

## CHAPTER III

### *"Breaking up the Girl"*

Natalie wandered down a Chinatown alley in the cast off and distant glow of sodium vapor street lamps. The doorway she sought wasn't obvious, especially to mortals, but even to her inhuman eyes it was hard to find, so skillful was the magical camouflage. She's already interrupted a malnourished vampire from his meal of flea ridden rat and disturbed countless bums in various states of drunken stupor, though most of them didn't mind the disturbance once they saw her. Finally though, after an hour of searching she found the door.

It was boarded up with plywood, and to a regular human would have seemed locked and bolted closed. To Natalie though, it was simple to unlock. The camouflage was this being's defense. Magic of all kinds attracts attention, and this particular person didn't want any attention. She was pretty sure that the reception she was going to receive wouldn't be very toasty. Or maybe it would be.

She opened the doorway, entered the pitch black room and waited. It was dark; dark beyond night time in the gloomy shadows of an alley. This was magical darkness that not even she could see though. Unable to mainstream like a more mortal dependent demon like Natalie, often warriors and soldier demons would create pocket dimensions like this to serve as a hide site. Entering a demon's lair like this was nearly as dangerous as walking into a church, or Hell. Only a few of the rules applied here.

"Malleus?" She called meekly.

Instantly she was pinned to the wall a foot clear of the floor by a massive hand around her throat whose claws had been driven into the concrete.

"You should not have come succubus!" a voice roared from mere inches. Its breath reeked of rotting flesh and was searing hot.

Natalie struggled with all her unworldly might to pull just the thumb of that hand from her neck but to no avail. "Malleus!" she rasped. "Please, I'm not here to betray you. I just need your help."

"You are weak. All of your kind are. And you stink of the light! Succubi are the lowest class of demons, feeding on the simplest of human iniquities. You are self-important and greedy. Tell me, why should I not end you right here and send you back to Hell?"

"Because you know he'll send *them* for you if you do." she squeaked as the pressure on her windpipe increased.

He roared thunderously, the hellfire burning within him lighting the darkness with a diabolical glow, and the heat burning the clothes from her body like being

dropped into the sun.

Natalie wailed in agony as her body transformed into its demon form against her will, being unable to survive in its humanity against the impossible heat. Then without warning he pulled his hand from the wall and let her collapse to the floor.

"Neither of us wants to be back *there*," he said in a deep grumble that shook the ground. "I do not have the ability to walk among the mortals as easily as you. I demand tribute." he commanded, his small eyes glowing like yellow-orange embers. The darkness faded slightly and his form was visible now. She'd known Malleus since shortly after the fall. He'd been one of the warriors, and his form was that of a massive hulk of muscle and bone. Burnished red bronze flesh rippled with his every breath, and huge glossy black horns bent from the crown of his skull. Each of his talon clawed fingers was as big around as her upper arm. Most notable to Natalie though, was his positively gargantuan phallus. It was as big around as her thigh or more, and probably half as long as she was tall in her current over nine foot form. She'd been given to him as punishment for not siding with Satan in the battle of heaven, and he'd indeed punished her.

"You!" he roared again, recognition crossing his face. "Nathalia!"

She shrank from him as his hand flew at her again, shying away from the blow that never came. Instead she found herself held up carefully to his face, where he sniffed her. "It is you!" he rumbled.

"Yes Malleus." she said sweetly. "I am prepared to offer tribute."

"Very well," he said, placing her back upon the ground. "State your offer."

*We can do this. We survived an eternity of it, one more time.* Super-Ego announced triumphantly

*Yes, we survived being split apart endlessly- in Hell.* Ego reminded.

*We will hurt for this.* Id said flatly.

"I offer myself." she said too quickly.

"And for your offering, what is owed?"

"Information, complete and true." she declared.

"Too vague!" he bellowed ominously.

"Information about changes I have been experiencing." she quickly corrected trying not to sound afraid.

If a room filling juggernaut could look contemplative, Malleus was attempting it. "Agreed," he barked after what felt like several minutes. "The tribute shall be presented prior to any information given."

"No," she said defiantly.

"No?" He rumbled in disbelief.

"No. You have me at your mercy. I cannot escape your abode trapped as I am. You are guaranteed your tribute. I am not guaranteed my information. I require my tribute be offered after services rendered," she said standing her ground.

"I could just force myself upon you here until the second coming," he declared menacingly.

"And I could end my existence on Earth and tell Lucifer where you are," she shouted.

He gnashed his gruesome teeth for a minute. "Very well Nathalia. You have obviously thought out your position. I agree to your terms. What is your inquiry?"

"I've had relations with a mortal."

"Obviously," he said with a ground shaking laugh. "You've put on so much flesh; I did not recognize you when first I saw you. I think you may be nigh Lilith's size now."

"Very well. I've had many relations. But I currently have a relationship with a particular mortal."

"Does this relationship go beyond that of one in which you subsist off him? Are there feelings involved?"

"What would you know of feelings?" she asked

"I had feelings before the fall. I remember them. I had feelings for you as well. Feelings are for the weak, but then again I must be weak for I could not stomach Hell, any more then you could," he said in an almost quiet voice.

"Yes, I have feelings for him, beyond that of him being something to feed upon." she admitted.

"Have you done anything for him for reasons other than for your personal gain?"

"I did something for both of us," she replied.

"Were it not for your circumstance, I would argue that as a demon you are incapable of love of another being. But you are special case. You were not banished for supporting Lucifer, but for your own willfulness. I do not know if that makes a difference. What has happened? Speak quickly for I grow bored of this game."

"I am losing control of my abilities. Why is this?"

"Let me guess, they are having more effect that you intend?" he said with a horrific smirk filled with gleaming teeth.

"Yes!"

"You are having relations with a believer, and you love him. Your love and benevolent feelings toward him make your power unpredictable and more potent. Remember that God is love. This should have been evident to you," he said, looking longingly at her corpulent tits and her trim snatch. "I believe I have answered your questions. Now I demand my tribute."

