

Split - Good Ending Version (Bimbo, Multiple Bodies)

Summary:

Samara finds her body and personality controlled by a former friend turned bully victim. Can she escape? Or will her attempts to do so only change her body and mind further?

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Samara smiled as she crossed the cafeteria hall of the university. Her favourite little victim Charlie was sitting all by himself again, hunched over his lunch tray and deep in thought. She smirked to her two friends, Tammy and Kate, and they returned her smile, nodding in unspoken approval of the torment she would unleash.

It wasn't bullying, not really. A bully has a victim, someone to feel sorry for, and no one ever felt sorry for little Charlie. In fact, she thought, she was rather doing the world a service by taunting him. Maybe one day he'd finally decide, as he had once declared he would that sweet summer one year ago, that it was time to end it all. She could still picture that image, fat salty tears rolling down his thickly-freckled cheeks, his slightly chubby waist bobbing in his shirt as he choked down sobs. A pathetic little man really, who had more than once made the mistake of standing up to her, of telling her off when she took her place at the front of the café queue or flirted with Richard Ackerman so he would finish her sociology assignment for her and make sure she'd get an A. A man that didn't know his place.

She dwelt on that thought as she adjusted her clothes. Pulled her low top down just a wee bit so that her frankly fantastic cleavage was on display for all the guys to see. Rolled up the bottom so that her smoothly tanned mid-drift showed. Let down her long red hair so that it tussled down over her shoulders and showed off her bright green eyes.

"Wish me luck, girls," Samara said in her sing-song soprano, though they knew she didn't need it. Charlie's spirit had been crushed some time ago. These last few months had just been her victory lap; ensuring that everyone on campus would know the real hierarchy in place. And most importantly, to never, ever remember that one fateful day when the unthinking little piece of snot had almost brought her low and toppled her from the top of that pyramid. When, presumably after weeks of building up unearned confidence, the brat had possessed the sheer fall to ask her out. Her! Samara Wilkins, the most attractive and popular girl on campus. And to do so just because they had been friends in high school!

She'd nearly died of shame when others found out that she'd once had braces, had glasses instead of her flawless contacts, had once hung out with him before her gawky figure developed into the body of a goddess she resided in now.

"Well, well well, if it isn't the resident nobody," she said, venom dripping in her voice as she set down her tray opposite Charlie. God, she thought, he's such a nerd. With his – what did he call it? Anime? – well, his shirt with the action hero cartoons on it, and his pair of glasses and brown curly hair that possessed no style at all. She pouted in mock-sadness when he failed to respond, failed to even look up at her. "Awwww, don't tell me poor Charlie has nothing to say to me? At least give the cafeteria a good cry. You always love showing off how much of a virgin you are."

Charlie was silent. She saw that he was playing with something in his hands. Turning it over and again in deep concentration.

"Another one of those games of yours Charlie? Retreating into fantasy because no one cares for you in real life?"

"I'm trying to make a decision Samara. And believe me, you don't want to be influencing the outcome right now."

She raised an eyebrow. Something about his voice was different from usual. It was icy, cold. Confident. Reminiscent of the old, so called 'justice-minded' Charlie, except a touch more sinister. She shrugged off the thought. He was putting on a front, as always. And she could see from his eyes that he was sneaking peeks at her gorgeous tits. She loved putting on display what he had once hoped could be his, what never would be. The little worm's 3-inch was probably rock-hard right now.

"Ooooh, I'm so scared Charlie. Tell me, what decision could you possibly make that could affect me?"

He regarded her, locked eyes with her. "The decision to make you my slave."

A pause, and then laughter. The entire cafeteria paused as she cackled and wheezed.

"Oh my, you truly have gone off the deep end, haven't you?"

Charlie looked back at the thing in his hands. It was a pendant of sorts. "I'm not crazy," he said quietly. "This pendant has magic in it. I bought it from a woman who runs a mobile caravan shop. She calls herself the Wandering Witch, and she sells all kinds of trinkets. I told her my problem and she gave me this pendant for a hundred dollars. I wasn't willing to pay at first, until she showed me the results of another customer's purchase; a

curse. The victim had been a rival farmer who had tried to poison the customer's animals. He'd been turned into some strange mix of a human and a cow and a chicken, and now had to just create milk and eggs for the witch in exchange for a place to sleep."

Samara nearly laughed again. "Oh my God Charlie, do you hear yourself? That's retarded."

"I know, it sounds crazy Samara, but it's true. Just like those stories we used to write together – "f

She banged her fist on the table. "Don't remind me of that time Charlie. We didn't do anything together, not anymore. The past is history, and one day you will be too. I have real friends now, and we're the popular ones. I'm not outside looking in like I was when I was with you."

His face seemed almost sad. This wasn't how their conversations usually went. His calmness was starting to rattle her.

"These friends of yours changed you Samara. You and I used to be good friends. I wish it could be like that again. I'm sorry if I made things uncomfortable by asking you out – maybe if I'd worked up the courage earlier it wouldn't have felt like a betrayal, maybe if I hadn't have done it at all we could have at least parted peacefully. But these past two years you've been a monster to me just because you want to push away your own past and become just another vapid cheerleader at the top of the pyramid. I've got the means to change that now. I've got the means to have everything I want, to have you in my life and also have none of you in my life. To set things as I wished they'd been, and to punish you forever for nearly driving me to kill myself."

Samara stood up, looked down at Charlie. For the merest moment she felt a strain of emotion, a sense of pity. Empathy. The desire to reach out and take his hand and pour a thousand apologies over him and promise to give it all up to be his friend again. To be honest and true to herself and the person that she was, somewhere deep inside.

She strangled the thought in its crib, as she had all the other times. She had to, if she was to remain on top. "You know what Charlie?" she said, drawing out each syllable for maximum effect, "you should kill yourself. At least then I wouldn't have to listen to this stream of bullshit."

Charlie's eyes widened, then narrowed. "Fine," he said, "I've made my choice."

He raised the pendant over his head and place it around his neck. It seemed almost to glow for a moment, but she must have been seeing things. That was impossible.

“Samara Wilkins, you shall be my slave.”

She laughed. “In your dreams, freak.” She turned to go.

“Stop right there.”

And despite herself, she did. She tried to move again. Failed. “W-what have you done?” she asked. Charlie smirked. “I’ve already told you that Samara, I’ve made you my slave. My girlfriend the slave.”

She tensed her arms but still couldn’t move. Just budge slightly and talk. “I have a boyfriend,” she stammered, becoming truly afraid now. Her large chest heaved as she took laboured, panicking breaths.

“Not anymore you don’t Samara. You’re going to break up with him. In fact, why don’t we kill two birds with one stone and announce to the whole cafeteria that you and I are now an item. You can unfreeze now, so long as you turn to face me.”

Her body moved against her will and did just that. *Oh God oh God, he was telling the truth, she thought, and I can’t do anything about it! Richard, Tammy, Kate, do something!* But no help was forthcoming, and soon a deep chill of fear shot through her as Charlie spoke his next words.

“Samara, I want you to give me the biggest, most passionate kiss you’ve ever given any man. And I want you to moan while you do it.”

Before she could even try to resist she was flinging her arms around him, lips locking with his as she moaned in his grip, kissing him deeply again and again, her tongue writhing in his mouth. It lasted nearly two minutes, and to her horror she found herself becoming increasingly aroused and wet in response to his touch. Finally, at his indication, they parted.

“Oh my gosh Samara, why are you kissing Charlie Zarnier!?” yelled her red-head friend Tammy. Kate was similarly horrified. Richard Ackerman appeared similarly shocked, and even more angry. He stormed closer, large muscles already flexing and ready to defend his girlfriend from an apparent harasser. For a moment a trace of hope rose in Samara, until she saw that Charlie was still calm, even confident.

“Samara,” he said, “I want you to explain to Richard that I’m your boyfriend now.”

And once again, her body was no longer hers, her mouth now on autopilot as she stopped her approaching former-boyfriend cold and began yelling “go away Richard! We’re

through! I'm breaking up with you and now Charlie Zerner is my boyfriend. I'm in love with him and there's nothing you can do about it."

Richard's jaw dropped, and for a moment he didn't know what to say. "Samara, is this one of your games?"

