

CHAPTER V

“Drive you Home”

“Miss?” an unfamiliar male voice said from above her.

Natalie groaned as she stirred and then sat up. Taking in her surroundings she quickly sprang to her feet.

The priest who'd been standing over her stepped back at her abrupt rise. Or maybe it was the fact that she didn't have a scratch on her after falling through the roof and hitting the tile floor at over a hundred miles an hour...

“Miss, I think you should sit down,” he said, his eyes taking in her body before he looked away.

She did a cursory look at herself and realized that her t-shirt might as well have been non-existent, and her skirt had vanished at some point between taking flight and hitting the floor. The thong underwear she was wearing left virtually nothing to the imagination. Feigning modesty she sat back down on her knees and put her hands in her lap. “Do you have something I could cover up with?”

“Sure,” the priest said departing momentarily.

She noticed that the sword's case was still strapped over her shoulder and the sword that went in it was partly buried under some chunks of the ceiling. She secured it and put it back in the case just before the priest returned with what looked like a choir robe.

“This is the best I can do on short notice.” he said handing over the crimson and gold robe.

“It's fine. Is the Bishop in?” she asked getting to the point as she threw the garment on.

“At nine thirty in the evening? No.” the young man answered. “I am Father Charles. The bishop is not likely to be in until tomorrow for Compline Mass.”

Natalie retrieved the sword case from the ground where she'd set it to get dressed and offered it to him. “I was instructed to give this to him. Can you see to it that he gets it?” she asked.

He looked at her strangely as he reached to take the case. He lifted the flap and looked inside and seeing the obviously old but just as obviously real sword's hilt inside couldn't help but go wide eyed. “What does the Arch Bishop need with a sword?”

“Is that what a sword that big is called? I was just told to bring it to him. There is a passport from the Vatican in the bag too, with the owner's credentials. She told me to bring it here,” Natalie explained.

He looked at her quizzically then dug into the bag and retrieved the passport.

Looking at it his face became even more confused. "Who are you?" he asked.

"Not who, what," she said, turning to leave the building.

"Are you an Angel?" he asked with even more shock.

"I'm trying to be... Believe me, I'm trying," Natalie responded. The last thing she saw as her field of view swept to the door of the cathedral was the young priest cross himself.

She was relieved as she stepped out of the church that none of the angelic host had taken that opportunity to smite her inside where she was most vulnerable. Now she just had to contend with a very angry soldier demon who might still be outside waiting for her.

Looking left and then right she saw no sign of the hulking other-worldly creature and proceeded to make her way back to her car, just the occasional ordinary pedestrian or car. It felt awkward to wear the choir robe, but at the same time, it completely hid her figure from the apogee of her boobs down. It was dark out now, not fading twilight but true dark, and she had to assume she'd been out cold for a while before the Padre had awakened her. She could only hope that the soldier had become bored.

She got back to the 911 and realized she had left the key in her skirt's small key pocket. And that skirt was somewhere down wind of her current location. "Fucking perfect!" she cursed quietly.

Looking both ways she saw a woman approaching smoking a cigarette. She approached the young lady who was wearing a ragged red plaid flannel over a black T-shirt and faded blue tight jeans over black leggings with black throwback All Stars. She had heavily applied makeup and bleach blond hair with faded blue streaks in it, complemented finally by a spike labret piercing.

"Excuse me, could I use your cell phone?" Natalie asked.

The young woman gave her an odd look but said "Yeah, I guess," and dug an older style flip phone out of her pocket, handing it over.

She thought about who she was going to call for a long moment before determining that it was the only choice she had. She dialed Matt's number.

"Hello?" came his familiar voice.

"Matt, it's Natalie."

"Yeah," he said after a moment.

"I need your help. Can I get a ride?"

"Where are you?" he asked with mild irritation.

"10th and Boren. Behind St. James Cathedral."

"Couldn't you call a cab or take the bus?" he asked.

"No, I lost my skirt and it had my keys and my ID in it," she said then added "It's a long story," for the benefit of the girl standing next to her as much as Matt.

"Fine. Give me a half hour."

"You are a life saver. Please get here as fast as you can."

"Yeah, yeah, I will," he said hanging up.

Natalie flipped closed the phone and handed it to the young woman who was staring at her chest through the red robe.

"Don't take this the wrong way Natalie," the young woman prefaced. "But are those real?" she asked, her pointing finger a mere inches from what until now Natalie had thought were relatively downplayed breasts. "Were they expensive?" the young woman, who couldn't have been more than twenty added.

Natalie chuckled. "Yeah, they are all me and no they weren't, but bra's for them are. What's your name?"

"Cecelia," she replied. "Do they hurt? Your back I mean."

"You're full of questions," Natalie interjected before responding. "No. They don't hurt. Most of the time they feel pretty good honestly."

"I've been thinking of getting mine done, that's all. I just figured you could answer my questions, but you are apparently not well versed on implants. You're kinda lucky that way." Cecelia said quietly.

"I am probably the last person you would ever want to ask for advice, but if you want my experiences, I will tell you that in my experience, having bigger boobs is always better than having smaller ones," she said seriously. "If you want to talk about this, I have a few minutes."

Cecelia seemed to think for a moment then motioned to a bench a little way up the street. The two of them walked to it and sat down.

"You're really big." Cecelia said point blank when they sat down. "I've never seen boobs that big before, fake or otherwise. Well there were a couple of pictures on the Internet, but in person, never."

"Yeah. I know, but tell me, why do you want your boobs done? And before you answer that, how old are you?" Natalie inquired.

"Eighteen. I just want to have boobs. Ya know? No, you probably don't. It's like this. My sister has boobs, pretty big ones. So does my mom. They all started early, and when I didn't I kept hoping that I would bloom late. But I never did." she explained, disappointment in her voice.

"I see."

"Yeah, and my boyfriend is always talking about the tits on this girl or that girl. I want him to talk about my tits."

"I have a feeling that's got more to do with it than your genetics, am I right?" Natalie said. "Look, let me tell you something. I've had these a long time and I can tell you that they are great, but they are trouble too. You have to work extra hard to earn people's respect. You will always be a nice rack or that girl with great cleavage to the guys and a slut or whore or bimbo to the girls. That means you have to have thick skin and a sharp mind or they aren't gonna help you much."

"What do you do, are you a dancer?" she asked.

"Nope, never danced professionally a day in my life, though I have been to a few clubs, but never as an employee. I am an executive office manager at a law firm." she explained honestly.

"See, that's cool. I don't want to be a stripper. You would be a good role model."

