

On the surface, it was an eerie calm after the storm. The kind of stillness that said no survivors remained. Slime, blood, and viscera—all coated by ash—was everywhere. The horrid combination hung off the shattered bulkheads of the Emperor's former fortification, suspending fragments of exploding metalwork and bits of Exemplar soldiers in mid-air. It blanketed inert power armor and dismembered otherworldly horrors in equal measure. Underground, however, in the labyrinth of chambers, tunnels, and reinforced doors, the noise of celebration was deafening.

There was music. There were chants. There was moaning. There was screaming. There was slithering, begging, and pleading. There was the sound of saws. In short, it was a magnificent chorus of hedonism in every sense of the word, taken to the extremes demanded from adherents of the Master of Excess in All Things.

Two such adherents, however, were drawn to a sanctum where a now defiled and ruined fifteen-foot-high statue of the Emperor sat at the head of two columns of what had been pews. Most of the room was decimated. Burned-out armor was strewn about, as were the still-twitching remains of Chaos Spawn sent in first to break through the defensive position.

Against the far wall, the surviving Sisters from the battle had gathered and were still putting up a last, desperate stand by chanting prayers, but it was only a matter of time before their embrace by Chaos. Their physical, skin-to-skin contact with Chaos Spawn meant they were already somewhat under the influence of Slaanesh. That corruption was taking root even as Ecclesiastical mantras tumbled from their mouths in unison.

At the head of the room, to the Sisters' right, two high-ranking Marines knelt before a sublime daemon whose beauty and perfection are almost too much to witness. Already sworn

to Chaos, their actions were responsible for the attack's success. Their rewards will be great—and unimaginable.

The two adherents, observing the scene, feel the slightest pangs of regret that they are not only anticipating the outcomes of their one-time Sisters' inevitable downfalls but also feeling nostalgic for when the same thing happened to them.

"Reminds me of when we were blessed," said Irene. Once a beautiful soldier of the Imperium, her form had been warped into one that hinted at demonic power churning deep within her. Standing over seven feet tall, Irene's short horns ended up putting her closer to her eight. Chaos' influence had turned her burnished bronze skin slate gray and her hair the purest white. Her other mutations had granted her a prehensile tail and a second set of powerful arms that bifurcated at the shoulder.

Irene's beloved, Anna, had experienced a less straightforward embrace. Even now, she remained split between a version of herself wholly corrupted by Chaos and one untouched, unwarped, and otherwise completely innocent. Pure Anna was usually withdrawn, sure that everything occurring around her was some horrid, lurid nightmare to test her undying faith. On the other hand, Corrupted Anna was ever-present except when she deliberately gave control over—or was too caught up in self-pleasure, like now.

"Oh, yes," Pure Anna said, panting as her hands toyed with the swollen lips of the mouths that had replaced her nipples. "I remember our commissioning like it was yesterday—such a proud day for my folks. Well, I assume so anyway—I never did get to ask them."

Where Irene had been reshaped into something inhuman, Anna's body had become something more akin to superhuman. Chaos mutations had brought her to the edge of sexual

perfection and then pushed her off into true perversion. After months—or maybe even years—her breasts had become the size of her head, perhaps even bigger. Her nipples which had first become inverted, were eventually been replaced with fat-lipped mouths that could voice either Anna’s thoughts. Her hips, also embiggened over multiple transformations, managed to equal her bust for size.

Then there were the mutations brought on by orgies—Anna had participated in too many to count. They repeated exposure to divine levels of pleasure seen her become near inexhaustible and almost insatiable. She was a dream and a nightmare for any who sought her as a partner for carnal pleasures. Only Irene, whose affection had been twisted into an undying sense of devotion deep enough to swallow Anna’s appetites, could consistently satisfy her beloved’s hypersexual existence.

Irene’s tail rose to form a saddle-like shelf, and Anna didn’t hesitate to mount and begin to grind against it. Irene’s skin might have been tough enough to shrug off small arms fire, but something about her attunement to Anna made physical touch between them... distracting. Not to mention arousing. Irene’s other mutation throbbed in sympathy.

“Yes, our commendation ceremony,” Irene said, avoiding a direct rebuttal of Pure Anna’s interpretation of what was happening. “That’s what I was talking about.”

“I wonder what happened to our unit sometimes,” Anna continued, her gaze off in the middle distance. “I can’t remember their names, and their faces aren’t clear, but I hope they’re doing well.”

“They are, I promise.” It wasn’t a total lie. Sure, many of them had succumbed to Chaos’ influence and become Spawn, but two of their sisters-in-arms had succeeded in becoming like

them. They were out there, somewhere, not that she wanted to see them again—except maybe to ravage Mara’s mouth as thanks for her betrayal.

“That’s good,” Pure said, patting Irene on one of her lower arms. She was quiet for a moment, listening to the prayers of the Marines. “Can I have a kiss, love?”

Irene complied and bent down to Anna’s level. Pure might’ve asked, but the kiss was definitely from Corrupt. There was a hunger behind the connection that knew no bounds. Driven by that pleasure, Anna’s hips moved towards the tip of Irene’s tail even as her mouth tried to devour her girlfriend. Irene again anticipated her lover’s needs and lifted her to allow them to keep making out while flexing the tip of her tail so that Anna speared herself on it, taking the thick appendage in her ass.

The penetration rushed through Irene and awakened another of her mutations, a cock worthy of a monster of her stature. Already bigger than any reasonable size while soft, it would only grow larger as it stiffened. Out of everything, she appreciated this “gift” from The Prince the most. Countless hours had been spent bonding with Anna at an elemental level as they fucked until the hard-to-reach point of exhaustion.

Pure gasped with something akin to glee as her body shuddered with anticipation in response to the mound swelling behind Irene’s tabard. “Oh! You brought the strap I like! The one with all the veins on top...”

“That’s my girl,” added Corrupt’s dusky and enchanting voice as she pulled a hand away from toying with her swaying tit. She ran a single slender finger over the mound and grinned at the resulting tremors. “Just like I expect from my good pet.”

Irene began to squirm her tail within Anna, driving it deeper as they both relished the scope of the physical differences between them. Compared to Anna's touch, which was maybe two centimeters wide, Irene's girth was more than five times that. Even if Anna used three of her fingers to pleasure herself, the sense of fullness would still fall short of what her lover offered in terms of raw size.

"Yes, that's right," Anna's corrupted voice said, drawing out the 's' sounds. "Mhmm... no one satisfies me like you do, lover."

Something about the moment made that affirmation far more powerful than normal. It gave a shock to Irene's system and she sprang to attention, tossing her tabard aside. Her increased heart rate was on full display as that tangle of veins pulsed every couple of seconds.

In a rare moment of agreement, both halves of Anna begged for Irene to give it to them—Corrupted Anna just took it even further, was all. "Shall we retire to our chambers, love? No, I can't wait! Shove it into my slutty mouth this instant!"

Corrupt kept on, drowning out Pure, and every dirty tease only made Irene harder. The veins of her dick were standing out like never before. Each thud of her inhuman heart made them swell even more before receding. Irene reached out, almost on instinct, with her lower arms and tangled her fingers into Anna's hair. She lined up her begging yet commanding lover's mouth and shoved herself in with a single wet squelch.

