

THE WOMAN WITHIN

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 19: The Succubus Heist

“So it’s settled. We have a plan.”

The words hung heavy in the air of the hotel room, a generic suite we’d booked under a fake name to escape the heat. It was morning now, the sun bleeding through the heavy curtains, illuminating the tired faces of my two best friends. We were back to our normal selves. Alex. Dave. Sarah. But the normalcy felt fragile, like a thin layer of ice over a deep, dark ocean.

Sarah sat on the edge of the bed, her elbows on her knees, staring at the floor. Dave was pacing, a nervous energy vibrating off him.

“Look,” I said, my voice rough with exhaustion. “I know it’s not ideal. But we tried everything else. We ran the numbers on a combat upgrade, on invisibility, on mass mind control. The Matron priced us out of every single option. This... this is the only plan that works with the Influence we have left.”

Sarah looked up, her green eyes wide and fearful. “Yeah, but Alex... it involves altering our real selves. Permanently. I don’t know if I can do that. I mean, I like being Sierra, but... losing Sarah? Losing my dick?..”

“And MY dick!” Dave chimed in, stopping his pacing to gesture at his crotch. “I like my dick! I’ve had it my whole life. I’m attached to it. Literally and figuratively.”

Sarah let out a short, hysterical laugh. “I forgot you liked having a dick. You seemed to enjoy being Daisy so much.”

“I do!” Dave protested. “But having the option is the point. This plan... it takes away the option.”

“I know,” I said, cutting them off before the panic could spiral. “I know it’s a lot to ask. If you have any better ideas, I am open to them. But right now, Fullerman has the ring. He has the potential to figure this out. If he does, we’re dead, or worse. We’re lab rats.”

They fell silent. The reality of our situation was a cold, hard weight in the room. We were

cornered.

“Once we have the ring back,” I said, my voice filled with a conviction I hoped was real, “we can share it. I promise. We can all earn Influence to buy ourselves back. It shouldn't take long to earn enough to change back. We can have shared custody of it. We can keep each other in check. Make sure neither one of us gets out of line.”

Sarah shot me a sharp, accusing look. “Yeah. So you don't get out of line.”

“We don't know the corrupting force of the ring,” I rebutted, standing my ground. “It could get any of us. It almost got me. And I'm sorry for that. I really am. But we have to move forward.”

“Okay,” Sarah sighed, rubbing her temples. “But before you even think about changing yourself back, when we win this... you need to change back everyone else first. All the women in the office. Peter. Everyone in the town.”

“But...” I started to argue.

“No buts!” she snapped. “Your mess, your cleanup.”

“It could take months to earn that much Influence!” I protested.

“Then I guess being stuck as this altered version of Alexa will be your punishment,” she said, her voice final.

I looked at the plan we had scribbled on the hotel notepad. I loved being a woman. I loved Alexa. God, sometimes I felt like I loved it more than being a man. The power, the sensation, the sheer, erotic thrill of it. But to be locked into *this* version of Alexa, the one for the plan... subject to the twisted, sexual laws of this new spell we were concocting? It was terrifying. It was wild.

But there was no other choice.

“Fine,” I said. “Agreed.”

“And we should also agree to get a safe for the ring and the book,” Dave added, his voice serious. “One that requires all three of us to open. For safety.”

“Agreed,” Sarah and I said in unison.

“It’s settled then,” I said. I reached for the book, my hand trembling slightly. “Are you ready?”

They both nodded, their faces pale but determined.

I opened the journal to a fresh page. The pen felt heavy in my hand, like I was holding the weight of our souls. I began to write the spell that would end our lives as we knew them and birth something new, something dangerous, something we hoped was temporary.

Alex Winters, Sarah Jenkins, and Dave Chen permanently transform into their alter egos: Alexa, Sierra, and Daisy. They lose their original forms entirely. Their need for calories from food is altered too. They must consume male semen, as swallowing it provides their only source of nourishment. Furthermore, whenever a person attracted to women makes skin-to-skin contact with them, their bodies will instantly alter to match that person’s specific physical ideal of a woman, making them irresistible to the person who made contact with them. Simultaneously, their minds will be altered to be intensely sexually aroused by the person who made contact with them, desiring nothing but to pleasure them. They also secrete a pheromone that makes the person who made contact with them sexually aroused. This state persists until they make that person cum. Upon climax, the person’s body will permanently transform into their own ideal female form, though their mind remains unchanged, and Alex, Sarah and Dave will return to their succubus form 899

I paused, taking a breath. We left one influence for the final part of the plan.

