

## CHAPTER IV

### *“As Heaven is Wide”*

“I don't understand what could be so bad that it could do the things you say.” Matt asked. “Are you some kind of spy or something?”

“No. You won't believe me if I tell you. It's something I would have to show you, and in showing you, I would break so many rules that it could ruin both of our lives,” she explained.

“How can you be so certain?” He asked her.

“It's a given. You should know that what I just did to you and likewise what happened to me can't occur naturally.”

“So what, are you some kind of science experiment? An escaped government program?” He asked with sarcasm.

“Knowing what I know of you, worse,” she announced with dire authority.

“You're serious aren't you?” He asked, more rhetorically.

“Deadly serious.” She replied

He took a moment to consider her statement. Finally, he decided his course of action and looked at her with an honesty that made Natalie smile inside. “I was in the infantry in a war, and you are telling me that I am not ready for what you are potentially ready to show me. If you don't think that prepares me, then maybe I should defer to your judgment.”

“The problem Matt, is that it's probably already too late.”

“So you are going to drop this on me anyway. Why make it seem like I had a choice?” he said a little angry now.

“Matt, listen. I am doing this wrong, so let me start over. I am going to level with you. What I am going to tell you is hard to swallow, but when I show you some evidence that will support it, you will understand. The problem is that this evidence will break rules. Do you understand?”

“Fine, explain. Just stop being so damn cryptic.”

“Okay. Please forgive me when I am through, and know that I do love you,” she said, reaching out with her hand for his.

The moment Matt took it, his world went black.

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“I was there at the beginning. I was with all of the angels when God created the heavens and the earth. I saw the divine creation of the universe. It was amazing beyond

description, to see Him create something so impressive through sheer will, and so indescribably beautiful. So different from heaven where I was from.

So I wanted to explore. I wandered the earth for years and years.

I made Him angry, but I was one of His servants, and he loved us as he loved His children, so he forgave. But then Lucifer rose up, and there was the great battle of heaven. He called upon all of us, as did Lucifer. I ignored them both. I wanted nothing to do with it. I was happy in the world, it wasn't my place to make that decision, and so I was summoned.

I resisted and, for my willfulness, I was lumped amongst Lucifer's allies. I begged for His forgiveness, but in this He was steadfast. He cast all the abstentionists, myself included, down last even after Lucifer, who wanted even less to do with those that hadn't supported him. He passed me off with Lilith and her succubi, to become a temptress of man. But for my lack of support, he gave me to one of his warriors as punishment.

I was subjected to what would be base mortal death over and over for millennium in Hell at the hand of Lucifer's minion, Malleus. Thousands of years in hell may as well be millions on earth. My life was being rent in two by his inhuman member with every stroke, only to heal in time for the next. I was the laughingstock of Lilith's kind, ridiculed and resented by all of Hell's servants, until I escaped.

My experience on earth, and my love for its divine complexity made it easy for me to hide among the population of Adam's children. In my first escape, I was free for almost a thousand years, until the French Revolution. I was caught and sent back to Hell by a demon hunter, their best it turns out. I was careful, but not enough it would seem. I got careless, and it cost me. I spent the next 86 years burning in Hell, being tortured, abused, and maimed repeatedly at the hands of all his minions until I escaped again."

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As quickly as it fell, the darkness lifted the light returned, and Matt found himself back in Natalie's apartment, with her looking directly into his eyes.

"I have been much more careful this time, but I have been thwarted by something I didn't see coming. Feelings I've never felt before. I love you Matt, but you need to know the truth, and the truth is that I am a demon. I am immortal on earth. I would give it all away for you, but it's not mine to give," she said, partially transforming seamlessly into something less human looking, but not her full demonic form and then back.

Matt looked mortified. He sat stone still on the chair, mute with fear.

"You had to know. I had to tell you, it wasn't fair to you for me to just string you along," she said in as even a voice as she could.

"But I never asked for anything..." he blurted out.

Natalie looked saddened by his comment. "No. You never did, well not without me pulling at you. But I've never done any of the things I could have done to you, because I didn't want to. I care about you. I want nothing but the best for you. If that helps me as well is that wrong? I've not stolen your soul or tricked you into signing away your afterlife."

"I need to go," Matt said standing quickly and making a break for the door.

"Wait!" she called as he rounded the corner for the hallway and her apartment's front entrance.

"I can't!" he called back loudly.

"**STOP!**" Her voice boomed in the apartment, and Matt's body seemed to freeze in place against his will. She walked up to him as he stood there motionless, his hand stretched out for the door knob to the apartment's entrance.

"We aren't done yet. There are things you need to know. You have to be prepared," she said moving in front of him and looking him in the eye. "Relax."

He felt his muscles return to his control only to see his pathway blocked by the most terrible beauty he'd ever beheld. He knew at that instant that if he was going to get away, it would be because she would let him. He embraced his lack of control and stood straight facing her.

"I am sorry I had to do that to you. But you have to be ready for what could happen in the next few days."

Matt just listened, more afraid of what was standing before him. Then a thought occurred to him. "If you are real... then God is real. You said it yourself. And that means I can... Our father, who art in Heaven," he started praying.

She rolled her eyes as he started repeating the Lord's Prayer a second time, and about mid-way through the third repetition she slapped him rather forcefully. Matt stopped after that, his look of fear replaced with shock.

"First of all, yes, God is real. Second of all, saying that prayer over and over isn't going to help you very much in this case, because 'A', I don't want to hurt you, and 'B', you are in my home and you came here willingly. What it will do in this case is call a whole lot more attention to us both. Attention that you and I both don't want. So calm the fuck down and let me explain some things. Take a seat in the living room. Even if you don't want anything to do with me ever again, you need to know what I am going to tell you." she explained, pointing back the way he'd come.

Matt obeyed Natalie's commands and headed back to his seat in the living room, settling in defeated. He stayed perched on the edge of his seat, ready to move at a moment's notice. He did it despite understanding that he'd never make it to the front door if she didn't let him.

"Okay, so what are you going to explain how you've stolen my soul in exchange for an enormous penis that I'll never be able to use with a normal woman?" he said

bitterly.

"No, and if that is what you are worried about I will be happy to give you something more conventional. First of all, I haven't stolen anything from you. I gave you a gift, free and clear. Secondly and more importantly, by knowing what I am, you've been informed about the supernatural. That means that your eyes will be opened to things that most people don't see. Angels and demons, vampires, ghosts, witches, magic of all kinds are real. They keep themselves hidden for the most part, but everyone screws up once in a while and it makes a mess. The only one who's perfect is God, and He doesn't get directly involved very often. Generally when God happens, it's pretty obvious."

"So I'm aware, so what?" he said angrily.

"So it puts you in danger. More so than just being with me, which was already dangerous. There are beings out there that want me back in hell. Beings on both sides. Then there are other aware humans who work for various organizations. The Vatican still has demon hunters on their payroll. And there are the occult operations. Most people involved with those organizations aren't aware of the fact that most of them are based in some form of truth. Your average priest is just as in the dark as most of humanity. But you get to be a bishop or a cardinal and you learn a lot. Likewise the myriad occult organizations are manned for the most part by idiots, but the deeper you get the more your eyes are opened. Those organizations don't want laymen to know what they know."

"So you've made me a target? Fantastic! What other wonderful things do I have to worry about?"

"It's like this Matt. You know God exists. That means you don't have to have faith in Him. That changes everything about your existence. Most believing humans sin, taking it on faith that they will be forgiven in heaven. You know it for a fact; that means that you will be judged differently in the afterlife. Obviously this means that you need to keep that in mind in your day to day life for the rest of your life."

"So I have to be a saint too? I've killed people, quite a few people! What is God going to do to me? What the FUCK Natalie?" he shouted.

"Ignorance is bliss huh? How do you think I feel? I normally have to steal a man's life force for subsistence. All I want to do is get back to Heaven, to be in His good graces, yet I know that my very method of survival is abhorrent to him," She explained. "At least you aren't being actively hunted by both Heaven and Hell. The Vatican isn't after me, but Heaven and Hell both want me back down there and I don't want to go."

"Can I go now?" he asked indignantly.

"Do you want me to fix your big problem first or not?" she said pointing at the front of his obviously over-stuffed and uncomfortable pants.

He thought about it for a second then replied with a quiet "Yes."