Natalie almost choked the laughter started so suddenly and so hard. "No! No I wouldn't. I've messed up lots. Hell, just today alone I've almost been killed three times and had to take one person to the hospital. I've lost my clothes and had to borrow this choir robe from a church that I don't even go to, lost my keys and my ID, for the second time in three days, and I had to call my ex-boyfriend who I'm pretty sure hates me for a ride home. I am definitely NOT a good role model," *not to mention the fact that I am a citizen of hell who thrives off the life energies from men and women taken through sexual contact and I can effectively steal your soul*, she thought but didn't add.

"Let me ask you this Cecelia, what do you want to be?" Natalie asked after a second to clear the air of her laughter.

"Just call me Cee. I don't know, something that pays well and can make a difference."

"Okay Cee, how are your computer skills? Can you type?"

"Yeah. Pretty good. Sixty words a minute. I can use Word and Excel."

"PowerPoint?" Natalie asked.

"I am familiar, but I am not good with it. We had to use it in class my junior and senior years in high school."

"So you graduated? Are you in school now?" She pried into Cecelia's life a little more.

"I took a quarter at Seattle Central, but it didn't really interest me," the teenager replied.

"I can get you a job that will pay well if you can demonstrate you are resourceful and can follow instructions." Natalie announced.

"Sounds better than Starbucks. What is it?"

"You could work for me," she said matter of fact.

"You mean, at your law firm?" Cee asked incredulously.

"It's not my law firm, but yeah. You would need some professional clothes. Also you would need to choose one hair color and loose the lip jewelry, but I can get you a job, starting at forty thousand a year, full time with bennies." she said matter-of-fact.

"But don't I need to fill out an application?" she asked.

"Nope, just a hand shake, then show up tomorrow at 8:30AM on the dot in some presentable business attire," Natalie said with a smile. "I will take care of the rest. Sometimes it's who you know, and not what you know." She extended her right hand across her body and offered it.

Cee looked at it for a split second and then shook firmly. She was surprised by the jolt of static electricity she felt, and then too by the firmness of Natalie's hand shake,

but she smiled and said, "Thanks. I don't know what to say. I guess I need to let more strangers borrow my phone."

"Hopefully not." Natalie said with a knowing smile. She knew everything about the young woman now, and she was ready to mold her into an excellent administrative assistant and maybe even future office manager. They chatted for a few more minutes and then Matt arrived.

"See you tomorrow Cee." Natalie said with a wave.

"Yes! See you tomorrow!" she said standing and waving with a beaming smile.

"Who was that?" Matt asked after Natalie had gotten into the car and closed the door.

"Probably your replacement." Natalie said deadpan as Matt hit the gas and launched the car down the street and toward her apartment.

"She looks like she's barely out of high school." Matt said disbelieving.

"Call her an experiment in how a break can change a person. She's smart enough, she got good grades, just didn't have a whole lot of opportunity. I am going to give her that opportunity."

Matt stopped the car at a light and looked at her. "For a demon, you sure don't do a whole lot of evil."

"Thanks Matt. Thanks a whole fucking lot," she said back at him angrily. It struck her afterward though that it was the first time he hadn't been afraid of her since her big reveal.

"I'm sorry. That was pretty insensitive," he said apologetically, trying to extricate his foot from his mouth.

"No, it was true. I've just been trying so hard of late I didn't want to acknowledge that." she admitted. "I am sorry for snapping at you."

They drove the rest of the way in silence, until they arrived at the front of her apartment. "Here you are." he announced.

"Matt... Thanks. I mean it."

"Your welcome. It's kinda hard to stay mad at you." Matt said with a thin smile. "I will be in the office tomorrow to clean out my desk. Guess I will get to meet my replacement first hand."

"See you then."

* * *

Cecelia woke up in the morning totally refreshed and feeling like a million bucks. She'd been so concerned about making a good impression she'd stopped at the local Safeway and picked up some black hair dye that would at least make her hair look presentable until it could grow in its natural raven color. As a result though, she'd not gotten to sleep until almost two in the morning. Thus she was pleasantly surprised that

she felt as invigorated as she did.

She sat up and instantly something felt off. Her center of gravity was wrong and it didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out why. Over the course of the four hours of sleep her whole physique had morphed into something completely foreign. It was as if a liposuction machine had pulled all her unwanted fat and put it in her tits and ass. But what started as alarm and then excitement then changed to fuzzy recognition. The changes she observed suddenly wove themselves into her memory. She's always been like this, hadn't she?

She went to the bathroom and looked into the mirror and was shocked at what she saw. Her skin was flawless. The little scar above her left eyebrow from falling off the wooden playground castle at eight years old was gone, as was the hole for her labret. Her hair looked like it should have been in shampoo commercials, not like the victim of a rushed dye job the night prior, and was thicker and finer than it had ever been. Her eyes were brighter blue and had a slight up sweep to the outside corners that normally she could only simulate with the extensive use of eye liner. Again though, the feeling that this was normal slowly drifted into her memory. She'd been the lucky sister, having a great body and never having to work for it, right?

Something didn't add up when she went through her closet though. None of her clothes fit. *"Why are all of these clothes so small?"* None of her pants fit right any more, far too roomy in the waist, and only one or two pair could even surmount her exquisite ass and hips now. And shirts? Not a single blouse came even remotely close to fitting. It just didn't make sense. Especially since she had photos of her wearing clothes that fit.

She left wearing a black blazer, a white T-shirt that was filled up and stressed in front to critical capacity and black slacks that were cinched around her now smaller waistline and squeezed over her fattened derriere. As long as she could get through the morning wearing the blazer she'd be okay. Then she could go mad dash shopping at lunch.

* * *

Natalie on the other hand had to take her spare key via taxi back to her Porsche before driving it to work. Suffice it to say when she arrived at work she was rushed and not in the best of moods. Thus, it was pleasant for her to see Cee waiting at the security point when she arrived at 8:28 in her best professional attire (which was acceptable, though boring) looking otherwise like a dynamite.

"Cee. Welcome to the Fox, Bryce and Barlowe family. We will get you into HR and have your security card made. Then I can show you the office. You will be working directly for me." Natalie said in an instantly better mood.

"Natalie, I... well," she paused taking in her new bosses sweeping form in the custom fitted business attire for the first time. "Something amazing happened last

night." she finished. Somehow her changes felt insignificant compared to the positively outrageous pneumatic curves of Natalie in the black skirt and red jacket.

"You dyed your hair?" she said playing it off. "Good."

"No- well, never mind," Cee said.

The trip up the elevator to the office took almost an hour as they made stops at various departments to show Cecelia the various offices she'd be working with as personal assistant to Ms. Natalie Faust. Finally at 9:22, Natalie showed Cee her temporary desk.

What Cee was only mildly aware of was that the changes in her body were dynamic and ongoing. As she sat down she heard the distinctive pop of several stitches in the crotch of her pants. Her face flushed bright pink.

