

It was a dark and horny night; the full moon shone through the clouds, yellow as month-old semen, its sickly rays guiding trick-or-treaters from house to house in their furious search for sugar. Bats hooted in the trees; owls squeaked in the caves; wolves howled in the distance. Or maybe it was just a dog—we don't really have wolves in this area.

Meanwhile, in the basement of his haunted two-story, 1680 square foot suburban house, amateur sorcerer Malcolm 'Mal' E. Ficium opened his grimoire with an appropriately evil laugh. "Ahahahaha! At long last, my dreams of sexual conquest are about to come true!"

"Malcolm, keep it quiet down there!"

Malcolm winced. "Jeez, mom, okay! Whatever! Urgh!" Double-checking the basement door was locked, he turned back to his work.

Before him lay an enormous ritual circle painted in the finest fake blood, all dark and red and decorated with the most esoteric symbols he'd found on the internet. Surrounding it: an assortment of his mom's scented candles (he was particularly fond of the butterscotch ones), and in his hand: the ritual weapon (read: the butter knife he'd pilfered from the kitchen).

Finally, in the center of the circle lay the sacrifice of the hour: his pet hamster, Rasputin. "Squeak."

Malcolm turned his attention back to the grimoire. "Now, where was I?" he said, as characters are wont to say in this situation. "Ah, yes. The ritual. Time to begin the Incantation!"

He looked down at the page. And squinted. Man, he should really have worn his reading glasses for this. He guessed he could always go and fetch them, but urgh, they were all the way upstairs. Whatever—he'd just wing it.

Approaching the circle, he cleared his throat. "Clatter! Veranda!" He leaned closer. "...Neeto!" Bending over, he raised the butter knife and gave Mr. Squeaks the lightest jab possible. Just enough to leave a little dent in the hamster's fur.

"Squeak?" said Rasputin.

And then he keeled over and died.

With a terrible *whoosh*, hellfire filled the basement. Smoke and wild red lights, like he'd stumbled into some kind of fancy strip club. In the distance, he heard a choir chanting in poorly-translated Latin. The air smelled of brimstone and butterscotch.

A shadow stood before him, burning in the darkness. "Who dares summon me?"

"Oh shit, it worked," said Malcolm, blinking in surprise. "Oh *shit*." He hadn't been prepared for this. He'd never, not in his wildest dreams, expected /x/ to actually be right about something.

The figure in the smoke coughed in annoyance. "I said 'who dares summon me?'. That's the part where you give me your name, jackass."

"O-oh. Malcolm."

"*Malcolm?!*" A woman stepped out of the smoke.

Actually, that didn't do it justice. A *lot* of woman stepped out of the smoke, most of her boobs: she had pink-skin with dark black sclera, a pointed tail, and a tattoo right on her womb in the style of a love heart, though Malcolm saw none of this, on account of how his eyes were boring into her tits. Fuck, they were like pumpkins!

"Malcolm?!" The succubus scowled. "What kind of corny name is Malcolm? Who the fuck are you? What kind of lame-ass wizard tower is this? Fucking amateurs. Why don't you stick to summoning imps?" When he failed to respond, she groaned. "Whatever. Where's your contract, anyway? What do I have to sign to get out of this circle?"

"Contract?" said Malcolm.

The succubus squinted at him. "Yeeeeees. The contract. The deal you make with me so I don't rip your head off and use it as a coffee mug. The second most important part of summoning any demon?"

"Er..."

"After the protective circle you use to keep them restrained until they *accept* your deal?" Seeing his expression, the succubus looked down and nudged the circle with a toe. "Is this fake blood?"

Malcolm loomed squeamish. "I'm kinda afraid of the real kind..."

The succubus brought her hands together and held them there in front of her face, eyes closed, for several long seconds. "Oh boy," she said at last. "Well, this is gonna be a real learning opportunity for you, kid." Strolling out of the circle, she grabbed Malcolm by the scruff of his shirt.

As she wrenched him off the ground, he trembled in her grip. "S-so," he said, "this is the part where we have sex, right?"

"Something like that." A baleful pink flame consumed the succubus's hand. Drawing back, she slapped him in the face and sent him flying across the room. He struck the wall and slumped to the floor with a groan, cheek burning like he'd been branded.

