(Writer's note: Opposed to what the Catholics will tell you, sexual pleasure is, too, one of God's creations. His greatest gift to all mankind, in fact. If he didn't want us doing it it wouldn't feel so good. Or at least, that's my theory and I'm sticking to it. So if you're so uptight that stories of a sexual nature, or of gorgeous women with huge, mind-blowing breasts offend you, you should probably stop reading this now.)

Angel

By: Mr. Fixit

Chapter 1

Staring Into The Void

James Estbrook stared absently at the mostly empty beer glass on the bar before him. His thumbs playing with the condensation on the still-cold glass as the suds from his last swig slowly cascaded down, hunched over the bar so as to avoid attention from any of the bar's other patrons. He sat alone, at the corner of the bar, as he usually did almost every night.

"Ready for another one Jimmy?" said Amanda. The slightly thick, busty bartender smiled at him with big, blue eyes.

"Yeah, sure." He replied back wearily.

"Rough day at the shop?" She asked as she bent over the cooler to reach the beer tap. As she did he couldn't help but sneak a look down her shirt at her huge breasts. He couldn't guess what size they actually were, but they were bigger than double D's. Way bigger, with a few hints of big blue veins criss-crossing their surface. She always had them packed into bras and shirts that were too small, guaranteeing lots of big tips from the horny old men that frequented the bar, including himself. He'd always wondered if they were real or not. Either way, he didn't care, he just liked seeing them every night. She was beautiful, and she was really sweet and nice. And James was completely breast-obsessed. He'd have given anything to bury his face in those titanic hooters. To have taken her home and do everything to her. But he knew she was too hot for him. He knew there was no way she could be interested in him. No one ever was.

"No, not particularly. Just, another long day." He said with his typical disdain. Looking at this beautiful young woman only reminded him of why he was here. Because he had nowhere better to be. There was no one at home waiting for him. There never was, there probably never would be. His inner sadness only deepened at that thought.

James was convinced he was as ugly as the north end of a south-bound horse. Even though he wasn't. he was no George Clooney, but he wasn't repulsive to a girl, either. He was what some women would have called "tall, dark, and handsome", standing 6'2" and 180 lbs., with a build that would have been considered at least semi-athletic, if he ever actually worked out. But he wasn't huge on personality, and he wasn't real good with words, either. He just felt like the least attractive man on earth. And looking at her only reminded him of that.

As if it wasn't bad enough already. Here he was, on his 35th birthday, sitting alone in a bar, trying to look inconspicuous and hide in a corner so no one would come up and talk to him. It wasn't as if he didn't have friends, in fact he was quite well known around town as not only a very good guy, but as the best auto mechanic in the entire County. His friends constantly stopped by his shop just to say hi and shoot the shit, of which there were a good many. If you checked his facebook profile, it showed he knew well over 600 people, and all of them would have told you he was a really good, honest, hard-working, stand up guy.

But none of that mattered to him right now. Tonight he just wanted to be alone. Right now the only thing that permeated his brain was the loneliness. 35 years. 35 miserable, lonely fucking years.

"$2.75." Bubbled the brunette as she set down his glass. He threw a five dollar bill on the bar. "Keep it." he said.

"Thanks!" She said

"To one more year on this planet." He said, raising his glass towards her in a toast-like gesture, then drinking down about half of it in two gulps.

She cocked her head slightly to one side, "Why do you say that?" She looked puzzled.

"Oh, it's my birthday." He said, shrugging, showing it was no big deal.

"Then why aren't you out partying? Out with your friends?"

"I ain't a twenty something like you. I ain't into partying much anymore. Besides," he paused "Artie Johnson's pickup ain't gonna fix itself in the morning."

"How old are you?" She gave him that same puzzled look again.

"35. Thiiiirrrty fiiiiivvvve." He drew out that last time saying it, trailing off, the sadness overtaking him again. It came crashing in waves. Pounding his psyche into submission. The black dragon of his depression sucking him in and making a meal of him.

"Don't go talking like you're old, or you're gonna make me feel old. I'm 32." She said, wiping down the bar.

"32?! You don't look like it!" He exclaimed.

"Well, thank you!" She said smiling. "I also don't look I've had four kids, either." and she spread her arms and dipped a little to show off her body. He had to admit, she didn't, looking her over. Yeah, she wasm't exactly petite, but not unattractive in the least. Sexy as hell, in fact.

"*Too bad no woman like that would ever want me*." He thought to himself and sighed."*Or any woman, for that matter."*

Amanda strode off to go help the other bar patrons. He watched her for a second, not even noticing that she kept looking back at him.

"*I wonder why he doesn't notice me flirting with him*?" She thought to herself. "*He knows I'm single, that me and Jake got divorced two years ago. And I know he likes my boobs, he stares at them all the time*." she thought, rolling her eyes "*He's so cute, and so nice, why hasn't he ever been in here with a woman? Maybe he's got a wife at home and she's a complete bitch. maybe that's why he's always in here and he always looks so sad*."

James went back to staring at his glass. He was getting pretty hammered. Good thing the bar was only a couple blocks from his house. Hell, in this town, almost nothing was more than a mile from his house. He swigged down the last of his beer and looked at his phone. 12:35.

"Well, I think I'm heading home. See ya later Amanda." And he stood up and walked out the door into the night, waving at everybody else in the bar on the way out the door.

"Good night James, stay safe." Amanda yelled out to him.

He walked home, enjoying the warm evening and his drunken stupor. Upon arriving home he walked in through the walk-in door to his garage. After stepping into the garage he flicked on the light, and walked over to his garage-fridge, covered in racing stickers, and pulled out another beer. Cracking it open and throwing the cap into the trash can, he leaned back against his work bench, nearly missing it and falling on the floor as he misjudged the distance to it in his state. He stood up, rubbed his sore back "That'll bruise in the morning", He muttered.

He looked over at the car cover that protected what once was his pride and joy, his Competition Orange '69 Camaro. He had drug it out of a farmer's Field when he was 16 years old, rebuilding it over the course of two years in high school, changing oil and humping tires at the local Tire store to pay for her resurrection. He'd built it into a screaming, 600 horsepower monster that became a local legend, the fastest thing this dreary little Nebraska town had ever seen. And the fastest thing anybody had seen for about 100 miles in any direction. He became almost famous street racing in a larger city 30 miles away with it, until a few close brushes with the law ended his clandestine illegal racing career.

"The fastest horse in a one horse town." He chuckled to himself out loud.

Now she sat in the garage on four flat tires. He hadn't driven her in years. His depression keeping him from enjoying even the things that had once been the most important in his life.

He walked over and flipped off the cover. Opened the driver's door and sat down on the driver's seat with a drunken, sloppy motion. He sat back and thought of the good times he'd had. The victories. Driving her to band gigs and school. He always envisioned himself and this car like a hollywood movie. Throwing some hot girl in the passenger seat and driving off into the sunset. Of throwing his new bride in and driving cross country for their honeymoon in it, "just married" scrawled across the back window.

But that just never happened.

"The only thing you could never do was get me laid. Hmmph. But then, Nothing could do that."

With a sigh and creaky old joints that had seen too much work, he stood up, shut the door, and covered her back up. "Someday, maybe. Someday." He walked back to the fridge, grabbed another beer and turned out the light as he walked into the house.

"Luuuuuccccciiieeee, IIII'mmm HOOOOoooommme!" He cried out in the dark house, to no one.

He sat down on his couch and pulled the little wooden box on the table over too him. He opened it and smelled the sweet smell of sticky hydroponic goodness hit his nose. "happy birthday to me." He whispered, with the first smile he'd had all evening. He pulled out a joint and lit it, taking a long, slow drag. Then a massive coughing fit hit him. After that subsided he took another couple of hits.

He sat back and turned on the TV. Nothing but talk shows, love stories and late night soft-core porn. He shut it back off.

He sat there in the dark, puffing on his joint, thinking about the girls he'd dated, wondering where they were now, wondering if any of them ever thought of him at all. If any woman anywhere thought of him at all.

He doubted it.

In high school he had been a complete outcast. He was pretty much universally bullied by every group in the school. By the time he was 15 he began to realize that finding a girlfriend was going to be extremely difficult, if not impossible, and even in this small town no girl wanted to risk the social impact dating him could have had, even if they were interested in him. So he was always the wallflower, the third or fifth wheel. He stopped going to school dances and prom by the time he was a Junior. He could never get a date and it was just too depressing. A girl named kelly had asked him out on a date once, his junior year, but halfway through dinner he realised that the four girls a couple tables over were Kelly's friends,and they were sitting there watching them and laughing. After that night she wouldn't even talk to him, wouldn't even look at him. It wasnt until a few weeks later that someone told him the only reason she asked him was because she lost a bet. He had been devastated. It wasn't the first time he was made a laughing stock, and not the last, either. Just another humiliation in a long, long line of them. But it had hurt him badly, nonetheless.

By the time he got out of high school he was already thoroughly convinced that no girl would ever want him. That he must be ugly or something. Or just such a complete dork that he was undateable. He slipped deep into his depression. He began contemplating suicide. After all, what good is being alive if you have no one to share it with? It wasn't until a year later that he met his first girlfriend, Holly, (which didn't last long at all.) another year until he got his first kiss, and another full year before one girl finally took pity on him and took his virginity. After that things got slightly easier for him, just because rumors spread that he was hung like a horse.

Most of the women he had dated had been so unbelieveably cruel. Either that or just absolutely bat-shit crazy. That's all he attracted. Users, train wrecks, or uggos. that was it. Andrea had only fucked him so he would fix her car. Once there was nothing left to repair she dropped him like a bad habit. Angie had only wanted his dick. Carrie only wanted to fuck with his head, enjoying teasing him and getting him all worked up and then leaving him there with a raging case of blue balls. Jessica was a lunatic who wrecked his truck, stole his money, and fucked one of his best friends... the list went on. The story repeated itself. Different names and faces and details but always the same result. For his part, he made an easy target for women like that, and he knew it. He always knew when a woman was using him, but he didn't care. He was just happy to have someone. Anyone. But it never lasted long, two weeks, maybe a few months, tops, and then she would destroy him and leave him to pick himself up and dust himself off again. There had been women along the way that wren't nutjobs or scandalous bitches, but his clingyness, lack of relationship and social skills, and over-eager-to-please attitude drove them away. It had been almost five years since the last one left him. Things had gotten to the point that there really weren't any eligible, single women left in town. All the good ones were taken, and, with a few notable exceptions, the ones that were left were single for a reason. Not that there were that many to begin with. And even if they HAD shown interest in him, he was too fucked up in his head at this point to believe they actually could want him.

The only girl that had ever really treated him good was Elizabeth.

"Oh my god." He said it out loud in the dark, "Liz." Elizabeth had been the girl next door when James was Growing up. Literally. Her family had moved in next door to him when he was about 5 years old. They were best friends up until her family moved away when they were 15. By that time he had started to get feelings for her, but he was too young and too naieve to even put them into action. And truth be told, Liz had feelings for him, too, and tried desperately to drop hints on him. But james wasn't really good with subtle hints. Or even obvious ones, either. The night before they left town, she had snuck out of her house in the skimpiest outfit she could squeeze into hoping for them to take each other's virginity. Or at least kiss him. but he just wouldn't take the hint. She had left that night in tears, thinking that she would never see the boy she was rapidly falling hopelessly in love with ever again.

Then three months later, while coming home from a family night at the movies, Elizabeth's parents car was hit by a drunk driver who ran a red light. Elizabeth was killed instantly, her mom and dad died a few days later from their injuries. Only her older sister Sarah had survived. Sarah and James still kept in touch over Facebook. She was married with a gaggle of kids somewhere in michigan. Usually she only got ahold of him when she was drunk and missing her little sister.

And right now he found himself missing Elizabeth something horrible. It had been over twenty years, but she was still the nicest girl he'd ever met. The only girl that ever showed him real, true companionship. The only girl that had shown him real love.

He shook the images of her out of his head. "She's gone and she's never coming back." He thought to himself.

Just like everyone else.

"Why!? Why do I have to be constantly reminded of the one thing my life is missing!?" He shouted into the dark room. He began to cry a little, feeling the tears well up in his eyes. Another night alone. Just like always. He finished his joint and decided it was time for bed. He went in, stripped to his boxers, climbed in, and went into a fitful, restless sleep.

Chapter 2

Disappointment

"There ya go, Art. She's purrin' like a kitten. Should last another 20 years now." He said to the old man, slamming the hood of his truck shut.

The old man Laughed, "James, I'll be happy if this old pile lives for another two. What do I owe ya?"

"$278.96. And don't forget now, There's a lifetime warranty on those parts."

"My lifetime, your lifetime, or the truck's?" He said, grinning like a cheshire cat.

"Whichever's longest, Art." He said, returning the old man's grin. Art dutifully handed James three hundred-dollar bills, and said "Keep the Change".

"Why thank you sir. I appreciate that."He held the door open for the old guy while he slowly climbed behind the wheel, then shut it after him. Art leaned over and twisted the Key, and the rusty old Ford roared to life.

"You have a nice day now, Art. Oh, and tell Cara I said Hi." he said, wondering why he had said that. She hadn't talked to him since the day they Graduated high school.

"You should tell her yourself. She's at my house, moving her stuff back into her old room." James perked up at this bit of news.

"What? I thought she was living in Minnesota somewhere with her Husband?"

"They split up. She caught him with his secretary. I'm kinda glad he did it. I could never stand the little prick anyway. Now she's back home with me and the missus till she gets things figured out. Hell, you should take her out to dinner. She'd love that."

James recoiled at the thought of a blind date with a woman he hadn't spoken to since they were 18. What would he say, what would he do? And how weird would it be to be set up on a blind date by her parents? It was already a recipe for disaster.

"I don't know, Art. I haven't talked to her in forever, shes coming out of a bad marriage..." He trailed off.

"Nonsense! She'd love to hang out with an old friend, I'm sure." Cara and James hadn't exactly been friends. She was the prom Queen, he was the school dork. In fact, she had laughed in his face once when he had asked her out years ago. It wasn't an experience he was looking to repeat. "tell you what, I'll go home and give her your number and tell her you said hi. We'll see what happens from there."

"Ok, Art, whatever you say", James said, Chuckling. He was honestly hoping Art forgot about the whole thing. He waved as art threw the old truck in reverse and backed out of the lot, and puttered off down the road.

The rest of the day went on without much fanfare, until a white Cadillac Escalade came rolling into the lot, and a Beautiful blonde woman stepped out. It took a second and noticing the out-of-state plates to realize it was Cara.

"Cara Johnson. Long time no see." james said, smiling. His heart was going a thousand miles an hour.

"Hi! It has been a long time, hasn't it? My dad told me you had your own shop now. So, how have you been?"

"Good, good. Just mostly working. That's about it, these days." That was a lie. He had been anything but "good". But none of that mattered at the moment. Here was the high-school prom Queen, still just as pretty as the day she left town, maybe prettier, and she had come here just to say hi and see him.

Hope began to glimmer somewhere inside the darkness in James' mind. Just the faintest light could be felt...

"So, you married, have a couple kids?" She asked. A little brighter, now...

"No. Not yet. Just... haven't found the right one yet, I guess."

"Oh, well that's too bad. I'm sure you'll catch the right one." She said in a tone that seemed like the type one would reserve for passing acquaintances making small talk in the grocery store.

"I dunno. Maybe. Just, kinda slim pickins around here anymore." He thought maybe that statement might make her seem a little more important to him. "*Good lord, even after all these years, I still have no idea how to flirt with a girl*." he thought.

"Yeah. Well, Dad said you're the best mechanic in town, these days. My cadillac's been making this funny noise, can you look at it?"