I took stock one last time. From now on:

We'd be our alter egos. Permanently, or until we overwrote it.

We'd need to consume cum instead of food for sustenance.

When someone is attracted to women touches our skin, we will transform to become their ideal woman. We'd also become intensely sexually attracted to them, needing to pleasure them.

That person will also become sexually aroused, the idea being that if we are their ideal woman they won't be able to resist.

After we make them cum, they will then transform into their ideal woman, retaining their own mind, as we transform back.

It was a nightmare of a spell. A chaotic, self-perpetuating loop of lust and transformation. All of the little additions we added were there to make it cheaper, to give the succubus entertainment. And since we weren't wearing our artifacts, none of our usual powers would work. We tried to alter Dave and Sarah's succubus forms, but the cost was too high. The succubus wanted us to alter ourselves it seemed.

It was a nightmare of a spell. A chaotic, self-perpetuating loop of lust and transformation. And since we weren't wearing our artifacts, none of our usual powers would work. We were weaponizing our own bodies.

I underlined it.

The ink flashed green.

The pain was immediate. It wasn't the smooth, fluid transition of the ring. This was a tearing, a burning, a violent rewriting of our existence.

"Oh god!" Dave screamed, clutching his stomach as he doubled over.

I fell to the floor, my bones grinding and snapping. My shoulders imploded, narrowing violently. My hips shattered and reformed, widening into a cradle of bone. My skin burned as hair retreated and pores shrank. My penis inverted, a sensation of cold, wet suction that left a throbbing void in its wake. My chest erupted, flesh and fat swelling rapidly, stretching skin until it felt like it would tear, forming the massive, heavy breasts of Alexa.

Across the room, Sarah gasped as she shrank, her body softening into the curvaceous form of Sierra. Dave groaned, his form thickening, expanding into the lush, pneumatic curves of Daisy.

When the pain faded, we got up, panting. Three women. Three succubi. But inside, we were still us.

And then, the hunger hit.

It was a hollow, scraping ache in the pit of my stomach, a desperate, biological need that had nothing to do with food.

"I'm... hungry," Dave whispered, clutching his stomach, his new boobs pressing against his arms.

"Focus," I gasped, pushing myself up. My F-cups swayed heavily. "We have to move. We need to get dressed."

We had prepared. We pulled on thick, unsexy clothes we had bought earlier. Turtlenecks, leggings, gloves. We covered every inch of skin. We couldn't risk accidental contact.

We left the hotel and headed for the Nexus Creative office. We knew they were watching. We knew it was a trap.

We walked into the lobby, and within seconds, the doors burst open.

"Freeze! Federal Agents!"

A tactical team swarmed us. We raised our gloved hands, offering no resistance.

"Don't shoot," I called out, my voice the sultry alto of Alexa, though the words were Alex's. "We surrender."

They rushed us, zip-tying our wrists, throwing hoods over our heads. I felt rough hands on my clothes searching for weapons and I panicked, hoping they wouldn't touch skin, but the layers protected us. It was a good idea to wear leggings and tight layers, couldn't conceal much. They shoved us into a van.

The ride was silent, tense. The hunger gnawed at me. God I wanted some cum. I was tempted to just start the plan here to satisfy my craving, but we needed to be inside the beast to kill it.

We were unloaded at the black site, marched through corridors that smelled of bleach and fear. Finally, we were shoved into a processing room. The hoods were yanked off.

We stood in the sterile, white-tiled processing room, shivering slightly. It wasn't from the cold, but from the gnawing, scraping hunger in our bellies and the high-frequency thrum of adrenaline coursing through our veins. We were bundled in our clothes looking ridiculous under the harsh, unforgiving fluorescent lights that hummed overhead.

Three guards stood before us. They were all men, all wearing tactical grey fatigues, their faces obscured by opaque visors that reflected our own shrouded forms back at us. They looked like statues, devoid of emotion, their very presence a testament to brutal efficiency.

"Strip them for decontamination," the lead guard ordered, his voice a distorted, metallic rasp that echoed in the sterile room. "Check every inch. No contraband."

This was it. The point of no return. My heart hammered a frantic rhythm against my ribs, a war drum heralding the coming storm.

The three guards stepped forward. One moved toward me, a burly man whose neck was a thick column of muscle. We held our breath. We didn't resist. We needed them to make the first move. We needed the contact.

The burly guard grabbed the collar of my turtleneck. I was so focused, I didn't even notice if the other guards were doing the same to the other two. His fingers made contact with my neck.