"Wait!" she shouted. The sight of him quickly growing erect rapidly filling her with dread of the impending events

"What?!" he roared, unholy fire engulfing her body with excruciating pain.

"What do I do?" she said, and instantly regretted it.

Diabolical laughter boomed in the dark room. **"I DEMAND TRIBUTE!"** he thundered. In a blink he had her ankles in hand and was positioning her before his ungodly cock.

*We aren't in Hell Malleus*, She thought as the barbed and blunted tip started to press home. Her body shuddered as she concentrated on drawing out his energy into a massive release. The mind crushing agony of her body being torn apart made it hard. She felt her normally impossibly accommodating pelvis crack and then crumble as the different rules of this reality limited her body's resiliency. His rod pushed farther and farther into her rapidly breaking and formerly almost indestructible body, lower ribs being bowed and then snapping outward by the still unceasing initial up stroke. Still she collected and concentrated more of his power into his impending crescendo. She could feel his cock against her thundering heart.

If he smashed that, she'd be back in hell, and that couldn't be allowed to happen. In this quasi reality, unlike on earth, her resilient body had limits. While on earth, she had virtually endless capacity. Here, like in hell, she could feel every breaking bone, every tearing muscle fiber and every sundered sinew. She would not die, and her form would heal almost immediately, but the impossible pain of having her bones pulverized and organs rent asunder would fill her existence again with every stroke. Her sanity couldn't handle that either. With her last reserve of strength, she willed him to come.

**"TRICKERY!"** he wailed deafeningly as his demonic finale inflated her broken form like a water balloon before she flew off his effusive barbed spigot when the pressure became too great. She slammed into the wall even as demon seed white washed the entire side of the cavernous room. He took a lumbering step toward her, then staggered, fell to a knee and finally collapsed completely to the floor, his orgasm still inundating the flagstones beneath him unabated.

She felt her bones knitting back together even more painfully than they had broken, her muscles and organs stitching themselves back into their pristine shape making her body move like something was living inside her. When she was finally able to stand she walked over to his unmoving and withered form and whispered, "What I lack in strength I long ago learned to make up for with cunning. I have no idea how much of your power I purged, but I suspect it will be some time before you are in a position to do me, or any other succubi any harm."

With Malleus out, the darkness had lifted. The room was an amalgam of Earth and some other reality, which explained how he was able to hide in the city as powerful as he was. But the doorway out was plain as day. She looked at the expansive pool of thick demon cum on the floor and debated absorbing all she could. It would no doubt make her powerful beyond any level she'd ever imagined. But she didn't know if she'd be able to mainstream as she had been for the last 138 years. Uncertainty won out and she quickly made her escape, taking care to rebuild her human form before going back into the Chinatown alley.

Natalie emerged into broad daylight stark naked. Additionally, whatever energy her body had used to recover from her offering of tribute hadn't made a dent in her over the top pulchritude. That meant that she had still been processing the last of Matt's earlier climax and hadn't noticed the further expansion of her curves. Never mind what she'd absorbed but was yet to process from Malleus moments before.

Most important though was the fact that she had no idea how much time had passed since she went into Malleus' hide site. It was nearly midday by the shadows, and without clothes she was undoubtedly going to go to jail. She could probably feign a rape charge, but that would open a whole different can of worms when the rape kit came up with two different undetermined forms of DNA. *We don't need to bring that kinda heat down right now. That's a sure ticket to Hell.*

There was a dumpster at the end of the alley. She ran to it utilizing the shadows and searched for a large trash bag. Finally finding one that was black, she emptied it of trash and determined that she would have to wait until nightfall. She would risk a full on transformation and utilize the darkness and demonic stealth to get home. In the meantime, she found a trash heap as far from Malleus' doorway to the netherworld as possible and decided to sleep until dark.

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She was awakened in the early evening to the smell of Thunderbird on the breath of a bum standing over her.

"Hello lady? You okay?" the mostly toothless man in his fifties asked, brown paper bag in hand.

"Um, yeah," she replied.

"If you don't mind me sayin', you need some clothes. Plastic bags are good fer rain, but not so good fer gettin' 'round. 'Specially wif titties like you got," the man said.

Natalie looked herself over and realized that she'd moved around enough while sleeping that one boob had come out the bottom "hem" of the bag. The bum was trying very hard not to look.

"Do you have a coat and some pants I can borrow?"

He looked thoughtful for a minute, then walked over to a shopping cart full of possessions that nobody but this man's social equals would ever consider of value. He rummaged through it for a few seconds and came back with a once white T-shirt that was looked like it had been taken from a victim of a shotgun blast, complete with large brown stain, and a pair of sweat pants that had been cut off into shorts with vastly different length legs.

She thanked him and faced the wall to put the clothes on, noting that the man turned away too. Less than ten seconds later she was legally dressed though far from decent.

"Listen..." She paused for him to say his name.

"Jim," he replied quickly.

"Listen Jim. I hate to ask this of you, but do you have change for a pay phone or bus fare?"

He dug into a grubby pocket and pulled out a crumpled bus transfer. "Dis is good fer anover firty minutes."

"You are a life saver" she said, giving him a kiss, and cranking up the juice a bit so he felt it.

"You're a sweet lady." he replied with a huge mostly toothless smile.

"Will you be here tonight?" She asked.

"I'll be at da Union Gospel Mission tonight," he answered with a warm glow.

"Okay, well I will stop by tonight if you wait outside for me, and I will bring you back your stuff. I'll make it worth your while."

"Okay lady." he said with a silly smile composed of fortified wine and the glow of sexual excitement he'd not felt in years.

"Bye Jim," she said with a wave before taking off into the late afternoon light.

It took her nearly three hours navigating back alleys to get home after it turned out the transfer was expired a week earlier, only to find out she was locked out of both the apartment building and her unit. She paged the Super over the door intercom and he let her in, very surprised to see her dressed the way she was. As she followed him into the lobby, she noticed a wreath memorializing her former neighbor.

