

# CHAPTER VI

## *“Metal Heart”*

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

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

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

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

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

*Well all that can really change from here out is my tits,* she thought as she looked over her dangerous curves. She grabbed her phone to take care of the first order of business.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Show me." He commanded playfully.

She concentrated for a second and moved her arms behind her head to be out of view and he watched as her epic hooters rose higher and higher on her chest until there

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"So how does glamour work?" he asked.

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

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

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

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

"Could we do a fitting?" Natalie asked.

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

The succubus smiled back at Matt who nodded as though impressed. He started

looking at various women's foundations.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"So what's the damage? Natalie asked.

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

"What's was the bust measurement?

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

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

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

"Right," Natalie said regaining composure.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I think I like them better without the bra.” Matt explained.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“You’re adjustable, adjust.”

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

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

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

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

He looked stupefied by her question for a long second.

"Matt?"

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

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

"But..." he started to protest.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Natalie made her triumphant return to the office on Thursday to a glamourous response of "welcome back," from her coworkers. Even she had to admit that she looked a little ridiculous in her fitted skirt and new for her, a dark gray double-breasted blazer. She decided not to glamour her personal assistant though and gauge her reaction.

"Good morning Cee," she greeted. Breezing by in high heels and at her new nearly six foot height, Natalie was a dominating six feet, four inches tall. "Any messages whilst I was out yesterday?" she asked.

Cecelia looked over the half dozen or so call and appointment slips she'd taken in her boss' absence and didn't look up immediately. "Three calls from environmental services about your trouble ticket for the Air Conditioning, a call from the "Limelight Lounge," about some bill for a company party that's past due," she started, and then looked up at her supervisor. "And-- Whoa!" she stopped mid sheet and just stared ahead at her cantilevered sweater meat.

"Step into my office." Natalie said quietly but with a hint of a knowing smile.

Natalie ushered in Cecelia and closed the door behind her. Once she was seated,

Natalie moved behind her desk and leaned against the wall. "I wanted to get your honest opinion on the changes I've experienced," she announced to Cee.

"I... why? I mean, how?" Cee was flabbergasted.

"Slow down, form coherent thoughts," Natalie responded with calmness.

"Okay," she said, breathing out. "How did you do that... this?" she said, motioning to Natalie's front.

"The same way you got the way you are now," she lied.

"Alright, why? I mean, I love this new body, but just in the last two days I've noticed that people don't take me as seriously as they might have before. I can only imagine that it will be harder for you now." Cecelia started. "I mean, you're... enormous!"

"To be fair, I was enormous before. Now I am something way beyond that," Natalie said, still smiling. "But it doesn't change the fact that I am still the same up here," she added tapping the side of her head. "As to why, well I love my breasts, and I love curves. I love the femininity that it implies. I am a modern day Venus of Willendorf with more curves. I don't think I need to comply with society's opinion of what beauty is. And my whole body feels amazing!" she explained.

"Well, if you were aiming to look like a fertility goddess you've certainly attained the ideal, or at least a form that will make a great many men and women desire you. There is no doubt that you are incredible looking," Cee said with just a little lust sneaking into her voice.

"So you think my new body is attractive?" Natalie asked for confirmation.

"Oh yes..." she paused and looked down, "I've never been with a woman before, but I've thought about it," she said with mild embarrassment at the revelation.

"There's nothing to be ashamed of in that." The taller woman said moving back around the desk and squatting down at Cecelia's side. She placed a perfectly manicured velvet soft hand atop the young woman's and smiled reassuringly.

Cee haltingly leaned into Natalie, her face scant inches from the larger woman's. Natalie could hear her breathing accelerate through parted lips even as the sweet bubble gum scent helped illustrate her desire. She could feel the heat radiating from Cee and see that her pupils were dilated with arousal. Her pulse was racing through the veins beneath Natalie's fingertips. It was clear that Cecelia's body was receptive, but just as plainly that in this facet of her life, she lacked initiative.

Her lips moved to the young secretaries and locked, matched up with hers in a kiss that had her juices flowing instantly. Now in addition to the sweet smell of bubblegum the larger woman could smell Cecelia's drenched snatch. The fingers laying gently on Cee's hand ran tenderly up her arm, and brushed along her neck to her cheek, where they held her head in the steamy kiss. Her free hand snaked between the seated woman's legs and probed at her soaked underwear. Cee's breath caught at the intrusion.

Natalie pulled back from the blissful lip smacking that she'd laid upon Cee and looked straight into her eyes with a *don't you look away* intensity, withdrew her slick fingers from the love drunk woman's panties and took them to her glossy crimson lips where she sucked them clean with reverence. "Mmmmm," she moaned onto her finger.

She shifted between Cee's legs while maintaining eye contact. "Now don't you move," she commanded as her head moved between the young woman's thighs. Her tongue licked at the sopping white silk panties, devouring the liquids that had been absorbed by the delicate material. *It's been a long time since I had a woman*, she thought relishing the different feel of the energy she was imbibing from her young protégé. Her hands moved to Cee's hips and pulled the underwear from her body only moments before her lips moved to her slick sweet slit.

The tip of her talented tongue darted into the folds of her neat lower lips to her tiny love button, and Cecelia's hands flew to the back of her head, as her teeth locked onto her lower lip to stifle a moan. The young woman felt a heat starting to radiate from her nether bits as Natalie's lingual muscle primed her clit with short light stabbing motions. *Let's make this better*, she thought.

With the next penetrating lick of her lithesome tongue, she flooded Cee's clit with energy, willing it to grow. The tiny bud swelled immediately, from smaller than a pea to that of a large Thompson grape sized bundle, packed with an unthinkable number of nerves. That newly enlarged ball of ecstasy now parted and protruded from her puffy labia, a blatant target for Natalie's continued oral ministrations. Cee swooned with a groan, her head lolling to the side.

With a more accessible clit, Natalie changed her approach to utilize another aspect of her unique sexually specialized anatomy. Moving her face until it was almost above her vulva she extended her lashing tongue down across Cee's nub and then curved it into the overwhelmed woman's honey pot. Deeper and deeper that prehensile oral appendage pushed into her box, until the secretary felt it pressing at her very deepest recesses. Then it started writhing inside her, even as Natalie started to pull it back out and then push it out in a thrusting motion. The expansive textural patch of her lingua rubbing across Cee's clitoris and plunging into her holy of holies inflamed the hugely increased number of nerves. In just a few strokes, Cecelia was cumming in wet squirts of girl goo, which Natalie in turn lapped up, her whimpering moans stifled by clenched teeth and an amazingly strong resolve to stay quiet.

