

THE FALL OF THE STAR SENTINELS
KALLIE

Prologue

“Star Sentinels, blaze!” Akemi cried, impassioned, raising her fist to the heavens, a look of grim yet hopeful determination on her face.

Her companions, stood in a circle around her, stared at her, dumbfounded. Nea and Zaina mimicked her gesture after a moment, but the rest of the group just seemed confused. Lian tapped her booted foot on the ground pointedly.

“Do we have to do that every time?” the diva sniffed, dismissively inspecting her freshly-manicured fingernails.

“Yes,” answered Riley, matter-of-factly. She looked serious, but then, Riley always looked serious.

Tomi giggled. “Akemi, you haven’t even, like, told us why you called us here?” She sounded stoned, which was far from unusual.

“Yeah,” Mary Anne added earnestly. “What’s wrong?”

“It’s Lust!” Akemi explained urgently. “She kidnapped my boyfriend! And she’s got everything she needs to complete her ritual!”

Her announcement made all the Star Sentinels pause and take notice, even Lian. Lust was the demonic goddess they had been hunting and battling for months, dealing with demon after demon that the seductive Lust summoned to wreak havoc upon their city. But they’d long since figured out that she was after more than just random chaos; she was planning something big. Despite their best efforts, the Star Sentinels had been unable to prevent Lust slowly gathering everything she needed to conduct her infernal ritual. If the demoness’s plan was about fruition, they needed to act fast, and stop her at all costs.

“A-are you sure?” Nea asked nervously.

Akemi nodded. “Yes. We need to stop her. And save Darien!”

The rest of the Star Sentinels quickly nodded their agreement. Tomi looked more sober than she had done moments before. Mary Anne looked concerned. Zaina looked determined. Even Lian, always resentful of Akemi’s status as their leader, fell into line and didn’t raise any objections. For all her preening, posturing and bitchiness, deep down she was as much a magical girl as the rest of them.

“Is that why you told us to meet you here?” Riley asked, businesslike as always.

“That’s right. She’s here, in there.” Akemi gestured to the church they were standing outside. It was an

old, grand building, all stone and gothic edifices. It possessed all the dignity of a holy place and a sanctuary, but beneath that, Akemi could sense something different. Something wrong. A taint. A corruption. There was no mistaking it. It was Lust.

“Then what are we waiting for?” Zaina was already moving, heading towards the steps that led up into the church. “There’s no time to lose!”

“Wait!” Nea cried, gingerly grabbing on to one of Zaina’s sleeves. “Shouldn’t we, um, have a plan, or something?”

“I’m afraid Zaina is right,” Akemi replied, shaking her head gravely. “There’s no time for that. Darien’s been missing since last night, and we don’t know how close Lust might be to completing the ritual. We need to move. Now.”

“Agreed.” Riley put in.

Nea slowly nodded, and released her grip.

“Let’s move,” Akemi ordered.

As one, the Star Sentinels turned and fell into formation, with Akemi leading the way. Despite how sick with worry she felt, having her fellow magical girls at her back was a comfort. They were all students at the same college, and despite their wildly differing personalities and preferences, the stellar magic that had chosen them all as the embodiments of light and hope had drawn them together. They made an odd bunch, but while they sometimes clashed, Akemi had learned to draw strength from their differences. Riley was serious and steadfast, and the butch, older girl was someone Akemi could always lean on whenever she was doubting herself. Tomi helped them all relax when they needed to blow off some steam, Nea’s anxiousness tempered her instinct to rush headfirst into danger at all times, and Mary Anne’s kindness was a reminder of what they were all fighting to save. Zaina’s boundless, nerdy enthusiasm was often exactly what she needed to perk herself up. And even Lian, with her uncrackable, queen bitch facade, managed to instill Akemi with a degree of confidence when they were fighting on the same side, and their rivalry had pushed her to be better and stronger than she ever could have been. Despite the worries that were putting lines in her face and the sense of duty and responsibility weighing on her shoulders, Akemi was able to put a smile on her face as she led her friends into the church to face Lust. They were the Star Sentinels, and they were going to win.

“Greetings, Sentinels.”

The soft, feminine, eerily sensual voice seemed to come whispering out of each shadow. It was dark inside the church - unnaturally dark. The shadows were larger than they should be, and from the corners of her eyes, Akemi thought she could see something moving around in them. Or perhaps the shadows themselves were moving. One thing was for sure, and that was that dark, powerful magic was at work. In the moments since they had entered the church, the Sentinels had found themselves creeping cautiously through the shadowy church hall, uncertain of where their enemy was or what she might be planning. Akemi’s concern for Darien was gnawing at her, and it wasn’t long before her patience ran out.

“Show yourself, fiend!” she cried out furiously. “We’re here to stop you!”

“Stop me?” Lust echoed mockingly. “But, pretty thing, you couldn’t even stop me snatching your boyfriend!” Her cruel laughter echoed from all around them.

“Where is he?” Akemi demanded, her anger growing.

“Where?” Lust replied. “Why, right here, of course. Why don’t you come closer and see?”

“Darien?” Akemi called out. “Are you there?”

Akemi wheeled. There was a sound from the darkness that was something like a pained whimper. It seemed to be coming from the far end of the church, where she figured the altar must be.

“Akemi,” Nea whispered, sounding more nervous than ever. “Be careful.”

Akemi wasn’t listening. “Darien!” she called out again, as she broke into a run, heading into the shadows. Her fellow Star Sentinels were right at her heels. As they moved, Lust’s laughter rose in volume, becoming a terrifying, demonic chorus that was coming from everywhere all at once. Akemi was just beginning to come to a halt, sure that it was all some kind of trick, when suddenly the shadows parted, and everything was revealed. Akemi froze, suddenly nauseous. It was worse than anything she could have imagined.

Lust was there, in all her dark, resplendent glory. At first glance, she looked almost human, but a second glance revealed that she was anything but. She was too tall, and even sitting it was obvious that she towered over all the Star Sentinels, at seven feet or more in height. Her face was slender and she had an inhuman, red pallor, and her head was topped with a crown of horns. Her eyes were like cat’s eyes, deep and piercing, and they glowed with a sinister light. Even in that moment, despite the urgency, Akemi couldn’t stop her own eyes going wide at the sight of Lust’s body. Her proportions were impossible. Her hips were begging for sex, and her tits were, quite simply, pornographic. Akemi’s magic guarded her against the potent, mind-addling aura that Lust exuded, but she was still merely a mortal - not to mention, bisexual. She never failed to find the effects of Lust’s presence on herself disquieting, especially since Lust was not given to hide her body. The tight, low-cut dress she wore, parted at both sides at her hips, was calculated to inspire shock and arousal. But Lust’s body or outfit weren’t the most shocking thing about what Akemi was now seeing. That was Darien.

He was naked and kneeling. Kneeling underneath Lust. Both of them were on a raised dais right before the altar, and Lust was sitting on his back, partially reclined as if she was using him as some kind of perverse throne. That, though, was not what had made Akemi nauseous. What had, was that it was clear that Darien had been completely and utterly defiled by his demoness captor. He was panting and shivering and sweating all over, and not from pain. Akemi could now see that the whimpering she’d heard had been his barely-suppressed moan of pleasure. The mess dripping from the end of his hard cock, hanging underneath himself, made that very clear. Akemi wasn’t sure what was making him feel so good until she noticed something protruding from his ass. It was a dildo, but not like any she’d ever seen. It was glowing and throbbing almost organically, and from the way Darien was moaning in time with its throbs and pulses, it seemed almost as though it had a mind of its own, and was devoting itself to pleasuring him. Whatever it was doing, it was clearly making Akemi’s boyfriend hypersensitive; as she watched, Lust reached down and carelessly raked some of her long, pointed fingernails over his exposed body, making Darien moan even louder. But that wasn’t all. Darien looked different somehow. Drained. Diminished. Darien was captain of the school’s rowing team, but his body showed few signs of the honed muscles that he had worked so long to build and that Akemi knew

so well. He looked thin, small, weak, even effeminate. His shoulders were less broad, and his hips were wider. His chest looked soft. His face was no longer so masculine and classically handsome; it was as if his strong jaw had just melted away. Akemi knew that Lust had a penchant for draining the life from her victims, but this twisted transformation was like nothing she'd ever seen - especially since it was happening to her own boyfriend. The worst part, though was his eyes. The look in his eyes was ashamed and defeated, as Akemi might have expected, but it was also manic and gleeful. She could instantly see that his mind was on fire with shameful, needy arousal. Lust had corrupted him, inside and out.

"Oh my goddess!" Mary Anne gasped, a hand over her mouth.

"W-what... no!" exclaimed Zaina at the same moment. Akemi heard gasps from the others too, even the normally-unflappable Riley.

"What... what have you done to him?" Akemi screamed, once she'd had a moment to regather her ability to speak.

"We just had a little fun, that's all," remarked Lust, as casually as if she was discussing the weather. "Oh, I know I left my mark, but... he's much better this way, don't you think? I'm sure you liked him handsome, but that just seemed so boring. Now... well, the irony is just exquisite, don't you agree?"

"Change him back!" Lian demanded, stepping forwards. Akemi knew she had feelings for Darien too. For once, she was glad of it. She was glad someone else could understand the horror of what she was seeing.

"Oh, darling," Lust sighed. "I wouldn't, even if I could! Un-corrupting is not really my business." She laughed. "Besides, I think you might find the boy has some very different ideas, now."

"Darien!" Akemi cried out, addressing him. She realized she didn't quite know what to ask. "What... are you OK? What did she do to you? Can... can we reverse it?"

Darien just kept shaking his head. Akemi wasn't sure what that meant. She wasn't sure if he was thinking straight, or even really listening to her. "I-I'm sorry Akemi," he gasped, through moans. His voice, too, was distinctly more feminine than it had been before. "I couldn't... I can't... I can't fight it. Feels... so... good! Ah!"

"Good boy!" Lust purred approvingly. She reached down and spanked his ass firmly, provoking yet more wild, depraved moans. Then, she turned her attention back to Akemi. "Oh, don't look so sad! You can still be together! Come, join him. I promise, the things I will make you both feel together will blow your prissy little mind."

"You..." Akemi felt herself tearing up, but she choked down on it. This was no time for such feelings. She hardened her heart, and pressed her mouth into a thin, set, determined line. Through gritted teeth, she declared: "Hear me, demon! I will beat you. I will destroy you so utterly that your wretched kind will never blight this world again for fear of the same destruction. We are the Star Sentinels, and compared to us, you are nothing. In the name of the stars, I'll punish you!"

Even Lust seemed a little surprised by the vitriol and hatred Akemi was able to muster, but she quickly regained her composure. "Punishment? Oh, I just love punishment! Will there be spankings? Will all seven of you be involved? How thrilling!"

“God, doesn’t this thing ever shut up?” Tomi asked exasperated.

“Akemi,” Riley warned, by her side. “She’s wasting our time. No more talking.”

“Right,” Akemi said. Then, solemnly and carefully, in a gesture she had done a thousand times before, she raised one hand and clasped it over her heart. “Star Sentinels... transform!”

In an instant, Akemi and all of the other Sentinels were engulfed in blazing, pearlescent light. It was bright enough to momentarily keep the unnatural shadows of the church at bay, as Akemi gave herself to the starlight’s warm, empowering embrace and let it lift her off her feet. It glowed all around her, surrounding her, almost as if she’d been transported to a different dimension, one made of light and color and hope. The feeling was familiar to Akemi, and it promised power and safety. It was enough to take the edge off her stress and worry, despite their dire situation. It had always felt that way, ever since the first time, when she’d discovered she’d been chosen. It hadn’t always been easy - balancing her studies, her role as student body president, her social life and leadership of the Star Sentinels was a lot to handle. But she’d sworn to keep the world safe from whatever threatened it, and now more than ever, she was determined to keep that promise. As those warm, hopeful thoughts filled her, the starlight began to spread across her skin, melting her clothes away and shrouding her in an ever-shifting, multi-colored cocoon. Within moments, the cocoon shattered, leaving Akemi in an outfit very different to the smart, professional-looking clothes she had been wearing before. It was a white sailor uniform, complete with a form-fitting blouse, an impressive collar, a pleated skirt, and a multitude of different bows and frills all over. Akemi felt a silver tiara settle on her head, atop her neat ponytail, and as the transformative magic lowered her to the ground, its work complete, she felt that her plain flats had mutated into high, corseted, heeled boots. Akemi grinned. The light of the stars was rapidly fading, but she knew it was always inside her, and with it, there was no way she could lose.

Akemi didn’t need to look behind herself to confirm that each of the other Star Sentinels had gone through the same transformation. Transformed, they all looked so different. Lian’s body-con dress, Riley’s jock garb, Zaina’s loose maxi dress, Mary Anne’s skirt and blouse, Nea’s hoodie and Tomi’s tank top - they were all gone, replaced by the same sailor outfit to the one Akemi was wearing. Or rather, almost the same. Each Star Sentinel had their own color, marked on the details and accents of their clothing. The colors matched the names they went by when they needed to keep their identities hidden. Akemi was Sentinel Purple, Lian was Sentinel Orange, Riley was Sentinel Blue, Zaina was Sentinel Pink, Mary Anne was Sentinel Red, Nea was Sentinel Green, and Tomi was Sentinel Yellow. No matter their differences, once transformed, they stood as one. Akemi was beginning to think that, despite her power, Lust, standing alone, didn’t have a chance.

“That’s always my favorite part!” Zaina squealed quietly, momentarily forgetting where she was.

“Does it really still have to be a schoolgirl outfit?” Riley groaned. The butch girl always looked like she felt a little uncomfortable in her outfit. “We’re all college students. And does the skirt have to be so short?”

“I think it’s tradition,” Tomi giggled. “Or, like, something.”

“It’s over, fiend!” Akemi cried, leveling an accusatory finger at Lust, who seemed entirely untroubled by what had taken place before her. “Seven against one! Even for you, that’s hopeless. Surrender now, and perhaps I’ll show you mercy!”

“Not a chance, Sentinel!” Lust replied, letting out an evil laugh befitting a true supervillain. “I’m afraid you’re too late! My ritual is complete. There’s just one more thing I require, and fortunately, it’s right at my fingertips.” Lust rose elegantly to her feet, taking a moment to swing her hips as she turned away from Akemi

and looked down at her kneeling boyfriend, still lost in a haze of rapturous pleasure. She raised one foot in the air and pressed it down on Darien's neck, her wicked, pointed heel digging painfully into his skin. The pain just made him moan all the louder. Then, as the Sentinels watched in shock, she reached down underneath him and ran a taloned hand along his hard cock. "It's time to cum, boy," she whispered sensually.

"No!" Lian cried, but it was futile. One touch was all it took to push Darien over the edge and, with a girlish moan of ecstasy, he shot his load all over the stone floor of the church.

The Star Sentinels, moving together, began to charge, sensing that something terrible was about to happen. But before they could take a single step, a massive shockwave blew them off their feet, sending them hurtling backwards and battering the old stone walls that surrounded them. Akemi hit the ground hard, but she quickly picked herself up, ready to do battle. What she saw, though, froze her in her tracks once again. In the centre of the church, a rip had formed in reality. She could feel the air itself being ionized and cauterized by the red, jagged tear that hung over the altar, bleeding shadows like an open wound. Just looking at it made her head throb, but the way it felt was far worse. It felt *wrong*, in a deep, fundamental way she didn't know how to name. All she knew was that, in that moment, she was staring into hell itself.

"Come forth, my sisters!" Lust cackled, her triumphant laughter echoing long and loud throughout the building. "We are united once more! The seven deadly sins, given flesh: Envy, Pride, Greed, Gluttony, Sloth, Wrath - and of course, myself. Together, we shall conquer this world!"

In response to the demon's unearthly call, the portal widened, and six shapes slipped out from its edges. They were formless, at first, but they quickly gathered strength. Growing and congealing until they formed clear silhouettes. They remained shrouded by shadow, though, and Akemi could not see the beings that had been summoned within.

"Seven on seven!" Lust mocked. "Not so hopeless now, it seems!"

"Be on your guard!" Riley warned, already in a fighting stance. "We don't know what they can do."

"Ugh," Lust groaned, making an exaggerated gesture of weariness. "You magical girls! Always so quick to jump to violence. Why don't we get to know each other a little better first? Ladies, take your pick!"

Without warning, the shadows at Lust's side surged forwards, making directly for the Star Sentinels. Akemi cried a wordless warning, but they moved impossibly fast, and seemed as slippery and intangible as the night itself. Before any of them could react or defend themselves, Akemi's comrades found themselves in grave peril. Each one was surrounded by a shadow, by a demon, swirling around them in a churning vortex of infernal sorcery. A dark tempest battered Akemi, forcing her to raise a hand over her face to protect herself. When she lowered it again, the winds had died down, and her friends were gone. Not dead, simply vanished. Desperately, she turned this way and that, searching for her friends. But they were nowhere to be found. Lust's mocking laughter still ringing in her ears, Akemi's magically-instilled confidence started to evaporate as she realized that, with Darien in no position to aid her, she would likely be facing Lust alone.

"What did you do to them?" she screamed at the demoness. "Where are they?"

"They are no longer in the mortal plane," Lust answered. "Each one, taken to a world of their own. And each of those worlds, a personal hell - a battleground for the struggle for their very souls. You see, I decided that instead of a boorish brawl, it would be much more fun if we all got to know each other a little more..." She paused for a moment, licking her lips. "Intimately."

“Bring them back!” Akemi demanded, knowing full well how futile her words were.

“Don’t worry,” Lust continued. She started slowly advancing on Akemi, placing each foot directly in front of the other as she prowled the church. “Time passes differently in those places. They’ll be back very soon - whether they win or lose. In fact, why don’t we wait for them? I’m eager to see what becomes of your friends.”

“They... they won’t lose!” Akemi cried, readying herself for a fight. The magical girl wished she truly felt the confidence she was trying to project. “They’re strong! You’ll see!”

“Oh, you pretty, foolish little thing,” Lust giggled. “I’m counting on it.”

Chapter 1: Envy

As the darkness enveloped Nea, she panicked. She wasn't proud of it, but she simply couldn't help herself. This was all wrong. She'd thought they had a plan. Or that Akemi had a plan, at least. How had things gone so wrong, so fast? It didn't make any sense. Nea turned this way and that, but she couldn't see anything except the raging tempest of shadow all around her. She cried out, but no-one returned her cries. She couldn't even hear herself, over the deafening sound of the howling winds. What was she supposed to do? Was she still in the church? It didn't feel like it, somehow. But then, where was she? She didn't know. She didn't know any of it. Where was Akemi, or Riley, or Lian? Nea knew she wasn't cut out for this, not alone. There was nothing she could do but wait for whatever was happening to her to be over.

Eventually, the tempest subsided. Nea glanced around nervously. The church was utterly gone. Instead, she found herself in a cave. It was large and dark, although illuminated dimly by dozens of green, glowing gemstones set into the walls and the ceiling. Nea blinked several times as her eyes gradually adjusted to her new surroundings. How was this possible? Some kind of teleportation magic? She didn't think so. It didn't feel like teleportation magic. Being a Star Sentinel gave Nea a sense for magic, even if she wasn't an expert. If she'd had to guess, she would have guessed that it was some kind of pocket dimension. Given the kinds of demons they were dealing with, that probably meant it was a pocket of hell. Nea tried very hard not to think about that. Instead, she focused on what she was going to do. On that front, there were really only two choices: forward, and back. As far as Nea could tell, there were no other tunnels or passageways beyond the one she had found herself in. Behind her was nothing but darkness, while in front of her, she thought she could see a small glimmer of light at the end. That was better than darkness. Forward it was, then.

But no sooner had Nea begun to walk than she heard an inhuman, feminine, sing-song voice calling out to her from up ahead. "Oh, Sailor Green!" it called out. "I'm so glad you've come to play with me! I have so much to show you."

Nea stopped in her tracks, and trembled. Clearly, she wasn't alone. She couldn't see it, but somewhere up ahead, there was a demon, waiting for her. That realization was almost enough to make her want to turn tail and flee as fast as she could, but she steadied herself. She needed to be brave, just like Akemi would want her to be. "W-what do you want, fiend?" she called back, her voice not as steady as she'd wished.

"I simply want to help," the demon replied, a lie that was entirely undercut by the sinister laughter that started to echo throughout the cave immediately afterwards.

"Great," Nea muttered to herself anxiously. "Just great." Once again, the idea of running crossed her mind, but she forced herself to remember that she was a Star Sentinel. A magical girl. And even if she often didn't feel brave enough or special enough for it, she had to at least try to live up to the gift she'd been given. So, timidly, she started walking towards the demon once more.

Nea's walk down the tunnel took longer than she'd expected. From the light she'd seen, she'd assumed

there was some kind of cave entrance or illuminated cavern just a short way up ahead, but it seemed like it was much further than she'd initially judged. Still, she had no choice but to keep walking. She wasn't sure whether to feel grateful or not for the fact that the demon had fallen silent. She didn't want to listen to any more of its malicious taunts, but the eerie silence filling the cave just made her feel like it might be lurking in every shadow, ready to ambush her the moment she let down her guard. But it didn't. Nea couldn't have guessed how much time passed, just walking through that cave. As she walked, she kept clutching at and adjusting her Sentinel outfit, pulling at the skirt to keep it close to her body. She wasn't cold; it was surprisingly warm in the cave, and there was no hint of a breeze that might have chilled her. Still, she felt exposed. She always felt exposed, when she was transformed into Sailor Green. She couldn't help feeling that the frilly blouse, pleated miniskirt and thigh-highs combo wasn't meant for a girl like her. Girls like Akemi and Lian looked so beautiful and so striking in it. Not her. There was a reason Nea always wore dull, shapeless clothes. Most of her wardrobe was hoodies and straight-cut jeans. The Star Sentinel uniform was meant to instill strength and hope, but in her case, it usually just left her uncomfortably aware of how skinny and bony her legs were, and how shapeless and flat her torso was. On her long walk through the cave, she had little else to think about.

Eventually, though, the cave opened out into a much larger cavern. It was illuminated by many more of those strange, emerald crystals than the cave had been, providing the light that Nea had spotted earlier. Now that she was closer, though, the light wasn't what caught her eye. The cavern was full of statues. Dozens and dozens of them, arranged in loose rows, most of them mounted on raised pedestals or tiers that stretched back all the way to the distant walls of the huge cavern. They were posed and arranged almost as if they were the audience in a theater, and Nea had just walked out onto the stage. The scene was creepy enough to make the magical girl freeze in her tracks, even though they were nothing more than cold, inanimate stone. Why were they here? Had they been created for her, or was this just something she'd stumbled upon? Why statues? Even though she had no answers, Nea couldn't stop asking herself those questions - at least, until she realized she wasn't alone.

There was something in there with her. Something moving. Slipping around from shadow to shadow, hiding behind the rows of statues above Nea. It was so fast that at first she'd thought she'd been jumping at shadows, but it was definitely real, even if it remained too quick and slippery to get a clear picture of. Her heart pounding, Nea glanced nervously around and prepared to defend herself.

"Show yourself, demon!" Nea called out. The way her words echoed back at her made them sound small and weak.

"Why?" the thing teased. Nea couldn't tell where exactly its serpentine, inhuman voice was coming from. "So you can try and destroy me? Silly sentinel! I don't want to fight."

"Let me guess," Nea replied sarcastically through gritted teeth, trying to maintain a brave face as she glanced nervously around the expansive cavern. "You just want to help, right?"

The demon's rich, mirthful laughter rang loudly through the cavern, somehow undiminished by the echo. "Of course."

"Yeah? Well... I don't need your help." Nea's retort sounded weak even to her. What would Akemi do? What would Riley say? Those were the only things she could think about. She didn't know what she was supposed to do. She kept wishing she could be as brave and strong as the others.

"Are you sure about that, Nea?" the demon taunted. How did it know her name? "Are you sure I can't

give you that thing you've always wanted? That you've always craved, coveted, longed for?"

Its words seemed to go right through Nea, forming a pit of unease in her stomach. She knew she shouldn't rise to the demon's leading questions. She knew she shouldn't allow herself to get baited in. She shouldn't even argue. It was what the demon wanted. She knew it. But even so, the words tumbled from her lips: "You can't! You're lying. Your words are empty, demon."

"My words?" the demon mused. The source of its voice kept shifting, moving, making it impossible to pinpoint. "Yes, words can be so full of deceit, can't they? Like yours, for instance. Pretending that you don't fear. That you don't crave. Fortunately, girl, I don't need to say anything. I can simply show you."

Before she could control herself, Nea asked the question she knew she shouldn't have asked. "S-show me what?"

The demon laughed again, a wicked, sinuous cackle. "The statues. Have you looked at them?"

"What?" Nea looked around again. "They're just statues."

"No," the demon whispered, its voice raising hairs on the back of Nea's neck. "*Look.*"

Nea looked. For the first time, she truly looked at the statues surrounding her. When she'd first entered the chamber, she'd been too concerned with the demon to focus on the statues themselves. Now that she was really inspecting them, though, she noticed something strange about them. They looked like her. Not exactly like her - each one was different from the next, and none of them were a perfect resemblance - but close enough to that it was striking. That should have alarmed Nea, but instead, it captivated her. She found her gaze passing from one to the next, studying each in turn, picking out all the differences and similarities to her own form. They were all so lifelike, more like humans turned to stone than actual sculptures, and they were all incredibly, ethereally beautiful. Nea felt almost inadequate in their presence, especially in light of how similar they looked to her. She wasn't sure why she felt increasingly convinced they were statues of her. There was just something in all their faces.

"They... they're amazing," Nea whispered. It was true. She was trying very hard not to drop her guard, but it was difficult not to let it slip in the presence of such incredible beauty, captured in marble.

"I'm glad you agree," the demon purred. "Tell me, girl, which one is your favorite?"

Nea's eyes narrowed. It was a trick. It had to be a trick. And yet, she couldn't see how. It seemed such a harmless question. And what else could Nea do? She couldn't attack the demon. She couldn't even tell where it was. Maybe if she stalled, someone else would come and save her. Maybe that would be best. Besides, there was something so irresistibly compelling about the statues, now that she'd truly turned her attention to them. It was like she couldn't help but look. Nea found that she was already considering the demon's question. She started pacing along the rows of statues, closely inspecting each one in turn. It wasn't entirely pleasant to look at them, though. They were impressive, yes, but in a way, Nea couldn't shake the feeling that they were mocking her with their perfection. What was she, compared to them? All her little flaws and inadequacies felt like they were being thrown into sharp relief.

As she stared intently at the statues around her, one after the other, she noticed something else strange about them. Even though all of them looked at least a little like her, some of them looked like other people too. All kinds of different people - celebrities, friends, family members - but most of all the other Star

Sentinels. She was standing next to a statue that bore a striking resemblance to Riley. It captured her strong, honed, athletic body and her handsome face with its strong jaw and high cheekbones, but on the statue, all those attractive features that Nea had often been jealous of seemed even more pronounced. And yet, at the same time, it looked like Nea. The magical girl wasn't sure how that was possible, but the truth of it was staring her right in the face. The statue stirred a complex mix of emotions in Nea. It was a thing of incredible beauty, but at the same time, it was like her innermost desires had been ripped out of her and put on display, for all to see and mock. Nea spent so long staring at the statue, fascinated and spellbound, that when she awoke from the strange stupor it had placed her in, she realized she'd almost completely stopped paying attention to her surroundings. It was mere luck that the demon hadn't attacked. Nea blushed. Clearly, something was wrong. But she couldn't stop looking.

She moved on. The next statue she found herself drawn to reminded her strongly of Mary Anne. It was as cute as a button, just like her, and it had all of her kindness and charm, but it somehow seemed more powerful, more confident, more regal, like a benevolent queen rather than a loving friend. The effect was as compelling as it was eerie. Nea felt guilty for the fact that it even crossed her mind, but she deeply wished she could look like that. The next statue was reminiscent of Zaina. Like her, it was curvy and soft, and the way it was posed and clothes seemed perfectly suited to emphasize that. It was almost breathtaking, in fact. Nea had never imagined it could be possible for a statue to be arousing, but now, she was starting to believe it. There was just something about the way the statue's pronounced marble curves were sculpted that made it seem possible to reach out and let her fingers sink into it. Nea badly wished she had that kind of alluring, instantly attractive body. The moment after having that thought, though, she felt guilty for having such lecherous thoughts about her friend, and she moved on.

It was the next statue that truly captivated her. More than any other, to Nea's eyes, it embodied beauty and perfection. It reminded her of Akemi, the Star Sentinels' leader, and the one she'd always looked up to more than any other. In the statue's face, it had all of Akemi's spirit, all her courage, all her nobility - and yet it was Nea, too, somehow. All the statues were like different versions of her, different potential forms that had, as yet, been unfulfilled. Nea had stopped questioning how any of this was possible. She was too captivated by the statue in front of her. It had Akemi's beauty too, the beauty that she'd spent many long, guilty hours thinking about. Akemi was a hero and a leader. It shone through in every fiber of her being. Seeing all that power, beauty and authority, magnified to be even more attractive and alluring, mingled with Nea's own features, was more than Nea knew how to handle. Her eyes were wide with awe, but her stomach was twisted up with longing. It was everything she'd ever wanted, staring her right in the face. What was she supposed to say to that?

"Ah, that one?" the demon purred. "How delightful! So ironic, that the one who inspires us so much should often be the one we most envy."

Nea wasn't listening anymore. She was struggling to deal with the turmoil in her own thoughts. She was torn between reaching out to caress the statue, to feel how real it felt beneath her touch, and wanting to smash it to pieces so she wouldn't have to look at it anymore.

"Is this what you want?" the demon asked. "What you long for?"

"I..." Nea managed to shake her head, but every part of her knew that her denial was a lie. She didn't even consider refusing to answer the demon's questions. She was already mesmerized, dancing to the infernal creature's tune.

"There's no shame in it, pretty thing," the demon simpered. Its voice seemed to be coming closer and

closer. "We all want things we can't have. We all covet our friends' blessings. We all envy. I'm already deep inside your heart, whether you can admit it to yourself or not. So why not admit it? That's what you Star Sentinels are all about, isn't it? Justice, hope - and truth. How can you be a champion of truth, magical girl, when you won't even face your own truth?"

Nea started trembling. The crushing weight of the demon's words was impossible for her to bear. It was true. She was constantly in denial about how jealous she felt of her Star Sentinel teammates - Akemi most of all. The denial made it doubly shameful. She felt a sudden, burning need to cleanse herself of that deceit.

"I-I want it," Nea breathed. Somehow, speaking the words seemed to magnify her desire tenfold.

"And I can give it to you," the demon purred. It was so close now. Nea could practically feel its breath on the back of her neck. But still, she didn't turn around or raise her guard. She was transfixed by the statue. "I am Envy. I can pluck all those nasty desires right out of your heart - and make them real. You won't need to feel this way any more, Nea. You'll have everything you ever wanted. What do you say?"

