

Rachel's Love Potion 2: Rachel's Love Potion's Love Potion Part Five

As Joanna greedily sucked down my cum, shuddering in yet another orgasm for which she'd begged yet never really volunteered, it was hard to believe there had ever been a time when I'd regretted what I'd done to her friend Rachel.

To be clear, that regret – brief and trivial in proportion though it was – wasn't out of some sort of pathetic moral stance or anything. To hell with that. There were a dozen lenses through which I could justify what I'd done. Yeah, yeah, turning an innocent – oh, so innocent – stranger into my hapless fuck buddy might give some people pause, yet plenty of those same judgmental pricks never batted an eyelash at sending their nation's soldiers to butcher brown people in foreign wars, or over mass incarceration, world hunger. If a man had seduced Rachel with his bank account, nobody would complain, even if they knew deep down she cried after sex. Unless he gave her the money directly; then she's a hooker and we're back to judgment land.

(Of course, I don't really give two shits about justifications. Once you've communed with one of the numerous – some scholars say innumerable – hell dimensions, you realize that morality doesn't factor into the grand scheme of much of anything.)

No, I didn't lose sleep over it. What I'd done to her had given her happiness, and much more than that: Purpose.

I don't think people realize how precious a gift that last one is, either. Purpose, that is. What is more elusive, more rewarding, than that sense that one understands the reason for one's existence? Lucky for me, I'm a man of simple tastes, and watching Joanna cough up a mouthful of spunk into her parents' pillows was all the purpose I needed for today. But someone like Rachel? If not for me, she'd have spent her entire youth chasing down the closest approximation she could find of the fairy tale bullshit she guzzled down on *The Bachelorette*, only to wake up one day in her fifties with an empty nest, a fat old man she didn't love beside her, and a sallow-eyed stranger looking back at her in the mirror. But now? She woke up in the morning and knew exactly what she wanted to do, and she'd never stop wanting it, nor stop deriving satisfaction from it.

Namely, having fun with her best friend. And hey, many a day, I felt the same way.

“Oh shit, I have to clean that up! My dad is going to kill me if he thinks I brought some guy to his lake cabin and fucked him in his bed!” Joanna exclaimed.

I caught her by the elbow as she scurried toward the bathroom for cleaning supplies. “Leave it, and I'll let you blow me again in a few hours.”

She stopped resisting immediately, though still had the grace to look conflicted before sighing in resignation and settling back down beside me. If the pillow or its stain

minded the malevolent glare directed at them, they didn't alter course. But neither did the girl glaring.

Ah, Joanna. Here was another thing I could hardly believe I'd ever felt differently about.

Once I had Rachel wrapped around my finger, I'd thought I could never want for anything sexual again. She was so fucking hot. Not in that porn star/bikini model way, either, which had always struck me as rather cheap. No, Rachel was the ultimate girl next door – albeit down the block and around the corner, technically. The sort of doe-eyed gorgeous-but-believable twenty-something girl they cast as a teen in movies. Not that her body wasn't amazing, too. It was. Oh god, it was. Perky tits, tight little ass, legs for days... And honestly, one of the things that tickled me the most was how goddamn *awkward* the girl was. She'd clearly never had to seduce a guy in her life. I'd taught her a few things so she didn't embarrass herself, but still, every time she kissed me, danced for me, sucked me off, took it up the ass in the shower... every last time, it was like she was being deflowered anew. Hells, maybe breaking in Rachel had been *my* purpose for a while there.

So when she'd told me she had a hot friend I might be interested in, I couldn't understand what the point could be.

Honestly, even after I met Joanna, I wasn't impressed. She was crazy sexy, yes, and in that precise cheap way. Big fat tits, big fat ass, thick thighs, and the calibre of facial beauty of every hot bitch I'd ever been intimidated by as a younger man. Rachel would make a man tongue-tied, but Joanna simply dropped his jaw and held it there. Still, what would I want with such a woman when I had Rachel? Sweet, agreeable Rachel, who giggled amicably when I told her my idea of a fun Friday night hangout would be to watch her practice her strip tease for me while I spent the money we made from streaming it on fresh metaseeds for my infernal garden.

Then the little idiot stepped out of her place and brewed that so-called potion of hers.

At first, I really thought I'd dispelled it. It was until I'd conducted a thorough inventory of my stockpile that I realized either Rachel had wasted a ton of ingredients, or had overblown the dosage twice over. At least. I'd never know where exactly she fucked it all up. Lucky for her she didn't turn her friend inside out or open a portal to the fifth layer of Cantis Movania in her stomach. If I were guessing, I'd suspect she transposed some of the ingredients by fucking up the ancient Tamil pronouns, misidentifying the brewer, imbiber and focus of the imbiber's fixation.

The effect, insofar as I could surmise through observation, was that Joanna was obsessively preoccupied by her friendly affection for Rachel, while at the same time being overwhelmingly drawn to her physical attraction to me. Like the love potion had been split more or less in half between the two of us, then each half doubled.

“I think I dribbled some on the floor. Be a doll and lick it up for me.”

“What? Fuck you. No way, that’s disgusting.”

“Yeah, but I think it’d really turn me on to see you do it.”

She tensed. “It... it would?”

“It might.”

Her eyes darted back and forth between me and the dribbles I’d deposited on the cabin’s concrete floor. “Fine,” she huffed. “But just this once.”

I waited until she was bent over and gave her an open-palmed slap on the ass. Her knees went weak for a moment before she went altogether rigid; bent over as she was, I could see her pussy literally throbbing, trying to reel me in like it was a human cock vacuum.

Did I say doubled? Make that tripled.

Nevertheless, I was pretty sure Joanna hated me. At least intellectually. I’ll be honest, I kind of loved that about her. In hindsight, my quest to make Rachel my love slave had actually been pretty short-sighted. I’d wanted to fuck her, and that was the obvious time-tested manner to achieve that goal. Then I messed up and made her my bestest buddy, and... I couldn’t believe how much better it was. A love slave was a needy thing, always pursuing its own objective – namely, my pleasure. But it begged, it fixated, it had an agency of its own (after a fashion). But Rachel’s love potion had left her with her own personality, happily indulging me in any manner I wanted to meddle with it when and how I pleased so long as I didn’t neglect her.

