

CHAPTER VII

“Run Baby Run”

No longer Asian, Natalie was walking out of the hotel in her Ao Dai sans sleeves, which she had pulled off (they were stained and burned now) and wrapped around a coffee pot with Milena's heart still throbbing inside. In her left hand was her cell phone, with her purse hanging from her arm. She detected a couple of odd glances as she left the lobby, but right now, clearing the area was more important than looking like a fashion plate. Cops would be swarming the building soon to determine the cause of the window blow out on the top floor. When they found a heartless demon in there, it would be a really big mess.

She'd already called Matt from the elevator. Now she was dialing a number she'd never had to call before.

“This is Marcus,” a voice picked up groggily.

“Cianna gave me your number? I need her number now,” she demanded.

“Uhm, who's this?” the voice said, suddenly more awake.

“Nathalia Faust. Ring any bells? Cianna said I could call you if I needed help,” she asked again.

“Yeah, what do you want?” impatience bled through the speaker.

“I need Cianna Di'Trieste's number. Now,” she instructed forcefully as Matt pulled up in the Camaro. She got in and shut the door, setting the wrapped coffee pot on the floorboard between her feet.

“I'm not permitted to give you that information.”

“You'll give it to me now, or you are going to have one *hell* of an incident to explain,” she threatened. It was true though, the Catholic Church would be doing damage control for years over this if it didn't get solved fast.

“What have you done?” he asked with an accusatory tone.

“I completed my assignment, and had to defend myself from a demon in doing so. Now I have its still beating heart in a coffee pot and I need to know what to do with it! So get me her fucking number NOW!” she raged.

He rattled off the number and was quiet.

“Thank you,” she said hanging up. She took the phone and pulled out the memory card from the back panel, took the battery out and tossed it from the car, and finally put the phone in the the bloody heart and watched it start to sizzle and dissolve.

Matt just watched in amazement. “You fought a demon and won?”

“Yeah, it was... interesting. She was a hybrid. I've never seen one before. It was

Milena."

"Wow!"

"Not wow, more like ow. She beat the crap out of me."

"But you won, so who cares?" he said.

"Let me use your phone."

He handed it over. "I 'm just glad you won." He took her hand and kissed the back of it.

She dialed the number and waited as it rang. Three rings went by before a familiar voice answered. "Hello?"

"Cianna, I need your help. It's Natalie."

"Oh, hello— How did you get this number?" she asked with surprise.

"Marcus gave it to me. Listen, I need to know how to kill a demon."

"You would need to burn its heart in holy fire. Why do you need to know?"

"That will kill it? Not banish it?" Natalie asked for confirmation.

"Yeah, but why do you need to know?"

"Because I have one's heart here in the car with me, and it doesn't need to be going back to Satan to tell him where I am," She explained.

"Where are you right now?"

"Manhattan, headed towards Queens."

"Meet me at Saint Patrick's Cathedral in 30 minutes. I'll help." Cianna said a split second before the line disconnected.

"Flip a bitch, and get us to Saint Patrick's Cathedral."

"You're sexy when you talk dirty," he said snapping the wheel over and popping immediately into traffic going the other way. He was glad the army had paid for that driving course.

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They pulled up to the curb in front of the Neo-Gothic cathedral almost ten minutes early. Even New York traffic was less dense at nearly 3 AM. Cianna was already there, leaning against one of the walls to the right of the entrance. Matt parked the car and he and Natalie approached the demon hunter.

Cianna likewise started toward Matt and Natalie. "Nice dress," she announced when they were close enough for low voices.

"It was nicer before I had to pull the sleeves off. Where can we go to take care of this? There probably isn't a whole lot of time before someone is gonna notice the window missing from the penthouse of Prince Hassan's hotel. And when they do, they will find a heartless demon laying face down in a pool of acidic blood that will make for a ton of questions I am sure the Church doesn't want to answer," Natalie explained. She had a strange feeling all the sudden

"We can go inside," Cianna offered, knowing right away that Natalie wouldn't like it.

"Is there a better option for me?" Natalie asked reluctantly. Something wasn't right.

"Not if you want to do this quickly. How long do you want to hold onto that heart?"

"Let's just get off the street," Matt interjected.

"I agree, I think something is watching us," Natalie said

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Ragash was at the top of Rockefeller Center, watching the three people down in front of the cathedral with piqued interest. He was even able to listen in from his location, as the winds were light and both the car and pedestrian traffic were fairly quiet. And what he was seeing and hearing was very interesting indeed.

He was a fairly typical demon scout. Troublesome, full of mischief, and very good at hiding, he essentially served, along with many of his other brothers and sisters, as Satan's eyes and ears. Almost every Catholic Archdiocese was watched by one of his kind, and Ragash was one of the best. One of his many talents, and indeed one of the reasons he was watching this particular cathedral, was his ability to recognize and see through the disguises commonly surrounding celestial and even some arcane items.

Just seeing a demonic aura, let alone one as powerful as Natalie's was noteworthy, but to see her talking to a blessed mortal, in the possession of multiple extremely powerful holy weapons, including an angelic sword... made this very important. But hearing that the blindingly black object in the hands of the succubus was the intact heart of another demon. That wasn't just important, it signified collusion with the enemy, and it meant that a demon on earth was trying to kill one of its siblings. Not merely banishment; oblivion.