"N-no," Nea whimpered. Her darkest thoughts were already crying out for her to say something very different, and she could already feel herself teetering on the brink of giving in - but she couldn't. It was wrong. It was antithetical to everything she was supposed to be. Wasn't it? "I can't."

"Can't?" Envy laughed, as if delighted. "Of course you can, silly thing! You need only ask. You need only give me permission to give you my gift. It takes only a heartbeat. You'll never believe how easy it is. Just be honest with yourself."

"But..."

"Just imagine it," the demon continued, easily overriding Nea's weak, stifled protests. "Just imagine what it would be like. What it would feel like. Imagine what you could have." The images were already vivid in Nea's mind, but the more Envy spoke, the stronger they grew. "Imagine, for one glorious moment, what it would be like to have all your covetous desires fulfilled. If, just for a change, you were the one receiving all those delicious, envious glances. Perhaps even from your leader herself. Imagine being able to step out of her shadow, and let your own, brilliant light blaze, unchallenged. Everything you long for can be yours. It's just one word away."

Nea's resistance bowed, and then buckled, and then crumpled completely. "O-OK," she whispered, defeated and overcome with envious longing.

From behind her, Envy giggled. "Now, now," the demon admonished. "Is that how you're supposed to go about asking for something, Sentinel Green?"

Nea tensed, but then her willpower collapsed again. What was one more little humiliation, in light of what she was agreeing to? "P-please..." she moaned.

She could hear the demon's wicked, evil grin in its serpentine voice as it said: "You're mine!"

A taloned hand pressed itself against Nea's back, pushing her forwards. Instinctively, Nea reached out with one hand, reaching for the statue to steady herself. The moment she touched it, she started transforming. Her whole body started glowing green, as if a crackling, emerald, magical current was being passed from the statue into her. It froze her in place instantly, but she felt energized by it, like she was being suddenly infused

with life. The statue, by contrast, started smoldering and singing, hairline fractures forming all over the marble. But that was nothing compared to what happened next. Nea's whole body started to warp and distort, melting away like hot wax before swelling and reforming into a new shape. The effect should have been horrifying, but Nea didn't feel horrified. She felt stronger than ever.

The room seemed to shift around the magical girl as her perspective changed, as she grew several inches taller. Her new height was all in her legs, her thighs becoming longer and more feminine and toned. Her stomach flattened, every little bit of puppy fat melting away from all over her body. Most of it seemed to find its way to her chest, making her breasts swell impossibly, while the rest of it added itself to her ass and her hips, giving her the perfect hourglass figure she'd always wanted. Nea could feel her face changing too, becoming more defined, sharp cheekbones suddenly jutting out of her. Suddenly, hair was cascading all around her, as her hair grew, becoming silky and perfectly-styled at the same time. A thousand more tiny changes were happening all over her body, as she was rapidly remolded into the image of perfection that the statue had been. Throughout it all, Nea screamed - not in pain, but in raw ecstasy, as the bliss of envy-fueled transformation took hold upon her mind, body and soul.

Once Nea's transformation was complete, and the energy covering her form had dissipated, the statue that she had been touching simply disintegrated. Where once there had been a sculpture of incredible beauty, now there was nothing more than a smoldering heap of ash and dirt. Nea wasn't sorry to see it destroyed. She'd been utterly captivated by it before, but now, at the sight of it in ruins, she sneered. She didn't need it anymore. She didn't need anything anymore. She felt so powerful, and so good. She'd never known it was possible to feel so good. When she looked down at herself, she felt none of the shame and inadequacy that had plagued her for her whole life. She was free of it. Nea was so hot now. She almost couldn't believe it. She kept turning this way and that, admiring herself and her new body. Her sentinel uniform had changed too, shifting to accommodate her new body, but it was still more revealing than it ever had been before, and Nea reveled in it. She was so hot. She couldn't wait to see how people looked at her now.

"What do you think?" Envy whispered from behind her. "Is it everything you dreamed of?"

For the first time, Nea turned to face the demon that had brought her here. Its inhumanity was obvious. The demon was distinctly feminine in form, but with jade, reptilian scales covering much of its body. Its four eyes were long, thin slits that eyed Nea with malicious relish. Above its waist, its shape was almost human, but instead of legs it simply had a long, thick, serpentine tail that it could slither around on. Nea should have been horrified by the sight of the demon, as an enemy of the Star Sentinels, but instead, she found it just as beautiful and awe-inspiring as it had made her.

"It's... magnificent," Nea breathed, her voice tinged with lust and arousal. Every nerve-ending in her new body was desperately sensitive, and alight with warm pleasure. "I'm magnificent."

"Yes, you are," Envy purred. "I'm so pleased you decided to accept my gift."

"Thank you," Nea said, a wicked, lopsided smile forming on her face. "I can't believe I hesitated." She was starting to rethink everything now. It was like her world had been turned upside down. Old ideas, old preconceptions seemed obsolete and easy to discard. Why should she fight this demon? This beautiful creature, that had given her everything she'd ever wanted? What was so wrong about signing her soul away, if it felt so good? She was a magical girl. So what? What had that ever done for her? For that matter, what had her teammates ever done for her? Pushed her around and looked down on her - that was it. Things would be different from now on. Of that, Nea was certain.

"You're so welcome." Envy giggled. "Now, tell me. Is that enough for you? Are you content? Or..."

"No," Nea answered instantly. Envy's corruption had taken root deep into her soul now. It would never be enough. "More."

"That's my girl!" Envy grinned, showing wicked-sharp teeth. It gestured around, at the statues all around it. "Take whatever you want."

Nea didn't hesitate. She immediately walked over to the nearest statue and reached out to it, draining the energy within. It came easier, now that she'd already accepted Envy's offer. Having already transformed so much, the changes were less profound, but still noticeable. Draining the statue made her taller, stronger, more perfect. She could always become perfect. It would never quite be enough, she knew. Not even if she took whatever she wanted from every single statue in the vast cavern. As soon as the statue in front of her started to crumble, she abandoned it and moved on to the next, eager to take whatever she could. Each one made her better, and deepened her demon-fueled corruption - but Nea no longer cared. Why should she care about the state of her soul, when her body looked and felt so good? She barely even noticed that signs of her corruption were starting to show through in her physical form. Her eyes were tinged with an unnatural, emerald glow, and a few tiny, horn-like scales had emerged from her skin on her brow. Her tongue had become unnaturally long. Most of all, though, her body had become obscenely overspecialized. Her tits now jutted so far out of her chest that they were constantly threatening to rip her blouse open, which had stretched to the point it was now perilously low-cut. The sleeves of her top had shortened and her midriff was now exposed, leaving her showing much more skin. On her stomach, an intricate, heart-shaped glyph was now visible, tattooed on her skin and making her as one of Envy's playthings. Her thigh-highs had morphed into stockings that clung suggestively to her perfectly-toned yet luxuriously soft thighs. And perhaps most noticeably, her miniskirt had become so short that it failed to completely cover how now-huge, wide, perfectly pear-shaped ass. She looked shamelessly slutty, and just as corrupted on the outside as she was within.

After devouring a few more statues, the urgent need for more that Nea felt diminished slightly. She was able to slow down, and enjoy what she'd become. She no longer looked particularly like Akemi, or her old self. She was more like a twisted parody of what a Star Sentinel was supposed to be, her old uniform still recognizable despite how perverse and how slutty her form had become. Nea's mind had now completely fogged over with deliciously hedonistic, self-indulgent pleasure. She was fully aware of what had become of her. Of what she'd done to herself. She'd surrendered to the demon she was supposed to be fighting. Her soul was now twisted beyond recognition, making her desires dark and evil and leaving her unable to resist any temptation placed in her path. She didn't feel even the slightest shred of guilt.

"Look at you now!" Envy cried out, ecstatic in victory. "Look at what you've become. So perfect. Now, enjoy it! Enjoy the way it feels."

Once again, the demon reached out to her. This time, though, it slithered close, placing its hands on Nea's body in an intimate caress. Nea shivered at the way its touch felt on her new, hyper-sensitive form. Envy placed one hand on her stomach, and slowly trailed its talons across her skin as it ran its hand up her shirt, eliciting little gasps from the corrupted magical girl as its razor-sharp claws left trails along her skin. The other hand gripped her hips possessively, pulling Nea further into the serpentine demon's coils.

"This new body deserves to be worshiped," the demon crooned. "Adored. Loved. All your friends will know your new beauty. They will long for you, as you longed for them."

"Yes," Nea moaned, caught up in the fantasies Envy was offering her. Akemi, Lian, Riley, and all the

others, caught up in lust for her body. The mental image was as intoxicating as any drug. She imagined lording her new power over them, drawing twisted enjoyment from their weakness. Maybe Envy could even teach her to drain their energy and beauty the way she'd drained the statues. Part of Nea liked that idea very much.

"You'll crush them," Envy whispered. Now, its hand was making its way up her skirt, teasing closer and closer to her most sensitive places. "Conquer them. Leave them begging and whimpering for your touch. You'll be their idol. All will envy you, Nea."

"Fuck," Nea breathed. The way Envy was touching her was driving her crazy. She didn't resist or reciprocate, she simply allowed Envy to toy with her new body, the serpent demon's expert fingers playing her like a musical instrument. "Yes. Yes, I need it."

"You need it," Envy repeated. "And you'll have it. Every. Little. Piece. I can give you everything. I've already given you so much. Just bind yourself to me, for forever more, and it will all be yours."

"I... I am yours!" Nea screamed. As she swore her soul away, once and for all, the demonic glyph on her stomach glowed and burned with sorcerous light, imprinting itself deep on her body and becoming utterly permanent. It was an irrevocable mark of her fall. Nea felt it too, every cell in her body singing with ecstasy as her new, demonic mistress claimed ownership of every little part of her. Nea would have done anything, if only it had made Envy keep pleasuring her. Envy's hands felt so good on her body. She couldn't even begin to imagine how mind-blowing the demon's long, serpentine tongue would feel if she made full use of it. Not that she could last long enough for that. Already, just from a few touches and caresses, she was about to cum.

But before she could, Envy pulled back. Nea whimpered longingly, pouting and begging for more pleasure with her wide, pretty eyes. She never wanted any of her desires to be denied ever again. Envy knew exactly what she wanted, and wagged a taloned finger teasingly.

"Soon," the demon told her. "Soon. But now, it's time to go and see your friend."

Chapter 2: Greed

“Hey Tomi, wanna light up?”

That question was the last thing Tomi had expected to hear, once the world had finally stopped spinning and disappearing around her. It was so absurd she couldn't help but laugh. She realized that at some point she'd closed her eyes to stop herself feeling so dizzy, and so she opened them again. Strangely, it felt almost like waking up, and once she'd had a chance to take stock of her surroundings, her memories of Lust and the church started to feel increasingly unreal. The room she found herself in now was bright, modern, and huge. She was splayed out on the couch, like she'd passed out there the night before the way she often did at home, but this wasn't her home. Or was it? It was certainly a far cry from the home she thought she remembered. The couch she was waking up on was a massive, leather, curved piece, quite unlike the blocky, old, misshapen couch she usually woke up on, and the room around it looked like something out of a movie. It was the kind of open-plan, two-story living she'd only ever seen rich people have in movies. One entire wall was just a huge pane of glass, overlooking an expansive garden, and in one corner there was an artsy spiral staircase leading to a balcony and other rooms on the second floor. Everywhere Tomi looked, as she rubbed her eyes and gazed around in awe, she saw signs of opulence the likes of which she'd never known for herself.

“Tomi!” came the voice again, more insistently. “C'mon! Smoke?”

“Sure,” Tomi replied, never one to refuse such an enticing offer. But then she looked over at the woman who was speaking to her and reclining on the couch a short distance from her. Tomi had never seen her before in her life. She was dressed in a striking fashionable way, with tall boots, a pleasingly form-fitting dress, and a cropped fur jacket over the top. Her hair was in a carefully-styled pixie cut and was deep purple, making a nice counterpart to her paler, lilac skin. She wore big, round glasses with purple lenses that kept her eyes obscured and, strangest of all, she had two tails with small, spade-shaped points stretching out behind her. Or was that strange? Tomi couldn't really remember. Clear thinking was evading her. That didn't give her any reason to worry. She was perfectly comfortable being less than sober.

“Good choice,” the strange, demonic woman purred, reaching down into her bra and fishing out a small vaporizer pen. She brought it to her lips and inhaled from it deeply, before slowly exhaling a cloud of smoke that hung around her like a thick haze. Then, she reached forward and offered the vape pen to Tomi. Tomi reached out and took it. She was incredibly confused by the situation she seemed to have found herself in, and she couldn't seem to remember how she had gotten there, but she wasn't about to turn down what smelled like very, very good weed.

Sure enough, once she lifted the vape pen to her own lips and inhaled from it, the immediate and powerful headrush confirmed to her that it was very good weed indeed. Tomi sighed contentedly and, after passing the vape pen back, let herself sink into the soft, comfortable couch beneath her. But then, after a moment, she lifted her head to stare at her companion. “Hey, um, who are you again?” Tomi asked, giggling absently.

“Babe!” The demonic woman feigned shock. Her voice was expressive, drawing out each word and ending them with thick vocal fry. “I didn’t realize you were so stoned you’d forgotten your bestie!”

“Yeah...” Tomi replied sheepishly, unable to keep a big smile off of her face. She felt so relaxed.

“Well then, allow me to introduce myself,” the woman said, licking her lips. She spoke as if it was all a big in-joke, and Tomi somehow felt included even though she was completely in the dark. “I’m Greed! You know me, remember. We’re old friends.”

“Oh, right,” Tomi giggled. That sounded wrong to her, but it sounded very, very right, too. “And, uh, where are we?”

“Tomi!” Greed sounded scandalized and amused. “Wow, you really are out of it! I know what you need. Here.”

Greed reached down beside the couch and picked up a bottle of champagne that Tomi somehow hadn’t noticed. She popped the cork, took a hearty swig, and passed the bottle to Tomi. Reflexively, she drank too. Her eyes went wide at the explosion of delicious, sweet, fizzing bubbles in her mouth. It tasted faintly of apples, and tasted very, very expensive. Tomi had never had such good wine before.

“That bring back any memories?” Greed asked. Tomi shook her head. Greed made an amused, frustrated gesture. “This is where you live, Tomi.”

“It... it is?” That set far more alarm bells ringing for Tomi. Her surroundings inspired far too much awe in her, and felt far too strange to be anything familiar. Something was wrong. For the first time, Tomi took note of her own clothes. She wasn’t wearing one of her usual well-worn, baggy outfits. She was in Star Sentinel uniform, slightly crumpled, but still glowing faintly with starlight. Tomi knew that had to mean something. She wouldn’t have transformed for no reason. Something was definitely wrong. With that thought fixed in her mind, memories of the church and the demons started to creep back in. She looked at Greed with fresh eyes, and then sprang to her feet, moving more clumsily than she would have liked.

“Something wrong, babe?” Greed simpered.

“Yeah, you!” Tomi shouted. “You’re one of them, or something.” Her head still felt distinctly fuzzy. She wished she hadn’t accepted the intoxicating delights Greed had offered her.

“Yes babe, I am,” Greed drawled. She seemed entirely untroubled by Tomi’s aggressive posture, and remained exactly where she was, reclining on the couch. She reached for the bottle that Tomi had set down, and took another sip of champagne. “And so what?”

“So what?” Tomi repeated incredulously. She couldn’t believe the demon’s nonchalance. “So... what the hell is this? Where are we?”

“Ugh,” Greed groaned, sounding bored. “I already told you. This is your home.”

“No! Nuh-uh!” Tomi laughed nervously. “No it isn’t!”

“No, it isn’t,” Greed conceded. She rose elegantly to her feet, meeting Tomi’s gaze, her twin tails raised

in the air behind her. A huge, malevolent smile spread across her face. "But it could be."

Tomi took a few wary steps backwards, and readied herself to summon her weapon. "Uh. No. No way. You really think I'd fall for that?"

Greed spread her arms wide, palms upturned. "Fall for what?"

"For... for whatever the hell kind of trick you're about to play!" Tomi felt a little foolish. She had no idea what game Greed was trying to play.

"Trick?" Greed shook her head, tutting. "There's no trick, Tomi. Just a deal. There's nothing wrong with a good deal, is there? Deals make the world go round. I'm sure you know that very well, with all those hours your parents made you work in that store."

Tomi swallowed. She knew about that? What else did Greed know about her? Tomi hadn't grown up poor, but her parents had always been miserly, and from a young age they'd insisted she needed to earn her own allowance, claiming that it was important she learn the value of hard work. As a result, the moment she'd been old enough, they'd forced her to get a job. She'd ended up landing a sales assistant gig at a high-end department store, selling things she could only have dreamt of being able to afford. The customers had all been complete snobs and assholes. Naturally, she'd ended up rebelling against her parents pretty hard, and in college had turned into total stoner. But she'd never quite stopped wishing she could own some of those beautiful, expensive things she'd spent so many long, boring hours surrounded by.

"And let me guess," Tomi retorted, despite being a little shaken. "I have to trade you my soul, right? That's always how it is with demons."

"So cynical!" The demon laughed. "Well, there's always a price, babe. But no, it's not your soul."

"It's not?" Tomi asked skeptically.

"Of course not!" Greed took out her vape pen again, and started vaping from it. After inhaling, she used the pen to gesture at the opulent mansion that surrounded them. "All this? This is just stuff, right? You can buy this with money. Your soul? That's priceless. I know a smart girl like you would never trade your soul for a few dollars."

"Right," Tomi replied guardedly. "But then, like... what's the deal?" Tomi knew she shouldn't let the demon bait her into some kind of trick, but she wanted to play for time. She was still feeling pretty high, and a little tipsy. Even she knew it was a bad idea to try and fight a powerful demon in that state.

"I want to show you how to make money," Greed explained, continuing to vape. "Serious money. Work for me. Get paid. It's that simple."

"How?"

"Follow me, and I'll show you." With that, Greed suddenly stepped forwards, walking past where Tomi was standing. As she passed her, before Tomi could back away, Greed exhaled and blew a huge cloud of smoke directly into Tomi's face. The moment the slightest hint of it entered Tomi's nose, she started feeling woozy. It didn't feel or smell exactly like weed anymore, and whatever drug it was, it was potent. Tomi felt suddenly light-headed, and found it almost impossible to raise her guard against a possible attack. But she needn't have

worried. Greed simply kept walking away, like nothing had happened. Confused, addled, and fighting a losing battle to keep hold of her sense, Tomi found herself following along without even meaning to.

Greed led her out of the large, spacious, bright living room they had been in, and down a set of stairs into the basement. Tomi did her best to remain alert, but her attention kept wondering. Her head felt so fluffy and light. If she had been trying to relax, it would have felt perfect, but she wasn't. She was following a demon, probably into some kind of trap. The soporific effect of the drug, however, was so strong that she could even bring herself to feel frustrated. The basement room that Greed led her to was far smaller than the room above. It was a short corridor with white, plain, clinical walls, and a door at the far end that seemed to lead in to some kind of stall or booth. Without breaking step or stopping to explain anything, Greed opened the door and beckoned Tomi inside. Inside, was a small, narrow, unadorned space that reminded Tomi of a changing room in a clothing store. She was completely baffled about what possible purpose the stall could serve - at least until she noticed a number of small holes cut into the walls at a certain, highly suggestive height.

"Is this a glory hole?" Tomi exclaimed loudly, starting to laugh despite her situation. It seemed too absurd to be true, and yet Tomi couldn't imagine anything else that it could be.

"Yes," Greed answered, without a hint of humor.

"Oh my god." Tomi was laughing so hard she could barely stay standing up. The weed - or whatever it was - was really getting to her. She felt so light-headed. "I can't believe this. This has to be a joke, right?"

"Not at all." Greed was so unabashed and deadpan, it took the edge off of Tomi's amusement. Briefly, the demoness pulled her glasses down to her nose, peering over them at Tomi. Her eyes were a piercing orange, and utterly inhuman. "This is how the world goes round, babe. You gotta give something to get something. Gotta hustle. And sex? That's something everyone wants. Everyone."

"I... I'm not gonna suck dick for money!" Tomi protested, still laughing, although inwardly her head was so foggy she was struggling to figure out if what Greed was saying was absurd or not.

"Why not?" Greed asked. "Because it's... what? Degrading? Tell me, babe, what's more degrading: working your ass off at some crappy store, for minimum wage, or having some fun down here with me and making real money. It's just a job, Tomi. Nothing special, nothing weird. So why not?"

"Because..." Tomi was finding it maddeningly difficult to come up with a reason Greed's proposal was wrong. "Because you're a fucking demon! And I'm a fucking Star Sentinel! There's no way I'm listening to you!"

Greed sighed, clearly disappointed. "So, you're just gonna turn your back on this? On all of this?"

Against her better judgment, Tomi hesitated. Her thoughts betrayed her, drifting upwards to the magnificent, opulent house they'd just left behind. She knew it was fake. She knew Greed was lying to her. She had to be. But in her inebriated state, Tomi was finding it hard to tear herself away from the wealth Greed was promising. It was everything she'd ever wanted. She couldn't help thinking that maybe, there wasn't any harm to playing along a little. Just a little. It wasn't like Greed was asking for her soul. She just wanted her to suck a few dicks. It wasn't like Tomi had never done that before.

"C'mon, babe," Greed urged, clearly sensing her hesitation. "Why not give it a try? I've got what you

need right here.”

The demoness raised a hand and made a small gesture, and suddenly a small stack of huge, round, fat, gold coins appeared in her palm. Tomi’s eyes went wide. She didn’t recognize the coins, but she had no doubt they were real gold. She just knew they were. Tomi couldn’t take her eyes off them. They were so beautiful. Greed started dexterously rolling them along and between her fingers, causing the light to glint off of their shiny, reflective surfaces. Tomi was dazzled. Thanks to whatever drug Greed had given her, the brilliant gold coins seemed impossibly bright and rich. She wanted them. It was a yearning so deep she felt it in her bones. She couldn’t explain it, but she could feel herself almost drooling at the sight of them. It had already been impossible for her to focus on fighting Greed; now, with such incredible wealth being offered to her, all such thoughts had flown completely out of her head.

“What...” Tomi licked her lips. They were dry. “What do I have to do?”

Greed’s grin was monstrously wide and gleeful. “Right here,” she said, gesturing to the floor next to one of the holes in the wall. Uncertainly, and keeping one eye on Greed - and her coins - Tomi walked over to the spot Greed had indicated and lowered herself to a kneeling position. She was wary and filled with uncertainty, but she could also feel a strange, uncomfortable eagerness blossoming within her. She knew there were a million reasons why what she was doing was a bad idea. The fact she was doing it at all was a worrying sign. She was in some kind of hallucination or hell dimension, and she’d clearly been drugged, even if she had partially had herself to blame for that. In all likelihood, Greed’s mere presence was corrupting her somehow, making her succumb to temptation. But still, Tomi couldn’t bring herself to stop or fight. She just wanted what Greed was offering too much.

“L-like this?” Tomi asked. She wasn’t normally the bashful type, but kneeling at a glory hole under Greed’s watchful eye was making her feel strangely nervous. She’d never done this before, but she felt sure she would need to do a good job if she wanted to get paid as much as possible.

“Perfect,” Greed purred, Tomi couldn’t see her eyes, but she could sense hunger in the demon’s gaze.

“Um, so what- oh!” Tomi was startled when a cock appeared right in front of her, protruding through the hole in the wall. She couldn’t see the person on the other side, and she didn’t know where they might be standing, but here their cock was, right in front of her. Tomi giggled nervously. She was finally able to peel her eyes from Greed and her coins, but was now transfixed by the hard, throbbing, needy dick before her eyes. The sight of it was even making her a little horny, but she knew her arousal was driven as much by the thought of payment as it was by the task that lay before her.

“What are you waiting for, babe?” Greed’s voice was even more sultry than before, but it was sterner too. “Get to work.”

Gingerly, Tomi reached out and rested her hand on the shaft of the thick, rock-hard cock. She gasped faintly as she felt its warmth beneath her fingers, and felt it throb eagerly in her hand. She was far from a virgin, but she’d never done anything like this before. This was different. As a result, she was blushing and her stomach was doing loops as she started slowly stroking her customer’s dick. Through the glory hole she could see nothing of the person it belonged to, but she could feel their cock responding to her touch, jumping slightly and becoming somehow even stiffer. Clearly, they were desperate for her attention. That thought lit a fire under Tomi. Everything clicked into place, and nervousness vanished. This was a customer, and she was providing a service. And she was being paid for it. This was no time to be flustered. She needed to earn what Greed was offering her. With that in mind, Tomi bent forward and wrapped her lips around the tip of her

customer's cock. Wasting no time, she took it into her mouth as far as she could, sucking greedily on the dick while pumping the rest of its shaft with her hand. The cock throbbed again, even harder, and Tomi smiled at the confirmation that she was giving her customer what they wanted. Even better was when she heard a low, throaty moan coming from the other side of the wall. To her surprise, Tomi moaned too, becoming even more spacey and light-headed as she started to fantasize giddily about Greed's gold coins raining down on her. She didn't know how much each of them would be worth, but she knew it would be a lot. The mere thought of what she'd be able to buy for herself was making her own body throb with need. Fur coats. Gold jewelry. Diamonds. Anything she wanted. She was yearning for it. She wanted it all.

It wasn't long before the occasional moaning coming from the far side of the wall became a constant song of needy whines, and the cock in Tomi's mouth started throbbing wildly. The fallen Star Sentinel grinned manically. She knew what that meant. They were about to cum. That was perfect. The climax was everything. That was what they were paying for. Tomi increased her pace, sucking as hard as she could and pumping as fast as she could handle. She needed to make her customer cum. She needed it so bad. It was a release for her as much as them when, at last, they exploded in her mouth. Tomi was unprepared for how thick and vigorous their load was, and even though she'd been prepared to swallow, she ended up pulling back and taking most of their hot, fresh cum all over her face. For a long moment she just knelt there, gasping for breath and watching her customer's cock slowly soften. She could only imagine how she must look; her sailor uniform soiled and ruined, and her face dripping with a total stranger's fresh load. She looked and felt like a total whore. Despite her eagerness, there was something shameful and degrading about it, but that only turned her on even more. Tomi was no stranger to kinky sex, but none she'd ever had came close to this.

"Wow, 'Sentinel Yellow'!" Greed sneered, making a mockery of her title. "Good job! I'm so pleased. You'll be mine in no time."

Hers? Something about the way Greed spoke made Tomi uneasy. Now that her head was starting to clear, and she was no longer entirely focused on attending to the cock on her mouth, it was starting to dawn on her that this was all very, very wrong. What the hell was she doing? Sucking cock for a few coins in a demon's basement? She was supposed to be a Star Sentinel. She couldn't remember why or how she'd fooled herself into thinking this was a good idea, but clearly it had been a mistake. She'd been tricked or enchanted somehow. She needed to fight.

"I... no, no," she murmured. Her head was clearing, but slowly. Everything still felt foggy and distant. "Not... yours."

"Aww, babe," Greed simpered sadistically. She clearly felt completely unthreatened by the kneeling, cum-drenched magical girl. "Is someone trying to fight me? That's a stupid idea. Looks to me like someone needs another taste."

Tomi looked round, only to see Greed holding her vape pen once more. She lifted it to her lips, inhaling deeply from the dense, intoxicating smoke within. Greed seemed immune to its debilitating effects, but she still shivered with pleasure as she rolled the smoke around in her mouth, tasting it like a fine wine.

"No, stop!" Tomi cried out hurriedly. It was the drug, just like she'd guessed. She was trying to make it her feet, hoping to escape, but her limbs were still so heavy and clumsy. She'd just about raised herself up onto one foot when Greed, looming above her, bent at the waist and blew a huge cloud of smoke directly into her face. At that distance and in such a confined space, it was even more potent than before. Tomi was sent reeling, and slumped back to her knees as she utterly failed to prevent herself from inhaling lungful after lungful of Greed's corrupting poison. It clouded her mind over instantly and completely, driving all thoughts

from her head - all thoughts except the rising, keening avarice that Greed had managed to tempt her into. "No... no... no..." she whimpered, echoing herself without thought or meaning.

"That's better," Greed continued, ignoring her protests. Her earlier friendliness was gone. She sounded bitchy and mean and like she was delighting in her own sadism, but still seductive and irresistibly tempting. "Now, does my little whore want her reward, huh?"

Tomi nodded dumbly. A smile on her face, Greed reached down and handed the gold coins she'd been holding to Tomi. Tomi received them gratefully in her upturned palm, staring at them in awe. They were so beautiful - and they were hers. She'd worked for them and earned them. The fantasies of everything she could now afford become even more vivid in her mind. She kept turning the coins over in her hands, mesmerized by their shimmering, golden glow. It didn't occur to her that probably, none of this was as real as it seemed. She was so lost to fantasies of wealth, she didn't even notice that her other hand was now between her legs, rubbing at her needy pussy over her clothes. The combination of arousal and gratification now flooding her was better than anything she'd ever felt. It was everything she'd ever wanted, even if she hadn't quite realized it. To Tomi, in her drug-addled haze, it was perfect.

"Well, congratulations, babe!" Greed exclaimed. "You've done your job. Unless..."

Tomi was far too intoxicated to resist being tempted. "Unless?"

Greed grinned. "Unless you want more."

Another stack of coins, even larger than the first, appeared in Greed's hand. Tomi's eyes somehow managed to grow even wider. "More..." she whispered.

"Then you better get back to work." Greed pointed at the hole in the wall Tomi was kneeling at. There was another cock there now; a different size, a different scent, but just as hard as the previous one had been.

Tomi's head was so foggy it took her a moment to process what was going on, but once she did, she didn't hesitate. She immediately threw herself onto her new customer's dick, sucking and licking gleefully at the thought of yet more payment. It was tempting to simply try and make them cum as fast as possible, but she somehow knew that they expected more from her than that. They were looking for experience, and it meant she was getting paid, she was determined to give it to them. Tomi started sucking cock in ways she'd only seen in porn, pumping the shaft hard and licking lasciviously under the head of her customer's dick before taking as much of it in her mouth as she could and using her tongue's full length to stimulate it in her mouth. She quickly realized that, thanks to Greed's drugged smoke, her muscles were so relaxed that she had virtually no gag reflex. She wasted no time taking advantage of that, taking her customer's dick all the way into her throat. The way the muscles of her throat massaged their shaft had them moaning long and loud, and Tomi moaned with them, pleased with herself at the thought of a job well done.

"Hey, babe?" Greed said, snapping her fingers to get Tomi's attention. "Over here. Get to it."