Finally inside she showered then called her wireless provider to get a new replacement phone and the banks to get old credit cards canceled and new cards sent out. She learned then that she'd been in Malleus' hell hole for a full day and a half, and that it was Sunday evening. She checked her voice mail but didn't have any messages. Finally, she got dressed in her hoodie and a pair of once baggy sweatpants and put Jim's clothes in a paper bag. Then she grabbed \$100 in twenties from her desk drawer, went down to the mission, and gave Jim his clothes, the money and another kiss.

Her errands done she returned to her apartment and finally relaxed.

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Natalie took a personal day Monday. She had to use her passport for ID at the bank to withdraw funds to pay for a completely new wardrobe. During her shopping she learned that she was officially a 32L. This made it impossible to find bras off the shelf, as most had to be mail ordered or custom fitted at boutiques. The other major issue was that there was a visible difference in the projection of a 32L from a 32HH. That meant that there was a lot of black in her new wardrobe to minimize the visible disparity. Her amplified ass also caused problems, but skirts would largely help there. It did mean that pants were essentially out of the question unless they were baggy or

cut specifically for her. All in all, she dropped nearly eight thousand dollars on clothes.

Tuesday she returned to the office in new clothes. In spite of glamour and newly purchased clothing, she was asked six times if there was something different about her. She denied any changes and played catch up on her correspondence and paperwork for most of the morning before attending another short notice partners meeting. This time her new formal business attire kept a formal complaint by Angela Martin at bay, but she still stared daggers at Natalie the whole meeting. As the meeting was starting to wrap up, Mister Fox stood up.

"Everyone, we senior partners have decided to confer a new partnership today," he announced. "This is an unusual case since normally junior partners have to buy into the firm, and with the exception of my sister, until now, all of the firms' partners have been lawyers. But in recognition of her tireless efforts on behalf of the firm, and the fact that the office wouldn't work without her, we are proud to offer the title of Junior Partner to Miss Natalie Faust."

She was literally blindsided. She had never seen this coming. Neither had Angela, who looked like she was ready to kill Natalie. She was thankful that everyone except Angela was applauding, as it gave her a moment to think of what to say. Finally, the applause died down and Natalie stood up. Instantly everyone's eyes were on one part of her or another, but it was safe to say that most of them, men and women, were staring at her boobs.

"I didn't know this was coming," she admitted. "I am honored to have a partnership in this firm, especially considering I don't have a law degree, but someone has to understand business administration. I want to let you all know that this won't change anything. Your personal assistants will be as diligent as ever, if not more."

Over at one side of the large room Miss Martin was visibly outraged. As an associate partner, she had no real pull in the firm, and now Natalie was a Junior Partner, an actually vested member of the company, Angela had no sway over her. She clapped exactly twice when the room applauded and began to beat a hasty retreat from the meeting.

"Angela," Natalie called, ready to gloat just a little bit.

The mousy lawyer turned around with dread on her face and approached her newly promoted superior.

"Yes Natalie?" She said with thinly masked disdain.

"I just wanted to make sure we were still on good terms," she said, extending a hand.

Angela hesitated then noticed that both Mr. Fox and Mr. Bryce were standing behind the glorified secretary. She met the hand with hers.

Instantly Natalie knew all of Angela's sexual desires, as well as many other material wants and needs. She knew Angela had never achieved orgasm with a man, that she loved her out-sized vibrator which she used multiple times every night when

she was home, that she envied Natalie's body and was angry she didn't have any real body to speak of. She was lonely, perpetually horny, and envious of the fact that all of the secretaries with any time in the office seemed to have amazing looks. Added to that now was the fact that the queen bee of the secretarial pool now had a position within the firm above her, and she was scared of losing the only thing she felt she had over Natalie. They even both had college degrees, and although a law degree was more prestigious, it hadn't landed her a junior partnership or even a lead on a case yet. Angela was in despair, and Natalie felt pity.

Natalie acted in that brief moment, and in what felt like a static shock, discharged a huge burst of power into Angela's body, sending that energy in many directions at once.

"Ow!" Angela yelped, yanking her hand back reflexively.

"Must have been static from the carpet," Natalie said covering, working her fist a couple times for effect. Between the surprise of the moment and her recent lack of self-control it had been a much more powerful pulse than she'd intended, but she didn't have time to worry about it.

Angela was instantly flushed. "Yeah." she responded slowly. Her eyes were dilated nearly to the point where you couldn't see the blue rim around the pupil, "I'm gonna... head back. Congratulations..." she said, having let go of whatever hang ups she'd had only moments before, her voice trailing off as if she'd been distracted by something much more important. She turned, muttered a hushed "excuse me," and walked back towards the door in an almost drunken gait. Watching Angie leave, Natalie was momentarily concerned she'd gone too far, but her concerns evaporated as she received further congratulations and praise from her coworkers.

By the time she'd escaped the well-wishers and fellow junior partners, and then had her salary and benefits explained to her by the senior partners, it was close to quitting time. Mr. Fox smiled at her and instructed her to, "Pack up her things, so that maintenance could clear out her cubicle and move her into a real office."

Just before she checked out for the day, she swung by Matt's desk to see if she could catch up to him, but he had apparently left just before she got there, as his computer was still shutting down but his brief case was gone. She raced for the elevator, where she saw him briefly, but the door shut before she could get her hand between them to stop it. The other elevator was still in the lobby, so she flew down the stairs. Taking a rare chance, she used her inhuman abilities to scream down the stairs and almost beat the elevator.

She caught up to Matt as he was leaving the building. "Matt," she called.

He turned around to see her bosom careening around in her jacket as she jogged the last couple steps to move closer to him. He had a look of consternation on his face.

"I don't really want to talk to you."

"Matt, we need to talk," she declared. "We have a lot to talk about."



"I am still mad at you," he announced.

"We are kinda doing a reversed role thing here," she observed.

"Whatever."

"Just meet me for coffee," she said. "Please?"