Satan needed to know about this, and for Ragash there was only one way to do that quickly.

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The three of them were perhaps ten paces from the entrance to the church when Natalie paused and looked up over her shoulder. She could feel the presence of it before she could see it, but diving from the rooftop of "Rock Center" was an object. And it was moving right at them,

"DOWN!" Cianna shouted, sword drawn from its case faster than either Matt or Natalie could believe.

Ragash shrieked loudly as he dove the last fifty feet.

"Cianna! Wait!" Natalie screamed in realization, but it was too late.

Ragash had impaled himself on the great sword, and its blade sliced his black heart cleanly in half. His body disintegrated to dust instantly. Almost as fast the sword was back in the black silk case and out of view and Cianna's face had a look of odd realization on it.

"He was trying to go back to hell?" she asked rhetorically.

"He was a scout. He knew the fastest way back was banishment. He's probably telling Satan right now that you and I are working together. He may have even known we have Milena's heart."

"Let's just get this done," Matt urged.

"I just hope the Heavenly Host doesn't have a scout getting ready to jump all over me inside." Natalie said nervously as the three of them reached the door.

Moving through the church they reached a small alcove with a door, and Cianna led them through, and immediately down some stairs to a basement type area. They took a left and then a right down several junctions, down another flight of stairs to a poorly lit room with various tables and work benches, along with extinguished work lights at each of the upper four corners of the room. There was a marble-topped table, almost like an altar just off center in the room.

"What is this place?" Matt asked.

"Exorcism room. But my sub-order of the Jesuits uses it for all manners of empirical tests on various hell spawn and satanic items. Natalie may be the first of her kind to have ever been down here unbound. Dump that coffeepot on the stone table there," she indicated at the marble slab.

Natalie did so and the still beating heart sizzled on the stone.

Matt looked at it intently. "How is it still beating? I mean, it should need signals from the brain right?"

"Angels and demons don't work the way humans do," Cianna announced moving over to the table with the big sword and a silver bowl with a clear liquid in it.

"Holy water?" Matt asked.

"No, holy water is nice, but we need fire from heaven. That's actually one of the nice things about having Natalie here. The reaction between her and this sword will be a release of celestial energy. You may even be able to see the arcs. We put the heart in the middle and it should burst into flames after it gets hot enough."

"I carried that sword you know," Natalie announced. "It hurts like hell but I don't think there will be a fire."

"You shouldn't be able to touch it."

"Then what's the water for?" Matt interrupted.

"To put the fire out," both women said at the same time.

Matt was quiet for a moment after that feeling somewhat dumb. "Oh."

"Let's just give it a try," Cianna said, indicating with the sword tip where she

wanted Natalie to go.

Natalie moved into position, and Cianna stood opposite of her with the throbbing heart on the Marble slab between them. Exactly nothing happened. Cianna took a step closer, and indicated Natalie should do the same. Still seeing no result, she stepped even closer to the table. Now there were visible arcs of gold and purple electricity reaching from the beating heart to the swords tip, but nothing from Natalie.

"It's not working Cianna," Natalie said stepping back. Cianna did the same.

"I don't understand. You didn't create any kind of reaction." Cianna remarked.

"Could it be because I have already wielded it? Or maybe my origins?" Natalie proposed.

"Maybe. I know another way. Come with me. Matt, watch that thing. If it moves, stick it with this," Cianna instructed, tossing him a very old but very sharp looking blade. "Banishment is better than some other alternative."

Matt caught it deftly and looked at her gravely. "Are you serious?"

"I don't joke about these things."

The two women left the room and went back the way they came to a large heavy door with iron bars on it. Cianna dug out a heavy and intricately cut key and stuck it into the center mounted keyhole, then turned the beefy handle of the key and the door knob clockwise a quarter turn simultaneously. The heavy door swung easily and quietly on well balanced hinges to show a well lit room lined with weapons. There was a cage toward the end of the vault, and the demon hunter moved purposefully toward it. Turning another handle, she opened the cage and pointed at an obsidian bladed dagger with a simple looking leather grip.

"Pick that up. I can't." Cianna indicated to the knife.

Natalie knew what it was immediately. It was a demonic warrior's knife, forged in Hell, and carried by all warriors and soldiers when they knew to expect celestial resistance. It shouldn't have been on this plane without a demon to wield it.

"How did you get this?" she said lifting the large blade.

"I wasn't always such a nice girl."

"I guess not if you had this somehow." Natalie marveled.

"That blade is the antithesis of my sword, especially with you wielding it. Between the two of us and these weapons, there should be enough energy now to light that heart on fire. I need that knife put back when we are done."

"Don't worry about me, I don't want it!"

They returned to the room to see Matt still watching the creepy black and purple heart pulsating on the tabletop. The knife was in his hand and he looked ready, but so far, he was just staring at it.

"Did it move?" Cianna asked with a thin grin.

"Nope." Matt said backing up as the two women returned.

They took their positions again and immediately there were arcs of energy

flashing between the two blades. They moved closer and closer to the heart directing the points of their weapons at the organ on the slab. It started to smoke as the two arcs hit it and started pumping opposing energies into it. Then, seemingly at random, it was engulfed in bright white flames.

Natalie jumped back at the sight, and Cianna lowered her sword as the brilliant fire consumed the black heart.