Tomi looked, and saw that Greed was pointing to another one of the glory holes in the wall, only a foot or two apart from the one she was currently kneeling at. That one, too, now had a cock protruding through it. Tomi's brow furrowed. Was she meant to service that one too? Seeing her confusion, Greed sighed indulgently, before producing another gold coin and flipping it towards Tomi. Tomi caught it eagerly. That was all the encouragement she needed. Without breaking her rhythm on the dick she was sucking, Tomi reached over and started giving the other cock an enthusiastic handjob. She couldn't use her mouth on both of them at

once, so she had to hope her hand would be enough to satisfy. Judging from the way a second set of moans soon joined with the first, it was.

Again, it didn't take long for the cock she was servicing to reach the point of orgasm. This time, Tomi was far more prepared to receive the massive load they started to pump down her throat as her blowjob reached its climax, but even so, some of their semen spilled out of her lips and ran down her face in white, slutty rivulets. Almost immediately, Tomi switched over to sucking the other cock. She couldn't afford to waste time. Time was money. The other cock was distinctly larger and thicker, so much so that Tomi struggled to take it as deeply as the one before, but judging from her customer's moaning, they appreciated the effort. She didn't break her rhythm when Greed reached down to shower her with coins as a reward, but she did start touching herself under her clothes even harder, pulling her panties aside so she could plunge two of her fingers deep into her pussy, already dripping wet with raw arousal. Her pleasure was building rapidly, more and more with each customer she serviced and each coin she received. It was pure bliss. Nothing else could compare. Tomi had no doubts about that now. When a fourth cock appeared, through the same hole that the first and second had used, Tomi jumped on it immediately, salivating around the dick in her mouth at the thought of yet more money to be made.

After that, everything descended into a foggy haze of avaricious pleasure. Tomi serviced cock after cock - too many to count. Before long, she was servicing three at one, using her mouth to give one of them a blowjob while using each of her hands to stroke and caress one of the others. There were always more, and more customers meant more payment. With both her hands occupied, she couldn't pleasure herself as easily, but Tomi was content to rub her thighs together needily instead. Payment was all the pleasure she needed, and the thought of how much money she was making was enough to drive her into a feverish, blissful frenzy. Tomi didn't even notice as the cocks she was servicing started becoming more and more clearly demonic in nature, and as the moans coming from behind the wall became more and more sinister and feral. All she cared about was the growing fortune Greed was lavishing upon her. The demon showered her with coins each time she brought a customer to orgasm, each time making Tomi cry out with near-orgasmic pleasure. She had long since passed the point where she could keep hold of all of them, and so golden coins were scattered on the floor all around her, many of them covered in cum that had escaped her lips and hands. Her sailor uniform, too, was utterly drenched and ruined. On her knees, sucking anonymous cocks at a glory hole, Tomi looked like a broken, slutty parody of what a Star Sentinel was supposed to be. But it brought her no shame, only sinful glee at the profit she was earning.

"Good," Greed urged. "More." The demoness seemed empowered by Tomi's corruption, her demonic eyes burning behind her glasses. She clearly knew she was winning. Tomi hadn't traded away her soul yet, but it was only a matter of time. All it would take was one more push. "Hey babe, let me see that ass."

Tomi didn't hesitate or question her. She simply raised her ass in the air and stuck it out behind her, wiggling her hips to flip her miniskirt up as she continued to suck and stroke the cocks in front of her with great enthusiasm. There were more than three of them now, forcing Tomi to constantly switch her attention between them all, but she didn't mind. More cocks meant more coins. Her mind was actually sharper than it had been before. The drug Greed had dosed her with was wearing off, allowing her to think clearly. But she was now intoxicated by something very different: money. Everything Greed had said and done to her had rewired her brain, showing her new pleasures that nothing in her old life could possibly compare to. She couldn't remember why she'd cared so much about being a Star Sentinel. It wasn't as fun as this. It didn't feel as good as this. And most importantly, it didn't pay. Tomi felt frustrated now as she looked back on all the time she'd spent with Akemi and the others. She'd worked so hard, and for what? Where was her reward? Maybe this was it. Why didn't she deserve it? Sure, it was wrong, but was it such a sin to be a little selfish, for once?

Her train of thought was broken when she felt Greed kneel behind her and pull her soaked panties aside, the demon's claws scraping across her tender skin. Then, she gasped as she felt something pressing against her needy pussy. It was a cock. Greed's cock. The demoness had a truly massive, thick, throbbing shaft between her legs, just as obviously demonic as the rest of her. Tomi started whimpering as Greed positioned it against her needy cunt. She wanted to be filled, but Greed was just so big. She was about to plead for gentleness when Greed mercilessly drove her cock into Tomi until her hips were slapping into the magical girl's ass. Tomi saw white. She hadn't realized how desperate and sensitive she'd been. Greed's incredible size and girth took it from good, to utterly overwhelming. It hurt, but it felt incredible too. Her stomach actually bulged slightly as Greed started fucking her over and over again, without the slightest hint of gentleness. She clearly wasn't interested in any kind of foreplay. She simply wanted to use Tomi as much and as hard as she could. Pushed beyond all capacity for thought by the brutal fucking, Tomi let the cock in front of her slip out of her mouth and stopping stroking the others, instead using her hands to brace herself against the wall. It was too much for her to handle.

"Hey!" The feeling of Greed viciously spanking her ass made Tomi yelp, and momentarily snapped her out of her cock-drunk reverie. "What are you doing, babe? Get back to work."

"S-sorry!" Tomi whimpered, and returned to servicing the many cocks in front of her as best she could. Greed's cock inside her was making her so submissive, she couldn't dream of disobeying. Thanks to the way she was being roughly pounded, her technique was much messier and less coordinated than before, but that didn't stop her being rewarded with a chorus of moans and a fresh load of cum dumped on her face.

"Good whore," Greed cried out gleefully as she showered Tomi with yet more shining, gold coins. There were so many of them now, scattered all around her. Tomi had long since lost count. All she knew was that she was rich. Everything she'd longed for was now hers. But she wouldn't stop. She couldn't. There was always more. She knew deep in her corrupted heart that no matter what, it would never be enough for her.

"Yes," she moaned, far beyond the point of caring how slutty and broken she sounded. "More... more! Please!" Each fresh load had her moaning longer and louder. Her own orgasm was approaching now, her overstimulated body completely unable to endure the way Greed was ploughing her cunt.

"Are you ready?" Greed demanded. "Are you ready to give yourself to me?"

"Yes!" Tomi answered. She didn't know what she was agreeing to, but she didn't care. She knew whatever it was, she would surely be richly rewarded.

"Trade me your soul!" Greed implored. "Your everything. Do that, and all of this will be yours. You'll be like this forever. And believe me, I'll pay."

"My soul is yours!" Tomi cried. What did she need with a soul? She just needed more of this. "Take it! Own me!"

"Yes!" Greed screamed, as twinned orgasms washed over them both.

At that moment, as her mind was wiped blank with pure ecstasy, a golden light consumed her. Greed's demonic magic ravaged her mind, body and soul, transforming her according to the demon's whims. When the magic faded, she looked very, very different. Every part of her was adorned with the most gorgeous, decadent, expensive jewelry imaginable. Earrings, necklaces, rings, piercings, and more. Her sailor uniform had changed too, becoming a parody of itself. It was shamelessly revealing and lewd, but had also become fine, luxurious

silk that felt delightfully soft against Tomi's skin. So much of her body was now on display, and much of it was now covered in tattoos, and every piece of ink showed signs of delicate, expensive artistry. But most conspicuous amongst them all was a tattoo on her now-exposed midriff which was nothing more than a price list for all the different sex acts she would happily perform for any customer willing to pay. Finally, her eyes were now distinctly corrupted, burning with the same orange light that shone in Greed's. Tomi licked her lips as she slowly rose to her feet and surveyed her new appearance. She took no shame in it. How could she, when her soul belonged to the demoness before her?

"Babe," Greed laughed. "Oh, babe. You're perfect now. How do you feel? Do you understand now?"

"I feel good," Tomi replied. She was laughing too. "And yeah, I understand. Greed is good."

Chapter 3: Wrath

Mary Anne coughed and spluttered as the world re-materialized around her, suddenly choked by the acrid, sulfurous, bloody air that now surrounded her. Her big, brown eyes widened as she looked around herself, desperate to get a sense of her new surroundings. They were as unfamiliar as they were unsettling. She was in some kind of cave or cavern, almost perfectly circular, with the walls formed of orange-red sandstone. It was illuminated by flickering torches mounted along the walls, and the cavern floor was covered with sand. Bloodstained sand. To Mary Anne, it seemed like some kind of macabre gladiatorial arena. That thought stiffened her resolve. Mary-Anne was feeling more than a little unbalanced after what had happened in the church. Seeing the tables turned on the Star Sentinels so suddenly and so completely was unnerving. But the magical girl knew she had no time to be hesitant or unsure. People needed her. Her friends needed her. They could be in trouble, and Mary Anne was never, ever going to let her friends down when they were in a pinch. It didn't matter who or what she had to fight, she was going to do everything she could to make sure they were safe.

Mary Anne's conviction grew still further when she noticed she wasn't alone. She hadn't noticed them at first, as they were leaning idly against one wall of the cavern, hidden in shadow, but there was someone else there with her. They seemed to notice the magical girl's attention and pushed off from the wall, striding confidently out into the center of the arena. It was a demon, and one that cut an intimidating figure. She was clearly feminine, but she was taller than any woman Mary Anne had ever seen before. The demon had faint, red skin and, while it was subtle, her features reminded Mary Anne unmistakably of some kind of snarling beast. Her eyes were those of an inhuman predator, and her face was a little too lupine to be human, and when she grinned maliciously at Mary Anne, she showed pointed teeth. Besides that, the most remarkable thing about her was how muscular she was. Mary Anne knew more than a few athletes in her college classes, but this demon put them all to shame with her rippling abs and toned, powerful thighs. The leather harness and tight leather shorts she was wearing certainly left none of it to the imagination. Her black hair was wild, and as she half-grinned, half-snarled at Mary Anne, the magical girl had no doubts about which of the seven sins she was facing.

"Wrath," Mary Anne said levelly. She was already readying herself for a confrontation. Fighting wasn't in her nature, but many long and hard battles had taught her not to hesitate when she was fighting for her friends.

Wrath laughed, showing teeth. "Got it in one, princess."

Mary Anne sniffed, irritated. Princess? It was true that the two of them made for quite a contrast. Mary Anne was far smaller, and her immaculate sailor uniform - as feminine as all her other clothes - suited her perfectly. Her reddish-brown hair was held back in two neat braids with small, red ribbons at the end, and she knew her freckled cheeks gave her an innocent, fresh-faced look. But she'd soon show this demon she was far from a helpless princess.

"I gotta say," Wrath jeered. "I'm a little disappointed you're the one I got landed with. You look weak. But maybe I'll make something of you yet."

"I'm not weak," Mary Anne shot back, through gritted teeth. She was already chomping at the bit to wipe the smirk off of this demon's face. There was something in the air that was making it easy for her choler to rise. The scent of dust and blood and sweat. "I am Sentinel Red, and I'll punish you!"

"Fine, then." Wrath spread her arms, her stance open. "Come on. Do it."

Mary Anne hesitated. For all her anger, she was able to see that there was something a little too easy about this. A little too straightforward. This demon was setting a trap for her, even if she couldn't see how just yet. But if Wrath wanted her to attack, it seemed sensible to do the opposite. So, instead of charging forwards, Mary Anne just folded her arms and waited. Maybe there was a better way out of this than simply fighting. She hoped so.

Wrath sighed, clearly disappointed. "Come on, what are you waiting for?"

"I'm not gonna give you what you want," Mary Anne answered softly, unmoved. "I know you want to corrupt me - and I'm not going to let you."

"That so?" Wrath grunted. "Let me guess. You're the nice one. The kind one. Much too kind and nice and delicate to ever fall prey to the sin of wrath, am I right?"

Mary Anne knew she was being taunted, but she nodded anyway. At the risk of being prideful, she thought it was true. She simply wasn't an angry person. She couldn't remember the last time she'd ever snapped at someone or lashed out at them, or even said something passive-aggressive or impatient. She'd always lived her life according to the motto that kindness made the world a better place.

"Lies!" Wrath snorted viciously. She sounded so full of rage, Mary Anne took an automatic step backwards. "I see your heart, princess. You're not as nice as everyone thinks. There's something burning inside you, raging every time someone treads on you or takes you for granted. You're angry."

Mary Anne shook her head in instinctive denial, but Wrath's words had her doubting herself more than she would have liked to admit. It wasn't true, was it? Now that Wrath had planted the seed of doubt, it was difficult to erase. Was she really certain that she wasn't that kind of person? Could she be completely, one-hundred-percent certain? Mary Anne couldn't deny that she was sometimes irked at how other people behaved. She liked being kind and spreading kindness, but sometimes other people could be so inconsiderate. Even her friends, every now and then. Mary Anne wasn't immune to feeling frustrated over that. Sometimes, very frustrated. But she never said anything, never expressed it. That didn't make her an angry person, did it?

"I'm... you can think whatever you want!" Mary Anne retorted huffily. She kept her arms defiantly folded.

"So be it," Wrath snarled. "But tell me, princess, if you're not gonna fight me, then who's gonna save your friends?"

A pang of concern shot through Mary Anne's chest. "My friends?" she hissed. How dare this fiend try to use them against her?

Wrath's grin grew wider. "They're already succumbing."

"You're lying!" Mary Anne cried furiously.

"Am I?" Wrath's nostrils flared angrily. "Are you really that certain? Certain enough to stake their souls on it? Some of them are holding out, but others... Nea, Zaina, and Tomi. They're weak fools."

Each of the names Wrath listed was like a knife through Mary Anne's heart. She hated to even think bad thoughts about her friends, but there was a reason those three were the ones she had been most worried about. They sometimes struggled with focus and bravery, especially alone. With the way they had been separated, Mary Anne couldn't help but be deeply concerned that they might be falling into serious peril. If she wanted to save them, she might not have any time to lose.

"So," Wrath continued. "Are you gonna fight me? Or are you gonna stand around doing nothing while my friends get their hooks into yours?"

Mary Anne closed her eyes for a brief moment, weighing her choice. When she opened them again, her hesitation was gone. She mustered all her magically-granted strength, and launched herself across the dusty, bloody arena at the demon tormenting her. Once she decided to fight, she was so caught up with anger that she forgot to summon her weapon - but she knew she wouldn't need it. Her bare hands would be more than enough. Even Wrath was caught off balance by the burst of speed Mary Anne was able to muster, and the magical girl slammed fist-first into the demon before she could defend herself. To Mary Anne's disappointment, Wrath wasn't sent flying off her feet by the blow, but the demon nonetheless stumbled backwards, grunting in pain. Mary Anne, determined to press her assault, pursued her doggedly, throwing punch after magically-infused punch, each one exploding with bright starlight as it landed. The adrenaline rush of combat was giving Mary Anne fresh strength, and despite her concern for her friends, she found herself grinning a wicked, sadistic grin. If she had to fight this demon, why not at least enjoy it a little?

Wrath soon proved not to be such a pushover, though. Despite being on the back foot, the muscular demon threw out a series of quick jabs that were deceptively quick, given her size. Mary Anne was able to avoid most of them, stepping and jumping elegantly around them with enhanced agility, a few still hit home. In her adrenaline-fueled state, however, they barely caused Mary Anne any pain. They just pissed her off. Who did this demon think she was? Mary Anne was a magical girl. A Star Sentinel. Her life's mission was to protect the innocent, and punish evildoers. Usually, she found more meaning in the former, but right now delivering some punishment felt particularly appealing. This demon didn't stand a chance against her, and Mary Anne was determined to prove it. She rolled with the punches with an expertise and viciousness she'd never quite had before, building new momentum and using it to keep up her relentless attack on Wrath.

"Damn," Wrath grunted, through gritted teeth. "Guess you got some fight in you after all."

She was trying to sound cocky and assured, but the pain in her voice was obvious. Mary Anne picked up on it right away. Victory was already within her grasp. That knowledge only fueled her savagery as she lashed out again, and again, and again. She was desperate to see Wrath humbled and brought to her knees. And to save her friends, of course. But seeing Wrath defeated was what she truly craved. After the way the demon had taunted her earlier, Mary Anne was determined to repay each and every insult. However, as she lost herself in thoughts of triumph and revenge, she accidentally let down her guard just enough for Wrath to exploit it, with a well-placed kick. Mary Anne cried out in shock as her legs disappeared from underneath her, and she was sent tumbling into the ground.

"But not enough fight, huh, princess?" Wrath leapt forward, throwing herself atop Mary Anne in an attempt to pin the magical girl beneath her weight. Mary Anne was able to roll out of the way and throw her off, but only just, and the result was that the two of them were left scrambling in the bloody sand, wrestling for dominance. It was a far cry from the kind of fighting Mary Anne was accustomed to, but she took to it eagerly. She knew now that she'd need every ounce of her strength to beat Wrath, and so she let her anger roar through her, lending strength to her muscles.

"Fuck! You!" Mary Anne spat as the two of them writhed and rolled around together, each one desperate for the upper hand. The magical girl was keenly aware of the fact that if Wrath managed to get on top, her weight would let her pin Mary Anne down with ease. She couldn't let that happen. She found herself drawing on strength she never knew she had, screaming with rage as she twisted and turned, searching for any way she could subdue the demon. It was hard. Wrath was strong. But Mary Anne, she was starting to realize, was even stronger. Maybe she'd never known her true strength. Maybe she'd always been holding back. Now that she was tapping in to her own anger, she felt unbelievably powerful. Maybe even stronger than Akemi. The wild power that her rage had unleashed disturbed her a little, but mostly it just felt good. Really good. Especially because she knew she could beat Wrath. She just needed to stop holding back.

"You- Ah!" the demon cried, as Mary Anne forced her down, wrenching her arm behind her back with inhuman strength to place her in a firm hold and force her face into the dirt. Wrath squirmed desperately, but in that position, her strength was meaningless. Mary Anne had won. For a moment, she just held Wrath there, both of them panting with exertion. She'd won. Now, all she needed to do was finish off her opponent. But Mary Anne wasn't quite ready to. Not yet. She needed more. She needed to see Wrath humiliated. It was a deeply unfamiliar urge to her, and a far cry from her usual kindness, but it felt so right, and she could sense that seeing her opponent broken and defeated was the only thing that was going to quench her rage.

"There!" Mary Anne panted gleefully, a wild grin on her face. "I beat you! How does it feel, huh? Not so cocky now."

She'd been expecting weak bravado, or petty rage, or perhaps even despair. What she hadn't been expecting was for Wrath to open her mouth and laugh so loud it echoed all throughout the strange cavern they were in.

"Congrats," the demon sneered mockingly. "And how does it feel, proving me right? I knew it the moment I looked at you. You're the kind one, huh? Not any more."

"What?" Mary Anne couldn't believe what she was hearing.

"I bet it feels good," Wrath continued. Even though she was pinned to the ground, she didn't sound the slightest bit defeated. "Really good. Better than anything. Am I right? Feels good to take out all that repressed anger on someone. I bet you're getting off on it so hard. Am I right? You know I'm right."

"I... I..." Mary Anne was shocked she couldn't speak, and so angry she was seeing red. "Shut up!" she screamed, her voice full of venom. This wasn't how it was meant to go. She further twisted Wrath's arm, eliciting a gasp of pain. "You... you're disgusting! Shut! Up!"

Wrath just laughed again. "Make me."

Acting without thinking, Mary Anne drew on her magically-enhanced strength and angrily flipped Wrath over, pinning the demon face-up beneath her on the ground. Before Wrath could try to throw her off, the magical girl raised her hand and slapped Wrath viciously across her face. It was only an open-palmed slap, but the blow echoed around the cavern, and left a distinct mark on the side of Wrath's face. Even the demon of rage seemed a little taken aback by Mary Anne's violent fury. But she quickly recovered, and fixed Mary Anne with a gleeful smirk.

"Wow. I didn't think you-"

Mary Anne slapped Wrath again, cutting her off. Mary Anne didn't know why she was being so violent. She didn't need to know. Seething anger was coursing through her veins, and maybe hurting Wrath would help release some of it out. Normally, that was something she'd have felt guilty about, but why bother making herself feel guilty for hurting a vile demon? And besides, it felt good. So good. It was like something inside her had been wound up unbelievably tight, even though she hadn't been aware of it, and now she was finally letting it out. Strangely, though, as she slapped Wrath once more, her anger only seemed to be growing. Still, she couldn't stop herself. Not anymore.

"Just... just stop talking!" Mary Anne yelled. Each of Wrath's taunts had her burning up with rage. As much as it felt good, she was aware that something inside her was tipping, changing. This wasn't right. It wasn't like her. She needed to find a way to bring herself back into balance, but she wasn't sure she could do that if this demon was still running her mouth at every opportunity. And in her current, enraged state, she could only think of one way of shutting her up. She slapped Wrath several more times before she was able to make herself relent, panting harder than ever before.

"Hmph," Wrath grunted. The demon was still grinning, but there was a strange look in her infernal eyes. She was panting just as hard as Mary Anne, and there was an unusual flush in her cheeks that matched the one Mary Anne could feel in her own. The magical girl's body felt like it was burning up. "You're gonna have to hit me a lot harder than that, princess."

Princess. That one word, and the way Wrath spoke it with such dripping condescension, made her see red more than anything else. She reflexively clenched her fists, and it took every little shred of her self control to hold her back. "What the hell is wrong with you?" she demanded. "You... I beat you!"

"Not from where I'm sitting," Wrath sneered. "I'm still here, aren't I? And the way I see it, you're playing right into my hands."

The shameful knowledge that Wrath was probably right made Mary Anne's rage burn even hotter. "Shut up!"

"Make me," Wrath repeated.

Incandescent and snarling like a beast, Mary Anne grabbed Wrath and flipped her over again, pressing her face into the sand. The demon that had seemed like such a powerful opponent now felt like little more than a rag doll in her grasp. Acting on pure, furious instinct, she started tearing at the skimpy, leather clothes on Wrath's body, leaving the demon completely naked. Mary Anne was so angry, she didn't even notice the way that her fingernails had lengthened into small talons, helping her shred Wrath's leathers, or the way her skin had taken on a subtle, crimson hue. Wrath giggled and grunted at being so roughly tossed about.

"Ooo, kinky," Wrath growled. "Guess you're not so innocent after all."

Mary Anne barely knew what she was doing or saying. It simply flowed through her. She could feel the anger in her blood. It was poison, but it felt so deeply cathartic. "If... if you want to act like a child, I'll treat you like a child."

With that, she hauled Wrath over her knee, raised her hand, and delivered a vicious, open-handed smack to the demon's round, toned, exposed ass. Wrath let out a loud, surprised yelp, which only added fuel to Mary Anne's fire. Without giving Wrath a single moment to recover, Mary Anne spanked her again. She was itching to make the demon really scream. She needed punishment, and as a magical girl, Mary Anne was the perfect candidate to deliver it. That was why she was doing this, she told herself. Not just because it felt good. She was delivering righteous punishment. And if it let her get some tension out of her system at the same time, that was just a bonus. Once she was through with Wrath, she would surely be back to her usual self. Maybe. But deep down, Mary Anne knew that all her rationalizations were just that - rationalizations. The truth was, she simply couldn't stop herself. She was so angry at her own weakness.

"Not. So. Smug. Now. Huh?" Mary Anne mocked. Each word was punctuated by a loud grunt of exertion, and the loud smack of her hand against Wrath's ass. She was spanking the demon with her considerable, rage-fueled strength. She could sense Wrath's bravado starting to fade a little under the onslaught, but she wasn't giving up yet.

"Fuck," Wrath spat. "T-this is nothing. You're weak. C'mon. You can do better than this."

Mary Anne snarled, and spanked her again. Every taunt infused her limbs with fresh strength. Her arm was growing tired from the effort of delivering blow after blistering blow, but she wouldn't let up. The dark red welt forming on Wrath's ass was deeply satisfying, and from the way Wrath was starting to squirm, Mary Anne could tell she was getting more sensitive. She could break this demon into submission. She could sense it. In that moment, nothing was more important to her. Not her friends, not justice, not kindness. Nothing.

"Just wait." Pausing for breath, Mary Anne took a moment to run her hand across Wrath's ass, groping her. There was a deep, simmering gratification in being able to treat this supposedly-dangerous demon like a mere plaything. Wrath squirmed in her lap as the magical girl groped her, her ass still painfully sensitive. Mary Anne grinned a twisted grin. This was fun. Maybe it was wrong to have so much fun beating down a demon, especially in such a perverse way, but Mary Anne decided she deserved to enjoy herself for once. She'd already wasted too much time being perpetually kind to everyone. She'd never considered kindness a waste before, but spanking Wrath was showing her just how much fun it could be, being mean for a change. Her body was hot with more than just anger, she noticed. Wrath's body was growing hot too, and there was a strange, whining note to the way she was panting. Wicked thoughts started to enter Mary Anne's head. They were the kind of thoughts she always would have brushed aside before, but she was starting to learn that letting her urges take her was a path to pleasure. Mary Anne slipped a hand down, between Wrath's thighs, forcing the demon to spread her legs. Her grin grew wider when she saw that the demon girl had a cock, and it was swollen and hard.

"What's this, huh?" Mary Anne teased cruelly, running her fingertips along Wrath's throbbing shaft, making the demon groan. "Guess I'm not so weak after all. Guess you're just the kind of filthy, debased whore who gets off on this." Her voice was thick with a kind of malice that was completely unfamiliar to her. It made her sound almost animalistic.

"That's... hngg," Wrath grunted. Her knuckles were white as she gripped the sand, struggling

to hold on to any composure. "That's what I'm gonna fuck you with when I- ah!"

Mary Anne cut her off with a particular hard spank, her anger flaring at the demon's coarseness. She needed to learn her place. "Shut your fucking mouth," the magical girl snarled. Her teeth felt long and pointed in her mouth. "You're mine now, understand? Mine."

When Wrath didn't respond, Mary Anne delivered another series of spanks - five of them, in quick succession. Her palm was beginning to sting, but watching the demon writhe and moan was easily worth it. From the way Wrath was whining, she was starting to think the demon's resistance had finally collapsed. But then she started shaking and convulsing, gripped with cruel, mirthful laughter.

"You really have fallen," Wrath giggled. "And you can't even see it. Stupid girl. I'm not yours. You're mine."

"What?" Mary Anne asked, shocked. She could have dismissed the demon's claims as mere bravado, but she sensed there was something more to it than that. Wrath's voice was thick with the thrill of true victory.

"Just look at yourself!" Wrath cackled, still writhing and squirming in Mary Anne's grip. "Your body is already twisting with your corruption!"

Confused, Mary Anne looked down at her hands, and then gasped. Her skin was turning red, just like Wrath's, and the vicious claws on her hands were unmistakable. Her first response was denial. It had to be a trick. An illusion. But no. She could feel the claws on her hands, and they were just as real as any other part of her. Likewise, now her attention was drawn to it, there was no denying the wicked set of fangs that now filled her mouth. Worse still, she could feel the muscles and bones in her face slowly warping and shifting, gradually mimicking the same, subtly bestial visage Wrath wore. Mary Anne was shaking. She was turning into a monster.

"And your soul?" Wrath continued, jeering. "That's already long gone. You let me burn out all that goodness, and replace it with rage. I'm a demon - and you're getting off on spanking me and groping me. That seem like something a Star Sentinel should be doing to you? No. You're not a magical girl anymore, princess. You're like me."

"No..." Mary Anne protested in weak denial. "I'm not... I'm punishing you! I'm not getting off on--"

Her voice died in her throat at the exact moment she realized how aroused she was. She was breathing hard with far more than exertion. Her body was crying out for more than mere violence, and between her legs, her pussy was desperately wet and needy. One, gentle touch was enough to confirm how painfully sensitive she was. Mary Anne couldn't believe how intense the need was. Along with her anger, it was enough to overwhelm any sense of decency or reason she might otherwise have had. Insensible to the fact that it would only send her spiraling deeper into corruption, Mary Anne starting spanking Wrath again, filled with a frenzied need to take out her urges on the demon.

"You!" she cried, as she spanked the demon's ass. Wrath was no longer hiding her enjoyable, and instead moaned eagerly with each blow. The way her ass felt beneath Mary Anne's palm only made the magical girl more desperate to use her demonic body to her heart's content. "You did this to me! This... this is all your fault!"

"Is it?" Wrath moaned. She was now humping and grinding her hard cock against Mary Anne's body, shamelessly desperate. Mary Anne didn't bother trying to stop her. It felt too good. "I'm just a demon. It's in my nature. Your nature too, now. Can you really blame me?"

Mary Anne didn't know how to respond to that. Her mind was too clouded for any kind of clear thought. So instead, she just growled, and started groping Wrath even harder. With one hand, she massaged the demon's firm, toned ass, feeling the pleasing way her fingers sank into her flesh, and with the other, she reached underneath Wrath and gripped her cock firmly. Not hard enough to cause her pain, but hard enough to assert who was in control.

"Fuck!" Wrath moaned, but despite the pleasurable torture, she persisted. "You know... who's fault... it really is? Your friends."

"Shut up!" Mary Anne cried. She didn't want to listen to the demon's words, but they felt so good, so right.

"Yes," Wrath insisted. She refused to be deterred by Mary Anne's spanking. "If they weren't so weak. So foolish. So inadequate. If they didn't need you to save them."

"No!" Mary Anne shook her head like she was trying to shake off those wicked thoughts as if they were merely buzzing flies, even as they burrowed deep into her heart and soul.

"Just think," Wrath pressed, sensing her ultimate victory was near. "They always need you. Always take advantage of you. Demanding your kindness. Walking all over you. Aren't you tired of being nice? When do you get to take what you want?"

"I... I..." Mary Anne knew it was wrong, but a black flame was already simmering in her heart, raging at the unfairness of it all. Maybe Wrath was right. Maybe her friends were taking advantage of her. They were the only reason she'd attacked Wrath in the first place. She couldn't count on them to keep themselves safe. They needed her. They always needed her. They were weak. Why did they have to be so weak? It had led to all this. Wrath was right. It was their fault. With each passing moment, that thought felt more right and more true, and Mary Anne grew more and more furious.

"Yes!" Wrath screamed. "Give in. Take it. Take what you want. Fuck them. Fuck everyone else. The world deserves your anger. You're stronger than any of them. So stop being a pussy, and take it."

"I... I will!" Mary Anne cried out, as her resolve finally cracked. Maybe she'd been doomed from the start. She'd thought she'd beaten Wrath, but now it seemed like she'd never stood a chance. She simply couldn't resist what the demon was offering her. There was something so incredibly freeing about letting her rage run free and rule her actions, as she spanked and tormented Wrath however she pleased. She wanted that. She wanted more. Mary Anne was tired of always holding back and always being kind. It was time to be angry. Angry at her friends, at the world - at everything. It just felt too good.

"Good!" Wrath moaned, overjoyed at her triumph. "Tell me. What do you want?"

Mary Anne didn't hesitate to answer. "I want this."

