

Sand Witches / The Coven's Day at the Beach

Sunny's broom raised a swirl of sand as she dropped out of the sky, a big grin on her face. "Oh, just look at it!" she cried, hopping off, "It's delightful!"

The beach sprawled before her like something out of a postcard, all soft sand and spiraling shells and sandcastles. Up in the sky, the sun punched its way through a couple of clouds that looked like they'd been painted on to keep things interesting, while seagulls squawked with an innocence that belied their instinctive hate of humanity. It was a pretty picture, all in all. (Though most pictures would have excluded the couple rawdogging in the cover of their windbreak.)

As Sunny savored the scene, from behind her came the *v-v-vroom* of an approaching broom, followed a moment later by the sharp tuts of her eldest sister's disdain. "Delightful?" said Luna, looking down from the vantage of her broomstick with the air of a particularly stuck-up cat. "It looks disgusting. There are so many..." Her lip curled. "...Mugglos."

Sunny's eyes drifted to the crowd of normal, non-magical humans thronging the beach. Luna was right! There really were a lot of them! "That's okay!" she said, holding her arms over her chest. "There's nothing wrong with having some muggalos around. As it happens, I quite *like* them."

Luna rolled her eyes. "Yes, well, *you* would, wouldn't you?"

Her sister blinked. "What's that supposed to mean?"

Before their argument could continue, a third broom descended from the sky, carrying on its saddle their middle sister, Stella. Flicking a lock of auburn hair out of her eyes, she saw her sisters fighting and slumped in resignation. "Already? We've only just arrived. How can you be fighting already?"

"Our darling sister wants to fuck a muggalo," said Luna, voice thick with derision.

Sunny blushed. "I do *not!*" she cried, stamping her foot.

"Prove it," said Luna, mouth twisting into a fittingly crescent smile.

"Okay, I will!" Adjusting her curly blonde hair, Sunny turned and stamped away.

Stella groaned. "Why do you have to tease her, Luny?"

"Because she's so immensely teasing. Also, I'm bored."

Stella groaned.

Leaving her elder sisters behind, Sunny stomped across the sand, earning looks of concern from every mortal she passed. The faster she walked, the more furious she became, till her bright hair all but ignited like straw under a magnifying glass.

She came to a stop and stamped her foot. *I'll teach them to say I love muggalos! I'll show them exactly how*— She stopped, raised an arm, and sniffed her pit. ...Phew, she really stunk. Whether it was her anger or the sun, she'd already worked up a sweat!

Taking off her pointy hat, Sunny held it against her chest and wiped her brow. In retrospect, maybe wearing her full dress to the beach wasn't the smartest thing she could have done. Well, there was only one way to solve that!

Flinging aside her hat (which landed on the face of a nearby sunbather), she grabbed the bodice of her dress and wrenched, hard.

All her clothes came off in a single motion. Shoes and socks, included, somehow. They fluttered to the ground like discarded wrappers.

"Ah, much better," said Sunny, stretching her exposed body. The sunlight glinted off her generous breasts and hips, catching the eyes and attention of every muggalo in the vicinity.

Sunny froze as she remembered where she was. "Oops. Maybe I shoulda put up a cloaking spell. I should get dressed before someone starts to think I'm a weirdo!" She twirled around, her boobs shaking, till at last her eyes settled on a teenage boy and girl.

They alone of those present had yet to take notice of her, and the reason was very simple: they were too busy focusing on each other. Even as Sunny watched, the boy wrapped her hands around the girl's boobs, while she forced her tongue deep into his mouth. If they carried on at the current pace, he'd be playing the flesh-bongos for all to see any second now.

I can solve that! Raising a finger, Sunny jabbed it in their direction.

Her finger glowed, and a little glob of magic dripped from her tip. Falling like a particularly glowy raindrop, it came to an abrupt stop in midair, split in half, and shot across the sand to strike Mr. and Missus Horn Dog. *Splash!*

"Urghh!" With gasps of shock, the pair pulled apart and jumped to their feet. They stared at each other in shock, Sunny's raw, sticky magic still dripping down their cheeks.

Then they began to shrink.

Like a pair of punctured balloons, the pair sagged, figures crumpling. One moment they were standing tall, bodies thick either muscle or curves; the next, they folded in on themselves and shrivelled as if all the air had spilled out of them.

Screaming in horror, they contorted as they fell. The man curled his legs up to meet his head and arched his arms around to form an 'O', while his girlfriend curled her legs back to meet

up behind her, and arched her arms back to meet up with them in turn. Their limbs thinned, while the rest of them flattened out. Horrified faces sank into flesh, which promptly turned the same color as their swimwear. Finally, the magic faded, and its results fell to the floor with a pair of sad little *thwaps*.

Sunny picked them up with a wiggle of her finger: a bikini top and bottom, the former pink, the latter blue, and both made of one expertly-selected muggalo.

From around her came a series of screams.

“Whaaaaat?” said Sunny. “I’m putting them on—just give me a second. Yeesh.”

*

As their sister set off to prove her hatred of muggalos or whatever it was she thought she was accomplishing, Stella and Luna searched for a spot to place their things.

Unlike their sister, who was, to put it gently, an utter fucking moron, Stella and Luna had had the common sense to put up a cloak and get changed immediately. Stella’s healthy, modest figure shone from within the loving embrace of a brother and sister turned bikini, while Luna’s pale, scrawny flesh sulked within the confines of a dark blue one-piece made from a miserable young woman who hated the beach and had been dragged here by her family. (Luna was intensely sympathetic.)