"What's going on in here?" an unknown voice shouted from the doorway.

All of them looked at the source of the question. It was a priest, but not one that Cianna was familiar with. He looked angry and indignant.

"Padre —" Cianna started.

"Put that fire out now! I've already called the police. You are all trespassing!" the priest bellowed.

The burning heart was starting to pop and sizzle in the flames, but looked like it would take several more minutes to fully destroy. Matt looked at the silver bowl, and then at Cianna who gave a quick head shake.

"And you!" he pointed at Natalie. "You should know better than to come into a church looking that way!"

She looked down at herself with a look and said, "What the hell are you talking about, I can't help how God made me."

"What's wrong with how she's dressed?" Matt asked. While the sleeves of the Ao Dai had been removed, they had been pulled apart at the seams and it nearly looked like the dress was made that way.

"One should come into the church with modesty and humility," he said inflexibly.

"Father, I work with the Jesuits," Cianna started to explain.

"Jesuits wouldn't come into a church at nearly four in the morning and set fire to the place. The police will be here any minute. You can explain yourself to them!"

It was treading dangerously, but Natalie had had enough of the clergyman. She took a deep breath and a moment later the room was thick with pheromones, the now familiar cinnamon and honey smell chokingly strong. Then moving briskly toward the suddenly stifled Padre, and taking Matt's hand as she moved past him.

Natalie moved right up to the priest, and letting go of Matt's hand, moved hers to the priest's cheek in a seemingly kind gesture. "Father, forgive us, but we are leaving. The fire will go out in a few minutes. Cianna will watch it. You will leave her to it, and when the Police get here, you will explain it was a false alarm. You never saw me or my companion. We weren't here. You will be happy, and warm hearted, and kind to those who you meet from now on." She said as his eyes dilated and rolled back into his head.

"Cianna, we need to go. Matt will leave the knife you gave him here, but what do you want me to do with this one?"

"Put it back in the armory cage... what did you do to him?" she said moving

over to the catatonic priest.

"I made a suggestion, that's all. It's one of the things we Succubi do. You've got this now?"

"Yes, go." She said looking at the white flames that continued to slowly burn the demonic heart.

* * *

They were naked in the wind whipped blast furnace heat, their bodies terribly beautiful and wholly inhuman as they quickly made their way toward the black spire that dominated the desolate brown horizon. The other demons cowered in their presence as they passed by and started up the many steps to the tower of the dark lord. They had not been summoned together in many thousands of years.

The four queens wondered in silence what could have happened that would lead Satan to call upon all of them. Trundling up the innumerable steps, they arrived at the outer court of the tower. The gates were guarded by a pair of enormous soldier demons chained to them, and they bowed to the four queens in reverence, even as they pulled the flesh-bound doors open.

Inside they could see the gate to the tower itself, guarded by Asmodeus, son of David. He glared at the first of the she-demons in the procession, but the second raised her hand to him and he fell to a knee in grudging respect. When they had reached the gate to the tower Asmodeus rose, and with a great heave opened the foreboding stone door. The door ground ominously across the rough pavers that lead to a long, broad stone spiral staircase. It wound around the vast interior of the tower, the stone steps projected from the outer wall with no railing to guard against a fall as they climbed up to the top in numberless twisting rotations.

Finally, after countless steps, they arrived at the top of the spire. The view from this altitude was amazing, but the landscape left much to be desired, as the vast land was largely barren and scoured by vicious dust storms and blistering heat. Black smoke rose from various pits, and flames licked the sky from numerous boiling lakes. Hell was a visage which none enjoyed.

Seated upon a gnarled throne of bones sat what could only be described as a beautiful man. Abercrombie models would kill for his perfect physical symmetry and unachievable good looks. But the countenance upon his ideal facial structure was one of anger, and there was a fire to his hazel eyes that would give even the hardest killer pause. At his side was mangled demon staked to the floor by an iron rod.

The four females stepped to the staircase that lead up to the throne and knelt, careful to avert their eyes from either the spitted demon or the prince of darkness on the throne.

"My lord," the leader of the female procession started humbly. "We have heeded

your most unusual call. Tell us of your bidding," her voice dripped sensuality, even here.

"Rise Lillith, Agrat, Naamah, and Eisheth. I've summoned you to see to a... problem. A problem with one of your own."

"My Lord, whom do you speak of?" Lillith asked with naked subservience.

"Nathalia has killed one of her kin. Escape from my domain once is bad enough, but to run from her lord and prince twice, and now to murder her sister, all the while consorting with Demon Hunters and the bastard children of Angels. I want her here to face me when I sunder her body and end her miserable existence," Satan explained.

"Whom did she kill?" Naamah asked.

"It was Eisheth's daughter by Malleus, the one he named Milena out of spite. Nathalia colluded with the papal whore Cianna. Ragash here," he gestured at the impaled demon, "witnessed the entire thing."

The tallest of the four women stepped forward with rage flaming from her eyes. "I demand vengeance! She kills my daughter and sides with our eternal enemies! I will tear her apart with my bear hands." she roared.

"Patience Eisheth, patience."

"No! I demand revenge and I—"

"NEVER RAISE YOUR VOICE AT ME!" The Devil exploded, his voice echoing as thunder across the entirety of Hades. He was on his feet and frighteningly terrible to behold as terror and fear racked the very bones of the four women before him. "You forget your place, Succubus, even as a queen among your kind."

