

Rachel's Love Potion 4: Oops, Summoned a Demon
Part Four

"I literally cannot remember the last time I went to a real mall. I barely go to physical stores any more, much less a mall. Why a mall?"

Kammie didn't let my foot-dragging slow her down. "I told you, Jo wants to meet you in a public place. She's got some anxiety."

"So why not meet at the library, or the park?"

"The forecast calls for rain, and libraries are capital Q Quiet, so maybe a bad place to explain that just because you commune with the dark forces of the universe doesn't mean you wouldn't make a great boyfriend."

"One dark force. Singular. And we barely ever commune any more."

"Two if you count Jerry, which you probably should. Besides, if she'd said she wanted to meet at the park, you'd find a reason to complain about that, too. So pipe down, keep up, and let's have a Cinnabon while we recover your side piece."

She was right. Kammie's tendency to be right was one of the things I disliked about her the most. I'd kept the truth about me from Joanna for the simple and obvious reason that she was, as Rachel called her, my snuggle muggle. Cute, sure, I guess, but it wasn't wrong in suggesting that she was both ungifted and incurious. When Kammie spilled the beans during her captivity, it had apparently spooked her more than I'd anticipated such an announcement might. I'd tried venting my frustration at Kammie for betraying my secret, but once again, there was that thrice damned rightness of hers. She hadn't known Joanna didn't know, and it wasn't exactly fair to be mad at what had at the time been my hostage for not lying on my behalf.

"It's just insulting," I said, hastening my step. How someone could sway their ass like that and still keep that pace was beyond me. "I'm not saying matters between her and me were what you might call idyllic, but she enjoyed herself more often than not. Now suddenly she's 'afraid.' It's bullshit."

"Get real about your fantastical nature, guy. If you found out Rachel was, I don't know, a Transformer, you're telling me that finding out something you thought was totally fake wouldn't freak you out a little?"

"You transform and it doesn't bother me," I pointed out. "Nice disguise, by the way. Shortened the hair, dyed it black. Now nobody's going to notice one of the most famous women in the world strutting around the mall now that her hair is a different color."

"Right, because people would believe that one of the richest, sexiest, most famous people on the Prime Material plane hangs out at dilapidated suburban malls on her days off."

"People believe they faked the moon landing."

Kammie stopped in her tracks so suddenly I nearly collided with her. “Wait. Shut up. Are you saying you people have been to the freaking *moon*?”

“Um, yes? Why? Have family there or something?”

“No. That’s seriously awesome is all. I mean, the moon! Wow. That’s so bad-ass. Your species is pretty cool sometimes.”

I shook my head as we resumed, passing from the cold, rainy parking lot to the cold, drafty mall. It surprised me how busy it was, though if it was ever going to be, Saturday afternoon was the time. In seconds, heads began turning in our direction. “I told you you’re conspicuous,” I reiterated. “You could have at least worn sunglasses or something, pretend you’re incognito.”

“I am so incognito!”

“I’d point out that those dolphin shorts you’re wearing literally have the Avengers ‘A’ icon on the ass, but I’ll hand it to you. Your ass sucked the logo so far up there that I can barely see the sides. Looks like a random oval around your asshole more than anything.”

Suddenly she turned and gripped me by the shoulders, forcefully repositioning me in a storefront window. She snapped a photo with a cell phone – mine, I realized after a moment – then handed it to me. There on the screen was an image of me, standing in front of a neon pink zero in some signage about an upcoming sale event. As I prepared to ask what the hell that was about, she explained a step ahead. “Now *that* is a random oval around my asshole.”

I stuffed my phone back in my pocket. “Hysterical. Now come on, let’s go find Joanna.” I did a double take, and as we rounded a corner a triple take, to see if that zero had been there or if she’d put it there. It remained, mocking me.

I should have left her behind. That much had been obvious back at Rachel’s house. She stood out like a sore thumb; even if someone failed to notice those shorts creeping up her rear, which was damn near impossible, the strappy white tank top painted on over her chest removed the damn near. Then if they got around to admiring her face...

Unfortunately, I didn’t trust her to stay behind. The past two days had been a nonstop series of talking and fucking. I should be exhausted, except I was pretty sure she was doing something to make sure I wasn’t. At least, enough to make sure I could still hear her talk.

Not to say there wasn’t plenty of fucking. Frankly, there was a dizzying amount of it – so much so that I was giving Kammie a run for her money. The creature had underestimated the depth and potency of my supply of stamina potion. Once Rachel had delivered Joanna to me, I’d cranked out enough of the stuff to supply all of Cancun during spring break. I’d burned through quite a bit of it on my week-long getaway, but there was plenty left to wile away a few days with a kinky khamulan.

Her kink, as it so happened, was apparently equal parts authentic fetish and an attempt to create a teachable moment. Her frumpy housewife routine merely scratched the surface. Over the past few days, waiting on Joanna to break down and fall to her knees at my feet, I'd seen some truly fucked up stuff. Sometimes it came in an instant. When we'd fucked in the shower post-dish-washing, everything had been going smoothly, hotly, when right as I was coming in her, she farted. Really, really loudly. This, from a being who didn't even eat. (And if you've ever heard a fart force its way through a curtain of water, you know it sounds even worse than it is.) The following morning, she walked in on me going to the bathroom (twosies, per Rachel's euphemism) and started blowing me before I could even flush.

It wasn't all gross like that, thank goodness. Some of it was simply... weird. Like last night, after returning to Rachel's from home, I found her passed out buck-ass naked on Rachel's bed. At first I figured she was initiating some kind of roleplay, since khamulans didn't – presumably couldn't – sleep. Then I found the box of sleeping pills conspicuously left out on the nightstand. After some experimentation, I resolved that khamulans might not sleep, but they could be drugged unconscious. Certain it was her intent, I fucked her while she was passed out. Twice. It was surprisingly good. Quiet, at least.

As for the not-so-quiet times...

“You do have a game plan for what you want to say to her, right?”

“Write me a script, for fuck's sake, if you want to micromanage that hard.”

Kammie had the nerve to look affronted. “I'm trying to help! No wonder you love potion girls when you're this pouty about having to listen to them talk once in a while.”

“If I want conversation, I have you. All you do is talk,” I grumbled. Nearby, the man working a sunglasses kiosk gaped, disbelieving that I was openly disrespecting this vision of sexuality. Or else he'd recognized her, and was even deeper in disbelief. “I get it. Yes, I've had fun – sometimes – trying your way, letting you do your thing even if it's not my thing. Yes, it's easier if I apologize for the way I treated her than browbeat her back into submission. Yes, I'll come clean about the love potion.”

“Yeah?” She grinned irritatingly. “Good for you, guy. And don't take my advice if you don't think it's good. I'll still fuck you, whenever however and all. It's not conditional or anything.” Now it was a group of teenage girls' turn to gape. “But I think you'll like how it turns out.”

“I'd better. Because if I wanted a normal girlfriend, I wouldn't have spent years learning the ancient and glorious art of brewing love potions.”

“Speaking of unsolicited but well-intentioned advice, do you hear how much of a weeb you sound like when you talk like that?”

“Says the woman once again channeling her faux-est Asian look.”

“Black hair isn’t cultural appropriation, you know. *This* might be, though.” She flipped down the waistband of her shorts in the back, right above where my eyes had naturally fixed, to show a string of Asian characters. And a good three inches of the top of her ass crack. It instigated more gaping, no doubt, though I couldn’t pry my eyes away to notice it.