"Come over here," she said quietly. When he did hesitatingly, she wrapped her

arms around him, and meeting his mouth with hers, gave him a scorching kiss that he couldn't resist returning. As his tongue slipped into her mouth he tasted an odd bitter flavor, and then felt a brief but sharp pain at its tip as one of her teeth nicked it. She pulled back from him and he saw a black tear running down her cheek before she could turn away.

"You have complete control of your size now, from where you are now to what you were when we first met," she announced facing away. "Go, be safe," she added, her voice breaking.

He walked out of the apartment without a word.

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Contrary to what one might have thought about Angela Martin's at work demeanor, her private life was not always so restrained. She had been an avid fan of house and techno music in college and had been to several warehouse parties and raves in school. She'd even done ecstasy a few times. Until today, she was certain she'd put those wild days of youthful indiscretion behind her. Yet here she was, boring, reserved, Angela, walking right into what she'd sworn off years ago.

Entering the large space, with its driving music and mass of sweaty writhing bodies, she knew that a few things were going to happen. First, as horny as she was feeling now, she was going to get off. Secondly, to that point, she was going to find some *X*. *Maybe not in that order*, she thought.

As she moved along the perimeter of the dance floor, she had to pull the hem of her ill-fitting black A-line dress down, as every few steps it would start to ride up. A few times it had actually climbed high enough to expose the bottom of her prodigious rump. It still struck her as strange; the dress was so loose fitting at the top and waist, only the belt keeping it cinched in, yet the lower portion was so tight around her thighs and rear. Here though, with her stated mental goals, maybe that wouldn't be such a bad thing.

It didn't take her long to find someone selling *E*, and \$40 later she had a little white pill with an embossed heart recessed into its surface in the palm of her hand. Popping the tablet and chasing it with a slug from a bottle of water, she proceeded out to the dance floor.

Soon what remaining inhibitions she had were gone, and she was grinding against a handsome black man who was probably ten years younger than she was at 31. She'd stopped caring about her dress, and it was soon bunched up below the belt at her waist, leaving just the black panties she'd worn underneath to keep her legally dressed. Added to that, her expanded ass had eaten much of the underwear's lower material, effectively making it disappear beyond the crest of her cheeks.

The combination of the drug and the celestial energy induced arousal coursing

through her, made every touch feel incredible and soon she was almost hanging on the young man, who didn't appear to mind, as his large hands had moved to and were now kneading her bubbly butt. Warm tracers lingered on her skin where she felt his touch on her legs and ass, sending her libido screaming higher.

Her left hand moved around him to his butt as her right traced a path from his chest down to his crotch. She liked what she felt in his pants and gave a gentle squeeze. He looked down at her surprised and she mouthed the words, "Let's fuck." He needed no further encouragement.

He led her off the dance floor and along the side of the stage that had been set up for the DJ. There were several long abandoned offices there. Some were in use; one as a improvise refreshment stand, another by one of the rave's organizers, but most of them were vacant, their lights off, and the windows looking out onto the makeshift dance floor dark. The two of them made their way into the room farthest from the dancing.

There was a cheap desk in the office, looking like it was probably a product of the 1960's. Worn and plain, it was still cleaner than the floor, and quickly she made her way to it hopping her rump onto its edge. Sitting now facing him, Angie gave him a "come hither" gesture with her finger with as wanton a smile as she could manage.

The young black man moved closer and let her unbutton his trousers, letting them fall to the floor at his ankles. There was a large tent in the boxer-briefs he was wearing, and her right hand reached for it even as her left hand pulled the elastic of the waistband away from his ebony skin. Her right hand struggled with the girth of him as it hauled his substantial size from his underwear. He looked like he could rival her big pink toy, at least in girth. She moaned in anticipation, and her left hand went to her own crotch now, hiking up her dress and pushing aside the drenched black panties. Even in the near darkness, the occasional light from the dance floor reflected on the slick gloss of her wetness.

Angela stroked him several times, and was rewarded with him firming up more in her hand, before pulling him to her oozing gash. She guided the blunt tip until she felt the heat of its proximity, followed by the incredible sensation of its touch at her lower lips.

His fingers moved to her bud, parting the petals and rubbing her clit, spreading large thick drops of her juices even more liberally across her sex. Then his hand retreated, joining hers at his cock, as he started to press against her drenched snatch. She felt the large tip stretch her eager entrance wide before slipping in as the broad head finally battered its way inside her. *The real thing is so much better!*

She felt his entire length push inside, filling her completely. *God, he must be huge!* She thought, as she finally felt the weight of his balls touch her plush ass, his pelvis against the back of her thighs. She rested her ankles on his shoulders and propped her upper body up with her hands at the edge of the desk, bracing for him to start more aggressive thrusting.

His left hand moved to the ankle on his left shoulder and held it even as his right hand moved outside her left thigh and over the top of it. Then the thrusting started, a long and slow rhythm, agonizing in its deliberate cadence that had her teetering on the edge of orgasm but wouldn't quite let her get there.

The hand holding her ankle moved to her right nipple, tweaking it through the dress, and then rolling around it in gentle circles. That just made the fire inside her build.

Her eyes closed and mouth hung open as her mind envisioned her boobs growing. *He obviously likes tits, I wish I had the tits he wants. Big perky boobs that are wonderfully sensitive. Tits that make him weak in the knees from lust. Tits that make him want to rip this dress off to get at them. I want to have tits that make my body pop into peoples minds, mind blowing breasts! With nice perky nipples that beg for attention, fuck yeeaaaaah!*

Suddenly there was a rattle as the door knob turned and two men and tiny pixyish woman with wild black and blue hair stumbled into the room. That triggered a mind shattering orgasm to rip through the lawyer's body, even as her black lover flinched at being caught by unannounced intruders.

"Oh fuck yes! Unnh!" Angela moaned. "Don't fucking stop!" The warmth she'd felt at the lounge was back, centered on her chest, but defused throughout her whole body this time to a lesser degree as well.

The three newcomers stared at them like they were watching a dumpster fire, mouths open in rapt awe of the happenings they'd stumbled upon.

For his part, her lover was conflicted. He was still rock hard, about a third inserted into a pussy that was milking him for all it was worth, with three white bystanders just gawking at him and his new paramour, while without missing a beat, she was begging for him to keep giving it to her.

The tension was broken by the new arriving female of all people, who walked boldly up to Angie and started kissing her. This seemed to break the paralyzed lover from his indecision and he began thrusting anew. Absentmindedly he could feel her right breast pressing into his hand. She was filling out up top now, and the hand that had been at her hip joined its left-side counterpart at her inflating bosom. His mind didn't register that she'd almost no boobs to speak of only a minute before hand, lost as it was in the act of plowing his pipe into her. Instead he just knew that now her tits were just about perfect.

Angie was reveling in the sensation of the heat that was flooding her body, while trying to ignore the slightly uncomfortable intensity that centered on her chest. Between that, the great cock that was fucking her brains out through her orgasm and the unknown woman who was pouring her tongue down her throat, there wasn't much more she could do except revel in the moment. Another climax was coming to her, rising like the crest of a great wave. Her mind focused on the penetration that was egging her libido on, that great rod and the golden lingua that were probing her body as the next orgasm rolled over her.

Her body quivered under the effects, but this time the warmth she'd been feeling focused on various parts of her body didn't occur. Instead a tingle emanated from her mouth and pussy, cresting in peaks as the waves of climax crested and ebbed through her. She heard the man laying the pipe in her moan and start grunting. She could feel his cock swell in her constricting cunt. The woman frantically frenching her shuddered too, and Angie felt her lingual muscle probe even deeper into her own mouth, twisting and bending in impossible ways.

Meanwhile the two guys were still standing at the door, taking in the lurid scene. The taller one finally said "Fuck it, when in Rome," and moved over to the girl he'd come in with who was still bent over kissing Angie. The shorter one, not sure what to do, just undid his fly and started jerking it at the whole orgy that was unfolding before him.

Tall man moved in close behind the girl, unbuttoned and pulled down on her ripped up jean shorts, working them over her hips with her underwear. She groaned as he pushed into her and began rapidly working to a good fast tempo.

Angie felt the black cock start to thrust faster and harder, its owner's rutting noises getting louder and more guttural as his end came. His hands were still focused on her tits now pouring out of the top of her dress like soft bread dough rising in a bowl. With his last drive he pushed as deep into her as he could go and erupted with an explosion of jism in spurts.