The succubus moved away from the sexually wrecked young lady and stood up, wiping her lips on the back of her hand. "Now you've been with a woman," she declared with a broad smile.

"We do have some business to take care of," she announced as she tossed the silk panties back to their owner. "I will be out of town this weekend. If for some reason I don't get back here by Monday, I will call you if I can. If not, fill in."

"Oh... kay," she responded with a blissful sigh as she pulled her silk panties



back on, made a uncomfortable face, and pulled them back off, stuffing them into her pocket instead.

"Remember to use your resources. Ask for help if you run into trouble. It's your first week. I don't expect you to be able to run this office by yourself. But use any of my absences as an opportunity to make it known that you are my current choice for a second. If you assert yourself, you will have my job someday," she announced.

"But I am just learning!" Cecelia protested, shaking off the post orgasmic cobwebs.

"I didn't say tomorrow," Natalie said reassuringly. "Now get back to your desk, and get some new panties at lunch. I think Andre has been checking you out."

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The remainder of the work week went smoothly. At 4:08 AM Saturday morning Matt and Natalie debarked the American Airlines Boeing 757 at LaGuardia Airport and an hour later were in their hotel room. The intelligence data provided by the Holy See had given times and places for the envoy's various stops on Friday and Saturday, along with their planned departure in the morning Sunday. That meant Natalie had 18 hours to make her move. The prince in particular had a dinner to attend at La Bernardin. That was where she planned to take her shot at him.

Before that though, there were things that needed to be done. She was going to spend an enormous amount of money on a dress, custom fitted and made in one day, and she needed to visit a neutral party who might be able to tell her more about her recent lack of control. Since the dress maker wouldn't be open until nine, she decided to track down her contact first.

The two of them drove into Brooklyn and Natalie directed Matt to stop outside a 1970's looking high-rise apartment complex. He pulled them up to the curb and stopped their Camaro rental car.

"What's with this place?" he asked.

"This is the Jackie Robinson Apartments, and inside are some answers to the questions I have," she said pointing to the brick tower.

"What do I do?" he asked as she got out of the car.

"Be a tourist," she announced walking away.

"At 7:10 in the morning?" he said to himself as he drove off with a confused look on his face.

She walked inside the vestibule after watching him drive away. A brief look at the directory and she was off the unit labeled A. Bettancourt. She rapped on the door three times quickly and waited. Natalie could tell the occupant was home. Almost a full minute later she heard footsteps padding to the door.

It opened to a man of indeterminate age saying "Come in. I've been expecting

you since you flew in this morning.”

She looked at him with trepidation.

“I’m not going to hurt you. Just as I know you can’t hurt me. So come in. You’ve got questions and I don’t have all day,” he said reassuringly.

She followed him into the apartment, noting that the door closed magically behind her. The apartment was lavishly appointed with all manner of magical furniture and items. Indeed the whole dwelling had an arcane magic feel to it.

“Ask your questions.” He demanded sitting down in a regal looking overstuffed chair. He picked up a meerschaum pipe and put it to his lips while digging in an ornate box for matches.”

“I wasn’t expecting to be so openly received. I have been having issues controlling the energies I’ve pulled from people.” She explained.

“And you’ve come to me because...? My arts are arcane, not divine. Why didn’t you find one of those witches who live out there on the west coast?” he snapped. He lit the pipe and took several deep puffs.

“Because I am here now. And the last time I talked to Tamera we had a disagreement,” she said. “I’ve heard you are the best there is at what you do.”

“On this continent maybe. There are still several good magi in Europe, and all those eastern mystics in Asia. And there is some gifted young local talent in Seattle. Why must you drag me into this?” he dismissed her.

She answered him with a look of disappointment.

“Oh fine. Ask your questions,” he acquiesced taking a pull off his pipe.

“Over the past few weeks I have been maintaining relations with a man...” she started.

“How very monogamous of you,” he interrupted.

“Don’t interrupt. So, here is the issue. I’ve been seeing this guy and I’ve not intentionally been feeding off of him. Not pulling from him, you know?”

“I don’t know, but I think I understand,” he acknowledged.

“Good. Anyway, ever since we’ve been having sex,” she paused for a moment. “You don’t mind if I talk about my sex life right?”

“From your kind, I wouldn’t expect any less,” he said rolling his eyes.

“So when we have sex, he makes a lot of... stuff... I mean a lot. And it’s super potent,” she explained gesticulating at her whole body. “I was a HH cup last week.” She added. Natalie hoped she was pouring the ditsy bimbo on convincingly enough.

His eyes got wide at that comment. “Right... and those letters mean what to me? A better question, how big are you now?” he inquired.

“Custom big,” she explained after a brief pause.

The mage stood up and moved to a book shelf, selected a rather large tome and set it gently on a coffee table that looked like it might have been worth more than her Porsche. He leafed through several pages then stabbed the book with a finger, “I think

this might help you here.”

She moved as close to the table as she could get and still see over the shelf of her protruding breasts. Natalie read for a moment. “I know about my abilities,” she said exasperated a moment later.

“Have some patience and flip the page demon!” he said grumpily.

“The powers of creatures from heaven and hell can compound each other. Demons who feed from angels exhibit great power and unpredictable releases there of...” she read aloud. “So Matt is an angel? That can’t be right, I would be able to tell!” she scoffed.

“Not necessarily an angel, but had an angelic relative. There is divine blood in his line. Does he believe in the scriptures?” Bettancourt asked.

“Yes, he goes to church on Sundays and says he believes in Him,” she explained, pointing skyward.

“So he is a believer as well. Well that basically explains everything. Your power amplifies his and vice-versa. He probably doesn’t have much or I would have felt him with you, but it only takes the tiniest of amounts to start the feedback loop, and once it’s started, it builds rapidly to the peak of whomever has the least capacity. And since you are a true celestial being, on this plane your capacity is virtually limitless. As a mortal, his is not, but let me guess, you’ve been working to improve that too? Of course you have as you want to maximize his output for your benefit,” he said looking her over with a mild modicum of disgust.

