

Building a Better World - Part 4/5

“*There*,” said Dia, snapping her eyes open and giving Lollian a glare. “All done. I don’t want to *know* how much mana we wasted on your puppet princess and her toy castle, but it’s done. I hope you’re happy.”

“I *am*,” said Lollian, grinning like a cat who’s knocked over the cookie jar.

“Whatever. Anyone else? What’s next on our to-call list? Any suggestions, anyone?”

Someone on the far end of the circle held up a scrawny arm. “Um, I have an idea.”

Dia flicked them a frown. It took a second to realize, but the man she was looking on was one of the *conjurers* who’d had the temerity to respond to her summonings. He looked as though he’d bought his clothes in the same place he’d found his talents: a charity shop. “What do *you* want?”

“Ah, ah, apologies, my, ah, name is John Tricks.”

“I didn’t ask.”

“I believe that we should, ah, ah, summon some, ah...” He paused to catch his breath and wipe some sweat off his brow. “...*succubi*.”

“You what?” said Dia.

John started to tremble. “Um, well, it’s quite simple logic. Man needs, ah, temptation if he is to, ah, become better or, er, something. Without ‘evil’, what meaning has ‘good’? And so on.”

Dia eyed the tent rising in his robes. “Uh huh,” she said. Still, there was something to summoning some succubi. They made great minions, for a start. She’d always thought it was a shame the Hero had purged them all.

She shrugged. “Sure, why not?”

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“Stacy, will you marry me?”

“Oh my—Yes! Of course, Richard, yes! Yes!”

The surrounding crowd of tourists stopped taking pics of the Eiffel Tower and gave a round of awkward, compulsive clapping as Dick took the little ring out of the box and slipped it onto Stacy’s finger. Holding it up for inspection, she marveled at the size of the jewel, grinned wide, and spun around giggling, before finally snapping her gaze back to her new fiancé and throwing her arms around his own. “Yes!” she repeated, “yes!”

As his fiancée tightened her grip on him, Dick released a silent sigh of relief. Thank God it had all come together. He'd been planning this moment even since high school.

He and Stacy had always known they'd get married, ever since they'd grown up together in their quaint rural town. As the son of the mayor and the daughter of the local pastor, the two had had plenty of encouragement from their families. On Stacy's eighteenth birthday, Dick had made the pairing official, and she'd moved in with him and his parents while they searched for a place to live together. Normally they'd have to wait to get married for this, but no one expected a good Christian couple like *them* to do anything as sinful as premarital hanky panky. And sure enough, they'd kept it in their pants.

This trip to Paris was nominally a family vacation, though his parents had been perceptive enough to give them some space. For the past week, he'd held his tongue, concealed his little box, and waited desperately for the right moment, until they'd found themselves at the side of the River Seine, looking up at the Eiffel Tower and—

“Yes!” said Stacy again, wetting his corduroy blazer with tears of happiness. “Of course!”

With a grin as wide as the river, Dick hugged her close, sniffed her hair, and smiled even wider. God, he loved her. Not for her body—oh no—but her soul. He couldn't wait to raise a family with her.

He would have happily let this perfect moment carry on forever, but a little flash of blue light in the corner of his eye caught his attention.

Where seconds ago had been standing a young man with a camera, there now sat little more than a smoldering blue light, like the embers of dying fire.

Dick stared at it, smile drooping in confusion.

Something else flashed to his right, and he snapped his gaze to it just in time to see a young woman vanish. Someone screamed.

His eyes opened wide. A bead of sweat dripped from his forehead. “St-Stacy,” he said. She continued to cling to him, head on his breast. “Stacy!”

Stacy pulled away, frowning in confusion, and her own eyes widened as she caught the fear in his face.

“Stacy,” he said, grabbing her hand and tugged her on, even as another person disappeared, “we need to get—”

The floor vanished from underneath his feet, and the city of Paris slipped away from him.

Stacy screamed.

As vertigo assaulted Dick's brain, a vortex of swirling blue and pink ribbons welled up from the endless expanse beneath them, striking them both with a blast of hot cold. Dick gaped.

Heart pounding, he spun to face his falling fiancée and grab her and hold her close, even as a new blast of frigid air struck them. This one was so cold it felt sharp, and Dick could only watch in shock as it ripped through their clothes, stripping away his fiancée's dress and everything else save her engagement ring.

Staring at her naked form, Dick blinked. It was the first time he'd ever seen his wife in the nude. Even in the circumstances, it was a notable experience.

As he tried to stifle the sinful thoughts rising (as well as the other *thing* rising with them), a warm wind blew up at them from the vortex beneath, flowing over their figures, and making him feel as though they were lying on the Caribbean beach he'd planned to take them for their honeymoon.

Above each of their crotches appeared a stylized heart tattoo

With the warmth came a strange feeling of comfort. Stacy stopped screaming and sighed in relief, while Dick allowed himself to study his fiancée's chest. He could feel her nipples poking his own breast, and just like that he felt a lot like being sinful.