“Let me guess. ‘Two thousand yen, same as in town?’”

She pivoted, walking backward so she could fix that lopsided grin of hers on me. “Ha! That’s even funnier than what it actually says. Nice.”

“What does it actually say?”

“Roughly translated, ‘flimsy pretext to show off my butt crack.’”

I couldn’t help a brief chuckle as I steered her around what looked to be a father and son, guess what, gaping. “Face front. People are staring so hard they’re not stepping out of your way.”

She pivoted, and after a dozen or so more steps, the gyrations of her ass finally succeeded in coaxing her waistband back into place with an audible *snap*. “You’re sure you’re up to this? We can pop into a changing room for a quick hard fuck up against the wall first, if you wanna clear your head.”

“Why don’t you say it a little louder? We can guarantee your throng of admirers all get a nice big bump to their tiktok followings when they catch us stumbling out of there sweaty and red-faced.” Indeed, she’d already picked up at least one tail, some horny twenty-something dude trying to pretend his phone wasn’t recording as he strolled along behind us. As Kammie glanced in his direction with a subtle frown at his voyeurism, suddenly he sneezed violently and the phone flew from his hand, arcing up and landing in the middle of a fountain.

“Don’t get all sex-negative on me now. I’m only trying to put you in a good headspace.”

“Look, I got this, OK? I know good sense when I hear it. Take a few steps back and let me handle things. Now you said Joanna doesn’t know you’re coming, or that you’re... her.”

“Of course not. If she thought she’d fucked an extraplanar being instead of her hot bestie, she’d probably lose her shit.”

“I meant that you’re masquerading as Scarlett Johansson,” I pointed out snidely.

Saying the name aloud was a lightning rod for attention and curiosity; the wave of fellow mall patrons’ dismay at finding out their chance sighting wasn’t the real deal rippled from us like thunder.

“Huh. Well, she doesn’t know that either. Though we’re probably gonna have to tell her, unless you want me to go back to Rachel Bod.”

“No,” I said emphatically. “No Rachel.”

“All right. Food court’s right up ahead if my sniffer is correct. Good luck, guy. I’ll lurk inconspicuous-like, in case you need me. I know this is really important to Rachel, so even if I weren’t the benevolent meddler that I am, I’d want to eavesdrop on this one anyways.”

“Great. Now shoo.” I waved her off. As she sauntered on ahead, I stood my ground to put distance between us. Suddenly, this busy mall felt surprisingly empty. The crowd that surged around and past me, however, moved at the precise speed of a rapid saunter.

Joanna was already waiting for me at the food court. We saw one another at the same time. It allowed me the satisfaction of seeing her suddenly straighten, tugging her clothing into the same in-place place it already was. She’d dressed down, I noticed. It was more than I’d ever seen her wear, even before Rachel dosed her with her second-rate knock-off potion. She actually managed to look unhot. Downright frumpy.

We’d address that in due time.

She already had a boba tea in hand; after a lukewarm smile and wave, I let her stew while I waited in line for a beverage of my own. I gave her a soft squeeze on the shoulder as I seated myself across from her. Just long enough to feel her body tremble with what I easily recognized as raw need.

“Don’t touch me,” she snapped in spite of it.

“Suit yourself. What’s with the outfit? You look like a nun prepping for a blizzard.”

“I’m wearing pants, Knox. And a jacket. But no, you’re right, nun in a blizzard. Yeah. Guess you didn’t manage to burn or drown *all* my decent clothes after all.”

“You burned their clothes?”

“It seemed more final than putting them in the trash.”

“Do they not have thrift stores on this plane?”

“They have ball gags.”

“I’ll gag your balls,” Kammie muttered. “Seriously, though. Why burn?”

“The point was to teach them a lesson. They wear what I say they wear. They look the way I want them to look. Their old aesthetic, their old life, is over.”

“It sounds like the point was to shake your dick in their faces and throw yourself a power party.”

“What difference does it make, how I did it? What do you care? And by ‘you,’ I mean Rachel, the woman on whose behalf you’re supposedly doing all this.”

“It’s kind of fucked up is all. I bet if you bought some new outfits and told them what you wanted – or if you’ll forgive my using a four-letter word, if you axed them – they would have done it.”

“Take off your jacket. I want to look at you.”

Joanna shivered. “What? No, I’m not going to take off a single stitch on your say-so. Not until—” She winced at her misspeak. “We need to talk about what the hell you are, and what you did to me, before we go one word further.”

I took a slow sip of my latte. My peripheral vision informed me that Kammie had taken a position on the level above us, leaning down with her elbows on a railing. Even from down here, I could make out some portion of the veritable throng of men trying not to be too obvious about standing behind her and leering.

I set down my drink and clasped my hands together casually. “All right. Let’s get to it. As I believe you were informed, I’m a warlock.”

“You know, maybe don’t tell her you’re a warlock?”

“Why wouldn’t I? She knows something supernatural is afoot. I can invent a web of soothing lies that is bound to fall apart sooner or later – probably sooner – or I can just tell her and be done with it.”

“Being done with it is what I’m worried about. Even the word, ‘warlock,’ it’s so... grr. You know? Like, there’s WAR, in your FACE, BLAH. And then lock, like don’t go there, it’s locked, locked with WAR.”

“It’s Old English, actually. I forget the specifics, but something to do with betraying mankind for an oath to the Devil.”

“You’re right. That’s way better. Lead with that.”

“Warlock? What the hell is a warlock? Like Voldemort?”

“Is Harry Potter all you people know in the magical community?”

“Well you’re not tall enough or skinny enough to be a Gandalf.”

I sighed with exaggerated irritation. “You act like I read all that dreck.”

“They made books out of those?” When my eyes threatened to pop out of my head, her expression shifted and the sarcasm exerted itself.

“Look, it’s simple. I’m a warlock. That means a practitioner of various arts, including but not limited to communing with spirits, the dead, and beings from other dimensions; creating and maintaining talismans, amulets, and other objects of intrinsic or imbued power; or my own specialty, alchemy.”

“So... you’re like a wizard, but geekier, and no fireballs?”

“My balls fire just fine, as I think you know.”

My smirk drew a scowl, as it was meant to. “So you used your alchemy crap to make a love potion for me and Rachel? Is that right? Couldn’t make a potion that would transform yourself into a guy with observable social skills, so you had to come after the women you couldn’t score on your own?”

“I didn’t do anything to you.”

“It’s probably best if you don’t complicate things with the truth. You know, about who brewed what for whom. It’s complicated, and sort of confusing, and it doesn’t really paint Rachel in the best light.”

“Why don’t you simply say the thing about Rachel if that’s all you’re really worried about?”

“I think about more than Rachel!” she protested, adding, “Sometimes.”

“Rachel’s the best target for dumping blame. The flaw in her potion means Joanna is a chump of the first order for anything to do with her. She can’t be mad at Rachel, any more than she can not be turned on by me.”

“But if she can’t blame Rachel, and she needs to blame someone, all that bitchiness has to land somewhere! What goes up, must come down and all. Try to shift blame to Rachel—”

“Who deserves the blame, need I remind you.”

“—and she may well not believe you!”