“How about here?” said Stella, pointing to a spot of sand which Luna presumed must in some way be different to every other spot of sand on the beach.

“Sure,” she said. “Looks good to me.”

“Based on the wind direction and our time of arrival, I calculate this is the optimum position for us to tan,” continued Stella. “Assuming the weather follows the pattern I divined on my astrolabe last night, at any rate.”

Luna gave her a pair of thumbs-up and plopped her ass on the sand without a word. “...We could really do with a towel,” she added, a second later.

Stella adjusted her glasses as she pondered this new quandary. “Well, that’s an easily solved problem. How about...?” She raised a finger.

“No, no, it’s okay,” said Luna. “I’ve got this.” Brushing a lock of pitch black hair out of her eyes, she trained her fingers on a handsome young man with an ice cream cone. He jumped back as the blob of magic splashed him, dropping his cone and shooting across the sands towards them. Luna stood, allowing the magic to plant him on his back at her foot, struggling against the spell’s influence.

“There,” said Luna, planting her ass on his face and earning a muffled scream in the process.

“Er...” Stella frowned, “the spell isn’t finished yet, Luna.”

“Who cares?” said Luna, patting the man’s crotch. “Come on, take a seat. I promise you he’s comfy.”

With a sigh, Stella did. “Urgh, he’s kinda lumpy.”

*

As the second woman took a seat on his crotch, Sam squirmed, desperately struggling to escape them. What was going on? Why couldn’t he move? Why the hell was this bitch sitting on his face? He’d only wanted an ice cream cone!

Atop him, the pair shuffled as if he were a couch, and they were making themselves comfy. He moaned as the asscheeks on his face threatened to smother him; gasped as the ones on his crotch made him even harder. Worse than either, however, was the general sense of pressure: he felt as if his entire body had been put under a crusher.

With every passing second, the pressure—and the strange, intense pleasure that accompanied it—grew even worse, till he could bear it no longer. Finally, with a muffled groan, he gave up and collapsed, body reduced to a thin sheet of fabric.

If he’d expected relief, it didn’t come. The pressure remained, and the pleasure just kept growing and growing. Oh God, he wanted to explode. *Let me cum! Nnn~! Oh God, let me cum!*

No one responded. The witches atop him shuffled.

*

“That’s a little better,” said Stella, shuffling about on their newly finished blanket. It remained much of the details of its human form, albeit smushed into a thin little rectangle. You could even have seen his pleased face and bulge. If Luna and Stella hadn’t been sitting on them, of course.

“Hmm,” said Luna, adjusting her bikini bottoms, “that’s a little better. She wiggled her butt, enjoying the psychic moans emanating from beneath her.

Smoothing out an unfortunate lump, Stella looked around and frowned in concern. “I wonder what Sunny’s up to?” she said. “It always makes me nervous when she takes off on her own like this.”

*

On the other side of the beach, Sunny had come upon an impasse that could be summarized thusly: she wanted to show her sisters she wasn’t a dirty muggalo lover, but she didn’t have the slightest clue how to do it. Luna certainly wouldn’t be impressed with her zapping a couple into clothing; she did stuff like that every morning for breakfast.

No, if Sunny wanted to impress her sisters, she'd have to get creative.

The only question was... how? She tapped her chin in thought. Well, Luna was one of those Goth-y, maiden of the night-type witches, which meant she was suuuuper cruel when she actually interacted with other people. Sunny guessed if she wanted to impress her, the easiest path was to imitate her. So. Obviously, she'd have to be suuuuper cruel herself.

"I can do that!" said Sunny, doing her best evil grin. It made her look like a child who'd eaten too many cookies.

Giggling like the imp she was, she studied the swarm of humans surrounding her. She'd put up a cloaking spell before she started a riot, but the initial panic her magic had caused was still fresh on her mind. It might be fun to cause something like that again... All she had to do was tweak her spell a little...

With a snap, Sunny picked out a suitable set of targets—a group of girls playing volleyball—and marched on them with a smirk. She had so many ideas of how to be cruel. All she had to do was pick one.

Striding straight up to the game, she tapped one of the players, a cute brunette whose bikini really didn't fit her, on the back, and smiled. "Heeeey," she said, giving the girl a big grin. "Can I play?"

The brunette looked at her as if she were stupid. "Um, sorry, we've kinda got enough players already."

"Great!" said Sunny. And with a snap of her fingers, she did two things:

First, she tweaked her cloaking spell to exclude the volleyball court and everyone standing on it. Secondly, she flung a blob of magic right into the brunette's face.

"Mmmphf!" The girl squealed a muffled squeal as if spread, stifling her speech. She scrabbled at her face, but she couldn't pull it off no matter how hard she tugged it.

"Stacy!" cried one of the others. The girls rushed forward to help their friend, but not a single one of them got there quickly enough.

Flowing like slime, the magic spread over Stacy's form till it coated her from head to toe, and with that, she balled up and... well, turned into a ball.

The magic faded, exposing her sleek new plastic skin and the translucent cap that had replaced her mouth. She looked more startled than scared, as if she were merely surprised by her fate than that horrified by it. (*Inside* the tight, rubber ball, she was shrieking of course, but only Sunny could hear that.)

As Sunny snatched her up, the other girls screamed. "Okay!" said Sunny, holding the former brunette high. "Let's play, everyone! Losing team gets turned into something nasty!" And without waiting for a reply, she tossed the ball.

The other team, of course, didn't react. Stacy struck the sand and rolled between them—one girl screamed as she caught her leg.

