

CHAPTER II

“Temptation Waits”

Natalie was getting dressed the next morning when it became readily evident that her brand new bra was too tight. It was one of the 32HH's she'd tried on just last Sunday. “What the Fuck?” she cursed. It wasn't bad, but it was snugger than she liked. She let out a both sets of eyelets for the hooks.

It became more and more evident as she continued to get dressed that indeed, she was bigger around the bust and hips than she had been the day before. It didn't make sense since she had expended energy both at the party and later that night with Matthew. She remembered how powerful his climax had been and wondered if there might have been a connection, but there was little reason to believe that he could be the cause. She would seek her answers elsewhere and later.

Natalie was glad it was the last Friday of the month, casual Friday. While she didn't normally partake, she took advantage of a relaxed dress code today with a loose fitting upper calf length skirt and a formerly roomy short sleeved button down blouse and flats. It was hardly her office norm, but she had no time to go shopping for new fitted clothing. Her whole wardrobe was officially between two and three cup sizes too small, save her bra which fit passably. It definitely put her in a less than stellar mood.

Matthew on the other hand was downright cheery this morning and probably because he didn't know, or maybe because he felt so good, was dressed to the nines. Around his first break he called her phone in the office and asked if she could spare a moment. As she had nothing pressing she agreed. When he came into her cube a few minutes later she could see that there was an obvious spring in his step.

“Good morning Miss Faust,” he announced.

“For some of us it would seem.” she replied ho-hum but with a slight smile.

“I hope you aren't mad at me for something that might have happened at the party,” he responded to her demeanor. “Or afterward,” he added quietly.

“It's nothing you did,” she said reassuringly. “Now, what's up?” her focus transitioned fully to him and she sat up straight.

“I don't want to be awkward at work. I mean, I don't want last night to make work awkward...” he said in a low voice, trying to find the right way to phrase his impending comment.

“I know you don't, but it already apparently is. Out with it,” she commanded, but with a smile that said *'calm down and have out with it'*.

“Okay. Sorry. The thing is. Well. Now I really don't know how to say this,” he stammered.

"Just calm down, and speak."

"This is going to sound stupid," he announced.

She just looked at him.

"When I left last night I noticed that my... penis... was bigger."

She cocked her head to the side, looking at him all the while as if to say *'What the hell are you talking about and why are you telling me this,* when in actuality she was very interested in his opinion on the matter. "Okay?"

"I realized last night that you are a very conscientious lover, because you never hesitated to... well do what you did last night and make me feel secure in myself."

"Thanks," she said with a gracious smile. "Matthew..."

"Please call me Matt. Matthew is so formal."

"Matt. Let's talk about this over lunch. I don't think the office is the best place for this kind of discourse. The walls have ears. You pick the place and we'll head that way at noon. Send me an e-mail as to where and we'll meet there. It arouses less suspicion."

"Okay, that makes sense."

"I look forward to hearing from you," she said as he left her cubicle.

* * *

The little pizza place was busy with the lunch crowd, but none were from the firm, so she wasn't afraid of repercussions from this conversation getting out. She actually beat Matt to the restaurant and was munching on a green salad when he sat down.

"Sorry about the delay. Traffic," he explained.

"I ordered a Greek pizza. Hope you like Garlic and Feta," she said.

"I have no problem with it, but the office might not like us," he said with a smile.

"Okay, so tell me about your problem, if that what you want to call it," Natalie inquired.

"I just was wondering if you did something or noticed something last night?" he asked excitedly.

"Do you know how much money I would have now if I could make what you are describing happen? I would probably not be working as an office manager. How much growth are we talking about here? A quarter inch?" she asked, knowing full well it was more than that, though not exactly how much.

"No. I might not have noticed a quarter inch. Try three," he said.

"Three quarters of an inch?" she asked.

"No Three inches!"

That was a surprise even to her. She'd planned on making it a more gradual change. She'd obviously lost herself in the moment.

"That's a big difference," she agreed. "Don't you think that maybe you should go

see a doctor? What if it's some fast growing cancer?"

"I was worried about that too, but I don't think so. I mean," he scooted closer to her from across the table and lowered her voice to a whisper. "It feels normal. I felt for tumors or growths."