“If she gets too out of hand, I’ll give her a few slaps in the face with my cock. Usually brings her back in line. Happy?”

“Liar!” Joanna hissed. “If you didn’t do anything, then why am I...?!” Her nostrils flared, as she realized her volume was getting away from her. “Then why do I let you treat me like crap – like a dog, a dog you don’t even like – and still feel so... so...”

“Horny?”

She glared at me for supplying the right word. “... whenever I think about you?!”

“That was Rachel. I gave *her* a love potion, but there was a shipping problem and I didn’t have enough of a key ingredient. It made her love me like a brother, or a best friend, rather than a lover.”

“Oh bullshit! She *worships* you. You two were having so much sex Rachel literally deleted her whole social life to spend more time on you. I admit I didn’t get it at first, but I guess that’s when you dosed me. That night, when I passed out by the pool after taking that drink? That’s when you made her dose me, isn’t it?”

“No. Rachel was nosing around in my laboratory—”

“Did you really just pronounce it ‘la-BOR-atory?’ That’s so cliché.” I didn’t miss a peal of delighted laughter from our balcony observer.

“And in my lab,” I compromised, “she found my notes for the potion I’d made for her. To be clear: Rachel is an ignorant peasant and was meddling with powers far beyond her comprehension. You’re lucky she didn’t poison you, or turn you inside out, or replace your digestive tract with rainbow-hued bubbles.”

“Oh yeah, lucky me, some dickhead warlock’s sex slave. Way better.”

Once again I proceeded as if she hadn't spoken. "That said, she did what she did because she missed spending time with you, and though she knew we weren't one another's usual types, she thought if she could force you to be with me, you'd get a happily ever after and she could have her two best friends on tap. She was trying to help all three of us, in her simple-minded way."

Joanna folded her arms, then unfolded, then smoothed the front of her jacket, probably conscientious that I'd see how hard her nipples almost certainly had to be. "You expect me to believe that? Rachel would never do something like that. Not to me."

"Who handed you the drink?"

"You could have coerced her."

"All right, look at how you've felt since. Do you love me?"

"And whatever you do, don't use the L word. You have to for the potion, yeah, but she's already freaked out. Warlocks, magic potions, laboratories... And try not to say that in that weird way you do."

"Of the two of us, which one actually maintains a laboratory? Maybe that person should get to decide how to pronounce their own room."

"I'm serious, guy. She's on edge, big time. You start trying to talk relationship stuff, she'll think you're trying to push her around again. There are ways for you to treat this as an exploration of a relationship, and then there are ones that could actually work."

"I'm not in love with her. You'd be surprised how often women conflate lust and sex with love, though. If I can trip her up on the distinction, we'll have that perfect hunky dory togetherness you think Rachel wants so goddamn badly."

"Not gonna work," Kammie mumbled petulantly.

Joanna sneered. "No! I actually hate you, as it so happens."

Trying not to feel the I-told-you-so smirking down from the balcony, I forced a smile. "Right. How do you feel about Rachel?"

"Her, I love, even more than I hate you. And I do hate you, by the way. But Rachel... I love her more than anything. She's my best friend – a better friend than I deserve, after how I let you push me into ignoring and abusing and... and using her."

"Uh, huh. Sure. So you think I, a man who used his decades of accumulation of ancient knowledge and eldritch power—"

Kammie's voice carried better than it should. "Ugh, do you even hear yourself?"

"—to turn my hot neighbor into my adoring sexual plaything, would then brew a potion to make my pet's friend fall deeply, madly in friend-love with *her*, and to merely tolerate my affections?"

Joanna considered this. That was good. I was much more comfortable operating in the realm of reasoned argument than sharing touchy-feelies. The L word had indeed not gone over great. “OK. So maybe you warped Rachel’s brain until she was capable of doing something like that to me. That still makes *you* the bad guy.”

“Sure. We can play the blame game, if you want. But—”

Joanna cut right in. “All right. I blame *you*, Knox. One hundred percent *you*. Do I win the blame game? I feel like I won. Which I guess means you lost, like a loser. Loser. And I hate you, in case I didn’t mention that.”

I waved it all off. It wasn’t easy; my warlock training had not covered scathing rejections by beautiful women. “Regardless, here we are. You still have Rachel’s potion in you, twisting you about, and I...” I tugged at my collar. “I’d be lying if I said I hadn’t enjoyed our time together. And that I’d like there to be more of it.”

Joanna was quiet for a time. I didn’t doubt her sincerity in regards to hating me. At the same time, however, I was without question a man who had given her more pleasure than any other. Which would win out?

I glanced up and back, and there was Kammie, smiling encouragingly, flashing a big thumbs up. She was feeling more confident about this than I was. Maybe her advice had been garbage after all. I was ignoring it, all of it, but she seemed to think I was on the right track to score Joanna again. I was feeling a lot less sure of the proceedings, myself. The most likely scenario to my mind was grabbing Joanna’s pussy, and when she couldn’t resist me, walking her out to the car with one hand down her pants as a leash, then letting her blow me the whole ride back to Rachel’s place.

Joanna used her drink to cover her inner struggle at first, and when the last boba got sucked up that straw, she sprang up and ordered another one. I waited patiently. Why not? As Kammie had pointed out, there was nothing Joanna could do to undo the potion. If she could get her hands on a witch doctor, maybe she could reverse it, but that was a big if, and then she’d be in debt to a witch doctor, something at least as unpleasant as anything I’d put her through. Not that I couldn’t undo it myself, though I’d need Rachel on hand to complete the process.

“Can the potion even be undone? You know she’ll ask. I mean, don’t bring it up if she doesn’t, but she will. Can it?”

I nodded, though grudgingly. “Technically, yes. I’d need Rachel, though, both to consult her regarding her process, if she even knows what she did, as well as because a portion of her essence would be necessary. Given the, oh, let’s call it unconventional nature of the potion, it will need careful research to remove. But it can be done, I suppose. Not that I intend to.”

“Good. That would have to be the worst possible outcome. If Joanna gets free, no way is she going to keep her trap shut about you and Rachel. That’s attention you do not need, guy. Trust me.”

“Why on earth would I offer to undo it? What good is she to me with her free will intact? And of course I don’t want her squawking my business about! Ya think?! If she offered me the Nine Rods of Dominion in exchange for her freedom, I’d still turn her down – because as my sex slave, I can take whatever I want from her!”

“That’s the spirit. Just making sure we’re on the same page. Don’t be surprised if she turns on the water works, though. Tries to guilt you. You know how Prime chicks are.”

Joanna’s eyes darkened. “You’re a real son of a bitch, you know. How could you do something like this to someone, you fucking douche nozzle! Or maybe you’re not completely full of shit, and you simply sat back and benefited from someone else doing it for you. Then you show up without so much as an apology, insult my outfit, and tell me you want me back. For more selfish, one-sided sex while you ruin my life for kicks, I can only assume.”

I drummed my fingers on the table. “You know, if you hate our arrangement so much, I could always end it. Would you like that? For me to negate Rachel’s love potion, let you return to your stupid old life?”

“Of course I’d like that! Why didn’t you lead with that?!”

I stood up, disregarding a hiss of dismay from above. “Fine. Fucking fine. I’ll contact you when I have the antidote ready. It might be a while – a week, maybe a month.” How long would it take to satisfy Kammie’s soft-skulled sentimentality and get my Rachel back? “Maybe more. I don’t know. I’ll be in touch.”

