

Rols Garten

Art by Fanatic Comics and BecSantus

Dawn lay on her back and bit her lip. Her skinny body trembled as she drew slow circles over her clit while breathing deeply. She was trying to think of that girl in her sociology class. In a class of two hundred students she didn't exactly know her name, but that didn't really matter. "Blonde girl from sociology" was good enough for her.

In Dawn's fantasy the girl was drawn in by Dawn's undeniable charms and was currently straddling between Dawn's thighs and teasing her entrance with the tip of her tongue. She stared breathing a bit heavier as she slid her fingers in and out of her body. Now sociology girl was starting to push into her...

It was decent stress release after a long day at school. Dawn was trying to take it slow too, savouring the slow build up to release that had been growing throughout the day.

Then a lightning bolt struck her between the legs and ruined all of that.

Her back arched, her mouth went wide, and her legs thrashed wildly as the strongest orgasm that Dawn had ever even *heard* of absolutely ravaged her. She didn't make a sound save for a few choking noises as she had trouble breathing. She was soon coated in sweat and her whole body started to tremble.

She irrationally wondered if she'd broken something, because instead of coming down after the climax she instead felt like it was only building. She managed a trembling "F-f-fuuuuuuck!" before she felt like her orgasm was having an orgasm of its own.

Lights flashed. The world seemed to explode into one gigantic cloud of fireworks and sparkles, and then Dawn fell to the bed and gasped for breath. *Holy Shit!* she said. Or tried to say as Dawn suddenly discovered that she couldn't move at all. Even her eyes stayed locked in position. Beyond breathing and blinking she was completely paralysed.

Before she could start to panic a new sensation started to spread over her body. A warm tingling that wasn't like any afterglow she'd ever experienced. Her whole body felt like pins and needles but more pleasant.

The way that she'd fallen allowed her to see one of her arms and she let out a little gasp as it started to change. Dawn had always been pale but she tended more towards pink than alabaster. Now the colour was draining from her skin along with any blemishes she could spot, leaving a perfectly smooth pale arm in its wake. At the same time she watched as her fingernails lengthened and their transparent gloss turned a deep crimson.

Dawn could tell that other changes were happening to her but she couldn't turn to see them. There was a strange sensation of pushing and pulling coming from Dawn's face and at the same time she could feel hair sliding down her back as she assumed it was growing out. To her shock when a lock of it fell in front of her it was red as opposed to her usual brown. *Oh God what's happening to me!* she tried to say but couldn't even breath the words. Her attention was caught by a growing weight on her chest. Dawn could guess where this was coming from as she felt the mass of one of her breasts rub against her other arm. Her skinny body had never produced enough boob to make that possible before.

The rest of her body followed a similar fashion. Dawn could feel her rounding and firming ass push her hips up off the sheets while at the same time she felt that same ass widening in a way that made her guess that her hips were growing as well. Finally as she was hit with the feeling of her legs stretching the tingling feeling finally subsided.

Dawn suddenly blinked rapidly a few times, which Dawn found odd because she hadn't meant to. Even more shocking was when she suddenly sat up and stretched her hands above her head while giving a big yawn. Again, without Dawn meaning to. "Hmm..." her body said without her permission. "Well that was fun wasn't it?"

Holy mother of fuck who are you!? Dawn tried to yell but no sound came out. Nevertheless her body clapped her hands over her ears. “Oh dear! There’s no need to shout, Dawn. I’m right here. And such language...”

Who the hell are you!? Again there was no sound but her body, or whoever was in her body, seemed to hear her.

“All right, I suppose we should get introductions out of the way.” Her voice was more breathy than Dawn’s. It was a voice that held a lot of sensual promise. “First though, we should really get a look at this body.” Dawn’s body suddenly sprang up and rushed across the room to the mirror. As she did Dawn could feel her breasts jiggle quite a bit but her unwanted guest didn’t bother looking down to take in the sight.

“Oh this won’t do,” Dawn’s body frowned as she looked into the small mirror that Dawn had mounted on her wall. It gave Dawn a look at her face and she gasped (or, again, tried to.) Her face was gorgeous. Lush red lips, sparkling green eyes, and a flawless pale complexion save for a single black beauty mark on her right cheek. It was all framed by locks of gorgeous red hair, a deep dark red and shining with natural highlights. Even if the face was frowning it still was beautiful enough to make Dawn catch her breath. Or it would have if Dawn was in control of her own breathing.

The only odd thing was the age of the face. It wasn’t elderly by any means but it looked a good ten years older than Dawn’s twenty two. It didn’t make the face any less mind-meltingly attractive but it certainly wasn’t the age that Dawn was used to.

Dawn’s hand came up in a broad gesture towards the mirror and the whole thing started to stretch and distort. Dawn watched as her tiny wall mirror became a gold framed full length mirror. “Ooh! I like your taste!” Her body said as it saw itself. Dawn had to admit that her new body was stellar. The flawlessness of her skin continued all over her body without a single blemish that Dawn could see. Her figure was also spectacular, a wonderful hourglass complimented by wide hips, long toned legs, and breasts. Good God did she have breasts now.

Great big pillows of flesh that made a mockery of physics as they stood out in proud defiance. With a lovely teardrop shape each was easily the size of a ten pound bowling ball and capped with a fat rose coloured nipple that just begged to be played with. Apparently whomever was occupying her body picked up on the attention that Dawn was paying to her breasts because she hefted each and smiled into the mirror. “You like?” She brushed the nipples with her thumbs and gave a little gasp. “Oh! Oh you like them sensitive don’t you?”

Why do you keep saying that?

“What dear?”

That I have good taste or that I like the look of those. None of this is my decision.

“Oh no that’s where you’re wrong!” She placed one hand against the mirror. “I made this body based off of what your idea of a perfect female body would look like.”

Dawn turned that over in her head for a moment. She had a hard time thinking about what she’d improve on this body, but still... perfect? *How would you know that?*

“And I see it’s time for introductions!” Dawn’s body took a step away from the mirror and curtsied with an invisible dress. “I already know who you are Dawn. Student, dreamer, aspiring architect, and ardent worshipper of myself!” She raised her hands to frame her face on that last one and gave a little pirouette.

Worshipper? I don’t really worship anything. Who exactly are-

“Oh but you do Dawn. Just before this on the bed, when you were exalting in the sensations that your body was capable of producing, that was you providing worship for moi! Every time you’ve fantasized, or admired someone for how they looked, or wanted to look better than you do, or have been happy about the way you look! All of that is you worshipping me and all I represent.” She ran her hands up and down her body as she said this, filling Dawn’s mind with sensual thoughts. At the same time her tone was positively bubbly. As if she was an old friend just bursting at the seams with excitement at meeting you again. “People have called me a lot of things. Aphrodite, Venus, Rati, Freya,

Ishtar, Chuangmu and so many others... All of them are just variants on the theme of me. Call me Love.”

Just... Love?

“It’s what I am silly! Hey, have we checked out our bum yet?” She quickly turned around and looked over her shoulder at her perfect heart shaped ass.

So I’ve been possessed by the fucking goddess of love...

Love slapped her fingers over her ears again. “Don’t be crude! I’m not possessing you either. Just... I need to borrow your body for a little while.” She looked into the mirror with perfect puppy-dog eyes.

...What if I say no?

Love shrugged. “I’ll just use someone else. I can use anyone that’s experiencing sexual pleasure and we *are* on a university campus. You’ll just think this was a weird dream.” She ran a finger along the gold frame of the mirror. “I might leave this though... just to mess with you.”

So-

“Wait! Before you tell me to leave you should know that I am willing to pay you for your time.”

How, with money?

“No not with money dear.” She smiled as she shook her head. “I’m the goddess of love and beauty. I can give you things that no amount of money could buy. Like this,” she said and gestured to her own body. “If you send me on my way I’ll have to insist on putting you back the way I found you but if you give me the use of your body...” she ran one finger over the curve of her hips, up her waist, and around the underside of one of her breasts. The sensations it produced made Dawn want to shiver. “I’ll make it so that you look like this body. Of course I’d de-age this body a bit. Give you the model in it’s twenties so I don’t just take a decade of your life. You can look forwards to maturing into this amazing specimen. I’ll even fix it so that everyone remembers you looking like this, and I’ll throw in a new wardrobe.”

That's... she looked again at Love's body, at her body. That's actually pretty tempting...

Love smiled. "There's one more thing that I can do." She leaned in close to the mirror, as if to whisper something to Dawn. "I can find you true love. If you let me do this I'll guarantee that you'll meet your soul-mate within a week."

Dawn thought very hard. *What is it you'd be using my body for?*

"I just need to talk to two people. It should take about four hours."

You're giving me all of that for four hours?

"It's actually pretty trivial. Beauty and love *are* two things that I have dominion over. For me it's about an even trade for a few hours of your time."

...All right. Dawn gave a mental sigh in resignation but Love either did not or chose not to hear it, instead clapping and actually dancing from side to side a bit. Dawn had always pictured goddesses acting with a bit more dignity.

"Right, let's get dressed and get going." She turned back to the mirror and gave another wave of her hand. A pink mist enveloped her body for a moment and then vanished, leaving a tight white dress that fell to about mid thigh on her while actually having surprisingly little cleavage on the front. It was however tight enough that people would get a pretty good impression of what they were missing. Dawn could also feel that a set of underwear had materialized that felt pretty lacy. Suddenly their perspective shot up a few inches as a pair of white heels materialised underneath her. "Hmm... what do you say? Hair up or down?" As she said this her hair wove around of its own accord and arranged itself into a bun on the back of her head save for two ringlets that fell on either side of her face. "What do you think? I know it's not the most fashionable thing but it looks very ancient Greek. Really pulls together the whole love goddess thing... though maybe not with this dress...." Love's hair rearranged so that while it was still in a bun more of it fell down to her shoulders. "This works better I think."

So who are these people you have to talk to? Dawn tried desperately to keep things on track.

“Oh, just a couple in love that need a little guidance.” A few different styles of earrings appeared in Love’s ears one after the other. Eventually she seemed to settle on a pair of simple gold studs. “Or they will be if I have anything to say about it.”

Why these two? Why do you need to personally give them guidance?

“Because I feel like it. or because it fits into some sort of divine plan, or maybe one of the great grand-ancestors bought me lunch once and I feel like repaying it. Sorry, I can’t give you a straight answer. There are rules that even I have to follow.” She straightened up and smiled at herself in the mirror. “Now, let’s go meet our eligible young bachelorettes.”

There was the creaking and rubbery sound of latex as Samantha examined herself in the mirror. The catsuit that she was wearing clung tightly to every one of her crevices, so tight that it pulled against her whenever she moved. It was solid black save for two purple patches under her breasts and she had it unzipped down far enough to show off her cleavage. All that and the extra high heeled boots that she was wearing made Samantha look and feel like some extra sexy superheroine.

She hoped Paul liked it.

The splash next to her caught her attention and she turned to see Iris surface from the pool, half fish and fully naked. Samantha wasn’t sure why exactly her store had an Olympic pool in it. All she knew was that the previous owners had left her with a decidedly odd assortment of amenities. For example, while she had a kitchen, a bed, two bowling alleys, and a sewing room she didn’t have a dishwasher or a laundry room.

Iris smiled at Samantha and raised herself out of the water enough to plant her oversized breasts on the poolside. “It does make your butt look fantastic,” she said.

Samantha turned around in front of the mirror (another thing that the store had about a million of) and looked over her shoulder. “Well,” she said, “there’s only so much it can do to improve... but you’re right.”

“Is this something you bought or is it something you got from the store,” Iris said as she looked at the shelves that surrounded even this area. Most contained swimwear, though there was one standout that had a mix of different sized mixing bowls and (for God knew what reason) a selection of action figures from the 80’s.

“It’s actually something I made. It is enchanted though. Watch.” Samantha lifted one foot and balanced on her eight inch heels effortlessly. She lifted her free leg up until her foot was pointing straight at the ceiling (something Samantha usually couldn’t think of attempting) and then as and encore she bent her knee over her neck, effectively turning herself into a standing pretzel.

Iris gave a little clap. “Hot,” she said. “Also don’t worry, Paul’s only gone for a week.”

“I’m not worried,” said Samantha.

Iris winced. “You’re acting all nice and you haven’t swore since I got here. For you that’s practically moping around with a bucket of ice cream and an issue of Cosmo.”

Samantha met Iris’s eyes for a very long moment, “You know, I can turn you the rest of the fucking way into a fish. It wouldn’t even be hard.”

Iris just beamed, “See? That’s that spirit!” Before Samantha could retaliate Iris dove back into the pool. Samantha just caught the sight of her scales flashing as she disappeared into the deep end. Samantha took a moment to wonder just how deep the pool was. She certainly hadn’t been able to find a bottom.

That thought was interrupted when she felt four people suddenly enter the store. It only took her an instant to realise who they were and she frowned. Olivia she expected but what were the other two doing here?

“Ugh, what the fuck ever...” Samantha mumbled to herself as she looked in the mirror again and cupped her breasts. If they wanted to come see her they’d come see her, Olivia could tell where she was at least. She was still scrutinizing herself in the mirror when Olivia arrived with Tanya and Denise in tow.

“Kinky...” said Tanya. Samantha didn’t turn to look at them as they arrived but the blue shape in her peripheral vision told Samantha that Tanya was in her full succubus form.

“Thanks,” said Samantha. Coming from a succubus there was no chance that wasn’t a compliment.

“This is a new look for you dear,” said Olivia. “I have to say I approve.” As she came closer to Samantha, Olivia placed one of her hands on Samantha’s ass cheeks. Samantha immediately took Olivia by the wrist and removed her hand.

