

A LITTLE MAGIC

by Throne

"I'll say it again," Andrew Titan asserted. "Your so-called magic is all bunk, and these deluded fools who believe in it are idiots." He directed that last remark to the rows of seated figures at the opposite side of the dimly lit room.

"It's unfortunate for you to feel that way, Sir," the woman named Dee Magia told him, from the low dais on which she was standing, facing her followers. "I'm afraid you have forced me to give a demonstration of exactly what I am capable of."

The tall, imposing young man held his hands up and pretended to be scared. "Oh, look at me," he called to her tauntingly. "I'm terrified by your fake magic."

Magia was almost as tall as him. Her ebony hair, cut in bangs across her forehead, hung nearly to her waist on the sides and in back. She wore a long black dress with a corset waist, and boots of the same color. From a chain around her slender neck hung a glinting amulet. She closed her ringed fingers around the piece of jewelry and spoke several words in an ancient tongue, then repeated them in reverse order. Suddenly, Titan felt the room spinning around him. It was as if he was sinking into a shadowy pit in the floor. He stood there for long moments, unable to move. Magia pointed to one of the onlookers. From the last row of those attending Magia's session, there emerged a towering woman with an exaggerated figure. She had olive skin, dark wavy hair, a large bust, narrow waist, and unnaturally wide hips, matched by

immense thighs. When she paused alongside Magia and turned sideways to speak to her, he saw that she also possessed a bottom that jutted out hugely. Her shape was shown off by close-fitting clothes. The two women exchanged a few words before smiling at each other. The one with the hourglass shape moved purposefully toward Titan.

She grabbed his tiny hand in her much larger one. He gasped and gazed up at her round looming face. She sneered down at him. Why did he appear to be so short, and his hands to have become so small?

"Time to go home, Andy," she told him firmly. "My new little husband has to get started in his married life."

"Husband?" he said in alarm. His voice squeaked.

He attempted to pull away but lacked the strength to break her grip. She hauled him along by her side as she went back in the direction she had come. The members of the audience observed him with amusement and a limited amount of pity. As the pair passed out into the hallway, there was a full-length mirror in a golden frame, which he had seen on the way in. Now, as he stared in shock, he saw the big, weirdly sexy female who had grabbed him. Her reflection matched her reality. The figure she was restraining, however, was so short that the top of his head came only to her waist. He was wearing a scaled down version of the smart blue suit and red power tie in which Titan had arrived. There was also a narrow-brimmed trilby hat in white, with a green band, and shoes that must have come from the children's department. It was himself. He hadn't been wearing a hat before.

This one made him appear juvenile. Before he could take a second look, she dragged him away.

"Wait," his pipsqueak voice called up to her. "What happened to me, lady?"

"I am your wife and you will please address me as Davine. Or do I have to discipline you before you'll behave, Andy?"

"What do you mean by discipline?" he piped.

"I mean putting you over my lap for a spanking, or administering any other sort of punishment I deem necessary. Now, let's get you home so you can take care of my needs."

He didn't like the sound of that but, as she towed him along, could see that he had no choice. What had happened to his real body and voice? Could it be that Magia's magic was authentic? Davine dragged him out of the building and into an adjoining parking lot.

She demanded, "Can you be still or should I take you home in the trunk?"

"I..." Was she serious? He couldn't take the risk that she was.
"I'll keep still... um... Davine."

"That's better." She opened the door to the back. "Let's get you into your booster seat."

He was humiliated as she easily lifted him up and plunked him down into a narrow seat that was firmly secured, and then closed

and locked an attached harness to keep him there. The woman who claimed to be his wife settled her double-wide rump onto the driver seat and started the car. As they pulled off the lot, he checked for his own vehicle, where he remembered leaving it on the street, but did not see it. Soon they were on the road and leaving the city by a route not familiar to him. That led them through a suburban neighborhood and into a less populous area. At last, she followed an access road to a stately old house set on a low hill, and parked in a circular driveway. Releasing Titan from that embarrassing seat, she gripped his wrist and walked him up the front steps, which were a challenge for his short legs. Once they were inside, she was met by another tall woman with a full figure, though not as overblown as hers. This one had on a blouse with a row of ruffles down the front, and treader pants.