Then along came Joanna. The woman wanted less than nothing to do with me. At first, I’d thought if I was going to get anything out of her, it would be by peer pressuring her through Rachel. That would have been amusing, if not as good as what I had with Rachel. Just seeing her acquiesce in each delicious increment – coming to my house, ditching her shirt, her pants, her underwear, letting me touch her... It had been a delightful diversion. When I finally realized that she wasn’t merely humoring me for Rachel’s sake, but in fact had been addicted to my sexual satisfaction from the get-go... damn. She wasn’t even attracted to me, nor did she share my appetites to any large extent. But whenever she found something that would turn me on, she latched onto it like a fat kid with a bag of Reese’s.

She was available to me whenever I wanted, however I wanted, and when I wanted something she didn’t, she caved in an Abyssal second. And once I was no longer in the mood, she wanted nothing to do with me.

“So... can I?” she said, sinking to her knees and eyeing my cock hopefully.

“Nah, not ready yet.” This was a lie. I wasn’t about to take a week’s vacation in this woman’s parents’ cabin without bringing along some stamina serum. Thanks to the massive revenue I was hauling in from Rachel’s cam streams, being unable to afford materials for my lab was a memory. I had that thing stocked to the gills – and also due

to Rachel, had taken to tracking my inventory a good deal more closely. “But hey, why don’t you go out and skinnydip for me. Improves the view.”

“We’re not the only cabin on the lake. People will see me.”

“So? I like seeing a hot babe splashing around. But if you don’t think it’s worth it, fine.”

It was amazing those tits of hers didn’t bobble up and hit her in the face, she dashed off so fast.

Cheap. How had I ever thought a pair of tits like that could be cheap?

One of these days, I’d probably remember a reason I should go back to Rachel and give the poor girl a thrill. I’d simply been so focused on breaking in Joanna, and indulging myself with some minor emotional masochism at her expense, that I hadn’t had time to see to her. Besides, it was fun watching her squirm, too. I’d long since realized the potion I’d dosed her with at that cookout, while ineffective insofar as the “love” component was concerned, nevertheless had heightened her arousal. I don’t think she was even conscious of it herself, but no other girl I’d ever been with got that wet or came that hard from my clumsy attentions. Between lack of Us Time and plain old horniness, she was probably all too ready for me. Maybe even ready enough to initiate things herself for once. Served her right for being too pouty to volunteer for the threesome getaway.

Ah, well. We’d get her there.

Joanna came trotting back in from the back yard a while later. I’d been doing a little light reading from Hanzig’s *Ruminations on My Century of Madness and Lamentation for Its Cure* to unwind. It was dark out now. How long had it been? Hours, no doubt. She was definitely pretty pruney, and shivering like crazy. The woman was probably furious at me for sending her out there only to ignore her. Humiliated by being seen naked by her neighbors. Disgusted with herself for agreeing to it so meekly. Fearful someone had caught it on camera. Relieved no one had called the cops.

But what won out?

She hastily retrieved her towel from the bathroom, but rather than dry off or wrap up, she set it folded on the floor and knelt atop it. “So do I get to blow you now or what?”

Purpose.

All the potions in the world couldn't turn Joanna into a decent driver. I'd hoped to lean my seat back and nap on the ride home, but there was always another near catastrophe over the next hill. Suspicion took root that she was doing it on purpose to keep me awake so I might get bored and give her a cheap feel, finger her a little. But it was more fun to watch her want it, and I wasn't about to reward her for being mischievous or incompetent, whichever it was.

"So, do you think maybe we could see if Rachel wants to come over once we get home?"

I wondered how long she'd been waiting to ask. My lack of interest in their drama had been rendered manifestly clear to her, but I knew it was eating at her nonetheless. When Rachel scrambled her priorities with that moron stunt of hers, I didn't really know whether Rachel's friendship or my sexual satisfaction had been ranked higher. It wasn't important. If it turned out she needed Rachel more than me, I'd just have Rachel serve her up on a platter. As such, I'd punished her every time she brought it up by withholding for as long as I could withstand the temptation. It always felt longer to her than it did to me.

That she'd held out until we were only minutes from my house was actually pretty impressive.

"I thought you two were having a little lovers' quarrel?"

"One, we aren't lovers. I told you inviting her to a threesome was only going to piss her off. Hell, it pissed *me* off, and I'm..." *Pathetically incapable of refusing you anything you desire*, I finished for her. "And for two, she's had almost a week to cool off. Maybe she's ready to make up." She sniffed. "We always make up eventually."

"Then I'm sure you will this time. Look, why don't you drop me off, I'll let you give me a quick blowjob, then you can run on over to her place and pillow fight it out, or whatever it is you gals do."

"Whatever it is us gals do?" she repeated with a smirk. "We apologize and make up, like fucking adults. It's not mysterious. You should try it sometime."

Five minutes later, I got to smirk back as she skipped to and from the car to bring in our luggage, her hair in pigtails, wearing nothing but her underwear. "Real fucking grown-up, Joanna."

"Joanna want Knoxie dicky!" she whined in a high-pitched voice, sucking her thumb.

(Oh, and I made her talk like that, too.)

But I slammed the door in her face. Let her dump some of that bitchy energy she'd been storing up on Rachel. For now, I was going to kick off my shoes, feed the tarantuthor, and...

Fuck me.

Someone had been in here.

That wasn't some sort of brainiac deduction, like I'd opened the fridge and noticed the mustard was out of place. No, it would have been obvious to anyone. I'd never seen my house in such a state!

It was, quite simply... immaculate.

