

Building a Better World - Part 5/5

“And there we have it,” said Dia. “*Succubi*.” She flicked her gaze to John Tricks, who was trembling where he stood. “Enjoy,” she said, giving him a knowing wink.

Gathering up his robes, John Tricks turned and scurried off.

“Where’s he going?” asked Lollian.

“I’ll tell you when you’re older.”

As Lollian frowned in confusion, Dia raised her staff and slammed it back down into the ground. “Alright you party of petty cantrip-merchants, so far you cowards have picked at the possibilities like a man with a shrimp allergy at the seafood buffet. Is this the best the wizards of the world have to offer? Trees? Elves? Princesses? We’re rebuilding the *world* here, people. Why don’t you show some fucking creativity?”

The circle broke into furious argument. In seconds, the air was full of suggestions.

Dia smiled. “You,” she said, pointing her staff at a young woman in healer’s robes.

“M-me?” The argument stopped as everyone turned to her.

“Yes, you. What’s your name?”

“Wh-Whitney Mage.”

“And what did you say just now?”

The woman gulped. “I-I merely suggested we make some slimes.” She pushed her fingertips together shyly. “They make such potent reagents.”

“Slimes?!” said Dia Morphine. “Slimes?! We’re here rebuilding the entire fucking world, and you want us to summon some slimes?”

Whitney Mage shrank. “I-I only meant—”

“Shut up. Who the hell asked you to speak anyway?” Shaking her head, Dia turned to the rest of the circle. “Come on, come on, we’re running out of time and mana here people. Anyone else got anything they wanna see before we break for lunch?”

She was hoping for another argument, but the crowd seemed strangely shy again. She sighed. “Okay, fine, if *you* guys don’t have any ideas, we’ll use one of mine..”

Dia licked her lips. This was it, this was the moment she’d been waiting for...

“...What is it?” asked Lollian, looking at her curiously.

“Well,” said Dia, “why don’t I show you?” And without waiting for another word, she dunked her head back into the barrel of the multiverse, found the world named Earth, and *pulled*.

She quite liked the Demon King’s tower. Why not make one of her own?

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Phones rang. Fax machines whirred. Men and women ran about, bodies crammed into too-tight shirts and pants, while fingers clicked against keyboards, working their way through ream after ream of paper.

In the midst of all this chaos, new intern Laura bit her tongue to try and keep herself from crying. It didn’t really work.

“Hey, hey, relax,” said her mentor, Rachel, “you’ll get the hang of it eventually.”

Laura flicked a glance at the older woman, took in the curves she had crammed into her suit, and snapped her gaze back to her desk, feeling like a skinny bitch *as well* as a failure. “I-I just can’t process what they’re saying,” she said, wiping some specks of moisture from her eyes. “It’s fine when we’re talking over email, but whenever it’s over phone or in-person I just—I just stop understanding what they’re saying.” She covered her face and slumped onto her desk.

Rachel’s hand squeezed her shoulder. “Hey, come on,” she said, “everyone has their weaknesses. You’ll get over it eventually. All you have to do is talk to people more.”

Laura groaned. “I wish I never had to talk to anyone ever again,” she said, without looking up.

The instant she finished speaking, she heard a sound like a fuse popping and had to keep herself from jumping upright. What was that? Had someone plugged too many plugs into the socket again? That was the third time this week—

Laura heard a scream and felt herself falling.

With a squeal of her eyes, she snapped her gaze up and found herself tumbling through a swirling vortex of pink and blue streams. The wind whipped at her, throwing back her hair. She stared, wild-eyed, into the endless abyss below her.

Someone else screamed nearby. Heart pounding, Laura snapped her gaze in the direction and found herself staring at the falling figure of Rachel, flailing as she tumbled meters behind her. “Laura!” cried the older woman.

Laura struggled to respond.