"Maritza," said Davine, "please give Andy his bath and bring him to me."

He wailed in protest when he was picked up by this new person. Martiza tucked him under her plump arm. He was in contact with the side of one large breast, which he found oddly exciting. She carried him to a bathroom and set him on his feet.

"All right, Shorty," she said, smirking down at him. "Get out of your clothes."

To start him off, she removed his hat and set it on the edge of a sink that was too high for him to easily use. He took a step backward. The heavysset female huffed at his hesitation, put her hands on his narrow shoulders, spun him around, and removed his jacket.

"Do you think you can do the rest by yourself, Tiny?"

As she stood there with her hands on her flaring hips, he shivered. This woman could easily strip him and he wouldn't be able to do much to stop her. Deciding that cooperation was the best course, he removed his tie and began to unbutton his shirt. It came off, followed by his shoes. Then he leaned against the wall to remove his socks. He opened his belt, unfastened the waist of his slacks, and lowered the fly. Did she really expect him to finish the job, with her watching him so impatiently? Fearful of having her do it for him, he got out of the pants. Then came his jockey shorts, which were pale blue. Once he had gotten them down and stepped out of them, he checked his genitals. At least they were still adult size, and he had retained his pubic hair, which gave him a bit of hope. Maritza eyed what was between his legs with disapproval. She motioned for him to enter the tub, which he did by climbing over the side. Then she turned on both faucets, got the water to a desired temperature, and closed the drain. As the tub began to fill, she gestured to indicate that he should sit, after which she passed him a bar of soap and washrag.

"Now wash yourself all over. Do a proper job. No backtalk, unless you want that soap to end up in your mouth."

Feeling helpless, struggling to understand how he had been so radically transformed, he began to cleanse himself. When he was done that, Maritza bent forward at the waist, her jumbo breasts hovering over him. She leaned Titan back and dipped his head in the water, then applied shampoo. His scalp was given a vigorous rubbing, before he was stood up and the shower put on to rinse

him. Finally, she lifted him out of the tub and wrapped him in an oversized towel.

"Come along," she said, leaving the room.

He followed behind her, glad that he was covered. His eyes were level with her super-size, swaying backside. His attention was dominated by that tremendous ass. He felt his penis stirring. She led him to a sitting room, where Davine was relaxing while she browsed through a fashion magazine for plus-size women. She looked up and saw the shrunken version of Andrew Titan approaching. Maritza stopped him in front of the seated woman.

"Is everything all right?" Davine wanted to know.

"Everything except this," Maritza said as she yanked away the towel.

Titan automatically covered his privates with his hands. Maritza slapped them away.

She told him, "Keep those at your sides, Andy."

Davine scowled at what she saw. "An oversight on Magia's part, which I'm sure she'll be happy to rectify." She took her phone from a side table and hit a preset number.

The speaker was on, so everyone heard Magia say, "Hello, dear. How is that cute husband I created for you working out?"

"Fine, except for a few details. Let me send you a picture." She aimed the phone below his waist and captured an image.

"I see," said the magic-user, with a chuckle. "Wasn't sure if you wanted those to be in scale with the rest of him or not."

"Small enough to match the rest of him, and then further reduced. Plus, please eliminate all his body hair."

"It will be my pleasure to do both those things. You know how displeased I am with him. My sources told me he was planning to put some sort of expose online, all about his belief that I'm not what I say I am." She sighed. "Just let me focus on that image you sent me for a few seconds."

Magia intoned some more of those words that Titan couldn't understand. The area in question began to tingle. He turned his eyes down and was astounded to see his man-size parts being diminished, until they were in scale with the rest of his shrunken self. That was followed by a few more of those incomprehensible syllables, after which his worst fear was realized, and his dipstick and family jewels diminished even more, until they were miniscule. He also saw his pubic bush vanish. The lack of any hair heightened the effect of his male parts' immaturity. It felt like invisible fingers were touching him all over, and then the rest of his body hair was gone.