Irene's hair stood on end as Chaos-fueled pleasure raced up her spine to her obsession-wired brain, seeming to short-circuit her higher brain functions. She didn't need to think about anything anymore. This moment was all about worshiping Anna, and for that all she need do is feel.

Anna's throat distended as Irene continued her initial thrust. Even as she gagged, her Chaos-warped body shuddered and quivered as every sensation became pleasurable. Being spit-roasted like this didn't deter Anna's demands from escalating, either. While the vibration of her strangled voice and the growing amount of drool running down either side of Irene's tail was enough to spur on Irene's thrusting, the encouragement from Anna's other mouth on the right side only added fuel to the fire.

“Speed it up already, Irene! Faster! Shove that fat cock in me over and over.”

The Pure part of Anna, meanwhile, couldn't quite believe what was happening. They'd had sex before, but not like this. When had Irene become such a... a depraved monster? Why did it feel so good? No! Thinking that way the path to a Fall. Surely, then, this was a test of her faith in His Holiness and in her relationship with her beloved. It had to be some warped nightmare sent to tempt her into letting Chaos into her heart.

She began to chant as if her vocal cords and mouth could actually form words. She heard the mantra, of course, it issued from her left mouth-like nipple. However, all Anna did by trying to speak with her mouth was heighten Irene's pleasure as her voice's measured and decisive tempo replaced her Corrupt counterpart's almost abrasive commands.

Faster and faster, Irene pistoned her entire length in and out of Anna (Yes! Fuck! Yes! Just like that!). When that motion seemed to reach a plateau in terms of stimulation, she instinctively rolled Anna over a few times, in effect coiling the middle of her tail around Anna's waist. Irene's lower arms, which had been holding her dick, instead grabbed hold of her coils and used the extra grip to escalate the force she was using to pleasure her mistress and girlfriend.

Anna, now with her back floor, went nuts. The change in angle ascended the throat fucking to another dimension. She was still toying with her tits, but that didn't stop them from roughly bouncing against Irene's coils with each thrust. There was just so much... so much stimulation. Anna's stifled commands soon turned into gibberish and lengthy moans. Pure's chanting was starting to falter.

Would this be the end for the last vestiges of the Pure version of Anna?

After around five minutes, the Pure Anna had done enough chanting that she entered a meditative state. Completely in the driver's seat now, the Corrupted version was slammed with all of that deferred pleasure. The sudden burst was too much even for her Chaos-expanded ability to enjoy sensations. Ann's body spasmed and her arms went limp. Milk-like drool poured out of both of her lipples.

Irene, meanwhile, didn't even bat an eye as she sunk the fingers of her upper arms into Anna's lipples and used them as another means of leverage. Corrupt Anna would never forgive her if she stopped now.

Sometime later, she knew Anna was rousing when her already much bigger than average tits began to expand even further. Bit by bit, there was more ass enveloping the last quarter of Irene's tail. Soon after, revived tongues licked her fingertips. Thinking only about heightening Anna's stimulation, Irene grabbed hold of those tongues and shoved her hands and wrists into Anna's mouth-shaped orifices.

Nearby, the ritual was rising. Irene wasn't exactly *aware* of it, she was hardly aware of anything except how Anna felt around her, but something within her was responding to it. Something that made her love-making intensify until it bordered on cruelty as she squeezed

harder and fucked faster. Even Corrupt Anna tapped out—only to beg for more with her first breath.

“You’re so perfect tonight, beloved,” Corrupt said with a purr that made Irene’s libido itch, but it was enough to pop the trance and restore her awareness. “You’ve never fucked me like this before. I want more. No! I want all of the fucking you’ve got in you!”

“Happy to comply,” Irene replied with a wicked laugh. She gripped Anna’s forearms with her upper hands. They were so small in her grasp. It would only take a little effort to destroy them. Corrupt might even enjoy that new level of sensation. Then the thoughts of causing outright harm were wiped away by her undying loyalty to Anna.

Irene twirled and slammed Anna’s smaller body into the metal wall and then used her other arms to pin her lover in place by spreading her legs wide. Her tail crawled deeper into Anna’s body, forcing it to reshape around her.

Then she slapped her dick on Anna’s stomach and used one of her upper hands to guide it into place.

“Damn. Yes. Oh... That’s it... Give me all of that monster cock. Shove every inch inside of your mistress and know that I own each one.”

“Yes, Mistress,” Irene said around a moan.

Sinking into Anna was a reward all its own, but the true reward was still some time away. She wouldn’t be done until Anna was. They started to kiss again, Anna’s longer tongue caressing Irene’s as it invaded her mouth.

“Get this fucking armor off,” Anna said, breaking off after a few sweat-soaked and pleasure-filled minutes. “I said I wanted it all, and this metal and gore is in the way.”



Irene released Anna's arms and then reached around, first to the left and then to the right, to undo the heavy clasps that held the long chest piece in place. At the same time, Anna undid the connections between the front of the protective equipment and the straps that were straining to hold onto Irene's shoulder muscles. The back half of the armor, along with the repurposed power pack, slid down and hit the floor with a series of clangs audible only to them. Then Anna jerked the other piece of metal out from between them and threw it to the side.

Anna licked each of her lips. Irene's teats were bloated, their bulk trying to escape the layers of silk binding her chest. Veins were visible beneath the skin of her cleavage. There were wet spots, too! Which meant her delicious milk was already leaking out. She worked one piece of fabric free and then tore into the rest of the loosened fabric, tugging at it until everything had fallen away.

Now, Anna had some huge tits—especially compared to her lithe form—but Irene's were marvelous in their own right. Between them, Anna and Irene seemed to be a similar size. However, Irene was another head taller which meant she had to be bigger at the same time, and right now they were even more rounded and hefty with all of the milk she produced.

Desperate to taste them, Anna's need warped her form even further as her tits each surged forward to fill the space between the pair. Her extra mouths clamped down on Irene's nipples and both of her tits vibrated with contented sighs. That sense of being satisfied flooded Anna's awareness. Her body quivered as every nerve in her body reacted to the wave of pleasure emanating from her brain as if it were literally being soaked in the milk.

Meanwhile, the two began to kiss again, but this time it was the tender and caring sort of kiss Irene had once shared with Anna so long ago. As the kiss dragged, memories began to swirl

and Irene's pace slackened until her thrusting was in time with the much more wholesome moans rising from Anna's throat.

That is not to say perversion was being kept at bay. Anna's corrupted lipples were gulping down Irene's milk and that was causing further growth and mutation. Her plump lips were getting even larger. Her bust was increasing by the second as was the definition of her muscles. In her mouths, her tongues were lengthening and developing soft spine-like growths along the edges that cradled Irene's fat nipples.

Her skin was changing color, too, her purple features darkening to a crimson so rich it almost seemed black. When she finally detached with a pair of long gasps, the pastel pink of her tongues had ignited into a deep, wine-like red that just shouted warmth and lust.

"As much fun as this is," Corrupted Anna said, near breathless. "I want a real ride. You owe me."

Irene knew exactly what she meant and released Anna's legs so her lover could wrap them around her hips. Her lower arms returned to teasing Anna's lipples while her upper arms supported Anna's butt. Anna hugged her chest as she began to pump up and down with Irene's help.