She desperately wanted to tell him yes. Desperately wanted to go back on so much she had inflicted on Charlie these past two years so she could avoid her current fate. Instead she said "No Richard. I'm talking for real. I've been thinking a lot lately and I'm sick of the person I've become. I was happier when Charlie was my friend, and I know I'll be even happier with him as my lover." With that she placed a slender arm around his waist. "I don't want to talk to you again, especially since Charlie and I have so much . . . catching up to do." She walked her fingers up Charlie's chest and smiled with a playful, kittenish quality. Her heart nearly stopped inside her chest. *Oh please God no!*

"C'mon Samara, let's go back to my place. We've got a lot of catching up to do."

And she was helpless to refuse his commands. Her body and mind ached as she tried to refuse, tried to walk away, and she was rewarded with a more soothing sensation as she complied. *He was telling the truth, she marvelled, he really has made me into his slave.*

They were in his home, where only he lived. She felt awfully vulnerable standing where she was in front of him in such tight-fitting clothing. She could see he was admiring her curves and the gentle slopes of her large, round breasts.

"Okay," Charlie said, "you can talk freely now Samara, but you can't move from that spot."

She felt an invisible cage seem to lift away from her. "You fucker!" she yelled, "I can't believe you don't this! Release me immediately or else – "

"Or else what Samara? You'll go back to bullying, go back to making me feel like a nothing, like a small creature that just needs to off myself? No, I think you've sealed your own fate here, and now it's up to you to accept it and learn, I hope, to one day come to enjoy it."

She crossed her arms, trying to control her breathing. "Please Charlie, please I promise I'll stop. I'll even be your friend again. Wouldn't you like that? To be friends again?"

The man scoffed. "Sounds like a step down to me. Why have you as a friend when I can make you my girlfriend? My wife? The mother of my children." She gasped at the last one. "Oh yes Samara, we're in it for the long haul, you and I. I intend to have the life with you that we could have had before you turned into such a bitch."

Tears welled in her eyes. "Charlie . . . you know this is wrong."

He sighed. "Yeah, Samara. I suppose I do. I can't pretend it's not. But I'm going to do it anyway, because I'm sick of hating myself, sick of being made to feel like nothing. You did that to me. And the truth is, I'm not going to do the same to you. I'm going to treat you well, Samara. You're going to have to accept some changes, but I mean it when I say I'll love you. I'll worship you. I mean . . . just look at yourself." Samara found herself doing exactly that. "You've got a body that drives men wild, including me. And when we start having kids, I'll love them too, as I'm sure you will as well. I'd be a fool to take what the Wandering Witch has given me for granted. I'd be a fool to take you for granted, like you did me as a friend, and as a victim."

Samara didn't know what to say. There seemed no way to convince him, and she was terrified of upsetting him. "What d-do you mean you'll treat me . . . well?"

Charlie looked up from the magical pendant in his hand. "Ah, of course. I'll explain. Please take a seat." She did so. "Okay Samara, time to lay down some ground rules, for you and me. First of all, you're my girlfriend now, and I expect you to act like it. In both public and private, I expect you to attend to both my emotional and physical needs, just as I'll try to attend to yours. But I will allow some distinctions. In public, you will act as if you were totally in love with me and no one else – that means kisses, cuddles, laughing at my jokes, even PDAs. In private however, I'll let you be more the usual you – you can complain, talk back to me, be honest about your feelings and wants and fears, unless I tell you otherwise. However, sex is expected."

Samara gasped. "Charlie, I could never – "

"Shut up and listen." Samara's mouth clamped up. "We are going to have sex Samara, because we are a couple. We going to be a couple for the rest of our lives, which means also that we're going to have all kinds of sex; missionary, cowgirl, anal, the whole Kama Sutra. I also expect blowjobs from time to time, just as I'll be sure to go down on you from time to time."

“When it comes to clothing, I want to show you off. That means tasteful but revealing. I want every man we come across to know how attractive you are, how amazing your cleavage is, and also that I alone have access. I want you to grow your hair out even further, and to always look nice for me.

“And most importantly, there’s insurance.” Samara found herself shaking, dreading the next words. “Just to make sure you never leave me and try anything, but still allow you some freedom of movement and the small separations of daily life and work . . . if you are away from me for twenty-four hours you will begin to become incredibly horny. The only solution in your mind will be to track me down and have sex with me, and the only kind of sex that will relieve your horniness is the completely unprotected baby making kind. It may not happen the first time, but repeated escape attempts will end up with you knocked up with me as the daddy. That’s going to happen at some point anyway down the line, but I know you’ll want to put that off as long as possible until you accept your new life. Nod if you understand.”

Samara nodded.

“Good. Let’s try this out, shall we? Samara Wilkins, my girlfriend and love of my life, you now have your free will back with the exception of these previous conditions.” She felt the invisible cage rise again. “Now, would you like to accompany me up to the bedroom?” he asked.

She seethed. “Go fuck yourself Charlie.” He frowned. “Why do that when I can have you do it? Samara, you are now irresistibly horny for me.”

She felt it immediately, her cheeks flushed, her loins wet with lust, her panties immediately soaking in her dripping fluids. Her nipples grew erect, pushing into the material of her bra as she panted with arousal like a dog in heat, her gaze fixed on the man before her. She hated him, wanted him dead, wanted to be free. But against all else, what she wanted most was for him to fuck her brains out. She knew it was the curse, the spell, the master coercing his new slave, but right in that moment she had no choice. She was too horny. She needed filling. And only her master would do.

“Charlie,” she breathed, her voice alluring and positively dripping sex, “Oh fuck, Jesus what have you done to me? I need you inside of me.” She embraced him, her large jugs pressing against his chest as she wrapped her lips around his, squirming in pleasure as he clasped her rounded bubble-butt. “Why is this happening to me?” she breathed into his ear

before nibbling it. She removed her shirt, let Charlie awkwardly unclasp her bra, her breasts bobbing slightly as they were freed from their confines. He began fondling her nipples, a reverent smile fixed to his face; the look of a boy who had just gotten everything he'd wanted with no price tag attached.

"Oh fuck . . . ooohh," she moaned, her panties becoming wet. It was becoming too much for her. She struggled out of her shorts, followed by her panties until she stood naked before him. She was furious, aghast and angry, willing herself to put her clothes back on and walk out the door, but instead she began undressing him, moaning profanities in his ear. He pushed her back onto the bed and she spread her legs wide to receive him. She gasped in pleasure as he entered her, losing herself in the motions as he began to press in and out, in and out, quickening in place as he fondled her tits and grasped her arse.

"Please Charlie . . . mmmhmmm . . . d-don't come inside of meeeee!"

But even as she said it his body tensed, and he came inside of her, and she with him, and they moaned together as his hot seed was planted deep inside of her. It was pleasure and pain, joy and fear, and she was hit with the realisation that neither of them had been using protection. She didn't want to get pregnant! Especially not to him, even if he had temporarily turned her into his unwilling slave. They remained there for several minutes, bodies entwined, until finally Charlie slid out of her and coiled up against her.

"Lie here with me for a moment," he said, before she even had a chance to escape. And so they did, him spooning her gently, caressing her large breasts until he decided to go another round, this time fucking her from behind, doggy-style. She hated every moment of it, most of all the pleasure she was forced to feel, the overwhelming horniness he induced in her. The day passed after much fucking, until finally they laid together again, naked on the ruined bed.

"I can't wait for us to be married," Charlie said, "It's going to be wonderful having you as my submissive little wife after all you did to me. Having you when I please, making you pregnant with our children over and over again, you working your body back to perfection each time."

"Please no, I don't want to be married yet," she pleaded quietly, "I'm not ready to be a mother." His hand fell down from her breast and nestled on her belly. "After all the love we've been making today, you might already be one Samara. You'll be a magnificent mother,

I promise you. A mother to my children. But for now I want everyone to know how sexy you are, and that you're all mine."

He bid her goodnight, with the instruction to go buy plenty of sexy dresses and revealing casual wear the next day so he could continue to show her off on his arm.

The following months were like a hazy blur to Samara, a nightmare she couldn't wake up from and walk away. Things went exactly as Charlie said they would, and she was helpless to resist his demands and even suggestions. She was his perfect slave, his subservient girlfriend. She still shuddered, thinking back on that fateful day when the rest of her life had been seemingly decided. She remembered every moment of horror, every unwanted pleasure.

The day after his use of the magical pendant, Samara followed his last commands. Her wardrobe at the time already lent itself towards the attractive, but she grew nauseous every moment she put off shopping for even sexier wear, and was soon compelled to go to the mall and blitz out her credit card on all manner of threadbare articles of fabric; tube tops, push-up bras, lacey thongs, cut-off denims, blouses with plunging necklines, thin black stockings that clung to her legs, miniskirts, earrings, necklaces, bracelets, see-through teddies, the works. And she was forced to try out each one, making suggestively slutty poses in the changing room mirror before her body instinctively decided that it objectified her well enough to impress Charlie.

