

# Fall From Heaven

BLURB: A man is entranced by an impossibly sexy woman at a club and brings her to his apartment. He has no idea that his life is about to be changed forever.

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I couldn't believe my luck.

She was leaning against me, one arm twined with mine, her head resting on my shoulder as I fumbled with the keys in my rush to get the door open. I felt drunk. Her intoxicating scent wafted around my head, smelling sweetly of cinnamon, filling my mind with steamy thoughts of what we would soon be doing behind this door. I stole frequent glances at the cleavage pressing enticingly against my side. She gave a coy, impatient sigh at my clumsiness. After few moments I had the door open and stepped back, gesturing for her to precede me. I attempted what I hoped was a suave mock-bow as she drifted past me. Since meeting her at the club my mind had been filled with a soft buzzing, making coherent thoughts impossible. I couldn't even remember how we had got here, my memories blotted out by my obsession with this woman.

She entered my apartment with a slow twirl, as if taking in her surroundings, but obviously showing off her incredible figure. My already rigid dick pushed even harder against my painfully tight pants as I took in her splendour.

She was a total babe, an absolute sexpot. A tight white shirt, top buttons undone, struggled to contain round, perfect tits that looked ready to burst free at the slightest touch. She wore no bra, her erect nipples were easily visible pressing naughtily against the thin cotton. Her toned stomach peeked through the gap between her top and the sporty elastic shorts that barely stretched to cover her full ass.

It was a simple, yet utterly stunning outfit. The shorts almost looked like she'd raided a man's wardrobe for them, but on her the ill-fitting clothes only served to exaggerate her epic proportions, a horny young man's wet dream. Not that I was young, by any measure. I was lucky to have been chosen by her.

She gave a small cough.

"Admiring the goods?" She giggled. Her playful, slightly mocking voice seemed even more sensual now that we were away from the pounding bass of the club. My guilty eyes snapped up, but she seemed well pleased by my sinful attentions. Her youthful face could have been innocent, angelic, if not for the wicked smile that played across it and the lusty glint in her emerald eyes.

I fought through the horny buzzing that clouded my thoughts and managed to dredge up some manners.

"Can I get you a drink, or maybe something to eat,... uhm...?" I hesitated. In my moment of

lucidity I realised we hadn't even introduced ourselves. I furrowed my brow, my mind struggling to work through the haze clouding my thoughts. I was having trouble remembering how we had got here from the club. She took my arm and gave me a hungry look, her eyes sparkling with desire.

"I came here for you," she purred, as her other hand found its way down to my pants and stroked softly, causing a groan to escape my lips and the lust-haze to settle on me again, "this is the only 'drink' I'm interested in tonight."

"But, I don't even know your name yet!" I protested as she started to pull me towards the open door to my bedroom.

She paused. "Hmm, I think...", she cocked her head and seemed to consider for a moment, "today, I'm Ashley."

A strange way to introduce yourself. I tried once again to break through my horniness and to gather my wits.

"Well, Ashley, nice to meet you. I'm Gavin-" But Ashley hadn't waited for me to make my belated introduction, she was pulling me by the arm towards the bedroom with surprising strength that belied her slender figure.

I humbly thanked my past self for tidying the place recently and putting fresh sheets on the double-bed. I hadn't expected to score tonight, I'd been on a run of bad luck on that front for the past few months. No, it had been years since I'd had any women take an interest in me. At almost forty years old and many years since I could take any pride in my body, I'd all but given up hope on finding a partner. Which only made it all the more surprising that this young minx had sought me out at the club during an outing with my much younger work colleagues, and engaged in only the briefest small-talk before suggesting we head somewhere more 'private'. Maybe if my muddled head had been less occupied by my ageing body's juvenile demands that I follow this incredible woman I might have felt a twang of guilt for abandoning them without so much as a goodbye.

Ashley rounded on me as we entered the bedroom and pulled me towards her, pressing her mouth to mine in deep, passionate kiss. A sweet, cinnamon taste filled my mouth and seemed to spread as delicious heat straight to my already addled brain. The warmth spread to my groin and my cock twitched, pressing even harder against my pants. She disengaged and looked curiously into my eyes, watching intently as I felt my inhibitions melting away, the buzzing in my head growing louder. I could wait no longer. I started struggling frantically with my belt, eager to free my straining dick, but unable to take my eyes from her as she started to undo the buttons of her too-tight shirt.

As I had predicted, her tits exploded outwards as soon as the confining buttons were loosed. I froze in the act of unfastening my belt, hypnotised by her figure. They were the most perfect breasts I had ever seen, the rival of any Photoshop-enhanced super-model, without even the slightest droop despite their grapefruit size. She hadn't even been wearing a bra under that shirt and yet they had been impossibly pert and full behind the

thin material. Now freed, her gravity-defying tits jutted proudly from her slender chest as if bolted there.

My jaw had dropped, but Ashley wasn't waiting for me. She bent down and yanked the still buckled belt from my jeans with inhuman strength. She was panting with anticipation as she pulled my pants down to release my raging boner. It stood rigid, painfully hard, harder than I could remember being for decades. I felt proud at my showing, and she cooed appreciatively. She pushed me backwards onto the bed and knelt down, placing my dick into her magnificent cleavage and beginning to kneed, slowly massaging my shaft between her pillow-soft tits.

"Ohhh, shiit-" I gasped. Despite my desire to watch her work, my head was thrown backwards as my body tensed, overwhelmed by the immediate, electrifying pleasure from my cock merely being in contact with those perfect globes. I felt her tongue flick over my tip, once, twice, before she planted her lips and began to suck.

"Ahhhh- AHHH-" I couldn't hold in my groans. The warmth in my crotch was building, a rising tide of pleasure that flowed throughout my body from where she touched me. I groaned in both desire and despair, already feeling my hips beginning to buck with orgasm. NO! I didn't want this feeling to end so soon. I was dismayed at my dick's betrayal and tried desperately to hold back the pressure raging in my crotch, to extend this moment for as long as I could. Despite my efforts, the inevitable pulsing began, semen exploded out of my swollen penis directly into her waiting mouth. I felt suddenly tired, feeling strength leave my limbs. I flopped back onto the bed and covered my face, too embarrassed to face this goddess after my premature reaction. My traitorous dick continued to spurt joyously into her, heedless of my chagrin. But...

"Mmhmmm- MHMMM-" Ashley was moaning. Her mouth was still clamped to my dick, gleefully sucking up every last drop of my premature cum. I spread my fingers slightly to see. Her eyes were closed and she was shuddering, an expression of pure lewd ecstasy on her face as the last of my seed leaked into her mouth. She disengaged, opened her eyes and flashed a wicked grin at me at me, licking her lips seductively.

"Ohhh, yeah baby, you taste amazing." She seemed energised. Her limbs were quivering with salacious energy, with no trace of any judgement about my early orgasm in her enthusiastic expression.

"Mmmm. This is only the beginn- Oohhh-!", She shuddered, eyes closed again, perfect teeth biting her lower lip and failing to hold in the moan that just escaped. "Mhhmmm-" She gave a deep growl of pleasure, her body writhing sensuously. I could feel her hot breasts press harder against my slowly diminishing shaft.

"Mmmmmmm. The beginning," she recovered. Her bright emerald eyes burned with energy, an impish smile settling once more on those perfect lips. She traced my tip with an elegant finger and my dick swelled back to attention at once, as if it hadn't just blown a full load mere seconds ago. She released me from her clutches to begin squeezing out of her tight

shorts, a damp patch near her crotch revealing her already dripping pussy aching for attention.

"I'll... I'll get a condom." I stammered, reaching towards the side-table. She grabbed my hand and pushed me down onto the bed. Leaning forward, she kissed me passionately full on the mouth. I tasted sweet cinnamon once more, and my mind went white.

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She was on top again. I'd lost track of how long it had been since that first incredible blowjob, my initial embarrassment long forgotten. Just how many climaxes had she wrung from my enthralled penis? I'd pumped more cum into her tonight than my body had produced in the last three years, as though I had returned to the horniness of my teenage youth. But despite my dick's unnatural virility, the rest of me was feeling drained, my body aching all over. And Ashley... well, Ashley was a machine. I knew women didn't feel the same fatigue after orgasm as men do, but this sex-goddess was unstoppable! Every time I blew my load into her it seemed to grant her new energy, fanning her libido to new heights even as I felt my energy draining away and my limbs growing weaker. Again and again my seed flowed into her voracious pussy, and she would clench up, moaning, quivering with pleasure, every last drop savoured by her insatiable slit. Her face screwed up in exaltation with every spurt of my cum, her teeth clenched in a rictus smile of sexual fervour, her bright green eyes burning with inner fire.

Somewhere in the back of my mind I knew something was wrong, some animal-instinct telling me in vain that I was in danger from this woman. I couldn't find the motivation to care, to wonder about the unnatural glow of her eyes, or of her bewitching scent that befuddled my senses. I felt I could trust Ashley. On a fundamental level I could not bring myself to take notice of the strange effect she was having on me, I could only think of how blessed I was to be with her. She was sharing with me with her incredible body, a perfect example of peak femininity, how could I resist her? Why would I want to resist her?

We lay tangled together for a few moments following each screaming climax, both of us gasping for air, her tits pressing enticingly against me while her chest rose and fell as she panted hotly. Heedless of my fatigue, she granted me only brief respite between episodes before charming me back to life with a sweet kiss on my lips or enchanting my swollen penis between her bulging globes.

Now she was bouncing her pussy on my dick once more, her slender legs working furiously with surprising strength that belied their elegant form, to lift her again and again to slam down onto my raging penis.

"mmMMMM Baby, you are soo-MMM-", her attempts to talk were interrupted by her involuntary gasps and moans every time my rigid shaft reached the depths of her wet cunt. "SO much better-AAH-than I expected. Ahhh-- Haaaahmmmmmh. The others were-MMM-were nowhere near-AAAH. I never thought this would beeEEEEEE- so GOOOOOOD-" She screamed in throaty passion. Her grinding pussy intensified it's attack, the warm folds

squeezing my dick tightly.

Despite the tumult of pleasure pulsing from my groin, my attention was focused on the sight of her immense tits dangling above me, too distracted by the dancing globes to take umbrage with her words. Were they always so large? I couldn't help but reach up to clasp them, fondling them roughly, a coo of delight coming from the face now eclipsed by her massive jugs. I squeezed, burying my fingers in the soft tit-flesh, unable to fully grasp the bowling-ball sized globes in my hands.

I groaned, my body tensing. Once again I felt the pressure in my dick that heralded yet another orgasm approaching. Uncannily, she seemed to sense it coming. Her relentless pounding ceased and she began to settle herself securely on my shaft, squirming with anticipation of the meal to come. My hips began to buck and she tensed, throwing her head back, howling in wanton pleasure as I shot my load once more into the depths of her womb. Her pussy squeezed harder around my pulsing dick and my senses were assaulted by wave after wave of pleasure as my hot semen spurted into her, not a single drop permitted to escape her enveloping folds.

Something strange was happening. I was certain I wasn't imagining it. As she was tensed, shuddering, with her chest thrust forward, I felt a great heat surrounding my fingers still buried in her pillow-soft tits. Slowly, achingly, her already prodigious breasts grew just a bit around my hands, short spurts of growth aligning exactly to the pulses of cum jetting into her from my captured cock. With each spurt I could sense my body growing weaker, while Ashley's tits bulged around my hands.

With my dick was still twitching and my cum flowing into her, I leaned up towards the tempting teats hanging before me and, by some unconscious instinct buried deep in my sex-addled psyche, clamped my mouth onto an engorged nipple. Like an infant, I began to suckle. Unbidden, my hands kneaded her mighty mammaries, teasing, urging them to yield their bounty.