With ease, Mary Anne once more flipped Wrath over onto her back. Before the demon could

attempt to rise, Mary Anne pounced atop her, pressing down on her shoulders to hold her in place. She swung her leg over Wrath, straddling her, and just as she had ripped Wrath's clothes off, she started tearing at her own Star Sentinel uniform, carelessly ripping off her skirt and completely destroying her panties. Wrath grinned as she realized what Mary Anne was going to do.

"See?" Wrath jeered, as Mary Anne positioned herself above Wrath's hips and started grinding her wet cunt along Wrath's throbbing, demonic cock. "I told you I was gonna fuck you once I- urhghh."

Before Wrath could finish her sentence, Mary Anne's hand shot out and wrapped itself around Wrath's throat, clamping down and strangling her words. "You're not gonna do anything," Mary Anne declared, smiling cruelly as she choked the rage demon. "You're gonna lie there, and I'm gonna use you like a dumb fucktoy. Understand?"

Wrath could do little more than nod, a manic, masochistic glint in her bulging, demonic eyes. For all strength and power, the muscular demon was utterly at Mary Anne's mercy, and was clearly enjoying it. Likewise, Mary Anne was completely drunk on the thrill of experiencing true, unfettered dominance. The lewd, degrading words that had come to her lips felt unfamiliar, but she knew they were little more than her deepest, darkest, most secret desires finally becoming unchained. This was what she wanted. What she'd always wanted. Her body was craving pleasure, and so she would take it. She was yearning to fuck, and so she would. Nothing could be purer or more simple. For a moment, her mind flashed with imagination as she wondered what her Star Sentinel teammates would say or do if they saw her like this. She brushed the images aside contemptuously. Fuck them. Fuck everyone. She didn't need them, and if they had a problem with her, then they could face her wrath just like everyone else.

Without relaxing her grip on Wrath's neck, Mary Anne used her other hand to position the demon's cock at the entrance to her pussy, and without hesitating, she let herself sink all the way down until her thighs were resting on Wrath's hips, and Wrath's cock was buried deep inside her. The former magical girl threw back her head and moaned as loud as she could. The demon's cock was huge. It felt like it was splitting her in half. It felt incredible. Her back arched and her whole body shuddered as raw, ecstatic pleasure flooded her every nerve, causing her to momentarily relax her grip on Wrath.

"You like that, huh?" Wrath laughed, after a moment spent scrambling for breath. "Now who's the whore, huh?"

Mary Anne's hand cracked like a whip as she delivered a single, vicious slap across Wrath's cheek. The demon let out a loud cry that was both pain and pleasure at once, and Mary Anne felt her hips buck underneath her, ploughing her demonic cock even deeper inside her. She grinned sadistically. She was going to enjoy that. Feeling Wrath writhe and twitch beneath her as she reeled from the slap was perfection incarnate.

"I told you to shut up!" Mary Anne started gripping Wrath's neck again, now truly choking her. Her cruel smile widened as she saw Wrath's eyes bulge dangerously as she realized she couldn't breathe. At the same time, Mary Anne started riding Wrath hard, vigorously pumping herself up and down on the demon's cock. The pleasure of it was unbelievable. Mary Anne didn't bother pacing herself or going slow at first. She'd been holding back from carnal indulgence for so long. She wasn't going to hold back any longer. With every thrust, Wrath's cock reached deeper and deeper inside her, sparking yet more pleasure, and as Mary Anne's desperate, needy pussy clamped down on her dick, she saw Wrath's eyes roll back into her head as the mixture of intense pleasure and sudden oxygen starvation short-circuited her brain.

“Not so talkative now, huh?” Mary Anne mocked. “Where’s that strength? That cockiness? Huh?” She took such delicious glee in the fact that Wrath could do little more than moan and twitch in response. The demon was utterly helpless. To drive the point home, Mary Anne bent over Wrath’s face and spat down on her. Treating the demon with the contempt she deserved felt incredible. “Nothing to say? The big, strong, mean demon doesn’t have anything to say? Huh?”

“I-I-I... ugh, ah!” All Wrath could manage was a series of strangled, incoherent sounds. Mary Anne laughed. As good as Wrath’s cock inside her felt, nothing compared to the feeling of seeing the demon so completely humiliated at her hands. It didn’t matter to her if Wrath was enjoying it. She was enjoying it. That was what counted.

“You’re pathetic,” Mary Anne sneered, moaning with each breath as she furiously rode Wrath’s dick, completely blissed-out on the pleasure. She was long past caring about how far she’d fallen. “You’re filthy. Disgusting. You deserve to be punished. You fucking slut.”

Each of her words made Wrath twitch and her cock throb, and in turn that only brought Mary Anne yet more pleasure. Her voice sounded like a distorted parody of its former self, snarled through pointed teeth, all the gentleness drained out of it and replaced by twisted, vindictive sadism. Mary Anne wanted to make Wrath’s punishment last a life time, but in truth, she was already reaching the edge. No matter. Now that she had unleashed her desires, she knew there was much, much more pleasure to be had, whenever she chose to take it.

“You’re nothing,” Mary Anne continued, pure anger flowing through the fallen magical girl. “You’re just my toy now. Cum. Fill me up. That’s all you’re good for. Cum inside me, fucktoy.”

With that, Mary Anne released her grip on Wrath’s throat. There was a brief pause, before Wrath’s whole body started to spasm wildly. As the blood returned to her brain, so too did the incredibly intense, incredibly vivid sensation of Mary Anne’s tight pussy squeezing her cock. The pleasure struck her like a lightning bolt, and as the demon started to babble and moan completely incoherently, her cock began to pulse and throb dangerously. Mary Anne relished in the feeling, and increased her pace even more, using every little bit of her strength to fuck Wrath as hard as she possibly could. Within mere moments, she was rewarded by the feeling of Wrath exploding inside her, her cock pumping a massive load of demonic cum deep within her body. At that exact instant, Mary Anne came too. Bracing her arms on Wrath’s body to steady herself, she threw her head back and let loose a loud, guttural scream of pleasure as a huge orgasm overtook her. It was like nothing she’d felt before. No shame, no confusion, merely the absolute, perfect joy of a rage finally satisfied. Unwilling to let up even for a moment, Mary Anne kept riding the demon, again and again and again, determined to milk her cock for everything she had. She wouldn’t tolerate anything less. She was determined to get her revenge on the world from now on, and taking everything that was owed to her for all her years of futile kindness.

Eventually, finally, Wrath went totally limp. Mary Anne grunted in dissatisfaction, and rose to her feet. She looked down at herself once more. She looked demonic. Her body had become hard and muscular, and she had several cuts and bruises from her fight with Wrath. Her Star Sentinel uniform was completely ruined, torn to shreds in many places from where she had ripped at it. And with her skin now a deep crimson, the demonic corruption had now clearly completely overtaken her. But unlike before, Mary Anne didn’t feel disgusted or shocked. On the contrary, she found herself admiring her new form, even if it was strange to note how much it mirrored that of the demon she had been fighting with so recently. She looked down at Wrath, now groaning weakly, passed out on the ground. Despite everything, she felt a kind of

affection for the creature. Her twisted teachings had set her free. She wouldn't let that show, of course. Not when it was so much more fun to be mean. But for now, there was something else to turn her attention to. Mary Anne thought about the church. She really needed to get back there - but for very different reasons than before.

"Come on," she said to Wrath, balling her hands into fists. "It's time to go see my friends."

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Chapter 4: Gluttony

The first thing Zaina noticed, as the maelstrom of darkness around her finally dissipated, was the scent. As Sentinel Pink, she'd fought all kinds of demons and monsters. Most of them smelled vile. None of them had ever smelled like this: like fruit, and sugar, and fine spices. The aroma was so heavenly, it brought a happy smile to Zaina's face - before she remembered where she was, and what was happening.

Zaina looked around herself. Where was she? She remembered the church, but this wasn't the church. Not anymore. But wherever she was, she knew it had to be dangerous. Even if it didn't look dangerous. As far as she could tell, it was some kind of dining room. No; that term wasn't grand enough. It was a banquet hall. The walls of the huge room were sun-baked stone, and it was open to the sky, allowing the steaming, humid air in. It reminded Zaina of some of the old palaces she's visited with her mother and father on some of their family vacations back home to Morocco. An ornate, wood-carved table ran the whole length of the room, surrounded by plush, velvet couches for the diners to recline on as they ate. What was truly magnificent, though, was the food. The dining table was piled high with every kind of delicacy Zaina could imagine, and many she couldn't. There were meats, stews, vegetables, baskets of fruit, pastries, sweets, cakes, pies... it was endless.

Zaina's eyes went wide at the display of opulence. She no longer had to wonder what that amazing smell was. The magical girl blushed as, despite her situation, her stomach rumbled audibly. She was in the bad habit of skipping meals, and it had been a while since she'd had more than a snack to eat. The sight of such a feast couldn't fail to arouse her appetite. After a moment, though, she made herself drag her mind away from food. There were more important things at hand. None of this was real, she reminded herself. It couldn't be. This had to be some kind of trick. And if so, she likely had a demon to hunt. That was what she should be thinking about. Not the amazing, delicious, appetizing things set out in front of her. Zaina swallowed awkwardly, her mouth already watering. Focusing might be a little harder than she'd thought.

"Hello, my darling." Zaina jumped halfway out of her skin at the sound of the rich, mature, feminine voice. "I'm so pleased to see you made it here unscathed."

Zaina hurriedly cast about, and soon located the source of the voice. At the far end of the table from her, reclining on one of the couches, was a woman. No, Zaina realized, as she got a better look. Not a woman. A demon. There was no mistaking it. The creature before her wasn't human. The demon's skin was tinted a light shade of purple-grey, and its hands and feet ended in wicked talons. Her eyes were black, save for a deep, infernal light burning within them, and a pair of horns emerged from her forehead, woven and interlocked together like a crown of thorns set mockingly on her brow. Most tellingly of all, the creature had a long, scaled, prehensile tail, which she was currently using to idly feed herself a bundle of grapes. Strangely, though, none of those things were what was most remarkable about her. Instead, rather than her horns or her tail, Zaina simply couldn't take her eyes off the demon's body.

So many words came into Zaina's head as she stared, dumbstruck, at the demon, but none of them

seemed sufficient to encapsulate what she was looking at. The one word that came up more than any other was 'thick'. The demoness was undeniably fat, but in truth, her proportions went beyond anything that Zaina knew how to describe. She was impossibly curvaceous. Every part of her - her breasts, her belly, her hips, her thighs, her ass - jiggling appealingly with even the slightest movement, her incredible curves inviting Zaina to imagine how soft and luxurious her body might feel. Focusing was only going to get harder. It certainly didn't help that what the demon was wearing could hardly be described as 'clothing'. She was dressed all in silks, in what seemed like a series of sheer, overlapping veils. It was a clearly expensive, shamelessly decadent way to dress; an outfit suitable only for some kind of fertility goddess. The silks left much of her body on display, and they were so transparent that even the parts of her that were covered were still more-or-less visible. Zaina was left in doubt about just how soft and curvy the demon was. Zaina had never seen anyone with such huge breasts, with such a smooth, soft, rounded tummy, with such wide, child-bearing hips or such an incredibly fat, plush ass. The plump demon was totally spread out across her reclining couch, clearly completely unashamed of her body. Zaina's swallowed awkwardly. Maybe the food wasn't the only thing that had her mouth watering.

"Who are you?" she cried out, and immediately felt foolish. It was a pretty silly question. This was a demon. The demon that had transported her here, and that she needed to defeat. Zaina mentally cursed herself. She really needed to get better at this if she was ever going to be as cool as Akemi or Riley.

"Me?" The demon smiled indulgently, without a hint of mockery or disdain on her face. "I am Gluttony. You know, the sin?"

"Oh, right." Zaina nodded. It made sense, given the food and her form. Then, she surreptitiously pinched herself. It was time to get serious. "Gluttony!" she cried. "I am Sentinel Pink! Prepare to die, foul demon! In the name of the stars, I'll punish you!"

Zaina thought she sounded pretty imposing, even if Gluttony seemed largely untroubled. But her bold declaration was undercut just moments later, when her stomach rumbled very loudly, the unmistakable noise echoing all throughout the banquet hall. Zaina's face slowly turned a deep shade of crimson.

"Oh! You poor thing," Gluttony exclaimed. Zaina was surprised at how motherly and benevolent the demon sounded. "You look starved. Why not eat something first? There's plenty to go around." She giggled.

The bald-faced sincerity of Gluttony's offer took the wind out of Zaina's sails. "Um... no thanks," replied the young Star Sentinel. "That's obviously a trick."

"It's not! I promise." The demon's face was utterly guileless.

"Yes. Yes it is!" Zaina stamped her foot. This was becoming absurd.

"There's nothing wrong with any of this food! Here, let me show you."

Gluttony reached forward from the couch and plucked up a small piece of Turkish delight from the table in front of her. Lifting it to her mouth, she quickly devoured it, revealing a set of razor-sharp fang in the process. Zaina barely even noticed them, though. She was too preoccupied staring at the look on Gluttony's face. The demon ate with an expression of such utter bliss and contentment, like that single piece of confection was the most delicious thing in the entire world. She relished every little last crumb, even taking a moment to lick the sugar from her fingers with her long, serpentine tongue once she was finished. Then, Gluttony sighed with contentment, a simple motion that nonetheless had her breasts heaving in a way that Zaina couldn't help blushing at.

Zaina's stomach rumbled again. She couldn't believe how much pleasure Gluttony had taken in eating, or how shameless she had been about it. Watching her eat made Zaina feel strangely embarrassed, like she was doing something wrong. Her parents - especially her mother - had been very firm with her about the need to eat in moderation and keep in shape. Whenever she ate too much, it was like she could still hear her mother's voice in her ear, scolding her. It was why she ended up skipping so many meals. Ever since she was young, Zaina had been self-conscious about her body, and the feeling had only gotten worse as she'd realized she was transgender and transitioned. She couldn't imagine having a body like Gluttony's, or indulging as hedonistically as she'd just seen the demon do.

"You see?" Gluttony asked Zaina, once she'd finished. "They're not poisonous, silly. Perfectly safe. I know you want to fight, but if you're hungry, why not eat something first?"

Zaina wanted to. She really did. She'd never felt so hungry before in her life. Something about the amazing smells of all the food set out in front of her and the way Gluttony had shown such raw pleasure as she ate had teased her appetite to the point of desperation. But still, she knew it was wrong. Eating anything on the table was a terrible idea. In all likelihood, Gluttony's little demonstration meant nothing. It could still be a trick. Zaina knew there was far too much at stake to be taking stupid risks. Her friends could be in danger. She couldn't let Akemi down. And yet... could she really beat Gluttony on an empty stomach? As innocent as she looked, Zaina was sure a demon of her rank would be truly dangerous in a head-to-head confrontation. Zaina's hunger was gnawing at her. She was imbued with the magical power of starlight, but that didn't mean she could ignore her body's needs. Maybe just a little food would make things easier. At the very least, it would take the edge off her hunger, making her less distracted. Deep down, Zaina knew she was simply letting temptation get the better of her, but the more she thought about it, the better of an idea it seemed. She should eat something.

But what? Zaina looked up and down the table. There were so many delicacies that looked so very appetizing, but the magical girl was trying to focus on what seemed the least risky. After a few moments, Zaina's eyes settled on a simple bowl of fruit, nestled between a collection of sweet pastries. Atop the bowl of fruit was a bright, red, juicy apple. It was so plump and ripe it made her eyes go wide and round, despite how simple it seemed compared to some of the other treats on offer. She couldn't go wrong with choosing an apple, could she? An apple had to be safe, right? It was just an apple. Even as she fought a mental battle to rationalize her choice, Zaina's hand was already reaching out to take hold of the apple and lift it to her mouth. Once it was close to her face, she caught a hint of the apple's sweet, perfect scent, and that sealed the deal. She couldn't hold back. Zaina bit into the apple.

The moment she felt her teeth sink into the apple's skin, Zaina moaned. She couldn't help it. She couldn't believe how good it tasted. It was more perfectly moist and sweet than anything she could ever have imagined. The burst of flavor took her completely by surprise, and she could do little more than close her eyes and moan as she savored the near-religious experience. Once she tasted it, she was totally helpless to stop herself taking another bite, and then another, and then another, until eventually there was nothing left of the apple except for the core. Eyes still closed, Zaina took a moment to rub her stomach and make a happy, contented, purring sound. Whole seconds passed before she realized she had completely let down her guard. Zaina's eyes shot open, and she looked around. Fortunately, Gluttony was still reclining in exactly the same place, and smiling happily at her.

"You see?" the curvaceous demon asked. "Wasn't that good?"

Zaina felt obliged to nod. "Thank you," she said awkwardly. But then, she clenched her fists. She had to

remember what she was here for. She had to live up to Akemi and the others. "Now. In the name of the stars, I'll--"

"Oh, have you had enough already?" Gluttony's rich, mature, motherly voice easily cut across Zaina's high-pitched, uncertain battle-cry.

"I..." Zaina didn't know how to respond to that. Her treacherous eyes darted over the table, still piled high with food.

"Why not try something else?" Gluttony suggested. "You're a growing girl, after all. I can see that. What's the worst that can happen? You get some meat to put on those curves?" She winked knowingly. "It never did me any harm."

Once again, Zaina found herself blushing as she admired Gluttony's body. "I..."

She was lost for words. Gluttony was obviously trying to tempt her, but it was hard to remain suspicious when she seemed so nice. Zaina had never encountered another demon like her. Moreover, Zaina was still hungry. Painfully so. The apple had done little more than whet her appetite. It was the best thing she'd ever tasted and now, she couldn't help but wonder how incredible the other culinary delights on offer might be. She knew it was unwise, but hadn't she already just eaten an apple? Really, in retrospect, that had been very foolish, but since she'd ended up unscathed, perhaps it was safe to eat something else too. Some of the pastries around the fruit bowl looked particularly appealing. But was it really OK for her to eat those? They were probably awfully fattening. Some of her mother's scornful words echoed in her ear, but before they could take hold, they were replaced with Gluttony's sinuous, motherly, tempting ones. Some more meat to put on her curves... it felt shameful to admit, but a deep, hidden part of Zaina really liked that idea. More than liked. It was crying out for it. Maybe she could end up looking a little more feminine. Maybe she could end up looking really hot. Zaina blushed more deeply than ever. Maybe she could end up looking hot the way Gluttony did to her.

"Well... OK." It was just to take the edge off her hunger, Zaina told herself, as she selected a pastry to try. She would have plenty of time to vanquish the demon once she was at her full strength.

From the moment she took her first bite of the soft, crisp, buttery pastry, though, Zaina was once again lost to bliss. The pastry simply melted in her mouth, leaving nothing behind but pure pleasure. Somehow, it was even better than the apple had been. The mixture of flavors and textures that perfectly balanced one another - crisp, sweet pastry and soft, rich, fruity filling - was exquisite. Zaina's mind went blank as she devoured it in a passionate frenzy - but this time, she didn't stop once the pastry was finished. As soon as she swallowed the last bite, she greedily snatched up another pastry and started cramming it into her mouth. Concerns like dignity, health, danger and duty all faded away. She just needed more of this. It was so good. The taste was simply miraculous. Now that she had embraced it, Zaina couldn't get enough. Every moment without it felt hollow to the point of pain. The warmth that filled her body more and more with each mouthful she swallowed gifted her such deep, pure satisfaction that her worries were banished. The magical girl's mind completely switched off as she embraced indulgence, but as she stuffed herself with sweets, it occurred to her that she'd never once allowed herself to give in to such hedonism before. She'd never realized how good it would feel, or how much she'd been denying herself before. But now, she couldn't stop, swept up in a shameful thrill she'd always secretly yearned to taste.

Eventually, though, Zaina's fervor faded, and she stopped eating. As the magical girl emerged from the haze of gluttony that had claimed her, she looked down at the table. How much had she eaten? It was

impossible to tell exactly, but as best as she could judge, it had been a lot. She was suddenly aware of a deep heaviness in her body, a fullness and satiety she'd never known before. It felt wonderful, but it left her profoundly warm and sleepy. Zaina's head was foggy, she was drunk off of food. Slowly and unsteadily, she raised her gaze. Gluttony was still simply laying on her couch, looking at her with a warm, proud, approving grin on her plump face.

"Oh, wonderful!" the demon exclaimed. "Good girl!"

Zaina shivered at the motherly praise, too intoxicated to brace herself against it.

A frown of concern passed over Gluttony's face. "Poor thing, you're looking a little unsteady. Why not sit with me, take the weight off your feet?"

Zaina frowned too. There was something wrong with that idea, wasn't there? Wasn't there something she was supposed to be doing? Something important. Her head was so clouded; it was so hard for her to remember. It was hard for her to remember anything at all, when her body felt so incredibly heavy. After a worryingly long time, a little of it came back to her: she was supposed to be fighting this demon.

"In the name of the stars, I'll... I..." Zaina couldn't bring herself to say it. It felt so foolish. She was in no state to fight, that was obvious. Even standing was an exertion. She'd thought that eating would help, but it seemed to have only made things worse. Fortunately, Gluttony was kindly offering her just what she needed. She needed to lie down for a moment, and let herself digest what she'd just eaten. Maybe take a little nap. That would be perfect. Then, maybe, she'd be up to her full strength again. Zaina looked around. The room was full of places to sit, but Gluttony was beckoning for Zaina to snuggle up right next to her on the same couch. Zaina knew that was a bad idea, but with her head already halfway in the clouds, she couldn't help thinking all about how soft and comfortable it would be to rest herself against Gluttony's soft, fat body. It sounded heavenly. She'd already indulged herself more than she'd ever imagined. Why not indulge a little more?

"Good girl," Gluttony purred, as Zaina stumbled around the table and over to her reclining couch. Gluttony shifted back a little, her body jiggling as she arranged herself to form a little space beside her for Zaina to curl up in.

Carefully and cautiously, Zaina approached the demon. She was doing her best to stay on her guard, but it felt as though the food she'd eaten had cast some kind of magic spell on her, robbing her of her senses. She kept as careful an eye on Gluttony as she could as she sat down on the couch beside her. Gluttony just kept smiling benevolently at her. Zaina found herself blushing shyly. The way Gluttony treated her felt so motherly, but it couldn't be more different from how her own mother had always acted. Zaina closed her eyes and sighed happily, rubbing her stomach once more. Taking the weight off her feet felt just as good as Gluttony had promised. The impulse to make herself truly comfortable was overpowering, and before long, Zaina instinctively swung her feet up onto the couch and made to lie down. There wasn't quite enough space, though, and so as she reclined back, she found her head resting on Gluttony's soft, round, prodigious belly.

"It's quite alright, my darling," Gluttony cooed, when she noticed Zaina instinctively stiffen at the contact. "I don't mind at all. You can make yourself as comfortable as you'd like."

The demon's voice felt like a tender caress, soothing Zaina's anxieties away. The magical girl nodded slowly, and allowed herself to settle against Gluttony's body. The demon was so soft. So incredibly soft. Her curves felt like velvet, inviting Zaina to lie back and let herself sink all the way into them. In her sleepy,

contented state, she couldn't resist the urge to seek even greater comfort, and so she found herself snuggling up closer and closer to the demon, nestling between her plush thighs and leaning against her belly, with her head now rested all the way up on Gluttony's bosom. Zaina also couldn't help small sounds of contentment escaping her throat, coming out like little purrs as she cuddled up with the demon she was supposed to be slaying. She'd never been more comfortable in her life, and she felt strangely safe in Gluttony's arms. The demon's softness truly was unbelievable. Deep down, part of Zaina never wanted to leave.

"There, isn't that nice?" Gluttony soothed. She started idly playing with Zaina's hair. "I'm glad you enjoyed my food! I prepared it just for you. You're looking so much better now. So much healthier and hotter." The demon giggled. "A few more feasts like that, and you'll start looking just like some of my other pets!"

Zaina craned her head back, looking up at the demon. "What?" she asked sleepily.

"Oh?" Gluttony's grin widened. "Haven't you looked at yourself, Sentinel Pink?"

For the first time since her shameless indulgence, Zaina truly looked down at herself. What she saw was almost shocking enough to jog her back to her senses. Zaina was chubby now. Somehow, until that very moment, it had escaped her notice. When had it happened? The flat stomach she'd tried so hard to cultivate was gone, replaced by a distinctly rounded belly that attested to how much she'd just indulged herself. Her magical girl uniform was totally inadequate to contain her new form, with her top rolling up obscenely to leave her stomach totally exposed. Her hips had grown to match, and the way they spread as they rested against the reclining couch made them look incredibly curvy and child-bearing. Zaina looked herself up and down; sure enough, everywhere she looked, it was the same. Her thighs were now thick enough to make virgins blush, and her tits... despite her shock, Zaina couldn't help hefting them in her hands to see if they were real. She'd never imagined she could have breasts like these. They brought a slight smile to her face, but she was still more shocked than pleased. Zaina couldn't guess how many pounds exactly she seemed to have gained, but it was clearly a lot. How could her body have changed so completely and so suddenly?

"What?" Zaina breathed, lost for words. "W-what have you done to me?"

"Isn't it amazing?" Gluttony responded eagerly. "You look incredible!"

"I... this..." Did she? Zaina couldn't help but wonder. It was wrong, wasn't it? Wasn't this wrong? Wasn't it wrong to like it? Wasn't that a sin? She wasn't sure what to think anymore. There were all sorts of different thoughts and voices in her head, and she couldn't tell which ones belonged to her and which ones belonged to someone else. "But... how? How..."

"Does it really matter?" Gluttony whispered seductively. "Consider it a gift. A miracle, if you like. C'mon. You can't tell me you're not enjoying it. Can you?"

"I-I'm not," Zaina replied weakly. She wasn't sure what she was feeling, but she was sure she couldn't admit to it. The shame she felt was too great.

"Oh no." For a moment, Gluttony seemed crestfallen, but a clever grin quickly returned to her face. "Don't worry. I get it. It's not enough for you, right? You want more."

More. The word made Zaina's heart skip a beat. She glanced at the dining table beside her. There was certainly no shortage of more food. Already, the temptation to indulge again was tugging at her. But what would that mean? Zaina pinched her chubby tummy experimentally. More... of this? Was that what she

wanted? Her mind instinctively recoiled at the thought, but she couldn't keep herself from squirming a little in Gluttony's arms. The demon giggled.

"That's it, isn't it? You want more. That's OK. You can have as much as you like." Gluttony's voice dropped, becoming sinuous and sinister. "You never need to stop, Zaina. Not if you don't want to. It's all yours. As much as you want. Give in. Indulge. Make your body your own."

"N-no!" Zaina cried out, more than a little panicked. She started to try and squirm free of Gluttony's clutches, but her new, fat body was slow and unfamiliar to her, and she only succeeded in sinking deeper into the demon's soft, alluring flesh.

"Oh come on," Gluttony cooed, once again sounding soft and motherly. "Admit it! Or, if you need a little encouragement, why not let me show you how good it feels?"

"What do you- Ah!" Zaina was interrupted by her own moaning as, unexpectedly, Gluttony's hand snaked down her body and started groping at her exposed belly. Zaina had been completely and totally unprepared for how good it felt. Clearly, whatever Gluttony had done to her had made her body not only chubbier, but far more sensitive. It wasn't just pleasure that had Zaina blushing and moaning, though. It was embarrassment too. Feeling how far the demon's fingertips sank into her soft body as the demon teased her skin with her claws was making it impossible to focus on anything except how plump she'd become, and how much she secretly loved it. Zaina was so soft now. So unbelievably soft. She had to fight the urge to grope herself just as Gluttony was groping her, just to see for herself how soft she felt. Just thinking about it made her feel feminine. Desirable. Hot. And with Gluttony groping her, she couldn't feel or think about anything else.

"Oh my," Gluttony said teasingly. "I guess it's not so bad after all." The demon was groping her with both hands now, all her soft, gentle, dexterous fingers running up and down across Zaina's body. One of Gluttony's hands found its way up her top, slipping into her bra and shamelessly copping a feel at Zaina's new, huge tits. Zaina's barely-suppressed moans became shameless, pleasure-filled cries. It felt good when Gluttony groped her soft, round belly, but her tits were far, far more sensitive. When the demoness pinched slightly at her nipple, the magical girl had to bite her lip to stop herself begging - for more or for mercy, she wasn't sure.

"See?" Gluttony giggled indulgently. "Don't you want more of this? Of course you do, silly! Who wouldn't? See how good it feels to just let go? Why wouldn't you want to feel like this all the time?" Zaina tried to think of a retort, but the way Gluttony's hands felt on her body as they caressed her new, wide, feminine hips short-circuited all her thoughts. "Why not just keep indulging? What's the harm? It's your body, you know. And if you like it this way... why not let me help?"

"I... I..." Zaina was drowning. It was all too much for her - the sensation, the joy, the embarrassment. She didn't know what to do. The mere feeling of Gluttony exploring her body was better than any sex she'd ever had. Desperately, the magical girl tried to cling to what was truly important. "You... you did something to me!"

"Did I?" Gluttony asked mischievously. She slipped a hand underneath Zaina's soft, chubby body, and started mercilessly groping her ass. Zaina whined and squirmed pathetically at how good it felt, and at how much there was for Gluttony to grope. She was already hooked on the sensation.

"T-the food!" Zaina cried, struggling to hold on to any sense at all. Her new body was betraying her in its wanton desire for hedonistic pleasure. "Poisoned... cursed... ah!"

Gluttony giggled. "Want me to let you in on a little secret? The food, that's nothing. Sweet and fattening? Oh, sure. But it's just normal food."

Zaina frowned in confusion, her eyes widening. "How..."

"It was all you!" Gluttony revealed gleefully. "Well... and a little of me, too. But mostly you. See, this is my domain. Here, all that matters is what you want. What you desire. What you choose. And you? You chose to give in to temptation, Zaina. You wanted this all along. I did nothing more than make those secret, shameful fantasies of yours a reality."

"N-no!" Zaina cried out, but deep in her heart, she could sense the truth of Gluttony's words. It drove her into a maddened frenzy. Part of her was still trying to cling desperately to denial, part of her accepted it and was trying to rip herself apart in guilt and shame, and yet another part was yearning to simply give in to Gluttony and accept everything the demon offered. Zaina didn't know how a magical girl like her could have fallen so far and so fast, and yet she knew she was on the brink of falling still further. She was helpless in Gluttony's warm, soft embrace, her body twisted and transformed into that of her sluttiest, most shameful fantasies, and her mind was threatening to break utterly beneath the onslaught of pleasure Gluttony was inflicting on her. Her friends were a distant thought now. Holding on to the present moment was all she could do, and even that was slipping away into heady fantasies of more, more, more. Indulgence. Temptation. Softness. Gluttony. All those words were sinking deeper and deeper into Zaina's psyche, sprouting dark roots that continued to corrupt her more and more with the sinful demon's every touch.