And the magic detonated.

It wasn't a sparkle or a flash. It was a triangular explosion of warping reality that shook the room, a silent, concussive wave of pure, unadulterated chaos. The air shimmered, suddenly thick with a musk of overwhelming, magically-induced pheromones. Unphased, he took my turtleneck off completely, exposing my torso and boobs to him.

For me, the world lurched, compressing with a sickening crunch. The burly guard who grabbed me wanted them small and feisty. I felt my height drop three inches in a gut-wrenching instant. My massive F-cup breasts, my pride and joy, deflated with a painful tightness, shrinking and lifting high on my chest, becoming perky, athletic C-cups. My hips narrowed, my ass tightening into a gymnast's hard, compact physique. My long hair retracted,

a thousand tiny snakes slithering back into my scalp, re-emerging as a messy, punk-rock pixie cut that tickled my ears. I was his ideal. A petite, spunky pixie.

On my right, Sarah hissed as her body elongated and hardened.

The stocky guard had a darker, more severe fantasy. Her curves sharpened, her muscles defining instantly under her skin, becoming lean and predatory. Her legs stretched, becoming longer, adding four inches to her height. Her waist pinched in violently, her ribs becoming visible under taut skin. Her breasts shrank to small, firm A-cups. She morphed into a severe, terrifyingly beautiful, willowy blonde, her eyes wide with shock as she looked down at her taller, emaciated, model-thin frame.

On my left, Dave gasped as his form exploded outward. The lanky guard craved comfort, a soft place to land, but with a twist. Dave's body ballooned, but it wasn't just curves. It was weight. Mass. His ass expanded into epic, pillowy proportions that strained the seams of his leggings until they screamed. His stomach softened and rolled over the waistband, forming a plush, heavy belly. His tits swelled to a truly monumental size, heavy and pendulous, spilling over his arms like warm, living dough. His face softened, age lines appearing around his eyes and mouth, his hair darkening and curling into a messy, mom-style mane. He became a towering, soft, overweight MILF, radiating a warmth so intense it was almost a physical heat.

We stood there, panting, staring at each other in shock.

"Whoa," I breathed, looking at mine and Sarah's skeletal frame. "Your guy likes them... petite."

Sarah looked down at her visible ribs, her expression a mix of horror and fascination.

Dave looked down at himself, grabbing a handful of his own soft, heavy belly. "Hey, at least you're not fat and old!" he complained, his voice taking on a husky, maternal timbre. He looked at the lanky guard, who was staring at him with wide, glassy eyes. "You like MILFs, huh? Big, soft mommies?"

But then, the second wave hit.

The mental override. The gnawing hunger in my belly didn't vanish; it transmuted, shifting from a need for sustenance to a white-hot, blinding need for him. I looked at the brute holding my top, at his thick neck and his strong hands, and my brain flooded with an artificial, overwhelming lust. I wanted him. I needed his cock. I needed to drain him.

It hit Sarah and Dave at the same time. The shock vanished from their faces, replaced by a raw, animal need. We couldn't help ourselves. These men, these strangers who had just violated us... they were suddenly the most desirable creatures on earth. We needed to pleasure them. It was overwhelming.

"Hey there, big guy," I purred, my voice breathless and needy, my new pixie form practically vibrating with desire.

"Oh, honey," Dave cooed, stepping closer to the lanky guard, his massive, soft body pressing against the man's chest. "You look so tense. Let mommy help you."

"On your knees," Sarah growled, her voice a low command that brooked no argument, her thin frame radiating a surprising, wiry strength.

The three guards froze. The professional aggression drained from their bodies in a split second, replaced by a slack-jawed, glassy-eyed stupor. The pheromones hit them like a physical blow, their higher brain functions shutting down completely. They were stunned, terrified, but undeniably, rock-hard aroused. They couldn't resist their perfect women.

We didn't wait. We lunged. Not with violence, but with a starving, desperate lust.

I tackled my guard, my small, compact body a missile of pure need. I ripped at his belt buckle, my fingers fumbling with a frantic energy. "Give it to me," I begged, shoving him back against the cold, metal lockers that lined the wall. "Feed me."

He didn't resist. He couldn't. I was his perfect woman. He groaned, a low, animal sound, falling back onto a bench as I tore his pants down, pulling me on top of him. I didn't hesitate. I impaled myself on his hard, thick cock, a scream of pure, ecstatic relief ripping from my throat as I felt the warm, solid fullness inside me.