"Thank you, dear," said Davine. "I didn't want him pestering me for intercourse, or getting the idea he was still a man."

"Well, he'll be able to become aroused, but I think even a fool like him will understand that you're not interested in his skinny, inch-long erections. The dear fellow will want sex but be incapable of having it. I mean, his teeny thing would be lost inside any woman's vagina. And it will be nearly impossible for him to finish, without extensive help from some outside source, which I think is an appropriate fate for an annoying creep like Andrew Titan."

"Or Andy T, as I now think of him," said Davine. "Maritza and I will take good care of him for you. I'm sure there will be plenty of erotic teasing from us, with no relief for him."

As if to demonstrate, Maritza squatted, reached around from behind, found Titan's nipples by touch, and teased them with her fingers. His breathing quickened and his hips twitched in a comical imitation of sexual action. That miniaturized dick stood up at its full but useless dimensions. He reached for the hands that were stimulating him but stopped short of grasping them. What he was feeling was too pleasurable for him to want it to stop. Unfortunately for the pint-sized male, his bitsy balls were already beginning to throb from unmet needs. He was released and the woman who identified herself as his wife thanked her benefactor and ended the phone call.

"No need for you to get dressed, Andy," Davine pointed out. "I want you naked in bed with me."

"But I'm... I don't... You can't make me..."

She laughed silently, her great bosom rising and falling, at his desperate attempt to defend himself from her whims. Getting up and pinching his ear, Titan's new wife walked him out of that room and down the hall. She called back to Maritza to please bring her a glass of brandy. Titan yelped from the pain in his ear, his voice still unnaturally high. He was steered into a spacious bedroom, in the center of which was a canopied bed fit for a queen. Davine let go of his ear, swatted his bare bottom, and told him to get up on the mattress. He pulled himself onto it and sat in the middle, with his slender legs pulled together to hide his shameful three-piece set.

In plain sight of him, Davine slowly undressed. During his former life he would have rejected a woman of her proportions. Now he found himself inexorably attracted to those ginormous curves.

When she turned away to set her clothes on a chair, he got an eyeful of her massive but well-formed rump clad in only panties. Still facing the other direction, she got out of those as well. Titan was panting. Had some sort of love spell been cast on him, along with the one that reduced him to a homunculus? He didn't have time to think about it, as she got into bed alongside him, sitting up, and draped an arm around his shoulders.

"It's almost time for you to perform your husbandly duties, Andy," she advised him. "Because you aren't capable of satisfying me with your laughably small pecker, you'll have to do it with your mouth."

He gagged at what she was suggesting. He had never done that for any female, even though he always expected them to give oral sex to him. He found the mere thought of having his lips on labia sickening. Maritza appeared, carrying a cut-crystal decanter and

glass on a round silver tray. She set them on the bedside table and poured her mistress a glass of brandy. Davine raised the glass and sipped luxuriously from it, before setting it aside. Then she stretched out on her back, with her head on a large pillow. She held Titan with her gaze and pointed to the juncture of her long legs. He whimpered but put himself between her lower limbs. That left his face only six inches from a fleshy mound, which bore dark curls above and alongside thick rippled lips of pink, which were already moist in anticipation of his attentions. He made a sour face but, when he spotted Maritza, she had her arms crossed under her weighty bosom and wore an expression that suggested she would enjoy discipling him for not performing as expected. He wriggled closer to his goal. The scent of a woman filled his nostrils. He felt so small in the bay of those curvaceous underpinnings. Out came his tongue and it touched the lower end of her furrow. He licked upward, finishing on the big woman's clitoris, which was like a grape to his reduced mouth. He sucked on the nub and lavished attention on it with his tongue. Then he lapped up and down her slit, with the end of his taster penetrating her. Davine made contented sounds that told him he was doing it right. He despised the taste and what he considered to be an unmanly act, but was too defeated already to even think of resisting.

"Take your time," his behemoth of a bride purred. "We have all night, dear."