She could see his erection tenting in his pants when she met him at the mall entrance. Her cut-off denims emphasised her long and luxurious legs, the high heels clacking on the floor with each sensuous step. Her large tits were practically falling out of her tight tube top, and in her belly button there sparkled a new piercing.

"Wow Samara," he said, "you look like a Goddess."

"Awww," she found herself saying, "you say the nicest things baby." And against her will she planted a deep kiss on his lips. "Now let's go show you off," Charlie said. In her mind, Samara screamed, but her body only replied "whatever makes you happy baby."

And so he did show her off, to the consternation of all her former friends, who seemed to quickly abandon her for choosing to side with someone so low on the popularity

food chain. Her new fashion sense also crossed the line, in their minds, from sexy and popular to downright trashy. Samara would have agreed if she could, but she was trapped, and could only complain in private to Charlie, who would have none of it. In fact, judging from the rampant fucking that ensued every time she tried to gain even the merest portion of agency back in her life, she was starting to suspect that he liked the complaining, that her own recognition of her powerlessness turned him on.

Life continued on, the acceptance of that powerlessness becoming frighteningly normal to her. She continued to wear exploitative outfits for his pleasure while in public, turning every guy in sight into drooling puppies that could only imagine what magic Charlie had to trap her. Very real magic, as it turned out. She clung to his arm like some vapid bimbo, laughing at his jokes, praising him as the perfect boyfriend, never failing to compliment his supposedly handsome features. And he in turn never failed to comment on her attractiveness, on her remarkable breasts and curvaceous figure, on her parade of outfits that accentuated each feature. On the long red hair she was growing out just for him that bobbed with each motion.

They visited restaurants and dancing club, theatres and parks, and on those romantic occasions as her tormentor probably saw them, she traded out her bimbo costumes for long and revealing dresses; expensive articles with cuts to reveal her excellent legs and a built-in brassiere to bolster her natural endowments for all to see. To all appearances they were a remarkable couple, a success story for the geek that had managed to win the favour of a perfect 10, a woman far beyond his league. And all the time she had to act as if it were natural, as if it were right and good, and that she was hopelessly in love with him as much as he clearly was with her. That part was the worst of it all; in public, he always acted the perfect gentlemen, and part of her knew that he meant it. He really was living up to his promise of treating her well, even as in private he continued to ensure they remained sexually active.

Every night they copulated, often more than once. They did it all, just as Charlie said they would; anal, oral, missionary, cowgirl, positions she'd never heard of. Morning and night she was subjected to some part of her being penetrated by his penis, the pace quickening until one or both of them was moaning in sweet orgasms.

"Oh God Charlie!" she would groan, "oh God oh Gooooood I hate you why did you make me enjoy it so much?"

Charlie would simply grin. "I love you babe. And one day you'll resign yourself to loving me too." And with that his cock would harden again, and she knew she would have no choice but to accept him into her, regardless of what she wanted. She was his loyal bimbo now, after all.

For Samara, Wednesday had become weekly horror story. It was the day that Charlie had his tabletop Dungeons and Dragons games with his meek little nerd friends. Each time, Charlie made sure that she was dressed up in her sexiest casual wear; low cut shirts paired with tight-lift bras, short short denims that showed off her long legs, hair done up in pigtails and makeup made to make her look as if she was going on a date night. She was no longer a person; just a display item for Charlie to parade around on his arm in front of his friends. For hours she had to indulge in the game, playing as her own rogue-class character while trying to ignore the way Charlie's friends ogled her, especially when she leaned forward to grab the dice, putting her cleavage on full display for their leering.

"Isn't she great?" Charlie said one night, "I can't believe what a turnaround we've made together." He clasped his arm around her waist, and fruitlessly attempted to avoid the incoming kiss.

"You say the nicest things Charlie."

"Yeah," one of the friends crossed his arms. Samuel was his name. "Especially given how you used to treat him."

"That's all in the past now Sam," Charlie just said, "Samara was in a dark place at the time just like me. But we're together again, and she even remembers how to play DnD!"

Samara sighed internally. She actually did remember how to play from her awkward early teenage years. Ironically playing as someone else on the board was her only escape from her current torment.

"I know I behave awfully," Samara's body said, "but I'm making it up to Charlie now. In every way possible." She said that last part as she took him in for another sensual kiss. David, the other player, excused himself to go to the bathroom, an obvious erection tenting his pants. *Creep*, she thought.

After he had returned, clearly after having jacked off, Charlie steepled his fingers, stopped the game. "Can both of you keep a secret?" he asked.

No! No, don't you dare Charlie!

"Samara isn't my girlfriend. Not yet, really. She's my slave. I used magic to enslave her and make her submissive to me."

"Bullshit," Samuel said. "Magic isn't real."

"Really? Samara, take off of your shirt."

Her eyes went wide, but her body obeyed, quickly stripping her tight top off so that just her bra remained, her large breasts bobbing with each panicked breath. She looked to him, fearing the next words. "Now make out with Samuel. Make sure to use your tongue."

In moments she was all over the scrawny little runt, probing his mouth with her tongue and placing his hands on her bra. Samuel seemed overwhelmed.

"Now David."

She swiftly moved from Samuel to the other geek, repeating the action with even greater passion than before, moaning softly as he kissed her back. She seethed inside as the little newt had the sheer temerity to dip his fingers into the cups of her DD bra to rub her nipples, and even more when her body was compelled to moan in response.

"Now do the chicken dance."

She drew away from a disappointed David and began acting out what she could remember of the song, shaking her 'tail feather' in the faces of Charlie's astounded friends.

"Now sit back down."

She did so, wanting with every impulse to strangle Charlie right there and then. He just smirked. "Samara, you may speak as you normally would now."

"Fuck you!" she yelled, "fuck all of you! I don't deserve this! I demand you end this curse right now Charlie." She swiftly put her top back on. "And stop leering at me you pervs. That's the last time a woman like me will ever think about touching your zits."

"See?" he said, gesturing to her. Samuel was aghast. "H-how did you do it Charlie?"

He explained to them the magic of the pendant, how he had purchased it from the Wandering Witch in order to better his own lift. How the woman who had nearly made him commit suicide was now his submissive girlfriend, and that he planned to keep her close for the rest of her lift until she gave up trying to fight it.

“You’re sick,” she just said. “Please, you two, you have to help me. He makes me have sex with him every night. He says he’s going to make me marry him, and that I’m going to . . . going to have his children!”

The faces in the room were oddly blank, as if she were in a dream. Or a nightmare.

“Please,” she begged. “I don’t want to spend the rest of my life as some submissive bimbo. I’ve got dreams. Ambitions. I’m going to be an actress and model. I’m going to find someone who loves me for who I am. I don’t want to be stuck like this for the rest of my life!”

But already she could see around the table that she would find no supporters here. These boys had been the target of merciless bullying just as much as Charlie. She had been the victimiser more than once herself. And she could see the deep glare of hate, and the joy of seeing someone hoist by their petard.

“Charlie,” Samuel said, “does she do cosplay?”

Charlie rubbed his chin thoughtfully. “She does now.”

As the weeks went by at the gaming sessions, Charlie made sure to let it be known how Samara gone from Queen B to the submissive pin up model she was now. He made her pose for his friends, arcing her back so that her pert breasts pressed tightly against the fabric of her tube tops and t-shirts. Soon it was mandatory for her to cosplay as her character, wearing a furred two-piece huntress getup that exposed her stomach and pushed her breasts up into an enormous and open cleavage. Charlie and his friends had great fun in ogling her, and it became all the more open when Charlie allowed her to voice her own opinions as she was forced to pose.

“Please Charlie, let’s just play the game. I’m sick of posing for your salivating buddies here.”

A shrug. “Fair enough. But you have to give me a blowjob later. Deal?”

Her cheeks flushed red with humiliation. “Fine, I’ll suck you off later. Just stop making me display myself like this.”

“Aww,” David groaned, “but you’re so perfect Samara. Or should I saw Shaleera?”

Shaleera was her character, the one she was forced to dress up as now.

“Yeah, we love seeing you put on display for us Shaleera. Why don’t you give us one last look at your boobies before you put them away, huh Charlie?”

