

Triplet Trouble (Man to Triplets TG Splitting)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Camden Levy

Doug wants his depressed and financially struggling best friend Ryan to be happy on his birthday. But when he makes this wish in the presence of a Cerberus statue gift, it answers that wish by splitting Doug into his friend's sexual fantasy: triplet sisters who are now Ryan's girlfriends. The three women must now adapt to their new lives and split existence, all while dealing with their feelings for their friend.

Triplet Trouble

It's always hard to watch a friend you've grown up with, who you've always looked up to and admired, slowly slip into the Bad Times. Such was the case for Doug Lloyd, who was trying so badly to cheer his friend Ryan Malcolm up, and failing badly at every turn. He knew it wasn't truly his fault: Ryan had been struggling financially for years now ever since he'd been let go from his auto manufacturing job due to the company downsizing. He'd been flitting from one job to the next after that, never managing to find permanency, always being made redundant or underpaid or simply taken advantage of due to his desperation. It had taken a massive toll on his personality: Ryan had always been the tall, good-looking guy with bright blonde hair and that kind of Mediterranean olive skin that gave him a touch of the exotic, which was a huge appeal to the ladies.

Thank God he's my wingman, Doug thought at one point. Because otherwise I'd have no chance next to him! He just oozes that Adonis-handsome look!

Which was a major contrast to Doug. Not that Doug was some scrawny, scrappy nerd or anything, or a really fat or ugly guy or anything. He was just . . . average. Forgettable. Brown-haired and brown eyed, with an average build and average height and average set of looks that would put him in the average range of attraction to anyone, without sticking out in any particular way. If you put him in a lineup of one you'd still not pick him out. In many ways, it would have made more sense for *Doug* to be the depressed one, and yet despite his intensely average appearance, he'd managed to get lucky. He had a sweet girlfriend named Kate, who was pretty average like him but very cuddly and affectionate in general. He had a solid job working in sales for a gardening supplies company. It wasn't the most exciting kind of work, but it paid the bills and had regular hours. And this gave him his free time to explore his hobbies, which included painting miniature 3D-printed models, golfing with his friends, and catching up on the latest HBO-style prestige television. Hell, he even found time to go hiking in nature, one of his great loves.

Ryan, meanwhile, had experienced a long, slow trajectory from the highs of college life - high scores, exciting dates, football victories - to the extended lows of adult life - unemployment, unexpected medical bills due to a surprise leg injury, and the endless search for meaning through the parade of alienating jobs.

"I just . . . don't know who I am anymore," Ryan had told Doug during a frank discussion when they'd driven out to the edge of town and shared a few beers together, like the old days when they stared up at the stars and discussed their hopeful futures. "You've got everything, Doug. A sweet girlfriend, a nice job, and you still find time for all of your hobbies. I've got time, but it's time just filled with anxiety. I feel damn paralysed, and nothing inspires me anymore. I don't know . . . I'm starting to think I peaked in college, and everything is downhill from here."

"Hey, buddy," Doug said, putting a hand on his friend's shoulder. "You're just in a rut right now. Things will get better. I know they will. You've just got to tough it out. I believe in you."

Was that too corny? It was probably too corny, Doug thought.

For a moment, he was hopeful, because Ryan nodded slowly at that. But his expression only became more morose through the wan smile he projected. "That's the problem, Doug. You believe in me. But I don't. I just . . . can't. Not anymore."

Doug was starting to get truly worried for his friend. Ryan could get fatalistic at times, but he'd never been so *genuinely* fatalistic, and for such a long period. He often talked about companionship, and did so before they readied to head back to town.

"I want what you have, Doug. And I'm not just talking about the job and the hobbies and all that. I want someone in my life, like you have with Kate."

"I mean, Kate and I haven't been together for all that long, Ryan. It's only been eight months!"

"But you really like her. I can tell. And I know she likes you. I've had plenty of girls in my time, as you'll recall."

We both chuckled, remembering that he was a bit of a player.

"But," he continued, "I was never close to finding a woman I truly connected with."

"Well, you *did* have that pair of sisters you couldn't decide between. Stacey and Violet Ackermann, as I recall."

Another laugh from him as he reminisced. "Yeah, that was all my own fault for trying to double date. It's the ultimate fantasy, isn't it? Having two sexy sisters on your arms?"

"Dude, maybe *this* is why you don't have a date."

"Hey! It's just a fantasy of mine, and it blew right up in my face. Damn, I really ruined it with Violet. Still, if I'd gotten away with it . . ."

He gave Doug a sly smile, and Doug chuckled back. "See? There's the Ryan I remember!"

But just saying that brought the depressive Ryan out again, as if experiencing that moment of nostalgia only highlighted the pain of the present. "In truth, I'd settle for just one girl for the rest of my life over any ludicrous threesome fantasy," he said. "I try to date, but just get girls wanting one-night stands."

"Poor you."

"You know what I mean."

Doug sighed. "Yeah, I do. The right one is out there for you, mate. I know she is. Hell, maybe her and a pair of sisters."

Ryan snorted. "Yeah, maybe. I gotta get my shit together first. I just wish I hadn't been trying to do that for over two damn years now . . ."

Those words stuck with Doug in the day that followed. He told Kate about it in confidence, and she was worried too, scratching at her frizzy brown hair as she paced back and forth. He loved that about her.

"You need to do something, Doug. His birthday's coming up. Being depressed on your birthday is the suckiest feeling in the world, especially if you're alone. You should get him something, keep him company, try to get him out of the apartment."

Doug embraced his girlfriend. "You're right. I'll do just that. You're the best, Kate."

"Nah, that's you. But I try to keep up."

They kissed again.

Ryan's birthday remained on Doug's mind. He was always a hard person to buy for, usually because a lot of Ryan's hobbies were short-lived due to his ongoing low mood, and the ones he did maintain on occasion were more fitness based. But he *did* like old mythology and ancient artefacts and the like; Doug remembered how his friend had talked his ear off about Ancient Greece back when they'd been in college. It had something to do with Ryan's heritage: the man had Greek ancestry through his mother's side despite his blonde hair, and you could tell from his slightly thicker lips and olive skin. Evidently, this was his way of connecting to his heritage, in a way. It gave Doug an idea of something to look for, and with a day free to go shopping, he hit up every antique store and garage sale in town. Unfortunately, there didn't seem much in the way of what he was looking for. He didn't want to get Ryan just another book he already owned or that repeated information he already knew. He needed something *special*.

The young man was almost out of luck entirely when he found what he was looking for. It was at a very old hole in the wall antique store that he didn't even know existed until today, and even then had been oddly hard to find even with Googlemaps. One had to go down an alley and turn left halfway through, and it made Doug idly think that this was the sort of alley that Batman's parents had died in.

Yeah, he thought to himself. Better not wear any pearl necklaces through this one.

The entrance barely advertised the place. It simply said 'Ancient Antiques' above the door in letters so faded that you would almost think the place had gone out of business years ago and the sign simply never repainted. But there was an 'OPEN' sign displayed in the glass window of the door, and sure enough, when he turned the knob, the door opened.

Woah, turned his thoughts. It's like stepping into another world.

The air was a bit too thick with dust, but it was easy to see why: it seemed to Doug like he was entering the warehouse at the end of *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. Old and ancient antique artefacts, equipment, clothing, armour, weapons, utensils, maps, tomes, books, footwear, toys, letters, statues, carvings, dishware and more were *everywhere*. Some of it had to hang from the ceiling just to find space, and it was like moving through a maze just to find the store owner . . . not that he could. Where the desk for purchasing any of this or finding what he wanted was located was another mystery entirely! Still, he couldn't deny how amazing it was.

Is that a Roman banner? Holy shit, there's no way that's real. And Jesus, a set of alchemy potions from a Bohemian apothecary! There's no way that's one of the actual terracotta army warriors, is it? This is all recreation, it has to be.

These thoughts continued as he waded through the clutter, only the dim lights helping guide his way. And yet, there still wasn't anything quite what Doug was looking for, until he nearly tripped over as he turned left, and his gaze fell upon the most perfect item of all.