He stopped and looked at her. She was the woman of his dreams. Smart, funny, amazing in the sack... but he was sure that she wasn't honest with him. *Hell, she must have done something to me.* "Okay. Starbucks," he finally relented, pointing to the coffee shop across the street.

"Alright," she agreed.

\* \* \*

Angela slammed the kitchen side door of her house, spun the deadbolt and flew into the bedroom.

It had taken every bit of her willpower to walk somewhat normally out of the FB&B office and to her 2002 Toyota Camry. Only after she'd gotten on the road had she allowed her fingers to stray to her crotch, but in seconds a blinding orgasm had zipped like lightning from her soaked through slacks covered nub to her brain, nearly leading to an accident.

Now in the comfort of her boudoir, she rapidly shucked off her embarrassingly wet but fortunately black pants and panties and dove into the second drawer of her night stand for her unfailing best friend forever. The bright pink silicone faux phallus was big in every sense of the word, ten inches of "usable" length, and two and a half inches of vein studded diameter in girth. And the built in vibrator was exactly what she wanted right then and there.

*If I can just get off again, I can clear my head,* she reasoned with herself. Rotating the selector switch to the second of five settings, she took the big toy to her sopping snatch and with no ceremony plunged it deep. She pressed it home and was shocked when she felt the rubber sack press against her stuffed and spread lips.

"Unngh!" she moaned, even as her mind reeled in the pleasure of the buzzing tool buried to the max inside her. *I took it all?* That had never happened before.

She started thrusting the pink prosthesis in long, fast strokes reveling in the rapidly building pleasure as the vibrating unit rapidly assaulted her pleasure centers. In less than a minute she could feel another climax building, much more powerful than the one in the car that had nearly killed her.

Her hand became a blur as it pushed and pulled on the big dong. Deft fingers rotated the switch to the third position and she lost it. Her vision was pinpricked by flashing points of light as her pleasure addled brain overloaded her visual cortex in waves.

Angela's pussy clamped down on the dildo like a vise, even as girl goo *squidged*

out of her in great wet squirts all around the big invader. Her hand clenched around the base, trying to pull it out or push it in, but could do neither as the motor control just wasn't there. Instead her box just contracted in intense spasms trying to crush the silicone intruder.

The orgasm began to abate momentarily, only to start again more intensely when her hand tried to remove the rubber penis.

"Fffuuuuuuuck!" she bellowed as her whole body convulsed under the crushing onslaught of her multiple orgasms. She felt all the muscles in her body clench in fluttering pulses as burst after burst of bio-electric overload blitzed throughout her body. It felt amazing, painful, blissful, shocking, and utterly indescribable! It was too much for her; her mind, flooded by the energies of Natalie's touch and the subsequent need for erotic release was in the end overwhelmed, and it switched off.

When she came-to a few minutes later, the buzzing beast that had been inside her was vibrating against her thigh. Lack of consciousness had apparently allowed it to finally ooze free of her sloppy cunt. The insides of her legs were slick to her calves, and she felt exhausted. But the nagging itch of arousal was still there, dampened, but still in the back of her mind. Still it was better than it had been since the office.

Reaching down between her thighs she grabbed her friend and turned the dial to the "off" position, then tossed the slick with her slime toy casually to the floor.

"Holy shit that was intense!" she announced to no one in understatement.

Attempting to sit up, she noticed right away that every muscle she engaged in the effort felt dead, like it had been worked out to absolute failure. It took her almost twenty seconds to rise to a seated position. That was when she noticed the changes.

Angela had never been what anyone would call beautiful. Her eyes were close set and brown to almost black, and the choice of eyewear she'd long ago chosen weren't flattering. Her nose was too big for her narrow face. She had a wide mouth with thin lips that sat just above a short and weak chin. Her figure was little better; narrow shoulders and a boxy chest-waist-hip line and a general lack of feminine features had never helped her have much luck with men, and her legs had never been much to write home about either. They were just there. Not much in the way of muscle tone or shape. A bit too much fluff in the upper thighs, not enough in the ass, and very limited musculature in the calves led to a less than desirable look when she dared wear a skirt or dress, even in the most daring of high heels.

That was why the changes she saw before her were so awe inspiring. She had legs. Not amazing legs, but legs none the less. The cellulite on her upper thighs was gone, and her lower legs had some shape to them. These changes prompted her to look at more of her body, and she got up to head to the bathroom, where a full-length mirror would give a better view.

The trek to the bathroom was difficult, as in addition to the weakness she felt, something else felt off. She realized what it was when she'd arrived at the mirror. She

was taller. Not much, but it was noticeable. At 36 years old, she hadn't grown taller since she was 16, when she stopped at a five-foot-two. But her perspective told her that she was indeed taller now.

"What the hell is going on?" she thought aloud. And that wasn't all. Her whole body was different. She had a waist-line now, and it had shape! The pudgy belly that had come from long hours at work and a general lack of physical activity was gone. In its place was a tummy that, while not the peak of female fitness, was none the less a massive improvement. While her hips and chest didn't look any different, except for the announcement by her still hard nipples that she still felt a nagging horniness, having a waistline made her look like a woman for the first time ever.

She continued looking further up, and saw that her face was different too. Her eyes were the most of it, they looked bigger and the brown had flecks of amber fire in it now, rather than being the almost black color it had been. Her lips were slightly fuller and her nose looked smaller.

All in all she'd gone from unattractive to plain, but for her it was a huge improvement. Just like that though, things got funny. Her memory seemed to get fuzzy for a moment, and then she couldn't remember why she was staring at herself in the mirror. She knew one thing though, she needed something. And while it was a good facsimile, her best friend wasn't the real thing.

\* \* \*

"So what do you think is so important to say?" He asked after sitting down at a table with his Latte.

She looked up at him from her Mocha. "Okay," she started. "I admit it. I've not been totally honest with you. I had everything to do with your current condition."

"Okay, I figured that, but it's good to hear it from you." he said, pausing to take a sip of his coffee. "How?"