His look of distaste flared the anger in her. “Listen mage, for I will only say this once. I came here seeking answers, not to be judged, we all do what we need too to survive. You did not summon me. There’s no pentagram and candles or any of that lesser demon shit that those idiot Satanists play with, so know that I am not bound to you in any way. And unbound as I am, I could destroy you with little more than a thought. In fact, you invited me in, so if you want to turn this visit into a dick measuring contest you can’t win, continue to judge me. I am sure the Vatican would love to see your head on a plate.” She hissed, letting her energy wash over him in a rare display of raw power.

Archimedes bristled at the underestimated and very real threat in his living room. She was already taller than he was, and while he was outwardly in excellent physical condition, and could very rapidly expand upon that strength through magic, all she would have to do is transfigure and she would destroy him. Even without magic, with her current energy levels as they were, her body was probably stronger than his. This was a fight he didn’t want. “Nathalia,” he started with a smile.

“I go by Natalie here, and don’t patronize me, I know what you think of my kind.”

“Natalie, I am truly sorry if I got carried away,” he backpedaled. “You came to me for answers. I feel I have given you that which you sought. Is there anything else I

can help you with?" he asked, suddenly contrite.

"How do I control it? How can I stop the feedback?" she asked.

"Stop seeing him. That would be the easiest way. Stay out of contact with his seed, that's for sure," he advised in a slightly annoyed tone. "I would think that would be an obvious solution. I assume that your stored energy state is indicated by your, ahm..." he pointed at her breasts.

"Tits? Cans? Ta-ta's Bosoms? Yes, it is indicated by my breasts primarily, but my whole body changes depending on how much energy I have stored up."

"Your whole body eh?" he said hurrying back to the bookcase and pulling another large, leather bound volume from the shelf. He flipped through it for several minutes before dropping it on the table. "This is interesting. It says here that with the exceptions of the four queens, Succubi only exhibit stored energy in one characteristic. Why do you show it in more?"

"I don't know," she lied.

He looked at her suspiciously. "You aren't telling me everything."

"It doesn't matter Archimedes," she responded. "It's better you don't know."

"Natalie, my fate is sealed. I was an atheist when I came to know magic, I know heaven will never take me as I had no faith when I came into knowledge," he explained.

"My existence is a special case. I didn't come to Hell by siding with Satan, but by siding with neither God nor Satan. God doesn't appreciate bystanders when He calls," she explained with exasperation.

"I imagine that makes you really popular in Satan's domain as well,"

"Oh yes, he *loves* me," she said, voice dripping with sarcasm.

"Do you have any other questions?"

"Only one. Where did you get all these books?" Natalie inquired.

"A good wizard is always in the company of knowledge, and is loath to reveal his source," he responded. "Now, since you've got no more questions, shall we move on to the matter of payment for my services? Or is this to be a charity case?"

"Of course I would prefer charity, but I can see that this isn't what you have in mind. So name your price, if it is within reason, I shall accept it," she answered.

"If you would follow me, I'll explain my requested payment," he said, motioning for her to follow him. She did and he took her to a bedroom with an ornately carved door. He made a quick motion with his hand and whispered something and the door clicked open and swung inward.

"This is my collection." He said as they walked in. The room was magical, through and through. It looked at least 100 feet long, which would have put it through the exterior wall of the building and across the street. All along the sides and middle of the room were mason jars filled to varying degrees with fine dust that glittered in the yellow candle light. The dust in the jars varied in tinting, but was almost universally golden in base color.

"How many samples do you have?" she asked looking about the room in awe.

"Thirteen hundred and eighty-two. There are some I can never hope to get of course." He said walking into the room.

Natalie could feel the static energy in the room. Fine webs of magical electricity radiated from many of the samples. At the far end of the room was a large bench, some kind of tube like apparatus with burners and stop cocks with a golden scale on it and an old fashioned Ball two quart mason jar filled with glowing golden powder that glittered brighter than almost all of the samples in the room. He led her to it.

"This is what I do. I compile magic, categorize it, and store it. I believe that I have the most extensive collection in the mortal world. And this, this is my pride and joy." He said patting the big mason jar on the lid. "This is the ultimate blend of magic. Celestial, Arcane, Natural, Eastern, and the Occult all combined into a neutral blend."

"A neutral blend. But that would mean that anyone could use it," she said looking at him and the jar.

"No, you would still have to have some ability to control it. And as soon as you do, it starts to take on the nature of wielder so it doesn't stay pure for long. What this does is act as a catalyst. If a human has natural magical abilities, this will bring it out in them. If a magic user were to acquire some, it would bolster their power instantly and immensely. And it's socio-consciously adaptive, so it will bend reality to the whims of the consciousness of the people around it, as long as one of those is a magic user. It's amazing stuff."

"It sounds dangerous," Natalie said.

"Only if the wrong people were to get a hold of it," he replied.

"And what would stop them. What would stop me?" she said, turning up her power again, and causing huge magical electric arcs from many of the jars in the room to lap at her exposed skin.

The wizard cringed at the electrical display she put on for several seconds, and the residual glow in her emerald eyes even after the power had stopped flowing. "I get your point!" he whimpered.

"You'd best improve your security," she said with menace. "A warrior or worse, soldier demon would run roughshod through this place, and when he was done devouring all of your collection, Heaven would need to send Gabriel himself down to stop them. I will not contribute to this," she announced turning to leave the room. Then a thought stopped her and she half turned back to him. "I will make you a deal. You give me some of that neutral essence, and I will give you a sample of my power."

He looked at the mason jar and at her. Then he reached into a drawer and pulled out a small black glass vile. Unscrewing the lid to the jar, he filled the vile to its capacity with the powder and put a rubber stopper over the top. Walking over to a candle hanging on a sconce he removed it and sealed over the stopper in wax. Then he got another mason jar, this one pint sized and handed it to her. "It doesn't have to be full."

She set the offered jar down on the desk and proceeded to unbutton her jacket and then her blouse, much to the shock of the wizard facing her. Natalie let the jacket and blouse slip from her arms to the floor leaving only the monstrous bra on her chest. She took in his discomfort and deftly unhooked the back of the brassier and let her jugs fall free of the garment. She picked up the jar and put the open mouth to her left breast and with a look of erotic bliss milk started flowing into the receptacle. "Mmmm," she moaned, licking her lips. The smell of cinnamon and honey flooded the room.