She smiled at him. "So you know I am gonna ask, how big does that make you? You obviously measured." she replied in a low voice.

"Well. I was a clinical case for a disorder called, and you will laugh at this," he paused and then whispered. "Micro-penis."

Having been on earth for over 138 years as she had, she knew of the disorder. But she played along and snickered. "Okay, so answer the question."?

"Five inches. I know it's nothing to write home about. I'm no Ron Jeremy, but when you've been self-conscious about it your whole adult life, and even throughout your childhood, it's a huge difference."

"You grew three inches in one night and you aren't concerned? Go to the doctor Matt. Go right now. Well, after lunch."

"I will. I just figured that you might have noticed something. You are the only thing that's different that would make this not scary. The fact that you are scared for me actually makes me scared," he said, fear entering his voice for the first time.

"I'll be here for you, and I will cover down on your desk. Go to the urologist today. With your now former disorder, you probably have a case file somewhere with a specialist that can help you." she urged. Of course she knew that the Doc would find nothing. In fact that wouldn't even be evidence of the rapid growth. No stretch marks, no rapid cellular division. Just Matt's new and improved meat stick. But that might make him more receptive to her gift for him. And what was good for the goose would definitely be good for the gander.

* * *

Matt returned to work just before 4:00 PM, the spring back in his step. The office noticed, but Natalie was in a short notice partners meeting and they didn't see each other for what little remained of the day. He left a message on her desk at five and went home, missing her by less than five minutes.

She was in a particularly bad mood by the end of the meeting when she got his note. She'd been admonished by a mousy looking shrew of a woman and associate partner named Angela Martin for attending a meeting with the firm's senior and junior partners in casual attire. As such, she didn't call him until almost eight that evening.

"Hey Matt. I am sorry I didn't return your call sooner. I had a rough day. Your note said you had good news?"

"Yes Natalie, I do. The Doctor says I do not have cancer, or any other disorder for that matter. I am officially within the realms of the average American male," he

announced proudly over the phone.

"Well that's great!" She replied. "Did he say anything else?"

"He said that he'd never personally seen a case like mine, but there were a few cases in Europe and a couple on the East Coast and in Asia that matched my circumstances pretty closely, although the growth was spread over a matter of weeks in those cases. But they also had even more drastic results. He said based on that, he wouldn't be surprised if I grew some more. He wants to monitor me and run some more tests, but he said I was healthy and in his words 'very fortunate.'" Matt explained.

"Well that's great news. I mean if it's what you want. Honestly I'll admit that I was underwhelmed last night, but since you are healthy, I'm excited by the current condition and intrigued by the prospect of bigger and better things," she said with cheer.

"I think that most of my brief relationships have been the victim of disappointment in that regard. I mean, I know they say it's not the size of the boat rather the motion of the ocean, but when you had the issue I had, no amount of hurricane force winds can get the dinghy to ride like a yacht," he explained. "Most of the time it just sinks the dinghy."

"What will you do if you keep growing?" she asked, intrigue in her voice.

"I haven't really thought that far ahead," he answered honestly. "Enjoy it I guess. I mean they say bigger is better right?"

"That is what they say. What did the Doc say you might expect?" She probed.

"He said this was a very rare occurrence, like one in two-hundred-fifty-million, and that much of the data isn't exactly well documented, particularly the stuff from Asia and Eastern Europe. In one case a man in Sri Lanka apparently gained seventeen centimeters. That's what, almost seven inches? But he warned that this particular case study was highly suspect. He e-mailed me what information he had. I've been reading all night," he explained.

"So what would that put you at, almost nine and a half inches, based on the math you've given me so far? That might be rather intimidating for most women."

"Well I have about a one in seven chance of that according to the seven case studies I have. The rest are more in the three to four inch ball park. And remember, this whole thing is so uncommon they don't even agree on what to call it. Let me turn the tables though, what do you think?"

"I think it all sounds like fun," she answered quickly, and perhaps a bit too honestly. *Too late now, it's out there.*

"Even if I am like the guy in Sri Lanka?"

In for a penny... "Sure," she said. *In for a pound.* "Let just say I like a large man and leave it at that."

"Should I be concerned if this doesn't pan out like that guy then?" he asked just a bit of paranoia creeping across the phone line.