This wasn't far from the truth. A magical mark had appeared on his cheek, and an insidious pinkness flowed outward from it, making his skin tingle as it poured through his veins. In seconds, it reached his heart, and Malcolm lurched to his feet, squealing, as his figure began to change:

First his scruffy black hair grew long and curled, falling all the way to his butt in tangles and knots and just generally looking like he hadn't brushed it in months. He felt a tingling in his face and grasped his chin to feel his features softening, losing all their harsh angles and gaining a subtle smoothness instead. A similar change rolled all the way over his form, stripping the hairs on his arms and legs and leaving only soft, supple skin in their place. He squeaked when he touched himself—it felt like hugging his mom.

His skeleton produced a series of creaks and groans as parts of it shrank and other parts of it widened: his shoulders snapped inward, his hips stretched out, and his spine decided things would be really cool if it were just a foot or so shorter.

Doubling over, he clasped his gut as his pudgy belly redistributed itself. Having spent the last few years cultivating an impressive gut, Malcolm had a lot of belly to redistribute. Most of it ended up on his ass, though he still managed to get a pair of impressive breasts out of the deal.

A cat's ears sprouted from his head, a cat's tail from his coccyx, and his clothing melted and reformed into an adorable witch's outfit, complete with short skirt, high-heeled boots, and pointy hat. His new boobs struggled to escape his corset.

As Malcolm stared at himself in shock, the succubus approached and tapped him on the head. His vision flashed as his brain did a hard shutdown and rebooted running an entirely different system.

Falling to the ground, she clasped her head and moaned. "Oooh, what happened to me, nya~?" She blinked. "N-nya?" Trembling, she patted the top of her head and found two fluffy ears. "Nyou turned me into a *catgirl*, nya?!"

The succubus threw back her head in a laugh. "Naturally," she said. "I can't stand slobby men, but who wouldn't like a cute catgirl witch on Halloween? Isn't that right, Nyanko?"

"Nyanko?" Struggling to her feet, Nyanko frowned. "Why are nyou calling me that? I told nyou, my nyame is Nyanko!" She blinked. "N-Nyanko! Nyanko! H-hey! Why can't I say my nyame, nya?"

Mistress—when had she started thinking of her as her Mistress?—laughed. "Why, of course you can say your name. Nyanko is a perfectly fitting name for a cute young catgirl like yourself." She pinched Nyanko's cheek like an overbearing aunt.

"But I don't even *like* catgirls, ny—" Looking up at her Mistress, she felt a sudden pressure between her legs and looked down to see her skirt rising. "Nya?"

"Oh, I left you your penis," said Mistress. "I figured it might come in useful later."

"Useful, nya?" Nyanko trembled at the implications.

“After all, it is Halloween,” said Mistress, a thin smile on her face. “Now, I think it’s time for the two of us to do a little trick-or-treating~.” Grabbing Nyanko by the scruff, she dragged her up the stairs.

The last thing Nyanko noticed before they left the basement was that Rasputin’s body was no longer in the circle.

Nyanko struggled to keep herself from melting as she and her Mistress sauntered through the night. There were so many people out trick-and-tricking—she’d never seen so many! (And conveniently, they were all over the legal age of consent in the relevant legal jurisdiction! Phew! That would have been a problem!)

As they watched, a slutty fairy passed them by, boobs all but spilling out of her corset. Reaching the end of the street, she almost bumped into a well-endowed princess whose dress hugged the cheeks of her gigantic rear so tight it deformed them. As she walked, she talked to her friend, a redhead in a ninja costume that expertly concealed every part of her body save those she wanted to be seen. Namely her cleavage.

To Nyanko’s horror and humiliation, every pair of eyes they passed lingered on her and her Mistress. She didn’t blame them. Who wouldn’t want to stare at any obscenely busty succubus and her shortstacked pet catgirl? Squishing her enormous boobs between her arms, she shivered. She couldn’t believe how heavy they felt.

“W-what are we going to do nyow, Mistress?” she asked, refusing to meet the succubus’s eyes.

Her Mistress tapped her chin in thought. “Naturally, since it’s Halloween. Our first goal should be to acquire some candy.”

Nyanko nodded. “O-oh, okay, nya. ...How do we do that?”

Mistress smiled. “Why, the same way anyone with any sense gets candy on Halloween, my little kitten.” She grabbed a mass-produced Harley Quinn-cosplayer by the collar of her jacket. “Gimme your candy, you little bitch!”

‘Harley Quinn’ squealed. “What the hell?! I don’t even have any candy, you slut!”

Mistress and Nyanko exchanged a glance. “Oh dear, such a shame,” said the former. “Nyanko, let’s give her a taste of your magic wand...”

“Ny-nyou mean my p-penis?”