Pinned under his body, that poor excuse for a penis remained rigid. His need for release kept mounting. His sexual energy, with nowhere else to go, was directed toward gratifying Davine. The urge to please her grew steadily, until it was all he could think

of. Seeing that all was well, Maritza discretely withdrew. As he kept his tongue and lips working, Davine's breathing grew deeper and faster. All at once she burst into a wet climax. He slurped up her excess juices and swallowed them. Slowly, she came down from the heights of ecstasy.

"That was pleasant," she said. "Now take even more time on the next one."

"Next... one?" he echoed.

"Of course, silly. A big woman has large appetites. Just keep going until I tell you I've had enough."

He moaned but said, "Yes, Davine."

Titan wished he could clean his lower face and rinse his mouth. Instead, he had to begin working her toward a second orgasm. She told him to go deeper, which forced him to press his face between her nether lips. It was like wearing some obscene mask. He continued, varying his techniques, while she lay there purring contentedly. His oral ordeal went on and on. Eventually, he put her over the top, for a second messy explosion. Surely, that was enough for the voracious female. But no. She demanded a third orgasm. His miniaturized penis had remained stiff all along and didn't relax while he gave her more satisfaction. After that she let him stop only because she wanted to take a nap.

"You may rub my legs while I sleep," she told him, sounding like royalty talking to some lowly underling.

He surveyed her massive thighs and large shapely calves, between which he was dwarfed. The odors of her sexual arousal filled the air. The taste of her pussy was thick on his tongue. As he began to massage one upper leg, his little penis refused to soften. His fingers worked on the soft surface tissues and underlying firm muscles. When he got to Davine's calves, they were alarmingly solid. He dreaded what might happen if she ever scissored him between those sturdy limbs. Without knowing he was doing it, Titan straddled one thigh, just above the knee. His hips began to move. He was humping her leg like some misbehaving puppy. She awoke and caught him in the midst of his disobedient act.

"Are you enjoying yourself, Andy T?" she wanted to know.

He realized what he had been doing, along with the fact that it had gotten him even more excited yet no closer to gaining release. "I... um... didn't mean to..."

"No excuses." Her voice remained level but allowed for no discussion. "You have forced me to punish you, little one."

Titan sniffled. Where was the resolve he had once possessed? He clumsily dismounted from her leg and backed to the edge of the mattress. She rose and went to a golden chair with a scrollwork back. It was extra wide, to accommodate her queenly bottom. She sat and patted her lap. He went to her with his head hung in shame, and tried to get across her thighs. She had to help him, which was one more reminder of his weakness. Once he was in place for a spanking, she set a hand on the small of his back. The fingers of her other hand palped his buttocks, as if to gauge how much punishment they could take. One of her fingers ran

between them, tantalizing him. He bit his lips and grabbed hold of the legs of the chair. Even under those unnerving circumstances, his erection maintained itself.

"I hope you will learn something from this," she suggested.

Before he could think about that, she swung and delivered a spank that knocked the breath out of him. Three more followed. He shrilled and kicked his small feet. She stopped, leaving him gasping. His buns were on fire. He fought not to cry. She resumed swatting, this time delivering a half dozen. That opened the floodgates of tears. He bawled and couldn't remain still. She smiled and landed an even dozen more, which reduced him to a blubbering wreck. After letting him regain partial control of himself, she finished with two more spanks.

"What do you think the lesson of that spanking was?"

"Not to rub myself on your leg," he sobbed, hoping it was an acceptable answer.

"No. The lesson was that you should ask permission before doing it."

He was confused but accepted her logic. As he was permitted to get back on his feet, his tiny pecker had a glistening drop of clear liquid on its end. His testicles ached. His ass was aflame. And his head wouldn't stop spinning.

"You can clean up the sitting room," she told him. "I will summon Maritza and she will take you there, and give you dust rags and

whatever else you need. Do a good job because I have ladies coming to visit tomorrow."