"Yes!" Gluttony countered. "Just admit it, silly! Give up this silly struggle. All that shame is just holding you back. It'll feel so much better when you just let go, I promise you."

"I... I... I..." Zaina's mind was blank. She couldn't think. Every square inch of her skin was ablaze with pleasure - and there was so much more of it than ever before. Her new body felt incredible. She couldn't bear the thought of giving in to Gluttony, but the idea of giving this body up was even more unbearable.

"Oh, you poor thing! Look at you squirming and moaning! So pretty. I know what you need." Gluttony licked her lips lasciviously, "I'm sorry, it was so mean of me to get you all worked up and not give you any satisfaction. But don't worry, I would never leave you like that. I'll take care of everything."

With that, Gluttony reached down to the one place she had yet to touch: between Zaina's legs. Zaina stiffened. The magical girl's cock was hard, and had been ever since Gluttony had first touched her. The white, embroidered, enchanted miniskirt that formed part of Zaina's sentinel uniform barely fit over her thighs anymore and had ridden up obscenely far, exposing her panties, which themselves had already been virtually shredded by her expanding hips. The large, unmistakable bulge formed by Zaina's hard girlcock was threatening to tear them to no more than threads. Gluttony gently rested her hand on Zaina's bulge and started moving her hand up and down, slowly stroking the trans girl's cock through her panties. Zaina's back immediately arched, and she howled her pleasure to the sky. Her cock hadn't changed, but it had clearly become just as wildly sensitive as every other part of her.

"See?" Gluttony whispered. "Doesn't it feel just so good when I help you indulge?"

Zaina couldn't answer. She'd completely lost control of her voice and her body. Her moans were so loud and constantly it was all she could do to fight for breath between them, and she was squirming madly - but no longer to escape. She was far beyond that, now. Instead, Zaina was wildly bucking her hips to thrust her

cock against Gluttony's gentle hand, and instinctively squirming to try and bury herself deeper in Gluttony's soft, inviting curves, desperate for some kind of comfort. As her body and soul succumbed to corruption and as her mind started to give way, her misgivings about the demon were rapidly fading, and she started to find Gluttony's presence a source of incredible comfort. The demon was just so soft. Zaina couldn't help but feel safe as she buried her head between Gluttony's huge breasts, and as she mindless groped at the demon's big, round belly. What she was truly amazed by was the way her own, new, fat body felt against Gluttony's. Zaina wasn't quite as soft, but nonetheless, the two of them seemed to sink into each other so easily, forming a huge cuddle pile of fat, sinful, hedonistic flesh. It was just so indulgent. So blissfully indulgent.

"Zaina," Gluttony teased. "Why are you holding back? Remember: indulge. Give in. There's always more. Always."

Zaina, now hopelessly enchanted by Gluttony's presence, was helpless to disobey. She stopped holding back, and she came. With one huge thrust, she let out a massive load of cum, leaving her panties totally drenched. Zaina expected the haze of arousal filling her head to dissipate, but it didn't. Her appetite for pleasure remained just as fierce, and her cock stayed just as hard. Without missing a beat, Gluttony pulled Zaina's cum-soaked panties aside and kept stroking her hand along the magical girl's shaft. It was mere seconds before Zaina found herself on the precipice of yet another orgasm and, taking Gluttony's words to heart, she didn't hold back. She came as soon as the urge took her.

"Good! Good girl!" Gluttony cooed. "You're doing so well! I promise, it's only going to get better. I can show you so much more pleasure than this."

"M-m-more?" Zaina moaned, eagerly now. A third orgasm was already hitting her, causing her to spill yet another huge load of cum all over herself and Gluttony's hand. "H-h-how?"

"All you have to do is indulge," Gluttony told her. "Food. Sex. Laziness. Anything you want. Anything. Your body is already amazing, my pet. But it could be so much more."

"M-more..." Zaina moaned again. She immediately took Gluttony's meaning. She started groping Gluttony's curves, but more deliberately this time. She could be more like the demon. Bigger. Curvier. Hotter. Her mind was already flooded with pleasure, but the knowledge that this was merely the tip of the iceberg was what truly broke her resolve. Her willpower collapsed as trailed off into incoherent begging, spurting load after load after load of cum all over herself in one, long, never-ending orgasm. "Yes!" she screamed. "More!"

The pleasure of, at long last, giving in utterly to her desires, was so intense that Zaina virtually passed out. When she came to, she was still in Gluttony's embrace, and the fat demon was smiling down at her benevolently. "You look beautiful," Gluttony said to her.

Zaina rose unsteadily to her feet, and looked down at herself. She'd changed yet again. This time, though, she hadn't grown. She'd become some kind of demon. Her skin had taken on the same purple as Gluttony's and as she reached up to her own forehead, she could feel that a small pair of horns had sprouted there, one on each temple. The fallen magical girl looked behind herself, only to see a small tail unfurling from out of the base of her spine. The remnants of her magical girl outfit now looked like a perverse mockery. Along with how chubby she'd become, she knew she should be perturbed, but she wasn't. Far from it. Without any hesitation, she reached out to the dining table and grabbed a piece of confectionery, and started eating it. She shivered with pleasure at the taste.

Zaina looked magnificent now, and she knew it.

“Thank you,” she said, turning back to Gluttony. Her smile showed pointed teeth. “You set me free.”

Gluttony smiled back, and nodded. “What about your friends?” she asked. “You were so eager to get back to them, I recall.”

“Yes... I wanted to save them.” Zaina took a moment to ponder, before grinning and rubbing her hands together with glee. “I think I need to go and set them free too.”

Chapter 5: Sloth

The first thing Riley did once the world became solid again around her was turn to quickly and efficiently check each corner behind her. She'd long since learned that the last thing you wanted in a situation like this was something sneaking up on you. Only once she'd made sure nothing was about to come pouncing out of the shadows did she allow herself to take in some of the details of the strange, unfamiliar place she had suddenly found herself in.

It was surprisingly tame, Riley thought, by the standards of demonic pocket dimensions. It was nothing more than a large room, one that reminded Riley a little of a hotel room, although friendlier and cosier. It was clean and tidy, and fairly minimalist. There were no windows, though, and the room was lit only by the many, many flickering, sweet-scented candles set all around on tables and cabinets, or even on the floor. At first, the only sign of anything unnatural about the room that Riley could see was the fact that the candles burned with vivid, violet flame, bathing the room in a pink-purple glow that glistened strangely on Riley's dark skin. But then she noticed the way the shadows were moving. There were more of them than there should have been and they seemed to cling to surfaces even when they shouldn't, and sometimes Riley had the impression of reaching hands and grasping, swarming tendrils, eager to snuff out the light that kept them contained. The magical girl was careful to avoid stepping too close to any of the shadows as she slowly advanced on the bed.

The bed was the centerpiece of the room; that was beyond doubt. It was huge, and piled high with all kinds of pillows, cushions and blankets. Riley had never seen a bed that was so large, or that looked so luxurious. Were the sheets silk? Velvet? Riley wasn't quite sure, but either way they looked so unimaginably soft that they seemed to beg for her to reach out her hand just so she could stroke them and marvel at their texture. In fact, Riley found herself yearning for much more than that. The room was at the perfect temperature to make the prospect of crawling under the covers deeply appealing, and it was so easy for Riley to imagine how she would curl up on the bed, making a little nest out of all the cushions and resting her head on the softest pillow she could find. The butch magical girl was gripped with the conviction that the sensation of letting herself sink into the bed would be beyond pleasurable. Even the sweet fragrance coming from the candles was making her a little sleepy. All in all, Riley couldn't imagine a more ideal place to curl up and rest in than this room - if not for the fact that the bed was already occupied by a demon.

It took Riley a moment to be sure that was what the girl was. She looked far less threatening than any demon Riley had ever seen, curled up in a ball as she was on the bed. She was small too; not much more than five feet, by Riley's guess. But her long, lithe tail, wrapped around herself like a cat's was a dead giveaway, and while the way the violet candlelight played off her skin made it difficult to see, Riley quickly discerned that the demon girl was a deep blue color all over. As Riley balled her hands into fists and prepared to summon her weapon, the demon slowly raised her weary head and looked at the magical girl with huge, deep eyes.

"Hey there," the demon said, her voice soft and lilting. She opened her mouth wide and let out a long, loud yawn, showing pointed teeth and a very, very long tongue that slowly uncoiled to hang out of her mouth as she yawned. "Welcome, Sentinel Blue. I'm Sloth."

"I guessed," Riley replied evenly. She took a deep breath. "Look. I don't know what kind of shit you're trying to pull, but I'm not going to fall for it. I've been doing this way too long to fall for demon tricks. In the name of the stars, I'm going to destroy you, so I can get back to my friends and save their asses."

A shower of silver sparks radiated from Riley's fists, and she let out a very small sigh. She always felt silly, posturing like that. She'd become accustomed to it, mostly because it seemed to lend some of her less experienced teammates some courage, but that didn't mean she liked it. Especially when she was wearing the sailor outfit. Riley knew it didn't suit her, no matter what anyone tried to tell her. She didn't want it to suit her. It just wasn't her style. There was a reason usually opted for more androgynous styles. But, as she'd often joked, apparently the stars didn't care that she was butch. Sure, she could learn to live with a miniskirt, but she'd been living with it for a little too long now.

Sloth seemed entirely untroubled by Riley's threats. Slowly, as if it took her great effort to move, she raised herself up onto her hands and knees, and stretched languidly. "That seems so... rushed. Why so hasty? Don't you want to take a moment to take the weight off your feet first?"

"Do you really expect me to fall for that?" Riley asked tersely.

Sloth sighed. Her voice sounded so heavy with sleepiness, although Riley didn't believe for a moment it was anything more than a ploy. "No, not really," the demon girl admitted. "But I'm sure you can't blame me for trying. I think it's kind of unfair that I had to go up against you. Way too much work. You're the experienced one. You've been doing this so long now. I don't have a chance."

Riley nodded. It was true. She didn't like to think of herself as old, but she was certainly older than most magical girls. She'd fought all kinds of demons and dark creatures, and she wasn't about to let her guard down any time soon. She knew just how insidious demons could be, even under less disorienting circumstances. In spite of that, though, she found herself a little distracted by Sloth's appearance. The demon was wearing nothing more than a sheer nightgown, and as she sleepily raised herself up on her knees, Riley got a very, very good look at her body. Sloth was short, but she was also stacked. She had wide, curvy hips, a cute stomach, and a chest big enough to completely bury someone's head in. She was exactly the kind of short, shapely, feminine girl that Riley, tall and strong, liked having on her arm. Once she realized the direction her thoughts were turning in, Riley had to pinch herself. What was wrong with her? Maybe it was the scent of the candles. They were heady and strong, and more than a little distracting.

"Yeah, I can see it in your eyes," Sloth continued, yawning again. "So many foes slain. So many long, hard battles. It seems so... hard. Aren't you weary of it, Star Sentinel?"

"Shut up," Riley snapped, more out of irritation than anger. She didn't care what this demon said; she wasn't going to listen.

Sloth simply ignored her. "How do you cope? You've got your friends, I guess. Your teammates. They look up to you so much, don't they? The veteran. The one who always knows what to do. That must be nice." Sloth's eyes suddenly flickered sharply, like she was reading something in Riley's face. "Or maybe... not. It's just another burden, isn't it? Their hopes and expectations. They always need you to be strong. That must get so... tiring. It's not fair, is it? When's it someone else's turn to be the strong one? When do you get to rest for a change?"

"I said shut up!" Riley repeated, this time with greater force. Sloth was touching at a nerve now. Why

was she even listening to this? She should just destroy the demon and be done with it. But Riley started to move forwards, her limbs seemed suddenly heavy.

"Wouldn't it be nice to set all that down for a change?" Sloth went on, her voice the same carefree, sleep-tinged lilt as always, as if she simply didn't notice the look of fury on Riley's face. "Everyone needs a break, after all. Every now and then, you just need to let yourself be a little lazy. I'm sure you've told some of your teammates as much, from time to time, when they've been too hard on themselves. So why not, you know, take your own advice? With my help, of course."

"Shut... the... fuck... up!" Riley grunted. Suddenly, even words had become difficult. She was just a few paces from the bed, but each step felt like running a marathon with lead weights strapped to her ankles. Her strength had deserted her. The toned muscles she'd worked so hard to build now seemed only to drag her down. The magical girl immediately knew this fatigue was far from natural. "What... what did you do to me?"

"I'm just trying to help you, Sentinel Blue." Sloth's big eyes were so round and earnest that Riley almost believed her. "Why not give it a try? You need to rest. You look so, so tired, you poor thing. Embrace sloth. You need to *sleep*."

At the word 'sleep', Riley almost collapsed altogether. Her legs were just so weak, and she could barely keep her eyes open. What was happening to her? Riley had fought demons before. She knew the kind of hypnotic tricks they could play. But she'd never, ever come so close to defeat so quickly. "What... you..." she managed, eventually. "I... I'm... not... listening!"

"Aren't you?" Sloth simpered. "Maybe you are. Maybe part of you has been longing for this all along, Riley. Maybe, deep down, all you ever wanted is to rest."

Riley's answer was little more than a feral scream.

"OK, maybe not." Sloth giggled, and as Riley finally fell to her knees at the foot of the bed, the demon lent over the edge to stare down at her. "It was the candles, silly! I knew temptation was never going to do it for you. But the fun thing about being evil is, I don't have to play fair."

Riley mentally cursed her. A drug? She hadn't been prepared for that. She should have been, admittedly, but things had gone south so fast she hadn't had time to consider everything. Normally, the starlight magic that infused her kept her safe from things as mundane as poisons and toxins, but clearly whatever Sloth was burning in her candles was no ordinary drug. Riley was shocked that it had been able to incapacitate her so fast. Begrudgingly, she had to admit she'd underestimated the diminutive sloth demon. She hadn't made a mistake like that in a long time. She just had to hope it wouldn't be her last.

"Hey," Sloth cooed sleepily. "C'mon, you don't wanna sleep down there! It's much more comfy up here. Let me help you."

The demoness reached down and grabbed Riley by the arm. The magical girl was too exhausted to pull away. With deceptive strength, she gripped Riley tight and started hauling her up onto the bed. Riley could barely muster even token resistance. She felt almost paralyzed, and she hated how the way Sloth was treating her made her feel like little more than a rag doll.

"That's better," Sloth said approvingly, yawning as she carefully positioned Riley's limbs and lifted her head to place a pillow under it.

Riley found herself lying on her side, stretched out on the bed. Sure enough, it was just as comfortable as it had looked. She still wasn't sure if the sheets were silk or velvet, but it hardly mattered when they were so perfectly soft. The luxurious material seemed to cling to her as she slowly sank into the bed, the welcoming mattress slowly shifting to conform to the shape of Riley's body. The effect was irresistibly soothing. Riley needed to rouse herself, but instead, her heartbeat was slowing. Her eyelids were heavy. The scent of the candles hung heavy around her in the air. Riley felt like she was sinking into quicksand.

"There," Sloth finished. "That's good. You can rest now." She started to settle down on the bed next to Riley, curling up with her, but the magical girl was able to squirm away. She wasn't able to put up much resistance, but at least it was something.

"Get... off!" Riley grunted, pushing the small demon aside with her elbow. It felt good to be able to hit back, even just a little, but Riley couldn't ignore how heavy her own voice sounded.

Sloth yawned again, rolling over onto her back and bringing her hand to her mouth. "Why fight?" It's inevitable, you know. You can't win. I mean, you already lost. Look at you. Oh, I know you magical girls are all about hope, but you can't hope your way out of a demonic toxin, Riley."

"I... I'll never stop fighting!" Riley growled. "For the stars! For hope! For my friends! I'll keep fighting you until my last breath."

"But... why?" Sloth asked.

Riley frowned. The question barely made sense to her. She didn't know what to say.

"Fighting, fighting, fighting," Sloth drawled, drawing out each word with a breathy sigh. "Does it ever end? You poor thing, I can see how exhausted you are. Let me show you something better."

Sloth started moving around on the bed. Riley no longer had the energy to even lift her head to look at the demon, and so she was taken completely by surprise when she felt a pair of warm hands on the bare skin of her calf. Riley yelped at the gentle, intimate touch, and tried to pull away, but Sloth held her in a firm grip, once again betraying that she was far stronger than she appeared.

"Hey... what-" Riley protested, before abruptly breaking off when Sloth's fingers started to press insistently against her calf muscle. "Mmph!"

She couldn't help it; the sound just forced its way out of her. The sharp ache that shot through her leg was far too intense for her to suppress a gasp. At first, Riley thought she was being tortured, but as the sharp ache began to fade into a dull, warm pleasure, she realized the truth: Sloth was giving her a massage.

"You're carrying around so much tension," Sloth admonished, as her hands moved up to Riley's thighs, working skillfully to work out every little knot of tension in the magical girl's body. "Too much struggle, and not enough rest. You seem like the type to go out patrolling every night. You should stay in bed more. You need it. You're so sleepy."

"I'm... not..." Riley said, but her words rang hollow. She felt sleepy, and she sounded sleepy. While she wasn't about to admit it out loud, Riley could at least admit to herself that, as Sloth seemed to sense, she spent a lot of time feeling tired. That didn't mean Sloth was right, though, Riley told herself. She was a magical

girl; she had to do her duty.

“You can lie to me, but you can’t lie to yourself,” Sloth retorted. Then, as she continued massaging the tension out of Riley’s thighs, her voice became even softer and more soporific. “You’re so sleepy, Riley. You can feel it everywhere, can’t you? You’ve been breathing so slow, so deep. That’s good. You can keep doing that, if you’d like - and I’m sure you will. It just comes naturally, doesn’t it? It’s natural to take nice deep breaths like that when you’re sleepy. It feels so calming. And when you’re nice and calm like that, doesn’t it feel so, so good to just sink into the bed? To let go? And when you do that, you just get sleepier and sleepier, don’t you?”

Riley was lost for words. Her head was spinning. She wanted to deny it, to shake her head, to do something, anything, but she felt almost paralyzed. She needed to get a grip, but Sloth’s massage was just so distracting. She even found herself blushing a little when Sloth’s hands made their way up under her skirt, reaching close to parts of her that were very, very sensitive. Normally, she wouldn’t have been so weak to such touches, but now, she was virtually defenseless. At first, the feeling of Sloth’s soft fingertips had made her tense up, but thanks to the demon’s skillful hands, all the tension in her legs was gone, slowly and surely wrung out and drained away. The massage was leaving Riley feeling limp, warm, and relaxed. That, in turn, made it difficult to think and question. Sloth’s words had a certain, seemingly irresistible logic to them. They flowed together into a wave that washed over Riley, leaving her disoriented by the barrage of questions and yet somehow soothed by the reassurance that everything she was feeling was only natural.

“You still have so much tension to work out,” Sloth murmured. “I’m gonna need to take this off.”

Riley started to tense up again when she felt Sloth slip her fingers into the waistband of her sentinel uniform’s miniskirt, and start to pull it down. The tension made her realize that, for some reason, at some point she’d stopped fighting. The magical girl felt a pang of guilt. That was wrong. She wasn’t supposed to stop. She started struggling again, but if anything, her movements were even weaker and more futile than before.

“Shhh,” Sloth soothed, noticing her resistance. “Let me. Just relax. All you have to do is lie there. Besides, you don’t seem comfortable in it anyway.”

Riley shivered, and realized that she was nodding very slightly. Once she realized that, it was easier to let go. She stopped struggling. Sloth quickly removed not only her skirt, but her top and her bra too. It happened before Riley had time to register what was going on, and soon enough, she was uncomfortably naked. It was hard to stay uncomfortable for long, though, when being naked meant that she could feel the luxurious softness of the bedsheets all over her body. Riley felt as though she was melting into it. Sloth shifted a little way up the bed, and rested her hands on the powerful muscles half-way up Riley’s back. The feeling of release when she pressed down, helping Riley’s muscles finally, truly relax, was so great that the magical girl found herself moaning a little. She tried to stop, but the air seemed to force its way out of her in a needy whine of pleasure.

“There. Doesn’t that feel good?” Sloth said sleepily. “You’ve needed this for so long, Riley. You’ve been denying yourself for so long. Now I’m giving you what your body needs, you just can’t help yourself. That’s why your body is relaxing for me like this. It’s not just the candles. You’ve been craving this. That’s why it feels so good. It’s not a trick - not just a trick, anyway. Deep down, you wanted this.”

“N-no!” Riley protested weakly. She didn’t. She’d never let herself think something like that.

“Oh, c’mon,” Sloth pressed down on a particular sore knot of tension in the butch magical girl’s back,

forcing her to let out another moan. "Can you at least admit that it feels good? I mean, that's just obvious. Listen to the noises you're making. There's no shame in admitting you like something. Can't you even do that much? Isn't it hard to keep up all this resistance? You must be exhausted already. Wouldn't it feel good, to just let the truth slip out for a change? It feels good."

"It feels... good," Riley admitted. The words came out of her as a dreamy sigh. Sloth was right; it was nice to admit it. But the pang of guilt that followed wasn't so easily disarmed. "But... need... to fight."

"Later," Sloth answered. She kept massaging Riley's body, hands moving up and down and all over her to find new places to help relax. The sensation was blissful, and made it so very hard to think. "There's time for that later. There's always time later. There's nothing wrong with being a little lazy, for now, when you need it. You can fight me later. But for now, why not enjoy this? Do you really want to stop?"

Riley found herself shaking her head imperceptibly before she even had a chance to consider the question. Sloth's words hung around her head as heavy as the incense, pouring into her and filling her up. She was far, far too exhausted to fight it. They washed over her, until the magical girl's addled, weakened mind could barely tell which thoughts were hers and which were the demon's.

"I... But... Later... Won't..." Riley groaned, as Sloth started massaging her weary shoulders. Her body was totally drained of tension now, but even then, it was hard to let go. Did she want to let go? She wasn't sure. Everything was so confusing all of a sudden. She'd been counting on her experience and instincts to keep her safe, but all her foundations had collapsed so fast. Now, each deep breath that she took to try and center herself only drew more of Sloth's soporific incense into her lungs. Her eyelids were rapidly flitting open and closed now, so fast she could barely see, and even when she could keep her eyes open for more than a moment.

"Don't worry about later," Sloth said, soothingly but insistently. As if it really was as simple as that, the anxiety gnawing at Riley started to dissolve. "Just think about now. Think about how good this feels. Why would you want to think about anything else? It's easy, when you let go. Just focus on this. On me. On how my hands feel."

"W-wh-" Riley yelped abruptly when Sloth slipped one of her hands underneath her body, reaching all the way to cup one of her breasts. "Mnn... what are you..."

"Lots of tension here too." Despite what she was doing, Sloth still sounded desperately sleepy. "Need to take care of this, if you really want to relax."

"W-what?" Riley repeated, dumbstruck. She hadn't been expecting this. Nor had she been expecting it to feel so good. Riley was no stranger to sex, but she wasn't used to being touched like that, and with her body so relaxed it was impossible for her to reflexively tense up or pull away. She was already warm and soft and sleepy, and her body seemed to hum and throb in response to the pleasure, like she really had been crying out for it all this time. She started to squirm, more out of instinct than genuine resistance, but it was beyond trivial for Sloth to keep her within her grip.

"And... here," Sloth continued. Sitting beside Riley on the bed, she slipped her hand under the prone magical girl's stomach and pulled her panties aside. Riley immediately cried out when she felt the demon's fingertips stroking the lips of her pussy.

"Ah!" Riley moaned. It felt so good. Unbelievably good. She wasn't sure if it was the drug, or Sloth's

skill, or simply the relaxed, hypnotic state she was, but her body felt far more sensitive than she was used to. Every touch was like fire. "S-sto... stop... ah!" She could barely speak through moans, and found herself burying her face in the soft, soft bedsheets in a desperate attempt to suppress the lewd noises forcing their way out of her mouth.

"Shh," Sloth soothed, and Riley's protests stopped. She kept groping and teasing Riley's body. "Just lie there. Rest. Let me take care of you. You don't have to do a thing."

"N-no," Riley whimpered. Everything about this was so unfamiliar to her. She was lying on her front, exposed, squirming and moaning whilst a demon girl had her way with her body. That wasn't right. It wasn't how Riley did things. She was always strong, always a fighter, even when no-one else was. She was the last person who should succumb to a demon. And in bed? In bed she was always a top. She liked to be the one taking control and setting the pace, and she also liked to focus on her partner's body more than hers. Riley wasn't used to having the script flipped on her like this.

"Let me take care of everything for you," Sloth continued breathily. She was drawing her fingertips in slow circles around Riley's pussy, a slow rhythm that was both soothing and maddening at the same time. "You need to learn to be a little lazy, Riley. Let someone else do all the work for a change. You'll love it."

"I... I..." It had been hard for Riley to think before. Now, it was all but impossible."

"You'll love it," Sloth insisted. Still groping Riley's tits, she curled her hand to extend two fingers and started to push them inside Riley. "Your body needs it. You need it. You need to stop questioning everything so much, Riley. Stop thinking so much. Get lazy. Just sink. You can do that for me, can't you? Just sink. Sink deep."

"S-sink..." Riley echoed sleepily. Her moans were growing quieter, but not from a lack of pleasure. She was just becoming too drowsy even for moaning. Just as Sloth had promised, it was surprisingly easy to sink. She could simply snuggle deeper into the bed, letting its amazing softness lull her even deeper into a hypnotic stupor. It was wrong, yes, but as time wore on, it grew easier for Riley to stop thinking about that. Just as Sloth had said, there would be time for that later, right? But now, this moment, was the first time in forever Riley had felt like she didn't have the weight of the world on her shoulders, and she couldn't quite bring herself to give up on that so fast. So, what else was there for her to do but sink deeper into this slothful haze?

"Good girl," Sloth praised, and rewarded Riley's compliance by starting to drive her fingers in and out of Riley, skillfully reaching deep inside to tease her g-spot. "See? It's just like I told you. You needed this. You wanted this. This is the kind of girl you are, isn't it? Just a stupid, sleepy, weak little thing."

That managed to pierce Riley's trance, just for a moment. "N-no," she protested.

"No?" Sloth replied, an impish smirk on her face. "Are you sure about that, Riley? Just look at yourself. Look at what you're doing. Are you sure? Are you really sure?"

"I... mmph..." Riley didn't know. She wasn't sure of anything anymore. The way Sloth was fingering her pussy made that totally impossible.

"OK. Let's see, shall we?"

As she spoke, Sloth started pulling her hands away, slipping her fingers out of Riley's pussy and drawing them backwards and upwards. To Riley, the sudden deprivation left a hole in her heart. She whined, and found

herself lifting her hips and shifting herself back to try and restore contact. Before she knew it, she had her ass high in the air, eagerly presenting herself for Sloth to toy with, and she was making high-pitched needy sounds with each breath. Sloth giggled in delight.

“See? Look at you.” Riley was about to protest, as futile as that might have been, but Sloth’s fingers against her pussy silenced her. The few brief moments of lack of stimulation had somehow made her grow even more sensitive. “You’re just a dumb, stupid, sleepy puppet,” Sloth continued, her voice both mocking and affectionate at the same time. “You need to learn that. I mean, look at you. All I had to do was move my hand a little, and I got you exactly where I wanted you! But that’s OK. That’s good. Being a puppet is easy. It’s simple. It’s relaxing. You don’t have to think. You don’t have to move. A puppet gets controlled by its strings, just like you’re getting controlled by me. It’s so simple, isn’t it? When you’re a puppet, you can be nice and still and calm and sleepy and totally, totally mindless.”

“I... that’s... I... ah!” The pleasure was too great for Riley to form words, and her mind was melting too fast for her to form thoughts. But she knew she was so close to utter collapse. She wasn’t sure if she cared about fighting anymore. She was just so exhausted. The weariness went down to her very soul, and she was so tired of it. She didn’t want to fight anymore. She just wanted to lie here, on this bed, forever.

“Just say ‘yes’, Riley,” Sloth urged, yawning. As tired as she seemed, the demon girl clearly had no problem continuing to pump her fingers in and out of Riley’s pussy. “That’s all. Just say ‘yes’ to me, just once, and I’ll make it last forever. That’s all you need to do.”

“Y... Y...” The word was on the tip of Riley’s tongue for several long, agonizing moments before her willpower finally broke. “Yes!”

“Oh, perfect!” Sloth exclaimed, with naked glee. “Now, we can have some real fun.”

Without warning, Riley found herself being lifted by the demon’s strong arms, and flipped over onto her back. In an instant, the demon was down between her legs. Riley gasped. She knew from experience what was about to happen, and it made her cheeks turn crimson with heat. She’d had girls go down on her before, of course, but never like this. Never so submissively. It was unbelievably embarrassing, as Sloth immediately seemed to sense.

“Remember,” Sloth said, an impish glint in her demonic eyes. “You just lie there. Sink. Be lazy. Let me do all the work. Let me do everything.”

Riley squirmed. It felt so wrong, but it was so undeniably appealing. To her, a veteran magical girl, there was something sinful about simply doing nothing. She was always so driven, and lying back and letting someone do all the work was the most indulgent thing she could imagine. Was it really OK for her to succumb to such hedonism? In truth, Riley didn’t care. She was too tired to care about things like right and wrong anymore. All that was left in her was some residual embarrassment, and Sloth seemed eager to take advantage of that.

“It’ll feel so, so good, I promise,” Sloth added, before lowering her lips to Riley’s pussy and extending her tongue.

From the very first moment of Sloth eating her out, Riley was squirming and writhing like a girl possessed. Nothing had ever felt so good. Not only was she more relaxed and more sensitive than she’d ever thought possible, she’d also never considered what a girl with a tongue as long as Sloth’s might be able to do

before. The demon was driving her wild, reaching inside her so deep she was pleasuring places that Riley had never even known about before. She had no resistance, no defenses, no acclimation. She was completely at Sloth's mercy, and Sloth knew it. The demoness was taking her time, teasing Riley endlessly, denying her release and knowing that she was too exhausted to bring herself to orgasm.

"Look at you! You're so wet," Sloth teased. "Guess you really are enjoying this, pillow princess."

The phrase made Riley blush anew. "I'm n... not!"

"You are now," Sloth giggled. "Just try and prove me otherwise."

Riley tried - and failed. She could do little more than squirm uselessly and make small, indignant, pathetic noises, and once Sloth turned her attention back to the fallen magical girl's needy pussy, even that facade of displeasure collapsed into more pleasure-filled moaning. She couldn't think. Her head was full of pleasure, and pleasure was all that mattered now.

"See?" Sloth continued, using her fingers to toy with Riley's sensitive clit. "Just a pillow princess. A weak, lazy, sleepy, dumb, little pillow princess."

Riley moaned loudly. She couldn't deny it, but the humiliation burned within her, and she knew deep down it would feel so good to succumb and confess, just like it had done at each and every stage of her corruption.