Sunny chuckled. "Best out of five!" she called.

None of the other girls moved still.

"Come on!" Sunny added. "Unless..." She leaned in, smiling darkly. "...You want to surrender?"

The other team shared a glance. Trembling, they picked up their former friend and tossed her over the net.

"Much better!" cried Sunny, leaping to intercept. Her magically enhanced body moved far faster than any muggalo's, so it was trivial for her to bat the ball back at the opposing players. Her own teammate didn't even get a chance to move.

They went back and forth like this for several minutes. Despite Sunny's obvious physical advantage, the other team put up a pretty amazing fight, presumably due to the threat of imminent ballification.

Eventually, however, Sunny grew bored. "Hey, like, I'm such a good player I think it's kinda unfair for me to have a teammate, you know? So I'm just gonna get rid of her, okay?" And before anyone could reach, she flung a blob of magic right at her teammate's chest.

The petite blonde squealed as it spread rapidly over her, forcing her onto her front with her arms out like the sphinx. As she lay there list this, her mouth twisted into a gigantic grin, her boobs and butt plumped into four fat, jiggling orbs, and a wave of plastic rolled over her skin.

By the time the magic faded, the girl was gone, replaced nothing more than a particular perverse pool toy.

Sunny giggled. "Okay, let's continue!" Tossing Stacy into the air, she struck.

*

The game ended swiftly after. Seeing their friend reduced to a fat-bottomed raft had a surprisingly harsh effect on the enemy team's morale, and within a few rallies, their opposition crumbled.

As the ball hit the sand for the last time, Sunny strode forward, a confident grin on her face. "I win!" she cried. "That means I get to do something awful to you, remember?"

They clearly did, because their first instinct was to run away, screaming.

Sunny, of course, was much faster. With two flicks of her wrist, she struck the pair in the back with two bolts of thaumoplasma. The girls screamed as they dropped to the ground and rolled over, raising their arms over their chests to form arches and generally flattening out all over.

Sunny marched across the beach towards them, wincing at the hot sand against her soles. She should have done something about this earlier, really.

With a smug grin, she slipped her feet into her new pair of sandals, enjoying the looks of horror on the former volleyballers' faces. "Sorry, but you shouldn't have lost!" She stuck out her tongue and giggled smugly.

Forcing the sandals' straps deep between her toes, she turned and marched away from the volleyball court. As she did, she passed her former teammate and gave her blown-up nipple a playful squeak.

Sunny chuckled. "Let's see Luna say I like muggalos now."

*

Back on the *other* other side of the beach, Luna winced at the heat of the sun against her pale skin. "This is beginning to bother me," she said, flicking a glare at Stella as if her sister were responsible.

Stella adjusted her sunglasses (made of a poor young man who'd had the misfortune to walk past her) and frowned. "Well," she said, "it's only to be expected that someone with skin as pale as yours would suffer in the—"

Luna glared.

"—Would you like me to solve the problem?" said Stella, with a sigh.

"Mmn."

Rolling her eyes, Stella turned on the muggalos around them and picked out one who looked entertaining: a stylish brunette in shades, wearing a string bikini that left so little to the imagination she might as well have been naked. Stella's magic struck her right between the legs.

With a scream, the woman scrabbled at her crotch, desperately tearing off her bikini to scrabble at the sex hidden beneath. Between her legs, her clitoris pulsed and throbbed like something more phallic, stretching fast under the influence of Stella's magic. Slamming into the ground like a spear, it raised its owner screaming into the air.

Suspended on her own engorged clit, the woman wailed as Stella's magic spread over her. Seizing her arms and legs, it spread them in an 'X'. She screamed louder, struggling to regain control, till Stella's magic shut her up by plugging her lips. Slowly, the woman's

expression froze as the magic pressed her first flat and then concave. Soon enough, it became obvious what she was: no longer a human, but a very strange parasol.

With a faint smile, Stella snatched her up, carried her back over to their blanket and planted her in the sand with a thud.

“Much better,” said Luna. “Though not quite perfect. I still need some sunscreen.

“Urgh!” Stella rolled her eyes. “Why didn’t you say that to start? I could have done it in one go.” Mumbling, she looked around for another suitable target.

Her eyes settled on a man and woman, the former short, slender; the latter tall, curvaceous. The man was currently in the middle of rubbing sunscreen onto his... partner’s(? sister’s? mother’s?) back.

Raising her hand, palm up, Stella formed a roiling ball of magic and lobbed it at the two, overarm. *Splash!* The pair screamed as it struck.

“Hey!” With a cry of shock, the man leapt back for his partner (or sister, etc). The woman, in turn, rolled over with a gasp, struggling to her feet as the magic spread from the point of impact. While the man made to pull it off, she simply stared at him dumbly, too stunned to react.

Just as he was about to round on Stella, the man snapped his back straight and stood there frozen. His partner (mother?) wailed and ran to him, but she made it all of three steps before her legs gave way between her. Falling back to the ground with a squeak, she lay there moaning as the magic ate away at her arms and legs and washed rapidly over the rest of her body. Caught in its embrace, she moaned as she shrank, compacted like a piece of Play-Doh in a grabby child’s hands.

Finally, the magic dissolved, leaving only a tiny, plastic effigy of what had once been a woman. Like a poorly-strung puppet, her boyfriend (brother?) lurched forward and snatched her up, hauling her back across the beach to them.

With a sigh, Luna pulled her arms out of her straps and lay down on her front, breasts squished against the crotch of her blanket. “Hurry up, worm,” she said, barely flicking a glance at her new slave.

