

Saint, Sinner, Succubus

By Merkava IV
A pen name

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Prologue

“Supervixen”

She slowly and silently slid out of the premium thread count hotel room sheets. Frank was out cold, and would probably sleep until room service came in several hours later. It didn't matter to her, he'd footed the bill for the room, and she'd be gone before he woke up regardless. She looked at her naked form in the mirror through the dim pre-dawn light and smiled. She had quite a bit to smile about.

Natalie Faust's body was jaw dropping, starting with striking red hair, exotic shaped luminous green eyes and plush ruby lips that were perpetually glossy on a perfectly sculpted face. Proceeding down her long graceful neck to broad strong shoulders her eyes were drawn to what were probably her most prominent features with a bigger grin; high set, firm and jutting breasts that if so encased would have greatly stressed one of her 32G bras. Those breasts were attached to a ribcage that tapered into a well-muscled and tiny waist, and then flared dramatically into broad child bearing hips with a bubble butt. Her thighs were thick but not fat and shrank into dainty knees, then swelled into meaty calves and then trailed off into delicate ankles and cute feet. On top of her five foot, nine inch frame she was as intimidating as she was strikingly beautiful, with a self-assured confidence that was undeniable.

In fact it was that his confidence that had led her to bed down with “Frank” two nights prior...

Frank West had been sitting with his buddies in the bar down town when she'd walked in. He saw Natalie and he felt his cock swell just looking at her. It was at that moment he'd made eye contact. She was tall, easily six feet in the high heels she was wearing, and the slinky shiny green dress left almost nothing to the imagination.

In spite of those heels, she seemed to glide over to him and before he knew it, she had slipped his beer from his hand to hers, brushing his thumb in the slightest of touches. Her skin glowed in the low light, and her eyes so green that he was sure she was wearing contacts. She kept eye contact until she'd drank enough of his previously full pint that she had to tilt the glass back, slamming the empty glass down on the table, smiling at him impishly. She had the attention of the whole table, if not the entire bar.

“Evening boys,” she said in a sing song voice as she finally cast her eyes about the other three men at the table. “Thanks for the beer.” She added, those radiant green eyes peering into Frank's soul again.

Natalie had chosen Frank as a possible mark when she'd entered the bar, one of several possible targets, but his confidence had made her more curious. He was handsome, thirty-ish, well dressed, and most importantly, he liked to, as his ego had

screamed at her, stretch a woman out. One of her many “evil” talents was knowing the minds and hearts of men with just a touch, and Frank possessed a great deal of pride in the very large equipment he'd been graced with. It was the fact that Frank enjoyed having his way with women, not so infrequently against their will (especially after they saw just how big he was down there), that made him, by her rules, a legitimate target for her other talents.

She leaned into him and whispered in his ear, “Let’s get out of here.” Her fingers wrapped around his and pulled him from the stool at the table and to her lips. He could smell sweet cinnamon on her breath, and then taste it on her tongue as they locked in a blistering hot kiss that sent burning waves through his body and made his cock swell to near its full potential down the leg of his trousers.

They came up for air. “Guys, as you can see, duty calls.” Frank said as she practically dragged him from the bar. She lead him to a candy apple red Porsche 911 and after making sure he was halfway in the car, started it and gunned the engine. He held on for dear life and buckled up as she tore down the narrow street.

“Where are we going?” she asked him as she cranked the wheel hard and took an intersection turn at almost 40 miles per hour.

For his part Frank was grinning stupidly. “Take us to the Hilton,” he said as the twin-turbos screamed in second gear.

She flashed a naughty grin at him and suddenly jerked up on the parking brake and snapped the wheel around and J-turned perfectly in traffic before romping on the accelerator and flying back down the street toward the Hilton hotel. They covered the distance to the hotel faster than he could ever remember.

Natalie whipped the car into the drive and braked to a quick but smooth stop, opening the door and flipping the keys to the valet before Frank had even reached the handle inside. She met him as he got to his feet from the small sports car.

“Let’s fuck,” she whispered, not mincing words.

I’m gonna tear this bitch up, he thought, his heart racing a little bit faster at the prospect. She was definitely the hottest piece of ass he'd ever taken to bed. He was going to make sure she didn't forget about him.

A few minutes later, they were checked in and she had kicked her shoes off in the entry hall of the luxury room that Frank's credit card had secured. He pulled her to him and began manhandling her right breast with his left hand as his lips met hers. Again that sweet cinnamon cookie flavor stayed with him as he pulled away a moment later.

Frank couldn't remember the last time he'd been so hard with his pants on, and Natalie knew it too. She was largely the cause of it. Her fingers slid across the tented fabric of his trousers before gripping his rod through his slacks.

“You're a big one. And so thick too.” she said, feeling his pride surge at the compliment. Pride was an easy emotion to manipulate.

"Your tits are incredible." he responded, his right hand now aiding his left in extricating her breasts from the stressed material of the dress.

"There's a zipper in the back," she said, demonstrating incredible flexibility as she zipped it down in a fluid motion. In that instant the latex pulled away from her body and revealed exactly what Frank had figured in the bar. She wasn't wearing any underwear.

Her body was hairless from the neck down save a neatly trimmed small triangle; free of any blemishes, tan lines or tattoos, and her pussy was already dripping with excitement, a glossy sheen showing on her lower lips. The smell of that cinnamon spice perfume she was wearing suddenly filled the room.

"Now this isn't fair, you are still fully dressed. I want to see if that's a prize cucumber in your pants or you're really excited to see me," she announced with a mocking pout.

He'd never met a woman who'd been so totally ready to go. Especially knowing how big he was beforehand. Now, not only did she want him to fuck her, she was practically begging for it. *And that smell...* it was starting to make him hotter, if that were possible. He pulled his belt through the loops in one motion and a moment later was naked from the waist down.

Her hands went to it immediately, stroking it in opposite directions and extracting a healthy dollop of glistening precum. He is definitely among the top one percent by numbers, she thought to herself as she rolled that gleaming droplet in her fingers before bringing them to her lips and sucking them clean. He was big enough around that she had to use two hands to have any chance to encompass his girth.

