit was Olivia. And even then only to a limited degree. She at least had found her feet and was trying to make her wobbly way over to Samantha. Allison thought she heard Olivia mutter “What the bloody hell are they doing?” but Allison had much more important things to focus on.

Pauline had been hiding in the cupboard ever since the shooting started.

She didn’t regret running away from the order, no matter her feelings on Paul it was clear that those people were insane. At the same time she had decided to make the prudent choice and leave the fighting to the girls that were bulletproof.

However as of a few minutes ago none of that seemed to matter. What mattered were the overwhelming waves of pure orgasmic bliss washing out of her pussy to cover her entire body. She moaned and tore at her clothes, seeking some way of getting relief from this feeling. She could only compare the experience to really intense sex, like the kind of frantic and angry sex that she’d had with Paul close to their breakup. However unlike this there wasn’t a real sense of physical contact. While the feelings were originating from her sex, there was no accompanying sense of physical touch.

“Is some- uhn!” A voice called out from outside of the cupboard. Through the fog of pleasure laying over her Pauline thought she recognized the voice of Ana, one of Pauline’s former comrades. “In there?”

The door to the cupboard opened up and even in her current state Pauline was shocked by Ana’s appearance. She’d gained the pale white skin of a sorceress, along with a pair of breasts that were each the size of Ana’s head. She’d also grown a mane of deep crimson hair that matched the new colour of her eyes and the tattoos that wound down her arms. “Pauline?” she said in a strained tone. “What’s oouuuuuu!” Ana’s back arched and she sank into a kneeling position.

Pauline couldn’t stand either and she kept clawing at her clothes. For some reason they were feeling really tight, especially in her chest. She was shocked when she was able to grab hold of the

lower part of her shirt and tear it in half without really meaning to. She was also shocked by the sight of well developed abs underneath, but not as shocked as when her bra suddenly snapped.

After her third orgasm, Paul had guided Samantha onto her back and was currently drilling into her while her feet rested on his shoulders. It was a bit awkward with the ever expanding cushion of titflesh underneath him but for the time being Samantha looked like she was enjoying it.

Paul most definitely was. The sight of Samantha growing underneath him was enough to keep him hard through everything. She now had a pair of breasts that were each larger than her torso. They were spread out now that she was on her back but they were still showing an unnatural firmness and forward projection. As Paul reached up and pinched both of her nipples Paul felt her softness clench down on him as her eyes rolled into her head. Paul felt himself climax with her and the added sensation only had her thrashing with delight underneath him. The noises she made through the gag almost had Paul giggling through the more animalistic sounds he was producing. It was clear that despite the gag, Samantha was still cursing up a storm.

As if the sheer beauty of Samantha and her expanding assets weren't enough, both of them had small figures of various girls in intense states of sexual gratification clinging to them like luminescent beads of sweat. Paul could see Iris bucking wildly on his thigh while Olivia appeared on her knees with both hands between her legs nestled between Samantha's expanding breasts.

Suddenly the lights started flashing. Each of the figures seemed to be giving off more light as she reached orgasm. As they did Paul felt little shocks run through his body, each one bringing a pleasurable tingle with it. Samantha's eyes went wide and her gag popped out of existence.

"Listen Paul, this is what we need." Her breath was coming in fast pants and she had a dangerously focused expression on her face. Despite her urgent tone she took advantage of her suddenly free mouth to squish her new breasts against Paul's chest enough to lean in for a kiss.

Her taste overwhelmed Paul as it often did. An intense blend of distinctly organic feminine tastes, a lingering taste of the unnecessary black lipstick that she insisted on still wearing, and for some reason that he'd never been able to put his hand on there was a hint of cherry underneath all of it. He kissed her back readily and the pace of their lovemaking increased even further. She pulled her head back and bent backwards, shoving breasts that were now the size of the rest of her body up against Paul.

A deep flush spread across Samantha's face along with a goofy grin and, to Paul's surprise, tears. "Oh Paul don't stop. Whatever you do don't you fucking stop!"

All around Allison there were feminine cries of pleasure calling out. She understood why, she felt like joining them actually. As her sword made contact with the shaft of Claudia's spear Allison swore she felt herself cum. That same control that protected her partners in bed meant that her footing remained rock solid even as she felt her inner walls clench down as all the feelings that she associated with sex pulsed through her.

If Claudia was feeling something similar she wasn't showing it either. The flush on her cheeks could easily be because of the fight that Allison was giving her. Allison really hoped that it was. Not only was her life on the line, but the thought that she could drive someone as skilled and ancient as Claudia to break a sweat was immensely gratifying. In more than one way.

Not only that but Claudia looked like she was getting sloppy. Her lightning fast strikes were becoming easier and easier to dodge or parry. Whatever was going on around them had grabbed her attention to the degree that some of Allison's more clever strikes were almost getting through the wall of steel that Claudia had put up. Gritting her teeth through the afterglow, Allison pressed the attack.

Her sword rang out more and more quickly, and as Claudia started to falter backwards Allison started to see something. It wasn't something that she could quite consciously figure out but it was definitely there. There was a pattern to Claudia's defence. As the panic grew on the angel's face Allison

knew that some of that millennia old skill was starting to slip. Allison could feel Claudia start wondering if things might not be going according to her plans.

Quickly Allison made three quick thrusts towards Claudia's face and then feinted on the fourth. As Claudia went to defend against that one Allison ducked and slashed across Claudia's belly, right where Claudia had impaled her before. It was only a shallow cut, but the sight of drawn blood was too much for Allison. Another eruption of pleasure washed through her and this time she found herself moaning, in fact she found herself screaming in pleasure as she allowed her whole body to tremble for just a fraction of a second.

When Allison met Claudia's eyes again there was genuine fear there.

Another scream rang out, drowning out any lingering echoes of Allison's as out of the corner of her eye Allison spotted Samantha sitting straight up as her entire body glowed with a pale blue light. Despite the urgency of the duel with Claudia Allison had to stop and take a look at Samantha as the light exploded off of her and washed across the yard. As the light rolled over her Allison felt strange.

The girls of the Order. All around Allison she saw the Order's uniforms erupting as snake or mermaid tails took the place of legs, wings erupted from backs, faces became more youthful, or took on the appearance of whatever girl they happened to be touching, other girls became pale and had their hair turn into an entire rainbow of colours, and to Allison's delight several girls were gaining both height and muscle. The men of the order were mostly on the ground in various states of undress and looking at the women of the order with varying expressions of fear, arousal, and awe.

"I think that should put an end to things." A cultured voice said from behind Claudia. As Claudia turned to get a look at Veronica walking up behind her Allison tensed. There was no way Allison could get between Claudia and Veronica and Allison wasn't sure she could move fast enough to block any strikes from Claudia. Veronica shot a glance at Allison and smiled, "You can stand down. Claudia was about to surrender, wasn't she?"

This last remark was addressed to Claudia, who looked around with a sour expression. “Celina? The one in charge of my recruiting?”

“Shape-shifter,” Veronica confirmed. “I had her stack your ranks with any potentials she could find. Plus the occasional man to throw you off the scent.”

“Figures she’d be the only competent one.” With a muttered curse Claudia let go of her spear and let it fall to the ground. “I am... so very tired.”

“Agreed,” said Veronica and Allison’s jaw dropped when Veronica stepped forwards and gave Claudia a full and steamy kiss. They even started groping each other and Allison was honestly thinking they were going to have sex right on the front lawn by the time they separated. “You’ll still have to be punished. And not in a fun way.”

“I still say I’m right and you’re dooming the entire human race,” Claudia said. However her voice had turned husky and breathless. Allison felt that she was intruding. She was also becoming acutely aware that she was naked now that she didn’t have a fight to distract her. “Uh,” she said, “can I-”

“Go,” Veronica said without ever taking her eyes off of Claudia, “see to your mother.”

“R...Right.” Allison decided to leave it at that. As it stood she *was* worried about her mother, though a quick glance showed that worry was misplaced. Her mother was sitting up and had quite a bit more colour than when Allison had last seen her. Surrounding her were many of Allison’s amazons from the fencing team and a few shy looking new amazons that Allison pegged as former Order members. One of them turned to her and smiled. “Hey,” she said.

For a moment Allison didn’t recognize the naked girl. “...Pauline?”

“Yep,” she said and placed her hands above her head before giving her muscular body a twirl. The abrupt stop she gave to the twirl set her perky pumpkin sized breasts jiggling. “How’d I turn out?”

“Good,” said Allison. She smiled, “If I wasn’t about to pass out I’d show you just how good.”

“I don’t blame you,” said Allison’s mother from the ground. With a bit of help from the amazons around her she carried herself to her feet and took a few wobbly steps to give Allison a hug. Allison might have felt a bit awkward about being hugged by her mother while naked but the absolute bone weary tiredness that had set in after Claudia’s surrender meant that Allison just couldn’t get the energy up to protest. “Oh Allison! That was the best fight I’ve seen in centuries. You make me so proud.”

“Mom! Too tight!” Allison said, her tongue popped out and she felt her ribs scream protest. Her mother just squeezed her a bit tighter before letting her go.

“You’ve grown into a capable warrior. May the blood on your blade never dry,” she gave Allison a kiss on the cheek.

“Yeah... thanks mom.”

Iris cleared her throat, “I guess she can talk like that now that you know she’s an amazon huh?”

“No,” said Allison, “she said the same thing before my third grade spelling bee- Iris!” Allison turned to the mermaid that had suddenly appeared at her side. She’d switched back to her human legs and was standing with her hands folded in front of her, blocking view of her slit. She would almost look demure if the pose didn’t also press her breasts together. Allison swept Iris into a much gentler embrace than Allison’s mother had supplied, though it was still enough to draw a gasp from Iris. Though that also may have been to do with the sensation of Allison’s bust being shoved into her face.

“Hey you,” she said from Allison’s cleavage. Iris got up on her tiptoes and Allison bent down to meet her in a kiss she’d been waiting hours for.

The taste of Allison was enough that Iris just wanted to stay there forever. She wanted to rub her hands over Allison’s muscles despite their audience. In fact if it weren’t for the obvious fatigue that Allison was showing Iris might have insisted on it. Instead she broke off the kiss and nuzzled Allison’s chest. “We need to go get dinner,” Iris said.

“I think it’s like six in the morning,” Allison said.

“Not now silly. Later this week we’re going to go get dinner. You’re going to wear something nice and offer to pay. Then we’re going to see a movie together.” Iris gave Allison another cuddle to emphasise her point.

“Uh... I think when you’ve had your tongue inside another person you can-”

“No!” Iris started to cuddle aggressively. “We are doing this right. I love you Allison.”

There was a silence long enough to make panic set in and then she felt Allison’s lips pressing into the top of her head. “I love you too.”

“Ooh!” Laura squealed and suddenly rushed forwards to wrap the two of them in a potentially debilitating hug. “You two are just so cute!”

“Mom! Iris isn’t an amazon!” Iris had to giggle at Allison’s panicked expression. Lauren wasn’t squeezing her *that* hard. She did take a shaky step back from Allison as Laura let them go. As she did she caught sight of Paul.

He looked a little worse for the wear and he looked to be in the middle of a conversation with both Olivia and Samantha. Of course all three were naked. Most of the people on the lawn were at this point. She sighed, but Paul looked happy. She turned her attention back to Allison. Iris had Allison, it wasn’t like she needed Paul too. She leaned in and gave Allison another kiss. One which Allison gladly returned.

It was impossible to tell how long they’d been standing in each other’s arms when Iris felt a tap on her shoulder. She turned to see Paul there, smiling up at Allison. “Sorry Allison, mind if I cut in?”

Iris didn’t know what to say as Paul stepped in and grabbed hold of Iris’s hips to squeeze her entire body against him while he pulled her into a kiss. And what a kiss. She’d been kissed by Paul before but never with such... passion. She was surprised that steam wasn’t rising up off of the two of them. She could feel his cock press against her naked thigh and while it wasn’t stiff it certainly wasn’t flaccid either. As he pulled back they both needed a moment to catch their breath.

“You were right that I don’t feel about you the same way I do about Samantha and Olivia,” Paul said, “but that doesn’t mean I don’t feel *anything* for you.” He glanced at Allison, “For both of you.”

Allison smiled, “Shit, I can share her with you. And you with her.” She glanced over at Samantha and Olivia, “And you with them. And probably them with you.”