It was a Cerberus statue. Doug may not have been the Ancient Greek Geek that his Adonis-like best friend was, but he was still quite the nerdy individual himself, so he was able to recognise it. And really, who *wouldn't* recognise a cerberus, one of the most famous monsters of ancient myth? The enormous three-headed canine whose job it was to guard the Underworld, set forth by the god Hades himself?

The statue was small, roughly the diameter of a dinner plate, and as tall as a household coffee machine. It was made of pure black marble, at least so it appeared, with little ripples of lighter grey and white throughout it that seemed to give it the appearance of having fur alongside the beast's flanks. Far from being evil and terrifying looking, however, the cerberus in fact appeared quite noble. It was in a regal pose for a dog, as if it were puffing out its chest in pride as it sat up, and its heads were held high. The central one had

its jaw clamped shut, gazing above to the distant horizon. The head to its left was more excited, but not aggressive, really. More . . . playful. The last head had its teeth bared, and was the only one that seemed to be a suitable guard dog in expression. Even then, it appeared protective rather than frothing or cruel.

This is perfect, Doug thought, picking the item up. It was surprisingly light, and yet it didn't feel hollow. Curious.

"Don't drop that."

Doug jumped on the spot, and very nearly did drop the item. He spun on the spot to see an old man gazing at him curiously. He had wiry white hair and a wrinkled face, and appeared to be in his late sixties or early seventies. He wore a tweed outfit with an old-fashioned red bowtie, and was clearly the owner of the store.

"Sorry," Doug said, holding the item. "You just scared me, that's all."

"And you frightened me, boy! I swear, it's been decades since a worthy soul set foot in my store! Tell me, what year is it?"

"Um, it's 2025," Doug answered. *Is he missing some of his marbles?*

"By the Gods, I guess I missed the 2010s entirely, heh! No matter, I'm sure that lovely woman who got the Circe Wand is very happy with it. Her friends, perhaps not so much, if she didn't wield it well. And now here you are, coming to my store of esteemed artefacts, and you are drawn to the She-Cerberus, I see!"

Doug frowned, regarding the statue. He supposed it did have a sort of quasi-female appearance to it, given the dog's sleekness and so forth.

"Ah, yeah," he said. "I'm looking to get a present for my friend's birthday. He's big into Ancient Greece."

"Ha! So was I, when I was there! A wonderful time, let me tell you. What's your name, son?"

"Doug."

The man extended a weathered hand. "You may call me The Collector. But I don't just collect! I also give items to those who they may help, or at least, give the option to help. I sense this is the perfect item for you."

"Well, it's for my friend."

"And him, certainly. That's the way it'll work, yes. Do you wish to buy it?"

Doug was thrown for a loop. This guy was *off* in some way that was difficult to quantify. Still, it felt like the perfect present . . .

"How much would it cost me?"

"Do you still use dollars?"

"Uh . . . yeah. Obviously."

The man smiled. "Good! I hate it when the currency changes or there's some great civilisational collapse. Let me think . . . I'd imagine with reasonable inflation that three hundred and thirty three dollars and thirty three cents should do it!"

That's . . . a lot of threes.

Doug looked at the statue. He wasn't so sure about this now. But he couldn't deny Ryan would like it. It was either that or get the guy some new hiking boots or a football or something, both of which seemed kinda lame. He sighed. He earned pretty good money working sales. Not immense, but more than enough to get by. Besides, Kate's birthday was still four months away, he could purchase this and still have some tidy savings before hers came around.

"Screw it," he said. "I'll buy it."

"Wonderful! Come to my desk and we'll sort out the purchase!"

The man calling himself 'The Collector' led Doug around a corner he could have sworn he'd already been around, and yet somehow now led to a counter. The old man moved around behind it and tallied up the price, and gestured for Doug to swipe his card.

"I do love these machines!" the Collector said. "What a great innovation, hmm?"

"Ah, they've been around a while now, but sure."

This dude is wack.

Still, the purchase went through, painfully expensive as it was, and the Collector carefully bagged the item.

"Be careful with the She-Cerberus," he warned as he slid it across the counter. "She's a protector and a guardian, and will serve the person who purchases her well, granting a wish that accords with her three domains and overall loyal duty to a master. *But* make sure the wish doesn't try to create something from thin air when you gift her! That way lies disaster."

"Wait, so it's a wishing statue?"

"Oh my, yes! You gift it to someone and make a wish for them, and the she-cerberus will grant it at the moment of presentation to its new owner."

Doug blinked. This was clearly some sales pitch or weird old superstition. Regardless, he had the item now. He asked for directions out of the oddly large store, and the Collector pointed to just behind him . . .

. . . where a door suddenly was. Freaky. Surely that hadn't been there a moment ago, right?

Doug exited, his spine shivering a little from the strange dimensions of *Ancient Antiques*.

"Fucking weird place, man," he said to himself, before hefting the statue in his hands, carefully placed in a wrapped box as it was. "But at least I've got you, my she-cerberus. And

who knows, maybe that wish of yours will give some good vibes to a buddy that really needs it!”

It would, in fact, and far more than Doug could have imagined. Though if he *did* know the results of said wish ahead of time, he might have smashed the she-cerberus statue on the ground and run clean away from it as fast as he could.

“Happy birthday, buddy!”

Ryan gave a weak smile in response to Doug’s enthusiasm. It was two days later, and the day had come. Doug had finished up his working day but dropped by his best friend’s place to wish him well, hang out, and give him his gift. Kate knew to have dinner ahead of time, and told him via text to take as long as he needed with his friend. Mind, she’d also teased him that if he *did* arrive back before it was too late, she’d make it worth his while. Doug tried to purge that particular sexy thought from his mind and focus on his friend.

“Cheers, man,” Ryan said. “Did you, uh, want to come in? I’m sorry, the place is a bit of a sty right now. I keep going to clean it, but I just . . . don’t have the energy right now. Who knows, I might not even have the cash to stay here in another few months.”

Doug entered anyway, trying not to engage with his friend’s depressive statements. They were always hard to navigate.

“Well, you know I can always help you out.”

“You shouldn’t have to. I shouldn’t have to rely on you.” Ryan paused, clearly realising this conversation was not really helping matters. “Hey, looks like you’re carrying something big there. Beer?”

“Please, like you haven’t got a stocked fridge already! No, this is your birthday gift.”

Ryan gave him a funny look. “Dude, you didn’t have to do that for me.”

“You don’t even know what it is, yet. It might be a really shitty present.”

Ryan scoffed. “Please, you’re way too thoughtful for that. I don’t deserve you as a friend, man. You’re always looking out for me.”

“Well, it’s just payback for you looking after me during college, right? Now c’mon, open it! I think you’ll like it.”

Doug was pleased to see his friend was actually excited. He had no illusions that this would fix things, or magically somehow jumpstart his friend’s lagging attempts to find more secure work, but any day where he could lift his spirits a little was a good day, as far as he was concerned. Ryan methodically removed the wrapping and then carefully took the item from the box.

“Holy shit!” he said. “Is this a freakin’ marble statue of a cerberus?”

“A she-cerberus, specifically. The antique store owner I bought it from was very specific on this point.”

“Female, huh? Well, I guess she does look a bit sleek. Wow, is this actual marble?”

“It is! Kate knows this stuff, and she says it has to be, but it might just be an outer layer due to how light it is. But it doesn’t feel hollow, does it?”

“No,” Ryan said, shaking it a little. “Definitely solid. Wow, the craftsmanship is insane. How old is it?”

“The tag says it’s legitimately from Ancient Greece. Athens, specifically. I’d take that with a grain of salt, personally, but at the same time, it does look pretty cool, right? I thought you’d like this sort of thing, you being into Greek myth and all that.”

Ryan grinned. “You guessed right. Hey, man, this is pretty cool. This is, uh . . . yeah, this is cool. Really cool of you. Goddamnit.”

He wiped his eyes a little.

“Sorry,” he continued. “Just a bit more emotional over this than I thought I’d be. I’ve had a hard time lately, and I was feeling pretty shit today, being my birthday and all. This has really lifted my spirits, buddy.”

God, my poor friend, Doug thought, though he was also very glad his gift was indeed appropriate. *I just hope I can help him out in some way. Wait, hang on, there was that other thing!*

“I nearly forgot, I’m meant to bequeath a wish to you.”