“A month?!” Joanna’s expression of shock was a whimper. I’d heard Kammie’s noises and color commentary more easily. “I can’t go another month like this!”

“Well you’ll have to. There are things I need that can’t be gotten easily. For what my word is worth, I’m not messing with you. I’ll make it a priority, and once I’m done, I’ll let you know.”

I turned, but suddenly there were two hands seizing my forearm. “Wait. You can’t leave me like this. I’ll go insane. The past week has already been... I’ve had to... I’ve been...” She shook her head, but even so I could tell her jaw was trembling. “You can’t.”

“You said you wanted it undone. If you resent it so much, and if you’ve managed a week, you can manage however long it takes.”

Joanna didn’t release me. “No. You did this. You have an obligation to... to deal with the, erm, fallout. I left my boyfriend, my apartment, all my possessions... All of it, for your greedy creepo ass. Until you can reverse things, you owe it to me to... take care of things. Of me.”

I glanced down at where she was still clutching at me possessively. “You mean, you want me to keep fucking you until I can fix things.”

She looked around sheepishly to see if anyone could listening, but any man with attention to spare was directing it to a study of how much longer it could be before the top-heavy babe (who looked so damn *familiar* to them from somewhere) had her tits break free from the scant confines of her tank top, bending over the railing as she was. The women were studying the same, though with more envy than lust, in most cases. I might have wondered why nobody had contacted a mall cop to protect the eyes of children, but they were probably mixed into the crowd of oglers.

Joanna planted her hands on feisty hips, covered in a blandly billowy pair of pants. “Well? Don’t give me that look, like you didn’t like it. You’ll just have to find a way to enjoy it again.”

I hadn’t meant to make the reversal offer, and even once I had, the words had felt like sarcasm on my end. I’d been irritated, and the words had slipped out unbidden. That Joanna had taken it seriously had only made me do the same, though. After opening up about my feelings (Kammie had assured me lust counted as a feeling), the woman had spat in my face. I wasn’t even the one who’d dosed her! How was any of this debacle of an encounter my fault?!

“Things might go badly,” Kammie said solemnly. “I hope not, and hopefully my advice will help. But if they do, whatever you do, don’t burn bridges behind you.”

“Burn bridges? I’m going there to set her mind at ease and open the door so she can rejoin the harem.”

“Oh yeah, and try not to use the phrase ‘rejoin the harem.’”

“Whatever else one could say about how badly that simpleton twat bungled her first attempt at alchemy, her potion works, and from what I’ve seen is even stronger than what I hit Rachel with. I might not trust your armchair psychology, or my own skills of persuasion when it comes to the less rational sex, I trust alchemy. I couldn’t get rid of Joanna if I tried.”

“That’s the spirit! But all the same, don’t try, yeah?”

I pressed my retreat attack. “Too late. I’ll undo it like I said. Meanwhile you can just find some other guy to take care of you. Go back to having normal sex. No more five-minute orgasms, no more getting so horny you can’t see straight, no more blackout level pleasure every time you suck a few drops out of whatever cocks you can trick into that fanged maw of yours. Go back to fucking normal dudes, and feeling glad when one of them makes you come a little.”

I wrenched my arm free and strode out of the food court with my head held high. I didn’t give Joanna the satisfaction of a single backward glance. I heard Kammie

scampering to catch up to me, the sound distinguishable from an approach by Joanna because of the way I could see eyes popping in the faces of oncoming men. Joanna was hot, really hot, but heads didn't tilt in shock for a woman with all those layers.

"That was amazing!" the khamulan exclaimed, hopping up and down excitedly in front of me. A tit popped free, though her admirers were treated only to the brief sight of a pink triangular sticker over the nipple that read "YOU WISH" in black marker. I didn't know why she bothered, myself. The stickers were at least as tantalizing as the nips.

"Amazing? I got pissed off and told her she was off the hook! Your advice was *horrible*, by the way. None of it worked at all! How is that amazing? Because I offered her an out? I did 'the right thing?'"

"Fuck the right thing! You were honest. Direct. You let her decide for herself – to the extent she could, anyway. Rachel would be so proud of you! Next time I see her, I am going to tell her all about this, and she is gonna flip her tiny human lid!"

"I gave up one of my favorite fucking toys!" I grunted bitterly, shouldering through a group of men who'd lost themselves staring. "Why did I ever listen to you?! I should have just flipped her off and told her if she ever wanted to touch my cock again, I expected to see her crawl to me and beg for it."

"Oh yeah? You know, you might just get your–"

Kammie was pointing, but the sound of Joanna's cry made the gesture irrelevant. "KNOX!" wailed a voice from a ways behind me. It reverberated around the mall thoroughfare, and suddenly there was no sound but the water in the fountains. I turned, and there was Joanna.

A very different Joanna.

In the minute and a half since I'd walked out on her, she'd changed clothes, almost as if she were a khamulan herself. Only my khamulan (or Rachel's, at least) had some kind of standards. Joanna's pant suit was gone. Considering the brief time window she'd had, I suspected it was in a trash bin outside the Panda Express. The rest of her ensemble, she must have had on underneath.

The shorts were more like underwear. Electric blue vinyl with some glitter to them, so in case somebody missed the way they slid up her ass and her slit, she might still catch the eye with the sparkle of them. The V of her thighs was visible above the tops of them.

That was the decent part of her outfit. A pair of gleaming white pleather pasties dangled from Joanna's two massive tits. Nothing else covered them. That wasn't the whole of it – platform boots that went up to mid-thigh, a blue wig that matched the "shorts," and she'd managed to find time to smear on some bright blue lipstick, too. A sloppy job of it no doubt, doing it that fast, but even if I'd never seen her before in my life, I'd feel confident that this whore in front of me was the sort of girl whose lipstick was made to be smeared off around some guy's pole.

People stared. Some of them looked back and forth between us. More simply stared at her. (To her credit, a few were still eyeing Kammie.)

Joanna was hundreds of feet away. That her shout reached me at all was a testament to her desperation almost as potent as that stripper outfit she'd busted out to halt my departure. Not about to shout our reconciliation to the hordes of slack jawed plebs gracing our town's shopping mall, however, I simply snapped my fingers commandingly, and continued toward my car.

To my relief, Joanna had not started turning tricks in the scant week since she'd fled after learning my secret. She'd been crashing with her cousin, a fellow outcast of the family, and that cousin *was* a stripper. She had only borrowed the ensemble in case she'd needed to entice me. Needless to say, it had worked. Nothing against strippers – in fact, a great deal in favor of strippers – but it wasn't for everybody, especially a professional

“Joanna, what'd you say your old job was?”

“I never said, because you never asked. And I worked at a daycare.”

day care worker. Not that I didn't enjoy watching her squirm, but where was the fun if I wasn't actually there watching?

I reintroduced her to Kammie, who made a half-hearted explanation of her role as Rachel's minion. It was sufficient for Joanna, at least, and seemed to even put her mind at ease about having blacked out from excessive sex during our threesome extravaganza. Or worse, her anxiety that she'd gotten cum-drunk from her best friend's pussy.