Very suddenly Riya popped up from the ground. Smoothly, she wound her tail around Paul and brought herself face to face with him. “Me too,” she said. She kissed Paul and from Paul’s expression put her forked tongue to good use. “I’m gonna share everyone with everyone too.” Just as suddenly as she arrived she slithered off of Paul and off into the crowd of recently transformed Order girls.

“Yeah,” said Allison. “That too.”

“Ok,” Iris said as she smiled at Paul. “Ok we can take this slow. See where this goes.”

“Uh, Paul?” Allison said, “You discussed this with Olivia and Samantha right?” Iris turned and felt the colour drain from her face as she spotted Samantha and Olivia marching towards them wearing expressions that looked ready to crack skulls.

“Ok ladies and bitches,” Samantha said, her arms folded across her chest. “I’m about to lay down some mother fucking ground rules.”

“Sorry,” said Olivia with a wince. “It’s really more reasonable than it sounds.”

“Rule one!” Samantha held up one finger. “We get Paul on our birthdays.”

“We may still share,” Olivia said. “We just want to spend time with him on our birthdays. Of course we’d extend the same courtesy to you-”

Samantha held up two fingers. “Rule two! We get him on Christmas!”

“I’m afraid we’re quite adamant on this. Of course my earlier statement about sharing applies and we can discuss any holidays you might desire. Valentines is of course on the table.”

Samantha held up three fingers. “Rule three! I didn’t think of one yet.” She let her hand down and folded her arms back under her assets. Pushing them up only made comparing their size to her head (favourably) all the more easy.

Paul cleared his throat. “Do I get any say in this?”

Samantha held up three fingers again. “Rule three! Paul can veto any of the rules!”

Olivia smiled and patted Samantha on top of the short sorceress’s head. Completely ignoring the sudden stiffening of Samantha’s stance. “That’s quite considerate of you.”

Samantha shivered and stared daggers at Olivia. “I just thought of rule four...”

Paul wandered away from the heated discussion about which girl was going to lay claim to him. He had the sense that his input wasn’t going to be wholly necessary and that it was going to get very childish very quickly. He passed through the crowd of recently changed Order girls and grimaced. It was going to be a pain to learn everyone’s names. He also had to wonder what dean Thorenson was planning to do to them. He hoped she was just going to give them the truth of what had been going on and let them go.

One of the amazons stepped out in front of him. She folded her arms under breasts the size of pumpkins and gave him a quick up and down glance, though she didn’t look too interested. Paul actually found that a bit refreshing. “Hello Paul,” she said.

Paul squinted. She wasn’t one of Allison’s and he couldn’t think of anyone from the Order who might know him. He squinted at her movie star good looks. “Uh...”

“It’s Pauline.”

“Oh. Oh!” Paul took a step back. “Uh, sorry. About earlier I mean. I was sort of being a dick...”

Pauline transferred her arms from folded to her hips. “Well, I can’t say that you weren’t at least a little justified. Though it’s probably also a tad hypocritical given your current... situation.”

The screaming voice of Samantha reached them. “No you can’t have him on Boxing Day! Trust me, he’s not going to be able to stand for a whole *week* after the Christmas we have planned! And Christmas Eve is *so* a part of Christmas!”

“Yeah, I mean... yeah.” Paul sighed. “It still hurts. What you did. But I think...” He let out a sigh. “I can forgive you.” He held out a hand. “Friends?”

She looked at his hand, “Friends.” Pauline shook Paul’s hand. “Besides, I have to have peace with you if I want to get with Allison.” She gave Paul a wink.

“Hey Paul!” Samantha yelled. “We all decided to spend the next few days in Allison’s bed!”

“Go,” said Pauline. “We can catch up later,” she frowned at him. “Platonically.”

“Platonically,” Paul said.

“Don’t keep us waiting Paul!” Allison called. “You can bring your friend too!”

Pauline grinned at the girls, “I’m good!” she yelled back. “You should go.” This last part she said to Paul.

“Yeah,” Paul started walking off then turned. “See you around?”

“See you around.”

A light jog caught Paul up to the girls on the way to Iris’s van. “Sorry, just had to talk with Pauline.”

Allison gave an appreciative look over her shoulder. “She *is* cute. I should do lunch with her.”

“Is it ok with everyone if we spend the first twelve hours of these days asleep?” Paul asked.

“I fucking know...” Samantha said, “I feel like I’m going to faint on the way there.”

“Samantha, dear,” Olivia said as she looked at their group. “Could you find a way to conjure us some clothes? I’d hate to get arrested on the way.”

“Ok,” Samantha yawned. “But I’m too tired to be creative so let’s just go with this.” She waved a glowing hand and suddenly they all had at least the illusion of clothes. Apparently for Samantha not being creative meant that they were all dressed in black. All the girls wore the same identical short dress while Paul had a button down shirt and slacks.

“Speaking of clothes,” said Allison, “I have to stop by Paul’s place and pick up my pants.”

Iris giggled, “We should go together. I think I’ve left some clothes there too.”

They reached Iris's van and climbed in, Iris producing the keys from God knew where. Paul found himself in the back sandwiched between Samantha and Olivia. He wondered how prophetic this was.

"Hmm..." Olivia raised an eyebrow and pursed her lips. "Speaking of things we may have forgotten. Whatever happened to Rick?"

"Oh fuuuuuuuck!" Samantha rubbed her eyes with her wrists. She made a gesture and a bead of light shot from one of her fingertips back towards the house.

A small shoebox sat on the kitchen counter in the sorority. A few unnecessary air-holes seemed to have been poked in it with particular force using a nearby pencil. A light squeaking noise came from the box, only audible due to the otherwise empty house.

Suddenly the box exploded and a naked young man found himself on all fours on top of the counter. He blinked a few times before slowly getting down.

As he did the cupboard door creaked open and a messy haired redhead with pale skin came out. She smiled at Rick. "Mmmmhey."

"Uh," Rick saw the girls tattoos and started to slowly back away.

"It's Rick right? We were in the Order together?"

Rick kept backing away.

"What do they have for breakfast around here?"

Rick started to run.

Ana watched the strange man run out of the back door and across the backyard. Totally naked and uncaring as he hopped the back fence and kept running. "Huh," said Ana.

Epilogue

Near the end of the winter semester.

It was a coffee shop that held warm memories for Samantha. It had been the first place that she'd ever turned someone into a frog, or a toad for that matter. She really wasn't sure which they'd become but she knew that nobody could go around calling themselves a sorceress if they hadn't at least turned one person into one of the two. The fact that in the past few months she'd had sex with all of those she'd turned into frogs didn't really matter.

Across from her, Iris and Allison had to struggle to squeeze their large breasts into the cramped booth, not to mention Allison's muscular frame. Of course neither of them had ever complained about an excuse to get close together. Allison was tucked into the corner and Iris was laying on her back to rest her head on Allison's breasts, which made no sense to Samantha. Obviously Iris made the better pillow of the pair, Samantha had experience to back that up.

Her side of the table was much less crowded. Though Olivia and her would be stacked by any sane person's standards, Iris and Allison made them look positively flat chested. That Samantha had a pair that were each individually bigger than her head didn't matter. If anything it made her look worse for trying. Olivia's more modest proportions, if any bras that used more than that first four letters of the alphabet could be said to be modest, looked more reserved and classy next to Samantha's. That or Samantha looked fine and was just in a bad mood.

A smiling waiter appeared, balancing a tray of drinks. "All right. Who had the chai?"

Iris raised a hand.

"Earl Grey?"

"Thank you," said Olivia.

"Uh," the waiter seemed to have just noticed what they looked like. "L-la-"

"I had the latte," said Allison with a wink. "You're new here aren't you?"

"Well... it's been a few-" The waiter almost lost balance of his tray that still held Samantha's coffee. An annoyed grunt and a quick magical gesture from her managed to right it in time.

“You see most of the staff,” Allison said, “they remember us. We come here fairly often and I’m told we kind of stand out,” she shifted Iris off of her breasts as she said this and leaned forwards a bit, giving to waiter a view of her cleavage.

“Oh...” To his credit the waiter only took a glance. Samantha wasn’t sure she could have managed the same.

Allison brushed a bit of hair back that most certainly had not been in her eye. “So you see, I’m sure you’ll notice us-”

“And I had the coffee,” Samantha said. She shot Allison a glare but Allison just smiled and made eyes at the waiter. “Watch this one,” Samantha said, “she’s a real man-eater.” The server deposited Samantha’s coffee and made his retreat. Samantha caught him having to adjust his pants first. “Can we focus the fuck up?”

“What’s this all about anyways Sam?” Iris adjusted her position on Allison’s breasts, not that Allison seemed to complain. “Olivia, you got any idea?”

“None whatsoever,” Olivia said as she sipped her tea. “I’m just as in the dark as all of you.”

“It’s about Paul,” said Samantha. That got the other girls attention, Iris even sat up off of her girlfriend’s breasts.

“Is he all right?” asked Allison.

“What are you doing this summer?”

Allison blinked. “What does that have to-?”

“Just humour me for a fucking minute,” Samantha pointed at Allison and Iris in turn. “What are you two doing this summer?”

“We’re going to Japan,” Iris said.

“I was going to let Iris meet my dad, and my step-mom,” Allison said. “I’ve even been giving her some crash courses in Japanese.”

“Right,” said Samantha. “Ok, Olivia? What are you doing this summer?”

“I’ll be here mostly.” Olivia narrowed her eyes at Samantha. It looked like some gears were turning in her head. “Though I was planning to take some time in mid July to...” She took a deep breath before continuing. “To spend some time visiting with my mother.”

“How is she doing in the phantom zone by the way?” Samantha said.

“I wouldn’t know.” Olivia took another sip of her tea and glanced at Samantha. “Your mother’s the one that spends the most time with her.”

“Ooohhh!” said Iris. “Need some cream for that burn?”

Samantha rolled her eyes. “Not really that much of an insult. It’s true. I may not like it but my mom’s been hitting that like a tenderised steak.”

“Oh,” Olivia rubbed at her eyes. “Thank you for that lovely mental image...”

“It’s not the worst mental image,” said Iris. “I mean, your mom’s are *hot*.”

“At *any* rate,” Olivia said directly to Samantha. “I can guess what you’re getting at.”

Samantha drained half of her coffee in one go and then nodded. “Right. Also in case anybody’s wondering my mom’s sticking me up a fucking mountain to meditate for the summer.” She stuck out her tongue and grimaced. “I’d rather get a job or some shit.”

“So none of us are going to be here in mid-July...” Allison frowned. “Does that really mater?”

Iris smiled. “Keep thinking honey, you’ll get there.”

Allison shot Iris a glance, then her eyebrows shot up. “Oh shit, Paul! Will he be totally alone?”

“Yeah, there’s that...” Samantha finished off the dregs of her coffee. “Do you know what happens in mid July?”

“I don’t know...” She glanced at Iris, who puffed out her cheeks and blew. “Oh God it’s his birthday isn’t it?”

“See?” Iris beamed. “You can be smart too?”

“You’re talking your way into a spanking...” Allison mumbled. Iris’s face immediately lit up.

“Promise?”

“Fuck-ing-fo-cus,” Samantha said. “It’s not just us. Riya’s out of town, Molly’s going to Boston, a whole bunch of people are just going home for summer, even all of the amazons have something to do. All that’s going to be left is some of Olivia’s sorority and a few order girls. They all don’t know Paul that well and a few haven’t even had sex with him.”

“Really?” Allison shook her head and drank her latte,” I didn’t know there were still girls like that...”

“Even if there weren’t, I don’t want them to be the ones to spend time with Paul. We’re his girlfriends!”

“Eh,” said Allison, “he really thinks of me more like a casual fuck-buddy.”

“But he-” Samantha frowned, “Never mind.”

“What?” Allison said. “What does Paul think?”

“I said never mind. Doesn’t matter.” Though by the look on Allison’s face it probably mattered to her. Samantha hoped she hadn’t just done any irreparable damage. “At any rate I think we should be there on his birthday.”

Olivia winced. “Your mother told me that there really isn’t any other time that I can see my mother this year. Something to do with dimensional barriers and how angels interact with them.”

“It’d just be for one day,” said Samantha. “I’ll be able to get us all back to where we’re supposed to be at the end of the day.”

Iris nuzzled further into Allison’s breasts. “What do you mean? Is there some sort of plan here?”

“That girl Kimberly, from your sorority?”

“What about her?” Olivia said.