The room dissolved into a symphony of depravity. Dave had the lanky guard on his back on the floor, his massive breasts completely smothering the man's face, a soft, warm, living prison. I could hear the guard's muffled, ecstatic groans as Dave worked his zipper with his teeth, his movements slow, deliberate, and overwhelmingly maternal.

Sarah had her guard on all fours, his face pressed against the cold tiles, his ass high in the air. She was behind him, her long, elegant fingers working his prostate with a cruel, clinical precision that had him bucking and moaning like an animal. She wasn't fucking him, not yet.

She was breaking him.

I rode my guard with a frantic, blurring speed, my new, tight body a perfect engine of friction. The hunger was driving me, every thrust a desperate attempt to draw out the sustenance I so desperately needed. "Cum for me!" I screamed, my voice a raw, needy cry. "Fill me up! Now!"

He roared, his hips bucking wildly, his hands grabbing my small, tight ass, pulling me down harder onto his shaft. He exploded inside me, a hot, pulsing flood that felt like life itself pouring into me. The sustenance hit my system like a shot of adrenaline, clearing the fog, soothing the ache. Well, good to know I can take the cum that way and still get sustenance.

And then, the payload delivered.

The guard beneath me screamed, a sound that started as pleasure and ended in pure, agonized transformation. His chest heaved, breasts sprouted from his pecs. His jaw softened, his hair growing out in a cascade of dark curls. In seconds, the burly man was gone, replaced by a stunning, petite brunette woman who looked a lot like I did right now. His perfect woman. His eyes... no... *her* eyes were wide with a shocked, dawning wonder.

At the same moment, a wet, squelching sound came from across the room. Dave had finally taken the lanky guard into his mouth, his skills, even as a novice, amplified by the sheer, smothering volume of his new body. The guard came with a muffled, gurgling cry, his seed disappearing into Dave's cavernous mouth. He convulsed, his lanky frame filling out, becoming a voluptuous, thick redhead with an ass that could stop traffic.

Sarah, seeing her two counterparts finish, finally gave her own mark his release. She mounted him from behind, taking him with a single, powerful, dominant thrust. She rode him with a cold, mechanical efficiency, her hips a relentless piston. He lasted less than a minute, his back arching as he came with a choked, submissive sob. His body twisted and reformed, his muscles softening, his waist cinching in, turning him into a slender, willowy blonde with a look of pure terror on her face.

The lust faded instantly, leaving me clear-headed, energized. Dave and Sarah reverted as well, the three of us standing over our handiwork, our bodies slick with sweat.

"What... what happened to me?" the brunette whispered, touching her face, her voice a soft, melodic alto.

I stood up, my body shifting back to its base Alexa form now that the bond was broken. “You just got upgraded,” I said coldly.

Dave stood up, licking his lips. “That was... a good appetizer.”

We looked at Sarah, who was calmly leaving the choked-out female guard unconscious on the floor.

“Let’s move,” I commanded.

We burst out of the processing room, shedding the remnants of our clothes. We were predators now.

The heavy steel door of the processing room hissed open, and we spilled out into the sterile white corridor. We were naked, slick with sweat and fluids, our bodies still vibrating from the intense rush of the feed. Alarms blared, bathing the hallway in a pulsing red light. We could hear the heavy thud of boots rounding the corner ahead.

“Contact front!” a voice shouted.

A squad of three tactical officers in full riot gear leveled their weapons at us. They froze for a split second, their training warring with the sight of three naked, impossible women standing amidst the carnage.

“Get down! On the ground! Now!” the lead officer screamed, his voice cracking.

I didn’t get down. I sprinted, closing the distance before he could squeeze the trigger. I didn’t tackle him; I threw myself into him, my skin colliding with the exposed flesh of his neck where his tactical gear gaped.

The magic detonated instantly.

This guard didn’t want a pixie. His desires were buried deep, fueled by gigabytes of anime and hentai, a fetish for impossible proportions and innocent faces.

My body convulsed, shrinking violently. My height plummeted, my bones grinding as I dropped to a mere five feet. My skin paled to a creamy porcelain hue. My hair, previously a messy pixie cut, shot out into two long, glossy black pigtails. My face softened, my eyes

widening into large, doe-like saucers, my mouth shrinking into a tiny, shy smile.

But my chest... my chest exploded.

My breasts surged outward, swelling past D, past G, past anything occurring in nature. They became two colossal, spherical weights of soft flesh, so large they bumped against each other with a heavy, wet slap. The skin stretched tight, glistening with a sudden sheen of oil. I was the living embodiment of a hyper-sexualized anime figurine: a petite Japanese girl burdened by breasts larger than her own head.