Natalie just smiled at her and said "Don't worry; well get whatever just gave way replaced at lunch."

Over the next two hours Cecelia's clothes essentially came apart at the seams. Her blazer's top button was hanging on by a pulled thread. Her pants had ripped at the side seams and in the crotch to proportions that were only barely contained by the slightly longish length of the jacket. Even the bikini top she'd worn as a make shift "bra" had untied and provided no support at all. On top of that she was feeling downright horny.

Finally Natalie announced it was time to go to lunch and beckoned her to follow. She was extremely conscious of the damage to her attire, and moved slowly and carefully to the elevator. Surprisingly, only she and Natalie were in the car for the ride to the lobby.

"You seem preoccupied." Natalie said calmly. *I guess I am evil, but I'm soooo good too.*

"Honestly... my clothes are coming apart. I had no idea they were in such rough shape," the younger woman admitted.

"You are going to get some new clothes now. My treat. We've only got an hour though, so you are going to have to go fast."

The first stop was Victoria's Secret at Pacific Place, mainly because it was only a block and a half from the office. There she "learned" she was a 34DD. On Natalie's recommendation she also got some 34DDD bras as well despite Cecelia's protests that she'd always been a 34DD. Over \$400 later they proceeded across the sky-bridge to Nordstrom and started to look at professional clothing. Almost \$6,500 dollars and 30 minutes after that, plus an additional amount to be paid later after tailoring she had four outfits that were interchangeable and would be ready in two days. For the mean time she also had two outfits (including the one she was wearing now) that were ready out of the store, though again at Natalie's recommendation they were a little roomy in the top and the hips. Finally, she got several pairs of shoes, including what Cee considered two over the top pairs of four and a half inch stilettos that she couldn't even walk in.

Cee and Natalie returned to the office each conservatively dressed to kill. The two of them turned heads the whole way up the elevator ride and even in the office, all eyes were on Natalie's new protege, eye catching in a hip hugging just above the knee ending skirt and an expensive powder blue blouse under a complementary charcoal blazer that demonstrated the dramatic sweep of her narrow waistline.

Then Matt showed up, and turned heads for a different reason. He was dressed in canvass Carharts and a T-shirt that accented his strong arms and broad shoulders, not to mention violated every level of the dress code. His whole ensemble was covered in a hastily slapped off fine layer of sawdust, and he looked as though he'd already worked a full day. When he'd collected his remaining things (with every woman in the office and Andy watching virtually every move) he walked, box of possessions in hand, over to Cee's desk and asked to see Natalie.

"Just a moment, Mr. ..." she paused to get his name.

"Just tell her Matt is here."

She stood up saying "Okay Matt," with a twinkle in her eye. *Damn he looks good!* She opened Natalie's door and stepped inside closing it most of the way behind her. "Natalie, a cute guy named Matt is here asking to see you. I think he used to work here."

Natalie looked up from her papers and said neutrally, "Send him in, and next time just use the intercom."

"Sorry, I just thought I should tell you in person since —"

"I understand, but try to maintain more professionalism than this here at work." she said in a mild rebuke.

"Sorry," Cee said backing out of the office slightly crestfallen.

"Ms. Faust will see you now," she said when she'd gotten to the other side of the threshold. She held the door open until Matt passed through and then closed it behind him.

"Well you completely flustered your replacement. She thinks you are the best thing since sliced bread." Natalie said to him as he came to a stop before her desk.

"Heh, well, I don't know why. Just wearing my work clothes." he said sheepishly, motioning to his clothing ensemble.

"I don't think it's the clothing. But anyway," she paused. "So this is it? Are you going to ask for a security guard to escort you out?" she asked.

Matt noticed that she looked tired. She was still sexy as hell, but there was tiredness to her that he'd not seen before. "I was kinda hoping you'd escort me."

The tiredness seemed to lighten a bit around her eyes at that comment. "Sure, I think I can do that," they walked out of the office together and past Cee's desk on the way to the elevator.

"I'll be back in a few minutes. I am escorting Matt out." she announced.

The two of them waited for the elevator in silence, and only after they'd gotten

on board and the door closed did Matt say something.

"You really are trying to change aren't you?"

"Yeah, despite attempts by both Heaven and Hell to stop me, I am," she replied. Matt reached forward quickly and hit the stop button on the elevator panel. He turned to her, "so, what do you think your odds are of getting back into," he pointed up at the ceiling. "His good graces?"

"Not good, but I have to try," she said looking into his eyes.

"Would you let me help you?" He asked quietly, returning the look.

"You are willing to help me through all my crap? You are willing to be with me when I have to deal with everyone's requirements of me? I'll warn you now, some of them aren't pleasant, in fact, you will have a very hard time with some of them," she asked with dire seriousness.

"You make it hard for me to say I want to do this, but I do," he replied. She pulled his lips to hers in an electric kiss that instantly shot his heart-rate to about 140.

"IS EVERYTHING ALRIGHT IN THERE?" the intercom on the control panel suddenly shouted.

"Yeah, sorry," Natalie said, pulling back from the embrace, and beaming a blindingly bright smile at him.

"OK, PLEASE START THE ELEVATOR AGAIN. PEOPLE ARE WAITING." The security guard on the other side of the speaker said with a hint of annoyance.

Matt hit the button and the elevator started again.

"You know you are the closest thing I have to a friend?" Natalie said with a smile. There was sadness there too though.

"You've had other friends before though. Right?" Matt asked, then realized when she didn't reply that maybe she hadn't.

"I haven't had a friend since my first escape." she said just as the doors opened to the building's lobby.

"Well, I'll give it the best shot I can." Matt announced. "You want to do dinner tonight?"

"Yeah, that would be nice. I will call you when I get done with work." she replied.

"Sounds good. Talk to you later." he said with a wave and a long look as she made her way back to the elevator.

On the ride back up the elevator, Natalie felt as if the weight of the world had been lifted from her, and she hadn't even realized that she was so stressed out. She got back off the elevator on her floor with a spring in her step that, in conjunction with the high heels she had on sent her massive breasts quaking with every step in complete defiance of the industrial strength minimizing bra.

Cee was waiting with two missed call slips. "Ms. Faust, you had two calls while

you were out. One was from a Charles Bennet about a liquor purchase, and the other was from a Ms. Di'Trieste. She didn't leave a number but said that she needed to talk to you, whatever that means," she said reading the small sheets of paper.

"Thanks Cee." she said with a smile.

"Can I talk to you for a minute Ms. Faust? In your office?" She asked just before Natalie closed her door.

Natalie paused and turned back with a high intensity smile. "Sure, come on in," she said holding the door and letting Cecelia pass by into the office before shutting it behind the two of them. "What's up?"