Ryan cocked his head to one side, almost like an owl. “Um, bequeath?”

“Gift, maybe. It’s part of the she-cerberus statue. She’ll protect you, according to legend, and there’s a theme with her heads that doesn’t make sense to me, but apparently I’m meant to provide you with a wish now that I’ve transferred ownership.”

“A wish, huh? You gonna wish me a good career? Oh, why don’t you skip to the riches part? Or at least put away this grey cloud I’ve always got hanging over me lately.”

But Doug just grinned.

“Oh no, what is it?”

“Nothing!” he said. “I just thought I’d be a good wingman for you, just like you were a good wingman for me back in the day. You helped me find Kate, after all. So instead of all that up in the clouds stuff about jobs and fulfilment, I figure I’m gonna wish that you get an absolutely smoking girlfriend to take care of you and make you happy. How about that?”

Ryan chuckled. “Fuck yeah, I could do what wish, alright!”

“Then it’s official. This she-cerberus statue is officially yours, Ryan Malcolm. I, Doug Lloyd, grant you ownership of it with the following condition: *I wish that you get a really sexy girlfriend who is perfect for you, takes care of you, and makes you happy, especially in the bedroom!*”

They both shared a laugh, giggling like they were stupid teenage schoolboys again who were sharing hot pics of internet girls they'd found. At least, they were laughing, until the statue started to glow.

"Um, what the hell?" Ryan said.

Doug gasped as the eyes of the cerberus glowed a vibrant green, as if small fires were lighting up inside of the statue. The entire artefact thrummed with power, as if it truly were magical.

"Dude," Ryan said. "It must be some kind of special effect."

The statue *exploded* with power, and suddenly a green haze was everywhere. Doug heard yelling, and it sounded like there was a woman present as well. He waved his arms, only to find he could barely control them or they felt weird, somehow, as if on a lag. He could barely tell where his limbs were; it was like he was spread all across the room. He staggered, falling against the couch.

No, it was the wall.

No, it was the coffee table.

Woah, it feels like all three.

Woah, it feels like all three.

Woah, it feels like all three.

The thoughts came in triplicate, and the confused man clutched his head as he tried - and failed - to navigate through the green haze. Everything was wrong: his body felt distorted and all over the place, like his sense of direction had been carved into little pieces. But still, something was very strange. His body felt different. There were weights upon his chest. They were heavy. But not that heavy. But also they were even *heavier*? How was that possible? He groaned, and the sound seemed to echo from three places at once, and it was not a manly sound. Had his clothing changed? Why did his hair seem so long?

What am I thinking? It's short. I can feel it.

No, it's long. It seriously feels like it's over my shoulders.

Are you kidding me? It's practically down to my ass, here!

Doug groaned again. Why were his thoughts overlapping like that? It made no sense, but it seriously felt like he was of three minds about the situation. He tried to steady his breathing, and managed to do so. Well, two-thirds of him did. Wait, how did that make any sense?

I am SO going to sue that weird antique guy for this!

I am SO going to sue that weird antique guy for this!

I am SO going to sue that weird antique guy for this!

“Ughh,” Doug groaned, stumbling back into the coffee table that was the couch that was the wall, and somehow all three. Again, that strange echo without any delay. “R-Ryan? Are you okay?”

Why do I sound like a chick?

Why do I sound like a chick?

Why do I sound like a chick?

“Dude, why do you sound like a chick?”

It was exactly what Doug was thinking . . . three times at once, in fact. He waved his hands - and there were so many hands, it felt like in his grogginess - and slowly the strange green haze began to disperse, allowing him to see Ryan and the rest of his apartment living room. A certain sense of sanity restored itself for a moment.

Only to shatter immediately.

Because Doug’s perspective was shattered. He was looking at Ryan from the side. And he was looking at Ryan from behind. And he was looking at Ryan from the front and below, sprawled across the coffee table. Three perspectives at once, and all of them not *just* looking at Ryan, but three *incredibly* beautiful women who were suddenly in the room, all of whom looked like they had to be sisters, if not triplets. They each had black hair of varying length, with what appeared to be identical faces; the kind of face that was so pretty it immediately captured your attention, with dark whirlpools for eyes and glossy lips that looked ripe for kissing. And their bodies were fucking sexy too: total hourglasses with thin and trim waists, impressive boobs, and some nice junk in the trunk. There were differences between them too, though, not just physically but in their dress style, too.

The one with the pixie cut was slightly taller and clearly more powerfully built, with impressive abs that were easily viewable thanks to her wearing short tee and workout shorts. Her thighs were impressive, as were her calves, and it was clear she worked out her arms too. She had a kind of alternative vibe to her as well: dark tattoos on one arm, and a piercing in her left brow, on her lip, and a kind of goth chic vibe to her dark clothing that seemed to match the confidence vibe of her musculature.

The one with the shoulder-length hair, on the other hand, clearly had a more voluptuous physique than the already impressively-curvaceous other two. If the other two were sporting magnificent double-D’s by Doug’s estimation, then this girl clearly had a damn impressive pair of F-cups. She was wearing a sexy red cocktail dress, the kind a woman wore to attract men like flies to honey, and it showed off her curves and breasts perfectly.

The one with the very long hair that reached almost down to her ass appeared to be a real nerd type. She wore glasses, unlike the other two, and a cute blouse and long skirt that fit her trim figure well while still hinting at her lovely shape. She had a beauty spot on her left cheek, and some extra freckles too.

All these women suddenly appearing was freaky enough, even if it was some sign from the Gods that Ryan now had his choice of a perfect girlfriend. The only problem was that Doug Lloyd *was* these women.

All of them.

All *three*.

The new woman - *women, plural* - could feel the alien shape of his new bodies, from the top of his changed head(s) to the tips of his (thirty) toes. He grabbed at his breasts, shocked to possess them (six of them, in fact), not to mention how sensitive they were, especially for the extra stacked part of him, who moaned. Actually, all *three* of the new female him moaned, forming a chorus of arousal.

“What the actual fuck!?” Ryan screamed, rocketing to his feet and causing Doug to nearly stumble backwards, in three directions, no less. “Who are you? Wh-where is Doug? What the hell just happened!?”

“I am Doug!” the changed man yelled from three different mouths, all of them with larger lips than he was used to. “It’s me! Something weird has happened, buddy!”

“Wh-what!?”

Doug tried to control his breathing again, but it was hard when you had three throats and *six lungs*. He stared at his hands, and all three female bodies lifted said hands at once to their own set of eyes. “I think the statue did something!” his bodies spoke as one. “I think I’ve turned into a chick! Three chicks!”

“As if! That’s - that’s impossible!”

“Then how else do you explain this!?” they said in triplicate, all three bodies turning to look at Ryan, gesturing to themselves and their fine, feminine forms. Everything about it felt alien, not just being female but being *three* females, and each seeing the other, as if staring into distorted mirrors. And that wasn’t even getting into feeling the weight of breasts, the expanded hips, the absence between three pairs of thighs, the clothing that did a lot to reveal their forms.

It was all so wrong, not to mention completely unintuitive. It wasn’t just having three bodies, but three *brains*, all of which seemed interconnected and functioning as one, keeping in contact with the others like they were a series of computers with a central node.

Ryan looked around at each woman. With great concentration, Doug was able to move each one so that they were arranged in a semi-circle around Ryan, facing him as he sat back down on the couch in shock.

“This is some crazy dream,” Ryan said. “I mean, how can you be three women? And how can all three of you be so *hot*?”

The next hour and a half of experimentation, adjustment, and discussion slowly uncovered the likelihood of what had occurred to Doug. The she-cerberus statue was still on the coffee table, undamaged and no longer glowing but both (or all four now?) of them had seen it light up and project some kind of magical effect, a magical effect that had clearly enveloped Doug and split him into becoming three beautiful ladies with raven-black hair.

"It's the fucking wish!" Ryan declared while Doug tried to shake his own hand while his third self tried to walk into a different room.

"What?" they all said at once, the third walking into a wall and causing the other two to follow up with an, "Ow!"

"You wished that I would have a sexy girlfriend, right? One who would make me happy? I think somehow *you* became that girlfriend."

