

Goddess Hunt Part 1

Rols Garten

As Paul started to wake up he yawned and stretched. Or he tried to at any rate, he found that his arms were pinned to his side from the elbow up. One glance down at himself showed the muscular arms of the culprit. “Not again...” he mumbled to himself.

Allison grumbled in her sleep and gave Paul a gentle squeeze that drove the air out of his lungs. Her steel chord thighs rubbed against his own as she drifted through whatever dream she was having. Paul tried to slide down and out of her grip but in only took a second to tell that wasn't happening. Allison could lift a car above her head when she first transformed and in the past year and a half she'd only gotten stronger. In a real way she was showing a lot of restraint by not crushing Paul like a can of coke.

She nuzzled against Paul and mumbled something about trying on hats in Japanese. Or at least Paul thought that's what it was about. He'd decided to take a course on it for his degree's language credit (the class had also contained several of his friends/lovers) but he'd only managed to scrape by in that class. Possibly because his tutor (who currently had her arms wrapped around him) had always thought of more interesting things to do than study when they got together.

He considered just waking her up, but of course the two of them weren't alone in bed. On Paul's other side lay an impossibly busty redhead with the lower half of a fish. Iris lay draped on her side, pleasantly smiling in her sleep. She had such an innocent face that even with her hyper sexualized form nobody would have guessed that she had been the one suggesting most of the kinkier acts last night. Iris tended to get what she wanted too.

Suddenly Allison started to nuzzle Paul from behind, her arms squeezing him just a bit tighter. “Mmm...” she said. Paul thought she might still be asleep until she mumbled in his ear “Happy anniversary.”

“Ugh!” Paul felt a bit more breath being squeezed out of his lungs. “Allison? Today isn’t our anniversary!” He tried to struggle a bit more but Allison didn’t budge.

Allison kept one arm around Paul while at the same time reaching down to take his massive cock in her other hand and begin stroking it. “Oh... I don’t blame you for forgetting. We have so many anniversaries.” She let her hand rest near the tip and started making small circles around the tip of his penis with her thumb. “There’s the first time we met, the first time we had sex, the first time I was transformed...”

“Those are all the same day!”

“...my first lesbian experience, the first time I let you try anal, the first time I gave you head, the anniversary of when I got my leather pants, the day we decided to be a couple and not just fuck-buddies...”

She’d been squeezing Paul progressively tighter during all of this. Paul knew that Allison would never hurt him, but at the same time she was getting fairly close. “None of those are today!” Paul’s voice came out strained.

“Of course not. No Paul, today is the anniversary of something very different from that.”

Paul racked his brain. Not especially easy to do as Allison had kept moving her dextrous fingers around his cock in a variety of interesting ways. “Is it...?”

“It’s the anniversary of our first trip to Japan together!”

“Allison, I’ve never been to Japan. You’ve never taken me.”

“Oh?” Allison squeezed him closer. “We’ll have to change that.” She kissed the back of his neck. “The plane leaves at four.”

Paul blinked. “Seriously?” he found himself suddenly clear of Allison’s grip. He turned around to face her, seeing a bright smile on her features. She snuggled closer to him and pecked a kiss on his lips.

“Seriously. I’ve talked it over with the other girls, I get you all to myself for two weeks.” She reached out and traced one feminine finger down his muscular torso. Admittedly not as muscular as her own but still nothing to sneeze at. She was half way down when her smile suddenly disappeared and she looked at Paul with worried eyes. “Unless, that is, you don’t want to?”

“Do it...” came a voice half muffled by a pillow. Paul looked over his shoulder to see Iris half rolled over and pressing her face into a pillow. “Do it...” she repeated. “She’s a fun tour guide and by the end of it I couldn’t walk straight...”

Allison huffed, “Most of the time you can’t walk *period*, fish girl.”

“I want to,” said Paul. “I really do, but I said that I’d help Samantha out with her shop-”

“Oh don’t stay on my fucking account.” All three of the bed’s occupants jumped and turned to see Samantha framed in Paul’s doorway. She was wearing a leather jacket and leather pants with a white t-shirt underneath. The jacket had a few spikes on its shoulders and the t-shirt had a few Chinese characters emblazoned on it. Paul wasn’t sure, but he suspected that the outfit was a bit of a parody of Allison’s usual attire. A glance at Allison and her narrowed eyes all but confirmed this. Samantha folded her arms and looked smug. “I just told you that so you wouldn’t make any other plans.”

“How long have you been there?” said Iris with a yawn.

“Around since Allison started jerking Paul off.” Samantha stretched in the doorway, in a way that thrust out her prominent bust. “Anyways, nothing keeping you here Paul. Though if you are going...” Samantha rolled her eyes, “My mom says she’s gotta talk to ya first.”

Paul frowned. Samantha’s mother was the dean of their university and an immortal sorceress. “What for?”

“You think she tells me shit?” Samantha sighed and stood up straight. “If you are gonna see her, you should shower first though. You smell like you spent the whole night fucking an amazon and a mermaid.”

Paul had thought that Samantha would take him to her mother's office but instead she instructed him to drive to a hotel. "Hey," he said as they pulled up to the curb, "I think this is where Hitomi was stashing Olivia. Remember? After Olivia first transformed?"

"Neat," said Samantha in a flat tone.

Paul handed his keys to the valet and followed Samantha through the front hall to the elevator. "Ok," he said as he grabbed her arm just as she was about to press the call button. "What the hell is going on?"

Samantha looked to the side. "No idea what you're talking about."

"Samantha, you've barely said a word to me the whole drive over. And you're not swearing."

She kept looking to the side "I am so swearing... fucker."

"The last time you acted like this, Allison had just been impaled and your mother had just been kidnapped." Paul thought for a moment. "Did someone kidnap your mom and you can't talk about it? Blink twice if they did."

Samantha gave Paul a very long and flat stare.

"Well what is it? The last time you got like this you didn't cheer up until I fucked you. Now do I have to drag you into that men's room? Because I will."

For a moment Samantha's eyes drifted over to the men's room and one of her eyebrows twitched up. Eventually she shook her head. "No, listen. This is just... some heavy stuff is going on and I promised my mother that I wouldn't talk to you about it."

"Why not?"

"She's giving you a choice about it, and she doesn't want me influencing you with my consort powers." Samantha bit her lip for a moment and looked at the elevator. "I don't want me influencing you with my consort powers ok? Just remember that. Whatever happens up there? It's your decision."

Paul followed her gaze to the elevator. "Well that's not ominous."

They got out of the elevator on the top floor. There were only a few doors here, most of the floor taken up by more expansive suites. Samantha led him to one room and opened it with a small white card. She entered without a word and Paul followed.

“Hello?” he said as he came in.

The room was quite expansive. There was a main sitting area, two doors that led to rooms on either side, a dining area, a large flat-screen TV, and a plush sofa that Samantha slumped into as soon as she entered the room.

“Paul,” said Dean Veronica Thorenson as one of the door’s opened. Like her daughter, Veronica Thorenson was pale to a level most would need makeup to achieve. She was also busty like her daughter, even more so in fact. Her breasts were like a pair of volleyballs stuffed into her cream coloured pantsuit. Unlike Samantha her hair was a pale platinum blonde and her lips were a bright pink. Paul had seen that her nipples and vagina were a similar pink, unlike Samantha’s that were the same black as her lips.

“Thank you for coming,” said Veronica. “I know this is on short notice and I know that you are planning on going to Japan with miss Sakamoto later today, so I’ll make sure to take up as little time as possible.”

“Ok,” said Paul. He glanced at Samantha, “What’s this about?”

“Ugh,” Samantha said as she progressed from leaning against the sofa to actually laying on it. She kept her bleary eyes on Paul as she did so.

“Paul, we have something to ask of you,” said Veronica. “Would you like to be a chosen one again?”

“Uh...” Paul looked to Samantha for help but she was just looking away with studied disinterest.

“What exactly do you mean?”

“The borders that protect our reality are weakening Paul. Neither I, Samantha, or indeed every sorceress and potential sorceress on Earth working together have the power to repair them.” Veronica looked at him with a steady gaze, “In order to truly do so, we need to awaken the goddesses.”

Paul looked at her for a moment. “I assume that ‘awakening the goddesses’ means that I have to have sex with them.”

“Got it in one,” said Samantha. The fact that she grinned at this meant that whatever was bothering her, this wasn’t it.

“Yes Paul, it will be similar to your work with awakening the girls,” said Veronica. “However there will be some differences. You will be targeted by powerful entities. Ones that even I’m not aware of the full nature of. That is why I wanted you to do this during your trip with miss Sakamoto. I’ve already discussed... some of this with her and know that she is more than willing to protect you.”

“Ok...” said Paul, “so when you say ‘powerful entities’ you’re referring too...”

“I honestly can’t say for certain. The entities that gain from the goddesses not returning are many and subtle. You could be targeted by everything from natural disasters to trained assassins. At any rate I trust miss Sakamoto to keep you safe, but there is risk involved and I am willing to let you back out.”

“How many of these goddesses are there?”

“Seven.” Veronica started to count them off on her fingers. “Destiny, War, Harvest, Love, Nature, Forge, and Magic. Though Love is a special case. She’s still active in the world but you’ll at least have to meet her at some point to let her know what you’re doing.”

“And they’re just hiding out as random girls?”