“Approve from a distance. I’m saving this outfit for Paul when he gets back.”

“It’s true.” All four of them turned to see Iris treading water in the middle of the pool. “I tried to get a piece of that earlier and Sam just shut me down.”

Denise pointed, “She’s a mermaid.”

Iris pointed back and replied in the exact same tone, “She’s got curly hair.”

Olivia cleared her throat. “Everyone this is Iris. Iris, this is Denise, Tanya, and Sean.”

“Hello,” said Iris. She swam up to the edge of the pool and rested her chin on her hands as she looked up at the new arrivals. “Hmm...” she looked at Denise for a moment. “Angel?”

Denise blinked. “How did you know?”

“And you...” she looked at Tanya. “Haven’t seen your species before...”

Tanya grinned, “Well-”

“Succubus, right?”

“Uh,” she shot a glance at Olivia but Olivia just shrugged. “Yeah I am.”

Olivia turned to Samantha and said, “I was wondering if you could do me a little favour?”

A tingle of suspicion started picking at Samantha. “What...?”

“Since you can choose where the shop exits I was wondering if you might let us take it somewhere?”

Samantha looked at her for a long moment. “Where?”

Olivia winced, “Well I was thinking... Japan?”

“God fucking damn it...” Samantha started to rub at a developing headache between her eyes.

“Now I know what you’re going to say-”

“Olivia. No. Fucking no ok? We agreed. This is Paul and Allison’s time.”

“I know that but...” Olivia glanced over at the other three who were busy talking to Iris. “I just really need to be near Paul right now.”

“Olivia, it’s two damn weeks. You’ve gone fucking months without seeing him at med school.”

“I know...” Olivia reached out and placed a hand on Samantha’s arm. Even in the mood she was currently in, Samantha had to note that Olivia’s touch sent tingles through her even through the latex.

“Don’t you dare...” said Samantha.

“Don’t I dare what?” Olivia said as she added just a touch of breathiness to her voice.

“Do that thing where you touch me and give me the sad eyes and talk all sexy.” Samantha folded her arms defiantly, but didn’t remove Olivia’s hand.

Olivia tilted her head down and looked at Samantha with a frown. “What are you talking about, dear?”

Samantha spent a moment squinting at Olivia and then grumbled a bit. “Fine... just don’t come crying to me when Allison tears all three of you in half.”

The sudden hug drove most of the breath from Samantha’s lungs, and Olivia’s kiss took the rest of it. Samantha felt Olivia’s hands sneak up in between them, squishing past both Olivia and Samantha’s breasts to squeeze both of Samantha’s tits. Without consciously deciding to Samantha found herself grabbing hold of both of Olivia’s ass cheeks and pulling her even closer with a creak of latex. As her hips started to grind against Olivia’s, Samantha decided it was time to pull away.

“Down girl,” she said after catching her breath. “As much as I’d like to- fucking *love* to- I’m still not letting you into this suit until Paul comes back.”

“Hmm...” Olivia leaned forwards and nuzzled the top of Samantha’s head. “Pity.” She gave Samantha one last squeeze before stepping away. “I suppose we do have to get going.”

“Well don’t rush yourselves for our sake,” Tanya said. Samantha glanced to the side to see her laying on her front, breasts mashed into the tiles surrounding the pool and tail twitching in the air. At some point she’d stripped off her clothes and her blue skin was flushed purple with arousal. From the water Iris was giving her a curious look. Denise was standing off to one side, paying more attention to Samantha and Olivia than her friend’s sudden nudity. Samantha supposed there were things that you had to get used to when you were friends with a succubus.

“No,” said Olivia, “we really do need to get going.” She gave Samantha a quick peck on the cheek, “At any rate-” Her spine went straight and Samantha knew exactly why. She’d felt it to.

“Oh for fuck’s sake...” said Samantha, “what the ever loving shit is she doing here?”

“Who?” Tanya asked.

Samantha grumbled and cast a quick spell on herself to cast an illusion of more normal clothes. A tight black t-shirt and skinny jeans materialised over her body. “You guys stay here. I gotta go talk to my mother.”

The pilot paraded herself in front of Paul in an impromptu catwalk to show off her new figure. Her breasts were large enough that they would likely rest in her lap as she sat down, her tight pilot’s pants clung to her newly heart shaped rear closely enough that Paul didn’t have to look at her discarded underwear to tell that she wasn’t wearing any.

That wasn’t getting into her features. Lime green hair poked out from underneath her pilot’s cap and while he had occasionally heard women described as having elfin features it didn’t normally extend to having pointed ears. It was also worth noting that she was currently about a foot tall.

“You know,” said Paul, “I don’t think even Samantha knows that those rings can change the size of your clothes like that.”

The pilot, whose name was Aiko, looked up at Paul. “Who’s Samantha?”

“My girlfriend, she made the rings so that people wouldn’t need a whole new wardrobe when they changed.”

“She’s the muscular woman that you are travelling with?”

“Uh, no,” said Paul, “that’s my *other* girlfriend.” Paul decided not to mention the other two women that he qualified as girlfriends. Not to mention the dozen or so casual lovers that he saw on a regular basis.

Aiko shook her head. “Your life sounds complicated.”

“Eh...” Paul shrugged, “both less and more so than you might think.”

“I don’t know how you’d need more than her. Just the thought of those big muscular thighs squeezing me...” She covered her mouth. “Oh! That’s new. I’ve never thought about another woman like that.”

“Yeah,” said Paul, “common side effect.”

Aiko started to grow again, smiling down at her body as she did so. “Something to save for later I guess. I should probably go help Yumi.” For a moment her eyes went a bit vacant as she reached her full height that was still more than a head shorter than Paul. There was a little popping noise as she reached full height. Yumi’s hair tuned to its natural black and her ears lost their pointed shape. Her breasts had stopped growing along with her so while she was currently still stacked, she should be able to actually fly the plane. “Say... if Yumi changed the same way I did does that mean she...?” A little flush came over her features.

“Uh...” said Paul, “maybe hold off on that? I know I’ll feel easier if I know my pilot and co-pilot aren’t busy having sex instead of flying.”

Aiko giggled. “Well, maybe we can switch off.”

A long sigh that was equal parts exhaustion and satisfaction escaped from Paul as he sat back down next to Allison.

“So.” Allison didn’t look up from the book she was reading. Paul was a tad surprised by that, he couldn’t really remember Allison reading anything that hadn’t been assigned to her. Maybe it was Iris’s influence.

“So,” Paul echoed back at her. Even though the flight crew had left him with a sense of exhaustion one glance at Allison and the way she’d pursed her lips in concentration, the intentness of her green eyes, and rise and fall of her firm jutting breasts with her breath left Paul wondering if he could get the key to the sleeping area from one of the flight attendants.

“Fairies huh?” said Allison. “Guess they exist.”

“Yeah, kind of your polar opposite.”

“How?” Allison glanced at Paul for a moment before turning back to her book.

“Well, I mean they’re small and you’re... tall,” It sounded more than a little lame to Paul. At least he hadn’t said that Allison was “big.”

“Hmm...” Allison kept looking at her book.

“Is everything all right? I mean you’re not feeling bad.”

“No.” Allison winced. “Well yes, but not because of you, well sort of because of you. It just...” She glanced at Paul. “The thought of you with the whole flight crew...”

“Listen if it bothers-”

“...it’s so hot.” Allison ground her thighs against each other. “I’m afraid that if I have sex on this plane I might put a hole in the fuselage.” Paul almost argued against that, to say that she’d never lost control to the point that she’d so much as bruised Paul, but then he remembered a years worth of smashed lamps, splintered bedside tables, torn sheets, snapped bed-frames, holes punched in drywall, and one mattress torn in half. “Paul, I’m afraid if I look at you it might put everyone on this plane in danger.”

“Well...” Paul cleared his throat. “Well how long’s left in this flight?”

Allison gritted her teeth. “Nine. Hours.”

Paul swallowed. “Oh dear.”

Nobody seemed to notice anything unusual when Love stepped out of Dawn’s dorm room. Dawn had expected them to be turning heads the whole way there but people seemed to be barely glancing at her... or them... or whatever she and Love were right now. *Uh, Love?* Dawn said.

“Yes dear?” Love had made her way out of their dorm room and was walking across the sunlit campus green.

Did you make us invisible or something? How come we aren’t...

“Stopping traffic? Under different circumstances I’d relish it but we are on something of a deadline. So, in regards to your earlier question, we’re not exactly invisible. We’re seen, but we’re not perceived.” Love gestured at Dawn’s transformed body as she did this. “I really have to compliment you on your taste again by the way. I always enjoy when a girl can appreciate some curves.” Love started to run her hands over those curves, paying special attention to her breasts and ass. It was enough that Dawn was starting to feel arousal running through her, and since she was sharing a body with Love she was sure that Love was feeling the same.

Uh... Love? Could we maybe not-?

“Oh!” Love covered her mouth and jumped a bit. “I’m sorry. I really have no idea what came over me.” She folded her hands demurely in front of herself. “Now we need to hurry down to our ride, like I said we are on a deadline here.”

What do you mean our “ride?”

What Love turned out to mean was a long white stretch limo that nobody seemed to notice being parked right in front of the dorm rooms. Dawn actually wasn’t sure how the thing had gotten through

the narrow confines of campus buildings. Nor was there any visible driver and all of the windows were heavily tinted.

As Love climbed inside Dawn noticed that the exterior of the car and the interior didn't really seem to match. Mostly in that the interior was that of a comfortably furnished apartment. That is it was comfortable if you considered soft lighting, scattered rose-petals, and a lavish bed with room for over a dozen to be the pinnacle of interior design.

It's a bit... much

"Oh hush, I like to pamper myself."

Love crossed over the room to a small drink cabinet and pulled out what looked like a champagne bottle. What she poured into a long fluted glass also looked like champagne save for it giving off a faint golden light of its own. Love took a sip and Dawn would have screamed if she was able. The taste was overpowering, but in a fairly good way. Honestly Dawn felt like it was the flavour equivalent of multiple orgasms.

"It's called nectar," said Love. The goddess took a few more sips and settled into a well cushioned love seat. "It's what us goddesses drink. I'd try some ambrosia too but it might make all mortal foods taste of bitter ash in your mouth." Love shrugged and took another sip. "At any rate I have to take a moment and describe the couple we're going to be meeting with."

What's to know?

Love crossed her legs and placed the nectar to the side before folding her hands in her lap and straightening her posture. "Well to start with they're both women. I *do* hope that's not a problem." Dawn tried to keep her mind blank for a moment but Love smiled. "No, not a problem at all I see. Considering a little college experimentation are we?"

Dawn made a frustrated noise. *Is there anything else you wanted to tell me? Or were you just teasing me?*

Love sat up straight and placed a hand over her heart. “Oh dear no! I would never tease you, or anyone, about their desires. Honestly I was just making conversation. I’m sorry if I caused-”

Ok ok! I forgive you. Seriously though, is there anything else that you think I should know?

“Hmm... well you probably aren’t going to see these two again but I do think I should preserve as much of their anonymity as possible. You understand dear. You may notice some odd things but I’m afraid that I can’t explain them to you without their permission.” Love frowned and pressed a finger to her lips. “Though I do feel I should warn you... How are you with harsh language?”

“Shit fucking pile of moist cocks!” Samantha punctuated each curse with a kick at one of her shelves. The items on the shelf weren’t moved so much as an inch by her kicks, which only made her kick all the harder.

“Really Samantha,” said her mother, “this isn’t the most mature way to handle this news.”

“Oh really!?” Samantha said through gritted teeth. “Well what is the mature way to handle your mother fucking your boyfriend and using it to give herself a magic boob-job? I’d love to hear how to change that little shit raining storm-cloud into a rainbow.” She pointed a shaking finger at Veronica’s beach-ball sized breasts.

“Samantha, I told you, these are temporary and not entirely my choice. With all of that magical energy coursing through me I had to store it somewhere and-”

Samantha’s finger started waging back and forth erratically, “Uh uh. I’m a sorceress too. That line might work on the others but I know that you could have put that excess energy into anything and gotten rid of it without changing a *micron* of your curves. Those fuckers are only there because you wanted them there.” What little triumph that Samantha was feeling withered as she saw her mother smile.

“Gods above and below Samantha! I honestly didn’t think you knew enough magical theory to figure that out. Your studies are coming along-”

“Don’t change the fucking topic!” Samantha threw her hands up in the air in exasperation. “You did that on purpose and you knew how I’d feel about it.”

“To be honest, you’re taking it a bit better than I thought you would.” Samantha directed a glare over to where her mother was sitting. “And it may surprise you Samantha, but I really wasn’t thinking about you at all when I chose to do this. In fact there are people out there who go whole days at a time without bothering themselves with what effect their actions will have on you.” Samantha’s mother took a sip of tea. Samantha had no clue where she’d gotten the tea from, never mention the fine china cup and saucer that she was using. Just another oh so subtle reminder from her mother that as good as Samantha was with Magic, her mother had millenia of experience on her.

Samantha was just about to try and come up with some witty remark, when someone new entered the store. This was odd in and of itself, as usually Samantha could dictate whether or not the store was ready to receive customers. What was more odd was that the moment that Samantha was able to feel this new person in the store she felt her face flush, her nipples go stiff, and a growing heat start between her legs. In short whoever this was made Samantha horny.

On top of all of that was that Samantha had no idea who this person was. Normally she knew the name of everyone that stepped into her shop but this person? Just a big walking pile of arousal as far as Samantha could tell.