If I didn't know better, I would have thought I hired a cleaning crew. Or five of them. It wasn't simply that things were tidy. If it were that, I would have simply assumed that Rachel had been over and tried to ingratiate herself with a little elbow grease. No, this was something else altogether.

Everything was in its place. Eerily so. The floors – shit, and the *walls?! –* had been scrubbed of every bit of grime and grit. Knick-knacks were arranged in perfect perpendicularity on the surfaces they inhabited. Anything that wasn't functional or decorative was out of sight, leaving in their wake the unshakable impression that they had been put precisely where they belonged.

The closer I looked for any trace of my home's natural state, the more I was impressed by the level of improvement. The dust on the chandelier over the entryway, which could only be removed with an extension ladder? Gone. The dust bunnies under the hutch? Hibernating elsewhere. The pantry... oh god, the pantry. Everything neatly aligned, ingredient containers stacked just so, and... fuck me, was it *alphabetized?*

Room after room, the same. Could Rachel have really gone to this extreme? She liked to tidy up for me, sure, but nothing close to this level. This was someone with a complex. Had my ditching her for a week-long fuckathon with her buddy actually broken her? I doubted it. Whoever had done this, they'd been through the whole house, from the living room to the kitchen to the front closet to the–

Oh, *shit.*

I raced downstairs, and there in my workspace was at last a little mess. Except this was manifestly more disturbing. My workspace was the one place that had already been as clean as the upstairs.

It wasn't filthy, no. But it was unclean. Numerous containers of reagents had been left open. Glassware was sitting in the wash basin, and some of it still had residue in the bottoms of the flasks. The Talisman of Amn Gourdek was sitting on a table, discarded like a used kleenex. I hastily hung it from its zinc hook, one of the only materials that would prevent its infernal tendrils from questing through everything they touched in search of ley lines to usher in the next cataclysm. Whoever had left it out clearly had no idea what they were dealing with. Here in the suburbs it would take the thing months, but still, only a complete imbecile would treat it so dismissively.

I only knew one person who cleaned my house, considered herself a dabbler in the warlock arts, and whose defense for ushering in the end of an age would be “oops, my bad.”

It was some hours before I was satisfied with my inspection and the tidying of my workspace (what the dunderhead who'd trashed the place called my "fungeon"). There were numerous tomes out of order, and nearly every container of raw materials had at least been opened. In all the chaos, I frankly had no idea what she might have been attempting to do in here. Her so-called love potion had at least been a comparatively straight-forward undertaking. One of the ingredients was exclusive, others nearly so. But this? This was a warlock's sampler platter. There was nothing in all of arcana that used all this. She could have made ten potions with this. Contacted five planes. Banished half the demons in the halls of Congress.

I wasn't sure what to make of it. She'd violated the sanctity of my workspace. Defied my expressed order not to meddle in things beyond her comprehension. Made a mess of the only place in the house where I cared about the cleanliness, and cleaned the shit out of the rest. She'd done something, clearly, but what?

Knowing Rachel, it probably wasn't what she'd set out to do. No, in a circumstance like this, there was only one thing to do.

Arm myself to the fucking teeth.

The moon was nearing its zenith as I made my way up the walk to Rachel's door. I was ready for anything. If I opened it up and an arachnid with Rachel's face the size of a Buick was cocooning Joanna after implanting her with larvae, I was going to handle it. I took a final deep breath to calm myself, and twisted the knob, the magical equivalent of a dump truck of Raid in my other hand, fist clenched tightly around it.

"I don't wanna wait for our liiiives to be ooooooover, I want to know right now what will it beeeee!" came two obnoxiously loud, painfully out of tune female voices from the living room.

All right, so a No to the giant spider possibility.

There in the living room were Rachel and Joanna, the latter laying down with her head in the former's lap as they sang along with the opening credits of *Dawson's Creek*. They were both in their underwear, but whatever squeamishness they had about threesomes seemed not to apply to cuddling in their bras and panties during chick-show binging. The lights were out except for the flickering of the TV and a scented candle burning on the coffee table. Fresh-baked brownie, I was pretty sure. Rachel liked the food-scented ones – said smelling them was as good as eating them. Kept her in shape. I sure as hell wasn't complaining.

I had entered the room behind them, but after a moment, Rachel's head turned to see me. Her face was in shadows, but I was still pretty sure there was no third eye, no black veins, and when she spoke, I didn't see an adder at the end of her tongue. All good signs.

"Hey there, stranger!" she waved.

Joanna shot upright in an instant – then screamed in terror.

To be fair, I didn't exactly look like myself. I was much more into the warlock aesthetic: robe, staff, a half dozen glowing vials at my belt. Oh, and a mask. The Miser's Mask was in part a defense against life-draining effects, though it was also a practical consideration in case, again, Rachel-spider tried to ram her ovipositor down my throat. Hard to breathe in the thing, though.

Rachel hurried to calm her friend down, and after a few moments, she at least looked like she wasn't about to snatch her taser from her purse and zap me. Hmm. Tasing was something I definitely hadn't planned on. Oops.

"Why the fuck are you dressed like that?!" Joanna demanded, still not convinced I was who I said I was.

"Trick or treat?" What? Was that really what I'd gone with?

But Rachel only laughed, then stood up and spread her arms wide. "You're such a joker. Now are you gonna give me a hug or do I have to hold you down and force one on ya?"

With Joanna still glaring up at me like she still thought I might be a prowler, I wasn't sure what else to do but give the woman a hug. She squeezed me tight. With my

staff still in hand, I awkwardly hugged back. Mm, Rachel hugs. I hadn't realized I'd missed them.

Then she gestured for me to sit, and not knowing what else to do, I settled onto the armchair perpendicular to their couch. "So, Joanna tells me you guys had a good time?"

"Um, yeah. Real good."

She paused the TV. "Awesome. I'm so happy for you two. We stayed at her dad's cabin... when was that, summer before last?" Joanna was still silently glaring. "That or the one before. Either way, it was amazing. So isolated, you know? Peaceful."