The four women were driven at once to their knees, with Eisheth forced lower. She was practically prone on the ground, blue-black runnels of demonic blood flowing from her eyes, ears nose and mouth. Those eyes were wide in shock, and her body was trembling in the effort to keep from being crushed into the ground by the invisible weight that had driven her down at Satan's will.

"Rise, queens. I've decided to send all of you to take care of your errant sister. Eisheth, had you waited but a moment, I would have explained this to you, and saved you the agony of forced submission."

"I am... sorry my lord." She rasped rising to her feet, the inky bleeding slowing as she regained her composure. The evidence of it remained in heavy black streaks that ran from every orifice on her head.

"A safe house has been established in Seattle, where she resides. The four of you will proceed upon your arrival there to seek out and destroy her. Make use of any assets we have in the area. I want her back here, and then, we will determine what to do with her.

"Yes my Lord," they responded in unison and kneeling again.

He made a dismissive hand gesture and the four of them rose and left to make preparations for their journey.

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The United Airlines Boeing 777 was surprisingly empty for a Sunday morning flight, and Natalie successfully upgraded to a pair of side-by-side first class seats. The captain had just turned off the "Fasten Seat-belts" sign and she and Matt were happy to be out of New York and on their way home. After about thirty minutes of comfortable silence, Matt looked over at her.

"I should be tired right now, but I am still amped up from what I saw at the Cathedral," he announced in a quiet enough voice that the ambient noise of the aircraft largely limited any nosy passengers ability to eavesdrop.

"Welcome to the world of the celestially aware," she said to him with a thin smile.

He wasn't sure if the smile was reassuring or not.

"There is something I want to tell you Matt."

"You should know by now I'm open to just about anything you can tell me," he replied.

"I visited with a mage of sorts yesterday, when you dropped me off in Brooklyn. He told me some things about you."

"Oh? I've never met a mage that I know of," he replied with surprise on his face.

"One of your recent relatives was a celestial. One of the good ones."

"What do you mean, a celestial? You mean an angel?" he asked even more shocked.

"Well, yeah. There are varying levels of angels, just like there are of demons. Common angels and demons are just scouts. Angels are, as a general rule, self-righteous and arrogant, but they fight for God. So they would be the good guys as far as most of humanity is concerned. Demons are conniving and deceitful, and well, they serve Satan, albeit grudgingly sometimes. Both can assume a mortal form." She explained.

"So how do mortals tell the difference?" Matt asked, interested now.

"Most don't, they just—" she stopped as the flight attendant paused in the aisle next to them.

"Can I get you two anything," she said, then did a subtle double-take at Natalie's rack. She was probably six feet tall or more with a willowy thin build, pretty with blond hair and a pink lipstick stained broad smile. Graced with broad hips and a healthy bottom clad in a dark blue knee length skirt, she was an eye catcher. Both Natalie and Matt noticed that she wore no rings on either hand.

"Just water," Natalie said with her gleaming smile.

"Coffee with cream and two sugars please," Matt said, noting a note of cinnamon in the air. He cast a curious glance at Natalie.

The stewardess looked bewildered for a moment then smiled, her eyes flitting

between Natalie's face, Matt's face and Natalie's boobs. "Okay, I'll be right back."

"What did you just do?" Matt asked when she was out of earshot.

"Just made her open to some possibilities, I can't do more than make suggestions without physical contact. But I can make people more receptive to things that I can implement later with just a thought and some of my essence."

"Is that the cinnamon I smell sometimes when I'm around you?"

"Yeah, that's part of it. Every succubus has a different aroma. Most are comforting and remind people of better times. It puts them at ease and makes them more susceptible to persuasion. But it also is how I smell. If I am excited or, if you were to taste any of my fluids, as you've no doubt noticed, I taste just like that cinnamon and honey that you smell." Natalie explained quietly.

"That explains a lot. Now back to what you were saying, one of my relatives was an angel?" he said redirecting the conversation back to its topic before the tall blond had interrupted.

"Yeah, it's why my powers don't work right when I am with you, and why you are so much more... effusive when you are with me," she announced.

"I guess I don't understand."

"It's hard to explain, but basically celestial power is normally like electricity. There is a positive, good power, and negative, evil power. Used against each other, they are largely neutralized, which is why Cianna and I used those weapons to create that fire to burn Milena's heart. It makes a reaction, but it's largely harmless to mortals."

"So how do I affect you then? If I have an angel in my—" the return of the flight attendant, who's name tag read "Sabine" made Matt pause his question.

Sabine reached across Matt with a glass of water and when Natalie took it, they touched for the briefest instant. In that briefest of touches the succubus zapped her with a potent jolt of her energy and read her deepest desires, then rewrote them just a little bit.

But the consequence of the shocking exchange was that the transfer of the water glass was bungled, and the plastic cup fell to the pair of jeans that Natalie wore, soaking them with eight ounces of water and ice.

"I am SO sorry!" the attendant apologized. "I'll grab a towel,"

"Watch this," Natalie said to Matt as Sabine walked quickly away.

As the flight attendant retrieved a towel, she didn't notice that her blouse was inflating, or rather what was beneath it was. By the time she had returned her sweater vest was bulging in front of her, visible stress lines at the arm pits of the blouse indicated that the buttons were holding valiantly.