The warm light of hope began to flicker.

"Yeah, sure. Just give me a little bit here and I'll get it checked out for you."

"Oh good. I'm supposed to be going to hang out with Jake Anderson tonight and have a few drinks, and I'll need it."

And the warm light was dead.

James did his best to hide his rather unreasonable dejection. "oh, ok. Sure, lemme just take it for a little drive, and I'll let you know what's up." And he did just that, telling her when he returned, "Sounds like you've got a wheel bearing going out. It's nothing horribly serious, it'll get you through the weekend, and I've got to order a bearing anyway. How about you just drop it by monday morning?"

"Oh great, thank you! Well, it's been good talking to you. See you Monday!" And with that she got back in her Escalade and left.

"jake Anderson? Really?!" He thought to himself."Mr. Captain of the football team Quarterback asshole who's now an alchoholic two-time divorcee who works construction and still lives in his parent's basement? You fucking serious?"

"UUUuuuuuuuuugh!" He yelled out loud, wiping his face in a long, drawn out motion of extreme exasperation. Then a look of resignation crossed his face. "Yeah, like she ever would have come here looking for me." He thought. "Idiot."

James began cleaning his tools and putting them all away for the night when the phone rang.

"A-1 Auto Repair." James answered, in his standard greeting. "Tow 'em in, drive 'em out."

"Jimmaaaaayyyy!" came the voice through the phone, it was his friend Kurtis, "Hey, it's Friday night, lets hit the bar and get a couple beers for your birthday!"

"My birthday was Yesterday, asshole." Said James, laughing. This was their standard repartee. Dickhead, asshole, gaywad, buttfucker, douche canoe. The list went on. And on.

"Yeah, but it sucks to celebrate on a Thursday. I'll meet ya there." Said Kurt. He could hear Kurt's Challenger roar to life in the background.

"I don't know man, I kinda celebrated last night by myself. I don't know if I really feel up to it. Not much to celebrate really, anyway." That was another lie. He just didn't want to go to the bar and watch the same scene tonight he used to have to see 17 years ago: The jock and the cheerleader, getting cozy while he died a little inside. Again.

"Bullshit. Get in your fucking truck and get your pussy ass there. We're getting plowed. And lose the sadsack act. You're never gonna get laid like that."

Chapter 3

How to lose a girl in 10 minutes

And so James pulled up outside the local watering hole about fifteen minutes later, the usual cacophony of heavy metal blasting out of his windows at full concert volume, at the moment it was the song "Walk with me in Hell" by Lamb of God. It seemed fitting. This was not going to be a fun evening, he was sure of it. But he was gonna try, anyway.

He stepped into the bar as his eyes adjusted to the dimly lit interior, he saw his buddy Kurt sitting at the bar, chatting with Amanda.

"Was' up, dickface?" he yelled, waving to James. As soon as he walked over and sat down, Kurt laid a 100 bill on the counter and told Amanda "I want two shots of Crown, two beers, and keep them coming like that until that hundred is gone. Then we'll give ya another hundy, and we're gonna keep drinking until old mrs. Schelke looks pretty."

James turned and looked at Mrs. Schelke, the grizzled, half crazy 80-year-old alchoholic widow who was one of the bar regulars. "Ain't enough booze in the world for that." James quipped.

"Okay!" Amanda said, and dutifully poured the drinks. Then she leaned up on the bar, squishing her boobs nearly out the top of her low-cut tank top, and asked "So, James, you finally in a better mood than last night? You seemed pretty bummed for a birthday."

James shrugged. "I dunno, we'll see, I guess." And he smiled at her. It was the first time she's ever seen him smile. With that, she stood up, and sashayed her way to the end of the bar to the register and dropped the hundred in, making sure to wiggle her ass and bust a little extra for him. If he's gonna get that drunk, maybe she could take him home tonight.

"Dude, she totally wants you. Why aren't you tapping that?" Kurt said, after viewing the truly peacock-esque display.

James looked at kurt, a look of Incredulity on his face. "Yeah, right, in my dreams, maybe. She's waaaay too hot for me."

"No, she isn't. She wants you. I can totally tell. I'm going to hook you guys up. Why do you think she's too hot for you?"

"Well, she looks human, for starters." james, said.

His mind recoiled at the thought of his friend trying to hook him up. Kurt was Tall, muscular, handsome, and RICH. Plus he had the gift of a red-hot game. He was also loud, rude, obnoxious, and didn't take "no" for an answer. The guy was a force of nature. He was the type of guy that treated a woman like complete shit and yet somehow they still fell for it. James had sat through one of these things before. Kurt had tried to hook him up, unsuccessfully, several times. With embarassing, uncomfortable results. What usually happened was that Kurt ended up taking home and pounding whatever girl he had tried to hook up with James. Or worse, they would find a pair of girls together in a place and Kurt would do all the talking, and James would sit there awkwardly trying to make conversation with whichever girl was least interested in Kurt. And not whatsoever interested in James. Kurt, for his part, was usually oblivious to this, as he was too busy trying to turn the other one liquid.

"Please don't. Can't we just have some fun without worrying about finding me a woman? She doesn't want me. I'm not gonna try. Just drop it." James pleaded.

"Okay, okay, I'll cool it." Kurt said. "For now. You need to get banged. Bad."

"Ugh. Let it go, man."

"Dude, you're gay aren't you? that's it. All these years, that's why you haven't found anyone yet. It's because you're a closet homo, isn't it?"

"Dude, just shut the fuck up."

As the night went on many other friends came and went joining the two and helping pour alchohol down James' throat.

Countless rounds of beers, shots, and carbombs were consumed, until Amanda decided it was time to make her move. When a round of shots was ordered, she poured herself one, slammed the little glass of liquid courage, steeled herself for the plan she was about to enact, then loaded the shots on a tray and walked over to the group, who had moved to a table. She set all the shots down in front of everyone except James, waiting until he looked around and went (with only the slightest hint of a slur in his voice) "Hey, where's mine?"

Amanda Sat in an empty chair next to him, snuggled the shot between her breasts, and said "Right here honey." Then grabbed his head, shoved it deep into her cleavage until she felt him grab it with his mouth, then she let go and he triumphantly emerged from her boobs, holding the glass in his mouth and tipping it back without spilling a drop. When he slammed the empty on the table and let out a boisterous yell, he looked at her with wide eyes, at which point she just said to herself "Fuck it, he's mine." Grabbed his head again, and leaned in and kissed him, deep and passionate. By this time everyone at the table was giving out "ooooohhhhh"s and egging him on.

About halfway through the kiss, James came out of his drunken stupor long enough to really realize what was happening. This woman, this beautiful woman, who he thought was so far out of his league, had just served him a shot from her cleavage, then promptly shoved her toungue down his throat, a tongue that was still probing the depths of his tonsils as these stark revelations hit him.

Then the fear hit. All of his conditioning, everything that every woman had ever done to him, manifested intself in an instant, and james recoiled from her like he had just been hit by a jolt of Electricity. What did she want from him? Was she just toying with him? Did she just want a baby daddy? A living wallet? Did her car break down again? Why was this happening? All these thoughts and more raced through his head, as he desperately grasped for an explanation.

All because he was so thoroughly convinced, so completely fucked in his head, he truly believed that this beautiful woman, who had just abandoned all pride and self-conciousness in a brazen attempt to gain his attention, could never, in a million years, ever actually just want him for HIM.

As the fear gripped him, he suddenly realized his friends had fallen silent, Amanda was silently staring at him, waiting for a response, with a look of embarassment slowly creeping across her face.

He was paralyzed. He couldn't speak, he couldn't move, for what seemed like an uncomfortable eternity, until he finally just stood up and nearly RAN out of the bar, like his balls were on fire.

"James! james! Where are you going, man?" Kurt stood up, "Hold that thought, honey, I'll get him back here." he told Amanda, who had started to look like she was about to start crying.

"I guess maybe he doesn't like me." She said to james' Friend Becky, who had also been hanging out with the group.

"No, no, it's not that." Becky said to her, seeing her embarrassment and trying to calm her. "He's just... he's a little messed up. He's lived a really hard life, and almost every woman he's ever loved not only broke his heart, but ripped it out and shredded it. He's been through things no one should have to live through. And... he has trust issues because of it. Severe ones."

Kurt ran outside, and found his friend around the corner of the building in the alley. "Dude, what the fuck? She just practically face-fucked you and you run away? The first woman in years and you run from her. What the hell, man?"

James paced back and forth, trying not to hyperventilate, then walked up to Kurt and shoved an accusing finger in his face. "You put her up to this, didn't you? that whole thing reeks of you. What, did you pay her or something?" he practically screamed the words.

"What? You fucking serious? No, I didn't put her up to it. I had nothing to do with that. Dude, Why is it so hard for you to believe that she might actually like you?"

"Because it's never happened before!!!! That's why!!!" He yelled. "Because she's way too pretty! Because she's completely out of my league! And... because... " James trailed off, and slumped against the wall of the alley. "Because I had no idea what to do next. And now I've blown it. Oh fuck. What have I done? I always do this. Some girl shows real interest and I always fuck it up somehow."

"It's okay, man. Just go back in there and talk to her. You could literally tell her exactly what you just told me. That you didn't know what move to make next and you paniced."

At that moment, Amanda walked out to see if maybe she could talk to James again, to apologize for however she had managed to offend him. She stopped when she overheard James and Kurt talking, hiding around the corner out of sight.

"No way, I'm not going back in there. I can't, probably ever again." The slurring in his speach quite clear at this point, his movements exaggerated and wobbly. That last shot had soaked in. And it was one too many.

"It's too embarrassing. And I couldn't hook up with her if I tried. I wouldn't even know what to do with a woman like that."

And with those out-of-context words, Amanda broke. She started crying like a fountain, her embarrassment at having (supposedly) humiliated this man who she liked so much in front of his friends, at making a move on a man who was (seemingly) so completely disinterested in her, and she went inside to the bathroom to try and fix her make-up and get herself back in shape to finish her shift.

"Look, Kurt, I'm just gonna go home. I'm hammered, I've made a complete ass of myself, and I just feel awful. I just wanna go home."

"No, man, don't go, we can totally salvage this. She really really likes you."

"Whatever." James said, waving his hand in dismissal. "It's over. Even if she did like me she's not going to now. I blew it. Again." And with that he turned and started walking towards home.

"James, come back, man. James! JAAAAMES!" But James just ignored him.

As clouds gathered in the night sky, a rumble of thunder could be heard in the distance. As the rain started to fall, James and Amanda both seperately cried tears of lost possible love, over a simple misunderstanding.

And both of them, seperately, wrote off the other as lost to them for good.

And James had never felt so low in his entire life.

Chapter 4

Random acts of Divine Intervention

Somewhere, in another realm, that some people would call Heaven, that the Vikings would call Valhalla, and another hundred names in another hundred languages, the office door of "The Big Guy" opened and a sheepish little angel quickly walked in, nervously approaching the grand wooden desk of the highest office in the universe. Today, God appeared in the form a young asian girl, sitting with a large grin twirling around in a huge chair obviously meant for a much larger person. Standing to her right was Lametitron, voice of the Lord.

"What is it, child?" Spoke Lametitron, as the holiest of holys continued to play in the chair.

"Sir," said the angel, kneeling, "We have a problem. A man on earth is about to take his own life because he believes he'll never find love. that his one true one does not exist."

Lametitron looked to his left, at the still playing Lord our God, smiled a little, and spoke "Then simply guide him to his one true love."

"Well, that's the problem" the angel spoke nervously, "His true love isn't there. She's... here. She was sent here early by a traffic accident. She's not supposed to be here, not for another Fifty years. She was taken by mistake."

And with that the smiling Asian girl stopped twirling in her chair and a look of seriousness came over her face. She twirled the chair again and when it came around, The young Asian Girl had turned into a very large, White haired man. He gave a serious look to the little Angel before him, then spoke.

"I, do not make, mistakes." He simply stated, in a booming voice that shook the very foundations of the building like an earthquake.

"There are millions of other women on earth simply guide him to one of them." lametitron stated.

"That's the other problem, sir. This man is a special case. He's a very old soul, who's lived a traumatic, tragic life. Many tragic lives, actually. We've tried guiding him to others, but it seems that only his one true soul mate can break through the shell he's built around himself. And she's here."

"Why is this one man so important as to bring this to our attention?" Lameititron stated.

"Well, he's a soldier in the great army of the Lord. When his time on earth is finally through his soul is meant to help lead the armies of the Holy. But if he commits suicide, he's lost to us forever."

Lametitron looked to God, who looked to him, and Lametitron spoke again. "Then there's only one option left. We must find his soul mate and send her back."

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

James stumbled home, his tears of sorrow only serving as a few more drops of water mixing with the rain. When he got inside, he immediately went to the kitchen cabinet and grabbed the bottle of whiskey, cracked it open and took a long swig. He went to his living room, grabbed the wooden box, rolled a joint and lit it. He looked over at his old acoustic guitar hanging on the wall, the top nearly worn through from years of strumming. He picked it up, felt along the length of the fretboard, his fingers dancing lightly across the strings for a second. He went to a "G" Chord position and hit the strings to check the tune. Then he slowly began to play one of his favorite songs when he was down, Lynrd Skynrd's "Simple Man". But after a few minutes of playing he realized that there was no one here to listen. No one but him. And his sadness grew again. He hung the guitar back on the wall, and concentrated on finishing his joint.

He began to think of Liz. How much he missed her. How incredible a person she had been, even when they were just kids. She was wild and reckless, and yet sweet and caring. He remebered countless hours they spent talking, playing video games, cavorting through the woods near their neighborhood. Her and her sister had been homeschooled, as their mom (a teacher, no less) thought that she could give them a better education at home. And as such, Elizabeth was spared from having to see his daily embarassments at the hands of his peers. But she would hear about them every day. She always looked at him with love, but also a bit of pity. She couldn't figure out why no one likes him, and neither could he. Truth be told, it wasn't that no one liked him, but he had been labeled early on in his school career and it just stuck and he was never able to shake it. So he became the school whipping boy. She would always look at him and say "Things will get better for you I promise. Someday you'll meet a girl that will love you like you can't imagine." What he didn't know is the thought that went through her head immediately after "and someday, that girl will be me."

He went to the drawer of his nightstand, and pulled out the picture of Elizabeth and himself at age 15, the day she left. He could see the sadness on both their faces, through the fake smiles for the camera. His mom had taken the picture just minutes before she got into the family car and drove out of his life forever.

She was pretty. beautiful, actually. She was a true redhead, growing in a natural shade of red that 90% of the world would have had to pour out of a bottle. A beautiful dark auburn color, framing her lightly Freckled face and bright green eyes. She was tall and slender even at 15, at well over 5' tall and still growing.And a couple years before that, something else had started growing as well. At the age of thirteen she had begun to "develop" and at 15 she had already billowed out to fill a very full 30D bra. And if her mom and older sister were any indication, she was going to get much, MUCH bigger. If she was still here, she would have been an absolute bombshell by now. The kind of woman who could have stopped traffic.

"*IF* she was still here.." he thought to himself. He began to cry. He had known then that this was the girl he was supposed to be with. That he was supposed to marry her someday. But she was gone. His soulmate was gone. leaving him here on this God-forsaken rock, alone.

He took another deep swig from the bottle. Then he looked down into the drawer the picture had come from. His father's old .357 magnum lay there. Fully loaded. Cocked locked and ready to rock. that's when he decided. He wasn't going to do this anymore. He couldn't deal with it any longer.

He grabbed the gun, stumbled to the kitchen, and wiped the grocery list from the whiteboard on his fridge.