"I've never seen a real cock this big," she lied, stoking his ego yet more. It had the desired effect, as his manhood surged harder and fuller. Despite his out-sized proportions Frank's tool was now angled upward in complete defiance of gravity. Natalie was mildly impressed by that. *And I haven't even gotten started yet.*

She went to her knees and began to orally worship his organ even as he removed the remainder of his clothes. He closed his eyes as her hands went to the base of his cock and massaged the large but not quite proportional balls in his sack. Her tongue started to swirl around his prong. It felt to him like her tongue was coiling around his pole like a boa constrictor, squeezing around him. The fact that she was able to take him in her mouth was unbelievable and he grabbed her hair with both hands to pull her farther along.

To his amazement more and more of his trouser-python pushed into her mouth. She took him in like a veteran sword swallower, until he felt her nose bump into his pubic bone. She didn't gag or stop once, just inexorably proceeded until she'd taken all of him into her mouth. Then he felt her tongue slide from her lips and begin to lick his sack.

He started to withdraw, pulling her head away with his hands and her hair, and

then started to thrust. She started swallowing when he got fully inside her, her throat clenching down on the half of his cock so far buried. Both of them could tell he wouldn't last long.

She was totally in tune with his state of arousal now, and seconds before his release began, she took his sack in her left hand and squeezed ever so gently. Warmth radiated out from her hand and his balls suddenly felt extra heavy, full, almost bloated.

Natalie pulled back and jacked his prick like a pro as he began to come, letting him watch the inundation of jiz flood her mouth. Frank's cock gushed forth with a force he'd never felt before, filling Natalie's mouth in three epic squirts, then covering the rest of her face with the next two and finally began the process of glazing her upper body (and a good deal of her lower body as well) before his climax finally abated.

His knee's felt weak and Natalie told him to, "Go to the bedroom and rest," while she got cleaned up. She waited for him to leave the room before she absorbed the "essence" she'd extracted from him in that orgasm. She preferred to just let her mark's come inside her, either deep down her throat, or ideally in her pussy. Her ass worked too, but in spite of what she was she wasn't even remotely desperate, as evidenced by her present physical condition. She knew that Frank would like that too though. Perhaps a possibility if things didn't go quite as well as she was pretty sure they would.

She went into the bathroom and started a shower, as much for pretense as anything, since all the evidence of her previous "shower" had vanished. It wasn't often that she did what she was going to do tonight, and over the next few days, but she would make the most of it. The blow job she'd given Frank was just the tip of the iceberg. He certainly was a good specimen, and if she was good, she might have to pin up the zipper of her dress when the time came to leave...

She stepped into the bedroom to see Frank passed out on the bed. He was sprawled out on his back, relaxed, save for his manhood. It's stood fully erect, throbbing with his slow heartbeat. Her powers had seen to it that he'd be hard any time she wanted him to be for the remainder of their time together. And right now, she was ready for an encore. She maneuvered herself atop him, and quickly lowered her still dripping snatch upon him.

Frank's eyes opened lazily as she was starting to pump up and down. Her pussy was milking him in ways that he'd never experienced and he felt his cock being pulled and squeezed to another orgasm rapidly.

"Fuck me!" she whined piteously, pouring on faux-urgency.

Tired or not, Frank wasn't going to disappoint, though nagging at the back of his mind was a personal let down that this woman had not only swallowed him whole, but was riding him like a champ. His ego was stroked every time a woman asked him to slow down. The many women whose eyes had been bigger than their pussies and had begged him to stop were a source of pride. It wasn't like he was going to marry one of these girls. That aside, he had a woman riding him right now that had more sexual

talent in her snatch than most women could muster in all their attributes, and she was begging for it.

Natalie read those thoughts in real time and smiled inwardly even as Frank began to move in counterpoint to her. She could feel his orgasm rising again, and she urged his cock on with her drooling cunt. It was rare for her to orgasm, but Frank did have some talent, along with well above average anatomy. If his impending orgasm was as impressive as the last, it was conceivable...

She felt it begin, the telltale throb of his heartbeat, strong fists balling up big handfuls of bed-sheet, the surge along the length of his fully buried prick. Oh yes, this was going to be a good one!

"Nngh!" he grunted as the first rope of his spunk poured from the end of his cock.

"Oh yeah baby! Fuck! I'm coming!" she whined in ecstasy as his own climax ripped into her.

Frank could feel that incredible pussy bear down on his erupting rod as she came, pulling him deeper and squeezing him harder into her than any pussy he'd ever felt in his life. If this orgasm hadn't felt as indescribable as it did, it probably would have hurt. Instead any pain was overridden or blended into the pure bliss as surge after mind melting surge of cum shot into her.

He came harder than he could ever remember, particularly after such a prolific performance just a short time earlier, and he was barely able to keep his eyes open from exhaustion when she finally pulled off of him with a wet slurping sound. In the final moments of post orgasmic consciousness he looked down his body as he lay there on the bed and saw his tool, still standing proud. "Is it me, or does it look bigger...?" He half whispered to himself before the darkness of sleep overtook him.

"It is indeed bigger," she said quietly as she too recovered. It was a side effect of being with her. One most often appreciated by her many beaus. It made it easier for her too. More tactile area meant more stimulation, faster orgasms, and faster extraction of her mark's energies. She proceeded to start working on him again...

* * *

The weekend had been good to her. Her dresses' zipper indeed had to be pinned in place, and her cleavage bulged indecently above the upper edge of her dress, not that she really cared. She looked into the mirror again to make sure she was all set, and then cast a last glance at Frank. Gone were his mid-thirties handsomeness, thick dirty blond coif and strong physique, replaced with a withered frame, stringy gray patches of hair that would no doubt fall out over the coming days, and the craggy looks of a man sixty years his senior. Only his cock remained; a youthful and now absurdly huge reminder of her presence in his life.

“Poor Frankie, such God given gifts, such virility, and you had to be such sexually sadistic fuck. Oh well, your loss is my gain. And to think, if you'd only been one of the nice guys, I never would have touched you.”

With those quiet parting words, Natalie Faust, succubus, left the room.