"Bullshit!" they all said, though Doug managed to make it so that only one of them spoke: the fit alt-goat one. "I never wished for that! I only wished . . . oh shit."

"The Collector warned us - I mean, me," the busty dress-wearing one said. "He said I had to be careful with my wishes, and that I couldn't always create something."

"Shit," the nerdy part of Doug said from the other room, storming back in. It was strange, but Doug could move one part of himself easily so long as the other two were stationary. "We couldn't create a girl for you, so the spell made us - I mean, *me* - the girl!"

"But why are there three of us?" Busty said.

Ryan examined the she-cerberus statue. "Three heads. A wish granted with a 'theme,' just like you told me. And, let's be honest, I was talking about the dream of having multiple girls - sisters - with you just the other. Doug, I'm so fucking sorry, man, but I think the she-cerberus had split you into *three* people."

All three of Doug gasped, still unused to their feminine voice.

"Then change us back!"

Unfortunately, such a statement was easier said than done. To his credit, Ryan acted quickly: he tried to 'regift' the she-cerberus right back to Doug, all three of him in fact, but nothing occurred even when they experimented with the type of wish or just blew their shot with an off-kilter wish to test if it was just *this* wish that couldn't be changed. No dice. Ryan even left his apartment and went to his neighbour, embarrassing himself with a middle-aged woman named Margaret by asking her to play along as he gifted her the item with a wish. Again, nothing at all to help them. It only provided a particularly embarrassing piece of information that Busty Doug heard while sneaking out to hear what was happening, which Nerdy Doug and Fit Doug were able to then absorb.

"Is this some strange prank?" Margaret asked. "I swear, Ryan, don't you have enough time on your hands living with three girlfriends all at once?"

“I - what?”

“Don’t play coy, I know those triplet girls are into you! And I know you always go out with them. And you’re not exactly silent when you’re together and forget to shut your windows! You should be ashamed of yourself, being such a bigamist. Or is it trigamist? Whatever. It’s not my business, but it’s not moral. I just hope that Delilah, Demi, and Daphne come to recognise you as the chauvinist you are and finally get some self-respect.

I’m Delilah? thought Fit Doug.

Which makes me Demi, thought Busty Doug.

And me Daphne, thought Daphne.

It wasn’t exactly independent thought, but it *was* more localised. Strange. Strange even for all this insanity. Ryan returned with the bad news that their plan hadn’t worked, which left the man-turned-three-women in a state of panic, which once more led to one of them - the busty Demi, this time - running into a wall.

“Great, now one third of my boobs hurt!”

“Doug - or whatever your name or names are now - I think reality has changed. History and everything. We need to find out if that’s the case.”

It was yet another thing to investigate, but all three of Doug/Delilah/Demi/Daphne wanted to get to the bottom of it, in the hopes of turning back. Each had ID, as it turned out, in a receptacle styled in their own manner.

A regular back wallet for Delilah.

A cute matching red purse for Demi.

A pastel blue phone case for Daphne.

They all gathered together to go over the evidence at Ryan’s table. It was supremely odd, the sensation of being *next* to oneself, twice over for middle-Doug, who was the more enticingly dressed one. And even weirder to look down to see three pairs of boobs, one pair of which was quite openly displayed.

“This is so crazy,” Ryan said. Doug could feel his gaze upon the new women’s forms, and it was . . . odd. Kind of warm to acknowledge. He felt six nipples stiffen, and all three brains tried *not* to think about how part of the wish had been for a *girlfriend*. “Seriously,” Ryan continued. “This is just wild.”

“You’re telling me!” the three replied as one. “I’m running three people here! And all of them are actually *people*. Look, I’m a group of three sisters. All twenty two years old - I guess I reversed two years in age. I’ve got the same last name, but everything else is different. My phone - *phones* - are filled with pics I don’t recognise. Fuck, there’s one of both of us at the beach, but I’m triplet sisters in sexy bikinis! Jesus!”

Ryan coughed.

“What?”

“Um, can you not be so creepy, talking like that? You’re swapping words at random between the three of you.”

All three of Doug groaned. “What part of this is not creepy?”

“Well, you do look pretty hot. All three of you.”

“Yeah, I can feel you staring at Delilah’s ass *and* Demi’s tits, and you keep smiling at Daphne. Not cool, dude.”

“Are you still, you know, you?”

Ryan asked this with concern, placing a hand on Delilah’s muscular shoulder and Daphne’s more petite one. Both forms shivered, and Demi found it hard not to moan despite not being touched at all. All three of their pairs of eyes trained on Ryan, and in a night already filled with weirdness, they found it damn hard not to appreciate how handsome their friend was. How *hot* and *manly* and *masculine* he was.

Oh God, they thought as one. The wish made me really attracted to him. All three of my bodies. My pussies feel kind of . . . wet. Shit! This is all kinds of wrong but he looks so good, and I kind of want to-

They all shook their heads, trying to remove that image immediately from their minds.

Mind, Doug thought. One mind. Three bodies. Not minds, plural. Dear God, not that.

“Sorry, what was the question?” Demi asked. That body was even more turned on than the others.

“I said, are you still, you know, you?”

All three bodies bit their lip. “Of course, man!” they eventually said as one. “We just need to find a way to reverse this.”

“We might have better luck tomorrow,” Ryan said, yawning.

“No, we need to try now!” Delilah said aggressively. “I can’t go back to Kate looking like this!”

Ryan gave Doug a funny look - the Delilah Doug, that was. “I . . . don’t think you need to worry about that right now.” He gestured for Delilah and the others to follow him, and they did so. Doug’s mind tried not to focus on Ryan’s impressive shoulders or cute butt. How could this guy struggle to hold a woman looking like he did?

Ugh, stupid girl bodies all attracted to men now! To HIM, because of the wish! Fuck!

Of course, that wasn’t even the worst news. Ryan gestured to his room, which was now much bigger than Doug remembered. It had a Double-King sized bed, or perhaps even larger, like it had been custom-ordered. All three female bodies entered, looking about. It was getting easier to maintain control over them; the key was not to think about it too much.

Oh shit. There’s bras. There’s dresses. There’s photo frames of Ryan and me - the female me’s.

It all led to a single conclusion, one Doug knew he should have made when the next door neighbour talked about Ryan's three girlfriends.

Oh God. I live here now. I don't have an apartment elsewhere. I don't live with Kate. I sleep in a bed with my sexy boyfriend. I mean, with Ryan.

Ryan looked at him - all three of him - his eyes searching for a solution. There was only one that Doug could see.

"You're sleeping on the couch!" they all said at once.

And we'll try, Doug thought as one, to sleep together. Three beautiful ladies, and they're all me. It's like the monkey paw wish, seriously.

It hadn't been a dream; Doug discovered that quickly when he woke up the next day, one body at a time. His gorgeous female bodies were all intertwined: Delilah in the middle with busty Demi and nerdy Daphne curled around her. Delilah had woken first, and it was so freaking bizarre to enjoy sleep at the same time as being partly awake. There was also a grogginess to it, as if having only one mind be conscious was akin to being a little bit tipsy or hungover.

"W-wake up," Delilah said, shaking the other two, and the other bodies came 'online,' allowing Doug to process more information.

Ugh . . . that was weird. Fuck! My thoughts are literally synching. Why were we all dreaming about Ryan!?

Once more, the reality of it set in. He was female. He had boobs. He had a pussy. He had generous hips and a nice butt, and longer hair (well, only slightly longer with Delilah). He had female thoughts and feelings, having dreamed of a handsome man who looked a *lot* like Ryan. Only he had three times all of this, courtesy of the she-cerberus statue.

"Ugh, damn it!" they all said as one. "I was really hoping it was a nightmare."

Ryan was just as surprised when the three women emerged into the living room. He looks so damn cute sleeping, and it made Daphne's heart leap especially, fluttering just at the sight of his unconscious form. Demi, on the other hand, had more lurid thoughts.

Hey, stop it, Doug thought. One mind. ONE MIND, OKAY?

It still didn't stop him from indulging in Delilah's itch to work out, while the other two softly woke up Ryan. His friend smiled.

"Hey, I don't remember this dream - GAH!"