"And pop," Natalie said amusedly as the first button gave way audibly beneath the sweater with a muffled snap. The stress lines relaxed slightly with the addition of two more muffled pops as her breasts finally settled into a size that rivaled pomelos.

Through all of this Sabine seemed oblivious, until the expansion moved to its

next phase, and a warmth filled her back from her ass to her shoulders. This change happened to coincide with her bending over Matt as she started trying to pat dry Natalie's blue jeans. She suddenly swooned and face planted into the succubus' boobs before ending up face down in Natalie's lap, her right hand falling between Matt's legs where he was unsuccessfully fighting the erection that was snaking down the left leg of the Dockers he was wearing.

She slowly pushed herself back up only to have her wrist bump into Matt's still expanding tool, and she felt fire explode in her immediately drenched pussy. Her mind was rushing with arousal, inundated with images of enormous breasts and an impossibly large dick. She tried to focus on the task at hand but looking down at Natalie's wet pants only made her aware that they might as well have been painted on, the crotch seam was wedged well into the cleft of her lips, making a deep camel toe.

Sabine felt the warmth radiating from Matt's hugely thick prick against her wrist. A second later it finally reached a thickness that made permanent contact with her, effectively preventing her from pulling her arm straight out without rubbing against it the whole way. The tray table over his legs wouldn't allow her to pull away from him. Her hand was trapped by his cock even as she was bent across his body, with her face in Natalie's crotch.

Then Matt heard a stitch pop at the back of her skirt, then another, then several more like machine-gun fire as her ass started to pump up. Her body was rapidly changing along all axis' now, her waist compacted, hips, already broad, widening still as her thin thighs beefed up. Finally, Sabine's hands, something she'd always been self-conscious about, actually shrank slightly and became positively dainty on her large body. And all the while sexual arousal and frustration built inside her.

It came to a point after about twenty seconds bent over that she could no longer bear the thought of being stuck in this position any longer. She committed to standing upright, figuring out what was wrong with herself, and finally dismissing herself to the bathroom to take care of some obviously pent up sexual frustration. As she stood, her hand squeezed past Matt's stout, slacks encased sausage, and just the feeling of it sliding down her wrist and along her hand made more juices flow from her sodden snatch. She could feel those juices running to the front and insides of her thighs.

Finally standing upright, it was evident that she'd been drizzling from her box the entire time she'd been bent over, and it was enough that there was a spreading wet patch on the front of her skirt. Sabine was mortified, but mustering all the dignity she could poured Matt's coffee and then walked briskly to the First class galley, grabbed a small duffel and then went into the lavatory.

"Why did you do that to her? I bet she's dying from embarrassment now!" Matt announced, perhaps just a little too loudly.

"When she comes out of that bathroom, if she looks unhappy, I will change her back."

"What if she tries to hide it? Her opinions of the change I mean."

"She can't hide it from me, and she's not going to know any different anyway. Magic, even the celestial kind, is very protective of itself. Unless I specifically intend for the person to remember the change, they won't remember it. That was one of the troublesome issues I had with you. Since I didn't glamour you at all and decided early on that I wasn't going to keep secrets from you, you were aware of the whole thing. Celestial power tends to be more overt than arcane magic, and sometimes is a little cruder, but it attracts less attention most of the time. People are more receptive to 'Acts of God' than they are to discovering arcane or natural magic." Natalie explained. "Now if you'll excuse me, but I'm going to the little girl's room."

"The only thing wrong with that statement is that you aren't a little girl by any shake of the imagination." Matt said standing up to let Natalie's considerable upper body bulk have clear passage. Matt watched her move up the aisle to the forward lav and wait. A few moments later, Sabine emerged in a new skirt, but the same sweater and short-sleeved blouse combo.

Her breasts would easily be considered huge by most of society. Compared to the waiting Natalie though, she was still relatively small. Going into the lavatory, Natalie bumped the flight attendant again and confirmed that she indeed believed that she'd always been really large, and that somehow she'd accidentally put on another attendant's outfits at the hotel that morning. What was more; she liked her body, and was envied by her female coworkers for her curves. Courtesy of Natalie's forethought, she never had back pain, could wear heels all day, and her body got her plenty of attention from the airline's first class clientele, often netting her tips and allowing her to hook up in terminal cities. All in all, Sabine felt she had it pretty good. This in turn made Natalie quite pleased with herself.

In the lavatory, she stood there for a moment. She didn't need to use the bathroom, but had used it as a pretext to check on Sabine, so it surprised her when someone knocked on the door.

"Natalie, its Matt, unlock the door," he said quietly.

She got a naughty smile on her face and unlocked the door, allowing Matt to slide in, and shut and locked the door behind him.

"I've never been inducted into the 'Mile High Club'," he announced with a grin.

"That's something we will have to fix... right... now," She said, moving her hand to his zipper.

"Didn't Sabine see you come in here," Matt asked as she fished around in his pants.

"All the first class passengers just happen to be asleep. I doubt that Sabine is gonna make a fuss if nobody's waiting."

"Well that's conveni-ENT!" Matt squeaked the last syllable as she secured his tool in her fingers and squeezed.

"Indeed. Unfortunately, I need you to do something that I am loathe to ask."

"You want me to wear a condom."

"Yeah, it sucks," she announced with a mock scowl.