The guard dropped his rifle, his eyes bulging behind his visor. "Oh my god," he breathed, his voice trembling with a nerdish, reverent awe. "You're... you're perfect."

I looked up at him through my lashes, the magical compulsion slamming into my brain. He wasn't an enemy. He was a provider. I needed him.

"Please," I squeaked, my voice pitch-shifted into a high, breathy anime register. I grabbed his hand and pressed it against my impossible tits. "They're so heavy, mister. Can you help me?"

He groaned, falling to his knees, his hands kneading the massive, unnatural softness.

To my left, Dave and Sarah had been grabbed by some guards who were trying to handcuff them, but then they made contact.

Dave's body contorted, a thick coat of soft, orange fur erupting from his pores. His nose elongated, pushing out into a wet, black snout. His ears shot up, pointed and twitching, migrating to the top of his head. A long, bushy tail burst from his tailbone, swishing through the air.

His human features morphed into a perfect, anthropomorphic fox. His eyes became large and emerald green, framed by thick lashes. His body remained voluptuous, with human breasts covered in soft white fur and wide, breeding hips that led down to digitigrade legs. He was a living cartoon, a furry vixen brought to life.

Meanwhile, Sarah's body shot upward, towering over seven feet. Her skin darkened rapidly, deepening into a rich, flawless ebony tone that gleamed under the emergency lights. Her muscles swelled, packing onto her frame like armor. Her thighs became tree trunks, thick and powerful enough to crush a skull. Her abs rippled into a perfect eight-pack. Her breasts were heavy and firm, sitting high on her chest like cannonballs. Her hair exploded into a

magnificent, gravity-defying afro that framed a face of stunning, regal beauty.

“Yiff me!” Dave yelped, his voice a series of excited yips and barks that somehow formed words. He pounced on the guard, his tail wagging furiously, rubbing his furry chest against the man’s face.

The guard, a closeted furry whose deepest fantasies were suddenly breathing down his neck, dropped his weapon and embraced the fox-woman, burying his face in the soft fur of Dave’s cleavage.

Sarah approached the squad leader, then grabbed him by the throat with one hand, lifting him off the ground as if he weighed nothing. She was a titan of muscle and curves, a fitness model steroid-fantasy come to life.

“You look weak, little man,” she purred, her voice a deep, resonant cello as she enacted his fantasy. She flexed her free arm, the bicep swelling to the size of a melon. “Do you want to worship a real woman?”

The squad leader gasped for air, his eyes locked on the sheen of sweat rolling down her colossal thighs. He nodded frantically, his baton clattering to the floor.

The hallway became a frenzy of specialized, fetishistic sex.

I pushed my guard back against the wall. He was fumbling with his zipper, his eyes locked on the swaying, hypnotic mass of my breasts. I grabbed his head and shoved it between them. He motorboated me, groaning, while I reached down and yanked his cock free.

It was hard, leaking pre-cum. I needed it. I hopped up, wrapping my small legs around his waist, and impaled myself on him. The sensation was blinding. My internal geometry had shifted to match the form; I was impossibly tight, gripping him with a suction that made his eyes roll back in his head.

“Fill me up, onii-chan!” I cried out, the programmed words spilling from my lips as I bounced on him, my massive tits slapping against his tactical vest.

Dave was on all fours, his bushy tail raised high, presenting himself to the furry-loving guard. The guard was pounding into him from behind, gripping Dave’s fur-covered hips, lost in a haze of realized fantasy. Dave yipped and whined, his animalistic noises driving the man over the edge.

Sarah had the squad leader on the floor. She was straddling his face, her massive, muscular thighs clamping around his head. She ground her pelvis against his nose, smothering him, demanding worship. He was licking frantically, desperate for air and taste. She reached down, grabbed his cock, and started jerking him off with a grip that could bend steel.

“Cum for your goddess!” she commanded.

The climax hit us all like a shockwave.

My guard roared, emptying himself inside me. I drank the energy in, the sustenance flooding my veins. As he pulsed, his body began to warp. His skin smoothed and paled. His hair shot out into pigtailed.

In seconds, the burly tactical officer was gone. Beneath me, panting and flushed, was a perfect duplicate of my current form, a petite Japanese woman with tits the size of watermelons. She blinked up at me, her eyes wide and confused.

Next to us, the furry guard howled as he came. Orange fur burst from his skin. His face pushed out into a muzzle. He shrank and curved, transforming into a identical fox-girl vixen, her tail thumping against the floor as she panted.