"First off, there is a difference between 'like' and 'require'. Second, what is between us? What if last night was just a fun apology?" she replied rhetorically.

His response was about three seconds of silence.

"Matt I'm kidding. In all honesty though this conversation is getting me rather... excited," she admitted.

"Oh. You want to go out?" he asked cautiously.

"Well, if 'out' is your word for come over to your house and test out your newly improved equipment, then sure. If you mean dinner, then no, I've already eaten," she said playfully. *You are moving kinda fast Natalie...*

"I see," he said smiling audibly on the other end of the receiver.

"Just give me your address."

* * *

After changing, she left her apartment and got into the Porsche. The address was in Wallingford. It would take less than 20 minutes to get there. She revved the engine and pulled out into traffic.

We need to figure out why we are feeling the way you are around him, Ego said.

Because he has what we need, Id announced factually.

Because we have been flitting about for thousands of years without a friend, Super Ego said somewhat more convincingly.

We need companionship as much as we need sustenance, Ego agreed. *Do we love him?*

What is love? Id asked roughly.

Love is what we felt in heaven. And love is what humans need from each other. If we want to be human we need to love something, and he's as good a candidate as any. Super Ego explained.

Then we will love him, since I think we are already moving that way. Ego declared.

No regrets, Id added.

All or nothing, they all agreed.

The red Porsche pulled up to the street outside his house and stopped. Stepping up to the house, she rang the doorbell and was rewarded with the four note half hour chime of a grandfather clock. A moment later, preceded by the sound of the dead bolt unlocking. Matt opened the door and was met immediately by Natalie's lips on his, pushing him back into the living room. Her right hand was on his crotch even as her left wrapped around his back. After backpedaling several steps he ran up against one of the rooms walls and was able to concentrate on the person kissing him, and her tongue that tasted of her now familiar sweet cinnamon. Finally, after at least twenty seconds she surfaced so he could breathe.

"Come on in," he said belatedly, panting. He took in the sight of her, wearing heels and a gray trench coat. Her face was artfully made up and her hair was done

differently than it had been at work, flowing in curly waves.

"Hello lover." she said moving her hands to the belt of the heavy coat. Her fingers undid the knot in less than a second, letting the coat fall open to reveal a red bra and thong panties, both with black lace accents. With a shimmy the coat fell from her shoulders and she continued. "You are overdressed."

"So I see..." he started, before one of her fingers went to his lips.

"And you're talking too much." she said a moment before a second kiss assaulted his lips. Her hands were untying the drawstring of the cargo pants he was wearing and then forcing them down in one motion with his boxers. She broke her lip-lock again.

"If the bedroom isn't close, we are gonna use that couch. At least to start," she warned glancing at the one in the corner farthest from their current location in the living room. He started to motion further into the house, but didn't have a chance to finish before she continued. "Forget it, the couch is fine." She dragged him over to it by his shirt even as her right hand continued stroking him. She knew he was fully hard already. She could tell his improved equipment was also very close to popping off early. It was more sensitive now than it had been before. *Call it a perk.*

She pushed him back onto the cushions and went to her knees immediately. Her mouth was on him just as fast and she was bobbing up and down on his new length with gusto. She could now only barely take all of him without actually deep-throating him, not that she'd have had any issue with that. *I will fix that tonight.*

For his part, Matt had his eyes scrunched closed and was trying in vain to hold back his climax. He could feel the distinctive suction he'd felt the night prior, though much more intense. It seemed the indescribable heat that radiated from her lips and tongue was building at the base of his cock, and it intensified every time she sucked in. The smell of her perfume was not helping his restraint either. Then Natalie started humming and that was all he wrote; his newly enlarged rod exploded.

Even with foreknowledge, Natalie wasn't ready for the intensity of the Matt's climax. Cum filled her mouth so fast that she could barely swallow the initial surge fast enough. His subsequent spurts were only slightly less impressive, and it took almost thirty seconds for the flow to slow to near normal levels.

Finally, after about a minute of licking him clean she came up from his tool with a smile. "Yep, you like it when I do that."

"How do you do that?" He asked between breaths.

"This?" she mouthed him again sucked gently making him groan again from the refractory sensitivity. "Just like that."