Archimedes eyes were locked on the spectacle before him, his nostrils filled with the mind numbing smell of Natalie's pheromones. His cock was at full hardness and his eyes were filled with lust for the creature before him. He wet his bottom lip with his tongue as she pulled the jar from her left nipple and over to her right. In just a few seconds she was done, and had tightened down the lid on the completely full glass vessel. She was fully dressed again and handing him the sample before he even knew what was happening.

He took the jar from Natalie and felt her hand move down along his body to his uncomfortable stiffy, and as she touched it, he came.

The succubus snatched the black glass vile and wedged it deep into her cleavage enticingly, then turned toward the door. "Don't worry Archy, I'll see myself out," she said over her shoulder with a saucy look. He was left holding a jar of milk and a spreading wet stain on his pajama bottoms.

\* \* \*

It had taken her six hours of being a human mannequin but her dress was done by half past three, and she and Matt were back at the hotel. He'd spent most of his day at the Museum of Natural History, and was wondering why she'd dragged him to New York when she called him into the bathroom. He came, pushed the unlatched door open and was shocked by the sight before him.

Her skin had darkened to a light coffee and cream color and her hair was straight and black as midnight, except for the gleaming shine from the high intensity lighting. But most surprising was her facial features. She looked, no, she was Asian. Vietnamese down to the red and gold Ao Dai she wore. Matt was pretty sure that no Ao Dai had ever been pushed to its limits like this one was. Her curves had the silk satin dress stressed to near its breaking point.

"How...?" Matt asked in shock.

"I can't change my mass, but I never said I couldn't look different. I am just a really tall Vietnamese woman now she said in her normal voice. "This is a simple trick for a Succubus," she announced. "We have to be able to fit into the desires of our mark," she explained further.

"Wow," was all Matt could say.

"You like me as little Vietnamese girl?" she said changing her voice to that of a sing song Vietnamese accent.

"It's just so different, and you aren't little. Why did you choose an Asian woman?" he asked.

"Well, I wanted to look exotic, and what's more exotic than a nearly six foot tall Asian woman with enormous boobs?" she explained.

"Okay," he replied. "That makes sense."

"And the fitting of the dress allows me to show off all my curves and maintain Islamic appropriate modesty," she added.

"That dress makes you look good enough to eat, but I don't think it's terribly modest," he declared lustily.

"Well, I was thinking of eating something," she announced with a sly smile.

"But I thought you didn't want to get any bigger? Aren't you worried about ruining the dress?"

Just the prospect of sex was starting to get him hard she could see. "I'm going to need to be able to grow tonight, just not at dinner. But after dinner, I'm gonna have to get him into a compromising position, and I think this is my out. So I'll need to be able to grow, and you're my key to that. So what do you say, do you have a protein shake with my name on it?" she asked with a naughty smile.

Matt was releasing the frogs that held the dress closed as fast as his pleasure craving fingers could, all the while pushing Natalie out of the bathroom and towards the bed. Her legs hit the edge of the mattress and the two of them fell onto it with Matt on top of her. Finally his fingers got the dress unfastened and splayed open. He hadn't expected the pants but he didn't care, as the bra and the breasts contained inside were right in front of him.

"I don't want to ruin this dress before I even wear it out," she said slowing him down. "Let me get it off and then you can have me."

Only a few seconds later she was naked before him on the bed, her tan skin seemed to glow in the afternoon light, her firm boobs mounded upon her chest. She spread her legs in invitation, and her perfect peach was laid before him. He wasted no time in stripping off his blue jeans and the boxer briefs he wore beneath them to unveil his throbbing pole. He was already near full hardness and he looked at her laying ready before him in lust filled wonder.

"Are you just gonna stand there, or are you going to nail me to the wall?" she said with a husky call,

He was between her thighs almost before she could blink and his iron hard manhood was poised at the softest of her flesh. He pressed the apple sized head of his cock forward and relished the sensation of her lips protesting against him, squeezing his tip before it was even fully inside her. The tactile pop of the glans pushing beyond the outer lips, and then the almost rhythmic pulling of her tunnel on his salami, pulling

him deeper into her.

"Ohhh," she moaned as the huge tube drove deeper into her. She could feel the girth of his cock increasing as more of it was crammed into her. She was nearing the thickest part of him, about a third of the way down his length. *Oh, I love the feeling of his cock!*

Matt started to piston into her now, driving like a machine, relishing the sensation of being squeezed into her tightness, the pulsation of her pussy around the nearly eighteen inches of pipe he was laying inside. He could feel himself pushing deeper with each successive stroke and soon he was pumping balls deep inside her, his heavy stones slapping noisily in counterpoint to his thrusts.

Natalie's moans became faster and she changed the pitch of her voice to more aptly match one associated with Asian porn starlets. *He's really reaming me out!* she thought blissfully. "Yeah, oh yeah! Fuck me! Mmmm, yeah! Oh! Oooh, Ngyeah! Ffffuck!" she wailed. "Pound me! Fuck my pussy with your huge cock!"

The dirty talk had an immediate effect on Matt, advancing his already fast timing. He could feel his mounting orgasm welling up inside him. He started thrusting longer strokes pulling almost all the way out and then ramming in as hard as he could. He successfully made eight of these power strokes before he passed the point of no return. Matt plunged balls deep into Natalie as he could feel the first scalding jet of spunk explode down the length of his rod.

Blast after mind melting blast of cum inundated Natalie's womb, and she could feel herself filling more with each successive heavy rope of Matt's seed. She was aware of his balls resting against her, contracting and expanding in syncopation with the surging assaults of the fire-hose buried inside her, and she welcomed every fountaining emission.

Soon though she could tell that she was filling up. Natalie pulled off him quickly, catching several additional discharges to her body before she slipped her lips over the end of his tool and drank his remaining sauce with vigor. Still his orgasm lasted long enough that her stomach was starting to feel full by the end. She licked him clean and patted him gently.

"That was just what I needed to make sure the prince's eye gets caught." She announced licking her lips. She'd been very careful not to spill a drop of his delectable product. Now she had to make sure that her growth would be slow enough that the dress would survive dinner.