“Don’t be lewd!” Before Nyanko could react, Mistress slammed her free hand into the depths of Nyanko’s cleavage and started rummaging around inside, making Nyanko’s tits wobble like a pair of rambunctious jellies. Nyanko squealed, screwing up her eyes—how could it ever feel so good?

Finally, with a plop, Mistress extracted a black wand topped in a shining pink star. “Ah, here we are.” Twirling it around, she raised it high and bonked her captive right on the crown.
Bonk!

“Ow, hey!” cried Harley, as little arcs of pink lightning danced down her form. “What the hell are you doing, you bitch?! Let me go! Let me—!” Her voice cut off as it twisted into a moan.

Nyanko watched, silent with anticipation, the cosplayer spread her legs with a squeal and froze as her entire body turned to hard candy.

Mistress snapped her fingers and produced a giant paper stick. With a single flick, it flew straight between the cosplayer’s legs and traveled so deep you could see it beneath her breasts. Another snap, and the unfortunate woman shrank, reduced to a size more appropriate for a lollipop.

“Here,” said Mistress, snatching her out of the air and handing her to Nyanko. “Enjoy, kitten.”

Nyanko swallowed. “Th-thank nyou, Mistress!” Holding the former cosplayer to her eyes, she stared at the poor woman’s reduced body and wondered if she could still think...

(Help me! Turn me back! Turn me baaaack!)

Mistress coughed, and Nyanko realized she’d stopped walking. “Go on, eat up,” said the succubus, voice encouraging, eyes cruel.

With another preemptive gulp, Nyanko stuck the former cosplayer between her lips and worked her tongue all over her body. “Sh-she’s very sweet, nya.”

(Nn~! Stoop! Stooooop it! Stop licking me! Stoooooop!)

“Excellent,” said Mistress, clapping in delight. “Now, let’s see if we can find some more. Here,” she added, pressing the wand into Nyanko’s hand. “And don’t even think of trying to turn it on me. You won’t have much success, understand?”

Clutching the wand to her chest, Nyanko nodded swiftly.

“Now,” said Mistress, resting her head in her chin. “Why don’t you start with that young gentleman over there?”

Placing a hand on Nyanko’s head, she turned her to face a man in a Spider-Man costume leaning against a lamppost and texting someone.

“Yes, he looks like an excellent target. Well, go ahead, Nyanko. Use your wand.”

Nyanko blinked. “Wh-what?” How was she supposed to use it? How *could* she use it? She couldn’t just turn someone into candy! That was so... mean?

“Simply point and twist,” said Mistress, taking Nyanko’s hand in her own and raising it. “It’s all in the wrist motion.” She gave Nyanko’s wrist a sharp turn.

With an electrical crackle, lightning flew from the wand’s tip, shot screeching across the street, and struck Spider-Man in the chest. Dropping his phone, he gave a sudden moan that turned rapidly into a scream of lust as a pair of enormous boobs stretched through the spandex of his costume. The rest of his figure shortly followed suit, bulge shrinking, hips expanding, hair growing long and curly.

His—or her—sex wasn’t the only thing on the offering table, however. No soon had she finished transitioning than her limbs lurched into action on their own. Cupping a new breast and fingering a new pussy, she threw back her head in a rapid and exaggerated moan...

Like Harley Quinn and their other victim, she didn’t manage much more though. An instant later, her entire body froze as her skin and bones turned to hard cookie dough and giant chocolate chips appeared all over her form. Two especially large ones replaced her nipples.

(Nn~! Oh God. Oh God. Oh God. Let me cuuum!)

Once the new cookie had shrunken to a more appropriate size, Mistress snatched her up and handed her to Nyanko. “Enjoy.”

“Um, thanks...” Nyanko paused. “Aren’t cats allergic to chocolate though?”

Rolling her eyes, Mistress grabbed Nyanko’s hand and stuffed the cookie girl into her mouth. Afraid of choking, Nyanko crunched her to pieces, savoring the sweet taste of the girl’s nipples as they melted on her tongue. “It’s pretty...” She swallowed. “It’s pretty nyice, nya.”

Mistress patted her on the head.

(Oh god, it feels so good! I’m melting! I’m melting! Fuuuuuck! Nn~!)

“Now,” said Mistress, “who’s next? Ah, I know. How about *her*?” Turning Nyanko around, Mistress aimed her gaze at a brunette in an Elsa costume. Wig in her hands, she stood on the edge of the street, arms folded, and stomped her feet in frustration as she waited to be picked up.

“Looks like someone’s night didn’t go the way she expected. Perhaps she was too frigid. Well, why don’t we help her have a little fun?”