“Not random, never random. The goddesses are objects of worship and even in hiding they will have placed themselves in places where they can be worshipped. You’re much more likely to find them in the guise of prominent women. Or at least well known ones.”

Paul looked at Samantha. “You don’t seem enthusiastic about this. It sounds important and I’d be willing to do it but if you’re going to worry-”

Samantha’s head shot up, “What? Fuck no, that’s not the problem. Have you seen Allison? She’s a fucking bad ass. Then her mom’s been giving her all of this weapons and first-aid training... No, it’s not your *safety* that has me worried.”

“Why am I not surprised...” Paul said to himself. “Ok so-”

“Tell him,” said Samantha to her mother. “Tell him about how he gets to be the chosen one again.” She pointed a finger at her mother with narrowed eyes.

“Yes,” said Veronica, “I was getting to that.” Veronica looked at Paul with a pleasant smile and folded her hands. “Paul, there’s no easy way to say this but-”

“-if I’m going to become the new chosen one I have to have sex with you,” Paul said. He looked at both Samantha and Veronica. “What?” he said. “That’s it right? I’ve known Samantha long enough to know what pushes her buttons.”

“Well, that being said...” Veronica sighed.

“Look,” said Samantha, “I’m not going to lie and say that I’m happy about this. But... I mean you won’t be the first. There was Allison, Molly... fuck, even Olivia screwed her before she even *met* me.” Samantha shook her head and smiled at Paul. “If you want to I won’t stop you...” her eyes became severe and she held up a finger. As she did Paul felt his hair stand on end as light started to trail down Samantha’s tattoos brightly enough that Paul could see it shining out of the cuffs of her jacket, signalling that she was drawing on a fair degree of magic power. “*But* this is a one time thing. You are not to have sex with my mother again under any circumstances. Also in bed this is going to be as simple as possible. I’m talking missionary, you on top, nothing fancy.”

“Samantha...” Veronica’s voice held a warning tone.

Samantha threw up her hands and stood up from the couch. “Fine, whatever. Do what the fuck ever. Just leave me out of it.”

“Look,” said Paul, “if you really don’t want-”

“This is actually fate of the world shit Paul,” Samantha said with a grimace. “We can get someone new, but it’ll be someone completely untested and we’d have to look around because right now there isn’t really a list of candidates. It has to be human, it has to be a guy, and we keep saying that we don’t want to pressure you but there *is* pressure.”

Paul spent a moment going over things. “So you’ve told Allison about this?”

“Not in so many words,” said Veronica. “An abbreviated version. She knows that she’ll be spending a lot of time with you and that there could be a lot of fighting. She... doesn’t have the greatest attention span.” Veronica shrugged, “I believe she wanted to take this trip with you whether or not you said yes to our little proposition.”

“Well...” said Paul. “Since she is the other one that’s affected...” Paul sighed, “yeah. I’ll do it.”

“And with that,” said Samantha as she headed to the door. “I am peacing the fuck out.”

“Oh,” Veronica said. “I was hoping you might stick around and-”

“You think I’m just going to be in the next room while my boyfriend fucks my mom?”

Samantha shuddered. “No. I’m going back to the shop and I’m going have it whisk me away tooooo...” she snapped her fingers. “I don’t fucking know, what’s the exact opposite side of the world?”

“I believe that would be somewhere in the south of the Indian Ocean,” said Veronica, “possibly even in the Antarctic Ocean.”

“Oh,” said Samantha, “Well fuck that we’re not doing that. I’m going to Mongolia or some shit.” She started towards the door with a determined stride and then stopped, “Uh Paul?” She brushed a bit of hair over her ear. “Come see me when you’re done ok?”

“Yeah,” said Paul, “of course.” He watched Samantha leave and then looked back at Veronica.

“I’ve always thought you two were very cute to each other. I was never so sweet with my consorts.” As Veronica said this she started openly eyeing Paul up, stalking a bit closer as she did.

“Uh... thanks,” Paul found himself backing off. He wasn’t sure why. He had more than enough experience in himself to be sexually confident at this point. Though he had to admit that one of his girlfriends’ mothers and also a millenia old sorceress was something of a new one for him.

“You know Paul...” Veronica continued her advance, eyes sparkling. “In ancient times, Samantha would have been considered selfish for keeping you from me.”

“Uh...” Paul suddenly found that his back was to a wall and there was nowhere to go. Veronica finally reached him, placing her hands on his chest. “Is that so?”

“Oh yes,” Veronica started to trace her nails down Paul’s chest to play with the hem of his shirt. “In fact, her not wanting to join in with us would have marked her as a bit of a prude.”

Paul looked at her for a second as she held his gaze, her features stiff. It took Paul an embarrassingly long time to realise he was looking at someone trying not to laugh. He sighed, “God damn it...”

Veronica’s face split into a big grin and very suddenly she wasn’t delicately tracing her nails over Paul, but leaning against him for support as she laughed. “I’m sorry Paul, really I’m...” she laughed some more. “Oh...” she stepped back and wiped a tear from the corner of her eye. “You really just make things so easy sometimes...”

“I can see where Samantha gets it,” Paul said. He moved away from Veronica and studied the room. “So uh...”

“Let’s not pretend this isn’t awkward.” Paul could hear Veronica moving around behind him. “Believe it or not, but in all my wanton years I’ve never slept with one of my children’s significant others.” Paul heard something clink around and turned to see Veronica pouring something amber from a bottle into a glass with ice. “I’m told you like whiskey.”

“Occasionally,” Paul said as he took the glass. He’d normally sip it but he found himself draining it almost instantly. It burned on the way down as he took a good look at Veronica Thorenson. Pale like her daughter, but light where Samantha was dark. Her platinum blonde hair, her voluminous

breasts, and bright pink tattoos exposed at the wrists of her pantsuit, if it wasn't for the glint of intellect in her hazel eyes she'd honestly have a stereotypical dumb blonde's body and features.

However those eyes bore into Paul, and despite all of the warmth that Veronica had shown Paul, and support she'd had for his and Samantha's (and all of the other girls's) relationships he'd always felt just a tad uncomfortable when he had Veronica's undivided attention. He always felt like he was being sized up as either a partner or a potential specimen.

"Also," Veronica said, "I have to admit that it has been a... time since I slept with a man."

"Really?" Paul said. "Me too."

Veronica shot him a grin. "It was Samantha's father actually."

"Oh," Paul thought for a moment. He didn't exactly want to talk about Samantha but... "If you don't mind, Samantha never talks about him. Did he-?"

"I convinced him to stay out of Samantha's life." A slight tightening of Veronica's jaw muscles was the only indication of her true feelings. "He didn't approve of how Samantha was living. While I was away one summer he tried to send her to one of those..." Veronica's nostrils flared a little. "Never mind. Samantha doesn't like to talk about him for a reason. *He* is lucky I only divorced him." She fixed her eyes on Paul. There was a different note to them now, something Paul could feel comfortable calling feral. "But that's not what I want to talk about Paul..." A pink glow surrounded her body for a moment and suddenly she was naked. The chill of the room's air conditioning let Paul know that he was too.

It was not the first time that Paul had seen Veronica naked. Nor was it the first time he'd been naked in the same room as her. He'd even been in the room with her while both of them were having sex, only not with each other. At the same time Paul had to admit this was a bit intimidating, if only because of how most of his friends that *had* had sex with her spoke of it in terms that Paul could only describe as religious.

“Now Paul, let’s take this to the bedroom.” She gave him a smile as she walked by, putting a sway in her hips that must have been deliberate. “Tell me, do you have any special compulsion to obey all of those requests Samantha made about us?”

Paul swallowed, “Uh, n-not really...” as his eyes went over Veronica’s body he could feel a growing stiffness between his legs. Her similarity to Samantha was obvious, that same short but busty figure that had his whole body practically singing with desire. The situation may have been awkward, but not so awkward that Paul wasn’t looking forward to it.

“Good,” said Veronica. “Because I prefer being on top.”

“Blah blah British blah goddesses blah.” Olivia said as she wandered around the shelves of the shop grabbing various amulets and rings. “Blah blah, blah protect Paul, blah blah. Blah British British blah he’s having sex with Samantha’s mom right now blah blah.” Allison watched her as she moved around, sitting in front of the shop’s desk and honestly trying *very* hard to follow what Olivia was saying. Despite that most of it was coming out as: “Blah blah blah British blah my boobs are smaller than yours but so damn perky and I really know how to present them in this top plus my ass is out of this world in these jeans and it really has been too long since we’ve had sex. Actually have we ever had sex? Maybe before you and Paul get on the plane we should Allison are you paying attention to any of this?”

Allison sat up a bit straighter and blinked. “Yeah, totally. Paul’s gonna fuck some goddesses and you need me to stop people that try to kill him. Might happen on our trip to Japan. No biggie. Hey, have we ever had sex?”

Olivia gave her a flat look, “Two nights ago. Your place. The orgy?”

“Yeah I know that...” Allison rolled her eyes. “I mean individually. One on one.”

“Of course we-” Olivia paused and pursed her lips. “Actually now that you mention it I can’t recall us ever doing so. I suppose it has something to do with my... let’s call it a relationship with

Hitomi.” Olivia rolled her eyes, “At least when she’s not prancing around in front of a camera with no clothes on.”

“Hey! Leave her alone!” Olivia looked shocked but not half as shocked as Allison was to suddenly find herself standing and with her fists clenched. “Uh...” Allison cleared her throat and sat down. “She’s... She’s just going through some stuff right now.”

