

Goddess Hunt Part 3

Rols Garten

Normally it wasn't the sort of alley that young women would go down, even in groups. It was dark, narrow, and in a not very reputable part of town. It conjured visions of knife wielding maniacs and cautionary tales about why young women should always be on guard. Of course, this wasn't exactly your typical group of young women. Allison led the way, taller and more musclebound than most men, she made for an imposing sight in her neatly tailored suit.

Samantha flanked her. For most people the short but curvaceous goth girl would have elicited more arousal than fear. Usually they'd be right, but right now Samantha was on a warpath. And she was probably the second most powerful sorceress in the world.

On Allison's other side was Fuyuko, an assassin (or at least that's what Allison thought she was) who had been brainwashed by the girl standing just behind her. Tanya, the succubus. Allison hoped that being a demon meant that she could hold her own. She hated to think that she was bringing Tanya into more danger than she could handle.

That was especially true of the other girls with her, Olivia and Denise. The two angels were probably the least equipped among all of them to handle combat. Sure, they were stronger than they looked, but not so strong they could bend steel or anything. Nor were they bulletproof. Guns weren't exactly common in Japan, but they were still a threat.

She also couldn't get them to promise to stay out of her way like the fairies. The entire flight crew of her and Paul's trip over, they'd all gained the ability to shrink to only a few inches tall and grow large dragonfly like wings wings out of their back. Allison had got them to agree to a largely reconnaissance role in this little endeavour. It was their report that Allison was waiting for at the moment, hence why they were in an out of the way alley.

There was a buzzing sound, and suddenly a girl with massive breasts and lime green hair was floating just a few inches in front of Allison's face. Allison had to fight down the urge to swat her. She didn't like bugs, even if they were actually hot girls.

"I found them," Aiko said in a voice made high pitched by her size. Aiko was the pilot of their trip over.

"That was fast," said Allison.

"Yeah," Aiko's voice deepened as she grew bigger. Her final height was still much shorter than Allison's. Her breasts hadn't kept pace with the rest of her either. The final result was that she was still extraordinarily busty, but not to the point that she'd be tipping over. "I maybe kind of sort of dated a yakuza once?" She tucked a bit of hair behind her ear and looked down. "Let's just say I knew where to look and where to ask."

"No judgements here," said Allison, "just tell me where I need to start punching."

Walking in a body with two people in it was more than a little difficult. When Dawn had first found herself in dual control of her body she'd insisted on being the one in charge of walking. Then she'd discovered that none of her shoes fit and all she had to work with was a pair of very high heels, that meant that Love was currently in charge of the walking.

There were a thousand little things like that. Who was in charge of which arm? Where should they be looking? Even talking was difficult when they both wanted to do it at the same time.

"So," said Iris, "you're a goddess? My boyfriend's looking for you."

Iris was the one thing that Dawn and Love could agree to look at, especially as she walked in front of them wearing only a t-shirt that barely covered her well formed ass. An ass that swung from side to side with every step.

"I'm aware," said Love through Dawn's mouth. "I was hoping that I could meet him and allow him to restore me to my full power but..." Love bit their lip, "I'm stuck in Dawn for now and it wouldn't work."

"Bummer," said Iris. She came to a halt in front of them and turned to strike a full on game show presentation pose. "Here." On a shelf next to her sat an old rotary phone made of hard black plastic and caked with dust.

"How's an old phone supposed to help us?" said Dawn

"It's magic, duh." Iris picked up the receiver. "It contacts people telepathically. You just hold it up to your ear and think about who you want to call." She held the receiver up to her ear with a thousand watt smile. "Hey Sam, how's it going?" Then she made a face and hung up. "Ok she's busy. Not an excuse for her to call me *that* though..."

"So, you can't help us?" said Dawn. Iris hadn't exactly struck her as the kind of person who had looks *and* brains.

"No no no." Iris flapped her hand through the air as if she was swatting away Dawn's words. "It's not like Samantha's the only sorceress on Earth. I know just who to call..." Iris picked the phone back up.

It was a hell of a thing for Shizuka to remember that she was actually a goddess as old as the cosmos itself. That this occurred to her in the middle of some of the most mind blowing sex she'd ever had only added to her confusion.

There were still substantial holes in her memory though. She could remember that her band mates were connected to this, but she couldn't remember how. She also could tell that she'd been in hiding for a reason, but whatever that reason was escaped her. What was even more important was that she could tell that despite Paul's efforts, she wasn't at her full power yet. Not even close. She could protect Paul for now, but she needed to figure things out very quickly.

She was currently being frog marched by a pair of thugs with her shirt open and her amazing new tits hanging out. Firm, round, and oh so big, they were the kind of breasts she'd dreamed about having when she first hit puberty... only they weren't because none of that had really happened.

Now that she thought back on her life it was obviously full of holes. Her parents moving back and forth from Japan and America for unspecified "work," the lack of any real friends from before she became an idol, she couldn't really remember what had made her become an idol in the first place. She was even fairly certain that her parents hadn't even really had names.

Shizuka had a suspicion that it was all by design too. Her imagined past had been there to fill in a few details, but it was nothing that she was ever supposed to get too attached to. It was a lot to process, which was why she was too lost in thought to notice what was happening until one of the thugs roughly grabbed her breast.

Under most circumstances Shizuka would have screamed, struggled to get away, but seeing this ugly hand on her perfect breast made familiar unfamiliar feelings bubble up in her. "Hey!" she screamed. A strange sensation washed over her as she felt something like strands, curling around all things, pulsing with possibility, reaching out from the present and splitting off infinitely into the future, all of them connected to this "man" in front of her. Shizuka reached out, grabbed one of the strings, and plucked it. "In fifteen years you're going to become impotent, but I don't see why you shouldn't have it now."

"The fuck arrrrr..." the thug went cross eyed and his hands went to his groin. With one whimper he collapsed.

The other thug looked at Shizuka like a candy apple that had just revealed a razor blade. The voice that came out of her was imperious, cold, and not at all what she was used to. "Take me back to my band mates now, or there may be further consequences."

Allison raised up her hand to knock... then gave in to a slightly immature impulse and drove her fist forward with all of the force that she could muster. In her mind the door had exploded off of its hinges and fell to the ground with a dramatic crash while leaving Allison perfectly framed in the doorway. Instead she ended up with her arm stuck through an inconvenient fist sized hole up to her shoulder.

"God damn it," she said as she fished around the other side of the door for the handle.

"Need some help?" said Samantha with a smirk.

"I just need to-Ah!" Allison grit her teeth.

"What?" said Samantha. Not really sounding too concerned.

"One of these ass holes just broke a knife against my hand." Allison grunted and then shoulder tackled the door. This time it did pop off its hinges and her arm slid through the hole on the way down. What greeted her was a room full of men in dark suits, pins on their jackets, and hard eyes.

Most of them had hard eyes anyways. She caught more than a few glances at her breasts, a few smirks and coy expressions. For a few months after she'd first been changed Allison had privately worried that nobody was going to take her seriously with her new breasts. She basically had a pair of wobbly basketballs on her chest. Even if they looked amazing, and even if the weight never bothered her and they never sagged, they still got in the way from time to time. Especially when she was fighting. Allison's mother had taken her aside, showed her how to move around her breasts, and then told her that being underestimated was never a problem. Or more specifically, being underestimated was never *her* problem.

Allison thought back to this as she heard the snickers of some of the Yakuza in front of her. She fell into a fighting stance and tightened her fists.

"Need any help with *this*?" said Samantha. Again, she didn't really sound concerned.

"No," said Allison.

As Samantha peeked around the corner to watch Allison go to work, she couldn't help but wince in sympathy for the idiots charging headlong at her. They'd probably have had better luck charging into an industrial shredder.

Not that Samantha couldn't take her of course. Samantha had magic. Even if Allison was currently throwing grown men aside as easily as most people would go through a beaded curtain. Samantha could still turn her into a parakeet or whatever.

Probably. Allison was *very* fast.

All in all Samantha was glad she'd never have to find out. Instead she could just sneak through and find Paul before-

There was a sudden pressure between her ears like the mother of all ice cream headaches. Samantha's body folded in half and she clutched her palms against the side of her head. She grit her teeth as she tried to figure out what in the sweet merciful name of fuck this was.

"Hey Sam," Iris's voice boomed through Samantha's head in an ear splittingly cheery tone, "how's it going?"

"Not fucking now you fish brained bimbo!" Just as suddenly as the headache had appeared it had gone and Samantha was left crouching by the door and massaging her temples.

"Ok..." she said after a sigh. "Time to find my boyfriend."

After the yakuza had taken Shizuka away, Paul had actually started to feel pretty awkward. Here he was surrounded by angry looking Japanese men, protected by some sort of divine force field, but still bound to a chair so he couldn't put his dick away. A dick that was still half erect and glistening with Shizuka's love juices.

Not exactly Paul's most dignified moment.