Charlie nodded assent, and her body responded by drawing close to his friends, giving them a leering look at her goods, before she finally returned to her seat to continue the game. But within her mind, she knew in that moment that if there was a way out of becoming Charlie's bimbo wife-for-life, she'd have to find it on her own. And she knew now where to start; the Wandering Witch.

Of course, even while she investigate online and in paper clippings the elusive witch, she had still tried to escape. More than once in fact. In the dark of night when he had made her stay over she managed to slip away from his endless snoring, put on her clothes – though the curse to her irritation ensured that her full cleavage was on display and midriff open – and slip out into the night. She took a train out of town, and then another, and then another, the distance growing between them further and further. After nearly half a day of just travelling she tried to test the distance of the spell; first by putting on less revealing clothes, and when that failed, trying to walk in a non-sensuous manner without heels. When both failed she simply tried to ride out the time, only to find herself becoming more and more nauseous. She felt sick without Charlie. Wrong. As if part of her was missing. She had to get back. She needed him. She needed his presence, his voice, his touch. She was a puppet in need of a puppetmaster, a slave in search of an owner. *No, fight it, she thought, it's just the curse. You're better than this Samara. You're stronger than this.*

She steadied herself. Decided vacantly to look around, find a nice café to bunker down in. *Forget it, I should just call up Charlie and get him to pick me up before I get too sick.* She paused. *No! What am I thinking? I'm trying to escape him. Escape his wonderful smile and wonderful cock. Mmmhm.* She groaned at the sheer thought of it, until she snapped again out of her thoughts and was met with an intense wave of nausea that washed over her body. The image of Charlie, once her target of amusement and now the man that held her destiny in his every desire. Her nipples hardened in her bra at the thought of him. *Goddamnit! This isn't fair! That's the magic doing the thinking!* Sickness at leaving him. Arousal at the thought of returning to him. Stick and carrot, until she obeyed without thinking.

"Fuck! There's no way to win!"

She was nearly frothing with arousal and rage and nausea when she made it back to Charlie's door. He received her without the slightest hint of surprise on his face, just a wagging finger and a raised eyebrow. "Now, now, Samara, you've been a bad, bad girl. I don't know if I should even sleep with you tonight after you tried to run off from me so cruelly."

"Please!" she begged. "I need you Charlie. Oh God help me I need you!"

He just shrugged. "Fine. But let this be a lesson." He ran a finger down her neck and nestled it in her deep cleavage. She shuddered at his touch. "You're mine. Say it."

"Please Charlie." She was so wet and aroused. She needed him inside of her. She had to have his cum.

"Say it."

"I'm . . . I-I'm yours. Forever."

A smile that could have raised the sun for her. He led her into the bedroom that was now so familiar, unzipped his pants, and let his member out, stiff and erect. "You know what to do," he said.

She descended on his dick with an enthusiasm that bordered on mania, stroking and sucking him off until finally he ejaculated. She moaned, somehow feeling pleasure just knowing he'd come, and she swallowed his issue, licked her lips for any remaining traces.

"That's my girl," he said. Deep inside, she felt disgust. After another long night of lovemaking she managed to slip out of bed while he snored, and make her way downstairs to where she hid her information board behind the old piano. She had spent weeks working on it; drawing on information from newspapers, online sources, chatrooms, forums, other tales from victims and beneficiaries of the Wandering Witch, whose name was apparently Tila, and collected it together in both physical and digital forms. She didn't dare let slip anything to Charlie. In fact, after the failure of trying to run away she knew she'd have to go under the radar for a while until she could safely renew her investigation. The latest sighting of the Wandering Witch was on another continent, but she remained hopeful that she would return nearby, and that a deal could be struck with her to lift the curse.

In the months that passed Samara fell into a submissive lull. Charlie proposed under the midnight stars, and she had no choice but to accept sweetly, her body acting as if becoming his trophy wife was all she had ever wanted. The wedding came not long after; a mid-sized affair with family on both sides. Her remaining friends were startled by her change of heart, but to her chagrin her parents were joyous.

“We’ve always thought he was such a good boy for you dear,” her mother said. “I’m so glad that you came to see that too.”

“Thanks mum,” she spoked through gritted teeth. “I’m just so happy now.”

Her wedding dress was gorgeous; her shoulders left bare, the neckline plunging tastefully to reveal a hint of perfect cleavage. She was made to look happy as she exchanged vows with her tormentor and seal their marriage with a kiss and a promise to remain together until death do them part. She cried real tears at the thought of it, and everyone in attendance thought she seemed so happy her emotions couldn’t take it. *At least things couldn’t get any worse*, she thought. She was in for a surprise.

Just a week later on their honeymoon in Hawaii, after a night of passionate sex, she woke to a violent nausea rising in her stomach. She barely made it to the toilet in time before she was on her knees coughing up bile again and again until the nausea disappeared. Fingers shaking, she managed to wash her mouth out and flinch at the shadow being cast across the bathroom. Charlie was standing in the doorway, his eyes wide and reverent, a smile forming on his lips.

“Congratulations honey,” he said, “we’re having a baby.”

“N-no, I’m just sick. I ate too much last night.”

Charlie took her in his arms, caressed her stomach lightly. “I think we both know that’s not true Samara.” A shiver ran down her spine as she realised he was right. There had been other signs; her breasts had been aching and sore the past few days.

“It’s going to be wonderful watching you grow,” he said.

From that day Samara plunged even deeper into her investigations. She knew her life was on a timer now; it was only a matter of nine months or less until she had - she nearly vomited at the thought - Charlie’s baby. She knew too that as time went by her body would begin to betray her and impede her movements; her breasts would become swollen and full of milk for the child within her; her belly would grow with that same child, impeding her movements; she would become tired and sleepy; hyperemotional due to the flood of

hormones coursing through her veins. She had planned to become pregnant in her 30's, not at the age of nineteen! It wasn't fair! And from the way Charlie spoke, he planned on having a very big family . . .

From that day onwards, Samara went into overdrive. She tracked down the movements of the Wandering Witch, deciphered patterns and figured out some of Tila's personality traits; likelihood of vengeance, bargaining tips, the works. She made calls to other apparent victims who might be sympathetic, even met with some;

A pregnant woman cursed to carry her own former boyfriend and three best friends as her own unborn quadruplets as punishment for disrupting her much older neighbour's night-time peace with a party.

A centaur man who had mistreated horses on his cattle ranch and was now part-horse himself, forced to inseminate his breeding mares himself through a mad breeding instinct.

A thin, rakey girl her own age who had accidentally drank a potion intended for her friend's bully, and had slowly transformed into some freaky furred cow abomination with four grotesquely large breasts and an udder, all of them producing copious quantities of milk. By all accounts the friend had submitted to an even more radical cow transformation, in order to make amends.

The results horrified and intrigued her. She wasn't alone in her suffering, and given many of these examples, she could even take solace in the fact that at least she was still human and didn't have to deal with udders and tails and horse-halves and the like. But many of these victims at least retained their free will, which made her sad for her own. In many ways it could be said they got the better end of the deal. Still, some facts were clear; the Wandering Witch dealt often in restorative justice, but also in simple trades and deals. She was a businesswoman at heart, and it was clear that she couldn't just magic up money; this was a serious entrepreneurial project for her, albeit an amoral and twisted one. But from all accounts she herself often advised against rash action and cautioned restraint, which gave Samara hope that when she met Tila she might be persuaded to help her change back, even with a cost. And if her deductions were right, the Wandering Witch would be visiting the area again in roughly four month's time. She got a shiver just thinking about all the information she'd achieved to get to this point. It was just like old times, when she and

Charlie had hung out together and discussed mystery novels, and made list of all the superheros they . . .

She cast the thought aside, but she couldn't help feeling a trace of guilt at how she had changed. Maybe Charlie was right. Maybe she had been unfair and been a bully. Maybe those feelings of joy when playing DnD with the guys were her former self trying to come out, and pull away from the fakeness of popularity and . . .

A wave of morning sickness washed over her, and she cast the thought aside as she vomited into the toilet again. No, Charlie wasn't right. Charlie was pathetic. A pathetic little manchild who had decided to make her his Barbie Doll. She'd make him and his little snot-nosed friends pay once she got out of this mess. She'd bully them right into their graves. She'd hound Charlie into oblivion and spit on his grave. She had no regrets. All she had to do was play along until the Wandering Witch returned, and then she'd make everything right . . .