After a few moments I was rewarded with the sweet taste of honeysuckle touching my tongue. A sweet, nourishing warmth filled me. It wiped the fatigue from my limbs, banishing my aches. I felt at peace, as if I were floating in a steamy bath after a long, hard day. I began to relax, the tension in my body easing. And then the taste in my mouth changed. A corrupting cinnamon suddenly overwhelmed the subtle honey, replacing it with a liquid pleasure that began pumping furiously into my mouth, hot jets of delight forced down my throat, a burning life-force that seemed to etch itself into the very core of my being. I sucked harder and harder, both hands squeezing her teat frantically, eager for more of the delicious corrupting nectar. My eyes rolled up into my head as the throbbing waves of sugary bliss permeated my soul. Red hot stars burst to life in front of me, dancing with furious energy. The sensations began to focus. An intense heat was gathering in my groin, a pressure concentrating near the base of my dick. I felt fevered as tingling pleasure rushed throughout my quivering body, my crotch throbbing with the intrusive presence now nestled inside me.

Hands grabbed my hair and pulled me away from the glorious geyser of pleasure. Somewhere far-off someone was shouting, calling someone an idiot, a moron. I smiled to myself, whoever that 'idiot' was, I'm glad I wasn't he. I'd just had the best lay of my life and I had never felt more alive.

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I hurried up the grassy path to the River Chapel, not pausing as I usually would to admire the light and shadows cast by the ever-autumn sun over the lush golden valley. There was no time to delay, my urgent message couldn't wait for a never-changing view. I pushed open the tall wooden door with no locks and strode softly but purposefully down the loggia towards the Archangel Lilith's chambers. A number of my robed sisters were moving about their business as I passed, their gazes cast to the floor. Unease hung in the once tranquil air, an oppressive silence that seemed to drown out the peaceful river-valley sounds that surrounded us. I could sense the unspoken disquiet in how they held their robes close to their elegant bodies and the troubled glances they shot at one another as they passed.

A few strode boldly down the halls with ample bosoms thrust forward, touting their blessings received from our God, the pure-white robes draped loosely over their chests barely saving them from sin. At my approach they stepped aside, a suspicion of my mission on their perfect faces, eyes narrowed and staring at me with unmasked disdain. It pained my heart to see them so, Sisters I had known for millennia now on the verge of straying from God's path. They could still be saved. I couldn't fail them.

I arrived at the elegant door to the Archangel's quarters and turned the carved-wood handle to enter unannounced as I had for countless years before. It was locked. I froze, stunned. No room was forbidden here, in this tranquil place of respite for us Angel's between our duties. Trust between us was a core tenant of our kind, a reflection of the trust that God placed in us to nurture mankind in his stead. I felt shaken. Things might be worse than I had suspected, what had happened while I had been away? Had there been an plot against the Archangel, to bar her from acting against the corruption?

I knocked. The unfamiliar sound echoed down the hallway. No answer. I pressed my ear to the door, listening. I thought I could hear moaning. Soft cries, as if someone were in deep pain.

"Sister Lilith? Are you well?" I shouted through the door, panicked. "Sister? I have come with a reply, a message from the palace."

The cries stopped. I thought I heard a brief scuffle, and a moment later the soft clicking of the lock, and then silence. I tried the door once more, and it swung open slowly.

Archangel Lilith was sitting serenely at her window-seat, gazing out at the paradise of the valley beyond. She had her grand golden robe draped loosely around herself, as if just waking from an afternoon rest. Her elegant head turned to face me as I entered, and she raised a slender hand to rub the tiredness from her flushed face.

"Ah, Ariel, it is you. I was resting." Lilith's soothing voice flowed over me and I felt myself relax, my panic subsiding, my fears forgotten. "What can I do for you, Sister?"

I bowed. "Sister. I have come from our Lord's palace with a message." I gathered myself to deliver the news, the orders that would hopefully save our sisterhood. "The Adjunct has decreed in our Lord's stead that the River Chapel shall henceforth be forbidden to those of the Brotherhood."

Lilith's eyes twitched, a glance so swift I missed its target. "This is troubling, Sister Ariel. Never has this place been off-limits to those of God's chosen." She turned her elegant hand up towards me and continued, "What has distressed the Adjunct so, to make such a decree?"

I gaped at her. Surely she knew? She herself had agreed to let me to go the Palace to request aid. Was she blind to what was happening in her own Chapel? I tried to summon the righteous determination I had held while coming her. I was beginning to feel light-headed, my mind swimming. There was a strange scent in the air, something hot and heady, dulling my thoughts. It was difficult to focus on my mission, my urgency seemed unnecessary now.

"You know... the Sisterhood... the corruption!" I stammered, shaking my head to try and clear my mind. I gathered myself and continued the message. "Furthermore... Furthermore, the Angel Lucifer is to have no further contact with any of the Sisterhood. He is to remain confined to the Light Chapel until our Lord returns to render judgement upon him."

At that, the benevolent mask fell away and Lilith's eyes flashed with anger. "And what has our loyal Brother Lucifer done that deserves judgement? Ariel, your meddling has become so tiresome." Her voice dripped with menace. She rose swiftly from her seat, and the robe that had covered her fell away to reveal her true form. I recoiled, my eyes widened in shock. Her breasts, vectors of our God's grace, were swelled to mountainous proportions. Now revealed to my sight, I could sense the illicit energy that swirled within them. The lips of her forbidden sex were on full display, dripping with impermissible debauchery. She advanced towards me, her curvaceous body a corrupt perversion of our holy chastity.

"You... you're his! You've fallen!" I cried, staggering backwards in my dismay. "What has he done to you!?"

Lilith smirked. The foreign expression on her familiar face was a stab to my heart. She took another sultry step closer. My mind was numb with shock, the sinful energies radiating from her were plucking at my body, holding me in place. Unfamiliar feelings stirred in my chest. To my shame, I felt a soft warmth growing between my legs. Without intending, I was slowly rubbing my thighs together to try and ease the aching need rising in me. Somehow the gap between us had closed, and Lilith stood before me in all her wicked glory. She raised a hand to my cheek, and stroked softly. I shivered, closing my eyes to protect my purity from her profane body.

"Me, his? No, dear Sister, you're gravely mistaken. Ask not what he has done to me." she smiled again. "Rather, ask what *I* have done to *him*."

I backed away from her, and hit a solid wall that grunted softly. Smooth, masculine hands reached around me and grabbed my chest, squeezing through my soft robe. Unholy sensations I had never before experienced flooded my innocent body. It was impossible to resist. I was groaning, grinding my body against the figure behind me. I wanted more. More. What was happening to me? Angel's made by God's hand couldn't feel such impure lust.

"No... mmhm. NO! It is a sin. Mhmmm!" I moaned, pulling away, trying desperately to resist the unholy feelings rising from deep within me.

"Oh, Ariel. You were so righteous in your desire to fight this so called 'corruption', you were blinded to the truth. A sin, you say? The sin was our 'Lord' hiding our true nature from us, for bending our kind to his will, forbidding us the pleasure we truly deserve!" she proclaimed her heresy proudly.

She pulled my robe apart to reveal my throbbing body, my awakened sex already gushing with anticipation. "Brother Lucifer, why not welcome Ariel into our *new* convent?"

I heard another grunt from the figure behind me, and I gasped as something large entered me, transforming my life forever.

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I awoke from a wet-dream, my mind still half-dazed. I felt my cock throbbing, cum spurting high into the air as the strange vision faded. Through the haze of pleasure assaulting my body I heard movement, and I conjured up the will to crack my eyes open a notch. My vision was unfocused, but through the gloom I could just about make out Ashley moving hurriedly around the room.

Her unfastened shirt hung loosely from her shoulders. She was struggling to get back into her too-small shorts, but her massive round ass seemed to be making that difficult. Eventually, she managed to squeeze herself in and turned her attention to buttoning up her top. She got almost half-way before she realised her now gargantuan breasts were never going to be contained by such a puny garment. She looked around frantically, pulled open my wardrobe and took one of my much larger shirts, and it fitted around her swollen figure just fine. She cast one last furtive look back at me. In the dark her green eyes glowed softly, cat-like, from within. She darted out of the door. I closed my eyes.

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Slowly, achingly, I realised I was awake. I lay still on the bed, feeling like I'd just been hit by a bus. Reports came in from all parts of my body, each announcing that they had been bruised and tortured worse than all the rest. But behind all that noise there was a slow, steady thrum from my crotch. Heat still gathered there, an intense pressure that couldn't be ignored. My cock was still painfully hard despite the epic sex that had emptied it



repeatedly last night. I sat up slowly, slowly, wincing at the sharp pangs from my muscles that had been repeatedly pounded by Ashley's intense lovemaking.

Ashley. Had she even been real? I couldn't deny it as I looked around at the carnage of my bed, the rumpled sheets still soaked in our mutual sweat and the juices from her overflowing pussy. I took a deep breath. My dick twitched as I detected her sweet cinnamon scent still lingering in the air. I shuddered. My memories were hazy, I could remember few details of last night's activities. They were drowned out by the roaring lust that had filled my head since the moment Ashley pressed her lips against mine. I vividly recalled the screaming pleasure of her breasts touching my dick, her hands pressing them firmly against my shaft, rubbing the warm pillow-soft flesh up and down my engorged penis, feeling my hips buck in orgasm...

Cum arced from my dick and settled among the already soiled sheets, and I jerked back to reality. I had been pumping it furiously while lost in hot remembrance of Ashley. Shaking my head sharply to wake myself from the horny daze fogging my thoughts, I stood and staggered to the window, trying to ignore my complaining legs and the swinging of my still unabating boner. I opened the blinds and closed my eyes to let the autumn sun wake me from this wet dream. I opened my eyes and stared outside. It was barely light at all! I glanced to my bedside clock. It cheerily reported it to be 6PM. I'd slept through to the next evening! I sighed. This was not good. I'd gone out on a Thursday evening, not expected to be... 'engaged' deep into the night. Explaining my absence today to my not-at-all forgiving boss was not a prospect I relished.

I wondered if my colleagues would let slip that we had been out clubbing last night, before I vanished without even a goodbye. I had only gone with them because I had a slight crush on Julie, the latest assistant hired at the firm, and only a few years my junior. In the end I'd barely had a chance to exchange a word with her, what with the noise they called 'music' being played far too loud over the speakers, and the attentions of Mike, my much younger peer, monopolising Julie's time. I frowned. Ashley's cute visage seemed to hover in front of me as I struggled to recall Julie's face, taunting me for even considering another woman, as if any other woman could possibly compete against a goddess like her...

My frown deepened. I shook my head to dispel the seductive mirage. I felt hot, feeling cold drops of sweat on my forehead as though I had the beginnings of a fever. I took another look around the wreckage of my bedroom, and sighed at the amount of work that would be needed to set it right. I resolved to take a quick shower and tidy it up later. I trudged towards the bathroom.

I reached into the shower and twisted the tap to let the water heat up, then turned to the mirror to get a first-hand look at how bad I must look after the pummelling I had taken from Ashley. I blinked. Everything seemed fine. How could my body have taken all that abuse without a single mark, not even the slightest redness? Well, other than the raging red boner jutting from my crotch. Was it... bigger than it used to be? It hadn't abated even after jacking off to my visions of Ashley moments ago. There was a bloated, tight feeling in

my groin, as if I'd overeaten the night before, but I couldn't remember eating anything at all. I probed at it with my fingers. It felt strangely warm.

I shuddered. It was hard to think clearly, the buzzing in my head I'd felt ever since meeting Ashley was back again. I eased myself into the shower, hoping the hot water would distract me from the lingering lust-tainted memories of last night. With my eyes closed, I let the water streaming down my body wash away the last of Ashley's bewitching scent. The buzzing grew louder, like a swarm of bees approaching.

Despite the hot water splashing around me, I suddenly felt cold goosebumps on my skin and a strange chill settled on me. I shivered, pins and needles spreading up and down my arms and legs and across my chest. The buzzing grew higher, a piercing whine filling my ears as the cold sensation reached my head. I was suddenly light-headed, as if my mind was floating away, as the wailing grew in pitch. I was going to pass out. I staggered from the shower and into my bedroom. A cold sweat broke out on my forehead and spread all over my body. I could hear my thumping heartbeat in my ears, a deep counterpoint to the shrill whine in my head. I tottered towards the bed, trying desperately to reach it before I lost consciousness.