He picked up the marker and scribbled only the words, "I'm sorry. I just don't want to be alone anymore." He knew whoever found it, if they knew him at all, would understand exactly what it meant.

"Now, time for one last ride." He said to himself.

Ten minutes later, a sleeping demon from hell roared to life. A few cracks of the throttle and the beast cleared it's throat and stretched it's legs. The garage door opened, and for the last time, James' Beloved Camaro rolled out into the street and let out a roar that rattled windows for a block, and with that, raced into the rainy evening, towards Elizabeth's grave.

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Far from earth, Elizabeth woke with a start, at the bell that was chiming in her room. She stood and stretched, the rays of the sun illuminating her stunning naked body, her Incredible crimson hair, the beautiful flowery artwork that covered her left arm and ran down the left side of her body, over her buttocks and down her left leg, and a pair of beautifully drawn angel wings that appeared as tattoos running the length of her back. But her most amazing gifts were her collosal breasts, of a size that rivalled even the largest of women on earth. They hung in perfect teardrops from her chest, from her collarbone to her bellybutton.

"Good morning, girls." She said, and hugged her breasts up to her face and kissed each one. Then she went to the wall of her room and stood before it, and simply spoke "Hello?"

The bell stopped ringing, The wall illuminated and a face appeared "Good morning, Elizabeth. You are instructed to report to the office of the Lord. There is some important business that needs your attention." It was then that the woman on the screen noticed Elizabeth's nudity and pulchritude "And please, have some modesty, would you? We all know you're a bit of a loose cannon but there are at least a few rules, even in heaven." She said in an admonishing tone.

"Oh, I'm sorry." Elizabeth said, covering herself with her hands as best she could, which wasn't working at all, considering her proportions. "I'm still adjusting to things." With that, she closed her eyes, and her breasts shrank to what would have been their natural size, much more normal dimensions (though still very large, on earth she would have been at least an "F" cup, if she had even needed a bra here.) and a flowing white robe appeared to envelop her form.

"Better?" She asked.

"Much, thank you." Please report as soon as possible.

Before she left, she stopped to check her appearance in the mirror. The robe disappeared and her breasts almost instantly re-enlarged to their previous size, causing her to shudder a little. "Oh, I love it when they get bigger. It feels so good." When one gets to heaven, you are able to mold and shape your form and appearance to whatever you wish. Whoever you are on the inside, you can truly *BE* on the outside. And this form she had chosen, was her optimized version of what she felt a truly angelic woman should look like. The ultimate female form, and nothing was more feminine to Elizabeth, than a huge pair of bulging breasts.

"Plenty of time to play with you later." She said to her breasts, and they shrunk back down and the robe reappeared, and she stepped out of her apartment.

As Elizabeth left her apartment, she wondered what in the universe they could need her for. She just got here. Or, at least, it still FELT like she just got here. There was no time here. No passage of the seasons. There was no need to sleep or eat here, Elizabeth just kept doing it because it still felt natural. No real inkling to her of how long she had been there. And had no CLUE at all that twenty years had passed on earth since she had shed her mortal coil.

She traveled through the streets of the city towards the Large white building at the center of it, the home office of God himself. She still marveled at the magnificense of heaven, of how anything you want can be yours with just a thought.You could live in the city, in the country, on your own private island, on your own private yacht on a beautiful perfect blue ocean. Anything. She didn't even actually have to walk. She could fly, heck, she could basically teleport if she wanted to, but she still was fairly new here, and as such it still felt good for her to walk.

She finally arrived at the huge door to the office of the man upstairs. She knocked three times and the door opened. She stepped in, knelt before the Lord, and asked "Hello. Why have you sent for me?"

Lametitron spoke for the lord "We have a grave situation on earth, that only you can solve."

"What?" Was all she could ask, a look of bewilderment across her face.

"You're going back, my child."

Chapter 5

Reunion

The lights of James' Camaro Illuminated Elizabeth's grave. He took one last swig from the bottle, and after finding it empty, threw it into the back seat of the car.

"Try giving me an open bottle ticket after this, fuckers", he chortled to himself.

He grabbed the gun from the passengers seat, and stepped out into the rain. He just stood there for a minute, then took the picture from his pocket. He looked at her.

"You guys would have made such a cute couple" his mother had once said after Liz's funeral. The tears came again. He dropped to his knees in the mud, sobbing. He knew this was the only way. The only way to end the emptiness. The only way to end the heartache. He set the picture on her gravestone carefully, under some flowers someone had left to keep it from getting ruined in the rain. He opened the revolver on the gun, checking to make sure it was still loaded with all six bullets...

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

"But, why? What could I possibly do on earth to help?" Elizabeth asked. By this point she had been taken to another part of the building, and was met by angels of the souls department.

"Do you remember your best friend, James?"

"Of course I do, but he wasn't just my best friend, he was my first crush. My first secret love. He was the boy I was supposed to marry."

"Well, you couldn't be more right. He *WAS* supposed to be the boy you would marry, and spend the rest of your lives blissfully together, but unfortunately events of random chance and human choice brought you here to us before your time."

"What? What are you saying, that I wasn't supposed to have died when I did?"

"Yes. You were supposed to die at a ripe old age with him and a large, loving family by your side. He's your soulmate. And he needs you, desperately."

"What? Why? Whats going on?"

"He's endured many hardships, and endless loneliness, since you left. Look:" And with a wave of her hand, the angel brought up what seemed like a movie, replaying the events of James' life from Elizabeth's funeral to him sitting at her grave, pistol in hand, sobbing.

Elizabeth covered her mouth, and tears began streaming down her cheeks."Oh no. No no no. I never knew. I never knew he loved me so much. Oh god. All of his pain is because of me... I can feel his hurt... Oh God." She turned to look at the angel that was speaking to her. "What can I do to help him?"

"Just go to him, Child." A voice from behind her spoke. It was Lametitron. "Go to him. Be the wife, friend and lover he needs. Be who you would have been if you had never come here."

"But, it's been twenty years. I'm dead. How will I explain it? not only to him but everyone else? I know him. He'll never believe it's me."

"That... is another matter. And one you'll just have to deal with once you get there. Say you were in a coma. Say you had amnesia. Just say what Mark Twain once said, that "The Rumors of my death have been greatly exaggerated." You're a smart girl, you'll think of something." lametitron said.

"But you must go to him, now, or it will be too late!" The angel spoke.

"ALright, I'm ready as I'll ever be, I guess."

lametitron spoke once again. "One more thing, before you go, we've, never actually tried this before. No one has ever gone back before. Not like this, anyway. And since your earthly form has long since dissipated, we'll have to transport your heavenly form instead."

"What does that mean?" Elizabeth asked, as a light began to build around her.

"That when you get to earth, you'll still be imbued with all your heavenly powers and abilities. You'll be able to change your form, you'll never age, you'll never get sick. Fly, teleport, materialize objects out of thin air, even heal people. I would suggest, for the sake of your soul, that you resist the urge to use such powers for nefarious purposes. No trying to rob banks or be a superhero or impersonate celebrities. At least, not in the eye of the public. However, since he's had such a rough go of it, the Big Guy has told me to authorize you to use your abilities to enhance your friend's life in any way you see fit. Make all his dreams come true."

"Oh, I will. I will!" She said, smiling. "Wait, one question, what if I have problems? What do I do? Can I contact you?"

"Just pray, my child, and all your questions will be answered." lametitron siad, and with a wave of his hand and a bright flash, Elizabeth was gone.

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

James took one last look at the photo. "I'm coming to join you, Liz. I love you."

He put the barrel of the gun in his mouth, felt the cold metallic taste against his tongue, then pressed it against the roof of his mouth. As his trembling finger began to feel for the trigger, a voice behind him spoke from seemingly out of nowhere.

"No you're not James. I've come to join you." He felt a hand on his shoulder, dropped the gun from his mouth, and turned to look for the person it was attached to. When he turned, utter shock hit him, as he knew, instantly, who it was, even if she didn't look like she did the last time he saw her.

"And I love you too."

A soft "Oh... my, God.. Elizabeth." Escaped james' lips.

And he passed out cold.

Chapter 6

Revelation

James awoke with a start in his bed. "Holy shit, what an insane dream." He said aloud. But, it seemed so real. He had taken the Camaro, driven to Liz's grave, and tried to kill himself, but she had appeared and stopped him. Or at least, he thought it was her. She looked different. Older. Covered in ink. "Wow. I think I really need to stop drinking." Then he remembered the debacle that had actually happened at the bar. "oh god, I can never show my face there again." He thought. "And Amanda.... what must she think of me? Oh fuck." He winced as the hangover hit him like a ton of bricks. "Oh owwwwww. Tylenol. Need... Tylenol." He stumped to the bathroom, grabbed the bottle from the medicine cabinet and then decided to wash down about four of them with a beer from the garage fridge. He opened the Garage door and went for the fridge when he stopped dead in his tracks. The Camaro was sitting there, uncovered, tires aired up, dark spots on the pavement from the water dripping onto the garage floor, and fresh mud on it.

"What the fuck? But it was a dream. It *was* a dream, wasn't it? Maybe I really did drive her last night. Damn, I REALLY need to quit drinking." And he popped the top on the beer and downed half of it in three swallows, along with a handful of the aspirin. "Hair of the Dog." He said.

He began to walk to the kitchen when he stopped cold in his tracks as he hit the living room.

There was Liz. Sitting on his couch, in a white tank top and blue shorts, watching TV. dark red hair, tattoos, long legs and huge boobs.

"Oh my God, you're awake! HI!" She jumped up and ran over to him and hugged him like no one had ever hugged anyone before. He dropped the beer. His mouth hung open. She pulled his head close and kissed him long and deep. His eyes began to drift closed, and his hand began to involuntarily wander to her body when he pulled back.

"Okay, whoa whoa whoa. Who the fuck are you, and what are you doing here?"

"It's me, James. It's me, Liz. I've missed you so much."

"Bullshit." James spat, "Elizabeth is dead. She's been dead for twenty years." Anger began rising in his voice. "So you better explain real fucking fast who you really are, and what the fuck you are doing here, impersonating my dead best friend." He glared at her with utter rage in his eyes.

"I told you, James, It's me, Liz. I've come back to be with you." And she reached out to touch him. He backed away another couple steps

"No." He shook his head " that's impossible. Liz is dead. You're dead. I was at your funeral I saw them lower you into the ground. Gone forever."

"Well, I don't exactly look like I used to..." She picked up the photo that he had lain on her grave the night before from the coffee table, looked at it, closed her eyes, and instantly transformed into her 15-year-old self. "Do you recognize me now?"

james stumbled back and landed in a chair behind him. "What the fuck?!" He screamed. "Who or what the fuck are you?! Oh god, Oh god, This is it isn't it? I'm finally cracking up. My loneliness has taken over my brain and now it's inventing things. I'm insane. I've lost my mind. That's it. you're a hallucination brought on by my misery or alchohol poisoning or an acid flashback or some shit."

"If you were insane you wouldn't be able to REALIZE you're insane. No, James, I'm really here. God heard you. And he sent me back here for you. i was taken before my time. We were meant to be together. And I don't know why, but they sent me back." She changed back into her previous self and walked over next to him. He had a look of utter fear on his face.

"Wha... Wha... This can't be happening. This is impossible. Tell me the truth. What are you, some demon succubus from hell here to seduce me and eat my soul?" He was trembling, his mind frantically racing to try and explain this insane scene before him.

Liz smiled a wicked little grin and thought briefly about messing with him, turning into some horror-movie nightmare to scare the bejeezus out of him, but he already looked like he was about to piss himself. Instead she decided to take a slightly less traumatic approach. She gently sat down next to him, touched him gently on his leg, and whispered to him "James, calm down. I'm not here to hurt you. If anything, I'm here to ease your pain. It's really me. I'm really here. I can even prove it's me. Look."

And she changed into her young self again. Even her voice went back to what it once was. James jumped a bit at that. But he began to soften a bit towards her, as the sheer shock of it all began to wear off. "Look, this scar," and she lifted her shirt to reveal a 3" scar on the right side of her stomach "I got this scar when I fell trying to climb the pine tree in your parents front yard to get my cat out of it. that YOUR dumb dog chased up there, by the way! You were there, remember? You were so nice to me, and so worried. You told me not to climb the tree, you said I would fall and hurt myself. And after I fell, you rushed over, and you took off your shirt to put on the cut, and took me into the house and bandaged me up. You were my knight in shining armor that day. And though I didn't realize it at the time... It's when I started to fall in love with you."

"Oh my god." James felt the realization finally sink in. This was real, she was here. By some bona-fide miracle act of God, she was really here. Back from the dead. He reached out to touch her, tears beginning to well up in his eyes. He touched her face, and looked into her eyes, her beautiful emerald green eyes smiling back at him. Just like he remembered. "oh god... and he laughed a little "Liz it really is you. Oh Liz I've missed you so much. I missed you so much." And he hugged her tight, and began to cry uncontrollably, great sobs wracking his entire body. Even as he chuckled a little here and there. She wrapped her arms around him and hugged him close. And waited for his tears to subside. When he recovered a bit, he sat up, and looked at her. She could already see the thousands of questions running through his mind. She could have just read them all, and answered them for him, but she decided it might be better to let him ask them all, so he could process all this in his own way.

He just sat there, looking into her eyes for a few moments, then finally spoke. "I... I... How? Why? And how do you keep changing...?"

"Oh, that's easy to answer. Because I'm an angel, silly!" She stood up, and she slowly began her transformation into the woman she had chosen to grow up to be. Her legs grew longer, and her torso drew out until she stood at a statuesque 5' 10". Her hair changed from the straight pixie cut she had sported when she was 15, and grew down past her shoulders, with undulating waves that only highlighted her incredible natural hair color. Her Facial features changed until she resembled a Grown woman of around 25, with soft features and a pert nose, the face of a supermodel. James noted that she still had a few of her Freckles dotted across her otherwise porcelain-doll face. the beautiful flowery artwork that she loved so much slowly redrew itself all down her left arm, her left side, back across her beautiful, heart-shaped butt, and halfway down her left leg, and the final touch was the two angel wings that she wore as tattoos on her back. And then she brought out the big guns, literally. her breasts began to grow, pushing the fabric of the white tank top out until a generous amount of cleavage showed, her 30D filling out into a pair of full, perfect 32F cup breasts. To any man on earth, she would have been a godess.

James just sat there, his mouth hanging open, nearly drooling. To him, she wasn't just a godess. She was HIS godess. "Ho. Lee. Shit." Was all he could muster. "I always knew you would have grown up to be beautiful, but.... wow! You've got to be the most beautiful woman I've ever seen!" He felt his love well up for her. He wanted her. He needed her. He loved her. More deeply than he had ever truly realized.

Liz Smiled, and struck a seductive pose, "Oh, well thank you. That's what I was going for. When you die you get to choose how you want to look, you can be anyone you want. Look however you want. So this is how I normally walk around up there. Well, not exactly like this..." she said, and with that, every shred of clothing she was wearing disappeared. She stood before him, stark naked. "I like to be naked." She said, smiling. James' jaw just hit the floor. "Well, one more thing. And her breasts began to swell. Her nipples hardened and grew, becoming nearly as big around as a man's thumbs. Her breasts swelled to the size of Watermelons, then soccer balls, then basketballs, and they continued to grow. Elizabeth let out a slight moan, and rubbed her breasts slightly "Ohhhh, that feels soooo good." James felt himself start to get hard. And still they Grew, until her breasts were so huge they covered the entire front of her upper body, and projected off to her sides so much he couldn't even see her arms above her waist. Her breasts hung, nearly spherical, from her collarbone to just below her waist.. Her areolas nearly the size of teacup saucers. "I like big boobs too." She said, smiling, as she wrapped her arms under her breasts as best she could and hefted them a little. James was aghast. He marvelled at her toned body, her huge, perfect breasts, her beautiful face. He almost felt like he was going to cry with joy again. Not only was the love of his life back from the dead, but she was a flawless, ravishing beauty the likes of which the world had never seen.