A few flapping noises and a rush of wind heralded Olivia’s arrival as she landed next to Samantha with her wings spread wide. She was panting and Samantha knew her girlfriend well enough to know when Olivia was aroused even when her nipples weren’t visibly trying to drill their way out of her top. “Samantha!” she said. “Are you feeling this?”

Samantha blew out a breath and fanned herself, “Are you kidding?”

“What is it?” Veronica sat up a bit straighter in her chair and looked between Samantha and Olivia. “What are the two of you feeling?”

“Hello!” All three turned to the new voice and saw an absolute vision approaching them. She wore a white dress that clung to her like paint. With her bright red hair, pale skin, and breasts bigger than her head she kind of looked like she could be Iris’s sexy older sister. Though her breasts would probably have to be about twice as big to really pull off that look.

“Hi,” she said again, “sorry to barge in like this. Though I suppose it *is* a store and you *are* open for business.” She suddenly looked to the side. “Yes I can see the wings but no, I’m not going to ask about them.”

Samantha gave a sideways glance to Olivia. “Can we help you?”

The woman got closer and gave a nod to Samantha’s mother. “Actually no, sorry.”

“So...” Samantha had both confusion and arousal warring inside of her. “You’re just fucking browsing or some shit?”

“Samantha!” Olivia snapped. “What have I told you about swearing at the customers?”

“Go choke on a wet cunt.” Samantha waved Olivia off.

The stranger immediately slapped her hands over her ears. “Oh dear. Could I ask you not to curse please?”

Samantha’s mother rolled her eyes. “You can ask. I have been for twenty years.”

“Look,” Samantha pointed at the customer, “she barges her way into my fucking store when the door isn’t even supposed to fucking be there and now she won’t even buy some shit. Why should I even care?”

The customer had winced at every swear that Samantha had said and was actually hunched over a bit. “I’m sorry, I wasn’t clear. You can’t help me because I’m here to help you. I’m the goddess of love.”

Dawn had been dying to know just where they were and what was going on the moment that they entered the store. When they met the two pale girls that looked like sisters it had been weird enough, the angel had thrown her for a loop.

When Love told them who she was a few things happened at once. First the pale lady with the gigantic tits sitting at the desk jumped out of her seat and genuflected herself in front of Love, the goth girl that the angel had called Samantha rolled her eyes, and the angel stepped forwards while holding out her hand for a handshake. “Hello,” she said, “I’m Olivia. Pleased to meet you.”

Love took Olivia’s hand and shook it vigorously. “Hello Olivia. A pleasure to finally meet you in person.” Love glanced at the still bowing woman. “Veronica? Could you please stand up? I don’t really do that anymore.”

Veronica looked up, slowly. “Don’t... do what?”

“Oh, you know. The bowing, the ritual, the temples, the priestesses, all of that. Honestly I think some cultures still worship some aspects of me but nowadays the whole thing feels just a tad... tacky.” She shrugged. “Let’s just say I don’t miss the old days as much as I used to. I’m much more concerned with personal worship right now.” Her gaze turned to Samantha and Olivia.

Really, said Dawn, you’re just not going to tell me why this girl is an angel?

Samantha looked around. “Who said that?”

Can she hear me?

“Yeah, wherever the fuck you’re hiding.”

“Sweet,” said Olivia with a brittle grin, “what are you doing?”

“What do you mean? You can’t hear that shit?” Samantha kept craning her head around.

“Ah,” Love said, “I thought this might happen. That’s the owner of this body. You see I’m more active than my sisters but I can’t create an avatar of my own.”

“So what? You just possessed some poor girl?” Samantha took a step forwards only to have a hand from both Olivia and Veronica on each of her shoulders. Dawn had to wonder if Samantha really would have tried something against an actual goddess.

“Borrowed,” said Love. “I borrowed this body, and she’s being compensated.”

Yeah, I can confirm that.

Samantha seemed to calm down a bit. Only a bit though. Dawn had only seen Samantha for a brief moment but she was wondering if the girl was ever really calm.

“Staying on the task at hand,” said Love, “I wanted to talk to the two of you.” She gestured to Samantha and Olivia, then glanced at Veronica. “I hope you don’t mind, but I’d rather talk to them...”

“Oh,” Veronica stood up, “of course. I’ll just go check on your other guests then.” She cast a long glance at the surrounding aisles.

“That way,” Olivia pointed, “fifty second row on your right.”

Fifty second? Dawn tried to wrap her head around what kind of store could have fifty-two rows. Especially one in a mall. *Hey what kind of store is this anyways?*

“A magic one,” said Samantha.

“What was that dear?” said Olivia.

Samantha rolled her eyes, “Wasn’t talking to you.”

“Ah,” said Love, “now this is exactly what I was here to talk about. Your relationship.”

For a moment both Samantha and Olivia were quiet, which Dawn suspected was kind of rare.

“I...” said Olivia, “have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“Yeah,” said Samantha, “you can just fuck off with that.”

This time Love didn’t flinch from the profanity. “Really? Tell me, when was the last time the two of you spent any time alone? Keep in mind I’m not even talking about sex. Just time spent each other and nobody else.”

“Well... I suppose it’s been a few months. But that’s not fair!” said Olivia.

“Yeah,” said Samantha, “she’s in med-school. She doesn’t get a lot of free time.”

“Really?” Love smiled, “So I suppose that it has been an equally long time since either of you have had alone time with Paul?”

“Well yesterday for me,” said Samantha.

“A week ago?” Olivia was looking a bit less sure of herself.

“I see,” said Love, “and when was the last time all three of you were together?”

What the hell even is this relationship? said Dawn.

“I can’t remember,” said Olivia.

Samantha folded her arms. “Well... fuck.”

Love stepped forwards and took both Olivia and Samantha’s hands. “I don’t do this for just anyone. What the two of you have and what you share with Paul is special...” Love’s smile became a bit more forced, “also it may be key to ensuring the long term survival of all life on Earth and possibly the universe.”

What!?

“Yeah,” said Samantha, “I’m with her. The fuck are you talking about?”

“It’s a premonition I’ve had.” Love shrugged. “It may be nothing but on the off chance that it’s not I thought that I should *really* have a talk with the two of you.” Love looked around and then started wringing her hands. Finally she bent forwards to be closer to Samantha and Olivia. “Also this is bending the rules a bit but you *really* need to let Olivia go to Japan.”

Samantha blinked, “Ok, that’s oddly specific... If you know about that shit then you know there was a fucking agreement-”

“Have you heard of a guardian angel?” Love’s eyes went a bit wide and she suddenly pulled away. “I’ve said too much.” She started quickly backing away from Samantha and Olivia. “Think about what I said. Spend some time together.”

Love turned and started backing away from them, which gave Samantha a chance to notice just what a nice butt the goddess of love had. Unfortunately her frustration got the better of her.

“God damn it,” she said (the irony of the statement lost on her) “get back here! We’re not done.” Samantha took a few quick steps towards Love’s retreating form only for there to be a sudden puff of pink smoke where Love had been standing. When it cleared she was gone. “Ugh,” Samantha said, “the nerve on that bitch. Coming in here and telling us how our fucking relationship is going...”

“Samantha,” Olivia said, “what was that she said about a guardian angel?”

“Who cares?” Samantha sat on the edge of her desk and fumed.

“It’s just... I honestly have this feeling like I need to be near Paul. Like he needs me.” Samantha glanced towards Olivia, about to say something clever, when she saw that Olivia was hugging herself and had her head down. “This is just a feeling right? I’m just jealous of Allison for getting to spend time with him alone, right?”

For a moment Samantha racked her head for whatever information she had on Angels, both ingrained and researched. “So... I’m not saying that this is what it is.” Samantha paused as Olivia looked at her with disturbing intensity but decided to press on. “I have read some... anecdotal stuff. I want to stress that. None of this is confirmed. But... maybe there’s some evidence that when someone an angel loves is in danger or going to be in danger she might get a premonition and rush to his defence?”

“Samantha!” Olivia rushed over to Samantha and grabbed hold of her shoulders.

“It might not be that!”

“A literal fucking goddess just all but told you it was!”

“Point!” Samantha took a moment and sighed. “Look can we be logical about this for a moment? What can you do to protect Paul that Allison can’t? We knew this goddess shit was going to be dangerous remember? The only reason that we let Paul go with Allison is that she’s fucking Allison. She can take whatever gets thrown at her.”

Olivia's mouth made a flat line. "You're right. There's not much I can do that Allison can't..."

"I know. So let's just calm down-"

"...but there's tonnes you can do that she can't." That same dangerous gleam returned to Olivia's eye.

Samantha shook her head vigorously. "No. Fucking. Way."

"So I need you to watch the store."

Iris bobbed in the water as she looked up at Samantha. Olivia had split off to talk to the new people that she'd brought, and Veronica had left after speaking to Samantha for a brief moment, so Samantha and Iris were relatively alone. "You know," said Iris, "I know it can be hard to remember, but I'm actually a mermaid." She gave her tail a few kicks to emphasize her point.

Samantha rubbed at her eyes, "Yeah, I know you're a-"

"Not a sorceress."

"I know."

"So why would you want me to watch-?"

"Look!" Samantha took a deep breath and then got on all fours at the edge of the pool. Iris drifted a bit closer, partially because this gave her a better look down Samantha's marble white cleavage. "Look, to be honest you're not my first choice, but my mom left muttering about the fabric of reality and there aren't any other sorceresses that I trust nearby. You're smart enough to run this place and you won't try and steal it from me."

Iris got closer, squashing her breasts against the side of the pool so that her face was just inches from Samantha's. "I suppose telling you that I'm really just a sex obsessed ditz won't fly?"

"Not if you don't want me to turn you into a catfish."

Iris chuckled and then gave a kick of her tail to put herself up at the same level as Samantha's face. Then Iris planted a kiss right on Samantha's black lips. Samantha returned it immediately,

grabbing hold of Iris's shoulders to keep her up while giving her a rough and demanding kiss. One that left Iris breathless as Samantha held Iris's lower lip between their teeth as they parted. She wasn't biting down hard enough to draw blood, but there was a definite sting.

If Allison ever asked Iris to stop sleeping with Samantha she'd do it in a heartbeat, but there were some itches that Samantha scratched in ways that Allison just didn't. Iris took a few moments to catch her breath as she looked into Samantha's eyes.

"Not that I'm complaining," Samantha said, "but what was that for?"

"Not really sure," said Iris, "I just suddenly thought that I was looking at someone that could really use a kiss."

For most of the rest of the flight, Paul and Allison were silent. Paul at least had thought that he might have gotten some release due to the flirtatious glances that the flight attendants kept giving him. Not to mention the ways that they'd brush against him as they moved by, position themselves when they would bend over to give something to a customer. It wasn't until Paul had approached two of them and had immediately been told it was best if he stayed in his seat, complete with grins that were anything but innocent, that Paul had realised he was being teased.

Not that Paul's predicament was really the problem here. He'd been teased before and despite his usual schedule, going a few hours or even weeks without sex wasn't some unimaginable horror to him. It was Allison who looked like she was practically on the verge of jumping out of her chair, tearing the clothes off of one of the stewardesses, and having her way with her right in the middle of the aisle. Instead she was looking out the window and drumming a tattoo on her armrest.

Hours later, when they landed, Paul thought that Allison was going to drag one or more of the stewardesses off into the nearest bathroom. Instead she graciously accepted the full flight crew's phone numbers with a smile and a promise to have a night out before she left Japan.

"So," Paul said as they waited in line at customs, "I guess you're feeling better?"

When Paul saw her smile he didn't know whether to be aroused or afraid. All Allison said was "You owe me."

It was still evening in Tokyo as Paul and Allison got out of their cab at the hotel. Paul had a big jet lagged yawn as he pulled his bags out of the cab, only to have them snatched from his hand by Allison. "It's gonna be better if we just power through that you know," she said. "Try to go to sleep at the local time."

"Yeah..." Paul rubbed at his eyes. "Probably shouldn't have exhausted myself on the flight."

Allison stuck out an exaggerated pouty lip. "Oh dear. I can't imagine how hard it was for you." All of their bags in her hands, she lead Paul into the rather ritzy looking lobby of their hotel. "Seriously, don't worry about falling asleep for the next little while. It's not going to be allowed." She stopped and sighed partway to the front desk. "Oh, what the hell is this?"

There was a rather large crowd in the reception area. From the look of them Paul at first thought they'd wandered into some sort of professional conference. Then at the centre Paul noticed three young women looking around. All were Japanese though one had her hair dyed blonde and another a light brown. Outside of their hair colour Paul couldn't help but notice that they looked very similar to one-another. Their clothes were more casual than the people around them, but Paul had spent enough time with the girls to know designer clothes when he saw them. Not to mention the various accessories that the women were wearing.

"Are they like... celebrities?" Paul asked.

"Don't know. I don't really keep up with what's popular here. If Hitomi were here she could probably tell you." Nevertheless Allison looked to be eyeing the girls pretty intently. "Hope the hotel hasn't booted us out of our suite for them." Suddenly Paul felt Allison press up closer to him and her voice took on a slightly breathy tone. "Of course maybe all three of them only need one room. And one bed."

Paul rolled his eyes. “Get your mind out of the gutter. Not everyone lives the kind of lives we do.” Paul watched as the girls moved from the front desk to the elevator.

“I don’t know... those were some pretty short nails for celebrities.”

“I literally have no idea what that means.”

Allison held up her hand in front of Paul’s face. Sure enough, all of them were clipped short.

“Come on, don’t tell me you haven’t noticed? You had to notice with Olivia.”

Paul looked at Allison and squinted. “No?”