Trembling, the young man raised his partner over his hand and gave her a tight squeeze. Thick white sun cream spurted out of her plump little pussy. Tucking her into his shorts, he rubbed the stuff into his hands and set to work.

Luna shivered at his touch. “Oooh, harder.”

Stella snorted.

Elsewhere, on a different side of the beach, Sunny sighed as she strolled along the sand.

Coming to an abrupt stop, she kicked off one of her sandals and picked it up. Now she'd taken it off, she could see its cute little face, still twisted in horror.

Her own expression contorted in regret. "What have I done?" she asked.

beat

"This will never be cruel enough to impress Luna!" Teary-eyed, she slammed her foot back into the sandal and spun around in search for more lives to ruin. "Oh, hey, a Tiki bar!"

Sure enough, nearby stood one of those little bars that like to serve all its drinks in coconuts or, failing that, with little umbrellas. Coconuts weren't exactly native to this area, but Tiki bars migrated to every vaguely warm beach.

Strolling up, Sunny plopped her butt on an empty stool and flicked a cheeky wink at the man behind the counter. "Hiiii! I'd like an, uh..." She frowned. "Something with alcohol in it!"

The bartender squinted at her. "Are you sure you're old enough to drink?"

"Er, obviously!" said Sunny. "I'll have you know I'm several hundred years old!"

For some reason, it failed to convince the bartender. Turning away, he left her sitting there red with embarrassment.

Steam rising from her head, hair crackling as if it would burst into flame at any second, Sunny fumed. "Fine!" she said, throwing up her arms. "I'll just make my own drink!"

*

Clair had been at the back for all of ten minutes when the crazy bimbo with the weird hair arrived.

She and her boyfriend had both finished work early today, so they'd agreed to meet up at the beach and spend the rest of the day enjoying the sunshine. Clair had packed her bikini and her sandals and a cute pair of glasses, changed in a public toilet, and made her way out onto the sand to await her BF. Predictably, he was running late.

Now, watching as the crazy blonde tried to convince the bartender she was over eighteen (a statement supported by her appearance if not her behavior), Clair found herself wishing she'd waited in the car instead. No margarita was worth this much noise.

As she went to go, the blonde turned and caught her. "Hey," she said, "you look really juicy."

Clair froze. Was that a compliment or an insult or something in-between? Frankly, she didn't care. "Thanks," she said, tugging out of the blonde's grip.

The blonde simply giggled. "I bet you'd make a great pinacollider–pincacolloda–pineapple drink."

"What the fuck are you–?"

Something struck Clair in the face. With a scream, she leapt back, flailing in panic. It felt like something had thrown a wet cat at her.

No matter how hard she tugged, she couldn't get it off. All she could do was struggle as it spread, washing over her body like a bowl's worth of slime. "Ew! Urgh!"

Washing down her front, the stuff made her gasp in shock. Where it touched her, her skin began to tingle, not painfully but erotically, as if she were being caressed by a lover. She stopped struggling to gasp in shock, unable to bear quite how incredible it felt.

The goo reached her feet; Clair moaned. Beneath it, her bikini dissolved like a piece of paper in a whirlpool, torn into a thousand infinitesimal scraps that left the body beneath it utterly exposed. Instinctively, she went to cover herself, but all it resulted in was her jamming her fingers into her pussy and moaning in utter lust. "Nn~!"

As she struggled to regain control of herself, she found her feet slammed together and her hands forced against her sides. Her hips, already so generous, pulsed once and stretched out, beginning a wave of expansion that rolled rapidly up her form, pumping everything above her legs into a fat cylinder.

Snapping her head up to face the sky, she stretched her mouth far wider than anyone else had before her. So wide, her expanding maw pushed away the other features of her face, leaving nothing but a giant hole where the top of her body had been. Down below, her legs spun together and thinned, while her feet flattened into a wide, round base.

Beneath the slime, her skin shimmered and changed, become translucent. It revealed no meat or bones, however, only the soft sand behind her, slightly distorted. Her entire body had become a giant piece of glass, like the world's strangest window.

From all angles came a terrible sense of pressure, unbearable, as if she were simultaneously being squeezed tight and crushed. Unable to escape, she could only compact, losing a little height and width with each passing moment. It was ecstasy.

Through the intense pleasure, she just about managed to process what was happening to her. It was so strange she could barely understand, but the horror nonetheless trickled through her veins and settled in her gut. *Stop! Stop! You can't do this to–Glug!*

As she settled on the sand, something else had settled in her gut, something a little more fluid than horror. Looking down, Clair watched in shock as a rich, creamy liquid—a delightful mix of pineapple juice, rum, and coconut—welled inside her like the water of a holy spring, welled and filled her, rising all the way to her lips. *Uh-glug!*

Finally, a slice of pineapple slammed itself onto the rim of her former mouth, while a paper straw and a little umbrella popped into existence and dropped into her with a *plop*. She stared at them, too stunned to understand.

The goo fizzled and vaporized in a thick cloud of bluish smoke, leaving Clair to sit there mentally blinking in shock. *What–what happened?!*

A shadow loomed over her. A giant hand filled her sight. She screamed and tried to pull away, but her body refused to obey her.

Stop! Stooooop!

*

Planting her ass back on the little stool, Sunny raised the pinacollider to her lips and took a quick sip of its contents.

“Hmm,” she said, cocking her head, “hmmm. Hmm.” She planted the glass on the counter. “On second thoughts, I don’t really like alcohol.”