Why did it have to be so dark in here? Anything could be lurking in the corners. "Yep."

"So really, why in the mother fuck are you dressed like a villain from Chinese Harry Potter?" Joanna pressed.

"Uh..." I said.

"And why Chinese?" asked Rachel. I stood mute, confused, until she pointed at my face. "The mask."

"Oh, right. Yeah, I guess it's kinda Asiany."

They watched me for an explanation. I wasn't sure what to say. For one, Joanna didn't know anything about me being a warlock. Rachel knew better than to tell her, and I'd certainly seen no need. Knowing she was the subject of a potion wouldn't undo its effects, but that didn't mean the human mind couldn't break under the strain of such knowledge. For two, there was still no way of knowing what, if anything, Rachel had done. I wasn't about to play my hand by explaining all my toys before I knew what she had up her nonexistent sleeves.

I was still fumbling for an answer when Rachel reached over and switched on the light. Instantly, I forgot the question.

It would be dismissive to say the differences were subtle. If I'd had to describe her, this... this... Rachel 2.0 now glowing in the lamp light, it would sound about the same as before. Gorgeous, in a word. Slender, pretty, cute boobs, great legs, amazing hair, attractive smile.

But the difference wasn't subtle at all.

Everything was... enhanced. I adjusted myself so I could take her in better. Her hair was thicker, glossier, soft waves that bounced with every minute shift of her head. Her eyes were brighter, like teeth after a cleaning, so that the soft brown pupils were really popping, drawing me in and holding me there with their warmth. The teeth themselves were even whiter. Her skin was flawless, like I was looking at her through a filter, though that cute little mole on her chin was still there, somehow even cuter. Lips fuller, redder.

Then there was her body. Fuck me, but it was like she'd been input into some sort of digital character editor and had everything tightened, rounded, perked, plumped in exactly the right way by a master designer. Her skimpy lingerie was still infuriatingly in the way, and I could only see the front of her, but already I couldn't wait to see the back.

Only then did I realize I'd removed the Miser's Mask. Holy crap, the sight of her alone had disarmed me.

The how was eluding me for the moment, but the why all clicked in an instant. She'd felt left out, and knowing my favorite thing to do with her was use her for sex, she'd sexified herself. It didn't mean she hadn't screwed up and done something wrong, but what I was seeing was at least confirmation that she'd still managed to do a whole lot of right. Very, very right. Why wasn't I fucking her already?

Right, the robe. Stupid robe.

Joanna's relief was evident. "Knox, it really is you under there. Is this some kind of cosplay... wow, is all that for me?" She licked her lips, eyeing my hardening cock as the robe fell to the floor.

"I can leave you two lovebirds to it," Rachel said, standing up to excuse herself. But I wasn't about to let her walk away. I could interrogate her later about what she'd done to herself, but for now, I meant to enjoy the immediate benefits.

The ass. I wasn't usually one for the rough stuff, but so help me I ripped those panties right off of her by their flimsy elastic waistband. My god in heaven, the ass.

A squeal and laugh raced each other out of her mouth as I flipped her over the armrest. She was wet for me – of course she was, she always was – but whatever she'd done, her pussy had even been amplified. It didn't just squeeze me, it *nestled* me. *Embraced* me. It sucked me in and caressed me like an old friend. Which, thanks to my own botched alchemy, I suppose it was.

It was almost hard to make myself thrust. That thing wanted me inside, and it was doing its glorious feminine best to keep me there as entirely as possible. Rachel didn't seem to mind. She moaned happily and squirmed her sweet new ass against my pelvis in a way that I wondered how I could have ever thought her amateurish. Only the fact that I'd come in Joanna three times that morning, then hadn't dosed myself with my stamina serum since, kept me from erupting like a virgin.

Tits. I had to feel her tits.

"I missed you too," she uttered with a throaty giggle as I pulled her upright holding her against me with one breast in either hand. She had to help me with the clasp; my fingers were too fucking eager. What *were* these things? Don't get me wrong, I love the feel of tits in my hand – I think the possession of a pair of love slaves attests to that – but these things were something even grander. They were so firm, warm little tit-shaped stress balls I could squeeze as hard as I wanted. And I wanted. I didn't care if she minded, but from the way her hands closed over mine and held my grip in place, it

was plain she didn't. No, I'd fucked Rachel hundreds of times, and I knew her well enough to know when she was phoning it in for my benefit (which I enjoyed) and when she was really loving it (which I also enjoyed – win/win).

This, she was loving.

I could see why. She'd gone to all the trouble of giving herself this body to win me back over, and it had worked. Sex aside, there she was, riding that Purpose high. She was doing the thing she'd been born to do – or reborn to do, anyway – and she was beside herself. Somehow, in spite of everything, she came before I did, and even squealed out one of those adorable little Rachel apologies for the presumption of it before whining out another one. Her pussy trembled, a violent little cuntquake, with each one.

“Um, do you guys mind if I...?” We both knew what Joanna meant. I would have told her to fuck off, but my mouth was busy sucking on Rachel's neck. She *tasted* different, like she'd spritzed herself with champagne. Besides, no point delaying my own pleasure when my buddy was there to once more issue that cold threesome denial for which she was so famous around these parts. I only hoped she didn't hurt Joanna's—

“Of course not,” Rachel assured her. My surprise was still registering as she spun to face me. My cock immediately jonesed for its snug new sheathe, but then her lips were on mine, leaving me baffled at why I so often leapt right to fucking her when she was so damn good at an old-fashioned makeout. I craned my neck after her as she pulled back, but she held me back with a single slender finger on my chest. “We'd be happy to. Right Knox?”

Lightheaded, I gaped between the two of them. Joanna kneeling on the sofa, eyes wide with needy anticipation. She'd taken her underwear off when we'd been fucking, apparently, and had worked up a sheen of sweat simply from watching. (And masturbating.) Beside her stood Rachel, glorious better-than-perfect Rachel, smiling innocently as she waited to see how her best friend would react to her welcome home present of the threesome she'd denied me since I'd first started fucking Joanna.