“She’s works at that photography place right?”

The feeling of something soft and warm being wrapped around Paul’s manhood was actually not that unusual for him to wake up to. What was unusual was that when he pulled back the covers on his bed

to see who it was he was faced with Allison's vibrant green eyes, staring up at him as she slowly inserted his cock down her throat. She was naked save for her near ubiquitous leather pants.

He wasn't sure if she owned several pairs or if she'd gone through with an idea she'd floated about having Samantha make her pants self cleaning. At any rate Paul rarely saw her without them, though in this case she did have the zipper undone and experience made Paul assume that there was no underwear between her pants and her.

As soon as Allison made eye contact with Paul she started sliding his cock out of his mouth, giving a little gasp when she was all free. "There you are, I thought you would never wake up." She very idly crawled her way up the bed and into a position to lay next to him. "I was worried I was losing my touch."

"Never," said Paul before leaning forwards and kissing her. "Where's Iris?" he asked.

"Dunno, I came alone." Paul wasn't sure what expression he made but it got a chuckle out of Allison. "What? We've had alone time before."

"Not for a few months."

"Well," Allison said with another kiss, "consider this a going away present." As she kissed him more deeply she cupped his face with one hand but he could feel her other hand reaching down. She trailed her fingernails across his body before reaching his cock. She managed not to break her kiss, or even fully take off her pants, as she lifted up her hips and slid his hardness into her.

She didn't start really moving at first though, and with her strength it was trivial for her to stop Paul from really starting to thrust. Instead she moved away from Paul's lips and started pressing her lips against his jawline until she ended up with her lips beside his ear.

"Paul..." she said in what Paul had started to call the Super Sexy Voice. A low smoky murmur that was just breathy enough to carry intimate overtones. Normally she employed it when she wanted Iris to do something a bit out of the norm in the bedroom. The last time Paul had seen it used Iris had

ended up with her hands tied behind her back with her own hair. Hearing that voice directed at him, and saying his own name, set off numerous warning lights in the rational parts of Paul's brain.

The inherent power of the Super Sexy Voice was that the parts of the brain it most appealed to had nothing to do with rational thought.

"...Do you..." she kissed against his ear and he could feel her walls clench down on his length. "...like me?"

Paul had to take a few deep breaths. "Are you seriously asking that while I'm inside of you?"

"Not like that Paul." Her hips started moving, slowly though. "More than that? Like you like Samantha, or Iris. Am I more to you than just a friend with benefits?"

For one moment Paul found himself extremely aware of just how strong Allison was. It wasn't something he worried about, but this girl that could bend steel had never so much as given him sore back. However right now Paul was finding himself weighing every single possible outcome to his next words. As if he was in bed with not a girl, but a live hand grenade.

"Well..."

"Be honest Paul," the Super Sexy Voice commanded.

Bene Gesserit witch! "Yes. I do... I think of you that way."

Allison smiled and sat up, straddling him now. He was relieved to see her smile. She started to move her hips and work Paul's stiffness within her. As Allison did so she groaned and started feeling herself up. Her hands roamed over her prominent abs and her monumental breasts. Paul suspected that this was mostly for his benefit and had his suspicions confirmed as she gave him a wink before lifting one of her breasts up and licking it.

Her movements allowed Paul to start thrusting into her to some degree and Allison let Paul know how much she enjoyed it with a low and loud moan. Paul gave thanks that he didn't live in an apartment with neighbours on both sides for what must have been the thousandth time in the past few

months. He placed his hands on Allison's toned rear in order to get greater leverage, also because Paul liked how Allison's muscular ass felt underneath his hands.

Their pace steadily increased before Allison was suddenly leaning above Paul and locking eyes with him while her breasts shook along with the rest of her body. She placed her hands on his shoulders and plunged herself down onto him as deep as she could go. As she did Paul climaxed and a few moments later Allison did as well. Her walls became extra tight along his cock as Paul felt himself release into her, both of their backs arching as they spent a few moments basking in mutual bliss.

Like a felled tree, Allison slowly toppled down next to Paul with a loud "Oomph." She kept smiling as she looked at him. "So," she said.

"So," said Paul.

"Why didn't you want to tell me that you... would you call it love?" Paul didn't know what expression he was making but it was enough to get a laugh from Allison. "Let's call it 'thought of me as more than a friend.'"

"Yeah," said Paul. He panted a bit as he turned over to the side to get a better look at Allison. "Yeah that works."

"...And?"

"And what?"

"Don't make me punch you."

Paul sighed and reached out to place his hand on one of Allison's biceps. "I don't know. I didn't think that you thought of me that way. I really only thought you kept coming around because of Iris."

Allison clapped her hands over her face. "Oh my God..." she said in a voice muffled by her hands.

"What?"

"Oh my God..."

"Is something-"

“That is like, basically word for word why I didn’t tell you!” Allison removed her hands from her face and let them fall down to her sides. “We’re idiots.”

“So wait,” said Paul, “what just happened?”

“One of your fuck-buddies just got promoted to girlfriend.” She gave him a smile. “I really wish I wasn’t leaving for Japan in two hours.”

“Oh...” Paul thought for a moment. “You know, you are rich and I don’t think a plane ticket’s too expensive.”

“Plane ticket? Screw that. My dad’s sending a private jet.” She looked at Paul and winced. “But I can’t take you with me. It’s going to be bad enough with me bringing a girlfriend home. Bringing home a boyfriend that also has two other girlfriends and also all five of us have a casual sexual relationship with a supernatural community of... Hey how many are there now?”

“About a hundred.”

“Jesus. Ok so about a hundred. I think ‘hey dad I’m bi’ is going to be enough for one summer, don’t you?”

“Yeah,” Paul said, “yeah you’re probably right.” He started to get out of bed. As he did he spotted a manila envelope laying on the floor. “What’s this?” he said as he bent down to pick it up.

“Don’t open it!” Allison’s hand shot out and suddenly she was holding the envelope.

“How did you do that? You didn’t even sit up!”

“Wait,” Allison said, “Samantha put a spell on this. You can’t open it.”

“Seriously, that was like a magic trick.”

“Here,” Allison held out the envelope. “It’s your birthday present.”

Paul took it and turned it over in his hands. On the front it said that it was from Allison, Iris, Samantha, Olivia, and Riya. “What is it?”

“A surprise.” Allison started getting out of bed and looking around for her clothes. “I’m going to use your shower ok?”

“Yeah fine.” Paul peered more closely at the envelope. “What, did you guys buy me a house or something?”

Allison snorted as she gathered up her clothes. “Ok first? You have one of those. Second? I wouldn’t need anybody’s help to buy you a house. And third? it’s more of an experience than an object. And those are all the hints you’re getting from me.” She smiled over her shoulder. “Now watch my ass as I head to the bathroom.”

When Paul woke up on his birthday it wasn’t nearly as eventful. In fact he was half way through draining a bowl of cereal before he’d realised that it even was his birthday. This was partly because he’d gotten up fairly early, but also because his mind was on other topics. The past few months had gotten his body used to several things. Sex with a multitude of beautiful women was very much one of those.

Olivia had left to see her mother four days ago.

Right now Paul was considering just swinging by the sorority to see who was around. He’d even thought about just hanging around any place he could think of with lots of people in it to see if he’d trigger any latent supernaturals in the crowd.

Paul had never really considered himself much of a horn-dog, but apparently the girls had cured him of that.

Thinking of the girls brought Paul’s thoughts back to the envelope on his bedside table. True to Allison’s words it had proven impossible to open. When he was younger Paul had always been the kind of kid that would tear at the corners of his Christmas presents so the envelope had been quietly driving him insane for the last few weeks.

He’d even tried to convince Olivia to use her anti-magic abilities to force it open. She’d made it very clear that nothing would convince her to open that envelope before Paul’s birthday. Not that the half-day that Paul had spent in bed with her trying had been the worst experience of his life.

All of this meant that Paul had to adjust his pants before going to pick up the folder and laying down with it on his couch. He tentatively pulled at the top and was surprised when it came open. It hadn't even been sealed with glue, which seemed a bit cheeky on Samantha's part.

Slowly Paul tipped the contents of the envelope into his hands and took them in.

"Huh," he said.

In his hand was a stack of glossy photos of each of the girls. Or so he assumed. Right now he could only see the one on top that depicted Allison.

Weeks Earlier

The rain had started to come down pretty heavily by the time that Samantha arrived at the photography studio. Lightning was also flashing in the sky bright enough to turn night into day and the wind had started to seriously pick up, blowing Samantha's trench coat around her legs.

Though it would have also been nice to be able to see the full moon, Samantha felt that it was the perfect night for witchcraft.

She found the front room of the studio empty and peeking her head into the back she spotted a blonde girl that she vaguely recognized fiddling with the camera. "Hey," Samantha said as she entered, "you must be Summer?"

Summer looked up and smiled. "Hey," she said. "It's Samantha right?"

"No," said Samantha, "I'm the other girl that looks like this."

Summer laughed, "Oh, Olivia's always telling me what a bitch you are."

"She said what!?"

Summer laughed a second time. "Relax, I'm just fucking with you."

"Oh, yeah..." Samantha gave the girl a look. She looked nice enough, Samantha supposed.

Though she was a snake girl she currently was sporting a pair of human legs in a pair of painted on

leggings. Samantha really wasn't sure what she thought of the girl's behaviour. not that it mattered. All she had to do is work the camera. "Thanks for doing all this."

"It's fine," said Summer. "It's not like it's even the first erotic shoot I've done..." She frowned at Samantha. "Normally we just do these during the day though."

"Yeah, well, they don't call it the witching hour for nothing." Samantha looked around. "Am I the first one here?"

"The last," said Summer, "the others are all getting changed."

"Right..." Samantha fingered the material of the trench coat. "Getting changed here..."

Summer's head perked up. "You didn't come here wearing..."

"I don't..." Samantha folded her arms. "I mean it's not like anybody fucking saw." She tapped her boots on the ground, "So what's taking them?"

"Like I said, getting changed." She eyed Samantha a bit more. "Don't suppose I could get a sneak preview?"

Samantha winked. "You'll see when everyone else does."

"I hope it's not something Paul's seen before," a voice with a British accent said. Samantha turned to see Olivia striding in wearing an identical trench coat to hers.

"It's not," said Samantha, "and you haven't seen it either."

"And I hope it's not black."

Samantha looked to the side for a moment. "What's wrong with black? I happen to really like black."

"Samantha, I don't know if you're aware, but if you don't wear some colour in your photo nobody will be able to tell if it's a black and white photo or not."

A sharp reply grew at the back of Samantha's throat when something white whipped into her face. She sputtered for a moment and struggled with whatever had hit her before realising that it was a tightly fitting t-shirt meant for accommodating a generous chest. "Also, I'm wearing black." Samantha

looked up, far up, to see Allison striding in wearing her best black leather pants and jacket combo.

She'd evidently been the source of the t-shirt that Samantha had just gotten a face full of as save for the jacket she was totally topless.

"Allison," Olivia said, "that's what you wore here."

"Actually it's less than I wore here." She flashed her tits at them and smiled. "Come on, you can't say I don't rock this."

"I might be able to say it without the double negative..." Olivia said as she blew an errant strand of hair out of her face. Or at least Samantha supposed that was what she was doing. She'd never actually seen a hair out of place on Olivia's head. It was likely that the last one that had tried had been slowly tortured to death as an example to all the others.

"Hmm..." Allison bent over a computer monitor in the corner of the studio and chewed her lip. A glance over her shoulder showed that she was looking at possible backgrounds. "I think I'm going to go with the grey one."

"Fuck you!" Samantha rushed over. "I'm doing the grey one!"

"Well there's no reason we can't both do the grey one," Allison grinned down at Samantha. "Of course that means you certainly can't wear black. There has to be some colour in the photo after all."

Samantha glared up at Allison for a moment before retreating to stand by Olivia. As she did she mumbled about toads and the dishes that could be made with them.

"If she was just going to wear that," Olivia said as Allison took her place in front of the camera and started listening to Summer's directions, "why did she go into the change room?"

"To watch you get naked." Samantha sighed and looked down at the black tops of her boots before gathering enough energy for a simple spell. "You know what really fucking sucks though?"

"What?"

"She still looks God damned amazing in that."

"Absolutely." As Olivia said this the camera flashed.

ALLISON



“Hey Sam,” Iris said as she walked up behind Samantha. It was only mildly shocking for Samantha to see that Iris was totally naked. “You’re up next.”