"Oh yeah! Fill me up with your cum you fucking adonis!" she yelled past the girl at her mouth, who then backed away to watch. The heat returned, filling her chest and tits almost exclusively this time with almost searing heat as blast after blast of spunk poured into her. Angela's head and shoulders arched back on the desktop as the heat in her breasts became painful, teeth gritted and eyes scrunched shut. The dress was tight now against her chest, as her tits filled what had once been a boxy cut with burgeoning flesh.

Short man couldn't believe what he was seeing; her tits were growing right before his eyes! He staggered over to her, his boner still in hand as he stroked it. Soon he was by Angela's head, staring down the neckline at braless cleavage. Her breasts piled up above the belt of the straining but stubbornly defiant and well made dress.

Angela felt the presence of the short man, and as the pain subsided, opened her eyes to see him, and more importantly his stout prick only inches away from her face. Quickly her hand joined, and then replaced his in stroking. Unsatisfied with that though, she turned her head and found she could just get the tip of him with her mouth, and soon between her mouth and hand had him nearing his happy ending too.

Give a bit of detail like, 'The girl's lustful curiosity sent her fingers to work on Angela's belt buckle, trying to get it off so she could hike the boxy slip-dress up over those tits. It took a few seconds, but in her excitement, she was successful. Since Angela's mouth was now busy giving short man a blowjob, The girl moved to one of



her prominent nipples. Her newly lengthened and almost prehensile tongue probing and coiling around Angie's now proud buds.

The black man, in spite of his recent climax was still weakly thrusting into Angie, fighting through his refractory period with the help the energy that she'd infused him with. Soon he was back up to speed, and thundering into her stronger than before. The sight of the two other guys being serviced was obviously not dissuading him too much, and he bent over to join the girl at Angela's other breast.

Angela was riding hard through an almost constant level of orgasmic energy now. Being pounded by the man at her crotch even as she blew the short guy and had her nipples sucked was driving her to a massive climax though. She wanted to feel that intense burn wracking her body. It hurt but it felt so good too, seeming to build her release to unparalleled levels of intensity.

*My body was made for this! I was built to service men and women's sexual needs. Being a Lawyer pays the bills, but fuck why haven't I done this before?* She couldn't remember a time when she'd been so sensitive, or felt so good. The almost maddening arousal was hard to deal with, but right here, right now, all that could make this better would be if the tall guy who was pounding the girl at her right nipple would fuck her instead. *To have three dicks like the one this black god has fucking me would be incredible, and if the girl had tits like mine...*

Just the thought of that was enough to trip the mind shattering crescendo that had been building off. Her eyes fluttered before rolling back in her head and her body started twitching uncontrollably as her brain rebooted. In the back of her mind she felt that tingling sensation pass over her again, this time centered on her right nipple and her lips around short guys' head.

For his part, Ben, the man getting the blowjob, had never been so wrong about his initial reservations. He hadn't wanted to come to this rave. He wasn't good with women, he didn't like to dance, and he'd assessed his prospects of having a good time to be low at best. Thus, when he found himself getting a blowjob from this wanton slut with no strings attached, never mind getting to see two chicks loving on each other, he determined that he was probably going to do this rave thing again. That was when he felt the odd heat that was centered on his crotch. It seemed to be coming from her mouth, but she looked like she was passed out. Even though this insatiable fuck receptacle was still weakly sucking on him he had no idea what was causing the intensifying warmth that was spreading through his cock. He'd already thought he'd seen her breasts grow, but had he? *She's got huge tits, but did they grow? Weren't they smaller than this when I first saw her with Kyle? Tits don't grow.*

The heat was getting really intense, and the blowjob was getting uncomfortable. He took a half step backwards, then realized that while he still felt like his cock was on fire, the discomfort was gone... *Wait, I just took a half step back, and she's still sucking me off... What the fuck?* He looked down at himself. There had to be nearly of a foot of cock

between his pelvis and her lips, which were now strained to fit around his girth. He shook his head. *Where did that...*

Then he saw the other girl, *What was her name- Amber? Amanda? Amelia!* Her chest literally inflated right before his eyes, ballooning in the tight tank top she'd been wearing until it was full like a second skin, stress lines radiating from the armpits and across the nipples. He could hear the cloth *popping* at the back of her bra as the single metal hook bent free from the back of the band. That was followed the rapid fire *snapping* of the tank tops t-shirt cotton material tearing out at the arm-pits as her tits swelled larger and larger, finally stabilizing at when it looked like she was smuggling two of her own heads inside her desperately overburdened shirt. *Her tits look just like this other sluts! I wish I could be banging her like Kyle, then again I would probably break her in two. The curse of being born with a big cock... wait, what?*

Amelia on the other hand, was oblivious to the changes that she was undergoing; instead focusing on the tingling surrounding Kyle's expanding equipment, overfilling her quickly becoming inadequate plumbing. *He's fucking enormous!* He was uncomfortably big now, and the tiny girl wondered how much bigger he would grow? She'd never experienced a dick so big, and she was just hoping that he would finish soon so she could go back to loving on this chick with the tits like hers. In fact she couldn't remember the last time she'd seen a woman with boobs that could probably fit into her cups... *her frame is bigger than mine though.*

Soon the tingling sensation faded, and so did the discomfort of being overfilled with every stroke as she could feel Kyle's impending climax coming. Heat was filling her snatch, intensifying into a glorious burn. *Fuck he feels good! I've never felt so gloriously full in my life!*

Amelia pulled away from the nipple she'd been worshiping, and took in the whole spectacle around her. *All these guys are HUGE, she's got it all going on, and she's taking that black guy like a champ! She looks like she wants to deep throat Ben too. Fuck that would be cool to see. Oh sweet Jesus I'm cumming!*

Angela felt warmth focus in her neck now as the familiar heat brought her back to her senses. She was still being pounded by the black stallion and the Short guy was still fucking her mouth as the heat intensified. That's when she felt Ben's big tool just slide down her throat. Her neck bulged to accommodate the huge member, but she didn't gag or choke, while at the same time her lips became pillowy and plush around him. That both thrilled and disturbed her. It also made Ben pick up speed.

Ben was now the only person in the room who hadn't come at least once, but he was close. Watching and feeling his huge rod slide down her incredible throat was going to do the trick soon. His thoughts strayed to what had until tonight been his dream woman, Adriana Lima. He'd met her once in Vegas at a promotion he'd happened upon. *Put her face on this body; fuck me that would be utter perfection!*

His thoughts were interrupted as she swallowed him on the thrust, and he

tipped over the precipice of climax and deluged her esophagus with his baby batter. Angela's face felt like it was on fire, as unlike all the previous changes, this time bones were effected too. Her whole facial structure changed as heat filled her very structure, molding her face into a sexy amalgam of her and the Victoria's Secret Angel. The burn finally faded and he pulled back from her still suckling mouth.

She felt the black man come again, and the warmth that had just faded from her face spread to her tits again, as they started getting even bigger. She watched as they spread out and down her torso, mounding up below the dress and under the hands that were massaging them, the face that was sucking on them. *Fuck I have to be as big as Lela! And she's not a small woman. Not like me.*

They kept spreading and pushing out, and the horniness started to well up inside her even more intensely as the people around her continued to lavish attention on her body. Even the tall guy with his huge cock was now in the circle around her, the little elf of a girl with the huge tits was sucking on his balls, but he was stroking himself looking at her, practically begging Angie to help.

"I was made for this. Let's see who gives up first. There are four of you and one of me. It might almost be an even match," she challenged, licking her lips in anticipation match-up that was to come.

\* \* \*

Wednesday arrived with rain spattering the window of her bedroom and black smears on her pillowcase from the tears she'd shed. Natalie's body was outrageous now, having finally processed the exorbitance of Matt's offering the night prior. In spite of the fact that her body was resplendent in both appearance and power, she felt miserable. She knew she would have no clothes that would come remotely close to fitting, and it was her first full day as a paid partner in the firm. She couldn't take the day off again to go shopping.

Additionally she needed to start getting ready for her trip to New York. She needed to come up with a disguise that would fit the Prince's desires. She had a ton of things to do in addition to working. And on top of all that, her love had left her.

The black tears started to slowly leave more streaks on her cheeks when the doorbell rang. She padded in her stained nightgown to the door, pausing at the bathroom to dab away the tears and then started to open the front door thoughtlessly without looking through the peep hole.