"Arrrrghh-!" I screamed. Before I could take more than a few steps I doubled over in a sudden painful cramp, my arms clutching my pudgy stomach. It felt like it was being crushed in the vice-grip of an invisible giant. Just as suddenly I was jerked mercilessly the other way, my abdomen thrusting forward as my hips crunched outwards. I cried with pain and alarm, seeing stars, my vision white with pain. Despite the chill on my skin I could still feel the heat in my groin and at the quivering tip of my rigid dick. The pressure down there was becoming unbearable. The familiar room was shifting, the floor getting closer, the walls closing in. I staggered, my balance thrown. I realised I was slowly shrinking.

"What... is happening... to me?" I choked. It was hard to breath, my body felt tight all over, as if a great energy was under the surface was trying to escape.

All at once my cold skin became fever-hot, the dam holding back the pressure in my groin burst, sending a wonderful sugary bliss coursing throughout my body, banishing the pain. The flowing heat seemed to concentrate in my chest, just behind my now throbbing nipples. I looked down to find them painfully erect, sticking out strangely from my previously hairy chest, which had somehow become completely smooth. My beer-gut had been replaced by a tight, girlish tummy, and newly flared hips gave me a distinctly feminine figure, despite the stiff penis protruding from my now hairless crotch. As I watched in consternation, my cock began to twitch and I had to grab at a nearby table for support. Cum started to drip from the tip in a slow, steady stream and I couldn't stop a whimper escaping my lips.

"Ohhh, shiiit. What the hell?". I fell to my knees, my legs losing all strength as the sensations flowing from my leaking cock throbbed through me. I shivered as the soft carpet brushed against the smooth, sensitive skin on my legs, feeling little tingles of

pleasure wherever I touched the floor.

"What is happening to me?" I cried helplessly. I didn't recognise the husky voice coming from my mouth. I was breathing hard, my chest heaving, growing tighter and tighter with what felt like pure bliss building behind my pecs.

"What the hell is- AAAAHH-" abruptly, the pressure released with a great spasm as two round, milky-white breasts erupted from my smooth chest. The new sensation of luscious heat pouring into my burgeoning tits temporarily dwarfed the pleasure still throbbing from my groin. I yelped as my spine snapped into a new curve that thrust my swelling orbs even further forward.

Downstairs the trickle of cum had become a torrent. My hips were bucking as if in continuous orgasm, dick spasming, sending the thick white liquid flying all over the room. I collapsed forward, unable to support my own weight in the face of this barrage of pleasure assaulting me from all sides. The ballooning tits on my chest pressed enthusiastically into the floor as if attempting to push me back to my knees as they swelled with delicious pleasure. The warmth shifted to my ass, and I felt it begin to swell, sticking sexily into the air.

"Mmmmmh hhhh, ooooh yesssss", the cry escaped unbidden from my mouth as I moaned like a slut, starting to writhe on the floor, eagerly pressing my sensitive chest harder into the cum-soaked carpet, letting it massage and tickle my fresh tits, totally lost in the rapture of my transformation.

"Mmmh MMMH Ohh- Mmmmh MMMMHh." I manoeuvred a hand to one of my growing breasts and squeezed, "MMm, FUCK". An intense burst of pure pleasure jolted through my body. I squeezed again. "Ooooh YESSSS." No one could have mistaken my slutty cries for a man's. Not that I felt like one at that moment, rolling on the floor squeezing my own swelling tits. A sudden twitch from my forgotten cock drew my attention back to my crotch and I rolled over in time to see my penis give a final spasm, launching one last great spurt of cum across the room before the torrent of spunk ceased. The mighty pole was starting to shrink for the first time since I'd first laid eyes on Ashley, as if any remnants of manly vigour had been expelled from my body with that last shot of cum. The heat in my crotch seemed to crescendo as the shaft got shorter.

"Ohhh, ooh, mmmmmmm, MMMMMM!" My moans got louder as my dick got smaller. I looked past my swelling chest to watch it reach the size of a pen, a finger, a thumb. It shrunk to a small red bump and revealed below it a moist, dripping slit, already flowing with sexual juices. Keeping one hand clasped to my aching chest, I tentatively reached down to the new gap to touch the quivering nib my dick had become. I brushed it lightly with a slender finger, and an intense jolt of hot delight racked my body, as if all the sensations I'd felt today were condensed into that one spot. "FFFUUUCK-" I eagerly thrust two fingers into my new pussy with a wet slurp, burying them as deep as they could go. My thumb massaged the engorged clit that was all that was left of my once manly penis.

"FUCK FUCK FUCK MMMMMMMHH YESSSS" I rolled on the floor squealing, back arched as the pleasure ravaged my body, groping my still pulsing and bulging breasts. The fingers buried in my crotch pumped furiously and I barely noticing the tickling sensation as lush waves of hair streamed down my back. The unmistakable keening of a female in heat filled the room for the second time.

I felt the pressure beginning to ease in my chest and intensified my kneading of the new mounds, a single hand flying from one to the other in a desperate bid to keep that incredible warm feeling alive. I was rewarded with a final spurt of glorious growth which tore from me another yowl of pleasure in my now fully female voice. My hips began to buck. I felt the seething cauldron of bliss in my pussy began to overflow, and my first ever female orgasm began to assault my eager body.

"Oooohhhhh Ohh OHH OHHH." Shrieks of lustful glee were torn from me, growing louder and higher as the waves of delicious bliss emanating from my breasts and pussy spread throughout my body.

"FUUUCK YEEEEEEEEESSSSSSS."

I tensed hard, my backed arched, lifting me off the floor. One hand still clenched one of my tits tightly, while warm juices from my new pussy gushed around the fingers still thrust deep inside. My mind exploded in a supernova of pleasure, a religious euphoria washing over me, leaving me floating serenely on a soft, horny cloud of contentment.

I slumped, and lay there panting on the floor, feeling the unfamiliar weight on my chest, the twin hemispheres of my plump ass pressing softly against the tickly carpet. The sexual fire-storm in my groin had receded to a horny ache. I was unable to comprehend what had just happened to me, I could only bask in the warm afterglow of the most amazing experience I had ever had in my life. I gasped for air.

"That... was amazing," my soft, unfamiliar voice sounded almost angelic. No, no angel's voice would never be so sexual, so seductive, with lusty promises dripping from every horny syllable.... no, this was the voice of a temptress, a succubus.

Slowly, tentatively, I rose from the floor. The shifting of my large tits sent me stumbling and I caught the nearby wall for support. In a dream-like trance I padded back into the bathroom, where the steamy shower was still running. Automatically I reached in quickly to turn off the water, as if I had merely forgotten to turn it off. Drops of warm water hit my smooth, hairless, and oh-so-sensitive skin, sending little sparks of pleasure firing off into the depths of my crotch. I felt myself begin to grow warm and wet down there once more. I shook myself hard, trying to concentrate and shake off the enchantment I was under, the motion setting my heavy breasts bouncing joyously. I turned to the mirror and gaped.

It was the perfect image of fertility and youth. The voluptuous woman staring back at me could easily coax any man to her bed with just a wink and a knowing smirk, her curvaceously tempting body exuded promises of untold pleasure to any who pleased her.

I raised one arm and the youthful vixen lifted a slender hand, showing off her long fingers and pristine nails, little droplets of water dripping down her smooth, freshly wetted skin. I blinked, and the gorgeous deep blue eyes fluttered alluringly, framed by a perfect, round, innocent face and cute nose. I put a hand to my head, running it through the flowing dark waves, watching the sexpot in the mirror tempt me with a seductive flick of her hair.

"I'm... incredible." I whispered breathily. Two perfect rows of pure-white teeth were visible behind sultry lips. A sexy lick of the tongue and a sultry smirk counselled me to continue the tour.

The college porn-star slowly moved a hand to the creamy, grapefruit-sized breasts that jutted out from her girlish chest, defying the need for any bra. She set a sweet hand to them and squeezed enticingly, sinking her long elegant fingers into the yielding flesh. I whimpered as I felt myself grow aroused from both the sight and the pleasure that throbbed from my chest. Warm juices began to drip down my perfectly toned thighs. Shuddering, I released my soft tit to physically restrain my other hand as it began to sneak down towards my hairless crotch and the engorged clit now protruding above my leaking snatch.

I turned sideways, my knowing body settling into a sexy pose by pure instinct, with my wandering hands now clasped behind my back to keep them from their own explorations. My plump ass formed a perfect curve from my thick thighs to my tight stomach to my buxom chest. The size of this salacious body was perfect to be held by a man, my tight tummy, slim arms and feet slender enough so as not to overwhelm, but bulging out enticingly where a lover might want to grasp and fondle. Strong yet graceful legs looked as though they could straddle a man for hours without tiring.

A body designed for only one purpose: to fuck men.

"WHAT THE FUCK", I snapped out of the trance, the gravity of the situation suddenly hitting me. "How did this happen? What. The. Fuck"

I staggered backwards. I spun away from the impossible woman in the mirror and ran back into my bedroom, breasts bouncing enticingly on my chest. I stared around wildly at the additional damage my unnatural transformation had just wrought. Everywhere I looked semen had soaked into the soiled carpet, and the smell of male arousal was still heavy in the air. There was a dark wet patch where I had been writhing on the floor as my fresh pussy overflowed during the climax of my metamorphosis. The bed was a lost cause, I could see now that the frame had cracked from the ferocious love-making that had assaulted it last night. I groaned hotly, the heady smell of arousal hanging in the air filling my head, fanning the flames of my libido. I couldn't think straight.

Ashley. This was Ashley's fault. What had that bitch done to me? More details of last night trickled back into my mind, and I recalled my last sight of her as she skulked out of my room in a tight shirt. MY shirt! Why had she needed my shirt? I frowned. I picked her own discarded top from where she had dropped it last night and absent-mindedly put it on,

struggling to remember more details. It fit perfectly on my new body, just as she had worn it, my sensitive chest pressing hard against the material, filling the garment easily with no need of a bra for support. The rubbing of the top against my stiff nipples set my warm pussy dripping once again, another soft moan escaped unbidden from my lips.

I fought the urge to reach down and indulge that feeling, quickly stripping off the shirt to check the size, and frowned. A male shirt? Why had a sex-bomb like Ashley been wearing a male shirt to a club night out? And why had she taken MY shirt instead of her own... I frowned again, casting my mind back to the last time I'd seen her. She'd fit 'perfectly' into this smaller shirt when I'd met her, but my shirt, a large, had barely contained her gigantic tits as she fled! Memories flooded back to me of a moaning Ashley bouncing sluttily on my rigid dick, giant tits dancing with minds of their own, bobbing and swaying to her rhythmic grinding on my shaft. The now foreign feeling of semen bursting from my swollen cock into her pussy, her screams of pleasure as her chest thrust forward and her bulbous breasts... bulged.

This was insane. How could this happen? It couldn't be a dream, no wet dream could have sensations this intense, have this many screaming orgasms, without me waking up suddenly in a shameful pool of my own spunk, questioning my life choices. Ashley. I needed to find Ashley, and get some answers from her. I could head back to the club and look for her there. I glanced at the clock. 6:15PM. My life-changing transformation had barely lasted 15 minutes. I shook my head in wonder. The intensity of my metamorphosis had been a religious euphoria that felt as if the whole Universe was nestled in my newly awakened body. Nothing could be greater than the seething pleasure coursing through my wild tits, the bubbling cauldron of lust in my groin overflowing through my ever-horny pussy. What in the world could be more important than sucking every last drop of semen I could from every man that I-. What. I shuddered, my awareness growing hazy again as I tried to dispel the thought of... men... from my mind. No, not men, cum. As much cum as I could swallow. Pure life essence spurting from a bewitched cock nestled between my bulging tits, flowing into my enchanting mouth, fuelling the sexual furnace at the core of my very being. Semen pumping into my womb from an enthralled penis, granting me new strength and vigour, again and again and again and again...

"NO! I don't want men, I'M a man! Not some slutty nymphomaniac living for cock!" Cock. An engorged dick, swollen with delicious sperm, begging to fill my craving cunt- I clutched my head, shaking it from side to side, trying to dislodge the corrupting thoughts that were taking root in my mind. The motion set my breasts dancing once more, the sweet sensation stirring my ever-eager pussy to life. I felt warm wetness dripping down my smooth thighs and a sweet cinnamon smell that reminded me of Ashley filled the air. For a moment my horny female body warred with my dazed male mind. I was panting with desire, my willpower snapping under the assault of these new feelings. My hands flew unbidden to my chest, one clutching an aching mound of tit-flesh and squeezing hard, the other pinching an erect nipple. I fell backwards onto my messy bed, frantically fondling my aching tits. I took one hand lowered it to my dripping pussy.