Back at Rachel's, I promptly took her upstairs to our mutual bestie's bedroom and fucked the shit out of her. It wasn't Joanna's best performance, that was for damn sure. The moment I penetrated her, she pretty much broke down. For hours of stamina-potion-enhanced rutting, she lay there with a dazed grin on her face, gazing up through the ceiling in utter contentment. When she wasn't coming, that is, which was a good chunk of the time. Then she was shrieking fit to wake the dead, clawing at the sheets, the pillows, her hair, her tits, and at one brief point my chest before I told her she needed to knock that crap off if she wanted more.

She wanted more.

Eventually she passed out, or fell asleep. The latter, I discovered, since when I pulled out of her, her eyes shot open and she pleaded for one more come as she drifted off. I was enjoying myself, so I humored the little brat. I came across her tits one last time; her body shuddered, froze, and fell still. Shallow snoring serenaded me out of the bedroom.

Downstairs, Kammie was waiting on the sofa lying down ass up, earbuds in place to permit privacy. More likely she'd popped them in on my way downstairs. She flashed a smug smile. For once, she hadn't changed, the “A” on her shorts still wedged deep up her crevice, inspiring a fresh line of comics in which the Avengers infiltrated a highly secure volcano lair. She gave it a pat, and I somehow understood the invitation. I collapsed on top of her for the rest of that night.

“Wow. I fuck you all day, and you still have to come down here to sexually harass the help,” a snarky voice awakened me sometime the following morning. Make that afternoon, actually, as I saw the sun was shining through the western windows.

I popped up before reality squelched my inclination to guilt. Kammie sat up with a smile. To look at her, you'd never think she'd been my mattress. As for Joanna, she'd found some of the clothes she'd left here. "Clothes," a generous term for the red leather halter top and a matching thong. "Mmf. Mornin'. You look hot," I greeted her.

Joanna failed at her attempt not to smile. Kammie interjected quickly, however. "You so do. And you look hungry, too. How about I whip up some mortal-friendly grub for two of my three favorite mortals, and then we can talk about next steps once you're fed?"

Neither Joanna nor I had forgotten our bitter argument at the food court, but we both conceded that food sounded good considering how many calories we'd squirted out our genitals yesterday. I gave a moment's thought to pulling Joanna into my lap while we waited; from the way she half-stumbled as she moved past me, she may well have been considering falling into it herself. As her bare ass jiggled past me, I wondered not for the first time whether Rachel was Joanna's hot friend, or vice versa. There always seemed to be some kind of dichotomy along those lines. With this thicc hot redhead strutting around in front of me, it was hard to summon memories of Rachel that competed.

Well, not that hard. Damn, I missed her. Body. Her body. I missed her body. I wouldn't have said no to a nice tender hug, either.

"So you two finally ran out of fuck sauce, huh," Kammie said warmly as she set a plate in front of each of us.

"Did you just bake fresh hot cinnamon rolls in three minutes...?" She sniffed, impressed yet unwilling to reveal it openly. "Or did you just pull them out of your ass?"

"Things get pulled from places," I muttered around my first mouthful. Damn, but this khamulan could cook.

"I still don't know why you're letting her stay in Rachel's house," Joanna grumbled as she took her first bite. Her groan nearly rivaled the ones I'd drawn from her the night before. "She almost killed me."

"She said she was sorry," I offered.

"Not to me, she didn't!"

I glanced to Kammie. Nodded promptly. Kicked her shin under the table. "Fine, I'm sorry!" she squealed after a hiss of pain. "Ow, they teach you to sharpen your toenails in warlock school?"

"There's warlock schools?"

"I'm a Hufflepuff."

Joanna glowered. I smirked. Kammie grinned. Rachel... Wherever she was, I hoped she was smiling. Lord knows I didn't want to have to be the one to cheer her up when she got back if her time away was an unhappy one. Any time I showed her the least

bit of kindness, her over-calibrated brain went berserk with friendfulness. It was annoying, really.

So annoying.

“So are you two gonna talk stuff through, or do I need to Dr. Phil this shit for you?” our chef asked.

I shook my head, speaking with a full mouth, “Is that where you trade on a friend’s reputation for an opportunity to humiliate strangers?”

Joanna chuckled, at least. “I was going to say almost that exact same thing. Fuck Dr. Phil.”

“Isn’t this productive,” Kammie muttered dryly. “But seriously, even though we all know I’m here for Rachel, officially, I want to stress that more than anything, she wants me to make things right between you two. So come on. Let’s fix.”

“Fix what? Got some pointers on how to act even sluttier? Because that’s the only thing that asshole values. Hot women he can potion up and use like property.”

“Oh yeah? Because I seem to remember he promised you yesterday that he’d un-potion you. Then you threw a tantrum and when he walked away – without so much as touching you, I might add, Little Miss Knox-Has-No-Respect-For-Women – you decided to bust out the ta-ta’s and make him take you back.”

“Because of the potion! I wouldn’t love the sex so much if he hadn’t made me love it!”

Kammie’s fist thumped the table triumphantly. “Aha! So you do love it!”

“Of course I love it! It was a *love* potion!”

The khamulan steepled her fingers. “Great, going honest early, I dig it. So let’s get rull, gurrll. What *specifically* do you love about fucking our boy here?”

Joanna scowled, or maybe pouted. “No way. I don’t even know you. I’m not talking about that in front of some... whatever you are. Fairy Slutmother.”

“Come on. Indulge me. Remember, I’m here to help. Aren’t I, Knox?”

I shrugged. “I mean, you’re not *not* helping.”

My apathetic reply earned me a punch on the arm. “Thanks for the glowing endorsement, guy. Seriously, though, Jo. What I want more for you – what *Rachel* wants – is for you two to get your shit together. From what I’ve been told, it sounds like you two had kind of a jerky start. Lot of meanness, lot of exclusion, lot of throwing your junk in people’s faces, and...”

Her eyes shifted to me, and there was something *knowing* behind them. What could she think she knew? She hadn’t been there. All right, so sure, I’d had a little fun taking Rachel down a few pegs with the help of my newest toy. Rachel had gotten used to being the object of all my fantasies, however much she liked to tell herself she was merely humoring me. For all she’d acted glad to see me with someone, for all she’d phoned in delight that her two best friends were hitting it off, she’d felt left out.

Diminished. After all, Rachel was nothing if not willing to let me shove my cock in her, and yet I'd suddenly started "forcing" it on her sulky friend who dragged her feet and pretended she was only letting me for Rachel's sake, to be a polite house guest. It had to have been hard on Rachel, watching that process unfold in real time.

But Kammie didn't know that. Except now that she'd seen me sitting here, fuming at myself at her insinuation, she probably had at least a guess. Damn khamulan.

Finally, she finished. "And all the rest. So for your sakes, for Rachel's sake, I want to see you two work through your issues and figure out how to coexist – or how not to coexist, if that's what you decide. So let's go, chica. Talk to me. You love the dickin', now the clock is tickin'."

Joanna was nonplussed still. "Is that what you were doing while I was taking care of him yesterday? Sitting down here working on your rhyme game? Here's a rhyme for you." She sat up straighter, took on a voice I could imagine her reading to the children with at that day care she'd mentioned. "So you think you can touch my man? Well no you can't. Go fuck yourself." She took another bite of cinnamon roll. "These are really good, by the way."

Before I could weigh in on the matter, Kammie doggedly pursued her ends. "Your man, huh. So you're saying you want to keep seeing Knox? As in, don't end my potioneing? Or were you just being catty because I've also been fucking him a lot lately? Not that I resent it. Honestly? I empathize."