“You first met her and she had these nice long manicured nails. She dated Samantha for a week and suddenly she cuts them. None of this ringing a bell?”

“I don’t really pay attention to girls’s nails.” Paul tried to move away from Allison only to find her hand gripped around her shoulder.

“Obviously. Look I’ll make this simple. What would you rather have inside you? These? Or those talons Olivia used to have?”

Paul nodded, understanding dawning. “I got ya. So you think those girls’s nails were short and therefore they’re lesbians?”

Allison shrugged and let Paul go. “I’m not saying they have to be, I’m just saying they cut their nails the same way I do.” She smiled and picked their luggage back up to head to the desk. “Besides, a girl can dream can’t she?” Allison winked as she stepped forwards to take care of their rooms. Paul hanged back a bit and looked around the lobby. It as actually fairly deserted. Whoever those girls had been they either weren’t attracting paparazzi or had managed to give them the slip.

Once they got in the elevator Paul had expected Allison to kiss him. He’d actually turned to her with his lips slightly puckered in anticipation when she suddenly slammed into him and pinned him against the wall of the elevator. Paul felt Allison’s breath on his neck and teeth at his ear. There was a long moment where Allison just breathed in deeply, her stiff nipples pressing into Paul as she squeezed

her body against him. Paul wanted to grab hold of Allison's body and tear her clothes off, regardless of them still being in public, but her grip on his wrists made that impossible.

"I'm going to give you the other room key," Allison's whisper was hot against his ear. "When we get to our floor I'm going to go into the room and get ready while you wait for five whole minutes. Then you're going to come in and make me cum twice for every bitch you did on the plane."

"Allison, that's twenty-four times." He kissed the back of her neck. "That's not even our record."

Allison leaned back and relaxed her grip. This time she did kiss him, but only for the short period of time before the elevator door opened up. Allison pulled back with a smile before sliding a card into Paul's pocket. "Start counting." she said with a smile as she raced from the elevator.

Samantha lay stretched out on her hotel room bed. Next to her were Olivia's feet as she lay facing the opposite direction, her nose buried in her textbook.

"Ugh." Samantha said. After a moment she gave a louder "UGH!"

Olivia looked up with a smile. "What is it dear?"

"Do you think their plane has landed yet?" Samantha raised one hand and a sphere of magical energy appeared in her hand. She started tossing it into the air and catching it.

Olivia glanced at the clock. "I believe so, yes."

There was a long moment of silence before Samantha just blurted "Well!?"

This didn't even manage to get Olivia to look away from her book. "Well what?"

Samantha sat up and sputtered for a moment. "Fuck- What? *What!?* The whole reason we're here? Paul! Danger! Any of this getting through to you?" In frustration Samantha slapped her hand against Olivia's perfect ass. This had the effect of at least getting Olivia to look up from her book, but the expression she wore was one that didn't look like anyone ready to get to business in anything but the euphemistic sense. Olivia's book slapped shut and she sat up, suddenly very close to Samantha.

“Olivia...” Samantha said.

“I don’t think you’ve ever spanked me before.” Olivia was freely running her eyes over Samantha’s body.

“Love said Paul was in danger.” Samantha tried to put her hands up to push Olivia away. The fact that they ended up planted between her and Olivia’s breasts was pure coincidence.

“Love said we needed to get closer. Besides I’m the guardian angel here and it doesn’t feel like he’s in danger to me.” Olivia moved just a fraction towards Samantha as she spoke. It was close enough that Samantha was sure she could feel the heat of arousal rising off of Olivia’s body.

“I still don’t know how I feel about that guardian angel shit.”

“I still don’t know how I feel about you spanking me,” Olivia’s lips were now close enough that as she spoke they brushed by Samantha’s. “I think you should try.”

“Try spanking you?”

“No...” Olivia said. Suddenly Olivia grabbed Samantha by the shoulders and pushed her to the side. Being a lot stronger than she looked, this was fairly easy for Olivia and Samantha ended up falling on her front with an “Oof!” Samantha barely had time to process what Olivia was trying to do when Olivia’s palm *cracked* against Samantha’s right ass cheek.

Samantha’s whole body went stiff and she blinked as she tried to process what had happened to her. “You did *not*...” She felt the instinctive buildup of magic in her system. Light started to trail its way down her tattoos, blue-white illumination started to pour into the room. Instead of responding Olivia just smacked Samantha again across her left ass cheek.

Olivia laughed as Samantha shot up and grabbed a hold of her. She’d been practising her natural angelic ability to cancel out magic so Samantha’s attempt to cast a spell on her felt like pushing a boulder uphill. A low growl of frustration escaped Samantha, which only made Olivia laugh harder.

However Samantha was willing to bet that no matter how good Olivia had gotten at resisting magic, she was probably inexperienced enough to make a fairly amateur mistake. Olivia had protected

herself from magic but she'd left her clothes wide open. Samantha returned Olivia's smile as she poured her spell into Olivia's clothes.

Olivia looked down at herself. The plain white tank-top that she was wearing was taking on a pinkish hue. At the same time the neckline, already scandalous, started to plunge downwards. At the same time holes started to open in her skinny jeans, tearing apart as they reweave themselves into a pair of fishnets, all save for Olivia's belt that sprouted pink frills and became a pink micro-skirt. In all honestly Olivia had probably been getting more coverage from the belt, especially since Samantha had just decided to make her underwear disappear. Finally on the bare scrap of hot pink cloth that barely covered Olivia's right breast the letters "SL" appeared in bold black while on her left the letters "UT" showed up. Even better, Samantha had made them appear in comic sans.

Samantha had of course been expecting a reaction. What she hadn't expected was for Olivia to start tearing at her clothes like Samantha had just turned them into fire ants. "Get it off! Get it off!" she started saying in rapid fire as she started literally tearing at her clothes. Of course the clothes that Samantha had created didn't have all that much in the way of structural integrity so tearing them off was not all that hard. All the while Samantha laughed, even when Olivia threw her torn skirt in Samantha's face. As a final act, Olivia lifted up her top and brought her wings out, causing the clothing in the path of the wings to be completely shredded.

"I suppose you think that was funny?" said Olivia, arms folded across her chest. Or under her chest at any rate. Despite whatever lingering anger Olivia was feeling she was still on her knees, naked, on Samantha's bed, and keeping herself fully exposed with her wings spread out behind her.

"You spanked me," said Samantha.

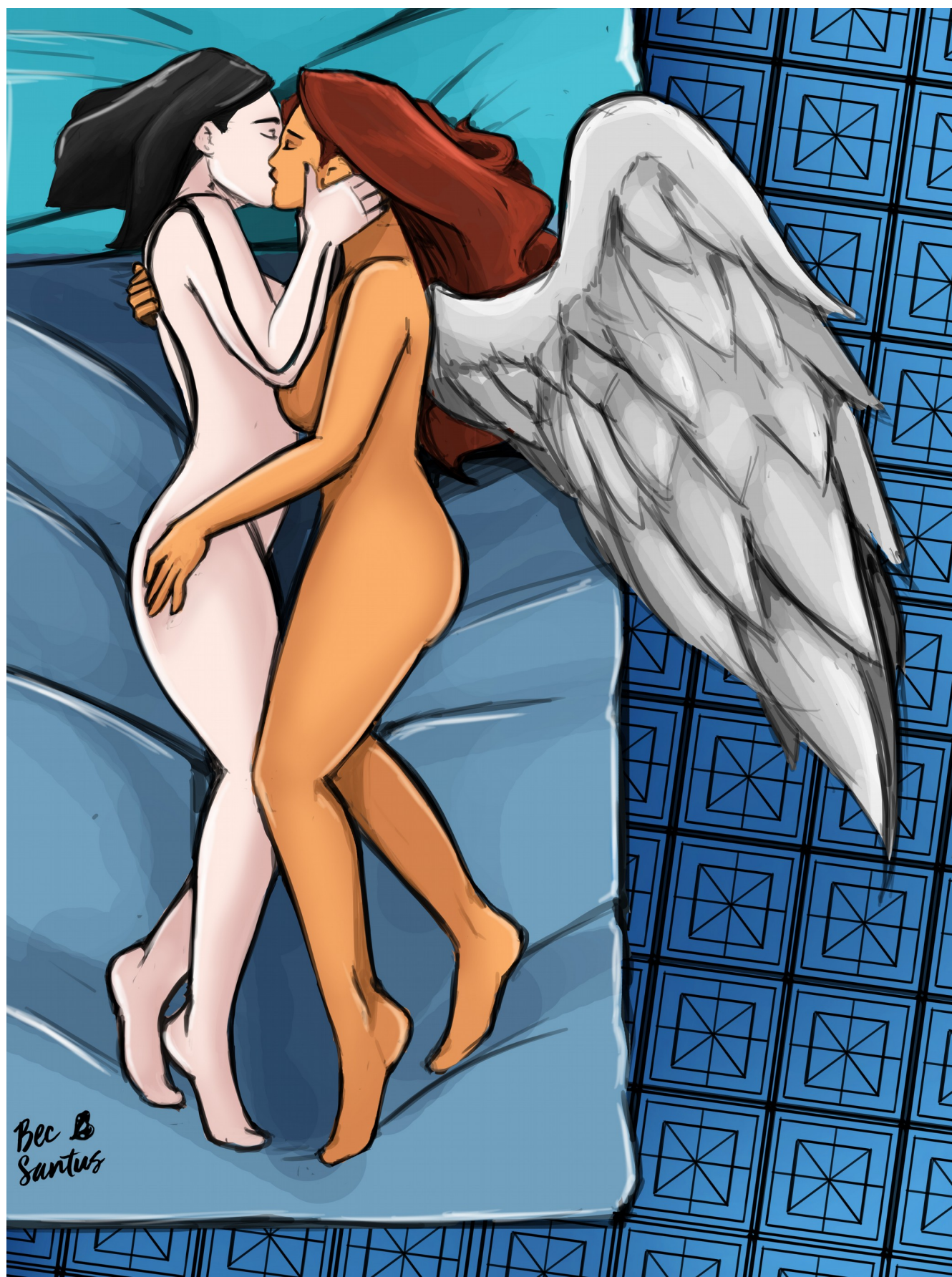
"You spanked me first."

"You spanked me *twice*." Samantha stood up on her knees as well, face to face with Olivia. She felt her breasts mash against her girlfriends and for a moment they both stopped.

“Maybe...” Olivia leaned just a bit closer to Samantha. “Maybe I should tear all of your clothes off. Show you how it feels.” Her hands had ended up over Samantha’s shoulders at some point, and their faces were close enough that their foreheads were almost touching.

“Jokes on you bitch,” Samantha said. Her voice was full of more breath than she’d intended. “I’m already naked.” She snapped her fingers and the illusion of clothing that Samantha had been wearing disappeared. For a long moment they just met each other’s eyes. “Ok,” said Samantha, “but when we’re done here we have to go looking for Paul.”

Olivia just laughed and threw herself against Samantha.



Paul had been counting under his breath at first but eventually had just pulled his phone out. A few enchantments from Samantha had ensured that he could still place calls for free even though he was across the ocean. Thinking about that, he decided he probably owed Samantha a call now that he'd landed. She'd at the very least want to know that he'd gotten there safely, and she'd probably get a kick out of the fairies.

As Paul stood outside of his room listening to Samantha's dial tone, a door down the hall from him opened up. He was a bit surprised to see all three of the girls from the lobby come out. All three met his eyes as he waited on the phone. Paul pushed to one side to let them walk by, but they just stood there. They exchanged a few glances and Paul got the distinct impression some sort of non-verbal communication was going on.

At the same time Samantha's voice-mail came on. "Hey you've- What? No I'm recording my fucking voice-mail message. No put your pants back on. Put *my* fucking pants back on! Oh my fu-" and then there was a beep.

"Hey, Samantha." Paul turned slightly away from the trio that was still watching him. "We got here safe. I've got some crazy stories about the flight. Call me back ok?" As he glanced back at the trio he was surprised to see that two of them had returned to their room. The last one had long dark hair and was currently heading towards him.

"Hello," she said.

"Hi," said Paul. He glanced at the timer he'd set on his phone. He still had two minutes.

"Just got in?" Watching her lips as she talked told Paul that she was actually speaking English, not Japanese through his translation charm. Not only that but she was speaking it without a Japanese accent. Paul had figured her and the other two for locals, but maybe he was wrong.

"Yeah," said Paul, "on a trip with my girlfriend. You?"

The girl smiled. "You don't recognize me." It wasn't a question. She looked Paul up and down intently. "Now, should I introduce myself with my stage name or my real name?"

"I did see all of that stuff you had with you," said Paul. "Are you three...?"

She nodded, "Three Fate. You do recognize us."

Paul gave her a blank stare. "I don't... I'm sorry what did you just say?"

"Oh!" she laughed, "Sorry. I thought you were trying to remember our names. We're idols. You know, Japanese pop stars? We're called Three Fate. I was actually coming over because we saw the cell phone and we were a bit worried you might be taking our picture. We're trying to keep where we're staying private."

"Oh," Paul looked at his phone. "No worries there. Just calling my girlfriend."

The idol smiled. "I'm Miki but... call me Shizuka."

Paul was about to answer when his phone buzzed. He looked down to see the text on the screen.

stop talking and get in here

"I'm Paul," he said to Shizuka, "and I've gotta go." His phone buzzed again.

unless she wants in

"Nice meeting you Paul. Maybe we'll see you around?"

"Maybe," said Paul. He gave her a polite smile as he opened his room door and slid through.

Allison wasn't in immediate sight but her shirt, bra, and panties were discarded on the bed. That gave Paul a moment's pause. The shirt and bra but no jacket he could understand, but where were Allison's pants and boots?