She walked over to him, bent down, grabbed his hand in hers, and began to pull him towards her gently. "Now, come here. And kiss me." And he did just that. Tentatively at first, but soon he wrapped his arms around her, as far as he could, anyway, in a warm embrace and began to make out with her like a teenager. "Oh, Liz. I've waited so long for this..." Then he stopped and pulled back again. "Wait. Wait wait wait. Just... this is all a lot to process, you know? It's all just so.. surreal. It just.. it doesn't compute."

"It's okay, I understand, we'll take it slow. But first, let me take care of something for you." She touched his head, and instantly the throbbing in his head and the queasiness in his stomach disappeared. "There, no more hangover." She said , beaming a brilliant white smile at him.

"That's amazing! How?"

"Angel, remember? Now, let's have some fun." And she sat down on his couch, her breasts shrank back down and clothes reappeared on her body. She now wore a pair of jean shorts and a black tank top, with a gothic cross on it covered in sequins. He could see a set of lacy pink underwear just peeking out the top of her shorts. She reached over and pulled his little wooden box to her, got out his baggie and a package of papers, and expertly, one handed, rolled an absolutely perfect joint. Then lit it, took a drag, and handed it to him.

"I would think that angels can't commit sins..." james said, gladly accepting it and taking a hit. "besides, aren't you a little disappointed that I turned out to be a pothead?" He laughed.

"Ugh, the living. And your ridiculous religious Dogma." She said, rolling her eyes. "People have blown religion way out of proportion. Look, everything occurring naturally on this planet is here for your pleasure and disposal. Nowhere, in any version of the Bible, does it say "thou shalt not get stoned." I mean, we get to up there."

"Wait, you mean to tell me heaven is full of stoners?" james said, cocking an eyebrow at her.

"As it is on Earth, so shall it be in heaven. And do you think Jimi Hendrix, Tupac and Hunter S. Thompson would have been happy if there was no weed in heaven? Oh hell no. Look, 90 percent of what you guys consider "sins" are just stuff made up by man. There's only a few really important rules, and most of them are forgivable. There's the ten commandments, don't mess with children, and then theres the big one, the one I stopped you from. The one that's a one-way non-stop ticket..." she trailed off, looking up to him and handing him the joint again.

"Suicide" He finished her sentence, looking at the floor, a look of shame crossing his face.

"Hey, it's okay. you didn't go there." and with that, she reached into the couch, and pulled out the revolver. "And besides, there's no way I was going to let you do that."And she squeezed the trigger. The hammer pulled back, then dropped with a click, James jumped, waiting for the bang. Nothing. She did it five more times. Click, click, click, click, click. Then she opened the mechanism on the gun and dumped all six shells on the table in front of her. All still very much loaded, Their primers dimpled. All six shots were duds. James realized the probability of that happening was worse than being struck by lightning. twice. While riding a unicorn.

"The first thing I did when I got to earth, the moment before you squeezed the trigger, I disabled the bullets."

James finally sat down next to Liz, and she snuggled up next to him.

"Well, thanks for that, I guess." he could feel their wake-and-bake starting to take effect. "So, I guess everything last night wasn't a dream." He looked at her, the shock finally beginning to wear off. He struggled to grasp for words. "So... ummm.... now what?" He asked, not exactly sure what to say or what to do. He was in thoroughly uncharted territory here, like trying to find your way through a pitch black cave with nothing but a pocket flashlight.

"Well, I don't know about you, but I'm *staaaaarving*. I was gonna make some breakfast but you have like, ZERO food in this house." She said.

"Uh, yeeeaahhh. I kinda never really learned how to cook." He said, sheepishly. It was at this moment he realized he was still in his boxers.

"Oh, shit, I'm sorry!" He said, as he tried to cover himself.

Elizabeth only giggled. "Don't worry it's not like I haven't seen it, and you just saw me naked."

"What do you mean, it's not like you haven't seen it?"

"Well, your clothes were soaked, and you were out COLD last night, I tried to wake you up but I think i broke your brain when I showed up. Anyway, I stripped you out of your wet stuff and put some dry shorts on you and put you to bed. I was a bit surprised though when I realized you have a log in your pants! I'm a very lucky girl!" She said, wiggling her butt a little in her seat and smiling like a chashire cat.

"Oh, uh, I... yeah. It's the one gift god gave me. Well, one of two, I guess." He said.

"Well, I'll try that thing out later. Right now, why don't you go get dressed and lets go get some food."

"Okay", and he stood up. "Wait, what did you just say?"

"I said later. Now go get dressed." And she smacked his ass.

Chapter 7

Thirty minutes later they pulled up outside Jenny's cafe in James' Camaro. They had drawn stares, waves, and thumbs-ups going down the street, The unmistakeable rumble of his Camaro that no one had seen in years drawing everyone's attention. And then the next thing that drew their attention was the absolutely gorgeous beauty that climbed out of the passenger side.

As they walked into the cafe, EVERYONE stopped to look at the girl James was with. "Holy hell," James overheard one old guy say "would you get a load of her! That girl's built like a brick shithouse." A sense of great pride welled up within him. Not only did he finally have a girl to go with him, but she was the prettiest girl in town... maybe the world. As they sat down at a table, the waitress came over and gave them their menus, giving Liz an icy glare as she looked her over.

"Mornin' Jenny." James said, with a huge, beaming smile.

"Good morning, Jimmy. And who's your friend here?"

"oh, well, you remember my old friend Elizabeth, used to live next door to me when we were kids? She's, uh, back in town, she's crashing with me for awhile."

"Wait, Elizabeth? Abernathy? but, I heard you were.." James shot a nervous look at Elizabeth, wondering exactly how she was going to explain her sudden re-appearance among the land of the living.

Liz cut her off. "As Mark Twain once said, the rumors of my death have been greatly exaggerated. No, my parents were killed in a car accident not long after we moved to Omaha. But my sister and I survived. I spent almost six months in the hospital. Then We got passed from foster home to foster home for a while, then I went off to college. I was living in Des Moines up until last week when I lost my job. Then I found him on facebook, and, well, I was looking for a change anyway. So I decided to move back home. I just got in last night.

"Oh! Well, glad to see your still among the living. Here's your menus, I'll be back in just a bit to take your order. Would you like anything to drink while you're waiting?"

"Oh I would *kill* for a cup of coffee." Liz said, her eyes lighting up and almost pleading at the waitress.

"Two. And some creamer and lots of sugar." James added.

"Okay, I'll be right back." as Jenny walked away she mumbled under her breath, "lucky bitch."

"That was smooth. Good cover." Said james, smiling at Liz over his menu. He already knew what he wanted. He ordered the same thing every morning he was here. Jenny's biscuits and gravy were killer.

"Thanks. Ohhhh my god I am sooooo hungry." Liz said, opening her menu. James chuckled a bit. Her outward appearance might have changed, but her personality hadn't changed a bit. She was still the same impulsive, goofy, girl he had known all those years ago. She noticed he was just sitting there, staring at her, a dreamy, wistful smile on his face. "What? What is going on your head?"

"Nothing. I've just... never been happier in my life." He said. "But..." He went on, leaning over the table and lowering his voice to a whisper "I'm not the only person who KNOWS that you died. Kurtis, Becky, your SISTER. There are certain people that we're going to have to tell the truth to, you know. They're not dumb enough to think they were at the wrong funeral."

"I know, but the people who were closest to us will understand, I think. And I'll tell them in my own way. But, there's plenty of time for that after breakfast... oh wow, that's a wierd feeling I haven't had in a while."

"what's that?" James asked, looking puzzled.

"Oh, uh, I, well," Liz looked around a bit, leaned over the table and whispered, "I have to pee. For the first time in twenty years." She turned a little red, and laughed a little, then they both smiled and laughed. "Ok, no, seriously, where's the bathroom at in here?"

"Around that corner, straight to the back." He said, pointing behind her.

"Ok, thanks, I'll be right back." He watched her walk away, watching her heart-shaped ass wiggle back and forth in those little Daisy dukes. Still marvelling at his amazing good fortune. As the first thoughts of what he'd like to do with her, and TO her, began to enter his head, something else entered his head, "I said later, you naughty boy." It was Liz's voice. but in his head. That started to freak him out a bit, but he didn't have much time to think about it, as right about that moment was when Kurt came in, coming over and sitting down across from James.

"Dude, what's up? I saw the Camaro out front. You haven't driven that thing in years!"

"Yeah, well, it's kind of a special occasion." James said, smiling a little inside. Boy was this about to blow his mind.

"Special occasion? What, you mean your epic crash-and-burn last night? You know, you still could patch things up with Amanda." Kurt said, hoping he could convince his friend to get back on the horse.

James grimaced a little"Oh, man. Yeah, I need to go apologize to her. But, I don't really think I need to patch things up with her. I kind of already found someone."

Kurt, as was understandable, looked a little confused "What? When? between when you left the bar last night at 1:00 in the morning and now? Who?"

"Me." Said Elizabeth, who had just returned to the table "And you're sittting in my spot."

Kurt turned to look at the voice, and as soon as he saw her legs, his eyes slowed to a crawl as he looked up at her. By the time he got to her face, his jaw was literally hanging open.

"Reel it in, Kurt. I'm here for him." Liz said, sensing Kurt's lust. "Still the same old horndog." she said, giggling and shaking her head.

kurt relinquished her chair and moved over to the seat next to James. As Elizabeth sat down, Kurt was still staring at her. She looked kind of familiar, but he thought there's no way he would ever forget a woman who was so hot she put models and porn stars to shame."Uh, do I know you? Did we, hook up at some point?"

Liz laughed. "yes, you know me. And no, we've never hooked up." She was enjoying this little game. Watching the wheels turn as he tried to place a face he hadn't seen in twenty years.

"Okay, man." Kurt said turning to James "I'm way too hung over. Who is she?"

"You mean you don't recognize her?" James said "think back. think waaaaay back. Twenty years back."

Kurt looked at Liz again, who smiled a little at him. Then he looked at james, and looked back at Liz. "Okay, still drawing a blank, sorry. I think I'd remember an absolute fox like you though."

"Kurt, that's Elizabeth Abernathy." he said flatly.

"Wh..what? No, it can't be. that's impossible." Kurt said, looking confused again.

Right at that moment, jenny returned with their coffees. "Oh, hi Kurt, can I get you anything"

"yeah. Coffee. Hi-test. black." he said, then resumed staring at Liz like he was looking at an alien from another planet.

"Okay, be right back."

"Okay, you're fucking with me." said Kurt."What, am I being punked? Is this a prank?"

"No man, it's no joke. It's really her."

Kurt looked at her again. "Noooooooo....." he said, in a long, drawn out low voice. "She's... she's..."

"Dead?" Asked liz. "Look, hold my hand, look into my eyes, and I'll explain everything." And she laid her hand out on the table, palm up. kurt was a little hesitant at first, but after a few moments put his hand on hers, and looked into her eyes. In a single moment everything he needed to know, from Elizabeth's death to her return, flashed before his eyes. Liz left out the part about james trying to off himself, she figured that was none of anyone's business. She also showed him a few other things, what she could do, what she wanted to do with James, and she also instilled in him the thought that she was completely and totally off limits to him. Don't even try, she's taken.

Kurt sat back a bit and shook his head "Whoa. that was intense." He then turned to look at james "you lucky son of a bitch."

"I know right?" James beamed, then took Liz's hand in his, and held it tight.

Jenny came back with Kurt's coffee. "here ya go. Are we ready to order yet?" Jenny asked, taking out her notepad.

james looked at Liz and she nodded. "Uh, yeah, I'll just have my usual." James said.

"okay, one biscuits and gravy. Next?" She said, looking at liz.

"Ummmm, I want a short stack of pancakes, an order of french toast, Four links of sausage, some bacon, two eggs over easy, hash browns, and some wheat toast and grape jelly."

"uh, you sure you want that much?" Jenny asked. She looked Elizabeth over. This chick couldn't have been more than 120 lbs. Well, maybe without the huge fake stripper tits.

"Mmmm hmm." She said and nodded. "Oh and a big glass of chocolate milk!"

"Ooookaaayyy..." Jenny said, rolling her eyes and walking away. James and Kurt just sat there staring at her.

"What? I haven't eaten real food in twenty years. I'm really, really hungry. What, are you worried I'm gonna get fat?" She said, looking at james with a look of mock indignation on her face.

"No no. no. You go ahead and do whatever you want."

"Besides, I'm gonna need my energy for later." She said, looking at James with a wicked, lustful grin. And then she slipped her foot up under the table and slid it along the length of his thigh right to his crotch, which caused James to jump a little, and his eyes to go wide. It also made his cock jump to attention almost instantly. She immediately drew back, looking as innocent as possible. "What, something make you uncomfortable?"

"No, no, I'm fine. Just fine."

Kurt realized this was his cue to get lost. "Okay, I'll leave you two love birds alone, I gotta get home. See ya later!" He started to get up and walk away, but then turned back, leaned over and spoke into james' ear "Dude, you are in for something special. that girl is a freek, like, with two "E's" and a "K"." Then he turned to Liz. "Try not to break him, OK?"

"Don't worry, I'll ease him into it." She said, smiling.

James and Liz sat there for the next two hours, as James watched with awe as she powered through what looked more like a buffet at Denny's than an actual breakfast. They talked of old times, of James' life after Liz's "departure" as they were now calling it, of Liz's life for the last twenty years. As they talked, James found himself just getting lost in her eyes. He couldn't have been happier. He loved her so much. She was so awesome. He was so afraid he was going to wake up and this would just be some fevered dream.

As she polished off the last of her enormous breakfast, she sighed and leaned back, rubbing her belly. "Oh man, that was awesome. I really needed that. So, you ready to get out of here?" She asked.

"hey Jenny, could I get our check?"

On the way out of the restaurant, James turned to Liz and asked "okay, so you've been dead for twenty years. What do you want to do now?"

"Whatever you want to do. I'm here for you, remember?" She said, as she opened the door to James Camaro.

james plopped in on the driver's seat and shut the door, then turned to face Liz. "Okay, I understand that you came back here for me, but, I want you to have a life too, you know. I mean, it isn't all just about me."

"Oh, you're so sweet." She said, and leaned in and kissed him. "that's why I love you. But don't worry, I've got plenty of time to do what I want. Right now, I just want to make up for lost time."

She leaned in close, grabbed his face, and kissed him again, this time going full make-out session with him. after what seemed like an eternity, (but it was only a few minutes, at most), she broke the kiss, looked into James eyes, and spoke.

"Drive."

Chapter 8

Busted

A few minutes later saw James Camaro blasting down higway 30, the sweet early-autmn breeze coming through the windows. The low thrumming of the exhaust breaking the silence of the midwest cornfields. "So," Liz asked, turning in her seat to face James "Is this thing fast?"

"Oh yeah, she's fast." james said. And with that he began to push the accellerator to the floor.

wwwwwhhhaaAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA the Big-block screamed, As the speedometer pushed past sixty, then seventy, Liz reached a hand over and began to massage james crotch.

"You like that?" She asked.

"Oh yeah. Yeah I like that." He said, a slight tremble in his voice. He felt his manhood stiffen in his jeans. He squirmed a bit to try and make more room. "I like that a lot."

Liz repositioned herself in the seat, and leaned in close to james' ear. "Faster." She whispered.