The bounce of her dramatically upsized assets was like nothing else she had ever experienced. The way they slammed into her stomach with each cycle was making her gush. Her eyes rolled back and her mind was going blank. She might've been overwhelmed, but the Corrupted part of Anna's psyche was an unending stream of demands and encouragement. Her movements accelerated, surpassing superhuman as she rose and fell along Irene's length in under two seconds.

That moment of near frenzy lasted for a while, pushing Irene to step back over and over. Neither was paying attention to where they were moving, but Irene was drawn toward the ritual all the same. Eventually, she ended up standing behind the festivities just before the altar that had once been for worshiping the Emperor. Now it would serve as a place to worship Anna.

Irene pivoted and laid down on the polished stone, a move which dislodged her. Not that it stopped Anna. Her Corrupt half was still humping Irene's length like she was filled to the brim. With a little help for her lower arms, Irene managed to line herself up again and penetrate Anna once more. Anna tried to accelerate, but Anna's grip on her waist prevented that. Anna pouted and Irene's other arms pulled her down into a kiss.

"Relish this moment, love," Irene whispered. "It's not every day you get to be at the center of things like this."

Despite the urge to continue going as hard as possible, Anna complied. Her movements became slower, more languid. She stretched out every stroke for as long as possible, something which was driving both of them mad with desire. It was perfect torture. Even Corrupt wished it could go on forever with the two of them balanced on the edge like this.

Somehow, after a while, they ended up with Irene on top without separating. She continued to keep their movements slow and agonizingly full of sensation. At this point, Corrupt had transcended mundane language and was chanting in a tongue neither she nor Irene knew. The moment was such a powerful manifestation of hedonism that tendrils of energy from the ritual began to creep towards them and the altar. Like vines, they coiled around their arms and Anna's chest.

The daemon blessing the marines grinned at the development. It knew the language Anna was babbling and it could feel the potential of those disrupting it's ritual. In fact, the larger mortal had real promise.

It reached a glowing hand towards Irene. All she needed was a little... tiny... push. A sparkling droplet of the daemon's power dripped from its index finger and splashed over her, then there was a drop from its middle finger. Drip, drip, drip. Ultimately, five slivers of daemonic energy landed on Irene. The liquid power ran down her back and arms until it landed in drips on Anna or her corrupt flesh soaked up the daemonic power.

Golden lines began to appear along the edges of Irene's muscles, highlighting their shapes with shimmering energy. She didn't gain any more mass, but she looked like she would put most Asteres to shame. Irene was too caught up in the moment to realize that something was different, but Corrupt sure noticed. Her pet's cock felt *big*—like, way bigger than usual. It was pushing her body to expand its limits over and over as more and more dick was shoved into her with each frustrating, agonizing cycle.

So this is what pure daemonic power could do to a person. Irene was literally mutating in real time. There was a flash of worry from Pure, but it was subsumed by Corrupt's swelling anticipation.

Irene's cock wasn't just getting bigger, it was changing shape. Between one thrust and the next, the single glans ridge became three. Then five. Beyond that, bumps were rising from her shaft in an irregular pattern and the way they caught on her lips as they entered and exited was taking Anna to a whole new level. Even her embrace paled in comparison.

A heavier shimmering line etched itself into her upper shoulders, slicing deeper and deeper until the energy jumped up from there and formed two golden arms that then faded to match Irene's complexion. Unlike her other arms, which were relatively human looking, these arms were bigger and thicker. Heavy knuckles slammed into the altar, denting the supposedly indestructible metal. Veins of gold remained, criss-crossing her flesh and making it seem like the energy within was ready to burst free at any moment.

With their bodies parallel again, Irene's tits were only inches away. Squishing her own boobs together to give them a boost, Anna latched on again. The first gulp tingled. The second was sweet beyond words. The third felt like trying to guzzle an entire chilling waterfall. Gold lines ran down her curves as her mouths struggled to keep up. The gold lines turned black as they coiled around her limbs—as if she were developing some sort of plate-like carapace. She touched her skin, expecting it to be hard, but it was still as soft as ever.

Before she could even come to terms with that change, Irene thrust all the way in and held that position. Her monstrous cock was throbbing like mad. Anna only had a second to realize what was coming before the first blast plastered her insides and inflated her stomach. There was another burst and another, filling Anna halfway to her previous best. It was then she realized her stomach was literally glowing. Irene was pumping more of that power into her!

She started to get uncomfortably hot as the ball of energy dispersed throughout her body. Eyes like the one on her chest appeared within the lines, twelve in all. They seemed to pulse with her breathing—which, at the moment, was quite ragged. Her lipples smiled and that expression seemed to widen. Both mouths opened to reveal that they each had two tongues now and they were so incredibly long...

Irene blinked and leaned in until their lips were brushing. “You smell really... nice. Like,” she sniffed. “I can’t get enough of your scent all of a sudden. I need more!”

She stepped back and scooped Anna up with her bigger arms and tossed her into the air with a flourish that made her spin around. When Anna came down, her back hit Irene’s chest. Irene looped her upper arms under her legs and then behind her head. Irene used her lower arms to coax her mutant dick back to attention. When she took a sniff of Anna’s hair, the response was near instantaneous. She gave a bestial grunt as she shoved herself in once more.

The bumps! Oh the bumps! They smashed and stretched her clit over and over. Then there was the force Irene was using! It was as if her life depended on fucking Anna as hard as possible. Corrupt, somehow past her limit, was turning into a gibbering mess for a second time. She came again and again, over and over. Something that had not happened in ages. But it was a short-lived moment. Each subsequent time she shuddered with a full-body orgasm, her mind grew clearer until her body’s bliss-inducing reactions to getting pounded like a breeding mare barely registered in her awareness.

Instead, she turned her focus to the center of the ritual. The daemon had vanished, but its vortex of Chaos energy remained. The whorl of purple was still mostly together, it only needed someone to take control of it. Someone powerful. Someone like her.

Anna put out a hand. “Come, storm! I demand it.”

The tendrils lanced towards her, each one connecting to one of her glowing eyes. The black lines ignited purple, and energy began to rise from them like steam. A halo of complex sigils, lines, and arcs blossomed into being behind her.

The energy flowed down into Irene who stumbled backward and laid down on the altar so that Anna was kneeling on the metal. Her tail, wrapped in an aura of chaotic energy rose from the floor towards Anna.

Anna, now semi-daemon, made a splitting gesture with her fingers and the tail first thickened and then split into a pair of equal size. Anna swiped towards herself and the tail tips stuffed themselves into her nipples as if she were buckling into a harness.

A creak sounded out, then another. Anna felt her knees moving outward, but she wasn't moving. Why was the ground getting further away? Then it hit her, she was growing to match the daemon's stature—as was Irene. As she raced towards Irene's typical size, she was relishing the feeling of parts of her body and hands growing at slightly different rates. Then she blew past Irene's former height, much to her surprise. Finally, the growth came to a slow stop when she approached nine feet.

Beneath her, Irene seemed gigantic. If her own growth was any measure, Irene was probably eleven feet tall now—and who knew how much she weighed. She was still thrusting into Anna, but she seemed to be in some sort of trance.

Throughout all of this, the survivors' attention had pivoted to them and Anna wanted them to be hers. She could shape them to her tastes. To her desires.