"I've never worn one before," Matt declared.

"I just so happen to have one that will be sufficient for you if you don't get too big," she said pulling a familiar looking plastic package from her pocket. She pulled his cock from his unzipped fly and tore open the wrapper, then like a practiced pro, unrolled it along him.

"Now, grow to fill it, but not to point of breaking it," she instructed, giving him several healthy strokes as she felt him expand in her fingers.

Pushing him down on the lowered toilet lid, she dropped her pants to reveal that she wasn't wearing any underwear.

"Such a naughty girl," Matt announced with a look that left none of his thoughts to the imagination.

"I'm not bad, I'm just made this way," she said in a breathy sultry voice. She placed her hands on the counter top and the little turbulence handle, then placed a high-heeled foot on either side of him and lowered herself onto him.

"You just sit there, let me do the work." She announced. Using a combination of her legs and arms, she started to lower her pussy down until he could feel the cleft through the thin latex membrane. It spread just a little as she teased his head, her juices mixing with the lubricant. As she rose up, he could see a thick glossy sheen slowly running down the surface of his rubber encased prick.

She lowered herself down again, a smile on her face as she relished the building sexual tension. She dropped down low enough this time to engulf the whole head, then swiveled her pelvis in a circle, dragging his cock along for the ride.

Her talented tunnel began to grip him as she started down his length, the progress slow as her cunt rippled along his invading pole. Finally her ass came into contact with his hips. Natalie bore down with her incredible vaginal muscles even as she rose up in a slow but unrelenting journey back toward the tip of his rod.

Matt groaned as she finished her up-stroke. Then still maintaining that grip with her box, she started to increase the speed of her ceaseless up and down oscillations. She could feel him trying to relax, to make the experience last.

Natalie could keep her cunt's grip on his meat tight all day. She knew that between the fluttering and squeezing she was subjecting him to along with the now fast rhythm of her motions along his length had him getting close. She was just enjoying the sensations of the ride.

Suddenly there was a knocking at the door. "Ma'am, sir, you can't both be in there at the same time." Sabine announced quietly through the door.

Natalie could feel Matt's concentration slip.

"Keep going sweetie," she half moaned half whispered, speeding up again. She

was flying on his prick now, trying to get him back to the task at hand.

THUMP-THUMP-THUMP

"You two need to open the door right now," the flight attendant demanded more incessantly.

Natalie reached back and put her fingers on the lock, waiting for the perfect moment. That moment came only seconds later as Matt's climax started, quickly she flipped the lock as he started groaning, and true to form, Sabine opened the door and got two eyes full of the lurid scene.

The poor flight attendant was enraptured by the sexual spectacle before her, as Natalie's bottom bounded up and down along Matt's length. Natalie even started moaning a little just to add more sexual heat to the already steamy encounter. She could see the striking woman's breasts bouncing wildly in syncopation with her wild motions. Finally after a very long several seconds, she shut and latched the door.

To both Matt and Natalie's surprise, his orgasm was... normal. There was no hundred year flood of seminal fluid, just a slightly larger than typical male but still reasonable emission of goo. She stepped down from the position she'd occupied during his induction to the club and pulled her blue jeans back up. Giving him a beaming smile, she turned around and stepped out of the bathroom and past a blushing Sabine, leaving Matt alone to clean himself up.

The two of them were seated a few minutes later, Matt looking happy even as Natalie was happy for him. Then Matt got a strange look on his face and looked over at her.

"I think I may know a way to fix your growing problem," he announced.

Natalie looked over at him with an intrigued look that said *Continue*.

"What if you could make a big power sink. Find a whole bunch of people and change all of them slightly. Then you would be able to bleed off energy and get to a more manageable size, but not change so many people to such a great extent that the public might notice."

"It might work, but for me to change people I have to have contact with them, or my magic does. It's not like I can just radiate it way into the people around me."

"Well, it might be worth a shot." Matt quipped.

* * *

Angela woke suddenly. It was still early on the west coast, but there was a clarity of mind she'd not felt in a week. The nagging itch of her insatiable libido was gone. It was the first time since her last day at work that she could remember waking up and not having sex on her brain. The only trouble now being she had no idea where she was.

The room was dim, with an expensive looking venetian blind covering a window

that was just starting to let in a little light around the edges. The bed was a king-size, and there were, looking around two other people in it, a man and a woman. Both were still sleeping, and both looked really good, even in their disheveled sleep.

The woman had great mounds of breast flesh that oozed off either side of her chest and were crowned by large fat nipples on prominently domed areola, while the man looked like he belonged on the cover of a romance novel, with slab like pecs and cobblestone abs slowly rising and falling with his easy breathing. Beneath the thin sheet she could make out the thick shape of his prick before it trailed lower between his legs.

For the first time in days, the view, while sexy, didn't turbo-charge her arousal. In fact, it kind of disturbed her. *Where the fuck am I, and what the fuck is going on.* Looking around the dark floor, she could make out some clothes on the floor. Slowly she extricated herself from the bed and as quietly as possible tried to dress herself in the faint light. Something didn't feel right, but her mind, while clear from the sexual fog of the past five days, was still not functioning right and she couldn't put her finger on it. She fumbled around until she found her purse, then stood up.