He sprawled out of bed, and the two women jumped back. He slept without a shirt on. It was . . . quite the sight. Delilah grinned even as she found some weights and started lifting them.

Yeah, I needed this, she thought, slightly separate from the other two until their minds synched.

“Holy fuck,” Ryan said. “Not a dream, huh?”

Demi thrust out her chest a little without thinking, while Daphne adjusted her glasses.

“Yeah, the nerdy one said. “Not a dream. We need to sort this out.”

They had breakfast first, and showers. Ryan’s gaze fell upon them, though he apologised for that. Doug found it more comfortable for his three bodies to overlap their showers, with Delilah going first after her workout. Daphne needed her glasses, and Demi had a strange urge to play with herself in the hot water. It was odd, but he was already starting to get a sense that each body had its own separate needs. This was mirrored by the way he dressed after the shower (one in which he most certainly played with some breasts, but manifestly avoided going down *there*, for fear of where his thoughts would go).

Delilah wore a black tank top and leather jacket, along with ripped jeans. It was a hot, confident look, and as if by muscle memory, she was able to apply some darker eyeshadow and thin black eyeliner.

Daphne took on a summer dress, one that was modest and cute, with a bright yellow colouring. She did her hair in a ponytail to deal with its length, and put on light, natural looking makeup.

Demi, on the other hand, was clearly a more libidinous part of Doug’s new self. He tried to resist her urges, but they were as much a part of her body as they were part of him now. She wore a very tight crop top with a plunging neckline and a pair of daisy dukes that hugged her hips and ass quite impressively. The result was that she showed far more skin than clothing, and the clothing that was on her was only emphasising her ample features.

We look so cute! they thought together. *I can’t believe we were able to do all that. This reality change is wild.*

“Uh, wow,” Ryan said when he saw them. “No offence, Doug, or whatever your name or names are now, but you look really, really hot. All three of you.”

Demi giggled automatically, and Delilah and Daphne threw her a look.

“Yeah, I know, I can’t help it,” Delilah said, sighing.

“It’s part of the mechanics of the wish,” Daphne said. “And the cerberus statue. We’ve become your ideal girlfriends as a trio, each representing different aspects not only of ourselves but also of your own desires - the cute nerd, the hot athletic girl, the busty slut.”

“Hey!” Demi said. “I’m not a slut! What am I doing? We’re all one mind.”

“Sort of,” Daphne said. “I think we might be drifting already. Doug controls us, Ryan, but our bodies all have different needs. It might be that we are already on the path to becoming separate people linked by a central mind and memory and perceptions, but still with unique quirks that set us apart.”

Ryan's jaw hung. "And you figured this all out?"

Daphne gave a cute grin. "I'm the smart one. It sort of comes with the territory."

"Which means we need to figure this out, fast!" Delilah said. "Today, we're heading to the *Ancient Antiques*, pronto. C'mon, cutie."

Ryan paused. "Are you talking to me?"

"N-no! I meant my sisters. My other parts of myself. Whatever! Let's go!"

But Demi just giggled again, letting her hips shake as she exited, all to give Ryan a better view. Some part of Doug was wanting to enjoy this. Just a little part named Demi.

It made no sense. It made no *fucking sense*. The strange, mysterious antique store simply no longer existed. Its entrance was simply *gone*. It was the same place: all three bodies had run around the nearby city blocks just in case, a few of them getting unwanted male attention, and all it had done was improve Doug's ability to multitask three bodies at once and confirm that there was, seemingly, no range limit. All three of Doug's brains were going wild, and each wanted to react in a different way.

I can barely keep this together! GODDAMN IT!

Delilah badly wanted to punch something.

Daphne was in full logic mode, piecing together evidence.

Demi was, embarrassingly, clinging to Ryan, tears forming in her eyes. Doug was having to resist her desire to use this moment as an excuse to feel him up and press her breasts against him even more obviously.

"Like, it's just vanished?" Ryan asked.

"Yes!" they all declared.

"It was here," Daphne said.

"Maybe we should break through the wall," Delilah suggested.

Demi whimpered. "Let's just go back home. I feel like I need to take a break. It's all too much!"

Daphne frowned. "I'm starting to put together what the Collector said, all the weird things he mentioned. I think . . . I think his store just appears in places through time, and then disappears after the purchase. He seemed to think we - I mean, / - was meant to purchase the she-cerberus."

"But he warned us about it!" Delilah said.

"Yeah, but he didn't exactly talk very specifically about that. And the item only works for us at the moment. Even when Ryan tried to gift it to a random homeless man it didn't work, or anyone else we've tried."

“Even other dealers,” Ryan said. “Wait, are you having a conversation with yourself right now?”

All three bodies paused and looked at one another. It was a weird sensation that Doug was still not used to. But Ryan had a point.

“I think . . . we need to retreat and figure out how to live like this for a bit,” Daphne said, ignoring Ryan’s point.

“We can’t give up!” Delilah said.

“We aren’t. We’re all one person, so you know my thoughts. We need to just . . . figure out how to live like this until we can turn back. It makes the most sense.”

The Demi part of Doug leapt on this suggestion perhaps a little *too* eagerly. She was still clinging to Ryan, who was doing his clear level best not to look down her very snug, very low-cut top at her magnificent F-cup breasts.

“That’s the best idea,” she said. “This part of me agrees with that. We need to get more . . . familiar.”

Doug’s three bodies all shivered at once. He was being pulled in different directions, and one of them was a lot more . . . lustful, than he wanted to be right now.

Keep it together, Doug, he thought, all three minds echoing that sentiment. *Don’t let them start to drift. Or else things will get REALLY weird.*

In some ways, the strangest part of being split into three different female hotties was the part where you started to get used to it. After that wild first two days of change, confusion, and disappointment, Doug was now having to get used to living as Ryan’s quote-unquote ‘girlfriends’ while he searched and searched for ways to revert to his earlier life. Having three brains meant that he had a personal brain trust of sorts, allowing him to conduct internet searches at three times the speed, have one part of himself (Daphne) visit the library while another went to other antique stores and museums to try and get information from the employees (Delilah for the bargaining, Demi for the seduction). Unfortunately, nothing was turning up, and the days began to cycle on with this new, alien existence becoming something that was almost . . . familiar.

Each night, Doug had his three bodies sleep in Ryan’s bed, and Ryan agreed to sleep on the couch. Doug felt terrible; his friend was already financially struggling, and now he had three freeloaders to feed who weren’t even letting him sleep in his own bed. He offered to get some sleeping bags, but Ryan refused.

“Look, I know you’re a guy deep down, but there’s no way I’m forcing some girls to sleep on the floor.”

“Awww,” Demi said. “You’re the best, man. Besides, my boobs are too big for a rough floor. They absolutely kill me when I roll onto my stomach as it is!”

Why did I just say that? Doug thought. *I need to reign in my Demi side. I keep checking him out. Mind, Daphne and Delilah do that too; they’re just more subtle about it.*

Thankfully, a sort of solution *did* present itself, at least to the money situation. It turned out, after some angry phone calls about missing shifts, that Delilah, Daphne, and Demi all had actual *jobs*. Delilah worked as a fitness instructor, Daphne at the college archives, and Demi was, predictably, an online influencer. The last was quite awkward for Doug to try and adopt: it meant having part of himself pose sexily in flimsy clothing and then take selfies. Once again, muscle memory helped, but he wasn’t a fan of how Demi’s brain got a little dopamine rush from posing sensually and then uploading those sexy photos.

Jesus, I’ve got big tits, they all thought, which almost disturbed Daphne as she talked with an inquiring college student. It was because Demi’s thoughts had trended to Ryan touching their breasts, and that meant the other two were feeling it. At least Delilah could channel it into pushing a stronger workout for her customer and build up a sweat, but she had to quickly go to the bathroom and calm herself down a little.

Great, so now I’m spending my life working three times as much! If I get stuck like this, I better get to enjoy three times as much free time as well!

Of course, work was made particularly odd because it meant Doug had to interact with Kate on a constant basis. In this changed reality, his kind and compassionate girlfriend was still working at the college library, which meant she and Daphne were often in the same space together. Doug had been with Kate for eight months, and the relationship had been going well. Now, through Daphne’s eyes (and therefore Delilah’s and Demi’s minds, since their memories were networked), he had to grapple with the fact that they were merely friends in this timeline, and that Doug had no attraction to her whatsoever.