"Hey stud!" Paul looked to the side. He'd wondered why there was a breeze.

Allison sat perched on the balcony railing, having left the door open as she was framed by the lights of Tokyo. Her jacket was open enough to confirm to Paul that she was in fact not wearing a shirt or bra.

"So," said Paul as he walked out to her. He liked to think that he put some swagger in his step, it seemed like the thing to do when approaching a beautiful half-naked woman in an exotic local. He didn't try too hard though. The last time he'd tried to really swagger Olivia had been worried he'd hurt his leg. "I'm guessing by that pile you left on the bed that you're not wearing any underwear?"

"That's right," Allison spread her legs wide and grinned. He could see now that her fly was about halfway undone.

"Since you still have your boots and pants on does that mean you had to take them off, strip off your underwear, then put your-"

"You're ruining the moment."

"I'm just wondering if you kept your socks." As Paul finally reached her he realised that despite Allison sitting down on the balcony railing they were still at eye level. He guessed it just meant that he didn't need to bend down to kiss her. His hands ran over her chiseled abs then moved down down as he felt up her well toned ass through the leather. Allison started to return the kiss and at the same time her hips started to grind against him. Her hands started to explore his body too, well trodden territory at this point. She found her way under his shirt and started to feel at his musculature.

She made a little noise at the back of her throat as she moved her kisses away from his throat and down the line of his jaw. Her breath was coming slow and deep now, pressing her breasts into

Paul's taut torso. Eventually she was close enough to start muttering in his ear. "Those ladies on the plane, did they scream for you Paul?"

"No," Paul's voice was more hoarse than he'd thought it would be. He hadn't really appreciated just how sitting next to a very horny Allison for hours on end had affected him. He'd been stiff since he entered the room but now it was actually becoming painful. "We had to keep quiet."

"I'll scream for you Paul." Allison's questing hands had found their way down to Paul's pants and she was currently stroking him through them. "I'll scream and moan and let the whole city know what an amazing lover you are."

"Want to move this to the bed?"

Paul felt Allison's hand snake down between their pants, undoing her fly and then his. "Why?"

"This uh..." Paul paused for a moment as Allison reached into his pants and fished out his cock. "This doesn't seem safe exactly."

"What?" Allison shifted her position around and then lowered her pants just a bit. With one hand wrapped around his cock Allison started to slowly rub his tip back and forth on her entrance. "Afraid I might fall and damage the pavement?" Her legs suddenly lifted up behind him and pulled Paul both forwards and into her. She made a small moan as he did and Paul grunted along with her.

"But what if...?" Paul was having trouble concentrating for obvious reasons now. Despite his protests he started slowly pushing himself further into Allison, whose whole body gave a little tremble. "Somebody sees us?"

"Mmmmm..." Allison's hips started working again, setting a slow pace at first. Her eyes cleared for just a moment. "We're on the top floor, it's fine. Now," her legs tightened and pulled Paul into her all the way. Her eyes fluttered and her face had become flush with arousal but she was staring at Paul greedily. "How about you show me what I missed out on in the plane?"



They hadn't been in the hotel room for long but already it was a mess. The very first thing that Tanya had done when they reached their room was put the "Do Not Disturb" sign on the door. Now the bedsheets were tangled, the floor was carpeted with their discarded clothes, and Denise lay in bed naked, tracing a finger around one of her nipples and feeling it go stiff. Of course Denise could take multiple feedings from Tanya a day, but she still tended to feel a little languid after each one.

Of course Tanya wasn't feeling tired at all. Denise supposed that was why succubi were traditionally considered to be so dangerous. Constantly getting stronger while whoever they were sleeping with got weaker and weaker. If a succubus really wanted to...

Denise dismissed the idea. Especially since that even now, as wired as she was, Tanya didn't seem even remotely interested in taking advantage of her in her weakened state. Instead she'd just gone out on the balcony for a little fresh air. Of course Denise had practically had to twist her arm in order to get her to go outside both human and clothed. Even then Tanya had only been willing to compromise. Her tail still poked out of the short black dress that she wore. Tanya could watch it twitch through the sliding balcony door as Tanya leaned over the edge. She looked like she was actually looking upwards. Leaning forwards and trying to get a glimpse of something partially blocked by the balcony above them. After a minute or so of this Tanya pulled back from the edge of the balcony and slid the balcony door open just wide enough to talk through.

"Hey, Denise? What was that description of the girl Olivia and Samantha told us to look out for?"

Denise rubbed her eyes as she thought. "About six foot six, half Japanese half caucasian with green eyes, muscles, black hair, likes wearing leather and..." Denise cupped one of her breasts, "about this big."

"Yeah," said Tanya, "I think I see her."

Denise sat up, "You sure?"

Tanya rolled her eyes, "No, I bet it's the *other* girl that looks like that."

“Well where is she?”

Tanya pointed up. “Come out here and see.”

With only a little bit of grumbling Denise jumped out of bed, pulled her wings in, and grabbed a robe from the bathroom. It was a fairly warm night as she stepped out, and Tanya only spared her a glance as she kept leaning out over the balcony and glanced up. Wondering just what was going on, Denise followed her example and leaned out after her.

Three floors above them she spotted what was unmistakably a very well toned ass. It was partially clad in leather in leather pants that looked to have been pulled down and the way it was moving back and forth rhythmically gave a pretty clear indication of why. “Well,” said Denise, “that is... interesting, but that doesn’t necessarily mean it’s Allison.”

“Wait for it...” Over the sounds of the city below them, Denise and Tanya could make out the distinct sounds of a woman moaning. The ass above them shifted forwards slightly and suddenly its owner came into view as she leaned out over the empty air. Denise caught a glimpse of an open leather jacket with naked tits spilling out over the side. Above it was someone with a dark bob haircut.

“Well,” said Denise, “it *could* be someone else. We know there are other girls out there with proportions like ours and-”

“MY NAME IS ALLISON SAKAMOTO AND MY BOYFRIEND PAUL PETERS IS THE BEST LAY IN THIS CITY!” Allison lifted her hands in the air in order to proclaim this to the heavens.

Tanya licked her lips. “That is her fourth orgasm since I got out here.”

“You don’t know that was an orgasm,” Denise said.

“Yeah I do,” Tanya’s tail started twitching. “I can *feel* when they happen near me.” She shrugged. “I don’t get any pleasure from it unless I’m involved but I know it as clearly as you know a light-bulb is on or off.” She gave Denise a wicked grin, “That’s how I know that Olivia and Samantha are also going at it next door.”

Above them Allison's leather clad ass pulled away from the balcony railing and out of sight.

Denise gave Tanya a look, "Are they done?"

Tanya looked up for a moment. "Nope, just moved to the bedroom." Denise felt the whipcord of Tanya's tail wrap around her thigh. "Speaking of..."

At some point during the night the jet-lag had caught up with Allison. Paul had been expecting this, he had enough experience with Allison to know that while she could go for hours, when she crashed she crashed hard. He'd actually had to roll her off of him so she didn't just go to sleep with him still inside of her, again.

Of course Paul had gone to sleep soon after, but he'd also been the first one to wake up. He stretched in the early morning light and turned to look at Allison.

As far as Paul was concerned she was one of the most beautiful women in the world, but you really wouldn't know it to look at her sleeping. He really didn't know why. Olivia looked like the angel she was when she was asleep and Samantha and Iris were serious cuddlers (though Samantha would fiercely deny it) but Allison, when she wasn't putting him in a death grip, fell asleep in the most ridiculous positions.

Right now she had her mouth wide open, with her tongue draped over the side. One of her legs was dangling off the side of the bed and she'd grabbed two fistfuls of her own hair. Paul debated waking her up but then shook his head and managed to slide out of the bed quietly.

Paul was positively parched and took the opportunity to explore the suite just a bit. He found that not only did they have a separate kitchen and dining area but also an entertainment centre and a bathroom larger than his bedroom back home.

What it didn't have was any ice.

Paul supposed he could just have a glass of water without ice, but he recalled seeing an ice machine in the hall. He kept quiet as he got dressed and took the ice bucket into the hall. The machine

made a grinding noise and Paul hoped that he wasn't being too loud. His worries were confirmed when a pair of strong hands grabbed him by the shoulders. "Sorry," he said, "we needed ice." Then Paul glanced down and noticed that the hands that were grabbing him were a lot more hairy than Allison's.

In the past year and a half Allison had grown more and more concerned about Paul's safety. While he had tried to tell her that the stuff with the Order was behind them, Allison had insisted that he take a few lessons with her and her mother. Now seeing as most of these were from Allison herself that meant that most of the lessons were rather useless. That is unless the martial arts involved more snuggling and kisses than Paul had been lead to believe.

Allison's mother Laura on the other hand had managed to teach Paul some very effective self defence techniques. The first of which was this. Paul screamed. Long and loud, Laura had stressed the importance of putting aside his pride and screaming as loud as he could when he was in trouble. Whoever was trying to grab Paul had apparently never considered that a man might do this as he removed a hand to cover Paul's mouth. Of course this meant that he was only holding Paul with one hand and Paul twisted to get away. The ice from his bucket spilled on the ground as he did so and he barrelled down the hallway.

A door opened in his path. Paul had hoped that Allison would have been woken up by his screams. Instead standing in Paul's path was a very startled looking Shizuka and Paul would have dodged around her if her other two band mates hadn't also pushed past her into the hall.

Paul crashed into the girls and all four of them fell to the ground in a tangle. There was some shouted Japanese, both from the girls and from his pursuers, that made Paul realise that he hadn't put his translation charm back on that morning. He was again seized by strong hands, this time several pairs of them. He tried to scream again but someone had slapped their hand over his mouth. Using another one of Laura's lessons Paul tried to bite the hand but its owner pulled away, only to be replaced by what was clearly a tie being used as a gag.

There was a some more shouted Japanese as Paul tried to fight his way free. The three members of Three Fate were being picked up as well. Paul took the opportunity to get a look at his attackers.

Paul's knowledge of the yakuza extended to a few video games and some movies that Allison had made him watch. However these guys definitely fit within that rough sketch. Angry looking Japanese men in suits, a small pin on their lapel, and one or two of them missing fingers. As he struggled one of them punched him in the side, hard, and he went down to his knees. After that he was half marched half dragged to the elevator along with the Three Fate girls. Shizuka gave Paul a worried look but didn't say anything.

Olivia shot straight up in bed. "I have to go see Paul now!"

Samantha rubbed her eyes and stretched. "Whuzafuk?"

"I had a dream and ooh... it was awful Samantha! I think he was kidnapped!"

"What? A dream?" Samantha still found herself getting out of bed. "Calm down for a second."

"I *need* to be with him Samantha!" Olivia was very quickly searching around the room. "Oh my God I don't have any clothes!"

"Oh yeah," Samantha winced, "shit." She fired off a spell at the shreds of Olivia's clothes that were on the ground. In a few moments they had repaired themselves and taken on their previous appearance. "Sorry about that."

Olivia didn't look like she was listening, instead she was throwing her clothes on sans underwear so fast that Samantha was worried she might give herself some sort of friction burns. "We have to go, we have to save him!"

"Calm the fuck down," Samantha went to stand above Olivia as she wrestled with her socks.

"Do you have any idea where Paul is?"

"He's in this hotel," Olivia said, "and he was kidnapped along with a trio of Japanese pop stars!"

Samantha took a moment to process that. “That does sound like him... but he’s really in the same hotel as us? That’s a pretty fucking big coincidence.”

“You heard Love, I’m his guardian angel. I’m drawn to him in times of danger.” She brought her wings out and tucked them behind her back. Then she started towards the balcony. Samantha jumped in front of her with her arms spread wide.

“What the ever loving fuck do you think you’re doing!?”

“I have to find Paul!”

“How!?! By flying around in a fucking circle and shouting ‘Paul!’ at the top of your lungs? I don’t know if you’ve noticed but there are nine million fucking people out there.” Samantha took a deep breath and rested her hands on Olivia’s shoulders. “I don’t know if you forgot, but most people don’t know angels exist. You *might* cause a scene, not to mention not being any closer to finding Paul.”

Olivia’s jaw tightened, but she pulled her wings back in. “Ok, what do we do?”

“We brought backup, let’s go talk to them.”

“Yeah,” said Tanya, “we already knew Paul and Allison were in this hotel.”

“What?” Samantha stood in front of the two beds that Tanya and Denise had booked. One didn’t look like it had been slept in at all. Olivia was pacing back and forth fast enough that Samantha was sure she would make a trench in the floor. “You’ve never even fucking seen them before, how do you know?”

“They were...” Denise looked to the side and Samantha was surprised to see a bit of blush in Denise’s dark cheeks.

“Aw,” Tanya leaned forwards, in full succubus mode as she played with Denise’s hair. “It’s so cute that public sex still embarrasses you.”

“You still haven’t told me how-”

“Who cares how!?” Olivia stopped pacing and pointed at Tanya. “Do you know what room they’re in?”

“Yes,” said Tanya. She got up from the bed and smiled a smile that had far too many teeth. “I’m a literal demon, I can handle myself. Plus I’ve wanted to meet this Paul guy.”

“Look,” said Samantha, “nobody *has* to come.”

“I’m coming too,” Denise said as she stood up by Tanya. “I can handle myself.”

“I mean, we really just need help *finding* Paul,” Samantha sighed and got up. “We’ve got fucking Allison here. Trust me, she can handle a few gangsters.”