Sarah’s victim convulsed, his body elongating and darkening. Muscle packed onto his frame until he was a seven-foot tall, ebony Amazon, a mirror image of Sarah’s current form.

The hallway fell silent, save for the heavy breathing of six impossible women.

The lust faded, leaving me standing there, naked and top-heavy, staring at the woman I had just created. She looked at her hands, then grabbed her massive breasts.

“Sugoi...” she whispered.

I shook my head, clearing the haze. “Move out,” I ordered, my voice squeaky but firm.

We stepped over our creations as our bodies morphed back, leaving them to explore their new bodies, and headed deeper into the facility.

Two guards stood blocking the path. One was a severe woman with a scar running down her cheek. The other was a handsome, sharp-jawed man.

“Contact!” the man shouted.

I lunged for him, slamming into him.

Nothing.

No spark. No transformation. He just looked at me with cold, professional disdain. “Get off me, freak.”

Daisy tried to touch the woman, pressing her ample curves against her. “Hey there, gorgeous,” she purred.

The woman didn’t blink. She just sneered. “Not my type.”

Panic flared in my chest. The curse... it only worked on those attracted to women. We had found the statistical anomalies. A gay man and a straight woman. Our only weapon was useless.

“Target secure,” the woman said flatly. She raised her rifle butt.

“Wait!” I screamed.

CRACK.

The world exploded into white stars, then faded to black.

I woke up to the smell of ozone and the familiar ache of restraint. My eyes fluttered open. I was back in the chair. Dave and Sarah were beside me, slumped in their own bonds. It also appeared that we were wearing sports bras. They’d clothed us.

“Finally,” a voice purred.

I looked up. Standing in front of us was a woman. She was older, with silver hair cut in a sharp bob, wearing a tailored grey suit that hugged a modest but feminine figure. She radiated authority.

It was Fullerman. Or rather, the female version of him.

“You’re awake,” she said, her voice smooth and cultured. She walked over to a metal table and picked up the black leather book. My book. She approached me and held it up, a smile forming on her face.

“I have to admit,” she said, running a manicured hand over the cover. “I was confused at first. The numbers on the ring... they seemed arbitrary. I’ve been wearing it for a while. And I’ll be honest... I’ve been experimenting.”

She smiled, a thin, cruel expression. “I called in a few of my junior agents. Private interrogations. I wanted to see what this body could do. And I must say... the sensations are exquisite. Better than anything I experienced as a man.”

She tapped the ring on her finger. The number etched there glowed.

“And the number went up,” she whispered. “Sexual energy. That’s the fuel. It’s so simple. So primal.”

She opened the book, flipping through the pages. “And this book... my god, it explained *everything*. I understand it all now.”

I gulped audibly.

“Oh, and I read your little trap,” she said, laughing softly. “The entry about the transformation. The ‘Siren’s Curse’. You really thought that would work on me? You thought you’d just brush against my arm, we’d have a little tumble, and I’d be stuck as some bimbo fantasy?”

She slammed the book shut.

“You’re naive, Alex. You’ve trapped yourselves in these forms, for what? You think small. You think about transforming. I think about ruling.” I stayed silent, watching closely.

She paced in front of us. “While you were unconscious, I tried to fix you. I tried to write ‘Alexa becomes loyal’. ‘Daisy becomes obedient’. But nothing happened. The ink just faded.”

She glared at me. “I assume it’s because I don’t know your full names. Or your male names. Whatever. It doesn’t matter.”

She walked back to the table and picked up a pen.

“I don’t need to change you,” she declared, her eyes gleaming with mania as she stripped out of her suit revealing a tight leotard beneath. “I can change me. And my men. The ones you haven’t corrupted yet.”

She began to write, her hand moving feverishly across the page.

“Imagine it,” she said, her voice rising. “An army of Amazonian super-soldiers. Beautiful. Powerful. And with this book... we could infiltrate any government, seduce any leader, toppling any regime from the inside by altering them with this book. The United States will be unstoppable. I will be unstoppable.”

She kept writing.

“And to lead them...” Fullerman continued. “I need to be the pinnacle. The Alpha. You see, I tested some sentences earlier, and I realized this succubus who controls the book... she likes things a certain way. A sexual way. So as long as the changes I make satisfy this succubus, the cost appears to be minimal.”

She finished her sentence. I had no idea what it was, but I watched her underline it.

“And now... you witness true power!”