“What? Who says?” Samantha

“We decided on the order before you got here,” said a voice that Iris really didn’t expect to hear.

“Riya? The fuck are you doing here?”

The curvacious girl gave Summer a kiss as she strode by. “Olivia told me what you guys were planning. I wanted in.”

“Anyways,” said Iris, “we drew names from a hat to decide order. So you’re next.”

“What outfit have you got for us anyways? And how black is it?” Riya gave Samantha a wide grin.

Samantha kept one hand behind her back and cast a simple illusion spell. “For your information,” she said as she pulled her coat open, “it’s red.” The corset didn’t really cover her all that much and the gloves and boots weren’t going to cover any interesting parts of her anatomy. Still Samantha was hardly shocked that she was only the second least dressed in the room. Maybe even third as while Riya had a bikini top on Samantha wasn’t sure she had anything under the towel she was wearing. “And I’ll be taking the grey background.”

“Sweet,” said Summer. Her eyes roamed up and down Samantha’s form and she gave a slow nod. Samantha wondered if it was pure sexual attraction or the look of a photographer sizing up a model. Probably a bit of both now that Samantha gave it some thought. “How are we going to pose this?”

The brakes on Samantha’s train of thought slammed down hard. “Pose?”

“Yeah, you aren’t going to just stand there smiling are you?”

“Allison did!” Samantha jabbed an accusatory finger at Allison, who had fallen to the side of the room and was drinking a coffee she’d apparently brought with her.

“Uh, no,” Allison said. “I stood there and flashed the camera. Totally different.”

“My ass it is!”

“Samantha dear...” Olivia said. She was positioning a stool in front of the camera. “Allow me?”

She was actually taking more than her share of time with the positioning of the stool, a frown of concentration creasing her face. Samantha stepped up and gingerly put a hand on Olivia’s shoulder.

“It’s fine.”

“I just want the right angle...”

“Olivia? It’s fine, how do you want me to sit on it.”

Olivia took a few deep calming breaths and Samantha thought it was a testament to her own self control that she didn’t look at Olivia’s chest once during them. “Right, sorry. I think you should sit on the stool. With your legs spread.”

“Right,” Samantha wrapped one hand around Olivia’s neck and pulled her in for a brief kiss before sitting herself down. “How wide do you want them?”

Olivia licked her lips. “Let me,” she said and bent down to manually position Samantha’s legs. She got much closer than was necessary to the point that Samantha was able to feel the tickle of her breath on her most intimate areas. “Ok...” she said and then sighed as she felt Olivia’s lips press into her thigh. “Let’s not start something we can’t finish right now.”

“Just adding a bit of colour...” Olivia looked up at Samantha with a smile before standing back up. “Now, keep your legs like that. Hands on hips, and smile for the camera.”

Samantha did as she was instructed and smiled towards the camera.

“I don’t know...” said Iris. “I think something’s missing.”

“Yeah,” said Allison. “Some essential Samanthaness that we’re just not getting here.”

Samantha tried to ignore them and kept smiling despite the whispering that she could hear.

“I mean,” Allison said, “it’s bad enough that her boyfriend likes me better in bed. It would be a shame if he liked my picture more too.”

Samantha knew when someone was trying to get a rise out of her. Allison's voice even sounded stilted and forced, like she was reading something off of a card or repeating something that she'd been told to say. Samantha suspected that it was Olivia's doing. That was why instead of turning Samantha into a slug she instead just raised one hand and flipped the amazon off.

She was actually surprised to see the flash of the camera lens.

SAMANTHA



“Beautiful,” said Olivia. “It captures you perfectly.”

“Meh,” said Allison. “I think it would have been hotter if her feet reached the floor from the top of that stool.”

A glance down revealed that they were correct about how the stool emphasised her vertically challenged nature. It also let her know exactly what Olivia had meant by adding colour. With a sigh she used a simple spell to wipe the lipstick off as she jumped down from the stool. “Watch it Sakamoto,” she said to Allison. “I’m still deciding if I’m a good witch or a bad witch. Don’t make it an easy question.”

“You’re up next,” Summer said to Olivia.

“Right...” Olivia started unbuttoning her coat and then let it fall to the ground. Samantha gave a whistle at the outfit she had on. It was an exquisite set of white lingerie complete with stockings, garters, and a bra that managed to both provide support yet not even cover up Olivia’s nipples.

“Damn girl,” Riya said. “You ever consider sending some photos in to Victoria’s Secret? I bet you could make a killing.”

“Oh,” said Olivia. “Thank you, I almost forgot.” She brought her wings out, the lingerie apparently having been fitted with that in consideration as her wings didn’t perform their usual clothing shredding routine.

It suddenly occurred to Samantha that she’d been licking her lips. “Yeah ok, that’ll probably do.”

“I...” Olivia looked at Summer and cleared her throat. “I was hoping to go with a lighter background if you don’t mind.”

“Sure thing.” Summer got up to start changing out the background while Olivia sidled up to Samantha.

“Could you...” Olivia looked down for a moment. Samantha might have thought that she was being checked out but she’d gotten to know Olivia well enough to tell at least some of what was up.

“You’re nervous?” Samantha said. Olivia nodded. “Aren’t you the same girl that wanted to visit a fucking nude beach with me?”

“Yes, well.” Olivia shifted her weight uncomfortably. “It’s not the... The nudity doesn’t bother me. It’s... oh damn. I’m not sure how to... How I should pose myself I suppose.”

Samantha put her hands on Olivia’s shoulders. “Trust me. You don’t have any problems turning Paul on. You’ve got this shit.”

“But when Paul’s in the room it’s different! I can read him, judge his reactions. When I’m in front of the camera like this I can’t help but think about... everything. Where should my legs go? My arms? What expression should I make?”

“You seemed to have pretty fucking strong opinions on what I should do.” Samantha put her hands on her hips and looked Olivia up and down. “Look, you’re over thinking this. Paul would find you hot if you were dressed in a potato sack.”

“I know,” Olivia crossed one of her arms across her chest and seemed to look even further down, “I just can’t stop thinking...”

“Hmm...” Samantha smiled. “Remember those exercises I had you do to turn off your whole magic resistance thing?”

Olivia looked back up and blinked. “I’m not sure what that has to do with-”

“Do you trust me?”

There was a slight pause as Olivia bit her lip. “To an extent.”

“That’s fair. Now just close your eyes and focus like I taught you to.”

With her eyes closed Olivia took a few deep breaths. Samantha did look this time. In that bra it was hard not to. Olivia may not have had as large of breasts as the other girls but Samantha personally ranked them among the best formed. Soon Samantha felt Olivia lowering her magical resistance and an imperceptible tension across Samantha’s skin made itself known by its absence.

“Keep ‘em closed,” Samantha said and then raised one glowing finger to touch Olivia between the legs.

The moment that Samantha’s finger made contact with Olivia’s thong panties the English girl suddenly pitched forwards with her eyes wide and mouth open. “Oh! Oh what did you do!?”

“Just helped you loosen up a little. Don’t worry you’ll be fine.” Samantha put a hand on Olivia’s shoulder in a way that she hoped would be reassuring. The shiver that Olivia gave suggested that it was a different reaction.

“Everything’s so... I feel like I’m about to...” She rolled her eyes up and arched her back, wings spreading out and fluttering.

“Just go do your photo,” Samantha said and Olivia gave a strained nod as she started walking over to the camera. It would probably be fine, Samantha had just moved the sensitivity from her clit to cover all of her body. It had also made Olivia’s clit exponentially more sensitive, along with other sensitive areas that Samantha was intimately aware of. With how tight Olivia’s thong was she was more than likely getting something out of this.

Half-way to the camera Olivia fell to her knees and started to crawl there. Loud panting accompanied every stride that she took towards the backdrop. Summer was looking at her with a raised eyebrow, and she wasn’t alone.

Iris slid up next to Samantha and frowned. “Is she going to be all right?”

Olivia had managed to crawl in front of the camera. She seemed to find enough mental fortitude to manage a pose, showing off both her full breasts and luscious rear. The only problem was her head being bowed low, unable to focus on the camera as she instead panted at what Samantha guessed was the erotic sensation of the air in the room blowing across her body.

“Hey ‘Liv!” said Summer. Olivia turned towards the photographer as Summer stripped out of her top. The bra that she was wearing couldn’t hold a candle to what Olivia had on but Samantha had to admit that the red lace had some charm. It was enough to get Olivia to look at the camera at least.



As the camera flashed Olivia succumbed to the feeling of her heightened sensitivity and collapsed to the floor with one long moan, twitching and panting while her eyes gazed off into the distance.

Summer leaned back from the camera and frowned. "Somebody want to mop her up?"

"Got it," Allison said and stepped forwards to scoop up the quivering angel. She had a bit of trouble finding a grip with Olivia's wings still out but her superhuman strength made it less than challenging to sling Olivia over her shoulder and carry her off.

"Seriously, is she going to be ok?" Iris placed an urgent hand on Samantha's shoulder and shook Samantha a bit.

"Yes!" Samantha shook off Iris and folded her arms across her chest. "She's only like that now because she wants to be. She's a fucking angel, she can just turn that shit off."

"Really?"

“Yeah, I’ve been teaching her to do it.”

“Well,” Iris’s entire demeanour changed as she went from concerned to peppy, “that changes everything.” The arm that she’d placed on Samantha’s shoulder was removed only to come back down on Samantha’s ass with a sharp slap. Samantha jumped and gave Iris a glare as Iris walked towards Summer. “Do you have anything nautical?”

“Huh?” said Summer. “Like a boat? Not really, we’ve got a beach though.”

“That will do very nicely.”

Summer winced, “Not really. Honestly it’s not the most high quality picture. More of a cartoon really.”

Iris’s eyes sparkled as she leaned in close to Summer. “Show me.”

Samantha couldn’t see what Summer brought up on the screen but Iris gave a little squeal and jumped up and down in joy. “Ooooh! I love it!”

“Uh...” Summer gave Iris a sceptical look. “To each her own I guess. I’ve got some sand I can spread around for the picture too. Might make it look a bit more real.”

“Grab it, I’ll get ready.” Iris was beaming as she hurried over to Allison. Samantha couldn’t quite remember the last time that she’d seen Iris quite this excited. She was usually a bit hard to read and Samantha found herself probing Iris’s reactions for sarcasm. One moment Iris was a bubbly ditz that didn’t seem to be focused on anything except sex, and the next she pulled out a razor intellect that could be a tad frightening. The fact that Paul seemed to think of her as cute and innocent only made Samantha feel a bit wary about leaving him alone with her.

“Hey Iris,” Samantha said, “did you even bother to bring a costume or are you just going to go naked?”

“Oh, I brought a costume...” Iris smiled and skipped over to Allison. “Sweetie, could you hand me my costume?” She clutched her hands together in a way that forced up her breasts and batted her eyes up at Allison. Allison rolled her eyes but also smiled as she reached into the inner pocket of her

jacket and handed something to Iris. When Iris looked back at Samantha she was wearing a pair of sunglasses in a shade of green that Samantha found almost worrying.

“Ready on my end,” Summer said. She was standing next to a beach backdrop that really was not all that great looking. It looked more like a drawing than a photo, and not a particularly good drawing either.

Iris however gave a little hop, which with her endowments meant that she was in danger of knocking herself out, as she rushed over to the backdrop and laid down. She sighed as her legs started merging together and blue scales started to push their way out from underneath her skin. Soon her feet flattened out and she was left with her mermaid tail that she flapped up and down happily a few times. “Hey Sam? If we go to a real beach can you set up some sort of spell so I can look like this and not get dissected?”

“I guess so,” said Samantha. “If it’s really all that important to you.”

“Make sure it’s a nude beach!” Olivia chimed in. Samantha turned to look at her girlfriend, a bit dishevelled and still sitting against the wall.

“Back among us? Took you fucking long enough.”

Olivia smiled. “For now. You’re loony if you think I’m not going to have you do that to me again.”

“Ahem,” Iris cleared her throat loudly and drew attention to her position on the ‘beach.’ “I’m ready...” She’d laid on her side with one hand draped over a hip and the other feeling one of her breasts. As she looked into the camera over the top of her sunglasses she brought out a thousand watt smile and levelled it right at the camera just as there was a flash.



Iris sighed with relief and held up her hands. “Pick me up?” she said to Allison.

“Just change your legs back,” Allison said.