"I can't really explain it," she replied with truth in her voice. "I just know I can affect men and women around me in that way."

He looked at her skeptically. "And you can control this?"

"Yes, for the most part," she agreed.

"For the most part?"

"Well, I lost control of it with you," she admitted with quiet sheepishness.

"I see. Let me ask you another question then, what about you. Can you control the way you look?"

"No, not really." she lied.

"What does that mean?" He asked.

"It means that I don't have control of it directly. It used to be that when I would not use this... gift I would get," she paused to choose a good word, but settled for

"bigger."

"Used to be, but not now?" he asked quietly before taking another swig of his Latte.

"Since I met you I've been growing a lot. I've had to buy a whole new wardrobe... Twice."

"I thought you might be bigger up top, but I wasn't sure," he said appreciatively.

"Because I've been wearing new clothes that are minimizing. Yeah, I am considerably larger," she admitted. "What about you?"

"Yeah, I've stopped," he got quiet before finishing, "growing."

"Okay. I was concerned," she told him.

"It's still huge," he announced quietly.

"Is that really so bad though?" she asked, hope creeping into her voice.

"I measured last night," he said looking around. There weren't many people sitting in the shop, and none particularly close.

"Lots of guys do," she said reassuringly.

"It's over nine and a half inches long seven inches around!" He hissed.

"Okay, so you went from bottom one percent to top one percent," she said flatly.

"Easy for you to say," he said sharply.

"Look here Matt, I have always been in the top one percent. I do empathize, but I deal with it," she shot back at him. "And I'll tell you something else. I like having big tits. The majority of the time, I enjoy being the center of attention. I know that my boobs are a pain in the ass, believe me. But I also know that they set me apart from the other women out there. I have a Master's in Business Administration. I'm smart. I'm pretty sure I could litigate better than half the lawyers at our firm. But I also know that my tits can be an advantage or a hindrance based purely on how I choose to perceive them. I choose to use them as an advantage. You have it easy. You can literally keep it in your pants and no one will ever know. And if you decide to let on, well it doesn't affect your reputation. I am constantly having to back up my image with my brain so people will see me as more than just some ditzy ginger with a huge rack, a great ass and legs for days."

Matt looked a little ruffled by the lecture. "Yeah, but I didn't ask for it."

"And I did?" she asked. "Seriously. Tell me Matt, tell me to my face," she paused to look around, "that you never wanted to be bigger before you met me. Tell me that you weren't scared of intimacy. Tell me that you never wanted to be that guy at the gym locker-room that all the other guys envied. Tell me any of those statements isn't true," she snapped. She could see him trying to refute any of those statements in his head.

He couldn't. "You're right. I always wanted all of those things."

"So what you are telling me is that you are mad at me because I gave you something you always wanted but didn't ask you beforehand if I could give it to you?" she asked coolly.

Matt looked confused.

"Look, I understand. You want to be in control of your body. Who doesn't? But you need to understand that I wasn't trying to hurt you. I wasn't trying to scare you. I was trying to give you something you would like. Something to give you some added confidence, and I knew that if I asked you if you were interested, you would have had too many questions that I wasn't able to answer," Natalie explained. "Hell, you would probably have thought I was bat-shit crazy just for going there."

"But how does this work?" he asked, finally coming to grips with what she was saying.

"Let's go somewhere else and we can talk about this some more," she said standing up. She grabbed her mocha and motioned for him to follow.

He looked perplexed for a minute and then got up. "Oh, what the hell."

"That's the spirit."

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The drive to her apartment was brief and they largely kept to themselves. When they got up to her apartment she sat down on the couch and beckoned him to sit in the lazy boy to her left.

"Ask me what you want. If I can answer it, I will."

"How long have you been able to do what you do?" he asked right away. Matt had been thinking about this since they'd left the coffee shop.

"You don't waste any time," she said with a wan smile before answering. "For as long as I can remember. What else?"

"How many people have you changed?"

"I have no idea. Most of the time I just change the women around me. You may have noticed the women in the office tend to be a bit better looking than average. But I've changed hundreds or thousands of people in my life. I change almost everyone I come into direct contact with."

He contemplated his next question carefully. "How many men have you changed?"

She had to fight to keep her face neutral, and in so doing gave away some of her discomfort at the question to Matt. "A lot," she said simply.

Matt didn't know how to take that, but Natalie could tell he looked hurt.

"You can't have thought you were my first. I'm thirty years old," she said, trusting that he would buy into that. He had no reason not to.

"No, but I had hoped that the number would be 'a few' or 'a couple' and not 'a lot,'" he admitted.

"I'm afraid I will have to disappoint you there," she said.

"How big was the biggest guy you changed?" He asked.

Natalie was pretty sure this question was somewhat loaded. "Honestly? Big."  
"So bigger than me." he asked for confirmation.

"Yes." she said sheepishly.

"When you said to me that you liked large men, you weren't talking normal large, you were talking porn star large, like Mandingo big?" he asked.

"I'm not familiar with him. I don't watch a whole lot of porn." she said straight faced. "Let's put it this way. What you have is a very good start."

"Can you make a man smaller again after you make him bigger?" He asked.

Natalie could hear intrigue in his question. "I've never had to, but I think I could. I've honestly never tried."

"Would you be willing to try on me?" He asked, a little excitement in his voice at the prospect.

"Are you saying that you would be willing to let me experiment on you? For our mutual benefit?" She asked, cocking an eyebrow and a half smile.

"I would, if you think that you can fix it if you get carried away," he said a little embarrassed.

*I Gotcha back!* "I think I could handle that. When do you want to start?" she asked with an impish smile.

"We could start now. Can I watch?" He asked.

"Sure." she said getting up from the couch and moving over to him on her knees. She unbuckled his belt and undid the button and zipper on his slacks and had his substantial tool in hand quickly. He'd already been partially erect when she had hauled him out of the briefs he was wearing. She marveled at the vascularity, to use the word she'd chosen a few days prior, of his tool; it was very impressive.