The magic hit her. She gasped, dropping the pen as her body exploded outward. She grew a foot, then two. Her muscles swelled, thick cords of power wrapping around her bones. Her breasts surged, becoming massive. Her face shifted, becoming terrifyingly beautiful, a goddess of war.

She towered over us, a monolithic statue of perfection standing eight feet tall. Her waist snatched in to an impossible, waspish circumference, accentuating the flare of hips that looked capable of crushing a tank. Her breasts were colossal, heaving shelves of muscle and soft fat that glistened with sweat under the harsh lights. Her silver hair whipped around her face like a storm cloud.

“I feel it!” she roared, her voice vibrating in my chest cavity. “The strength of ten Amazons! I am a God!”

I stared up at her, my breath catching in my throat. It was hard to look away. The sheer, aesthetic perfection of her was magnetic. My brain, rewired by the ring and the lifestyle, wanted to drop to its knees and worship. It took every ounce of willpower to remember that this was the enemy, not a savior.

I clenched my jaw, fighting the awe. “NOW!” I screamed.

The ventilation grate above exploded.

Phyllis dropped from the ceiling like a tactical nuke. The massive, seven foot tall Amazonian I had transformed the last time I was here, the same one who had helped me escape and who I was counting on for this plan to work, came crashing into the room.

But compared to the titan Fullerman had become, she looked almost small. Still, she had gravity and surprise on her side. She crashed into Fullerman's back, driving the giantess into the metal table, crumpling it like tin foil.

Fullerman hit the ground with a grunt, the impact shaking the floor.

"Go!" Phyllis shouted, scrambling off the dazed giantess. She rushed to me, her knife flashing as she sliced through my bindings in one fluid motion.

"Get the book!" I yelled, rubbing my chafed wrists.

But Fullerman was already rising. She moved with a speed that shouldn't have been possible for something that size.

"You little gnat," Fullerman growled.

Phyllis roared and charged back in, throwing a haymaker that would have decapitated a normal man. But Fullerman caught her fist. Just caught it.

Fullerman smirked, a cruel, beautiful expression. "Ten Amazons, darling. Do the math."

She twisted Phyllis's arm, throwing her across the room. Phyllis crashed into the wall, denting the steel, but bounced back, grappling with the giantess. It was a valiant effort, but it was a losing battle. Fullerman wrapped a massive arm around Phyllis's throat, lifting her off the ground. Phyllis kicked and thrashed, her face turning purple, but Fullerman's grip was absolute.

"I'm going to snap you like a twig," Fullerman hissed.

I was scrambling on the floor, ignoring the titan-clash happening above me. My fingers scrabbled against the concrete until they brushed leather. The book.

I grabbed it, sliding across the floor to where the pen had fallen.

"The name!" Sarah screamed from her chair. "Find the name!"

I flipped the book open. The last entry. The ink was still wet. Next to the "Strength of 10 Amazons" entry was the user's true name.

William Finkleman.

I gripped the pen. My hands were shaking. I looked up. Phyllis's eyes were rolling back in her head.

I wrote, my handwriting jagged and desperate.

William Finkleman is a mindless, sex-obsessed bimbo who lives only to

serve 3

I slashed a line under the sentence.

The ink flashed green.

Fullerman's eyes went wide. The cruel sneer vanished. "Uh... oh?"

She dropped Phyllis. The giantess stumbled back, clutching her head, her massive, eight-foot frame beginning to shudder.

"My... my head feels... all pink!"

The terrifying muscle began to melt. The towering height receded. The sharp, predatory intelligence in her face smoothed out, replaced by a vacant, doe-eyed stare. Her lips swelled into a ridiculous pout.

She shrank down, down, down, until she was a soft, voluptuous five-foot-nothing blonde. She blinked, looking at her hands, then at us.

"Hi!" she giggled, twirling a strand of silver hair. "Did I do good?"

Phyllis gasped for air on the floor, rubbing her bruised throat. I scrambled up, rushing over to the new bimbo.

"Grab her!" I ordered.

I freed Dave and Sarah while Phyllis pinned her down.

“Get the ring!” I yelled.

She grabbed her left hand and yanked the gold band off her finger.

The effect was instantaneous and violent. The bimbo shrieked as her body contorted. Her breasts vanished. Her hips narrowed. Her face hardened, the makeup vanishing, the stubble returning.

In seconds, Fullerman... or should I say William Finkleman... lay panting on the floor. A man again.

He looked up at us, his eyes wild with fury. “You... you bitches!” he screamed, his voice cracking. “You have no idea what you’ve done! I am the Director of the CIA! I own you!”