If he was being honest with himself, for a guy able to satisfy an ever increasing number of beautiful women, he didn't exactly have a lot of dignified moments.

The bright side was that Nakamura didn't seem to be having it any better. He was clutching his hand, frantically pacing back and forth while muttering to himself in Japanese. All of his subordinates had gone quiet. Nakamura seemed like the kind of guy that would punch anyone that would mouth off. Paul considered doing just that, but he had no idea how tough the field that Shizuka had put up was. For all he knew it was a one and done, already drained of its protective energy.

Still, Paul couldn't help but smile when he heard a crash from downstairs followed by panicked yelling. "And here she is," he said.

Nakamura barked some angry sounding orders to the other men in the room and they rushed off to get their asses kicked by Allison. Nakamura grumbled and paced back and forth. "I don't know what the fuck is going on but I will make you pay for this!" fleck of spittle shot from his mouth as he yelled this, presumably to Paul.

"Gotta say I don't feel like you're the one holding the cards here sweet merciful Jesus what is that!?" This last part was directed to the demon crouching on the windowsill. To be honest she was pretty cute for a demon. Purple skin, amazing figure wrapped in a tight black dress, and a cute smile on her face. Even her horns curling up over the back of her head just gave her a slightly regal quality. On the other hand she was still a demon, one that even Nakamura was backing away from as she opened the window and slid into the room.

"Hey, it's Paul right?" the demon said. "I'm Tanya, we haven't met."

Paul let his head fall back and sighed with relief. "Oh *Tanya!* Right. Olivia was telling me about you."

Tanya preened, "All good things of course."

From his jacket Nakamura produced a knife and screamed before charging at Tanya. Paul's shouted warning died in his throat. Tanya's hands lashed out and Nakamura was again left clutching his hand as the knife clattered to the ground. The expression on Tanya's face had completely changed. She

looked haughty, and deeply furious. Not only that but a faint red glow emanated from her eyes as she bared her teeth.

"You dare?" Her hand was around Nakamura's throat as he fell to his knees. Paul hadn't even seen her move. "You dare attempt to strike me? Me!? I may reside in this body but I am a princess of hell! In more enlightened times men would worship at my feet. Not out of respect but fear! I would tear the soul from your body would Tanya allow it!" Tanya, or whoever it was that was talking, hissed and lifted Nakamura up easily with one arm then tossed him onto the ground. "Run little thing. Lest I begin your instruction on the joys of suffering."

Paul wouldn't have been surprised if Nakamura left a cartoon smoke cloud on the way out.

Tanya blinked a few times and looked around. "Wasn't there a guy standing here a second ago?"

"Uh..." said Paul.

"Never mind. Let's get you out of..." she stopped for a moment and Paul followed her eye line down to his exposed crotch. Again Tanya blinked, "Sorry. I'm just *really* hungry. Anyways let's get you out of here."

As she was stepped into the room her band mates were being held in they looked at Shizuka with a whole cascade of emotions from shock, to envy, to lust. "Yeah," she said as she looked down at herself. She'd made a vain effort to cover herself up. It ended up with her top resembling a belly shirt and most of her new breasts were still on display... but at least her nipples were covered. However all of those modest thoughts were pushed to the side as she looked at her band mates. Takako with her long legs and light brown hair. Yuuko, the blonde (dyed of course) with the killer hips, she'd previously been the bustiest of the trio. As Shizuka looked at them she felt an unfamiliar thrill.

Yuuko was the first to approach her. Brushing blonde hair out of her face as she stepped closer.

"Miki," she said, using Shizuka's stage name. "What happened to you?"

"They're fake," said Takako. She rushed over next to Yuuko. "It's some sort of latex that you're-" she reached out and grabbed Shizuka's breasts.

"Ah!" Shizuka gently (and reluctantly) removed Takako's hands from her breasts. "No, they're real. It's... it's a little hard to explain. Ever since the hotel, when Paul ran all three of us over when he was running away..."

"You think you're a goddess," said Yuuko.

"...And that Paul knows how to unlock your powers," said Takako. She smiled and so did Yuuko. "Thank God, I thought it was just me going crazy."

"So, how does it work?" said Yuuko. "How did Paul unlock your powers?"

Shizuka became acutely aware of the stickiness between her thighs. "Well..."

"You had sex with a pop star?" Tanya's smile was bright. "You've gotta give me details."

"Yeah..." Paul scratched the back of his neck. They had just poked their head out into the hallway. From below they could still hear Allison doing her thing, that or someone was watching an action movie downstairs with the volume turned way up. "I'm more interested in how you got here."

"Olivia brought us," Tanya said.

"Ok, and Olivia's been here since...? Wait did you say 'us?'"

A girl burst out of one of the other doors on this floor. She was breathtaking with flawless dark skin, lovely features, and of course ample breasts. She also had a pair of white angelic wings folded up at her back. "There you are!" she said. "Is this him?"

"Paul," said Tanya, "this is-"

"Denise," Paul held out his hand. "Olivia's told me about you. Is she here?"

"Here and worried," said Denise. "Apparently she's your guardian angel and she had some premonition that you were in danger."

"Not much of a premonition really," said Paul. "Ever since I first slept with Allison that's been kind of constant." There was a loud thump as something (or someone) was thrown against the ceiling on the floor below. "Listen, we can't go yet. We have to find Shizuka... or her name might be Destiny. I'll have to get back to you."

"What? Who's that?"

Again Tanya smiled brightly, "She's a Japanese pop star that Paul had sex with! Isn't that wild?"

"She's a goddess," said Paul, "and she might be in trouble-" Paul was cut off as someone grabbed him from behind. Paul had a moment of tension, then relaxed as he could feel the familiar shape of the body pressing into him from behind, knowing who it was even before her white wings came forwards to wrap around him.

"Paul, oh Paul! I was so worried," Olivia said as she snuggled into him from behind. "I have half a mind to let Allison tear all these horrible men limb from limb!"

Paul twisted around in her embrace and planted a kiss on the top of her head. As usual her hair looked perfect even from this angle. "Let's leave that for now, I was just telling these two that we have a goddess to save."

"Mmhmm" said Olivia. She was still embracing Paul and had started to nuzzle against his chest. "Don't worry, we will." She pulled away but kept her hands on Paul's shoulders as she looked up at him with a perfect smile. "Now that we're back together everything is going to be all right."

"Excuse me," said a voice in heavily accented English. Paul turned his head to see a very tall and muscular woman in a short skirt. She had a severe look on her face, and it was directed directly at Tanya. "I would like to discuss my dreams and what they made me do," she said through gritted teeth.

Tanya took a step back. "Oh... hey Fuyuko..."

The woman stared daggers. "You may call me miss Tanaka."

Honestly, if it weren't for Paul being in danger, this would have been the most fun that Allison had had in weeks. Possibly even months.

Each blow she threw out was calculated, each block counter and dodge part of an intricate dance that only she knew the steps to. The twenty or so men attempting to subdue her tried to keep up, but their inability to do so became more and more apparent with each passing moment.

Right now she was in what looked like some sort of reception area. In her hands was a great overstuffed armchair that she was swinging around her like a great-sword. Two of her opponents were smacked to the side by it. She had to give some credit to the rest of them for not running. One even ran forwards with a baseball bat. He ended up with the armchair thrown down onto him.

The rest backed off for a moment, leaving a roughly six foot gap between Allison and her opponents. "Come on! You gonna let yourselves get beat by one little girl!?" Whenever Allison was speaking Japanese and feeling emotional her Kansai accent tended to come out. The same accent that these yakuza had, further cementing that her father was likely the one behind this.

Next to Allison two spheres of blue-white magical energy rushed by and struck two of the Yakuza. Both men immediately collapsed to the ground, going completely limp in their fall. They were alive, but the rest of the Yakuza backed quickly away from Samantha, striding in with her tattoos glowing with power.

"I told you I had this!" said Allison.

"Yeah, I know, but we've got a fucking problem." Samantha made a broad sweeping gesture and a wall of light erupted between the two of them and the remaining Yakuza. They backed off further, not daring to touch it. Allison wasn't quite sure what would happen if they did, so it may have been a prudent move. "It's that little fuck-toy that Tanya made for you."

Allison glowered at the Yakuza through the force field. "She's not a- never mind. What is it?"

"We can't find the bitch. The fairies and I that is."

A chilling thought occurred to Allison. "What about Olivia and her tag-alongs?"

"Dunno, think they were going to search this place from the top down."

Allison glanced up at the ceiling. "Well... shit."

On the whole angels were stronger than humans, and if what Paul had seen with Nakamura was any indication then succubi were too. However only so much. They couldn't bend steel like Allison. Really they were just stronger than a human girl of their size would be. A weight lifter, for example, was probably stronger than them.

What this meant was that while Paul had no doubt that Allison, even if she hadn't had all of her martial arts knowledge, would have been strong enough to make up for the difference in skill between her and miss Tanaka. Olivia, Tanya and Denise were less so.