"That was incredible, but it's really sensitive right now." he said putting his hands up.

"There will be more than that. I have all weekend and you see what I am wearing, so it's not like I can really go out. That means you are going to be my

breakfast, lunch and dinner all weekend long. And I am hungry, so you better be ready for an encore pretty quickly Mister Wilcox. Now, let's see what we have to work with in the bedroom." she demanded standing up and offering a hand to help him stand as well.

Matt took the offered hand and stood where he noticed right away that his tool felt heavier. He looked down and it was evident right away that he was bigger. His cock was bigger now limp than it had been earlier in the day at its fullest. *What the hell? Screw it. The Doc said it was possible and I was okay...*

"Matt?" Natalie asked. "You okay?"

"Yeah, follow me." he said, stooping down to grab his pants and boxers from their place on the floor before leading the way to the bedroom.

The brief trip gave Natalie a chance to look at the furniture in the dining room. It was masterful and looked expensive. In fact, looking at almost all the furniture, it was obvious that a great deal of time or money had gone into it. The woodwork was of a master crafted level of finish and it went perfectly with the period of the house. She determined to ask him about that after the evening was a little further along.

The bedroom was dominated by a king size sleigh bed. She turned it down quickly and flopped down on her back atop the memory foam mattress, then beckoned him near with a finger. He complied immediately.

"I have something for you, but you will have to unwrap them," she announced, motioning to the red and black trimmed bra.

Matt noticed that it was a front close, with two heavy duty hooks hiding behind the black bow at its center below and between her breasts. He wasted no time in relieving the tension on those overtaxed fasteners. The released hooks allowed her boobs to take a more natural spread as they splayed out upon her chest when the fabric retreated. She pulled her arms close to her sides so that those breasts mounded high and long atop of her ribcage, forming cleavage from her clavicle to very nearly the bottom of her sternum. He looked at them longingly but didn't seem to know what to do.

"You can touch them. They won't bite, though they might like it if you did," she said with an impish smirk.

He didn't need further encouragement, straddling her waist on his knees and plunging his fingers into that inviting mounded flesh. It was soft and pliant in his hands, and so obviously natural. He was mesmerized by them, gently kneading them for several enjoyable minutes before he realized that he could do more.

For her part, Natalie was enjoying the sensation of his rough hands upon her plush orbs. Her arousal was already rising as the energy from Matthew's spunk began to be processed by her unnatural digestive system. Adding the stimulation of her tits under his ministrations just stoked that fire. Then Matt's scooted down and his lips went to her right nipple.

Just the touch of his lips and tongue to her perky pink nub flooded his face with warmth. On top of that he could taste that spicy sweetness on her skin, like a persistent sweetness that spread stimulation throughout his whole body.

Without warning, a wave a pleasure ripped through her chest, forcing a moan from her lips. Her hands clutched Matt's head to the nipple even as the pleasure intensified at the core of her stimulated mam. She hadn't felt this feeling for a very long time and she cried out, "Oh yeah! Suck harder... don't stop!"

Matt followed her urgent instructions and was rewarded an eruption of a creamy cinnamon and honey substance from her nipple. He was taken aback by the sensation of his mouth filling with what had to be breast milk but the flavor was not like any dairy product he could ever remember. It was pouring forth so fast that he had to decide quickly weather he was going to drink or choke. He opted for the former and suckled with abandon. His body felt electrified as he consumed untold quantities of the nectar. Her other breast was also pouring milk in sympathy.

Natalie felt an orgasm welling up inside her. This hadn't happened to her in the nearly a hundred and forty years she'd been returned to earth before. An orgasm without any stimulation beyond breast play? *What is... wrong... with me!* "Nnnngh!" She writhed beneath him even as he kept drinking.

He felt incredible, strong, powerful, and his cock felt harder than he could ever remember. He reached down and stroked himself once and almost choked. He backed off her fountaining teat and looked down at himself. What he saw both excited and scared him; his erection (for he couldn't think of any other word right then) was positively huge, with thick throbbing purple veins standing out in plain relief from the straining reddish-pink skin. It was bouncing in time with his heartbeat and looked about as thick as his wrist at its thickest. He was honestly intimidated by his own penis. But that wasn't all. His physique hardened, and his muscles bulged even as body fat melted before his very eyes. He looked like some hybrid of a fitness magazine cover model and amateur body builder.