For three months every moment with Charlie she put towards convincing him she had accepted her role as his perfect, submissive little bimbo girlfriend, no matter how degrading and disgusting that meant. She gave him blowjobs on demand, even gave them of her own volition from time to time. In the same vein, she made sure to initiate sex with her master several times a week, without his asking. She revelled in wearing revealing costumes, glamorous dresses that pushed her cleavage up. She laughed at his jokes, made out with him in public on a whim, hung off his arm during their long outside walks, making sure to sashay her hips in such a way that passing men froze to stare at her bouncing derriere and wobbling, open tits. She continued dressing up as Shaleera, the barbarian rogue scantily clad in a furred brassiere and miniskirt, every Wednesday when Charlie and she gamed with Samuel and David. She purred at their comments, made a show of accepting her fate, eagerly allowing David long glances at her open cleavage, making the boys dinner and serving them beer as the resident 'barmaiden,' to their hoots and catcalls. She ended each night with a lurid dance for them, finishing it each time with a thorough makeout session with Charlie for his friends to record and upload onto soft-core masturbation sites everywhere. She endured morning sickness, suffered through the soreness in her breasts

which bulged from her too-tight DDs bras as they prepared to feed her growing child. She allowed Charlie to rub her stomach each morning when they lay naked together in bed – another condition of his instructions that she couldn't avoid even on the coldest winter night – him spooning her from behind, erect dick stiff between her cheeks, him growing aroused at the sight and feel of her slightly rounded middle. She suffered it all, so that when the first report of the Wandering Witch was picked up by her hidden warning systems, she could fuck him unconscious that very night, letting him mumble softly into sleep about their future child, even as she slipped out of bed and called a taxi for three towns away.

“Faster!” she yelled at the driver, even as the fare ratcheted up higher and higher. She hadn't dared taken the car; Charlie might have noticed and put an end to her final desperate escape plan with one simple questions he couldn't help but answer submissively; “what were you trying to do?”

She could afford the payment. She could afford anything that would grant her freedom again. The only concern in her mind was time; already there was a small hesitance building deep within her that she had to consciously quash every few minutes. She knew from experience that before 24 hours were up she'd be in agony if she wasn't in Charlie's presence again and taking him inside of her. For once she was actually thankful for the nausea her pregnancy granted her; it helped disrupt the growing desire to be back with Charlie by giving her a more immediate concern.

Finally they arrived, and she paid the fare, trying to ignore the way the cab driver creepily stared at the deep cleavage Charlie's control had forced her to always show off.

“Thank you sooo much,” she said sweetly, wriggling her shoulders as she did so, which set her tits wobbling. She frowned as soon as she drove away, annoyed at how much Charlie's curse had made her into an exaggeration of everything she had been before. Sure, she had flashed a couple of drivers in exchange for a cheaper fare, but never for free! And never so vapidly!

She made her way down the bank towards the camp site, where several campers and vans were already located. She grew briefly afraid that her source had been wrong; the cowgirl who went by the online username 'Bessica' had pointed her this way from a recent sighting, having put together an automatic search matrix to keep up-to-date with the Wandering Witch's current location. But it didn't give her any more confident as she entered, her hips swaying from side to side in her tight miniskirt, her large tits bulging out of

her lacy bra which could be seen as the edges of her very low v-neck. She was all on display, and as she continued to search the ground she grew increasingly uncomfortable at the hoots and wolf whistles that followed her, and the comments men shouted as she passed.

“Nice tits! Woof Woof!”

“How’d you like to come into my camper for a nice night!”

“Yeah, hotstuff! Shake those beauties for me!”

She couldn’t stop herself from pausing to wobble her tits and giggle at her catcallers, who cheered. “Sorry boys,” she said sweetly, though inside she was enraged, “this girl’s already taken.” She rubbed her slightly domed belly for show. They booed at that, but even as she moved to get away fast, her stupid body still insisted on bending over to tie her shoelaces and show off her perfect ass against the fabric of her miniskirt. She smiled at them, her body only allowing herself to frown when she’d left their ogling gazes. Finally, after a few more minutes of gawkers and creepers, she found what she was looking for.

The Wandering Witch’s camper was unmistakable in appearance; it was coated in trinkets and faux-gold chains, and its panelling was made to appear rustic and wooden. Two green lanterns lit the overhang, and the woman herself was seemingly engaged with a patron.

“It was meant to be a love spell, I wasn’t meant to be turned into a guy!” said a baritone voice; a man that in a past life Samara wouldn’t be attracted to. It was an irritating side effect of the curse; her body was only attracted to Charlie now, unless he said otherwise.

“I’m sorry my dear,” the witch, Tila, said. She had a slightly dark cast about her; perhaps her ancestors had been gypsies. “However, I never said it was a love spell. It was a linking spell that would make you into his perfect lover.”

“But I didn’t know he was gay!”

“Well, I must admit I was surprised as you were. I’d be willing to give you the counter spell, but it would be another five hundred dollars. Linking spells are expensive to undo.”

“Shit. I don’t get paid until two weeks from now.”

“You can survive two weeks.”

“But we have sex! And when I’m with him . . . I can’t help it. He’s just so . . . handsome.”

The witch smiled. “That’s the linking part of the spell. Don’t worry, it isn’t changing your identity. I don’t do that; that’d be murder. But it does mean in scenarios like this that your sexuality will shift to better accommodate your new form.”

The man spread his hands. “But I’m a girl. God, I don’t know the first thing about being a guy. Just last week I was shopping for bras and complaining to my girlfriends about my heavy flow. Now I’ve got this thing between my legs that goes hard at a moment’s notice, and I feel more aggressive, and I nearly broke my cup the other day when I -”

“But you’re happy with him.”

“Well, yeah, but . . .”

The witch shrugged. “Then wait two weeks for your payment to come in. You’re already on paid leave, so you can wait it out and decide if you want to come back. In the meantime, see if David makes you happy.”

The man seemed to frown for a moment, puzzling over his options. *He used to be a woman*, Samara marvelled, *and he’s actually considering staying? Fuck that*. Still, first impressions were important, and as her mind increasingly wandered towards the absence of Charlie she found herself stamping her foot, waiting for her turn in line. Finally, the transformed man went away, having made a non-refundable down payment on the reversal spell, but still unsure over whether or not to take it.

“Now young miss, what can I do for – wait a moment.” The witch paused, sniffed the air for a moment, so that her various trinkets jangled. “You’re already under the effect of one of my spells. A witch can always tell. But I don’t remember you as a customer, unless you were the subject of one of my customer’s curses.”

Samara hesitated. She wasn’t sure how to approach this. She decided on being straightforward. She didn’t have much time, and already she felt the growing desire to return to her husband and let him rub her pregnant belly while he fucked her from behind and – no! No. She stepped forward, one leg thrusting out majestically before the other, her generous pregnant tits bobbing with each step.

“I am. Charlie Zarnier was the customer. He – he purchased a pendant to make me his personal slave. To make me into this,” she gestured at her ridiculous outfit, lingering her fingers over her pregnant belly which was just beginning to show. “I’m so happy now, he really knows how to show a girl a good time. She internally cringed at what she was forced

to say. She always knew this was the tricky part; having to talk around the curse well, say what she wanted without being able to. The witch seemed slightly amused.

“Hmm, I remember what Charlie had to say about you. I even used a little magic to see if he was telling the truth. You really did a number on the poor kid. Do you even care that he tried to kill himself?”

“Of course I do silly, I was a bad girl and now I’m good. And Charlie is the love of my life. It’s just – I didn’t – look at what he’s done to me! He’s made me so perfect and beautiful, and now I always show off these amazing tits and hourglass figure so everyone can know what a gorgeous slut I am.”

Tila lowered her gaze. “Hm. Does he make you wear that getup?”

“Yes, all the time, and sometimes even less! I can’t help but speak like some lovesick puppy because I’m in love with him all the time, *especially in public.*”

The witch smirked. “I see. Tell me Samara, where is Charlie right now?”

Even just the thought of him made her shiver. She tried to remain strong. “Oh, he’s still asleep back at home. He likes to cuddle up against me, and put his hand over where our little one is growing.” She gestured to her stomach again.

“And yet you’re here. Tell me why. Or at least try to.”

Samara frowned, concentrating every iota of her speech to make her obfuscated meaning clear. “I just felt the need to come here, Tila,” she said, letting the Witch know she’d done enough investigation to know her first name. “I’ve heard so much about you, and done so much work tracking you down. I just wanted to thank you . . . and make sure that I *never, ever get changed back to what I used to be.*” She stressed that last part as much as her giggling, bimbo body would allow her, even as she struck up a pose that emphasised her wobbling tits.