James pushed the pedal a little further. The speedo continuing to climb. 80.... 90.... The tires of the monster punishing the pavement underneath them.

Liz reached around her back, and lifted her shirt over her head, revealing her huge, stunning breasts. James eyes nearly popped out of his head. "Holy shit. Your tits are so perfect. So big. Ohhhhh god." he moaned as she resumed rubbing his now throbbing member. "You are so beautiful, Liz."

"Ive waited so long for this." liz said, and began to unbutton James' pants, and worked his zipper down, freeing his manhood, she ran her hand up and down along his length. "Oh you're so big." And with that she plunged her mouth over his dick like it was a cherry popsicle.

"Oh fuck!" James blurted out."Oh god. Oh god. oh thank you God!" he yelled out. She slowly, carefully, began to bob up and down on his manhood, just a little at first, then popped it out of her mouth and ran her tongue along the bottom of his rock-hard shaft, from his balls to the tip, then swirled her tongue around the head like a lollipop. James had seen pornstars that couldn't give a bj like this.

"Oh shit. Don't stop. Don't stop. oh fuck."

She looked up at him with a lustful smile, her green eyes twinkling. "Faster." she said in a heavy, breathy voice.

James was more than happy to oblige, slamming the pedal to the floor. The Engine surged with a roar, and the speedo continued to climb. 100... 110... 468 Cubic inches of American muscle straining for all it was worth.

She plunged down on his cock again, this time with more fervor, sucking and bobbing, she shoved her right hand down into her own jeans, and began to play with her own naughty bits. She moaned a little on james dick, never breaking her stride. The Speedo still climbing 120... 130...

"Oh fuck. Oh fuck. Oh shit I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum!" he warned her, not wanting to cum in her mouth. She ignored his warning and continued her ministrations, with even more enthusiasm now. Faster. Harder, Deeper. "Ohhhhhhhhh fuuuuuuu....." James moaned. With that, she grabbed his right hand, smooshed it deep into her left tit, and she sucked as hard as she could and drove her mouth all the way down to his balls, shoving his cock deep into her throat.

"OH GOD LIZ I FUCKING LOVE YOU!!!!" James screamed as he unloaded his balls right into her mouth. She continued to suck and lick him, making sure to get every drop. The car decellerated, james having lost most of his muscle control at that point for at least a few moments, decided it was time to reign it in. Liz looked up at James, and said "I love you too, baby. Was that good?"

"that was amazing. that was a dream come true." he panted, trying to regain his composure at least a little.

"Good. because the rest of your life is going to have lots and lots of that!" She said, wiping her mouth and licking her fingers.

And that's when the Siren came on . James checked the rearview. Flashing Red and blues. The 5-0 was after his hot rod.

"Oh shit. Oh shit oh shit oh shit!" james cursed, he looked down at the speedo. They were still blasting along at well over 90 mph.

"FUCK!" James yelled, as he stepped on the brake pedal, careful not to upset the car at these speeds. "Help button me back up, put your shirt on!" He told Liz. "I haven't driven this car in years. The tags are expired, I don't have an insurance card... shit shit shit shit!"

"Don't worry, I've got this, just pull over." Liz said, still sitting in the passenger seat nearly naked.

"What? We are going to JAIL! I had to be doing way over 100 when he clocked me! Double the speed limit is a fucking FELONY if they want to nail me for it. Put your shirt on!"

"I told you I've got this. Just pull over."

As they pulled to the side of the road, James was nearly frantic. He got out his wallet and got out his license. "Would you put your fucking shirt on?" He said to her. She just smiled.

The cop nearly ran up to the car "just what in THE HELL do you think you're do..." The cop bent down to look through the window and just stopped cold. Here was James Estbrook, and a gorgeous woman with tits bigger than his head, who was buck naked from the waist up. "Uh, I... just what the hell do you think you're doing, son?"

"Well, uh, officer, we... ummm."

"He was just showing me what this fine beast can do, officer. We're sorry." Liz piped in.

"Well that doesn't give you the right to endanger a whole bunch of people by driving like a maniac!"

Liz looked up and down the deserted old two-lane blacktop. "What other people, officer? You're the only other person we've seen for the last five miles." Liz. cooed, squeezing her breasts together just a bit to emphasize their amazing proportions.

"Now young lady, don't you think that just because you show those things off you're getting out of trouble. I'm hauling you two in."

"Oh geez." Liz muttered, rolling her eyes. With that Liz reached across james, grabbing the cops hand "No you're not. In fact, you never even saw this car or us today. Now you're going to go back to your car, sit there for the next thirty minutes and the ONLY thing you're going to remember is my huge, perfect boobs. And if you do that, as a reward for your letting us go, when you go home tonight and touch your wife with this hand, she's going to turn into an incredibly beautiful woman, with tits just like mine, and a libido to match. Got it?" And she flashed the cop a big, toothy grin.

The officer looked dazed, his hand dropping to his side, he said" I'm going to let you go. I'm going to go back to my car now. You have a nice day." And he stood and walked off, almost like a robot.

James looked at Liz, wide eyed. He only mouthed the words "What the fuck?"

Liz giggled. "Go. before he comes to."

"Can you really do that? Can you make his wife as hot as you?"

"GOOOOOOOO!!!!" She said, pushing on his shoulder, looking into the back seat to try and find her tank top. "Head out to the lake."

Chapter 9

'Til Death

Liz and James lay on a blanket in the grass, cuddled up with each other like two love-sick teenagers, staring into one another's eyes. They would kiss each other and then just gaze for awhile, then go back to making out. They did this nearly all day, just watching the sky until teh sun started to go down, lost in their love for one another.

"I never want this to end." James said. "I never want to lose you again. I keep thinking this must be a dream. that I'm going to wake up and you'll be gone again."

"James, I promise, I'll never leave you again, not until you're old and grey and it's your time to go. And even then, I'm coming with you. From now until eternity. I'm yours."

James sat up, thought for a moment, then he said "stand up."

"Why?"

"just, stand up. there's a certain way I want this to happen." James felt like it was now or never. He wasn't going to pass up this opportunity to profess his undying love for her.

Liz realized what he was about to do. She started to get excited. She did as he requested. She stood up, her legs weak with nervousness.

James stood as well, looked into her eyes, smiled, and then got down on one knee.

"Elizabeth Abernathy, will you marry me?"

Now it was her turn to cry, as her tears welled up, she nearly shouted "Yes! Yes I'll marry you!"

James stood up, grabbed her, lifted her up and twirled her around. "WooooHOOOOO! I'm getting married to the most beautiful, most wonderful woman in the world!" He shouted it to the heavens.

"So, how do you want to get hitched, have a big, fancy wedding or run off to Vegas or what?" James asked.

"I wanna get married right now. Lametitron!" She shouted to the sky.

"You rang?" came a voice from behind James. James, turned around and jumped a little.

"Dude, where did you come from? Who are you?" James asked.

"Forgive me, please allow me to introduce myself. I... am Lametitron, the voice of God." And lametitron struck a dramatic pose, to emphasize his stature in the universe. Neither James or Liz were impressed. He then turned to Elizabeth. "So you apparently needed something?"

"Yes! Marry us! Now!" Liz said, jumping up and down in james arms, her face beaming.

"My, that was fast. bit of a whirlwind romance, eh?" he said in his usual sarcastic tone.

"Cut the crap and marry us."Elizabeth almost growled the words. Being dead kind of puts perspective on things. Life is short.

"You know, maybe I wanted a big fancy wedding?" James joked, smiling at his new fiance.

"We can do that later, but I don't want to wait. I've already waited twenty years for this day. I'm not waiting another moment. I want to be your wife."

"Okay. If that's what you want." James turned to Lametitron. "You heard the lady."

"Wait, we have to get ready first." Elizabeth said. She closed her eyes, spread her arms, and with a bright flash, Her clothes changed, and a beautiful sequined strapless white wedding dress with a long train appeared on her, her hair done up in tight curls with white flowers in it. Her voluminous beautiful bosom bulging out the top of her dress.

"Now for you, take my hand, honey."

"Wait, what?" Another bright flash, and James found himself dressed in a quite stylish tux, with a collarless/cuffless shirt and jacket. It looked like something Neo would have worn in the movie The Matrix, and he was wearing a brand-new pair of blue Converse Chuck Taylors.

"Wow. I'm impressed," he said, looking at his beautiful new bride, "This is exactly what I would have picked."

"I know it is." Liz lifted her skirt a little to reveal a matching pair of chucks. "I guess we really are two peas in a pod." She laughed. "So, are you ready?" she asked him, taking his hands in hers.

James suddenly realized something. "Oh damn. The ring! We need a wedding ring. My mom's wedding rings are at my house. She would have wanted you to have them." He looked at Liz with a look of disappointment.

Elizabeth closed her eyes for a moment, then opened them "Check your right pocket." she said.

James reached into his right pocket, and pulled out his mom's engagement and wedding rings. They were nothing fancy, but she had wanted james to give them to his wife one day. He put the engagement ring on Elizabeth's finger. It was a little big. "We can get that resized." james said, with an apologetic look.

"I don't care." She said "I'd be happy with the pop top from a soup can. *YOU* are what I want." Liz turned to Lametitron. "okay, we're ready."

Lametitron cleared his throat, and then began to speak. "Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today..."

Liz groaned, "Um, the short version, please? We'll save the formalities for another day."

"Boy, you really are an impatient little snit, aren't you? I come *allll* the way down here, and you want the short and sweet?" He sneered.

"dude, we've waited twenty years for this. C'mon man, let's roll this along." James said.

"Fine." Lametitron said, with a cynical tone."Very well then. Elizabeth Abernathy, do you take this man to be your wedded husband, for richer for poorer, in sickness and health, forever and ever, to death do you part?"

Liz looked deep into James eyes, he saw the tears on the edges. Saw the pure happiness of her soul. "I do."

"Ooookaaaay. And do you, James Estbrook, take this angel to be your wedded wife in sickness and health and yadda yadda and all that other stuff I just said?"

"I do." James was filled with happines for the first time in his life. He couldn;t pull his eyes away from his beautiful bride. His Angel.

"Good. Well, then, by the power invested in me by the almighty himself, I now pronounce you, husband and wife. You may kiss the bride." James took Elizabeth's hand, and slipped his mother's wedding ring onto her finger.

James and Liz wrapped their arms around each other and pulled in close. Their hearts beat as one. Their love for each other overflowed. They kissed each other with the love and passion that only a newlywed couple can have.

"Oh, now that's a beautiful thing." Lametitron said "Well, I'll be off now. You two have a nice life." And he snapped his fingers and disappeared.

James broke the kiss for a moment. "That guy was wierd."

"Yeah, just a little. He's very... dramatic. Now take me home, and take me to bed, husband."

"Oh, I most certainly will." And he picked her up and started carrying her back to his Camaro.

He was about to throw his bride in and drive into the sunset.

Chapter 10

Like a Storm

James pulled into the driveway and flipped the key off. He leaned over and kissed his new bride, running his hands across her stomach, up her left side, to her left breast, she moaned a little as he touched her. "Oh, yes. I love it when you touch them. They're so sensitive. It feels so good." And she Kissed him even harder, their toungues swirling and dancing and playing. James opened his door and stepped out of the car, walking over to Elizabeth's door, he opened it, grabbed her hand and helped her step out of the car, like a perfect gentlemen. He made sure her wedding dress was out of the way and shut the door, then swept her up off her feet again, as she let out a laugh. "I have to carry my wife over the threshhold, it's tradition."

"I can think of another tradition I'm going to enjoy." She said, and began to kiss his neck as he walked, alternating between sucking, licking, and lightly biting his neck.

"Okay, let's wait with that unless you want me to drop you. It's getting a bit distracting."

He finally made it to the door with his wife in his arms, managed to get the door open, and both laughing like children, managed to get both of them and her incredible dress through the door.

He finally put her down in the middle of the living room, and they immediately locked lips again. Their hands began to wander. Elizabeth ran her hands up and down James' back, then grabbed his ass and pulled him close. "I love you so much." She said, looking into his eyes. And I've waited so long for this. Help me out of my dress?" She asked, smiling at him. her Emerald eyes sparkled in the dim light of their living room.

"Sure, if I can figure out how to get it off."

"It's easy, just pull down the zipper in the back." And she turned her back to him. He slowly ran the zipper down the length of her back.

"Now for the best part." She giggled, and she pushed down on the dress and it simply fell away, revealing A lacey white corset that stopped just below where her breasts met her chest, and a garter belt and white stockings. He also noted, with great glee, that she wasn't wearing any panties.

She stood before him, looking sexier than any woman he had ever seen anywhere. He marvelled at her. Wondering how he could be so lucky to have this beautiful creature here in his life. Elizabeth stepped out of her dress, and stepped closer to James. They began kissing again, as Elizabeth began to strip James out of his tux. As she removed his shirt, they started to kiss with more and more passion, more and more lust. The heat between them enough to cook a steak. After he got off his shoes and jacket, Elizabeth practically tore off his shirt, then began to run her hands over his stomach and chest, then around to his back, as she kissed his chest and abdomen. Then she began to undo his pants.

"So honey, tell me, what's your fantasy? What's your greatest desire?"

"You, only you. I've wanted you forever."

"I know, but what sexual desires do you have floating around up there, hmmm? What do you want me to do most?"

James was reluctant to share his sexual fantasies with her, even though it seemed she shared his obsession with gigantic breasts, he was still worried to share the complete depths of his sexual side with her. He was worried some of the things he had going in his head might be twisted enough to scare her away, or make her think less of him."I, uh, well...." He trailed off.

"I see, you're nervous to talk about it. Okay, I'll figure them out myself." And she touched his forehead. "Oooohhhh... ok. Mostly the normal stuff. Hot girls, Redheads, big boobs... well I guess you have me to blame for that. A threesome..." Liz stopped and looked at James for a moment. "We'll see, but don't get your hopes up. And lets see here. Oh my. Oh wow. You DO like my big boobs, don't you? And I mean, you like them HUGE! And... pregnant girls? And... oh... OH! Oh, wow. The blueberry girl from Willie Wonka and the Chocolate factory? Really?"

James started to look a little sheepish. This is what he was afraid of. When he was young, he did what any lonely guy with a high speed connection would have done. He turned to the internet. And, after a while, he walked into some dark corners of it. And he liked what he saw there. A lot. Loads and loads of fetish stuff. All the bustiest women on the planet, both natural and man-made.

"I'm sorry. I'm a pervert. I wish you didn't have to find out like this."

Elizabeth laughed, "You don't have anything to be ashamed of. None of it turns me off or makes me think any less of you. But I want you to know one thing."

"Oh yeah? What's that?" He said, looking at her with sad, apologetic eyes.

She stood back so he could get a good look at her. "I can, and will be, ANYTHING you can dream of. You want a wife with the biggest boobs in the world?" And with that, her breasts began to swell. From her F-cup cantloupes they grew, slowly enpanding to G cups, then H, I, J.... Elizabeth began to moan and rub her expanding assets. "Oh, god, it feels so good when they grow. The bigger they get the more sensitive they become. Ohhhhhhh." Still fondling her huge, perfect mounds, She stepped closer to James, who was already rock hard, and plunged her hands into the front of his pants.