Slinking out of the room in bare feet she found herself at the end of long broad hallway, immediately confirming that this was a very large house. There were several doors on the right side of the hallway, and an opening that looked like it overlooked a large room to the left after a single doorway on that side. Several large pieces of framed contemporary style art interspersed between the doorways on the right wall. Detracting from the atmosphere somewhat were the myriad scattered bottles and plastic cups that lined the banister for the room to the left.

The floor of the hallway was hardwood, but well-made. It didn't squeak as she padded down it. Passing a closed door on the right, she then looked into the solitary door on the left to find it a bathroom, with an impossibly chesty woman passed out before the porcelain god. Her breasts so large that they supported her torso between the floor, the commode and her lower body. An ashtray with several burned out joints sat on the counter. She moved on quickly.

The final door on the right was an entertainment room apparently. There was a light on inside, and several couches. Peering in she saw a throng of passed out men and women in various states of undress, but all having one commonality, a vast variety of hyper-sexualized characteristics. For most of the men, it was larger than life cocks or balls, or both. Universally they were in great physical shape, if varying slightly in muscle tone or mass.

The women showed a greater diversity in characteristics. All were endowed beyond what would be considered normal, or even large, but some of them had breasts that, had she not seen the girl in the hallway bathroom, would've been huge. Some of them had great round booties as well though. And a few she could see were blessed with some of the broadest flaring hips she'd ever seen. Build wise though, there was again more diversity. There was one woman who looked like a completely jacked

female body builder, while a couple were quite well padded and could easily be labeled very big beautiful women.

On the farthest couch from the door, a single woman was straddling an impossibly long cocked man, squatting up and down along the upper third of his stave's great length. She was softly moaning as she slowly worked her way toward ecstasy, her large breasts moving in near syncopation to her long strokes. Her eyes were closed, her body seemingly running on autopilot. The man didn't look conscious. Angela quickly moved away and continued to try to find her way out of the house.

Reaching the end of the hallway, she came to a junction, with another hallway going to the right, and a staircase that went down into the room that the hallway she'd just been in overlooked on the left. Feeling that this was a safer bet toward finding an exit she took the stairs down, arriving in what she found was a sunken living room type area.

There was more wall art here, and several odd pedestals with modern abstract sculptures on them, though at least one looked to have fallen to the floor in last night's frivolities, replaced by a bong. Here too there were some bodies of passed out merry makers, including one man with the largest testicles she'd ever seen. His sack held what could easily be a pair of navel oranges, and there was a meter wide pool of cum on the carpet that seemed to drip continuously from the disproportionately small cock above his bloated boulders. She stepped cautiously around the jism saturated carpet, past a coffee table with a mirror and several razor blades on it (though no powder she noted), and toward what she could see was a doorway to the outside of the house.

The knob was inches from her grasp when she heard a noise behind her. Instinct told her to look in the direction of the sound, and before her eyes was a young Latino man wearing only socks and a FitBit. He was chiseled with a smooth olive complexion and a beard that was probably perfectly groomed yesterday. Thankfully for her, his girthy package was apparently still sated from last night's proclivities. In his hands he had a bowl of cheerios and a spoon.

"Yo, that was a fuckin' wild party. You're a crazy woman Angie," he announced after he finished chewing the mouthful of cereal. His tone was one of appreciation though, not condescension.

"Uh, thanks? I don't remember your name?"

"Ramone, but I don't really expect you to remember me, what with the train you were running. You were unstoppable!" he gushed.

"Yeah," she said, regret and maybe a hint of fear edging into her voice. "I need to get going," she announced sheepishly.

"Sure. I get it. Well thanks for showing us all a good time. I know Vinny will have you back if you want to do this again. I've never seen him so happy," Ramone explained. He seemed totally oblivious to his nakedness as he waived with his free fingers while his thumb held the spoon.

Stepping out of the house made her head swim. The morning air and dawn sunlight made it apparent that there'd been some, no quite a bit of drinking to go along with whatever or whoever else she'd done last night. The air also made her aware of how funky the whole house smelled. *That gives a whole new definition to nose blind.* Angie realized she had no recollection of how she got to this house, which upon getting her bearings seemed to be somewhere in north Seattle. That was confirmed a moment later when she looked up her location on her phone. Unfortunately it didn't have a recorded parking locale, but it certainly wasn't here, where a virtual stable of Audi's BMWs, Mercedes, a pair of Ferrari's and even a Tesla were parked in the driveway.

"I wonder what the wait is for Uber?" she said aloud to herself, launching the app and walking down the driveway toward the street.

The car arrived ten minutes later, with an Asian man driving. He nearly crashed the car staring at her as he parked, but managed to pick her up with no actual damage. Still he seemed to spend an inordinate amount of time looking at her in his rear view mirror on the drive to her home, while making almost no conversation.

Still foggy, she didn't really put two and two together until after she'd paid and walked into her house she sat down in her modest living room on the one easy chair she had. Sitting there she tried to think about the past week, and that was when it hit her.

"HOLY SHIT!" she shouted. *I fucked all those people! Good God, I must have slept with...* She paused her inner monologue to mentally count, but stopped when she'd reached over fifty people in the first 24 hours after her flight from the firm immediately after Natalie's promotion to partner.