She had him fully hard in no time. With both hands on his cock, she looked up into his eyes and told him, "Watch, and say when."

He felt a heat start radiating into his prong from her hands. It felt amazing, and it seemed to travel from her hands throughout his whole penis. He could feel the warmth intensifying into a sexual heat, pushing inside him toward his prostate and then down into his balls. Then, just as that heat was about to become painful, he felt her hands move apart. He realized his eyes had closed and opened them to see her right hand around the crown of his tool pulling slowly but steadily away from her left which stayed at the base of his pole by his sack.

The truly amazing thing was that her hands were getting farther apart but his dick just seemed to be stretching to fill the distance between them. It was getting girthier too, the veins getting larger and more pronounced. Soon there was more than enough room for two more of her hands on his tool between her hands.

She was still looking at him. "You alright with where you're at? Want me to stop?"

Matt was in awe of what she was doing in front of him. "I'll stop when you're

ready to stop," he said with a vacant voice, mind still trying to wrap around the fact that his dick was like clay in her hands.

"You're going to be fun," she declared. She moved her top hand further down the expanding shaft, and placed her mouth on the swollen purple head and began rhythmic sucking. The effect was Matt's head slamming back into the back of the chair and him thrusting his cock deeper into her mouth.

"Good God!" he moaned.

Natalie pulled back off him and smiled up at him. "Hold on to something," she warned seductively. Then in one fluid motion started consuming his shaft, moving further and further down his length. She rapidly pushed deeper onto him until she removed her bottom hand and buried her nose into his crotch. Then, agonizingly slow, she began to pull back.

As she pulled away, he felt like she was stretching his cock from the root. He opened his eyes to see her mouth stretched tight around a pink pole that kept reeling out of her, longer and longer. Finally her mouth let go of his rod with a *pop* as the flared head fell from her lips. Surveying the organ, it was easily twice its previous length or larger.

"Now that's a cock," she said appreciatively.

"Wow!" He said wide eyed. "What are you gonna do with that?"

"I'll use every inch of it," she announced.

"How?" He asked.

She didn't respond, instead simply unbuckling the belt atop her skirt and then unzipping the back and letting fall to the floor. Instantly the now familiar sweet cinnamon smell flooded the room, intensifying when her drenched black thong panties came off in a deft movement. She stepped up onto the chair, her legs on either side of his thighs, oozing snatch scant inches from his face. His massive pipe was now drooling a steady stream of glistening precum as she squatted down so her hand could grasp it and aim it at her slick slit.

Matt watched as she lowered her body closer and closer to the trunk rooted in his crotch. Her neat lower lips looked totally inadequate to the task of allowing the apple sized reddish purple head entry, and for her to take in his length... that would put his cock somewhere between her heart and her clavicle. Still, something inside him warned not to doubt her when she said she was going to use all of it.

Natalie's lower lips began to give way to the blunted tip of his member in slow defiance. She relished the feeling her pussy being filled by the girth of him, even as more and more of his length crept inside her as her legs lowered her steadily atop him. She moaned slowly and sensuously as she passed the thickest point of his shaft about a third of the way down his organ.

He felt her cunt clamp down on him involuntarily, quickly sucking him an inch deeper inside her briefly before her progress along him ceased from the incredible

strength of her vaginal muscles. Those muscles relaxed again and she fell almost a half foot farther along him before they contracted again catching her just a few scant inches from his stomach.

"OH FUCK YES!" She wailed. Her body slid the last few inches down his cock and her ass came in contact with his thighs. His now huge balls also fought with her bubble butt for real-estate between his legs before she started to lift herself back up his throbbing overstuffed sausage. Natalie fluttered her dexterous love muscles rapidly as she climbed up him, her stretched lower lips distending slightly along his glossy juice covered rod.

Soon she was establishing a long stroking rhythm as her legs raised her up and then allowed her to drop down upon him again. Natalie could feel him swelling bigger still now as his orgasm rose closer and closer to completion. She sped up again, her body almost a blur along his massive vein studded tool, her snatch begging for the enormous load of spunk that was but a few more strokes away.

Matt started groaning loudly as his climax was realized. He could feel the scalding first load of jizm sear a path down the length of his rod. The massive geyser of cum flooded into Natalie's welcoming box, the first of so many mind melting waves of burning ecstasy.

For her part, Natalie met his initial blast of spunk by lowering herself rapidly upon him and fluttering her vaginal muscles in waves that traveled the length of his completely engulfed tool. She could feel his seed filling her even as it started charging her body with power. *There is so much of it, and it's so potent!* Her body absorbed his spunk as quickly as it issued forth, but she couldn't remember a time when she had not needed to coax even a fraction of this amount from a mark, let alone a man she was with because she wanted to be.

The energy she imbibed from his cum was powering up her whole body, having already back filled the amount she'd spent earlier in her battle with Malleus and she could feel the power filling every nuance of her being. She continued to move up and down his pole even as his orgasm continued unabated. Natalie was closing in on hers too.

"Don't stop!" she wailed, even as she sped up. Her own orgasm was so close now, and she could tell it was going to be a big one.

"Unnngh!" Matt grunted in unintelligible response, trying to thrust into her spasmodically. Her cunt was squeezing and pulling his cum spewing cock like a hot cinnamon-honey scented milking machine

Her climax smashed into her like a freight train at seventy miles per hour. She collapsed onto his full length even as her back arched until her swollen red nipples were pointed to the ceiling. Fingers flew to her clit as her snatch squeezed down on his still pouring cock.

Matt felt her pussy clamp down on him with a suddenness that was almost



painful. It felt like her body was trying to expel his massive invading tool even as her box tried to pull more of his cock in. He felt her muscles start to tremble atop him and a keening wail originate from somewhere deep in her throat. A hot wetness was spreading around his crotch and legs, and the cloying sweet smell of her juices that now almost nauseatingly intense.