"And you're so big too. Oh, I want your cock, baby. I want it so bad." She pulled down his pants, and began to massage his pulsating manhood. "Touch me." She said, and with her free hand, guided his hands to her still-expanding breasts. he began to knead and caress them, to kiss them, he ran his hands across their amazing colassal girth, feeling how firm and yet soft they were at the same time. he could FEEL them growing in his hands. He felt like he was going to cum right then and there. They were becoming gigantic. It was hard to even describe their size now. James began to kiss and suck on her breasts, as his left hand found her huge, nearly-thumb-sized left nipple, he began to rub the pink nub. "Ohhhh, god, I can feel my skin stretching, getting tighter. I can feel my nipples stretching. They're getting sooooo sensitive." James bent down and sucked her right niple into his mouth." Ooooohhhhh gaaaaaahhhh." And she threw her head back, an orgasm overtaking her just from his minstrations on her breasts.

Her breathing became rapid and shallow, her body convulsed involuntarily, coming in short pants betwwen little moans. After a few seconds, he felt her body relax, and she looked at him with pure love in her eyes.

"That was amazing. And we haven't even had sex yet." She let go of James throbbing member, took his hand and led him to the bedroom. "I have to get in here before I get too big to fit through the door."

James was still half in shock. He hadn't been able to even speak. Words just failed him. She was his every sexual fantasy... come to life.

She sat down on the bed, her breasts now so big they rested atop her thighs, nearly smothering them. her breasts were now almost two feet across each, and stuck out from her body almost to her knees. She was easily the largest-breasted woman on earth already, and she was still growing.

James sat down beside her and kissed her, as he ran his hands across her mammoth left breast, across her incredibly stretched nipple and areola, down to her thigh, and then, with quite a bit of effort, he hefted her left breast and slipped his hand down between her thighs to her dripping-wet pussy. As he began to probe the opening of her mound, a little moan escaped her, and she shuddered a bit. It only took a few seconds before her body stiffened again, her face pulled away from his, and she let out a low, soft moan of delight. He watched her face twist up in beautiful agony, as his hand worked between her legs, alternatly rubbing her clitoris and shoving a finger or two in and out of her sopping cunt. Her breath came more rapidly now, "ahhhh...ooohhhhh... aAAAAHHHHH....AAAAHHH OH GOD!OH FUCK!OHGODOHFUCKOHGOD!!!" then she went silent, her body still stiff, her face twisted in a silent scream. At last it passed and she kissed James again, then slowly melted back onto the bed. "Take me. Take me james. I want your cock inside me. I love you."

"I love you too." James positioned himself on the edge of the bed, he teased her by just rubbing the head of his dick on her labia... in just a little, back out, then in a little further, back out, then he finally sank his porn-star-size johnson inside her up to the hilt. He was finding it difficult to get a hand-hold on the bed, and not completely smoosh Elizabeth's breasts right into her face. Her breasts now stuck up nearly three feet from her body in nearly perfect spheres, wobbling to and fro with every movement they made. They were enormous. She couldn't even really touch anything but her own tits at this point, since her arms were almost completely pinned to the bed by their girth.

"You know, I've never thought I'd say this... ever. But, I think your boobs might actually be too big, honey. I don't want to smash them or hurt you, but I can't really reach around them anymore."

"No..." Elizabeth breathed, her words nearly inaudible from being lost in a state of bliss. "No, not too big. Not big enough. Lay down on them baby. It doesn't hurt. it feels... ohhhh god. Amazing..."

He did as he was instructed, he laid down his upper body right across her massive, still growing pillows. She pushed them up so he wouldn't slip between them. He spread his arms out across her breasts and hugged them, it was like yling on top of two soft bean bag chairs. He began to pump in and out of her, slowly at first, then faster and faster.

Elizabeth's body began to drown out her mind. The overwhelming sensations coming in from every inch of her body becoming too much. Her body began to subconciously rock in rhythm with james. Her pussy gripping his cock like a vise, he could feel his own impending orgasm. Her breasts still expanding beneath him, they were almost as wide as his outstretched arms now. her own arms were buried somewhere beneath them on the bed. they were being shoved up so much they were almost comletely covering her face.

"Elizabeth, are you okay? Can you breathe? Ohhhh... oh god this is so incredible."

"Ohhhhhh goooooooooooooddddd. Yes. IiiiIIIIIii'mmmMMMM...MMMMMM. Okay. Just keeep going baaAAAAAAaaby. Ohhhhh god. I'm sooooo huuuuuge. So Big. You're so huge. Ohhhhh god I feel like I'm gonna explode."

"Oh, so do I baby, so do I. Ohhhh." He began pounding her faster, and faster. Slamming his 9" dick deep into her pussy. She started to moan, softly, over and over.

"Oh god baby I love you... I love you... I love yooooooooUUUUUUUUUUU! I... ahhhh... ahhhh... Oh god, I'm cumming.. I'm cumming.. oohhhhhhh" She began to tremble, as one long orgasm gripped her and wouldn't let go. As james was about to cum, He squeezed her giant tits together, grabbed her right nipple in his left hand and plunged his mouth down onto her right and sucked as hard as he could. She let loose with a ear-shattering scream and arched her back, not an easy feat with over 130 lbs. of added tit-meat on her chest PLUS James' weight. As she did, she gripped his dick tight with her pussy, and that was what pushed him over the edge. With one last desperate motion, he pulled out and blasted the bottoms of Elizabeth's gigantic, glorious globes with hot jizz like a firehose. Then he lay back down on top of her, pulling her breasts apart until he could finally see Elizabeth's face. She was covered in sweat, her body still twitching from the aftershocks of what had been one continuous, five-minute orgasm.

"Oh god. I love you baby. I love you so much. You, are the most amazing woman, I have ever seen." He panted.

"I love you too baby. So, how does it feel to take a girl's virginity?" She cooed.

"What?" He said, looking up from between Liz's tits.

"My virginity. You're my first. My last. My only."

"Well, I hope I was good enough for you. I hope I lived up to expectations." He smiled at her, and laughed a weak laugh, trying to regain himself.

"Oh yeah. It was good. it was sooooo good."

He finally stood up, and took stock of his new bride. She was literally buried beneath two four-foot diameter giant milk factories. She was nothing but a pair of giant boobs lying on a bed, with legs and a head sticking out from beneath them. Her areolas were the size of car tires, her nipples as big around as a summer sausage. Her breasts were smooth and almost perfectly round, without a hint of stretch marks or any other trauma. He was amazed that any woman could ever get this huge, even a celestial being.

'My god, Elizabeth, they're enormous. How can you even breathe? Can you even move like this?" He asked, with some concern in his voice.

"Don't worry. I'm fine. But, I can't move. I'm pinned under my own tits. Oh, god, I'm so huge. So huge. I think these really are too big. Time to shrink them back down."

And with that, her breasts began to deflate. James quickly ran to the kitchen to fetch his love a glass of water, and a few other post-coitus essentials. By the time he got back, her breasts had shrunk to around the size of Beach balls, still gigantic, but small enough for her to move. She was sitting up, against the headboard of the bed, still playing with her massive jugs. He sat the glass of water on the table, along with a freshly rolled hooter, a lighter, and a quart of chocolate Ice cream with a big spoon stuck in it.

"oh, you thought of everything. You're so sweet." And she leaned over and put her head on his shoulder and wrapped her arms around him.

"Well, i tried. Oh my god, that was just mind-blowing. I've never cum so hard in my life."

"And there's plenty more where that came from. I'll make all your dreams come true, baby. All of them. You want to fuck a different woman every night? I can be anyone you want."

"All i want is you, Liz. You're all the woman I could ever need. I love you. I've always loved you."

"We'll see about that." She thought to herself. Oh man, was the rest of their lives going to be fun.

Chapter 11

The Morning After

The next morning, James awoke to the sounds and smells of breakfast being cooked, and Elizabeth singing. He stepped into the kitchen to find the cutest scene he had ever seen in his house. Here was Liz, in her obscenely stretched tank top and panties again, dancing around and singing along to her iPod, her humongous breasts were wobbling, bouncing and jiggling with each movement she made. "Where did she get an iPod?" he thought to himself, all while cooking what looked like a massive breakfast. He just stood there for a moment, watching her, listening to her sing. "Bring me to life" by Evanescence. He was amazed. She could hit every note Amy Lee sang. She sang like, well, an angel.

"Good morning honey. I love you." He said, walking up behind her and wrapping his arms around her. She reached up, hugged his arms, then turned around. "Where did all this come from?"

"I ran into town this morning and got some groceries." She said, turning to him and pulling out her earbuds.

"Umm, with what?" He asked, a puzzled look on his face, "And IN what?"

"Oh, I guess I should have mentioned it. I can materialize objects I want. Money, clothes, cars, whatever I want. Go look in the driveway."

james walked out to the living room and looked out the window. A brand new bright red Corvette convertible sat there, gleaming in the sun.

"Nice choice." james said, then returned to the kitchen. "So, wait, you're telling me, that you can just have whatever you want. No work, no effort, just think of it and \*poof\* it appears?"

"Yup. Anything I want. You do realize that you basically won the cosmic lottery, right? By extension, YOU can have anything you want? You never have to work again."

A sour look crossed james' face. "Well, that sounds... kind of boring, actually. I love my work. My work is what defines me. Plus, there's no joy in getting something if you don't work for it."

Elizabeth thought about it for a moment, then looked at him with an appraising glance."You know, you're right. I can send the car away, if you want."

"No no no, let's not do anything rash. I think we can keep that. I dig 'vettes." Elizabeth just giggled, then returned to making breakfast.

"And I think you deserve a new truck." She said. "yours is pretty beat."

"I believe I do too. But I'd rather go BUY one."

"look behind you on the table." Liz said, not even looking up from the bacon she was cooking.

James turned around to see a briefcase on the table, like you'd see on who wants to be a millionaire. "Open it." Liz said. He rached over and hit the latches. When he opened it, his jaw about hit the floor.

"It's $100,000 dollars. It's all yours. Do with it what you want. Call it a wedding present." And she slipped up beside him to give him a kiss.

"I... i can't take this. It's not even real, is it? I mean, is it real money? isn't this counterfeitting, or something?"

"Oh, it's real, don't worry. After we eat some breakfast and take a shower together we'll go shopping. Now, sit down, it's ready." And she sat a plate in front of him. French toast, sausage and bacon.

"Shower together? I like the sound of that. I REALLY like the sound of that." He said, grinning.

he took a bite of his breakfast, and his eyes shot wide instantly. It tasted exactly like his mom's cooking. "Wow, this is amazing. I don't know how, but it tastes exactly like mom used to make."

"it should, she taught me how to cook." She looked at him from across the table, smiling.

"You're just full of surprises." He said, shaking his head. "I still can't believe all of this. I can't believe we're married. I can't even believe you're even really here."

"Well, believe it." Liz said, and smiled at him again."And I'm never going anywhere. I have the greatest man in the world, that I love dearly, and it's my job to give you the life you've always dreamed of."

"Well, you've already done that. I could die tomorrow and be happy as a clam." He polished off his breakfast and smiled at her.

"You know, not to change the subject, but I still don't know what that was all about with ol' John Decker there yesterday. that guy's an asshole. How did you get him to just let us go? was that true what you said, about making his wife like you? Because last I knew that woman was about 250 lbs. of butt ugly."

"He was an asshole because his wife is a fridgid, mean-spirited, lazy bitch who only brow-beat the poor man like a dog, and he hasn't had satisfying sex in over twenty years. Inside he's a good guy who just got a raw deal in life, just like you. So I fixed it for him. And it was true. When he got home his wife was going to turn into a completely different woman. She's going to be just as hot as me, and a RAGING nymphomaniac who only has a thirst for her husband. She's probably fucking him senseless as we speak."

"Hmmm... So you can change other people, too? How come you haven't changed me at all?"

"Why would I change you? You're a very handsome man. I like you just the way you are."

"Okay, I love you Liz, but you don't have to lie to me. I'm fugly, and I know it. I don't have washboard abs or anything, I'm starting to turn gray and if I lose any more hair my forehead's gonna be big enough to rent as a billboard." He said, with a look of incredulity on his face.

"What? No, you're a good-looking guy, James. Who made you believe you're ugly?" Elizabeth said to him, with a look of sadness on her face.

"Everyone." James answered, with a slight grimace.

"Well, I think you're perfect, just as you are. I'll only change you if you ask me to."

"Well, we might do that later, but for now how about that shower?" James grinned at her.

"You go ahead, I'll be there in a minute, once I clean up this mess." Elizabeth said.

"But that'll take like an hour." james said, frowning just a bit.

"Just go, I'll join you." And she kissed him on his cheek.

james did as he was told, walking off to the bathroom. Liz turned around, looked at the mess she had left in the kitchen. She closed her eyes, and the dirty dishes, pots and pans disappeared, all clean and back where they belonged. "Uf, so much work," she said, and smiled. "now for hubby."

Chapter 12

Reset

Seargeant John Decker sat in his squad car on the side of US. Highway 30. He just sat there. He couldn't figure out why he was sitting there. But he couldn't seem to make himself just start the car and go anywhere, either. And for some reason, the only thing he could think of were huge boobs. Try as he might, he just couldn't remember WHY in the fuck he was here. After about thirty minutes, he decided maybe he should head home. He obviously must be coming down with something. He felt light-headed. He drove back to the police station, went into the chief's office, and begged off for the rest of the day, saying he didn't feel well.

But he didn't go home right away. He really didn't want to go home. Theresa was there, and he didn't want to face her. She had been, understandably, a raging bitch ever since a year ago when she caught him having an affair with the little blonde that worked at the truck stop outside of town. Well, she had been a bitch long before that. But she got much worse when she caught John cheating on her. Truth was, he made no effort to hide it. He almost wanted to get caught.

Theresa and John had been together for over twenty years. They had dated for three, and that time was wonderful and happy and Theresa was a wonderful, caring, loving, sexually adventurous woman. But on the night of their wedding, he realized, almost instantly, that she had pulled the used-car bait-and-switch on him. On their wedding night, and almost every night since, she had refused to have sex with him, refused to touch him, refused to show him any kind of affection whatsoever other than once every couple of months. Their relationship had devolved into that of captive roommates.

She was borderline mentally abusive. She would call him all kinds of names, yell and scream at him for HOURS any time he messed up the smallest little task. She had once Called and bitched at him for 45 minutes because he forgot to take the trash out before he left for work one morning. He did almost everything around the house, did the grocery shopping, took care of the house and the lawn. SHe just sat around on her ass and watched it get fatter. And the sad part was, no matter what she did to him, he couldn't stop loving her.

So instead he sat inside of Joe's tavern, trying to drink his troubles away, and figure out just what the hell was going on this morning, while he had a bit of free time. He Tried to get through as many drinks as he could before he had to go home. if he didn;t show up home at his usual time, she would be incredibly difficult to deal with. But two hours after he was supposed to be home, he was still in the bar.He knew she was going to tear him a new asshole for this, but he really didn't care anymore. He finally resigned himself that he was going to have to go home sometime. So, he finished his last drink, stumped out to his car and headed for home.

Upon arriving home, he steeled his courage for what he was about to endure. This was gonna get ugly. As soon as he opened the door, he had to duck to avoid a flying glass that shattered on the wall behind him.

"Where the fuck have you been? Do you know what time it is? What, you been out fucking that whore again?" Theresa stood in the kitchen of their little ranch-style house, arms crossed, her fat little body wrapped in her ratty old bathrobe that she wore almost constantly.

"Theresa, I wasn't with her. i wasn't out with anybody. I just needed some time alone. something weird happened on my shift and..."

"Bullshit!" She interrupted him,"I know you were out with that floozy. I bet I can smell her perfume on you."

"Theresa, I wasn't cheating on you." John stepped into the kitchen to confront her. He was beginning to get angry now. he was so tired of this. It was every night now. She would fly off the handle and treat him like complete and total shit. "I just needed some time to think, which is something I can't do around you."

"Liar!" Theresa pulled back a hand to slap him, but he caught her hand with his, stopping her from blasting him across the face.