“Come, all of you! Throw yourselves upon my desires and see how they change you!”

Some of the assemblage moved towards her, mutating with each step through the Chaotic energy swirling around Anna and Irene. Five brave Maidens became copies of her, in a way, with all of them now curvey in ways they hadn't been before. In an homage to the blindfold Anna had worn for her own conversion, a tide of metallic material swept up their necks and then over

the upper portion of their faces to form a blindfold-like adornment that left the wearer's hair and mouth free.

The Marines, meanwhile, were reshaped by Anna's desires to a greater extent. One had lost nearly all of his bulk, leaving his physique lean and femme-looking. In contrast to his more womanly appearance, a truly massive prick bounced in the air before him and a sack with four testes was pulled tight against his body.

Next to him, the other Marine had seemingly stolen his fellow's missing mass and run with it. It was like someone had just scaled him up to a hundred-and-fifty percent of his original size, like upgrading a Guardsman into a Primares. All except for his cock. That seemed to have flowed the other way as the huge marine was completely smooth. He was so large in fact, that his ragged breaths sounded like distant thunder.

Both of them took a knee before the altar. Fuck, this power was amazing. It felt like she could do anything. From her makeshift throne of Irene's arms and cock, Anna looked over her handiwork with a sense of accomplishment, but this was hardly the end for these two. They had much further to go to reach the perfection she was seeking.

"Is there anything you wish to change? Hmm?" She knew the answer, of course, but them asking of it made her shiver with anticipation. It would also help with Pure later because they had consented to the changes.

"Please, mistress," the skinny one said. "Make me more inhuman. Make me a creature of your twisted dreams..."



His voice was still heavy, but soft at the same time—just like something else. Anna jiggled her tit as she laughed to herself. Pleased, she gave him a benevolent smile and put her hand on his head. “What is your name, soldier?”

“Xerxes, your terror,” he said as her glowing fingertips traced his jawbone and then pulled up on his chin.

“Then you shall be known as Xendre, Hand of Anna from this day forth!” Anna pressed the newly grown eye in her hand to his forehead and there was a loud ringing sound. Pink energy arched over his body and he began to moan like he was experiencing the best sex of his life.

Thick blonde locks, with a single streak of red, emerged from Xendre’s shaved head. As they grew past his shoulders and towards his waist, their volume beyond anything close to reasonable. His lips turned blue and swelled to a point they rivaled Anna's lips. His skin took on an ashen cast. His hands grew three extra fingers each. His pectorals throbbed and then swelled into reasonably-sized tits. As that happened, his nipple grew to a startling circumference before splitting into three rounded nipples that then retreated into their puffed-up base. His waist cinched a bit, and then a bit more, turning his boxy figure into more of an hourglass.

Sweat was dripping off of his body at this point. Like with Anna, it had a pink tinge. The way it was running off of him made it seem like he was melting as his body continued to mutate under his mistress’ direction.

“Please, more—!”

“Done,” Anna said, her voice carrying the authority to alter reality itself. His lower body started to put on weight and his cut muscles disappeared beneath a rising tide. It was counter

to every fiber of his being. However, the growth felt... good. Great, even. In seconds he wished it would never stop as his butt, hips, and legs took on more and more mass.

“Do you want more, thrall of mine?” Anna asked, relishing the way this one was squirming under her influence. His cock was dripping with need and a cruel thought occurred to her. She would make him cum from his mutation in a perverse christening worthy of her power.

“Oh! I-I couldn’t-!”

“But you do, don’t you?” In lieu of reaching out with a finger, she dragged her big toe along his shaft and there was a burst of mostly transparent liquid that was probably a larger load than he had ever produced—his whole unit together had never nutted this much. The gloop stuck to the front of the altar the same way cobwebs might someday. Anna shuddered with satisfaction.

“F-f-fuck... Yes! Anything!”

“Anything?”

“Yes! Anything! Whatever you want... I’ll take it!” He groaned and another gout of pre-cum splashed against the altar.

“You might regret that later, but I bet you won’t right now...”

The wings of his pelvic bones burst out of his skin as they grew out from the center of his body. The rest of him caught up once the curve of his hips was three times the width of his waist. He put on more weight, more thickening than growing as his thighs widened.

The sensation of growth changed after a moment. Pressure from inside was rising in his lower back. There was a sudden, loud *SPLORCH* noise followed by a matched set of *FWMPs* as

Xendre sprouted bat-like wings just above the small of his back. They weren't big enough to grant him flight, but they made a cute skirt when pulled in.

His hands lept to his crotch when a contrasting emptiness bloomed inside of him. A pussy opened against his fingertips and he was soon fingering himself with both hands. As that happened, his huge but otherwise unremarkable prick morphed into something equine-but not really. There was a ridge halfway down, sure, and the head was flared, but the middle third was bigger than either end. Not to mention the nubs. So many little nibs. Anna really liked those.

He fingered himself to orgasm and his cock responded in kind. The first massive throb blasted out an inhuman load that was a splash of pink-tinged spunk on Anna's front. He kept cumming though, his mind bending under the sensation of a release. Another arc of energy connected him with Irene and he could feel his awareness being corrupted. The devotion of Anna's lover poured into him and then it consumed him. For a moment Xerxes lost track of reality. When things came back into focus, 'he' was now 'she' and her name was Xendre.

"Are you pleased, pet?"

"Yes. Thank you, mistress," Xendre said, putting her fist to her chest. "I live to serve you."

"Good. How about you clean up your mess, hmm?" Before Xendre had even acquiesced, Anna turned her attention to the other marine. "What about you, pet? What do you want done to you?"

"Well, I, uh..." He glanced at the masked Battle Maidens, then his counterpart, eagerly cleaning his own spunk off of his mistress' stomach, before finally licking his lips and looking down with a frown.

He was big enough that Anna only had to lean forward a little bit to bring her face to his. “You wish you could ravage them, don’t you? Admit it, marine, you can’t stop thinking about how soft their bodies are. How warm.”

“It’s true, your Pleasureship,” he said. “I had been promised one of them before this, but now...” He gestured with a downward sweep.

“Oh, sweetie, there are more tools than just a great fuckstick when it comes to pleasing women. I think I know just the thing for you—What was it you said your name was?”

“I-I didn’t say...”

“Then tell me!” Her flare of temper turned the whole room purple as the halo behind her brightened.

“Quinten... Quinten the Fourth, ma’am.”

Anna pressed her palm to his forehead as well. “Then you shall be Quintelle the First from this moment on!”

Unlike with Xendre, mind-altering energy arched from Irene first. Quinten’s entire history, all of the expectations, the duties, and so much more vanished in a sea of corrupted affection for his new mistress. Quintelle eagerly embraced her new identity and it seeped into every crevice of her mind. Quinten ceased to exist, she had always been Quintelle. She had always been by her mistress’ side with her sister-in-devotion Irene.

“Thank you, Mistress Anna...”

There was a *SPLORCH!* and Quintelle grew two feet of tail that continued to grow even after it hit the floor. It was a broad, rectangular, reptilian-looking thing with a pair of ridges on either side of the top. The ridges continued up her back, growing a bit larger as they went until

they reached her power pack which sort of grew out of her back between her shoulder blades in a grotesque testament to the power of the Chaos ritual that had blessed her.