“F-fun?”

“You know...” Mistress pinched Nyanko’s wrist and gave it a little twist.

Zap!

She opened them again just in time to see Elsa double over, clutching her gut as her body underwent its own series of changes: straining against her dress, her boobs and butt finally

tore straight through it, bursting out into the open and jiggling like they had minds of their own.

Unfortunately, that wasn't the end of the process. Lurching upright, Elsa hugged herself and shivered as her altered body changed again, skin turning hard and cold as she rapidly went from human to popsicle. Beads of water trickled down her skin as the streetlights caught her.

"Oh, dear," said Mistress. "I hope there's a freezer nearby."

(Help me! Help me! Nn~! Please, you can't just leave me like this!)

As Elsa began a slow second state change to a puddle on the floor, Mistress guided Nyanko's head to a tall blonde in a bunny costume, who stumbled down the street in the arms of a young man, face flush as she laughed at his every unfunny joke.

"Looks like *someone* has had a little too much to drink," said Mistress with a smirk. "Well, you know what to do, Nyanko."

Nyanko swallowed. "I-I do?" Swallowing, she raised the wand and took aim at the girl's chest. Biting her lip, she closed her eyes, refusing to look as she went in for the twist.

Zap! The bunnygirl squealed as the magic struck her chest.

Her partner, drunk as her, clearly took this as encouragement, because he pulled down her top and, laughing, wrapped a hand around a breast. The bunny squealed a little louder, eyes rolling back, though she seemed considerably less focused on her man than the fact she was turning to chocolate.

It took only seconds for the change to spread, freezing her in her pose of pleasure, her eyes still rolled back and her tongue still lolling out. Her dark brown skin glistened in the moonlight.

Her partner, still laughing, leaned to kiss her nipple and came away blinking, lips slathered in chocolate.

(F-fuck! Fuck! Oh God, don't stop! Don't stop!)

Mistress burst into laughter. "Oh, how *sweet*," she said. "Just look at the two of them getting along. Isn't it adorable?"

Nyanko was about to agree when the sound of music caught her ears. As they twitched, she spun around and found herself facing a well-lit house covered in decorations. Shadows danced in the windows. Danced and made out and groped.

"Oh," she said, thinking aloud, "we're at the frat house. I guess they're having a party for Halloween." In her former life, Nyanko had been unable to join a frat. She'd been rejected on multiple bases, from her weight to her lack of charisma. The Kappa Upsilon Mu Fraternity

had straight up stamped 'NERD' on the rejection slip. She wondered what those bastard jocks would think of her now.

Mistress rubbed her hands together in delight. "Oh, yes. Wonderful. This is exactly the sort of thing I was looking for. Come along, Nyanko. Let's see what they have to offer us..."

Swallowing, Nyanko scampered after her Mistress. A part of her knew she should protest, but then another part of her remembered that rejection slip and she promptly shut her gob.

The two of them soon reached the door. The instant Mistress knocked, it swung open, and a young woman in a cheerleader's outfit all but knocked them aside. "Oh my God, look at you two!" she said, slumping against the doorframe. "Your costumes are amazing!" Her breath could have gotten a small person drunk.

"Why, thank you," said Mistress, voice darkly polite. "Nyanko, give her a zap."

With a mumbled apology, Nyanko aimed her wand at the cheerleader's face.

"What's this?" asked the girl, squinting at the wand's star. "Hehe. It looks kinda like a p—"

The star shone, and a bolt of pink lightning struck her in the chest. She squealed...

...before exploding in size like a balloon on a gas tank. Tearing through her clothes, her swollen, rotund body burst into the open, where she moaned and groped herself before falling back on her ass.

Squished between the door and the balcony fence, the cheerleader moaned as her stomach grew fatter and fatter, sucking up her limbs as it fought to grow larger. Her head only last a little longer, releasing one last orgasmic squeal before disappearing into the folds of her fat. Reduced to a giant ball of flesh, she trembled, strange ridges forming all over her surface, while a thick green stem sprouted from what had been her head.

Finally, her skin turned a bright, Halloween-y orange, and a face carved itself into her engorged stomach: it was the face of a woman in orgasm, eyes rolling back in delight, tongue lolling out shamelessly.

Twisting her wrist, Nyanko shrank the jack-o'-lantern down to a more reasonable size and moved it out of the doorway. Sitting beneath the window, it looked like any normal decoration. Provided you didn't look too closely at its face.

(Nn~! Oh God, I'm so hot! I'm so hot! Someone fuck me! Fuck me! Nnn~!)