“Hmmm,” Tila said, “I see I have my work cut out for me. “I never suspected Charlie would go this far. It is true that you were incredibly vile toward him . . .”

“Oh yeah,” Samara replied against her will, “It’s why I do everything for him to let him know how much I love him. I’m going to give him so many babies. I’m going to get pregnant again and again so he has lots of beautiful children, and I’ll raise them as his preggo housewife.”

“. . . but I suppose you have had your punishment. It is lucky he didn’t buy a transformation spell from me. A pregnancy will lock those so that no witch or wizard may

undo them. Thankfully, yours should be easy enough to deal with. At the cost of three hundred and twelve dollars.”

She paid the cash eagerly, though even as she typed out her PIN code she found her body tensing at her every movement. *If only Charlie was here*, she thought, before realising what she was doing and snapping out of it. The next hour was a growing agony as she waited for Tila to prepare the spell circle and the required ingredients in order to undo the enchantment that had turned her into the horny pregnant slave she was now. Thoughts of Charlie and his magnificent cock fell into her mind, and all the ways she could make him tense and groan until she licked every trace of his seed and swallowed it all up. Her loins grew wet at the mere thought of him, and when she was told to step into the spell circle she barely noticed, her lust was so strong. Tila was very emphatic that she should not step outside the circle until the ritual was complete, and it took every remaining ounce of concentration in her to focus upon that one point.

All at once, the chanting became inhuman and eldritch, and a bubble of pink-hued light surrounded her, ending at the chalk-line of the circle, each segment of the bubble refracting images of herself at different points of her life; her a six-year old child playing make-believe in the backyard; her during the early-teen years, awkward and lanky, braces on her teeth. But happy. Happy and laughing with Charlie as they played boardgames together. Another refraction showed her just a couple of years on, when her breasts had undergone their late bloom and her figure had gone from lanky to curvy. She was besides her new friends, the high school cheerleading clique, and Charlie was in the distance, afraid. In the present, she pressed a hand over her breast, tears brimming in her eyes. *I was happy then . . . and I became a monster*. It was the first true realisation. She reached out towards Charlie, urged on not only by her magically-induced servitude and lust but also by a deep and genuine longing for the friend she had betrayed. Whatever their sins, both of them had paid. Maybe . . . maybe they could start again.

Her mind was thrown into confusion. She needed to return to him. Needed to apologise for all that she had done. Needed to fuck him. Needed to birth his children. Needed to break up with him. Needed to stay his friend. The only consistent truth was that she had to see Charlie. She felt as if she would die if she couldn't see him. Now. The refractions flickered, showing mirror images of her at that very moment, right as she stepped over the chalk circle and the Wandering Witch yelled out ‘Samara, NO!’

In the exact moment she realised what she had done she could feel her body splitting apart. She began to scream.

Samara Five was just buttering her toast when the echo of an orgasm rolled over her. She shuddered briefly, bathing in the afterglow, and she could see another of her 'sisters' – Samara Three – was doing the same from her lounging spot in the living room.

"That was a big one, but then Two always has big ones," Samara Five said.

Samara Three nodded vaguely, turned her head back towards the trashy celebrity mag she had her nose stuck into. Samara Five stuck out her tongue at her doppelganger.

"Don't be gross," Three said, despite not having seen her directly. "You know we're always linked, right?"

"It's still fun to try. Especially when you're – oooohhh!" She moaned again as another echo of an orgasm rolled through her. Three moaned in unison with her. *Jesus Christ how powerful must they be for her if we're just getting sloppy seconds!?* She rode it out, scattering the plates and utensils on the kitchen before her as her eyes rolled into the back of her head. The contents of her rounded belly squirmed. Even now, from the kitchen, she could sense the second-hand sensations of a man's delicate kisses, his gentle thrusting into Samara Two. Thankfully, it only really became overwhelming during sex, which to be fair, was quite often. Two's lovers often had a certain stamina.

She managed to finish her toast, ignoring the wetness in her panties, and waddled her way to the living room for breakfast. Three was applying her makeup, doing her best to look as stunning and perfect as possible, no matter how much eyelash care and Instagram posts it took. Meanwhile, she – Samara Five – must have looked a total mess. Her much shorter hair was wild and tangled, her own makeup non-existent and eyelashes purely natural. She had slept in and still hadn't showered, meaning she was still in her pajamas with half the buttons undone. Yet she still noticed Three looking occasionally with jealousy at her, a jealousy she could feel directly if she focused enough. After all, there was a reason her top few buttons weren't done up. Or some of the lower ones, judging by how she was progressing.

“Ah well, weird as this is, it’s better than how things were . . .”

Samara could clearly remember that terrifying night with Tila, the Wandering Witch, when she had felt as if she were splitting apart. She had been, in fact. At the moment the ritual ended, she felt as if she were scattered across five places at once. She could feel Charlie’s charm had been ended, but that was not as pleasing as she imagined it would be; she felt different, somehow. More maternal, compassionate. As she scrambled up from the ground she could tell she was still pregnant, but her body was heavier - plumper, more maternal around the bosom and in the belly. Meanwhile, other shards of her were rising. It had been incredibly confusing and frightening to slowly uncover that there was no ‘original’ Samara left. She had been split. Divided into the many essences that made her up, each still linked in feeling and personality, but all reflected some other aspect of her.

Tila was astonished. No magic had ever accomplished such a thing, and as each Samara proclaimed themselves to be the original, she was forced to tell them that there was no way back. Samara, who had always been divided in mind, was now divided in body as well. The Wandering Witch could only confirm that the magic was severed, and a backlash had resulted. She couldn’t confirm what might have happened to Charlie, but it was likely dramatic.

The five Samaras left together, unbelieving at what their new lives held.

That was five months ago. Things were much easier now, and they had settled into a shared routine in their home. For all their neighbours knew, the girls were a set of quadruplets, though they knew in fact it was more like Quintuplets. Each had new wants and needs, but they were all bound together by their link, their common interests, and their shared sisterhood.

Though some, Five reflected, as Two entered the living room clad in a bathroom and reeking of sex, ended up with greater needs than others.

“Someone had a good time,” Five said, smirking at her ‘sister.’

Two blushed, crossed her arms over her silk bathrobe a little tighter. She sat down next to Five, resting her head on her enormous chest like a snug pillow. "It's not my fault Five, you'd be the same if you were as constantly horny as me."

"I know sis, I know." She wrapped an arm around Two, who snuggled further into her breast. "Still, it could always be worse." She patted her hand over her gravid form, and startled slightly as a small kick jutted into her bladder. *Was that Charlie's son, or . . . ?*

The thought was enough to reach the rest of her. The three of them that were in the room shuddered at the fate of One. Four had it bad too, in an altogether way, but One was far more changed than any of them. Though perhaps it was for the best. Two snuggled in again.

"Ow!" Five said, "take it easy there."

"Yeah, even I could feel that," Three complained, rubbing her own meagre breast in response.

Two blushed again. "I'm sorry, I just can't help it. God, I wish I had tits like yours Five."

"We all do," Three complained, looking up from her celebrity mag.

"They're, like, even bigger than Four's, and she's bigger than the original!"

"We're all the original. And I'm wildly aware," Five replied, but she couldn't help but smile and shake her shoulders a bit, setting her ample bosom wobbling. Her chest was very warm this morning, which could only mean that she was full. "However," she continued, "if either of you want these udders, then you'll also have to learn to put up with the constant lactating, the feeling of always being full and all this milk being so warm."

"We already feel it. We're you, after all."

"Not as I feel it. These damned udders are bursting with goddamned milk each morning, and even when I empty them I can feel them filling back up. If I don't pump myself again at night I leave milk stains everywhere. Once these two arrive I'll finally have more than just you guys to drink it."

"That handsome man you've been seeing drinks it. We all felt it."

Five blushed. "Rory accepts me, and I hope one day he can accept all of us. At the moment, we're still seeing where things go. Besides Two, you'll get to feel what it's like soon. You're coming along yourself."

Two gave a look of hesitation. "Sometimes," she said, "I think One was actually the luckiest of all of us. It's weird, sure, but at least she isn't constantly horny like I am, or . . ."

She let the delicate nature of Five's particular personality hang in the air. It was true, some of them had been luckier than others. Three was considered the luckiest of all of them; in both mind and body she'd come off well, if made a bit younger. The night of that fateful step outside the magic circle, they'd all split, retaining all of Samara's memories but each representing a slightly different aspect of her personality and self-image.