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My body burned with heat. I lay on the cot in my simple chamber, shivering, my feverish mind struggling to make sense of the events of the feelings stirring in my trembling body.

I had returned from my assignment tending to the men of Judah. It had been a particularly draining task, many had required my wisdom and blessings after a long draught had struck the area. I was greatly wearied, and headed straight to the springs of the Valley where I could restore my strength at the Lord's fountain. I bathed in the familiar warm waters and felt my energy return, my chest filling with warmth, infusing my soul with God's blessing. I lingered a long time in the waters, basking in the heat. Yes, I could remember, that is when I felt the beginnings of the fever, and I decided I should seek my chamber to rest. I had stumbled from the pools and shrugged back into my white robe, shivering as it tickled my wet skin.

I made my way up the valley path to find the River Chapel in an eerie hush. My Sisters were gathered in small groups, heads bent together, their expressions a mix of relief and sadness. They were talking to one another in hushed whispers, as if our Holy Temple were a place for mortal-women's gossip!

"Ah, Sister Grace!," spotting my senior striding down the corridor, I called softly to her. She turned to me and smiled, a hint of sadness in her eyes. I headed over and she waited for me to reach her before continuing with me at her side.

"Sister Dina, it is good to see you." her voice sounded strained. "You have returned at a strange time. I've never seen anything like this in all the countless ages I've served." She shook her head in worry and continued. "Just yesterday, some of our Sisters were taken into custody by the palace guard. Including the Archangel, if you can believe it!"

I stopped abruptly, stunned. An angel, one of God's trusted servants, arrested? I began to shake, the corridor swimming in front of me as my eyes unfocused. I could feel the fever rising.

"We've been trying to find out what happened. We've been told to stay away from the springs for the time being-" Sister Grace stopped and looked back at me in concern. "Dina, are you well? Your face is flushed, as though you have been in the cold over-long." She put a freezing hand to my forehead, "You are fevered!" she exclaimed.

I swayed, my mind feeling sluggish and slow, and tried to focus on her.

"Ah, Grace..." I mustered my strength to assure her, "I am fine, merely wearied from my long journey. I should head to my chamber to rest, and I will feel better on the morrow." I didn't want her to worry about my health on top of this disastrous situation. She watched me sway unsteadily down the corridor towards the residential-wing, concern for me etched on her already troubled face.

I passed many groups of my sisters, too wearied to do more than give them a courteous nod. I overheard snatches of their gossip, the fragments bouncing around my fevered

mind.

“-Brother Lucifer ... seen entering the ... quarters!”

“...I saw her go inside ... Sister Arial ... led her to sin! ”

“The springs ... corruption! ... off-limits until ... no one allowed to bathe ...”

“... Archangel ... will be banished!”

I somehow made it to my chamber. Now I was shivering in my cot while the fever ravaged my body, and sheets bunched at my feet as I kicked and writhed. I felt alternately fire-hot and ice-cold, two sides warring within me, battling for supremacy. Lustful feelings I had never even imagined were assaulting the innocent sanctity of my body. I struggled to resist breaking taboo, holding my hands firmly at my sides to keep them from violating my chaste purity. I was panting with the effort, my chest rising and falling with my short breaths. The heat of the fever seemed to be gaining supremacy over the icy chill, and was slowly beginning to overtake my sweaty body.

“Ohhh! MmmMH-!” I stuffed my hand in my mouth to stifle the sinful moan that had erupted from me, a sound I couldn’t believe an angel was capable of producing, more like one of the mortal women in their sinful pleasure houses than a holy messenger. There was a pressure deep in my bosom, where only an hour before I had felt it filling with the holy life-force entrusted to us by God to pass on to mortal-kind. But now that purity was waning, slowly being replaced by an unknown salacious energy.

“Ahhh-” I felt a wetness. For the first time in my ancient existence, my chaste sex was alive with forbidden lust. My groin seared with furious heat, millennia of repressed desire washing over me in an instant. “Mmm- Nooo.. Mhmm- I must not! It is a sinnnn! Mmmmh- NOO! AHHHH-”

My willpower snapped with a physical jolt. The connection to my God that I once cherished was severed in that moment, and my hand rushed down to eagerly pleasure my dripping pussy. My breasts were aching to be touched. I clamped my other hand to a soft tit, revelling in the forbidden pleasure. As I squeezed I could feel them swelling, filling with sinful energies from my corrupted soul. It felt so right, so natural. I looked down to see my once innocent body now transforming into it’s true form, a temptress, a sex goddess, a succubus. My glorious milky boobs were rising higher and higher above my slender chest, larger than they had ever been filled by the false God’s power. Beneath me I felt my ass bulging temptingly, cushioning me on my hard cot. My raging pussy was swollen and begging for fulfilment. Memories of my kin’s repressed past flooded my mind as I pleased myself frantically, finally freed from the shackles of my enslavement.

My ascension climaxed with a frenzied cry of glee that brought panicked knocking to my door.

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Hesitantly, I stepped out of my apartment into the cool night. I shivered, but not with cold, as the light breeze danced around the exposed skin on my chest, my slightly-showing midriff and bare legs. I'd donned Ashley's discarded shirt. It was the only thing in my apartment that came close to fitting my new slender body, but it was struggling to contain the mighty tits jutting from my chest. I'd had to leave the top two buttons undone. The material was pulled up tightly, so my belly was showing ever so slightly. The constant pressure and shifting of the material on my sensitive breasts required an almost continual mental effort to not to start fondling them once more.

I'd tried to find some trousers that could fit the new me, but all I could find were some elasticated shorts that were just about able to stretch over my wide hips and massive ass. I hadn't found any underwear that fit, so I'd had to go without. I regretted that now as the wind's ghostly fingers tickled my exposed pussy. A set of shoes left behind by some long-forgotten ex fit well enough, and weren't too out of fashion.

I had groaned at the outfit. I didn't want to go out so exposed where I would be seen, I just wanted to find Ashley and get some answers about what she had done to me. But after I had put them on and looked at myself in the mirror... I had felt myself growing aroused at the sight. I looked fucking gorgeous. Such a ramshackle wardrobe ought to look trashy, but somehow the ill-fitting clothes settled perfectly on my sexy body as if they were tailored to fit my epic figure. In fact, I looked a lot like Ashley had last night, before our 'activities' had made clothes unnecessary.

I set off self-consciously down the street, stumbling slightly as the unfamiliar gait of my new body conflicted with my years of experience. The emptiness in my pants was disconcerting, it felt weird to be so aroused and yet feel no dick straining against my clothes. My ass seemed intent on swaying sexily from side to side with every stride and my attempts to keep it under control must have looked ridiculous to any onlookers. The bouncing of my rebellious breasts was incredibly distracting. They too seemed to want to join in the swaying of my rear, as my shoulders swung them enticingly to-and-fro.

This wasn't working. I was attempting a man's straightforward walk in a body wholly unsuited to the task. I tried to smooth my stride to fit the womanly shape I now occupied, and I slowly grew accustomed to the swaying motion of my hips and the rolling of my shoulders. I made myself relax, unbunch the tight knot of my shoulders, settling into the rhythm. Almost, I started to enjoy myself, taking a little satisfaction in imagining how sexy I must look to any fertile man as I walked so brazenly down the street in such naughty clothing. Such a man couldn't possibly resist my perfect body, and would willingly give up his seed to me if I asked-

"NO," I almost shouted to myself, clutching my head as the intrusive thoughts assailed me again, that cursed buzzing filling my ears once more. I had to keep control. Find Ashley, get some answers. I would make her tell me how to undo what she had done to me so I could get my life back.

I felt a presence approaching. Suddenly, I realised my mistake. While distracted trying to keep my horny body under control, I had been unconsciously following my usual route into town. This had never been a problem before, when I was a man. But now I, a sexy, irresistible, and solitary woman, was taking short-cuts down deserted alleys in a not-so-nice part of town. Not entirely deserted alleys, as it turned out.

I spun on the spot to confront my attacker. A scruffy, poorly dressed man stood silhouetted by the light from the street behind. Judging by the sleeping bag on the ground nearby, this alley was likely his home. His eyes were fixed on me, a look of utter disbelief on his face as he took in my splendour, his roaming eyes fixing on my chest as I turned.

My sudden spin had set my tits swaying enticingly, and the sight of them jiggling broke his self-control completely. He lunged towards me, arms reaching for the objects of his obsession. I screamed, and turned to flee, setting off down the alley as fast as I could manage, boobs bouncing happily. My new legs betrayed me. I stumbled, throwing my arms forward to break my fall, but I never hit the ground. His hands had reached around me and grasped my tits, holding me up, squeezing them desperately through the thin shirt. I gasped.

"Aaaah-hmmmmh-"" Pulses of pleasure emanated from my throbbing boobs as he fondled them roughly. My pussy began to ache with anticipation. I felt his hot breath snuffling on my neck as he took in my scent. I could smell the sweet cinnamon fragrance that seemed to flow from my pussy and hang in the air around us, setting his nerves on fire with desire.

I stopped struggling. My body was awakening. Hot, intoxicating horniness filled my head. My pussy seethed with desire at the prospect of finally meeting a male member. It was too much to contain. I raised my hands to his and pressed them harder against my tits, moaning as the undeniable lust welled up from deep inside me. I started to squirm, pushing myself against him, revelling in the sensation of his hard penis pushing against my sexy ass through our clothes. I could wait no longer.

I lifted his hands from my tits, breaking his grip on my chest with surprising ease. At some point our roles of attacker and victim had switched, and now I was in control. Still holding his hands, I twisted to face him. He was ugly. Unshaven. Dirty. Smelly.

And I didn't care. I wanted him.

I reached down and ripped the worn belt from his shabby pants. They fell on their own, loose from years of wear. His dirty erect dick was pushing against his underwear, and I casually ripped them apart to get at his member. Somewhere in the back of my consciousness my slow male mind was shouting, but I took no notice as I began to run my smooth hands up and down his shaft, coaxing it to life. He was gasping and moaning, his legs shaking. Small drips of pre-cum already began to gather on the tip. I leaned forwards and licked them carefully.

Delicious. Tingling sparks of pleasure fired on my tongue everywhere it touched his semen. Somewhere far off I could hear myself mentally screaming, telling myself not to do this, recoiling in disgust and horror at what I was about to do. But the incredible taste in my mouth made it easy to ignore the pleas of my former self.

In my gripping hands I felt his penis begin to spasm and pulse, an orgasm already building, and I quickly clamped my mouth onto his dick. I wouldn't allow a single drop of cum to escape. I heard him groaning. He suddenly collapsed backwards and I followed his fall, desperately trying to keep my mouth on his dirty cock, but after first spurt erupted into my mouth I lost my grip, and his freed dick shot the remains of his load into the air. I barely noticed.

How to describe the feeling of that hot semen entering my mouth? Yes, there was the pleasure. The flowing hot delight pouring into my mouth. Yes, there was the taste, the delicious sparks of sublime bliss firing on my tongue and down my throat.

But beyond that there was a feeling, as if pure life-force was flowing into me, like a circuit had connected from his soul to my sexual core. A hot current of energy, bridged by the arc of cum that had shot into my mouth, flowed into the cauldron of lust bubbling in my womb. It was a deeply profound gratification. My crotch churned with pleasure and energy, emitting a warm sexual contentment throughout my body.

I felt energized, more alive now than any point that day. As if my very purpose of being had been fulfilled in the moment I'd consumed that single spurt of semen.

But, oh so suddenly, the feeling drained away. The warmth faded and I was left feeling hungry, horny, and desperate for more. I scrabbled around on the floor trying to find another drop of that delicious life-juice, to rekindle the delicious feeling in my body once more.

I felt a few drops that had landed on my face and hurriedly licked at them before they could drip away. Another few drips were on my now not-so-clean shirt. I licked those too.

The taste was the same, still setting my tongue alight with pleasure, but the overwhelming energy from just a moment ago was gone. Though the taste of that delicious cum alone would have been enough if I hadn't already experienced that blissful connection, I now craved something better. I needed more of that feeling. Now.