Olivia gave Allison *that* look. The one that Allison was really sick of getting. The one that was normally reserved for people that had just idly pulled the pin on a grenade. Paul and Iris never gave her that look. Or Samantha but that might have had more to do with Samantha’s general lack of self preservation.

“Yes of course,” said Olivia. “I just... wish she would talk about it rather than lash out at your parents.”

Allison folded her arms across her chest and looked to the side. “Yeah well, maybe she has her reasons...”

There was a bit of uncomfortable silence. “I’m sorry,” said Olivia, “I didn’t mean to offend you. I just worry about Hitomi. I feel an odd sense of... responsibility about her.”

Allison wasn’t quite sure what to say to that. So she was rather thankful for the sound of approaching boots. “Thank fuck I’m back here!” said Samantha. She brushed past both Olivia and Allison while barely looking at them. “I would have put good money that you two would be going at it by the time that I got back. Did you know that you two have never fucked one on one?”

“How did it go?” Olivia asked.

“Ugh,” said Samantha. Allison finally turned to look at Samantha. She’d changed out of her faux-Allison getup and instead was in a black t-shirt and pleated skirt. The band logo on the t-shirt was stretched almost to the point that it was unreadable. It reminded Allison of the t-shirt she’d borrowed from Paul just after she’d transformed. Unfortunately that shirt was shredded by gunfire now.

“I should get going,” said Allison as she stood. “I still have to say goodbye to Iris.”

“Well don’t forget these,” Olivia said as she held out two fistfuls of charms.

“Uh... yeah. What are these again?” Allison scratched the back of her head.

“Allison,” Olivia rolled her eyes. “You said you were listening.”

“Yeah well, I was listening to the important parts.”

“These *were* the important parts!”

“You were thinking about fucking her weren’t you?” said Samantha. “You should go ahead, you probably have time.”

“They’re for resizing clothing,” Olivia said as she handed them to Allison. “For if Paul transforms girls.”

“You mean *when*?” Allison said with a smile.

“Yes, well,” Olivia returned the smile. “You’ll give them to him? I have something for you too,” she held out another talisman. “Think of it as a sort of magic panic button. If you need us to help you out in a hurry.”

“Won’t need it.” Allison said as she took it anyway. “And I really should get going. I still have to get packed and we have a flight to catch.”

“Wait,” Olivia’s brow furrowed. “Why are you catching a plane? Doesn’t your family have a private jet?”

“Well yes, but... have you heard about the safety records on those things? I’m not putting Paul on one of those,” Allison crossed her arms defiantly.

“...But you put Iris on it,” Olivia said.

“Well... I hadn’t read about that yet.”

“Right, well... have a nice trip.” Olivia tried to put on her brightest smile. “And if you see your sister-”

“Fuck off,” Allison almost winced when she heard herself say it. Olivia looked positively hurt. A bit surprising considering that Samantha was her girlfriend. Allison figured she’d be used to a constant stream of profanity. Of course tone matters. “I-I’m sorry I-”

“What is wrong with you!?” Olivia stamped defiantly and stepped closer to Allison. “I’m trying to show a bit of concern and you keep biting my head off!”

“Uh, guys?” Samantha said.

Allison took full advantage of her height to tower over Olivia. “Hitomi can look after herself ok? Just leave her alone!”

“Still here,” said Samantha. “Can we please not...?”

Olivia’s wings sprang out of her back, spreading wide as she looked up at Allison with daggers. “How are you not concerned? She’s mindlessly lashing out at your father and you’re just sitting back and letting her!”

“She’s doing it because of me!” Allison only realised that she’d said the words as they came out. She ended up taking a step back from Olivia and covering her mouth. Behind her eyes she could feel tears burning hot.

Olivia folded her wings behind her and looked at Allison with a tilted head. “What exactly do you mean by that?” Her words were less sharp.

With a big sigh Allison turned away from Olivia and Samantha. She crossed her arms over her chest again, but this time it felt more like she was hugging herself. “My dad cut me off.”

“...What?” Olivia sounded like she’d moved a bit closer. “I mean I know that can be tough but-”

“He did it because of Iris. He said that I needed to get over this ‘phase’ or I wouldn’t get another cent of his money.”

“When was this?” Olivia said.

“Oh... during my first trip to Japan with Iris. We told my dad on the first day and he kicked me out. Most of that trip was on my dime actually.”

“You said that he took it well...”

“I lied.” Allison looked back over her shoulder at Olivia. “I knew Paul would blame himself. Plus I kind of like being your cool rich friend.”

“Oh Allison,” suddenly Samantha was at Allison’s shoulder. What truly surprised Allison was when Samantha wrapped her arms around Allison’s waist and hugged her close. “Don’t worry. You were never cool.”

A little bark of laughter jumped out of Allison’s throat. “God, you can be a bitch sometimes...”

“Just sometimes?” Samantha stepped out in front of Allison with her hands on her hips. “Now, if your dad cut you off when you first went to Japan... where the fuck did the money that you gave me to start this shop come from?”

“Oh that...” Allison smiled. “That was pretty much all of my savings at the time.”

“Then how the fuck are you about to fly Paul to Japan for a week long vacation? Aren’t you going to be staying at like... five star hotels and shit?”

“Yeah, you know how I’ve been taking these trips to ‘visit my mother?’ I’ve actually been doing high risk bodyguard work for exclusive clients. Which can be pretty lucrative when you’re bulletproof. I’m not as rich as I was, but I’m still pretty rich.”

“Oh good,” said Samantha. “’cause I was going to offer to pay that loan back early but I didn’t want to.”

“You hang on to it,” Allison said, “you’re going to owe interest on it after all.”

Samantha rolled her eyes, “Bitch,” but Allison knew Samantha enough to know a term of endearment when she heard one.

Olivia cleared her throat and stepped forwards. “So Hitomi? How does she figure into all of this?”

“Like I said it’s partly rebellion against our father, and her mother too. Also, from what I’ve heard she likes it. All the photo shoots and the stuff she does on her websites.” Allison winced, “Not that I’d know what any of it’s like specifically because... eww. No.”

Immediately Olivia’s face brightened. “Oh, well why didn’t you just say that?”

“Huh?”

“I mean, I thought that she was only doing it to act out, but if she’s enjoying herself it’s another matter entirely.”

Allison pursed her lips. “You’re weird sometimes.”

“Well...” Olivia gave Samantha a quick glance that received an enthused nod, “if you have time I can show you just how weird. After all,” Olivia moved a bit closer to Allison and her wings gave a little flutter, “it’s been brought to my attention that we’ve never really had sex one on one...”

Allison smiled.

The hotel bed was luxuriously soft as Paul fell into it. He only had a moment to appreciate this however as two other things that were luxuriously soft grabbed his attention when Veronica threw herself on top of him. She made a purring noise in the back of her throat as she crawled up his body to kiss at the nape of his neck. Paul felt his stiff cock trapped against her stomach grow just a tad stiffer as she trailed her nipples up his toned body.

He let his hands start exploring her, feeling the softness of her skin and her curves. Down from her shoulders to the small of her back, up into the swell of her rear. There was a smoothness to her lily white body that was familiar to Paul. Veronica honestly looked more like Samantha’s sister than she did her mother. All of the immortals did really.

Suddenly she sat up, straddling Paul and looking down at him with a hunger. Slowly she wrapped both of her hands around Paul’s phallus and started rubbing them up and down slowly, not trying to bring him to climax but instead simply to get him going and keep him going.

“I thought that you might, you know, want to get this over with?”

A slow smile spread across veronica’s pink lips. “Nobody said I couldn’t have any fun.” She lifted herself just a little so she could rub her sex against the base of his shaft. At the same time she used her fingertips to tease the head. “Besides, I do have a reputation to uphold.”

Taking her eyes off of Olivia’s ass was proving quite a challenge as Olivia guided Allison through the maze of shelves that made up Olivia and Samantha’s store. Not that Allison’s ass was something to sneeze at, tight and toned with extra solid muscle beneath it. Both Paul and Iris seemed fond of it and over the past year and a half she’d gotten fond of letting Paul use it on special occasions.

But Olivia... “I think after we’re done here you’re going to have to teach me how to roll my hips when I walk,” Alison said. “And the way that you use your wings to frame it...” Allison gave a whistle. “You’re an artist.”

Olivia chuckled and turned around, walking backwards as she grabbed an item off of the shelf seemingly at random. “What do you say to... spicing up this little encounter?” She held up the bottle, it was a fairly simple looking bottle of purple liquid that seemed to be producing a little bit of its own light. There was no label on it.

“What does it do?” Allison asked.

“It’s a type of massage oil. Beyond that I will only say that it won’t keep you from making your flight.” She smiled at Allison and turned away, bottle still in hand.

“Why would I agree to that,” Allison said. “It could do anything to me.”

“Indeed.”

“I don’t gain anything. I can tell you still want to fuck even if I say no.”

“Oh, indeed...” Olivia gave a little quiver that spread up her legs and through her wings. Allison had trouble believing it wasn’t deliberate. “All it would cost you was knowing that you weren’t brave enough to let me rub this on you.”

Allison stopped with her hands on her hips. “That’s the most transparent bullshit I’ve ever heard.”

“I know.”

Allison rolled her eyes. “Fine. Let’s see what you’ve got. I’ve already been turned into a mermaid and fucked in the ass. How much weirder can things get?”