A brilliant burst of color filled her vision just as Natalie's eyes rolled back into her head and she toppled backwards propelled by the top-heaviness of her upper body. In his still orgasmic state, Matt was just a fraction of a second too slow to catch her, and she fell back to the floor with a heavy thud and stayed there, chest heaving for breath. In the process of this graceless moment, she also pulled off his pole, revealing its final size to him for the first time.

His cock was now officially unworldly huge. The head looked about the size of his fist, and it was longer than his arm. *Where did she put that?* The skin was glossy with a mix of her juices and the still flowing remnants of his own finally abating sexual culmination. Huge veins ran boldly along its length and even now it throbbed of its own accord as it expressed the last of his load onto the floor.

Matt stood and moved awkwardly to the still unconscious Natalie's side. He could see that she was still breathing from the heaving rise and fall of her chest.

Not really knowing what else to do, he reached to her shoulder and gave it a brief shake. "Natalie? Are you okay?"

She sat bolt upright like a jack knife with her head to the heavens and screamed something elegantly beautiful sounding that he couldn't understand at a deafening volume. Matt recoiled in fright for a moment, his eyes wide as he watched her scream at the ceiling. Then just as suddenly, she collapsed onto her back again and fell silent. Matt didn't catch her this time either.

A moment later Natalie's eyes fluttered open and she took stock of her situation. Her initial appraisal was that she felt incredible. She could feel the power like a low voltage current racing through her veins. Peering around, she saw Matt seated on the floor with a look of confusion on his face.

"That was... Amazing!" she exclaimed.

It took Matt a moment to speak up. "I take it this was big enough?" he asked rhetorically and bouncing his eyes off his no longer leaking penis.

"You were incredible!"

"It felt amazing, but this isn't practical... at all." he said truthfully. "But I want to know more about what happened to you. I've never seen someone pass out from an orgasm," he admitted. "And the thing you did, where you sat up and screamed at the sky in some strange language... that was weird."

Natalie's response to that second bit of information was to blanch white as a sheet, which surprised Matt even more. "What did I say?"

"I don't know what it was... a foreign language I guess. You just sat straight up

with your head facing skyward and screamed something that sounded amazing but completely incomprehensible to me. I won't lie, it scared me. Then as quickly as you started, you stopped and fell back again. Then you woke up and here you are," He explained again, in more detail.

"And you couldn't understand anything I was saying?" she asked

"No. Why, do you remember what you said?"

"No," she said unsure.

"So, do you think you could try to make this a bit more reasonable?" he asked, changing what was obviously an uncomfortable topic.

She pouted for a moment looking at his still cum slathered and huge although now largely flaccid cock.

"But I like you like this." she announced with a mock pout. She sat up and that's when she really noticed the changes in herself. Her breasts felt considerably heavier on her chest. She closed her eyes for a moment and took a deep breath before looking over her body from her seated position on the floor.

"I think you got bigger too," Matt announced. "How does that work? I mean have you ever gone to a doctor about it or anything?"

Natalie was still taking stock of her situation and too busy doing so to really answer him immediately. Her body was still metabolizing his seed, and she could feel still more power filling out her ample curves. She stood up and felt the increased movement of her boobs and the longer time it took them to stop quivering from her motion.

"Give me just a moment, Okay?" she said grabbing her skirt from the floor as she walked into her bedroom and looked at herself in the almost full length mirror inlaid in her closet door. The reflection told her volumes.

She was a walking talking caricature of extreme femininity now. From luminous emerald eyes and the perfect contours of unblemished creamy skin to her ideally bee-stung lips, Natalie's face was the ideal of womanly beauty. But while her eyes were mesmerizing, it was her yet still slowly swelling breasts that would grab any one's attention first, and from a distance.

They sat high and firm on her chest, and even she would think that she'd gotten implants (very big ones) if she didn't know better. Each would easily contain her head with room to spare and was capped by puffed up pink areola and nipples the size of grapes. Those massive breasts created quite the contrast by her toned and tight waspish waistline. Rapidly flaring hips and a butt that would make Gianna Michaels verdant green with envy and without an iota of cellulite completed the look of her torso.

And then there were her legs. She could swear that they were longer, and both leaner and more plush at the same time. Legs that needed little more than a pair of jeans or a short skirt to make a man beg to see them. Capped off by dainty feet that would make a foot fetishist cream at the merest touch, her gams begged for high heels and

shouted at all who fancied themselves leg men, "*Look at me!*"

If any part of her body surprised her, it was her arms. While they weren't huge female bodybuilder arms, they were thicker than she would have imagined on herself and without doubt quite strong. Not ripped, but with soft definition, they were still feminine yet exuded an undeniable power and strength.

All told, she was a jaw dropping, eye popping, heart stopping beauty that could make the most chaste of men desire her, and as for the rest of male humanity, well, they were hopelessly over-matched. Strangely though, all she wanted was Matt.

She pulled her skirt gingerly over her expanding hips and strutted out the door back into the living room. Matt had acquired a dish towel from somewhere to wipe himself clean and was attempting to put on his trousers.

"Do I look different to you now?" she asked point blank.

He looked her over and paused several times on the verge of speaking before finally committing to words, "Did you put on a different bra? Your boobs look bigger. And maybe a different skirt?" he guessed.

"No. I didn't put on any different clothes," she declared. "It's all me, and a lot of it wasn't here before we experimented today."

"Wait, you made yourself bigger too?" he asked incredulous.

"Not intentionally," she said getting exasperated.

"So how then?"

"It's complicated," she sighed.

"And you making my dick grow from small to 'dwarfing John Holmes' isn't complicated?" he retorted.

*Touché*, Natalie thought. She contemplated her next move for a moment. "Okay, I can explain it, but it will probably end our relationship, and most likely put both of us in danger. If you are comfortable with that, I will explain it."

Matt just looked confused.

"It's your call," She announced sitting on the sofa across from Matt and crossing her legs.

The room seemed to grow cold as he realized she wasn't kidding.