"Okay, so I'm kinda concerned," Cee said quickly.

"So what are you telling me?" Natalie asked deadpan. *I want to hear you say it.* She thought.

"I keep having these feelings that I've not always been this way. I mean none of my clothes at home fit. I remember being really happy about how I looked this morning, but now it seems old hat. And then the fact that I go get a whole new wardrobe, and when the sales lady told me I was a 34DDD and not a 34B I remember being surprised, but then you told me to get 34F too, and I argued with you that I'd always been this way," Cee explained.

"Let me ask you a question before I give you an answer," Natalie said in response. "If you were different now, would you like to be back the way you were?"

"I don't know. I can't remember what I was like before. But I love this body. It's me, and I feel like I've always loved it."

Natalie beckoned her closer and touched her forehead ever so lightly.

It was as if the lights came on in Cee's mind, illuminating an area that in reality had only been shrouded in mystery for a few hours, but felt to her as though it had been a lifetime. Her eyes got very wide even as Natalie motioned for her to step back and prepared to speak.

"So if you could go back to looking the way you did but keep the job would that be okay? Or say, if you had to go back to your old job but could look the way you do now. Which would you rather? And be honest, there's no harm in any answer." Natalie asked, an uncontrollable mischievous smirk forming on her lush lips.

"Well either would be better than just being back at my old job as the old me. I guess I would take the latter. I could always quit and get a better job. The changes that have happened to my body over the last day would cost a fortune if they were possible at all," Cee responded before cocking her head in recognition. "You're doing this."

Natalie's expression got instantly serious. "You can tell no one about this. *Nobody.* Not your boyfriend, your best friends, not even your parents. They can't know that I did this to you." she admonished. Then her expression lightened, "but I can do a lot more. Just don't ask how. I can't tell you even if I wanted to. Just accept that I can and will do it for you."

"Okay, but I have to know one thing; Why?" Cee pleaded.

"Because I have the ability to do so. I could just as easily do nothing with it, hoard it and keep it to myself, but why do that? It's so much better to give something back to the people in the world." she said nonchalantly.

"So... how does this work?" Cecelia asked.

"Well, you could just tell me what you want, but that makes for some vagaries. The best way would be for you to show me," Natalie replied.

"How would I do that?"

"Do you trust me?" Natalie inquired stepping directly in front of her young protégé.

"Yeah, I guess," Cee responded, knowing that something was about to happen but unsure exactly what.

"Close your eyes," Natalie instructed soothingly.

Her words were sweet in Cee's ears and she was instantly compliant. Her eyes closed with heavy lids and she waited calmly for whatever was going to happen next. When Natalie's lips met hers she inhaled sharply as the world seemed to fall away. The taste of sweet cinnamon poured into her mouth as Natalie's tongue played between her lips. She felt her own arms embracing the taller and much curvier woman. Her own tongue wound around Natalie's and she reveled in the sensations that were flooding her body.

Is this what you want? Natalie's voice rang in her head. Let go of public perception, and envision what you want. This is for you, not them. You only get this opportunity once, seize it! Natalie moved back a step from the blissed out personal assistant.

"Yesssss..." she muttered in a dreamily whispered hiss, her eyes still closed.

She felt warmth spread around her body, concentrating in her breasts, waist, hips, ass, and legs. Her hands moved lazily to her boobs and squeezed them through the fabric of her clothes. She could feel them swelling larger, pushing back against her fingers, and she smiled broadly. Soon they were pressing at the brand new suit jacket, creating a long stress line that ran horizontally along the top button. Her legs changed next stretching longer and becoming even more toned, while atop them her butt filled out a little more, and her hips broadened.

Still her tactile focus was on the hooters now threatening to tear out the struggling top button of her blazer. There were a series of popping noises as the bra's hooks gave up in quick succession. This in turn saved the buttons on the blouse at the expense of the top one on the jacket, which snapped its threads unceremoniously and fell to the floor between the two women. Her now very large tits stopped expanding a few moments later even as residual heat spread to her back and flanks then faded out. Cecelia's eyes fluttered open slowly to see a grinning Natalie.

"No regrets," was all Natalie said, motioning for Cee to look at herself.

The view took her breath away. She couldn't see her feet unless she bent a

considerable distance at the waist. Additionally, her perspective was different and indeed she was almost as tall as Natalie now. "Wow!" was all she could say for a long while.

"You like?"

"I don't care how you did this. I just love that you did it. Thank you so much!" Cecelia said with big bright eyes and a dazzling smile.

"You are going to have to go back to Nordie's tonight and get your clothes re-altered before the tailoring starts, if it's not already too late. And you will probably need new bras again. Especially since the one you were wearing quit while you were changing," Natalie announced happily.

"Yeah. I need to see a mirror." Cecelia giddily.

"Go to the bathroom. Just remember, the people outside this office won't see the difference. To them you will have always been this way. Now go to the bathroom, and then get back to work." she said, shooing her out of the office. She took a seat in her chair and smiled happily for a minute, quite pleased with herself, before getting back to her duties.

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"So what's the story with the new girl?" Matt asked before taking another sip of his wine. It was white, fruity and went well with the halibut he was eating.

"What do you mean?" asked innocently.

"I mean, what is your plan for her? I know you like projects. I was one of them, remember?" Matt expounded upon his first question.

"I am molding her to be a possible replacement for me," she said taking a sip of her own glass of wine. It was a Cab, and went marvelously with the fillet she was eating, "As such, she's going to need to look the part. The rest money can take care of."

"How did you explain the changes to her?" Matt asked with a thin smile.

"I didn't really. I just told her I could give her the body she wanted and then did it."

"That's it. How did that work out?" He asked with surprise.

"She took it a hell of a lot better than you did. I just told her not to ask any questions about the how, and be happy with the results. And of course not to tell anyone. All in all I think she's very pleased with the end product," Natalie said with a little smugness.

"Dare I ask how much you changed her?" Matt inquired.

"Only as much as she wanted too. I did tell her to be totally uninhibited about her desired body though... So she went all out. I am rather proud of her."

"And this is the same girl you were talking to when I picked you up last night?" he asked taking another sip of his wine and digging his fork into some rice pilaf.

"The very same. And completely different now." she mopped up a little of the truffle au-jus with a very rare morsel of her fillet.

"Ya know, I like a good medium rare steak, but it blows me away that you can eat a fillet mignon that is so undercooked." he said in somewhat disgusted fascination.

"Well, since I don't need to eat, and I can't get sick, why not eat it as perfect as I can get it?" she said, enjoying the conversation change. "Let me ask you a question, since we are having out the truth right now. Did you use the gift I gave you at all?" she asked taking another piece of the steak to her fork.