He struggled against us, spitting curses. “Give me that ring back! I’ll kill you! I’ll have you all buried in a hole so deep...”

“Shut up,” I said, looking at the ring in my hand. It was warm. It was mine again.

“What do we do with him?” Sarah asked, breathless. “We can’t just leave him here. He knows everything.”

A low, menacing growl interrupted us.

We turned. Dave was clutching his feminine stomach. A loud, demanding gurgle echoed from his midsection.

“I’m...” Dave groaned, his eyes glazing over slightly as he looked at the furious man on the floor. “I’m hungry.”

Sarah looked at Finkleman, then at Dave. A slow, wicked smirk curled her lips.

“All yours, Dave.”

Finkleman froze. He looked up at the voluptuous, hungry woman looming over him. “Stay back,” he warned, scuttling backward on the floor. “Don’t touch me!”

Dave didn’t listen. The hunger was driving him. He stepped forward, his hips swaying, his eyes locked on Finkleman like a predator spotting prey.

“Dinner time,” Dave purred.

He reached down and grabbed Finkleman's face.

Skin to skin.

The Siren's Curse detonated.

Dave's body convulsed. The magic read Finkleman's mind, pulling the image of his deepest, most secret ideal woman from the recesses of his subconscious.

We watched, fascinated, as Dave's form shifted. His hair bleached into a platinum blonde cascade. His curves softened, becoming less muscular and more pillowy. His face morphed, losing any trace of intelligence, becoming the epitome of a vacant, plastic sex doll. His lips puffed out to absurd proportions.

Dave had transformed into the ultimate bimbo. A ditzy, brainless, blonde stereotype.

"Oh my god," Sarah laughed, clutching her stomach. "That's his ideal type? The guy who wanted to be an Amazon Queen actually just wants a brainless slut?"

Finkleman stopped screaming. His eyes went wide. His pupils dilated until they swallowed his irises. The pheromones hit him like a freight train.

"She's... she's perfect," he whispered, his anger evaporating instantly.

Dave, now fully under the influence of the curse's lust, giggled. "Ohmigod, you're like, so cute!" Dave squeaked, his voice an airheaded chime. "Do you wanna, like, put your thingy in me?"

Finkleman scrambled to his knees, fumbling with his belt. "Yes. Yes, god, yes."

The room, moments ago a battlefield, became a stage for a frantic, desperate coupling. Dave shoved Finkleman back onto the floor and straddled him, riding him with a mindless, enthusiastic vigor.

I stood back, watching. Phyllis leaned against the wall, still catching her breath, a smirk on her face. Sarah walked up beside me, her hand drifting to her own crotch as she watched the spectacle.

"It's poetic," I murmured, feeling the heat rise in my own body as I watched.

"Oh, fuck, yes!" Finkleman screamed, his hands gripping Dave's soft hips.

Dave bounced, moaning, “Feed me! Feed me!”

It didn’t take long. Finkleman arched his back, letting out a long, shuddering roar as he emptied himself into Dave.

Dave gasped, throwing his head back as he swallowed the energy, the hunger finally sated.

And then, the final hammer dropped.

Finkleman convulsed beneath him. His body rippled. His suit pants shredded as his hips exploded outward. His chest heaved, forming massive, soft breasts. His face melted and reformed.

Dave climbed off, his body shimmering and reverting back to his standard Daisy form now that the deed was done. He wiped his mouth, looking satisfied.

We all looked down at the floor.

Lying there, panting, was a carbon copy of the bimbo Dave had just been. Platinum hair. Vacant eyes. Massive tits.

The new woman blinked, looking at her manicured hands. She looked up at us, her expression one of pure, empty-headed bliss.

“Hi!” she chirped, popping a finger in her mouth. “I’m... I’m...” She giggled. “I don’t know who I am! But I feel sooooo good!”

The Director of Advanced Research was gone. Replaced by a happy, horny void.

“Well,” Dave said, adjusting his dress. “That hit the spot.”

I looked at the ring in my hand. I looked at the book. Then I looked at my team.

“We did it,” I said.

“Yeah,” Sarah agreed, looking at the bimbo on the floor. “But we can’t leave her here.”

“We take her with us,” I said. “She’s harmless now. We’ll drop her off at a mall or something. She’ll find a new life. She seems equipped for it.”

I slipped the ring into my pocket.

“Let’s go,” I said. “We have a hell of a mess to clean up.”

For the rules of the book and the challenges, [visit this page](#).