With no more than that single finger on my chest, I came. I splooped on Joanna's face so hard that the splat wasn't merely audible, it was *loud*.

Joanna came instantly. Rachel kissed me again and stroked a few more spurts out of me. By the end, Joanna was attached to the head of my cock and slurped each dribble down as her friend produced it for her.

“Miss me?” asked Rachel with a grin.

After the first few swats, I wasn't even punishing any more; I was simply watching the flesh of her ass ripple. It was the kind of ass you just wanted to suck into your mouth and chew on for a day – which wasn't even an ass kind I knew existed before today. It being on my lap rendered that impossible, though, so I settled for shoving Joanna's face down there and telling her to get licking. She could see I was so horny she didn't dare risk missing out on the dividends by denying my request. For her part, Rachel simply lay there, grinning over her shoulder at my enjoyment.

"You really missed my ass that much, huh?"

It received a firm squeeze, one cheek to a hand. "Looks like." How the hell did something so tight have so much jiggle?

"You like Rachel's makeover? Doesn't she look so pretty? She promised she'd do one for me later."

Rachel reached around and shoved her friend's mouth back against her buttock. "Only if you're good."

"Makeover?" I asked. I'd sort of forgotten to investigate. "Job like this must've been costly."

"Sooo worth it," intoned Joanna around a mouthful of ass. "Rachel's stylist done good."

The girl on my lap giggled. "Rachel done it herself, actually. Not super hard if you know who to ask for help."

She hadn't asked me for help with her little project at all, in fact, which I communicated with a smack. Joanna hastened to kiss and make better. She folded her hands over my knee, curled up at my feet. "If you want a break, Rach, I don't mind taking your spot."

"This isn't play; she's being punished," I answered, giving a somewhat less playful smack to Rachel's bared ass.

"What he said, I guess," affirmed Rachel. "Though between you and me, I think any guy would call himself lucky to have a butt like yours over his knee."

"Right?" Joanna frowned at me. "I swear, he never appreciates what a total slut I'm turning myself into for him."

"Is that true, Knox? You taking Joanna for granted? Seems like an awful waste of an awfully hot–."

My hand cracking against her tush silenced her, but she was still grinning, eyes gleaming brightly. I gave her a few more until, for reasons I couldn't guess, her back arched and she moaned in apparent ecstasy. "Though I gotta say I'm kicking myself for neglecting all this for so long."

I'd been talking to myself, mumbling really, but Rachel just had to retort. "So stop neglecting 'all this' already then, eh? Goddamn, sexy, you really gotta tell me how I misbehaved so I can make sure to do it more often."

Sexy? As if magically dialing her hotness up to eleven weren't enough, she had to take up flirting, too?

Still, she made a point.

"Fine. You win. I'll fuck you. You earned it. Happy?"

"Like I forgot how fucking big your cock is? No way in hell it could fail to make my drippy little pussy happy, baby." She purred – actually fucking purred – and rolled off my lap to present herself on her hands and knees, pretty pink pussy glistening in the lamp light. She waved Joanna over, and her friend wasted no time positioning herself in like posture at her side. The two crooked their necks to look at me hopefully, asses waving invitingly. A pair of bitches in heat, presenting themselves for mounting.

Then Rachel kissed her.

Joanna reciprocated without thinking for a moment. Then another moment. Finally she seemed to realize she was making out with her female friend, and her hetero libido woke up. "Whoa! Rachel, what are you..." She glanced back to me, wriggling away from Rachel even as her friend stalked lithely after her. "I don't think Knox really expects us to..."

"Doesn't look like he minds to me. You don't mind if I make out with your girlfriend a little bit while you're deciding which one of us you wanna fuck first, do you baby?" Joanna flipped onto her ass and crawled backwards, but Rachel was faster, and clearly more determined. She pounced, knocking Joanna on her back and pinning her down mouth against mouth, tits against tits. Her positioning was clearly no accident, either. I could have my choice of whichever cunt I wanted. Hell, I could alternate by the thrust.

At some point I must have stood, because before I knew it I was standing over them, watching them, and yes, jacking it a bit. Joanna lie there, kissing back because there was nothing else to do. Rachel was an octopus, hands everywhere on her friend's body at once. Cupping her tits, caressing her hips, fingering her pussy, tweaking her nipples, combing her hair, diddling her clit. Nothing got stimulated for more than a few seconds before she was on to the next. I wasn't even experiencing it firsthand and it was threatening to overwhelm me.

"You wanna fuck us, super cock, or do you just wanna watch for a while? 'Cause us girls can entertain ourselves no prob whatsoever. Right, Joanna Puss?" Joanna whimpered into Rachel's mouth as it sank back into place, but it was definitely a whimper of agreement. The two went right back at it. It wasn't more than another minute before I first saw the familiar sight of my nominal girlfriend's body shuddering in climax. Rachel giggled, kissed her again, then worked her lips down the length of Joanna's vivacious body until she settled amicably between her thighs and chowed right the fuck down. Her prey's eyes shot wide at the first presence of a tongue between her

legs since the last boyfriend she'd had with a taste for it, then they squeezed shut. Her fingers clawed the carpet in search of a purchase.

It was plain who was in charge of this. (Which was to say, not me.)

Without diverting her attention from the pussy feast before her, Rachel reached an arm back and crooked a finger in my direction, then pointed at her bottom. *Fuck me*, it was saying. These two girls who'd both sworn to me they'd always found the idea of a girl-on-girl repulsive, and here they were eating and being eaten like they'd been doing it for years. Joanna, I understood. I'd made it plain I wanted a threesome, and if it turned me on, it turned her on twice over. Rachel, though...

What had she done to herself?

And why hadn't I thought to do it first, damn it?!