Matt looked a little embarrassed. "Yeah. I did. I played around with sizes. Then with sizes at different states of arousal. You could say that what I settled on would make me a grower and not a shower."

"But when you show, would people notice?" Natalie asked with a naughty twinkle in her eye.

He flushed red a little, "Yeah. They would."

Natalie just smiled at his discomfort.

"So..." he started leaning close across their table for two and spoke quietly, "How big is too big?"

"Here? I don't know. I mean I am built for it, you know. I know that when I was..." she pointed down. "Malleus would practically rip me in two," she admitted with a sudden distance to her voice.

"I'm sorry; I didn't want to bring up traumatic experiences," Matt said suddenly very uncomfortable with the subject he'd run with. "Dare I ask who Malleus is?"

"No, it's okay. He's the demon who I was given to as punishment. Let's just agree that he's really big, not exactly the gentle caring type, and leave it at that. Up here though, I don't know. The rules are different. Mortals can't hurt me, so I would imagine that there isn't a real upper limit."

"I thought that demon hunters were mortals though," Matt asked segueing into another topic.

"They are, but often times they have magical or divine weapons. Some of them are blessed in and of themselves, and then they can do all manner of harm to me. There is one; in fact I had a confrontation with her the other day, who is human but essentially immortal. She's ageless, blessed, and until yesterday was in possession of an angelic sword. That kind of power is all but irresistible for my kind." she explained, obviously a little happy for the subject change.

"How did you survive?" he asked with keen interest.

"I approached her from an avenue against which she hadn't been blessed. I reasoned with her honestly."

"How did she get that way? How does one become ageless?" Matt wondered aloud. There was interest in his voice.

"I don't know the whole story, as we aren't exactly friends. But I know that she's

very old, northern Italian by birth, and she's one of the few demon hunters to have an actual demon kill, not just a banishment to her name, several in fact. She's the best there is at what she does."

"She's kinda like Van Hellsing to vampires? So you must be pretty powerful to beat her," Matt said appreciatively.

"No, actually, right after you left, I was pretty much ready to go back to Hell, and I was ready to let her be the means. Something clicked though and I tried reasoning with her in a different way. I showed her the truth. Then she fell on her own knife and I had to take her to the hospital."

"Really? You won by accident?" Matt said loudly and almost with a laugh.

"Keep it down," Natalie scolded with a serious look. "When it comes to physical power, most Succubi are among the lowest order of demons. We are the lowest of the tricksters. Even some scouts are physically stronger than me, though not as resilient, and nowhere near as smart." she said seriously before taking a dab at her baked potato.

"So you can't bench press a car or stuff like that." Matt asked for clarification.

"I don't know. I've never tried. In this human form I am probably about peak human strong. When I am transfigured, considerably more, but it pales in comparison with a warrior or soldier demon. It also doesn't hurt that I am very deep in my energy reserves right now. I've been able to store quite a bit over the last few years, and particularly since I met you," she explained.

"How does that work?" Matt asked.

"Are you sure you want to know? It hasn't always been pleasant," she admitted.

"In for a penny, in for a pound."

"Alright. But remember, you asked for it, so don't judge me by it," she warned. "My power comes from the ability to seduce people, and then siphon off their sexual and life energies to power my abilities. Succubi seduce their marks in a variety of ways. We can make deals, or grant abilities or physical traits, or just offer ourselves up as sexual conquests. The most direct method is by ingesting a man's reproductive fluids, or in the case of a woman, her vaginal or mammary secretions. But even physical touch is enough to transfer power. Most succubi have methods for amplifying the rate of transfer." she explained watching his face very carefully.

"But if you steal their life energy, what happens to them?" he asked.

"Depends on how much I take. A little is recoverable, but no succubus is going to settle for a taste when they can have a full meal, especially when they don't know when their next meal is going to come. Many will drain a man to death, or near death at the very least. This will make him rapidly age. You've seen what meth does to a person in six months? I have the capability to do that in seconds if I want to." she declared, still studying his expression. She could see a hint of disgust flash across it before it morphed into his next question.

"Have you done that?"

It was her turn to show concern before she spoke but she answered anyway, "yes, a long time ago. I am very choosy about my marks. I make sure that they are already on their way to being evil before I make a move."

"But doesn't that mean that you are playing the part judge, jury and executioner? What makes you think you have that right?" he asked, but there was no malice in his words.

"Rapists, child molesters, misogynists, and sadists don't generally constitute people that most of society consider good. And unlike the criminal justice system, I am never wrong. Just being around a person I can read them to some degree, figure out whether they are a better or worse person than their actions alone. If I touch you, I know your innermost desires, your darkest secrets. So yes, I am playing judge, jury and executioner, but I am rarely as hard on people as society thinks the justice system should be," she declared with a hint of self-righteousness. Most of the time, these people have already judged themselves."

"Does it ever bother you, seeing what those people have done?" Matt asked apparently accepting that answer.

"Yeah, but I take satisfaction in the fact that they are gonna get it twice, once on this side and once at the end of days. There's no double jeopardy law in the courts of Heaven and Hell." She said with an almost sinister smile as she pushed around some more au jus with her rare steak.

"What did you see when you touched me for the first time," Matt asked with some trepidation.

She gave him a sweet and comforting smile, "I see a man who loves his country, and is deeply sorry for the lives he had to take to defend it. A man who loved his brothers in arms and would have gladly taken any of their places so they could have lived, and probably most important, a man who fears God. You are one of the good ones. But I didn't figure that out touching you. I try not to read ordinary people if I don't have a reason. And I decided when I was going to date you that I would go in blind, no reading you. So I never fully have, in spite of the temptation to at times."

"I don't feel like that man very often, but it's nice to know that I still have some secrets," he said.

"Eat your fish." she said playfully.

He took a bite then asked his next question. "So you store this energy in your boobs?"

She looked at him with a funny smile. "Not really in my boobs so much as they are an indicator of my how much energy I have stored." she explained. "My whole body changes as I store more and more energy, but it's most obviously displayed in my girls."

"You just keep getting more and more and more curvy then?" He asked.

"Give him a Qupee doll." she beamed.

"Alright, one last question." he said as he signaled the waiter for the check.

"Shoot." she agreed.

"You said that in particular I contributed to your current dimensions. How did I do that more than anyone else you've been with?" Matt asked.

"I had that very question. I had to ask Malleus of all people, which wasn't a fun experience at all, how that was. Before he tried to send me back to hell, he explained that it was because I loved you and wasn't trying to exploit you, that my power was being used benevolently, and that you were a believer. It was some kind of celestial power feedback loop." she explained as best she could. "I don't think he really knew much more than that, I think there's more to it. For now though it's what I have to go on."