The sudden violence of the blow that slammed the doorknob into her stomach launched her from her place at the door into the exterior wall twenty feet behind her with nary any arc to the flight, like a bad wire-foo stunt. The impact of her body against the wall cracked the plaster and displaced several bricks from the apartment's exterior wall, sending them falling to the sidewalk seven stories below.

"You couldn't do it could you. You couldn't leave well the fuck enough alone!" Cianna shouted, already standing over Natalie's shocked form. In the blink of an eye, she was raining blows down, spattering the carpet with blue black blood as the metal studded gloves tore deep grooves into the demon's perfect face.

"You've gotten soft!" she declared, standing before she brought her black steel toed boot back and then forward in a kick that would have killed a mere human, landing it below her jaw. As it was, it sent her head sideways at a sickening angle and caused her neck to emit a stomach-churning crunch.

The demon hunter hauled Natalie up by her hair and looked her in the eye. "You didn't just fuck up; you potentially ruined the whole balance! For someone who doesn't want to be back in Satan's clutches, you sure as hell have been pretty stupid!" she pulled an object from her trench coat pocket with her free right hand flipping a switch, revealed it to be a spring loaded stiletto.

"You aren't even fighting back. Kind of takes the sport out of it. Too bad for you I do this as an obligation and not for sport. Any last words before I send you back to Lucifer?" she asked drawing back her arm.

"Have you ever loved?" Natalie asked without malice.

"What?" Cianna said surprised, her left arm lowering the demon slightly.

"Have you ever loved any one?" She asked again with a little elaboration.

"Of course."

"Then you know why I did what I did."

Cianna hesitated for a second then dropped the demon back to the black stained carpet. "Your kind is incapable of love," she declared, still standing imposingly over the crumpled and broken demon.

"I can prove it. Then you will know beyond a doubt that you are wrong." Natalie said, unmoving from the position she'd landed in.

"Know that if you are trying to trick me I will kill you in a heartbeat." Cianna promised.

"No tricks." Natalie announced, signaling the standing woman to come closer. When Cianna complied by squatting, Natalie reached her arm up and with one finger touched her forehead.

The condensed history of Natalie Faust's entire existence flooded into Cianna's mind, filling her head with a visible memory from every chapter of her life. Cianna shot upright as though she'd been electrocuted and every muscle in her body was trying to contract at once, the stiletto gripped tightly in her hand. She struggled to remain upright as her muscle control partially returned, but her boot heel caught the carpet awkwardly and Cianna stumbled and turned sideways, before collapsing forwards clutching her head in her left hand while trying and failing to catch her fall with the right.

Visions of Heaven, Earth, Hell, and the stars flooded Cianna's visual cortex. She

lived little glimpses of Natalie's life as if it were her there. Seeing the grandeur of creation, feeling the warmth of God's presence, walking a pristine Earth, seeing the carnage of war in Heaven, being cast down into Hell, living a life of continual suffering and death in Hell, the liberation of escape, surviving many of the same hard years on earth Cianna herself had in the dark and middle ages, the dread of dying on earth and being sent back to Hell again, the anguish of a second time there, and the relief of escaping again, and finally the experience of love after all those thousands of isolated years. She experienced all of it like she was there, and in only a fraction of a second.

"You didn't fight against God." Cianna rasped after a long moment, when her mind could finally form words again. Her eyes came into focus to see Natalie standing over her with a hand reaching down in an offer to help her would be killer up.

"No. I just didn't fight at all. My punishment for not picking a side was to have my side picked for me," she said as Cianna took the offered hand. She helped the woman up.

"The church doesn't have that kind of detail about what each demon did. Just what their strengths and weaknesses are," Cianna admitted with a perplexed look.

"My weakness it would seem is love." Natalie stated, looking straight into the eyes of the woman who a minute earlier was ready to banish her to Hell, "What now?"

"I... I don't know," Cianna admitted, shifting her weight with an odd wince. "I have instructions to send you to Hell, but..." she paused wincing again and looked down, noticing her right hand was spattered with red blood now. Running her hand down her side she felt something and she teetered for an instant before collapsing back to the floor. As she landed, the long trench coat flopped open to reveal the stiletto buried to the hilt in her side. She wrenched the blade free instinctively and gasped, immediately regretting it. "I seem to have a problem."

"But you're immortal," Natalie started but was interrupted.

"Not immortal, just ageless and blessed with strength and vitality." the wounded woman corrected.

"I need to get you to a hospital." Natalie declared, hefting her former assailant up.

"Perfect, the demon I am sent to banish is gonna help me to the—" she coughed violently and a spatter of blood landed on Natalie's cheek, "hospital. Fuck I clipped a lung."

A few minutes later they were racing towards Harborview Hospital in Natalie's Porsche.

As they pulled into the ER entrance, Cianna looked over at Natalie from inside the blanket she was wrapped in.

"I need you to do me a favor."

"Aren't I already doing you one?" She asked as she stopped the car.

"No, this is practical. I need you to take my guns. I can't take them into the

hospital... and I need you to take the sword I left in your apartment and get it to Saint James Cathedral. Give it to the Arch-Bishop. He'll know what to do with it."

"You want me to go to a church? A cathedral no less, and talk to an Arch-Bishop?" she said with disbelief as she got out of the car to get Cianna into the hospital. She scooped the smaller woman up in a two armed carry and with deft fingers grabbed the plastic bag she'd put the stiletto in and carried them into the hospital to the nurses' station, where Cianna was put on a stretcher while she was left to fill out paperwork in her ill-fitting black and red stained white night gown, that she only now really became self-aware she was wearing.

It was 8:38 when she called work to tell them she'd had to take a stabbing victim to the hospital and that she'd be a little late.

\* \* \*

Angela's eyes fluttered open to the dim light filtering into the office windows from the warehouse floor. It took her a moment to recall where she was, and what she'd been doing.

Sitting up from where she lay on the desk, Angela was immediately aware of several things. Foremost was the soreness. Her whole body from her calves to her jaw muscles where they connected at her temples hurt like she'd had a work out of excruciating length and intensity. The worst of it was centered on her pussy, mouth and neck.

Then there was the mess. Her whole body was sticky or crusty, and she smelled like... sex. *Which is fitting since that is what caused all of this mess.* She was painfully aware of the huge gush of mixed fluids that poured from her used gash as she sat upright. *Ugh!*

Then there were the physical changes. Her tits were huge! She was easily as big as Natalie. *I don't see why the drones all treat her so different, I am just big as she is... wait. What?*

Something didn't seem right about that. She remembered back to the office. She'd never been given lead, and she suspected that it had to do with not being taken seriously enough. Angela had overheard some of the junior partners snickering behind her back about how big her rack was, and how she'd never win a case with a female judge. She tried to think some more. She'd appeared in court for four major trials, and they had won all the ones with male judges. There was only that one with Judge Thomas, and she'd been particularly hard on their defense team.

All of this made her resent the fact that Natalie had been made Junior Partner even more. *I can do everything she does, and I still don't get the recognition or respect. I graduated top ten in my class at Princeton! I...* "Ow!" she moaned as stiff soreness interrupted her thought as she stood. Her internal muscles were grumbling in protest as

her legs took her weight.

That brought her mind back to last night. After the four initial ravers had had their way with her, more had showed up, and eventually she'd lost track of how many men and women had been on the train that had railed her last night. More than twenty, she was sure, between her mouth and her snatch. More still if she included her hands.

Common sense thoughts of concern were absent. The thoughts of sexually transmitted disease, or pregnancy were not her concern. More pressing right now was finding her dress and getting back to her apartment and getting cleaned up.

She took a first ginger step and felt a wet warmth ooze anew from her beleaguered beaver, running down between her sculpted inner thighs. There were no signs of other people. She'd been left here when the party ended. *That's good I guess, at least I'm not at some creepy guys bachelor pad.*

She saw her dress, balled up in a corner of the room, covered in dust and God only knew what else. Beating on it to remove the grime only rewarded her with more residual goo leaking from her pussy with every aggressive move. *Okay, this can stop now.*

Surprisingly her purse was also still in the room, and apparently unmolested. Retrieving the packet of Kleenex she had inside, she proceeded to use all of them to finally remove enough of the co-mingled sexual muck from her lower body that she felt as though she could probably put the dress back on. However that lead to a whole new problem.