CHAPTER I

“Medication”

It wasn't easy being a “reformed” succubus. Walking among humans was fine and good. Obviously it beat walking around in Hell with most demons. Demons were in most respects just about as foul in hell as they were on earth. It was the rules that were tough. The trouble with humans was free will. Depending on the religious doctrine you wanted to follow, it could be assumed that all humans were off limits because they could be saved at any time by coming to God and accepting Jesus as one's personal Lord and Savior. Natalie knew better, but it didn't change the fact that there were good, God fearing people, generally good people, and then shades that slowly but surely faded into darker and darker shades of gray all the way to very real evil black.

And contrary to what people would say Natalie could attest to the fact that there were evil people in the world. How bad was Frank? Not as bad as some men she'd been with, for sure. None the less she was positive she'd done the world a favor, and he was a staunch atheist, so the church people she might have had to worry about were certainly not going to come after her for his accelerated demise.

She shook her head to clear it. These thoughts were all secondary to the issue at hand right now; she needed a new wardrobe. And in a not so roundabout way, Frank's last benefit to her was the purchase of some new clothes at several high end stores, starting with a boutique foundations shop.

Frank had liquidated over \$300,000 of his personal fortune in stocks and commodities (at a significant loss) and transferred the money to several of her off shore accounts on Saturday. It just so happened that they shared the same bank (no accident, she had many bank accounts at many banks, all over the world), and so the money was instantly available. Not that Natalie needed the money, but tax headache aside, more money was always better.

She strolled into the lingerie store and smiled at the twenty something woman who approached her with her own smile of recognition.

“Ms. Faust! Welcome back,” the woman said. If Natalie hadn't been in the same building, this woman would have turned heads. Chestnut hair and sultry eyes distracted men only briefly from breasts that made no bones about why she worked in a boutique custom lingerie shop.

“Hi Georgia,” Natalie replied, taking off the short black quilted velvet coat she'd been wearing, and exposing her dress covered body to the sales lady.

“What brings you in today?” Georgia asked, taking in an eye full of the cleavage spilling out from the overburdened dress' neckline.

"I think you just looked at it," Natalie started. "I got this dress a couple months ago and it fit fine. I guess I've put on some weight. Everything is fitting a little more snug in the bust."

Georgia looked Natalie over again with more scrutiny before commenting. "I wish I only gained weight in my bust line and my bum. Still, if you have gone up that much I imagine you've stretched out your bras too. We should get you a fitting."

Natalie followed Georgia into the fitting rooms. As she looked at the dress again Georgia saw the safety pin that held the zipper up. "Wow, you really had to work to get that up there huh?" she commented.

"Yeah," Natalie admitted. It hadn't been that hard at the time, but she didn't want to let on that she might still be growing. "Can you get it for me?"

"Sure," Georgia complied with a smile. As soon as the safety pin was unhooked the zipper slipped down almost six inches and allowed the overflowing cleavage in the front of the dress to settle into the expanded space. "You had that bound up pretty tight," she announced, handing Natalie the beleaguered fastener.

"I didn't realize how tight the dress was," Natalie admitted with real sheepishness. What that meant was that she was still processing the essence she'd been pulling from Frank all weekend. He'd indeed been a very good specimen.

"Well, we will fix that up in no time," Georgia said, producing a tape measure. Measuring the over and under-bust three times and doing some head math she quickly determined Natalie's new bra size. "You have indeed put on some weight... you are a 32HH now. That's several cup sizes since last time, if my memory serves."

Natalie blinked. She knew her old measurements and adding three inches to her bust-line was a lot for one tryst, even for someone as gifted as Frank. And the fact that it wasn't as evident at the hotel as it was here in the shop meant that she was still absorbing the residual sexual energy and vitality from her encounter. *Too bad they all aren't as good as Frank...* she thought wistfully.

"Is everything okay, Natalie?" Georgia asked, snapping the succubus back to the here and now.

"Oh, yes... just trying to wrap my mind around such a large increase."

"Well, if it makes it any better, you carry them very well. Should we look at some of our selection in those sizes?" Georgia asked.

"Yeah, I'd better," Natalie admitted.

A half hour later, she was leaving the shop with seven new bras and matching panties in a large shopping bag. From there it was a fifteen minute drive to her one bedroom apartment on Queen Anne hill overlooking downtown Seattle. On the way into the building her dress finally gave up the ghost, tearing down the front, all the way down to the narrowest point of her waistline.

"Fucking Latex," she fumed.

Just as she was hooking the black velvet jacket closed she caught the creepy guy

from 704, the apartment across from hers, looking at her chest from the other side of the lobby.

A large part of her didn't care, but she had to maintain the pretense of humanity. So she sent her neighbor the coldest stare she could while wrapping the short jacket around her. He didn't stop leering, and frankly, she couldn't blame him, but again she acted on the part of a human.

"Do you mind?"

Words apparently worked better than body language. He shook his head and blushed; "Sorry..." he trailed off.

She marched up stairs, feeling his eyes track her ass as she went up from the lobby. *Whatever, I can't really blame you. I'm built to cause that reaction*, she thought as she rounded the landing. She quickly climbed the seven floors to her apartment and was in the door a minute and fifteen seconds later.

A quick review of her voice mail indicated she wasn't missed at work over the weekend, and she sat down for an unnecessary night of sleep before the start of the work week. While she didn't need to sleep, Natalie had adapted to it in an effort to appear human. That, along with showers and a variety of other mundane activities had been added to her routine. While sleeping for her wasn't quite the same as a normal person's, it was still a relaxed state. There was one other advantage to her "sleep". She was out almost as soon as her head hit the pillow.

* * *

When she wasn't seducing men throughout the United States, Natalie was the executive office manager in a large Seattle law firm. As the queen bee of the office, she was responsible for new hires related to the secretarial pool, and today she was to meet the newest addition to her hive.

She'd worked at the Fox, Bryce and Barlowe firm for the last seven years, rising rapidly from the lowest of the firm's 63 secretaries to her current position, often to the ire of female associate lawyers who thought that she leaned too heavily on her looks. The truth was that she was an expert organizer who worked very hard and wasn't afraid to stay late. She maintained the office morale through the organization of monthly after work functions, and it helped that she could also type 190 words a minute, take shorthand notation, and wasn't afraid to lock horns with associates and junior partners in the interest of the office drones. All in all she was popular with nearly all the people in the office, and most importantly, all of the ones that mattered.