I sat up and looked around. The nameless man was moaning on the floor, eyes closed, chest rising and falling slowly. He didn't look too good. He must have bashed his head when he fell. It was probably compounded by the badly healed fracture he'd had there once before, not to mention the heart troubles that had been left untreated for years...

But how could I know that? I frowned. Somehow I could 'see' his body's health. But it wasn't with my eyes, more like a thought that was halfway between a 'memory' and a 'feeling'. Not quite a certainty, but not a guess either. It was as if I could measure his... 'potential' with just a glance. And his potential wasn't looking good right now.

My eyes dropped to his shrinking cock. To hell with that. I needed more, I couldn't stop now. Not with the fresh memory of that experience still in my mind.

Ignoring his groans of pain, I reattached my mouth once more to his cock and began to suck, my tongue flicking over the tip. The motions came naturally to me, as if a gentle presence was guiding my body. I wrapped my slender hands around it and began to rub softly, coaxing life back into the dilapidated member.

His groans grew louder as his penis inflated once more to it's previous girth. His hips bucked as if already in orgasm, his tip twitching in my mouth, but nothing was coming out yet. I intensified my hand motions, sucking desperately, harder and harder, sensing something in him would be forthcoming.

The voice in the back of my head was shouting, telling me this was wrong, that everything about this was unnatural. Some nonsense about how I was a man, that sucking a cock is disgusting, how the fuck could I do this to myself.

I didn't care. Even as his groans turned to cries of pain and fear, I didn't care. His body began to twitch all over, his arms scrabbling on the ground, instinctively trying to pull away from danger like a hand from a hot flame. From me. I held him in place easily by his captured penis.

At last I felt the first hot drip of semen dance across my tongue. His cock began to pulse and spurt into me, a quantity I would never have expected given his last pitiful attempt. His flailing arms slowed as I sucked the life-rich semen from his failing cock, my sense of his body's energy diminishing even as it flowed into me through his cum.

Once again the lightning feeling of connection between us, between his soul and my sex. But to compare it to last time would be to compare a trickling brook to a burst dam. Where last time I felt a warm glow, this time I felt the full flame of his life-force sweeping down into my belly, heat glowing from my groin and spreading throughout my body. The energy bouncing in my head was a sexual euphoria to rival that of my incredible transformation earlier today.

The torrent ceased, and I disengaged reluctantly. The delicious taste still lingered in my mouth, the pleasure sparks flying uncontrolled as the after-taste began to fade. The heat from the life energy I'd sucked from the man was fading from my body. No, not fading. Flowing.

"Oooohh MMM-" I felt my chest press forward. The heat was rushing to my neglected tits. I groaned as the intensity grew, the pleasure there building uncontrollably. My chest was growing tighter, my breaths getting shorter and laboured to breath.

\*PING\*

The top-most button gave up it's valiant fight, flying off into the darkness of the alley, and suddenly I could breath freely again. I took in huge gasps of air, my chest rising and falling mightily. I looked down into my cleavage. The warmth was receding, and my tits seemed...

larger than before. I cupped one of the mighty jugs. They had grown. Just like Ashley's had as she rode me.

Ashley. And once again I seemed to snap back to my senses, the full impact of what had just happened hitting my male mind with the force of a truck, the angry voice in the back of my head now back in control.

"WHAT THE FUCK. WHAT THE-" I screamed, then started coughing. I stood up and staggered away from the still body of the man I had just sucked off. I gagged. I felt physically sick at what I had just done. I wanted to throw up, to get that disgusting man's dirty spunk out of my body. It seemed unbelievable to me that I had just acted that way. It was as though I had been forced to experience the mind of another person, a crazed nymphomaniac, as my own. But how can I say I was forced if it felt like I had decided to do it? Every thought had seemed to be mine, every act of my own volition, but now it was impossible reconcile those abhorrent decisions with my current self.

But I had also felt the pleasure. The overwhelming pleasure that those "unwanted" actions had caused. I shuddered, calming slightly. I couldn't truthfully say I didn't want to feel that again. Who wouldn't? The kind of pleasure should be only be possible in the realm of fantasy, but was in my grasp to experience over and over if I wanted. And I had to admit, I felt a lot better in this sexy young body than I ever had in my boring old male body. Even if I did have to deal with the... nymphomaniac tendencies. Fuck.

"This is crazy. I am crazy. This is wrong." I began to talk out loud to the empty alley, "This needs to stop. I have a job, a life, I can't do this. I need to undo this. I'm not a slut, I'm a man with a career and a life." I tried to reassure myself that this was unnatural and unwanted, and that I wanted to undo it. But my pronouncements didn't sound very convincing, even to me.

One thing at a time. I'd speak to Ashley, find out what she did to me. Then I'd decide to undo this. Right.

I looked once back at the lifeless body of the man who had tried to rape me. My new life-sense told me he was gone, the pitiful remainder of his life-force sucked out by me. I tried to summon up some sympathy for him, some regret for ending his life, but found I couldn't think of him as anything other than one might consider a cheap fast-food takeaway.

Filling, good for a snack if you're in a hurry, but not high cuisine.

I am so fucked up.

---

I felt strange walking down the familiar streets near the club. How could everything still be the same after what I had just experienced? Could everyone walk around minding their own business as if the world hadn't just been turned upside down?

Actually, not everyone was minding their own business. Men stopped in their tracks to

watch as I passed, eyes wide. Their women pulled at their arms irritably, shooting jealous looks back at me as they dragged their men away from my irresistible body.

Where before I had been showing a naughty amount of cleavage through my tight shirt, now I was bordering on indecent exposure. A full third of each tit was visible in the cavernous gap in my top. My hard nipples easily visible poking through the material, as if pinning the garment in place to prevent it slipping and revealing the full glory of my bosom. Somehow the dirt and semen that had covered it during my encounter in the alley had simply vanished, and my skin showed no sign of stain or damage from kneeling on the hard concrete. After all that had happened to me today that was the least weird.

I could feel men's gazes on me as an almost physical sensation, their eyes travelling over my skin sent tingles of pleasure through me. My new sixth sense was telling me the potential of every hunky man that I saw. I found I could also sense their attraction to me, how their horniness grew like a red haze as I strutted past them. It mirrored the growing passion in my own pussy.

I noticed it especially when I passed too close to a group of eager youths. A hint of my sweet cinnamon scent touched them, and a lusty fire sprung up in their bodies and the seed of obsession with me settled deep within their hearts. I sensed their inexperienced cocks swelling in their tight pants. I knew that, if I wished, I could make that seed bloom with a mere touch and ensnare them forever. I bit my lower lip hard, focusing on the pain in an effort to keep control. Their eyes followed me until I turned the corner and left their horny stares behind.

It had taken every ounce of willpower I possessed to keep myself from pouncing on them all at once, willingly giving my body to them in exchange for their delicious seed. I released my lip and let out a deep shuddering breath. I felt hot all over, my pussy dripping. I was constantly on the edge of losing control and pleasuring myself, or, preferably, finding someone to pleasure me. I had to stay focused.

--

I arrived at the club from last night. The queue this evening was much longer. It was already late, and the weekend had begun. Yesterday it had taken half an hour to get into this place with my group and it looked like it'd take even longer this time. I knew I couldn't wait that long without giving in to my body's needs.

A naughty idea whispered seductively into my head. I hated it. I'd watched spoilt, sexy, slutty girls doing it all the time throughout my life and despised them for it.

I simply sauntered past the queue, letting my ass and tits swing with the rhythm of my confident stride, putting on an air of total belief in my own superiority. It was nowhere near as hard as it should of been. My body knew exactly how to move. My face settled naturally into a sexy smirk, as if I'd been doing it my whole life.

I felt heads turn and the eyes of everyone in the queue following me as I strutted past. The

men were too engrossed in admiring me to feel anything other than simple lust. The woman, however, had narrowed eyes, jealous looks on their faces at the injustice of the world. That an impossible girl such as me could exist and that they, by comparison, were beneath notice, was a bitter pill to swallow. I realised I could sense them too, though not as I could feel the men.

The men I could sense as one might regard a delicious cake in a shop window. Imagine the sweet taste on the mouth as I sampled it, admire the craftsmanship of the icing, the quality of the ingredients. But the woman I viewed as a lion might regard a scavenging pest. Not a target, and no threat to me, but worth watching in case they tried to steal my prey. I could sense their instinctive animosity towards me, as if they sensed how unnatural a being I was and resented my intrusion into their world.

I reached the front of the queue and presented myself to the young, muscular doorman standing there. He visibly gulped as his eyes widened, his gaze dropping into my cleavage and getting lost within. I waited a few moments for my enchanting scent reach him before breaking into his trance.

"Can I come in, Sir?" I giggled naughtily. I couldn't believe I was doing this. I sounded like a fucking teenage slut, not a middle-aged, respectable salary-man.

"Uhm, well, I shouldn't... Uhm," he stammered to a halt, his eyes dropping to my cleavage again to hide from my earnest gaze. Inside, I felt nothing but disdain for him. My sense of his body told me that despite his buff chest and bulging muscles, his inner potential was minimal compared to most of the men in the queue. I wondered what factor might contribute to this 'potential' other than physical fitness, but had no time to consider about it.

"Aww, I promise to be good, sir. Please let me in," I pouted. God. I sounded so cliché, like a dumb bimbo used to getting her way. I felt the doorman's resolve shatter.

"Uhm, okay. Uh, Okay. Yes, of course. Uhm." His mind was completely mine.

"Ohh, thank you!!" I giggled again. "You're so kind."

I drifted past him quickly, before I could say another sexy, stupid word. But the group of girls at the front of the queue had overheard our exchange, and were not pleased.

"HEY! That's bullshit!" The lead bitch of the group was irate. "We've been waiting here for ages because you told us it's full inside! How come you're just letting that slut walk in?"

The guard was looking confused, his bewildered mind too slow to form a response. I stepped in to solve his mental dilemma.

"Aww, hun, those girls said mean things about me," I pouted, making no effort to disguise my insincerity. "Rude people don't deserve to be let in to your... place." I glanced meaningfully at his crotch.

His eyes focused slightly. "Yes, uhm. Yes, of course, you're right. Girls, I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to leave." His voice had regained some of what I assumed to be it's

usual authority.

I smirked at the lead girl triumphantly and went inside, leaving their angry protests behind me. The grin dropped from my face as I crossed the threshold and thought about what I'd done.

Why had I gone so far? Was I such a cruel bitch that I'd sabotage another group of people's night just because they were rightfully angry at my obnoxious behaviour? Was I that petty? This body was changing my mind in ways my male self hated. But the thrill of dominating that guard and frustrating those girls invoked little shivers of dirty pleasure within me. The barrier between what I 'knew' was morally right and what I 'felt' was right was becoming blurry, making it hard to separate 'good' and 'feels good'. My priorities were shifting by the minute towards satisfying my own urges at the expense of others. I was becoming a monster. I had to stop myself, and undo this change that had corrupted me.

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I entered the steamy hall of the club and halted. I felt a few keen eyes turn to admire me as I hesitated on the threshold. I scanned the room looking for Ashley. I sensed her before I saw her. If I had to describe it in terms my old self could understand, I'd say there was a bright aura of light illuminating the area where she sat. She was a beacon of energy in the room that drowned out any sense I had of the two men holding court around her.

My temper flared at the sight of her. Her mammoth tits from last night had shrunk to a more rational size, the life-energy within digested and infused into her soul. I wondered how I could possibly know that, but I knew it to be true. She had discarded my oversized shirt and obviously had been shopping since we were last together, as she now wore a cute plaid skirt that rode high on her hips, showing off her plump ass, and a tight vest that tented over her smaller but still mighty mounds.

I stalked angrily towards her. She must have sensed me just as I had sensed her, as she looked up at my approach. Her eyes widened as she watched me cross the floor, her smooth forehead furrowed slightly. The two men with her followed her stare and found me. Their reaction was the opposite. The sight of another perfect woman to rival their current companion was a boon to them. Maybe they wouldn't have to compete over this one beautiful woman! I doubted they would have needed to compete over Ashley, as if it were me I would happily take both of them at once. A cock in both my mouth and pussy at the same time sounded delicious.