It was impossible to tell as she trailed behind Olivia, but Allison was certain that Olivia was smiling.

Due to the magical enhancements that Samantha had placed on Paul’s body, Paul’s cock was big enough that Veronica had to almost stand up to get it pressed against her entrance. Still there was no easing himself in with her, no adjusting to his size or teasing him. Instead she sat down in one smooth motion, sighing as if she’d just lowered herself into a warm bath.

“Mmm... oh it’s been far too long since I’ve had one this big.” Her eyes fluttered a bit before she locked eyes with Paul and smiled. As she did so Paul could feel her start pumping his cock, which was odd because her hips weren’t moving at all. Instead she was simply using the muscles inside her vagina to stroke him.

“Oh wow...” Paul tilted his head back. “You can do that?”

“None of the girls have done this for you?” Her eyes grew a bit wide at Paul’s shaken head.

“Well, then I suppose none of them have done this...”

Paul tilted his head back and groaned.

“Hm, you should ask Allison and Olivia to try for you some time. Angels and Amazons have natural muscle control that I just can’t compete with. Though I can do this...”

Every muscle in her vagina clamped down on Paul and then started to milk his cock as hard as Paul had ever driven it into one of the girls. He screwed his eyes shut and tried to force out some words. “Are you... getting...” he tilted his head back.

“Oh, I’m getting quite a bit out of this.” Veronica leaned forwards and kissed Paul, he felt his dick shift around inside of her as she moved and was only able to groan in response. “Though I think it’s sweet that you worry.” She started working her hips against him while still pumping him with her inner muscles. “Mmm... how’s this Paul? Is this making you feel better?”

Paul couldn’t respond. He had no idea how Veronica could talk if she was experiencing half of what he was. Though now that he knew to look for it he was able to see a flush of arousal start to spread across her features. She made a throaty noise as she started running her hands over her body, feeling herself up and cupping her breasts. Keeping eye contact with Paul she lifted one up and grazed her nipple with her long and pink tongue. Paul knew it was pure show for him, but he would have been lying if it didn’t work.

“Now,” Veronica said as she lifted her hands above her head, “to business.” Glowing pink light started spreading up Veronica’s tattoos on her arms. Soon the light also started coming from her eyes, something Paul had only seen when a sorceress was about to do something seriously major. Then that glow started to spread out. At first it just looked like Veronica’s tattoos were getting wider but soon enough it became clear that all of her skin was glowing a bright pink. So bright that it was a bit hard for Paul to look at. “I won’t lie,” said Veronica, “this next part may feel a bit odd.”

Allison eyed the bottle of purple oil that Olivia was holding out to her. Eyes narrowed, she started to reach out for it very slowly.

“Look,” Olivia said as she started unscrewing the cap. “It’s perfectly safe. Just something to make things a bit more... fun.”

“Then tell me what it does.”

Olivia rolled her eyes. “I bet you were the kind of girl that went looking for her Christmas presents too.” She poured a bit of the purple oil into her hand. “Here, I’ll go first.” They’d already stripped out of their clothes so Allison got to feel her eyes bug out as Olivia started rubbing the oil over

her naked frame. There wasn't any visible change, yet, but even when Allison was straight she would have found it hard to look away from the sight of Olivia rubbing oil over her perfectly formed breasts. She had her wings out and they occasionally gave a little shudder as Olivia reached between her legs and rubbed the oil along her thighs.

It rendered every part of Olivia's body in gleaming detail. Every line of her flawless form stood out as Allison felt a growing need between her legs. Especially as Olivia turned around and sat on her knees, exposing her oiled up rear to Allison as she said "Do my back?"

Allison snatched up the bottle from the bed and took a moment to appreciate that the bottle's contents hadn't seemed to diminish in volume even after the amount that Olivia had slathered over herself. "Fuck it," she said. Instead of applying it to Olivia's back though she started to rub it all over her body. She made small noises at the back of her throat as the oil made contact with her. There was a pleasant tingling sensation as she rubbed it into her breasts and rock hard abs. Once her front was good and slathered she bent forwards to embrace Olivia from behind, grabbing two handfuls of Olivia's breasts and also rubbing her oiled up torso against Olivia's back. Just the feeling of her wings pressed between the two of them was enough to keep Allison's arousal going as she burrowed through Olivia's hair to kiss at the back of her neck.

It was because of this position that Allison was able to notice the second that Olivia's breasts and ass started to get bigger. At this point being in bed with someone who was growing larger breasts was a familiar sensation to Allison, enough that she felt more inclined to squeeze Olivia closer to feel more of it than to turn her around to get a good look at the change. She just kept kissing at the back of Olivia's neck and grinding her hips against Olivia's ever thickening rear.

Olivia moaned, her hands reaching behind her to stroke Allison's muscular thighs as her proportions continued to increase. "Between my legs," she said, "Allison please..." Allison was more than happy to comply, but noticed something a bit odd. Olivia had sounded different when she said that. Almost like... "Mmm... yes right there," Olivia said as Allison rubbed oil into her clit.

“What happened to your accent?” Allison asked. Between kisses Allison also noticed that the hair she was currently nuzzled up in the middle of was taking on more of a curl. At this point Allison pulled away to get a better view.

The first thing that occurred to Allison was that Olivia’s normally tanned skin looked even darker. Frankly outside of the realms of what Allison would normally consider Caucasian. As Olivia fell forwards away from Allison it became clear that those changes were applying to more than skin tone. The structure of Olivia’s face was shifting before Allison’s eyes, her normally red lips taking on a brown hue while at the same time her eyes were shifting from green to a darker colour. Olivia’s breasts continued to rise under her clutching hands, holding to them so tightly that the flesh deformed under her fingers. Her already sizable ass started taking on more and more mass. It didn’t look like it would be quite as sculpted as Olivia’s normal rear but it looked to redefine “plush.” During all of this her skin continued to grow darker.

“What the hell Olivia?” Allison said. “You turned yourself black?”

Olivia’s dreamy eyes snapped open and she looked down at herself. “Oh,” she said, “that’s different.” Now that Allison could hear it more it became clear that Olivia had definitely taken on a new accent. Probably an American one, though Allison had always found it hard to differentiate between American and Canadian accents. “Hang on a moment,” she said as she crawled across the bed with her wings tucked in behind her and breasts that were of a size with Allison’s hanging from her frame. Now that Allison looked both they and the rest of Olivia’s body were clear of oil. Allison looked down at the oil coating her own body apprehensively.

Olivia reached over the edge of the bed and under it, emerging with a small hand mirror. “Ah, thought so.” She smiled at Allison and gestured to her body. “Allison, I’d like to introduce you to Denise. Mind you...” she looked over her shoulder with a frown, “she actually has a smaller behind than me. I wonder if some other fantasy got mixed up in this...”

“You turned yourself into a black girl...?” Allison repeated.

“Denise is a girl I transformed into an Angel a few months back. I’ve been fantasising about introducing her to the larger group recently. That must be what resulted in this,” she looked down at her body with a smile.

“So you... turned yourself into-?”

“A black girl, yes.” Olivia shot her a look. “It wasn’t conscious. The oil works on what’s in your subconscious. What you desire and fantasize about.”

Allison looked down at herself. “So am I going to change?”

Olivia just grinned, “I don’t know Allison. What’s in your subconscious?”

A strange feeling started bubbling up inside of Allison.

Heat started building up in Paul’s cock. Not the familiar warmth of arousal, or even the warmth from Veronica’s body. This felt like someone had installed a heating element in Paul’s phallus. There was no pain, just an intense feeling of *heat* continuing to build long past the point when Paul would have worried about damage being done.

The only thing that kept him from panic was that Veronica finally looked like she was enjoying herself for more than the thrill of just getting him off. Even though she was glowing bright pink above him he could still make out enough of her facial features to tell that she was enraptured with pleasure.

After a few minutes of her riding his cock in this state (which oddly didn’t seem to be moving him towards orgasm) Veronica started letting out low whimpers. The pink light started to creep inwards from her extremities, her glowing pink fingers taking on their usual pale hue. Further and further it crept up her arms, face, and legs. Her torso started to glow brighter like all of the light from her limbs was becoming concentrated there.

It was as the light retreated down from the top of Veronica’s torso and over her breasts that Paul realised just where the light was starting to pool. Between Veronica’s legs was becoming so bright that

it was hard for Paul to look directly at it. There was even a different sort of glow coming from Veronica's body there, the pale red glow of a light shining through a human body.

Paul lost track of all of these thoughts as the sensations of approaching orgasm that had seemed to be absent ever since Veronica started to glow suddenly rushed back at him. With interest. He grunted as he felt himself cum. Then again. And again.

Paul panted as he felt himself shoot load after load into Veronica's incandescent folds. She seemed to be enjoying it quite a bit as she tilted her head back and made surprisingly squeaky noises as her body pumped out a climax for every one that Paul experienced, but that wasn't all that her body was doing.

Even through the fog of his constant repeating climaxes Paul was able to catch that Veronica had far more bounce to her bosom than before. Normally the size of volleyballs, she was definitely larger now (if only slightly.) As Paul felt himself once again cum into her he was surprised to see her breasts become just a bit bigger.

"Uh... Paul..." she had her eyes screwed shut. "Don't stop, keep it..." she whimpered, "almost done."