\* \* \*

Dressed in a little black dress that she'd owned for years, but never worn, the new and improved Angela Martin was prowling a cocktail lounge. A black belt cinched in the otherwise baggy waistline of the dress, giving her at least some curves. The time she'd spent working on her make-up had not been wasted; Angela still wasn't a beauty, but she was at least passably pretty.

She'd been sitting at the bar alone for maybe five minutes when a fairly cute guy looking to be in his early 30's moved into the barstool next to her. He was well dressed,

maybe a little bit on the stocky side, with sandy blond hair that was worn in an intentionally messy style. He ordered a beer and glanced her way.

"Evening," he announced.

"It is," Angela answered with a hint of coy interest, while turning to face her suitor.

"What're you drinking?"

"A gimlet," she answered after sucking down the last of her beverage through the two tiny drink straws. The typical slurping straw sound made it obvious that she was in need of another.

He signaled the bar tender, "Another gimlet for the lady."

The bar tender nodded and started his business.

Turning back to her he smiled and announced, "I'm Jack."

"Angela, but you can call me Angie." She replied. *Where the fuck did 'Angie' come from? Nobody's called me that since I was nine!*

"Why are you here alone?" Jack asked trying to strike up conversation.

"Probably the same reason you are," she replied playfully as the bar tender brought their drinks.

That answer made Jack pause for a moment and look at her before taking a long pull from his bottle.

It was post happy hour on a Tuesday night and the lounge wasn't really happening yet. Angela looked around at the twenty or so patrons, making an appraisal of the situation and the level of horniness that she was feeling. It was increasing rapidly, quickly making her consider doing something she'd never thought of doing before.

"Are you adventurous Jack?" she asked with a predatory gleam in her eye.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, are you open to trying new and different things?" that gleam was joined by a devious smile.

He just looked at her blankly, unsure what she was really asking.

Rolling her eyes in frustration, Angela leaned into him and whispered in his ear. "Your cock, my mouth, men's room, right now." She nipped at his earlobe as she pulled away from him to gauge his reaction.

He nodded rapid in assent and took another long pull from his beer, draining it. Then he stood up and moved toward the bathroom down the hall at the corner of the bar.

She neatly finished her drink and followed a few seconds later. Inside her head her inner monologue was raging. *You can't do this. You've known this guy for five minutes! Bathroom floors are disgusting! Only sluts give blowjobs!* It didn't stop her instinctual pursuit of Jack and his dick.

He was waiting for her at the door. "It's clear inside," he said reassuringly.

She didn't say a word, instead just pushing him into the bathroom and steering

him into a stall. Unfastening his belt and pants and letting them fall to the floor she saw that he was wearing sateen boxers and that the prospect of this exhibitionist tryst was indeed exciting to him. There was an obvious tent in the shiny fabric. She pushed him back onto the toilet seat and went to her knees, noting with some mild modicum of satisfaction that there didn't seem to be any poorly aimed urine on the floor before kneeling. Her fingers undid the button on the boxers and reaching in, she pulled out his straining erection with her left hand.

His breath caught at the sensation of her touch, and she looked up into his face and said in a low voice, "Enjoy the ride."

From Jack's perspective, this was highly unusual. He didn't think of himself as a really smooth guy. He felt like he looked; okay, probably fifteen or twenty pounds overweight. He'd been with several women, but never really made anything work long term. *Angie's something else!* She was going to town on him right now, bobbing up and down on his tool with wet slurping noises filling the bathroom.

*She's not the hottest thing I've ever seen, but she makes up for it with earnestness.* From his angle he was able to observe the back of her body. She really didn't have much in the way of a body, just a small waist. *She needs an ass and some legs. That would really help her look, especially in those heels.*

Angela knew Jack wasn't a big man, not like her "friend" at home, just an average run of the mill guy. Amid her mouth and her right hand jacking him off between slobbery mouthings though, she could feel herself getting more and more turned on, almost in tune with his obviously mounting excitement. She lowered her stroking hand to his balls and gently cupped them even as she preceded to deep-throat his length several times, pausing the last time to swallow him as he neared climax.

Angie heard the door to the restroom open and someone walk in, and she moaned loudly, making a show of the wet noises of her fellatio. A deep voice just chuckled and did his business. Hands were washed and dried and the man announced, "I'll leave you two alone."

The excitement of being caught had Jack bursting at the seams. Soon he was thrusting feebly from the seat when she felt it start, his panting grunts making it clear that his release was upon him. She pulled back and aimed the mushroom tip at her mouth as he came, spewing seven healthy spurts of sticky goo into her waiting mouth, which she made a show of swallowing for good effect. She was licking him clean when she felt satisfying warmth spread through her body, making the arousal that was constantly hounding her ebb just slightly.

The heat moved down her throat, through her abdomen and into her rear, where it intensified into an aching burn. It rapidly moved past ache though, and into pain, like a muscle cramp, but focused on her entire backside. She moaned into his cock as the pain abated almost as fast as it came, leaving her with a pleasant warmth.

Jack looked down at her again, reveling in the feelings of post orgasmic

contentment. *Damn she's got an amazing ass.* She may have been about average in the face and the chest, but the way that booty stressed the fabric of that dress was top notch. Something about that thought felt funny to him, but he couldn't quite put his finger on it. *Fuck it; she just gave me the most amazing, original BJ of my life.*

Standing up, Angela almost fell over as her body acclimated to the increased mass and strength of her derrière. She looked over her shoulder and for the briefest hint of a moment had the realization that her butt looked amazing, but that quickly faded into a smile of recognition.

"Thanks Jack. I enjoyed that. I think you did too." She said with a smirk, leaving him to pull his pants up. As she headed back through the lounge, she looked at the bartender and added, "The gentleman will be paying for my drink."

The bartender acknowledged her departure with a curt nod, taking a moment to admire her backside as she moved towards the door. *Wow those are amazing legs!*

Exiting the lounge, she noticed a darkly photocopied piece of paper stapled to a corkboard outside. The cheap handbill was advertising a rave that evening, and that gave her an idea.