After starting her day in her cubicle, she made her way down to the HR section ignoring the usual stares and head turns as she walked through the building. Natalie dressed as conservatively as possible around the office, usually opting for a jacket and knee length skirt. The issue was that nothing about Natalie's body was conservative. It

effectively made the tamest outfits sexy, and made her quite popular with the male demographic working at the firm. She entered the twenty by thirty windowless interior room that was the Human Resources department's current home looking for Nancy, the head of HR.

Nancy Miller was talking to a very handsome man dressed in an inexpensive suit when she saw Natalie enter the office.

"Natalie," Nancy called. "Natalie, hello. This is our new hire, Matthew Wilcox. Here is his dossier," she said, ushering the man toward Natalie. When he'd moved past her toward Natalie, the HR rep mouthed the word, "Wow".

"Thanks Nancy. Matthew, my name is Natalie Faust," she started, extending her hand. "I am the Executive Office Manager here at Fox, Bryce and Barlowe," She met his firm but not overpowering handshake with one of equal force and a smile. He had rough hands for a secretary.

He was quiet for a very long second, trying to take in the overwhelming beauty of the woman who'd just shook his hand. Her luminous eyes had him mesmerized. He hadn't even taken in the rest of her body getting stuck from the neck up. Finally after what felt like an eternity he remembered his manners. "Uh, hello Misses Faust," he said finally, flushing with embarrassment.

"It's 'Miss'" Natalie explained, holding up her left hand to display a naked ring finger. "Welcome to the firm, follow me please," she said with a dazzling smile, and lead him out of the HR cube.

"Those are the beautiful people," one of the other Human Resource ladies said to Nancy watching them leave the room.

"Yeah, ascending into the lofty heavens above to leave us mere mortals down here to toil in our mundane lives," Nancy replied longingly before going back to work.

"Tell me about your qualifications," Natalie said as they walked back toward the staircase leading up the three floors to Matt's desk.

"Well," he started, straining to keep his eyes from ogling her body. "I was in the Army..."

"Unless you were a forty-two alpha, the army doesn't qualify you as an administrative assistant," she cut him off.

"Uh, no. I was Infantry."

She stopped and faced him at the door leading to the stairwell. "Look Matthew. I appreciate your service to our country, but you need to understand that in this office, I need qualified people, not Veteran charity cases." Her arms, crossed as they were under her impressive bosom made it virtually impossible for him to ignore. Still, he was largely successful.

"Sorry, I... well; I can type one hundred thirty words a minute, can take shorthand dictation and am fully versed in the entire Microsoft Office suite."

"Better," she said with a smile before opening the heavy door to the stairwell and

leading the way up.

"Stairs huh? Don't like elevators?" he asked as she bounded up the stairs in front of him.

"They're good for you," she said evenly.

She's pretty fast on her feet for wearing heels and having that body. He thought as they arrived at the sixth landing where she held the door open for him. She led him to his desk in front of a richly appointed office.

"This is Mrs. Barlowe's office. You will be her interim executive assistant. Before you ask, yes, she is the senior partner Barlowe after whom the firm is named. Lucinda, her full time Executive Assistant is on maternity leave. Let me know if there is anything I can do to help you. I know this is very abrupt, but you sound like you've done secretarial work before, and Mrs. Barlowe is pretty old fashioned. I will check on you in about thirty minutes. She won't be back in the office until tomorrow, so you should have a pretty easy time getting situated."

"Okay. Thanks Ms. Faust," he said, sitting down and setting his briefcase on the floor.

She walked away, but took a good look at him before making the turn to go back to her own desk. She saw that his eyes were following her until she'd turned to look, when he quickly averted his gaze. Smiling inwardly, she thought *He's a looker, I wonder why he's here.*

* * *

In many ways, Fox, Bryce and Barlowe was an old fashioned company. Sebastian Fox was in his late seventies, and had been a senior partner for almost fifty years; Allan Bryce for nearly forty. Even Elizabeth Barlowe had been with the firm for thirty-two years, and all of this experience led to a conservative air about the office. As such, while Natalie had an undeniable sex appeal, she never showed even a hint of cleavage or wore skirts that ended more than an inch above the knee.

As the executive office manager, she demanded no less from her "girls". However, beyond those requirements (largely put forth by Mr. Bryce) it was fair game, within obvious limitations. As a result, and no doubt egged on by the vivacious curves of Ms. Faust, heels and accentuated waistlines, bust lines, and hip lines were the norm. Unofficially the adage, "if you've got it, flaunt it" was the dress code.

For Natalie, it was very hard to dress conservatively. Her body didn't conform to it well, especially considering she would have been just as at home in a PVC dominatrix outfit. But she did her best, and she'd never been "talked to" as she'd had to do to several of the ladies in the office over the years. The main issue was competition.

Most of the women in the office were initially intimidated by Natalie. This often developed one of two ways; acceptance or competitive jealousy. Acceptance was

obviously easier to deal with, as those who did transitioned easily into effective and productive members of the secretarial pool. The competitive ones on the other hand often times had a hard reality coming. Short of angels or other succubi, it wasn't really possible to compete with Natalie. Most attempts to do so involved décolletage or a short hem line, both of which resulted in a swift rebuke from her.

If this seemed strict in a modern day society where the economy was bad and showing more skin was more popular than ever, Natalie made up for it with her monthly after work soirees. Once a year they were formal; the unofficial office Christmas party (normally the only time the Lawyers were allowed to attend), most of the time though, they were a get together at a club or restaurant. Attendance wasn't mandatory, but almost everyone showed up, especially if they'd been to a Natalie Faust party before.

As a part of her effort to main-stream with humans, Natalie did everything she could outside of work to maintain her popularity. Often times this included using some of her supernatural abilities. Party attendee's almost always left happy. Married women found their husbands to be quite amorous when they returned home. Over time most of the women who attended regularly found that their bodies reshaped slightly. She was largely responsible for the fact that the vast majority of the women who'd worked in the office for more than a year were at the very least what could be considered attractive, if not downright gorgeous. It was well worth the small modicum of her stored power to keep the office happy and running smoothly.