The dress was straight cut, to the point where she'd cinched the waist tight last night to show off her tiny waist line, but over her now pneumatic curves, getting the inadequate and non-stretching material to go on was going to be a struggle at best. Pulling the dress over her head, she learned right away that her breasts pliability was the only reason they would fit in the obviously far too restrictive confines of the garment. When she finally had it on, it looked absurd. The previously spacious neckline was now filled by the bulging cleavage of her breasts as they fought against each other for the insufficient space inside. Her hips likewise made the lower portion of the dress look painted on, while the waistline looked absolutely stupid stretched between her hip line and bust line but not accentuating her wasp waist at all. Instead it contained even more breast tissue that hid beneath the valiant dress' now filled smooth shape. And the belt, unlike her purse and the dress, was nowhere to be found.

There was little evidence of the rave left over on the warehouse floor. Some obvious spots where beverages had been spilled, a little clutter, but generally it could have passed for an unused building.

She started to leave the office space, when she noticed a cell phone sitting on one of the window-sill. It was an iPhone 3S, it's bulky after-market case allowing it to stand freely. Picking it up and pushing the button, the screen came to life to show a video capture app open. Curiosity made her push the play button on the last captured video.

It started with the rave on the floor, the microphone being overdriven by the cacophony of blaring music. The unseen videographer suddenly trained the camera on a scruffy looking twenty something saying something unintelligible and beckoning the recorder to follow quickly.

The movie skipped to a dimly lit room to focus on... "Holy shit that's me!"

She watched the grainy and dim video in rapt attention. She could see the black stud who'd plowed her box relentlessly making impossibly long strokes between her legs. At the same time she was jacking two very well endowed men off with each hand even as another man was fucking her face, again with a champion grade rod that must have been a foot long.

She sat there focused for maybe a minute; long enough to see the dick in her right hand shower her with jiz, adding to the liberal coating already applied to her quivering breasts. Then the phone made a beeping noise and the AT&T logo appeared on the screen. The battery had died.

Curiosity grabbed her and made her commit to taking the phone home instead of merely deleting the offending video and leaving the phone for its owner to find. She'd had an iPhone once, and she still had the charger. It was just a matter of charging it up, and hoping that there wasn't a password. *There wasn't one when I took it off standby; it should be unlocked when I charge it up. I hope.* She shoved the phone into her purse and left the room.

Angie walked through the cavernous space only to find the door padlocked closed from the outside. She determined after finding all the doors locked from the outside, that a window would be the best option.

Keeping an eye on the limited traffic, she determined the best time to make a move and opened one of the big windows enough to squeeze through the gap. She managed to get her head, shoulders and considerable bust through the gap with no problem and was pressing herself over the low wall with her arms when she felt the dress snag on the corrugated sheet metal siding. By the time she could try to stop though, her immense upper body was pulling her forward, and she heard the dreadful sound of a sustained ripping followed by the slamming of the window as she tumbled head first to the raised concrete of the loading dock below.

Looking herself over she was mortified to discover that the dress had torn down the front from the navel down, leaving only her ass covered and displaying her abused non-underwear clad pussy bare for the world to see. It was four blocks to her car, at 8:55 in the morning, on a Wednesday. Where she was right now was not bad, but as soon as she stood it would be a huge problem.

That was when her libido, dormant since falling unconscious after last night's epic train ride, awoke.

*What the hell is wrong with me?* She wondered as her sex drive ramped up.

The need she felt at that moment was dire, and her right hand plunged into her



over used box with three fingers while her left meandered to her breasts and began languidly playing at her nipples. *What am I doing?!* Her mind screamed as she uncontrollably masturbated. *Dammit Angie stop!* But she couldn't; the need buried in her crotch was like an itch she couldn't quite scratch, burning brilliantly, begging for relief. Then one of her deep probing fingers hit her G-spot, and a mix of aching pain and the high of release washed through her. The endorphin rush pushed the pain away, and she was able to compose herself as best she could with her current state of dress.

Shoeless, in a torn dress, she managed to find a newspaper to protect some of her modesty and after three different passer-by's in cars had offered assistance (and leering looks) she finally made it to her car.

The drive home was nerve racking. On the one hand she was effectively naked from the waist down and positive that people on the passenger side of any car she drove next to could see her. On the other, she wanted them to see. She wanted to invite them into her car and have them ravish her right there while she drove home. The fight between propriety and wanton lust was hammering her sensibilities, to the point where she'd almost gotten into three accidents on the drive back to her house.

Angie exited her vehicle in the car port of her modest one story bungalow, only after waiting a pregnant moment to make reasonably sure that no one was paying attention. Normally she backed into the spot to make for an easier departure down the narrow residential street, but that meant walking around her car to the door, so she had pulled the car in to make the dash into the house that much shorter. It wasn't short enough for her neighbor Sarah not to notice her return though.

Sarah Billings had never been an admirer of Angela's before, but this morning that changed. Tall and athletic with a strong but slight build and angular features, Sarah could be considered attractive but not beautiful, with an air of masculinity about her that betrayed her sexual orientation. She couldn't remember the incredible curves that the lawyer had, but she knew they were what her body lusted after today. However, when she saw the state of Angie's dress as she spun quickly to shut the car door, those sexual thoughts fled in an instant, and for good reason.

To an outsider, and contrary to her hyper-sexualized thought process, Angela looked like a rape victim. Her dress was torn, her eyes were distant and slightly glazed, and her hair was a rat's nest. *I need to go see if she's okay!*

Angela rummaged through the junk drawer, pulled out her old iPhone charger and plugged it in to the phone and the wall. When it had booted she started watching the video again, noting this time that the video was over two hours long, and had ended when the phone's memory had run out of space. She moved to a new spot in the movie, about an hour into the duration.

The image had changed perspective, probably agreeing with the location where she'd found the phone, implying that the videographer had most likely joined into the orgy, but right now it was a heroin chic girl that she was eating out that had her

attention. A relatively modestly endowed man was held in her right hand and the woman atop her was deep throating some other guy at the same time. Her finger moved to the screen, getting ready to move on, when the boyish looking woman came, and that was when she noticed the change.

Angie watched as she changed, her breasts literally ballooned, filling out rapidly from virtually nothing to something much more, quickly surpassing normal and then moving beyond big into huge. Subtly she could see her ass bulging larger, and her thighs swelling. The "girl" was now very womanly as she wailed through her orgasm.

The pixilated vision before her made the gears in her mind start to mesh. The modestly endowed man popped off with his own orgasm, going from where he was to far past modest and into the inhuman ranks beyond that of heftiest of porn-star cocks. Finally it clicked; *When they orgasm they change!*

Suddenly there was a knock at the door, snatching her from the riveting movie on the 3.5 inch screen.

"Just a second," she announced rising from the table and running to get her bathrobe from the bedroom. As she pulled it on it was obvious that it was designed for someone far smaller about the chest and hips, while larger in the waist than she was. Even pulled as tightly closed as she could it gaped about her cleavage, the hemmed edges only coming together once they passed below the prominence of her breasts at her waist, where the new abundance of fabric was short lived about the sash. It then spread out to very nearly gaping again at its lowest point just below her now expanded hips and derriere. So much fabric was spent wrapping around her curves that the once knee length robe now barely covered her crotch. Just walking to the door, her right breast had started to force its way out of the massive gap at the top of the garment, while the lower overlap had opened up to expose her tidy but swollen snatch. Angie hesitated to turn the knob after her hand had reached it, her mind racing. She took a deep breath.

*Keep it together Angela, just answer the door like a normal person.* She'd left the table relatively calm and clear-headed, but in the time it took to get dressed and reach the door she'd again become horny, the act of squeezing into the ill-fitting robe not helping. *Oh fuck, not again,* she bemoaned mentally as she felt the lust taking over. Desire replaced concern as she turned the knob.

For her part, Sarah wasn't ready for what opened the door. An obviously aroused and confused Angela, who's dilated pupils were locked on hers the second the door swung in. There was a distinct smell too about her as well, like sex and sweat. Her hair was a mess, and her makeup was smeared. But that wasn't what got Sarah's attention. It was how absolutely smoking hot Angela was. How had she not seen this before? But then she realized she had. Angela had been the object of her unrequited and unfulfilled desire for three years now. *Why am I just now coming over? Stop that! She may need help, just ask the question.*

"Angela, do you-," Sarah was interrupted mid-sentence by the lawyer's hand thrusting out and grabbing her by the collar to lock her into a sweltering kiss even as Angie pulled the two of them into the kitchen.