As she considered what to do next, she heard the sound of sand shuffling beneath the feet of an approaching man. She gave him a wink as he neared her, but the well-toned blond simply smiled at her politely.

“Sorry, I’m waiting for my girlfriend.”

Sunny sighed. What was it with muggalos and propriety? Why didn’t they just fuck whoever they wanted like she did? As he took a seat beside her, she stirred her drink absently. What should she do now? Drinking a muggalo would really prove she wasn’t a muggalo lover, but she didn’t really want to anymore... as a matter of fact, she was actually feeling kinda hungry. And sweaty. Urgh, who knew being on the beach could make you so hot?

If only there were some kind of delicious frozen treat she could eat to cool herself down and sate her hunger in one go...

beat

“Ahah!” Sunny snapped. “I know!” With a big grin, she turned on the man beside her. “Hey! Hey!” she cried, all but leaping off her stool in excitement. “Do you like ice cream?”

The blond looked at her like she was crazy, which, to be fair, wasn’t too far from the truth. “Sorry, like I said, I’m waiting for my girlfriend.”

Sunny ignored him. “My favorite part of ice cream is the *cream~*.” She licked her lips and raised her fingers.

The man didn't get a chance to respond to her. The second he opened his mouth, Sunny used her free hand to form a makeshift catapult, pinched the strip of magic joining her fore- and ring finger, pulled it back, aaaaand—*Snap!*

The blond gasped as a glob of magic sailed straight down his throat. Eyes bulging, he fell to his knees, struggling to cough it up. Sunny leapt out of her own chair and bent down beside him to watch. As the glob of magic dissolved in his gut, the man shivered and twitched, body pulsing with its energy. She turned her attention to his crotch, which seemed to receive the bulk of the impact: as she watched, his shorts bulged like a balloon, swelling and swelling, until—

With a terrible *rrrip!*, the man's penis burst straight out into the world, long and hard and considerably larger than he was probably used to it being. It reached the edge of the counter.

Of course, it takes a lot of nutrients to feed such a gigantic sausage. As Sunny giggled, and the man screamed, the rest of his body did an impressive vanishing trick, torso slurping up his head and limbs before his balls sucked it into them in turn. For a second, all that remained of the man was an abnormally giant cock sitting on a pair of torn shorts. Then its veins began to pulse, and the second part of the transformation began.

Trembling, the lower half of the penis sank inward, while the upper half stretched out, turning it into a bizarre, fleshy cone. At the same time, the balls shriveled away and the whole thing began to throb, quivering and pulsing as if, at any second it might just—

Spurt! With a sound like hose, the penis vomited up a torrent of semen. Sunny clapped, eyes wide in delight, as it shot into the air like a geyser, and came to a stop, abruptly halted.

Three things happened simultaneously: the piece turned the soft beige of a wafer, its urethra stretched into a gigantic hole, and the trail of semen dropped, coiling in on itself to form a perfect spiral.

With that, the whole thing shrunk, and where the man had been stood a simple swirly ice cream.

Sunny snatched it up without a thought, squeezing the cone as tight as she could without breaking. "Mmm~," she said, raising it to her lips. "You look even tastier like this." Face red, she stuck out her tongue and gave the ice cream a little lick, just a little, and shuddered in delight. "Mmm~." It tasted rich and cream, with a slight hint of salt, exactly what she liked.

Visibly drooling, she took an even larger lick. "Mmm~," she said, "I bet you can't wait for me to get my lips around your cone, can you?"

CRUNCH.

The sound of not-Sunny snapped Luna's attention up from her magazine (it was, of course, a porn mag, made from a loving couple who'd had the misfortune of asking Luna to take their picture). "Where's our idiot sister?" she asked. "I was expecting her back half-an-hour ago."

Stella raised her sunglasses with a frown. "I expect she'll make herself known sooner or later."

Luna grunted and dropped her eyes back to her magazine.

Stella, on the other hand, stood, stood and stretched and smacked her lips. She was beginning to feel a little thirsty.

Leaving her sister to resent the sun, Stella marched back up the beach, scanning the muggalos she passed as she walked. Too small. Too slim. Too large. Too ugly. Ugh, what was it with mortals and not being perfect fodder for her whims?

Finally, she came to the edge of the sand, where the flatulent groan of a bus's engine snapped her attention to the road. She watched as it approached, tourists all but spilling out of its windows, and smiled the mischievous smile of someone with a big idea.

As the bus grew nearer, Stella raised her hands pinched a glob of magic, and stretched it into a wide, thin sheet, like a table cloth. This done, she pulled back and flung it. A convenient wind caught it immediately, and like a sail it floated straight to its destination.

The bus's tires screeched as the driver tried to avoid it, but Stella had run the math and escape was impossible: wind speed vs. typical muggalo reaction times? Pssh. It wasn't even a contest.

The sheet of magic smacked into the front of the bus and clung to it, obscuring the windshield. The vehicle screeched as the driver hit the breaks.

Though the bus stopped, the magic didn't. As Stella watched with a knowing smile, it spread like gummy moss, flowing rapidly over the vehicle till it covered it from windshield to rear window. Inside, the muggalos leapt from their seats or pounded on the windows, but the magic squeezed tight and kept everything nice and compact.

Stella smirked. Now it was just a matter of waiting.

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"Oh my Gawd, Melanie, I can't believe you said that!"

"Pssh!" said Melanie, flicking a long blonde lock out of her eyes. "If anyone deserves it, it's Joan!"