"That was just what I needed too. You don't know how sexually frustrating it is to be hanging out with someone as sexy as you all day and not be able to touch you," he announced.

"I am sorry I've been frustrating you. It wasn't my intention," she said in apology.

"I know. I also don't like the fact that the prince is going to have you tonight," he



said looking sullen.

"Okay, hold up right there. We are not going to have this discussion right now," Natalie declared as abruptly as a record scratch. "This is what I do, I don't like it, you don't like it, but I am required to do it, and I am damned good at it."

"Yeah, but that doesn't mean I enjoy sharing you." He responded.

"I know you don't. But it's not about you. It's about me, my purpose, and what my bosses tell me to do. At least I'm following instructions from the good guys right?" she said.

"Do you like it? Being with other men?" he asked suddenly serious.

"Nothing compares to you Matt. Is that what you want to hear? Because it's true, but it doesn't mean I can just turn off the part of my being that likes to seduce men. I want to, but it's a constant battle. Just like I can't turn off the part of me that lusts for a man's seed. Make no bones about it. I am built to be a manipulative, power hungry, soul stealing, life devouring bitch. But I am also trying really, really hard to be a good human being. I think that I'm succeeding this time around, but it's hard. I do a pretty good job of giving something back to the good people, but that means that the bad people have to pay some times. Since I've met you, I've found an alternative. You make enough stuff that I don't need to do those things. I can almost live a normal life, and that is awesome, but those cravings are still there."

He looked at her dumbly. "Okay," was all he could say.

"I've fallen hard for you Matthew Wilcox, Really hard, and it goes against everything I am designed to do. I can't explain it. I mean, I shouldn't be saying I love you and meaning it to any one, let alone after barely two weeks. So understand this when I say it to you. I care about you, and I want to protect you and keep you safe and do all the things a lover should do, but you have to understand that my nature, and my job, as much as I hate my employer, requires me to spend at least some nights in the beds of men other than you." Natalie continued.

"You love me? Really?" he asked surprised.

"Yes Matt, I love you," she affirmed. "Now I need to get ready for dinner, I just won't be eating much at the restaurant," she added, patting her belly.

\* \* \*

Matt's infantry background served him well that evening, as he performed reconnaissance on the restaurant to allow Natalie to make her entrance for the greatest effect. That time came at 6:54 PM that night. She walked into the restaurant and the maître d's jaw literally dropped. In fact, the audio volume of the whole establishment went down several decibels for almost a minute. In her five-inch high heels she was just over six-feet four-inches tall, but she was pretty sure that wasn't what stopped the talking.

From the time she walked in, she was aware that most of the eyes were on her, the women either shooting daggers at her or feeling sorry for her, while the men were generally more receptive.

"Hello Madam," the maître d said. "Welcome to Le Bernardin. Do you have a reservation?" he asked. He was struggling mightily not to look at her cantilevered cans, and succeeding more than he failed.

"Yes," she started in a perfectly accented sing song voice. "Miss Cam."

"Your table is waiting, do you need to wait for the rest of your party?" he asked.

"No, they should arrive shortly," she announced.

"Very well, if you will follow me," he led her to the table she'd requested and conveniently directly through Prince Gassan Salah Hassan's line of sight. Her swollen bust-line in the dress had the desired effect of grabbing his full attention. Once seated she proceeded to appear bored and cast occasional glances at the Saudi.

True to his picture, he was thin but athletic with a short neat hair and a meticulously trimmed beard. Unlike the photos she'd seen in the intelligence dossiers, he was wearing a very expensive looking, presumably British tailored single breasted suit with an Arab-green pocket square. She saw that his hands had some severe scars on the top sides. About five minutes after sitting she made eye contact with him, and smiled demurely.

A waiter arrived a couple minutes later. "The gentleman at that table has instructed me to provide you with whatever you desire to drink until the rest of your party arrives," he announced directing her attention toward the prince with a pointed hand.

"A cosmopolitan please." She said to the waiter, while smiling graciously at the prince.

A couple minutes later, she dug her phone from her purse and proceeded to have a planned conversation with Matt that rapidly escalated to an almost shouting match in Vietnamese, and ended with her slamming her phone down and sitting dejected at her table.

Like clockwork the Saudi prince stood from his table and walked over to hers. He was tall, at over six feet, and the suit he was wearing moved very well on him in his brief steps to her side.

"Pardon me, but my associate and I couldn't help but notice that you are sitting here all alone. Could I persuade you to join us at our table?" he said, looking into her eyes the whole time.

"That's very nice of you," she said, standing before he could help her out of her seat. She secured her purse and followed him to the table, where he was quicker this time in pulling out the chair for her.

Unlike the prince, the UN Envoy was fat and could best be described as greasy looking. His hair was thinning on the top and while his suit was easily as expensive as

the Hassan's, it was wrinkled and looked like it had been tailored when he was considerably lighter. He looked her over, and made no bones about fixating on her bosom for longer than was appropriate.

"*She is a slutty one,*" he said in Arabic, confident that she couldn't understand him.

Still standing Prince Hassan made introductions. "This is Rashid Akbar, associate director of the Royal Bank of Saudi Arabia and Envoy to the United Nations," he said, indicating the man with his hand the right.

Rashid stood up and put forth his hand, which she took and shook, taking the opportunity to clearly look into his soul. He was a politician, which was obvious at the initial touch. He despised the monarchy, and thought that Prince Hassan was an embarrassment to the family. Mr. Akbar was progressive and believed in Allah just enough to use righteousness as an excuse to further his political and financial agendas. He was also a staunch traditionalist Sunni in his belief that a women's place was in the home, preferably under layers of cloth, while at the same time visualizing Natalie's expansive curves and the things he would do to her if he could get her to his hotel room.

"Good evening." He said with a fake smile.

"Director," she responded with a sweet smile of her own.

"And I am Prince Gassan Salah Hassan," the Prince said also extending his hand in greeting.

She took it to shake, and he immediately took it to his lips and kissed her hand, to which Rashid rolled his eyes as he sat back down.