"You dare," Tanya said in the same tones she'd used with Nakamura. "I am-" miss Tanaka's hand speared out, her fingers hitting Tanya in the throat. Tanya fell clutching at her throat and making gagging noises.

"Tanya!" Denise screamed as she jumped forwards. She grabbed Tanya by the shoulders as she bent down to check on her.

Stiffly, Olivia held up her fists and took a step forwards. Even Paul could tell she had no idea what she was doing. "I'll... I'll have you know that I am..." She swallowed. "I am this man's guardian angel and if you-"

"Stop," said Paul. He gently put a hand on Olivia's shoulder as he stepped forwards.

"No, Paul," said Olivia while awkwardly trying to push herself in front of Paul. "I have to protect you!"

"Look, I'm sick of this. Sick of this whole thing where people I love keep getting hurt to protect me. Just..." he gestured to miss Tanaka, "get on with it."

She frowned at him. "What makes you think I care about you?"

Paul opened his mouth, shut it again, and then blinked a few times. "Wait so...?"

"*Her*" miss Tanaka gestured emphatically at Tanya who was currently rubbing her head on the ground. "She's the one that brainwashed me!"

Tanya coughed and rubbed at her throat. "I'm sorry..."

"I'm going to tear those horns out of your skull!"

"Look," Paul stepped forwards, "she made a mistake that doesn't mean-"

Miss Tanaka growled and moved to push him aside. As she did her fingers brushed against Paul's bare arm and she suddenly froze. Paul knew exactly why too, because he was feeling the same thing. It wasn't just lust, there was an animal need that seemed to be pouring out of their touch. Even if miss Tanaka had been about to lay a beat down on one of Paul's friends (or acquaintances really) neither of them were about to stop what was about to happen.

She shoved Paul against the nearest wall, then kept her hands on his shoulders as she spoke through gritted teeth. "What did you do to me?"

"Honestly it just kind of happens. I'm feeling it too." Paul could feel his erection straining against his pants. He could also feel Olivia, Tanya and Denise's eyes on him. Miss Tanaka's hands flew down and violently tugged Paul's pants down, letting his erection spring free to press between them.

"Fuck you're big," miss Tanaka reached down under her skirt and there was a snap followed by a tearing sound. Paul assumed that she'd just torn her panties off, followed closely by her skirt. He didn't check because he was too transfixed by the intensity of the gaze that miss Tanaka was giving him. He had the distinct impression this wasn't going to be a tender lovemaking session. "All right Mr. Peters, you are going to fuck me. Right here, in front of these little sluts. Standing up." She grabbed hold of Paul's cock and pulled it downwards. They were actually fairly close in height, but Paul still had to reach down and lift miss Tanaka up to get her all the way on. Paul took a moment to adjust to the feeling of miss Tanaka, the warmth and slickness of her surrounding him. Not only that but this close

he could feel just how muscular and athletic she was, especially her tight rear that his hands were currently gripping.

A pair of dainty hands appeared next to Paul's and helped to lift miss Tanaka up with deceptive strength. "Here Paul," said Olivia, "let me help you with that."

"I b-bet you'd like that." Miss Tanaka had taken advantage of both Paul and Olivia supporting her to start grinding her hips against Paul's, working him in and out of her with small movements. "You filthy little whore. Watching you-your man with other women..."

"Oh yes, I'm positively slatternly." Olivia peeked around miss Tanaka's head and extended her tongue to give a long and slow lick up miss Tanaka's cheek. Miss Tanaka shivered in a way that Paul doubted had anything to do with revulsion.

"I can help too," Tanya appeared at miss Tanaka's other shoulder and Paul felt another pair of hands take some of the weight of miss Tanaka. She also started to nibble at miss Tanaka's throat. It made for a nice image, miss Tanaka with her head tilted back in pleasure being attended by the angel and devil on her shoulder.

Paul didn't really take the time to appreciate it though. Instead he took advantage of Olivia and Tanya taking miss Tanaka's weight to really start pounding into her. Even in his lust addled state he could remember her striking out at Tanya. Not that miss Tanaka wasn't attractive, but Paul really just wanted to get this over with.

"Uh... uh... uh..." Miss Tanaka grunted with each of Paul's thrusts into her. Her toned body didn't have a lot of jiggle to it. Not even when Tanya cut through the buttons on her shirts with a surprisingly sharp fingernail, neatly severing the bra beneath it as well. Her modest breasts only barely had any bounce to them, and her rock hard abs didn't look like there was a sliver of fat between them and her skin. Again though, Paul wasn't looking to take in the sight of her.

He just wanted to fuck her.

Tanaka's changes came with her first orgasm. Her back arched and her breasts sprang forwards, each inflating to the size of grapefruits, now flowing with the rough rhythm that she and Paul had established. Then another orgasm overcame her and she reached the size of cantaloupes. Tanya let go with one hand to roughly grab one of Tanaka's newly grown breasts. Tanaka's third orgasm brought changes to her hair. One moment Tanaka had dark black hair and in the next it was pure bone white, there hadn't even been an in between, the switch had just flipped. He thought her fourth and final orgasm hadn't brought her any additional changes, but when she opened her eyes Paul saw that they now glowed with an inner blue light. An instant later Paul came deep within her and Tanaka shivered before letting off a short whimper.

While his head was still swimming, Paul's first thought was that Tanaka had become a sorceress. This would have been bad for any number of reasons, especially if she decided that her transformation didn't mean that she was on their side. Another look over her gave Paul the feeling that this wasn't the case though. Tanaka's skin was still relatively dark, where as every sorceress that Paul had ever seen was absolutely chalk white. Not only that but Paul didn't spot any of the tattoos that normally marked sorcery.

Tanaka was looking at herself, reaching down to cup her newly formed breasts and her eyes going wide when a lock of white hair drifted past her vision. Paul decided to not point out that those same eyes were now a different colour. "What," she said, "did you do to me?"

"Don't worry," said Olivia, "he did it to all of us too."

"Not me," said Tanya.

"Or me," said Denise.

"Hm," Olivia sniffed. "Well, I guess that makes the two of us special then."

Tanaka flinched away from all of them, quite quickly too. One moment she was cradled between Olivia and Tanya and the next she was at the other end of the hall and leaning against the wall. Even she looked shocked at how fast she could move.

The door next to her exploded off of its hinges and Allison stepped through, wearing a suit and looking furious. Her fist was raised towards Tanaka, then she glanced down and took in the sight of Tanaka's exposed and enlarged breasts. She pursed her lips then looked down the hall to where she spotted Paul, and her eyes went down to his partially erect cock. "Oh," she said. Her stance relaxed, "Welcome to the club."

Tanaka was fanning herself, her legs looking more wobbly by the second. "I... I've never... with a man..."

"Ooh you were on my team huh?" Samantha's head popped out of the door frame. "I can relate. Still mostly into pussy myself but..." she gave Paul a wink, "Paul's the only guy that can fuck me like I *deserve*."

"Hey, girls?" said Paul, tucking himself away and zipping back up. "Can we cool it for a second?"

"What?" Samantha rolled her eyes. "I'm just teasing- oh." Samantha finally looked at Tanaka, who's lip was currently trembling.

"I... I... Ineedtogo," this last part was said so fast the words seemed to blur and overlap as Tanaka's whole body lurched away and became a blur. That blur streaked past Samantha before any of them could even react to what she had said.

"Shit," Samantha peered down the stairs. "Did I fuck that up?"

"What was she anyways?" said Allison.

"Valkyrie," said Samantha. "One of the goddess of war's handmaidens. Like how the goddess of destiny has fairies."

"Destiny..." said Paul. "Oh shit, right."

Shizuka shivered as she looked down between her legs and saw Yuuko's face gazing up at her, her lips sealed around Shizuka's sex. Pleasure rocketed up her spine and bent her back, eyelids flickering as she

met Takako's gaze. She met Takako's lips and slid her tongue in to taste the bubblegum flavour of Takako's lip balm. Takako's breath was hot against Shizuka's face, at the same time Shizuka could feel her neatly trimmed tuft of pubic hair being tickled by Yuuko's heavier breathing. One of Shizuka's new breasts pressed into Takako's side and as their kiss deepened Takako reached up to grab at Shizuka's other one.

It had been an open secret among the trio that Yuuko and Takako preferred girls. They'd kept it hidden because who knew how the label would react. The label tended to throw fits if they found out their idols had *boyfriends*. That meant that there were a lot of pent up feelings for the three of them to work out. Only...

Only it felt wrong. It wasn't that the other two weren't attractive. Shizuka's new outlook on what her gender had to offer really drove home how beautiful the two were. On the other hand she felt an emptiness when kissing them. For a moment Shizuka had worried that as fellow goddesses they may have been her sisters, but some divine intuition told her that wasn't the case. No, there was something else missing.