From high above her came tens of little crackles and flashes, like sparks from a frayed wire. Looking up, Laura found she and Rachel weren't the only people falling. Above her were half the people on their floor of the office, and more appeared with every second she watched.

Laura's heart, which was already racing, hit the accelerator. "What's going on?!" The wind caught her words and whipped them away into the sky.

A second later, a fresh blast of wind caught *her*. Cold and blue and sharp, it shredded her ill-forming business casual like one of her Done piles. As scraps and ribbons went flying off into the air, Laura squeaked and clasped her body, trying and failing to cover her nipples and her sex.

From above her came a shriek, and Laura looked up to see Rachel doing the same, with considerably less success—the older woman's curves were a lot harder to conceal than Laura's own, and no matter how Rachel positioned her arms, some of the fat inevitably spilled over the edge of them.

Laura blushed and looked away.

What's happening to us? she thought, heart racing. *What's happening?!*

From below came a spiral pink wind, and with it: a strange feeling of warmth and belonging.

With a moan, Laura raised her legs and leaned forward, wrapping her arms around her chest and squeezing her little breasts tight. Above her, Rachel followed suit, her larger boobs spilled over and under her limbs. Above her in turn, the rest of their colleagues copied her too, one after another after another.

As she finished assuming this pose, Laura felt an intense pressure coming from all sides at once, as if a giant hammer had slammed into each of her sides. Whatever it was in truth, it struck her with a blast of what could only be called ecstasy. Pleasure flowed inward from her skin all the way to her core, and as it reached her sex, Laura's mind ignited. She opened her mouth to scream, long and loud—

—and froze, as if her body had turned to stone.

In reality, she'd become considerably more malleable. As she slipped into the depths of orgasm, the pressure on her increased, and her altered body slowed compacted into a smaller, cleaner shape. She felt her face flattened, felt her arms crushed into her sides, felt the smooth curves of her buttocks reduced to a harsh right angle as the pressure reduced her, slowly, to a cube.

Above her, the rest of her colleagues followed suit.

Finally, just as Laura managed to break through the mists of orgasm, the pressure on her ceased, or rather *altered*. Looking down at her flattened cheeks, she watched as her skin turned to the smooth white of marble.

A second later, another impact struck her befuddled mind as she landed in a smooth trench dug into the dirt. Before she had chance to recover, Rachel's equally cubed form landed right of her with a thump, followed by another colleague on her left. With a series of similar sounds, she and her colleagues filled the trench.

Finally, the thumps became clacks as the next layer of office workers-turned-blocks landed atop them.

Laura could only lie there, silently lost in ecstasy, as a tall wall built itself with *her* as the foundation.

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Lacy's heels clattered against the sidewalk as they exited the cafe. "O M G," she said, carefully punctuating each letter, "this is, like, the most delicious smoothie I've tasted in my *en-tire* life."

"O M G, like, *really?*" came the chorus of her friends: Stacy, Tracy, Macy, and Gertrude.

She flicked them a glance that said 'duh, you fucking imbeciles' and turned and strode down the street of New York like the queen of the world she knew she was.

"Lacy! Lacy! Lacy!" came her friend's insistent, overlapping voices. "Where are we going next, Lacy?"

Lacy paused, spun around, and threw them a look that said 'really, you have to ask?' In reality, she didn't know herself—she'd been too focused on her smoothie. Like hell she was going to tell them that though. "Where do you, like, think we're going?" she asked.

She meant it as sarcasm, but her royal court took it as a genuine question. "Er, the mall?" said Stacy (or possibly Tracy).

"The beach?" said Tracy (or possibly Macy).

"Laser tag?" asked Gertrude.

Lacy could only roll her eyes at these plebeian suggestions. "The mall?" she said, turning up her nose. "The *beach? Laser tag?! You whores. We're going—*"

She took a step back and dropped down a manhole.

Or so she thought, at any rate. It took her a moment to realize the spirals of pink and blue around her weren't *quite* what the New York sewer system looked like. A blast of wind caught her exquisitely styled hair. Absently, Lacy smoothed it back down again.

