

The Transformation Story Archive

Spells 'R' Us

Unfinished Business...

by WhLghtnin

The glasses clinked together as the two schemers clinked their glasses together...

"Congratulations Widow Carrigan... With your husband's death, that leaves you with all his wealth." Joseph Whitlow smiled at his co-conspirator. He lounged in the expensive leather chair William Carrigan, the recently deceased dean, left to his heir apparent. Joseph was, at 28, the youngest acting dean in the history of the campus. He smoothed his ebony hair back into its ponytail. His suit made him look very sleek, and though it didn't show off his well-muscled form as much as he would like, it still sent women swooning. Now he had a position that gave him the money and power he wanted as well. All he did was wear down the old man's brake cables in his car. The accident couldn't be tracked back to him at all...

He had even beat out old man Carrigan's son, Earl, for the position. He was in the winner's seat, just the way he liked it.

"And I congratulate you, Dean Whitlow. You are now acting dean and most likely to be elected dean next year..." She raised her glass in salute, thinking how easy it had been to manipulate the little shit who hungered after her husband's position. Now she was free of the whining liberal fool she had married. She put the wine glass down after a little sip, preferring her tea to wine. Sara Carrigan hadn't lived to be 55 by drinking alcohol. She had plotted and schemed to get her husband's money. She still looked 35 and used her body to get what she wanted. Her sleek curves, not as full as they used to be, still caught a man's attention at 20 yards easily and while she didn't have the face of a twenty-year-old, its dark brown eyes and Auburn tresses with her lovely face still were breathtaking.

"Now Joseph, we still have some unfinished business. You owe me some money and I'll expect your check to me next week." She said as she put the saucer down, getting down to business.

Joseph gagged on the wine. "What are you talking about Sara?????" "Well, I mean Joe that now with my husband gone, I still need money and you are going to supply me with a steady income. Don't worry I won't take too much... just half your paycheck." She looked him straight in the eyes and he could tell she was serious.

"Lady, you are nuts to think I'm going to give up half my check to you for no reason at all..." He put his hands down on the desk, trying to look tough.

Sara chuckled. "How about a taped confession from you... Remember when you were going over your plan a couple of nights ago by yourself? Well, I had bugged your place and you made no mention of me. You could try and bring me into it but I kept myself out of the picture. It's your word versus mine and your motive is much stronger than mine..." She smiled cruelly knowing she had the fool where she wanted him.

Joseph fumed at the treachery of the manipulative bitch, crushing the wine glass he had. "You no good dirty dealing....."

Sara tsked her finger "ah-ah, Deans shouldn't use that language. Sets a bad precedent..." She got up. "Just do as I say, little dean or else you'll end up someone's girlfriend in prison." She whispered with a bit of menace. She opened the door, winked to Joseph before she left. "Remember what I said... and take care of Earl too... He is your assistant dean after all." Joseph heard the words but didn't react. The only thing he felt now was rage for the woman he had dealt with.

"Stupid. Stupid. Stupid!!!!!" He whispered as he walked down the mall. Joseph was so furious with himself, he just couldn't work. He hoped the trip to the mall would take his mind off his troubles but to no avail.

"God what sort of choice do I have?????" He said as he slumped to one of the benches in front of an older shop.

"Ah Mr. Whitlow, you have many choices... You just need to take advantage of them." Joseph looked up and saw an older man, about 60 or so wearing a bathrobe stride to him.

"You know who I am?????" Joseph said flabbergasted. The old man winked. "Very much I know, Joseph... especially about the problem you now face and possible solutions. Please follow me inside."

Whitlow felt compelled to and went into the unique boutique. As they entered, the door closed behind them automatically. The old man started to calm his guest. "I know that you and Widow Carrigan arranged the dean's death and she is now blackmailing you. I don't really care too much about that. What I do care about is that she is now in control of her husband's holdings and that does include this mall. Her refined sensibilities are offended by this shop and I know she is making plans to have me removed. So you see we share something in common."

Joseph was astounded he knew so much but tried to stay business-like. "You we are both under her thumb. How does that help us?????"

The old man just smiled and pulled out a teapot. The teapot was very detailed with a pink jewel in the very top. "Well, Dean Whitlow, I have the means of taking care of the old shrew but I can't deliver it to her. She trusts you a little more than me. You take this teapot and put either a little of your blood or hair into here" he pointed to a little compartment near the handle. "Then brew her a cup."

Joseph looked at the man in surprise... "What's that going to do??? Poison her?????" He looks at the teapot curiously.

The old man chuckled... "No, not quite... You see this is the Anima/Animus teapot. If while you brew, you have your blood or hair in the compartment and the right jewel in the very top, the resulting tea will turn the drinker into your ideal woman mentally and physically. I do assume you aren't into boys..."