"Just say it for me already," Sloth ordered sleepily. "We both know you will. You're just a puppet now, remember? No more fight left in you. Admit it."

It burst out of Riley with force, like she was eager for Sloth's approval. "I-I'm a pillow princess!" she moaned. "Just a stupid, sleepy p-puppet."

"Good girl!" Sloth praised. "Now, cum."

She used her tongue to thrust against Riley's g-spot, and along with the command, it was more than enough to send Riley over the edge. She came so hard she almost blacked out. Her body shivered and shook for a moment, before going completely and utterly limp. She was utterly helpless, caught in a storm of pleasure. She'd never let herself give in so completely to pure ecstasy, and now that she had, Riley knew she couldn't go back. She was hooked. She couldn't go back to all that exhausting denial and discipline. It wasn't her. Not anymore. This was better. Cumming her brains out like a submissive pillow princess was better. With that final, inward realization, her corruption was complete. She couldn't go back. She could sense it. Riley didn't care. This was her, now. She wanted this. Mind, body, and soul.

As the pleasure faded, Riley was left feeling overwhelmed by an even deeper sense of exhaustion than before. Darkness clung to the corners of her vision, threatening to claim her at every moment. She needed to rest. She'd needed to rest for far, far too long. The former magical girl was about to simply pass out, when she found herself being moved around once more. It was Sloth. With surprising tenderness, the demon turned her over onto her side, in just the position she always liked to sleep in. Then, the demon busied herself making sure there was a pair of nice, comfy pillows under Riley's head, and making sure she was surrounded on all sides by soft blankets and cushions. Riley purred happily. Letting someone else take care of her felt amazing, and the best feeling of all was when Sloth curled up right next to her, spooning her from behind. She might have been small, but as the big spoon, Sloth was making Riley feel entirely comforted. Riley shifted a little,

nestling her head against Sloth's huge, soft tits. Sloth let her.

"That was exhausting. Let's sleep now," Sloth yawned. Riley didn't need any more encouragement. As Sloth curled her long tail up around both of them, Riley closed her eyes. The last words she heard were: "When you wake up, you'll be all mine. Forever."

Chapter 6: Pride

When Lian materialized in a huge, palatial chamber, like the lord's bedroom in a medieval castle, she just sighed. Of course this would happen. Once again, Akemi had led them into trouble. They'd rushed into a situation they didn't have a handle on, all so that their glorious leader could save her dreary boyfriend. Now, they were all separated and trapped at the mercy of a bunch of different demons. What kind of leadership was that? Lian was so frustrated. Why did it have to be Akemi? Lian knew Akemi was chosen by the stars, but maybe the stars made some really bad choices sometimes. Akemi was a friend, Lian supposed - but clearly, she wasn't quite up to the job. Not for the first time, Lian thought to herself that she should have been the chosen one, not Akemi.

'Yes,' came the husky, decidedly-feminine voice. *'It should have been you, Lian Shi.'*

Lian wheeled around, brandishing the sword of starlight that formed in her hand in response to her thoughts. She looked about the room she had found herself in, searching for the voice. She saw nothing but bare stone walls, lit by the ill, purple light coming from a few clearly-unnatural braziers mounted on the walls. Besides them, the room was featureless save for a huge, clouded mirror. There was no-one. Lian was alone. But the voice... After a moment's reflection, she realized it had been coming not from somewhere in the room, but from inside her own head. That was disconcerting.

"What are you?" Lian demanded proudly, refusing to show fear.

'I'm you.'

"No, you're not," Lian snapped irritably. "You're a demon, playing some foolish game."

'I can already see you're cleverer than some of your friends.' Rich, sinister laughter filled the cavernous chamber. *'Yes, I am.'*

"Show yourself!" Lian demanded, still searching the room with her eyes. It had to be somewhere! She thought she could see some kind of indistinct, smoky form, lurking in the shadows, but she couldn't seem to get a fix on it. It slipped away from her gaze like oil on water, shifting around the room like a ghost.

'So you can attack me? I think not.'

"Hiding won't save you!" Lian warned through gritted teeth. The way the demon's words echoed inside her skull was truly uncomfortable. "Which one are you, anyway?"

'Pride.'

"Of course," Lian snorted. "And you're going to try and corrupt me, right? Good luck with that."

'I'm not sure I need luck on my side,' the demon replied smoothly. 'There's already plenty of me in you, Lian.'

"If you know me so well, you know nothing will stop me from doing my duty," Lian retorted. "From proving I'm the best. The greatest magical girl. I could never stand letting one of the others see some pathetic demon get the better of me."

'I know you couldn't,' Pride agreed. 'You've always been the most determined. The most dedicated. That's why you're the one who deserves to be in charge.'

Lian was far too smart not to see past the demon's ploy, but she couldn't help a small sliver of gratification creeping into her heart. "I already know that!"

'Yes, just think how different it could all be,' the demon continued. 'The battles. The victories. The outfits.'

That left Lian a little taken aback. "The... outfits?"

'Those sailor suits... well, it's a classic look for magical girls, I suppose. But don't you think they're a little... infantilizing? A little silly?'

Lian didn't know what to say. She had always thought that. Was Pride really getting into her head that easily?

'Perhaps it suits the others. But you, Lian? You deserve something a little more mature. Something that acknowledges your maturity. Your rightful seniority. Your beauty.'

Lian remained on her guard. She'd never, ever do anything as foolish as let her guard down around a demon. Yet, still, at the back of her mind, part of her was purring happily at the praise. Was this what proper recognition felt like? Lian reasoned that, since she could surely destroy this demon with ease whenever she wanted to, there was probably no harm in indulging her curiosity a little.

"Like what, exactly?" she asked.

'Let me show you.'

The moment Lian heard the demon's words in her head, the mirror that was in the room with her started glowing. The magical girl turned to it, instinctively hefting her starlight sword. The mirror, previously full of dark fog, now showed dark, cavernous depths and gleamed with deep, purple light. Lian's first thought was to smash it to pieces as fast as she could but something stayed her hand. Instead, she just watched, careful to remain on her guard to make sure Pride couldn't strike at her from the shadows.

Within the mirror, an image was slowly forming. It was a reflection, naturally, but it came together strangely, like droplets of paint mixing and swirling on the surface of a deep pool. Once that process was finished, though, it seemed true to life, and showed nothing more or less than Lian, standing before it in the large, stone-walled room. Experimentally, Lian raised a hand, and watched her reflection perfectly mirror her movement. It seemed completely innocuous, but somehow the line from that old Disney movie appeared in her head.

Mirror, mirror, on the wall...

“Ok,” she said out loud, unimpressed. “It’s a mirror. Cool.”

Pride laughed. *‘Look a little deeper,’* the demon whispered. *‘What do you see?’*

Lian rolled her eyes. She was quickly growing tired of this creature’s routine, but once again, curiosity got the better of her. She fixed her gaze to her reflection in the mirror, and studied it as hard as she could.

It... was just her. That was the conclusion she kept coming to, no matter how many times she checked. It was just an ordinary reflection. Nothing special to look at at all. At that thought, Lian allowed herself a quiet little laugh. Perhaps that was going a little far. There was nothing ordinary about her own appearance, and there was plenty to look at. Lian had never been accused of lacking confidence, and she saw no need for false modesty.

Lian had often been described as ‘strikingly beautiful.’ She had everything. She was tall. She had high, pronounced cheekbones. Her eyes were the perfect shape (accentuated, of course, by her makeup). Her lips formed a perfect cupid’s bow. Her long, black, silky hair was immaculate, and she was careful to keep it that way. She had a figure that people would die for, and legs that made both boys and girls drool for her. In short, there was plenty to look at, and Lian liked looking at herself. She was used to spending a lot of time in front of a mirror. To her, the notion that vanity was some kind of flaw was for losers. She knew some of the other Star Sentinels considered it strange that someone as conceited as her had been chosen to become a magical girl, but to Lian, it was only natural. She was committed to perfection, and as Sentinel Orange, she looked every inch the perfect heroine.

In fact, she was starting to notice, today she looked even more perfect than usual. Perhaps it was the mirror, perhaps it was the lighting - or perhaps it was just her. Lian’s skin was looking especially flawless, her hair particularly radiant, and her chest even perkier and more rounded than it usually did. Lian couldn’t help but smile. Today was shaping up to be a good day. She was going to upstage Akemi and the others, just as she deserved to, and she was going to look magnificent doing it.

Except for her outfit, anyway.

Lian didn’t hate the sailor suit look. It was a classic, and she always respected the classics. Just as Pride had intuited, she’d always considered it a little inappropriate for her mature, refined charm. It was good enough for the others, of course, but if Lian was to be the true star, she wanted something just a little bit different. Something that truly let her stand out.

‘Something like this?’

Lian twitched at that sinuous, inhuman voice ringing in her head. She’d been so lost in her own reflection, she had almost forgotten where she was and what was happening to her. That wasn’t good. She needed to stay alert, especially if, as it seemed, Pride had some kind of power to read her thoughts.

“Like what?” Lian asked irritably.

‘Keep looking.’

Lian looked, and she wasn't disappointed.

As she watched, the magical girl sailor uniform her reflection was wearing started changing, the lines and folds of the star-woven fabric melting away into ink and flowing into new patterns. The miniskirt started lengthening, until it covered Lian's reflection's knees by several inches. The prominent orange bow pinned to Lian's chest melted too, darkening to a rich, royal purple and becoming the tasteful, subtly frilly lining on the new, deep cleavage her reflections new garment had. Likewise, the schoolgirl collar her sailor uniform featured became a set of elegant silk folds around her collar, descending to cover her upper arms. Finally, all the different pieces of her outfit melted together, all the joins and seams smoothing out until Lian's reflection was no longer wearing a sailor uniform, but a long, elegant, purple cocktail dress.

It was a dress fitting for a queen.

'Well?' Pride prompted, its voice rich with satisfaction at Lian's speechless reaction. *'What do you think?'*

"It's... it's..." Lian was loathe to let any praise for a demon slip past her lips, but in the end, her vanity got the better of her. "I need it."

'You certainly do,' the demon agreed, but Lian wasn't listening. Instead, she was turning this way and that, watching her reflection mirror her movements, and admiring the way the dress showed off her better-than-perfect curves and assets.

Lian was so caught up in admiring her reflection, she failed to notice that, outside the mirror, her actual clothing was changing too, slowly warping and morphing to match her desires.

'Now, you truly look the part,' Pride whispered. Lian was barely conscious of what she was saying, but all the same, the demon's seductive words made their way into her head. *'You look like a leader. The most radiant of all of them. You stand out like a shining gemstone. Except...'*

That one word brought Lian right back to attention. "Except what?" she demanded, irked by the suggestion that she suffered any imperfection that might let one of the others steal her spotlight.

'Oh... it's nothing,' Pride reassured her insincerely. *'Nothing important, anyway.'*

"I'm not here to play games," Lian snapped. "Tell me, before I get tired of you. Except what?"

'Well... if you insist.' Even though she couldn't see Pride, Lian could hear the wolfish grin in the demon's voice. *'I was thinking of your teammate. Sentinel Blue. Riley. She's more experienced than you, isn't she? Some people might think she should be the leader. Especially since... isn't she taller than you too? A much more imposing figure - at least, some might think.'*

Normally, such weak negging would have left Lian entirely unimpressed, but for some reason, Pride's words struck a strange chord of panic in her stomach. The magical girl, now wearing a rich, regal dress instead of her uniform, did her best to keep her equilibrium, but it proved difficult.

"That's ridiculous," Lian insisted, both out loud and to herself. "Height doesn't matter - especially when I've got the legs. And... and anyway, there's nothing I can do about that!"

'Certainly,' Pride agreed, still patently insincere. *'But what if...'*

Lian's eyes had never left the mirror, and now, as she watched, her reflection started to change once more. This time, though, it wasn't just her clothes that were changing. It was her body. Lian, watched, astonished, as her mirror-self started growing taller right before her eyes, legs lengthening and torso extending to give her a new, truly impressive and domineering stature. Lian was speechless. It was a little like staring into a funhouse mirror, but instead of grotesque, it was beautiful. Through the strange transformation, her body remained perfectly-proportioned, and if her proportions changed at all it was only to make her legs all the more eye-catching. Lian wasn't sure how tall her reflection was once the change stopped - six and a half feet? Seven? More? - but there was one thing she was certain of: she looked powerful.

'Perfect,' Pride commented, laughing. *'If I do say so myself.'*

"Yes, I am," Lian breathed, astonished. "I mean - yes, it is. Ah... if only."

'Don't worry,' Pride replied. *'You never know what might happen.'*

Lian had already stopped listening. Instead, she was lifting a hand experimentally in front of the mirror, moving it from side to side and watching as her now-taller reflection mirrored her motions perfectly. She was so enraptured by the sight, she failed to notice as her own body started to grow. It was slow - so slow it slipped beneath her awareness - but nonetheless, within half a minute she was easily an inch taller, and still growing.

The magical girl just kept staring into the mirror. Lian couldn't take her eyes off it. There was something hypnotic about the way the patterns of fog she could barely glimpse within the mirror's depths kept swirling and spiraling. It was so satisfying, somehow, and perhaps even a little hypnotic. The little patterns of fog kept appearing in the corner of her eyes as she kept inspecting her own, enhanced reflection. Lian couldn't stop noticing all the little details about the way the dress flattered her, and the way her new height made her seem like a goddess. She didn't care if it was inhumanly tall. She wanted it. She craved it. Normally, looking at a perfected version of herself might have made herself feel a little insecure, but it didn't. The reflection felt like *her*. The way she truly was. The way she truly deserved to be.

Perfect.

Perfect.

Perfect.

'Isn't this fun?' Pride asked, laughing again.

"W-what?" Lian asked, irritated. She was suddenly aware that the demon had been whispering to her for quite some time, without her truly being conscious of it. Without her really being able to tell the difference between her own thoughts, and the demon's words. Were they getting louder. "Shut up," she snapped. "I'm... I'm getting tired of this." She couldn't make it sound truthful.

'Are you sure?' Pride needled. *'Are you really sure? Are you sure there isn't anything more you'd like to see? Come on - when are you going to get another chance like this? There must be something. Some vain little desire you've always wanted to be fulfilled.'*

"Hardly," Lian scoffed. "I'm already perfect."

'I know,' Pride agreed readily. *'Why do you think I'm here? But I think you deserve to see your true, inner, perfect self. Just for once.'*

"Hmm... perhaps." Lian took a moment to think about herself, and her mental self-image. What did she want? She knew Pride was a demon, but there was something a little disarming about the demon's presence, and about the way the demon always seemed to know what she wanted deep down. There was no-one here but her and Pride, and that made it easier to admit, somehow. Lian had full confidence in herself and her looks, but there had always been a few things she'd wanted for herself. Perfection deserved perfection, after all. "Perhaps there is something."

'Then, just say the words,' Pride prompted. The demon's voice kept getting louder and louder, as if the demon was getting close and closer up behind her.

"God, you're needy," Lian snapped. "Fine. Show me... show me how I'd look if I was... curvier."

'Oh, gladly!'

Lian had already become tall enough to match her reflection's towering height, but now, her reflection started changing once more. This time, it wasn't growing taller - it was growing in other places. As Lian watched, enraptured, her reflection's chest started expanding, her already-impressive breasts becoming truly magnificent, especially on her taller frame. Lian couldn't help but grin as she imagined her people would stare, if her real body was like that. Her new dress adjusted seamlessly to match, slipping into a new shape to perfectly accentuate her new assets - although naturally, with even bigger tits, her low-cut dress was exposing a truly reckless amount of cleavage. Lian didn't mind one bit. What was the point in looking incredible, if people didn't stare?

It wasn't just her tits, though. Her hips were growing too. Lian had put in countless hours at the gym to make sure she had hips and an ass to make everyone fall over themselves at the mere sight of her, but now, her perfect hourglass figure was being taken to new heights. Lian couldn't help but look at her own reflection with lust in her eyes. She just looked that good. She had to be the hottest, most beautiful woman alive. When Lian reached down to run a hand over her own curves, it was like she could feel her own body expanding to match her new reflection - and unbeknownst to her, she could. Lian's mirror-self now had the kinds of proportions previously reserved for art and fantasy - and Lian still wasn't satisfied. She was starting to realize that before, she'd restricted her fantasies to what was possible for humans. But why should she? She wasn't the same as everyone else. She was a magical girl. She had been blessed by the stars themselves. She was a divinely-appointed guardian of truth and justice. So, why shouldn't she look like a goddess? It was only fair.

By the time the transformation was complete, Lian's reflection truly did look like a goddess. It was the kind of image that would be dismissed as impossible by most people, but Lian knew differently. It was there, right in front of her. She could see it in the mirror. It was her. It was what she wanted. What she deserved. What she needed. Seeing herself that way was lighting a spark of pleasure and pride in Lian's soul. She wanted to adore herself, and to be adored. Enchanted by this vision of herself, she still didn't realize what was happening to her body. The Lian that had first appeared in that room was no more. She had become something much, much greater.

'So,' Pride said. Once again, Lian could hear the grin in the demon's voice. *'What's next?'*

This time, Lian didn't hesitate. She was having far too much fun, and the stirrings of shameless pride

and vanity that had always been in her heart had been inflamed into a roaring blaze. The magical girl, already slipping into corruption, unchained all her deepest and wildest desires, and started issuing commands to the mirror. They flew quickly from her lips, as Lian was filled with a sense of impatience and urgency she'd never known before. She demanded to be taller still, to be more toned, for her face to be even more ethereally perfect. Each time, the mirror responded faultlessly to her wishes, replicating exactly what she wanted to see. And then, in turn, Lian's body started changing too, as if she had become nothing more than a reflection of a reflection. Lian, though, was too caught up in wild ecstasy to notice or care. No matter how much the mirror showed her, she couldn't be satisfied. Seeing herself as she knew she truly deserved to be was addictive, and Lian was only just beginning to realize how insatiable her desires truly were.

They kept growing stranger, too. Lian was starting to understand that she had no need for limits. She didn't need to be limited by anything. Mortal limits weren't meant for someone as special and exceptional as her. She demanded long, thin, perfectly formed fingernails, and then longer, and then longer, and then longer, until her nails were razor-sharp, stiletto-thin claws. She demanded bright, deep, beautiful eyes, impossible for anyone to turn their gaze from, and she kept demanding it until her eyes were inhuman pools that radiated their own light. The only thing Lian felt as she looked into them in the mirror was intense pride. She made her reflection's teeth long and sharp and powerful, and gave herself a majestic crown of horns sprouting from her temples. She wanted to look beyond human. She wanted people to look at her and know she was different from them. Above them. As the demonic horns took form on her reflection, the skin on her temples started splitting apart to make room for them to grow, and Lian felt no pain, only radiant pleasure.

'Is this it?' Pride asked of her, once Lian was finished. 'Is this what you want to see staring back at you?'

"Yes," Lian answered without hesitation. Her grin split her face from ear to ear, showing impossibly sharp, demonic teeth. She looked unbelievably powerful. "It's perfect. I'm perfect."

'No,' Pride retorted. Her sudden, contrary insistence had left Lian taken aback. 'It's not perfect. Not yet. There's one more thing.'

"What's that?" Lian asked, the question drawn out of her by the magnetic pull of Pride's sinuous words. Even though she knew Pride was in her head, she could somehow feel the demon drawing closer, like an invisible figure was breathing down her neck. But in the mirror, there was nothing behind her.

'The others!' Pride's voice inside Lian's head felt more urgent, more domineering than before. 'You need them. You're no leader without followers. No goddess without worshipers. They need to understand your glory. Your perfection. They'll soon see. But they might not understand at first. They might... struggle. But you can make them understand, Lian.'

"I..." Lian paused. She understood all too well what Pride was suggesting. But despite the transformation she had already brought on herself, she balked at it. She could feel Pride wrapped around her now, almost touching her, but she couldn't take her eyes off the mirror to look round, and Pride still showed no reflection in its gleaming, arcane surface.

'Can't you picture it?' Pride continued insistently. 'Can't you see it in the mirror? Can't you see them, kneeling all around you? Looking up in awe at you? Can't you imagine how it feels?'

"I can..." Lian breathed. The mental image was uncomfortably sweet. She was almost sure that, out of the corner of her eye, she could see shadowy limbs and tendrils wrapped around her form, threatening to constrain her.

'Just say the word, Lian.' Pride instructed. The demon's voice felt so loud now, and rang with unshakable authority. *'Say the word. Make it appear in the mirror. Make it real.'*

Lian paused for a long moment, sinful words poised on the tip of her tongue. She hesitated for just long enough that she could start to feel Pride's strange, ethereal form touch her own skin - and then she struck. Her movements had become slow and lethargic as she succumbed to the mirror's hypnotic spell, but now, they were as quick as a whip. The magical girl's gaze was still locked to the mirror, in which Pride was invisible, but now that she could feel the demon, she could reach around herself and take hold of it. She couldn't see what she had grabbed, but it was something real. Something physical. And something very, very inhuman.

Lian smile. "Got you."

She felt Pride freeze, then pull against her, like a wild animal caught in a trap. But it couldn't escape. Lian's magically-enhanced strength was already formidable, and the new body Pride had gifted her with had only made her stronger. Against her, Pride felt like little more than a writhing kitten.

"You're not going anywhere," Lian warned. "Stop squirming, or I'll rip your arms off. Or your... whatever these are."

Lian heard a vicious, snarling noise inside her head, but then the struggling stopped. Lian smiled.

"Good." She laughed. "God, you demons are so transparent. It's pathetic. Oh, I know how I seem. I know you think I'd be easy prey for your silly little temptations. But you just keep underestimating me. It'll take much, much more than that for me to betray my friends. I'm not going to let you humiliate me that way. I'm not going to be anyone else's little minion."

'Minion?' Pride laughed. *'Oh, Star Sentinel. You have me so wrong!'*

Something in the demon's insidious voice rang true, and gave Lian pause. "What do you mean?" she demanded.

'Do you think I, Pride, want a minion?' The demon laughed. *'Do you think I want to see you humbled? Humiliated? Do you think I want to make you weak? No. Think. I want the very opposite. I want to make you strong, and let you revel in your strength. I want to make you great, and I want everyone else to see it. I want you to be strong enough to bring everyone else to their knees, and I want you to wield your strength without letting anything hold you back. I am Pride, Lian Shi, and I want you to become my embodiment.'*

The demon's words made Lian break out in a cold sweat. They felt true, and they felt powerful.

'I'm not making you my minion,' Pride continued. *'I'm... proposing a partnership. That's all. I will give you everything, Lian. I will give you all your heart's desires. And in return, all I want, is to be here, as a part of you, so I can drink in your sin. So. What do you say?'*

"I..." Just like that, Lian was once again lost for words. She couldn't face how tempting Pride's offer was. She couldn't understand why it made her feel the way it did. Pride's voice was so close now, she could barely tell the difference between the demon's words and her own thoughts.

'And you call me pathetic!' Pride scoffed. 'Stop limiting yourself! You know what you want. And you know you've already accepted my bargain. Look at yourself, Lian. Look what you've done to yourself. Look how beautiful you are.'

Lian was already looking. She couldn't take her eyes off the mirror. She'd been hypnotized by it for some time. But, once again, she started checking over herself, admiring her reflection's new form. Inwardly, she already knew it was much, much more than just a reflection.

'What do you see?' Pride demanded.

Lian swallowed uncomfortably. Though she was still holding Pride in a firm grip, she no longer felt in control. "I... I see... I see myself." The words dripped irresistibly from her lips.

'You want this.' It was a statement. A commandment.

"I want this," Lian echoed. The words felt so true.

'You want this!'

"I..."

Lian felt something snap in her head. She was holding back. She was fighting her urges so hard. But... why? What had holding back ever done for her? Deep down, she knew the mirror's hypnotic power wasn't the reason she couldn't look away. She was a magical girl. A star sentinel. No mere mirror was strong enough to bind her like that. The reason she couldn't look away was because the mirror was showing her exactly what she'd always wanted deep down. It was her, and it was beautiful, and it was powerful. And the thing that truly sent tingles down her spine was that she knew it wasn't just the mirror. She could feel that she was taller, stronger, more magnificent. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see the horns growing from her head, and the wicked claws that tipped her fingers. There could be no doubt; she had become something monstrous. No - she had made herself into something monstrous.

And nothing had ever felt so good.

"I want this!" Lian cried. She wanted it all. And she wanted her friends to kneel to her too.

'Yes!' Pride was jubilant, and the demon's voice rang strong through both Lian's head and the huge stone room.

Lian didn't reply. She was shivering and twitching as pleasure flooded her body. Now that she had admitted what was happening to her, she could admit the way it made her feel too. The pleasure was incredible. Her new body's nerves were so sensitive, and each one of them was alight with the bliss of unholy transformation. But even greater than the physical pleasure was the aching, simmering satisfaction her corrupt heart felt.

She had what she'd always wanted. Now, it was time for her to enjoy it.

'That's right,' Pride urged. *'Enjoy it. Enjoy yourself. Do whatever you want. No-one can stop you.'*

Lian nodded. Pride was so right. Still admiring her own form in the mirror, she reached down and

started to run her hands over her own body. She sang a set of pretty moans as she felt her new curves beneath her fingertips, along with the soft, luxurious material of her new dress. Between her demonic body and the regal outfit she was wearing, she looked like some kind of dark, irresistible goddess. It was perfect for her.

'You're a masterpiece,' Pride whispered. 'A work of art. Radiant. Beautiful. Perfect.'

Lian didn't need to be told as much, but she certainly enjoyed being worshiped. "Yes!" she hissed through clenched teeth, as her hands reached down between her legs and she started to touch herself through her clothing.

Immediately, she started moaning greedily. Lian's body felt incredible. It was so much more sensitive, and now that she had accepted pride into her heart, she could enjoy it so much more shamelessly. This pleasure was hers. She deserved it. Filled with euphoric vanity, she admired her own reflection as she touched herself, fantasizing about the ways she would make other people look at her and touch her.

'Other people like your friends?'

Lian was no longer surprised in the slightest that Pride could read her thoughts. She answered without hesitation: "Yes."

'Picture them,' Pride urged. 'Picture them kneeling for you. Pledging themselves to you. Worshiping you. Obeying you. Pleasuring you.'

The mirror no longer showed anything but her reflection, but Lian could picture what Pride was describing clearly in her mind's eye. She could picture all the other Star Sentinels kneeling at her feet adoringly, and foremost amongst them was Akemi. Lian wanted nothing more than she wanted to see her leader - her former leader - humbled and broken. How dare Akemi have ever pretended to be better than her? It was an insult, and one that Lian was determined to repay in humiliation and degradation. She would make Akemi kiss her feet, and worship between her legs. She would smother the pathetic magical girl under her perfect ass. Lian was determined to show Akemi that she was nothing more than a worthless sex toy to someone like her.

'That's right!' Pride's voice was just as orgasmically jubilant as Lian felt. 'They'll all see! They will all be yours.'

"Mine... mine!" Lian repeated, her head full of fantasies of glory. She knew she wouldn't be satisfied with just her fellow Star Sentinels. That wasn't enough for her. Maybe nothing was. But she knew that, with all her new power, the world was her oyster.

For now, though, those fantasies of dominance were more than enough to make her cum.

Lian screamed in an inhuman voice as she gave in to the incredible orgasm. The surge of pleasure that rushed through her body only confirmed what she already knew: she'd made the right choice. As she kept mindlessly touching and pleasuring herself in the afterglow, she was freed from the mirror's spell. The former magical girl looked down at herself, and grinned so wide she showed all of her new teeth.

'It's time.'

Lian turned at the sound of Pride's voice inside her head, but there was no-one there. Lian wasn't surprised. Pride was part of her now. They were one.

"Time for what?" Lian asked out loud.

'The others are ready too,' Pride explained. *'All except the leader. Akemi awaits.'*

Lian licked her lips with her new, long, serpentine tongue at the promise of what was waiting for her.

"Take me to her."

Chapter 7: Lust Part 1

"My friends... they won't lose!" Akemi, leader of the Star Sentinels cried, her heart already sick with worry. "They're strong! You'll see!"

"Oh, you pretty, foolish little thing," Lust giggled. "I'm counting on it."

Akemi's eyes shifted around nervously, hoping to catch a glimpse of one of her friends. But no; they were gone. How had things gone so wrong, so fast? One moment, they'd had Lust cornered and outnumbered, and had been ready to banish her and save Akemi's boyfriend. The next, Lust had unleashed all of the Seven Sins Demons upon them, spiriting away Akemi's friends and leaving her utterly alone. Akemi had faith in the other Sentinels, but she was also under no illusions about the fact that they were far stronger together than they were apart. Alone, she wasn't sure if she was going to be able to defeat Lust and save Darien.

Darien... Akemi looked past Lust to where Darien was still kneeling on the stone floor of the debased church, mewling and shivering in a small puddle of his own ejaculate. Akemi couldn't bear to see him in such a state. Whatever Lust had done to him seemed to have utterly ruined him. He had been left weak and unmistakably feminized, and from the dazed, enchanted look in his eyes, it was obvious that he would be of no help at all if it came down to a physical struggle. He might even take Lust's side. Akemi was determined to save him, but that would have to come later. First, she was going to have to deal with Lust.

"They're stronger than you think, demon!" Akemi insisted, taking a firm stance, ready for battle. "And so am I! In the name of the stars, I'll punish you!"

Springing off from her heel, Akemi flew at Lust, launching herself across the church. She swung for the demon's face, fists blazing with ardent starlight and her sailor uniform miniskirt billowing, but her blow made contact with nothing but thin air. Before Akemi could close the distance between them, Lust had back-flipped out of the way, unfurling bat wings of shadow on her back to allow herself to glide further out of harm's way. Once she landed, she crossed her arms with an air of superiority, and made no further movements.

"What are you doing?" Akemi cried furiously. "You're going to run? Now? Seriously?"

"Oh no, I'm not running," Lust corrected. "I'm stalling."

"Stalling?" A cold shiver ran up Akemi's spine. "Stalling for what?"

"For your friends," Lust explained, grinning sadistically. "Time passes differently where they are, and I'll wager their beautiful transformations are almost complete. You see, I'm not going to defeat you myself. They will."

As if on cue, six clouds of midnight-black fog appeared in the church, surrounding Akemi. Each one was a swirling, inky orb, but within seconds, they started to dissipate, revealing humanoid figures cocooned within. For a brief moment, Akemi was overjoyed to see her friends returned unharmed, but then she took a closer look, and her joy curdled in her chest.

The other sentinels had changed. That was obvious from just a glance, but the more Akemi looked them over, one by one, hoping to see a familiar face, she saw instead the indelible marks of corruption. None of them were untouched by it. Each one of Akemi's friends now had horns sprouting from their foreheads, and when they opened their mouths, they revealed long, forked, demonic tongues. There were countless other differences too, but those were individual; eyes, body, skin color, outfit. Akemi was left to accept one, horrifying conclusion: her friends had all fallen prey to the rest of the seven sins.