In her core Allison felt a twisting feeling. All at once it felt like she was falling in two directions before suddenly being thrown to her right. She hit the mattress with a little "Umf!" as she tried to blink away the dizzy feeling that had come over her. "Ohh..." she said, "what the-" she stopped as she heard something weird in her voice. Like someone else was saying it at exactly the same time. Allison glanced to the left and gasped.

"Now *that's* an interesting reaction..." Olivia said.

Laying on the bed apart from Allison was an absolutely gorgeous Asian girl. An amazon if Allison had to guess by both her musculature and the size of her breasts. She was looking at Allison

with an expression that Allison was sure mirrored her own. “What the-?” she said at exactly the same time as the other Amazon, followed by a “Who are you?” again echoed by the amazon.

“Ladies?” said Olivia. “Perhaps this might clarify things?” She was holding up the mirror that she’d picked up from the beneath the bed. The Asian girl gasped as she saw it and Allison did the same as Olivia turned it towards her.

The face that was looking back at her... wasn’t hers. It was close, but definitely not her. For one thing it was *white*. She still had her green eyes but her face was different and her hair was the same chestnut brown as her... mothers. Allison looked at the other girl. “No way...” her words were again echoed by the other girl. She turned to glare at Olivia “You separated me into my white and Asian halves!?”

“No, *you* did.” Olivia pressed a finger against her lips and a few wrinkles appeared in her brow as she thought. It was a bit odd for Allison to see an expression that she’d seen Olivia making on someone else’s face. It looked like someone doing a really good Olivia impression.

A loud giggle caught Allison’s attention. She fixed a stern expression and turned to face who she assumed would be a peeping Samantha. Which meant she was surprised when she saw it was her own double, or her Asian double, that was laughing. “And what do *you* find funny about this?” Allison said.

“Oh come on!” Asian Allison said as she kept laughing. “I’m you! We both know what this is. Maybe I’m just in a better position to laugh about it.”

“And what exactly is this?” said Olivia.

“I don’t know!” Allison said but Olivia shook her head.

“I’m afraid the evidence doesn’t bear that out.”

“You see,” said her Asian half, “I-or we I guess-have this thing about-”

Allison felt her jaw drop open. “Oh God...”

“See, we think that white girls having sex with Asian girls is just plain hot. Actually, even though we like to tease Paul about it-”

“Please shut up...” Allison could feel the heat of a blush spreading over her features.

“-we’re the one who wants to scoop up every Asian girl we see and make them cum until they can’t see straight.”

“Oh God...” Allison repeated.

Olivia shifted her gaze between the two of them. “Now what I wonder is how one half of you seems to find this humorous while the other finds it embarrassing.”

“Well,” said Allison. Even though she was evidently only the white half of Allison she found it hard not to think of herself as, well, herself. “I think she’s in more of a position-” suddenly Olivia’s lips were on hers and her she was pressing her body, or Denise’s body, against Allison. Whoever this Denise was she seemed to share Olivia’s silky smooth skin.

“Sorry,” she said after the kiss. “All of this is on a time limit and I don’t want to waste it.” Before Allison could say her peace Olivia had pulled her into another kiss and Allison found her hands roaming over Denise’s form. There was definitely a growing warmth between her legs as she grabbed hold of Olivia’s expanded backside.

“Well,” said Allison’s Asian half, “there is one question that we need to answer first.”

Allison rolled her eyes, knowing what her other half was going to say.

“What?” Olivia asked before bending down to kiss at the tops of Allison’s breasts.

The other Allison made a familiar smile. “Is what I’m about to do incest or masturbation?”

The sounds that Veronica made during orgasm were surprisingly soft, not to mention girlish. Eyes scrunched up along with her face, her mouth hung open as little gasps escaped. Every one of those gasps was punctuated by further growth in her breasts. Now her breasts were large enough that they were nearly resting on Paul even while Veronica still ground herself on top of him.

Most of this was stuff that Paul noticed in hindsight though. He was distracted as he thrust up into Veronica he came in one final burst that left him breathless and seeing stars. Veronica sighed and leaned forwards to rest her newly enlarged breasts on top of Paul. She didn't have to lean forwards very far and they didn't seem to weigh as much as they should have, though their warmth and softness was quite welcome as Veronica smiled down at Paul.

"You... made some improvements?" Paul said as he eyed her.

"Oh, these?" Veronica ran her hands down the mass of her breasts. "A temporary side effect. They should go away in about a week. Not that I won't enjoy them during that time." She sat up and Paul felt himself slide out of her as she lifted herself off of him. "I do thank you Paul. I know this couldn't be easy."

Paul found his eyes fixed on the new breasts of his girlfriend's mother. "It's... awkward."

"I'm going to go shower," Veronica said. "Then I believe you have a plane to catch."

Should I... "One thing," said Paul, "I can't help but be a bit-"

"You want to know how someone with my experience evaluates you as a lover?" Veronica gave Paul a smile.

"Maybe not in so many words..." Paul scratched at the back of his head, sitting up and looking over himself. In becoming the chosen one two times over did anything to his appearance he couldn't see it.

"Good," Veronica said as she started towards the bathroom. "You were good."

"Just good?" Paul asked.

"Trust me Paul," Veronica stopped with one hand on the door to the bathroom, "at your age good is spectacular."

"Guh-guh-Good! You. Good. Fuck!"

Allison chuckled a bit as her Asian half had apparently devolved into caveman speak due to the three way kiss between white Allison, Olivia, and Asian Allison's pussy. It was a bit tricky for Allison to remember that the beautiful black girl that was currently massaging Asian Allison's clit with her tongue was Olivia. The change of Olivia's accent to an American one made it even harder, though the fact that she still had wings made it a bit easy to think of her as Olivia.

Seizing on an idea, Allison reached a hand up and smacked it down to grab a handful of Olivia's plush rear. Apparently her other half had a similar idea as she sat up and seized Olivia's shoulders with her still very much amazonian strength. "Your turn," she said. Another weird thing for Allison to hear a voice she normally only heard when recording a new voice-mail.

Even for someone who was well acquainted with the differences in flavor between the vaginas of several mythical species, this was one of Allison's odder sexual encounters.

There was a "Whoop!" of surprise as Olivia was suddenly pinned to the bed and Asian Allison sealed her lips over Olivia's. Allison still had one hand on Olivia's ass, or pinned between the bed and her ass at any rate. Working with what she had she slid her other hand under Olivia's cheeks and lifted her up to kiss at Olivia's folds.

God, angel pussy tastes amazing.

After a bit she found her other half by her side, apparently having grown bored of making out with Olivia. Not just apparently, Allison knew that was the reason. Just as she knew that her other half wanted to be kissed along the line of her jaw, wanted to run her hands over Allison's abs while sinking her tongue into Olivia. How she wanted Allison to sink her fingers into her sex while at the same leaning in close to press the sides of their breasts together.

At some point, and Allison couldn't exactly say when, she realised that she was one person again. Two sets of memories ran through her head about this encounter as she felt a significantly paler Olivia quiver through her own climax. Allison rubbed the side of her head as she licked her lips. "Woah," she said, "that's different."

“What?” Olivia said as she cupped breasts that were going down to their original size.

“Remembering fucking and being fucked. It’s a trip.” Allison licked her lips and looked down at herself. “Nice being back in one piece though. For what was supposed to be a simple one on one fuck session this whole thing got a bit racially charged.”

Olivia shrugged and sat up. “I suppose. I really do have to introduce the rest of you to Denise though, and her friends.”

“Next time,” Allison said as she planted a peck on Olivia’s cheek. “Right now I have a plane to catch.”

Paul watched as Allison and Iris kissed each other deeply. It was going on for so long that Paul was worried that it might lead to something else. Normally Paul would be all for that something else, and would happily join in, but right now they were in an airport loading zone.

Finally, with another car honking at them to get a move on, Allison broke off the kiss and stepped out of the car to join Paul on the sidewalk with their luggage. Then, with a blown kiss and a “Have fun!” Iris drove off and left them there. Allison smiled as she bent down and picked up both her and Paul’s luggage.

“I can take that,” Paul said.

“Oh I’m sure,” Allison said with a wink. “But first you have to tell me, how was it?”

“How was...?” Paul struggled to follow Allison as she started to carve a path through the crowd of the airport. People were naturally inclined to get out of her way while Paul felt himself caught up in her wake. Still, it did give him a great opportunity to stare at her leather clad ass.

“How was fucking Samantha’s mom?” Allison looked over her shoulder with a smile.

Paul cleared his throat. “Olivia told you about that?”

“Yup. Seriously, you got to tell me what it was like.”

“You’ve had sex with her too.”

“Yeah, but Samantha isn’t my girlfriend.” As Allison said this they reached the line for the ticket counter so Paul didn’t have to struggle keeping up with her. This did mean she had more time to look at him with what Paul felt were comically suggestive eyebrows.

Paul sighed, “It was weird.”

“Good weird or bad weird?”

“I wouldn’t do it again. Samantha didn’t seem all that ok with it.”

“And if she was ok with it...?”

Paul squinted at her, “Are you angling for me to sleep with your mom?”

“What!?” Allison said it loud enough that it caught the attention of several other people around them. “No no no.” Suddenly aware of their audience she leaned closer to Paul. “It’s about Iris’s mom.”

“Eveline?” Paul blinked.

Allison nodded, “Iris is kind of into some... kinky stuff.”

“You’re telling me,” Paul said. “It’s kind of weird that I never picked that up about her all through school.”

“Well, you never figured out that she had a crush on you either.”