Two drawn-out splashing-like noises sounded over the ritual as a thick pseudopod grew from the pack and the middle of each shoulder blade. They curled up and forward, thickening as they did. Once the bulbous ends had curved down to her sternum, in a macabre imitation of pauldrons, golden seams appeared in each hemisphere, and six tentacles unfurled. Brilliant, neon-pink energy coursed up and down the writhing appendages, causing them to bulge slightly around the bulbs of luminescence. They then retracted into the mutated armor, leaving behind a half-dozen bronze closures.

A similar set of *SQUELCH* sounds dragged out as another pair of pseudopods grew, like fins, from her lower back and curled around to protect her sides. As before, they grew to resemble parts of the marine's armor and then blossomed into another dozen tentacles that also then retreated into their metallic shell.

There were tearing sounds, like wet paper being split, as cables rose here and there from beneath her skin. Like the tentacles, they also pulsed with Slaanesh's energy, granting the Primaris-sized Marine even more strength at the cost of experiencing even more sensation. The shredding continued in places, leaving whole muscle groups as exposed masses of charged wire. This happened to her shoulder, upper arm, and thigh on her right side as well as her shoulder on the left. Down her hyper-muscular front, the top of each abdominal muscle peeled back, making it look as if she had developed scales.

Finally, a cable burst through her skin near her crotch, revealing a rounded, amethyst crystal-like ending. The skin around it merged up and into the threading on the cable, the flesh

swelling and reshaping until Quinelle had a fat pair of lips between her legs. Then came that same feeling of emptiness as her body made space for the rest of her changes. She had only had a pussy for less than five seconds, but she already had years' worth of memories of getting fucked by Irene.

Unbidden, she rose slightly and began to lick the underside of Irene's upturned dick, continuing up until she reached Anna's swollen clit. She dragged her tongue, which suddenly had three ball studs, over her mistress' button before returning to the start and doing the same thing all over again.

As she did, cables with a similar design to her clit began to emerge from the peak of her shaved scalp. They formed little hexagonal clusters as they grew out in batches all the way to the base of her skull. The cables ended in a blue gem instead of a purple one and they grew to be about three feet long. They clacked with each bob of her head, sending off faint sparks of fuchsia energy.

Anna chuckled and groaned at the same time. Satisfied for the moment, she wanted to move on.

"How about you boys entertain each other, hmm? Your mistress has others to bless."

Quintelle nodded in agreement and took Xendre's hand. She guided him to the middle of the room, pushed him down, and then mounted him. The tentacles in her pauldrons emerged and restrained the former Marine as Quintelle started to move.

"Sisters, approach, please."

The five women who had approached drew closer, the light from Anna's halo glinting on their masquerade-esque face plates. They all had similar hair, the same cut as Anna's. One of them, however, really pulled at her. Anna presented her hand to that one.

"Tell me, darling, what name did you go by?"

"Sandra, ma'am."

"I like that, you may keep it," she said lifting Sandra up into her lap. Maybe it was just hubris, but Anna wanted one of her maidens to be like her, well, except for the whole Pure/Corrupted thing. She ran the back of her hand down Sandra's body and her skin turned the same pastel pink. Her nipples bleached white as they parted and grew into hungry purple lips. In both cases, the bottom lip was fatter than the top, and two thick rings were set to either side.

An eye like the ones peering out from Anna's skin opened at the top of Sandra's deepening cleavage. The darkness around that violet eye spread up, back, and down, making it seem like Sandra was wearing a harness. Her palms and the backs of her hands turned black, as did the tops and bottoms of her feet. The inky color moved towards her core, growing fainter as it approached her elbows and knees until it looked like she was wearing arm- and knee-length stockings with cut-off fingers and toes.

Anna rose off Irene and placed Sandra next to her. "Drink, little one. Drink of the obsession I desire from you. Now, as for the rest of you... Who wants to volunteer for an experiment?"

One stepped forward. Her skin was a brown-bronze hue and her hair was a brilliant minty green. "I am, or was at least, called Ing, and I accept your blessing, Mistress."

"Ing... Such a fascinating name. You deserve a body as equally fascinating, wouldn't you say?"

Ing began to change the moment Anna pressed her palm to her chest. She sprouted upward, growing closer to Irene's size. Her ears elongated, giving them an elvish look. The tip shimmered and the flesh was replaced with a silver cap. That wasn't the only part that grew either as her breasts swelled to match Anna's. Then, to support—or perhaps emphasize—the new weight on her front, a second and third row of tits surged up from under the first, each pair just slightly smaller. All of them were capped with finger-long nipples already dripping with pink-tinged cream. The Sister had one last grasp at her newfound flesh just as her arms began to shrivel into nothingness, leaving only smooth shoulder stumps behind.

Anna's dreams involving Ing didn't stop here. In return for her arms, the Sister's tongue elongated to reach twice around her rows of breasts and tickle her nethers. Her hair grew and grew until it was almost a cape. Strands gathered into locks. Those locks braided each other. Those braids twitched to life and rose like a tangle of glowing kelp.

The changes moved down the now-armless Sister's body. Below the small of her back, her spine started to rise against her skin until a slender, flexible tail emerged from between her cheeks. It stretched out and out until the star-like claw could coil around her ankle twice. After that, Anna's will morphed Ing's legs into a digitigrade shape, the muscles thickening in the process. It then reshaped her feet into hooves, each with a perverse bone-like heel that came to a wicked point.

"Hmm..." Anna put one hand to her chin. "You need something else. Something to balance it out." She looked at Ing again and bit her bottom lip as she considered her options. "Oh! I've got it."



Four spikes were growing from Ing's lower back before Anna even said something. They grew in a curved shape until the tips touched the ground. The growth seemed to halt and then there was a cacophony of shredding as the spikes shed their skin to reveal segmented limbs of shiny black steel-like chitin and amethyst gems.

With an affirming nod, Anna waited and watched her newest creation. Ing experimented with her new body. When she almost fell, she discovered she could control her hair as the braids caught her. The tendrils proved to be a mighty upgrade from her lost arms as she snapped a pauldron in two. She tested her insect-like appendages and shuddered at the feeling of new muscles flexing in her back. She was surprised that the spike-like points of her new legs supported her weight. Equally impressive was the fact that they also could penetrate through a breastplate—as could the spike of her heel.

“Sister,” said Sandra from the altar. Her voice distorted from being behind Anna and the halo. “Come. Join me.”

Ing ambled past to attend to Irene. Anna regarded the three remaining Sisters. Before she could even speak, one of them stepped forward. She was a petite and willowy thing with pale, freckle-shot skin and light-red hair that was cut into an asymmetric bob. Looking at her, it was amazing she had been able to pick up a heavy Bolter, much less fire it.

“I want to be strong, Lady Anna,” she said, her statement like the bark of a drill sergeant. She held up her hands in front of her and shook them as she continued. “I want to cast off this... this inferior body I was born into and become something that will strike fear into the hearts of my foes. I want them to quake when they see me. I want them to beg when I'm standing over them.”

“Is that all?” Anna crossed her ankles as she rested her chin on her palm. This girl was brilliant. Her spirit was unbowed, even now. Even after a life of relative weakness. Had she been born to a different body, she would’ve been officer material. Well, Anna needed capable people she could trust implicitly. Irene and Quintelle couldn’t handle *everything*.