He was still trying to sort out his thoughts when Maritza appeared. Seeing the dried fluids on his face and those bright red nether cheeks, she was smugly aware of what Titan had been put through, and amused by it. He followed her to a room furnished with a number of chairs and couches, as well as side tables. She supplied him with sponges, a bucket, and the aforementioned rags. He had to dust and wipe every piece of furniture, then put water in the bucket so he could go over everything again with sponges. It took hours, especially as he was required to clean the feet of every piece of furniture. When it was all done, he was allowed to wash his hands, but not his face, in a cramped lavatory. He was also permitted to relieve his bladder. That was possible because all the cleaning had made his penis go flaccid. His member had become so short that he had to stand close enough to the toilet that the fronts of his legs touched it. Maritza stood in the doorway and watched as he did his business.

From there she took him to an alcove off the kitchen, where a low table and small chair waited. After he was seated, she attached a tray to the chair, making it impossible for him to get off of it. Still naked, he had to sit there while she fixed him something to eat. It was a bowl of some sort of mush with very little flavor. There was also a cup of diluted apple juice. The meal ended when she produced a bottle of something and a table spoon. As soon as she removed the cap, he smelled a fishy stink that made him wrinkle his nose.

"It's fermented cod liver oil," she explained. "Very good for you. You'll get at least two spoons full of it every day."

As she filled her spoon to its limits, his throat tried to close up. When he didn't open his mouth quickly enough, she pinched shut his nose. Then the spoon went in and he was allowed to close his lips. When she withdrew the utensil, the awful tasting substance was left on his tongue. The taste of Davine had been bad enough, but this was much worse. She let him gag and choke for a minute before preparing the second dose. That one made his eyes water. He had learned enough by then to not even consider asking to be allowed to gargle and spit.

"Now we will go to the dining room," she announced.

When they got there, Davine was seated at the end of a long table, fully dressed now, with a covered dish and glass of wine before her. Titan could smell the tempting aromas of a fine meal.

She glanced at him and said, "I don't want to see you while I'm eating. Get under the table. You may touch and kiss my boots."

Her imperious tone was disarming. He scrambled to go where she wanted him. Her footwear was knee-high boots of red leather that laced up the front, had pointed toes, and featured stiletto heels. He automatically bowed worshipfully before them. He recalled the lesson from earlier, about being given permission, and was happy it had been granted. Titan, once independent and confident, kissed the toe of each boot. He was grateful for the privilege. He wrapped his little fingers around the narrow heels and held onto them as he repeatedly inhaled the fragrance. He

pressed his lips to the top of one boot and kissed his way down the laces, then did the same to the other. He was overcome by a feeling of dependence on the women who now regulated him. When he tried to access the part of his mind where his proud ego resided, it was as if a connection had been cut. He ran his hands up the backs of Davine's boots, aware that her alluring calves were inside them. He sighed and lavished kisses on the boots' uppers and insteps. He even wriggled around on his sides so he could kiss their outer surfaces and heels. Davine's meal must have included multiple courses. He lost track of time and could think of little except her lower legs and what encased them. He wanted to reach up under the hem of her skirt to touch her thighs but the issue of permission came to the fore again.

Davine got up and left. Titan felt abandoned. He wanted to be near to her. Maritza told him to stay where he was. He knelt there, alone and longing. His thoughts were concentrated on everything that had happened in the preceding hours. He kissed the part of the floor where her feet had rested.

After a time, Maritza told him to come out from under the table. He stood in front of her, shamed by his nakedness. She eyed him critically.

"Davine wants you in bed with her."

He was torn. Titan didn't want another session of being her oral slave. At the same time, she was becoming the center of his existence. He went to where she waited on that regal bed. The imposing woman wore a long nightgown and had the covers pushed aside.

She said, "You may get under what I'm wearing and give me a goodnight kiss between the legs."

He shuddered as he climbed onto the bed. Titan lifted the hem of what she had on and slithered between her long legs, until his nose touched the center of her femininity. He compulsively inhaled its scent as he had with the smell of the boots. Why wasn't he able to resist, if only in his mind? He puckered up and kissed her moist labia from top to bottom.

Davine sighed and said, "Give me an orgasm."

