**Bigger on the Inside**

“Ugh.” Mike held up a hand to shut out the sun’s light. It had been a late night trying to lay down all the new sod in the front yard. The lightning blasts and storm had killed off most of it, and only a few of the shrubs had survived. The delivery had showed up six hours late, and Mike and the others had to hastily unroll the sod beneath a scorching afternoon sun. Tink had crawled into bed with dirt on her hands and feet, her goggles pulled down over her neck. Mike had fallen asleep in his shirt, his back sore from hauling sod.

“Rise and shine, lover.” Naia called out from the bath. “Sofia said to tell you that breakfast is ready, and if you don’t come down soon, there won’t be any left.”

“Mergh.” He slid out of bed and stumbled into the bathroom.

“You’re filthy,” Naia declared, standing on the surface of the water in the tub.

“Yeah. I was so tired.” He stretched, his joints cracking. A yawn slipped out of him. “What’s on the agenda for today?”

“Remodel of the garage. Zel hates the current setup, but she hasn’t said anything to you yet. I think Tink used your computer to order the parts already.”

“Sounds good.” It had been over a week since he had chased the Society away, and he had spent those days fixing the mess they had made. He pulled off all his clothes and tossed them in the hamper. “Anything else?”

“It’s the big day.” Naia helped him into the tub so he wouldn’t slip. She wrapped her arms around his waist. “Beth will be here any minute to make it final.”

“Excellent.” He closed his eyes, and felt the water in the tub surge around him. It took only a few seconds, the powerful vortex of water scrubbing his skin clean. The water fell back down with a splash, and Naia lathered his hair with shampoo. “I’m hoping things slow down soon. I feel like things have been a little hectic.”

“At least nobody is trying to kill you today.” She pressed herself against him again, her breasts squishing against him. The water vortex worked its magic, and Mike opened his eyes. Naia gave him a kiss on the nose.

“Thanks,” he told her and got out of the tub. The water on his skin stayed behind, and he was instantly dry. He put on some clean clothes and left his room, closing the door behind him. The smell of fresh food made his mouth water, and he jogged quietly down the stairs, ducking at the bottom to avoid the sudden swirl of fairy lights over his head. As far as he could tell, Blue had run off with a piece of bacon, and Red and Green had given chase.

“It’s about time.” Sofia said, then set an extra plate on the table. She wore an apron over her gown. “I figured you were going to sleep through breakfast.” Tink was already at the table, his laptop just to the left of her plate. She opened her mouth wide to shove in syrup covered waffles.

“Do I smell bacon?” he asked.

“Blue took the last piece. She was the early bird, she got the worm.” Sofia handed him a cup of coffee. “You’ll have to settle for sausage and toast.”

“I feel so punished.” He smiled at her, but she didn’t return it. He took a sip of the coffee. “Tastes good.”

“Of course it does.” She rolled her eye. “Everything I make tastes great.”

“I think you taste great.” He reached around her and gave her ass a pinch. Her cheeks turned red. “Even if you are a little sour at first.”

Sofia stayed quiet, but he saw the slight smile on her lips just as he looked away. “Today’s the big day Tink. Are we ready?”

“Think so,” Tink replied. At least, he thought that’s what she said. It was hard to hear around the mouthful of waffles. He patted her on the head and sat down next to her. She was busy filling up his online shopping cart with decorative wood.

“Has anybody seen Dana?” Mike noticed that she wasn’t at breakfast. Even though she didn’t eat, she had been there every morning.

“She said she left you a note.” Sofia pushed some sausages from her skillet onto his plate. “On the table by the front door.”

“Ok, thank you.” He put some butter on his toast. “Hey, do we have any-”

Sofia slid some scrambled eggs onto his plate.

“Thank you.” He ate quietly, watching Tink scroll through six different websites to find what she needed. He cringed at the amount of syrup she was getting on his keyboard, but stayed quiet. He barely had time to use the laptop anymore, and he had passed on several of his clients to other web developers already. Mike’s days of working a normal job were nearly over.

“Mmm!” Tink licked her fingers clean then slid off her chair and disappeared around the corner. He figured she was off to go fix something important. He slid his laptop over and gave it a quick wipe down with a damp paper towel before doing some shopping of his own.

His phone rang on the counter. Sofia handed it to him.

“Hey.” It was Beth.

“I’m on my way back right now,” she told him. “I will probably be there in just over an hour.”