"What the fuck!?" He shouted, jumping up from the bed and away from the woman in front of him.

It snapped Natalie from her ecstatic reverie, even as she was still twitching from coming. She had been so tuned into herself she hadn't noticed the building fear flowing through Matt, and she instantly knew she should feel bad. The problem was that lying down and without touching him, she couldn't see what he was afraid of. So she tried to do the human thing, "What's... the matter?" she panted.

"I... I don't know... It's huge! I'm huge!" he said pointing down to his monster dong and motioning at himself.

She sat up so she could see past the two mounds that were blocking her view and saw immediately what the issue was, though her first thought was that it wasn't a problem. "I... I don't know. Maybe it's a side effect of the issue you're having? What did

the doctor say?"

"Nothing about this," he paused then looked at her, breasts still leaking steady streams of creamy fluid. "What have you done to me?"?

Shit! "Matt, I haven't done anything to you." she said as evenly as she could.

"Look, two days ago I had a genetic disorder, then I have sex... not even sex, a pair of blow jobs and now I could make most porn stars jealous. No scratch that, I am pretty sure all of them would want a dick as... I don't even know the right word for this? Veiny?" his voice was rising.

We can glamour him, Calm him down and set this straight. Her ego was shouting.

We aren't gonna glamour him. We decided that already. No easy way out with this one. *We shouldn't have even done as much as we did!* Super-Ego screamed louder. Id was oddly silent.

"Vascular," she answered. "The word is vascular, and yes, you are right, porn stars would envy you. But how could I do this to you?" she said trying to lighten the mood. It didn't work.

"Who gives a fuck what the right word is? How do you lactate cinnamon milk? How do you make me feel so incredible in ways beyond the usual climax? How are you built the way you are? Answer any of those questions!" he demanded in a booming voice.

Fucking Hell!

"I don't know Matt. I... can't answer those questions." she said unconvincingly.

"Can't, or won't?" he asked, his anger cooling slightly at her reply.

"Can't. Won't. It doesn't matter. I can't explain." she said noncommittally. She felt terrible, and felt the worrisome onset of tears. She couldn't cry, the black tears would just raise more questions, especially since she wasn't wearing makeup that would make an even mildly convincing excuse.

"I think you need to leave." He said. "I look fucking ridiculous!" He shouted at his penis. "Fuck!"

She got up from the bed and left the room silently. She'd never been told to leave before. Not by a mortal anyway. *Is this what getting dumped feels like? This is shitty!* She grabbed her coat and pulled it on, forgoing the bra she'd worn beneath it, deciding that going back into the bedroom for a bra was probably a bad idea under these circumstances.

"I love you Matt," she whispered as she shut the door.

* * *

The drive home was short, but it felt like an eternity.

"*I love you Matt?*" she said in a self-mimicking voice that was super saccharine sweet. "What the fuck was that?" she screamed at herself.

She was coming apart. Something was wrong. She'd been in longer relationships with men before and that word had never come out. Boyfriend or not this was getting weird. And then there was the amplification of her powers. She'd always had excellent control with her previous marks. Why was Matt so different? And he was so productive around her. His orgasms were off the charts good, particularly for man she wasn't trying to feed off of. It was like just being with him was pumping her full of vitality. Oh man was he vital too. The two samples of his essence that she'd already tried were incredibly strong, and they were getting stronger.

"There has to be an explanation."

We could be falling for him, Super Ego advised.

Or you could be losing your mind, more likely. Ego taunted.

His climax is fucking amazing! We need more of that, Id announced.

Seconded, Ego declared.

People fall in love all the time, and it doesn't take years to do. He's handsome, he's now got a great cock, he's nice enough, considerate, fun to be with, and his spunk is pretty damn awesome... We think it's love. Super Ego stuck to its guns.

Meh, we'll see. Both Id and Ego said in unison.

I thought that was what we were going for? Superego put in its final two cents.

It was only 10:52PM when she got home so she decided she needed to get some answers. Most notably what was wrong with her powers? Her control seemed so off, which was totally unlike her. She'd not been roaming the earth for nearly 139 years without being a master of self-control. Maybe she could figure out her emotional distress with Matt too while she was at it.