But what happened next wasn't something either one of them expected. Suddenly, Theresa's eyes went blank, her hand dropped away, and she walked away to sit on their living room couch, in a complete daze. John recognized this as what had happened to him earlier. He walked over to her, concerned. "Theresa?" he asked. She didn't respond. "Theresa? Are you okay?" He looked into her eyes, nothing but a thousand yard stare. He snapped his fingers in front of her face. She looked at him, that same blank stare.

But what John didn't know, was that somewhere inside Theresa's mind, Elizabeth had forced her to face all the ugliness she had imposed upon her poor husband. Made her face the reality that it was HER that had driven her husband into the arms of another. Made her realize all the pain and hurt she had given him. And erased her memories of the abusive father that had made her hate men. Erased the idea that this man had to pay for what her father had done. And as all this was happening, her internal sex drive was ratcheted into maximum hyperdrive.

After a few minutes of that thousand-yard gaze, tears began to well up in Theresa's eyes. John wondered if she had suffered a stroke or something. Wondered if he should call an abulance.

her face began to twist up with sorrow, and finally she spoke. "Oh John. I'm so sorry. I've been so horrible to you. I've treated you so badly. I'm such a shitty wife."

John stepped back a little from his wife. This scared him. This was not like her. He didn't know what to think. He was still working on the theory that she must have had some kind of stroke.

"Well, that is very, very true. You have been a shitty wife. And you've done and said some incredibly hurtful things to me over the years. But I still love you, Theresa."

"I love you too, John. I'm so sorry. So very sorry." He was having a hard time understanding her words, she was crying so hard. "My father. My father was an abusive asshole. He beat me so bad. Hurt me so much. He never loved me at all. And i HATED him. That son of a bitch. And all these years, ever since I found out I couldn't have kids because of the injuries he gave me, I've been making you pay for what he did to me. I lured you in, I made you my victim. And I'm so sorry. So very sorry. Please, John, please forgive me for the horrible things I've done."

John stood back and took stock of all his wife was telling him. He didnt know what to think. He didn't know if he beleived any of it or not. But then Theresa stood up, wrapped her arms around her husband, and leaned up and kissed him. She had kissed him! She hadn't done that in DECADES! If they kissed it was him that went for it, she never did.

"Please, John, please forgive me. I'll make it up to you. I promise I'll make it all up to you. I'll be the perfect wife for you, John, from now on, I promise I...." She stopped talking suddenly, and started to stare into the distance again.

"Uh, Theresa? You okay?"

"I feel weird." Was all she could say. Suddenly, He noticed something odd. His wife seemed to be shrinking, well, sort of. She wasnt getting shorter, but he watched as over 100 extra pounds melted off his wife's body in a matter of minutes. Her sweatpants, now far too large, simply fell in a pool around her ankles, and were quickly joined by her panties. The loss of these two garments revealed a pert, perky ass and tight, toned legs. She looked like she had been jogging regularly for years. Her face became softer, younger and incredibly beautiful. Her skin smoothed out and became like porcelain. And then her breasts began to expand. From the modest B cups she sported before they grew, slowly inflating. Her hands slowly moved to her chest, she felt up her own breasts. They were growing! Swelling up slowly, they pushed her hands out from her chest as she clutched them through her heavy sweatshirt. She quickly whipped off her bathrobe and shirt to get a better look at what was happening.

"Oh my god! I'm... I'm hot! And my tits are getting HUGE!" She looked at John with shock and amazement on her face. John was just as shocked as she was. His wife was changing right in front of his eyes. But she was right.. she WAS hot, and getting hotter by the minute.

Her breasts continued their slow march outwards, straining the bra she was wearing. Suddenly with a loud POP! her bra gave up the ghost and popped loose as the hasps at the back gave way. She removed what was left of the now way too small undergarment and looked at her breasts, still slowly swelling. At least E cups now and still growing. She began to rub them and moan.

"Are you okay?" John asked "Do I need to call an ambulance or take you to the hosital or something?"

"No, I'm fine, I think, just... ohhhhhh... this feels so good. And I'm so... so..."

"What? What's the matter?" John stammered. He was having a hard time processing this.

"Horny!" She blurted out, and grabbed John again, kissing him passionately, her tongue dancing and probing his mouth, her hand slipped down to his crotch.

"I'm so going to make up for what I've done to you. I'm so sorry. Now fuck me, John. Fuck me all night."

Chapter 13

The Gratuitous Shower Scene

James stood in the shower, the water cascading down over his body, he slowly soaped up and cleaned himself off, waiting for his new wife to come in. When the door opened, his anticipation was already starting to arouse him. And when Elizabeth stepped in, she was already naked, and she had already blown her breasts up to the size of basketballs. They looked incredibly tight and full. Almost like they were fake. She stepped into the shower and wrapped her arms around her new husband, and kissed him long and passionate. James was almost giddy from all that he had been through in the last couple of days. Another fantasy, checked off his bucket list.

"So, are you nice and clean for me before we get dirty?" Liz said, and smiled a lacivious grin.

"I am. But I wouldn't be blowing those up too big in here, there isn't much room." He said.

"Oh, I don't think these will get much bigger today, but they feel kind of funny. LIft them, they're really, really heavy, even for how huuuuuge they are." And she put her hands under her breasts and lifted them towards him, almost as if offering them up for him. Jmes reached a hand under each breast, and lifted them to check their weight. She was right, they WERE really heavy. Each boob had to weigh ten pounds. And they were almost rock hard. He lifted them a little more, and suddenly a stream of milk burst forth from both nipples.

"Oh, I guess that's what it is, they're full of milk!" Liz beamed. She knew this was going to drive him wild.

James was stunned. He squeezed them again. More milk came forth. He got down on one knee and began sucking on her nipple, while working the other one with his other hand. Her milk was warm, sweet, and delicious. He never wanted to stop drinking it. It was amazing.

"Ohhh, that feels so good baby. Kiss me, so I can taste my own milk. They're way too big to get my nipple into my mouth."

james got a mouthful of her milk from her nipple, then kissed his wife, long and deep. As he was pressed up against her, he could feel her milk streaming down their bodies, even under the shower. She pulled back from him, grabbed hold of her huge thumb-diamter left nipple and shot streams of it all over James rock-hard throbbing member. Then she got down on her knees, and impaled her face on his cock for another one of her world-class blowjobs.

"Ooohhhhh fuck, baby. You are so good at that. Oh my God." His eyes began to roll back in his head. She worked away on his member with a fervor, sucking, bobbing, and licking. She began to play with his balls as she was sucking him off, never taking her eyes off of his as she worked his cock.

"Oh, stop. Stop. I'm gonna cum already. I want this to last longer. Stand up, and turn around." James said, Liz let go of his dick with a "slurp" sound, and then pouted at him.

"But I love sucking your big dick, honey. I don't care if you get off and I don't. I can get off by myself just fine." She said, standing up.

"No, my wife will NEVER have to get off by herself, and I won;t ever let myself cum before you do. That's not fair." James reached down and began to rub his wife's now-dripping wet snatch, gently rubbing her clit, and slowly working her into a frenzy.

"Face the wall and bend over. Grab the towel holder." he ordered.

Elizabeth did as she was told. James grabbed her around her waist, and drove his cock home inside of her. "Oh my god your pussy is sooo good, baby."

"It's good for me too. Your dick is so big. It's so good, I love you so much. now fuck me, James. Fuck me hard." She said, turning to look at him over her shoulder. he began to thrust in and out of her, slowly, then faster and faster. His balls slapping against her clitoris, she began cumming in a matter of minutes. She began crying out in ecstacy with each thrust, and with each thrust more milk sprayed from her nipples like a garden sprayer. But James noticed he was having a harder and harder time keeping ahold of her hips. they were becoming softer and fuller, her ass swelling and rounding out, her hips widening. He reached down under her stomach to hoist her up a bit to get a better angle at her cunt, and he felt a slight rounding in her belly. her belly was expanding. She looked three months pregnant, now. With each thrust more milk from her nipples, and her belly swelled larger. He was pounding away at her now, his lust only fueled by her expanding body. Elizabeth stood up slightly, arched her back, and began to rub her swelling stomach.

"Oh james, this feels sooooo good. I'm getting bigger, and bigger. Do you like it, baby? Do you like your big, round, pregnant, milk-titted wife?"

"I love it, honey. I love you. You're so incredible. Don't stop. I want you bigger. I want you HUGE! I want you so big we can't even get out of the shower." He reached up and grabbed her face and kissed her as best he could, then reached down and put his hands on her still-swelling belly. She looked six months along now, gallons of milk still spraying from her humongous breasts non-stop as they made love. She looked like two beach balls on top of a Yoga ball. Her stomach was beginning to push her huge breasts up towards her face, their amazing spherical girth riding higher and higher on her chest. As She continued to grow,her stomach finally out-grew her breasts for what stuck out the furthest on her body.

"Ohhhh... I can feel my boobs making more milk. they're getting fuller. Feel them. They're rock hard now. They're going to get bigger. I can feel them swelling. They're making milk faster than I can drain them. Ohhhhh. I think I'm gonna burst. There's no telling how HUGE I might get." Elizabeth said in short breaths. Ohhh god I'm cumming again. I'm cumming again. ohhhhhhhh.... Fuck me harder, baby." As she entered the throes of orgasm, her pussy tightened around James' cock, and finally drove him over the edge.

"Oh, Liz. You're so tight. I think I'm I think I'm ohhhhhh aaaaaahhhhhh!!!!" And he quickly pulled out and promptly blew his load all over her ass.

When Liz finally stood up and turned around to face james, he finally got to see just how Huge she had become. She looked like she was ten months pregnant with triplets. She was enormous. Twin rivers of milk flowed down the front of her body from her incredibly engorged, perfectly spherical breasts. They had swollen beyond the size of beach balls, each boob easily two feet across. Each tit had to be three gallons, easy, maybe five. And they looked incredibly tight and stretched. Veins stood up proud from their surface. He realized that she had gotten so large she couldn't even touch her hands together in front of her body anymore.

"I thought you wanted me bigger?" Liz cooed at him with a smile. "I thought you wanted me like, super octo-mom sized?"

"I guess you were just too hot for me. I couldn't hold out any longer."

James wrapped his arms around his swollen fertility godess and kissed her, long and deep, then he looked into her eyes, and simply said, "I love you baby."

"I love you too. Now, help soap me up. I'm too big to reach around myself, and I can't just shrink these back down. They have to drain. I've stopped the milk, but there's still a LOT of milk in there. Gallons of it."

"So, what do we do? Are you just going to stand here in the shower all day and drain them?"

"Well, I figured maybe we don't have to drain it all right away. I thought you might like to drain them again later tonight." She said, smiling at James.

"I'd love to do that every night." He said, smiling. James grabbed the body wash and began to slowly, lovingly soap up Elizabeth, making sure to clean every inch of her incredible body. He basked in the sensation of running his hands across her incredible curves. As he was soaping her up, Elizabeth was busy draining her titanic milk factories, softly moaning as she stood, tweaking her nipples and caressing her huge juggs. After he had finished soaping her up, James was already hard again, finding her incredible, swollen form so sexy that he couldn;t control himself. He began to soap and rub her snatch. And between the incredible sensations of playing with her breasts and being rubbed on her nethers, liz found herself beginning to get extremely turned on again. James kissed Elizabeth, his tongue darting and swirling with hers. Then Elizabeth slipped down and began to kiss and suck on James' neck, then up a little bit and she was licking and lightly biting his ear. Her hand slipped down to his crotch, and she was amazed to find his pulsating rod, rock hard and ready for round two.

"Oh my, someone's certainly turned on by all this, isn't he?" Elizabeth said in a heavy, breathy voice.

"I sure am. So, I think you said something about "super octo-mom sized"?" He said, with a raised eyebrow.

"Oh, you mean I'm not big enough for you?" Liz said with mock indignation. "I'm already the size of a house and you want me bigger? You sick freak." And she smiled at him. Then her already-enormous baby bump *surged* outward in all directions, gaining inches in seconds, and continuing to expand. Her breasts surged out with a spray of milk all over James,and began to try and keep pace with the growth of her belly.

"Oooooohhhaaaaaaahhhhhh!!!" Elizabeth moaned. her hands instantly flew to her expanding body, rubbing and caressing as much of her massive girth as she could reach. James got close to her, and tried to postion himself to fuck her from the front standing up, but found any access to her twat cut off by her massive round belly.

"Ummmm... this isn't working. I'm afraid the only way we can do this with you this big is from behind. Turn around again."

"Okay, but I want something soft to lay on this time." Her belly and breasts began to expand even faster, her belly growing so large and so round it was hard to believe it. Her belly pushed her breasts up to her collarbone, and extended out over three feet in front of her. Her breasts wer enearly the size of bean bag chairs and still sweling, her skin on all three stretched so tight they looked ready to burst.

"Ohhhh mmmyyyy Gooooooooddddd...." I'm orgasming jussssst frrrooooom the growth." Elizabeth stammered. "So heavy... sooooo heavy. I have to lie down now." And she layed down on top of her ginormous round baby belly and her titanic udders. Her belly and breasts so large that she could nearly straighten her legs and stand as she lie on them, and still she expanded and grew. Her belly and breasts growing to absolutely mammoth proportions. Each breast was now roughly the size of a 55-gallon drum, and her stomach defied any and all description of it's size. Liz finally slowed and stopped the growth when she felt her feet leave the floor. She was now completely suspended by her gigantic baby belly and enormous milkers. Streams of milk still pouring from her gigantic breasts and mixing with the shower water as it swirled around the drain.

james just marveled at her incredible size, then grabbed her ass and drove his cock deep into her waiting pussy, and began to pound on her like a human jackhammer. She screamed instantly, letting out a wail that would have woken the dead. her entire body rocked back and forth on her giant round mounds as they fucked, her stomach and breasts wobbling and shaking as he drilled her like an Alaskan oil well. He could actually HEAR the immense amount of milk in her breasts sloshing around as he fucked her.

"Oh yes, yes. That's it. give it to me. Give me your gigantic cock. Harder. Deeper. faster. Fuck me, fuck me you big dicked motherfucker.Fuck me with that huge porn star cock of yours. Oooooohhhhh gaaaawwwwd." Liz screamed.

James only lasted a matter of minutes, he was so turned on by her enormous size and her incredible lust. He pulled out and blasted the underside of her baby belly with his semen, then collapsed on top of his bride.

"Oh fuck, liz. that was incredible. thank you."

"No. No. thank you, baby. thank you. Do you know that that entire time was one long, continuous orgasm, that just kept getting stronger and stronger and... oh wow. That was incredible." She was lying there on her humongous rotund front, rubbing as much of her stomach and breasts as she could reach, which wasn't much at this point.

The hot water was beginning to run out. It was time to get out of the shower before things got uncomfortable. James looked at elizabeth, trying to figure out how to get her out of the shower. "Umm, how long to shrink back down before you can move?" james asked.

"I don't know, but I have an idea to make it go faster. i can deflate the belly pretty fast, but draining this much milk from my breasts will take a minute. Here, I'll shrink my stomach back down then I need you to help me sit back in the shower on the floor. As her protuberance began to shrivel, her feet touched the shower floor again and she stood, still leaned over on her massive rack. Then she began to slide her legs forward slowly, so she could drop on her ass in the shower, as james helped roll her insanely overfilled breasts back so she could sit down. Her breasts rested atop and completely concealed her legs. Only her feet could be seen sticking out from beneath them. Twin rivers of milk flowed from both her huge, distended nipples.

"So, what are you going to do?" James asked.