Leading the way into the house proper, Mistress surged towards the sound of the music as fast she could without breaking into an outright run. Nyanko's boobs bounced as she struggled to keep up with her. "Wh-what are we going to do nyow, nya?"

Her Mistress smiled at her and chuckled. "Just watch."

Together, the two entered the living room, and Nyanko's eyes went wide at the display before her. There were so many people! Jocks and their girlfriends jostled in tens if not hundreds, their bodies clad in every manner of costume. Nyanko saw giant fish, dinosaurs, samurai, giant fish, dolls, scarecrows, and even the occasional giant fish! Also, she was really hungry for some reason.

"Now, where is it?" asked Mistress, scanning the room. "Where...? Ah, there it is." Mistress set off again. Nyanko hurried to keep pace.

A large bowl of punch dominated the drinks table. Standing over it, Mistress rubbed her hands together mischievously. "Perfect," she said, "I'm glad they've got this old cliché. It's always so fun to spike them. Nyanko, give me one of your potions."

Nyanko blinked. "My potions?"

"Urgh." Rolling her eyes, she stuffed her fist between Nyanko's tits and wrenched out a large bottle of glistening pink fluid. Popping the cork, she emptied its content straight into the bowl and stirred till it had fully mixed in. "Perfect," she said, rubbing her hands again.

Nyanko sniffed the bowl. "What's that going to do?" she asked. For some reason, she really wanted to try some all of a sudden. Also: masturbate.

"Oh, just spice things up a little," said Mistress, a malicious smirk on her face.

Nyanko took a step away as if the punch might explode.

"Now we just sit back and watch the show," continued Mistress. "I'm sure we should see results soon enough." She smirked. "In the meantime, why don't you put that wand to good use and liven things up a little?"

"M-me?" said Nyanko. "But I don't—"

"Who do you think you're fooling?" said Mistress, rolling her eyes. "Get out there and enact your little revenge fantasies, kitten." She slapped Nyanko's ass, knocking her straight into the crowd. "Don't worry! I'll make sure no one notices anything!"

Cock trembling between her legs, Nyanko squeezed her wand for comfort and looked around, sweating. What was she supposed to do? She didn't actually want to transform anyone, did she? Nyaargh! But she didn't want Mistress to punish her either! What should she—?

Someone crashed into her, knocking her straight onto her butt. "Ow!"

A figure loomed over her. "Oh, hey there," said a tanned blond dressed as a waiter. "Sorry, I didn't see you there, cutie. Let me help you up." He offered her a hand.

As he helped her up, Nyanko caught his face and went pale. "J-Josh?"

The blond lowered his sunglasses. "Huh? Have we met? No way, I'd remember someone as beautiful as you." His eyes lingered on her breasts and left zero ambiguity as to what he'd remember.

Caught in his glare, Nyanko writhed. Of all the people to meet here... "Nyou really don't remember me?" she asked, trying to keep her voice sweet. "We used to be friends, remember?"

"No way," said Josh. "What, back in kindergarten? I think I'd remember you if we met after puberty." He laughed.

"Actually, we used to be roommates," said Nyanko, eyes tightening.

Josh frowned. "Uhhh huh. You sure you ain't mistaking me for my sister? I'm told we look pretty similar."

Josh was pretty feminine, now that Nyanko looked at him—as a matter of fact, it gave her an idea. "No, I'm pretty sure it was you, Josh."

He waved her off, looking increasing like he regretted meeting her. "You're crazy. The only roommate I've ever had was this fat loser I forget the name of—"

Nyanko didn't bother to let him finish. Raising her wand, she aimed it right at his nose and gave it the sharpest twist. *Zap!*

Josh squeaked as a bolt of pink struck him. "Ow!" he cried, rubbing his nose. "What the fuck was that? What the fuck did you just—?" He croaked. Ribbit. Just like a frog.

As Josh froze in shock, his face went green, followed swiftly by the rest of him. The color spread across his skin like a layer of paint, leaving him looking like he wanted to advertise canned peas. He stumbled back, eyes wide in shock. "What the fuck did you—?" Ribbit. "What the fuck did—?" Ribbit.

Smirking in amusement, Nyanko watched in delight as Josh's hair turned dark green and his eyes a bright yellow, his shoulders shrinking as his hips expanded and his butt swelled up like a pair of big balloons. Between her legs, the bulge in his pants did the opposite, deflating fast.