Pushing Sarah up against the fridge, Angela proceeded to smother her face in wet kisses before starting to move down her neck to her clavicle. Her fingers moved down between the visitors legs, pressing knowingly into the thin material in search of her clit, and upon hearing a moan from Sarah, knew that she'd found it.

Sarah meanwhile was marveling at the turn of events, while reveling in the sensation of Angela's lips about her neck, and fingers at her nethers, she was also acutely aware of the pressure those two huge breasts were exerting on her in the embrace. Why hadn't she come after this buxom minx sooner?

Finally the kiss broke apart, and a hard breathing Angela asked her neighbor, "You were saying?"

"I, uhh-"

"You wanted to fuck? Okay," Angie interrupted again, pulling the dazed woman further into her home and toward the bedroom.

For her part Sarah didn't resist. The reek of sex and the lewd appearance of Angie coupled with the confusion she was feeling about the lawyer's sex appeal and horniness that was raging in her body lead to a passivity she'd not felt for a long time. The two of them stumbled together into the dimly lit bedroom, lips still locked, unable to keep their hands off each other. They struggled to make it to the bed, rampantly pawing one another, then giggling like a pair of naughty school girls as they tripped over the huge pink dildo Angie had casually left on the floor.

Finally making it to the roughed up bed, Angie collapse backwards, sprawling and pushing herself up its length. Sarah looking on, one knee up on the mattress, like a hungry beast about to leap atop its kill. Angie was squirming like an expectant whore, her long legs working to rub her thighs together, and her torn dress exposing her swollen lower lips between the obscuring motions of her legs. Her breasts were stressing the seams at the overburdened bust line of the dress even as they were splayed out beneath the fabric by her reclined pose and gravity.

Angie had her eyes closed as she seemed to grind toward release. What are you waiting for," she moaned, "fuck me already!" The command obliterated all remaining hesitation from Sarah's mind. Angie took a sharp breath as she felt her newest paramour straddle her legs. Leaning forward she lowered her face to Angie's and laid another smoldering kiss on the raven haired sexpot beneath her.

Sarah's right moved to the gooey entrance of her lover's box. Angie moaned into Sarah's kiss, and her pussy convulsed around her fingers, almost like it was trying to draw the blonde's digits in deeper. She diddled at Angela's clit for a minute before withdrawing. Sarah could tell that her climax was close.

"You're a horny little minx aren't you?" she whispered into Angie's ear. Angie

merely moaned in response.

Knowing it wouldn't take much, and wanting more pleasure of her own, Sarah slid her crotch down atop Angie's. She began to hump, grinding her own well-toned pelvis into that below her, stimulating Angie's ragingly erect clit with every thrust. Soon her own clit was bulging from its hood, and her own moans joined Angie's as both women worked towards orgasm.

Angela could feel the rise of orgasm looming on the horizon of her consciousness. But it lingered just over the edge, nagging, building higher and higher. *If there were a cock inside me I would have come by now*, She mused through the fog of pleasure that was clouding most of her mind. *God I need something inside me*. Suddenly Sarah increased the intensity of her gyrations while simultaneously latching onto one of Angie's rock hard nipples with her teeth, launching Angela's orgasm from the periphery of her being to prime time center stage.

Sarah felt the spasming of Angela's climax below her own pussy. The power of Angie's kegel muscles such that her engorged cunt lips pulsed and massaged Sarah's own dainty labia. Frustrated that there was nothing to grip within it, Angie's quivering lovebox gushed with a flood of love juices apparently unneeded for lubrication, shocking Sarah as she felt her groin doused in girl spunk. Just as a moan escaped the orgasming lawyer's parted lips, her paramour felt something too.

An ache started in her eager snatch. It centered on her clit and built into a mixing of tingling pleasure and pain. She still needed to get herself off though, and continued grinding away at Angie's slobbering cunt. Soon she felt her engorged joy buzzer catching on the upper lip of Angie's pussy, their twin buzzing organs sending the pair to yet higher levels of bliss. Then she felt something strange, a sensation she'd never experienced before. Her clit felt warm, surrounded on all sides, clenched tightly by Angie's powerful vaginal walls. It felt amazing! Angela groaned happily as she felt her vaginal walls unnaturally penetrated by hot warm flesh. In her state of arousal, she didn't question what it was that was pounding into her.

The girls continued their humping, Angela practically screeching in delight as Sarah moaned, huffed, and grunted; the magical foreign pleasures assaulting her mind. She'd never experienced anything like this before, and she couldn't stop. It felt so, so wrong she knew, but so, so good. Finally, after another thirty seconds of pistoning madly, Sarah came explosively, a lightning bolt of ecstasy striking her hugely expanded clit, shocking her with pleasures so mind destroying, she almost passed out.

The shock made her pull out, her female orgasm continuing as she withdrew, her only thoughts the wish that this feeling would last forever and that she loved feeling erect fullness of her clit. The heavy weight bobbing up and down as she shook in orgasm was intoxicating. She loved having a huge clit, loved the maddeningly intense orgasms it gave her. *Wait*, she thought, *heavy weight? Huge clit? Her clit was just average!* Still in the throes of ecstasy, she looked down. What she saw shocked her even more.

Sarah had a cock. No, not really a cock, but her clit had swollen to near cock-like proportions. It was vaguely cock shaped, with what looked like the distinctive glans of a man's penis, but there was no hole at the tip, and it still had the smoothness and shiny nakedness of a clitoris. *What the fuck is going on? Why is my clit turning into a dick? Not just a dick, but a huge one too. And it feels so good, fuck! I want more!*

She continued her visual exploration awestruck, still twitching in the lingering remains of the longest and most powerful orgasm of her life. Sarah watched as her new phallus sprouted longer and thicker by the second, stretching out and broadening. *Fuck yes, I want to be bigger*, she thought as it swelled, giving her yet more pleasure. *I've always wanted to be bigger! Wait, no I haven't!* Her left hand moved to the shaft's midpoint and took hold, making the new member jump in reaction, triggering a second orgasm and sending a fresh wave of pleasure up her spine. She could feel the bright pink fleshy meat tube respond to her touch. It throbbed rhythmically as it expanded further in her hands, engorging with blood as it became fully erect.

*But this isn't right. I can't remember-* But then she could remember. She could remember the ridicule, the taunting in school. How, even when not erect, her big clit would bulge conspicuously from its hood, making gym class often embarrassing. How she started having small but noticeable erections that grew with time during puberty, forcing her to conceal her clit with loose skirts and dresses. She could remember being called a freak. She could remember the confusion. At the same time though, she was aware of her existence as a "conventional" woman. These were two divergent paths but they were the same, as if they were a blending of different realities. Then, she blinked and it was as though everything melded together. She could remember the pain and depression of her youth, the embarrassment mixed with excitement when she'd found how good masturbation was. And then she'd discovered a whole sub culture who was infatuated with her as she'd grown up. She had it all, a big cock like clit and a pussy. This had made her very sought after by a small but very devoted group of suitors. Her thoughts and new memories crystallized and her attention went back to the writhing nymph on the bed before her.

Angie's eyes focused on Sarah, and then the cock that she'd just imagined fucking her sprouting from Sarah's crotch. She was still neatly trimmed, but there was now a big thick dong that had replaced her previously demure clitoris.

*That wasn't like that before, I remember... I know this isn't right. This doesn't happen. I just imagined that and now it's real. It's too much. But holy shit, that thing looks amazing.*

Her mind was screaming at her that this wasn't right, that things were seriously wrong, but all she really wanted right now was to have that clit-cock filling her completely. That and for Sarah to have boobs that matched that big tool. She reached out to take hold of Sarah's member and guide it back into her wanton slot. As she pulled the tool to her splayed open lower lips, her right hand went to Sarah's gash.

*You can't do this! This is so fucked up!*

"STOP!" Angie yelled. "Just stop! Something's not right."

Sarah looked at her funny. There was incredulousness at first, then a flash of anger. "What the fuck do you mean stop?" she inquired. "You were all hot to go before but now you aren't interested? Am I too strange for you? Don't like the thought of what I've got? You seemed pretty happy with it inside you, and you sure seem to like that giant fake shit you've got laying on the floor."

"It's not that. Something is wrong. Something I can't explain. You weren't like this a minute ago. I know it, I mean I think I do," Angie pleaded.