From above her came a scream. Instinctively, Lacy looked up and found herself staring at the flailing forms of her best friends & Gertrude. Her gaggle of followers were falling with some speed. It only took them a handful of seconds to catch up with her.

“Lacy!” cried Macy (or possibly Stacy). “Where are we?!” She desperately tried to keep her skirt down.

Lacy opened her mouth to give the answer she always had and found that, for the first time in her life, she didn’t have one. “I-I don’t know.”

Stacy turned to Tracy, who shared a glance with Macy, who glanced in turn—with some reluctance—to the scowling face of Gertrude, who said: “Oh, you *don’t* know, do you?”

The other three screamed.

From below came a sudden blast of wind, icy cold and knife sharp. As one, the five of them squealed as it sliced through their clothes, tearing designer skirts and leggings and shirts into little more than ribbons.

Lacy squeaked and covered her exposed chest, feeling somehow smaller than she ever had in her life.

A second later, a warmer wind touched them.

Lacy gasped as her arms and legs snapped straight and a feeling of utter intense pleasure went roaring through her body. Opening wide, she moaned like a whore. Beside her, her followers did something very similar.

Slowly, like a quintet of professional swimmers, the five of them glided into a line, with Lacy at one end and Gertrude at the other. As one, they stretched, spreading their legs and splaying their fingers, as if they were all working together to support some vast weight.

As her limbs locked in place, Lacy struggled to think through the pleasure. Her whole body felt so tense, so rigid with pressure. Even the slightest shift made her want to scream. Since her upper lips couldn’t move, her lower ones took up the slack: a spray of juice poured out of her exposed sex, and the wind caught it and threw it up into the air like a shower in reverse. She didn’t even notice her friends’ doing the same.

With each second that passed, movement became that slightest bit harder. Finally, Lacy found she couldn’t move at all. All she could do was stand there, stretched tall and spread wide, as her skin shimmered and turned to the hard white of marble. It was the best part of the experience so far.

Finally, they landed. At the speed they hit the ground, it should have shattered them to pieces. Instead, all it did was leave her a little dazed.

Collecting her thoughts, Lacy struggled to look around. She found herself standing on a floor of marble blocks. Beside her stood her friends, as silent and solid as herself.

We-we’re, like, statues?

Something crashed into her hands, instantly jarring her entire body. If Lacy could have still moved her mouth she would have screamed half in shock, half in pleasure at the ecstasy it brought her. The weight, the tension, oh God—it was like being dangled over the edge of orgasm. Fuck, she wanted to cum. She wanted to cum!

As it happened, they'd actually become pillars.

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A rhythmic slapping sounded from the water as a pair of strong arms struck it over and over.

“Come on, Michelle! You can do it!” Kneeling at the far end of the pool, swimming coach Diane could only grin as her star pupil's hands smacked into the edge of the pool. She clicked her stopwatch. “Ten minutes, sixteen seconds. That's a new record, Michelle.”

Red-faced, too out of breath to speak, Michelle simply looked up and gave her a feeble smile.

Diane stood. “Let's take a five-minute break, then we'll try again and aim for a clean ten minutes, okay? Get some water down you. You don't wanna run out of electrolytes, do you?”

Michelle shook her head.

“Good.” Diana turned to head back to the seats, where her own bag of drinks—including a surreptitious flask of brandy—sat.

As she took an eager step towards it, however, her foot slipped on the slick floor of the pool room, and the world spun and fell away from her.

Diana expected to strike cool water. What she *actually* hit was a cushion of cold air.

As she screamed in shock, someone else screamed in sympathy. Diana looked up, and found Michelle falling after her. Together, they tumbled through a tornado of strange wind.

“Coach!” cried Michelle, her eyes wide and wild with shock.