The only trouble with her little parties was the men. With the addition of Matthew, there were now three men working as administrative assistants with the Firm. Andy Torres was gay, and Andre White was his no-nonsense straight counterpart. They couldn't stand each other. Andre had studied law at Stanford and played football, but he'd failed to pass the Bar twice and given up, settling for working for lawyers rather than being one. Andy was a meticulous organizer and excellent personal assistant, but his "flame on" mannerisms wore on many in the office. Andre didn't really like anyone, whereas Andy seemed to like everyone except Andre. Because of the friction between these two, neither had attended any of Natalie's get-together's.

* * *

After lunch that day, Natalie passed a gaggle of girls along with Andy at the water cooler. Matt seemed to be the topic of conversation.

"He's such a hunk," Melissa announced. She was blond and petite in her early thirties though she could have passed easily for ten years younger, what with her slim hips and virtually complete lack of a bust line. Still, with her Grace Kelly look-alike countenance and outgoing personality, she was never without a man (though never the same one) on her arm at company functions or Natalie's parties.

"I saw him with his jacket off... He's *gotta* work out," Sarah added, a dreamy cast to her sharply featured face. She spent quite a bit of time at the gym herself, having competed on numerous occasions in fitness competitions. Her hair was black and could have been in a shampoo commercial with all its shine.

"I swear he could be a model, why's he working as a secretary," Lela wondered aloud. She was probably the heaviest girl in the office, but she packed a great deal of that weight in the right places. Lela was the only woman in the office that came close to matching Natalie's bust-line, falling short by only a couple cup sizes, though her bust measurements were (at least before this last weekend) the same.

"Well ladies, I hate to burst your bubble, but he's not all perfect. I saw him in the bathroom and he's hung like a cocktail weenie, not a bratwurst..." Andy was interrupted.

"Don't all of you have better things to be doing than talking about the new hire?" Natalie said, announcing her presence. "And really Andrew, is that kind of behavior appropriate?"

"No," Andy replied like a whipped dog as the other girls quickly took their leave.

"That kind of activity could be construed as sexual misconduct, making this a hostile working environment. It won't happen again, will it?" she continued.

"No, Miss Faust, I am sorry, it was poor judgment on my part to talk about it, or even do it," Andy announced, backpedaling fast.

He's such a cock hound, she thought with an inward smile. "Get back to work."

He left for his desk without saying anything more.

So Matthew Wilcox needs some help with his equipment. That could be fun, she thought.

* * *

After announcing that the next after-work party would be on the following Thursday (always on a Thursday, as a way to make sure people stayed *mostly* sober) Natalie wrapped up her affairs in the office and headed home at ten minutes after five. None of the other apartment dwellers were around as she climbed the stairs to her unit, and she got to her front door without having to spend any time chatting with neighbors. It was as she turned her apartment's deadbolt key that she noticed something was wrong. It wasn't locked.

She entered her home carefully, using her unnatural stealth to sneak inward. She could feel the presence of someone in her living room. There wasn't any obvious sound of criminal activity, and the being she felt there was stationary. They were divinely magical, that much was for certain, but it was muted, as though someone was exercising great restraint.

"I know you're here, Nathalia. You can drop the sneaky pretext," announced a clear voice that cut through the silence.

"Cianna Di'Trieste. Such an unpleasant surprise," Natalie responded, entering the living room. "What brings you to my home uninvited?"

"I'm not a Vampire; I come and go as I please. Much like you, it would seem," Cianna said. There was pure venom in her voice. "And you know this isn't your home."

"I pay the rent here. I pay my dues to your employers. They accept me, why can't you?" Natalie replied, crossing her arms. She could now feel the divine power radiating from the small auburn-haired woman. Something was different about her though, something had changed since the last time she'd seen Cianna. The black on black baggy ensemble made it difficult to tell what it was though. Regardless, that power was tugging at her, pulling at her control.

"You've spent almost one hundred and forty years among mortals this time. What are you trying to gain?"

"You couldn't possibly understand. Every second I am here is an eternity I am not in Hell. Who would want to be there?"

"You made that bed many millennia ago. Shouldn't you accept it and sleep in it?"

"You think I chose that? Why would I want to follow Satan against Him?" Natalie's voice rose, her control slipping more. She could feel her clothes getting tighter. She tried to reign herself back in.

"Oh, so God in His perfection just relegated you to Hell for no reason? I find that impossible to believe," Cianna said, standing suddenly. It was then that Natalie could see the difference. Cianna had boobs. Very large boobs. On her small and very athletic body, they were enormous.

"I was willful. That was my crime, and it came at the wrong time. Again, you couldn't possibly understand," Natalie offered with measured response.

"You were in the presence of the Lord most high, and you were willful. Satan was willful. Willfulness is rebellion, and rebellion is what got Satan where he is now. How could you do it? To be in Heaven, in the presence of perfection, indeed to be so close to perfection yourself. How could you throw that away knowing what humans must take on faith?"

"State your purpose here or be gone. I will call the police," Natalie declared, tension and anger rising in her voice. She was holding on to the slimmest thread of control now.

"The police? You would have mortals do your dirty work. That's just like a succubus; lazy and self-indulgent. Fine. I will give you the message I was sent with, but I want to know something, too."?

"Name it, speak and be gone."

"I want to know what you hope to gain by being here," Cianna asked with a

smile, sitting back down on the couch.

"I want back in."

"HA!" Cianna laughed sharply. "You want back into Heaven? You are as crazy as you are evil. Don't the words 'not by works but by faith alone' sound familiar to you? You've done almost no good works anyway, but you don't have faith. Knowledge precludes faith."

"You asked what I wanted, I've told you, now out with your message and with you, before I throw you out," Natalie replied, her anger raging inside. She felt her fitted blazer pop several stitches. Her skirt ripped its seams at the hip and her nylons were quickly ruined with runs. Her control was gone. Now it was just a matter of trying to restrain herself before she overcame the confines of the apartment's ceiling.

"I came to tell you that you have another job to do for his Holiness. And in exchange, you won't have to see me again for a while. Then again, if you fail, you might just be seeing me sooner rather than later. I haven't got the chance to properly banish a demon in over two hundred years... who was it that time. Oh that's right. It was you," Cianna gloated. She dug out an envelope from an inside pocket of her trench coat and dropped it on the coffee table between her and Natalie.