As I allowed myself the luxury to ogle her at length, I thought back to those early months, right after we'd become friends. Or whatever we were, really, but to use her word for it. Back then, yeah, I'd played around a bit in the lab, looking for ways to enhance her. She'd thought they were no more than games, and to a degree they were. But it was also a time to wonder what she'd look like with big tits (an ironic diminishing of her attractiveness). Or if it might be amusing to adjust her arousal with a spoken command, make her orgasm at a literal snap of my fingers. I'd been experimenting with a concoction that, when perfected, would replace her throat with a second pussy when I finally pushed her over the edge and she started having panic attacks every time I invited her over. She apologized profusely, of course, but she couldn't help herself. The memory wipe had cost me a whole month of her camgirl revenue.

I'd actually felt bad. It was one thing to warp her mind so that she acted like my fuck puppet. Like I said, I'd made my peace with that – no question she was happier like this. But she had grown on me, in her own infectiously insipid way. Like a kitten your ex-girlfriend had left with you after the breakup – not the partner you wanted, but after a while you can't help but want to give the thing a treat or two. Or, in the less metaphorical sense, to stop subjecting it to experimental mutation.

So I'd learned to be happy with the status quo, and hadn't looked back. She'd been great to me, really, and as I watched Joanna's thighs clench around her friend's face in what had to be the tenth orgasm since I'd started watching, it was no wonder. Look at her – she'd already plowed through Joanna's sexual boundaries, and was busy rewarding her for taking the plunge. The girl was a master at the art of friendship.

Yet annoyingly, it seemed this was not the only skill she had mastered. All this, from *my* workspace. *My* reagents. *My* best friend.

Joanna's howls of bliss as I pounded the living hell out of her sloppy wet pussy would have woken the whole neighborhood if I didn't tell Rachel to sit on her face and shut her up. She still sucked my tongue into her mouth like it had its own gravitational

pull, but she wasn't going to get my cock. No way. I came in Joanna out of plain old spite.

“God, I could eat your cock morning, noon and night!” cooed Rachel before sucking it down once more.

So it had been nearly twenty-four hours since discovering her break-in, and I hadn’t yet said a word to her about it. She knew I knew it was no mere makeover, obviously. That *gleam* in her eye when...

Hang on. About to pop off.

“Joanna? Finish me off.”

“Aww, aren’t you the sweetest boyfriend my bestie ever had!” she said as the redhead gently nuzzled her way in, the shower stream spritzing her as-yet dry hair. She didn’t waste words. I think she might actually, for the first time since Rachel dosed her and melted her brain into a puddle of conflicting loyalties, be getting overwhelmed. I’d used her pretty thoroughly, true, but “pretty thoroughly” for me was having her get me off four or five times a day, and maybe some lighter activity in between if I felt like wading in the shallow end rather than diving in.

But since last night, I’d actually managed to completely exhaust the reserves of three separate stamina serums. I hadn’t previously known they *had* limits. But every time I thought I was going to rest, the girls got me revved up again.

No. *Rachel* got me revved up again. Joanna was hanging on for dear life. Literally, at the moment, clutching my buttocks to push me as deep in her throat as she could, gargling the head of my cock. It wouldn’t be long. Yet it was only a matter of time before she made another move. Once I finished fucking Joanna that first time, Rachel had prattled on about how jealous she was, how hot I had looked inside her friend’s pussy. After that, we’d chit-chatted about our lake cabin get-away, but when Joanna hinted at some of the more salacious details, Rachel had started masturbating – maintained she couldn’t help herself – and demurely requested a demonstration. Then it became a play-by-play reenactment of whatever Joanna chose to remember, only with the girls alternating playing the party of Joanna. We’d fallen asleep eventually, but I woke up to find Rachel sucking me off in her sleep. At least she claimed it had been in her sleep. I was suspicious enough of her sincerity that, just to annoy her, I woke up Joanna in the inverse fashion. Still in the process of waking up, she’d coughed up my spunk all over herself. Rachel had offered to lick her tits clean, but her friend, somehow in possession of a few scraps of dignity in her sleep-deprived state, ran out of the room to towel off.

It was then I’d first consciously noticed that gleam.

I didn’t know what it meant, but it was another new thing. She’d come up with some new flimsy pretext to initiate sex, or simply recognize pretext wasn’t necessary and go right for my cock. I was so disused to Rachel initiating anything, to our established norm of watching her contort her mind into a pretzel to justify her “friendly” behavior

that this new Rachel, lustful and flirty and so incredibly sexual... I couldn't resist toying with her. It was the least she deserved for invading the sanctum of my workspace.

The longer I made her wait for permission, the hotter it got. And the brighter that gleam when I denied her.

I finished coming down Joanna's throat and bucked her off. Rachel, whose bisexual street cred was now fully certifiable, pressed her wet slippery self against me, nuzzling her cheek against my shoulder as if to congratulate me for an achievement.

"That was so hot. I could watch you two fuck all day. I don't know what I did to deserve a best friend and, um, best friend's significant other – they should make a shorter word for that. Anyway, I don't know what I did to deserve you two, but I gotta say, it feels like winning. I fucking love you guys, seriously. And I love fucking you too, I guess."

Rachel giggled and squirted a glob from my bottle of body wash I leave over here on her front, lathering herself and then converting her body into a human washcloth. She was very thorough. Thorough enough that we ran out of hot water before I was even ready to leave the shower. We exhausted another stamina serum, meaning I was completely spent. Joanna had so much cum in her that we could practically hear her sloshing when she walked.

"Finally ran out of the good stuff?" said Rachel, frowning in mild disappointment at the sight of my finally, finally flaccid penis. "Bummer. Guess we'll have to fill the time with something else for a while, huh."

"I..."

We both turned to hear what Joanna had to say, but she trailed off after that one syllable, staring slack-jawed at a point in space between the two of us. When she finally noticed us staring, she arched an eyebrow as if to wonder why, then looked to where Rachel was perched on my lap alongside my flagging cock and grinned indolently at that instead.