The new frog-girl squealed. "What have you done to me?! What the fuck have you—?" A tremendous ribbit escaped her throat, but that wasn't what Nyanko took notice of. What she *did* take notice of was the way Josh's new boobs exploded in size, shrinking slowly as the frog-girl covered her mouth in surprise.

Nyanko doubled over and laughed. It was the funniest thing she'd ever seen. "Sorry, but you're going to have to find a prince!"

"You fucker!" Sounding like a chihuahua on helium, Josh grabbed her by the collar. "Turn me back, you little bitch! Turn me back!"

Around them, the party went on without skipping even a beat. Nyanko silently thanked her Mistress. "How about nyou put me down or I turn nyou into something even nyastier, nya?"

"Fuck you!" Josh made a fist.

Fortunately, Nyanko was quicker. "Okay, if that's what nyou want..." *Zap!*

With a squeak, Josh dropped her and stumbled backward and tripped. Instead of striking the ground, she floated in the air, spreading her legs as her clothing melted off of her. "H-hey!" she cried, as her legs spread of their own accord. "Wh-what are you—" Ribbit. "--doing to me?! What are you—?"

Her voice cut off as her body collapsing in on itself, crumpling into her vagina like a piece of folded paper. Soon all that remained of her was a little green circle with a thick, plastic rim. Her molten clothes flowed back up and congealed around her as a wrapper.

Snatching the condom out of the air, Nyanko pinched it with a smirk. "I warned nyou, nya." Tightening her grip, she ripped the packet open.

(Wh-what did you do? What did you do?! Let me go!)

Holding Josh's new form by the rim, she rummaged under her skirt and—hoping that Mistress's magic would keep anyone from noticing—slipped the waiter-turned-froggirl onto her cock, stretching the rubber taut as she pulled it down her shaft.

(Nn~! Oh God, stop! Stop! Oh God! Fuck! Fuck! Nn~!)

Looking around to make sure no one had noticed, she sighed in relief, wrapped a hand around her shaft, and pumped.

It was the quickest orgasm she'd ever reached. The thought of her bullying roommate wrapped around her shaft—ooh, she'd never thought of anything so hot before. Biting her lip, she brought herself to the edge and over in seconds, moaning as she came.

Lifting up her skirt, she smiled to see a fat cum balloon dangling from her cock. Peeling it off, she tied it up and plopped it on the drinks table for everyone to enjoy the sight of. If you looked closely, you could see the remnants of Josh's form, deformed, on its surface.

(...Please... Turn me back... It tastes so... Please...)

As she turned away, Nyanko realized there might be multiple reasons why no one was taking notice of her actions. Not least of all that the party seemed to have devolved into an orgy.

Everywhere around her, she saw people making out and groping and just generally behaving in an unChristian manner. Even as she watched, a man in a pirate outfit grabbed a girl's booty, pulled back, and buried his treasure inside her.

It didn't take long to find the culprit. Turning back, Nyanko watched as a woman in a slutty dog costume took a deep swig of punch... and stumbled backward, moaning as her face flushed as red as her collar. Juice visibly pouring down her legs, she whirled around and threw herself at the nearest man available.

Nyanko snorted. *Here, let me help you...* She wiggled her wand, and the dog-girl's costume fused to her body as a layer of very real fur. Falling to her knees, she wagged her tail and looked up at her partner with hungry eyes, visibly drooling.

Smirking, Nyanko searched for more interesting targets. On the other side of the room, she found one: a young man and woman in the middle of tearing off their costumes.

Oh no, she thought, *we can't have that. You can't come to a costume party without a costume!* Smirking, she gave them both a quick zap.

Freezing mid-kiss, the pair crumpled like a pair of punctured balloons, sagging to the floor sad and empty. If you looked at their backs, you could see the new zippers that had appeared along their spines. Thanks to Nyanko's magic, it wouldn't be long before someone arrived to try them on.

Giggling, Nyanko looked for someone else she could have some fun with.

"Having fun?" asked Mistress.

Nyanko jumped. "Oh, um, maybe. Just a little, nya." She looked away.

Mistress chuckled. "I'm glad to hear it." As one person after another screamed in orgasm, she clapped. "Well, this has been fun, but I'm looking for something a little more filling~."

"More filling, Mistress?" Nyanko looked up at her in confusion.

Mistress smiled. "Let's see if we can find a bedroom."

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Venturing upstairs, they soon stumbled on a locked door and the sound of heavy petting. Pausing outside, Mistress raised a hand and rapped politely.

"...Go away!"

"Now, now," said Mistress, addressing the door. "That's very impolite. And since you were so rude, I'm going to come in anyway. You better get dressed."