That and the same transformation into a goddess that had occurred with her didn't seem to be happening here. It looked like they'd need Paul's help. Come to think of it Paul hadn't even really finished her off. Maybe that was why she had all these holes in her memories, was she only half a goddess now? Or maybe she was missing some part of her...?

"S... Sto..." Shizuka's words were lost in another kiss with Takako. For a moment Shizuka let her hand reach down to the small of Takako's back and was about to pull her band mate closer... but at the last moment she pulled away. "Stop, this isn't working."

Yuuko removed her lips from Shizuka, and her fingers from between her own thighs. "Well," she said, "I certainly got something out of it." She smiled as she licked her fingers clean. "Can't speak for the rest of you, but at least one part of you is heavenly. You taste even better than me."

Exactly how she was supposed to respond to that was a mystery to Shizuka. Thankfully she was spared from coming up with a response by a tapping noise coming from the window. Her first fear was a paparazzo. The last thing they needed was someone snapping a shot of their little lesbian threesome. Her next fear was that it was another one of the yakuza. Shizuka had been able to hold her own so far but if you were to ask her exactly *how* she'd held her own she'd be at a loss. It had just sort of come to her, and if it didn't come to her this time she was screwed, and not in the fun way either.

So with all this in mind, Shizuka really wasn't prepared to turn towards the window and see a line up of fairies looking in at the three of them.

None of them could have been over six inches high, all of them were outrageously buxom (with many having breasts larger than their torso), some were pressed against the glass to view in, others were openly touching themselves, and Shizuka couldn't get over the strange feeling that she knew them.

She strode over to the window, not even bothering to cover up, and slid the window open before leaning out. The fairies had to scramble to the side to avoid the pendulous weight of her hanging breasts. "Yes?" said Shizuka. "Can I help you?"

A particularly buxom fairy with lime green hair floated up in front of front of Shizuka. "So, uh..." she said in a tiny high pitched voice. "You ever get the feeling that your whole life you've been searching for something? And you never knew what and maybe you even get a job that involves you travelling so that you can keep searching? And then even when you get crazy powers due to screwing a foreign guy you still feel like you haven't found it? Then you see three super hot girls and you suddenly feel like 'hey I've found it I don't have to look anymore?' And then you kind of want to devote the rest of your life to service and worship? You ever get that feeling?"

Shizuka looked the little fairy up and down. Again she was struck by that odd feeling of familiarity. "Can't say I have."

"Oh. Well we've kind of got that now."

The door behind Shizuka burst open before she could answer this (again she was thankful because this was another statement that she didn't feel equipped to answer) and Paul rushed into the room.

And paused.

Shizuka admitted that this had to be an odd sight. Her shirt open, a swarm of fairies on the window sill, and at some point Yuuko had ended up entirely naked.

"Oh," said Paul, "I see you've met Aiko," he pointed to the green haired fairy. Then he started pointing at the rest of the fairies in line. "Manami, Reiko, Mitsuru, Chie, Makoto-"

"Paul!" an astonishingly beautiful woman with angelic wings tucked behind her back and a British accent appeared at Paul's side. "Introductions later, we should go now before any reinforcements show up."

"Er... yeah," Paul said. He glanced at Yuuko (who made no attempt to cover herself.) "You ladies get dressed and we'll get you back to your hotel..."

At almost the exact moment that Paul had said that the girls had needed to get dressed two more girls popped into the room. One had pale skin and black lipstick and the other was the tall muscular girl Shizuka had seen with Paul at the hotel. After taking a glance the muscular one pulled out her phone. Shizuka quickly covered herself but the amazon didn't move to take a picture.

"Are you fucking serious?" said the pale girl. "Naked Japanese pop-stars and you're fucking texting?"

"Just making sure something like this doesn't happen again..." the muscular girl smiled as she tapped out a quick message on her phone. "The yakuza thing that is. Not the naked woman thing. Way into the naked woman thing. More concerned with stopping the Yakuza thing."

The goth girl gave her a skeptical look. "Who could you possibly be texting that could do that?"

"There has been no call?" said Toshiro Sakamoto. His faithful servant Sato bowed his head.

"My apologies sir, but no. The last that I heard was that they had taken Mr. Peters into their... custody. Since then I have heard nothing."

They sat in Toshiro's office in one of the largest towers in Kobe. Toshiro's brow was furrowed in concentration, eyes looking out at the view of the city behind his desk. "Perhaps we should-"

There was a loud crack from the front doors and Toshiro knew who it would be before he even turned around. Laura Prince filled the doorway, casual smile on her face and relaxed stance belied by the broadsword in her left hand. She stood over six feet high and was dressed in a low cut blue tank top and a pair of cargo pants that still managed to cling to her curves. Her combat boots crunched on the remains of the thick oaken door that they'd just shattered.

"Security!" Sato shouted and ran for the phone on the desk. "Security!" he yelled into it. "Get security up here now!"

"Oh, I wouldn't bother," said Laura as she crossed the room. With her free hand she flipped the chair that Sato had vacated around and straddled it with the back facing Toshiro. The back of the chair pushed up her breasts, in a way that Toshiro was certain was deliberate. This woman had been an indiscretion of his youth, and Toshiro was now happily married, but the memories of the night they had spent together came back unbidden. "All of your security is indisposed."

Toshiro sighed, "Are they dead?"

Laura frowned. "No, Allison wouldn't want that, and she's who I'm here for."

"What do you want? For me to put her back into my will? To tolerate these ridiculous sexual escapades of hers? To let her whore herself out to every man and *woman* that crosses her fancy!? Let her corrupt her sister as well!?" Toshiro found himself rising from his chair as he spoke. Laura's smile only grew wider.

"Gods... I just admitted to taking out your whole security force and you're literally standing up to me. I knew there was a reason I bedded you all those years ago... and as to your questions yes and no." She lifted up her hands and started counting off points on her fingers. "No, I don't want her back in

the will or for you to start giving her money again. It's your money you can do what you want. Besides, I think it's good for Allison to have to make do with a *little* less. Even if she *is* still rich by most people's standards." She counted off her second finger. "Yes, you do need to tolerate Allison's little dalliances. Or at least not send armed men after her. She is a fully grown woman and you need to accept that she is in love with another woman. And a man." She counted off a third point. "Allison likes Hitomi. So everything that I've said applies to Hitomi as well."

"And why should I?" said Toshiro. "Will you kill me if I do not?"

"Kill the father of my own daughter? I wouldn't dream of it." Some unidentifiable quality of her smile changed. It became a shark's smile, a tiger's smile. "But you have so many things I could tear apart. All that shipping you do? You wouldn't believe the contacts I have with pirates in this region. Your mining contracts? There's so much expensive equipment there I can tear apart. You get the idea." The smile vanished. "That's just if you go after Paul and Iris. Should I find out that you've ever hurt my daughter... I start killing." She glanced over at Sato. "Him first."

She sat up and blew Toshiro a kiss. "Think about what I said."

Dawn lay back and tried to keep still, and she could only assume that Love was trying to do the same. The sorceress above them ran her hands over their body without touching, which was driving Dawn a little crazy. She'd been just a bit horny since Love took her over and it had only been building. That the blue haired sorceress above them was quite pretty wasn't helping matters.

"So," said the sorceress, "why didn't you call Veronica?"

The bed that they were laying on could have easily fit an entire softball team on it, so there was more than enough room for Love, the sorceress, and Iris. Iris was laying a bit apart and had shifted her legs back into her mermaid's tail. "Because I called *you* Harriet. Samantha's been telling me about how you've been studying all of these ancient magical texts. I figured a goddess had to be pretty ancient so..."

Harriet gave Iris a look but continued. "Right... Well I'll tell you this. There is definitely a goddess in this girl."

"Well of course there is," said Love. "Did you think I was some sort of demon?"

"It was a possibility that I wanted to rule out." She brushed some of her bright blue hair out of her face and sighed. "There are also ancient texts that talk about how the goddess of love needed a mortal to serve as a vessel. There were women who spent their whole lives preparing themselves to serve as a vessel." Harriet glanced down at Dawn with a smile. "You got lucky."

"You know," said Dawn, "right now I don't feel too lucky."

"Yeah," Harriet rubbed her temples with her eyes shut. "Ugh. I mean we could *try* an exorcism. They're for demons but it's not like anybody's ever had a goddess stuck in them before... but I don't think that's the problem. I think you're running on empty. No worshippers."

Love folded their arms defiantly. "I have billions of worshippers. Anyone who admires beauty is worshipping me."

"Not actively. All those other goddesses are out there in the public aren't they? People may not know who they are but they all receive adoration and devotion."

"So what?" said Iris. "Goddesses run on worship?"

Love pushed their perfect lips into a thin line. "It's a tad more complicated than that. However in broad terms people's devotion to us lets us affect the world around us. You're saying that in order to get me out of Dawn I'll need to start up my temple again?"