From sleep, Allison blinked into awareness and took a deep breath. It took her a moment to organize herself in the tangle of her bedsheets. She looked out onto the balcony and smiled, especially when she saw the little finger sized dents that she’d left in the metal along the edge. She kept that smile as she rolled over to see Paul, only to find her bed empty. Not only that but there was a stranger in the room.

The stranger had grabbed a chair from the dining room and was sitting with one leg folded over the other. On the one hand she looked totally normal, if very pretty. She was Japanese and had an elegance to her features. A sort of hard angled beauty coupled with a really killer jacket and skirt combo with some high heeled shoes. Something about her set off some of Allison’s instincts though. Something about how her eyes took in the situation, or that she was in just a bit too good of shape for someone that just wanted to look nice. Something told Allison that she was sitting across from a fighter.

“You are not a true warrior,” the woman said.

“...Ok. Good morning to you too.” Allison sat up and discarded the sheet. Part of her was still hoping that this woman was some sort of surprise set up for her by Paul. Because if she was it would be a pretty great sign that Paul knew how to push her buttons. If this woman had dyed her hair red then Allison didn’t know if she’d be able to control herself.

“You sleep too soundly, you leave yourself vulnerable.”

“Where’s Paul?” A leaden feeling started to settle into Allison’s gut but she had to make sure.

“You are not to see Mr. Peters again.”

Allison’s eyes narrowed. “My father sent you.”

“That is not your concern. You may call me Tanaka. I am here to show you the error of your ways.”

“Lady, you just went from a ten down to...” Allison looked Tanaka up and down, “shit, you’re still like an eight.” Allison stood up from the bed at her full height. To her credit Tanaka didn’t look intimidated.

“You are impressively built, but you can not defeat me.” Tanaka stood up as well. She was pretty tall as well, despite the stereotypes. Allison guessed she was at about five foot eleven or even six feet. Tanaka fell into a fighting stance that Allison recognized from a traditional Okinawan school of karate. Allison tried not to find it hot.

Her superhuman strength let Allison shoot forwards much faster than a regular person. Nonetheless Tanaka managed to dodge the blow, dancing to the side and managing a punch to the side of Allison’s head. Or she would have if Allison hadn’t anticipated the blow, moving one arm to deflect while her knee moved up to try to catch Tanaka in her middle. It caught Tanaka but she managed to roll with it, regaining her feet in a moment.

“You can not win. You have already started breathing... faster...” Tanaka trailed off but Allison hardly noticed.

Allison was breathing faster, but it didn’t have anything to do with exertion. She herself flush, not to mention the heat from between her legs. Her nipples even felt stiffer. “You’re amazing...” Her stance didn’t waver despite her arousal, instead she pushed forwards with a series of probing attacks. Tanaka deflected them all but her expression was looking less and less sure. Most likely because Allison was saying things like: “And if I kick like this you- yes! So when I- perfect! Oh God!” Allison took a shuddering breath. “I so wish I didn’t have to end this.”

“Kay, so Allison might be kind of pissed that we’re getting in the way of her alone time with Paul.” Samantha said. They’d all gotten into the elevator and more or less dressed. Samantha was only wearing the illusion of clothes but that was usual for her.

Tanya frowned, “Is she dangerous?”

Olivia tilted her head from side to side. “I don’t *think* she’d actually hurt us.”

Denise mirrored Tanya’s expression. “I don’t like how you put emphasis on that.”

“It’s a fucking emergency, she’ll understand.” Samantha pushed her way from the back of the group into the hallway as the elevator doors opened. “Ok, room room room...” she turned from side to side. “Ugh, God damn it! They all look the same!”

“It’s a hotel dear,” Olivia put a hand on Samantha’s shoulder. “They’re supposed to.”

“Well if they were just above our room...” Tanya furrowed her brow “...then it should be-” Just as Tanya pointed to the door it exploded outwards. Impressive seeing as it opened inwards. Samantha had just enough time to make out a body among the wreckage of the door when a very naked Allison stepped through with a hand over her mouth. “Ooh... I might have gotten carried away there.” As she said that Allison met Samantha’s eyes. Her gaze wandered over the group that had just gotten off the elevator, then down at the body again. “Hey?”

Samantha sighed, “Lets just make sure she’s fucking alive.” She picked her way through the debris and bent down to take the woman’s pulse. Abruptly the woman moved like a snake. From nowhere she produced a knife and Samantha felt its edge against her throat.

“Enough of this!” The woman said. “Surrender or I’ll-!”

“No.” Samantha sent a spell from her fingertips into the prone woman. The knife tumbled from her hands as she fell unconscious.

“Aww...” Allison stepped out of her room, stretching her arms like she’d just been doing a workout. “I was having fun. Also Samantha?”

“Yeah?” Samantha got up from the unconscious woman in the wreckage of the door. Suddenly two strong arms grabbed Samantha under her armpits and she found herself lifted up the good foot and a half required for her to be face to face with Allison.

“*What* are you doing here?” Allison growled through her teeth. “This was supposed to be *my* time with Paul!”

“It wasn’t my idea! It wasn’t my idea!” Samantha pointed to Olivia. “She had some sort of premonition that Paul was in danger. And look!” She pointed to the unconscious woman at Allison’s feet. Allison’s gaze slowly turned on Olivia, but she didn’t put Samantha down either. Samantha started to build up a spell but Allison just let go with one hand and flicked Samantha in the centre of her forehead, completely breaking her concentration.

“Well?” Allison said to Olivia.

Olivia took a breath and a half step forwards. “I had a sudden and intense need to be near Paul. I rationalized it as wanting to introduce these two to you,” she gestured to Tanya and Denise.

Allison spared the two of them a nod, “Hey.”

“Hey,” said Denise.

“I want to spend all day licking your abs,” said Tanya. She’d gotten excited enough that her tail had popped out and wrapped around her thigh.

Samantha kicked out a bit to get Allison’s attention. Not only would it not have done any damage, but at the distance Allison was holding Samantha out her legs barely reached Allison. *Stupid short people legs*. “Olivia woke up this morning having some sort of vision about Paul being kidnapped by the Yakuza and we ran to get you.”

“Also there was a Japanese pop idol group that got kidnapped with him.”

Allison rolled her eyes, “Figures.” She set Samantha down. “I don’t suppose you caught which faction happened to do it?”

Olivia shrugged. "I'm actually only guessing that they're Yakuza at all. Just a bunch of angry Japanese guys in suits."

"Would she know?" Tanya pointed to the unconscious woman.

"Probably..." Allison folded her arms. "That sounds like our best bet. I should go find something to tie her up with... and some clothes... and maybe have a shower."

"Well..." Tanya started to change, horns and wings emerging while her skin darkened to purple, "you might be able to skip the first of those."

It was a bit odd that, with everything that Paul had gone through, nobody had ever actually kidnapped him before. He'd expected them to put a bag over his head and throw him in the back of a van but instead he and the girls of Three Fate had been shown to a limo and tossed into the back seat, one that sat across from another row of rear facing seats.

In that seat sat a middle aged man that eyed Paul and the girls with weary and flinty eyes. He looked at the Yakuza that had come in with them and spoke to them. Paul's limited knowledge of Japanese and the tones used left Paul fairly sure that the conversation went something like this:

"Who are these three?"

"Well he ran into them as-"

"Why are they here?"

"Well we were worried about witnesses and-"

"You're an idiot."

"Yes sir."

The man leaned forwards and eyed the members of Three Fate. Not in a sexual way, more like the someone looking at a bill that was slightly higher than they thought it would be that month.

"Paul," whispered Shizuka, "there's something I have to tell you."

The middle aged man said “No talking,” in English. His eyes locked on Paul and Paul felt himself being assessed. “So, Mr. Peters.” The man had an accent but was understandable. “My name is Nakamura. Mr. Nakamura. I suppose you’re wondering why we took you from your hotel.”

“Not really,” said Paul. He was a bit shocked to hear himself say it. His mouth was dry and he could feel his heart crashing against his ribcage. Yet when Paul opened his mouth he said, “I’m just killing time here.” He honestly wasn’t surprised when Nakamura slapped him. A bit more than a slap actually. It left the taste of blood in Paul’s mouth.

“None of that,” said Nakamura, “no quips.”

“Paul,” said Shizuka, “this man is going to hurt you if you don’t cooperate. This is a very bad idea.”

“You should listen to her Mr. Peters.” Nakamura leaned back and seemed to assess Paul once again. “This has to do with your girlfriend.”

Again, in defiance of all sense of self preservation, Paul said: “...Need you to be more specific.”

Nakamura threw his head back and laughed. Not only did it catch Paul off guard, but the other Yakuza started giving each other worried expressions. “Oh... A man after my own heart.” Nakamura wiped away a tear. Then his fist lashed out and caught Paul in the stomach.

Paul’s whole body lurched forwards and curled up around the fist. He honestly had had no idea that getting punched in the stomach could hurt so much. The wind was knocked out of him and his body didn’t seem to want to obey him and stand back up. Paul felt Nakamura’s hand close around his hair and pull his face up so that he was less than an inch from Nakamura. “Listen, if you have other girls this should be easy,” he was speaking through his teeth. Spitting the words at Paul. “You agree to never go near miss Sakamoto again we let these girls out somewhere and we drop you off at the airport, we’ll even buy you a ticket home first class.”

Paul tried to get some breath back in him. Once he was certain he could actually talk he said “And if I say no?”

Nakamura smiled. “Then we take all of you back to the office and we have a little chat.”

Paul looked at the girls of Three Fate. He’d expected them to look afraid, to be begging him with their eyes to let them stop and get out. Instead all three seemed very calm, like being taken hostage and threatened was just some everyday inconvenience that had to be suffered. Like a traffic jam or a hangnail. Shizuka actually quirked up the corner of her mouth. If they’d been afraid, Paul might have said yes. It would have been trivial to reconnect with Allison and fill her in on the situation. Instead the girls of Three Fate were looking at him with at most a bit of curiosity, like they were genuinely wondering what he was going to say.

“I guess...” said Paul, “we’re going to have a talk.” The first punch caught him by surprise, the next three did as well.

By the fifth he was kind of getting into the rhythm of it.

They left him alone for a while after that and Paul lay on his side and pretended to be more injured than he was. Unfortunately he didn’t have to pretend that much. He shut his eyes, and tried to ride the waves of pain coming over him.

Someone started jostling him after a short while. “Paul.” It was Shizuka whispering. “I’m-” there were some loud orders said in Japanese and Shizuka backed off. Whatever she had to say it would have to wait. Though honestly Paul wondered what could possibly be that important.

Miss Tanaka duelled with Allison.

Their rapid fire blows went from one end of the arena to the other.

Arena?

Yes. Now that she looked they were in an arena. An old roman style gladiator arena. Though there was only one person in the stands. Miss Tanaka didn’t recognise the well endowed young woman in a black dress in the stands. She seemed to be watching her duel very intently though. Maybe because they were both naked.

Naked?

Yes, both she and Allison were definitely naked. Not only that but their bodies appeared to have been oiled up, rendering their musculature in gleaming detail. It was not a surprise with Allison, slattern that she was, but miss Tanaka was usually more conservative.

She didn't have the exaggerated musculature of Allison but she did have a body of hard and flat athletic muscle traced over with a few scars. Her breasts were also not the oversized monstrosities that Allison sported, but by most normal measures she was somewhat well endowed. Enough that she was having a bit of trouble fighting naked as they bounced.

Somehow Allison didn't have that trouble. She was too strong, fast, and graceful. Miss Tanaka couldn't defend as Allison closed in and forced her to her knees, lowering her head to the same level as Allison's tight hairless slit. Submission, that was what Allison wanted from miss Tanaka. To admit that Allison was her better and bask in the glory of the muscle bound goddess above her.

Slowly, hesitantly, miss Tanaka's tongue came out of her mouth.

Tanya removed her hand from miss Tanaka's head and shivered. "Ooh boy. I got a spicy one."

"What did you find out?" Allison said. She was currently wrapped in a towel and drying off her hair with another. Miss Tanaka was laying on Allison's bed completely unconscious.

"Well she's got the hots for you. And a really kinky side."

"We're going to need a bit more," said Samantha. She sat in a chair next to the bed while Denise and Olivia were in the sitting room outside. From the smell of it someone had ordered room service so Tanya guessed that Samantha had finished fixing the door.

"This isn't exactly easy ok? If I do too much they realise they're in a dream and force me out. Also I've only ever really done this to play pranks." Her stomach gave a growl but she ignored it. There'd be time for that later. "I'm going to try a different tactic." Tanya reached out to miss Tanaka's head again.

When she got back things were in full swing, as it were. Miss Tanaka was kneeling in front of Allison and working her tongue in and out of Allison's folds. Interestingly enough, Tanya noticed that miss Tanka didn't exactly look like she knew what she was doing. It seemed like she'd never actually been with another woman.

Tanya leaned forwards and tried to get a read on miss Tanaka. She was still somewhat new at testing the limits of her Succubus powers. Normally Tanya only used it during sex, but she could often feel another person's sexuality. What they liked, what they wanted, what they needed, even...

Tanya gave a little jump. "Oh! She's a virgin."

For a moment Tanya felt a little guilty. What she could read off of miss Tanaka spoke of a lifetime of sexual repression, and more than a little self judgement. Too intimidating for most men. Too ashamed to approach women. Fighting because it was the only thing that felt right.

Then again nobody had forced her to help kidnap Paul, or become a criminal at all. It was only loosely tied to her sexuality but Tanya was able to get a read on that.

With all this in mind Tanya reached out and took hold of the dream.

Miss Tanaka felt something shift within herself as she pleased Allison. It started in her core, a throbbing tightness accompanied by heat. She pulled back from her ministrations and looked down at herself. Her stomach had gone from flat to chiseled, abdominal muscles standing out in sharp relief.