Two was obvious; the poor girl had inherited Samara's sex drive turned up to 11, needing to climax several times a day. If she wasn't being filled with some handsome stud's seed, begging desperately for them to cum inside any of her available orifices, then she was masturbating in the shower, fondling herself on the couch, even having sex with one of the other Samaras. On more than one occasion it had been Five that had obliged her; giving new meaning to the term 'go fuck yourself' as the two of them shared the echoes of the other's pleasure on top of their own. It wasn't hard, really; the original Samara had always had a high opinion of herself, and a little self-love went a long way. Especially when your 'sisters' were not actually your sisters, so much as yourself.

It was basically an advanced form of masturbation.

Five patted Two again. If it wasn't for One, she'd be the baby of the group. As it was, the remaining Samaras made sure to take care of her, given that her needs were so constant. The poor girl had taken on the most bimbo-eque qualities of Samara, with rounded breasts always on display in cheap v-necks. She couldn't help herself, wearing anything else but the most exploitative outfits felt 'all wrong' as she had put it, and unlike Five she couldn't stop herself from caking her face in makeup each morning and leaving little red kisses over whomever she planted her lips on. Even her syntax had been affected.

"I'm like, not throwing up this morning," she said, "do you think that's, you know, all done?"

Five glanced down the open split of Two's bathrobe, where she could just perceive the slight outward curvature of Two's tiny baby belly. Three rolled her eyes.

"Yeah right. With our luck, you'll be chucking up your breakfast right up until labour hits. I hate tasting your morning sickness when I'm not even pregnant." Five glared, and Three she went back to her mag to avoid that gaze. It wasn't really Three's fault. If Two was Samara's bimbo side, then Three was the haughty, shallow, bullying side of her, though thankfully they were doing well to steer her away from her worst impulses. Her domineering attitude also made her a defender of the girls, and who had a strong sense of justice. Three

was roughly sixteen years in age as far as they could figure, and with the exception of One – for obvious reasons – her body was the least developed, with still-respectable B-cups and a comparably flat ass. In some ways she was lucky though; all of them wished they could be a carefree teenage brat again. *Especially*, Five considered as life squirmed within her large stomach, *since some of us have bigger duties*.

“Ah, ‘tis a fine morning for thine exercises!” bellowed a very familiar voice. Samara Four entered the room, stretching her strong muscled limbs and showing off her toned abs. As usual, she wore a two piece ensemble of leather and fur that left her perfect stomach exposed above her battle skirt. Her legs were also extraordinarily fit; muscles pronounced, but in a way that enhanced her powerful femininity rather than making her masculine. Her thick brown boots thudded softly on the floor as she performed her regular stretches, the sheathed dagger at her hip jangling occasionally with her movements.

“How are we Shaleera?” Five asked. Deep down she knew, they all did. But it was easier to put up a pretence of normality than face the full oddity of their hivemind just yet.

“Mine self is good,” she responded, her voice loud and ridiculous. She began rebraiding her long red ponytail, and the various ornaments of animal teeth and clay trinkets rattled in her hair as she did. “I have slept divinely. How of thee?”

The three other Samaras in the room struggled not to snort, and Samara Four frowned at their reaction. “‘Tis not my fault that mine speech is such,” she proclaimed, taking a spare seat. “I cannot help it so.”

Five gave her a sympathetic smile. It was true, really. Four was the part of Samara who enjoyed role playing and nerdy endeavours, but far from materialising as the young-teen version of herself, she instead became – appropriately, they supposed – a manifestation of her current tabletop character – Shaleera. This was much to Four’s chagrin, as she was forced to strut from room to room wearing her two-piece ‘furkini’ of sorts, and much to the joy of the gentlemen in her tabletop group she played with twice a week.

“Alas, if only mine speech could be normal again.”

Five gave her a sympathetic smile.

“Good morning girls!”

“Morning Steven!” the four of them said in unison, sweet and soprano-like, except for Shaleera who was forced to say “Good morning, good sir!” Despite themselves, they all found Two’s conquest more than a little attractive. A consequence of all of them basking in

the afterglow of Two's sex. Five was deeply aware that her fat nipples were poking through her pajamas. She unconsciously undid another button on her top, showing more of her bountiful cleavage, and shifted to show her bosomy profile.

Charlie smiled awkwardly. "Wow, you four sisters are really something, huh?" he asked.

"Mmm, better thanks to you," Two groaned. She rubbed her belly as Steven took a seat between her and Five, placing his arms around both of them. Five scowled.

"You're starting to show, Two," Steven said, as he traced his fingers over the very slight belly that their sister was growing. "Won't be long until you're as big as Five here."

Five huffed. "Not likely, unless you've put two in her."

At that the poor thing shook anxiously. "I know. I'm, like, sooo nervous. I don't want to be a bad mummy."

"Hey, hey," Steven said reassuringly, "I meant what I said, I'll do my best to help you out. I don't . . . fully understand everything that goes on in this weird family, but you guys are all pretty accommodating."

Five huffed. Accommodating meant 'willing to share'.

"Aye," said Four, frowning, "'tis won't be long till mine game tonight, but if ye wish for a more rough-and-tumble scrap of love, I am game for that as well."

Steven's eyebrows raised. "I swear I will never get used to this."

Steven had begun as just another one-night stand with Two. He was good looking and he knew it, but didn't exactly have the highest level of intelligence, though that still suited the Samaras just fine. More than that, after Two stupidly brought him home, he didn't flee or act weird around their dynamic, instead simply enjoying the casual sex and friendship of it. He had the unique superpower of being perhaps the most relaxed person the Samaras had ever known. Perhaps it was simply because he made a mean pot brownie.

Regardless, the girls had come to share him, though it was Two who was most enamoured with him, and he with her. Five sometimes got the sense that he was verging on understanding the true nature of the girls, but had seen no real evidence yet. It made things easier for her, at least, to know that affection was possible. Rory was a good man, and liked

her despite her advancing pregnancy. It gave her hope for the future, something that with Charlie, she never thought she'd have.

Five was brought back to reality by some comment from Steven. He was chatting with Three.

"And how are you, fashionista Three?" he asked.

"Not long till I'm eighteen," Three complained, checking her nails, "again."

Steven chuckled. "Again. Man, I'm going to figure this mystery out some day."

The girls all smiled in unison. It probably looked real creepy, but he didn't even notice. He was nice and simple that way. Rory on the other hand, was an *accountant*. The girls made fun of him for his job, but he was incredibly perceptive. *God, he'll figure it out any day now, and then what will he think?*

"So when are you going to marry Two?" Three asked, not even looking up.

Steven was taken aback. "Uh, well, we're just keeping things casual for now."

Five rolled her eyes as Three smiled. She was a devious thing, making him and Two feel awkward, even if it made the rest of them feel awkward. She imagined how strange and ridiculous a wedding for Two would be, with each of them as bridesmaids. It would be a circus, especially given that, thanks to their mental link, they would also in part be the bride. Two would be bouncing up and down, wanting the speeches to end so she could kiss the groom and see to her wedding night needs. Three would be posting photos of the event on social media even as it unfolded, Four would be in some medieval fur-clad dress get up, and Five herself might at least look normal, unless she was pregnant again by that time – a real possibility. Either way, her own enormous triple-D jugs would be spilling out of her outfit.

Hopefully to Rory's delight. The man did love her figure.

She was so lost in thought that she almost didn't get to say goodbye to Steven, who had to leave in a hurry, much to the sadness of all of them.

"Don't forget your hat!" Two exclaimed, and Steven smiled, turning back to grab it from the hat-rack.

"Jeez, are you guys sure you want to keep that rack? It looks . . . weird."

All of them smiled conspiratorially, and he shrugged, knowing he wouldn't win. He left with a laugh and a wave. Two was staring at his butt, which meant all of them had a fixed image of it in their minds also.

"Two rubbed her belly and wistfully said goodbye to the simple man her own simple mind had fallen in love with."

Five tried to push away that love. *God, being five different people is so hard.*

"Well, glad he's gone," she said, "now that the himbo is out the door we can finally get the house in order."

She felt Two's shame before she even expressed it.

"He's a good man and I love him. You do too, at least a little bit, I know because I feel it! Why do you always have to ruin it Five?"

Five stood, and her immense bosom trembled in her open top. "Why? WHY!? Oh, I don't know Two, maybe it's because instead of being one person with my own life, we're five people all all caught up in being a 'harem' for that man. What's Rory going to think? Am I going to have to share him? Probably!