Iris batted her eyes.

Allison rolled her eyes but went over and lifted the mermaid up in her arms, which won her a big kiss from Iris. “My hero,” she said.

“Yeah yeah...” Allison carried Iris over to the side but her exasperated tone was belied by the big goofy grin she was wearing.

If Paul had ever done that to Samantha, or if she had ever done it to him, Samantha would have wanted to be taken out back and shot. As it stood this whole situation was just starting to annoy her, or possibly give her cavities. “Hey, can I bring some shit up?”

“You’ve never needed anyone’s permission before,” Olivia said.

“Eat me. Besides, you’re not the one that I have a problem with.” Samantha pointed in a wide arch, “It’s all of you bitches.”

Summer flinched back and frowned as she brought a hand to her chest. “What did I do?”

“I- No shit wait. You’re fine.” Samantha took a few deep breaths, “I’m talking to-”

“Then why did you point at me?”

“Just-”

“That was rude.”

“Ok!” The lights in the room flickered and Samantha noticed a glow start to rise from her tattoos. A well of power boiled under Samantha’s skin and begged to be released to wreak terrible vengeance on her enemies, and that was when Samantha was in a good mood. Right now Samantha was holding back a desire to get positively old testament on three girls that she counted as friends and lovers. The others immediately shot their attention to her and she took a few more calming breaths. It paid to remember that she was being childish. In her more introspective moments Samantha had to admit that she usually was but this time she didn’t need to lash out at anyone. “It’s the costumes. The outfits you three are wearing.”

A few somewhat confused glances were exchanged between Allison, Iris, and Riya before Allison decided to clear her throat and ask, “What?”

“It’s...” Samantha pointed between herself and Olivia. “We put a lot of work what we’re wearing.”

“Do *not* drag me into this,” Olivia said.

“All I’m saying is that you’re just wearing what you’re always fucking wearing,” Samantha pointed to Allison, “you’re naked and that basically counts as wearing what you’re always fucking wearing,” as Samantha pointed to Iris, Iris pointed to her sunglasses with a raised eyebrow. “And you,” she pointed to Riya, “are just wearing a towel and a bikini top that looks like it belongs to Olivia.”

“Still too big for me,” Olivia said.

“It’s actually one of mine,” Riya said with a smile. “It’s just from before I grew. I thought it might be a bit nostalgic for Paul.”

“But he’s never seen you in it,” Samantha leaned in with her hands on her hips to emphasise her point. “Besides, what have you got under the towel?”

“Nothing,” said Riya. She shifted her shape nearly instantaneously. Samantha blinked at the display. She hadn’t even known that it was possible for Riya to change that quickly. “I don’t typically wear panties anymore, they just end up shredded.”

“Hey, me too!” Iris said.

“Yeah,” Samantha said, “we’ve noticed. You might want to look into some longer skirts.”

“And hide *these* legs?” Iris gave Samantha a look like she’d just used a racial slur, despite the fact that her legs were currently fused into a tail.

A hissing sound came from Riya’s throat as she slithered across the room to Summer. Since summer could transform into the same creature there was only appreciation in her eyes as she took in the sight of Riya. Samantha didn’t think that the two of them were particularly close, but from what she knew about snake girls that didn’t really seem to matter. The last she’d heard the sorority was pretty much nonstop sex at this point.

Not that that particularly distinguished them from any of the girls. It was just that snake girls didn’t seem to have the same instinct to pair up as anyone else. Or triple up in Samantha’s case. Or whatever you said for five people in Paul’s.

“I’m thinking that I’d like a nice blue background,” Riya said to Summer. “It’ll go well with the green of my tail.”

“Hmm...” Summer said. “I think I have something for you. Though I’ll need a minute to sweep up all this sand that we used for Iris.”

“Don’t bother,” said Riya, “you can just not shoot that low.” She glanced behind herself along the length of her tail. “I doubt that you have a backdrop big enough to show my whole body anyways.”

“Too true.” Summer cast her gaze around the studio. “With how many girls like us there are now we might consider investing.”

The set up for Riya’s photo went much quicker without having to clean up after Iris. Soon Riya was in front of a blue screen and posing sultrily in a bikini that barely covered her chocolate nipples.

The simmering rage that Samantha had been feeling before started to bubble up again. She'd put real effort into her photo and Riya was just putting in the bare minimum. It wouldn't even be all that hot if she didn't look like her top was about to explode off of her at any moment.

Samantha had a wonderful, awful idea.

Magic tingled through Samantha's fingertips as she stepped up next to Summer. "Get ready to take the picture when I give the signal."

"What signal?" Summer glanced away from Riya to look at Samantha.

"You'll know, just keep your eyes on Riya..."

Samantha started to rub her fingers together and as she did the material between the cups of Riya's bikini started to glow. Riya didn't seem to notice and just kept moving from sultry pose to sultry pose. "Are you going to take it?" she said.

A small and precise bit of magic burst out of Samantha's finger tips and as it did Riya's top snapped in two. Her titanic breasts sprang free, flinging the cups of her bikini aside with explosive force as Riya instinctively raised her arms up to cover herself. Doing so meant that there was nothing supporting her towel and it was about to fall to the ground.

Black lips twisted into a smile as Samantha watched. She knew from the flash that Summer had gotten just the right timing on the picture.



“Oops!” Riya said, though she didn’t look all that embarrassed. It probably had something to do with everyone in the room having done much more than see her naked before. She wasn’t even bothering to cover her breasts now that the shock had passed. “Tell me you got that.”

“Oh yeah,” said Summer.

“Ok,” said Samantha. “I need the film now.”

Summer narrowed her eyes at Samantha. “This camera’s digital.”

“I... fuck it. Then I need the SD card or the camera itself or whatever those pictures are going to be saved on.” Samantha was currently stinging from how Riya hadn’t been acting nearly as devastated as she’d have liked. Now Samantha just wanted to get out of here and go to bed. She didn’t even feel like having sex right now.

Not that she wasn’t going to. That little number that Olivia had broken out needed to be put through its paces. It was just that Samantha was going to be grumbling a lot as she did so.

A small panel in the side of the camera opened up to reveal a micro SD card that Summer removed and handed to Samantha. “You’re not going to scramble it or anything right? Those things are real expensive.”

“It’ll be fine...” Samantha hoped. The small card lay cupped in one hand and she placed her other over it and started to gather up a more substantial amount of power than she’d needed for her little trick on Riya. “Uh, Olivia dear? This is a pretty fucking huge spell. I’m gonna need you to stand on the other side of the room.” Olivia did as Samantha asked, blowing Samantha a kiss as she passed by and retracting her wings into her body at the same time. Samantha tried to block it out and focused on the card in her hands.

Her eyes shut and she started taking long and slow breathes as she gathered more and more energy through her body. It felt amazing and she could tell that not only her tattoos but her eyes were starting to glow as well behind her eyelids. The pale blue light of her magic was filling every inch of her and just begging to be used. With one more deep breath she focused on the results she desired and felt all of her magic pour into the card. Finally she sighed and opened her eyes. Everyone in the room was staring at her. Samantha guessed she’d just given them something of a light show.

“Here,” Samantha said as she held the card out to Summer. “Just print those off for us.”

Summer took the card with the same trepidation she might have taken a live hand grenade. “We uh... We normally do some digital touch-ups...”

“You won’t need to.”

“...Ok.”

“Olivia?” Samantha turned to her girlfriend and smiled. “Mind grabbing my coat? This whole thing has left me *so* horny. I want to go to Paul’s with you and screw his brains out.”

Later

The photos sat spread out on Paul’s bed. He had to admit that they were really nice. He had more than his fair share of photos of the girls on his phone at this point but they tended to be more off the cuff things that they sent between classes or when they were at home alone. They also tended to be more teasing than explicitly erotic. These photos were much more professional, and he really appreciated the outfits in them as well. Well just the outfits in Samantha and Olivia’s pictures really. The others weren’t exactly wearing something he hadn’t seen them in before.

Olivia and Samantha keeping their costumes a secret all of this time was something of a surprise. Normally he was the first to see any impromptu fashion shows after their shopping trips. Or impromptu strip teases. They tended to be the same thing where those two were concerned.

Still, while the pictures were nice it didn’t really do much to assuage Paul’s loneliness. In fact it just kind of made him feel more lonely. He went to put the pictures back in the envelope.

As he reached out for the picture of Samantha he felt a sharp static shock jump from it to his hand. He pulled back quickly, the shock was intense enough to cause his muscles to twitch. Paul rubbed his arm and looked at the pictures more warily. This was a gift from Samantha, he supposed he’d been stupid to take it at face value. He frowned at the pictures, and then glared at them. Paul crossed the room to the lights and shut them off and then closed his blinds and bedroom door. As the gloom settled in on his room it became clear that what he’d thought he had seen was true. There was a faint glow emanating from the pictures. As Paul watched it became more intense. It was still only about what you’d get from a glow-stick but it was getting steadily brighter.

The glow reached a sudden crescendo in a flash of light that reminded Paul of a camera. He blinked in the sudden darkness that was left and stumbled across the room to reach the light switch. As he turned the lights on Paul took in the sight that was now greeting him.

The girls were standing on his bed, in the exact same position and outfits that they had been in the photos. They were all standing in a cluster due to the close confines of Paul's bed, but they all stood perfectly still in the poses that they'd struck for his photos. Of particular note was Riya, whose tail was mostly dangling off of Paul's bed.

Paul had just enough time to take in the sight of all of them frozen there like statues when they started to move. There was no initial stiffness. One moment they looked like an odd collection of erotic wax sculptures and in the next the girls were tripping over each-other in the close confines of his bed. The fact that some had chosen to stand for their pictures while others had been prone like Iris or crawling like Olivia made standing quite difficult for the rest. Add in the fact that there was far too much of Riya to *not* trip over her and soon Paul was looking at a pile of girl mumbling and complaining on his bed.

"That felt weird..." Allison said.

"I thought it was going to give me like... motion sickness?" Iris said. "But if anything I feel more grounded and it's weirding me out."

"Shut up!" said Samantha. "More important, someone's elbow is digging into my ass!"

"Sorry dear," said Olivia. "It's actually one of my wings."

"No wonder it's so soft..."

Over all of them Riya managed to prop herself up on her coils and give Paul a big smile.

"Happy birthday Paul!"

Slowly, carefully, Paul took in the sight of the pile of gorgeous and buxom women that had materialised on his bed as he drank in the sight of their beautiful bodies scrambling against each-other as they tried in vain to restore some semblance of order.

“You know what?” said Paul. “I shouldn’t be surprised.”

“But you are!” Iris said.

“Riya grow legs!” Allison said. “We’re never going to stand up if our legs are all wrapped up like this.”

“I am,” Paul conceded. “Need some help?” He stepped up to the bed and wrapped his hands around Iris’s waist before lifting her from the waiting pile of girls. She had a bit too long of a tail for him to get a good grip on it but she quickly shifted her tail back to a pair of legs and sighed in relief as Paul managed to cradle her in his arms.

“You’ve been keeping up with Allison’s exercise program.”

Paul grunted under her weight. “Still a bit much for me.”

“Here,” Allison said as she emerged from the girl pile. Strong arms wrapped around Iris and lifted her from Paul’s grasp, “I’ve got her.” Allison gave Iris a kiss and then smiled down at Paul.

“How’s Japan?” said Paul.

“Amazing!” A wide grin broke out across Allison’s face as she spoke. “I thought that my dad might freak at the whole girlfriend thing but he’s actually been really cool. My step-mom isn’t so jazzed but she’s more worried about Hitomi right now. Plus she never really liked me anyways.”

“Then we went to a robot restaurant!” Iris added.

“Sounds fun,” said Paul.

“In case anyone wants to know,” Samantha said, “being stranded on a mountain and practising magic while everyone else gets a vacation is a *fucking* blast.” Samantha continued to mutter about her fate as she picked herself up from the bed and stretched. “This is the first time I’ve been out of meditation for days.” She winced and looked at Paul. “Mind if I make myself a sandwich before we get started?”

“Get started with what?” Paul said. He looked to the room full of naked and half naked girls around him. “I mean, besides the obvious.”

Iris, still cradled in Allison’s arms, smiled at Samantha. “He doesn’t know?”

“Well it’s a surprise...” Samantha rolled her eyes. “Ok, so Paul? You know how I’ve felt fucking awful about... you know... robbing you of your free will?”