"How long is this going to take?" said Dawn. "I've got assignments."

"You could use the temple that's already there," said Harriet.

Love breathed a deep sigh. "I suppose I must. Iris, may I ask one more favour of you?"

"Sure," said Iris. "I don't have plans."

"I will need some cold weather clothing and then... I will need a trip to Nepal."

A few years ago, the idea of three beautiful Japanese pop stars fighting over who got to have sex with him first would have seemed ridiculous.

Well no, not really. A few years ago Paul was around sixteen and at that age he'd have pictured stuff like that occurred to him pretty regularly. That this situation would be solved by his (literally) angelic girlfriend informing them that Paul was more than capable of handling all three of them at the same time would have seemed a tad far fetched even then.

Yet here he was on a gigantic bed in an exclusive hotel suite, kneeling naked with three perfect asses displayed before him as the girls of Three Fate sat on all fours in front of him, also naked and radiating anticipation. Shizuka in the centre stood out the most. Her transformation had left her with a more plush rear than the other two (not that any of them were bad to look at of course.) Paul slid forwards and grasped his cock, guiding it to trace along the inside of Shizuka's thigh. She wiggled her generous hips left and right and then reached over to pull Yuuko into a passionate kiss. Takako looked a bit annoyed to be left out, only to arch her back and squeal as Paul let his fingers get to work on her.

None of the three seemed to mind their audience.

Olivia and Samantha had kept themselves off to the side, but were keeping an eye on the proceedings in between their deep and passionate kisses. Samantha was sitting in an overstuffed love seat and Olivia was sitting in Samantha's lap, her wings in and both of them completely naked save for a pair of black boots that Samantha was wearing. Tanya and Denise were keeping a closer eye on things, only occasionally indulging in each others' bodies as they watched from the sofa, Tanya's face nestled in between Denise's wings as she lay spooned against Denise. They were much less intrusive than Allison.

Paul's amazonian girlfriend had seen fit to watch the proceedings from the foot of the bed, almost using her breasts as pillows as she looked at the three soon to be goddesses with open interest. "So I don't know if this is a bad time but my sister's a fan of yours..."

A low gurgling sound came from Shizuka as Paul slid his whole length into her.

"She's kind of famous too so maybe you could trade? Sign a poster for her and she signs a poster for you?"

Not currently being pleased by Paul, Yuuko could still talk between kisses with Shizuka.

"What is your sister famous f-?" An interesting aspect of Paul's abilities as Samantha's consort meant that he was able to anticipate the needs and desires of his bed mates. This was how he knew that when he sharply spanked Yuuko the expression she'd end up wearing would be a mixture of shock and naked arousal. When he did it the second time she actually moaned.

"Well... not gonna dance around it, 'cus she's *real* open about it, she does porn. Sort of. Mostly cam girl stuff now?"

Shizuka's arms collapsed under her and she fell forwards with a whimper, her skin starting to faintly glow. This also meant that her ass was pushed up and into Paul, and he could feel it swelling against him. Of course the glow was what grabbed everyone else's attention.

It built and built. After a bit she started to give off enough light that it was uncomfortable to look directly at her, but it was pretty hard to look away. Even Yuuko and Takako were too entranced by her glowing light bulb body to look away. She groaned and Paul grabbed hold of her even more sumptuous derriere. He could feel her walls clamp down on him in climax and it brought him to a climax as well.

The glow faded and Shizuka slid herself forward and off of Paul. "Oh..." she said, "yeah. That filled in some gaps." With a long sigh she rolled over, and everyone in the room gasped. She wasn't just beautiful, or gorgeous, even perfect seemed an inadequate and base term for describing her. Paul knew that he could spend the rest of his life worshipping at her feet, that her even leaving his presence for a second would be agony second to none, that he would not so much as breathe in her presence unless she-

"Whoops! Let's just turn that down a notch..." Shizuka's features shifted slightly. Paul couldn't say exactly how, but now she was just an exceptionally sexy looking girl. Paul was better able to look at how she'd changed after getting a chance to finish her off. Her breasts had grown again to the size of a pair of volleyballs, and Paul had felt her ass growing against him. If he had to guess he'd say that she now rivalled Olivia in size and perfection of her rear.

She giggled. "It's been a while. Kind of forgot I couldn't go full goddess in front of mortals."

"It worked?" said Yuuko. "You're a goddess? We're goddesses?"

Shizuka gave her a cryptic look. "I... don't want to spoil the surprise."

"What surpiadijubwa-" Yuuko's eyes crossed as Paul pulled her into his lap and let his cock slide up into her. As this was the first time that she'd had Paul in her the changes that soon started on her body were more easily apparent. Pressed up against Paul he could feel her body change against him, particularly as her hips grew wider and the curve of her ass started to press into him. Paul reached around her, to where she had previously had a pair of modest handfuls of breast and now he found much more than a handful. Soon she started to glow in the same way that Shizuka had.

"Allison," said Shizuka, "I don't want Takako to feel left out. Would you mind sitting on her face?" Takako blushed deeply but didn't protest, and Allison seemed more than happy to oblige, stripping out of her clothing and going to straddle the waiting Takako's face.

Yuuko's breasts surged forwards, easily surpassing Shizuka's volleyball sized assets and soon even rivalling the pumpkins that Tanya was packing. Her skin had taken on that same light bulb quality that Shizuka's had and once again Paul emptied himself into her as she clenched down on his shaft.

As she slid herself off of him and lay down next to Shizuka, Yuuko gave Paul a pleasant smile. "One left."

Sliding her tongue into Allison's delicious pussy while clamped between Allison's muscular thighs was fairly close to Takako's idea of heaven. Her body ached out to be touched, but that nobody was

attending to her had a delicious feeling all on its own. That she was able to just lay there and pleasure the muscle bound beauty above her like a living sex toy scratched an itch she wasn't fully aware of. Still, when she heard Yuuko say she was next Takako was eager to slip out from underneath Allison's thighs and look at Paul.

She'd never really had sex with a guy before, and his massive rod was mildly terrifying. "My ass," she said. Paul looked a bit confused, he even looked down at the translation charm on his chest, as if it might have been malfunctioning. Takako sat up and looked Paul in the eye. Momentarily before she caught sight of Shizuka and Yuuko's changed forms. She felt her nipples go stiff and her whole body flush.

"You're sure?"

Takako closed her eyes and took a deep breath. "I want you to take that thick, meaty, cock and shove it up my tight little ass." As she opened her eyes Paul nodded, first to her and then to Samantha.

Samantha made a gesture and a little blue white ball of energy shot out of Samantha's hand and around behind Takako. A tingling sensation spread over Takako's ass and up into her. A long and slow shudder went through Takako's body as the pleasant but invasive feeling spread through her.

Then Paul was in front of her and guiding her to lay on her back. "Oh," she said, "I thought I'd be on my knees and..." Her hips were lifted up and she could feel Paul's phallus nudging at her back entrance.

"I'll be gentle," said Paul.

A few minutes later she was begging him not to be.

It was devastating in all the ways that it could be. She shook, she moaned, and it all hurt oh so deliciously. The feeling of her body changing started to reach her at the same time and that just multiplied the sensations currently wracking her body. She let her hips fall to meet Paul's with each of his thrusts, and she could see her breasts growing. She could feel them too, not the sensation of them being filled that she'd thought it would feel like. Instead it was a stretching feeling not quite like

anything she'd felt before. Save for the identical feeling coming from her ass, only if anything that one was stronger.

A new shifting feeling came from her face, just as her skin started to glow and then...

Then she knew.

A lifetime measured on a cosmic scale.

Stars living and dying like fireworks.

Small humans, guiding them, shaping them. All through it her two... not sisters. She has sisters, other goddesses, but the other two aren't her sisters. They're more like...

As the orgasm overtook her Takako's skin shined like the sun.

There was the usual moaning, thrashing, toe-curling and screaming. That was only the beginning though. She looked at Shizuka and Yuuko, taking a moment to share their smile. How could they have forgotten? How could *she* have forgotten?

"So," Paul said between pants, "did it work? Are you all goddesses now?"

Shizuka shared that same smile with Paul. "Not exactly..."

There wasn't any of the flashy light show that normally accompanied Samantha's magic. No gestures or magic words. The world was just suddenly different.

Paul was sitting in an overstuffed chair. Squeezed in on either side of him (not unpleasantly) were Samantha and Olivia. Abruptly Paul realised that the soft cushions that he was leaning against were actually Allison's breasts and that he was sitting in her lap. When he tried to shift his weight off of her she grabbed him from behind and squeezed him closer. They were also all once again clothed.

The members of Three Fate stood in front of them. All wearing long white robes that looked more or less exactly like what Paul would have pictured a goddess wearing. The fairies fluttered around them wearing identical robes. The hotel room had been remade around them, with vaulting arches, polished marble floors, and greco-roman columns.