Natalie felt her whole body swell. Taller, broader, thicker. Her jacket's buttons failed about the same time her arms ripped out the seams, exposing the shredded blouse beneath. Her skirt was split all the way to the belt at her waist, which was the only part of her body that hadn't grown bigger, though it was longer now, as her head neared the ceiling. Small black horns were protruding from her hair which had turned even redder. Her pupils glowed red instead of black. On top of all the other transfiguring changes, though, was the rapid expansion of her already large orbs to epic proportions. Between the two beings, the room crackled with opposing energies.

"I didn't come here to fight," Cianna started. "If you want a go though, just make a move. You will be back at Satan's feet in the time it takes your black heart to beat once." It was an interesting threat coming from a five foot six inch tall woman to a nine foot tall Amazonian figure with still surging breasts that looked none the less to be at the exaggerated peak of female fitness.

"You know I won't go back there," she announced in an acidic hiss. She was straining to control herself, Cianna could see.

"You will. By my hand, another's, or by His, you will. It is all but assured."

"God is all powerful and all merciful. If He has the mercy to spare a murderer, then he can spare me," Natalie proclaimed, her eyes scrunched shut. It was more for her own good than an actual declaration though.

Cianna stood again, straightening her black overcoat and buttoning it. "Keep telling yourself that."

Natalie regained control of herself, shrinking back to her "normal" stature as Cianna moved through the apartment toward the exit. "Demon Hunter," she called just

before Cianna left the unit.

"What?"

"When did you decide to have plastic surgery?" she asked with a hint of remaining acid and a malicious smirk.

"I was waiting for you to ask. Natasha and Myrris decided to get out of line. It was their parting gift before Natasha finally met the afterlife, and Myrris went back to Hell. If only it had been solely by my hand."

"They weren't any friends of mine, and you know it. But if it makes any difference, they look nice," Natalie said finishing with a smirk.

"Go to Hell."

"Not any time soon," Natalie replied after she slammed the door shut behind her unwanted visitor.

* * *

After changing into a night gown and throwing her whole work ensemble into the rubbish bin, Natalie sat down on the couch and looked over the Manila envelope left there by Cianna. It had a red and gold wax seal stamped with the crossed keys of the Vatican. She had an unhappy relationship with the Catholic Church. Essentially she was an operative piece of the Vatican's Intelligence Organization. She specialized in eliminating her victims, generally through catastrophic heart attack at the height of climax. She'd done in more than one world leader this way, though it had been a little while. The most recent was a most unpleasant autocrat in North Korea. Even his fellow communists hadn't truly mourned his passing.

In this case, she was supposed to deal with some minor Saudi prince. Ugh. *Why an Arab? Such unpleasant people.* He was to be eliminated from legitimacy, but not executed. *They want a scandal. That means photographs... or video. And that means I have to burn an identity...* So the question then was how to do it. It wasn't to happen for two weeks. But the window was small, only a weekend in New York while he visited the UN for some summit or another. Well, seduction was a game that she excelled at. And after her discussion with Cianna a few minutes earlier, she was more than happy to not have to kill him.

The main problem with trying to reign in her other-worldly side was the physical exhaustion that followed when she changed back. As a result, she was actually very tired for once. She was asleep seconds after her head hit the pillow.

* * *

The after-work party had gone well. Natalie was feeling particularly magnanimous on this evening and had insisted that everyone try some variety of pastry

or another that she'd cooked up, all of which were laced with a liberal amount of her energies. Those expenses of energies also made her bra fit a little better, as she had still been growing at the time of her fitting two days prior.

The result of this was that most of the office ladies would find some excess weight redistributed to more desirable portions of their bodies. The women in the office who didn't really have that undesirable weight to redistribute, like Sarah and Melissa and a slew of others, well they would just gain a little weight in those more desirable areas.

Some already had. Lela, who'd arrived at the party with a lightweight maize colored sweater over a light lavender blouse, was having all manner of wardrobe malfunctions. Her blouse would no longer tuck into her pants. Partly because her pants were now loose enough in the waist that they sagged lower on her hips. More to the point though, there was now so much more to her boobs that her blouse wasn't long enough in the front. She'd gone from what society would call huge to something else beyond that. It didn't matter; she was having a grand time stuffing her face with Natalie's pastries.

She wasn't the only one. In fact, most of the women seemed pretty oblivious to the high "calorie" content of the baked delicacies. It was running out of them that really ended the party. About the time they ran out, people started packing it in, most having to make some kind of minor adjustments to their wardrobe before heading to their cars or rides home.

As for Matthew, who'd attended on the recommendation of Natalie and the unspoken request of almost every woman from the office in attendance, he'd been quiet and fairly uncomfortable nearly all night long. Natalie intended to make it worth his while as the party was wrapping up.

"Matthew," Natalie called as he was getting ready to leave the lounge they'd had the party at this evening. "Did you have a good time?"

"Well. It was interesting," he said diplomatically. She'd seen the discomfort on his face within fifteen minutes of the gathering's beginning.

"I take it then that you didn't enjoy the experience as much as I would have hoped," she stated, adding a lilt of disappointment to her voice.

"I just don't fit in this circle, I think," he replied honestly. "I don't think many of the ladies in attendance are very interested in carpentry or football or, well, the things I am interested in."

"I can understand that. Let me make it up to you. What say we get a bite to eat? My treat," she said brightly with a megawatt smile. Her normally conservative attire was relaxed enough that a hint of cleavage was visible below the two unfastened buttons of her blouse. The deep breath she took magnified that effect momentarily.

"Sure. I mean if you think it's appropriate," he said questioningly.

"I think we're two adults who are both capable of making sound decisions. I'll

drive. That way it will be harder for you to take advantage of my virtue if that's what you are worried about," she said self-assuredly, even as her inner monologue burst into laughter at the thought of her "virtue".

"Okay, let's go."

* * *

It was only a ten minute drive to the little Italian place Natalie had in mind. The conversation centered on her Porsche, and how the nicest car Matt had ever driven was a 2005 BMW M3. It ended with Natalie announcing emphatically, "No, you can't drive it," while smiling. Once seated in the cozy restaurant though, the topic changed to him.

"So why did you go from being an Army door kicker to an administrative assistant?" she asked taking a sip from a glass of Chianti.