He didn't want to. He was a man who never used his mouth on women that way. Yet he craved it. His micro-penis grew rigid. His mini-balls throbbed demandingly. He started slowly, using only the tip of his tongue, eager to give her the maximum amount of pleasure for the longest possible length of time. Her female musk grew powerful in that confined space. Titan lovingly kissed her inner thighs. The former womanizer pampered her pussy endlessly, licking, sucking her clitoris, probing. She had a climax that soaked his face.

The domineering woman told him to back out from under her nightgown, which he did reluctantly. She rolled over onto her belly. Titan couldn't look away from the twin hills of her bounteous bottom.

She said, "You may crawl back into my sleepwear and use my ass as your pillow. I'll expect you to stay there all night. If you wish, you can worship it for as long as you please."

He was horrified. He was thrilled. It was the best of offers. It was the worst of offers. Davine yawned. He got his head under the billowy article of clothing and worked it forward until it rested in the valley between those high hemispheres. He planted feathery kisses on the nearest buttock's inner curve. Soon, the woman was asleep. Like a mischievous boy, he turned his head until his face was pointed downward between those fleshy cushions. No. He couldn't go any further. He wouldn't. He did, burrowing deeper like some foraging animal, until he was nearly smothering himself in that snug, earthy-smelling space. Sensing what she might enjoy, he felt around with his tongue until he found Davine's tight pucker. Titan intuited that, if he went further, it would put him on a path that allowed no turning back. Despite that, he kissed and licked. He ran his tongue around in tight circles. He even dared to push cautiously, until he entered. It was as if this was his purpose in life. No matter how much he got, he wanted more. She appeared to sleep soundly, though once or twice he thought he heard her chuckle as he worshipped in that unnatural way. By the morning, he was hopelessly addicted.

Because company was coming, he had to clean the bathroom. Maritza gave him a frilly apron to wear. He had to clean the entire room, with special attention to a toilet that was built to accommodate vast bottoms like Davine's. He was honored to do it, especially after how he had spent much of the previous night. The apron should have shamed him, except that it was what his wife wanted, which made it what he wanted.

After that job was done, he still hadn't seen his bride. He longed to be near her. Instead, he had to hand launder her panties, which had been allowed to accumulate.

Maritza instructed, "Before you wash them, you have to suck out the crotch and seat of each pair, slowly and thoroughly."

It sounded weird but a part of him was drawn to the task. When he got the first one in his mouth, muscles relaxed all through his body. It felt so natural to be doing that. The taste was strong and a bit sour, yet he savored it. Once more, a part of him wanted to object. Again, it didn't happen. It was as if he was being drawn backward, further and further from any chance of freedom. He stood there, in front of the plastic wash basin, pre-washing the gusset and center of the seat of each pair of soiled panties, like a gourmet tasting fine wines.

Hours later, when the visitors were due to arrive, he was permitted to don harem pajamas. Through their filmy material his magically depilated skin and miniaturized genitals were clearly visible. He didn't want anyone to see him like that, especially not Davine's female friends. Even so, what she wanted was his first concern, so he resigned himself to being shamefully displayed. Maritza also gave him slippers with curled up toes, to enhance his look. He was tasked with answering the door when the guests arrived. There were three of them, all tall and voluptuous like Davine and Maritza. He was immediately smitten with their extreme contours and superior height. Titan led them to the sitting room, where Davine greeted the arrivals as Lilith, Morgana and Tannis. They planted their supersize rumps on seats around the room. The four females chatted about magic. The little male

was sent to the kitchen, where Maritza had a tray of hors d'oeuvres ready for him to serve. He had to return, carrying it, humiliated by his lowly position and unmanly outfit. As he offered the edibles to each woman, they would eye him more closely. Their gazes made his nerve endings tingle. He noticed that they wore amulets and rings that were not unlike those of Magia. He spotted similar jewelery now on the woman who called herself his wife. After a bit, Maritza entered with a tray that held port wine and glasses. Davine's friends accepted drinks gladly.

"Tell me," Davine said to the full-figured females. "What do you think of the cute pet that Magia created for me? He's called Andy T."

"Isn't he the one who keeps trying to debunk our magic?" asked blond Lilith

"And threatened to expose us online?" chestnut-tressed Morgana wanted to know.