She kicked the door open.

Nyanko found herself looking at a man and a woman dressed, respectively, as a pirate and a clown. Well, 'dressed' was perhaps too strong a word—most of their costumes were all over the floor at this point.

“What the fuck?” cried the woman, a petite blonde. Grabbing the bedsheets, she struggled to cover herself.

“Get the hell out!” cried her partner, who seemed considerably less ashamed. Nyanko bit her lip to keep herself from drooling at the sight of his chiseled torso.

Mistress and Nyanko shared a look. “That’s twice you’ve been rude to me,” said Mistress. “If you test me again. I shan’t be able to let you go unpunished!”

“Fuck you!” squealed the woman. “Just get out!”

Mistress smiled. “You heard her, Nyanko, she was rude again. And you know what they say about three strikes...”

Nyanko felt a sudden desire to play along. “Three strikes and you get turned into a succubus’s sextoy?”

“Excellent idea!”

A baleful pink flame leapt from her hand and struck the couple’s bodies. Screaming in horror, they rolled over and patted themselves in a desperate attempt to extinguish it, but in seconds it had swept all the way over their forms. Their cries of panic turned to moans of pleasure as they disappeared amid the blaze.

Nyanko cocked her head and watched, licking her lips in amusement, as the silhouette in the flame shriveled like dying leaves, limbs and heads alike sinking into torsos, which in turn collapsed in on themselves until only one part of their former owners remained. Slipping her hand beneath her skirt, she massaged her cock a little.

Finally, with a snap of Mistress’s fingers, the fire went out. Nyanko blinked. Lying on the bed were two very simple objects: a long, hard dildo. And a short, fat fleshlight.

Her cock twitched beneath her skirt; she bit her lip.

Throwing herself onto the bed, Mistress picked the sextoys up and tapped the spot beside her. Swallowing, Nyanko sat next to her.

Mistress smiled. “Now, isn’t that much better?” she said, holding up the dildo and the fleshlight. “They’re much politer like this, aren’t they, Nyanko? Much quieter too.” If you looked closely, you could see an image of the former humans’ forms etched into their new bodies. Their flattened faces retained a look of lustful horror, tongues out and eyes wide in shock.

“And now that we have this room to ourselves...” Leaning over, Mistress placed a delicate finger on the tip of Nyanko’s bulge... which instantly snapped straight up to point at the ceiling. “Why don’t we return to the original point of my summoning? Would you like that, kitty?”

Nyanko salivated. “Oh God, please! Please, Mistress!”

Mistress laughed. “As you wish.” With a snap, Nyanko’s clothes vanished into thin air. “First, let’s start by breaking in our new toys.” Raising the flashlight, she gave its plastic pussy a playful stroke.

(Nn~! H-hey! Stop that! Let me go, you stupid slut! Let me go! N-no! No! Don’t put me near that! Don’t–!)

Nyanko bit her lip and shivered as Mistress lowered the fat little flashlight to her cock, till at last its lips nuzzled her tip and she couldn’t keep herself from whimpering.

“Hold still,” said Mistress, voice amused. “Just a little more.” Tightening her grip on the flashlight’s casing, she forced it down, hard.

(Nnn~! Nnn~! Oh God! Make it stop! Nnn~! Oh, God, it’s too much! It feels too good! Nnn~! Ah! Ah!)

Nyanko screamed. Feeling the flashlight’s soft interior wrapped tight around her cock, all she could do was screw up her eyes and writhe on the bed, burning with pleasure.

Snickering, Mistress raised the flashlight high and brought it down again, making Nyanko moan in lust. As she raised it again, she took Nyanko’s hand and wrapped it around the flashlight herself. “Keep going until you cum,” she commanded.

Biting her lip, Nyanko nodded.

As she continued to pump the flashlight up and down, each motion striking her with unbearable pleasure, Nyanko saw her Mistress pick up the dildo. Spinning it around, the succubus smiled, lay back, and aimed it at her pussy like a knife. Taking a deep breath, she pulled it back and–

(H-hey! Hey! Put me down! Stop touching me like that! Don’t you dare put me near your stinking pussy, you witch! Put me down! Put me–!)

Schlup! Mistress shuddered as the dildo slammed deep into her slick, moist lips, making her shiver in pleasure. Seizing its handle, she pulled it out and slammed it deeper, instantly earning another scream of delight. With a deep breath, she pulled it out and thrust it back in, over and over, till the sound of moans could have been heard half a block away.