The gravity of her libidinous depravity hit her like a ton of bricks. She felt sick, as she suddenly realized that she couldn't remember the last time she'd eaten an actual meal. *Can a human being survive off of... Oh God!*

A wave of nausea rolled over her and she was running to the bathroom. It passed before she got to the toilet, but the compulsion to wash had her stripping off the baggy dress that she only now realized wasn't hers before another wave of gut wrenching illness could follow. She pulled open the shower and turned the water all the way to hot, letting it heat up.

As the running water slowly came to temperature, Angela had a moment of realization, looking herself over. She couldn't remember what she looked like. Sure there was this odd sensation, and she knew she had brown hair, but she couldn't remember her reflection, or any photos. It was as if she'd never seen herself before. She moved quickly to the three-quarter length mirror against the wall.

The person in the mirror was completely foreign to her, and yet, was her. There was a strange moment of Déjà vu, and then she blinked a couple times and her memory seemed to populate with this concept of herself. That didn't change the image in front of her.

She was gorgeous. Her hair fell in ringlets of chestnut with blonde highlights

past her shoulders, framing high cheekbones and skin that looked like it was polished out of alabaster soapstone, with just a hint of rose color staining her cheeks. Angela's eyes were a heavy lidded rich brown, but flecked with amber and gold as they swept up and out to look like they'd been painted by a master make-up artist before a professional photo shoot. Her nose looked like the prototype that plastic surgeons used, with a slight upsweep. Then there was that mouth, with thick bow shaped lips surrounding pristine white teeth, they were eminently kissable... *not to mention perfect for... other things*. That last thought sent a shudder through her, though she wasn't sure if it was of disgust or desire.

With as good as her face looked, and it looked great, her body was better. She was a strange amalgam of parts that alone seemed out of proportion, but together worked. Her shoulders weren't broad, but they were well shaped and strong, and looked good below an elegant neck. But that just directed her attention down further. Breasts, big ones. No really big ones. *Fuck it, call them what they are Angela, massive ones!* They adorned her small ribcage like two great melons, each easily bigger than her head, and completely obscuring her elbows if she held her arms to her side. They were obviously pulled upon by gravity, but they were firm, with the bottom of their natural cleavage parting just above her navel. The distance farthest from her body was capped by modest slightly puffy areola and the tell-tale sign of the inverted nipples hiding within their warm mammary home.

She had to lift them to see what she already knew was a very tight, very tiny waist, but one that was very short, wasting no time as it swelled around her wide pelvis which formed the foundation for her almost ridiculous hips crowned by an ass to match.

It was obvious to her though why her torso was so compact, because somehow, she had legs that belonged on someone several inches taller than she was. Even in bare feet they looked as though she should be wearing five inch heels. Experimentally standing on her toes as though she were wearing heels they looked impossible. Her prodigious ass swelled and balled up higher, while her calves and hamstrings tightened into long toned tracts of creamy flesh that had no business on a woman of her stature.

She didn't remember being so short before, but it didn't matter. She was a knock out. Her hands reached up to her face, touching her pristine skin softly, dragging long fingers tipped with long nails softly along her features. Then they moved down, along her shoulders and then down along outer edges of those huge breasts until they paused at the eye shaped holes of her hiding nipples and began making small circles, coaxing one, and then both of the hiding nubs into the open, where they stood out like surprisingly large red chap stick caps. She tweaked them once, and was rewarded with a spray of milk and a moan.

Oh wow. She thought at the sensation. Soon though steam started to fill the bathroom as the shower had finally gotten hot. As the mirror fogged up, she

remembered why she was in the bathroom, and after a minor adjustment to the water temperature, she stepped into the shower. Her exploration didn't stop though, and indeed as she reached down to clean herself she was reminded of just how out of control she'd been when a stream of heretofore trapped fluids spilled forth from the puffy labia that all but filled her thigh gap. That garnered a disgusted snarl before she started at her body with lots of soap and water.

Several minutes later she was out of the shower and passably dressed, though none of her clothes came anywhere near fitting. Her pants were too long, and not nearly roomy enough for her amplified curves, and the one bra that was bigger than all the others, a J cup number, was woefully inadequate. She settled for a Band-Aids to keep her fairly tame nipples from trying to make their presence known, a T-shirt sans bra and a pair of nylon mesh running shorts that while technically decent, barely ended below her monumental ass. She looked more like an escapee from girls gone wild than a successful business woman.

Angela sat back down in her chair, now physically clean, but remaining mentally mired in the events of the past week. She'd not realized until then how much her oversized bosom pulled at her back and shoulders. The act of collapsing into the softness of the cushions extracted a sigh of relief from her lips as she relaxed into the worn fabric.

Never in her wildest dreams had such behavior been a reality before. Sure she was a red blooded woman, *Very much so it would seem, considering I apparently swing both ways.* But prior to this week she couldn't recall the date of the last time she'd had sex with a human being. Comparing that to massive orgies with countless partners, never mind the fact that none of it was protected.

Well that's that. First things first, call the doctor, get an STD screening... and a fucking pregnancy test, DAMNIT! How could you be so stupid! Jesus I blew off work for a week, what the hell happened to me? I hope they haven't fired me. Fuck, fuck, fuck! She railed at herself internally.

She realized one more thing, she needed to find her car. She fished her keys out of her purse on the way back out the door, having added sneakers that were now several sizes too big. *I'll make the appointment when I have a way to get to the appointment. What a fucking week.*