“No, it isn’t.” The Sister replied. “It’s not even close.”

Anna smiled and leaned in so she could whisper. The woman seemed unaffected by the corruption that should have been mutating her. She was perfectly in control of her body. “I’ve always been partial to the name Sythia, y’know, and what you want means the old you has to die.”

Anna put her hand on the Sister’s shoulder. “Knowing that, are you ready to be my Sythia?”

“Ave Mistress.” The Sister didn’t even hesitate. Excited, Anna grabbed her other shoulder.

“Are you ready to crush my foes?”

“Ave Mistress!”

Her response was so powerful it made Anna’s energy vibrate and she couldn’t resist closing the gap between them and giving the Sister a love bite on her neck. The dark metal of the mask bleached to silver as Sythia-to-be came from the sudden, forceful affection.

Fuchsia light shot out of the diamond-shaped indentations as if her eyes were projecting power. Horns then sprouted from the mask at those points. They split after a moment and the outside branches curved back and then around her head like a diadem. The inside branches flowed up and back until they were touching her forehead. A third horn emerged from around

the bridge of her nose and then it stretched up to the other inner branches completing the illusion of her wearing a crown.

“Now that you’ve experienced it, are you ready to accept my love?”

“*Ave Mistress,*” Sythia-to-be whispered.

Anna stepped back. “Are you ready to be reborn?” she asked in a much louder voice.

“*Ave Mistress!*” Sythia barked.

“Then I command you, thrall, become worthy of the name Sythia!”

Beams of light shot out from a few of Anna’s eyes and struck Sythia. Then there was a moment of silent anticipation that was only broken by the sound of the sound of a burgeoning orgy.

Sythia groaned. Veins began to stand out all over her body. It felt like every muscle was throbbing. That same pinkish sheen developed over her skin as her body heat spiked.

“Body feels... tight...”

The first thing to happen was a rumbling series of cracks as her back broadened and ribs, shoulder blades, and more were forced to grow to contain the power housed within her. Arms and legs that were thin and weak-looking gained pound after pound of mass, to the point that there was far more muscle, well, everywhere, than should’ve been possible. Her bunched-up muscles trembled for a moment and then there was a series of cracks as her body was forced to grow and adapt to her new physique.

Up and up she went, stopping only once she passed seven feet. Now, instead of looking like she was being swallowed by the mass of three people, she came close to embodying the

very concept of fitness. From chin to toe, her entire body seemed to gleam between the shine of sweat on her now amber-colored skin and the deep cuts between her muscles.

Awed by the change in her body, Sythia flexed her arm and was hit with a burst of memories. The first few were about a clandestine genetic experiment that made her this way, rebuilding her into near perfection. After that, many of them involved her being the focus of the crowd. Some involved displays of physique and prowess. Others involved hand-to-hand combat with Sisters of other squadrons. Then there were the photo shoots that ensured a huge reproduction of her body was plastered in every training hall.

Her squad had shown her adoration instead of exasperation. Women and men alike wanted to court her. Battles and sex filled her life with exhilaration, but after a while, it all stopped being enough. She sought even greater perfection. That was when Chaos first whispered to her and now... Now she was here.

The woman standing before Anna bore only a passing resemblance to the willowy Sister she'd once been. Even her hair was different. It was, in a word, perfect. The sheen, the smoothness, the volume, the length. Anna had nothing she wanted to change—and that vibrant ombre of strawberry blonde into glowing purple! Ah! Seriously, just perfection.

Now to make her even more perfect!

“You’ve wanted power, right?” Anna asked.

Sythia nodded.

“Then have some more!” Anna reached back and somehow grabbed hold of a ring within the halo and pulled it free. She then pushed it through and into Sythia.

The mutations started in her feet and legs. Her toes merged together to form talons with a wicked foreclaw. Blue scales spread over her feet, stretching and reshaping them for jumping power. Her calves shortened and strengthened further to hold her body upright. Her thighs swelled in density, ensuring she could handle the exhaustion.

Sythia's jaw burned and it felt like her bite slid back to make room for the fangs that grew in just after that. A pressure rose from her fangs into her face, near her sinuses. Something, some new gland, grew against them. Venom of some sort? She would have to try it on one of the Sisters who hadn't accepted the inevitable. Her tongue lashed out, growing as it did so, as she thought about sinking her fangs into yielding flesh.

Then something she didn't expect happened. It started as a pulse between her legs that grew more powerful and insistent until Sythia realized her clit was both swelling and splitting in two. The topmost nub started to gain length quickly, growing out to the point where her fingertips almost couldn't reach the curved end. There was a bubbling sensation that started from her crotch and ran to the tip of her new appendage. Each one seemed to make the thing thicker and heavier. Thicker and heavier. She couldn't help but reach for it.

Satisfied that Sythia's own will would suffice to finish up the transformation, Anna turned her attention to her last two supplicants. "Well, you've seen all I can offer, what do you want so that I might take it into account?"

The two Sisters looked at each other, a reflex that made both of them blush and laugh awkwardly. Their memories of H-Sythia had changed to match the woman she had become. In that moment, Monica and Tetra realized that they were in charge of their own destinies.

A lust she did not recall was swelling in Monica as she watched Sythia's transformation progress even further. Whatever was happening, it was clear she was developing a phallus of some kind. Something alien. Something enchanting.

Monica realized she wanted to be on her knees before Sythia—Wait, why did she want that? Sure she had thought about Sythia, the so-called superwoman, since they had been stationed together, but now... now she could be Sythia's equal. Her superior, even. She could be anyone—anything—she wanted. All she needed to do was ask for it.

“My Lady Anna, if I am to be reshaped to suit your appetites, please know that I've always been partial to snakes.”

“Snakes, hmm?” Anna tapped a finger to her lip. After a moment, she bent down to Monica's level. “You're ambitious, I like that. I'm tempted to see what you do if I—Yeah, that's what I'll do.”

Monica was pulled forward by a hand on her neck and her mouth met Anna's. Her Pleasureship began to eagerly make out with Monica. Anna kept biting her lip, causing it to swell. It even started to glow with that fuchsia light of the ritual.

Eventually—it could've been minutes or hours—Anna started moving down her neck. Newfound energy was coursing through her from every spot Anna had bitten. She hugged her mistress as the bites continued down. Each nipple, as much of her breast as possible, her sides, her hips. Surely, Lady Anna wasn't going to... Oh, fuck!

The feeling of Anna's tongue penetrating her was electrifying. As were the eager bites on her clit. It only took a moment of this for her to cum harder than she thought possible.

“There, pet,” Anna said, leaning back and withdrawing at the same time. Energy arched over each place Anna had bitten. “You’ve got the power to change your fate now, I want to see what you do with it.”

“Well darling,” she said beckoning the last Sister. “You’re up.”

The wide-eyed Sister stepped forward. Looking at her again, it was clear to Anna this might’ve been the poor thing’s first real battle. Well, young minds were supposedly more pliable and the same thing stood to reason for their bodies. Yes, she could mold this one into something amazing. She could give her untold... *opportunities*.

Behind them, Irene groaned as she came thanks to Sandra and Ing. The noise didn’t even register as sensual for Anna. It seemed that attaining this level of connection with Chaos came with the price of, effectively, numbing her to the rest of the world. If only she could take over another body for an hour or five.