Tracy burst into laughter.

“Melanie, that’s so mean!” cried Joan, eyes full of tears. “Why you would say that? ...Especially when I’m right here!”

Tracy and Melanie both laughed.

Wiping a tear of mirth from her eye, Melanie settled back in her seat with a sigh. The three of them didn’t normally ride the bus to the beach, but they’d spent way too long at that adorable little restaurant for brunch and besides their feet were soooo tired after all the manicures they’d had this morning. “Oh, suck it up, Joan. It’s the least you deserve for sucking off that—”

Something struck the bus’s windshield. The three stopped talking to stare.

As they stared, the projectile—a blob of blueish goo, faintly glistening—began to spread. In seconds, it was halfway down the length of the vehicle.

Melanie gasped as the sticky substance washed over the rear window. “Like, hey!!” she cried, leaping to her feet. “What the hell is going on?” Raising a fist, she pounded on the glass, the colorful beads around her wrist shaking with each impact. “Heeey!”

Beside her, Tracy and Joan jumped off the seat and joined her. “Come on!” cried Tracy, slamming her fist into the glass again. “Isn’t this supposed to be, like, an emergency window? Why isn’t it breaking?”

Melanie’s rolled her eyes and the lever at the bottom of the window. “You have to use this, you stupid slut!”

She gave it a twist, and it snapped off in her hand. She stared at it, her exquisitely-done eyelashes flicking as she blinked.

From all around her came the groan of tortured metal. Someone screamed, and Melanie was shocked to realize it was here.

“What do we dooo?!” wailed Tracy. “I don’t wanna be crushed!”

Melanie looked around for a solution and realized she didn’t have one. “I, uh—”

The bus creaked. Joan screamed.

With a sudden crack of tortured metal, the bus visibly compacted. At the same time, Melanie felt a sudden chill. Raising her hand, she rubbed her arms instinctively—it took her a second to notice she wasn’t alone.

“Hey, do you feel, like, a little chilly?” asked Joan, rubbing her hands together like she was out in the winter and not going to the beach in the middle of summer.

Before anyone could answer, another crunch sounded. This time, instead of the cold, it came accompanied by *pressure*.

Tracy and Joan screamed; Melanie joined them a second later. Before she even knew what was happening, her arms slammed into her sides and she found she couldn't move whatsoever. It felt as if an invisible giant had wrapped his hand around her and squeezed, threatening to crush her.

Continuing this metaphor, the giant wrenched her into the air and turned her upside down, her and everyone else unfortunate enough to be on the bus with her. Her vision swam as all her blood rushed to her head.

"Melanie!" Tracy screamed. "Melanie! What's—Aiiii!"

As Melanie watched, horrified, her and her friends' clothes melted like candle wax, dribbling away from her flesh and pooling on the floor beneath her.

Like the blades of a pair of scissors, her legs snapped open. Between them, her pussy stretched wide, folds tingling and pulsing. She could only stare, struggling to comprehend, as they forced themselves apart to form a hole as wide as her head.

More screams filled the air as something very similar happened to the rest of the bus's occupants.

As her pussy finished expanded, Melanie found her arms and legs shrivelled into her torso, sucked up and hidden away. The second they'd gone, she felt an intense, unbearable fullness, and her body started bulging, fattening up and growing rounder with the second. She moaned, eyes wide in shock.

Slowly, slowly, her head sank into her neck and smoothed out into the flat, circular base. And though she could no longer see, the rest of her body was expanding to match it, forming a squat little cylinder of flesh with a gaping hole at the top.

As she finished expanding, her skin shivered and changed: tanned flesh turning to smooth, polished aluminum. No sooner had it changed that her molten clothing flew up and covered it, congealing as a large, tight wrapper with a picture of her face. 'MELANIE,' it read. Her friends' were very similar.

Finally, Melanie's clit began to tingle. She screamed as it swelled and flattened out, expanding into a large metal tab to keep her former vagina closed.

Melanie, of course, could see none of this. Eyes locked on the floor, all she could do was groan at the feeling. She felt so *full*—like she'd drink gallons and gallons of water. All she wanted to do was piss it out, but she just. couldn't. move!

The bus groaned as it compacted, though the screaming had mostly stopped.

*

Stella smiled as the former bus ceased shrinking, and the magic glistened one last time and vaporized into smoke. Approaching, her sandals clapping against the asphalt, she bent her knees, raised the lid, and peered inside.

Thirty to forty cans of various unique beverages filled the interior of the cooler box. Reaching in, she grabbed one at random. 'BRIAN,' read its label, showing a picture of a handsome young man. She tickled its long, hard tab and considered popping it, then changed her mind at the last second. She'd wait until she was back with Luna.

As she walked, her new cooler box swinging at her sides, Stella wondered if her little sister had finished proving herself yet.

*

Sunny hadn't finished proving herself yet! As clever and cruel and creative as turning that young man into an ice cream cone had been, it didn't measure up in the slightest to some of the stunts Luna pulled off every other week.

No. No. She needed something big. Something crazy. Something spectaaaaacular. Something that'd really show her sisters she didn't love even a single dirty muggalo.

But. What?

She came to a stop and tapped her foot. Hmm. Hmmmm. Hmmmmmmmm.

Her foot slammed into something soft and fleshy. "Mmmphf!" it protested. "Get off of me!"

Moving her foot just a little to the right, Sunny found herself staring at a young man with auburn eyes and soft brown hair and nice chiseled chin and also: no body. It looked like the guillotine had done an excellent job on him, especially as he was still conscious enough to protest.