“How did it go?”

“We had some trouble, but nothing we couldn’t handle.” He could hear the smile in her voice through the phone’s speaker. “I got everything I needed, so we are headed your way now.”

“Stay out of trouble.” He hung up the phone then finished his eggs. He helped Sofia with the dishes then walked out into the front room. He noticed immediately that the grandfather clock was gone. He looked around and saw that a large white envelope with his name had appeared on the mantle.

“Uh oh.” He approached the mantle and opened the note to read its contents. He let out a sigh, then tucked it in his back pocket. There was nothing he could do about it now. He walked to the back door to see that Zel and Tink stood by the fountain, scrutinizing a diagram that Zel had drawn. He didn’t feel like getting involved yet, so walked out the front door of the house to be alone.

Well, almost alone. Cecilia was on her swing, watching the front yard. He gave her a wave, then walked down the steps to where the sundial was. He gave it another twist, setting the defenses in place for twenty four more hours. He didn’t feel the need to wait until it was almost done before resetting it.

“Did you sleep well?” Cecilia asked him when he stepped back onto the porch. He shrugged, then sat down next to her.

“I did, but not enough.”

“I have always wondered what it would be like to sleep. Sometimes, if I sit long enough, my mind wanders to old memories.”

“It can be like that. I used to dream a lot about my childhood.”

“You don’t anymore?”

“Not like I did. Those dreams weren’t very good, but I quit having them not too long after I moved in. Our dreams are a place where our greatest desires or worst fears can find us. They can be chaotic or detailed, logical or just plain weird. I had a dream in college once that I became a pizza, and the other kids in the dorm were eating me and I got really upset because I was afraid I would miss my finals.”

“That… is really weird.”

Mike laughed. “Yeah. It didn’t make sense. I guess the best way to describe dreaming would be if your memories blurred together and you ended up remembering things wrong or different than they actually happened.”

“I see.” A small grin appeared on her face. “Do you ever dream about me?

“Why dream when I have the real deal?” Mike affectionately ran his fingers through her hair, shivering when the cold sparks jumped to his hand. He was about to say something else when he noticed a flash of red beneath the strands of white. He used his fingers to pull it free.

“Is something wrong?” she asked.

“I don’t know.” A long streak of her hair was now a deep red. “Your hair. It’s a different color here.”

“I was wondering.” A shy smile appeared on her face. “Ever since our time in the cave, I have felt a little bit different. It’s almost like a small part of you got left behind, a warm part that keeps me company in the wee hours.”

“I think the same thing may have happened to me. When I was trapped in Baba Yaga’s school, my soul had a white tuft of hair, and the sparks were there when Ratu and I had sex. What does it mean?”

“I’m not sure. My kind was never built to be with your kind, and maybe this is the price.”

“It would have to be more than that.” Mike thought about what Naia had told him. “Part of my soul is a nymph’s soul. Did we do the same thing? Did part of my soul swap with yours?”

“My kind do not have souls, not in the sense that you or Naia do. But I wonder - nymphs perform magic through sexual acts. If you are part nymph, then that could mean that you perform a similar kind of magic through sex. Something happened to me in the cave, something wonderful. For a little while, I felt the cool air on my skin and the wind in my face. So many emotions ran through my being, I couldn’t process any of them.”

“When the magic was done, I thought it was temporary, wild magic as a result of our coupling. But some sort of spell has been cast, and I think it means that I will carry a part of you with me forever.” She leaned into him, sliding her arm around his and holding it tightly. “I would gladly pay such a price again.”

Mike felt it then, that surge of electrical energy. It migrated through his body, his arm hairs standing up on end as she charged him up. Somewhere, deep inside himself, he felt something resonate, magic of his own that wanted to sing along.

“Cecilia, I-” He was interrupted by the sounds of boots striking wood, Lily appearing before them in a puff of smoke. Lily flipped her hair over her shoulder, adjusting the tight white button-down she was wearing. She held a paper plate in one hand with a large piece of cake.

“Sorry to interrupt. Beth’s farewell party just finished, so she will be here in a bit.” Lily used her finger to remove a large chunk of frosting, then sucked it into her mouth. “I brought you some of her cake.”

Mike took the plate from her and laughed. Lily had licked the cake clean of any sugar. “How did you teleport here from there?”