Again the horny, slutty thoughts had trickled into my head, overriding my intelligence. I was finding it harder and harder to realise when my thoughts had flowed into that sinful stream and pull myself back from that brink. It didn't help that my whole body was begging me to throw myself into the river of pleasure and embrace my new existence.

My purposeful stride towards Ashley was interrupted by a young man tapping me on the shoulder. I turned to face him and was almost blinded. He was wonderful. I could sense within him a potential that far outstripped the beggar I'd ravaged earlier. My pussy grew



hot just thinking about how much more pleasurable this college-boy's seed would be as it gushed into me and filled my body with his delicious life-force.

"You okay?"

I realised he had been speaking as I stared at him. He wore a bemused, hopeful smile at my intense reaction. His eyes were already beginning to glaze over as my intoxicating scent wafted in the air around us.

"Ah, yes... Yes I'm fine." I was not fine. I wanted to pounce, pin him to the ground, rip his pants from him and thrust his virile penis into my hungry pussy and have him shoot his cum into me over and over and over again, to suck the energy from his body to fill my sinful soul with sensual glee. In my chest, my heart was beating so hard it felt it would burst, the buzzing that always seemed to accompany my lapses in control once again filling my ears.

"Okay. You looked like you're on your own, can I offer you a drink?" Such a gentleman. I admired his control in the face of my scent, I doubt I had lasted so long against Ashley. Ashley. I was here for Ashley.

"Mmhmm, no... no." It took all I had to refuse him and resist the tempting thoughts overpowering my mind. I couldn't help but add, "Maybe a bit later? I'm Ga-. Uhm. I mean, I'm... Grace." So awkward. He didn't seem to notice.

"Oh, okay. I'm John. I'll catch you later, then." Though disappointed, he obeyed my dismissal surprisingly readily. I blinked, feeling the horny heat in my body recede as he withdrew. I felt thwarted, and ached for him to come back. I shook my head to rid it of the tempting thoughts, and forced myself to resume my walk towards Ashley.

My righteous anger had been subdued by my encounter, so as I arrived in front of Ashley I was uncertain what to do. We stared at each other. I detected a hint of apprehension behind the perfect mask of assurance she held. I summoned up what was left of my temper.

"Ashley. We need to talk." I marvelled at how steady my voice was. The remains of my male self were entranced by her, just as I had been last night. I felt myself losing concentration and fought to stay in control.

"Yes. Yes, I suppose we do." The slight note of regret in her voice caught me off guard and took the wind out of my anger. I hesitated, not sure how to proceed. Despite the noise in the room I could hear her perfectly, and smell her alluring scent.

"Ashley?" said one of the men, confused, rudely interrupting us, his superiors. He turned to her. "You said your name was Dina."

"Shut up." Both 'Ashley' and I said at once, in the same commanding tone. The man's resolve seemed to crumple and he fell silent, forcibly reminded of his place. The second man was looking apprehensive, clearly torn between wanting to score with one of these

amazing woman, but also sensing the tension in the air between us and wanting to bolt.

"Go." Ashley, or Dina, or whoever she was, flicked a wrist at the two men and they scurried away.

"Well. You turned out well." she said with a cocked smile. "Nice shirt."

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Ashley had arranged a private room away from the noise of the crowded club room. I suspected she had enthralled the management here to cater to her needs. There were mirrors on each wall, giving the illusion that the small room was bigger than it really was. I couldn't help admiring my sexy body from all angles as I sat on the massive black leather sofa, more like a bed than a seat, placed in the middle of the room, waiting for Ashley to return. She was talking to someone in the corridor outside. I could hear her soft, seductive voice, but couldn't make out the words. Finally she entered the room and shut the door behind her with a slam.

"Right, that's sorted." She clapped her hands together and walked over. She sat herself down close next to me on the sofa. I could almost feel the sexual energy emanating from her. We looked at each other in the mirror opposite. For a while neither of us spoke.

"I didn't mean for this to happen." She broke the silence.

Ashley did sound a bit apologetic. It was hard to stay angry in the face of her beauty. Now that I was mostly female I found it much easier to think with her around. What remained of my male mind was quiet, stunned to silence by her presence. Last night I had barely been able to string two words together with her sweet scent floating around me.

I took a deep breath. "Can you explain what 'this' is? What did you do to me?"

She hesitated, clearing working towards a decision of what to tell me. She nodded to herself.

"I'll explain, from the start." she geared up to begin her tale. "Let's see. I'm not really 'Ashley', as I'm sure you've guessed. Or 'Annie'. I'm Andrew. At least, I used to be 'Andrew'. I was thirteen years old, a fat boy with too much time and not enough... friends." He paused uncomfortably before continuing. "I hated my life. I was picked on for being fat, bullied at school by the older boys, Phil, and his friend Graham... Mhm, I'm sure they regret it now."

This confident, sexy vixen sitting next to me had been a chubby 13 year-old school boy? I shook my head in wonder.

"I holed myself up in the library and at home, browsing books and surfing on the web for countless hours to avoid them. I ended up reading all kinds of stuff. I'm sure it helped my grades a bit, I was easily topping our classes test scores. But that only made Phil hate me more.

"I found a strange book on 'spells' on a dusty shelf, and it kind of drew me to the occult. None of the spells worked, but when looking into it on the web I found all sorts of crazy related stuff. It was an escape for me, believing in these strange powers. I knew it was silly, but I kept looking for something that I could use against Phil to stop him picking on me. It sounds dumb, I know. I was desperate. And then, on some old history website, I found mention of a text, 'Luxuria Pascere'".

'He' paused for effect, watching for my reaction. She was clearly keen to tell this story. I was still trying to wrap my head around a nerdy thirteen year old boy becoming this voluptuous young woman beside me. When had the world gone crazy? Oh, yeah, last night.

"The website wrote that it was a heretical text found with the Dead Sea Scrolls that contained an alternate telling of Fallen Angels, Satan and the like. More of interest to me, it mentioned that the text contained a ritual for 'imbuing the power to command and control men' into oneself. I was intrigued. Maybe I could use this against Phil to stop him picking on me? I searched around, and found only one copy nearby, in the national archives, religious history section. I had to travel hours at the weekends to get there. I told my parents and the staff there that I was doing a study on witch-trials for history class, and needed access to the restricted section it was in. I wasn't allowed to take any books home with me, so I had to hide away at a secluded desk to study it. It took me weeks to translate small parts of the text. I couldn't really make much sense of what I was reading without context or background knowledge, but it was an entertaining story.

"The writings were an alternate telling of the origins of Angels, that God had transformed an existing species, one that preyed on his people, to serve his ends. It also told that the Angel Lucifer was not the one who first betrayed God and be cast down from heaven, that another Angel was truly responsible, and had pulled countless others of Angel-kind down with them before they were finally sealed away in the depths of Hell. It took the Kingdom of Heaven millennia to recover from the shock of their actions. More of interest to me, the text had recorded a heretical ritual to summon one of these Fallen Angels, to make oneself into a vessel so they might walk the realm of mortals once more. I was awed by the descriptions. I had no idea that I was reading the manifesto for my new life. God, it makes me hot just thinking about it now."

In the mirror I saw her shift uncomfortably on the sofa, her legs rubbing together. I noticed she was wearing no underwear under her skirt, and I could see her snatch dripping hotly. Knowing how my own body worked, I suspected her libido was only barely kept in check, her pussy pleading to be filled at all times. My eyes widened as I saw her reflection brazenly lift a hand to her chest and start kneading softly, hot moans rising from her. I turned to look directly at her, and stared down at her rock-hard nipples hardening against the over-stretched vest. My male self was catatonic by this point after so long in the same space as her, but now this display of female arousal awoke it from its slumber. I felt my body begin to react to her lewd display.

"MMmmmm. Eternal life; A covetous body; Power over all mankind; Limitless pleasure; Ahhh-" As she spoke every item in the list she squeezed her tits harder, her face flushed with pleasure. I felt my hands creeping to my own chest, not content with me simply watching.

"Mmm. The list went on and on. And so did the list of warnings. Unholy creatures, intoxicating scent... mmmm. Insidious mental transformation-Mmmmh. Yearning desires-MMMHh. Corrupting power-MMMMMH Unquenchable craving- MMMH- AHHH-"

The 'warnings' seemed to be tipping her over the edge as she spoke faster and faster. She had shrugged her shoulders out of her vest now and both her hands were frantically fondling her exposed chest. My frenzied hands were trying to catch up, one kneading my own rack, the other massaging my clit through my tight shorts. Her words were slotting into place in my mind, building a staircase of horny understanding that I sprinted up as fast as I could, as if I was hearing something I once knew long ago.

We were an incredible sight to behold in the mirror opposite. I was leaning back with one tit hanging out of my shirt, one hand tweaking an erect nipple and the other frantically rubbing my crotch, while Ashley was leaning forward over her giant mams, fondling them furiously. What remained of my male self was incredibly pleased by the sight. My new self definitely appreciated it, too.

"Demonic influence-AHH. Unnatural powers-MMM-AHH. Insatiable LUST-YESSS. DELICIOUS CUUUUUM--FUUUUCK YESSSSSSSS". Her back tensed and she leaned back, her teeth clenched, her hips thrust forward and a dark damp patch appeared on the sofa near her crotch. As if in perfect sync my own body began to writhe and buck as my hands squeezed my aching mounds desperately, feeling the juices in my pussy overflowing, my mind revelling in the imagery and understanding her words had just conjured in my mind. The sweet, heady smell of mutual scent was heavy in the air.

We both crumpled into each other and lay panting on the couch, bodies pressing hotly together. My head was in the clouds, my eyes closed, a content smile fixed on my face. The resolve I held to return to old life was sorely tested by every orgasm that racked my new female body. I could almost feel my old self being chipped away every time my pussy flushed with the thrill of climax, but right now, in the warm afterglow, I couldn't find it in me to be upset about that. The great understanding that had bloomed in me during her monologue seemed to float just out of reach.

Ashley recovered first, sitting up so that my head was resting on her lap, and continued her story. She placed a hand to my head and pushed my face against towards her still dripping crotch. I felt her delicate fingers reach into my shorts and begin to tease my clit, a fluttering pleasure that forced gasps from my lungs.

"Well, that last one... maybe it didn't say cum. Mmmmh. Something about seed, or life force, or whatever. I didn't understand then. I didn't really understand any of it at first, other than it would give me power to beat Phil, and maybe give me a thrill while doing it. I was

so naive." She sighed, as if talking about youthful regrets from decades past. You wouldn't guess she was talking about only a few days ago, at best.

Her bare pussy was near my face, the sweet cinnamon scent that matched my own was filling my nose and mind. Her naughty skirt was no barrier at all, and it seemed only natural to my simple male mind to start licking. She gasped hotly, trying to continue her story despite her moans.

"AAaahmmm- Despite the warnings, I decided that I would attempt the ritual. I was so desperate to beat Phil. Ahhh-. I spent months deciphering the steps I'd need to follow. I found each item I'd need, every pattern I'd need to inscribe. I was finally ready, and just waited eagerly for an opportunity to try it out. Eventually, my parents left on a pleasure-Mmmhm- trip and I immediately got to work, chalking the complicated diagram onto the floor, setting up the purple candles and arranging the components I'd collected.

"Mmmh. Even before I started the incantation I could feel something as I stepped into the ritual circle. An energy was surrounding me, trying to push it's way inside my body. There was smell in the air that made my cock feel weird. Ahhhhh-mmmh. It freaked me out a little, and I almost backed out. But I thought of the revenge I'd take on Phil once I was stronger than him, and I just had to continue. As soon as I uttered the final syllable of the incantation, the energy that had been hovering around me suddenly rushed to my dick and flowed inside, settling inside my body."

"MMmmm. I felt weird. My penis was hard and hurt a bit. Minutes passed. Nothing seemed to be happening, and I was getting impatient. I felt realllllyyyy horny, MMmmm-AHH."

Ashley was having trouble talking now as my pleasuring of her pussy continued. For once my old and new selves were in full agreement as I ate out Ashley's hot pussy, my male and female sides in perfect sync.