"You're a fucking teasing bitch!" Sarah screamed standing. Her previously massive "cock" was rapidly shrinking, now merely a four inch long giant clit. Soon Sarah knew it would retreat almost completely into her hood, looking like an abnormally large, yet plausible clit. She started to get dressed.

"Wait! Let me show you something, so that at least you can see what I am talking about," she begged chasing after Sarah naked as the seething lover stormed toward the kitchen door.

"What? What can you possibly show me that will explain this?"

Angie picked up the iPhone that was still charging on the table and pushed the button.

\* \* \*

The fact that it was a slow news day helped Natalie's case at work, as the local stations had picked up the story of a Good Samaritan who'd helped a stabbing victim to a local hospital. The news piece identified her by name but not by photo and that had got her off the hook when she arrived at work 1:30 in the afternoon. The late arrival had largely been to afford her time to get a new outfit. It hadn't been easy. Walking into her new office, Natalie set to the task of catching up on the correspondence that had accumulated over the course of the morning. Second from the top of the stack was an envelope addressed to her in a neat but masculine script. She knew what it was before she opened it.

*Ms. Faust,*

*While I have enjoyed meeting the people who work at the firm, I have determined that I am not cut out to be a personal assistant. I am hereby giving my two weeks' notice. I trust that this will be sufficient to allow for a replacement to be found.*

*V/R,  
Matthew Willcox*

She was instantly reminded of the night prior, but then anger seeped in. *What a*

*load of shit! He's worked here a little over a week and a half. He's leaving because of me! DAMNIT!* She thought.

Storming out of the office, she strode purposefully to his position. She leaned over and braced both arms on his desk. "My office, NOW!" she said loudly and forcefully enough that several of the secretaries at nearby desks looked up from their phones and computers in shocked surprise. Ms. Faust rarely raised her voice, and never made ominous demands like that. The whole energy in the office changed immediately. For his part, he did as he was told, real fear evident in his eyes to all who saw him following her.

"Close the door." she commanded after they were both inside her office.

He did as ordered and stood there stricken with fear.

"Your letter of resignation is crap. You are a fine personal assistant. It's me that you can't stand anymore," she accused in a quieter tone. She knew that the door wasn't soundproof, and there were nosy people in the office who were gossip mongers.

After he stood there silently for an uncomfortably long time, she added, "Well... say something!"

"I can't associate with you. That's what my pastor told me." he said flatly.

"Are you kidding me! You told your pastor about me? Did you know that a Hunter came to my door today? That's pretty short turn around. What exactly did you say?" she explained with agitation.

Matt looked even more alarmed. "I tried to keep it hypothetical. I just asked him what he would do if he knew someone was evil, someone who he was involved with. He told me he would stay away from that person and pray for them. And he said he would ask for help if it became a problem doing that."

"Well it must have set off warning bells. The hunter that came to my apartment is the Vatican's best and I was ready to let her send me back. We had a... discussion, and as such she granted me a reprieve, but I am on borrowed time, more now than ever."

"I... I don't know what to say." He replied

"No, I don't figure you do, but I have something I want to say to you, since I may not get the chance again. I know you've heard me say this before, but it's the truth. I have never done anything to hurt you, well aside from slapping you yesterday, but that was to get you to listen for a minute. I love you, in a way I have never felt about anyone ever before. I care about your well-being. I had hoped that after I'd explained who and what I am, if you felt the same about me, that you would be able to see past my background and origins and care about me as the person I am to you." she said, laying out her feelings. Her hands were trembling as she fought to keep from crying black tears for the second time that day.

Matt was a little caught off guard that she was opening up to him like this in their current environment. "I... do care about you, but I can't be with you," he started.

"I know..." she interrupted but Matt held up a hand.

"Let me finish. Let's say I was to accept that you were truly turning over a new leaf. What would we do, just live happily ever after? You're immortal. Short of banishment you can't die. I am just a human. I will get old and withered and eventually pass on. Then what? And furthermore, you yourself said that living with you was hazardous to me. That you were being hunted and just being with you was putting me at risk. Is that any life for the person you love to be subjected to? As God is my witness, I love you too, but I don't see how I can be with you. You have to understand that," he explained. The passion and conviction in his voice told Natalie that he was speaking the truth.

"Just to clarify, I *can* die, but yes, you are right. I was being selfish to put you through what could potentially be dangerous." She took a deep breath before continuing, taking a moment to straighten her blouse and compose herself.

"Should I process your resignation?" she asked, the office queen facade returning in an instant.

"Yes." Matt said after a moment of contemplation.

"I will arrange for one of the girls to take over your position, and get you two weeks paid leave while you find new employ. I think it's the least I can do since I am at the heart of why you are leaving," she said coolly.

"That is very generous," he said with honest thanks.

"Be safe Matt," she said standing and extending her hand across the desk.

"You too," he replied taking her hand and exchanging a firm handshake.

\* \* \*

She returned to her apartment that night sad but understanding. She stripped off her clothes and put on a night gown that no longer came close to fitting right. Natalie had no idea what her bra size was now, or for that matter what size panties she would need. She'd gone without underwear at work that day, and was glad for the private office because of it. Now in the confines of her home she was getting ready for a night alone when she saw the long black bag sitting by the archway leading to the hall and front door.

Immediately she knew what it was; Cianna's sword. The bag was six feet long or more. It was silky to the touch and as she lifted it obviously specially made. When she unbuckled the top of the bag with its two brass buckles the room was flooded with power, enough so that she dropped the bag on the floor in shock. Without the buckles fastened, the bag fell from the sword leaving only the tip covered before the blade fell to the floor as well, naked for her to see.

It glowed blue white with divine power, and as she got closer again, she could see and feel arcs of deep purple energy reaching out from her body to meet bright blue arcs from the blades closest point.



"An angelic sword, in the possession of a demon." she said out-loud and with a look of awe. She reached for the hilt and felt the static energy building as the arcs between her and the weapon intensified with proximity. Pain built in her hand as she forced it the last few inches through the blinding lightening that was illuminating her dining room.

Finally with great effort and a roar of anguish, she grasped the great sword's grip and the pain vanished. In its place was a tranquility and an energy she'd not felt in millennium; the power of Heaven. For the first time in what seemed like forever, she felt totally at peace, here, holding a weapon of such power in her hands that she dared not think what it might be capable of. *Cianna has no idea what she was carrying.* She thought.

Then she felt it... like a whirlpool in a still pond, moving closer to her. Someone was coming, and they were coming fast. She steeled herself just as the door to the apartment flew open with such force that the knob stuck in the wall. All the light in the room was pulled toward the figure in the door; a figure in gleaming armor whose eyes radiated blinding white light.

"Nathalia." his voice boomed in the hallway.

"Simeon," she replied with a head nod of acknowledgment. "It's been a very long time."

"That does not belong to you, nor do you belong here," he declared, blaring in a rich tenor that made the windows rattle.

"I was charged with the return of this weapon. I have not violated that charge," she announced with indignation. "And as for being here, I will *not* go back to Hell willingly, and I will fight you if you try to send me back. It's not that I wish conflict, merely that I won't go."

"As long as you have that sword we will find you, and we won't stop hunting you until the end of days."

"Enough talking, if we can't be sensible, bring it on." she said moving into a modified high guard with the huge sword, experience and training she hadn't used in 400 years suddenly relevant.

"You were always weak anyway." he said drawing his own one handed sword.

"And you always talked to much." she said waiting.

He rushed in with his shorter single handed blade and a shield, keeping the aegis high and slashing at her middle. Natalie jumped back from his slashing attack and stepped to the side, allowing him into the dining room.

"You would fight me in that form? You are truly outmatched," he announced with a smirk. He charged again and this time swung later forcing her to parry with the large sword. When she did so, he slammed her against the wall with his shield. Its divine magic hit her for full effect, and she nearly collapsed as she tried to regain her composure. He was on top of her again with a downward swing that she barely

deflected, and again the shield sent her crashing into a wall.

He charged her again, but this time she met him with a strong down swing, cleaving out a gouge in the ceiling before splitting his shield down to his bracer and stopping his attack as the force drove the shield into the deep pile carpeting. Pressing her advantage she lashed out with a vicious sweeping kick to the obliques while wrenching the sword free and swinging in a wide left to right stroke, again hitting his shield and this time taking almost a quarter of it off as the new impact met the deep channel of the prior swing.