"You could say I got tired of being blown up in dirty crap hole countries that didn't want us there to begin with," he started. "But that would only be part of it. Truth is my squad got pretty much wiped out while I was laid up from an IED, and they gave me a choice of go back and fight on the next tour with a whole group of new guys, or get out when my enlistment ended. I got out. Losing my buddies pretty much ripped the fight out of me. The worst part was I wasn't there for it." He explained with a growing distant look.

Natalie's mind was spinning. She hadn't expected this conversation to start so quickly, nor for him to be so frank about it. "I am so sorry, Matthew. I didn't mean to dredge up such hurtful memories."?

"I've dealt with it. I wasn't there. I wasn't even able to go to the funerals. I really only have the good memories and the loss. And the regret of not being there to change it," he said. He was trying to keep a stiff upper lip, but the facade was crumbling.

"Let's not talk about that any more. I am supposed to be doing you a favor here and showing you a good time. You were discharged three and a half years ago. What were you doing in the mean time?"?

He wiped his watery eyes on his napkin. "Sorry. I am mostly over it. I've been doing custom carpentry and cabinet making. It started off as therapy and grew into a job that I loved. The economy hit me pretty hard though and there wasn't enough work. So I brushed up on my computer skills, and put the typing classes I took in high school and community college to use. My dad was a carpenter, and he showed me a lot before I left for the army."

"I bet you did great work," she said smiling. "Where did you grow up?"

"I was born and raised here. My parents lived on Bainbridge Island. They died in a car accident while I was in transit from Basic to Airborne School."

FUCK! Her mind screamed. Nothing was going right at this point. She normally researched her marks or at least used skin contact to dig into their minds a bit to get

ahead of the game. Going into this evening blind was going terribly. "Well I seem to be dredging up all kinds of bad memories tonight."

"It's okay. They are in a better place now. Tell me about you, I don't want to talk about myself anymore," he declared.

"Well, I am pretty simple. My parents died when I was very young. I don't remember them. They had a trust fund for me and left me a very comfortable inheritance. I went to Vassar, graduated with honors, and went to work for the firm. I've been there ever since," she said matter of fact. She had long and short versions of her resume committed to memory.

"You're not married?" he said looking at her fingers briefly.

"Nope, never been," she said perkily. She turned on a bubble gum sweet voice "Or maybe you would prefer a different format; my name is Nathalia "Natalie" D. Faust. I am thirty years old. I am five feet nine inches tall, 153 pounds and my measurements are 32HH-23-39. I am originally from Babylon, Minnesota. I like kittens, self-starters, and people who clean up after themselves. I dislike mean people, bible thumpers, and kumquats."?

"Kumquats?" he asked still laughing at her Hefner inspired format.

"Nah, I really don't dislike them. It just added some laughs. But the rest is all true."

"I'll be honest..." he started but was interrupted.

"... You didn't know that they made an HH cup?" she finished for him.

"No. I know that they make bigger ones than those," He corrected her. "What I was going to say was that depending on your definition, I kinda fit into all your likes. I don't really like Kumquats either. Eating the peels is weird. I go to church on most Sundays, but I think it's largely up to you, I am not into bashing people over the head with the Bible."?

"Hmmm, so are you saying you might be my mister right?" she asked with a coy smile. *Finally a break!* Her inner voice cheered.

"No, I am not as presumptuous as that. I am just saying that of the categories that you listed as likes and dislikes, I generally fit that bill," he explained.

"And your knowledge of large brassiere sizes?" she asked with a grin.

"A guy needs to know about the things he likes."

"Oh? So you like large bras? Why are the cute ones always gay?" she chided.

"Okay, okay, it's not the undergarment I care about so much as what is kept packaged there in. You think I'm cute?" he corrected himself and tried to steer the conversation before taking a healthy pull from his wine.

"So you're a tit man?" she pried, refusing to let him derail the topic she was enjoying.

"I would argue that a man who doesn't like boobs is gay," he started. "And I think even that's a stretch, since I bet most gay men like breasts too."

"That wasn't my question."

"I am a connoisseur of fine breasts, of which I would say, notwithstanding my lack of a proper detailed inspection, you appear to have a pair there of," he said with a faux-snooty voice.

"I do think that both the French and Hillbilly judges gave you low marks for your verbose use of the Queens English," she said laughing.

"*Tu grande tetons es magnifique!*" he said with a smile. "I rekkin you gotta nice rack. Resubmitted for the complement judge's approval."

"Tens across the board," she said, still laughing. "So, would you like a proper inspection?"

He was instantly quiet.

"Matthew? Are you okay?"

He looked pale suddenly. "I'm just surprised," he finally managed.

"Why?" she inquired.

"I don't have very good luck with women. I seem to enter the friend zone and get stuck there."

"No one said it would go any further than the friend zone. But it might."

Matthew slammed back his remaining wine. "Check please!"

* * *

They drove the short distance to her apartment in silence. Matthew followed behind Natalie as she opened the door to the building. He noted for the first time the sweet cinnamon spice smelling perfume she was wearing. It smelled like home baked cookies. They took the elevator instead of the stairs and as soon as the lift doors closed, she pulled him to her.

Their lips locked in a tongue-tangling kiss. His hands pulled her body into his, as hers went to his ass and squeezed. This first kiss lasted the entire ride up in the old slow elevator car, ending only when the door had sat open for almost a full minute.

She pulled him by his loosened tie to her unit and after deftly opening the lock, letting the two of them in and shutting the door with a graceful kick, led him to the bedroom where she pushed him back onto the bed.

"Stay there, I'll be right back... and make yourself comfortable." she said leaving him on the bed.

If we do this, we are gonna go all the way. No stopping. No compromise. Full on boyfriend. This is an important part of being human, committed relationships. Superego said with authority.

We aren't gonna be happy with him if he's as small as Andy said he was, her ego warned.

We can fix that, Id chimed in.

We don't think that will freak him out? Ego warned again.

We can glamour him into not noticing, Id announced.

No we can't. Not if you want to have a real relationship, Superego corrected.

We can cross that bridge when we come to it, Ego answered.

We're going to need to cross it sooner than you think. It was Superego warning this time.

We'll see, Id said.

Yes we will, they all agreed.

She shucked off her shoes and grabbed a bottle of wine with two glasses and a book of matches from the kitchen and then returned to the bedroom. Matthew was still laying back on the mattress, his sports jacket hung on a bed post, his tie draped across its shoulders and his light blue shirt still on but with the top two buttons undone.

