

It was late and Victor was stifling the candles lining the wall of the church. The priest had a long day behind him with not much to show for it. The rain had kept away most visitors and was continuing into the night, just with added thunder and lightning for good measure.

“Are you trying to ward people off?” He said jokingly to the statue to Hartfeld, saint of light. There was a crack of lightning a moment after.

“Okay okay.” Victor returns to putting out the candles, just about ready to turn in for the night. Right before the last one just beneath the central statue is squelched he heard a loud knock at the door.

“Really? Is this because of my humor?” The priest lifted his robes so that he could move quickly through the now heavily shaded church towards the door. The single large candle flickered in the background and cast strange shadows on the walls. Victor pulled the door open without much caution. In the large door-frame a shaded figure stood, barely out of the rain due to the slight overhang above the wide double doors.

“Are you alright?”

The person was a bit taller than him by a few inches and he could not make out their features due to the lack of light. That did not bother him, however. Victor was confident and trusting. The community he worked in was a good one.

“Just hoping to dry off.” It was a woman's voice. It lent sympathy to the priest, where he was considering turning the person away due to how late it was. Instead, he steps back and off to the side, motioning for her.

“Please, come in.” Victor squinted. The the large candles flame was no longer at his back and he could faintly make out the woman's attractive features. He felt guilty for noticing. She smiled subtly with striking red lips. As she stepped through the threshold of the church sheets of water shed from her cloak onto the floor. Viktor huffed, thinking about where he last left the mop.

“I'm glad you said that.” The woman said gratefully.

“I've been turned away so many times already.”

“The people here are pretty generous. Why would they turn away such a nice girl?” Victor asks conversationally, walking around the side of the church to re-illuminate some of the candles. As he did, the woman approached the main statue and stood in front of the large candle. The church had a very acoustic architecture and as such, they could carry on a conversation yards apart as though they were right next to each other.

“They're superstitious.”

“Shouldn't stop them from helping a woman in need.” Victor finished re-lighting one side of the church and decided that would probably be enough, even if the result on the other side was an unusual shadow-puppet show. The solitude and darkness and strangeness of the world never bothered him. He was the type that could walk around in pitch dark without worrying, because he was faithful. It was that confidence that allowed him to open the church doors to strangers during a thunderstorm.

The woman laughed melodically. “You're so nice. I like you. So, I should probably let you know that there are some nasty things out there.”

“I know.” Victor walked up to the front and took a seat on the front pew in front of the statue. The woman was standing just a few feet away with her back to him. He was content to sit and wait until she was ready to move on.

“Opening your door to random women and inviting them inside is inviting disaster.” She claimed.

“I think disaster is a world where nobody is willing to open their doors to help a stranger in need.”

“Wow. You're the real deal, huh?” She turned to look at him over her shoulder, only her red lips visible. The rest of her face was still obscured by the hood she wore.

“I suppose.”

“True believer?”

“I find that people have to try harder to not believe. Believing is easy.” Victor mused. He set his small candle-lighter down beside him on the pew. When he looked up again he leaned back, seeing the woman was directly in front, facing him. Her cloak was opened, revealing an attractive figure with plump breasts and wide hips. She was barely wearing anything at all underneath. It made him blush. He tried to avert his gaze and make clear eye-contact, away from her indecency and once he was looking up at her face he could see under her hood into her shimmering eyes. He wasn't sure if their kaleidoscopic qualities were due to the candle flickering beside him, but they were positively enchanting to the man, even more so than her body.

“Belief is dangerous.” She slowly lifted her pale, slender hands to her hood and pulled it back, showing a full, glossy head of raven-black hair.

“Is it?” Victor questioned cautiously. The woman was uncomfortably close. She knelt down in front of him and leaned forward to use his lap as if it were a bar to lean on. The tall woman was smiling coyly, looking up at his growing uncomfortableness.

“What are you doing?” He shifted a bit, but found that he could not do much more than that. His legs were held down by an unnatural weight. The woman ignored his shifting and complaining and stared up at him for just a few more seconds in silent interest. She really was using his lap as a table, even leaning her head on her hand in wonder.

Finally she broke the silence and notably ignored his second question. “It gives people a false sense of safety. Superstition is more valuable because it guides people to take certain helpful actions and avoid others. Belief in something like that big man behind me protecting people just... Serves people up. Nice people that probably don't deserve it.” She looked at Victor pointedly when she said that.

Feeling a growing sense of danger, Victor continued trying to struggle in vein. He realized he could not lift his hands. They were also pulled down by some unseen weight. He could clench and unclench his fists however.

“If you know we don't deserve it you can make the choice to- to not do whatever you plan on doing.” He explains hastily, bordering on begging.

“But I like you.” She adjusts herself, leaning up to bring her face closer to his.

“Then...” Victor struggles more vigorously to no avail. He shook.

“Don't do what you are going to do!”