"I like this form!" she shouted as she moved in close and slammed the ricasso of the massive sword across the angel's nose, staggering him. She quickly hammered the pommel of the weapon into his helmet and he fell back on his back in the least graceful divine landing she'd seen in some time. Another swift kick to the chest and he was lying on the floor, a look of utter shock on his otherwise perfect face. She placed the tip of the sword to his throat.

"You... how... I," he sputtered.

"You were too full of yourself back then too." she said withdrawing the sword just before falling atop him so that her knees pinned his arms. She brought her hand to his cheek and leaned over him to see his face beyond her pulchritude. She could feel his thoughts and fears through their skin contact with him, and maybe something else, "Does Raphael know that one of his warriors has lust in his heart for a demon?"

"Unclean harlot! Your words mean nothing. I am righteous! I am a servant of the most high God!" he protested strenuously.

"You may call it that, for it is true, but you are far from righteous if you think you can hide your desires from me. Desire is what I do," she said as she leaned down and met his lips with hers.

In a flash of clarity, she realized that Simeon's mind was probably simpler to pick apart than the average human's. His motivations were straight forward, and his cunning and capability for secrecy poor at best, but indeed, deep inside his being was a desire to experience human emotions, in particular romantic love and sexual intimacy. Even as she continued her fervent kiss, she pulled out all the stops in her specialized engines of lust, pumping out pheromones and pushing hormones into him through every avenue of contact they shared.

Simeon tried to resist, for about a second. Quickly he was overcome by the raw sexual energy she was pouring into the encounter. A resistant mouth relaxed and then joined into the incendiary kiss, and his body, only a moment before writhing to escape, stilled as her seduction took hold.

*Imagine the power we would have if we were to tap into him! Id shouted in her mind. We would have almost limitless energy at our disposal!*

*And Heaven would just let us keep an Angelic Warrior, even one as pathetic as Simeon,* Ego countered. *No doubt the entire host is waiting for us to make a mistake.*

*Heaven will never let us back in if we corrupt him, Super-Ego added. He's a test. If Gabriel, Michael or Raphael really wanted us, one of them would have showed up personally, and we'd be burning in hellfire again. We can't afford to fail this one.*

*For a demonic conscience, you two sure know how to rain shit on my parade.* Id pouted.

Natalie broke off the kiss, her green eyes glowing with restrained sexual power and in a fluid motion stood and pulled Simeon to his feet and then raised him clear of the floor. For his part, the Angel looked startled out of bliss.

"Simeon, I have a goal, one that's well known, and I can't have you getting in my way. Give my regards to Raphael. Forgive me." she said as her free left hand morphed into a long razor pointed claw that in the quickest blink of an eye lanced through his armor and shredded his heart. His body vanished just as quickly.

Natalie knew she didn't have long. That sword was going to be a magnet for beings of both light and darkness in a matter of minutes. She needed to get to St. James fast. *Out of the frying pan, into the fire.*

The drive to Saint James' Cathedral on First Hill took what felt like an eternity in the Porsche, even flying between stop lights at speeds that were no doubt insane for mere mortals, but not nearly fast enough for Natalie's comfort. Then there was parking, which of course there was a distinct lack of. She ended up parking almost three blocks away. She slung the black bag which contained the sword (and it turned out Cianna's passport from the Vatican) over her shoulder and started walking briskly toward the towering building.

Dressed in a Black Watch plaid pleated skirt that went to mid-thigh and a collared polo T-shirt that in no way hid or left anything to the imagination about her bodacious bosom or wasp thin waist, she looked like a porn star, not a parishioner, which was probably closer to the truth any way. She had real trepidation about entering the church though as it made her very vulnerable. On the other hand, just carrying this divine homing beacon was making her vulnerable.

Only a block from the church, she felt her skin start to crawl. The light breeze stopped blowing and the sound of the city seemed to go mute. She lengthened her stride and sped up to a power walk that sent her already raucous bosom careening in the hugely overwhelmed bra. *This isn't good.*

The smell stopped her in her tracks though. Half a block from the cathedral the reek of death mixed with ammonia and concentrated raw sewage filled her nostrils and mouth, nearly evoking a choking cough, before the distinctive malodor of sulfur added its own note to the gut wrenching, nausea inducing stench. Natalie lowered the bag from her shoulder and deftly opened it just as an enormous slime covered demon appeared from the shadows of the building ahead. The sword was in her hands just as the demon before her roared.

Malleus was a minor warrior compared to hulking soldier before her. Fire smoldered from its eyes and smoke billowed from its stunted wings. The thing must

have been thirty feet tall and the ground trembled with every lumbering step it took. Each fist was the size of her upper body from crown to crotch and broader across.

*I am so fucked.* She thought even as she took a defensive stance with the sword parallel to the ground and at head level, one hand on the grip and the other gripping the ricasso below the parrying hooks.

The massive hell spawn leaned forward and bellowed a barely intelligible “**NATHALIA**,” before charging her. Just the force of the blast furnace wind of the beasts vile breath made her brace her rear foot farther back from a half block away.

“So we’re gonna do this here? On the street, in broad daylight?” she shouted at the lumbering behemoth.

The huge soldier demon cocked back its enormous left arm and swung at her in a broad arc in reply. In the brief instant in which she changed her stance to bring the sword to meet the oncoming blow she knew it wouldn't matter. Even as the angelic blade splayed open the putrid demon's hand, the pure inertia of all that mass propelled her across the street. She careened above a middle aged couple that had been walking oblivious to the celestials fighting around them until then. Even so all they saw before Natalie left their field of view was a woman go flying overhead. With what might have been a metal cane in hand. Her trajectory ended up embedding her in the stucco facade of an apartment building where she stuck briefly before collapsing to the ground.

The demon looked at its useless hand and bellowed in fury before bounding across the street, crushing some of the pavement in the process. Natalie was just coming back to her senses when the monster was standing over her, but somehow she managed to realize she'd held onto the sword and met her assailant's assault with the point of the blade. The tip bit into the demon's other hand and its own momentum along the supernaturally keen edge split its flesh like a sausage casing. It still didn't stop the sundered mass of flesh from sending her careening down the street, towards St. James.

She tucked and rolled as she hit the asphalt, pushing off with her demonic strength to rebound over a little red Mini Cooper driving through the intersection of Columbia and 9th Avenue, but hit the ground awkwardly, her supernatural agility barely turning what would have been a face first impact into a hard slam onto her shoulder. Now she was less than 120 yards from the front door of the church, sword still miraculously still in hand, but the hard landing had fazed her and she struggled to push herself up. The demon wasn't wasting any time either, an enraged roar and trembling earth warning of its impending arrival. She watched as he closed on her, his left arm having congealed back together in the time it took for the beast's bulk to cover the distance.

For as much as she didn't want to do it, Natalie knew she had to transform, to accept what she was in its entirety if she were to have a chance against the hulk; there was no way she was making the church on foot. She needed to get *into* the church though, and in her true form that couldn't happen. Still, it was now or never. With her

massive stores of energy, the transformation was almost instantaneous, and gone with her human appearance was the pain and disorientation of being wailed upon by the brutish monster that was pursuing her. Just before he was on top of her, she sprung into the air and with a rapid contraction of her glossy blackened bronze wings, propelling herself into the air at near bullet speed.

In spite of its relatively tiny wings, the big demon made pursuit and was quickly gaining on Natalie, raw power being in many ways more critical to demonic flight than actual aerodynamics. It didn't matter much to her anyway; it was going to be a very short flight.

She was several thousand feet above the street when the warrior behind her had nearly caught up. It was at that moment that she tipped over and started diving furiously toward the ground. She pushed herself faster and faster, aiming for the roof of the church. Her lumbering pursuer while faster straight line, wasn't as nimble and was only then getting moving to give more chase. At three thousand feet she jinked to dodge an Alaskan 737 on approach to Seatac. She was less than a thousand feet above the church when she pointed the sword ahead of her. At five hundred feet she pulled her wings in tight and felt the speed increase yet more. At a hundred feet she transformed back into her human form and braced both arms on the sword that preceded her body by about seven and a half feet. At ten feet she closed her eyes.

Her body hit the rooftop of the church at 270 miles per hour and thanks to the sword that lead the way, and her nigh invulnerability, punched a relatively neat hole through the roof tiles and crashed to the floor almost forty feet below. In her human form however, she wasn't quite as durable as in her natural shape, and after several successive collisions and concussions, she lost consciousness before she hit the black and white checkered floor tiles