“I can always teleport to my ho-” Lily froze, and she stuck her finger in her mouth, licking imaginary frosting off of it. “To the place where my master is. It’s no different from being commanded to return to my ruby, it prevents me from running away.”

“So if I asked you to return here, no matter where you were, it would just happen?”

“I… yes. But I wouldn’t be very happy about it.” Lily grabbed some cake off of Mike’s plate and stuffed it into his mouth. “Speaking of, I need something from you.”

“All you have to do is ask.” Mike ate a piece of cake off of his plate. “What do you need?”

“You.” Lily turned around and planted her ass in his lap. The swing wobbled with the sudden weight, and Cecilia slid over to make room for her. She grabbed Mike’s hand and placed it on her stomach. “But don’t make a big deal about it.”

“Lily, I…” he stopped talking when she grabbed his hand and placed it on her breast. It suddenly occurred to him that he had never actually touched her in the real world. She wiggled her butt from side to side, teasing an erection out of him.

“Don’t worry, I totally have an agenda. Nothing has changed between us.” She tilted her head to the side. “Now kiss my neck.”

Mike obliged, starting up by her ear and moving down to the crook in her shoulder. Her white blouse slid to the side, and he could see down her shirt. She wasn’t wearing a bra, her dark nipples rigid beneath the fabric. He gave them another squeeze, appreciating how supple they felt.

An icy blast of air hit him from the side, and his breath immediately fogged up. He turned his head to see that Cecilia’s eyes had narrowed at the two of them, her hair already standing on end.

“Oh relax,” Lily said, her fingers hooking into the top of the banshee’s dress. “We’re sharing today.” She gave a hard yank, and Cecilia floated toward them, her eyes widening in surprise when Lily kissed her. Tendrils of ice formed on Lily’s face, so she broke contact.

“Wow, kissing you is like licking an iceberg! Brr!” She licked her lips, turning her head toward Mike. “Kiss him. I want to see it up close.”

Mike thought Cecilia would argue, but was surprised when she grabbed his face in her hands and kissed him. Her body floated in the air, the air filling with electricity. He fondled her breasts through her dress with one hand and stroked her neck with the other. While he did that, Lily’s hands untucked his shirt and slid beneath the fabric, moving along his hips and ribs. She dry humped him through his pants, her black dress pants making a shushing sound while she moved.

Mike fought with Cecilia’s dress to get his hands onto her skin. Her dress fought back, pushing his hands away from her cool skin. Lily was busy pulling Mike’s cock free of his pants but her eyes were on Cecilia’s supernaturally clingy outfit.

“That’s spooky,” she declared before sucking Mike’s dick into her mouth. Her tongue toyed with his urethra, the head of his cock becoming engorged inside of her mouth. She licked the full length of his shaft, her drool making his cock shine in the morning light. The cool feel of Cecilia’s lips on his contrasted beautifully with the sensation of Lily’s hot mouth and whenever she disconnected from his cock, a spark jumped from the head of his dick to her lips.

Cecilia reached down to help pump his shaft while Lily sucked on it and her cool touch thrilled him even farther. She stroked him with a tight squeeze at the base of his shaft, then a soft grip when her hand slid back down.

“Whoa!” Lily jerked her head back, rubbing at her eyes. “Your hand went through my face!”

“Sorry,” Cecilia muttered. “I have to concentrate to touch people, and I wasn’t thinking about touching you.”

“Don’t think twice about it. In fact, I have an idea.” Lily pulled Cecilia down to join her. “I want to see you blow him.”

“You don’t have to-” Mike began, but Cecilia didn’t hesitate to suck him into her mouth. Static built up along the swinging bench, and he shivered. Lily licked his balls while Cecilia focused on the glans of his penis, and their fire and ice routine had his muscles tightening up in a hurry. He was taking heavy breaths now, each expulsion of air sending a cascade of bright white sparks onto the heads of the two women fellating him.

“Keep going,” Lily hissed, backing away. “Focus on his cock. What a good little screamer.” She pushed down on the back of Cecilia’s head, her hands suddenly passing through. Mike wondered what she was up to when she stood up, her pants disappearing in a puff of smoke.

Lily put a finger to her lips, a sly grin on her face. She mounted Mike, her hips passing through Cecilia’s head. The banshee kept focus, her lips and tongue working their magic as Mike’s cock slid into the succubus.