No, wait. Now that she looked, she could see he had a body, it was just hidden under the sand. Someone had buried him alive! What cruelty!

"Hey!" cried a nearby woman. "What the hell do you think you're doing? Get your foot off my boyfriend!"

Sunny looked at her and blinked. Oh, she guessed she *was* still standing on his chest, wasn't she? With a little sigh, she shuffled another foot or two to the right. The man moaned; the girlfriend cried out. Sunny sighed. "What was it with muggalos and being so annoying?"

As the girlfriend opened her mouth to scream again, Sunny formed two glistening blobs of magic and flung it at both of their faces. The man's moans and the woman's shouting cut off, replaced by muffled screams as the magic washed across their flesh and turned every inch of it to sand.

Watching her magic fizzle away to reveal an adorable if very angry sand sculpture, Sunny planted a hand on her shoulder and gave it a playful push. “Oops,” she said, as the girlfriend exploded into a hundred or more crumbling lumps. “I’m so clumsy.” She chuckled. Actually, that gave her an idea.

With a grin, she raised her hands, stark, glistening arcs of thaumoplasma already crackling between them. Now she knew exactly how to impress Luna.

After all, when you got to the beach, what do you do?

You make a sand castle!

Sunny beamed. She was going to make a very impressive sand castle.

She brought her hands together in a clap. Plumes of magic spilled out across the beach.

*

Rubbing her butt into their blanket’s crotch, Stella reached into the cooler box, pulled out a can of ‘Melanie’, and popped it with a hiss. Throwing back her head, she took a deep chug, and sighed in relief as the cool juice poured into her body. It tasted like melon.

Calmly placing the emptied can back in the cooler (she didn’t want to toss it away—that was bad for the environment), she went to say something to her sister, and spotted something unusual.

“Is that muggalo floating?” she asked.

Luna lowered her magazine and sighed. “I suppose this was inevitable.”

The pair watched as a young man, his body wrapped in a fizzling cloud of magic, floated across the sands, squirming and thrashing.

He wasn’t alone. With every passing second, more and more unfortunate muggalos floated pass, carried and trapped by little magical nebulae. They fought or screamed for help, but as ever, it was futile.

As a woman in a skimpy one-piece floated past her upside down, Stella turned and flicked a glance at her older sister. “Should we do something about this?”

“I suppose it might be amusing to watch,” said Luna, snapping her magazine shut.

“I was thinking more along the lines of ‘intervening’.”

Luna laughed. “And spoil the show? Please.”

*

Sunny giggled to herself impishly as the first of the muggalos arrived. Like opera goers pouring into a theater, they floated into the circle she'd marked out, squirming and fighting, yet unable to escape. She wished she had a wand so she could wave it like a conductor.

As more and more muggalos trickled into the circle she'd marked out, Sunny stopped giggling to try and focus on her mission. *Focus, focus!* she thought, pinching her temples. *How do you make a sandcastle anyway...? Oh, I know!*

The trick to building anything, of course, is to start with a solid foundation. So Sunny raised her hands and with them every muggalo in the circle, before slamming them back down, forcing her captives into the ground. Her victims' screams cut out as they fused with the sand, bodies melding, crushed flat, to form a nice, dense square foundation a hundred or so meters in area for her to build on.

By the time she stopped, there was little sign of the muggalos, save her a few faint faces and bumps in the sand, and you had to be looking hard to notice them.

Fortunately, there were plenty more muggalos pouring in. Boy, the beach had sure been packed today!

Now for the walls, thought Sunny with a smirk.

Raising her hands again, she seized the latest arrivals and planted them back on their feet around the edges of her square. They might have run, if not what for what she did next: raising a hand, she mimed striking a nail with a hammer over and over, slamming each of the muggalo into the ground up to their ankles in the process. This done, she flung her hands into the air, forcing all of her victims' arms high too.

Seeing them squirm, she shivered in delight. Watching muggalos twitch in the face of her power really made her pussy itch.

Approaching a busty brunette in a nice red one-piece, Sunny looked her up and down and giggled at the expression on her face. The woman was straining so hard to escape, it looked like she needed to poop!

Sunny gave the brunette's nipple a curious poke. "How do you feel about being a wall?" she asked.

The brunette struggled to answer, but she didn't have the strength to move her lips. In the end, Sunny simply shrugged, stepped back, and snapped.

Magic swirled around her the square of muggalos, stripping away their outfits, bikinis, one-pieces, and speedos alike, and turning the flesh beneath them to hard, compacted sand. Men and women alike froze, their fearful expressions exquisitely captured. Packed tightly together, they needed little shoring up—their bodies formed a perfect wall, with only a little gap to serve as an entrance.

Giggling, Sunny swept her hand and brought into the next batch of muggalos.

*

Luna and Stella arrived to construction work in process. “Oh my,” said Stella, stepping aside to let a squirming young man float past. “She’s really outdone herself this time.”

Luna rolled her eyes.

The two watched as their sister threw her hands up, flinging a fresh batch of muggalos into the air in the process, before planting them in the hands of the sculptures she’d already made. Taking a few seconds to squeeze them into position, she circled her hands and struck them with a blast of sparking magic that tore away their clothes and left the flesh beneath them considerably grainier.

“She’s as creative as ever,” said Luna, drolly. Together, the two approached their sister.

Sunny, of course, didn’t notice them until they were right on top of her. When Luna tapped her shoulder, she spun around with a squeak. “Stella! Luna! Wh-what are you doing here?”