"You get cheated on a lot, do you? Makes sense."

Kammie scoffed openly. "What? Hell no. I'm simply capable of profound levels of empathy."

"She did ask a straightforward question, Joanna," I cut in. For once, the khamulan was pursuing a subject I actually wanted to hear more about. "You say you want out, but then you claw your way back in. Which is it?"

She directed a dark look at Kammie. "I'd rather not talk about it in front of *her*."

Kammie stayed my order to leave us alone with a gentle hand on my forearm. "Hardball, eh. OK. I can play hardball. Cool."

Joanna leapt to her feet, backing hastily into the corner of the kitchen. "Don't you touch me, witch. I will seriously fuck you up."

As Kammie took to hers, though, suddenly she was Rachel again. Her perky, doe-eyed, flawlessly complected rendition of Rachel, anyway. Buck-ass nude again, too. Fuck, I hoped the real Rachel was all right. No doubt she was – probably enjoying a long staycation with her parents or something, and loving every banal minute. But I hated not knowing. As for Joanna, she stared in dismay, but as "Rachel" neared her, she didn't lift so much as a finger to make good on her threat.

"I missed you, Jo." Still no resistance as the shapeshifter twined her arms around Joanna's neck. "Did you miss me?"

Joanna squeezed her eyes shut. “It’s not real. You’re not her.”

“But don’t I look like her? Sound like her?” she whispered intimately. Their chests pressed together as Kammie clutched her tightly. “*Feel* like her?”

Joanna shook her head, wincing when that simple act brushed their lips together. “I wouldn’t know. She and I were never... like that.”

“But you and I were. Remember? I know I remember. It’s not every century that I get to taste anything so sweet as you. Just looking at you like this is making me hungry. Are you... hungry?” I’d learned not to question the how of it as suddenly Kammie was raising a finger dripping with what looked to be the icing from her cinnamon rolls to Joanna’s lips. They pressed shut.

“Nmm, mm!” she squeaked.

The whisper in Joanna’s ear was so delicate I almost couldn’t make it out. I craned my neck, though. “You know why you liked your breakfast so much? I added a secret ingredient, just for you. For my best, most beautiful, sexiest, easiest friend in the whole world. You know what it was, don’t you? You know. I know you know. You could smell him in it even before you tasted it, couldn’t you?”

A disgusting wad of half-chewed cinnamon roll sprayed from my mouth. “You made it with *what?!?*”

The most irritated look I’d ever seen on Rachel’s face whirled on me. “Only on hers, guy. Chill.” Then she was back into her role; Joanna eyed the mess, frowning. “Come on. Suck it off my finger. It’s no different from your fork. Except this fork likes when you lick it. It likes you *so. Much.*”

“N-no,” Joanna answered unsteadily, though even that monosyllable was enough to let Kammie sneak her finger in. Nearly got bit, too. “You’re not her. You’re not ScarJo either. You’re some kind of... demon. Unnatural.”

Kammie didn’t make a second go at forced entry, but she did start beckoning behind her back for me to join the two of them. Whatever she was cooking up, I was intrigued enough to be a part of it. “You know why I think you don’t like me? Because you miss her. I miss her, too. But if you take my advice, do what I say, she’ll be back before you know it. You want that, don’t you?”

“I... yes,” Joanna mumbled, eyeing the still dripping finger greedily.

“Good. That’s a good little mortal.” Kammie dragged her fingertips across Joanna’s cheek, smearing the icing liberally. A pat of it rolled down, gaining mass like a sugary avalanche, until splatting down on Joanna’s breasts, swelling with each needful, heaving breath. When Kammie finally let her finger drift near Joanna’s lips, the woman grabbed it in both hands and sucked it clean at length, eyes squeezing shut. Then suddenly, she spat it back out.

“No!” Joanna whined. “No. You can’t make me... like you. Some budget superhero slut.”

Kammie backward glance was pure bemusement, not put off in the least by Joanna's show of defiance. "You don't think I looked good like that? Or... no, that's not it. You thought you could do it better. Yeah? What do you think, Knox? Think she's my better at the cosplay arts?"

As I walked around her, Kammie obscured my view of the cringing, writhing human with her back against the wall only for a moment. But in that moment, she transformed. Her simple skanky rags had vanished; in their place was a sheathe of glossy black leather that even I recognized from a solid decade of movie ads. Only this was sluttier, which was saying something. The front was unzipped past the waist, to the point that you could see a wisp of dark red pubic hair from where Joanna had let it go during our brief separation. It contained less than half of her mammoth titties, and that half only barely. Her hairstyle had changed, too, taking on curls and waves I could only assume were an homage to the afore-mentioned character. There was even a little utility belt stretched across the unzipped gap, an X on its front, along with some buckles and zippers and pouches and pockets that didn't look like they could hold much more than the vibrant red lipstick she now wore.

"We're about five layers of meta here, but she does look pretty damn good," I admitted. Joanna looked herself over with wide eyes, patting her body down with fingerless black leather gloves.

"Yeah? Well don't get scared, Mr. Warlock, because I happen to know this super hero's kryptonite."

"Don't touch me!" Joanna warned her impotently, cocking a fist and adopting some version of a fighting stance. Only then did I see that the pants featured a slit in the crotch.

Kammie backed up behind me, then knelt down and undid my pants. Joanna stared in awe as my cock sprung into view, stumbling back against the wall and sliding halfway down it. The stance probably took a lot of leg strength, though she made it look easy. Maybe it was the costume, lending her an illusion of power she didn't possess. Meanwhile Kammie took a gentle hold of my shaft, coaxing me forward until I stood towering over the cringing woman. Joanna's mouth slid open, slack, willing and inviting me to enter it.

Then Kammie slapped her in the face with my dick.

I had to laugh. The absurdity of it! The look of warring confusion, outrage, and desire on Joanna's face. The snide look on Kammie's as she smacked her rival into submission with my cock. (Were they rivals? They felt like rivals.) The thick globs of frosting, which had somehow remained during her wardrobe transition, rubbed off on me. When Kammie finally relented cock-bludgeoning her, she held my dripping shaft in her hand, aimed right between Joanna's crossed eyes.

"What is even happening?" she whispered to herself.

“Suck him off for me, Jo. Can you do that? I’d appreciate it so much if you would just... Yep, there she goes.” Kammie had only made it halfway to kneeling beside her, no doubt intending another round of insidious, sexy whispering, when Joanna fell forward to her knees and engulfed my shaft in her mouth.

As blowjobs went, it was decent, though not great. Joanna was beside herself with need; every so often she’d forget she was supposed to be pleasuring me and sit there smiling dizzily around my shaft, utterly content. The novelty factor was strong, though. I made a mental note to finally sit down and watch those movies – ideally with Joanna in this outfit, riding me during the slow parts. Maybe the fast parts, too.

On top of Joanna’s suck job, Kammie wasn’t about to sideline herself simply because I only had the one dick. “That’s it, Jo. Your last name isn’t Hanson, is it? Jo Hanson?” She giggled to herself, and more than ever it sounded like Rachel. Not many women could be so delighted by their own inept skills at punnery. “You’re doing so good. So hot, so simple, such a good friend, such a good girlfriend. You’re like a super sucker. You know, if you suck him off, it will bring me back, Jo. Save me. Be my hero. Suck that fucking dick, Jo. Like a good little hero. Suck it, and I’ll come back to you, and we can suck him off together, every day. Would you like that?”