Diane tried to find a response, but something soon caught her attention. Above Michelle, tens of little fireworks were going off. In little flashes, she saw person after person appear and tumble after them. Distantly, she recognised them as the other people from the pool.

Michelle screamed again, and Diane snapped her gaze down just in time to catch a blast of cold air to the face. Sharp as a sword, it cut through her swimsuit easily, leaving her and Michelle squealing as they tumbled. A series of cries from above suggested something similar had happened up there.

Heart pounding, Diane tried to grab her student's hand and offer some kind of sympathy. But before she could reach her, Michelle screamed once more. Again, Diane snapped her eyes down...

...and saw a smooth, hard surface flying up to meet them, fast.

Diane screamed—

—and struck the ground with a splash.

Diane had expected to splatter on impact. What she actually did wasn't dissimilar, though it was considerably less gory than she'd envisioned. *Drops* of her sprayed everything, outward and about. One particularly big globule—the one carrying her sight—even flew back upward, before tumbling back into herself with a second, slightly quieter *splash*.

Water washed over her sight, blurring her vision, and Diane realized she was near the bottom of a swimming pool.

A sudden desperate urge for air overtook her. In panic, she tried to force herself upward, to thrust her head through the surface and gulped greedily for oxygen. It didn't work—no matter how hard she tried to make herself move, all she could do was lie there in the pool, sloshing slightly.

She watched as Michelle struck her and exploded, body instantly transmuting into an equal mass of water. Mentally, Diane gasped in sudden shock—she could feel her student's transformed body mingling with her own as the million drops of water that comprised them mixed and touched. It made her want to scream in delight. No lover had ever touched her so erotically.

A second later, a third person joined them. Then a fourth, and a fifth, and—

With each addition, the water in the pool rose just that little bit higher, and the pleasure it was experiencing became all that much greater.

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The applause died slowly to a stop. Standing in the center of the stage, heart pounding, Hana flashed her fellow idols a grin and raised the microphone to her mouth. "Thank you, you've been a great crowd!" Sweat dripped from her brow. God, she needed to get some drink in her.

Ten thousand men and women (mostly men) cheered in response.

Then they started to disappear in little flashes of blue light.

Hana could only stand there in shock, jaw gaping, hand frozen in the middle of a final playful little wave, as her crowd of adoring fans vanished screaming from existence. One by one, they slipped out of existence, leaving only a fading splotch of blue light where they'd been standing.

Behind her, one of her fellow idols screamed.

Hana herself, heart pounding, sweat dripping from her forehead, took a step backward out of sheer instinct—

—and squealed as she found nothing to stand on. With a scream of panic, she dropped into the abyss.

Cold, sharp air stung her skin as she fell, rippling through her hair and ripping away her headset. With *another* scream, she flailed, tossing her mic into the air. It sailed off into the sky like a child's lost balloon.

A sound from below snapped Hana's attention downward. Looking down, she found out what had happened to her crowd: beneath her, thousands of people were tumbling naked into the swirling abyss. The sight stopped her heart and her breathing both.

For several seconds, Hana simply stared, pale-faced at the cluster of flailing pink shapes beneath her. She watched as a blue wind blew through them, tearing clothes to scraps. Watched as a pink wind followed after, doing something stranger. She barely even noticed as her fellow idols and teammates popped into existence above her.

As she struggled to process what she was seeing, a ribbon of blue wind came coiling up out of the chaos and struck her, slicing through her clothes as cleanly as any blade. Away went her costume, reduced to a handful of slivers. The shock of her sudden nakedness was so strong it took her several seconds to react. Only when one of her teammates cried out to her own did Hana finally squeal and clasp herself.

Beneath her, the pink wind squirmed like a serpent through the crowd, doing strange things to the bodies that it touched. Hana watched, tears forming in her eyes, as person after person turned gold and shrank, reduced from her adoring fans to little discs of gilded metal.

A second later, the pink wind came for *her*.