Joseph didn't even register the comment. "You mean this will make Sara do as I want?????"

The wizard nodded. "If you picture that quality in a woman as she drinks it, she will. I will give you just the gem to make the drinker into your ideal female mate. Ok????"

Joseph just grinned "Yeah, yeah... But what do you get out of this..."

The old man just wrapped the pot. "Your promise to save my shop. In return, you get the school, her money, and a nice little sex slave. Sound fair????"

Joseph took the package. "You have yourself a deal old man!!" He left the store shortly afterwards and called up Sara. "Sara, I'm sorry for the way I acted this morning. Come on back to the office. I'll give you the first check today..." He grinned as she agreed and he hung up.

"Now you'll see what you get for crossing me."

Joseph slaved over the stove, preparing the tea just as the wizard said. He first put in a piece of his blood and hair into the secret space and brewed the tea just right. He also made sure the pink gem was firmly in place. He didn't want to think what would happen if the gem popped out. As the whistle for the tea blew, there was a knock on his door.

"Yes?????" He said as he took off the pot.

The door opened and Earl, the assistant Dean, walked in. Earl was a year younger than Joseph and that had been a main factor when the school council decided Joseph be the new dean. Earl stood about 6 foot with close-cropped chestnut hair. Joseph always found the man to be a little imposing. "Excuse me, Dean Whitlow. My step-mo... Mrs. Carrigan to see you."

Joseph nodded. "Send her in please..." Sara walked in quickly. Like Joseph, she found her stepson intimidating and had no plans of including him in her new will once she had time to write it. She still dressed as the grieving widow: Her hair in a tight little bun, hardly any makeup, and very conservative black clothes. "Ah, Mrs. Carrigan." Joseph bowed and kissed her hand. "I was waiting for you to arrive so I could write your check... I even prepared your favorite tea." He put on a false smile.

Sara just nodded back... "Very nice of you, Dean..." She took the cup and saucer and took a slight sip. She relaxed in the chair as Joseph took his seat. "Please make it out to Sara Carrigan..." Joseph simply nodded and began to write the check, watching her for some sort of sign as he visualized all facets of his dream woman. Five minutes passed as Joseph stretched out the matter as long as he could. He shoed Earl out as he came to get some papers. As he finished signing his name to the check, Sara started to wobble a little on the couch... "Oh dear" She exclaimed and Joseph noticed it was much more bubbly and well, brainless than her normal voice. She straightened herself up on the couch as her hair popped out of her bun, streaming down her back and front. Joseph wagered it went to the small of her back and any signs of grey in her hair had vanished. Sara let out a moan as she closed her eyes. The very slight wrinkles of her face faded away. Her lips became full and kissable. Her body became even more curvaceous as the youth reentered her body. Her legs became smooth and sleek and her waist shrunk even more. Her breasts then became full again, her erect nipples showing through the fabric. Her dress altered next. The sleeves shrank and disappeared as the neckline plunged to show off her wonderful breasts. Her skirt also slipped up, becoming more of a mini skirt.

She opened her eyes and they were green, sparkling with mischief. "What were you saying Joey?????" Her voice was definitely more sexy and with less brains.

Joseph looked astounded and then to the teapot to find it had vanished. "Where did it go?????"

Sara lounged on his couch, leaning back seductively. "I don't know but you have more important things to do, Joey..."

Joseph smiled, all thoughts of the teapot vanished as his hormones. "Well baby, an important thing you were going to tell me where you hid those nasty tapes you made..." He advanced on the obvious horny woman.

Sara giggled. "Oh those... They are at home..." She whispered soft and seductively. "In my bedroom... Let's go get them, Joey... Ok????"

Joseph slung a coat around her and quickly left the office. That night he destroyed the tapes and got to know Widow Carrigan a whole lot better.

A week had passed and everything was great. Joseph had everything he wanted. He had a great job with wonderful security. He had money up the Ying-yang thanks to his beautiful slave Sara, and he had a willing sex-servant for any act he wanted. The only thing he needed to do was to solidify his wealth. He had told everyone that Sara had gotten some major plastic surgery and the campus believed him. He now planned to elope with Sara so he legally had her money. The investigation had been dropped as an accident so he didn't worry about suspicion from the cops. Joseph was just trying to make sure his weekend was clear so he could go to Vegas and elope as he wanted.

Sara sat on his desk, smiling sexily at her husband to be. She had been ecstatic about the idea and wouldn't let him out of her sight. She clicked the intercom. "Earlie???? Would you make Joey and me a little tea tea????"