"No... no!" Akemi cried out, wishing against all her better judgment that she could deny the undeniable. "This... no... you can't have all... what happened?"

"They showed us the light," Lian said, stepping forward, a cruel smirk fixed on her now-inhuman face. "Irony, isn't it?"

Akemi could only stare. What had her friend become? Lian had grown to an unnatural height, and her body was greater and more perfect in every way. Her magical girl outfit was completely gone, replaced with a fine, lavish dress that perfectly accentuated the sentinel's new stature. A crown of horns grew from her head, and as she moved, she carried herself like a queen. Aside from the unmistakable resemblance in her face, Akemi might have struggled to believe that this avatar of pride had ever been Lian.

"The light?" Akemi paled. "What are you talking about?"

"It's simple: we don't need you. I don't need you." Lian preened. "Some leader you've been. You led us right into this mess. I think it's time to let someone else take charge."

"I... I..." Her words pierced Akemi's heart like an arrow. "Lian... I'm sorry."

"Sorry isn't good enough!" snarled Mary Anne. Akemi had never heard such a fierce, guttural sound coming out of her gentle friend.

Akemi was lost for a reply, shocked at the sight of Mary Anne, her body tinted red with both blood and corruption. Mary Anne's face was contorted with rage, and she bit down on each of her words with the ferocity of a feasting wolf.

"That's right," added Nea. "You need to give us what you have, Akemi."

"What I..." Again, Akemi was stunned. Nea was yet another victim of corruption. She was always so mild and so nervous, but there was none of that left in her eyes, only hunger. Her body was somehow even more impossible than Lian's; her proportions defied all imagination, with breasts, hips and an ass that anyone would envy. Yet still, there was an insatiability written on her face that made Akemi tremble.

"Power. Control. Leadership." Nea licked her plump lips, rolling her hips slowly to show off her body through her twisted, scandalously-revealing uniform. "It should be mine."

"Ours," corrected Zaina. When she stepped forward, Akemi's eyes went wide and round at the sight of

her, although not as wide and round as Zaina's new, luscious body. Along with all the tell-tale signs of corruption, she had become astonishingly fat and curvy, and Akemi had never seen her look happier or more confident. "It should be all of ours. Even yours, Akemi! Why don't you share with us, and let us share with you?"

"That's right!" Tomi piped up. "Share the wealth, right? That's what we want."

Her appearance was undeniably the sluttiest and most depraved so far. Perhaps more so than any of the others, her outfit was a twisted parody of her former magical girl uniform. The skirt was so short it was utterly redundant, with her slutty thong completely visible both above and beneath it. Her blouse was a crop top so short it did nothing to hide her breasts, and her thigh-high socks had morphed into torn fishnets, worn beneath high heels. She had bills of cash tucked into the waistband of her panties, and a price list of sex acts tattooed on her exposed stomach. There was no other way of putting it. She looked like a whore.

Feeling stranded, Akemi cast her gaze around, desperate for some small shred of hope. Surely, not all of them had succumbed so completely. Her eyes settled on Riley. Of all of them, she seemed the least changed, although she too had horns, and her skin was tinted pale blue.

"Riley?" Akemi called out. Riley was the most experienced of all of them. She was always the most resilient. "You're still in there, right? Come on, we can do this."

Riley looked at her with droopy, sleepy eyes, and just yawned. "I'm tired, Akemi," she replied, crushing Akemi's hopes. "Why not just... give in already? It feels so good to stop fighting."

Akemi had no more words. She wanted to sink to her knees in defeat. Everything had gone wrong. Everything. She was outnumbered, outmatched, and, however unwittingly, she had led her friends into corruption. But... maybe it still wasn't over. She was still standing, wasn't she? She was still a magical girl, wasn't she? When the night seemed the darkest - that was when the stars seemed to burn the brightest. With that thought fixed in her mind, Akemi's body was filled with new strength. It wasn't over until it was over, and she still had a lot of fight left in her.

"To all of you... I'm sorry," she said. "I'm sorry I led you into this, and I'm sorry it had to end this way. But I'm still not going to lose. In the name of the stars, I'll save you!"

After a long pause, Lian sighed. "The hard way, then? Fine. Just remember. You asked for this. Lust? Hit her with it."

"With pleasure," Lust purred from behind the corrupted magical girls, and reached out her hand.

For the second time, Akemi almost fell to her knees. This time, though, it wasn't out of despair. It was out of arousal. Akemi's legs melted underneath her as a weak, quivering moan slipped out of her mouth. Her cheeks turned flush, and her whole body started to overheat, her mind crackling and boiling as it filled with expected, lascivious thoughts. It took a moment for Akemi's sense of reason to catch up with what was happening to her. Clearly, this was Lust's magic. The demon was doing something to her - blasting her with a wave of arousal, in the hopes of making her submit.

Akemi grunted, trying to rally herself and fend off the mental assault. Within a few moments, she managed it - but ominously, it proved more difficult than she thought. In the presence of the corrupted magical girls, Lust's powers were waxing, whilst alone, hers were waning. Akemi gritted her teeth and clenched

her fists, trying not to show how weak she still felt. It was becoming clearer and clearer that the only way Akemi was going to stand a chance was if she could find a way to end things quickly.

“Enough tricks!” Akemi demanded, as proudly as she could while she was swaying a little from Lust’s curse. “Let’s do this!”

The corrupted magical girls facing her glanced at each for a moment, and then pounced.

It ended quickly.

Six against one, Akemi reflected, as she hit the ground roughly. Maybe she’d never really stood a chance. As it had turned out, whatever corruption had stricken her friends had done nothing to diminish their powers, either physically or magically. It had been trivial for them to surround her and come at her from all sides, assailing her with both their magic and their fists. Within seconds, Akemi had found herself plummeting to the church’s hard, cold floor, robbed of the strength to stand. As if that wasn’t enough, the demon that had been Riley sat herself down on top of Akemi, straddling her, her toned body sinking against Akemi’s with unnatural heaviness.

“Riley...” Akemi groaned.

“Shush,” Riley said, her deep, rich voice lilting up and down as she let out the elongated, languid sound. “Shush, Akemi. It’s over now. All over.”

“It’s... over?” That realization should have made Akemi feel pained, or guilty. Instead, it just made her feel tired.

“All over,” Riley repeated sleepily. “I’m...” She yawned, cutting herself off.

Akemi found herself oddly mesmerized by the unfamiliar look of relief on Riley’s face. Even if she’d had the willpower to keep fighting, merely being so close to Riley seemed to be having some kind of soporific effect on her. She was starting to feel just as tired as Riley looked, her muscles turning to lead weights inside her, keeping her trapped on the ground just as effectively as any restraints.

“...I’m so happy for you,” Riley sighed, as her yawn came to a close. “You can rest.”

“I... rest?” Akemi was confused, but the one thing she knew was that the mere mention of the word was enough to fill her belly with warm feelings. Nothing had ever sounded so good, or so needed.

“Rest,” Riley repeated. She started settling herself atop Akemi, slowly slumping forwards to lie along her body. “It’s over now, right? No more fighting. No more struggling.” She yawned again. “Just rest.”

“B-but...” Riley’s words stirred butterflies in Akemi’s breast. She was so confused about what she was suddenly feeling. It was so hard to tell what was Riley’s influence, what was Lust’s, and what was her own exhaustion beginning to get the better of her.

“No ‘buts’,” Riley murmured, lowering her head next to Akemi’s and nuzzling gently at her. Akemi shivered at the contact. “Everyone needs to rest, Akemi. Even me. Even you.”

“But,” Akemi repeated. What her corrupted friend was telling her felt so true, so appealing, it was

sending her into a panic. She couldn't let herself feel this. "O-our duty! Our mission! Our... our..." Her words only came to her with great difficulty; under the befuddling effects of Riley's presence, speaking was extraordinarily hard.

"Some things are more important than that," Riley answered simply.

"W-what?" Akemi's brow furrowed. Even thinking felt like it was taking more energy than she had to give, but despite her weariness, Riley had managed to make her a little angry. "Riley... you! You of all people! How can you say that? How can you just... just..."

"Let me show you."

Slowly and wordlessly, Riley reached a hand down to the side of Akemi's face, and traced a line downwards with her fingertips - down, from her ear to her jaw, then tracing along to the tip of her chin, before bringing her fingertips over Akemi's chin to follow a path down her neck, all the way to the collar of her sailor uniform.

It was just one touch, but it threatened to melt Akemi into a puddle.

Whatever Lust had done to her had left her needy and hyper-sensitive. That much was obvious. But to Akemi, even that didn't make sense of just how good Riley fingers felt on her body. It was the gentlest touch, so light it gave her goosebumps and tingles, but the feeling sank in deep, draining away every little bit of tension like she'd just been given a massage. Riley found herself on the verge of begging for more, begging for Riley to keep going, to slip her fingers down her collar and start to touch all the places that still felt cold and tense.

But she didn't. Riley pulled back, a sleepy, dazed smile spreading across her face as she noted the weak, needy look in Akemi's eyes.

"That's what I mean," the corrupted magical girl explained softly. "This? This is what's important. Sloth isn't so bad, Akemi. When you rest, you can feel things like this. Things that really matter."

"That's right." Zaina approached the pair, kneeling beside them. Once again, Akemi found herself astonished at Zaina's new body. In every way it was fuller and more feminine than before, and her outfit only accentuated that. Clearly, Zaina was no longer interested in hiding herself. "Riley's completely right. There's no point denying these things. No point at all. No, it's so much better to just *indulge*."

Akemi shivered. She couldn't help it. There was just something so tempting and so sensual about the way Zaina rolled the word 'indulge' around her mouth, like it was made of soft, molten chocolate. Like it meant everything to her. There was a magnetic pull to it. Indulge. It sounded good. When was the last time Akemi had indulged in anything at all? She couldn't remember. She was always so stressed and so busy. Maybe she should indulge. Maybe that was exactly what she needed.

"*Indulge*," Zaina repeated in the same sinuous, gluttonous tone, her forked tongue flickering out of her mouth. "Food, weed, sex, rest... something more exotic. It doesn't matter. Whatever particular pleasure is yours, you should really just let yourself give in to it for a while. You know you want to, after all. Everyone has their vices. Right?"

Akemi found herself nodding along. She couldn't deny the temptation. She couldn't deny that she had

desires.

"Please?" Zaina pleaded. "I care about you, Akemi. I want to help show you the happiness I've been offered. That we've all been offered."

Zaina settled herself in a reclining position on the ground besides Akemi, and started pressing herself against the star sentinel's arm. Akemi's breath caught in her throat for a moment as she felt her friend's soft, soft body against hers. She felt like she could just sink all the way into her, and like there would be no greater pleasure. Indulge... that was what Zaina had suggested. Why not? Why not indulge? Was it really so wrong? What if she indulged, what if she let go, what if she rested - just for a moment? What was the worst that could happen?

"Mmm... mmmnn..." Akemi's inner conflict bubbled to the surface as nothing more than a series of quiet murmurs, entirely uncharacteristic of the magical girl leader. Zaina seized on the chance to take her incoherence as encouragement.

"It's OK", she said, her gentle, benevolent voice undercut by her forked tongue and unmistakable demonic eyes. "Try it. Try it, just once. What do you want? You can have it."

Akemi didn't think. In her body, she already knew what she wanted. With the last, feeble remnants of her strength, she lifted her arm and stretched out hungrily towards Zaina, resting her palm on the demonic girl's soft, round belly and letting it sink in as deeply as she could.

Zaina let out a delighted giggle. She was just as hungry for Akemi's touch, and pressed her own palm over Akemi's holding her hand close. From above them, Riley, still slumped atop Akemi, let out a sleepy laugh. Akemi was sure her other corrupted friends were laughing too, but she couldn't hear them. She felt far too hazy to pay attention to anything except Zaina. Lust's curse had made it hard to think, Riley's sleepy aura had made it harder still, and now that she could feel Zaina's body against hers, it was simply impossible. Lust and hunger merged within her, until all she wanted to do was indulge.

"That's it, that's good," Zaina soothed. Her tongue flickered out of her mouth as if she was feeding on Akemi's desire. "Now, how about a little more? Keep going, Akemi."

"I... c-can't," Akemi managed, sweating furiously. She'd never felt so overwhelmed by her own emotions. It felt wrong. She needed to keep a lid on herself. She always needed to keep a lid on herself, or else she was failing. "It's... not allowed."

"It's allowed," Zaina whispered, as if she was sharing a secret with a trusted friend. "I'm giving you permission."

Akemi let out a little whine. This was too hard. Why couldn't it be simple? Fighting for truth and goodness and justice - that was simple. But fighting demons didn't feel simple anymore. Not when they were her friends, and not when they were offering her things like these. Her strongest urge was to retreat from it all, and just lose herself in the soft, inviting pleasure of Zaina's body.

Sensing her hunger, Zaina began to coil up around her, sitting up and shifting into place to lift Akemi's head into her lap and bend over her, almost smothering Akemi with her belly and her breasts. Akemi couldn't help but purr at the warmth, and with her every heartbeat, her body kept telling her: indulge, indulge, indulge.

“See?” Zaina giggled, sending her beautiful body jiggling and rolling. “It’s better this way.”

Hunger overtook her for a moment, and Akemi reached up behind herself to paw and feel at Zaina, mewling like a kitten. It felt so good. Maybe it was better.

“I... I...” she panted, face crimson and drenched with sweat. There were so many things she wanted to beg for, but there was a wall inside her, holding her back.

“You don’t need to say anything,” Zaina reassured her. Her voice was kind, but the gluttony in her eyes was endless. “I know what you want.”

Somehow, she kept inching closer, drawing Akemi further and further into her embrace. In that moment, Akemi sensed everything that Zaina was offering to give her. It was anything she could have wanted. Her every hunger would be sated. Maybe it would never be enough, but that would be OK, because there would always be more to take. Akemi became aware of a yawning emptiness inside herself, longing to be filled. Zaina’s body was the only thing that seemed to matter. Her warmth, her softness, was the only thing that helped. Akemi started to mewl and squirm, eager to curl up in Zaina’s lap and drown in the pleasure she promised. The prospect of limitless indulgence was arousing enough to have her reaching down between her legs, filled with cravings.

Zaina did nothing but smile and lick her lips again at the sight of Akemi in such a plainly horny, helpless state. Akemi was smiling back, a dopey, lopsided grin spread across her features. She was utterly intoxicated. At first, the visceral sensation of her own corruption had been distressing, but now, Akemi was starting to embrace the idea that soon, she would be reunited with her friends.

Her friends...

Akemi’s eyes snapped wide open, once again full of clarity and resolve. Her friends! She needed to save them. She wasn’t sure how, but she was sure she couldn’t stop fighting.

“N-no!” Akemi cried, and started to pull herself away from Zaina’s alluring embrace. It was a feeble gesture of defiance, but still enough to deter the chubby, corrupted magical girl. Zaina just looked at her, a regretful look on the demonic girl’s face.

From a few paces away, there was a derisive snort.

“Just as I thought,” Mary Anne said boisterously. “There’s no way you’re gonna break someone like her with a few hugs and kisses. No way.” She cracked her knuckles ominously. “Time to do things the hard way.”

Chapter 8: Lust Part 2

“Just as I thought,” Mary Anne said, cracking her knuckles as she approached the prone Akemi. “There’s no way you’re gonna break someone like her with a few hugs and kisses. No way. Time to do things the hard way.”

Akemi shrank at the look on her corrupted friend’s face. It was wrathful and gleeful in equal measure; a kind of sadism Akemi could never have imagined Mary Anne giving in to. It forced her to wonder: had those desires been inflicted on her by a demon, or had they been within her all along, simply waiting to be unleashed? Akemi thought about the desires she was fighting to suppress, and wasn’t sure which possibility was more terrifying.

“I’m not gonna bother asking or pleading with you,” Mary Anne spat, as the others cleared the space around them. “I’m just gonna take what I want from you. Which is, pretty much, to use you like a toy. You got that?”

Akemi had no idea what to say. She was simply astonished at the transformation that had befallen her fellow Star Sentinel. All the softness and gentleness had been chiseled away from Mary Anne, leaving her with nothing but sharp, jagged edges. She was muscular and scarred, and held herself in a hunched, aggressive posture, like a growling wolf. She had become a creature of force and violence.

“Nothing to say?” Mary Anne sneered down at her, now, looming over her.

“I...”

Akemi wasn’t sure. What could she say? The weak rejection she had managed to muster against Riley and Zaina would be utterly meaningless with Mary Anne, and in her weakened state, defiance would just seem pathetic. What else was there? It didn’t help that Akemi’s head was still spinning, the distinctive cravings Mary Anne’s demonic comrades had teased her with still very, very fresh in her mind. In the end, Akemi just sagged, defeated.

“Do whatever you want with me,” replied the leader of the Star Sentinels. “I can’t stop you, Mary Anne. And besides. I probably owe it to you, after leading us into this mess.”

Akemi wasn’t entirely sure what kind of response she’d been expecting, but she was still surprised when Mary Anne clenched her fists even tighter, snarling viciously and letting out a frustrated hiss.

“Fuck you, Akemi!” she growled. “God. You’re always so disappointing. Are you really this easy to break? Huh? Is our clever, powerful, pretty, kind leader really this fucking pathetic? That just pisses me off.”

Akemi trembled for a moment at Mary Anne’s rage, and then froze when her former friend’s furious expression curdled into a malicious smirk.

“Good thing I have you to take it out on, huh?”

Mary Anne pounced. Akemi lacked the strength to fend her off or squirm out of the way, and so, within an instant, the corrupted magical girl's hands were all over her, clutching and groping at her tits. Akemi gasped and flinched in pain, but there was no escape, and her distress only seemed to add to Mary Anne's glee.

“Are you really just gonna let me do this?” Mary Anne growled. “Really? How does it feel, huh? How does this make you feel? Does it make you feel good, slut?”

As Akemi's head started to cloud with mixed pain and pleasure, it took her few moments to figure out exactly what she felt towards Mary Anne.

She felt angry.

Being treated like nothing more than a weak little toy pissed Akemi off. She deserved better, no matter her mistakes. She had her pride as a magical girl, and she wasn't going to let anyone trespass on it this much. No-one got to talk to her that way for free. No-one.

“G-get off of me!” Akemi spat. She still lacked the strength to fight Mary Anne off, but her voice was filled with fresh venom. Mary Anne noticed right away, and laughed giddily.

“Yes! That's more like it, bitch.” Her grin split her face from ear to ear. “I knew you weren't done yet. Good thing is, neither am I.”

Still groping at her, Mary Anne brought her lips to Akemi's neck and bit. Akemi couldn't help but let out a sharp shriek at the pain, but what followed was a sense of warm, uncomfortable pleasure as Mary Anne started sucking greedily at her, determined to leave a bright, red lovebite. The idea of someone else leaving her marked like that made Akemi's blood boil, and as strength surged within her, she lashed out in the way that felt most instinctive.

She wrenched her head back away from Mary Anne, then surged forwards and bit her back.

The cry of rage that left the corrupted magical girl's lips filled Akemi with deep, mean satisfaction. There was something so perfect about inflicting the same humiliation on Mary Anne that Mary Anne had been trying to inflict on her. She knew it was petty, but wasn't a little bit of petty revenge the least she deserved, after all she'd just been through?

“Shit!” Mary Anne grunted. “No. You don't get to do that.”

Leveraging her strength, she forced Akemi away from her, and then flipped the beleaguered leader over before immediately pouncing on top of her, using her body weight to keep Akemi pressed to the ground. Keeping up her assault, she reached a hand down and started viciously groping Akemi's ass. Akemi squirmed and writhed like a wild animal, and though she still wasn't strong enough to break free, she could tell that it was becoming harder for Mary Anne to keep her under control.

“You're mine,” Mary Anne hissed triumphantly. “You got that?”

“No!” Akemi snarled. “Fuck you!”

“Sure, whatever,” Mary Anne shot back. “I can tell you’re getting off on it, slut.”

Akemi froze for a moment and whimpered shamefully as Mary Anne snaked a hand up her skirt and into her panties. Now Mary Anne knew how wet she was. Akemi wanted to protest that it was only because of Lust and her sorcery, but she knew Mary Anne would only laugh in her face. Besides, at least to herself, she couldn’t deny that there was something uncomfortably arousing about wrestling with Mary Anne like this. Her body had been made incredibly sensitive, and pain and pleasure were one and the same. Her blood was running hot, making everything more intense, and she couldn’t stop her body responding to the way Mary Anne was groping her.

“Oh my god, you really are!” Mary Anne sneered, wiping away Akemi’s wetness on her thigh. “That’s hilarious. Why not just give up and beg me to fuck you already? Go on. Beg.”

Akemi saw red. She’d never quite understood that phrase before, but in that moment, as rage sent her blood pressure peaking, a crimson veil passed before her eyes and filled her with fury.

“Fuck. You!” she repeated, hissing through clenched teeth. Akemi turned her anger into strength, and with a huge exertion, managed to throw Mary Anne off of her.

Mary Anne grunted as she slumped to the ground. Within an instant, though, she was already springing back onto her haunches, ready to pounce again. But Akemi was moving too. She sprang forwards, desperate to restrain her former friend, and as the two of them fought for control, they ended up simply entangled with one another, rolling messily around on the floor of the despoiled church, groping and clawing at each other as they did.

“You’re... wow... you’re really not bad!” Mary Anne panted. Her voice was still filled with fury, but she kept whooping and howling with exhilaration at their struggle. “But you can’t win. Not against me. Not unless you really give in to what you’re feeling.”

“Hnngg... no!” Akemi shouted, grappling Mary Anne with all of her strength. She could feel what Mary Anne was talking about. Within her, deep inside all the anger, there was a power. A presence. It would have been so easy to reach out and take it, and be transformed. She knew somehow that if she did, she would win. She’d lose her soul, of course, and all of her goodness, but she’d beat Mary Anne, and that was starting to become all she cared about.

“You know you want to!” Mary Anne urged, throwing Akemi onto her back and roughly grabbing one of her tits.

“I... I don’t!” Akemi retorted, wrapping her thighs around Mary Anne and using her hips to throw her off.

“Yes, you do!” Mary Anne snorted, although her voice wavered slightly as Akemi clutched at her thigh and put another lovebite on her chest. “You know this feels good. Why are you fighting me so hard if it doesn’t?”

Akemi had no answer to that. Mary Anne was right. She was so tempted. She didn’t want to be angry, exactly, but she needed the anger and the strength it gave her, and so she couldn’t bring herself to pull away from it. And so, she was left constantly teetering on the brink of corruption.

“S-shut up!” was all that Akemi could manage to say.

Mary Anne started to laugh. Akemi saw red again. She needed to make the corrupted magical girl shut up. She needed Mary Anne to stop tempting her, and besides, she was getting more and more pissed off at all of her taunts and insults. Acting on pure instinct, Akemi did as Mary Anne had done to her, and slipped a hand up her friend’s skirt to start toying with her pussy.

At the very first touch, Mary Anne’s eyes went wide with shock, and a choked moan escaped her lips. A sadistic grin made its way onto Akemi’s face. Mary Anne was incredibly wet.

“Now who’s enjoying it, huh?” she taunted, her voice growing hard and cruel. “Now who’s a fucking slut, huh?”

“Nnng... nnnngghhh,” Mary Anne whined desperately, as Akemi managed to slip two of her fingers into the corrupted girl’s cunt. Akemi was starting to realize Mary Anne was even more frustrated and pent-up than her, and eagerly pressed her advantage. As she started finger-fucking Mary Anne, her body became increasingly limp and her struggles grew increasingly feeble.

“Yeah, that’s what I thought,” Akemi jeered sarcastically. She brushed aside what remained of Mary Anne’s resistance, effortlessly straddling her so she could bear down on her with all her weight. The look of simmering humiliation and pleasure on Mary Anne’s face was like a drug. “Now who’s using who like a toy?”

To her surprise, rather than making some gesture of futile rage, Mary Anne started laughing. It was a brittle, ugly sound. “Just... you’re just like me,” she moaned.

“What?” Akemi paled. She was stunned for a moment, but then her fury returned fourfold. “No. No! Shut up!”

Mary Anne kept laughing, and so Akemi did the only thing she could think of: she put her free hand around Mary Anne’s throat and started to squeeze.

As Akemi started to choke her, Mary Anne’s laughter died away, replaced only with a set of increasingly strangled, high-pitched moans, the lack of air making her pleasure even more intense. But that wasn’t enough to satisfy Akemi. She still couldn’t get rid of the glint of triumph in Mary Anne’s eyes. Furiously, she squeezed harder and finger-fucked her faster.

“I’m. Nothing. Like. You!” Akemi shrieked, even as she drew on more and more of the sinister, supernatural wrath lurking within her. She could feel herself starting to give in, but she didn’t care. She just wanted to dominate Mary Anne as completely as she possibly could. She wanted to use all her strength to grind her former friend into the dirt, humiliated and broken.

And the rest of them too, Akemi thought to herself. They would all fall into line. She needed to punish them for giving in to corruption so easily. She was their leader. She could do anything she wanted with them. She’d make them pay, and use them to get off in the process. She would-

“N-no!” Akemi screamed, and threw herself off of Mary Anne, scrambling to put a few paces between them. It took several long moments to even begin to regain her composure. Once again, she’d come frighteningly close to absolute defeat. She felt exhausted, her head was clouded with lust, and her pussy was

soaking wet and maddeningly sensitive. But she hadn't given in. Not completely. That was all that mattered, or so she tried to tell herself.

"D... d-damn it!" Mary Anne snarled, as she slowly picked herself up, shivering and shuddering as aftershocks of pleasure assailed her. "Thought I had you."

"Let me take it from here."

Akemi hadn't realized Tomi was behind her, and Tomi swept in to sit beside her and rest her hands on her shoulders, Akemi almost lashed out in anger. Tomi's touch, though, soothed her instantly, her friend's deft fingers pressing against her tight, taut muscles and working the tension out of them with the deftness of a practiced masseuse. Akemi groaned weakly, grateful that her wrath was leaving her, but painfully aware that it was taking her strength with it.

"Relax, babe," Tomi soothed, giggling faintly. "I got you."

"N-no... please don't," Akemi protested, knowing it would do her no good. All she could do was brace herself for the next assault on her purity. She thought about Tomi's whorish tattoos, skimpy outfit, and the stacks of bills tucked into her thong. It was clear which sin she had succumbed to: Greed.

"Jeez! Stop worrying already," Tomi retorted, drawing her voice out and letting it trail away into vocal fry. She sounded confident and at-ease, like a consummate professional at work. "I can take care of everything for you. I'm very good. Everyone says so."

"H-huh?" Red flags were going up everywhere, but Akemi was too befuddled by the rapid switch from violence to pampering. She couldn't stop herself sinking into Tomi's welcoming embrace, her exhausted body accepting the offer of rest despite Akemi's misgivings.

"You deserve this, you know," Tomi told her, gently kissing the back of Akemi's neck, making her mewl. "You really do. You're, like, our boss, after all. You're the big leader. Makes sense you should get something in return, right?"

"I... well... I-I don't know." Tomi's words made an alluring amount of sense, but Akemi was wary of giving the corrupted magical girl even an inch.

"Oh, babe, c'mon!" Tomi scoffed, her hands moving down to massage the sore muscles along Akemi's spine. "You're out there hustling every single day, and you don't even know it!"

"Hustling?" As she sank deeper into a relaxed fugue, a smile found its way to Akemi's face at Tomi's phrasing. "What do you mean?"

"You know." Tomi drew Akemi in even closer, kissing the side of her neck all over the bright red marks Mary Anne had left her with. "Saving people. Fighting monsters. Hustling. It's kind of ironic, right? You're, like, the leader, but what do you ever get for yourself? You're out there working for everyone else. Saving them, protecting them. You don't even get paid."

"W-well..." Akemi's voice trailed away. She had been about to launch into a spiel about how righteousness and justice was its own reward, but something about what Tomi was telling her raised her ire. She thought about where she was - on the ground, being groped and tempted and tossed around. It didn't

seem fair. If she was going to put herself through all this, what was she going to get in return?

"See?" Tomi tutted. "You're giving it away for free. You know what that makes you?"

"What- ah!" Akemi broke off into a moan as Tomi's hands strayed down all the way along her sides to reach her hips, where she was still incredibly sensitive.

"A dumb whore," Tomi told her flatly, giggling for a moment, before kissing Akemi's neck once more.

"I'm not!" Akemi protested, her voice a little shrill. Inwardly, though, she wasn't sure. She was so tired of fighting. So tired of resisting, both externally and internally. She longed to just let Tomi's words wash over her as the corrupted magical girl petted and pampered her.

"You totally are," Tomi giggled. "You've got something everyone wants, babe. But you're giving it away for free. You're missing out. That's all I'm telling you."

"M-missing out on what?" Akemi asked, her willpower slipping.

Tomi giggled again, delighted by the question. "Anything you want, babe. Anything in the world." She made a wide gesture with her hands. "The finest clothes. Jewels as big as your fist. A mansion as big as a palace. Anything."

Akemi gasped, dazzled by the promise. She'd never really been tempted by wealth before, but as Tomi spoke, her head filled with resplendent images. She saw herself dressed in silks and designer dresses, surrounded by luxury and adorned with the most expensive jewelry imaginable. Mere moments ago, she might have called the images gaudy and gauche, but now, she didn't care. She wanted it. She was hungry for it.

And she deserved it, didn't she?

She worked so hard, all the time. She risked her life, day after day. Didn't she deserve a little compensation for it? Or perhaps more than a little. Maybe she could name her price. Maybe she could take whatever she wanted. She thought about Tomi, and the way she had clearly been transformed into a whore. Suddenly, that didn't seem so degrading. It seemed like the easiest deal in the world. Sex, for money. What was so wrong with that? Besides, Akemi was feeling more than a little eager to get fucked after everything she'd been subjected to.

"Yes!" Tomi moaned, sensing Akemi's growing greed and drawing strength from it. "I knew you'd get it, babe. You shouldn't keep doing things for free. Be selfish. Take as much as you can get. That's just the way the world works. There's always gotta be something in it for you."

As intoxicating as Tomi's words were, they made Akemi start to eye her with suspicion.

"Then... this?" She nodded towards Tomi's hands, massaging her body. "What's in this for you?"

Tomi outright laughed, pleased with Akemi's cleverness. "You're, like, really on it, babe! Well, you're totally right. I am doing this because there's something in this for me. But that doesn't mean it's a bad deal for you, right? It's a give-and-take thing. And I know you need this."

She slipped her hand between Akemi's legs and started stroking her pussy. Akemi was far too exhausted to care about suppressing her moans. She had been teasing and tempted so much. All she wanted to do was get some real pleasure.

"I... I..." Akemi's first instinct was to deny it, but she was starting to lose sight of why. Why not embrace her desires instead? Why not let herself be greedy? "I want it!" she moaned.