If Paul's life wasn't what it was this would have impressed him. However he'd gone through variants of this scenario about four or five times now. "So, Shizuka told me she was Destiny. What about you two?"

All three smiled. "Well..." said Shizuka.

"...it's a bit more complicated than that," said Yuuko.

"Calling it," said Samantha, "they're all Destiny."

"Samantha!" said Olivia. She reached across Paul's chest to swat Samantha on the arm. Samantha ducked away to avoid the blow.

"What? It's fucking obvious. Their band is called Three Fate, they're finishing each other's sentences..."

"I know that," Olivia gave an apologetic smile to Three Fate, "but they clearly put a lot of work into this setup."

Takako giggled. "Ok then. You're right. We're three aspects of the same goddess." She curtsied, "I am Past."

"I am Present," Yuuko said with a bow.

"And I'm Future," Shizuka smiled and waved. "But... you can keep calling me Shizuka. I like it."

That caught a look from the other two goddesses. Or the other two thirds of a goddess? Paul wasn't quite sure that he was following this. "...Yes," said Present. "Anyways. We would have words with-"

"Actually," said Shizuka, "I need to have words. With Paul. Just us for... a second." She dashed forwards in a way that was much more giggling schoolgirl than powerful goddess. Allison let go of Paul as Shizuka dragged him to his feet and out of the room.

The room that she brought Paul into wasn't one that he immediately recognized. It was huge, had wide tiled floors, more roman styled columns, and what Paul at first took to be a swimming pool. It

was only when he took a closer look at it that he realised that the white enamel and jets showed it to be a massive jacuzzi. "Is this your bathroom?" Paul said.

"Sort of," Shizuka beamed. "We're not exactly in the hotel anymore. We're in my... call it my Olympus. My Asgard. My home. I've redecorated it a bit to make it more modern, and then I kind of overlaid the hotel so the transition wouldn't be such a shock to you." She placed one hand against a marble column. "I haven't been here in a *long* time..."

Paul appraised the room again. "Where's your toilet?"

"There's one in the guest bathroom. Whoever heard of a goddess needing a toilet?" Before Paul could respond to that Shizuka had grabbed hold of the knot holding her robe up and undone it. It fell into a neat pile at her feet and once again Paul was exposed to her nakedness. She ran her hands over her body, feeling curves and cupping breasts that had grown to surpass Allison's basketball sized hooters. "I'm a goddess Paul. A *goddess*." She laughed and pinched her nipples. Despite his earlier exertions Paul felt a growing stiffness in his pants.

"Well you always were right? Sex with me just restored you."

"Yeah but..." Shizuka gave Paul a smile as she stepped forwards. There was an odd feeling at Paul's feet. The tiles started to 'ripple' like a pond. Exactly what Paul was seeing eluded him, right up until Shizuka fell to her knees in front of him and the floor bent like it was made of soft cushion instead of hard tile. "I was Shizuka for a while. And Asuka, Ayane, Yuki, and so many others. I thought I was human, a bunch of different humans, for millenia."

Paul's own clothes started to ripple and melt off of him. An instant later he was naked in front of Shizuka. "You know, I don't usually think of goddesses as someone who spend a lot of time on their knees."

Shizuka wrapped one hand around Paul's massive cock and then another. In a few moments she'd stroked him to hardness. Then she sat up a bit and hefted her breasts up to slide Paul's length in between them. This was far from the first tit-job that Paul had received, but the rush of pleasure that

shot through him made him lose his balance. Fortunately the tile turned to the same soft material that Shizuka was kneeling on as he fell onto his back and looked up to see Shizuka bending over him, breasts still wrapped around his cock. She hadn't even started stroking it yet.

"Would you believe, I'm nearly fourteen billion years old and I've never done this?" She bent down and licked the tip of Paul's phallus and Paul had to fight to keep his eyes from rolling into the back of his head. "I used to be such a bitch! All high and mighty acting like I was above everything." Shizuka stopped talking as she took the tip of Paul's phallus into her mouth. Which was fine because right now Paul couldn't talk either.

"Well... that was..." Present shrugged.

"Wait," said Allison. "That surprised you? I thought you just said you were all the same person?"

"Hmm... no, not really. Only yes." Past tapped her lip in thought. "I think it would be best to think of us as the same knowledge filtered through three different personalities. We know the same things as Future, but now how she'll react to them."

That explanation only made Allison's head hurt. She decided this was one of those things were she would have to just go with the flow and let everyone else figure it out. She'd just be there if anything needed punching.

Present cleared her throat. "As I was saying. We have something to say to all of you."

"Or each of you," said Past. "Call it a prophecy, or advice if you'd rather."

"Olivia," said Present. "Your love is a gift. You should share it."

"Ok..." Olivia sat up straighter. "So what does that-?"

"Samantha," said Past.

"Oh, I see. We're just moving on..." Olivia folded her arms. Allison couldn't blame her. What kind of advice was that?

"You should heed whatever my sisters have to say to you." Samantha sat up straight and nodded, which got an odd look from Olivia.

"Really dear?" Olivia said. "Nothing? *You're* just going to let them get away with being vague?"

Samantha sighed. "Olivia, when an actual goddess of destiny tells you something you *listen*."

"Allison," Present smiled at her. "The road you are putting yourself on is dangerous, and you will likely lose something great. However you will be rewarded with something you don't dare to ask."

The words danced around in Allison's head for a bit. She thought back to just going with the flow. "Ok," she said. "Normally I'd say that all sounds like bullshit, but Samantha seems to be taking it seriously so I'll believe that it's not."

"So it's basically all bullshit," said Shizuka. She'd just finished cleaning Paul's cum off of her face and was currently scooping his cum off of her oversized breasts. "We act like we know the future but really we only get a few glimpses. Then we try and tell you things that can nudge you towards the better looking of those glimpses but that's it." She licked off one finger covered in Paul's seed and her eyes rolled up into her head. "Fuck! You taste so good! It's all the magic mixed in. Most girls couldn't taste it but for me? Heaven. Samantha can probably taste it to but she's never tasted any other cum to compare it to..." Shizuka made a face like she was trying to remember something. "Don't *think* she ever will? She might get into some other guys at some point but outside of you she's pretty much still a lesbian."

Paul watched as Shizuka lifted up a breast and licked more of his seed off of herself. He didn't really know what to say to a goddess after sex. Not only that but he was feeling far more drained than sex normally left him. Maybe it was a goddess thing?

"Anyways, I'm telling you this so that you know that you can say no. It'll probably have a positive outcome but saying no isn't going to end the world either."

"Wait," Paul felt a few of his faculties returning and was able to sit up. "What are we talking about?"

Shizuka tucked a bit of her hair behind her ear and smiled. "You want to go on a date with me?"

"What?" said Tanya.

"Just what we said," said Past. "You should go to a party at that frat house down your street."

"Uh..." Tanya gestured to herself. "I'm a succubus. You think I *haven't* been to their parties? I've sucked off half the guys there!" She ignored the look Denise gave her.

"Well, maybe you should go to another one?" Present gave a pleasant and unreadable smile.

A retort died on Tanya's tongue as she remembered Samantha's words. "Ok fine. What have you got for Denise?"

Past and Present shared a glance whose meaning was hard to discern. As one they started walking over to Denise, Past's hips swaying like a pendulum while Present leaned forwards to display her ample cleavage. "Denise," Past said, "we have so much to say to you." As she spoke she turned around and sat directly in Denise's lap, leaning back so that she could maintain eye contact.

"Oh yes," said Present. She leaned against Denise from the side, pressing her massive breasts into the (comparatively) smaller girl. Some succubus sense of Tanya's caught the waves of lust that were screaming out from Denise, not that she needed that to see her friend's heavy breathing and the dents her nipples were making in her top. "We need something from you. Two something's actually."

"Ok..." Denise squirmed a bit but didn't try to move away from the goddesses. In fact one of her hands rested on Past's hip, which Past didn't seem to mind at all.

"It's about Sean," said Present.

"You should give him more of a chance," said Past.

"He's not as bad as you think."

They were saying these things directly into each of Denise's ears, slowly running their hands over her body as they did so. It was too much and Tanya got up, rushing over and inserting herself between the two goddesses and Denise, crawling into Denise's lap alongside Past while grabbing a

handful of Present's tit. Her teeth found Denise's neck and she bit, not hard enough to draw blood but definitely hard enough to leave a mark. Denise's head rocked back and her eyes fluttered.

"Hmmmnnmmm..." was the sound that Denise managed to make. The goddesses seemed to take it for a confirmation.

"Good," said Past. "Now also yoooooooouuuuuu-!" Past gasped,

It was her own fault really. Letting Tanya see that she was into butt stuff. And Tanya just sitting there with a tail that had nothing to do. Before Present could say anything Tanya had pinched down on one of her nipples, producing similar noises to Past. The familiar feeling of her partner's pleasure started radiating through Tanya.