It was a big occupational hazard not having complete control as a demon. It was the number one way to find yourself back in Hell, answering to Satan as to why you were on an unsanctioned and prolonged visit to Earth. She'd already had that talk once. Again and he might just kill her. No, she needed to get answers and she needed them now.

It was as she was getting dressed that she noticed something else. She was bigger. Again. Not just a little bit this time. Her breasts looked positively massive, and she could tell they were still growing, and her ass was more bubblicious than ever. Her muscle definition was tighter too, if that were possible. She was tighter and fuller and rounder in all the right places. It was severe enough that her newest bras were very visibly too small now, even with the hooks let out to their maximum, which meant that on top of bigger boobs, her increased musculature had expanded her band size. *I must have gained at least three cup sizes to see this drastic a change. What the hell is going on?*

She elected to wear a thong, as her expanded ass would have the least impact on it. A pleated mid-thigh skirt was what she had that wouldn't completely scream 'look at my ass,' but it did have a Asian school girl look about it. Her top options were very limited as well. It was a choice between a 3XL hoody that looked completely dumpy,

particularly with the skirt, or a blouse and blazer combo that would require the blouse be tied below her boobs to stay closed, all the while begging the world to check out her tits. The blazer did match the skirt though, completing the sexy school girl look. *Fuck it!*

She wore the blouse and blazer combo.

By the time she'd left the apartment, her breasts had expanded further, to the point that she had to undo the top button of the blazer lest it pop off. She was entering the lobby when she saw creepy neighbor coming in the front door. *Great.*

On seeing Natalie he stopped, his jaw dropping. His eyes locked on her tits pushed up, together and bulging out as they were in the blouse. He just stood there in the middle of the doorway.

"Take a picture, it will last longer." If I had my hair in pig-tails he'd probably cream himself right here. She thought with an inward smile.

Then a devilish smile curled her lips. She licked them seductively and moved closer to the man, all the while cranking up her pheromones until the smell of sweet cinnamon was almost choking thick. She reached out with a finger and touched his mouth then traced a line of continuous contact all the way do the center of his chest. She could see his eyes were so dilated that he was no doubt seeing halos around her in the bright lights of the lobby.

The hand that had pointed at his chest continued down until it plunged into the waistband of his grubby sweatpants. His package was raging hard, but sticky with sweat. The contact with him filled her mind with images that definitely qualified this guy as one of the darker shades of gray. Views of children playing in a park with him snapping pictures through a telephoto lens. A removable hard drive of kiddy porn and him spanking to the movies on it. And on top of that, he hadn't taken a shower in three days.

Her eyes glowed brilliant green for the briefest of moments. Her demonic nature should have had no issue with those images. Evil was something that she knew existed. Indeed she was a personification of it in some respects, an object of lust and seduction, so it must have been something to do with her presence among humans for so long, or maybe something else. All she knew was that he was going to pay, right here and right now.

"You want me?" she whispered as she fondled his sticky cock to its fullest.

"Ya." he whispered half lidded.

Her lips met his in a tongue lashing, saliva pouring, cloyingly sweet, inhibition obliterating kiss. "You'll transfer your all your readily available assets to a charity, 'Save the Ta-Ta's' should do," she said as she brought up her smart phone and let him load his information into the paypal app she had installed.

"Transfer it." she commanded in a saccharine sweet voice.

"Uh huh. Done," he answered after a few seconds.

"Take a walk in traffic. Don't stop until you get hit." she said, eyes radiating

green intensely again, and that instant willed him to come in her hand. His eyes rolled back into his head for a moment and he collapsed to the floor. She'd siphoned off probably ten years of his life in that one orgasm, and the amount of his spunk she'd managed to catch was only fraction of the puddle that was now making a dark wet stain on those grubby gray sweats.

After twitching there for a minute he dropped the phone onto the nice stone tiles of the floor, stood up and sprinted out of the building and into the street. The Metro bus didn't have time to even honk its horn. It was the first person she's used her full powers of persuasion on in ten years. She didn't even feel the slightest amount of remorse.

Natalie absorbed the gooey mess on her hand, picked up her phone and headed out into the night feeling better about herself.