Joanna didn’t answer except with the tears – of joy, I thought – forming at the corners of her eyes. Thick black lines streaked down her face when they broke loose.

No, not quite black. There was a hint of red. Like she was weeping herself away in tears of blood. A bit much for the layperson, perhaps, but as a warlock, I admired the touch.

Kammie, as Rachel, knelt behind her prey. One hand snaked into that vast opening in the uniform to play with one of her massive tits while the other went lower, infiltrating her pussy. There was still a little frosting on her fingers, which she made sure Joanna saw before it entered her. “It’s OK if you come,” she whispered in her ear. “It doesn’t mean you’re a weak-willed little slut who can’t say no to Knox’s cocksles.”

Knox’s cocksles. Rachel had always liked to call it that when it was inside her. I think it made her feel more like we were playing a game and less like I was fucking her brain into flan.

“And if it does, so what?” Kammie continued, kissing Joanna’s exposed neck softly. “That’s what I want for you. So you can be with me all the time, the three of us, spending quality time as I watch you blow him on command. Doesn’t that sound better than freedom?”

Joanna whimpered, but her blowjob didn’t slow. “Holy shit, Kammie. Try not to completely scramble her brain on the first go, yeah?”

“Hey, I gave her the chance to admit she likes being your fuck toy, but she couldn’t own it like an adult. This is on her.”

I pulled out and gave Joanna's cheeks a few more slaps. She tried to suck me back in on each attempt, lunging this way and that. "Yeah, Joanna. Grow up."

Kammie shook her head at me in an affectionate yet long-suffering way. She returned her attention to Joanna, massaging her scalp now instead of her boobs, though never letting up on that pussy. "I'm so glad we're together like this, Jo. You look so pretty! Doesn't she look sexy, Knox?"

"At the risk of further inflating her stylist's ego, yes."

"Do you want him to fuck you, sweetie? Oh man, I'd love to see that. You and me, hanging out in the kitchen, having some girl time, while my bestest friend gets her drippy, easy little cunt stuffed by my other bestest friend. Do you want him to? I bet if we ask him really nicely, he would. But you have to really mean it."

"P-please," Joanna managed in the half second she was willing to let me out of her mouth. "Fuck," she got out on a second try. On the third, she aborted midway through and her *me* was merely a prolonged "Mmmmm?"

For the second time that week, I was going to fuck a busty redhead on Rachel's kitchen table. It took a little effort to lift her up and flip her onto her back on the tabletop, eager as she was to keep sucking me off. But with "Rachel" there to guide her, telling her to forget about feeling embarrassed and just focus on the pleasure, she didn't put up much of a fight.

"Pretty pretty please fuck my dirty slut cunt?" she pleaded, glancing to Rachel's face to make sure she'd sounded sufficiently desperate.

"As a great warlock once wrote, there is only one way to console a widow," I said, grunting in profound satisfaction as I thrust into her tight, gushing cunt.

Kammie curled up beside her, teasing Joanna's half-exposed breasts with feather light pressure as they bounced and jostled toward a freedom her outfit would never grant them. As with Rachel's potion, though, there was to be no escape.

Soon, Joanna started making this lengthy, rhythmic whining noise. She'd done so before, but usually I simply told her to knock it off or shoved my cock in her mouth to gag her. This time, however, I'd committed to her pussy, but thankfully I had a helper. "Sit on her face, Kam," I ordered.

Kammie laughed. "Yeah? Cool beans, hot stuff. Though I think, if it's OK, I'll just..."

I did not see what came coming. The way she casually slipped to her feet and excused herself to the far side of the kitchen, did a little stretchy wriggle of her hips, it couldn't have possibly signified her move any less. Kammie burst into motion in a blur, cartwheeling across the tile floor. Suddenly she was back in her more familiar body, and suddenly it was stuffed into an exact copy of the uniform Joanna was wearing.

Somehow, in defiance of every law of physics with which I was acquainted, she landed muff-first on Joanna's face, then kept rolling, contorting around the edge of the table

and back around again. Without even slipping off my cock – though I had to step fast to keep up – Kammie’s thighs seized Joanna’s face and flipped her in this insane hypersexual barrel roll of a ninja move. Joanna squeaked in alarm, but when I didn’t stop fucking her, she fast forgave the random assault and the smothering presence of the Black Widow’s cunt on her face. From the look on the khamulan’s smoothly made over face, the woman sandwiched between our crotches was doing her right.

Kammie leaned forward, and our lips met. We were panting, but our tongues didn’t care. I came within seconds, but my cock didn’t seem to notice, remaining as hard as it had ever been. Joanna quaked and thrashed when she felt me come inside her; Kammie favored me with a grateful whimper when Joanna brought her over-primed pussy to climax not long after, licking and slurping through the matching crotchless leather pants I was fucking her in.

“I LOVE YOU!” Joanna howled into her mouthful of pussy. Whether she meant me, or Rachel, or Kammie, or simply being used like public property, I didn’t know. But I fucked her extra hard for having had the guts to say it.

“You don’t want him to undo the potion, do you,” Kammie said to the quivering puddle of redheaded sexuality draped over the kitchen island. It was tall enough I could fuck that incredible ass of hers from behind, though it meant her feet dangled helplessly beneath her. She wasn’t going anywhere until we let her down.

“No,” mumbled Joanna. “Feels too good.”

“You want to keep having sex like this every day, feeling like this every day, don’t you.”

“Mmhmm. Fuck me? Please? Whoever. Both. Fuck me?”

“Pleasuring Knox gives you even more pleasure than you give him, isn’t that true?”

“Mm, yeah. Love his cock. Love his mouth. His hands. His body. Cock. Cum.”

“So when you think about it, he’s the one doing you a favor by fucking you. Isn’t he?”

“I.. I guess so.”

“Say thank you, Knox.”

Right as I was about to ask why I should thank her when the ass-up slut on Rachel’s counter was the one who’d come so hard she’d gone delirious, Joanna cut me off. “Thank you, Knox.”

Oh. “You’re, um, welcome.”

“It was fun, dressing up for him. Wasn’t it?”

“Mm. Fun. He got so excited. More than usual.”

“Yeah. So that means you like dressing up sexy for him, don’t you.”

“Mm. Guess so.”

“So you don’t mind if Knox and I tell you how to dress, or when to undress, do you?”

“No. Whatever you want. Just let me fuck him. Let me see your smile.”

Kammie squatted behind her and took a long lick at Joanna’s cunt. It became a noisy slurp soon enough. After a loud, moist moment, Kammie came around to where the woman’s head was dangling off the far side, and kissed her. Joanna reciprocated with so much enthusiasm that one would never know she’d come so hard she blacked out moments ago. Only when a thin line of my cum – or was it more frosting? Had there ever been a difference? – dribbled out between the girls’ lips, did I realize what Kammie had slurped up, and what she was doing with it.

“You’re kind of a cum slut, Jo. You know that?”

“Mm. His cum tastes so good, though! Is there more?”

“Yeah, I like it too,” Kammie lied, rolling her eyes at the absurdity of a statement our addled companion was swallowing whole. She wasn’t squeamish, but delighting in cum guzzling was a tall order even from an otherworldly fuck monster. “Nothing wrong

with being a cum slut. Heck, I bet you like being Knox's cum slut more than pretty much anything in your old life. Don't you?"