The waiter brought their check, and Natalie snapped it up before Matt could.

"Let me get that," Matt said.

"You are unemployed, and I have nearly fourteen decades of accumulated wealth. Don't take this the wrong way, but I've got it. Besides, I just made partner," she explained.

A few minutes later they were walking up to her Porsche, when she tossed him the keys. "You drive."

"Uh, okay," he said enthusiastically. A moment later the wheels were squealing as he sent the car sliding into the street out of the parking lot. The four beefy tires quickly reestablished grip and launched the two of them forward in an exciting and highly illegal display of German engineering prowess. The speedo rapidly passed eighty miles per hour on the street before he braked hard and slipped into the turn lane at a much more reasonable speed.

"Okay Speed Racer, I can afford the tickets, but one wrong move and you are gonna wrap this car around another motorist or worse. I know it's fun, but slow it down," she demanded.

"Alright," he acquiesced, slowing the car to more or less legal speeds. A few minutes later they were at her apartment.

"You want to come up?" she asked. "You don't have to. I know I've given you a mental ton of stuff to think about over the last few days, and especially tonight."

He thought for a minute. *If she wanted me to come up, she could just make me.*
"Sure."

A few minutes after parking the car they were in her apartment. He noticed the body shaped imprint in the wall, "What happened there?"

"Cianna happened." she said, grabbing him by the collar and pulling his mouth to hers. The faint smell of cinnamon wafted into his nostrils as she smothered him with a kiss for the ages. When she finally let him break for air he was gasping for breath as his heart rate had accelerated to well above normal, "Let's not worry about that right now."

"No, lets." a third party said bluntly from behind Matt.

She spun him out of the way to see Cianna standing there, arms akimbo.

"You must be Matt." she announced, pulling out a chair from the dining room table.

"You have me at a disadvantage, but I assume you are Cianna Di'Trieste?" he said rhetorically.

"What do you want Cianna." Natalie interjected.

"I wanted to thank you for taking care of that favor. And for helping me. Also, I needed to drop this off." she said slapping a manila envelope on the table, "How much does he know?" she added changing gears.

"He's read on, but not well versed," the demon replied.

The smaller woman shoved the envelope across the table to within arm's reach of Natalie, "Read this when you have a chance. Oh, and here's this." she said placing a smaller white envelope on the table with St. James Cathedral in the return address corner.

"What's that?" Natalie asked.

"The bill for the hole you put in the roof of the church. You know how to make an entrance. Father Charles is being reassigned because of you."

Natalie rolled her eyes as Matt looked back and forth at the two women quizzically.

"Nathalia," Cianna said standing up again with a wince. "Thanks. Seriously." she said extending a fingerless gloved hand.

"You are welcome." she replied taking it.

"Just so you know, I am off your case now." she said as she turned to leave the two lovers. "But the Vatican is assigning a handler to you. They've deemed you low risk and thusly you don't warrant a real demon hunter anymore."

"Who is it?" She asked as Cianna crossed the threshold of the apartment's front door.

"I don't know, some new guy. Just stay on the straight and narrow and we won't be seeing any more of each other." she said with a knowing smile. Then she turned and started gingerly down the stairs.

Natalie dead bolted the door closed and after retrieving the large manila envelope flopped back into the couch. Matt sat next to her after retrieving a glass of water from the kitchen.

"What exactly is that?" he asked looking at the envelope.

"Probably an information packet on a target I've been assigned." she said running a perfectly manicured nail under the sealed edge of the large envelope.

"What do you mean target?" he inquired looking at her.

"In addition to picking my own marks, I also get assigned them by the church. Call it paying the 'stay on Earth' rent. They find someone they want removed from an

equation, either permanently or by scandal and I provide a seamless service. You can't prove I did anything. And since I'm virtually impossible to imprison, well even if I am caught, I'm rarely held for long," she explained. "It keeps me under their thumb and makes me useful to them. As long as I am useful and not too much trouble, they don't dispatch a whole bunch of hunters to come banish me."

"That sucks. So who is the target?" he asked curiously.

"Some minor Saudi Prince, Gassan Salah Hassan. He's coming to New York as part of a UN envoy's entourage. Apparently he's some sort of intelligence czar. The Vatican wants him disgraced, but not dead. The envoy arrives Wednesday next week, so I have to plan how I am going to get in contact with him and disgrace him. And this looks like my information about his personal tastes in women," she said reading.

Matt tried reading the pages but they were in a language he couldn't understand. "It's Latin," she explained before he could ask. "This guy will be easy to get," she announced. They've already determined what his fetishes are, and I fit the bill already. Normally I have to change a couple characteristics," she added, pointing at her tits. "In this case though, he's apparently quite the boob hound."

She handed him some photographs of various women with very large breasts. He saw Chelsea Charms, Abbi Secraa, and several other extremely well endowed women, "What do these have to do with him?" he asked.

"They were pulled off of his hard drive. The dossier says he's got gigs of huge tit porn. If anything, I am on the smaller range of his liking" she said leafing through more color prints. Some of them were heavy set and some were downright fat, but all of the women were enormous when it came to boobs.

"Well you're thinner than most if not all of the girls here," he said.

"Shit," she said, derailing the conversation. She held up a single photo with a post-it on it. The platinum blond woman in the picture was massive. She was reclining and all you could see from her shoulders to her knees were the unbelievable breasts. They were each easily as massive as her whole body, and probably considerably more so. The post it was written in English, not Latin.

"Fuck me, is that photo-shopped?" he exclaimed.

"Not according to this. She's his secret consort. She goes everywhere he does," she said reading the sticky note.

"How does she move?"

"I don't think she does very much," she said digging into the envelope. She found another picture paper-clipped to three sheets of typed paper. It was the same woman. She was pretty, and enormously buff in the photo, with the very small breasts fitting her occupation at the time. The photo was time stamped two years earlier.

"Milena Baran. She was a Russian body builder. She's been with the prince for about twenty months. It says here that her breasts have been augmented via some kind of experimental technique to their current uncategorized size in conjunction with some

kind of skin treatment. Doesn't go into a whole lot of detail," she announced reading the documents. "But she's been his sole love interest for the last six months."

"I like big ta-ta's but you have to be ambulatory." Matt announced.

"Yeah. I don't get it either, but if I'm gonna compete with that, we're going to have to figure out a way to give me an advantage."

"Couldn't you just seduce him?" Matt said matter of fact.

"I can make him lust for me, but he may not be interested in what I have to offer. I need to have an edge."

"You could appeal to his ego. He's an Arab, you know virility is a big thing to them." he said matter of fact.

"Virility is a big thing to most cultures. Americans spend more money on crap that doesn't grow your dick than all the other countries in the world combined. But you are right. I still have to catch his eye though," she announced.