Another familiar feeling was a pair of feathered wings and firm breasts pressing into her side. "Tanya," said Olivia, "are you teasing the poor goddesses?"

"Maybe they need a guardian angel." Tanya pulled Olivia into a kiss, one that was barely interrupted when a glowing dildo formed in mid air and started sliding itself into Tanya's slit. Samantha's contribution. At some point her clothes had disappeared, as with everyone else's. More goddess stuff probably. That was fine. It just helped things along. To her side she could see Past meeting Samantha's black lips while on the other side three of the fluttering fairies had returned to full size to create a four way kiss with Present. Allison had two more of the full sized fairies in her arms, lifting each one easily and alternating lavishing attention on one then the other.

Bubbling out from every person in the room Tanya could feel their arousal, feel their approaching orgasms. That growing wave of pleasure and need that threatened to crash at any second. Tanya could grab it, shape it, concentrate it.

For a demon, it was heaven.

"Oh f- f- fuuuUUUUCK!" Shizuka writhed on the impossibly soft tile surrounding the pool, hands coming up to clutch her breasts as her back arched and her eyes rolled up. She smiled and looked down at Paul where his head rested between her thighs. "Looks like you're more than a big dick after all."

"I've had a lot of teachers with pretty high standards," Paul said as he wiped his mouth clean.

"Hm, I'll bet." Shizuka sat up and suddenly her robes were back on. "But we need to get back now. There's something I need you to do though."

"What?" Paul adjusted his suddenly re-appeared jeans. They'd thankfully kept the enchantment that Samantha put on them to help him tuck all of his business away without it looking like he was smuggling a salami down his pants.

"Well they've kind of started an orgy in there and Tanya's in the middle of it. So what I'm going to need you to do is..."

There wasn't a single moment in Tanya's life that she'd felt this powerful. She had the whole room, a dozen fairies, two angels, an amazon, a sorceress, and two actual goddesses (or two aspects of the same goddess? It was confusing,) perched on the edge of climax and kept there. Each was writhing against each other in exquisite agony as no matter how furiously they made love Tanya was able to deny them that final swift release. Really she could get used to this. Having people dependant on her for their release. For their pleasure. She figured she might try and see just how long she could hold them there...

Then a pair of strong masculine hands picked her up by the thighs and plunged what felt like an entire forearm into her.

A small part of her figured out that this must have been Paul and his magic penis. Only a small part though as the rest of her was consumed by the absolute hurricane of raw and untamed release that poured out of her body. It spread to every other woman in the room and soon they were all bucking and screaming and writhing on the floor. All except for the goddess standing next to Paul with a delighted smile on her face.

"Dunuhnu-!" Past writhed.

"Denise!" Present said. "Tuhuhuh!"

The last one (Future) kept smiling as Paul started to pound into Tanya (totally unnecessary but still welcome.) "Denise? Could you please tell Tanya how you feel about her?"

Denise was beneath Tanya, bucking through multiple orgasms as she grabbed hold of Tanya's shoulders and met her eyes. "I love you!" she screamed.

There was a flash, and very suddenly Tanya was unconscious.

Iris, Harriet, and Love/Dawn stood in heavy winter gear. Somehow all three managed to make it look good. Especially Love. To Dawn covering up Love's curves only seemed to make it clearer that they were still there, a hidden treasure for a select few.

Or maybe she was just projecting.

"Ok," Dawn said, "I take it the two of you know how to climb a mountain?"

"Nope," said Harriet.

"My girlfriend climbs mountains all the time!" Iris said. Her smile could light and heat an Arctic village in the middle of winter.

"Ok, so do you-?"

"I've never gone with her though. I'm more of a swimmer." She hefted breasts that were still apparent even through her jacket, a feat that even Love hadn't been able to replicate. "I think these would get in the way you know? Though they don't get in the way when I'm swimming. Or doing anything else." She tapped a finger against her lips. "Huh, you'd think boobs bigger than my head would get in the way but they've just been awesome."

"Don't worry Dawn," said Love. "There's a trail. It will be cold but we won't be more than a few hoooooooUUUUUU-!" This last part was cut off by the nuclear meltdown going on between Love/Dawn's legs. Their body bucked and shook, they fell to the ground and flopped like a landed fish.

Iris and Harriet peered down at them like this was only a minor concern as Dawn could feel her neurons melting under the assault of sexual bliss permeating every corner of her body.

It could have been hours, it could have been only a few seconds, but after a while it seemed to fade and Dawn realized she could stand again. She made her shaky way to her feet.

"Feeling ok?" said Iris.

"What..." Dawn took a few panty breaths, "...was that?"

"Oh..." Love seemed determined to stretch their mouth into the widest smile possible.

"Something wonderful! One of my wayward daughters has found love!" Without breaking her smile she looked at Iris. "I shall need a new pair of long underwear."

Slowly reason dripped back into Tanya's brain. Every part of her body felt raw, bruised, but also good. Like being healthy after having been sick so long that she'd forgotten what healthy felt like. Staring down at her were Destiny (all three of them) and Denise. Destiny (again all three) was smiling, Denise was covering her mouth.

"I feel weird," said Tanya. "What's happening?"

"Well for starters," Samantha's voice called out, "you're full. Probably for the first fucking time."

"Full?" Tanya looked down at herself. She was her usual blue self, but there was a very slight distention in her belly. It still looked toned, but definitely full.

"She's right," said Past. "You just fed off of two angels, a chosen one, and two thirds of a goddess."

"Be thankful I wasn't in on this too," said Shizuka, "I don't know if you'd survive."

"So that's it?" Tanya pat her belly. "I'm just not hungry?"

"Uh, hello?" Denise put her hands on her hips. "You lit up like a flash bulb!"

"That was real?" Tanya sat up and scratched at her head around her horns. "I thought that I had some sort of sex induced seizure." One glance at Denise's face told her that had been the wrong thing to say. "I mean-"

"It's fine." Denise folded her arms. "We were in the middle of sex. People say crazy things."

"You take that back!" Tanya was on her feet in a second. Panting, teeth bared, surprised at her own anger but not willing to back down. "Do you not think that I have felt the depths of your passion? Or you the depths of mine!?" Tanya took a breath. She really didn't know where stuff like that came from. Like with that gangster earlier, she'd just started talking like she was a different person. Time to back away from demon princess mode... "Denise... the past few months of living together have been some of the happiest of my life. Of course I love you." There was a shifting inside of her. Something that had her tail twitching and her hair standing on end. "If I wasn't so stuffed right now I'd show you just how much."

"Are you...?" Denise looked to the goddesses. "Is she going to be ok?"

"Succubi don't usually fall in love," said Past. "There isn't even a word in Infernal for love. Or tenderness, or romance..."

"More practically," said Future, "her body's used to consuming lust. You just gave her a jolt of love. That's the raw and uncut stuff, not so tempered with biological urges or base desires. Combined with everything else she just consumed she's basically got the succubus equivalent of a caffeine high."

Tanya held up one shaking hand. "Maybe a bit stronger than caffeine."

Present took hold of her hand. Her skin was silky smooth and there was an electric tingle where it made contact with Tanya. "That should pass in a bit. However it you may experience some... other changes."

"What?" Tanya looked down at herself. "What other changes?"

"I'll leave that for you to find out," Present said with a grin that Tanya couldn't quite parse.

"That means she doesn't know," Future said. Present gave Future a sour look but Future pressed on. "When we say it's rare for a succubus to find love I mean that I've never seen it happen before. Which means that it may have happened in Hell but otherwise...?" Future shrugged. "Succubi are taught to fear love. To run away if they ever feel a close connection forming between people. Why do you think your mom's never even asked about how your dad's doing?"

Tanya started hugging herself without meaning to. "So am I going to be ok? Like... is love a poison for succubi or something?"

"I can guarantee that it's not," said Future. "I can't see exactly what's going to happen to you but I know you're not going to regret it."

Denise came forwards and placed an arm around Tanya. If the goddesses felt tingly when Tanya touched them, it felt like Denise was a living vibrator. "Come on," said Denise. "We can talk about it... and some other things."

"Right." She leaned into Denise.

"What is going on with you?" said Present. Tanya thought she was talking to her, but a glance up revealed she was talking to Future.

"You know you don't have to ask. You *are* me. We're both aspects of the same entity." Future tossed some of her hair over her shoulder. As she did so robes materialized all of the goddesses. Or... on the three aspects of the one goddess. All of the goddess?

"Don't explain to *me* how *I* work." Present folded her arms. "Why are you explaining things? You're Future, you're supposed to be mysterious."

Future shrugged. "I was mysterious for billions of years. I want to have some fun! Besides, it's not like this is what we're really arguing about is it?"

"So," said Denise, slowly pointing between the two of them, "you're arguing... with yourself?"

"Never feel conflicted about something?" Past said before turning back to Future. "You know it's not a good idea."