“Holy...fuuuuuuuck!” Mike grabbed the swing with both hands, his hips shaking. Cecilia’s head bobbed up and down through LIly, the succubus giving a playful grin and swiveling her hips from side to side. Mike’s hips bucked on their own, the sparks now making his muscles contract.

“Gah!” Cecilia lifted her head away, a long trail of spit connecting them. “No fair!”

“Come here.” Lily pushed Cecilia into the air, her body floating. Cecilia held onto Mike’s shoulders while Lily fought with her skirt. “Ok, the clinging clothes thing is weird.”

“You have a bug tail…” Cecilia whispered so that only Mike could hear. It made him laugh.

“Just need you to concentrate long enough for me to do this. Now sit.”

“Yes please,” Cecilia murmured, her hips floating onto Lily’s lap. Mike could see that Lily had pulled her panties to one side and had slid a finger inside of the banshee.

“Focus on just my hands. Shit, this is going to be so hot.” Lily placed her hands on Cecilia’s hips, her fingers passing through her the first couple of times. “I can honestly say this is my first time trying this,” she said once she had a grip, guiding Cecilia’s hips through her own and onto Mike’s dick. Mike let out a low moan when he felt the cold touch of Cecilia’s labia spreading around him, his cock already buried deep inside of Lily. The shocks passing between them were making his legs shake, and both Cecilia and Lily moaned counterpoint to one another.

“Gods!” the banshee cried. Cecilia’s hands found Mike’s shoulders, and she moved slowly up and down, capturing Mike’s body heat through his cock. Lily timed her own movements so that she was rising as Cecilia was sinking, the women moving opposite of each other. Lily’s hands were on Mike’s ass, and she leaned back, her tail pushing off the ground to keep her up. The top of her vaginal wall rubbed against the head of Mike’s cock while Cecilia slid forward, squeezing his cock from both sides.

Mike felt like the world was spinning around him. His brain couldn’t process the influx of pleasure, and his whole body tingled from within. Sparks had formed across his whole body, jumping back and forth among all three of them. Lily let out a guttural growl when they hit her and she shifted her hand to her crotch, frantically rubbing her clit. This seemed to have an effect on Cecilia, her hair billowing wildly through Lily. Her voice climbed higher with every moan, and Mike squeezed her breasts through her dress, his own breath getting away from him.

When Cecilia came, all of the electricity jumped onto her, crawling across her skin like tiny magical spiders. She let out an ear piercing wail, and Mike and Lily both plugged their ears. The circling storm of electricity flowed up to her hair and burst, bolts of miniature lightning jumping the gap between Mike and LIly as she disappeared from view. The sudden lack of sensation from her disappearance was enough to allow Mike to hold off his own orgasm which caused the sparks on him to make the journey across his legs to the succubus.

“Oh, fuck!” The electrical build up flowed into Lily, and Mike came deep inside her pussy, coating her insides with his hot cum. The sudden shift in magic caused Lily to scream, and horns burst violently out of her forehead, her wings suddenly appearing.

Her shriek became a low, guttural moan, her eyes literally smoldering. He felt her body become hot in his hands when her own orgasm burst, a wreath of fire appearing over her head. The chains on the swing broke, and they fell to the ground together. When they hit the ground, Mike thrust into Lily hard, and the electricity flowed back into him.

Mike moaned, the magic rocketing through his entire being. He felt hot and cold at the same time, his balls tingling as the pressure drastically increased. His cock had grown so hard it was almost painful, and he let out a growl of his own. He grabbed Lily by the tail and pulled, her body swinging around so that he was looking at her ass. He sat up and pushed her forward, using her wings as a handhold to get on his knees. He pounded her from behind, the pressure becoming unbearable until he blasted her insides again. The electricity jumped all along Lily’s body and Mike kept pulling on her wings, trying to force himself deeper inside of her.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck!” she cried. Every time Mike slid his cock into her, she transformed. She became an older woman with large breasts, a younger woman with a tight ass, a redhead in a lifeguard suit. With every transformation, the shape of her vagina changed, the sudden shift in tightness and texture driving Mike wild as he kept thrusting. Lily screamed in several different voices, her swollen pussy clinging to him like velcro. Her tail wrapped around Mike’s waist, holding him inside of her when she came again.

The electricity flowed back into Mike, and the fire chased it. He was instantly rock hard. Lily, herself once more, looked over her shoulder with a sadistic smile on her face.