"Yes. Cum slut. Sounds so hot when you say it. Old life sucked. New life is... insane? But fun."

"Butt fun is right," Kammie answered, kneading the woman's ass appreciatively. Joanna giggled, then moaned when a delicately manicured finger teased at her asshole. "Now about that chip on your shoulder..."

"Chip?" Joanna tried to look up at her in confusion, but dangling as she was, quickly gave up.

"Yeah. Because you think what happened was unfair, or undignified, or whatever."

"It is," Joanna insisted, the tiniest bit of heat entering her voice.

"OK, so on a scale from one to ten, how happy are you right now?"

My turn to roll my eyes. "I'll fetch the magazine," I said, reaching inside Kammie's crotch slit and giving her a quick rub on the clit. *Stop!* she mouthed, eyes sparkling merrily.

"Twenty," answered Joanna. "A thousand. A billion. Fuck me again? Tell me you love me?"

Kammie widened her stance to permit me easier access as she continued working Joanna's ass. So much for stopping. "Of course I love you, Jo! You're my best friend. I *love* you. I love you. You are loved, by me. With love, from your loving friend, who loves you."

Joanna's body shook, spasmed, and hung listless again. "Thank you," she whimpered.

"Now if you're that happy, even if you're dressed slutty and dripping with cum and got bullied into fucking us so easily I'm a little surprised you ever pretended you were going to try to walk away..." Kammie sighed happily as I slipped a couple fingers inside her. I kept my mouth shut, though. Only a complete idiot would interrupt this. "If you're that happy, then some part of you must *like* what you've become? Even if it's unfair. Even if it costs you every scrap of dignity."

Hanging upside down, Joanna's chin bounced against the underside of the counter as she nodded. "Yeah. No, maybe. Not sure."

"Yeah? I don't think we believe you. For what it's worth, though, I think Knox really likes you like this. Easy. Biddable. Wet and ready. Thinking with your pussy first. His hot, busty, slutty, obedient love slave slash girlfriend. Don't you Knox?"

I gave Joanna a moment of what I was doing for Kammie. "You know I do." She moaned at the dual assault on her holes. While pleasure led the way, I think part of it was in despair at finding how easily she was giving in.

“So tell me again. Do you care about dignity? Compared to my love, compared to Knox’s pleasure.”

“No,” Joanna said, much more firmly this time.

“Do you care about being used, or do you hope he uses you all the time?”

“All the time. A hundred times a day. Use me.”

“And what can you do to entice him to use you?” She gave her ass a slap. “Think, Jo. I know you know what you need to do.”

“Look hot. Be slutty. Do what you say.”

Kammie grinned at me, then leaned down and took a bite out of our plaything’s ass. The flesh, sculpted in leather, bunched around the teeth in Kammie’s affectionate nip. “God, I love you so much, Jo. You’re the best friend I could ever imagine. You know that?”

“I love you so much, Rach. So much. I could never tell you or show you enough.”

“That’s awesome, honey. Because I want us to spend a ton of time together. As long as you keep pleasing Knox, and being a good girlfriend to him, we can hang out all day every day. Isn’t that just tits?”

“Totally tits,” Joanna affirmed.

Kammie turned her head to me and lowered her voice. The tone of patronizing condescension she’d been wielding against Joanna left it. “If I’d known fucking her as Rachel was going to break her this easily, I would’ve done this before you ever handcuffed me to the bed,” she muttered sourly.

“I’m not apologizing for that. But thank you, though. I have to admit, that wasn’t quite the reconciliation I was expecting.”

Kammie pouted. “Why? Did I do something wrong? I almost never ever do anything wrong.”

“Wrong? We’ll see how durable this is, but right now, it looks like you’re turning her from a sullen resenting shrew who grudgingly let me fuck her into an adoring sex slave.”

“Oh it should be plenty durable. I’m no fancy big city alchemist, but my mojo, Rachel’s bod and voice, your potions... However and whatever is coming together here, it’s working. Working good. We’ll give her a few days like this. Not completely brain dead like the end of round one, but diminished enough not to have any fight in her. Overwhelm her with bliss, as the grandmother of one of the thousand perfectionists’ souls that constituted me into existence used to say.”

“You guys know I can hear you, right?”

Without looking down, Kammie shoved her finger into Joanna’s ass, burying it to the knuckle. “And I love how much attention you’re paying to me, friend of friends.” Joanna made a high-pitched sound, and fell still.

“Honestly, I figured you were going to be some kind of agent of compromise. Make me agree to be a little gentler with her, with the both of them maybe, in exchange for getting her to be a little less grumpy. This, though... This is something else. Next level. This is what I wanted Rachel’s potion to do in the first place.”

“Compromise is for people in weak positions. We got this babe by the lady balls. Speaking of, why don’t you give your devoted new girlfriend a thank-you dicking, huh guy? And when you’re done with her, then me.” She pulled me in for a kiss, then shoved me cock first at Joanna. I dove right in.

For days, that was life. Sticking it in one of Joanna's holes. A few cum-shots later, she'd be back to her usual self, like the first time we'd put her in a stupor. Then Kammie would join in, gushing adulation, reinforcing her "advice."

Each time Joanna came back to her normal self, she was less. It was working. We gave it ten days of fucking. Mixed in was some more brainwashing, then rewarding whatever concessions Joanna made with more fucking. At that point, she was mine. There was still some attitude, a little edge to it, but we both loved fucking one another so much that any time one of us irritated the other, she took one look at Kammie and gave in. Then Kammie patted her head (or her tits, or her ass, or whatever round parts I wasn't using) and told her she loved her and how great it was that they could hang out while Joanna serviced me. Most of the time Joanna seemed unsure whether Kammie was Rachel or not, even when she wasn't trying to be. Her reasoning seemed to be that even if Kammie wasn't Rachel, then she could at least make her friend appear on occasion, which was good enough for her strained grasp of reality.

Finally, on the eleventh day, I'd had my fill, made the arrangements that needed making, and was ready for the next phase. Ready enough, at least, to ask the next question. I waited until Joanna was in the shower. (She showered four or five times a day now from all the sweat and spit and cum she wound up getting caked on her. Rachel's water bill was going to be insane.)

"So we solved the Joanna issue. What's next? You're fun and all, but I do miss Rachel."

Kammie reached across the kitchen table and took my hand. "Rachel is going to be so stoked when she hears about it. You two were stressing her out like crazy. Seeing you two happy, and working her into your dynamic..." She gave me a squeeze. "She's going to be so grateful. To all of us."

"Yep. Great. Now answer the question. Where the hell is my Rachel."

"You know, it is really cute how you pretend you don't have feelings for her. It's written all over your face, though. Joanna's fun and games, but Rachel *means* something. That girl is lucky to have you."

"When do I get to see her, Kammie?"

"Time is such a messy construct—"

"WHEN?!"

Kammie slowly withdrew her hand from mine. Her smile faltered, though only for a moment. "Why, just as soon as we can figure out where in the multiverse she magicked herself off to! You're a talented guy – should be a breeze, right? I'm like ninety-nine percent sure she's still alive and well."

"I'm sorry, where in the *multiverse?!?*"

"Ninety-five, worst case scenario."