The touch of Gassan's hand and then lips laid him open like a book before her. He was indeed the head of state security, and had she wanted to, she could have compromised the Saudi Government in so many ways with the knowledge she had access to at that moment it was indescribable. But that wasn't the information she was looking for. She wanted to confirm his kinks, his desires, and see about planting some seeds. He was indeed an extreme breast man, one who also loved expanding breasts, and... he was very well endowed himself. She looked around in that eternal instant of mind to mind contact and something was wrong. There were hastily patched together mental repairs and chunks of his mind that had been quickly pasted over. *He's been magically altered!*

She made herself blush as she stood there while he pulled away from her hand and stood across the table.

"I am Tien Cam," she announced, taking her seat. "Thank you for having me at your table, my date decided that tonight would be a good night to break up with me, by a phone call no less," she added.

"I cannot imagine breaking the heart of one so beautiful." Gassan declared with an understanding smile. Rashid rolled his eyes again.

Her drink arrived a moment later and the night got started after that. As the prince drank wine and she put away one mixed beverage after another, Rashid got more and more agitated, finally leaving the two of them alone after a brief but heated discourse with the Prince in angry Arabic.

"Don't mind Rashid, his tastes in beauty are too stifling. While I see you as a ravishing beauty, he would have other words to describe any woman who's not wearing a Hi'jab. To be honest he bores me," he explained after the disagreeable man finally left.

"He seemed like he didn't like me very much," she observed innocently.

"Rashid is just traditional. But enough of him, let's talk about you."

\* \* \*

In spite of drinking at least six strong mixed drinks and half a bottle of wine, Natalie's celestial constitution had her feeling fine as she supported the prince on the sidewalk as they waited for the limousine that would take them to his Hotel room. She dug in her small purse for the compact HD video camera that she would use to incriminate him. It was still there, and once they were in the limo, she would begin the process of setting up his public disgrace.

She saw the Cadillac round the corner and come to a smooth stop. The driver got out and opened the door for the two of them, taking a long lecherous look at Natalie. She smiled back at him knowingly and then followed the prince into the limo.

Once inside the car her lips were all over his, the car filling with her sweet cinnamon smell. His hands were kneading the sides of her massive breasts through the satin of her dress. The growth she'd experienced over dinner was starting to become noticeable in the tightness of the frogs that held the dress closed, stress lines pulling from the intricate piping.

She smelled a slightly feminine smell on him, one that was vaguely familiar but she couldn't place it. It smelled like honeysuckle...

She was snapped from her contemplation when his fingers finally undid the cloth fasteners keeping her dress closed, allowing the flap to fall open and revealing her now overtaxed bra. His fingers played on the super soft mamms, making deep indentations like one would see in risen dough. He was gentle but firm in his ministrations, and admittedly was revving her up. Her hand reached into her purse and retrieved the camera, turning it on and placing on record in a cup-holder before starting at his zipper.

Natalie's deft fingers wormed into the fly of Hassan's trousers and felt his swelling manhood running down his pant-leg. She moved along his length and was surprised by it. He was indeed very big... suspiciously so. She extricated the impressive prick from the cloth prison that contained it and began to lower the satin silk pants she

wore beneath the Ao Dai.

Quickly she had him aimed at her naked pussy and impaled herself upon him. "Oh you're a big one!" she moaned breathlessly. It wasn't an exaggeration. He was indeed big, and she began to pump him up and down in combination with her legs and oh so talented cunt. She was working him over for several minutes, and while he was hard, and willing, alcohol was keeping natural climax at bay. He was still lazily groping Natalie's boobs, which he'd finally released from her bra.

"Yeah baby, play with my tities!" she commanded, speeding up her motions on his dong. She focused on his resistance; he had great stamina, but she'd been giving him what he liked now for several minutes. Even as drunk as he was, he should have been cumming by now. She decided to give him a little mental nudge, and to her astonishment it didn't work. *What the fuck?*

He licked her nipple and then started sucking on it. She decided to reward him with a little chemical persuasion, and let down with a torrent of her sweet creamy milk. He was surprised but quickly got the hint and began drinking greedily. She could feel him becoming less lucid as her celestial energy started to flow into him. He sucked harder, pulling more milk from her gushing tit.

They weren't far from the hotel now. She needed to hurry. She pushed him again to come, this time putting a little magical force behind the command, and while she could feel progress this time, he still remained stoically anti-climactic. She resorted more conventional methods. "Come for me baby! I want to be your dirty girl," she begged in her little Vietnamese voice.

Again, the stirrings of orgasm, but again a lack of completion. *He's been glamourous, and hard. Someone is trying to keep him to their selves... why?* she thought. *Time to pull out the stops, you are gonna give me some years for this princy.*

Natalie sent a powerful blast of sexual energy blazing into the Prince. His pleasure centers exploded at the influx, as the brute force assault overwhelmed whatever magical barriers had been clumsily put in place. She felt his orgasm start like a switch had been flipped opening a spillway as a combination of his seed and life-force let loose. Cum flooded her pussy in waves. Not as effusive as Matt, but supernaturally enhanced to be sure. She made sure to keep him from burying his tool in her letting a great deal of his seed run out of her.

As his climax abated, she crushed his aversions and moved her sloppy snatch to his face. "Eat me baby!" she whined, knowing that this more than anything would be the disgrace that would destroy him.

As commanded he dove in hungrily, his lips and tongue greedily slurping at her clit, drinking in a cocktail of their intermingled juices. The work out on his enduring tool had already stoked the fires of her own arousal and combined with the influx of his energy and then his oral attentions had her near orgasm even as the limo slowed at its destination. The driver opened the door just as she climaxed in his face, squirting juices

all over the prince and landing a few errant droplets on the driver's shoes and pants. *Just to make sure he looks in.*

The driver did indeed look in to see the prince's face covered in a mix of both their ejaculate juices, his cock slick with slime, and her laying across the seat tits out and pussy still squirting all over his suit jacket and the back of the limousine. The Prince looked dazed, and the driver looked a combination of mortified and jealous. "Tien Cam" just looked blitzed out of her mind in the grips of an Earth shattering orgasm that went on and on. The driver shut the door.

A minute later the Prince and his Asian companion knocked on the door and the driver, mind still reeling, opened it for them. She smiled at the driver knowingly as she staggered out of the limo with Prince Hassan hanging off of her with a stupid grin on his face, his still hard dick tenting his pants. They shambled into the hotel acting completely blitzed (which the prince was) and to the elevator.

