

This is a preview of Chapter Six of Saint, Sinner, Succubus. To read the full chapter, please come to my Patreon page at <https://www.patreon.com/Coffeetank?ty=h> where you will find all of Chapter Six for free (though your feedback and/or patronage is gladly accepted.)

This will be the last post I make here on The Overflowing Bra, at least until there is a major change in the way feedback is posted. I would like to thank Mr. HHH for setting up this page, but at this point, the very thing that has made TOB a great place to put my work (anonymity) has also made control of the content I create and the feedback I receive (ie. Trolls and Spambots) unacceptable. I hope you enjoy this preview.

## CHAPTER VI

### *“Metal Heart”*

Natalie awoke with Matt spooned behind her. The sun was shining through the curtains. She looked over at the clock on her night stand.

“Oh Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit!” she swore. The clock read 8:42 AM.

She bolted upright and felt her belly slosh with the copious quantity of Matt's third offering from last night. Additionally her massively expanded cans at first resisted the violent movement of her torso, before trying to pull her further forward as she reached fully upright. They took several seconds to cease their furious wobbling.

Eighteen minutes before she was to be at work was not a good time to be taking in her new form, but she had to know what she was dealing with. Placing an arm across her riotous rack she swung her legs off the side of the bed and stepped off, noting that her feet hit the floor sooner than they should have. She could tell in the two steps to the mirror that her hips were broader and her backside more developed. In the mirror though it was painfully obvious that she was woefully unready (and ill equipped) for the reflection that confronted her.

Nowhere in her vast arsenal of clothing did she have anything that could hide this body. And on top of that, she could feel her body still slowly digesting the syrupy pool of goo that was the cause of the still sizable firm paunch she was sporting. This meant in the short term she had no clothes that would fit over her belly, and in the long term she would have no clothes that would fit over her yet to change body.

*Well all that can really change from here out is my tits,* she thought as she looked

over her dangerous curves. She grabbed her phone to take care of the first order of business.

"Bryce, Fox and Barlowe Attorneys at Law, Ms. Faust's office. How may I help you," Cecelia's voice chimed over the phone.

"Cee, it's Natalie. I'm not going to be in today. I'm not feeling well. Get with Nancy in HR and she'll get the sick leave paperwork together for you," she instructed in a slow but steady sickly voice.

"I'm sorry to hear that Natalie. I'll certainly take care of that for you," Cee replied with concern. "Is there anything you need me to do today while you are out?"

"Just take care of your duties. If you feel really gun-ho you can try to tackle the stuff in my in-box that isn't marked confidential. I'm going to try to be in tomorrow," Natalie explained. This was her chance to see if Cee could function without direct supervision. "If you need any help, just get with Lela or Melisa. They will set you straight."

"Okay Natalie, get better." she answered sympathetically.

Hanging up the phone, Natalie took a deep breath. *One problem down, or at least postponed. Now as to you two*, she put her hands to her nipples and pressed lightly. The intense pleasure that radiated from those small nubs made her head swim. She fell back into the bed, her amplified ass landing before she was ready for it. It made the liquid contents of her womb roil noisily inside. Even the impact of her bubblicious bottom on the mattress sent waves of ecstasy racing to her clit and up her spine to her brain.

Pausing to still her jiggling assets and revved up sex-drive, she collected herself. *Okay, this is different than what I thought. I'm gonna have to get this under control. First order of business, this has to go.* She thought, placing both hands on her firm belly bulge. *I can already tell this is going to be out of control.*

Her distended belly melted back into those incredible abs, and a soft warmth filled her body. She didn't see any change at first. Then that comfortable heat started to intensify in her breasts. Natalie's hands slid forward and up, kneading them forcefully as they started to rise like bread dough in time lapse. With almost nothing left to perfect, Natalie's breasts absorbed virtually all the converted celestial magic. And they swelled greatly for it. Bigger and bigger they grew, pushing her hands outward and down even as stars danced behind her eyes and cinnamon scented juices gushed from her pussy and onto the bed. When they finally stopped devouring the real-estate at the front of her body they were stupendous.

"Nothing can hide these," she said in frustration.

"I think they're lovely." Matt said, surprising her.