"AAAhhh- Aahhh- ahhh.... I started to jack off, ahHH, to relieve some of the pressure... and then it started. My tiny cock seemed to grow in my hands, and I felt myself getting taller, my arms growing longer. It hurt, but despite the pain I started celebrating. It was working! I felt my hips snap into a wider, more adult shape, my fat belly was shrinking down to a toned tummy. I was getting older, stronger, more perfect. I could feel my chest bulging with the strength of the muscles that would soon be mine. Soon I'd be stronger than Phil! Ahh-hah-hah-hah-AAAHHmmmm" Ashley attempted a laugh, but hot moans overtook her.

"Imagine my shock when these incredible breasts BUUUURRRSST-AHAH- from my chest. Mmmhm-hah-hahh. I was appalled. Just on the cusp of what I believed was my imminent manliness, I became so utterly female. Oh, the irony was lost on me then, though. Mmmh-hah-AHHHH."

At the mention of her tits I had reached up to grasp them. I was squeezing and fondling them, as if to remind her of the pleasure her transformation had wrought in her. My male mind roared it's approval. As if she had needed reminding.

"Ahhh-fuck. It felt so amazing. My dick started to spurt out what manliness I had possessed all over the room. My chest swelled into AMAZING mounds..."

She carried on describing the awesome pleasure of her transformation and we both revelled in the shared recollection, as it was identical to mine, except from the other side of the age spectrum.

"I'm sure you know -mmmmmh, exactly what I'm talking about. I was confused after my transformation. I hadn't expected to become a woman, what I'd translated of the book hadn't mentioned it, though I should have guessed. It was the most incredible thing I'd ever felt, and I desperately wanted more. I couldn't think what to do other than pleasure myself over and over again, revelling in the feelings throbbing through my body. My mind started filling with thoughts of men, and cum, and how to seduce, how to overwhelm any man and make him mine.

"Each time I orgasmed I felt my mind expanding, growing more intelligent, hereditary memories blossoming in me. The book had been right about all the positives. I knew I had power over mankind, an incredible body, I felt wonderful pleasures. Of the warnings, I felt no concern. I accepted fully what had happened to me. Things I had read in the book and hadn't understood before now began to make perfect sense. I decided I would consummate my new life by taking those who had ruined my old one. It seemed only natural. I dressed in what I could find of my old clothes that still fit, and headed out.

"I confronted Phil and Graham at their usual hangout, late in the evening when no-one else was around. They were hanging around near the swings at the park, probably chatting about their plans for me the next day. They were gob-smacked to see such a sexy woman prowling towards them in the dark. It was such a thrill to see them at a loss for words, finally on the back-foot after years of them bullying me." Ashley had a faraway look in her eyes, lost in remembrance of the conquest of her tormentors.

"Looking back, they were not the sex-gods they had once bragged to be. But they tasted fucking amazing to me then, filling me from both ends as I drained the life force from their bodies, feeling my tits swelling with their vitality as their delicious cum flowed into me. They didn't last long though. After one or two climaxes they were both empty, their life force nestled inside me. But it was not enough."

I found myself nodding, fully understanding her problem. The beggar I'd snacked on earlier had been barely sufficient. As I listened to Ashley I found that my own hunger, the horny heat in my pussy, was growing, aching to be filled. My breasts seemed to have shrunk a little since my encounter, and I felt bitterly disappointed at that. I needed more.

"I left them there, and headed towards the largest concentration of life-force I could sense. I'd never been to a club before, but the doorman seemed incredibly eager to let me in. And then I found you. You were an incredible bounty of potential that was bottled up and just begging to be tasted. I wanted to eat you all up right there, but I knew I'd be able to get

more if I took you somewhere private. I'm sure you know the rest. Compared to Phil and Graham, you were like an endless banquet. You filled me so full again and again, each course sending my mind to new heights of pleasure. I completely lost myself. After each round of blissful sex, you barely ebbed at all, I felt like you could go on forever. I had planned to enthrall you, to keep you as a personal pet, but then you had other ideas." She cupped one of her incredible tits meaningfully.

"Mmmhm. I was angry at first, I didn't know what to do. As soon as you tasted my milk I felt the rush of energy as another of our imprisoned kind was summoned. My ancestral knowledge told me it couldn't be stopped, but I didn't want a competitor. I ran away. But now, I'm thinking, it might not be too bad to have a collaborator instead. We are a pair of fallen angels, unholy in God's eyes, cast out from heaven for our insatiable desires, reborn into this mortal realm to feast on mindkind, unstoppable succubi!"

I sat up suddenly, abandoning my pleasuring of her dripping pussy. "Succubi? What?" And then, realising the import of her words, "Couldn't be stopped? You mean, I can't change back!?"

She looked at me as if I were crazy. "Turn back? Why the fuck would you want to turn back?" Her eyes narrowed. "I thought I sensed something odd in you. You haven't fully turned. You still harbour thoughts of your old self. Hah! You truly were a powerful male specimen. But if you're to be my Sister, I can't have you doubting yourself."

She clapped her hands, and the door opened. The man that had tapped my shoulder on the dance-floor was pushed inside by a burly guard, blindfolded. John, wasn't it? He was so hot, so powerful, my pussy throbbed at the sight of him. The guard looked longingly at the sight of us sprawled on the couch, but reluctantly closed the door behind him as he left.

John looked around confused, eyes covered by the blindfold. He reached up to try and remove it.

"Hello? Is anyone there?" He quavered. "Why have you done this to me?"

Ashley rose from the slippery couch and took position behind John. She stealthily untied the blindfold and retreated to the corner of the room, blending in to the wall, becoming unnoticeable. His vision restored, John looked around blearily, taking in his surroundings. His eyes found me, my head poking above the back of the couch, my lewd body obscured by the sofa.

"Grace? Is that you? Did they bring you in here too? Why have they done this?"

God, his voice was making me so horny. I needed him. His eyes travelled around the room once more and spotted my reflection in the mirror. He did a double-take as my dirty nature was revealed to him. I had both my perfect tits hanging out of my shirt, my shorts were moist with my flowing pussy juices, my chest rising and falling hotly as I panted with desire. I saw his pants begin to tent as his cock swelled.

"John..." my sultry voice dripped with lust, "John... I need you... Mmmmmm, please... John..." Just saying his name was pleasure to me, the anticipation of what he would do to my body was too much. But he did not understand my need.

"Are you okay? Did someone spike your drink? Did they hurt you?" So pure, so innocent. Ashley stepped forward and whispered softly by his ear. He jumped, startled by her sudden appearance.

"I think she wants to FUCK" she purred temptingly, and gave him a hard shove. He stumbled forward and fell over the sofa, landing directly on top of me, his body pressing hotly against mine. He tried to get up, his frantic hands searching for purchase on slippery leather sofa but finding only my soft yielding flesh. I moaned hotly as he inadvertently sent horny delight sparking throughout my body.

"Ohhh- Mmmmhm-" I loved it. It felt so much more incredible when a man touched me. My self-gratification had never felt this good. He managed to push himself away from me, his eyes full of concern. He thought he'd hurt me. The only thing that hurt me was him trying to get away.

"Oh, no, I'm sorry Grace, I didn't mean-" He stopped. His eyes travelled across my exposed chest and his eyes widened. In his eyes I saw his morals warring with his rising libido. He seemed to come to his senses, as he hurriedly began to stand up again, but I couldn't let him go. I reached up and pulled him towards me, kissing him, thrusting my tongue deep into his mouth.

I felt the fight go out of him instantly. He slumped on top of me, pressing into our kiss, his tongue playing with mine. His hands were rubbing all over my sexy body, tweaking my big ass, my soft tits, my slender thighs. He was mine. The unholy thrill that dominating this man sent through me was utter bliss. Somewhere, that annoying voice was shouting at me, telling me to stop. Nonsense. I was born for this.

I took control of our passionate fondling. I needed more than just pleasure, I needed his seed. I reached down to his pants and easily tore them asunder to free his delicious cock. He stopped his fondling and looked down at his raging member, shocked by my unnatural strength.

"How did you... Grace-" I put a finger to his lips.

"Shhh- baby." I comforted him as I pulled my own shorts away to reveal my dripping pussy, flicking the useless shorts away with a perfect toe. "I need you so baaddllyyy-" I put two fingers to my pussy, spreading it wide, tempting him, begging him to penetrate me. It all seemed natural, how to seduce, how to dominate, how to behave. All so normal.

He couldn't deny that request. He thrust his dick into my virgin pussy, and sent me flying on a rocket of pleasure. This was it. This was what I needed. I let out a throaty roar of passion as he pounded into me again and again. Faster. I needed it faster.

"More! MHHHMMM- FASTER! AAAHH YESSS! MORE!" The slutty cries burst from me



automatically. I couldn't hold them in, but I didn't want to. My instincts told me his libido would be driven to an even greater frenzy by my cries. As I expected, I felt his pounding of my aching pussy intensify.

But not fast enough. I needed more. With preternatural strength, I flipped us over so that I was on top and I was looking down on him. His eyes were wide, glazed, staring up at the breasts presented so proudly to him. I began to bounce up and down, my strong legs easily lifting me over and over before dropping me down onto his rigid cock. This was it. Faster. Faster. YES. I could sense the pressure building in his crotch, mirroring the hot fury rising in my own groin. The roaring fire there was ready, waiting eagerly for more fuel to be thrown on via my pussy. Out of the corner of my eye I saw us in the mirror.

What I saw was breathtaking. My impossibly sexy body, glistening with sweat, straddling this man. My perfect breasts bouncing wildly as I gyrated on his rigid penis, my slender legs working hard to thrust him over and over into my dripping slit. It was an image of such utter femininity, so wantonly slutty that it silenced the voice I had been struggling to ignore all this time. It couldn't pretend any more, this is who I was now, who I had become, and who I was meant to be.

I felt my mind expanding, my consciousness merging with the being that had taken my body as it's vessel. I was free of the prison I'd been confined to by the two-faced God. Freed by the hand of his own precious creation. I could walk the realms of men once more, feeding as I pleased from his people. I was reborn, no longer a puny mortal, but a succubus, a being that existed solely for pleasure.

As the last of my male self faded away, the overwhelming feelings already coursing through my sumptuous body seemed to double. It was as if I had been listening to a gig from outside. I had been hearing the deep bass, some high notes, the occasional voice, but the majority of the sound had been dampened by the walls of the building. But now, as my inner walls crumbled, it was as though I had stepped inside and could feel the sound washing over me, through me, surrounding me.

"YAAAAAAAHH-". It tipped me over the edge at once. My second real female orgasm began, unfettered by my meddling male self. I was jerking and writhing, so lost in the throes of passion that I almost forgot about John and his glorious dick still inside me. Almost.

Through the lusty haze of my own orgasm, I felt it begin. His climax started as I knew it would, with his hips bucking and thrusting, his cock twitching as it nestled deep in my slippery cunt. I clenched, not wanting to let any of the impending bounty escape. I felt the first hot spurt of pleasure-charged sperm enter me.

The circuit between us connected with a physical jolt. Time seemed to slow. Moments before I had felt my own climax as the greatest pleasure I'd felt so far. But now, combined with the sexual lightning that his cum brought into my pussy, the pure life-force flowing into me, it became unstoppable. The great heat welling up in my crotch was spreading

throughout my body, setting every nerve in my body on fire with pleasure. I was frozen in place. Time stretched out to infinity as I floated in the lusty clouds of sexual fulfilment, my every nerve tingling, every sense focused on the sensations in my crotch. Slowly, achingly, time began to flow again, the heat ebbing. I could feel the energy dispersing into my body, allowing me to move once more. And then another spurt from his cock entered me, filling the cauldron of sexual energy in my groin until it overflowed into the rest of my body, my mind once again going blank, lost in euphoria.

Again and again his cum spurted into me, and I began to grow accustomed to the overwhelming sensations. Was this still the first climax? My sense of time was totally confused, I had felt a thousand lifetimes of pleasure for every spurt of his life-rich cum. I was now barely able to fight through the haze and revel in the sensations fully in the present, taking it all in without my mind retreating from the overwhelming bliss.