“Why, in Hecate’s name, are you building a giant muggalo sandcastle?” asked Luna.

Sunny chuckled darkly. “Oh, that’s an obvious one! To prove how much I hate them, of course!”

Luna sighed. “Well, can you hurry up? I’d like to get back to my sunbathing.”

Rolling her eyes, Sunny whirled her hands around even faster, snatching up the majority of the muggalo littered the area and stacking them atop the pile she’d already built. Their cries cut off absurdly as the spell reduced them to sand.

In this way, Sunny added several more stories to the castle. With the last one, she even had every other muggalo bend over, giving the effect of crenelations.

Having completed the basic structure, she now moved on to detailing, snatching up a string of muggalos, bending them into lewd poses, and planting them on the sides of the castle like perverted gargoyles. The last two she even had fuck, the woman bent over, the man’s hands around her waist, her cheeks captured mid-clap, still rippling from the impact of his cock.

Soon enough, only one muggalo remained: a squirming redhead of the same (apparent) age as Sunny herself, as well as the same build (i.e. great tits). As the last of her friends and family turned to blocks atop Sunny’s castle, she collapsed to the floor and sat there whimpering, big tears spilling down her cheeks.

The witches tried to ignore her. Whining muggalos were so annoying.

“Are you finished yet?” asked Luna.

“Not quiiiiite,” said Sunny, flicking a finger upward and sending the redhead squealing into the air. “There’s just one last thing I need to add…”

Giggling, she bounded into the castle, her final victim following her like some kind of perverse balloon.

Despite its inspiration, the sand castle was hollow (and, somewhat surprisingly, structurally stable). Sunny had placed a pillar of stacked muggalos, mostly women with their chests thrust forward, in all the corners, though otherwise the place was incredibly sparse. Luna tutted at the lack of imagination.

Dragging the redhead to the very center of the room, Sunny planted her on the floor. “Okay,” she said, wiggling her fingers. “Here we go!”

The redhead screamed as the blob of magic struck her.

*

Lana wailed as the awful glob of glowing slime spread across her body. All she’d wanted was a day on the beach with her friends, to catch some sun and maybe see some cute guys. Instead, she watched as every one of her friends and every cute boy she’d shown an interest in had been snatched up and planted in the sand like fence posts. Even now they were looking down at her, their tits thrust out, their faces twisted in lust. How could this have happened?

Falling back with a shriek, she looked down and whimpered as the glowing substance spread. It looked like blueberry jam and it smelled like elderberry, and it made her skin tingle intensely as it worked its way under the straps of her bikini. “Stop!” she wailed. “Stop!”

Like a pervert’s fingers, the substance worked its way over her breasts, teasing her nipples as it spread over her curves. Flowing rapidly down her body, it even slipped between her legs. She squealed as it entered her, its slimy tentacles tickling her insides. “Nn~! Stop!”

Ignoring her, the gel continued to spread. In seconds, it smothered everything below her head, and it wasted no time washing up to that too. She screamed—or tried to, anyway—as it forced its way into her mouth.

Seconds later, it reached her eyes, and everything went vaguely blue.

Trapped in a prison of goo, Lana whimpered and struggled to move. Despite its appearance, the substance held her body like an iron glove, and it didn’t want to release her. Tightening its grip on her limbs, it spun her upside down, with her feet pointing at the ceiling. Curling her body slightly, just enough for her to see her own legs, it took her arms and arched them up from her new perspective, as if she were struggling to hold up a heavy weight.

As she started at them, too stunned to comprehend, the gel worked its fingers through her long, red hair, and hair, splitting it out into four pillars, which it promptly jabbed right into the sand.

Just as she thought it couldn't get any worse, she felt the tingling. Starting in her toes, it spread rapidly through her body, making her scream inside as it rolled over her pussy and breasts. *Nnn~! Nn~! Oh God, stop! Nnnn~!* Where her skin tingled, it changed, flesh turned to fine, grainy sand, a glorious beige, like vanilla ice cream. And no matter how hard she fought, she found she couldn't move it in the slightest.

Finally, the magic quivered, and with a smell like burning apples, it dissolved into wafts of bluish smoke.

No sooner had it gone than the butt filled Lana's face.

No! Nononono!

Smack!

*

"Ta-da!" said Sunny. "What does a castle need more than a throne?" Giggling, she whirled around and planted her butt on the former redhead's face, using the poor muggalo's twisted arms as armrests.

Luna looked at her in disdain. "A modicum of style?" she suggested.

"Don't tease her, Lunny," said Stella. Looking around, she sighed. Sunny had wasted so many muggalos—she was going to have to write a looong report to the Magic Police to explain even half of this mess. "Sunny, why would you have to prove you don't like muggalos anyway?"

Sunny put her hands on her hips and cocked them impishly. "Er, because Luna *said* I love them?"

"...Sunny, you zapped a bunch of muggalos into poop for looking at you this morning. Twice. Before breakfast! How could you ever think anyone believes you love them?"

Sunny opened her mouth to respond and closed it abruptly. "Ah. Hmm. When you put it like that, it does sound kind of silly."

She wiggled her butt into the former redhead's face and looked around at her erotic new home. "Well, whatever. At least I got this sweet new crib from it."

"Sunny, it's gonna collapse the instant the tide comes in."

"Oh. Well, whatever. I'm kinda bored with the beach anyway. Hey, can we go to the mall? I wanna get some new shoes, and the mall always has the best muggalos for it."

Stella and Luna shared a defeated look.