"No, I don't," said Future. "We've only got a few glimpses, it's not like it's going to hurt to have a goddess in his corner for what's coming."

The other two sighed, it was oddly in sync.

Over in a corner Paul, Allison, Samantha, and Olivia were sitting together. For a moment Shizuka didn't want to go over to them. They looked so happy together, so content. Even if they weren't a bunch of beautiful and naked people they'd look amazing. There was an ease to them as Samantha sat in Paul's lap, casually chatting with Olivia while Allison kept one arm around Paul, leaning in close to whisper to him while occasionally favouring both him and Samantha with pecks on the cheek. Did they really need someone else, even a goddess, disrupting what they had?

"So," said Olivia with a glance at Shizuka, "not to question your divine will but I had my phone in my clothes..."

"Oh," said Shizuka, "of course." With a small effort of will clothes reappeared on the quartet. Samantha jumped out of Paul's lap.

"The fuck?" she looked down at herself and the black halter top and miniskirt that had appeared on her. "Where did you get these?"

"They're your clothes...?" Shizuka felt off balance and couldn't begin to explain why. Was she so unused to just talking to people like this?

"She wasn't wearing clothes," said Paul. "Normally Samantha just walks around in the illusion of clothes."

"Right," said Samantha. She fingered the material of the fishnets that covered her legs. "Even I can't just make something out of nothing."

Shizuka shrugged. "Goddess."

As soon as her clothes had appeared Olivia produced her phone from her pocket and had been tapping away at it. "So, Paul tells us you would like to take him on a date?"

"Well," Shizuka felt her stomach do a little flip and her cheeks warm up. All of these were probably unbecoming for a goddess, but who besides her cared? "I was kind of hoping that he'd take *me* on a date. But..."

"...she wanted to make sure you were all ok with it first, and so do I." said Paul. He gave a quick glance to all of the girls. "I also want to make sure that Iris is too."

There was a glance between Samantha and Olivia. One that Shizuka felt she only caught a fragment of the whole meaning behind. "Well," said Olivia, "we're used to sharing Paul. We've been meaning to spend some more time focusing on each other too..."

Samantha sat herself very firmly back down in Paul's lap. "Not that you're getting rid of us." She leaned back and it looked like she was going to kiss Paul, instead she extended her tongue and licked up the side of his face (which Paul bore with a good natured smile.) "That's me marking my territory."

That got an eye roll from Allison. "I'm cool with it too. As long as Paul's willing to share." The look that Allison gave Shizuka left her feeling a little vulnerable. She could easily see the amazon jumping to her feet, ripping Shizuka's clothes off, and having her way with the vulnerable young goddess...

"Hello?" said Allison, snapping her fingers. "Still with us?"

"Oh..." Shizuka took a few breaths as she realized that Allison had asked her something. "What was that...?"

"I was saying I'm ok if you're ok with me joining you on the second date." Allison had an eyebrow quirked. "Where did you just go?"

"Never mind!" Shizuka took a breath. "I guess I'll go talk to Iris now."

"Well," Allison dug in her suit jacket for her phone. "We can just call her..."

"No," said Shizuka, "no I think I should talk to her myself."

Iris had really never been to Nepal before. According to Love the lower parts of the country were more tropical. As high up as they were it was more like the arctic. The village they'd emerged in had been somewhat unique too. The shop could only appear in a shopping mall, but the place that they'd arrived in had really been more of a dummy shopping mall with a bunch of fake storefronts and no actual customers.

There hadn't been many people in the town but they had been friendly and polite. The three white women appearing out of nowhere in their fake shopping mall didn't seem to bother or surprise them. They'd even offered to guide the three of them to the temple without even being told that was where they were heading. Love had assured them that she knew the way.

"They're all descended from my followers." Love had told them as they picked their way along a reasonably well maintained path. "Specifically the ones that helped maintain this temple when I was regularly manifesting here."

"So you used to come to this temple a lot?" Iris asked as she examined the image on a prayer flag blowing along the side of the path. It was a bit more lurid than what she would normally have expected.

"Oh yes, about once a decade I'd manifest in one of my priestesses the same way I have in Dawn." Love's wistful expression turned sour.

"Did you ask their permission first?" By the question and the change in tone Iris guessed this was Dawn talking.

Love sighed, "No, and I do feel horrible for that now. Let's just say that a lot of us goddesses have had some growing up to do."

"Well, at least some of us are trying." The voice didn't seem to come from anywhere, however Iris was pretty sure it had come from the voluptuous woman in a robe that appeared in the road in front of them. She stepped out from behind a tree that was far too narrow for her to have stood behind and smiled at them.

"Destiny!" Love screamed and quickly ran the few steps ahead to embrace the new arrival (who apparently didn't mind the cold as she not only wasn't wearing a coat, but was also barefoot.) The two shared a warm hug and then a peck on the cheek. "Everyone," said Love, "I'd like to introduce my sister, Destiny. As in the 'goddess of.' Specifically this is her Future aspect."

"Hello," Destiny said with a wave and then a nod to each of them. "Iris, Harriet, Dawn."

"So I guess you met Paul," said Harriet.

Destiny giggled and then did a little twirl. "You got it."

"I assume you have a prophesy for us," said Love, folding her hands and looking attentive.

"Not... exactly." Destiny focused her eyes on Iris. "I came to talk to you. It's about Paul."

"Is something wrong?" Iris felt a clench in her guts. There were many times that she wished that *both* of the people she was in love with were bulletproof.

"What? No. No Paul's fine."

"Is something *going* to be wrong?" Iris had to remember that she was dealing with a goddess of destiny here. She ran up a few more paces to Destiny.

"No. I mean, not more so than usual. Let me explain." And she told Iris about Paul. How they'd met when she thought she was a pop-star. How they'd all been kidnapped by the yakuza and how Paul had chosen not to take the easy way out if it meant leaving the girls alone with the brutes. She told Iris about her and Paul's first time (in broad terms.) "So once he awakened me to my full goddess-hood I realised something. I've spent billions of years being this aloof and uncaring being. These past millenia of pretending to be human have been amazing. Now that I'm a goddess again I don't want to give these things up. So- and Olivia, Samantha, and Allison have already said yes- with your permission I would like to start dating Paul."

"Oh I see." Iris chuckled. "Well, thank you for asking my permission." She smiled and shook her head. "No."

"What?" said Destiny.

"The answer is no. I don't want you to date Paul."

Really, the city of Pandemonium didn't live up to its name. When people pictured the capital of hell they had certain ideas in their head. Fire and brimstone of course, lakes of fire or lava, tormented souls, ash and soot, imposing towers and walls, the usual. It really just wasn't the case. Well alright, there was a lake of fire, it was what the geothermal generators ran off of. And there was the odd tower or fortress that tended to loom, but what was the use in being a demon prince or princess if you couldn't let people know about it?

Xera considered these things as she rode her carriage through the streets of Pandemonium. Not that Pandemonium didn't have cars and the like, but who had time for those dirty and noisy machines? Not Xera. Across from her a demon in a high collared suit adjusted the small pair of glasses that rested on his bat like nose. "You are aware that there will be a need for censure over this." His voice rumbled, it was possible that a mortal that heard it may have gone deaf.

"I know no such thing." Xera examined one of her perfectly manicured black fingernails. "In fact I would say that any sort of punitive action taken against me would be quite uncalled for. My daughter is a grown succubus, what she does is not my concern."

The demon made a snorting noise, like a bull ready to charge. It got him a warning glare from Xera. "You should have forced her to stay here. She is cavorting with angels, and goddesses! Now she believes that she has the longing sickness." As has been stated there is no word in Infernal for love.

Xera turned her attention back to her nails. "Again, you're not making it clear what this has to do with me."

That same snort. "Listen you ignorant slattern-!" the demon grabbed hold of Xera's arm.

There was a hissing noise, then Xera pried the demon's hand free from her wrist before dumping it in his lap while he cradled his bleeding stump. "Do not touch me," she said. "And tell your masters that I do not negotiate with dogs. I already arranged to have the chosen one kidnapped, it's not my fault

if the names you gave me were of incompetents." She leaned forwards while the demon whimpered and leaned back. He'd probably be able to reattach the hand. The real question was whether Xera would be able to get the spots of black blood out of her dress. "Listen closely, if your masters wish to keep the goddesses from awakening then they will need to choose another agent to do it. Can you tell them that?"

The demon nodded rapidly.

"Good," She gestured to the door of the carriage. "Now get out."

The carriage pointedly did not stop moving and for a moment the demon blanched. However it was only moving at a solid trot so it wasn't as if the demon would have broken any bones in his tumble out of the carriage.

Xera rubbed tired eyes and sighed. "I really hope that you know what you're doing."

Where moments before there had been an empty seat beside Xera there now sat a pale skinned and buxom woman. Veronica Thorenson didn't take her gaze from out the window. "Well, we'll have to see won't we?"