"I'm going to make my nipples *GIGANTIC* and see if I can make the milk flow out faster. Then i want you to sit on my boobs." Liz giggled. And with that, her nipples began to grow. As they grew, the milk flow increased, Her nipples became the size of a man's fist, and milk ran out of them like water from a garden hose. "Now, face me and straddle my tits, then sit down." As james stepped across her gigantic, oil-drum-sized melons, Liz reached up and helped guide him across her seemingly delicate form. As he carefully sat down, Liz let out a little moan, causing james to stand up again. "No, sit. It doesn't hurt. It feels great to relieve the pressure." When he sat, milk started SPRAYING out of Elizabeth's massive mams by the pint. After James sat down again, he noticed that his dick was staring Liz right in the face. Liz noticed, too, and reached up and began to stroke his organ.

"I don't think he's got another one in him, honEEEEEEE..." Liz had grabbed James hips, pulled him towards her and swallowed his still-soft cock whole. She began to work it, slowly, as he felt himself somehow stiffen AGAIN. After a few minutes of her incredible minstrations, she leaned back, and popped his cock out of her mouth.

"Now tit-fuck me honey. tit fuck me. lay on top of my giant milk boobs and fuck the milk out of them." James slid back until his cock was near the ends of her giant teats, then lay down upon them, spread his arms out and hugged them, and began to pump his cock in and out from between her gigantic milk makers. Faster and faster, with each thrust he heard a "SLAP!" And a "GUSH! SPLAT!" as her milk sprayed out and against the wall of the shower. Her breasts quaked, shook and undulated underneath him, as she slowly stroked her massive boobs and moaned softly. it was like fucking a waterbed. Just a water bed made out of two, ginormous, milk-filled flesh balloons. He stroked, rubbed, kneaded and squeezed her breasts, and licked and sucked every inch he could, revelling in titty-fucking the world's largest boobs, attached to the world's most incredible woman. But as much fun as it was, and as incredible as it felt, He couldn't help but feel kind of sad as after about fiftten minutes, he noticed her breasts were quickly shriveling, and he was begginning to have a hard time "giving her the D", as her breasts were quickly shrinking back to more normal dimensions. Well, normal for her. After another ten minutes, her breasts had shrunk nearly back to her nominal "F" cup, And James stopped, then kissed his bride.

"I think I'm shot, honey. Are you good?"

Elizabeth frowned "But you didn't cum. isn't that bad?"

"Not after getting it twice. You do know guys can't orgasm like a girl does, right? We can't just have one and be ready to go again. There's a certain re-set period, honey."

"You can't?" Liz asked, seemingly shocked. james figured it must be genuine. "Well, I think I found the first thing for me to fix on you."

Chapter 14

Shopping

James and Elizabeth were lying together on the couch watching TV, resting up from the mornings excercise. James lay at the back, with his left arm around her stomach, snuggled up underneath her huge, cantaloupe-sized knockers. they were both absently watching reruns of Futurama, laughing at all the funniest parts together.

"You know, you are pretty much the perfect drug. I could get addicted to you pretty fast." james said, rubbing elizabeth's stomach.

"I sure hope so. I don't want you running off with some other woman someday."

"I promise you baby, you'll never have to worry about that. I love you, with all my heart and soul. Besides, it's not like anyone else ever wanted me, anyway."

"I know you do. I love you too. But you're wrong about that last part. You're not the ugly, unloveable schmuck that you think you are. You're a really handsome, awesome guy. You could have had lots of women over the years, if you just would have gotten over yourself a little."

"Yeah, well, we'll just have to agree to disagree on that."

Liz just rolled her eyes. "Whatever. So, you ready to go show off your smoking hot new trophy wife?" Liz said with mock smugness.

"Sure, but remember we can't just tell everyone you're my wife, not yet. I'd love to, but, let's be honest here. You're so ridiculously hot, nobody's even going to believe you're *DATING*  me let alone I just met this super awesome, insanely beautiful woman who absolutely radiates sexiness and she just decided "Yeah, I like this greasy mechanic so much I'm going to run off and marry him over the weekend." I mean, you look like a porn star, not that I'm saying that's a bad thing, but people will think I mail-ordered a bride or something. Everyone would think we're both crazy. Not trying to play down our new marriage or anything, but we gotta get a story straight here or everyone is gonna think we've both lost our minds."

"I know that, goofy. Geez, you worry so much. You're so uptight, you need to relax. Everything will work out. I say we just go with the story I gave the waitress the other day. Then I just tell everyone that I always really liked you, and you always liked me, and well, one thing leads to another..." she said, smiling at him.

"Okay, we'll go with that, I guess. But if people ask what you were doing for a living before?"

"Human resources. And I have a degree in spiritual philosophy." She said, without missing a beat.

"Cute." James said, laughing.

"but if you want I can speak perfect Russian. We could tell everyone I'm a mail-order bride." Then her voice and accent changed completely."I could tell everyone I am from Ukraine. That you saved me from my poor, impoverished life and brought me here to USA. Saved me from life as, how you say, prostitute. And now I will thank you by makingk love to you every night like porn star until penis falls off."

James wasn't sure whether to be turned on, frightened, or both. the voice that just came out of her wasn't hers. But it was still sexy as hell.

"That was amazing. You know, for halloween, you should be Molotov Cocktease. You would be PERFECT for it."

"Who?" She asked, cocking an eyebrow at him, her voice back to normal.

"You know, Molotov Cocktease, from The Venture Brothers... oh, wait, I guess you don't. You've got a lot of catching up to do. You missed a lot of good T.V."

"Uhhhh huh. Right. So you ready to go now? I wanna go do something. I wanna go be around people."

"okay, okay, let me get my shoes on."

Thirty minutes later saw James and Elizabeth, pulling into the local Car lot in James' beat up old truck. Elizabeth was right, the old girl was tired. And he had been eyeballing a big, black, diesel Dodge at the local dealership for months. A jacked-up monster that looked like it ate Priuses for breakfast. But up until Liz's little "wedding present", a nearly fifty-thousand-dollar truck just wasn't in his budget.

As they pulled up to park, Liz turned to James."Wait just a minute before you get out. I need to get ready."

"To go buy a truck?" James said, with a puzzled look on his face. "Why?"

"Well, I don't want you blowing all your money in one swoop. So I'm gonna make sure we get the best possible deal."

"Okay, I love you, honey, and you're beautiful, but I don't think anything you do is gonna get us a better deal on that truck. I've been haggling with them for months on that thing they're not budging."

Liz just giggled. "Oh really? Watch this." She closed her eyes, and suddenly she was wearing a plaid shirt, tied in a knot under her chest, a pair of daisy dukes so short her ass cheeks showed, and cowboy boots. She even plumped up her boobs a little extra. She had a mile of insanely delicious cleavage billowing out of that shirt.

"How do i look?" She asked.

"Like a country boy's wet dream." Was James' only reply.

"Perfect." She smiled at james and hopped out of the truck. Then she walked across the lot, straight towards the salesman with a sultry, hip-swinging walk, like a woman on a mission. James just shook his head and followed after her.

"My God, that ass should have it's own theme music." He thought to himself.

"Hi there!" Elizabeth said, approaching the greasy, middle-aged salesman. James could instantly tell what she was up to. She put on her best ditzy innocent country girl act. This poor guy wasn't going to know what hit him.

"Oh, uh, Hi!" Replied the salesman. The look on the guy's face said it all. "What I can do to, I mean, uh, FOR you today?" His Eyes hadn't traveled up past her chest yet.

Elizabeth played with her hair, twirling it around her finger, while she spoke "That big, black truck over there, My boyfriend's been wanting that truck for an awful long time, and we just recently came into some money. So what's your best cash price?"

The salesman looked at James, the look of pure, unadulterated envy practically dripping from his face. If looks could have killed, James would have burst into flames. "Well, sticker on that one is $45,000."

"Oh, no, that's way too much for a used truck." Elizabeth said, tilting her head to one side. "I think you can do better than that." She bit her lip, and let her hand slip from playing with her hair, slowly down her shoulder and across her left breast, sliding her shirt aside ever so slightly on that side for just a brief moment.

Mr. salesman was practically trembling. "W,we,well, theres lots of aftermarket upgrades on that truck, and it's very low miles. We're pretty f-f-firm on that price."

"Mmm, *firm* huh? Just how *firm* are you, exactly?" She asked,Then crossed her arms under her chest, which of course just made them look even bigger.

The salesman was visibly sweating now. Liz could read him like a book, even without her heavenly powers. This smarmy, greasy asshole was the type of guy who loved nothing more than stuffing twenties in some stripper's g-string. Before she even got out of the truck she knew *exactly* how to twist him. And now she was just enjoying watching him squirm.

"*Ladies, here's revenge for every woman who's ever gotten taken to the cleaners by a used car salesman*." She thought to herself.

James, for his part, was also enjoying watching his wife manipulate this poor bastard. It was nice to be on the other side of it for once. Up to this point he had only been a victim of women like this. "Huh, so that's how it works. God, us men are stupid."

"I, I think we could maybe come down a little, s-s-say $42,500?" the salesman stammered.

"Hmmm, I don't know, that still sounds awful high, doesn't it honey?" Liz said, turning to James.

"Way high." Was all he said.

"Yeah, that's too high. Tell you what," and Elizabeth pulled the knot down a bit, and shoved a hand into her cleavage, and pulled out a *roll* of cash. "I've got $35,000 right here. How's that sound?"

The salesman looked like he was about to faint. His face was flushed, his lips were trembling, and his eyes looked like they were about to fall out of his head. Elizabeth knew it was time to go in for the kill.

"I, I c-can't. The b-boss would \*gulp\* k-kill me."

"Oh, come on, pretty please, for little ol' me?" Liz put a finger to her mouth, and slid it in and sucked on it, her bright pink lipstick working wonders on her perfect lips. Then she leaned in close to the salesman and whispered "I can make it worth it for you."

That broke him. "Okay, just come into my office so we can do up the paperwork." As they walked in, Elizabeth began to dig through the salesman's brain for his deepest desire. What she had expected was to find a womanizing prick who's fantasies would run into the positively obscene. But what she found actually made her kind of sad. Yeah, he was a greasy used car salesman, yeah he spent his friday and saturday nights stuffing money into some stripper's G-string. But the truth was he only did it because it was the only female companionship he could get. He was a very lonely man who had never found love, never married, and now in his mid fifties felt he had wasted the better part of his life. His somewhat off-putting salesman's demeanor, a not-so attractive face and physique, and a lack of prowess had sent every prospective woman running for the hills. And he definitely wasn't the type of guy who was getting better looking as he aged.

"Well, George Denman, tomorrow will be the first day of the rest of your life." She thought to herself. She was already working up a plan.

"Alright, sit down while I draw up the sales contract." He was still eyeballing Liz. For the first time Liz actually read his concious thoughts. "Good God, look at her. She's unbelievable. If I could get a woman like that I'd worship her like a Greek godess. I'd never let her go. Okay I need to concentrate. I don't want to fuck this up. Holy fuck is she hot." He continued to work for another ten or so minutes, asking questions and punching info into his computer, but his eyes simply kept wandering to the gorgeous woman sitting across the desk from him.

"Okay, I think this about covers it. One 2014 Dodge ram, $35,000."

Elizabeth handed him the money, and he handed over the Keys and paperwork to James' new truck, with trembling hands and a look of pure awe on his face.

"Thank you." Elizabeth said, and smiled at him.

"Thank you, pretty lady. But what about making it "worth my while" as you put it?"

Elizabeth bent down and touched the mans hand. His face went blank, just like the cop's.

"George, you're an alright guy. So I'm going to give you a do-over. Tomorrow morning you're going to wake up and be 30 years old again, and be a man so handsome that women will find you nearly irresistible. You'll be able to get almost any woman you want with just so much as a wink and a smile. And I'm going to give you an insightful instinct into just what any woman wants and needs from you. You're going to be one of the greatest lovers any woman will ever know, and I promise you that one day, you'll meet the woman of your dreams, and she'll fall for you like a ton of bricks. And you'll know what real, true love really is. And you won't remember any of this little conversation, but know this: If I catch you womanizing or abusing your newfound life, I'll find you and take these gifts away, got it?"

"Huuummnnnuuhhh." Was all George could say, staring off into space.

"Good. Okay, honey, let's go." And she wiggled her ass right out of the room.

James stood, took one last look at the salesman, smiled, shook his head, and followed after her.

He caught up with her out in the lot next to his new ride. "Another life saved, huh?"

"Another life set right. You know how lonely you were when I came for you? Well just imagine another twenty years of that. That's where he was, and I felt sorry for him, so I fixed it."

"You saw what happened to me. I wouldn't have lasted another twenty minutes, let alone twenty years. But anyway, you wanna drive my old truck home, and I'll meet you there, and I say we go out and do some celebrating."

"Sounds good to me. I'll meet you at home. Bye." and Elizabeth leaned in and gave him a quick peck goodbye, then hopped into his old truck and drove off. James suddenly realized this was the first time they had been apart in the last 48 hours. It also started to sink in just how much his life had changed in two days, all because of Elizabeth. He went from a shitty, miserable, boring, lonely existence (what he had before could hardly have been called a life) to a life that any man would envy. And his incredible, searing hot wife, the love of his life, the girl he had loved since he was 14, was going to make damn sure that his life would never be boring again. But his mind began to slip into it's old tricks as he drove. She was so beautiful, and so incredible. Why on earth did she love him? And she'd never been with any other guy... how did she know he was the right guy for her? She'd just proved she could turn any man into jello. Had she been manipulating him this whole time, too?

By the time he pulled into the driveway, he was mortified. Scared to let her out of his sight again lest she might just disappear. It was if he still wasn't 100% convinced she wasn't a ghost.

When Elizabeth hopped up into the seat next to him, James looked at her, and she could read it on his face. She just smiled at him softly,leaned over, kissed him, and simply said "Stop being so insecure. I'm yours. We're soulmates, remember?"

James grimaced "I know, it's just... I don't even deserve you. You are so unbelievable. You're all my dreams come true. You could have any man you want. Men that are so much... more of everything than I am. I mean, do you really think, that if you hadn't died, that you had just gone on with your life for the last twenty years, that if God himself didn't send you back here for me, do you really honestly think that we would be together? You'd have had an onslaught of guys falling all over themselves for you your whole life. You would have had your pick of every guy you ever met. And you mean to tell me you would have passed them all up just to be with me?"

Elizabeth just smiled at him again. "Do you remember the night before I left? Do you remember me sneaking out and coming to see you?"

"Of course I do. I've replayed that night in my mind over and over again. I so regret that night."

"and why is that, exactly?" Elizabeth asked, already half knowing the answer.

"Because you were trying to tell me then, weren't you?"

"I was. Well, sort of. I kind of danced around it a little. I never actually came out and said "I love you, and I want to fuck you." I... I was afraid of messing up our friendship if I was wrong about you liking me that way. I thought you did, but I didn't know for sure. And when you didn't take the hints I was dropping on you I got freaked out and that's why i left. That's my biggest regret. That I didn't just kiss you when I had the chance. But anyway, the point is, there wouldn't have been any other men. You were the one I wanted, all this time. I would have waited for you. I DID wait for you. Even in heaven, I waited for you."

"Wait, what?"

"You think there's no relationships in heaven? I was waiting for you to get there, so we could finally be together."

"Okay, but what if I had met someone here on earth What if I had fallen in love and married someone else?" james said, finally cracking a smile to show he was joking, if only halfway.

"Then when you got there she would have had to learn to share." And Liz smiled, too. Then she reached up and cupped her breasts with both hands. "Besides, I know you couldn't resist these." and she giggled.

"Okay, what?"

"I want to go see my sister. Something's wrong..."