"Which room Highness?" she asked adding a "tee-hee," at the end in her sing song laughter. She helped him into the elevator.

"The penthouse of course," he said in slurred Arabic accented English. It was hard to understand him without her tactile connection. Even without the link, she could feel that he was done. There weren't going to be any encores tonight, at least not without some significant magical intervention. That was fine with her though. Her mission was already accomplished, the evidence of it secure in her purse, and she was being courteous and delivering him to his room.

As the elevator neared the top floor though, she started to feel something odd... a chill suddenly coursed through her bones. It was magic, dark celestial magic. Unshielded, raw, smoldering, it rolled over her, just as she knew that hers was to whatever creature was inside that penthouse. As the elevator slowed, she could smell it... honeysuckle.

The doors opened and that smell flooded the car. The penthouse was overflowing with pheromones. "You are either very brave, or very stupid," a Slavic accented contralto announced.

Natalie stepped off of the elevator with a wary elegance and lowered the prince to the floor. Moving forward unencumbered, she rounded the corner to see Milena Baran reclining on the couch. The picture she'd seen didn't do her justice. She'd obviously put on considerable weight since it had been taken. Or she'd been very busy, or both.

Regardless, breasts that had "only" each been bigger than her body were now far in excess of that. Each draped over her stomach, and spread off her body just above her exposed naked and sopping vagina. They pooled on the floor, each roughly the size of a twin bed mattress, box-spring and frame. They rested in a great pile of flesh, the skin stretched so thin that myriad webs of veins were plain upon their pale surface. There was no way that she could be mobile in her humanoid form, the skin would never

survive the friction of the floor. Her massive areola were buried somewhere under that bulk against the black marble floor.

Unlike Natalie though, who's body had become ever more hyper-sexualized with the addition of more and more vitae, Milena's had become ultra-muscular. Her figure, what Natalie could see of it beneath her outlandish breasts, looked like a something from a bad CG rendering. If it were possible for muscle to form upon muscles, Milena looked like it had happened to her in extremes. Her neck was so broad it seemed to meld into her shoulders, and as she'd gained breast bulk any body fat she'd once possessed would seem had been absorbed as well. Every striated muscle fiber stood out in stark relief beneath the ultra thin stressed skin. Her inhuman muscular bulk and definition undulated with each breath, and the vast network of cable like veins pulsated beneath her skin. "Nathalia, it's been so long," she said, dropping the Russian accent.

"Milena, you have me at a disadvantage. I don't remember you from Hell." Natalie said.

"No, you wouldn't. With what you were enduring with Malleus, I don't know why you would," she explained.

"So what now?" she asked on guard.

"You know there is a reward for your return to hell? Lucifer has decreed that the resident responsible for your return will have a five hundred year vacation on earth. Do you know what some of those soldier demons would do with 500 years on Earth?"

"What do you care? You're already here," Natalie stated.

"You are my get out of jail free card, I flip you to him, and he lets me stay here. This place is so much better than Hell."

"So, we're gonna have it out then? Right here in New York? There's a lot of really bad things that could happen." Natalie reminded her.

"Oh yes. Only one of us is leaving this hotel," she declared. "And it *will* be me. You seem to think that I can't handle you. You have a reputation you know. You're one who 'doesn't like confrontation'; one who'd rather run from a tough situation than get her hands dirty. I shouldn't have any problem dealing with the pathetic likes of you and keeping it quiet. See, I *like* to get dirty." Her amber brown eyes flashed red for an instant.

"One question... how?" Natalie asked looking over her form.

"It was easy. I simply thought bigger than all the conventional succubi. Sometimes being the misfit runt has its advantages," the blond explained as, incredibly, she stood up. "Prince Hassan isn't a very good Muslim. Not only does he like very large breasts, but he's got a serious bukake fetish."

*Oh fuck!* Natalie thought.

Instantly Milena was transforming. Then moving... Fast! She was massive in every meaning of the word, but it didn't slow her down, and Natalie barely had time to brace herself as a closed fist backhand caught her in the face. She flew off her feet and

into the smooth stone floor, sliding along it until she was stopped by one of the walls.

*Definitely not a soldier demon*, Natalie mused internally as she scrambled to her feet.

While not skilled in hand-to-hand combat, Milena was fast, and brutally strong, and she was upon Natalie again before she could fully rise steadily to her feet. She brought her hands together in a hammer fist swing, but underestimated her reach, sending her massive balled up hands through the wall Natalie was standing against even as the still untransformed demon dodged aside.

Natalie danced back and pulled the front face of her dress open. It only took a thought for her to digest all of the, until now slowly metabolizing sexual essence from the day's events. Immediately she felt her celestial energy levels peak higher, as her body surged with power. Her breasts, already rivaling the largest surgically enhanced examples, swelled instantly beyond that. *Show time!*

Her transfiguration was eye blink quick, and she went from nearly six feet tall to over nine, her body staying beautiful, but in a terrible way. Her flesh darkened from soft Southeast Asian cream-in-coffee to burnished bronze. She was hunched over beneath the eight foot ceilings, flames of celestial energy licking across her skin. While her breasts were still massive, they'd stayed roughly the same size as they were in her human form, and thus looked significantly smaller and more proportional.

Comparatively, her opponent was smaller in stature, at just under eight feet, but looked like a wall of muscle and breast tissue. Her arms were enormous and disproportionality long on her body, and her hands were even more so, with massive bony plates armoring her knuckles. The only part of her that wasn't huge was her waistline, which shrank to a miniscule measurement but was still ridiculously ripped and corded with muscle. She seemed to take no issue with dragging her corpulent bags of flesh across the floor behind her. In fact, the way she moved they didn't appear to slow her down at all. Her skin was black with green iridescence that gleamed in the lights of the hotel room.

"You want to go bitch? Let's roll!" Natalie called with a sneer.

The "Russian" didn't reply, instead moving in at blinding fast speed, and swinging a bulky fist in a haymaker aimed at somewhere between her neck and her jaw. Natalie ducked under the blow, but in doing so, moved into her opponent so closely that she couldn't counter attack effectively.