“She can be a bit hard to read.” At this point they’d reached the front of the line and Paul waited as Allison got their tickets and checked their luggage. “I mean, sometimes she seems like a genius but one time she asked me which country Africa was in.”

“Hm,” said Allison, still refusing to let Paul so much as touch his carry on. “She’s unique, it’s one of the things I love about her.” Suddenly Allison turned and Paul found her green eyes very close to his own. A moment later she leaned forwards and kissed him deeply, uncaring about the stares they might draw from the others in the terminal. “But...” she said in throaty tones as the kiss ended, “this trip isn’t about Iris. It’s not about Samantha and her mom, it’s about us.”

Paul smiled at her. “Agreed.”

“Though I do feel like I should mention that I had my first one on one time with Olivia today.”

Thought lines appeared on Allison’s forehead. “Sort of.”

“How do you ‘sort of’ have one on one time?” Paul asked as they started towards the international terminal. “Was Samantha watching?”

“No... it’s complicated. Anyways I thought you should know. Transparency and all what with you dating both of us.”

Paul sighed, “Yeah, I don’t see Olivia as much as I’d like these days. Med school and all.”

“She is pretty busy these days...” Allison rolled her eyes. “Again! We’re just talking about the others instead of us.”

“Well, they *are* part of our relationship too.”

“I know but...” Allison bit her lip. “I was going to say that maybe we shouldn’t see anyone else for the entire week but I know for you it’s not always voluntary. I mean if you trigger on someone you’ll trigger on them you know?”

“Yeah...” said Paul.

Allison smiled and gave Paul a quick kiss on his forehead. “I’m sure we can think of something. We’ve got an eleven hour flight to work all of this out on.”

As sunlight poked through her blinds and across her eye Tanya groaned and stretched in her bed. She felt like she should have silk sheets. Silk sheets on a bed the size of a small town situated in her pleasure place, with a hundred thousand love-slaves available to ease her infernal lust.

Instead she was content with cotton sheets, a queen sized bed, and two... friends? A boyfriend and a girlfriend? A pair of fuckbuddies? At any rate she didn’t need love-slaves at her beck and call.

Yet.

She disentangled herself from her plain cotton sheets as she yawned and stretched. Her bountiful blue breasts going up and down with her breath as she scratched at her hair around her pale

white horns. A quick glance around revealed that she was the last one up. She dimly recalled Sean having an early morning shift and she spotted Denise wrapped in a towel as she sat at her makeup table. The sight of Denise's cleavage being forced up by the tightness of the towel was enough to get Tanya's tail twitching in anticipation.

"You know," Tanya said, "you don't really have to do that. Olivia explained it to me. An angel's natural colouration blows most makeup out of the water."

Denise spared her a glance before returning her attention to her reflection. "I like it," she said. "It's... meditative."

"You *are* very good at blending," said a voice with an English accent. Both Tanya and Denise jumped to see Olivia standing in their doorway. "I honestly might want you to give me a few pointers, and I've *never* asked another girl for that."

"*Olivia!?*" Denise made it sound like something between a question and a reprimand. "What are you doing here!?"

Olivia frowned. "I came to see you."

"She means in our house," Tanya said. "The door was locked. You can't just barge in here."

"Oh," Olivia looked between the two of them. "I'm sorry I thought you knew. Sean gave me a key. I meant this to be a surprise but not..." She sighed. "I can go."

"Well let's not get hasty..." Tanya got up from the bed. She didn't bother or care to cover her nude form. The exotic blueness of her skin was only something that she tried to hide away in public. As of late even the sexy clothes she'd bought after becoming a succubus were feeling too confining and the idea of her neighbours seeing her both in nude and in her succubus form was more annoying than frightening. A few whispered words would be enough to convince any of them that they hadn't seen anything.

Leaving all of that aside, it had been a bit since she saw Olivia. The Angel just brought a sense of class and sophistication that Tanya found alluring. That and sex with an angel was always a fulfilling meal for a succubus and Tanya had woken up hungry.

“It’s Sean’s fault for not telling us he gave you a key.” Denise stood up as she said this, giving Tanya a better look at how the towel clung to Denise’s curves. Tanya found herself begging for the towel to slip.

She could just picture the three of them forming a nice triangle on her bed, or maybe she could put her tail to work on Denise while Tanya ate out Olivia, or maybe she could get Sean to come home and put his dick between her breasts and-

“Tanya?” Denise said. “You’re basically drooling.”

Experience had taught Tanya that her blue skin blushed a deep purple colour and she could feel herself doing it now. “Sorry.”

“Perhaps...” said Olivia, “...we should relieve some tension?”

Denise smirked. “I know how you relieve tension.”

“So you’re not interested?”

The towel dropped and Tanya heard herself whimper.

“No,” said Denise, “I wouldn’t say that...”

“Mmm...” Allison stretched out her legs and wiggled her toes. “Got to love that legroom.”

“It was nice for you to spring for first class,” Paul said. “Though doesn’t your family have a jet?”

“Pfft,” Allison made a dismissive motion. “Have you heard of the safety record on those things? Trust me, we’re better off.”

“Hm,” said Paul. As he did his eyes locked on one of the flight attendants as she walked by. She was cute and petite. Allison had booked with a Japanese airline and so the attendants were all Japanese

as well. Some men might have been worried about eyeing up girls in front of their girlfriends, especially when said girlfriends could literally tear them in half, but Paul had every confidence that Allison was paying just as much attention as he was.

“Hello,” said Allison to her. There was a slight inflection to her voice that let Paul know she was speaking Japanese and that the translation charm he wore on his left middle finger was working.

“Yes, how may I help you?” Paul spotted the attendant giving him a once over as she addressed Allison. He wondered if it was because he was slightly under dressed for first class in his faded t-shirt and jeans. On the other hand it may have been her checking him out.

“I noticed as we boarded that the pilot and co-pilot were women...” said Allison.

“Oh yes, we have an all female flight crew today.”

“Is that common?” Paul asked. By the stewardess’s expression Paul assumed that his words had also come out in Japanese. He felt a slight disconnect between his mouth and brain as he spoke.

“Uncommon enough to notice,” the stewardess said, “you speak Japanese?”

“She’s been giving me lessons,” Paul said and hooked his thumb towards Allison.

“Ah, you must be a very good teacher.”

Paul could picture the smirk that Allison was giving. “Well he still has a long way to go. His tongue’s not as nimble as I like.”

There may have been a time that Paul would have been flustered at that, but nowadays Allison had to work a little bit harder to get a rise out of him. “Oh I don’t know, I think I’m *robust* in a way that most of your other students aren’t.”

Allison chuckled but the stewardess blushed. “I need to... help with...”

“Don’t let us keep you,” Paul said.

“She’s got a cute butt,” Allison whispered as the stewardess started away.

Paul rolled his eyes, “She’s not interested.”

“Excuse me?”

“She was embarrassed.”

“She was *turned on*.”

“You’re dreaming.”

“Ok smart guy,” Allison folded her arms and leaned back in her chair. “Tell you what, if you get through this flight without joining the mile high club I’ll buy you a new car.”

“...Wait a brand new car?”

“Uh-huh... but if you end up banging just one of those stewardesses then sometime during this trip I get to sleep with another guy.”

Paul thought for a moment. He was ok with Allison being with other guys... just not when he was around and she knew about that. This was just her messing with him, he was sure of it. Plus having sex with one of the stewardesses would be such a hassle that he probably would have a harder time losing this bet than winning it.

“Fine,” said Paul, “I’ll take that bet.”

The slow twitch of her tail against her leg was something that Tanya was beginning to associate with her general post coital mood. Laying on her back, wings tucked up beneath her, breasts slightly deforming under gravity as she looked up at her bedroom ceiling. She sighed contentedly and reached out to run her fingers through Denise’s curly hair as Denise rested her head on Tanya’s taugt blue core. “So Olivia...” Tanya said, “was this a booty call or...?”

“Not exactly,” said Olivia from beside Tanya. She was laying on her front with her angelic wings out, propped up on her elbows with her breasts pressed against the sheets while her green eyes wandered over Tanya and Denise’s bodies. “Though I’d have to say that I wasn’t surprised that this happened. I did have *another* reason for coming.”

“Sean’ll be disappointed he missed you,” Denise said.

“Meh,” said Tanya, “I’m sure he can get over it with that redhead at his work that’s into anal.”

“Speaking of Sean,” said Olivia, “I was wondering if you three would be interested in meeting *my* boyfriend.”

Tanya sat up and looked at Olivia. “*Your* boyfriend? Does Samantha...?”

“Oh he’s hers too,” Olivia started smoothing out the sheets around her, it was only an idle motion but there was an odd intensity to her deliberation, “We share, along with a host of other women. Two of which also call him their boyfriend.”

“So...” Tanya tried to wrap her head around all that for a moment. “Does that work?”

“Oh yes. There’s a few rules but for the most part we’re free to act as we will. Honestly with the sex drives that most mystical races have monogamy is inconvenient at best.” She smiled at Tanya, “For you it would be downright dangerous.”

“Already had that figured,” said Tanya. “Though I wouldn’t exactly call Sean our boyfriend.”

“Not even sure I’d call us girlfriends,” Denise said.

Olivia waved her hand as if to brush away what they were saying. “Yes fine, the point is I want to introduce you two. And Sean. Paul’s not bi but I think he’d appreciate having a... chum? A male friend he could relate to.”