The feeling spread as she looked down at herself. All of her muscles tightened and swelled beneath her skin. She stood up, and realised that she was now eye to eye with a smiling Allison. There was a throbbing in her chest and she grunted, warm pangs of pleasure overwhelming her as he watched her softball sized breasts start to fill out and take up more space. "Ooh, what is... how...?" She clutched her breasts and fell back to her knees. Her expanding flesh overflowed miss Tanaka's hands as she started to knead them. Rocking back and forth, she started to grind her hips against the air. Something

bumped against her pelvis and she looked down to see the same dark haired young lady from the stands smiling up at her, laying down so that her lips were just in front of miss Tanaka's folds.

As her breasts ballooned to the size of Allison's, miss Tanaka was overcome by a bizarre sense of peace. Despite her erotic surroundings, she was content. Allison gripped her by the back of the neck. "I need you to do something for me," Allison said.

"Of course," said miss Tanaka. "Anything."

Everyone in the room except for Tanya flinched as miss Tanaka's eyes opened. She slowly surveyed her surroundings as she sat up slowly, then her eyes landed on Allison and she smiled. "Mistress," she said, "would you like me to clothe you?"

"...The fuck?" said Samantha.

"Yeah," said Allison, "I'm with Samantha on this one."

"Of course I adore your nakedness," said miss Tanaka with her hands in her lap, "I just worry that you might be getting cold."

Tanya stood up. At some point during the dream she'd transformed entirely into her succubus form. Not that she minded. She stretched her wings out as she stood, running a hand through her hair around her horns. "So I couldn't find a way to get her to just dream about where they'd taken Paul."

Miss Tanaka stood up as well and walked over to the luggage by the bedroom door. "Should I select an outfit for you? I know that we will likely be seeing combat, but I am sure that I can put together something stylish yet rugged."

"No, seriously," said Samantha, "the fuck did you do to her?"

"I just blurred the line between a sexual fantasy of hers and reality." Tanya winced, "Trust me. I could have made her a lot worse."

“Is she going to stay like this?” Allison said. She’d tilted her head to get a better look at what miss Tanaka was up to with her luggage. At this point miss Tanaka actually seemed to be taking things out and folding them.

“Only for a few hours tops. Or at least that’s how long it usually lasts with Denise.”

“Not that!” Allison said. She crossed the room to her luggage and grabbed something from miss Tanaka. Tanya didn’t get a great look at it, but it was purple, long, and oblong. Miss Tanaka immediately fell into a deep bow.

“You’ve done this shit before?” Samantha raised an eyebrow at the sight of miss Tanaka moving to kiss Allison’s feet.

“Well I can only work with what’s there so I never got this out of Denise. Mostly I just get her acting like she’s some rich libertine hosting an orgy at her chateau or a princess or one time she wanted to paint me nude.”

“Enough of that!” Allison pulled miss Tanaka away from her feet and up to a standing position.

“Miss Tanaka-”

“Oh, I am not owed any honorifics mistress. Please call me Fuyuko.” She bowed and Allison shot a glare at Tanya.

“Fuyuko,” Allison placed her hands on Fuyuko’s shoulders and straightened her up, “there is one way that you could help me.”

“Would my mistress like me to spar with her? Then afterwards, I could service my mistress sexually.” Fuyuko was beaming as she said the last part.

Allison looked at Fuyuko for a moment. “...No?” Allison didn’t quite sound sure of her answer but she pressed on. “I was wondering about those men that you arrived here with.”

“The Maruyama clan?”

Allison leaned back. Apparently that name meant something to her. “You mean that they’re subsidiaries of the Maruyama?”

Fuyuko shook her head. “No mistress. The men I came here with work directly for the Maruyama. My mistress’s father is much too valuable a business partner to warrant anything but the clan’s direct involvement.”

“Allison?” said Samantha. “Care to catch those of us that don’t follow Japanese organized crime up?”

Allison frowned and started pacing. As she did her towel started to slip and Fuyuko rushed forwards and caught it, securing it in place before Allison could say anything. She glanced at Fuyuko, who bowed her head and backed off. “The Maruyama are the largest criminal organization in Japan. One of the largest in the world.”

“And your dad works with these motherfuckers?” Samantha got up and stood in Allison’s way to stop her pacing.

“Yes,” said Allison. “They’re headquartered in Kobe, it’s hard to do business without them.”

“He just had Paul fucking kidnapped Allison! You don’t have to make excuses for him.”

Allison looked like she’d just bit into something rotten. She looked at Fuyuko, “Do you know where they took him?”

“I apologize mistress, but I was not told of those details of the plan. My only instructions were to keep you occupied and unable to alert the authorities.”

“Why don’t we?” said Tanya. Everyone in the room turned to her and she shrank down a bit. Samantha and Allison were talking about Paul being kidnapped like it was normal for them. Even if she was a demon, Tanya was starting to feel a bit out of her depth. “Let’s just call the cops. I mean, is there really a reason not to?”

Allison and Samantha shared a frown. “No,” said Allison.

“No fucking way,” Samantha added.

“But why? This is what they’re there for! Paul’s been kidnapped by actual criminals and we have someone who will testify.”

“These guys are powerful,” said Allison, “they’ll have contacts of some sort in the police. Not to mention the power my dad has.” Allison sighed, “Not to mention that despite everything... he’s still my dad. If I can get him to back off without him having to go to jail I want things to play out that way.”

“Plus,” Samantha said, “these ass-monkeys kidnapped Paul. My consort. Our lover. We’re going to make a fucking example.” Samantha climbed up onto Allison’s bed. “I’m going to get started on a tracking spell.”

“Right,” said Allison. “Fuyuko, it’s time to dress your mistress.”

“As you wish,” Fuyuko bowed but there was a wide grin on her face.

The door closing caused Olivia to jump. She relaxed when she saw it was just Tanya, but kept hunched over her cup of coffee.

“Maybe you shouldn’t be having that,” said Denise. “It’s getting you worked up.”

Olivia took a sip. “It’s not the coffee. I’m fine with coffee. It’s Paul.”

“I know that you’re worried-”

“No you don’t.” Olivia tucked her legs under herself in an ever increasing quest to become smaller. “I can feel the danger that Paul’s in, every moment. Until I’m with him it’s not going to get better.”

“Try to be reasonable,” said Denise. “What could you do if you were there?”

“He’s injured, I’m a med student.” Olivia set her coffee down hard enough that some of it spilled.

Denise put a hand on Olivia’s shoulder. “We don’t know that he’s injured-”

“I *know*. I hope to God you never have to find out what I mean by that.” Her eyes were drawn to Tanya, just standing awkwardly in the middle of the room. “What?”

“It’s nothing,” said Tanya.

“Just tell me-”

“What I did in there kind of took a lot out of me so I was coming here to see if either of you wanted to have sex with me and recharge my batteries.” Tanya shrugged. “Just in case you wanted to know.”

Olivia wrapped her arms around her knees. “Can’t help you. Sorry.” She sat staring at the room’s deactivated TV for a long moment. She was just considering turning it on to see how Japanese morning shows might improve her mood when she glanced at Denise, who was clearly looking back and forth between her and Tanya. Olivia stretched out and sighed. “Don’t stay here on my account. I’ll be fine on my own.”

Denise stood up but then looked back down at Olivia, “You’re sure.”

“Yes, I’m not going to go less crazy with you here.”

Tanya took Denise’s hand, gave Olivia a pained smile, and then took Denise into what Olivia was pretty sure was the bathroom. As Olivia watched them go she made a face. Not because of what they were doing, absolutely not. It was just that even turning around made Olivia feel worse. It wasn’t just anxiety, Olivia hadn’t felt this ill since she’d become an angel. When she wasn’t staring at the TV things just seemed worse.

An idea popped into Olivia’s head. She stood up and turned in a slow circle. “Huh,” she said to herself. She faced the TV again and took a few steps towards it and then a few steps away from it. “Huh,” she said again. She really did feel better when facing the direction of the TV. And moving closer to it or further seemed to have some effect too. It was almost like she there was something in that direction that would make her feel better.

A fraction of a second later she burst through the door to the bedroom. “Samantha!” she said. She paused when she saw the sight in front of her.

Samantha sitting cross legged and completely naked on the bed wasn’t much of a surprise really, but seeing the same woman that Allison had been fighting now easing a suit jacket over Allison’s shoulders was a bit of a new one. Miss Tanaka paid little attention to Olivia, instead she started fussing

with the outfit that she'd put together for Allison. Rather than Allison's traditional leather ensemble miss Tanaka instead put a very masculine suit on her sans tie. She'd also undone the top buttons of Samantha's shirt enough that it left a good deal of cleavage exposed. Miss Tanaka had also gotten a brush from somewhere and was dutifully removing lint from Allison, who gave Olivia a pleading look.

"Olivia..." Samantha said without opening her eyes. "Get out. I'm doing a spell and your angel shit is fucking things up."

"Forget it," said Olivia. "I know where Paul is."

For now the Yakuza had decided to let Paul stew. His hands and legs were zip-tied to a very sturdy wooden chair in a dark room. So far nobody had come at him with a pair of pliers, but he felt like it was only a matter of time. It seemed likely that they were currently debating what to do with the trio of celebrities that they'd kidnapped.

Paul was fairly certain that Allison would have woken up by now. So he had that hope that she was coming for him. How she'd find him, he didn't know. He honestly wouldn't be surprised if Allison wasn't just grabbing random people off the street right now and seeing how hard she could shake them before they started talking.

On the other hand she might have contacted the others for help. That would have been good too. Paul loved Allison but he had to admit that she wasn't always the brightest of the girls. Having someone there to make her think through a plan instead of just rushing in was probably an ideal situation. Paul just had to stay alive until Allison managed to get there.

The door opened a crack and Paul looked up. Shizuka was coming in, closing the door behind her. "Paul," she whispered, "are you all right?"

"How did you get here?" Paul could only see her outline in the dark but she was moving closer.

"I sneaked out of where they're holding us." He felt her hand close over his. "I needed to come see you. To make sure you were all right."

Paul sighed. "I screwed up. I should have just said I'd back off and then you'd be out of there."

"No," Shizuka said. "You may not realise it but you did the right thing. That man was a sadist, he wouldn't have let you or us go. Not when we were witnesses."

"Maybe, no way to tell."

There was a rustling sound and Shizuka moved closer to him. Paul could tell that she was only an inch or two from her face now, her body partially over his seat. "No," Shizuka said, "I know. It's what I wanted to tell you in the car. When you ran into me in the hotel you touched me."

"Sorry?" Paul wasn't sure where she was going.

"No, I don't care about that. The point is that when you touched me I realised something. Everything I told you about myself, everything that I believed to be true, was a lie."

There was a long Pause. Shizuka was close enough that he could feel the warmth radiating off her skin. "What's the truth?"

"I'm a goddess Paul. And so are Hana and Sayo."

"Those are the other girls in your band?"

"Yes. But my powers are still weak and I don't remember everything."

Paul took a moment to reflect on what his life had become. He was tied up, awaiting torture, a Japanese pop idol had just told him that she was a goddess, and he was just kind of accepting it.

"Powers?" Paul said.

"Not much right now. I can't free you. I can sense though... you know how to awaken the rest of my powers? To restore me to my full self?"

"Yeah," said Paul. Then there was an awkward pause.

"How? I know you know but I need you to tell me."

"Oh," Paul swallowed, "I was really hoping that you'd already know. It has to do with... I mean you have to... You have to have sex with me." He waited a second for Shizuka to slap him, but fortunately she didn't.

Instead she laughed. She sounded like she was trying to hold it in and not be too loud but Paul could feel her shaking against him. “Oh... Oh wow.”

“I’m being serious.”

“I know. It’s just ridiculous.”

“Well, maybe a little.”

“It’s just-” and suddenly Shizuka leaned forwards and kissed him. She was gentle, which was good because Paul’s face was still a little tender. At the same time Shizuka lifted herself up and slipped her legs under the arms of the chair so that she could straddle Paul. As she started grinding against him, letting herself go up and down his length through his pants. Paul remembered hearing something about how Japanese idols weren’t allowed to have boyfriends but she seemed to know what she was doing.

As she pulled back she made a throaty noise. Still straddling him and moving her hips but now looking down at him as he did so. He still couldn’t see her clearly but he thought he could make out a smile. “It’s just that I’ve wanted you since I saw you in the lobby.” She kissed him briefly again, “Your girlfriend’s not going to mind, is she?” She ran her hand along his length through his jeans, “I mean, it’s not like there’s not enough of you to go around.”

“She won’t, none of them will. Though I have to say this is definitely going to make my top five of kinkiest places I’ve had sex.”

“None of them...” She gave another quiet chuckle. “Ok,” she unzipped his jeans and reached in to massage his cock more directly, “I have to know. How many and do they know about each other?”

“Four that I’d consider my girlfriends, more that I’m regularly having casual sex with... and yes they all know about each other. I’m going to be telling most of them about this too.”

“Really?” Shizuka pulled Paul’s phallus out of his pants and started to massage it with her manicured hands. “The time you had sex with a celebrity while kidnapped by criminals? I thought that might get lost in the shuffle of your life.”

“You’d be...” Paul gave a soft grunt as she started to play with the tip of his penis, “...surprised.”

She leaned forwards to kiss Paul. Much more deeply this time. Her tongue pushed into his mouth and Paul returned the favour. She had some sort of fruit flavoured chap stick on. “Mmm... Is this thing even going to fit?” She hiked up her skirt and Paul felt himself rubbing against her thigh. He wanted to grab her, to feel every inch of her beautiful body before it changed, but his cuffs were secure.