“More, I need more!” She pulled him tightly to her with her tail, and Mike let go of her wings. He grabbed her ass, then leaned forward to play with her breasts. He cried out with every thrust, ice cold sparks dancing between them as he came a third time.

His cock squirted twice, two large loads deposited into her demonic womb, and the electricity crawled across her ass, soaking into her skin, and the fire left him once more. Lily screamed again, then started shifting forms. This time, she became the girls of the house. She was Naia, then Tink, then a much lighter version of Abella. When she became Sofia, her eye glowed red and yellow, and when she turned into Cecilia, only part of her skin was completely white. The women of the house started to melt together, and Mike found himself fucking a bright green version of Beth with Naia’s hair, then a stone Sofia.

“Cum in me, cum in me, cum in me!” This time when she came, her skin burst into flames, the fire chasing away the electricity. It flowed back into Mike one last time, and he hollered, his cock immediately firing one last hot load into her eager body. He fell forward, pushing her to the planks beneath them.

Neither of them moved. Mike pulled himself along the porch until he was face to face with the succubus, her eyes staring into the distance.

“That… was something I…” Lily was at a loss for words. Her tail and wings disappeared, but her horns remained, the tiny halo of fire above them shrinking away. “I haven’t come like that in centuries. Definitely not in my real body.”

“Yeah.” He didn’t know what to say. In that moment, the sass and anger always just an inch below the surface seemed to be gone. For a split second, she seemed at peace, and he was afraid to break the spell. They quietly laid next to each other for several minutes, Lily’s eyes slowly returning to normal and the fiery halo over her head vanished. The frost that had formed over the wooden planks melted into nothingness as the sun climbed higher into the sky.

“Listen.” Lily faced him, but her eyes looked away, focused on the sky behind him. “I’m not going to be around much, but I am going to stop in every now and then. Not because I have to or anything.”

“That would be good. That way we know you’re doing okay.” MIke gave a small grin. “Just try not to make too much trouble.”

Lily stuck out her tongue. It was still blue from the frosting. She stood up and readjusted her clothes with a puff of smoke. Mike groaned, his body protesting the fall from the swing. He shook his head at the swing. Cecilia was going to be pissed when she reappeared.

“Do you think you can help me fix this?” Mike looked at Lily, but she was gone. He fought the urge to roll his eyes, convinced she was watching him from somewhere.

He went looking for Tink and brought her to the porch to inspect the swing. They quickly fixed the split planking and readjusted the chain. When they finished, Tink stood back to appraise their handiwork. Mike examined the swing to make sure it looked okay, then sat on it to make certain it wouldn’t dump Cecilia on her ass.

A small shadow formed in the front yard near the sundial, a dark circle that got progressively bigger. MIke stepped off the porch and looked to the sky. A dark figure with large wings was descending in a tight circle, a figure clutched in its talons. Mike watched in amazement as Abella gently deposited Beth on the grass. She had a backpack on, and carried a silver briefcase in one hand and a suitcase in the other.

“How was the party?” he asked.

“Dreadful.” Beth replied. “It was one last stop I didn’t want to make, but I don’t need suspicious coworkers trying to find me after I quit.”

“Were you able to get everything you needed from your house?”

“Yep! Just the irreplaceable things, and a couple of my favorite outfits.” She held up the silver briefcase and then the luggage.

“And you didn’t run into any problems?”

“The Society had somebody watching the lobby, but they never expected me to come in the window. Someone is going to have a bad day when they figure out I’m gone for good. I sent the documents out to sublet my apartment and left them all my furniture.” Beth’s face twisted and she shifted forward violently. “Sorry, hold on.”

She pulled off the backpack and opened it up. Jenny popped out of the top and looked up at Mike.

“Guess she doesn’t want to be stuffed away any more.” He knelt and gave Jenny a pat on the head. “I guess that’s it then. Are you still going to take the blue room?”

“Oh yes.” Beth’s eyes sparkled. “I think that’s the room for me.” She put her backpack on and walked up the steps. Tink grabbed the briefcase and Mike picked up the suitcase. “Never thought I would get to live here.”

“You can still use my tub,” he told her. “Just gotta let me know first so I don’t walk in on you.”

“Don’t worry. We can draft up a roommate agreement.” They stood in front of the door. Mike handed her one of his spare keys and pushed the door open.

“Welcome home.” He held the door for her and she crossed the threshold. The instant they were all inside, the ground beneath them rumbled, and a sound like distant chimes filled the air. They looked at each other, setting down all the luggage.