Paul narrowed his eyes, “Yeah...?”

“Well for the next twenty-four hours you can order us to do anything.”

“And she means *anything* Paul.” Iris was positively beaming from her position in Allison’s arms. “You can even order us to change. Like... physically change.”

Paul tried to make sense of what he was hearing. “So if I were to order Olivia to have breasts as large as yours she-”

A sharp gasp from across the room caught Paul’s attention and he quickly turned to see what the trouble was. Olivia was clutching a pair of breasts that were pushing over the top of a bra that had never really covered them in the first place. Her face became flushed as she hurriedly took her hands away to unhook her bra, letting it fall into her laps and allowing her growing breasts to spring forwards.

“Oh... Oh goodness!” she said as she again gripped at the supernaturally firm orbs jutting from her chest. “This feels... It feels so...” Olivia’s eyes rolled back and her wings started to shiver, letting everyone know just how it felt. Having hardly started from zero, Olivia’s breasts were already surpassing Allison’s basketball sized knockers and her eventual destination of Iris’s looked to be in her near future as she began massaging her own nipples.

“Wow.” Paul stood there and drank in the sight of Olivia being held at near orgasm by the sensations overwhelming her. “So what sort of limits are there on this?”

“Twenty four hours,” said Samantha, “like I said. And nothing physically impossible.”

“Well conservation of mass says we’ve already broken that.”

Olivia's growth came to a halt and she ran her hands over her expanded assets with a purr.

Samantha stood transfixed for a moment before looking back at Paul and blinking. "What were we...?"

"Limits to what I can order you to do. You said something about possible?"

"Y-Yeah..." her eyes kept drifting over to Olivia as she talked to Paul. "Meaning nothing that I can't do with magic. I can make Olivia's breasts bigger for a bit. I can't... I don't fucking know... wish for more wishes? Just keep things reasonable and we should be cool." She growled in frustration and headed for Paul's door. "Just a quick sandwich, I swear!"

From her spot on the bed Olivia got to her feet and started walking towards Paul. Something about the physical properties of her breasts led to a much more exaggerated jiggle than Paul was normally used to once they had grown. If they threw off Olivia's balance he couldn't see it. "Hello lover..." she said to Paul in a voice that sounded like silk and sensual promises.

"Hi..." Paul felt himself going flush. Which was more than a bit of a surprise as he knew he was in complete control. Then Olivia reached out with one perfectly manicured hand and rubbed between Paul's legs in a way to tell him that he didn't have *complete* control.

There wasn't any way he could say no to her for starters.

"Care to help me break these in Paul?"

A firm grip on Olivia's shoulders squished her against his chest as he pulled her into a kiss that she returned with a hunger. It occurred to him that all Olivia had for company over the past week was her mother. She was practically radiating sexual need as he slid his hands down her body and started to try getting her out of the garters holding her stockings up.

"Ahem," said Allison from behind Paul. "Don't forget about the rest of us."

Olivia held Paul's lip in between her teeth for a moment as he broke the kiss. She released him after a moment, but her eyes held him far more effectively. "Allison..." Paul said between pants, "is it ok if we indulge a little fantasy I've had?"

“That’s what this is all about,” Allison said as she pushed up against Paul from behind, sandwiching him between her and Olivia. Olivia, for her part was able to push on him just as much as Allison was with her amazonian strength.

“Ok...” Paul took a deep breath. “I want you to be the mermaid and Iris to be the amazon.”

“Wha-eek!” Allison stepped away from Paul and he craned his neck around to see her rapidly shrinking as her muscle tone disappeared. At the same time her breasts looked to be pushing outwards and her hair was reaching towards her shoulders instead of her jawline.

A giggle heralded Iris’s changes as she stood next to Allison, who was starting to swim in her leather jacket and pants. Allison and Iris were now able to stand eye to eye and Iris had taken on a more toned appearance than a soft one, with the beginnings of abs pushing out of her usually soft tummy. “Would you believe I’ve had this exact same fantasy?”

“I haven’t!” Allison said as her legs were suddenly shoved together by whatever force was changing her. The two limbs started to fuse and it was fortunate that Iris was there to catch Allison before she face planted on Paul’s carpet. After a moment she was able to do more than hold Allison up as she picked Allison up and held her in her arms. Allison stared into her lover’s eyes as crimson scales started to push their way out of her fusing legs. She moaned as her feet started to spread out into her tail-fin.

Her breasts were doing even more growing. Framed by Allison’s new straight and black locks that reached down far enough to tease her nipples, it looked like the change had seen her normal size as a starting point as she was now even larger than Iris by an order of magnitude. As she fully turned her legs into a tail she looked into the eyes of the red-haired muscle goddess cradling her in her arms. She smiled. “So this is what it feels like...” Two sets of titanic tits were squashed against each other as Iris lifted Allison in a kiss.

A sharp tug on Paul’s pants brought his attention back to Olivia. Or to be more precise Olivia *and* Riya, with Olivia on her knees and Riya balanced on her tail at the same height. They both gave

another tug on Paul's pants and brought them down, letting his mammoth erection free to dangle between them. Both smiled at Paul before leaning in to engage in a three way kiss between the two of them and the head of Paul's cock. Paul moaned and tilted his head back as two of them took him into their mouths one after another. He still remembered an eventful night a month ago when Allison had taken several of the girls under her wing and taught them the secrets of her blow-job technique.

Iris's snakey ability to swallow things whole was a definite advantage, but Olivia brought her usual obsession for precision and control to the affair. Paul placed a hand on each of their heads and shut his eyes to savour what the two were able to do with him. From the sounds of things Allison and Iris were getting to know their shifted forms intimately and Paul contemplated joining them as soon as she was done with Olivia and Riya.

"Holy fuck guys!" Samantha said from the doorway, half eaten sandwich in one hand. "One sandwich! Just one!"

Olivia pulled the tip of Paul out of her mouth with a wet pop and looked up at him with smiling eyes. "This is going to be a good day."

There was a wet sound as Samantha slapped her new mermaid tail against the ground experimentally. It had turned out black, of course, but it had some bluish highlights towards the tip of her fins that she really liked. She'd wondered about getting some dye in her hair and wondered how blue at the tips would look.

Next in line to her, bent over across the top of the same couch Samantha was, Olivia shifted back and forth and resting her head on her still Iris sized breasts. She kept glancing down the line where Riya had her head back and was moaning as she kept bouncing forward with each of Paul's thrusts.

"What?" Samantha whispered to Olivia.

"We haven't done this before," she said.

Samantha reached one hand down and slid it across Olivia's bright white scales. "No, except for Iris this is a first for all of us."

"No. Well yes but not that." She bit her lip and glanced back at Allison, who was leaning forwards and panting through her afterglow along with an exhausted looking Iris. Beside Olivia Riya was wiggling in anticipation. "I mean Paul and I. We haven't..." her voice had gotten even more quiet.

"Haven't what?"

Olivia glanced behind her and Samantha could feel Olivia's hips move against her as Samantha guessed that she was wiggling her rear. "You know... With my bum?"

"You haven't tried anal? Really? I assumed Paul would have gotten to it by now."

"No... I... I've been a bit nervous."

"Well tell him!" Samantha glanced over Olivia's shoulders to where Paul was going to work on an ecstatic Riya. "He may have control over us but Paul's not a guy that'll make you do something you don't want."

"No it's... I told him. Before he knew we were doing this I told him that when I was around on his birthday we'd try it. He assumed I was talking about next year but-" she suddenly tensed up as Paul leaned forwards across her back. Samantha was betting that Paul currently was pressing against her entrance.

"We don't have to," said Paul. "Plus you won't enjoy it if you're this tense."

Samantha took a few deep breaths and shut her eyes. "Do it. Just..."

"I'll be gentle." Paul said.

As Olivia's face twisted between confusion and ecstasy Samantha said: "Why do we have to be mermaids again?"

"Iris says it feels better this way."

Riya made a noise that was between a laugh and a moan. "F-f-f-f-f-f-f-fuck. She's right."

"Oh Paul!" Olivia screamed. "This feels... mmm... it's torment!"

Paul stopped. "Oh, sorry. We can--"

"Don't you fucking dare!" Olivia gritted her teeth and looked back at Paul with wild eyes.

Samantha leaned forwards to look along the line of very satisfied and exhausted faces bent over the top of the couch. "Save some for me..."

Iris looked between Paul and Allison nervously. She was on her back on Paul's bed. She was also back to her orange hair and as flat as a board. Allison was also wearing her petite pre-transformation form and bent down to kiss Iris. On the cheek. "You're beautiful," she said.

"I'm plain. You're the cute one."

Allison straightened up and frowned. "Iris Francine Du Bois. You can be many things, but you will never be plain." Allison bent back down to kiss Iris more fully while at the same time grinding against Iris's slender leg with a warm frenzy.

The ecstasy, the need, everything overflowed in Iris's body. She didn't think there was any way, even with all of the amazing sex she'd had, that this could ever feel more perfect.

Then she felt Paul's rod slide into her and her whole body sang out. Allison's hands traced over her body while continuing to hump against her leg. Paul's hand ran up her leg and Iris could feel his fingers start to tease at Allison's folds. Allison made appreciative noises without breaking Iris's kiss. Soon Paul had left both of them trembling against one another as they rode out the waves of pleasure.

Less heated but no less as sweet, Allison gave another kiss to her lover and took her time with it. The two of them took their time running their hands over each-other's untransformed bodies. Allison's small and perky tits rubbed against Iris's barely there pair as the two of them started heating up to another more relaxed round of lovemaking.

"If you two don't mind," said Paul, "I was going to go see how the others were doing."

Iris stopped kissing Allison just long enough to look up at Paul and smile. "Sure. We're good here."

Allison placed one hand on Iris's chin to pull her back into a kiss. Something about it was mildly comedic to Iris as for the second time today she was taller than her amazon girlfriend.

From across the room she could hear Paul moving in on the other girls. "How are things over here?" she could hear him say.

"I can't believe how short my tongue used to be..." Came Riya's voice.

After a few pants Olivia said: "It didn't feel too short to me."

The lack of cars parked in front of the house surprised Chelsea as she pulled her car up. Normally when she was delivering more than three pizzas it would be a sign that some sort of party was going on but there was only a single car in the driveway. She also couldn't hear any music or anything coming from inside. It occurred to her that it was probably some big fat guy ordering his evening meal and she shuddered a little, hoping she wouldn't have to endure him ogling her hard enough to leave a bruise.

Not that her uniform was especially flattering, but there weren't too many things that looked downright terrible on her petite Asian frame. She'd long gotten used to stares from guys, and the occasional girl, and in some cases even enjoyed it. What she really couldn't stand was someone doing it while she was just trying to do her job. So Chelsea hefted her pizza boxes, went to the door, and prepared for the worst.

Then the door opened and her jaw dropped.

The musclebound goddess that opened the door looked a little like Chelsea... if Chelsea had grown a couple feet in height and decided to spend the next few years living in a gym. That and a few billion dollars of plastic surgery that would be required to turn Chelsea's flat chest into the wobbly pair of basketballs currently staring her in the face.

But none of that was what made Chelsea's jaw drop.

As the goddess opened the door she seemed to be yelling at someone down the hall. "No! It's your birthday and I'm going to treat you. And don't you dare order me otherwise!" She sighed and

turned to Chelsea and suddenly Chelsea was back on familiar ground. She was being checked out and from the look that the goddess was giving her it was clear that her looks were being appreciated. Far from being offended though, Chelsea felt her legs go a little weak. She wouldn't call herself attracted to girls, but it was pretty hard not to notice the magnificent creature currently sizing her up. Chelsea kept her mouth open.

“So how much was that then?”

Chelsea couldn't find words. Just a little squeak came out.

“Didn't catch that. How much-?” As the goddess's hand reached for her wallet she discovered the reason that Chelsea's jaw had dropped. She winced and muttered something in a language Chelsea didn't understand. Japanese maybe? “Not wearing pants am I?”

A few swallows and Chelsea managed to find her voice. “No.”

“Sorry about that,” the goddess winced as she said it. “Mind waiting just a moment?”

Chelsea nodded and kept standing there as the door closed in her face. She had no idea what was going on and she was sorely tempted to just leave the pizzas, forget the money, and run. Except that would come out of her paycheck, and six large pizzas was a bit more than she was willing to part with. However the pizzas were getting a bit hot so she did put them down. The moment that her hands were free she started fanning herself.