“Well I’m interested,” said Tanya, “does he know about us?”

“Not in great detail. I’ve been keeping the specifics of succubi from him. Trust me, he’s well acquainted with surprises in the bedroom.”

“I’m in too,” said Denise, “I’m dying to see the one exception that Samantha makes to her ‘no cock’ rule.”

“Excellent,” said Olivia as she sat up and got out of the bed. Tanya noted that she did this in a way that left the sheets she had been smoothing out relatively undisturbed. “Now there is a slight problem with you getting to see him, a geographic one really, but I have a solution.”

For the first hour or two of their flight, Paul really thought he was going to win the bet. He hadn't felt any of the twinges that normally came from women that he was about to transform, and the stewardesses themselves had only been giving him the occasional smile and once over. At most Paul thought that if he ran into them at a bar when they were on the ground he might be able to hook up with one of them, but now? While they were doing their jobs? Allison was downright stupid to make that bet.

Then one of the stewardesses had handed Allison a drink.

Her name-tag said Manami, and she just happened to be the first stewardess that Paul and Allison had been talking to as they came aboard. She'd been leaning forwards to pass Allison her rum-and-coke when Paul had reached up to take it from her hand. "Here," he said, "let me-" then their fingers had brushed together.

The reaction was immediate. Paul felt warmth pour from their touch and go through his body. He immediately locked eyes on Manami and saw her eyes fluttering as she froze in place. It became clear after a moment that she hadn't bothered to wear a bra over her petite but perky breasts as her nipples poked through the fabric of her blouse.

As the drink started to tumble from her fingers Allison reached out and caught it with a casual motion. Then she gave Paul a triumphant smirk and took a sip.

It barely registered to Paul, instead he looked at Manami. He found her eyes locked on him with an intensity that he found just a bit intimidating. He wondered if his own eyes were showing the same. "Could we-"

Manami grabbed him and hauled him to his feet, or as much hauling as a fairly small woman could do to a man Paul's size. "Sir," she said in a carefully neutral tone, "could you please come with me?"

She didn't wait for a response and instead started down the aisle with Paul trailing after her. There was another stewardess in their way, sort of. The flushed look on her face and the way her eyes

took in Paul told him that he was likely not going to be seeing just one stewardess on this flight. She had a rounder face with her hair in a short bob as opposed to Manami's long ponytail. The look that she was giving Paul was equal parts arousal, desperation and terror.

Manami said something to her very quickly that Paul didn't catch but it seemed to mollify her to the point that Paul wasn't worried about her jumping on him and tearing his clothes off in the middle of the airplane. She squeezed to one side to let him and Manami past, though she did grind up against Paul somewhat discretely as they did. He noticed that her name-tag said Reiko.

What he hadn't noticed was the small door tucked away just between first class and the cockpit. Manami produced a key and slid it into a lock placed on a seemingly normal wall panel. The panel opened to reveal a narrow spiral staircase that she put all the muscle in her petite frame towards dragging Paul up. He was a bit surprised by what he saw. A small section of the plane that had been set aside for a series of red mattresses that covered the floor. There wasn't really enough room to stand, but there was enough room to sleep. Or for what they had in mind.

"I had no idea this was here," said Paul.

"We keep it discrete," said Manami, "but flight attendants need to sleep too." She sat down and looked at Paul, but Paul sensed a bit of hesitation there too. "I know..." Manami started, "I know I'm not what you're used to."

"What do you mean?" said Paul.

"The woman that you're travelling with, she's so... I just want you. I need you. I can't even explain it."

Paul smiled and lowered himself onto the mattress next to her. "I know, I kind of have an... effect on some women. That's what we need to talk about before we do anything." Even though Paul was still talking Manami had decided to start nuzzling against him, eyes closed and lips parted as she started exploring Paul's body with her hands. She seemed to enjoy tracing the outline of his muscles

through his shirt and soon she was reaching under that shirt for more direct contact. As she leaned into Paul's body he felt her teeth at his ear.

"Listen-" he tried to start again but he found a finger over his lip as she pulled herself closer and began grinding her hip against his thigh.

"Shh..." she said directly into his ear. "We don't have a lot of time. And this is my first time." She started pulling Paul's shirt off. "Well, my first time on a plane at least." She got Paul's shirt over his head and gazed down at his defined chest with a smile. "My first time on a plane... with a white guy."

"The thing is," said Paul but her lips pressed into his and he could feel her hands stripping him out of his jeans. Any thoughts that Paul may have had of Manami being innocent or virginal were washed away. There was a practised ease to how she undid his pants, something that lasted until she reached in and wrapped her hand around his cock.

Her eyes went wide and she leaned back a bit, looking at what she'd just fished out of his pants. "Oh," she said. "I... Oh..."

"Can we talk now?"

Manami wrapped both of her dainty hands along Paul's length and started to slowly stroke him. He was already plenty hard but her attention was getting him closer to something else.

"I've never had one this... I mean it's smaller than a baby so technically it should-"

"When you have sex with me you'll transform into a big breasted mythological creature," Paul decided to just blurt out.

Manami looked at Paul for a moment. "You're serious."

"Yeah, Allison, the girl that I'm travelling with-"

"She is *very* pretty." Manami started coming a bit closer while she played with the buttons of her top. "I'm not sure whether or not you're joking..." She opened her shirt to reveal her small but pert and braless breasts. Again there was a practised ease to her movements. Manami had a way of moving

her body that Paul associated with sexual experience. "I don't care." Her shirt fell to the bedding and she pulled herself closer to Paul, riding her skirt up and pressing herself to him. He could feel the shaft of his cock rubbing against her. Paul could only feel a thin thong under her skirt and Paul was fairly certain he could do this without having to remove her underwear. Then those thoughts vanished as Manami kissed him.

It was of course hardly the first time that Paul had been kissed. He wouldn't even say that Manami was the best kisser that he'd encountered, but the kiss's effect on *Manami* was immediate. Her entire body seemed to arch against Paul and come alive with lust. Her hips began to grind against him and her skin immediately grew feverishly hot under Paul's hands as he cupped them under her ass and pulled her even closer to him.

She moaned into the kiss and started to lift herself up. She reached down, hiked up her skirt, and pulled her panties aside before lowering herself onto Paul's waiting dick. A shudder ran through her body as she enveloped Paul's stiffness. It took a good deal of time for her to get all the way down and it left her features panting and flushed. Paul gave her a moment to adjust to the feeling of him inside of her. He wasn't exactly sure what magic Samantha had put on his cock to make it fit so easily inside of women but he knew that most had to spend some time overcoming the shock of being filled so completely.

The kiss finally broke as Manami tilted her head back and let out a small groan. It was enough for Paul to go kissing at her throat and he could feel the vibrations of her purrs through his lips. Soon Manami started setting a pace, lifting herself up and down as much as she could and Paul was more than happy to help her. It wasn't long before Paul felt her chest start to press against his with more force, and when Paul reached up between them there was definitely a handful of flesh where there hadn't been any before.

In response, or perhaps just for her own enjoyment, Manami reached up and undid her ponytail to let her hair fall free. Paul noticed when it cascaded down that her hair had gone from black to a

bright purple. A few fleeting thoughts went through Paul as he wondered just what she was becoming, however his thoughts soon became concerned with how amazingly *tight* Manami was. It felt like her pussy was able to constrict itself more and more on his dick the further they went, and he was loving it as he started picking up the pace and pounding her with more vigour.

Manami pressed herself into Paul, which her expanding breasts were making more and more of a feat. She was straying past the area that Paul classified as “normal.” She now had a pair of breasts the size of medicine balls and Paul was more than experienced enough to tell that they weren’t done growing. This meant that there was more effort required to squeeze her closer in order to kiss Manami but they soon found their rhythm.

Paul felt his orgasm approaching, and Manami’s was coming quickly as well. With a grunt Paul took hold of her ass (of which his hands told him there was also more of than before) and started pumping fiercely into her ever growing tightness. Finally Paul could feel Manami lean forwards and gently bite his shoulder as she shook with orgasm. Release washed over Paul as he finished alongside her. He groaned and pulled away from her, light headed from their fucking, then frowned at what he saw.

During sex he’d had vague notions of her becoming a sorceress Like Samantha. The changing hair colour had made that seem likely, but now that he was looking at her that didn’t seem to fit. While Manami was a bit on the pale side it wasn’t anywhere *near* the level that Samantha and other sorceress’s exemplified. Not only that but in his experience sorceresses lips, nipples, and labias also changed colour to match their new hair but save for her lipstick all of Manami’s parts stayed her natural colours. Manami’s eyebrows and the small tuft of her pussy hair had changed purple, but that was all.

Beyond all of that was that, despite the fact that Paul was growing softer after his climax her pussy seemed to becoming more and more tight. It was when Paul looked down at the top of Manami’s head that he realised what was going on, mostly because he could suddenly *see* the top of Manami’s head. She’d never been tall but Manami had been nowhere near short enough that Paul could look

down at her while she was sitting in his lap. As she started coming to Manami took up a handful of her purple hair and considered it. Her changes seemed to accelerate as Manami took on a clearer understanding of her situation.

As she pulled herself off of Paul's stiff cock he saw that she was now short enough that she didn't have to duck in the confines of the sleeping area. Not only that but Paul could see her steadily getting smaller as he watched. Well, most of her was getting smaller. Her expanded breasts and rear looked to still be growing, which produced the effect of it looking like all of her was shrinking except for those two parts.