"Well, can't you just make your boobs bigger?" he asked.

"Actually no, well not entirely. I can change my size all over, but my mass is restricted to what I've got to work with. So if I shrank down to five feet tall, then I would have a lot more mass to concentrate in by tits... but it still might not be enough. This guy is pretty perverted if he likes his women immobilized by their own anatomy. Maybe if I shrank down and had a little help from you I could get closer. I think my edge is going to have to be mobility and grace," she said plainly.

"So you want my help huh?" he asked with a sly smirk.

"Oh, Ah think ah need yo'ah help Mistuh Willcox." she said in a southern drawl.

"Well don't let me slow you down." he commanded as he sat back on the couch and spread his arms along the back rest.

Natalie moved between his legs quickly and could see the outline of his member as it started to inflate down his left pant leg. She stroked it through the fabric several times looking lustily into his eyes as she did it.

"Why Mistuh Willcox, is that fuh me?" she said playfully, as she unzipped and unbuttoned his pants. Gripping the sides of his trousers by the handful and pulling sharply toward her, she was rewarded with them pulling free of the couch and bunching around his knees. They didn't remain in contact with his body for very long after that. All that remained below the waist now was his boxers and socks, and neither of those did much to hide the enormous erection that was poking out the left leg of his shorts. It almost reached his knee and was still inflating.

She looked up at him with a twinkle of mischief and then promptly ripped his boxer-shorts apart. He was totally unready for that, but the deft fingers that suddenly encircled his tool made his protest stop before it ever started. Natalie started stroking him in opposing directions with both hands, watching as the precum would leak out the tip of his cock as her top hand moved up. Soon the entire surface of his cock that her upper hand touched was covered in a glossy sheen as the clear liquid spread through

her rapid strokes.

His rod fully hard, she grinned up at him and quickly descended upon his staff, more and more of him disappearing into her mouth until she had her nose buried at his pubic bone. Then she started to move her head back and forth along his length, fluttering her masterful throat muscles along him as her fingers started to massage his egg sized balls. She could feel that he was already close to an orgasm, and she pulled back and looked up at him.

"I want you to cum, I want you to cum in my mouth. I want to feel your seed fill me. Cum for me baby," she purred in a sexy voice, "Make my tits grow!"

That was all it took and she could feel his balls draw up as the first thick gout of his cream filled her mouth. The second made it overflow, running down her chin like a glaze, and the third didn't even land in her already full mouth instead white washing her cheek and nose. He shot spurt after spurt of viscous man goo at her grunting like a mad man. He had no concept of how long it went on, only the intense to overwhelming pleasure of continual release.

When his climax did finally calm down he could survey the flood damage his cock had wrought. Her face was coated in a thick layer of his baby batter, and it ran down her neck and chest in broad rivulets until it ran together into the expanse of her cleavage. The blouse and sweater she was wearing were drenched about the neckline and shoulders as well. He had no idea how much cum he'd flooded her with, but it was a lot.

"Wanna see something cool," she said with smacking lips after a heavy swallow. He was panting but managed a "sure."

She closed her eyes in response and he watched as all of his spunk was soaked up by her skin like a sponge. She shivered uncontrollably, "Mmmm, that was good." she said with a Cheshire grin. "Now watch what you just did to me," she said still grinning and leaning back on her hands so that her tits were pointed skyward and her back arched. At first he didn't see anything, but then slowly he watched as her already elevated knockers started to mound up higher and fatter on her chest.

She could feel the blouse beneath her sweater tightening against her flesh as the two hemispheres bloated bigger against each other and the resisting but over-matched white cotton. It was a shearing force that the poor buttons were never intended to be subjected to, and in spite of the assistance of the sweater, she could feel the three buttons at the apex of her mounds give way to the unyielding force of her growing mams inside.

"Mmmm, that was nice." she said as the growth ceased.

"How did you do that?" Matt asked amazed.

Her eyes were almost aglow as she looked at him hungrily. "If I spend a little energy I can metabolize your power all at once, it just isn't as efficient, but enough explaining. Let's fuck," she said with smoldering sensuality dripping from her crude

words.

Natalie yanked him from the couch and had a hand around his cock again as her free right hand guided his to the bottom hem of her sweater. He quickly got the message and had the soft garment over her head in just over a second. It was completely off two seconds later, allowing Matt to see the huge gap in blouse where the three buttons had given up in their fight.

She pulled him to the bedroom where she directed him to lie back on the bed with a playful push. Then she started to gyrate at the foot of the bed, using one of the four posts as an impromptu pole. Matt was getting hard again already watching as she ground against the carved wooden spire. She pulled the damaged blouse apart to reveal the overflowing cream colored bra beneath. Her motions allowed her to seamlessly meld the unhooking of her brassier into a dance, the rhythm of which only she could hear.

She slipped the shoulder straps of her bra off and the foundation fell to the floor, leaving her twin titans unfettered to wobble and jiggle in her slinking movements. They caromed off of each other as she did twirls and swung her upper body around. Then with the grace of a gymnast, she front flipped onto the bed and was straddling his thighs. She smiled at him broadly as the jiggling of her bounding cans came to a halt.

"Wow."

"Shh." she commanded with a single finger to her ruby lips. Then those lips were on his in a sloppy series of French kisses that degenerated into a groping, pawing, sucking exposition.

He grabbed her quickly and flipped her onto her back with him above her, and moved down to position his very long Johnson at the entrance of her eager beaver.

"Mmmm, take it, make me yours." she moaned up at him.

He didn't hesitate and slid his long rod slowly but unceasingly forward into her welcoming tunnel. Matt buried his cock fully inside her, savoring the wet warmth of her sopping snatch. He stayed there for a few seconds before pulling back, then began establishing a slow but methodical rhythm of deep strokes.

"Yeah," Natalie called, biting her lower lip at the sensations emanating from their mutual contact. "Nnngh, that's good."

She smashed her soft dugs together and up toward his face in a clear offering and Matt took her right nipple in his mouth. Sucking in he was rewarded with her sweet ambrosia bursting forth in a mouth filling upwelling. He drank from her hungrily, even as his pace increased.

She groaned approvingly at his increased tempo and the attention he was paying her gushing mammary, "Oh yeah, drink me, let me feed you, fulfill your need... Mmmm, don't stop!"

"Mmmhmmm," he replied into her nipple as he increased the suction and stepped up the pace of his strokes again.

Her hand went to her angry and swollen clit and started frigging it furiously. She was close to cumming, and she could tell Matt was too. He started thrusting harder, and Natalie could tell that he was adding a little more size to his tool with each stroke, but in doing so was bringing his own climax closer and closer. He was definitely not going to last long now. He thrust in once more with a hard shove, grew substantially and withdrew almost completely before again pushing all the way home. She felt his torrential orgasm begin even as his out-sized phallus throbbed violently within her steaming cavern. Then the inundation began.