None, he thought as they shared a lunch break together. *I was so into her before. I mean, neither of us were amazing lookers or anything, but I truly enjoyed appreciating her. Now, I just think she’s . . . cute. In the way a girl would view her friend encouragingly. Ugh, I’m literally way more attractive than her - all three of me! Jesus, what a shit thing to think. Demi thoughts, go away! You too, Delilah, I can feel you trying to get all smug about how fit you are compared to her!*

Thankfully, Daphne was composed of the kindest parts of Doug’s self.

“Thanks for these little lunch dates,” Kate said, beaming. “Brett never had time to catch up for these, so it’s good to have a girlfriend to spend time with.”

“Brett?” Daphne asked.

“My boyfriend, remember? Brett, who studies anthropology.”

Wait, she's dating BRETT? He's . . . not bad looking. I mean, he's no Ryan, but how did she land HIM!? Ugh, and why is my Daphne self happy for her!?

"Oh, right. Yes. Brett. You're . . . happy with him?"

"Of course, why wouldn't I be? He's such a romantic. I love all the little dates he takes me on. And how are you and Ryan going, with your, um, situation?" She gave a little giggle. "Sorry, that sounded judgmental! You know I'm not. It's just . . . it's so unusual! You and your sisters with him, and you're all okay with it? It sounds like something out of a male fantasy."

Daphne sighed. "It sort of is, literally. Um, but yeah, it works. We have a logical way of dealing with any tensions, and we have a large comfortable bed, which is half the stress gone. Besides, I'm sort of . . . of one mind with my sisters. We pretty much always know each others' thoughts and desires, and we balance that well when it comes to Ryan."

"You think about it so logically! Does Demi see it the same way?"

Demi was trying on new lingerie at that very moment, and huffed a little, receiving these memories. She sent a warning to her Daphne self.

"We're a team," Daphne explained. "We all love each other. We're basically different facets of the same person, you might say."

"And it all works, wow."

"I . . . I'm trying to make it work, you could say."

"Are you having issues?"

"With Ryan? God no. Ryan's amazing. He's just so—"

"Handsome?"

Daphne giggled. "I wasn't going to say that."

Delilah helped a customer with the bench weights two miles away, then smirked to herself. "Yes, you were, sis."

"You totally were," Demi said, watching her numbers go up and grinning. She was gonna make way more than her other selves, that was for sure.

"Okay, so maybe I was," Daphne said, as much to Kate as to her 'sisters.' "He's really handsome, but I'm still kinda wowed by that. We all find him so hot, Demi especially, but it's kinda wild. He's so kind and nice, but there's this sadness to him as well, you know?"

"Yeah, he's often been like that."

Demi strolled out for a walk, loving the feel of her cute, revealing dress. "But we can help him, at least. Even like this."

Delilah took a break between customers, drinking some water and heading to the showers. "Hell, we're already earning more money to help his struggles."

"And I do think I can keep him better company like this," Daphne said.

"So long as it's not just for him," Kate said. "You three need to make sure you're happy too."

“We will,” they all said together in their various places.

And in that moment of synching, Doug realised he hadn't thought of himself as 'Doug' or as a 'he' for nearly an hour. Rather, *she'd* been three women, all connected, all part of the same organism, yet all with different needs and wants and quirks. A mind divided, and a mine that was one, all at once.

Why did that feel so natural? she thought.

Investigations kept turning up short. It was starting to frustrate Delilah, who took to training in boxing and taking her frustrations out on punching bags. Daphne, meanwhile, struggled with headaches, much to the annoyance of her two 'sisters' who felt it also. Demi simply did something that none of their shared mind had been willing to do.

She masturbated.

A week and a half into Doug's transformation into the three women, none of them had done much exploring 'down south', largely in part due to the former male's hesitancy at even acknowledge his lost junk. But the more time spent in three bodies, each with its own particular personality quirks and physiological needs, the more it became hard to avoid expressing said needs. And if there was one thing for sure, it was that Demi Lloyd's needs were intensely sexual.

It didn't help that her job involved posing sensually and taking photos of her impressive cleavage. It also didn't help that she was around the apartment a lot more than the other two, and that this also put her in proximity the most with Ryan. Demi simply couldn't stand it, and without much talent at tracking down ways to turn back, she continued to become more and more interested in embracing her sexual side.

“Stop it!” Delilah and Daphne both chided her, their thoughts crossing halfway over the city.

I don't want to, Demi thought, mingling with the minds of her 'sisters,' who also echoed this sentiment even as they tried to fight against it. *We're all still one mind, even if we're sorta different! We all want this, but this part of me wants it the most, don't you see? It'd be stupid for us to resist. At least let me fuck myself!*

At least let me fuck myself.

At least let me fuck myself.

All three women reeled as the thought spanned across all of them. They *were* still one organism. It was just that each individual member of said organism had a different purpose, and a certain level of autonomy. Daphne had compared it to the theological concept of the Holy Trinity: they were one, yet distinct. Delilah would have rolled her eyes at

that had she not immediately understood it due to said mind link. And now, all three wanted to just get on with it, and experience the self-pleasure. But the problem with that was; they were *all* going to do it.

Demi had it easy: she lay back on the bed in her sexiest lingerie and imagined Ryan pressed against her, groping her divine breasts and readying himself to enter her wet pussy.

Daphne imagined much the same, but she had to retreat to the archive bathroom, whereupon she slipped down her skirt and underwear and began to tease herself.

Delilah was in her car. She drove to a remote area, shifted back the seat, and began to squeeze her own breasts.

I bet no one in history has ever felt like they were making love to themselves like we are, they thought as one. Mhmm! Oh God, it's like an echo of fucking bliss. God, fuck, this is amazing! Demi-me, keep touching your breasts. Delilah, keep your thoughts trained.

Daphne, go ahead, be bold! We're all going to experience this together - me, and you. US.

Doug writhed in all three bodies, savouring all of this. She was a woman now, and her mind had still not flipped back to male, and if she didn't turn back it was likely it never would. Already other names were coming to mind - Demeter was her favourite, like a goddess of many parts - but she also considered that she might not need one. Her consciousness was split and so was she: was there even a reason to hold on to an illusion of a centre, when all three were already so equal in their hiveminded partnership? Why not relax and allow Daphne, Demi, and Delilah to be a new holy trinity?

Certainly, it was easy to allow such thoughts to linger through each body as they gasped and moaned in purest ecstasy. Six hands, six breasts, three reproductive organs, and over *nine overlapping orgasms*.

"Yesssss!" Demi cried out, uncaring if Ryan heard her.

"Mhmm!" Daphne stammered, covering her mouth.

"FUCK! FUUUUCK!" Delilah cried out, in the middle of nowhere and free to be joyously, riotously loud.

It was purest pleasure. It was delirium beyond the greatest possible heights. It was the mingling of three minds, formerly a single man, now existing as a human cerberus who could do things no other human could fathom.

And it's still not enough, they thought together. That was magnificent . . . but we need him. God help us, we need Ryan.

There was no way that was going to happen, of course. Whatever was left of Doug - his male pride, that was - refused to go along with this.

"We need to be stronger," they all said together, no matter their location. "We can be Ryan's friend. We're *not* going to be his lover."

No matter how fucking good that sounds, they thought as one.

Ryan seemed happier. It was hard to quantify, of course. He'd had periods when he'd been high on life and Doug had thought the worst had passed, only for his best friend to suddenly take a mental dip when the latest job didn't work out, or his finances fell apart as a result, or a girlfriend found someone else, and so on. But despite all the insanity of the last two weeks and the awkward (and rising) sexual tension between Ryan and the three of them, it really did seem like Ryan was getting better. His smile reached his eyes more often, and he was showing more interest in the job hunt, trying to find something that would fit his humanities major without being some soulsucking job. Teaching was something he was considering pursuing, and Daphne thought he had a real chance at it; the union for their state made it a viable career option, even, and he definitely had the charisma, likeability, and knowledge to achieve it. But most of all, he just seemed to be more active. More willing to help investigate what had happened to them, more willing to adjust for them, more willing to stop being so morose and try to make a difference.