Those two trains of thought came together a moment later and Anna knew what sort of changes awaited Tetra. The only question was if it was really possible to do without killing her trophy.

Meanwhile, Sythia’s extended clit had become something truly monstrous. The flared head was probably five inches across and soft spines grew at random along the edge. At the bottom was a hole that bore more resemblance to a pussy than the end of a cock. It even seemed to have a clit-like swelling in the middle.

She hefted it up, walked over, and let it bulge out as it slit down over Irene’s cock. Both former Sisters moaned at the same time, their voices joining as one. This seemed to break the

trance as Irene finally moved and gripped the top edge of Sythia's bizarre endowment and began to ram into that pillowy cockhead.

As a result, Sandra and Ing turned their attention to Sythia. All of this only seemed to encourage further mutation. The skin of her dick took on a bright blue hue that faded into fuchsia. Slight ridges, pink in color, formed every few inches around Sythia's shaft. Up and down her length, more of the soft spines sprouted from those ridges at random, guaranteeing they would rub along and push against whomever she decided to top. Over all of this were her pulsating veins, wrapped around her dick like loose fishnet.

Anna decided whatever she did to Tetra, one of those things would be the ability to take that beast.

Elsewhere, Monica had laid down before willing her feet and legs to merge into the tail that would soon be probably two-thirds of her body—maybe more. It really depended on how big she could make herself. To do that, though, she'd need to build up her core. As soon as she had the thought, a burning started in her abdominal muscles that bloomed to the rest of her torso. She could feel that her muscles were being torn apart and repaired at an absurd rate. Years of strength training were passing in an instant.

Scales started to appear at the peak of her hips, they were iridescent, their color shifting from the blue of perfect skies to deepest purple to pale red to brightest pink and back again. They were soft to the touch, almost like silk but even richer. They rustled in a way that made her shudder as she ran her fingers over them.

Further down, her feet had started to meld together. One second they were touching. The next they were pressing. Then there was no separation between them as her bones



disintegrated to make room for new ones. The melding continued up, stitching together her shins, knees, and femur. The flesh squished between them flowed outward as muscle was reoriented. It should have been an intensely painful experience. Instead, it was kind of blissful.

Nearby, Tetra stepped before her beguiling mistress. A warm writhing began to emanate deep from her core, accompanied by a rising feeling of pressure. It lasted a few seconds, and while not super uncomfortable, it nonetheless was having an effect on her build.

Her once teeny bustline began to balloon, as her rear grew in a similar way. The rest of her body swelled in size as well. Not so much in height but thickness, granting her a shapely form that was beyond human but tame relative to everyone else around her.

The radiating pressure, now growing uncomfortable, was not satisfied by this and it continued to intensify until it found new ways to push her body. First, streams of milk began to spray from her exposed nipples. Then a veritable waterfall of drool flowed from the corners of her mouth, open as she continued to groan. Lastly, a steady stream of juices dripped from her pillowy pussy. The whole expelling process only took a moment. Once all of those fluids stopped flowing, the pressure had finally dissipated. In its place was a mix of emptiness and a hunger to be filled.

Monica was also experiencing a sensation of pressure as her new bone structure began to take shape and push her form outward. The burning in her abdomen had subsided, leaving her stomach reshaped into a sort of gently sloped plateau that felt amazing to flex. It hadn't stopped, though. What had been her butt and thighs were now the focus of this muscular enhancement.

As if her glutes had somehow grown upward to meet her enhanced core, her lower back had been pushed out, turning the small of her back into a valley. She couldn't resist grabbing hold of her butt as it grew. There weren't individual cheeks anymore, not really, it was like she was wearing a form-fitting dress. A dress that was made of her bliss-inducing scales and was expanding with her increasing muscle mass.

Where Monica's transformation was bringing her bliss, Tetra's was bringing her nothing but questions. The mask that had grown over her eyes and nose was creeping down her face, up her throat, and across her scalp. How was she going to breathe like this?

It turned out she didn't need to worry about that. Her lungs continued to work even with her nose and lips sealed within the mask. The advancing plasteel-like material cut off her hair as it finally closed around the crown of her head. Inexplicably, breathing wasn't the only thing should still do. She could hear, too. On top of that, she could see again! Mistress Anna's sublime form filled her field of vision as Anna cupped her chin in both hands.

"Ready for the real changes—Of course you are."

Anna stepped back and held a hand out like a blade. She touched her index finger to Tetra's collarbone and then slid down her front with a touch so light Tetra wondered if it was even happening. Then the writing grew stronger. Something was emerging from within her! What—?

Fleshy tentacles spilled out of the tiniest of cuts Anna had made. They reached for the corrupted Sister, investing her to come closer, but Anna slipped out of their reach.

"Not yet, my lovely," she purred. "There's a little more that needs to happen first."

*More?* Tetra both recoiled and rejoiced.

Anna might have had further plans for Tetra, but Monica was reaching the zenith of her desired alterations. She pushed herself upright. The immediate part of her was bent forward and then back, kind of like she was kneeling. Then she started to wrap the rest of her coils around that. The sound and feel of her scales rubbing together were more arousing than she expected. Like, she had expected it to be something of a turn-on, but she was halfway to an orgasm just from pulling herself together.

Those wonderful scales were emerging in other places on her body. They mostly seemed to be splotches instead of the beginning of her body becoming entirely scale-covered. Her shoulders, her forearms, up her back to her shoulder blades, and to either side of her stomach. All that was wonderful, but snakes had *fangs*. She needed some of her own.

Her jaw cracked and the socket reshaped so that she could dislocate it with ease. Her canines and a couple of teeth on each side melded together and grew backward along the roof of her mouth. She needed to be venomous, too, but maybe not fatal. Maybe arousal-inducing? A kiss that would drive her... partners wild with lust for her.

Oh! What if she could shoot that and inject something otherwise disarming? What about a psychedelic? Marines would trip their balls off with one bite. Those things decided, there was a swelling near her sinuses and at the point where her throat met her chin. Her new venom sacks. Excellent. She couldn't wait to try them... perhaps on one of her Sisters who'd spurned Mistress Anna's offer?

Anna smirked at the result of Monica's self-directed transformation. She was beautiful and deadly. Like a finely crafted Bolter. She just needed two more little touches.

Monica felt something shift inside her and all of a sudden she was massively turned on. Like, so much so she started to suck on her fingers. The wide belly scales near her pelvis bulged out. Something clear started to leak out between two of them so she ran her fingers between them. They all slid into a pouch-like space. Tugging on it—which felt amazing—revealed that she had untold depths along her lower body. Two nubs poked out from the pouch when it was pulled open. Touching one sent a blast of pleasure through her system.

Still reeling from the effect of that single touch, Monica shouted as two pinches passed through the pair of clits. Heavy rings now hung from near the base and rested against her scales. Monica went to touch them again when they began to lengthen a little bit at a time until they were two or three inches long and quite fat.

After that, heart-shaped tattoos appeared on her breasts. She was drawn to them. She couldn't resist putting her fingertips on them for some reason. Once she touched them, the pair of sigils started to glow. In response, her tits started to gain mass in a way that should not've been possible.