“What was that?” Beth asked. “Are you under attack again?”

“Can’t be. I turned the dial.” He opened the front door, but nobody was on the lawn. He ran down the steps, his eyes on the clouds above. He half expected a crack in the sky, or Amir on his flying carpet with a handful of lightning bolts to throw. The ground shook again, then settled. Abella circled overhead, and Cecilia had appeared on the porch, worry on her face.

“See anything?” Beth stood beside him, her eyes on the road.

“Nothing.” He knew he had felt the ground shake.

“Mike.” Beth’s hand tugged at his. “Turn around.”

He cast one last look at the street, then turned. His jaw dropped.

“No fucking way,” he muttered. “There’s just no fucking way.”

“I wonder what it means.” Beth said. The roof of the house was now easily twenty feet higher. The front porch was slightly wider as well, and a whole new bay of windows was now visible to him. Tink stumbled through the door, then caught herself before falling off the steps. She ran out to stand next to Mike, her eyes wide through the goggles.

“House bigger on inside now!” she said, pulling at his hand. “Whole new floor with different rooms!”

“That’s… but that’s…” It wasn’t just that the house had grown, but his memory of it had too. He thought back to that first day with Beth, the day she had shown him the place. They had walked up the stairs, ignoring the second floor entirely, then walked the rest of the way up to the third floor where Naia was. Even this morning, he had walked past without paying it any mind. “How is this possible?”

“Well then, Mr. Radley.” Beth flashed him a grin. “Should we go inside and see the rest of your house?”

“Our house now. And yes, we should. Hey Tink?” Mike looked down at the goblin, a huge smile on his face. “Go get your tools. I think we’re going to need them.” He cracked his knuckles, then wiggled his fingers in anticipation. It was time to see what else the house had in store for him.

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The Uber driver pulled away from the curb, leaving Dana on the sidewalk by herself. She walked up the driveway for the first time since she had been killed here over a week ago. She had a Walmart bag in one hand and a suitcase in the other. The garage was still unlocked, and she walked inside to her apartment.

Alex’s bike sat on the floor, the fender scratched up from Dana’s crash. Busted engine parts lay scattered everywhere. Kneeling down, Dana picked up a spark plug and sighed.

“This isn’t how it was supposed to be.” She tossed the plug on the floor, then lifted the bike until she could engage the kick stand. She set her suitcase down and opened up the Walmart bag. It was a cathartic process, pushing the dents out with her bare hands and then trying to buff out some of the scratches. Fresh off of a morning infusion of Mike’s cum, she could feel the magical energy surging through her limbs. While the effect would decay over time, she had discovered that eating his cum not only made her look and feel alive, it made her stronger as well. Not superhero strong, by any means, but she could easily lift Naia in her arms with little effort.

A couple of hours passed, and Dana finally stood back to admire her work. The bike looked roughed up in places, but it was still in pretty good shape. Dana’s nostrils flared on their own, the scent of sulfur permeating the room.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Lily asked.

Dana chuckled. “I didn’t think you would let me get away so easily.” She reached into her pocket and pulled out a piece of paper. “I spent the last few days in the Library with Ratu. She thinks she may have found a way to bring me back to life. There’s some magical items out there that she can break down, apparently.”

“Don’t feel like guzzling cum for all eternity?” Lily walked around Dana’s garage, her eyes taking in the room. “It’s not all bad.”

“Maybe if I had been born a different way. Anyway, Ratu gave me a pretty solid lead, but I’ll need a fast ride to get there. I only have about three days before I lose my shit, but I can ride overnight without any issues. Figured I would finish fixing up the bike and go on that.”

“Don’t want to fly?” Lily asked.

“Too dangerous. Even if I’m full, it’s like being in a candy shop, all those people with their scents. I tried to ride a bus a couple days ago and felt like the world was closing in on me. Besides, if we hit a delay or anything, things could go bad. That, and I don’t have the money for a plane.”

“Mike does.” Lily inspected the bike now, her fingers touching the handlebars. “You know he would buy you a plane ticket if you asked.”

“He would. He really is a nice guy.” Dana sighed. “Honestly? I feel weird enough eating his man juice. This is something I very much want to do on my own.” She walked up the stairs to her room. Under her desk, she found her school bag, which she stuffed a few pairs of clothes into. “I’ve been planning a trip like this for awhile now, and what better way than hunting down some magic items so that Ratu can fix me?”