Pushing Stacy away from him, he grabbed her breasts and squeezed. She gasped, eyes widening in shock, then moaned as his fingers tightened on her nipples. Her own hands crept between her legs.

The thought of his girlfriend pleasuring herself in his grip snapped Dick's cock from merely hard to full erect in an instant. Like a wild beast, it nuzzled at her thighs, and Dick drooled at the pleasure of the feeling. He moaned.

From below came a blast of warm air. This time, it made them feel less as though they were lying on a beach and more as though they were soaking in a sauna. Dick's entire body felt as if it were burning. Red-faced, he released an airy moan, then another.

Once, some of the other boys at his school—the naughty boys, the ones his parents had warned him about—had shown him a video of a woman without any clothes on. After seeing it, he'd run straight to the confessional and broken down in tears. The priest had ordered him to abstain from chocolate for a week as a penance. He hadn't eaten it since.

She'd made a noise much like he was making now. It felt far sweeter than any treat.

Drawing in a deep breath, he grabbed his fiancée's waist and buried his face in her breasts. She squealed—in delight, not horror—as he kissed his way down her breasts to her nipple, which he wrapped his lips around and sucked on like a child. The feeling of it twitching, hard as his cock, in his mouth made him even harder than he already was. He barely even noticed as his muscles started shrinking.

As Dick gave into his new carnality, his body deflated like a punctured tyre, losing all its muscles in a handful of moments. With it went the hair that coated his chest and jaw and limbs, vanishing in a hundred fiery flashes. The hair on his *head*, on the other hand, did the

opposite, lengthening till he felt it on his ass. In other circumstances, this might have shocked him; at the moment, he was too focused on the taste of his fiancée's breastmilk. It was *divine*.

A wave of tingling rolled through the inside of his face, and all its features lost their harshness, smoothing out into femininity. By the time the tingling stopped, he had a mask almost as seductive as the naked woman in the video.

He felt so *hot*, as if he were on fire—he could practically hear the steam hissing from his skin. His heart pounded like an overtaxed engine. His whole body seemed to pulse, rhythmically, in tune with his heart.

One particular pulse seemed to go off in his rear. All at once, he felt a tightness on his balls as if a strangely soft vice were squeezing them in its grip. A second later, he felt another pulse in his chest—it was strong enough to make him pull back and look.

Where he'd previously had the hard, toned pecs of a professional athlete, he now had the large, *curving* breasts of the woman in the video. The sight made him open wide and drool. When he licked it up, he felt the sharpness of his new teeth against his tongue.

Nearby, Stacy made a sound that might have been a moan or might have been a beg for more. Her skin had turned blue. His own was turning mauve.

As he cupped his swollen breasts and mewled at the feeling of them, Dick felt a tingling above his ears and another in his coccyx. Looking over his shoulder, tongue lolling over his mouth, he watched a slim black tail capped in a heart sprout and stretch and flex in a manner most seductive. At the same time, his fingers explored his new horns—just touching them made him shiver in fresh ecstasy.

Moaning, Dick slipped a hand down to his cock, grabbed it, and pumped. Thrusting into his hand with all the pent-up vigor of his youth, Dick felt the shaft of his cock pulsing in his hands and threw back his head with a wild scream of ecstasy. Semen shot from his tip in a thick, creamy rope, and flew off into the sky above him and the others changing there.

She barely even noticed her penis shrink and retract inside her.

As Dick went to close her eyes and relish in her pleasure, a fresh cry sounded from nearby, and she snapped her gaze to her fiancée instead. Floating half a meter beside her, Stacy writhed in the air, desperately fingering her groin. The plump lips of her pussy were trembling and pulsing.

As Dick stared, more curious than anything, a little nubby thing sprouted from her fiancée's exposed sex. Distantly, she recognized it as... one of those mythical woman parts she'd once seen a picture of. What did they call it? A clitochris?

Whatever the correct term was, Stacy's was growing. With every second that passed, it swelled larger and larger, veins popping into existence along its length as it grew. As the

strange nub swelled, her engagement ring flew off her finger to wrap tight around it. Its presence seemed to make the process quicker.

Within thirty seconds it had reached a length of twelve inches, and its tip had expanded into something like a mushroom. Staring at it, Dick felt a hunger more intense than any she'd ever felt in her life. Her jaw dropped. Her tongue lolled out. Drool poured down its length and out into the abyss.

Just as she moved to take it inside her, they landed.

One moment, she was tumbling through the air, feeling it whip through her silken new locks—the next, her ass hit harsh stone. Looking around, she found herself in a cavern. Stalactites of blood-red stone descended from the ceiling, while a lake of bubbling lava provided the only illumination. She felt as if she were sitting in the very mouth of Hell.

Several shapes moved amid the stalagmites. Many shapes, in pink and red and blue, and all as nubile and curvaceous as herself. Even as she watched, they paired up to enjoy themselves.

One such shape sat barely a meter away, her fingers wrapped around the bulging length of her cock. The ring at its base sparkled in the lavalight.

The other caught her eyes. "Dick?" she said.

The succubus nodded hungrily.