"They are! But wholly impractical. No amount of intelligence is going to be able to counteract the automatic bimbo factor I am going to encounter like this," she said with a mild hint of dissatisfaction.

"Don't you like them?" he asked, curling around so he could see her at a profile

"They are marvelous!" she responded enthusiastically, hugging them close and almost losing herself again in the sensitivity. "They, along with my whole body right now represent so much power it's hard to imagine, even for me. And they feel amazing."

"So why get rid of them, can't you just make them more practical?" Matt asked, obviously enamored with them. His left hand moved to the expansive upper slope of her right jug and moved along its surface. He reveled in the skin's softness, even as she closed her eyes at the sensation.

"Mmmh," she released a breathy moan at his touch. "I can make them ride higher, sag more, sit wider or closer together, but I can't change their volume unless I dump energy or grow elsewhere. Either way they are wonderfully ridiculous."

"Show me." He commanded playfully.

She concentrated for a second and moved her arms behind her head to be out of view and he watched as her epic hooters rose higher and higher on her chest until there was no sag at all. Free standing as they were they rivaled some of the more preposterous women he'd seen on the web, but like those women, they didn't look remotely realistic as they were. She eased them lower until the slung heavy and low, eclipsing her navel, reaching to the tops of her hips and finally rested upon her thighs. She then brought them higher again until they were a bit more highly placed on her chest then they had been originally but still maintained the slightest hint of plausibility.

"I think this is the best compromise." She said standing back up and moving her arms. If she had to reach down straight ahead to pick up an object, her upper arms to just below her elbows pushed her ta-ta's together to form a great chasm of deep cleavage that might swallow a standard twelve inch rule. "This isn't anything I haven't had to deal with before. It's just much more extreme."

She stood up and beckoned to Matt. "Come on, I've got shopping to do. And since you are responsible, you are coming too."

"I'm responsible?" Matt looked at her innocently.

"Don't play coy with me buster." She added pulling on a pair of plain white cotton panties. She frowned a moment later as her fantastic ass devoured them leaving nothing visible just below the waistband in the back. "I guess it's thongs and G-strings from now on."

A few minutes later, more or less passably dressed, the two of them left for the her favorite foundation shop.

\* \* \*

"I really regret doing what I'm gonna have to do in there. I've known Georgia now for almost 5 years." Natalie said to Matt as they neared the boutique foundations shop where she did almost all her intimates shopping.

"So how does glamour work?" he asked.

"For lack of a better term, like magic," she answered. "You'll see as soon as we go in."

They entered the shop and Georgia instantly recognized Natalie, who just smiled back at her with a piercing gaze. The proprietor's expression cooled slightly and then warmed again. "Welcome back Natalie. What brings you in so soon?"

"I just need some more bras. Ya know, you can never have too many," Natalie replied smoothly.

"Of course. Well come on back and we'll get you some new ones in a real quick." She announced walking toward the racks along the side wall.

"Could we do a fitting?" Natalie asked.

Georgia looked perplexed for a moment, but then looked at her customer and said, "Sure, it has been a while hasn't it?"

The succubus smiled back at Matt who nodded as though impressed. He started looking at various women's foundations.

The two women walked into the fitting area and Georgia grabbed her tape measure. "Off with that T-shirt sweetie," she demanded.

Natalie complied and Georgia couldn't help but ogle the grand mounds before her.

"I forgot how big they were. Why aren't you wearing a bra?" She said impressed, even as she started to unroll the Kevlar tape. She wrapped the cool band around Natalie's bust-line at its fullest, and the busty woman swooned as the cool tape crossed her nipples.

"Mmm-ha," Natalie let slip a soft moan.

Georgia smiled and carefully met the end of the tape to its reference. "Well this is no surprise, but you are certainly in custom territory. No standard cup sizes for you." She announced as she took more measurements.

"Yeah, I'm used to it." Natalie replied nonchalantly.

"I suppose you are." Georgia said. "I am proud of you, going as long as you have without going under the knife," she added with a smile.

"I would never do such a thing. These are a part of me and I love them." She declared proudly.

Georgia smiled again, "Like I said, I am proud of you. Too many people these days see their God given gifts as an impediment to be cured with surgery. There, all done." She finished with the tape.