The box crackled. "Yes, ma'am"

Joey looked and just sighed. The only habit he hadn't been able to break her of was her love of tea. "Do you have to have tea all the time?????"

She thought for a minute. "Yes I do... Please have a little for me?????"

He shrugged, what could it hurt??? The teapot had disappeared after he used it on her. "Sure why not...????"

Sara cooed and leaned in close. "You're so good to me..." She played with his collar as she pulled him into a long kiss.

Earl went to the kitchen, feeling very frustrated as he heard the love talk from the office. He whispered. "Dad's not even dead a week and she's already fucking another man while I'm reduced to the coffee boy, excuse me, tea boy. Life's just not fair." Earl grabbed the ingredients and looked for a teapot. He found the one he picked up from Joseph's office last week. He started to fill it with water as a little door opened in the handle. "Geeze, there's blood in there..." Earl grabbed a cloth and scrubbed the opening out. As he started to close it, he felt a prick on his thumb. "Goddamn it!!!!" He started sucking on the cut and never noticed a drop of his blood falling into the space. The door shut on its own as he bandaged up his cut, none the wiser.

There was a knock on the door as Joseph exposed Sara's breasts. "Your tea ma'am and sir..." Earl said.

Sara covered up and tried to look innocent but Earl's look said he knew what was going on. Earl placed the cups down and left the office.

Joseph snarled as he took a long sip from his cup. "Little shit... Well, at least we won't have to worry about him soon, huh Sara????"

Sara daintily sipped. "Whatever you say Joey..." They finished the tea and his work in record time. "Joey, we need to stop by the house and pick up the clothes."

Joseph and Sara then raced to the car so they could start their honeymoon.

Earl watched the two leave. Disgusted with the whole predicament, he went to the bathroom and picked up one of the playboys he hid for such an emergency. He unfolded and looked at the lovely ladies. Tomi Hill, Miss October drew his eye for a minute. He liked the curves on her but liked the face and skin of the Latin ladies. He visualized the mixing of the two women... He sighed... "Yeah, like I'm going to find anyone who looked like that..." He went back to his work.

Back at the Dean's House, Joseph and Sara rushed to get out of the house. They had left a note for Earl and had gotten most of the big bags to the car. As Joseph was carrying a bunch of little ones, he suddenly felt very weak, dropping the bags all over the floor. "What the Fuck?????" He struggled to stay on his feet as he went over to the mirror. He watched in shock as his hair started to grow even longer and his shoulders began to shrink.

His shirt started to bind as his chest grew... something. He felt his shirt would break at first but instead held firm, merging together with the jacket he wore. It felt like all his clothes were moving of their own will.

He heard a cry from upstairs... "Sara!!!!" He turned suddenly and lost his balance. He fell to the floor and all went black.

Earl pulled up to the house after work. He had been doing all the jobs that Joseph was supposed to do and most were commenting that he was doing them better than Joe ever did. He looked around the garage and saw no trace of their car. No surprise he thought. He walked up into the house and found the door open. "Geez, they don't even have the decency to lock the door..." He walked in and closed the door with a slam. He passed the entryway and saw the note... "Damn, She'll sleep with anything..." he looked up... "God, Why can't things ever work out my way?????????"

"Well I would say things are turning around for you, baby" a voice from behind him said. Earl turned around and looked at the intruder. A beautiful woman about 5'4" and about 106 pounds stood in the doorway to the den.

Her raven tresses went down to her ass. Her features were definitely Hispanic and highly erotic. Her curves begged attention from him. A slinky maid outfit adorned her voluptuous form. She puckered her lips at Earl as she sauntered towards him.

"Who are you, and how did you get in here." He weakly responded. "I'm Jodi and we were hired by the dean to help clean the house but I see something I'd rather clean..." She swayed up to him and stroked his chest.

Earl gulped. "We?????"

Another identical voice came from the staircase. "Si, We..." He looked up and saw another woman identical to the first. "I'm Saria... and I see my sister found something we can share..." She sauntered over and began massaging Earl.

"But but..." Earl stammered as he began to respond to their attention.

"No but's' lover..." Both twins began to undress Earl. His resistance grew less and less, concentrating instead on the attentions of the women who wanted to make him happy. He responded in kind and gave both women a night they would never forget, not knowing that inside their mind, Joseph and Sara only watched as their bodies and dominant minds took him.

The wizard watched with satisfaction. "Now both of those schemers got what they deserved and so did Earl too." He picked up a picture of William. "I paid my debt to you my friend. Your son is now set and those who killed you are receiving proper punishment..." He then watched Earl and the twins again. "For the last few months, Joseph and Sara have screwed your son. Now the shoe is literally on the other foot." He laughed softly as he continued to watch the trio.

The end.

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