"Who said he would ruin us utterly," added dusky Tannis, whose black hair was cut in a Cleopatra style.

"That's him," confirmed Davine. "Magia's incantations have reduced him to what you see before you. I've been using a modicum of magic, along with my natural feminine charms, to bring him more fully under my power. The reason I summoned you three here today is so you could each contribute to his final ruin as a threat. Actually," she confided, "he's helpless now. But I'm sure we'd all like to see Andy T. suffer even more for his past misdeeds."

They laughed at that statement and raised their glasses in an impromptu toast. Titan trembled at the thought of being changed even more.

"I know what I want to do to him," stated Lilith as she took a vial of green fluid from her belt. "Just let me drink this, to give my powers a boost." She swallowed the liquid and then called Titan to approach her. When he was close enough, she put her hand on his throat and closed her eyes. After a moment she released him and looked at him closely. "Do you feel any different?"

He made a wet sucking sound and said, "N... n... no. I mean, m... m... maybe." It was like he had excess saliva that affected his stuttering speech, while his voice remained as high as before.

"Now," declared Lilith, "every time this former sexist pig speaks, he will be reminded of how he has been paid back."

"I'll go next," offered Morgana.

She took a small dagger from a sheath she wore and pricked the end of her finger. Touching a spot just above Titan's navel, which was left uncovered by his costume, she took a deep breath and then exhaled in his direction. The spot of blood was absorbed directly through his skin. With everyone watching, he quivered uncontrollably and then froze. Before their eyes, his chest swelled, as two small breasts with high nipples were formed. His hips expanded, thighs rounded, and bottom enlarged.

"Nuh... uh... n... n... no. You can't... can't... can't do this to me," he stammered.

"Why not? It goes perfectly with what you're wearing. Now instead of handling women, you can be handled by them. She teased his nipples, which made him moan from pleasure.

"And now me," said Tannis, as she clutched the cartouche that hung around her neck. At the same time, she spread her fingers to cover Titan's face. "I'm giving you features that match the rest of your new look, as well as your new station in life. A face which changes at times, as circumstances dictate."

She withdrew her hand. Titan's lips swelled. His eyebrows thinned, lashes lengthened, and cheekbones became prominent. There was a mirror on the wall but it was too high for him to use. Maritza took it down and held it in front of him. He shook his head in disbelief.

"That's not m... me," he said, and then noisily sucked spittle back through his teeth. "It... it c... can't b... b... be."

"But it is," Maritza assured him.

Davine chortled at his distress. "There is one gift remaining, which is mine to you." She motioned for Maritza to bring the mirror to her. Davine held the frame and uttered words under her breath. Then she told her helper, "Let Andy T. see himself again."

This time, when he looked, Titan saw himself as he had been before Magia originally used her arcane talents to shrink him to

his current stature. "I'm myself again," he cried with relief. "I'm...
ah, ah..."

His reflection shimmered and became distorted. When it snapped back to clarity, he was once more gazing at the face given to him by Tannis. He pressed his fingers to the glass, bowed his head, and cried.

"Too bad, little one." Davine's words of consolation were patently false. "Now every time you look into that mirror or any other one in my home, you will be given a tantalizing glimpse of who you used to be. Then, all too soon, the image will change back to your true self."

"Nooooo," he wailed. "Y... you c... c... can't."

"I already have," she advised him. "And I have no intention of reversing what I have done. I believe the same is true for these other fine ladies."

Titan's attention shifted from one to another of the zaftig women. Every face bore a mocking expression, which told him all he needed to know. Those billowing curves spoke directly to his libido. He wanted them. He wanted to serve the owners, as he had learned to do with Davine. His mind spiraled downward, out of control, into the hellish destination that had been prepared for it. The women closed in around him.

Davine told them, "You are all welcome to use Andy T. in the main guest bedroom. I invite you to stay for the weekend, and beyond if you wish. From now on, you may make him your plaything too,

Maritza. He will be available to every one of you for the entire time... except when he is attending to my own needs."

All of those present laughed at that last remark. All except for the former Andrew Titan.