"Anyway," said Rachel, "I was thinking maybe if you've got it out of your system, I could show you this new routine I've been working on? There's this kick-ass stripper pole in my guest room, and I've been working on some killer new moves."

God I wanted that. That would be the thing to get my fighter back in the ring, I was sure of it. She moved like a crossbreed of a cat and a sex robot, every step fluid and graceful but calculated for maximum sexual impact. Joanna simply nodded. Or maybe her chin was just bobbing.

It occurred to me that with all of Rachel's love magic pumping around inside her, we might actually break the poor woman if we kept up like this.

"Maybe let's give it a rest for a while. I haven't eaten anything all day." I realized this only as I for once managed to think of something other than fucking.

“And we’ve only had cock and pussy,” she answered with a giggle. “What can I get you? Oh, better yet! I know this Chinese place that has this crazy hot Asian delivery girl. I bet we could talk her into taking an alternative tip.” Her finger made a ring around my cock head. Joanna moaned and thrust her face into the narrow space between my belly and Rachel’s hip, slurping mindlessly. Gently, I helped her back upright.

Somehow in that brief span of time between suggesting we seduce the Chinese girl and having to forcibly shut Joanna’s mouth before she started drooling on her own tits, I forgot what I’d wanted to say. Something about food. Or ordering something to eat. Ordering something in my mouth. Ordering Rachel to put her tits in my mouth.

What else could it have been?

Champagne nipples and saccharine kisses. That was my dinner. Joanna and Rachel had more of the fare they’d been sampling all day.

I did manage to get it up two more times that evening. Once when I woke up from my cat nap to find the girls sixty-nining loudly in the middle of the kitchen floor, sandwich fixings lying forgotten on the countertop. I hadn't even realized they'd finally gone to make food, but I could imagine how their purpose had shifted.

"Let's make some actual food while he's sleeping, Rachel. That way when he wakes up, we can feed him and get back to it. No wasting cock time."

"But he's already got two delicious pieces of meat right here."

"Don't we have to eat though? Real food? I'm not sure I can live on nothing but cum."

"You want to find out though. Don't you, baby girl. Don't you worry. You'll get a bellyful as soon as he wakes up."

"Rachel...! We gotta eat! C'mon, just something quick, OK?"

"Oh, fine. Here, let me show you the way. Ooooh, your ass is tight, Jo! Trying to squeeze my thumb off, are we?"

"Raaaaachellll! I'm never gonna be able to make sandwiches if you keep doing me like that!"

"Hey, how about you and I make our own little sandwich?"

Something very like that, I expected. Or maybe Rachel had simply pointed to the floor and hopped on her face. Joanna didn't need much encouragement any more. Somehow, after dozens of orgasms already that day, I was hard again, doggedly fucking Rachel from behind while Joanna softly lapped at my balls. I rewarded her gentility with another dose of crotch nutrients.

The second time, we were lying in Rachel's bed together – I barely remember the trip up the stairs – and Rachel simply told Joanna to lick my cock, and then she herself lied down beside me, her ankles crossed by the headboard. She placed my hand on her ass, then joined Joanna, arching her neck so that she could look back at me with that gleam in her eyes while they feverishly strained for another erection.

"Rachel...? Why are you...?" I could barely think. My cock needed to get hard, now. They needed it. She needed it. Or at least she wanted it so badly, and it was the least I could do to satisfy the little minx's craving after all she'd done for me.

"Because we love your cock, Knoxie baby," she assured me, demonstrating accordingly. Joanna moaned something that might have been agreement. Or might have been her last few brain cells crying out in anguish.

"But... you never..."

"Shhh." With perfect grace, she held her big toe up to my lips like it was her index finger. I sucked it into my mouth without thinking. I didn't even like feet, but it was Rachel's. And she was –

"Just lie back and let me and my bestie make you feel good, OK?"

Wait, what? I –

Oh fuck...

Hold it–

Goddamn, those tongues!

Wasn't *I* her–

Hard again? How was it even possible I was–

No.

I sat up so suddenly that as both girls lunged after my cock, their foreheads banged together. Rachel yelped, though Joanna simply crawled around to chase it. I hastily thrust the pillow over my somehow steel-hard erection.

“Who the fuck are you?”

“Joanna?” Joanna sounded very unsure. She didn't seem troubled by it though, as she tried to nuzzle her way under the pillow.

Rachel was rubbing her forehead, peering at me with only one eye open. “What do you mean? I'm... oh, is this some kind of game? Sure!” She gathered herself up on her knees, pressing her palms together, looking achingly servile. (When the fuck had she put her hair in a ponytail? It *definitely* hadn't been like that ten seconds ago.) “I am your humble slave, Master.” She bowed deeply.

“No. No games. Who the fuck are you?”

Slowly, the harem girl role play expression faded. But when it was gone, there was that gleam.

“What makes you think I'm not Rachel?”

I gestured to her... well, all of her.

She looked down, inspecting herself. “OK, so... maybe I made a few improvements. That's not a crime, is it?”

“A few improvements? Do tell,” I said dryly.

“You're the warlock. You know how it all works. A couple incantations, an infusion or two. Tightening this, rounding out that. You seemed like you liked it, so I thought you wouldn't be mad once you saw how good I'd done.”

I folded my arms. Then unfolded them to snap my fingers and gesture for Joanna to quit chasing after my dick and go stand in the hallway. Numbly, she complied. “More specifically, if you please. What incantations? What infusion, or infusions?”

“Why does it matter? You like it, don't you? I can tell you like it. Joanna does, too. You have something against having a smoking hot babe who loves rocking your cock's world twenty-four seven?”

“Tell me *specifically* what you did. One thing.”

“Knox, why are you–”

“One.”

She tapped her lip pensively. “Um, well, there was... the T&A-tion Celebration Hex...?”

My eyes narrowed, and I could tell she was more than a little nervous.

It was my turn to crook a finger at her. Guardedly, she slunk closer, her smell, her whole aura of radiant sexuality, was even headier up close. I didn't stop motioning her forward until she was mere inches from me.