What Paul could feel was the thong that Shizuka was wearing. As she started rubbing against Paul again it felt like he was pushing it up and into her. He felt her reach under her skirt, slide her thong to the side, and insert Paul’s tip into herself.

She made a choking noise and lurched forwards slightly. Paul started to ask if she was ok but then she started lowering herself onto him. She took it slowly, easing herself onto his length. “Wow,” she said as their hips met. “I didn’t oh... I didn’t think I would be able to get it all in.”

“It’s magic,” there wasn’t enough light in the room to see Shizuka’s face but Paul felt the skeptical look she was giving him. “I swear.”

Whatever she felt about that she started to rock her hips back and forth, working Paul’s cock around inside of her. She started making whimpering noises. Paul could tell she was trying to keep herself quiet but the noises kept leaking out. Eventually she started pushing herself further. Her hips lifting up and down as much as they were able in the confines of the chair in order to pump even more of Paul’s length. Eventually Paul leaned forwards and met her in another kiss, partially to keep her quiet, partially because he wanted to kiss her again.

With her mouth in this location she started to vocalize with more abandon. Paul felt her whimpers and moans echo in his mouth and reverberate through his chest. There was a sort of warmth and gentleness to Shizuka’s lovemaking. It may have just been her trying to be careful with Paul’s injuries, but he didn’t think so. At this point Paul considered himself somewhat experienced with women and had the distinct impression that if it weren’t for their situation then Shizuka would have insisted on quite a bit of kissing and cuddling before any of this.

Then she started to glow.

It was gradual at first. Paul just found himself more easily able to see her in the darkness of the room. After a moment he could make out the colour of her makeup and eyes. Then she started to glow brightly enough to illuminate the rest of the room. She kept her mouth on his but there was a deep and satisfied moan as she shot up a few lumens. Paul managed to pull away from his kiss long enough to say “You might want to get your shirt off,” before diving right back into the kiss.

She ignored him, instead Shizuka wrapped her arms around Paul and pulled him even closer to her, enough that Paul could feel that she wasn’t wearing a bra. Shizuka had been more or less flat chested before though, so the slight squish of her breasts against Paul’s chest had told Paul that beyond the glowing more physical changes were starting. In what coherent thoughts Paul could manage, he reflected that with a goddess on his side he may not even need Allison to rescue him.

Under his lips Paul could feel Shizuka’s face changing, he was too close to her to see how, but she was definitely going to look different than when she had started. There was also just a bit more squish to her ass as it rubbed against his thighs, and the pressure of her tits against his chest was making her have to lean into Paul further in order to keep kissing him.

So of course that was when the Yakuza had come in.

Olivia’s guardian angel powers were actually being quite courteous. Allison had worried that they would be in what would amount to a giant game of hot and cold in one of the world’s major cities, but instead they had taken Olivia to a subway and had even directed them to switch trains. All the way Fuyuko was behaving like her new submissive self. There was a little pang of guilt in the pit of Allison’s stomach, but she managed to force it down and continue on their way.

There was also a part of Allison that was wondering if Fuyuko was actually a latent amazon. It would make at least some sense given her affinity for combat, but Allison wasn’t sure. This whole submissive streak that Fuyuko had was a bit odd. Not to stereotype but most Amazons that Allison knew (and that was every Amazon in the world) liked to be on top, figuratively. Of course they could

be a lot more differential to Allison when they'd lost a fight to her and that could have explained Fuyuko's more submissive tendencies, but Allison didn't think so. Despite her height and fighting capability Fuyuko just didn't feel like an amazon.

The area that Olivia had eventually led them to was an assault on the senses with light, sound, and crowds of people. The pachinko parlour that they were currently standing outside of was loud enough that Samantha had to raise her voice to say "So where the fuck do you think Paul is!?"

"I don't know!" Allison shouted back at her. "I've never really been to this neighbourhood! It's got a reputation!"

"This way!" Olivia pointed and the rest of them followed, happy to be away from the constant noise.

As they did Tanya seemed to be swaying a little. The look on her face made Allison wonder if she might be on something. Allison really didn't know Denise and Tanya all that well. Olivia and Samantha had vouched for them but Allison was still worried about bringing them along on such a sensitive matter. "Are you all right?" She asked Tanya. "Do you need to take a break?"

"What?" Tanya's voice was a little breathy. "No it's just... is this like a red light district?"

Allison glanced around. She took in the sights of more than one scantily dressed woman, not counting her companions. "By reputation yeah."

"That explains it, because I can feel like thirty people around us having sex right now."

"Oh... oh..." Allison actually wasn't sure how she felt about that. Sex was one thing, sex *workers* were one thing, but Allison wasn't certain all of the prostitutes in this area were there voluntarily.

"Most of them don't love each other though," Tanya said. She made a visible effort to straighten up. "Maybe a good thing."

"How is that a good thing?"

“Because that feels like five times as intense to me. If they all loved each other I’d be on the ground clutching my head.” She made a face. “You and Paul last night? Really hard to ignore.”

Allison was always surprised that there were still things that could make her blush. “You... you felt that?”

“Our room’s two floors directly below you. I leaned out over the balcony and saw that.” She shivered a bit and smiled at Allison. “That’s why I’m here. I got a chance to feel what you two felt for each other. You have *got* to let me in on it sometime.”

Allison eyed the girl’s voluptuous figure. It was tempting but... “Aren’t you a succubus? Don’t you like, eat the people you have sex with?”

Tanya rolled her eyes. “Only a little! I promise, the worst that would happen to you two is that you’d pass out, but I’m *desperate* to see how Paul’s chosen one powers interact with mine. And I want to see how much a big strapping lass like you can handle.” She reached over and gave Allison’s bicep a little squeeze.

“Tanya,” said Denise, who’d been walking behind them. “Your tail.”

Allison glanced down and sure enough there was Tanya’s black spaded devil’s tail poking out from under her skirt. “Oops.” Tanya said as the tail shot back up and out of sight. “Thing likes to pop out whenever I get excited. Has a serious mind of its own.”

“It’s fine,” Allison said. “Though I am getting this weird urge to pull on it and see what happens.” Allison had meant it as a Joke but Tanya’s expression suggested toe-curling anticipation.

“Hey, Allison!”

Allison hadn’t been expecting anyone to recognise her when she was in Tokyo, let alone in *this* part of Tokyo, but the smiling buxom girl in the red dress running towards her did ring a bell. When she reached Allison her appearance finally rang a bell. “Manami?” Allison said to the flight attendant.

“What are you doing *here*?”

“Oh, this place isn’t so bad if you’re looking to party and don’t mind things on the seedy side.”

Manami twirled to show off her dress, “Plus we all kind of ran into each other here.”

“We?”

Another of the flight attendants (Reiko Allison thought her name was) ran up to Manami, wearing a low cut strapless blue dress. “Manami! Don’t run off like that!” She stopped as she saw Allison. “Oh, hello.” A very wide grin spread across her face. Apparently Allison hadn’t been the only one distracted during their flight.

“Is it just you two?” Allison asked, but Manami immediately shook her head. Before she could explain Allison spotted the rest of their flight crew. For a moment, seeing this gaggle of nubile Asian women dressed for clubbing and of whom the lest endowed had a pair of breasts that surpassed Samantha’s cantaloup sized endowments completely derailed Allison’s train of thought. “Wait,” she said, “wait. So you all just decided to get dressed up and head out to Tokyo’s most notorious red light district? What, on a whim?”

“Well, no,” Manami said. She scratched her head and looked around. “It’s actually kind of weird. Some of us had flights tonight but they all ended up cancelled for various reasons. Some of us took the wrong train, my taxi actually took me to the wrong part of town then dropped me off right in front of the rest of the groups.”

“That,” said Samantha as she sidled up right next to Manami, “is seriously fucking interesting.”

“Who’s this?” At first Manami seemed a bit put off by Samantha’s close proximity, but after a moment of her eyes taking in Samantha’s form she seemed much more accepting.

“Samantha, this is Manami and...” Allison thought for a moment, “a bunch of other girls. They were our flight crew on the trip here.”

Without moving away from Manami Samantha held out a hand to shake. “Samantha, sorceress, Paul turned you all into fairies didn’t he?” Seeing that all of the flight crew were taken aback Samantha

pushed onwards. “You guys all ending up here and meeting us? It wasn’t just luck or coincidence. It was...”

“Destiny,” Shizuka quickly said in Paul’s ear. “My name’s Destiny.”

Before Paul could process this Shizuka was forcefully pulled off of his lap. Her glow had vanished when the door had opened and as she was pulled to standing by the two Yakuza that had grabbed her Paul was able to get a better look at her. He saw what she’d meant when she’d said she was a goddess. To be fair she had already been a pop idol to begin with, but even compared to how she’d looked before Shizuka (or Destiny if that was what she was called) was breathtaking.

Her breasts had grown out to the point that they dominated her rib cage. They weren’t the largest breasts that Paul had ever produced, but they were amazingly formed. Her face hadn’t changed as much, but there was an effortless refined sexuality to her features. Paul honestly had a bit of trouble describing her. He didn’t think it was possible for a woman to actually look perfect, but here they were. Her flawless features looked a little vacant though, and she appeared to be watching the proceedings with a sort of dreamy disinterest.

Then a bit of low and throaty laughter drew Paul’s attention to the doorway. Nakamura was there, slowly clapping as he stepped forwards. “My my Mr. Peters. You really are-” He stopped and Paul followed his line of sight to his still erect penis.

“Can I get, like, a towel or something?” Paul said.

Nakamura backhanded Paul across the face. Or at least he tried to, but instead there was a flash of golden light and Nakamura flinched away like he’d just touched a hot stove. Paul on the other hand sat there unharmed. A glance towards Destiny rewarded him with a momentary clearing of her dreamy expression and a wink before she went back to looking at least partially out of her gourde.

Nakamura said something in Japanese. Paul may not have had the best knowledge of Japanese, but he could recognize a string of curses when he heard one. “What did you do?” Nakamura’s teeth

were clenched together and his words came out in a hissing snarl. Paul supposed that given that Destiny wasn't currently floating off the ground and spitting lightning bolts that she had some reason to keep hiding.

"So I don't know," Paul said, "you guys have different comics here. Do you know Superman?"

Nakamura looked like he wanted to hit Paul again but he still pink and burned flesh on the back of his hand probably made him think better of it. "You are *not* Superman!"

"No, not going to argue with you there." Paul looked down at the chair he was tied to. "If anyone I'd have to say that I'm Lois Lane, really." Then he smiled and stared Nakamura right in the eye. "Now do you know what happens to people that kidnap Lois Lane?"

Sitting at her desk in The Little Shop That Wasn't There Yesterday, Iris busied herself by looking through the drawers. Since it was Samantha's desk, in the middle of Samantha's shop, it was magical and therefore the drawers didn't always contain what they did the last time that Iris opened them.

Of course, the actual things in them tended to be rather kinky. There was a good degree of porn, as well as a collection of sex toys. One in particular caught Iris's interest as she pulled out a long rubber dildo that she'd have recognised anywhere. It was a perfect replica of Paul's penis.

She really contemplated using it right then and there. After all this was Olivia's desk too, which meant that everything was going to have been washed. Also while Iris was currently wearing a tight blue t-shirt, her lower half was currently in its mermaid form, which meant easy access.

Then she heard approaching footsteps, with the clicking of high heeled shoes. Iris hurriedly shoved the dildo back in the drawer and sat up, folding her hands and trying to look professional.

"Welcome to TLSTWTY how can I help yoooooooooooooooo.....?" Her brain froze for a moment. This woman had to be the third most attractive person that Iris had ever seen (Allison and herself taking the first and second spot, obviously.)

Flawless creamy skin, bright crimson hair that was a match for Iris's own, full jutting breasts, creamy skin, curves that described mathematical perfection, and red lips that just Iris could feel an actual ache as she looked at. The fact that those lips weren't currently wrapped around Iris's own was something that felt like a cosmic injustice.

Belatedly Iris glanced down. She couldn't do the trick where she knew the person's name before they gave it, and Samantha had insisted that it was vital to the business model. So she looked down at the little cheat sheet that Samantha had installed, an enchanted nameplate that displayed the name of whoever was standing in front of it. Only it seemed to be broken, as it said there were two people in front of Iris right now. One named Dawn and the other Love.

"Hello," said the woman, "I was wondering if maybe, just maybe, Samantha might be in?"

"Uh..." looking into the woman's sparkling green eyes froze Iris's mind for a second. "No. No Samantha. She's on vacation right now."

The woman's face twisted into a frustrated scowl. "Fuck!" she shouted with enough venom that Iris jumped back. Then the woman's face looked shocked. "Dawn!" she said. "There's no need to abuse the poor mermaid!" The scowl again. "You shut up! You're the whole reason that I'm in this mess did you just say she's a mermaid?" the woman turned to look at Iris quizzically.

"Oh," said Iris, "yes. I am." Fortunately she was in a rolling chair and was able to push back from the desk. As she did she exposed the length of her tail. Fortunately she was more or less modestly covered by her t-shirt.

"Huh..." The woman looked a little confused, and then her features softened. "Yes, like I was saying. I've always had good relations with the mer, and I'd rather like to keep it that way." Again the woman's face looked angry at her own words, "Then fix this!"

"I'm sorry," said Iris, "am I talking to two different people?"

"Yes," said the woman, "I'm Love, I'm a goddess. I was supposed to be borrowing this body from Dawn just to talk to Samantha and then be on my way. Only it appears I'm a little... stuck."