“So I guess this means goodbye.”

Dana laughed, slinging her backpack over one shoulder. “Not really. I’ll have to come back every few days to feed. Embarrassing, but Ratu figures I would have to blow a dude who isn’t Mike every few hours to stay sane, and nothing is as restorative as Mike’s semen. Something about the magic in his blood. God, what a weird thing to say. Still, I appreciate that he’s let me be with Naia after he’s done. I mean, it’s not like it’s a huge sacrifice, but I’m sure he has better things to do than have sex with her on a schedule.”

This made Lily laugh. “Even if he’s different, he’s still a man. He’s living the dream, I assure you.”

“Yeah, well I’m not. Which is why I’m going.”

“Well, I’m afraid I’m going to throw a wrench in your plans.” Lily shook her hair, and her outfit rippled, turning into a tight pair of leather pants and a white t-shirt with upside down words that said “If you can read this, I fell off my bitch’s bike.” “I’m coming with you.”

“You don’t have to do that.” Dana walked down the stairs. “I would love the company, but I don’t need you to come along.”

“Actually, you do.” Lily held out a piece of paper. “You see, Ratu gave me the same list. And I know that some of these places aren’t reachable to you. Not unless you want to turn around just as you get there.”

“I guess I’m not certain how you can help.” Dana set her backpack down.

“Let me show you.” Lily pulled Dana in, her lips soft against Dana’s. Her tongue darted into Dana’s mouth, and Dana’s eyes widened. She broke the kiss, her face frozen in awe.

“You… you taste like he does…”

“Milked him dry just an hour ago. I’ve got a whole batch of baby batter, fresh and hot in here.” She patted her lower belly. “If I come with you, I can act as a surrogate.”

“But how? You can’t have just swallowed it.”

“Please. A succubus can keep a man’s sperm fresh and use it to impregnate a woman months later. I used to do it as a practical joke sometimes, knock a woman up with another man’s kid.”

“That’s… convenient, but kind of evil.”

Lily shrugged. “I mean, I’m not claiming to be perfect. Regardless, if I come with you, you can track these things down without being rushed, and I can make return trips to freshen the supply when I start running low.”

“That… would be amazing.” Dana shook her head. “I mean, if you don’t mind.”

“I’ve done a lot of bad things in my life. I’ll admit that I’m proud of some of them. However, the Society did this to you, not Mike. I know what it’s like having my life shit on by those guys, and if I can help undo some of the wrong I’ve done by helping you out, then I will.” Lily flipped her hair, then flashed a big smile, striking a dramatic pose. “So, when do we leave?”

“Right now. Let’s do this Tock.” Dana picked up the suitcase and tossed it. She closed her eyes and with a loud bang, Tick-Tock had become the engine of the motorcycle. It roared to life, and Dana pulled the bag up over her shoulders. She mounted the bike, then looked back when Lily got on, her arms tight against Dana’s stomach.

“Never drive faster than your demons can fly,” Lily said.

“I never do,” Dana replied. “That’s a pretty necklace. Where did you get it?”

“Oh, this?” A grin crossed the demon’s face. “It was a gift from someone special. No one you know, or anything.” Lily’s horns and wings vanished, and Dana drove her bike through the gap in the garage door where she had escaped a lifetime ago. This time, she felt like she was running toward something rather than away.

She stopped at the end of the driveway and looked back one last time. Tick-Tock rumbled beneath her, and Lily’s arms around her waist gave her comfort. It suddenly occurred to her that, before the clock had arrived, she had already been dead inside. She had been going through the motions, but she had been too caught up in restoring the bike to properly live. She had been completely alone.

Now that she was dead, she was riding into the sunset on a sentient shapeshifter with a succubus at her back on a quest to bring her body back to life.

She revved the engine and a smile broke across her face.

“Let’s run some red lights,” Lily whispered into Dana’s ear.

Dana left a streak of rubber on the asphalt, the neighborhood becoming a blur around her. Lily let out a cheer, her arms tightening around Dana’s waist as they sped up. A few shortcuts through town had them on the highway going almost a hundred miles per hour, their first destination a small shop in Fort Collins, Colorado. The wind whipped through Dana’s ponytail and the magical engine roared between her legs while the speedometer gradually climbed.

She had never felt more alive.