Hana screamed as heat roared through her form, turning her panic to lust in an instant. Throwing back her head, she released a steamy gasp. Sweat poured down her legs, mingling with the juices of her sex.

She was about to slip her fingers into it when a new force seized her arms and slammed her hands against her hips, as she sometimes placed them when wiggling her butt teasingly. An instant later, her head snapped upright, and she opened her mouth wide...

...far, far wider than should ever have been possible.

Melding together, her feet stretched around her legs as a circle, forming a little base for her changing body to stand on. Moments later, they turned a brilliant shade of gold, exactly the same as that of the former fans beneath her. Slowly, the color spread up her form.

With her head held upward, Hana couldn't see her transformation. All she could do was watch her fellow idols as they changed.

Above her, Sakura stretched her arms wide and coiled her feet together into a hilt, even as her hair rose and sharpened into a bright metal blade. Beside her, Hikari raised her hands defensively and—with a final moan of pleasure—flattened into a shield.

Elsewhere, Megumi squeaked as her body hardened and hollowed, skin turning to hard steel even as everything inside it vanished. In seconds, there was nothing left of her save a suit of shining armor.

Finally, her fellow idol Hinata gave a cry of utter delight and *streeetched* her arms downward even as they turned gold, forming a gilded rectangle with her head at the very top. Between it, the remainder of her body flattened and shimmered, turning into a pane of smooth, reflective silver. Hana saw something strange in it—it took her a second to recognize it as her own altered image.

A second later, they touched down with a speed that should have smashed them. Hana cried out in her mind as the vortex of light vanished, replaced by smooth marble walls and the tinkling of coins.

Forcing her gaze down as far as she was able, she managed to see—over her room—a pile of her former fans spilling to fill the floor of the vast, luxurious treasure chamber. They looked indistinguishable from any other pile of coins.

Nearer to herself, she found other, equally expensive artifacts: a long, jewel-pomelled sword; a shield studded in gold; a suit of gilded armor with a particularly emphasized bust; and a grand mirror, clear and reflective.

In its glass, she saw herself: a great, golden chalice shaped like a woman and studded with all manner of little gems. Her arms, connected to her hips, formed the handles, while her open mouth, stretched impossibly wide, had become the bowl.

For several seconds, she simply stared at herself woozily, unable to find the concentration even to process her situation.

God, she needed to get some drink in her.

*

Dia Morphine's grin grew wider with every second that passed. Through the spell, she watched as block after transfigured block fell into place, as walls assembled themselves and floorboards planted themselves and furnishings popped into existence as requested. Her new tower had a grand bedroom, a basement full of treasure, even a swimming pool at the very highest level—just imagining it made her want to jump about in glee. She couldn't wait to actually get over there and try it.

(Don't even get her started on how highly-enchanted the place was. She couldn't wait to cast a spell there.)

Finally, the last few bricks slid easily into place, probably wondering exactly what had happened to them. The thought made Dia laugh.

Peeling her eyes out of the starscape of the spell-trance, she flicked a glance at the circle to see if any of them had figured out what she'd done yet. The knotted brows and pursed lips she found were exactly the confirmation she wanted.

Only Lollian seemed to be catching on. "Hang on a second, what did you just build? You used more mana than the rest of the changes combined!"

Some of the other mages muttered as they sensed how much she'd drained them. One or two took a step outside their place, expressions tightening as they realized they'd been duped.

Fortunately, she'd saved enough of her own mana for a teleport. "Well, thanks for the help," she said, giving them a gracious bow. "But I've got what I wanted out of this, soooo..." She smirked. "...See ya." And with a snap of her fingers, azure light consumed her.

The last thing she heard before the Dark Tower vanished was the protest of tens of irate mages.

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It took several months to convene enough magic-users to continue the Ritual of Remaking.

This should come as no surprise. Construction works are inevitably delayed. Especially when they happen to involve an entire planet.