“What do you think I'm going to do?” The woman asked curiously, showing a definite pout as she lifted

a hand. Victor flinched, but rather than doing anything bad, she merely ran her hand through his short, blonde hair affectionately.

“I- I don't know! But you're restraining me!” Victor shouts impotently.

“It's because I like you.” She responded simply.

“Stop saying that! Why does-” He is stopped when she gripped both side of his head in her hands softly but firmly.

“Because it's important for you to know that I like you.” She insisted, staring directly into his eyes. Victor tried to avert his gaze, but her pale, beautiful face filled his view. He tried to shout again but the words got caught in his throat. Struggling was completely impossible at that point. “Shhh.” She intoned soothingly. Gradually, as he stared into her pink, shifting eyes he did calm down. His mouth hung open. Again she repeated, just leaving it open this time. “It's important to know-” She waited.

“That you like me?” Victor moaned, feeling her hand slip through his robes. It rubbed his member and caused an orgasm-like sensation without him even becoming hard.

“Good boy.” She said encouragingly. Her eyes were locked to his at that point. “It's important to know-”

“That you like me.” Victor repeated breathlessly, with a faint hint of enthusiasm creeping into his tone. He gulped, shaking his head. “W-why? Wait wait... Why is it important?” He tried to turn away from her and almost managed to turn his head before she gripped his chin and pointed his face squarely back in the direction of her.

“No no no.” She corrected him. “It's important-”

“You like me...” Victor repeated nearly automatically at that point, but found the strength to add. “But why! Why?” He questioned weakly before being interrupted by a forced kiss. Her lips were soft, but unusually, his lips had a similar feeling to them. Their embrace was like two plump pillows folding together.

“Calm down and think. You should know why.” She ordered smoothly after separating from the kiss.

Victor slowly calmed down and looked up, finding rather repetitively. “It's important to know... That you like me.” He panted. The woman smiled at him as unusual, unwelcome understanding crept into his mind. “What is happening?”

“You should know.” She coos, running her hand through Victor's now full, shining locks of blonde hair. Victor stared at her in confusion, then he saw. Reflected in her eyes was an attractive-looking blonde in conservative robes struggling to hold on. Most striking were her eyes that were kaleidoscopic, almost. From that moment he wasn't just Victor. Knowledge seeped in, along with other thoughts and emotions that slowly pushed into his sense of self but never fully engulfed it. With that it clicked.

“It is important!” This time was not just repetition but acknowledgment. Understanding of how it was significant. Relief washed over him and he laughed nervously with a distinctly feminine tone.

“Now you're getting it.” The woman said proudly.

“I'm glad. It's because I like you.” With that she tore at Victor's robes and lifted his now smooth legs by propping her hands under his knees. Victor bit his plump, crimson-red bottom lip nervously as she casually propped his legs up and drew out a massive-looking member that dwarfed his own. She made a point of lifting his puny pecker and balls with her wide tip before dragging the dripping head down his taint towards his tight, pursed asshole. All that happened while information swirled in Victor's head.

'Ego projection.' He thought while looking up with newfound infatuation into the confident expression of Karmel. He knew the name as if he had grown up knowing it, but not like he had been taught it; as if it were his own. He remembered doing what she was doing to him right now. Images swirled in his mind of him looking down at men and women in similar positions. Helpless puppets or soon-to-be copies without a will of their own. But he was different. He knew this because only a piece of Victor was her, even this far into the process.

“Are you ready, my dear?” She asked politely.

“Yes...” Victor gulped, wondering if something was appropriate. Feeling the right answer he just went for it. “Yes Karmel.”

Karmel looked a bit surprised at first, but quickly became pleased. She lovingly leaned down and pressed her forehead to Victor's while caressing his cheek.

“Just a bit more, dear.” She said affectionately before abruptly ramming the entirety of her length into Victor's plump, feminine rear. Rather than being painful the experience was mind-numbing and immediately orgasmic. While that was happening they locked lips one more time. Victor felt change, rapid and earth-shattering, come over his body. Not just his body, he felt. It tore at his soul and shaded it with a pink glow. As plump breasts formed on her now slender torso she gasped with ecstasy.

“You've done wonderfully.” Karmel groaned, hitting inside fully. The two embraced tightly as she came.

Morning came. Victoria looked in the mirror and admired the fact that her body was nearly a perfect 1:1 copy of Karmel's. Her mind would have been as well, but that is why it was so important that she liked him, or rather, her now.

“Why did you do it?” Victoria asked.

Karmel lay on her side on Victoria's bed. Her wings and tail that were once hidden by the cloak were now in full view, since there was no reason to hide them. Victoria now shared those same features, anyway, aside from her shining, platinum blonde hair and subtle features that hinted back to who she once was.

“It's so much better to have a sister than a slave. Don't you think, Victoria?”

Victoria felt positively giddy. “I couldn't agree more, Karmel.”