In a matter of seconds they went from trim to weighing heavily on her chest. They were not massive in relation to everyone else, but they drooped far enough that they were visible from behind. As if sudden increase in size wasn't enough, there was a tingle in each one as each nipple developed into a clit-like shape. From there, her areola morphed into huge, engorged labia. When a sense of hollowness filled the space inside and she knew what the tattoos actually meant. That said, her clit-nipples felt divine.

Anna patted herself on the back for those additions. All that remained now was to finish Tetra who was on her knees trying to grapple with the tentacles that emerged from within her. It seemed Anna had done it right.

She knelt next to Tetra who was, quite unexpectedly, sobbing. An instinct to comfort this fledgling hit Anna and she put her arm around Tetra, making soothing shushing noises.

“It’s alright pet. It’s ok.”

“This isn’t what I... expected at all...” Even as she sobbed, her transformation continued. A pair of slender horns grew forward from the base of her skull. Between their points, a membrane formed that looked like a veil. Which was fitting. Tetra could make herself anyone now.

“Everyone else got so much stronger... Or they got so fucking pretty...”

“Their transformations aren’t anything like yours, yes, but what I picked out for you is special.”

“It is?”

Anna nodded and hummed, stroking Tetra’s back. “You’re unique in this whole universe, s’far as I know.”

“Why?” Now that she wasn’t sobbing. Her impassive and smooth face had a tinge of red from the growing arousal from the feedback of her tentacles.

“You’re now a gateway to a pocket dimension,” Anna said. “A dimension where a captive will be surrounded by an endless cavern of grasping and wriggling slime and tentacles.”

“Is that what all these are?” She asked, gesturing at the tangle emerging from the middle of her body.

“They are, yes.”

“So what happens to someone inside of me?”

“Well, in theory, the dimension would then contract around the subject until they were literally wearing you. Which is when your uniqueness will really show through. You’ll become them to an extent. You’ll look like them. Sound like them. Have access to their memories.”

“What happens to them?”

Anna made an exaggerated thinking face and then grinned. “Eventually, they stop being separate from you. The dimension just... absorbs them. But don’t fret, people who want to have fun can be released without harm—well, much harm anyway.” It would be hard to experience that much pleasure and emerge unscathed.

“Is there anything else I can do?”

“You should be able to borrow mass from your captives as raw materials to alter your being. You’re also endlessly elastic since you have no inside that you’re holding together.”

Anna looked left and Tetra followed her glance and there was Sythia.

“I’m going to borrow your body for a moment,” Anna said, putting her fingers between the edges of Tetra’s opening.

“But I thought I’d be in control...?”

“In theory. I’m fairly certain my ego is stronger than yours, love.” With that, Anna pulled Tetra apart like she was parting curtains and stepped inside.

“F-fuck... That... That felt so good.” Before she could fully process that, she felt her inner world contracting around Lady Anna. Anna’s mind pressed into hers. Tetra recoiled, fearing what would happen.

*Don't worry, pet. I didn't spend all that effort just to turn you into a husk.*

Within seconds, Tetra looked like Anna. Well, sort of. Anna was back to looking like she had before the corruption and the veil remained over her face. When she lifted it, the membrane dissolved and even then the horns supporting it vanished.

Tetranna grinned and crossed the room to Monica who was fingering her new developments with all the urgency of a rotating planet. She was taking care to savor every sensation as she worked her fingers in and out of her extra pussies. Tetranna didn't give her any warning as she leaned in and started making out with her handmaiden. Her fingers joined Monica's. Together, their pace accelerated. Tetranna sucked on one nipple-clit which set Monica off. In their shared mind space, Tetra felt devious and she moved over to the other one and slid her tongue in as she pulled the other one between her lips. This time, it wasn't just a couple seconds of sucking either. She kept going, moving her head back and forth slightly as she did. Her hunch proved true as Monica's nipple-clit grew larger in her mouth.

Excellent. She will be even more fun to play with later. Warmed up, she left Monica to herself and marched over to Sythia and tugged her off Irene. Not thinking, she tried to sit on Irene's monstrous dick only to find that not only did she look like a baseline human—she *was* a baseline human in every regard. For now, at least. Tetra's body would adapt when pushed, just like hers.

"Beloved?" Irene asked, rousing at the sight of Anna. "Is that really you?"

"It is, love. Now, I want you to fuck me like you never have. Can you do that?"

Irene nodded, seemingly unaware of the developing orgy around her. She grabbed Anna's waist—even smaller in relation than usual—and pulled, slowly, in an attempt to enter Anna. Her mistress felt like a toy in her hand. Her dick was almost wider than Tetranna's hips!

"I'm going to hurt you!"

"It'll be okay, just try."

Irene nodded and tried a different tack. She managed to slide one thumb between Tetranna's cheeks, then the other, stretching Tetranna out in the process. Other hands, hands Irene didn't recognize, joined her in the endeavor. Tetranna, for her part, was demanding more and more from them the entire time.

Eventually, Irene felt that she could fit enough to make it work. Shifting her grip so that she was pretty much holding Anna like a sleeve, she began to push in. Tetranna became even more demanding and Irene found it hard not to oblige. It felt so good. All she had to do was be serious about jerking off. That part of her mind that had considered breaking Anna's arms earlier whispered to do it. Anna wanted it. She wanted it. Why not just... go?

Irene had worked half of her cock into Tetranna at this point, but was somehow only distending her stomach a little bit. Where was it all going? She took a breath and decided to indulge. With one swift motion, she pulled Anna down the rest of the way and grunted as she came.

"That's it! More! More you fucking beast!"

Which is when another hand slightly smaller than Irene's grabbed her cheeks and made her turn to face them. It was Sythia.

"You want more, Mistress?"



“What sort of question is that?”

“That’s not an answer...” Sythia hefted her behemoth and shook it. “You want this, right?”

“Yes. I—”

Irene began to pull Tetranna off her cock and the sudden impossible pleasure wiped her mind of words for a moment. In that moment, Tetra was forced to the front and was hit with the full extent of the stimulation Anna had endured. Her body contracted just as Irene reversed direction. Despite experiencing the journey once before, it was entirely fresh as Irene’s massive prick forced the pocket dimension inside her to expand once more.

“I want more!” She begged. “Sythia, go, ravage me, too!”

Sythia put her fingers into Tetranna’s mouth and made a little bit of room for her monster. When Irene began to pull Tetranna off her, Sythia’s behemoth was shoved between her teeth and down her infinite throat.

On and on it went. Anna would take control for a time only to have her puny tolerance get overwhelmed and leave Tetra to endure the full experience. After some time, Sythia stopped throatfucking her. She instead knelt between Irene’s knees and laid her cock out. The first time Sythia was shoved inside Tetranna, both of them passed out.

Sythia didn’t realize and neither did Irene. They continued to work both of their Mistress’ holes like machines that only paused when they came. Hours passed. Eventually, even Tetra’s near-infinite space was overwhelmed and her stomach split open, expelling Anna and enough cum to leave several inches of it standing in the room.

The energy of the ritual spent, Anna and Irene had returned to mostly their initial states. While their changes had reverted, the others' had retained their alterations under Anna's influence.

They were all fiercely loyal as well, as Anna found out once their forces withdrew to their stronghold. None of them would take orders from anyone but Anna.