"God, I can't even make toast for breakfast without scattering the plates because I can feel fucking constantly. We have been turned into some kind of new superorganisms that's so weird and new and terrible and fantastic, but it's hard to get anything done when I'm so damn full of milk and you're having sex and we're all celebrating Shaleera rolling a Natural 20, and . . . you get what I mean."

She breathed deeply, and felt the expanse of her bosom pressing at the remaining done-up buttons of her top as another small stream escaped from her jugs. Three whimpered slightly at the feeling. *If only she knew how much I feel it compared to her.* "God, I'm sorry girls. I lose it sometimes. Pregnancy hormones. Something to look forward to, Two."

The girls crowded around to hug her, and tears developed in her eyes.

"Oh God, thanks girls. Wow, the feedback on this is crazy. You guys are awesome."

"So are you," they all said at once."

Two sets of feet kicked inside her womb. "God, I'm already so huge and swollen with these two. And I just *know* I'm going to want more with Rory. Stupid personality traits."

It was true. If Samara Three was her fashion-obsession, Two her horny side, and Four her more geeky, roleplaying aspect, then Five was a manifestation of the original Samara's

independence, but also her maternal side. The motherly Samara. The leader. It was why she took care of the rest of the parts of herself, working out any of her inner disagreements and helping each of them in turn, and they worked as a group to keep her own stress under control.

It was also why, she imagined, despite being less muscled than Samara Four/Shaleera, she was easily the tallest of them, with a pronounced bosom that lactated *constantly* for her coming children. God, she was so full even in this moment, and she could have jumped Steven's bones in that moment just so he could milk her dry with his mouth which was the real reason she wanted him out of the house: she needed to save that action for Rory. Because deep down, despite what she wanted, she was the Samara that desperately needed to have a baby. Not just one baby, in fact. More babies. Just being pregnant with twins, as strange a pair of twins as they were in her womb, made her glow deep inside. She needed to have babies. It was just a good thing that Rory was quite wealthy, and seemed to accept that she was pregnant when they met. Her rounded form, she suspected, was actually a bit of a turn on for him.

"It's not fair," she whined, placing her hands over her prodigious, lactating bosom. "Why do I have to be the one so baby-crazy?" She eyed Two, who actually seemed genuinely sympathetic. "I need to make babies, babies, and more babies. And worst of all I just know that this body is capable of it. It's made for getting knocked up with kids. Ugh. I wanted to be a model when I was just one me."

"You'll be a model mother," Three reassured her, taking a selfie with her in the pic.

"That's a thought."

"We know," Four said, "thine self had it, therefore so did we all."

Five's hand rested over her stomach, and a much smaller hand made contact with his, the stretched skin of her pregnant belly resting between them.

"That's her, isn't it?" Two asked, her eyes fascinated, even a little saddened. Five nodded, breathing deeply. When they made contact like this, she could feel the last fragment of Samara within her even more than usual; her thoughts, feelings and mood. She was more distant than the others, just a small blip on their continual radar. It was for the best, though perhaps the connection would grow when she came of age. Or perhaps it would fade.

"How is she feeling? Little One?"

Five hesitated, focused upon those fragments of her own mind that were growing inside of her. “She feels . . . grumpy. Nostalgic. Part of her wishes she was her own normal self again and not . . . you know . . . a baby again.”

“I do miss her, you know,” Two said, circling a finger over Five’s belly, “even if it would be difficult to have her around with us. It would be easier for her.”

Five considered. “I’m not sure . . .”

As far as they could all figure, Samara’s intent upon visiting the Wandering Witch that fateful night had come to pass, just in a way she could never fully expect. Shards of herself were granted full life, but the part of her that was consumed by guilt and shame over her past - both as a nerd and as a bully - didn’t just go away. No, that Samara still existed, and was her own adult self just long enough to look with panic and confusion at these new Samaras that she could feel and sense and see around her. Within moments, however, she began to shrink, her limbs becoming younger, her features simpler. She cried in shock as she collapsed within a pile of her own clothing, surrounded by other Samaras. She became weak and feeble, her cries becoming a child’s, then a toddler’s, then the wail of a newborn child, and she could do little more than grunt and cry as a tugging in her belly button revealed an umbilical cord steadily growing like a vine and lashing up into the nethers of the most maternal Samara – Five – who had approached to comfort the baby on instinct. But in moments, Five herself was struggling and moaning on the ground as she experienced the agony of an unexpected unbirthing. Samara One could still understand much of what was going on, even in child form, but her mind became simpler - streamlined - as she found herself pulled into the gap between Five’s parting thighs. Each of the shards of Samara cringed as they experienced a portion of the unbirthing, but Five felt all of it in full.

And moments later, she found herself not just pregnant with Charlie’s child, but a twin girl as well. A Samara nesting within a Samara.

When the dust settled, One had been given exactly what she wanted in a way she had never anticipated; she was free of her slavery from Charlie, and had a way to start over. She could never have known it would be a start over from the very beginning.

And so she would experience all of it. The sensations of being a child in the womb again, floating in amniotic fluid and lulled to sleep by the constant thumping of a mother's heartbeat. Every sound distorted through the linings of the uterus in which she was growing, days drawing nearer and nearer towards the moment in which she would be pushed and pulled out of her mother's loins, alongside her own son – now her twin brother - for the second time in her life. She would grow up with her own selves, who would become her mothers, her aunts, her sisters, and her elder twins.

She would never forget who she used to be. But she would be free.

And as for me? Five thought. *Well, I'll be the first person in history to give birth to myself, just as she'll be the first person to be birthed a second time.* It was a strange thought, and felt stranger with each developing month. She was broken from the thought as there was a knock upon the door.

"Ooooh, who could it be?" Three giggled, the annoying teenager that she was.

"Ah, mine own bet is that it be Rory, slayer of Five's affections!" boasted Four, who was enjoying a fine ale in the corner like the barbarian princess she pretended to.

"Oh, go on," Five said, rolling her eyes. She quickly checked over herself and cursed under her breath. Her shirt was wet with milk stains. Again. But before she could grab another garment, Two was at her side, having sensed her worry, with a fresh top.

"Hello! It's me, Rory!"

"J-just a minute!" she called, getting her new top and settling her enormous jugs into the cups. Two gave her some minor adjustments and gave a thumbs up. Each of the girls could sense her relief, and she could feel their encouragement also. She opened the door.

There he stood, the plain, ordinary, yet quietly handsome man who had stolen her heart. He wore rectangular glasses and had a light beard, and was dressed well in a winter coat and button shirt. He smiled when he saw her. Somewhere behind, Two fluttered romantically, feeling a reverberation of Five's affection.

"Rory, I'm sorry, I had a spill I had to clean up."

"Yes, twas a great spillage!" laughed Four.

"Oh, shut up back there!"

"Are your sisters well?"

She smiled. "Very well. And so am I. Shall we go out? These little gremlins are making me starved."

“Then let’s go, my lady.”

He smiled magnanimously, allowing her to place her arm in his, and taking some burden off her heavy, rounded belly.

“Such a gentleman,” she said. She could feel Three rolling her eyes behind her, but was born aloft by Four’s exuberant encouragement and Two’s own attraction to the man. *This one’s all mine*, Five thought. *Well, at least for now. I’ll have to learn to share eventually.*

Rory went to close the door, but stopped. “Wait, Samara, your hat! It’s cold outside.”

“Ah, I’m such an idiot. I’d forget my own head if there weren’t four or five of them around.” She stepped back inside, but Four was already striving to retrieve it. The hat was setting atop the rack, the one that made Steven and even Rory feel a little unsettled. It probably would anyone, really. It looked incredibly life-like; a life-sized human carved of fine wood, hands contorted and curled upwards and face in agony and horror. Those fingers were so very good at holding the hats, but guests often got the feeling that the carving was watching them, as if its eyes could just ever-so-slightly shift to follow them. Like they were screaming to be let free of their prison.

Samara Five just smiled at the rack, blew it a kiss, winked, and waddled back out the door. She had a date with a fine man, and the past was well behind her.

They were strolling to his car when she had to stop. One of her babies was kissing, and she had the real sense it was One. Occasionally her regret and self-hate and shame bubbled to the surface, but today it was something different. Something knew.

“Anything wrong?” Rory asked.

Five seemed not to notice him for some time, and then she rose again, beaming.

“Better than fine. I think I know what to call her.”

“Another Samara?” he jested, not realising how true that statement was.

“No,” she said, cradling her stomach, and feeling the change overcoming another shard of her, deep within her womb.

“I think I’ll call her Hope.”

THE END