Matt's heaving hose unleashed a blast of cum like a river at flood stage, triggering an earth shattering, cock milking orgasm in Natalie that only intensified Matt's own mind altering release.

His head snapped skyward and his back arched, pushing every millimeter of his gushing prong as deeply into her as he could get it while unleashing a guttural howl of ecstasy. Natalie's pussy, filled to capacity as it was with Matt's spewing tool, acted as a funnel, pushing his inhuman downpour of jizz deeper into her. It felt like he was pumping gallons of man goo into her, and with nowhere else to go she could feel it starting to distend her normally taught and trim tummy.

Where is it all coming from? They both wondered at the same time. Natalie looked into his eyes at the joint thought. Was there something about Matt that she didn't know? She needed to figure that out, but she didn't want to abuse his trust, and frankly right now in the throes of the most amazing orgasm of the last 139 years, it wasn't high on the priority list.

Finally she could feel his torrential crescendo start to ebb, but even so the residual flow of his effusive seed continued for several minutes.

Matt relaxed atop his elbows, still buried to the hilt inside her. He looked down at her and smiled tiredly, "How did I do that?"

"I was going to ask you that," she said, her hands rubbing a tummy that looked to be around midterm. "I've never had so much poured into me. Even when I've drained a man in the past..." she started but noted a look of displeasure at the course the conversation was taking.

"Can we not talk about other conquests right now? I'm enjoying the afterglow," he announced.

"Sorry."

"So that's all my stuff inside you?" he remarked as he felt the firm paunch between them.

"Yeah. There's quite a bit in there," she said with an odd pride to her voice.

"You sound really happy about that," he remarked.

"Why shouldn't I be? You've just filled me with enough of your spunk for a year or more. And your stuff is so much better than usual," she explained. "I've never gotten fat from being with a man before," she added, hugging him as close as her tummy and

boobs would allow.

"So..." he started but hesitated.

"What?" she asked, releasing him from her embrace so he could lean up again.

"Could you do that thing where you make your boobs grow again?" he asked in a small voice.

"You like the growing boobs huh?" she smiled mischievously.

"Yeah. It's an amazing turn on," he said. She could feel that he wasn't lying.

"I can do that. Especially since if it turns you on, it could be good for me too," she said with a knowing smile. *He's getting aroused again just thinking about the prospect of it!*

"It's starting," she whispered, closing her eyes momentarily. When they reopened there was an intensity about them that was captivating. Her hands pressed into the sides of her bulging abdomen. It started shrinking rapidly back into her tight wasp waistline. "Unnnngh," she moaned sensuously, as the signs of a tummy vanished.

Matt could feel her body rearrange around his once again throbbing cock. Her insides moved and jumbled sending strange sensations through her tightly packed tunnel and along the buried length of his tool that was swiftly surging back to full size. The stuffed maw began hungrily trying to squeeze and pull more of Matt's meaty tube inside, like a ravenous serpent swallowing an even larger snake whole.

At the same time her whole body was changing.

Her skin was the first thing he noticed, already incredibly touchable, it took on a softness somewhere between velvet and butter. Just touching it in the slightest was intoxicating. A glittering sheen shone in the dim light, while at the same time it almost glowed from within.

Natalie's robust hips broadened further, while the flesh about them rounded as more muscle and just enough fatty softness piled upon the ample quantities of muscle already deposited there. Her butt meanwhile plumped up but stayed firm, buoying her pelvis higher. This had the added effect of easing Matt's angle of entry.

Then her thighs started to transform, from magnificent to something unquantifiable, sculpted, thick pillars of sexy, silky smooth, womanly strength and grace. They tapered quickly into the same delicate looking knees, and then into substantial, swollen calves that made no effort to hide the strength contained therein while maintaining a supple femininity. And then, on top of that, he watched them grow longer. To his amazement her legs literally stretched at least a couple inches.

Her arms received the same treatment, strengthening but remaining distinctly the arms of a woman, with flesh to cover any extreme definition, but belying the power within. He watched them swell slightly, and then they too lengthened before his eyes. Her shoulders expanded in all directions ever so slightly, giving foundation to those arms. On her hands, even the nails on her piano fingers lengthened, the candy apple red nail polish magically spreading across their expanded surface into the manicured talons

of a hand model.

But the best part was saved for last.

The malleable flesh of Natalie's body seemed to stabilize for a moment, and her hands moved from her taut abdomen and up to her already monumental mammarys.

"Ohhh nnngha!" she moaned as those hands pulled up on her nipples, the pliant flesh of her breasts stretching under her grip. She bit her lip and Matt watched as the stretched skin plumped up before him, allowing her hands to pull her tits even farther from her chest.

Her pulsating sucking cunt spasmed sharply, constricting hard around his member as an orgasm rocketed through her. "Fughaaah!" she wailed, hands still pulling at the nipples that were getting farther and farther from her chest.

Mat could see milk starting to leak from between her fingers and around her palms, beads of opalescent liquid dribbling down that silken skin. Still her epic melons burgeoned further. Natalie's grip on her right breast slipped and the whole colossal construct collapsed several inches into a broad heaping pile of mounded tissue then rebounded into a jiggling blob filling all the space atop her arm to where it met its still elevated partner, and from her clavicle down to nearly her navel to a depth of half a foot or more. Thick, sweet milk was pooling atop of it as it burbled from the bright pink grape sized dug that crowned it.

Her right hand, now unencumbered by so much mammary meat, reached between them and seized his twin duck egg sized stones, even as another wave of climax rushed over her. "Fuuu — chk... Meeeee!" she screamed the broken command.

Matt started immediately, and knew at once that he was going to pop off fast. Even as he plowed into her, sending her unsecured right jug careening in counterpoint, he could tell that it was still expanding, getting deeper, creeping up and down her body, threatening to roll over her arm. And its stable-mate, still valiantly held aloft by her left hand looked positively gigantic. Her whole upper body was a hot wet mess from the downpour of milk now cascading from her nips.

Her snatch was continuously drawing him in, the rapturous ecstasy of orgasm after orgasm leaving her an exquisite quivering jumble of mindless skin and bones, flesh and muscle that could only try to extract more spunk from him.

It was too much and Matt exploded inside her once again. His turgid manhood surged inundating her with only slightly less unreal quantities of his man-wash than his last time. His cum pumped her tummy full, once again inflating her to the realms of mid-term gravidity.

Even as his vision started to darken around the edges, Matt's last conscious observation was that Natalie's pregnant looking form was unconscious. He collapsed into blissful sleep with her moments later.