"So, I thought we could have a little fashion show by candlelight. It would give you an opportunity to inspect *moi grande tetons* to an acceptable level. Depending on what you think, we might move into a more in depth or..." she paused for effect, "intimate examination," she finished, pouring him a glass of wine.

"Okay," was all he could say.

"Good," she said, lighting candles and retreating into the spacious walk-in closet.

To say that Matthew was unprepared for what came out of that closet was an understatement. Natalie emerged in a pale green balconette bra with black trim, matching thong panties, garter belt and black stockings with black high heels. The bra pushed her tits up and together to form a dizzying display of cleavage. All he could do was swallow hard and stare.

She paraded around the bedroom before returning to the doorway in front of the closet, where she did a spin. The thong was completely invisible where it disappeared into the cleavage of her ass. The spin came tantalizingly close to dislodging her monumental melons from their precarious position in that tiny bra. In the spin though, he could see that there were no less than five hooks in the back of the bra's band.

He squirmed on the bed, and Natalie smiled.

"More?"

He could only nod yes.

"Okay," she grinned and returned to the closet.

She emerged a short time later in a black satin over-bust corset with white accents. The effect on her already tiny waist was dramatic, especially with the swell at the top of the garment and at her hips. Black fishnets attached by garters completed the ensemble. Matthew took a long draw from his wine glass as she pranced around the room in very tall white stiletto heels.

She once again spun at the entrance to the closet. She could hear the frustration in his breathing. She was especially in tune with arousal, particularly in men, and right now Matthew was responding to stimuli on multiple fronts. It was an assault no man

was ever intended to withstand.

"One more?"

"Uh-huh," he said, now reduced to guttural noises for communication.

"Alright," she said, disappearing again into the closet.

She emerged only a few seconds later wearing only a pair of shiny red high heels that looked at least five inches tall and matching high gloss lipstick. Not that he was looking at her shoes or her mouth for that matter. Unfettered with clothing, her breasts were crowned with small pink areola and proud nipples the size of Chap Stick caps. Her pussy was adorned by a narrow triangle of neatly trimmed red curls. She didn't bother to parade around the room this time, instead climbing onto the bed and straddling him on all fours.

The assault of her sweet aroma of honey and cinnamon crushed any restraint he might have thought of using. His hands went to the incredible fruit hanging from her chest. They were hot to the touch and firm, yet the skin was soft and yielding to his strong hands. He kneaded them gently.

"Mmm," she moaned in a half-whisper.

Her lips went to his, and he could taste that sweet spiciness on her tongue. His arousal surged higher as he drank in her kiss, fueled by that intoxicating combination of sensory assaults. Finally, after enduring what felt like a torture of unending passion rising higher and higher in him, Natalie pulled back from the searing hot kiss with a sultry smile.

"W-wh- wow!" was what came out of his mouth first.

"You like?" she asked huskily.

"Yeah."

"Then sit back and enjoy the ride," she commanded. Still straddling his legs and kneeling down atop his upper thighs, Natalie started to unbutton his shirt with nimble fingers. Then she started kissing her way down his body.

He could feel traces of sexual heat where her lips went, her tongue lapping at a nipple then the other, before moving further down his toned stomach. Her hands led the way down to his pants, unbuckling his belt then unfastening the button and unzipping his fly. His breath caught as her teeth caught the waist band of the boxers he was wearing.

She could feel his mounting trepidation. He was nervous, she could sense it. The skin contact gave her all the information she needed about his current state, even without prying into his thoughts and memories. Natalie cranked up her other-worldly pheromones and said one word, "relax."

She felt that hesitation bleed from him and her hands eased his boxers down his legs. Andy had been correct. He was small. Even erect one of her dainty hands completely encompassed him. She knew that now wasn't the time to hesitate though. Without glamour he'd pick up on any hesitation, and no amount of pheromones could

offset the sexual bliss shattering effect of shame.

Her lips engulfed his member with abandon, the arousing heat concentrating on him. Her tongue swirled around him, and then she sucked deeply while her hands played at his balls.

He could feel the pull at his tool, a strain that he had never felt in a blow job before, but it was muted by the unrelenting pleasure that seemed to radiate from her mouth throughout his body. The feeling of her sucking and then relaxing over and over was pushing him toward a rapid finish. Then she sucked harder and held the suction, while her fingers massaging his cum filled stones.

The effect was the instant release of the evening's building sexual tension in his orgasm. Its quality and quantity were exceptional, and she relished the feeling of his energies as it invigorated her. The buzz from his climax was different, stronger, and she wanted more, but a voice in the back of her mind shouted at her, *You have to do this right. Let him recover. He's one of the good ones.*

After she'd licked him clean of all his seed and repackaged him in his boxers, she looked up at him and asked, "I take it you enjoyed that?"

"Yeah," his voice came as a contented sigh. He was totally spent and yet he felt that he needed to do something in return, but he didn't know where to go from there.

"Relax. You've got no debt to settle, it just so happens that I like to do that," she said, curling up next to him. "If you want to spend the night, it's okay with me, but you need to leave tomorrow in time to get a change of clothes. It's an office policy that you not wear the same clothes on consecutive days."

"My car is still at the lounge," he said, suddenly realizing that he was probably going to have to go home and not really looking forward to it.

"Okay. Let me get some clothes on, and I will take you back there," she said with a little disappointment.

"I don't want to go, but I appreciate your understanding. Where's the restroom?" he asked

"The door on the left, right before the front door." she explained. *Moment of truth.*

He padded out the door and into the bathroom. He was in there for a while, and when he came out Natalie was waiting for him.

She was wearing a warm looking red robe over green satin pajamas that she'd chosen because she could already feel the effect his seed was having on her chest. Her breasts were hot to the touch and she felt an energizing buzz radiating through her body. They would be growing before long and she didn't want to stretch out one of her new bras already. Fuzzy slippers completed the comfortable look.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"Nothing," he deflected. "It's just that even in PJ's and a robe you are incredible looking.

"Thanks. I've honestly never heard someone say that," she acknowledged. Well,

if he's worried about it, he's keeping it to himself. *So far so good.*

She handed him his jacket, tie and shoes. "Let's go."