"So what's the damage? Natalie asked.

"Well, conventional bras from US manufacturers don't go beyond a N cup, and that's really rare. You would be a bit past that. Quite a bit. The tricky thing with you is the fact that you've got such a tiny band size. Except you, I've never met a woman with a 32- inch band and such amazingly large breasts. And they carry so well. It's almost

too bad you want a bra. You barely need one."

"What's was the bust measurement?"

"59 inches." She said looking at her notes.

"That's a 27 inch split!" she exclaimed with a little too much surprise.

"Just like last time right?" the corsetière said.

"Right," Natalie said regaining composure.

"Well, obviously I don't have any made up right now. When do you need them by? And will you need any other foundations?" Georgia asked.

"If you could have one done by the end of the day it would be a life saver." Natalie announced.

"Same day service? On a custom bra?!?" she exclaimed, and then thought about it for a minute. "I will see what I can do. It will be very expensive though."

"Georgia, when have my bras ever been cheap?" Natalie asked deadpan. "How much?"

"\$500 for the rush job, \$225 for any additional items with a 1 week turnaround."

"Done. I need 13 more as well. Plus I want some fun lingerie and a pair of corsets." She announced.

"I will need to take some more measurements." Georgia announced securing the tape again.

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The days shopping netted a dizzying number of outfits and cost more money than Matt had spent for his current car. Tailoring alone came to over 10,000 dollars. The final result though was a complete wardrobe, from formal wear to casual to swim wear. The part that made Matt's head spin was that most of the clothes weren't even ready yet, and wouldn't be for over a week. Natalie had exactly three outfits that were ready for the rest of the week and the coming weekend.

They were back in her apartment at 7:30 that night unloading new clothes and washing what they could. Natalie recovered the bag from Georgia's Boutique and said that she would be right back. She came back about a minute later with her new white bra on. It wasn't quite as sexy as the bras she'd worn at her previous sizes, but it accomplished its primary function supporting her girls and limiting their motion.

"What do you think? Doesn't Georgia do great work?" she asked, shimmying her shoulders to demonstrate her bosom's new stability.

"I think I like them better without the bra." Matt explained.

"Well of course, but practicality requires that I maintain a clothed appearance in polite company," she said in a British accent.

"Who said I was polite," he said with eyes peering into the long line of deep cleavage.

"You are a perfect gentleman and you know it," she replied maintaining the perfect accent.

"Foiled again," he said with a wide grin. "We didn't really talk about this, but judging by the fact that you bought almost a third of my Fox, Bryce and Barlowe annual salary in clothes today, I assume that you are going to make a go at staying this size?"

She folded a pair of jeans and smiled at him. "I have to. I mean, unless I can find a way to disperse enough energy to get rid of 14 inches of added circumference and get me back into my old 32M's, I don't see another way around it. And you, mister 'I want to change Natalie with my miracle titty-grow cum,' are going to have to wear a raincoat," she said with a scowl of distaste. "I hate the thought of all that potential energy wasted, but I literally can't afford to keep growing like this. Especially since it's all going to my tits now."

"How the hell do I get a condom that will fit me?" he asked

"You're adjustable, adjust."

"I thought you needed to get bigger for your mission?" he reminded her.

"Yes, I do, but not until I am there. As it is, if I don't fly first class, I will have to pay for three seats!" she declared.

"Three seats? You aren't that big," he responded authoritatively.

"Well you are coming with me right?" she asked.

He looked stupefied by her question for a long second.

"Matt?"

"I... I hadn't thought about it," he said flatly.

"You have to come. How am I supposed to rival Mrs. Baran?" she asked coyly.

"But..." he started to protest.

"Just come," she commanded with a thin smile on her irresistible lips.

"I will have to pack a bag," he announced.

"You'll just need a carry-on; it's only gonna be three days and two nights max. Hopefully less," she explained.

"It doesn't sound like I will have much time to sight see. I've never been to New York," He said suspiciously.

"Your business will be pleasure," she announced. "And this is a business trip after all." She added mischievously.

"Dad always said to put work before play. I don't think he had this in mind, but I will do my very best." He said with a smile.

"And if a man does his best, what more is there?" she said.