"Good girl!" Tomi praised jubilantly. Before Akemi could say another word, the corrupted magical girl slipped around her, pushing her torso back and spreading her legs with her hands, before flipped Akemi's skirt up and lowering her lips to the Star Sentinel's drenched panties. "I'm so proud of you, babe! You deserve some real service."

"W-what... ah!" Akemi cried out long and loud as Tomi swiftly pulled aside her panties and started to eagerly kiss the lips of her pussy. After so much teasing, Akemi was desperately wet, and her body responded to Tomi's touch like it was life-saving. She reached down to try and push her friend away, but somehow, she found her hand wrapped around the back of Tomi's head instead, pulling her in closer.

"What?" Tomi panted, grinning. Even her warm breath felt good against Akemi's body. "You don't want me to go down on you?"

"I..." The fact that her friend was eating her out felt beyond obscene, but Akemi couldn't bring herself to deny it.

"That's what I thought," Tomi replied, already burying her face in Akemi's slit once more. The way her tongue moved around as she spoke, parting Akemi's lips and pushing inside, felt divine. Akemi immediately found herself whining and writhing beneath Tomi's ministrations. Her friend was so skilled, like she'd been eating pussy for years.

"B-b-but," Akemi moaned, barely holding on to coherent thought. "W-what's in it f-for you?"

"For me?" Tomi looked up at Akemi for a brief moment, her demonic eyes flashing bright with insatiable greed. "That's easy, babe. You are. I want you."

"H-huh?" That sounded alarming enough to give Akemi pause.

"Sorry, babe," Tomi explained. "Can't help it. It's in my nature. I want everything. I want you. Maybe you most of all. You're our leader, right? I want a piece of that. Doesn't seem fair to me that you should get more than anyone else. I should be the one who gets more. Share the wealth, right?"

"I..." Akemi's head was spinning. It was so hard to think, with Tomi eagerly tonguing her cunt. "Y-you're... jealous?"

"Oh no, she isn't," another voice cut in. "She's just greedy. I'm jealous. That's my thing."

Akemi looked over deliriously and saw Nea walking towards her - or rather, the demon that had been Nea. She looked almost completely different. Nea had always been cute, at least to Akemi, but in a small, innocuous, mousy way. Now, though, she looked like a supermodel. Her body was perfect. It was, quite literally, without flaw. Her skin was a deep, inhuman green, but besides that, was free of any blemishes to mar its beauty. Her face was classically beautiful, with full lips and high, arched cheekbones that drew attention to

her gleaming, infernal eyes. And more than anything else, her figure was perfect. Her body had shaped itself into a perfect hourglass, with full, shapely hips that swung alluringly as she walked and large, firm, pert tits sat high on her chest. She had everything that anyone could want for themselves, and somehow, her distinctly demonic features only enhanced her splendor. She was a vision of unholy perfection, but her eyes still reflected an envious lust for more as she stared hungrily at Akemi.

“Hey!” Tomi protested from between Akemi’s legs. “Wait your turn!”

“I’ve been waiting long enough,” Nea retorted, her voice simmering. “I’ve been getting jealous, watching all the rest of you have so much fun with her. I’m sure you understand, Tomi. I can’t wait any longer. I need to take what I deserve from her.”

Tomi seemed to accept that, and returned to skillfully and eagerly going down on Akemi. The pleasure made Akemi light-headed, but nonetheless, she remained still, captivated by Nea. There was something about her friend that irresistibly commanded her attention. Her eyes kept running over Nea’s new body - perfectly accentuated by her slutty, corrupted outfit - noting all the ways in which her beauty was simply immaculate. It filled Akemi with a strange mix of emotions - lust, of course, but also a strange sense of inadequacy. She couldn’t stop thinking about all the ways that Nea was simply better than her, now. Her heart started to throb with envy.

“God, that feels good!” Nea moaned, reveling in Akemi’s gaze. “Do you know how long I’ve envied you, Akemi? Everything about you - your power, your confidence, your looks. I guess now, the shoe is finally on the other foot.”

Akemi quivered. Even Nea’s voice was perfect. She felt so weak in her presence.

“I wish I could say that it’s changed anything,” Nea continued, reaching Akemi’s side and standing over her threateningly. “But you know what? It really hasn’t. Because there’s still something I’m jealous of. Something I want to take. You know what that is?”

Akemi shook her head.

Nea licked her lips with her unnaturally long tongue. “Your purity.”

Akemi blinked. “What?”

“You heard me.” Nea’s eyes were ravenous. “I’ve always envied you that. Your sureness. Your righteousness. I still do. And if I can’t have that, the least I can do is drag you down into the mud with the rest of us.”

Struggling to think though she was, Akemi was astonished by the naked bitterness in Nea’s voice. Had her friend always felt that way? “I... I...”

“And the best part is, you won’t be able to stop me.” Nea reached down to put her hands on Akemi’s shoulders, applying enough pressure that the sharpness of her claws made Akemi flinch. “Because you’re jealous too.”

“N-no!” Akemi protested. Her words were feeble, and her pathetic, needy moaning only made matters worse. Tomi was driving her pussy crazy.

“Yes,” Nea insisted. “Not just of all this.” She gestured down at her body. “You’re jealous of what all of us have. You’re jealous that we let ourselves fall. You’re jealous that we let go.”

“I’m not!” Akemi roared, with as much strength as she could still muster. That was the one thing she truly couldn’t let herself admit it.

“Face it,” Nea continued. “There’s not much to envy about being a hero, Akemi. It’s all self-denial, and self-righteous bullshit. But being a villain? That’s all about getting what you want. *Anything* you want. Now, all of us are getting our sinful little fantasies fulfilled, and all you can do is lie there and watch. Doesn’t it just make you sick?”

Akemi looked around guiltily at all of her now-corrupted friends.

“Thought so,” Nea snorted. “But of course, you’re still too stubborn to admit it. I’ll just have to show you what you’re missing.”

She suddenly pushed Akemi back, and then promptly knelt beside her. Akemi made a weak attempt to sit upright, but was immediately stunned when Nea began taking off her clothes. Akemi had already been dazzled by her friend’s new beauty, but watching her undress left her completely and utterly entranced. Nea’s sailor outfit had been modified and corrupted to accentuate her new form, but Akemi quickly understood that no clothing could ever hope to do justice to her perfection. Akemi felt like she was watching the unveiling of a work of art as Nea quickly but seductively stripped herself of every last piece of fabric covering her body.

Then, she reached forward to slip a hand around Akemi’s neck, and pulled the disoriented Star Sentinel’s face between her tits.

Akemi’s eyes bulged, and she let out a brief, strangled gasp before her voice was utterly smothered by Nea’s huge, perfectly shapely chest. She squirmed and struggled for a moment, but in truth, that was little more than a pretense. Nea’s chest felt amazing. Akemi felt as though she could easily let herself drown in the softness of Nea’s body. The corrupted magical girl was holding her so tight, she could barely breathe, but Akemi didn’t care. Even Nea’s scent was perfectly delightful and intoxicating. Helpless and captivated, Akemi started weakly kissing and nuzzling against her friend. She knew it was shameful. She was too tired to care.

After a few, long moments, Nea pulled her away, and looked down at her, a sinister smirk on her face.

Akemi felt small and weak.

It didn’t help that, between her legs, Tomi was still eagerly pleasuring her for all she was worth. Fallen to greed, Tomi was clearly willing to do whatever it took to satisfy Akemi, and in doing so, steal her soul. She kept touching and stimulating her in all kinds of different ways, drawing back to toy with her clit and tease her lips, before unfolding her demonic, impossibly long tongue and using it to push deep, deep inside Akemi’s body. The way Tomi could reach so much deeper than anything else ever had made Akemi’s eyes water. Her g-spot was completely overwhelmed. It was like Tomi had a sixth sense for how sensitive she was, and was using it to tease her with whatever kind of pleasure she was most greedy for.

“See?” Nea asked mockingly. “Is this what you want to be, Akemi? A toy for a pair of demons? Wouldn’t you rather be the one getting to toy with someone? Don’t you want this power? This beauty? It could all be yours.”

Akemi nodded, although she didn't really understand what she was agreeing to. All she knew was that she was filled with gnawing, insatiable want. She couldn't stop yearning for Nea's touch, but her touch only made it worse.

"Don't you want this?" Nea pulled Akemi back to her chest, this time pressing Akemi's lips to her stiff nipple. Akemi started kissing and suckling without thought.

"Y-y... hng," Akemi moaned. Tomi, not to be outdone, was teasing her by pulling back, kissing and nibbling at her sensitive inner thighs, leaving her pussy screaming pleasure.

"Or this?" Nea pushed Akemi's head down until the beleaguered magical girl was kissing and drooling over her stomach.

"I... oh my god," Akemi breathed. Nea's presence was overwhelming, and seemed to be growing more and more so with each passing moment. Nea was basking in Akemi's envy and adoration, shivering in delight as Akemi's moaned exclamations left her parted lips.

"Or..." Nea pushed Akemi down further, licking her lips suggestively and shifting her legs until she was straddling Akemi's prone body. Akemi found her eyes fixed worshipfully between Nea's legs, head completely addled by pleasure and mind-warping corruption. "This?"

Akemi had no words. Her mind was at breaking point. She wanted it. She wanted everything. She wanted everything Nea had, and she wanted all the luxuries Tomi promised. But as Nea waited expectantly and smugly for an answer, Akemi still found she couldn't give it to her.

"Of course she does," came a new voice, aristocratic and authoritative. "But there's something holding you back, isn't there, Akemi? Pride. Fortunately for us all, I know a little something about that."

Lian stepped forward, and even Nea and Tomi trembled a little. Akemi looked at the steely, sinister glint in Lian's eyes, and she knew at once what was going to happen.

She was going to lose.

Chapter 9: Finale

Lian stepped forward, and even Nea and Tomi trembled a little.

Lian was utterly resplendent. She was tall, beautiful and terrifying in equal measure. She had completely embraced her demonic transformation, but where the others seemed to have become something akin to succubi, Lian resembled an infernal queen. Her horns were woven into a crown, her sailor outfit had warped itself into a regal gown, and she carried herself with authority, like someone accustomed to being obeyed. Akemi could see why. Even she felt a kind of magnetic pull towards her former friend; a dull, smothering pressure insisting that her place was at Lian's feet.

"See, none of you understand," Lian began. Her monologue commanded the instant attention of everyone in the room. "You're all going easy on her, because of your pride. You want to be the one that wins. The one that corrupts her. It's all so futile. We're all a team, aren't we? We should be working together. Breaking her will be nothing, if we do it like that."

The other corrupted magical girls looked around at each other uneasily. Lian took note of their reactions.

"What?" She spread her arms, an arrogant, indulgent smile on her face. "Thinking that sounds just a little too selfless for me? Let me explain. It's very simple. If we all work together, then we win. And if we win, then I win." Her smile split into a grin, showing rows and rows of sharp fangs. "Because this team is mine. I'm the leader, now."

No-one seemed willing to argue.

"Good. I'm glad we're all on the same page." Lian preened, making a big show of waltzing slowly around the room, letting each one of her teammates bask in her magnificence in turn. "But I suppose, even so, I should prove my credentials. And what better way than to put our former leader in her place?"

She made her way over to Akemi, still lying helplessly on the ground. Tomi and Nea scurried back.

"Akemi." Lian simply stood over her, and placed the tip of one of her high-heeled shoes at Akemi's lips. "Lick."

Akemi obeyed. She couldn't have done otherwise. Lian's words felt like the commandments of a dark goddess. Obedience was instinctive. Trying to fight her would have been so hard, and Akemi was all out of strength. She'd already lost. Why shouldn't she just do what she was told?

The sensation of the slick rubber of Lian's shoes under Akemi's tongue was strange and unfamiliar - and humiliating. Now she could taste it, she was struck by just how deeply wrong what she was doing was. She

was a Star Sentinel. A magical girl. A warrior for justice. And yet, she was licking the heels of a former friend, now transformed into a demon. It was the worst and most twisted thing she had ever done, and it was so perverse she couldn't help but be turned on by it. Her head was a confused, delirious mess of desires, fetishes and perversions, all planted there by her teammates. Morality and lust were pulling her in wildly different directions, and the mere feeling of being torn like that was desperately hot to her. The mere feeling of being corrupted was arousing.

But despite that, Akemi had to ask herself what she was doing. Did she really want to be licking her friend's boot like a broken pet? A huge part of her wanted to pull away in disgust, despite the pleasure. But she couldn't. Lian's last command echoed through her head, binding her like a set of iron shackles. Fighting her felt like trying to fight the ocean.

Lick.

And so she licked. Akemi couldn't control it. She couldn't even restrain herself. She licked eagerly and worshipfully, carefully polishing every inch of Lian's perfectly-formed heel with her tongue. Lian's words were controlling more than just her body. They were bending her mind, focusing her on just one thing. Her whole being was devoted to licking Lian's shoes.

"Good girl," Lian told her, in the kind of condescending, mocking voice she might have used for a helpless puppy. "Oh, look at you! I think we've found your place, Akemi. You look so much better on your knees than you ever did standing proud and tall."

Akemi wanted to offer a retort, but she couldn't do that either. She couldn't drag herself away from licking Lian's shoes for even a single second.

"You see, I'm not like the others," Lian explained. As she looked down at Akemi, she seemed to grow even taller and more imposing, like she was being fueled by Akemi's obedience. "I don't want to twist you into the image of my sin. Pride stands alone. No, I just want you to know your place: obeying me."

Akemi let out a little whimper. Lian spoke like a goddess.

"I'm your leader now," Lian pronounced, and Akemi believed her. She didn't want to, but she believed her. She couldn't muster it within herself to stop Lian's words touching the core of her being. "And you'll obey your leader, won't you? That's what a good little magical girl would do, isn't it? Just look at you, obeying me right now. Pathetic. OK, that's enough."

She withdrew her foot, and Akemi found herself able to stop licking.

"You poor thing," Lian continued, without sympathy. "It's so obvious you want to join us. Look at you. Shivering with need, panting with lust, eyes shining with corrupted glee. Isn't that right?"

"I..." Akemi was cut off immediately as a fresh surge of pleasure wracked her body at Lian's degrading words. She realized how right her former friend was. She was more frustrated and pent-up than she'd ever thought possible, and now that the other corrupted magical girls had shown us the ecstasy that sin offered, she couldn't stop thinking about it. She couldn't stop craving it.

"You really are too righteous for your own good," Lian sighed. Through her theatricality, it was clear she was savoring every single moment of Akemi's defeat. "Fortunately for you, I am a generous queen. You won't

have to choose anything. I'm simply going to tell you exactly what you have to do, and exactly what's going to happen. Isn't that nice?"

To her own surprise, Akemi realized it was. All this thinking and choosing was too hard. She was at her limit. She just wanted someone else to be in charge. Lian, with all her dark radiance, made a captivating leader. Akemi knew she was evil, but that didn't change how easy it was to follow along with her words and commands.

"I'll make sure each one of us gets what we need." Lian gestured not only to Akemi, but also to the other former magical girls, who nodded approvingly. "We can take it. We're more powerful than ever. But first, let's talk about what you need, Akemi."

She bent down, stroking a long, sharp claw across Akemi's shivering, blissed-out face.

"You need to be overwhelmed," Lian told her. "We need to break you until you can't string a single pair of words together. Let alone any stupid self-recriminating, guilty ideas about purity or justice. The others came close, but you were just a little too stubborn for them. But not for me. Because I, as our leader understand one thing: we need to do this together."

She looked around at all the others, and licked her lips with her long, wicked tongue.

"Take her."

Lian's words clearly carried the same authority with them as they did with Akemi. The remaining magical girls exchanged glances for a moment, before grins settled over all their faces. And then, as one, they pounced on Akemi.

Akemi felt like was trapped in the middle of a hurricane. The attentions of just one of her friends had almost been enough to break her. When Tomi and Nea had both been pleasuring her at once, her soul had been hanging by a thread. But now that five of them were all clawing and groping at her, she had no chance. The five of them descended on her like hungry animals, and from the moment they did, Akemi knew it was over. Lian had sounded for too certain of that for Akemi to question her. That knowledge was freeing. It made it easy to surrender.

The defiled leader of the Star Sentinels collapsed completely as five pairs of hands assaulted her. By now, Akemi was familiar with each touch, and despite how overwhelmed she was, she was finding it easy to tell them apart. The way Riley touched her was gentle enough to raise hairs on her skin, and she seemed to know exactly how to make Akemi's muscles melt into weak, warm pleasure. The unbelievably softness of Zaina's curvaceous body, pressed up against hers, had her begging weakly for indulgence. Mary Anne, by contrast, slapped her and scratched at her, even biting her, but to Akemi, pain and pleasure had become the same thing. Tomi was eager to use her skillful hands to please Akemi wherever she could, whilst Nea grabbed and pulled at her possessively.

It was heaven.

Akemi was reduced to nothing more than a moaning, rutting, incoherent animal. She had no control over her own body. All she could do was writhe and grab, overwhelmed with eagerness for more touch and more pleasure. Her mind was completely clouded over with ecstasy and sin. She wanted it. She wanted it all. She wanted to be corrupted and fucked and used. She wanted to be wrathful and greedy and lazy and

everything else. She wanted it so badly, she was willing to give up on everything else. She'd forget the Star Sentinels, she'd forget about justice and righteousness, she'd even forget her own name if that was what it took.

Justice... the mere thought of it made her want to giggle deliriously. Akemi no longer knew what that word meant. It seemed so distant and faraway. What did justice matter, compared to the incredible, blissful soreness in her limbs and the needy, aching pulse in her cunt? What had justice ever done for her? It had never made her feel this good. Maybe the others had been right to choose sin instead of justice. Akemi grinned as Mary Anne started finger-fucking her pussy. She was so glad she didn't have to choose. She was pathetically grateful to Lian for sparing her that. Her choices didn't matter. She was weak. She'd lost. She was being corrupted, whether she wanted it or not. Her new leader would show her the way.

Akemi's moans were like worshipful prayers, as she stared up adoringly at Lian.

Lian didn't participate in the infernal orgy taking place before her. She didn't need to. Akemi knew her leader was far too proud to debase herself like that. She just watched, drinking in the sight of Akemi's ultimate surrender with a look of perfect, resplendent satisfaction on her face. Only a slight blush in her inhuman cheeks betrayed how turned she was by the sight of Akemi being utterly ruined and dethroned right before her feet. She didn't need to touch herself or be touched to get what she wanted. She just needed to see Akemi break.

And she was breaking. The pleasure was driving her insane. The cavernous church around her span and blurred, and the demonic bodies surrounding her all seemed to meld into one huge, churning mass of flesh. Akemi lost track of who was touching her, and where. Her whole body was aflame with sex. Every part of her was unbelievably sensitive. A hand brushing across her skin was enough to send her orgasms to fresh peaks. She was cumming over and over again, without end. More and more, Lian started to look like a true goddess. A being deserving of total obedience and worship. Akemi found herself yearning to kiss her feet again, despite how humiliating it had been.

Or perhaps because of how humiliating it had been.

Everything felt so good. Pleasure felt good. Pain felt good. Praise felt good. Degradation felt good. Being teased felt good. Being indulged felt good. Akemi felt as though her whole world was nothing more than a banquet of sexual delights for her to gorge herself on. The lust and need within her started to swell, overtaking any satisfaction she earned from the countless orgasms her friends inflicted on her. She was starting to understand what some of them had told her.

It wasn't enough.

It would never be enough.

She couldn't simply eat her fill, and then walk away.

She wanted this forever.

She wanted to become a creature of pure lust.

"You're ready," Lian said finally, peering deep into Akemi's eyes. At her words, the other demonic magical girls started to pull away from Akemi, leaving her whimpering and shivering. "Aren't you?"

“Y-y-y-yes!” Akemi moaned, drool spilling feverishly past her lips. Her eyes were shining. She could already feel herself changing. In her heart, she had already succumbed, and that was all it took.

“Good.” Lian nodded, and her approval was like a warm ray of sunlight across Akemi’s skin. She reached down and ran a fingertip across Akemi’s sweat-drenched cheek. Her touch was almost tender, but her eyes reflected nothing but an unquenchable ego; a demonic queen taking infinite pride in her own victory. “You know, I would just love to take you for my own. I need a good servant, don’t you think? But that wouldn’t be right. You’re promised to someone else. Something else.”

Akemi struggled to her knees, and waited eagerly for Lian to enlighten her. She was utterly bewitched by her new friend’s powerful aura.

“You don’t want to be rich,” Akemi explained. “And you don’t crave rest, either. Anger isn’t in your nature - not even the part of your nature you keep under lock and key. You want something different. Something much, much more primal.”

Akemi nodded. She could feel the truth of Lian’s words.

“Pleasure itself,” Lian continued. “That’s what you’ve always longed for, isn’t it? It’s what you’ve always denied yourself. Gotta be the leader. Gotta be disciplined. Pure. You never let yourself listen to your body. But it’s that simple, Akemi. Listen to your body. Tell me, what is it saying? What do you feel?”

The answer was already on the tip of Akemi’s tongue. “L-lust!” she cried.

“Lust.” Lian nodded. “Come claim your prize, Lust.”

“Why, thank you!” came the sultry reply. “I thought you’d never ask.”

Lust, the demon who had begun all of this, was sitting some distance away, perched on the altar. Embarrassingly, Akemi had almost completely forgotten about her. It seemed that she’d been content to watch the proceedings from afar, simply waiting and observing as the sinful orgy played out before her, turning the once-sacrosanct church into a temple to the very sin she embodied. As she rose from the altar, she slipped the spade-shaped tip of her dexterous tail out of her pussy; she’d been using it to touch herself as she watched. Her eyes were glowing like never before, and as she sauntered over to join Lian, sweat and wetness from between her legs dripped all over the floor of the church, staining it yet further.

“She’s yours,” Lian said to her coolly. “I don’t stoop to petty thievery.”

Lust giggled, then stooped to inspect Akemi. Being so close to the lust demon was torturous. Her presence was infectious; no-one was immune to it. All around her, Akemi noticed the other corrupted magical girls shifting awkwardly, suddenly struggling to keep themselves in check. For her, already so thoroughly fucked and defiled, it was far worse. Lust’s presence felt like manic static inside her skull; an itch that only sex would sate.

“You’ve done an admirable job with her,” Lust commented, as she turned back to Lian. “Better than I expected. It’s a little boring, actually. I was hoping she’d put up more of a fight.”

Lian smiled and preened a little, enjoying the praise. “She was never much of a fighter.”

Lust licked her lips. "Oh, I don't know about that. But she will be, anyway. Once she's mine."

"P-please..." Akemi burned with shame as the word slipped past her lips. Her shame only deepened when Lust laughed, and Lian smiled down at her pityingly.

"Oh, don't you worry," Lust told her. "Not much longer now, sweet thing. But you've got to let me savor the moment."

Akemi nodded submissively. It was all she was capable of.

"You know, it wasn't even an hour ago that you walked in here," Lust monologued, pacing back and forth in front of the kneeling Star Sentinel. "So self-sure. So self-righteous. You never even imagined it could end this way, did you?"

Akemi shook her head.

"Can you even remember her?" Lust continued. "That dutiful, pure, resolute girl, so determined to slay me? What would she think of you now, hm? Can you imagine the scorn in her eyes? The horror? The contempt?"

Akemi started squirming again. She couldn't help but imagine it, exactly as Lust described. She really had become everything she'd loathed. Weak and pitiful, and begging for a demon to make her something even worse.

"Or perhaps," Lust mused. "It'd be relief, not contempt. Perhaps she'd be grateful to know she gets to stop fighting. Perhaps it would be something more, hm? Do you think she'd be a little bit excited? Do you think it would get her just a little bit hot, to know that she's going to be reduced to this?"

Akemi's squirming intensified, her hand reaching down between her legs. She wanted to say it wasn't true, but she didn't really know anymore. Everything was so confusing. Maybe she was wrong about that. Maybe she'd been wrong about everything. Listening to Lust's truth was far easier than trying to figure it out for herself.

"Ah, well, it doesn't matter now," Lust concluded, coming to a halt in front of Akemi, looming over her. "Soon you won't care about anything at all, except what feels good."

"W-what's g-going to happen?" Akemi whimpered, painfully aroused.

"You're going to kiss me," Lust told her, bending at the hips to put her lips close to Akemi's.

Akemi kissed her.

The moment she did, she felt the demon's forked tongue invading her mouth. Akemi closed her eyes, moaning weakly at the sensation, and opened her mouth wide, welcoming it. Lust took full advantage, eagerly exploring Akemi's mouth, her tongue wrapping Akemi's and caressing it lasciviously. The kiss was overpowering. All Akemi could do was moan helplessly into Lust's mouth, letting the succubus take her body however she wanted.

Lust's kiss proved insatiable. The demon pushed her tongue deeper and deeper into Akemi, forcing it down her throat without mercy. Akemi's eyes bulged at the sensation; it was unfamiliar and uncomfortable, but she couldn't deny how much it turned her on to have her throat fucked by a demon's tongue. At first, she started to gag on it, but almost right away her throat started to relax, her gag reflex falling away and her body opening up to receive Lust.

The transformation was beginning.

Lust didn't stop. She kept pushing deeper, and deeper, and deeper. Akemi could feel her inside her, invading her; something thick and warm and black, slithering inside her. Lust's tongue seemed impossibly long, but it wasn't long before it no longer felt like a tongue at all, but rather something liquid and flowing. It was as if something was pouring sweet, infernal tar down her throat. The flow quickly became a flood, unending and unstoppable. Akemi was drowning in it. She could feel something filling her, but she wasn't scared. Exactly the opposite; the black ichor oozing into her was as intoxicating as any drug she'd ever heard of.

Lost to a delirious fever, Akemi could no longer tell if she was still kissing Lust or not. The demon seemed to be melting into her, pouring into her and possessing her. Akemi tried to open her eyes, but the moment she did, her face filled with a cloud of inky black smoke that seemed to be clinging to her impossibly. Before she could stop herself, Akemi inhaled a huge lungful of it, and once she started to breath it in, she couldn't stop. The smoke felt just as incredible as everything else that was happening to her. Corruption was seeping into her through every pore, and she loved it.

And then, it was over. Everything stopped, as if it had never happened. Akemi was about to let out a little whine of disappointment when she noticed how strange and powerful her body felt. The former leader of the Star Sentinels looked down at herself, and discovered that everything was different.

She was taller - not as tall as Lian, but nonetheless, statuesque. That was clear enough, as she rose to her feet, swiftly growing accustomed to her new body. Her legs had been lengthened and her hips widened far beyond the point of impossibility, giving her the kind of body that belonged in pornographic art, not real life. Her eyes were suddenly keen enough to peer into the deepest recesses of the shadows, and as she reached up to touch her head, Akemi could feel a magnificent pair of horns now growing there. A shiver ran down her spine, and along her new tail. She felt so good.

Akemi's transformations went far more than just skin deep, however. That was immediately obvious to her. Her shame was gone. She no longer felt even the slightest bit guilty about having succumbed. That alone was a relief. Akemi shivered and preened, arching her back as if stretching out a long-neglected muscle. She couldn't believe she had tormented herself with petty inhibitions and gripes for so long. This - embracing lust - was so much better. Now, that sin was melded into every fibre of her being. She could even sense it: she could smell how aroused her demonic comrades were. It wafted from them like the scent of honey, whetting her appetite for sex. Idly, Akemi reached down and started stroking her pussy with her fingertips, moaning under her breath at how wonderful it felt. Her body was more sensitive than ever, but it was no longer overwhelming. Her body was perfectly adapted to the sensation, just as if she'd been born for it.

Akemi couldn't help but let out a giggle when she caught a proper glimpse of herself; a reflection, in one of the many stained glass windows hanging around her. Her new body was all too familiar, as demonic as it was. It was Lust's. She had become the demoness's twin. As Lust had possessed her, she'd remolded her flesh into her preferred form, twisting Akemi into an irresistible succubus.

Akemi couldn't have been more grateful.

“How do you feel, sister?” Lian asked her, a smile on her face. “Ready to join us.”

“Oh yes,” Akemi replied, her voice newly husky and suggestive. “Gladly.”

She looked around. Her friends were all there, standing around her with warm smiles on their faces. Riley, Tomi, Mary Anne, Nea, Zaina - they were all together again, just as they had been when they’d entered the church. Sisters in corruption.

“What now?” Mary Anne asked impatiently, looking to Lian for answers.

“Now?” Lian cocked her head to one side, considering the question. “Why, now, the whole world stands defenseless! Without their magical girl sentinels watching over them, who is going to protect everyone against sin and corruption?” A wide grin spread across her face. “Don’t you think it’s only fair of us to share our wonderful new gifts?”

The former Star Sentinels cheered - Akemi along with them. She imagined the world outside the doors of the church. It was ripe for the taking. There were so many people out there, repressed and inhibited, longing to set free. There was so much debauchery to enjoy. Akemi could tell her sisters were thinking about the exact same thing.

“The whole world?” Riley asked sleepily. “Sounds hard.”

“We can do it,” Lian reassured her. “After all, we’re not just demons. We’re still magical girls. Light and dark - who can stand against us?”

Nea’s eyes went wide. “You mean...”

“Yes.” Lian grinned. “We can still use the powers of starlight.” She gestured towards Akemi. “I’ll let you do the honors, Akemi. One last time.”

“With pleasure.”

As Akemi stepped forward, something in the corner of her eye caught her attention: it was Darien, the boy she’d come here to save. He was kneeling beside the altar Lust had been perched on, looking utterly pathetic. He was a drained, feminized shell of his former self, unable to stop shivering and pleasuring himself at the sight of his corrupted girlfriend. The sight of him should have inspired regret in Akemi, or perhaps pity, but it didn’t. All she felt was amusement, and all she saw was a toy for her to enjoy herself with whenever she felt like it.

“Sorry, Darien,” she giggled. “You really should have been a better fuck.”

She turned away from him, smiling a little at his moans of humiliated pleasure. Instead, she looked to her corrupted sisters. She was so proud of them, and so grateful to them for helping her to accept sin. Especially Lian. She could sense her new leader’s lust towards her coming off her in waves, and she knew the two of them would be enjoying a lot of quality time together in the future. She couldn’t wait to offer Lian her new body.

But that would come later. For now, they had a world to ruin.

Akemi reached up her head, summoning the blessed starlight power that had been bestowed upon her when she'd been made a magical girl. It came slowly, reluctant to answer her sinful call, but it came nonetheless. As her body started to glow, she let it simmer within her for a few moments, allowing the power of starlight to twist and blacken as it came into contact with the Lust demon possessing her flesh. From now on, she knew, magical girls weren't going to be saviors. They were going to be supervillains.

"Star Sentinels!" Akemi cried out in a demonic voice, rejoicing in the blasphemy as channeled the power of starlight into her sisters. "Blaze!"

The End

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