Milena's brawn allowed her to bring an off handed jab up under Natalie's ribs that sent the taller succubus reeling sideways. Now with the initiative, she swung another big hooking punch that connected on the side of Natalie's face, launching her into the thick tempered glass of the Hotel's top floor. Milena was on top of her even before she finished falling, using her imposing bulk to pin Natalie to the floor before she started raining pummeling blows down on her.

Natalie, arms pinned beneath shorter but much more massive woman's shins,



felt her face being pulped by the huge bony fists, bones giving way to the unceasing onslaught. She brought a knee up into her assailant's narrow back and it pushed Milena's top heavy frame far enough forward that she freed up one arm. With her free hand, she pulled Milena forward and down hard enough to free up her other hand.

"Get the fuck off me!" she said heaving her up enough to roll under her with lightning quickness. She felt her face knitting as she regained her feet. Milena took a moment longer, and that was the chance Natalie needed. Springing to her feet she drove her razor sharp taloned hand at the smaller woman's chest, only to have Milena deflect her attack into one of her colossal breasts. Those claws slashed deeply into the bulging soft flesh. To her shock, creamy goo flooded from the opening, goo that Natalie knew was the unprocessed seed of men. Many, many men.

She was so stunned at the hideous bounty that was gushing from Milena's breast that she didn't react to the elbow coming for her spine until it landed full force, crushing her to the floor hard enough to crack the stone tiles. "You're gonna die! Fuck sending you back to Hell, I am going to kill you and save Satan the trouble!"

Her massive left hand almost encircled Natalie's waist and started to squeeze around her even as she picked her up and started smashing her repeatedly into the floor with enough force that Natalie was sure she was going to go through it. The grip was vise like, and compressing her body until she felt the crunch of her various spinal processes along her lumbar vertebrae under the pressure. Then, after she'd lost count of the number of times she'd been used as a battering ram on the floor and could no longer feel anything below the searing pain in her back, Milena flung her at the window.

The glass shattered into thousands of pieces from the velocity and mass of Natalie hitting it, and she was free falling. Willing her wings into existence she took control of her decent, then climbed back up, before landing in a heap on useless legs on the building across the street. Finally there was an opportunity to heal and look over her opponent from a safe distance.

Milena was the strangest looking succubus Natalie had ever met. So much raw power, and such breasts, but none of the typical ultra-feminine characteristics that she was used to seeing in her kind. And her hands, rather than being long and lithe with razor pointed fingers, were big and blocky, like a warrior or soldier demon. It dawned on her then, *Half-breed!* She had the basic feminine characteristics, but lacked the womanly finish. Likewise, she had the raw power but lacked the innate combat skill of a soldier or even warrior. She was a cast off half-breed of some illicit tryst between a succubus and a member of the military caste. *No wonder she called herself a runt.*

Angry that Natalie was now sitting there studying her from a hundred feet away, she too brought forth her wings and jumped into the empty air that separated them. And it was then that Natalie saw her greatest limitation. She could barely fly. Her punctured breast continued to ooze its seminal cargo as she labored across the street's width.

Natalie took flight and quickly began to make a series of slashing attacks on her unmaneuverable foe. She had a new target too, one that would be easy. She quickly shredded Milena's remaining drooping and pendulous intact breast, allowing it to dump its many trapped gallons of cum to the street below.

\* \* \*

Grant and Whitney Brown were walking back from the watching the latest RomCom in the Cineplex when they noticed the throng of people across the street looking up. The crunch of broken glass on the street beneath their shoes gave them some idea what the lookie-loos were trying to discern. From where he was across the broad thoroughfare he could see the blown out penthouse window far above.

"Look! Did you see that green thing?" Whitney asked her husband and pointing skyward.

"What green thing?" Grant asked. Then he saw it too, something floating directly above them in the light of the buildings. Occasionally he could make out something else that seemed to be flying past it rapidly. They were too big to be birds. "What is that?"

The object suddenly started to get bigger, and too late Grant realized that it was something falling. He felt Whitney's hand release his as she tried to move out of the way of the huge amorphous grey-white blob. It was too little too late.

"Oh shi--!" Grant started to say before being cut off by the huge mass of cum falling from the sky.

The impact of gallons of viscous fluid flattened Grant and his wife to the pavement, and coated them completely in partially celestially digested jizm.

"What the fuck is this shit?" he said as the two of them started to push themselves up off the sidewalk as fast as they could.

The resulting puddle of goo was huge, easily splattering as far as a hundred feet from the impact point, though the actual pool of spunk was only contiguous for about thirty feet in any direction around the couple, who seemed to be at ground zero of impact. There was not a dry stitch of clothing on either of the two.

"It stinks like..." she got nauseous and after collapsing to her knees again began retching in place as she realized exactly what it smelled and looked like.

\* \* \*

Milena, now realizing that she was completely outclassed in the air desperately sought a safe place to land, even as Natalie started to tear at her extremities. Soon she couldn't climb for the many ragged holes in her wings her much more aerally savvy opponent was ripping in them, and she realized that she would have to hope she could make it back to the penthouse.

The hulking demoness swung ineffectually at her troublesome antagonist, trying to buy her body time to heal so she could just make it back to solid ground where she had the advantage. It was only thirty feet, twenty, ten... touchdown! She bellowed triumphantly as her feet touched down on the floor of the building, a glass-rattling ear splitting mix of wail and rumble that was wholly not from this earth.

Natalie saw her last chance at that moment. Streaking in, she felt her claws lance into the thick flesh of Milena's back snapping through her reinforced spine and rib cage, and slicing into the tissue of her lungs and the flesh surrounding her heart. With a series of swift twists and slashing hand motions, she cut the oversized pulsating organ free and in a jerk, wrenched it from the back of the hybrid's ribcage.

Black blood belched forth and then continued to ooze from the hole in her back, even as it shot forcefully from the still violently spasming demon heart in her hands. The floor hissed as the fulminating fluid landed and foamed on the black marble tile.

Milena spun awkwardly on her heel, a look of shock on her face. Her eyes were wide in horror at seeing her heart still beating in Natalie's hands. She tried to speak, but with no heart, the now irreparable damage to her lungs wouldn't let the air move through her throat. She flailed her arms uselessly in a vain attempt to do something, anything in the closing moments of her consciousness but there was no coordination in her movements. She collapsed to her knees, and then landed face first on the floor with a heavy, wet smacking thud. Her body convulsed twice and then stopped.