"You really are adorable, you know that?" I gave the girl a smile, and pulled her in for a kiss. There was really nothing else I could do. She relaxed after a moment, moaning an unintelligible apology for her deceit into my mouth. But I simply kept kissing her. How could I not?

After all, I needed her eyes closed so she didn't see me snapping the handcuffs around her wrist.

"Whuh-?!"

The other end went on the headboard before she even realized what I was doing. My quarry secured, I bucked her off of me and scurried – a manly scurry – out of bed.

She tugged, the bracelet clinking against the brass finish of the headboard, then tugged harder. "Um, kinky," she said, though we both knew this wasn't another sex game. Not this time. I wasn't much into bondage, for one, though I was thanking my lucky stars right then that I'd indulged the fetish once or twice and left my cuffs – shackles, technically – in place. I'd sort of liked how it looked on the cameras, a proper slut with her kinky fetish gear in evidence.

Except what Rachel hadn't known – and since this clearly wasn't Rachel, still didn't – was that the shackles were cold iron hammered around a choatium core. I'd never wound up needing them, thank goodness, but back in its early stages, my brainstorm list of the means by which I could fuck Rachel included infernal bargaining. Few more surefire ways to bind and suppress magic – on a modest suburban warlock's budget, anyway – than choatium.

(The cold iron casing was simply so they'd look cool and warlocky. Aesthetics counted for something with me.)

"Don't go anywhere."

I had to pull Joanna by the hand; she was beyond the ability to follow verbal commands, I learned, after telling her curtly to "come" and watching her fall to her knees and furiously masturbate herself to at least two orgasms before I could collect her off the floor. It was the dark hours of the morning now – somehow – so after I'd dressed myself and regathered my defenses and armaments, I told her to go to my house and wait there. I repeated it, twice, and finally when I told her I'd be over to fuck her shortly she perked up and shuffled out the front door, still stark naked.

Luckily I lived close by. Worst case scenario, some early bird drove by and tried to help the dazed naked goddess on the sidewalk and got himself a little thrill. But our neighborhood was out of the way, and our neighbors were the day job sort. I liked her odds. She'd been through enough today already. Still safer out there than it was in here.

Time to get serious. Pallaver's Concoction to clear my head. Activate the Bracers of Calamitous Invigoration to remove fatigue, then chase it with a quick drop of Diva's Bile so my heart didn't burst into flames. Three twists clockwise, one counterclockwise on the Mood Ring – the actual kind, not one of those hokey knockoff ones – to deflect any attempts at mental influence. Her first attempt, anyway; I hadn't sprung for the deluxe edition. Comb for my hair, because I caught sight of my reflection in the mirror over the fireplace, and I was a fucking mess.

The woman in Rachel's bed must have heard me coming, but didn't bother to stop tugging on her shackles as I reentered the bedroom. She still looked as she had, flawlessly flawless. But I was thinking clearer now. Thinking at all. That I still saw what I'd been seeing ruled out phantasmal projections and cheap glamors. That was a relief. Nevertheless, it left more than a few possibilities.

"Welcome back, baby. You send Jo for more of that man juice you've been chugging?" She abandoned her halfhearted escape attempts, lying down with her free hand joining her trapped one above her head, watching me with hopeful eyes. So vulnerable. Helpless, really.

Maybe I could, one more time real quick–

No. Good lord.

"If you make me ask a third time," I began, pulling up the chair from the corner of the room and sitting in out just out of her kicking range, "I'm going to ask with the staff."

She gasped. "You're going to hit me with that thing?!"

"I'm... what? No! Good lord, I'm a warlock, not a barbarian." Holy fuck, did she just get me to reassure her? "But that doesn't mean it can't do things you won't like."

Rachel eyed me, then the staff, then her feet as if she might be considering whether or not she could kick me. But finally, she sighed in resignation. "Warlock, eh? I was figuring alchemist, with all the potions."

"Alchemist? Pff." I sneered at the suggestion. "Why would I show up with a magic staff if I were an alchemist?"

"You must not have known many alchemists," she countered. "Not a one of them that doesn't believe that their expertise in one aspect of arcanum makes them a master of all."

"I'll bet you're awfully popular with the hedge wizard crowd, all right."

"I'm popular with most people."

"I was calling you a mage slut."

"Oh gee, mister warlock, I ain't never been called a slut before." She rolled her eyes.

As much fun as banter could be, I wasn't in the mood. "Who are you, and what did you do with Rachel?" I demanded.

“I thought you said you were gonna ask with your staff.” Her thighs rubbed together, then spread wide in lewd invitation.

“Have it your way.” I rose, calling out one of the activation chants of the staff. An ominous purple glow spread from its one tip, and I extended it toward her menacingly. She didn’t need to know that this was all the more that function of the staff did.

She seemed to find it a scary glow. “What the fuck?! I was only flirting, god! Chill, OK? Rachel’s fine! She’s totally fine!” she insisted, squirming as far away as she could. It wasn’t far. “More or less.”

I lowered the active end toward her face; her eyes squinted shut and she twisted hard away. “I’m sorry, ‘more or less’?”

“I didn’t do anything to her! It’s not my fault! Don’t vaporize me or whatever because your fuck buddy sucks at magic!”

“You have one chance to be forthright before me, before I start seeing what exactly this staff does. I’ve never had cause to use it on someone before, so I’m pretty curious myself.”

“And if I tell you, you promise not to use your staff on me?” She paused, then a hint of flirtation crossed her lips. “*That* staff, anyway.”

“Start talking, and we’ll see.”

She took a deep breath and closed her eyes. Her skin grew flushed. No, not merely flushed, she was turning beet red. Unnaturally so. So when a pair of horns sprouted from either side of her forehead, thickening and elongating by the moment, I wasn’t as surprised as I might have been. They grew to about six inches apiece, though on inspection, the left one had a little piece broken off the tip. Her eyes opened again – all three of them.

“So there I was, naked and alone...”