Now that she thought about it, she was probably just reading something into the tall girl's expression that wasn't there. It was probably just that the girl wasn't wearing pants, which while weird and partly illegal didn't mean that she was a lesbian.

Then the door opened back up and all of those ideas went out the window. Now clad in a pair of tight leather pants, the goddess was wearing an expression that was definitely one of interest. Interest might even have been too light of a word. Eye-fucking might have been more appropriate. “Sorry to keep you. I'm Allison by the way.” She held out a fold of bills and Chelsea took them. When her fingers brushed by Allison's they felt positively electric.

“Chelsea...” Chelsea managed to say as she bent down and retrieved the pizzas. Again her hands brushed Allison’s as she handed them over and her whole body responded. It took a good amount of her will not to tackle Allison to the ground right now. That and she doubted that she’d be able to make the imposing girl move so much as an inch.

Allison held the pizzas so that they forced her already impressive bosom up even further. Looking through the gap in Allison’s partially unzipped jacket, Chelsea was not surprised that Allison wasn’t wearing so much as a bra underneath it. “You can keep the tip by the way,” Allison said with a wink.

Chelsea held the wad of bills in one hand and just stood there awkwardly for a moment. Eventually she realised that her eyes were taking in Allison’s body with the same intensity that Allison had been examining her. “Uhh...”

“Did you want to come in? It’s sort of a private party but if I know this group you’ll be a real hit.” She looked around and smiled, “My boyfriend’s kind of into Asian girls. It’s a cliché I know, but he’s cute enough to make up for it.”

“Th...This doesn’t happen,” said Chelsea. “Pizza girls don’t get invited into strange houses by sexy strangers. Only in bad pornos.” She took a step back. “And the ones that *are* don’t get heard from again.”

Allison shifted the pizza boxes under one muscular arm and leaned against the door frame. “You probably have other deliveries to make, yeah?”

“Right!” said Chelsea. “That too.”

“So I’ll tell you what. We’re going to be here for a while so you can think about it. If you’re ok with it after your shift, you can stop by and I can guarantee you we’ll still be up.” She turned away and gave Chelsea a view of the most perfect leather clad ass she’d ever seen. She swallowed. Allison looked over her shoulder with smile and placed one hand on the doorknob. “Who knows? Play your cards right and I think you might be as tall as me some day.”

The door shut in Chelsea's face and she resumed fanning herself with both of her hands. She wasn't sure what had come over her, or what Allison had been talking about. She needed to hurry and get on with her shift though. After that she needed a very cold shower. One thing was certain, there was no way she was going to take Allison up on that offer.

Paul had been a bit dubious when Allison had come back from the door saying that she had a special surprise for him. He'd thought about just ordering her to tell him what it was but he'd decided to give her a (cautious) benefit of the doubt. Now hours later he was looking at the pizza girl laying naked on his bed as each of the girls surrounded her while kissing or fondling a different part of her body and he saw that he was wrong to doubt her.

"So Allison," Paul said, "are you going to introduce us to your friend?"

Allison removed her mouth from one of the girl's pert nipples and gave Paul a smile. "This is Chelsea, and I'm pretty sure she's like the rest of us somehow."

"Well," Paul climbed up onto his bed and managed to find room between Samantha and Riya to position himself between Chelsea's legs, "glad to meet you Chelsea."

A low and throaty noise came from Chelsea but she didn't seem to be able to manage anything else. The overload of beauty surrounding her in what Paul was guessing was her first lesbian experience seemed to have overloaded the pleasure centres of her brain.

"Are we sure she's not just bi?" Paul asked Samantha. "Because if she is then that means we have to start worrying about me knocking her up."

"She *might* be, but I put a contraceptive spell on her just in case. Now..." she raised one glowing finger and touched it to Chelsea. Paul watched as red ribbons writhed over Chelsea's naked body. They traced up her arms and legs, over her shoulders and over her taut tummy. The only parts left bare were her head, her breasts, and her most intimate areas. Just below her breasts the ribbon wrapped itself up into a bow. "Happy birthday Paul. Care to unwrap your present?"

What Paul knew of Samantha's magic suggested that it was probably an illusion, but it was a very convincing one. It seemed to have broken Chelsea out of her stupor enough to have her staring at Samantha with a look that toed the line between lust and religious awe. She looked like she was about to say something about it but then both Allison and Olivia leaned in to join her in a three way kiss. As they did so Chelsea's legs started to spread apart seemingly of their own accord and her hips pushed up.

Taking it for an invitation Paul moved himself closer to her and aligned himself with her entrance. Slowly he started easing himself into Chelsea. As he did he saw her tense up and he quickly stopped himself, only to continue as he felt her relax. Soon she seemed more into things and her hips started to move with his. By the way that she was reacting Paul guessed that Chelsea thought he was all the way in her already. He wished he could have seen the look on her face as he pushed all sixteen inches of himself into her. That, combined with the attention that she was receiving from the other girls meant that her first orgasm was not far off. However Paul had no intention of leaving it there and soon started fucking her in earnest. As Allison and Olivia pulled away to lavish attention on the other parts of Chelsea's body, Paul could see her face and know that his efforts were more than appreciated.

As they managed to make Chelsea reach her second orgasm Samantha's illusory ribbons seemed to dissolve, allowing Paul to take in the sight of her lightly tanned, smooth, and flawless skin. He also saw a bit of the first signs of the changes coming over her. It seemed that Allison was right as Chelsea's formerly small breasts now had a bit more jiggle to them.

It was too early to tell what she'd become though, but the thought of her changing was enough to get Paul more into it and he soon reached a climax of his own. Chelsea moaned in appreciation as Paul's load entered her and in response wrapped her legs around his waist to pull Paul even more impossibly deep into her. Paul registered a look of shock on her features as he didn't soften at all but instead kept moving at the same pace, but even if it wasn't for the enchantments that Samantha had placed on him he knew that the impending transformation of this girl would have been more than enough to keep him aroused.

Paul wondered what she would become. His money was on an amazon as it had been Allison that had set her off but with all the others around it could be anybody's game. Besides her breasts (which had grown to the size of a pair of softballs) the first change that Paul noticed was to her straight black hair. It was still straight and black, but had taken on the shampoo commercial like quality that so many of the other girls had. Chelsea's hair was also getting long, luxuriously so in fact. It had started at around shoulder length but now as it pooled around her head where she lay on the bed it looked like it might reach down to her mid back, and was still growing.

At the same time the other girls had backed off as they noticed Chelsea's transformation beginning. They'd talked about wanting this to be personal in the past so Paul supposed that had something to do with it. Though part of him was loving how Chelsea had looked positively overwhelmed by her first bi-sexual experience.

This change was a bit odd though, because besides the hair and the breasts, Paul couldn't see much changing in Chelsea's body. Well that wasn't entirely true, he noticed the usual erasure of blemishes and a slight change to her face and colouration. Her skin had taken on even further silken smoothness and her lips had taken on a dark wine-stain colour. However she wasn't growing any tail, or wings, or even more muscular, and she was way too high on the melanin count to be turning into a sorceress. Then Chelsea put her hands on Paul's shoulders and he noticed something very odd. Chelsea had too many fingers.

More than bizarre, Chelsea's hands looked to have double the usual amount of fingers on each hand. In fact it looked like Chelsea had another set of fingers reaching out of the top of her hand. Paul might have stopped to examine this but he was well within the transformation lust now. Chelsea seemed to be too as she barely reacted with more than a gasp as her right hand suddenly split into two hands, stacked on top of each-other at the end of her arms. Her left hand soon followed and Paul watched as the changes continued.

Chelsea's breasts surged forwards, taking on the size of a pair of volleyballs while at the same time Paul could feel her hips beneath his start to widen as her waist began to pinch in more. At the same time he saw the split in Chelsea's hands continue, her forearms splitting followed by her biceps and then her shoulders. Paul found himself making love to a four armed girl, one who's hair probably fell down to her ass at this point and *still* looked to be growing.

"What is this?" said Riya. "Samantha, what is she?"

"I uh... Well obviously she's a..." Paul could picture the frustrated look coming over Samantha. "Fuck it, I gotta call my mom."

Just as Paul heard the door close he saw that the changes that had happened to Chelsea's arms were repeating themselves and soon he would be making love to a six armed girl. At the same time her breasts were now reaching the size of pumpkins and a jiggle ran through them with every thrust that Paul gave to her body. Just as the her arms finished splitting she gave one long moan rolled her head from side to side. All six of her hands ran over Paul's body and he felt another climax of his own rushing over him as he gave one final thrust before feeling a great release and falling forwards to rest his head on the two pillows of flesh that had sprung from Chelsea's body.

Several hands took him by the chin and tilted Paul's head up so that Chelsea could lean down to kiss him. Their first kiss Paul realised. That he could taste Olivia's lipstick on her only made it all the more sweet.

"...Chelsea?" Allison asked as she leaned in to get a better look. "Are you all right?"

Chelsea purred and pulled out of her kiss with Paul to use two of her hands to pull Allison into another kiss. They both seemed out of breath by the time it was done. "All right's an understatement." She used several of her hands to feel up her new breasts, running her remaining hands across Paul's shoulders at the same time. As she did she eyed the other girls in the room, particularly their breasts. "I take it there's something special going on here?"

As she sat with her legs crossed, her eyes closed, and her back straight, magic radiated off of Samantha. “Come on...” she said, “pick up, pick up, pick the fuck uuuuuup...” Light bloomed in the darkness of Samantha’s mind’s eye and the image of her mother, dressed in robes that would have suited a Greek goddess, appeared before her. She looked flushed and slightly out of breath.

“Samantha. Hello, sorry I was-”

“You were fucking Claudia. I know. Eew. Fuck. Don’t care. I Have an emergency.”

Veronica Thorenson straightened her hair. “Fine, what is it I can help you with? Are you progressing in your studies?”

“Well it’s Paul’s birthday-”

Veronica smiled and Samantha swore it was one of the warmest and most genuine smiles she’d ever seen her mother wear. “Oh right! And how is that going? The transportation and obedience spells worked?”

“That part’s fine. It’s...” Samantha took a breath and explained the situation with Chelsea.

For a moment Veronica didn’t say anything. Instead she just tapped her finger against her lips and stared into the distance. “I suppose I should have seen this coming...”

“Yeah well, it’s come now. Several times. What is she?”

“Well for starters she’s as harmless as the rest of you.” Samantha’s mother looked to the side. “Perhaps I could have phrased that better...”

“Yeah, not exactly as comforting as you’d think. What is she called?”

“You know... I’m not exactly sure.”

“Are you fucking joking with me right now?”

“Her kind never really made it into folklore the way many of us did so there’s no human name for what she is. And to be perfectly honest it’s been so long I don’t really recall what our people’s name for her kind was either. I suppose that the rest of you are increasing the level of magic in the world for

the first time in millenia. All sorts of species that haven't been seen in a long time are going to be popping up, and not all of them will need our dear Mr. Peters to help them along the way."

"So basically you've got nothing," said Samantha. Without leaving her meditative position she folded her arms and shot her mother a psychic glare.

"Oh I wouldn't say that... I know what she's capable of." Veronica smiled. "But where would the fun be in telling you that?" Then just like that her mother winked away and Samantha was left alone.

"Great," Samantha said to nobody. "Fan-fucking-tastic."

"Uh... Samantha?" Paul's voice called from his room. "You might want to get in here!"

Slowly, like a pendulum, Iris swung from the ceiling. She was in full mermaid mode and her hands were tied behind her back. It might have been painful but the knots holding her up were expertly placed to support her weight. They were also expertly placed to rub against her most sensitive areas. Iris might have told Chelsea how much she appreciated it if she hadn't been gagged as well.

Beneath Iris, Chelsea was using one pair of hands each to finger a very appreciative Olivia, Riya, and Allison. While the rest of the girls tended to favour cunnilingus, Chelsea looked like she might have been on her way to becoming the champion of fingering. She'd also positioned the three girls so that Iris had the best view of Allison. Iris wasn't sure if that was intentional but she enjoyed the exquisite agony of watching her girlfriend be serviced all the same.

The door swung open very fast as Samantha rushed into the room to stand next to Paul, who had mostly been sitting out and observing the proceedings. As Samantha took in the sight of Iris, her eyes went a little wide. "The fuck? Are those...?"

"Webs," Paul said.

Chelsea turned her attention to Samantha and removed three of her hands from the girls' sexes, then sensuously licked her fingers clean. "It's Samantha right?" she said.