He just seems to have regained his old swagger, the hivemind thought. And it's not just because he keeps checking out our asses, or living with three hot girls in general. Something's changed.

It was a good look, that was for sure, and it was getting increasingly hard not to appreciate it. Daphne talked with him more and more about Greek myth and historical narratives, all the things Ryan had once studied and then put behind him, despite his original passion. Demi helped him get his style back: she channeled her desire to fuck his brains out into simply appreciating his form up close as she demanded he come with her to find new clothes, which were easily affordable since they were bringing in way more paychecks now. Delilah, meanwhile, took him out on hikes and walks. Doug had always liked them, and she represented the part of him that liked to get out there and appreciate the world: something Ryan truly needed.

It was when they all accompanied him on a picnic at a nearby mountain hike that the tide turned inexorably against their willpower to resist their triplet desires for the man. Ryan seemed energised, full of hope again, smiling as he ascended the mountain. Delilah kept pace with him, but Daphne occasionally needed a pause. Demi was motivated . . . so long as she could take some selfies.

God, what a strange trio I make. Pulled in three directions, and yet it feels more right. Jesus, we haven't even tried to research a way to turn back for three days straight now. Life just keeps getting in the way . . . and just for the worse.

In fact, once they reached the summit of the hike, where the sun was shining, the sky was blue, and the forest surroundings beautiful, things really did seem, somehow, for the better. Daphne collapsed back onto the picnic blanket, her adorable pastel pink summer dress suiting her nerdy demeanour. Delilah enjoyed the treeshade, taking in her surroundings. Demi, meanwhile, put away the phone, and simply giggled with pure delight. She was wearing hiking shorts and just a sports bra, and she couldn't be happier at just feeling young and sexy and *surrounded* by people she loved, even if those parts were herself.

I just hope Ryan feels the same about all the parts of himself, they each thought.

"Hey," Daphne ventured, as Ryan sat down on the blanket among them, a faint smile on his face. "You seem happier."

"I feel happier," Ryan said. "Not like I've gotten over everything. I feel so damn guilty about saying this, Doug, but the last two weeks have been some of the happier ones in recent memory."

Demi giggled. "Because you've got a trio of total hotties around you?"

He blushed. "Maybe a little," he said, pinching his fingers together by way of demonstration. "But it's not just that. Having you three around - even if you are one person still-"

"Kinda," Demi said.

"Sorta," Delilah added.

"It's complicated," Daphne finished,

"-well, it feels like there's hope in my life again. I don't want to rely on you, but the money problems are on the backburner for a little thanks to how generous you've been, and I've been thinking more and more about a better career option, like going back to a teaching course like I initially planned. And getting out, doing more of the things I used to love, it feels like it's rebuilding my confidence. And, well, there's also-"

Demi giggled, and actually laid her head against his shoulder, making Delilah and Daphne jealous and annoyed that this intrusive thought of theirs had taken action. Still, they shivered a little at feeling Ryan's touch through Demi.

"Let me guess?" the bustiest of the three asked, staring up at his eyes. "There's also the fact that you're living out the dream of having sexy sisters as your girlfriends?"

He coughed awkwardly. "Well, you're not *really* my girlfriends."

The three of them recoiled at that. Somehow . . . it hurt. It *really* hurt.

They continued to lay in the shade, snacking and drinking, chatting about college days and generally musing on the strangeness of their current situation, and Ryan laughed as the three of them sang in a perfect girlband chorus and then had a conversation with each other and him at the same time, just to impress him with how deft their hivemind had

gotten. But the deeper current of thought washed through each of them, magnified by the memory of that touch and Ryan's words.

He really does need a girl. And if I'm not Doug anymore, and Kate is happy in this new timeline with Brett, then . . . why can't that be me?

Why can't that be us?

The triplets conferred. It was easy to do, when your minds were always linked. They shared an identity together, able to coordinate perfectly, but it also did allow each to have a quasi 'voice' within their hivemind. Much like when one has an argument with oneself, weighing up options, so did Delilah, Daphne, and Demi consider the temptation before them.

It's not like we can go back to Kate, Delilah considered pragmatically. I mean, she's happy in her new life. It's painful, but we aren't attracted to her. It also makes sense: the world already thinks we're all devoted to Ryan.

He is happier, too, Daphne thought, adding to their general consciousness. And we're happier with HIM happier. We're getting a better handle on this hivemind, and do we really want to give up this unique experience?

No fucking way, added Demi. I mean, get a feel of this, girls!

She played with her nipples, groping and squeezing her breasts, causing all parts of the hivemind to shudder and moan.

"Stop that!" they all said at once, making Demi grin, since in their fervour they had affected her behaviour too.

I'm just saying, maybe we should just fuck him, Demi thought. He's our best friend. We're already sleeping here. And let's face it, nothing is turning up to change us back. And we are totally the right girl for him. Girls. One and three. Plus it's his fantasy. Super hot, right?

This time it was Daphne and Delilah who couldn't help but touch themselves a little at the thought, and it made the Demi part of themselves grin broadly.

"It sounds like we've got an agreement," she said.

"One mind, one decision," they said together.

Delilah kicked back to watch a sci-fi time travel movie with Ryan. The other two were in position, but as much as Demi ached to be the one to do this, they would *all* experience it anyway, given their connection and how they always had the sensations and vision of what

the others were going through. Still, the Delilah part was, appropriately enough, *delighted*. She opened her can of beer with ease, kicked up her legs casually on the coffee table, and took a deep gulp.

“Hey, my eyes are up here,” she said, teasingly.

Ryan blushed, and it was a good look. Could this man be hot in any circumstance? No wonder the triplet’s Demi side was always having to duck off and fingerbang her own pussy these days.

“S-sorry,” Ryan said. “It’s just . . . that tank top is very tight.”

“I can’t help it if this side of me likes to look like a hot rebel.”

“Well, it’s working for you, Doug.”

She shrugged. “I don’t feel much like Doug at the moment. Haven’t for days, actually.”

Ryan looked aghast at this. “You’re not saying . . . he’s dead?”

Another shrug. “Sorta yeah, sorta nah. It’s hard to explain to someone who isn’t a triplet hivemind. Doug is still me. I’m still Doug, Daphne is still Doug, Demi is still Doug. We’re all Doug. But . . . we’re also *us*. We’ve been changed by this, and we’re still trying to figure out what the balance is. Part of it, though, is accepting that, at least for now, we’re not Doug. We think of ourselves as female, we’re one mind but several, and we have female names. We’re the Triplets. I don’t know how to explain it. Your buddy is still here, man. But . . . she’s also something more.”

“Sounds like a Daphne quote.”

She grinned. “That’s exactly what I’m talking about: I’m not Daphne, and I am. That was her part of our thought process speaking through me. But not really, because it’s *all* me. I just have different parts of myself, like anyone. I guess it’s just more literal for a gal like me these days.”

Ryan whistled. “Sounds wild. You’ve been through a big change . . . but it sounds like you don’t entirely regret it.”

Delilah took another drink. “It’s hard. I don’t, but I do. You know how your regular mind wants to be happy but all those intrusive thoughts come in?”

Ryan sighed. “Do I ever.”

“Well, that’s the same for me. Only, those intrusive thoughts might be a whole *body* acting out, sorta like I am now.”

The movie continued in front of them, but neither were paying attention.

God, I want to fuck this man, they all thought together, the Demi part most of all.

“You know,” Delilah said. “You seem better, Ryan. Way better, actually. I know it’s not even been quite three weeks, but everything about you seems to have changed. Almost as much as us, ha!”

Ryan considered this. "I am happier. I mean, it's not like the clouds are completely parted, but I've got ideas about what I want to do now. You've been a huge part of that, man."

"Woman," Delilah corrected.

"I guess so! But I feel bad, what with you being turned into three fantasy girlfriends of mine. Like, I don't want you to think I'm ever gonna take advantage of that. You've helped me so much, and I owe all three of you - or one of you, it's complicated - but I just want you to know that even if I guess I take a peek sometimes, I'd never, ever do anything to compromise our friendship."