(Nn~! Fuck! Fuck! Nnn~! Oh my God! Fuuuuck!)

Swallowing, red-faced with lust, Nyanko turned her attention back to her own little toy. Tightening her grip on its shaft, she thought of how scared the blonde had looked when Mistress had cast her spell and shivered again in delight. Biting her lip, she raised the fleshlight high, brought it, and screamed as she passed instantly into orgasm.

Falling back, she lay on the bed and groaned as semen poured out of her shaft, filling the fleshlight instantly to the brim. Semen spurted out of its lips and dripped to the bed as she peeled it off her shaft, whimpering at the sudden feeling of freedom.

Beside her, Mistress groaned in sudden annoyance. "Urgh, I never could get off to mere toys." Pulling the dildo out of her with a plop, she cast it aside and turned on Nyanko, eyes igniting with a fierce hunger. "Oh, yes, I almost forgot what we were doing."

"M-Mistress?" Breathless, Nyanko struggled to resist as her Mistress clambered onto her, straddling her petite body as she brought her vagina to hover over Nyanko's dripping cock. "M-Mistress, w-wait, nya! I-I-I just came-! I-!"

"Oh yes, let's fix that," said Mistress. She snapped, and a lightning bolt grounded itself in Nyanko's cock.

Nyanko squealed as her shaft snapped instantly back to full erection, thrumming with an erotic energy she'd never imagined she could possess. "Nn~! M-Mistress!"

"Perfect," said Mistress, with a laugh. And just like that, she dropped.

As her cock slammed deep into the depths of Mistress's pussy, a blast of utter pleasure so strong it was unbearable ripped through Nyanko's form. She screamed, losing herself instantly to lust.

Smiling, Mistress raised her herself and dropped again. And again. And again, each impacting hitting Nyanko a hammer striking a nail. Pleasure rolled through her, swift and mind-melting and greater which each impact, unbearable, orgasmic, impossible to resist.

For an instant, she forgot everything strange that had happened to her today, every way in which she'd changed, every way everyone else had changed; everything save how much pleasure she was in.

Finally, Mistress dropped one last, emphatic time, and a barrier in Nyanko's groin broke. With a scream, she came, writhing in pleasure as her cock fired off an ocean's worth of semen. Mistress's pussy drank it eagerly up.

Collapsing, Nyanko lay back and panted for breath, trembling feebly.

Mistress snorted. "Was it everything you imagined?"

"Oooh..." Nyanko moaned. "It was *purrfect*~."

Mistress chuckled. "Would you like to do it again?"

Nyanko breathed deep. "P-please, Mistress! Please! Fuck me again! Fuck me ag—!"

Before she could finish, a very familiar hamster hopped onto the bed. She blinked. "R-R-Rasputin!"

Ignoring her, the hamster turned its gaze on her Mistress.

"Foul beast," intoned Rasputin, eyes flaring a heavenly white, "thou may have thought thou could molesteth this world unopposed, but thy foul deeds so not go unpunished!"

"An angel?!" Mistress leapt from the bed, hands raised and burning.

"Indeedeth, foul strumpet!" Rasputin's eyes flared. "It is true, this vessel is not mine first choice, and it took me quite some time to adjust to the paws... but it shall more than suffice to banish thee back to hell!" The hamster reared up, eyes flashing like twin suns. "Now begone! In the name of Saint Nicholas, I banish thee!" Mistress screamed.

"F-fuck you! I was invited!" Groaning, Mistress began to fade.

Rasputin maintained its burning gaze until Mistress finally vanished from the world with a moan of frustration. Only then did it finally turn to Nyanko. "Be not afraid, cat-maiden! Rest assured, the foul demon has been banished back to the netherworld."

Nyanko stared at it. "Um, thanks?"

"And now!" Rasputin raised his head to the ceiling. "I take my leave!" Its eyes flared again, a stream of light shooting from its body and off towards the sky.

Instantly, it snapped off, and the hamster turned to her again. "By the way, if you even fancy a drink, here's my number." It handed her a little card.

With that, the stream of light resumed until Rasputin's eyes were empty. He keeled over and hiccuped like he'd eaten too much candy.

Nyanko simply stared at the ceiling. "But... you didn't turn me back."

Turning the angel's card around in her hand, she sat there in thought for several long minutes. Maybe if she called it, it would come and reverse the succubus's spell? Several further minutes passed as she thought about this.

Finally, she tossed the angel's card aside. On second thought, why would she want to turn back anyway?

Rummaging in her cleavage, she pulled out her wand.

Why bother, when the night was only young?