“Yeah,” said Samantha. “What the fuck is going on here? Where did you get the rope to tie up Iris?”

She smiled at Paul. “Should I show her, master?”

Samantha immediately turned to Paul with wide eyes. “*Master?*”

Paul held up his hands. “Don’t look at me. She just started calling me that.”

“Master?” Chelsea purred as she removed herself from the visibly satisfied girls surrounding her and started crawling on all fours (or eights) towards Paul and Samantha. “Do you wish me to demonstrate to her where the rope came from?”

“Go ahead,” said Paul.

“Wait no,” said Samantha, “what is she going to-!” Chelsea leaped at Samantha with all of the strength her eight limbs could muster. Samantha was tackled to the ground under the force and found Chelsea pinned on top of her. With a smile Chelsea started to reach to the small of her back where a small slit started to produce long and silken threads. Taking those threads in one pair of hands she used the others to force Samantha’s arms above her head and then tied the them together with her webbing.

She continued this and soon had also bound Samantha’s legs together. “Do you wish me to continue master?” She preened a bit and crawled forwards to nuzzle Paul’s leg.

“Uh, no!” said Samantha. “Fuck no!”

“Ok,” said Paul with his hands up, “pause for a bit. What’s this master stuff?”

Like someone had flipped a switch, Chelsea sat back on her shapely rear and folded all of her arms. “Sorry. I can stop if it makes you uncomfortable.” She smoothed her extra long hair out of her eyes and sighed. “It just kind of gets me going.”

“Oh,” said Paul. “That’s fine then. This is just kind of a weird situation. I wanted to make sure that I didn’t brainwash you or something.”

“Weird huh? You don’t say?,” said Chelsea. She took in the sight of all her arms and hefted her breasts with the lowermost pair. “Part of me thinks I should be screaming and running away but...” She

shivered and turned her gaze towards Iris. “I’ve never been this turned on in my life. Also I’ve kind of always wanted to spend time with a mermaid.”

“Well you have now,” Samantha said. Her hands glowed for a second and suddenly she was free, sitting up and rubbing at her wrists. “For future reference, Iris and Olivia are the ones that like to be tied up. Not me.”

“I do not!” shouted Olivia from her spot on the bed. Next to her Allison had fallen into Riya’s arms and they were passionately making out. Olivia seemed to have paused halfway through joining them.

“Don’t listen to her,” said Samantha. “Get her trussed up like the catch of the day here,” she gestured to Iris, “and she’ll go wild. Our little bird likes being caged.”

“Noted,” said Chelsea. Then she rolled back on to her arms and smiled up at Paul. “Now master, is there something your little spider girl can do for you and mistress?” She glanced at Samantha as she said this last bit.

“I think...” said Paul, “that there’s plenty you can do for us. How about you put those hands of yours to use?”

Chelsea visibly flushed and stood to devote all of her hands to exploring every part of Paul and Samantha’s bodies.

Watching all of this Iris writhed in her bonds and made a low and delighted noise. Something told her that Chelsea was going to fit right in.

Piling all of the girls and Paul onto the couch was a bit of a challenge, but Samantha couldn’t deny that she enjoyed the feeling of being surrounded by girl flesh on all sides save the back where she could feel Paul’s phallus resting against her thigh. Fortunately they could all see the screen.

“I’d fuck her,” Allison said.

Iris chuckled. “I bet you would.”

“See,” said Paul, “I worked really hard not to select something erotic. You two are ruining it.”

“You think this isn’t erotic?” said Allison. “I’d kill to be squeezed between those milky white thighs.”

“Not me,” said Samantha, “I’d be worried about getting my tongue stuck.”

Olivia laughed, “What? Like sticking your tongue to a flagpole?”

“Exactly. I mean it makes sense right? She has to be cold all over.”

“So all you girls are bi too?” Chelsea said. Unlike the rest of the girls she wasn’t on the pile but instead was hanging from the ceiling by a hammock that she’d woven for herself. Paul hoped that her webs would wash off.

“Sort of,” said Allison. “Most of us definitely are but the only guy Samantha and Iris had slept with is Paul as far as I know.”

“Well...” said Iris, “Paul was my first.”

“Your first man?” said Olivia.

“No my first ever.”

“Wait what?” Paul sat up a bit underneath Samantha. “You never told me that.”

“Didn’t I?” Iris shrugged, “We were kind of busy at the time. What with me turning into a mermaid and all.”

“But I didn’t feel... You know...” Paul cleared his throat.

“My hymen?” Iris said cheerfully. “Oh I did gymnastics when I was younger, and also horseback riding. That was long gone by the time you got to it.”

“They don’t have to break either,” said Allison. “I still have mine. Seeing as it’s now as bulletproof as the rest of me I doubt I’m going to lose it any time soon.”

“Huh...” Paul lay back down beneath Samantha. “Huh... I didn’t... huh...”

Olivia laughed again. “For someone who’s spent so much of the past few months studying female anatomy you still have some things to learn Paul.”

“Ok,” said Allison. She sat up and dislodged both Iris and Riya in the process. “This is getting me worked up. Samantha?”

“Yeah?”

“Have you given Paul a blow-job yet?”

Something Samantha didn’t think could happen anymore happened. She blushed. “Well I know... I can give head to girls but-”

Suddenly Allison lunged across the space between them and pulled Samantha into a deep kiss. She savoured it, exploring Allison’s mouth with her tongue while letting her do the same. All the while she breathed in Allison’s natural aroma. Allison continued to kiss along Samantha’s jawline before ending up by her ear. “Want me to teach you?” she whispered.

Samantha found herself nodding very enthusiastically.

They were spent.

The girls were all laying on the bed around Paul in near or complete sleep. Except for Chelsea, who had to get going to some summer courses she was taking. Fortunately it turned out she could pull her arms into herself the same way Olivia could with her wings. Though Olivia couldn’t at the moment as with Chelsea gone Paul had decided to turn Olivia into their resident spider-girl. Of course that meant that Allison had to be made into an angel, Riya into an amazon, Iris into a snake-girl, and Samantha into a mermaid. Paul figured that with him able to change the girls for now, having a Sorceress was a bit redundant.

Beside him Samantha murmured in her sleep and squeezed herself and her mermaid sized breasts into him. He tried not to move but her eyes slowly creaked open. “Mmm... Mornin”

“Good morning.” Paul leaned down to give Samantha a gentle kiss. At the same time he placed a hand on her hip and felt the area where her scales and skin met.

“We don’t have long,” she said. “Twenty-four hours is almost up.”

“How can you tell?” Paul punctuated the question with another kiss and Samantha’s black tail quivered in response.

“I don’t know. I must have fucking magic powers or something.” She placed a hand over his on her scales. “I’m kind of digging this tail though. I might have to change myself and have Iris take me swimming.” Samantha made a pained expression. “Hopefully it’s easier than fucking slithering.”

“What?” said Paul.

“Never mind. The point is that we’re all about to go back. And change back.” She pointed to Olivia. “Look.”

Paul watched as Olivia’s six arms started to merge back together. At the same time the breasts that he’d adjusted to beach-ball size were steadily deflating to Olivia’s (relatively) smaller proportions and he could see her wing tattoos start to fade back in. Likewise Allison’s glorious white wings were starting to shrink back into her body while at the same time she started to noticeably swell up with muscle. The others were undergoing similar transformations as they shifted back to their original forms. As they did Paul watched them slowly wake up and become aware of their surroundings.

“Hey,” said Allison as she flexed an arm. “I got my buff back.”

“Mmm...” said Iris as she rolled over to get close enough to Allison to cuddle against her, particularly against Allison’s abs. As the bed wasn’t all that big it meant that she had to partially roll on top of Olivia but Olivia didn’t seem to mind much. Possibly because this positioned Olivia’s head between Iris’s legs. The kiss Paul spotted Olivia giving Iris’s folds was almost affectionate. Like a quick peck on the cheek.

“I think of all of us, yours tastes the best...” said Olivia.

“Nope,” said Iris with a glance down. “It’s yours.”

“Yep,” said Allison, “yours.”

“Definitely yours,” said Riya.

“Gonna have to back them up on this one,” said Samantha.

“Aw...” Olivia grinned. “You’re making me blush.”

“Are we running short on time?” said Riya.

“Yeah,” Samantha said with a yawn. “We better say our goodbyes to Paul.”

“Well at least you won’t be completely alone,” said Allison. “Chelsea seemed pretty keen on a return visit.”

“And I’ll be here in less than a week,” said Olivia.

“Right,” said Samantha. “Still we should get our goodbyes in.”

Riya suddenly slithered up the bed and locked lips with Paul. Her long and forked tongue always made kissing her an experience, and not one that ever disappointed. “See you Paul,” she said. “You’re my favourite fuck-buddy.”

“I’ll miss you too,” said Paul.

A strong hand placed itself under Paul’s chin and guided him into a kiss with Allison. This one was steamy and held a lot of promise of things to come. “Later Paul. When I get back we have a lot to work out.”

“I look forward to it.”

“Me next!” Iris shouted and then planted an enthusiastic and energetic kiss on Paul’s lips.

“God,” she said as the kiss ended. “I wish we started doing this back in high school.”

“Me too.”

“Paul darling,” Olivia said as leaned forwards for her own kiss. This one felt more reserved, but at the same time there was a wild edge to it. “I’ll be seeing you next Monday.” She glanced at the other girls, “And since I’ll have you all to myself for a few days...” Olivia leaned in and whispered in Paul’s ear. For quite a while.

Paul looked at her and swallowed. “What if Chelsea stops by?”

“I suppose she can watch. It’s not like the others will believe if we don’t have a witness.”

“Well,” said Paul, “if we tell the others they’ll want-” And suddenly the girls were gone. There was no flash of light or puff of smoke. One moment Paul had five gorgeous women on his bed and in the next they were all gone. Except for Samantha.

Samantha rolled over so that she was straddling Paul. As they were both naked this meant that she was pressed up against his flaccid cock, though Paul didn’t see the placid part being the case for very long. “Hey,” she said.

“Not that I’m complaining but...”

“Why the fuck am I still here?”

“Minus the profanity, yeah.”

Samantha shrugged, which did wondrous things for her anatomy. “I may have tweaked the spell a little bit. I don’t have all that long though. Maybe five minutes or some shit?”

“Oh,” said Paul. He wasn’t aware that disappointment could actually taste bitter.

“I just... needed to discuss some things with you and I wanted to do it in private.”

“Ok...” Paul honestly had no clue where Samantha was going with this.

“Thing is... Shit...” she rocked her weight back and forth on Paul, which did nothing to alleviate his budding erection. “Look, I’m not coming back to university next year.”

“Oh,” said Paul. “I see.”

“I still want to keep seeing you!” Samantha said quickly. “Fuck do I want to keep seeing you but... Well let’s face it. I don’t see my future in being an English major.” To emphasize her point she conjured up a small ball of light on her index finger before blowing it out.

“All right, I get that. So you’ll still be in town though?”

“Well I plan to do a lot of travelling, but I’ll be stopping by pretty frequently.” She leaned forwards and pressed her body into his. “You saw what happened to Chelsea?”

“Kind of hard to miss.”

“Yeah, well that’s just the start of it. Magic is back and all kinds of weird shit is going to come back with it. I figure that I can help people who need that.”

“I think it’s a good idea,” said Paul. “Though I will hate not being able to see you as much as I might want.”

“Well... you might be able to see me a whole lot more actually. I don’t want to drag you away from here but I think you could help me in the shop. I’d just teleport you in when I needed you. Since, you know, there’s going to be some girls that could use your... special touch.” She wiggled her hips to get rid of any ambiguity about what that could mean. “Gonna be giving Olivia a similar offer. Having someone that can block out magic is probably going to be handy.”

“All right, I’m in.”

The words were barely out of his mouth before Samantha lunged forwards to give Paul a kiss. It lasted for a while and Paul felt his whole body starting to respond as they finished. “Thank you,” she said.

“No problem.”

“Oh I don’t know about that. With all of us girls in your life I don’t think you’ll have an end to problems for a while.” With that Samantha vanished and left Paul alone on the bed. As he hadn’t exactly gotten much sleep last night he found it easy to drift off despite his aroused state.

Deep asleep, Paul dreamed of the girls. Of the adventures they’d had and the love they shared. Knowing that the good times were just starting, Paul had a well deserved rest.