"And what if we wanted to compromise the friendship?"

It was the killer line, fed to her by Demi. Ryan blinked, and Delilah smirked. She indicated with her eyes to where the other parts of her were already in position. Ryan turned his head, and there was Daphne, standing in the doorway wearing her silky pyjamas, the top buttons undone to show off some lovely D-cup cleavage. Her hair was down, and she was fidgeting with it, biting her lip in a manner she knew would be cute.

"Uhhh," Ryan said.

"What if we wanted to have a little fun tonight?"

He turned his head, and suddenly in the hallway entrance there was Demi. She was wearing some sexy pink lingerie that cupped her magnificent F-cup breasts, hoisted them up so that they were even plumper and riper. Her voluptuous form was enhanced by her sexy pose; one arm raised up against the door frame, the other caressing her trim stomach. She had her legs crossed, and her breasts heaved up and down with her heavy breaths.

Ryan looked very confused and very aroused by this point. All of them noticed through Delilah's gaze how he was tenting his pants.

"Um, is this some kind of prank? What's happening right now?"

But Delilah simply shook herself out of her leather jacket, stretching in a way to emphasise her own fit and attractive form. She curled up against Ryan, pressing her face right up to his, her other hand caressing his thigh and drawing closer and closer to his increasingly hard member.

"No prank," she whispered. "We're just tired of not being able to jump your bones, mister."

"D-Delilah. Daphne. Demi. I just said how guilty I felt about this. I'd never want to take adv-"

But the three were advancing. Daphne sat down beside him, caressing his chest. Demi knelt down before him, letting him take in the magnificent sight of her full, almost head-sized breasts. She played with them, moaning, and the others moaned in unison.

It's going perfectly, they thought. Mhmm! Just need to get him over the line.

"You're not taking advantage of us," Delilah said.

"It's only logical," Daphne added. "We have needs, Ryan. We don't want to fight it anymore."

"And we're soooo horny right now," Demi moaned. "And you're our best friend. We'd like you to be more than that."

"Because I want you so much, Ryan. I want you to be inside of me."

They said that last part all at once, and Ryan appeared shocked. Delilah's hand reached his member, stroking it softly, and Demi moved to unbuckle his pants. Daphne turned his head, planting her lips on his for a long kiss. And that was when he gave in: he kissed her back, and soon he was groaning in pleasure himself as they each touched him in different areas, stroking and groping and caressing and kissing.

"Oh God, this is - are you sure about this?"

"More than sure," they said as one, their voices perfectly in unison. They could tell it was a turn on for Ryan, because he began to respond even more. He slipped his tongue inside Daphne's mouth and began caressing Delilah's breasts. With his other hand he stroked Demi's cheek, causing bursts of pleasure among the hivemind as the triplets released his impressive girth.

"You make me so happy," Ryan said as they pleased him. "God, you all make me so happy."

"We're your holy trinity, sexy," they purred together.

Demi planted her lips on his cock. She'd dreamed of this moment, and with her instincts she began to suck him off and fondle his balls. At the same time, Daphne made love to him, removing her pyjamas so he could enjoy her warm nakedness. Delilah moved his hand to her pussy, demanding her rub it. All three women experienced the joy of giving head, of being rubbed, of being kissed and loved, all at the same time. They were Doug, and they were more than Doug.

I never want to go back, they thought. We want to be like this forever. Mhmm! Making him happy forever! Being linked and loved together, as sisters and as one mind and three minds and - mmhm!

Demi stopped giving head, and her two 'sisters' helped her mount his lap. Neither of the other two were jealous; they were *all* experiencing this. She moaned as he entered her, grinning and closing her eyes, lost in the bliss.

"So b-big!" Daphne cried between kisses.

"F-fuck, I'm feeling your cock and your fingers," Delilah breathed.

"Ohhhhh, yesss!" they all moaned.

They shifted positions before Ryan could cum: he was so close, and so were they.

"Take us from behind!" Demi cried. "We'll have more fun this way!"

"I - holy Christ, okay!" he responded, clearly lost in this unbelievable fantasy. But then, so were they.

This is incredible! they thought together as he railed her from behind. Demi leaned against the coffee table, her boobs pressing against it. Daphne stood, making out with Ryan as this went down, and Delilah kept herself behind him, feeling his back muscles and playing with his balls, ensuring that he would blow a very big load into Demi's pussy.

S-so close! We're s-so fucking close!

He still had one hand spare to continue to pleasure Delilah, but he was starting to falter the more he thrust into Demi, sliding deep into her tight, wet, pussy. It was an unimaginable feeling for the three of them, and with each thrust they all gasped in unison.

"We're going to c-cum, Ryan! We're all going to cum t-together!"

"I want that! I want you to - NGHH!!"

He came first, and they followed quickly after. Multiple orgasms rocked each girl in the triplet trio as they basked in one another's sensations. His hot seed poured into Demi again and again, and Delilah's squirmed in response to his fingers rubbing her clit. Daphne moaned into his mouth, and the continuing echo of pleasure formed an almost never-ending cycle of bliss that seemed to short circuit their brains.

I never want to be Doug again! I want to be these th-three forever! MHMMM!

They collapsed around Ryan, who was breathing heavily as he held each woman, all of them snuggling up against him for warmth and comfort. It took a long time for any of them, him included, to come down from the experience.

"That . . . that was something else," he managed.

The three women giggled together, their laughs matching up in sync. Each held their new boyfriend that little bit tighter, enjoying the feeling of being able to envelop him more than any other lover on the planet could.

"It really, really was," they said together, kissing him in various places.

"Is this . . . is this a thing now. I mean, are we a thing?"

Demi licked her lips, and lowered her hand down to stroke his member. "Do you want us to be a 'thing,' sexy?"

Ryan exhaled. "Honestly? Jesus, yes. I really do, Demi. Daphne. Delilah. All of you. I . . . I've been so much happier with you than I have in ages. I have purpose again. I have fun. I have hope. And, to be completely honest . . ."

"It's a really sexy fantasy, isn't it?" Delilah asked, pressing her muscular form against his.

He grinned, planting a hand on her ass. "Yeah. It really is. I won't deny it."

“Well, you’ve got no idea how much of a fantasy *this* is for us,” Daphne said. “All three of us together, with you, all experiencing pleasure. All getting to live three times as much life and fun as anyone else. And getting to spend it with our best friend.”

“Our *boyfriend*,” Demi corrected, still working on getting Ryan ready for Round Two.

Ryan held them all. He looked more joyous than they’d ever seen him. “You girls really are the best. Seriously. I will do all I can to make you happy. Anything.”

“Anything?” Demi asked.

“In at least twenty minutes. Give me a little break!”

They chuckled together, as one, then rested against him.

My boyfriend. Our boyfriend. This is us, now. And there’s the she-cerberus statue that made it all possible. I don’t know if you intended this outcome, you or the Collector, but we’re all very, very thankful. Ryan is getting better, we have an existence we’d never give up, and, frankly, the sex is goddamn amazing.

As they mused on this, Ryan sighed happily.

“Thinking about something?” Daphne whispered in his ear.

“Y-yeah,” he admitted, blushing a little. “I, uh, was kinda imagining us going to the beach together on the weekend.”

“Mhmm, all of us, together?” Delilah said. “Me in a tight black bikini?”

“Me in an itty bitty pink one?” Demi asked.

“And me with something a little more modest, but still quite cute?” Daphne finished.

Ryan exhaled again, just imagining it. “Yeah, something like that.”

“Well then, mister,” they all said at once, noticing that he was getting hard again.

“We’ll do it. And you just think about that while we enjoy you once again.”

“God, you really are insatiable as triplets, ha?”

They giggled loudly, all of them individual yet separate, three and yet one.

“Three times the person,” they purred. “Three times the need. But I don’t think you’ll be complaining in a moment.”

Ryan certainly wasn’t, and neither were they. As they each cried out in pleasure as he took them, they couldn’t help but revel in all the wonderful days of this new existence to come. Of course, there was just one little hitch. If Ryan really did become a teacher, they hoped that his new school would be very understanding of his personal life.

Because they had no desire whatsoever to hide their arrangement.

The End