"Ooh, look at that..." Manami said as she felt up the new curves on her diminishing frame. Paul had long noted that for the most part girls seemed profoundly accepting of the physical changes that he caused in them. Only Olivia had ever made a fuss and from her recollection that had only been for a few minutes. Before Paul's eyes he watched as both Manami's growth and shrinking seemed to stop. She was maybe about three and a half feet tall now, but with hips and breasts that would have been generous on a much larger woman. On her she looked even bustier than Iris and the other mermaids, each of her breasts easily the size of her torso and her rear sticking out prominently behind her enough to keep her skirt on despite her miniscule waist. She smiled as she looked down at herself, brushing a bit of hair out of her face and revealing to Paul that her ears had gone pointed. Paul wondered if she was an elf.

"Hmm," she said as she looked down at herself. She even tried to peer over her shoulder to get a look at her butt. With its size compared to the rest of her Paul figured she could probably catch a glimpse even with the skirt she was still wearing. "I guess you were right," she said. She didn't seem terribly concerned at having lost her height.

"Are you ok?" asked Paul.

"Oh yes," said Manami. "I feel... sexy." She cupped her breasts and gave Paul a smile. "I also can't wait to show you what I can do now."

“Like what?” Paul asked but even before the words were out of his mouth Manami vanished before his eyes. There wasn’t any light or noise, one moment he was staring at his purple haired shrunken stewardess and the next her empty skirt and thong had fallen to the ground in front of him. Paul looked around, wondering where she’d gone, but his eyes were drawn to something stirring in her skirt. A moment later a giggling Manami had emerged from her skirt, shrunken down to about the size of Paul index finger. What was more, four thin dragonfly like wings had emerged from her back. Those wings started to buzz and Manami leaped into the air to land on the tip of Paul’s still semi-erect cock, straddling the tip of it with her naked body.

“Wow,” said Paul, “so you’re like a fairy?” Paul lowered a finger to lift Manami up but she either didn’t take the hint or didn’t want to as she started slowly rocking her hips back and forth on the tip of Paul’s cock. Her small size meant that Paul wasn’t feeling much, but it reminded him of how Samantha would sometimes play with his cock using only one finger after sex. The sight and the teasing sensation was getting Paul stiff again.

“Your voice is really loud!” Manami said. It was apparent she was yelling but her tiny voice barely reached Paul’s ears. She continued her rocking but Paul felt her slowly gaining weight and soon she was as tall as his hand, and then his forearm. When she was around a foot tall she could touch the ground and she let the tip of Paul’s cock slide back into her. Paul tried to pull her a bit closer but apparently the size difference was too much even for Samantha’s enchantments on his cock. He felt himself bottom out about halfway in and Manami doubled over with a look on her face that was equal parts shock and lust.

Fortunately she was able to ease herself forwards as she grew and ended up further on Paul’s dick. Eventually she reached around three feet tall and managed to get all of Paul into her with a deep moan. Paul bent down to kiss her but couldn’t quite reach until she grew even further up. While they explored each others’ mouths Manami massaged Paul’s cock with little circular pelvic motions. Lost in the sensations, Paul barely noticed that Manami was reaching her original height. That was until there

was a little “pop!” and suddenly the hair falling to either side of Manami’s face had gone back to black. Her breasts had also stopped getting larger at around four feet, which meant that they were “only” about the size of her head. Paul brushed her hair back and saw that her ears were back to their original shape as well, not to mention her lack of wings.

“It’s funny,” Manami said, “I’ve been this size for most of my life, but now it feels gawky and unnatural.”

“You should talk to Allison,” said Paul, “the girl I’m with. She has some experience with that. In the opposite direction though.”

Manami smiled and wriggled a bit. “You know... you’re still inside me.”

“I noticed,” said Paul.

“Well... what can we do about that?”

“You can get back to work.” Both Paul and Manami turned to see another one of the stewardesses standing at the entrance to the sleeping area. It was Reiko, the same flight attendant that Paul had seen on the way to the sleeping area. She looked more amused than shocked to catch Paul and Manami in their compromising position. Manami tried to cover herself with her hands. Tried being the key word as her new breast size meant that she mostly just placed her hands on top of her breasts where the nipples would have originally been.

“Reiko...” Manami said, “how long have you been watching?”

“Since you turned into a fairy.”

“We can explain that,” said Paul.

“No need,” Reiko climbed up into the room along with Paul and Manami, “I was talking to Allison. I didn’t believe her at first but...” she shrugged.

Manami slid herself off of Paul’s erection. “I should go...”

“Here,” Paul reached into his discarded jeans and produced a small silver ring. “This is enchanted. It’ll make your clothes fit and clean you up.”

Before Manami could even get the ring on, Paul was staring Reiko in the face as her petite hands pulled him to face her. “I hope you’re up for it, because every flight attendant on board is waiting for their turn with you.” She locked lips with Paul before he could respond.

Allison quietly hummed to herself as she leafed through the book that Iris had lent her. She had to say that her girlfriend knew her pretty well. The book had a good mix of action and dirty bits. Also it wasn’t all that long.

Due to the book she was distracted at the approach of the stewardess that Paul had disappeared with. That he’d transformed her was obvious from her changed body. What she’d become Allison couldn’t say, larger breasts seemed to be the baseline for all transformations. She wasn’t taller so she couldn’t be an amazon, she wasn’t pale so she couldn’t be a sorceress, a mermaid maybe? Though usually mermaids had even bigger chests than what the stewardess had developed.

The stewardess met Allison’s eyes and Allison detected a hint of panic there. “Hey,” Allison said to her, “how was it?”

The poor girl, Manami according to her name-tag, looked downright frightened. “I uh... I have to tell you...”

“Manami? It’s fine. Really.” Allison patted the seat next to her. After a glance to see if anyone was looking Manami sat down next to her. “I know that you couldn’t control yourself. Neither could Paul, I’ve been through it too. Heck, even if you could have I wouldn’t have stopped you.” She gave Manami a slow up and down with her eyes. “Unless Paul wasn’t in a sharing mood that is.”

Manami looked away and blushed all the way to her ears. “I’ve... I’ve never-”

“-never felt this way about a girl before. Yeah, been there too.” Allison reached out and patted her shoulder. “My friends and I keep talking about writing some kind of pamphlet. Just to clear things up for people that have just changed.” Allison gave her another close look that Manami didn’t seem to mind at all. “Hey, is it ok if I ask you what you became?”

“Well...” said Manami, “maybe once Paul is done I could... show you.” She gave Allison a very similar look to what Allison had given her.

“Er...” Allison winced. “Probably not a good idea. I’m a *lot* stronger than I look. I have enough control not to hurt whoever I’m in bed with but I’m usually pretty hard on stuff like mattresses, lamps, sheets, and you know... general bed and bed adjacent objects. Probably not a good idea to have me go nuts on an airplane.”

“That’s too bad,” said Manami. She pouted for a moment and then reached into her breast pocket and took out a card and a marker. “Here,” Manami said as she scribbled on the card. “I have some time off after this flight.” She scribbled twelve digits down on the card and handed it to Allison. “Call me?”

Allison took the card. “Sure thing. You can show us around Tokyo.”

Manami gave a shy smile as she stood back up. “I have to get back to work,” she said and then started away. Allison tried to focus on her book but couldn’t help but let her thoughts drift back to what she knew Paul was doing right now.

He better save some for me, she thought, because when we get to the hotel I am going to fuck him ‘till we both pass out.

The shop redefined dingy. Most people would have avoided this part of Kobe, and under most circumstances Sato would have counted himself among those people. Today however he was here on Mr. Sakamoto’s business and Sato had long prided himself on his loyalty to Mr. Sakamoto.

He did make a note to have his suit dry-cleaned once he had finished here however.

Across from him sat two somewhat incongruous figures. One looked like a typical yakuza with his open collar, sunglasses, and gold chain around his neck. He was even missing his left pinkie finger. His companion on the other hand looked like and extremely proper young lady to be hanging out with

this sort of miscreant. She sat to one side with her head bowed, her hands folded in her lap, and her eyes downwards. The only odd thing was that her skirt was a tad too short to be called conservative.

“So let’s see if I’m following,” the yakuza said. “Mr. Sakamoto’s daughter- wait is this the legitimate daughter or the bastard?”

Sato sighed, “The elder daughter.”

“Right, so the bastard.” The yakuza slurped up some of his noodles. “She’s off dating a foreigner and Mr. Sakamoto wants him what? Killed?”

“Mr. Sakamoto wants this man removed from his daughter’s life. Threats may work, but if not...”

“Whatever, this whole thing’s already been ok’d by my bosses. We’re just here to work out the specifics. So what about the bastard? What should I do with her?”

Sato gave the yakuza a look but decided to continue. “Allison is not to be harmed. She fancies herself something of a martial artist so she may resist if she sees something.”

“Don’t worry about that. That’s what I got Ms. Tanaka for.” He indicated the woman sitting next to him as he slurped more noodles. “She’ll keep your boss’s little princess busy. You have a photo of the guy we’re supposed to be seeing?” Sato handed the yakuza a printed out photograph that had been taken from the boy’s social media page. It showed him flanked by two outrageous looking women with ridiculously oversized breasts. The Yakuza scrutinised the photo for a moment and then shrugged as he placed it in his pocket. “All right. We can take care of this. Whoever this Paul Peters is I wouldn’t want to be him.”