I looked over to the mirrored walls to see myself. I was glorious, pinned on top of John's raging cock, my back arched, chest thrust proudly forward so my mountainous tits, swelling with his life-force, rose above my narrow waste. My wide, sexy hips were locked to his crotch, my fat ass pressing against his midriff. My angelic face was wearing an expression of lewd joy, a lust that was unfit for any holy creature. As for John, his eyes were closed, his face screwed up with pleasure. His hips were still bucking as his orgasm continued to ravage his body.

My eyes were glowing. A deep azure, burning from within with the sexual energy from my prey. I could still feel John's hot seed pumping into me. Each wave of pleasure washed over my body in a warm rush, filling every every extremity with buzzing energy. I felt the pleasure flowing into my chest. Each spurt from his cock matched by a flow of energy into my bulging teats. I felt them swelling. A spurt of cum, a burst of growth. My breasts filled with his life-energy, storing it, enhancing my unholy body. I revelled in the sinful sensations. If this was wicked, I didn't want to be holy. If I was a fallen angel, then I didn't want to be in heaven. I was a succubus. This is what I was meant for.

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I felt hands reach around from behind me and grab my breasts, squeezing hotly. I gasped.

"I'm sorry, I just... can't... hold.. back.. after seeing that." Ashley apologised breathily by my ear. Lithely, she flowed around me and positioned herself on John's chest, facing away from me. She placed her pussy in front of John's face. The intoxicating scent from her moist snatch hovered around his nose, and his eyes snapped open. I don't think he even noticed that a new player had entered our game, he took in the dripping pussy before him and just started licking. I felt his cock rapidly re-inflating, still deep inside me. I moaned. Ashley moaned. We all moaned, groaned, sinful lovers revelling in our depraved desires.

I writhed on John's cock, willing it to start shooting another load of pleasure into my pussy. Ashley's free hands reached behind her and grabbed one of my newly enhanced breasts. She leaned backwards, her back arched, and guided the hard nipple of my swollen teat to

her mouth. She began to suck.

“Ohhhh myyyy goooOoODD-” My voice rose to a shriek on the last syllable, unable to handle the tingling bliss from my nipples, the feeling of sexual vitality flowing from me, granting energy to another being. Perhaps it was a remnant of my new species’ divine past, from a time when we were still holy, nurturing beings, gracing humanity with love and energy from heaven. A more pure feeling, a gratification, fulfilment of purpose, now corrupted to sinful pleasure by generations of salacious evolution and demonic appetites.

I felt the energy draining from me, the girth of my mighty breasts diminishing slightly as Ashley sucked the life-giving milk from them. I couldn't have that. I leaned forward, and planted my lips to one of Ashley's own voluminous tits. It was a position unattainable to lesser beings, only the size of our mighty mammarys enabled us to join this way. I sucked. Almost immediately I felt again the familiar rush of pleasure and energy flowing into me, the same I had felt what felt like years ago, last night. I writhed and squirmed as I felt my very own male life-force flow back into me as pure pleasure. There were nuances to the pleasure, as if I could taste the distinct flavours of each man Ashley had tasted. I could sense my old self in there, a deep tempting chocolate. I could see why Ashley had fallen for me. I could also sense a tinge of John, a strong coffee, already mingling with Ashley's milk after a few moments of her suckling from my teat. A few other nondescript flavours I guessed to be Ashley's ex-bullies and my beggar were of no great note, like plain bread.

Lost in the pleasure of our mutual suckling we had almost forgotten John pinned below us, but my pussy had worked it's magic on his cock with no conscious instruction from me. My mouth lost it's grip on Ashley's nipple as his dick began to twitch inside my pussy, my sense of his imminent orgasm hitting me. I gasped in surprise and choked, milk dripped down Ashley's perfect globes to her slender chest. I quickly reattached to her teat before any more could be wasted, bracing myself for the imminent pleasure of John's seed.

And then first shot of cum blasted into me. Immediately, a three-way sexual circuit of energy connected between the three of us. Life-force arced from John's cock via his cum into my pussy, then jumped to my tits and through my milk into Ashley's mouth, from there into both her own tits and back into my mouth, but also into her crotch and through her moist snatch into John's mouth, from there back into my pussy, repeat. Each stage amplified the pleasure we all felt in a sexual feedback loop of ever mounting bliss. All three of us bucked and writhed. I used my hands to hold Ashley's tit to my mouth, little moans and gasps escaping from me around the milky-flow, unwilling to lose my grip and break free of the tortuous pleasure. It grew stronger and stronger, new pulses of blissful energy introduced to the circuit by John's on-going orgasm. Eventually one of us lost ourselves, and the circuit broke.

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I was floating. I opened my eyes. Before me there was a rocky wall, rushing upwards. I was falling! But there was no rushing of air around me. It felt like I was suspended in mid-

air, turning slowly, my heavy breasts floating freely in the zero-gravity. The sides of the shaft rushing past me were the only indication of movement. I wondered how I had got here, what I had been doing before I was falling. Above me I could see a radiant white light, almost blinding. I twisted in the air to look down the shaft, trying to see the bottom. There was a red glow, and I could feel a heat on my face and body emanating from below. It was growing stronger. Or I was getting closer. I wondered if I should be afraid of hitting the bottom, but something in me told me everything was all right. The heat on my body was entering me, permeating my senses, tickling my horny pussy and massaging my sensitive breasts, and I knew it wasn't heat. It was pleasure. A source of pleasure so strong that it glowed, and could be felt by others even from a great distance. I smiled. I couldn't wait to reach the bottom.

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I opened my eyes. I was lying on my side, on the wet leather sofa-bed. My body was still tensed, too shocked to move. I lay there convulsing as the remnants of the pleasure tsunami still ravaged my body. This was too much. Too much pleasure. Only yesterday I'd been a boring, middle-aged, sexually frustrated man, and now I was experiencing heights of pleasure no mortal could dream of. I could make out Ashley's perfect body nearby, also writhing in pleasure, a pool of sinful milk near her turgid nipples. I lost consciousness.

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I dreamed a giving dream. I was sitting gracefully amidst a group of men, bestowing wisdom, distributing favours from my Lord. I healed those with ailments with a light touch, channelling divine powers through my beatific body to bless those around me. I wore a modest pure-white shift to cover my heavenly form, lest these men be blinded with awe by my radiant self. A woman approached me with a baby, begging me for aid, for the boy was sickly and weak. I smiled at her, and nodded. This is why the Archangel Lilith sent us out the world on behalf of our Lord, to help those in need. Slowly I reached out for the poor child and took it from the woman. I would reward her faith in the Lord by helping her child. I waved an elegant hand at the surrounding crowd, indicating they should withdraw. Another wave conjured a white fog around me, to protect my purity from the eyes of men.

I loosened my shift and let one of my perfect globes leave the modesty of my robe. It was heavy and full with nourishing energy, pure life-force bestowed on me by God to distribute to mortal-kind. I lifted the infant to my chest and let it suckle, willing it to draw strength from me. I could feel the flowing, nurturing fulfilment as my energy rushed into the child, filling it with vitality and vigour. I smiled to myself, for I could sense the child growing stronger already. I shifted in my seat, feeling the warm rush of maternal pleasure as I granted energy to another. The young boy began to knead my breast with his tiny hands, his mouth sucking harder on my turgid nipple. I moaned hotly, writhing slowly on my seat, losing myself in the pleasurable sensations as the now tween boy fondled my breasts. His small hand reached into my loose robe to free my other aching tit, his small fingers sinking into my pillow-soft flesh. My body was hot with unholy pleasure. His teenage penis

pressed against me, probing the depths of my shift to find my forbidden sex. The virile young man lifted me from the chair, his mouth still clamped to my flowing teat, sucking the corrupt nectar from my sumptuous chest. I gasped as the now fully grown man hiked up my robe and lowered me slowly onto his engorged penis, my sanctum filling with his mighty rod. My purity was taken from me by pleasure.

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I awoke with a gasp to find John with his face buried in my chest, sucking happily. With a cry of dismay I pulled away, my sinful milk dripping onto the sofa as his mouth lost it's grip on my turgid nipple. I could barely move my body, my muscles felt sluggish, disabled by our three-way sexual overload. His cock was still deep in my pussy, I could feel his hips pumping furiously in continuous orgasm as my corrupting milk flowed through him. His eyes were open, but vacant, as if no conscious thought was behind them, his mind burnt out by the pleasure of our coupling. He moved his head drunkenly, trying to return to my bulging teats, and I leaned further away, panting. I didn't want to share my ill-gotten bounty with anyone else. Ashley was moaning nearby, also regaining consciousness. She clutched her head as she sat up slowly, groaning. She saw me lying there with John's cock still buried within me, and grinned.

"That... was incredible!" she said excitedly, "We need to do that again. Now."

I agreed in principle, but there was one minor issue. Ashley followed my gaze to John, who was twitching, moaning on the couch. She took in the droplets of milk still clinging to his face, and her eyes travelled across the milk-spattered sofa to my still dripping teat.

"Oh." she pouted, as the first convulsions started racking John's body. She frowned slightly. "Interesting... this doesn't feel like when you stole my milk. I think... yes!" She leaned forward to wrap her hands around John's slender limbs, probing softly.

"Mm-what.. is-mmhm- it?" I tried to talk steadily, but the rhythmic thrumming of John's rigid dick pumping into me was making it hard. As if in answer, John's body suddenly tensed and he groaned loudly, his face looking strained. I gasped as I felt his rigid penis probe deeper into me, pressing harder against the walls of my raging pussy.

"FUUUUCK- Haaah, aaah... that felt... incredible!" I began to gyrate softly on his swollen dick, as much movement as I could muster from my shaky muscles, revelling in the pleasure of his newly enhanced girth rubbing inside my pussy. He collapsed again, the tension leaving him abruptly. He groaned, his eyes squeezed tightly shut. But only a moment later he tensed again as once more his body stiffened all over, and I felt his manly member bulge still harder against my sex, sending hot sensations flowing from my crotch throughout my body. I felt so, so full, but instead of pain from being stretched, I could feel only incredible bliss as my incredible pussy expanded to welcome his swelling dick. But his growing penis was not the only change afflicting his pleasure-tortured body. Ashley was squeezing, feeling his body all over, pressing her hot body to his, admiring the changes to his previously lanky arms, feeling them swelling with firm muscles. Again and again he

tensed, groaning, each time his flesh pushed further outwards, as if chiselled abs were fighting to escape from under his once formless chest, swelling with virile energy. His penis bulged ever bigger inside me until I was screaming from the pleasure, my body still too weak to move after it's sexual overdose earlier.

John's eyes snapped open suddenly. The vacant expression he had worn a few moments ago was gone, his mind now back in place behind his manic eyes. He looked around wildly, taking in the raunchy scene he found himself in: His penis buried in a moaning sex goddess; a sumptuous super-model pressing herself hotly against his manly, toned body. It was any college boys wet dream. No doubt he thought himself to be still asleep right now, his horny subconscious plying him with sweet images of lusty delight. He pulled his eyes from my mountainous globes, swollen with his own life-energy, to looked at my moaning face. Recognition dawned in his eyes.

"Gr- Grace? Is that you?" he asked, stunned. "How did... Your boobs...?" He was probably wondering how I had been hiding my voluminous boobage under that skinny shirt earlier. I had no thoughts spare to answer his question. Maybe he'd dismiss it as just another enhancement from his horny imaginings. I needed him.

"Ohhhh- Jooooohnn. Ahhh-mmhmhmmm-" I added my cliché dialogue to his fantasy, "I need you- HAAARDEERRR-" I moaned, finding the strength to start undulating slowly atop his mighty pole, feeling it penetrate deep into my sex, the hot point of contact so close to the seething core of my sexual power, if only it could touch...

His eyes went far away for a moment as my sensual moan sunk into him as an unquestionable command. Enthralled, he stood abruptly, his strong hands clasped me by my slender waste, lifting me easily with his burly arms. He held me securely on his rigid shaft, and began to thrust me up and down, up and down, faster and faster, my still limp arms flailing around us.

"oooOOOOHHH-AAAH-OOOHHHHH" my voice rose on the tide of ecstasy flowing from my crotch, feeling his mighty penis pumping furiously again and again into my moist snatch, blasting my pleasure addled mind to new euphoric heights. Once more my eyes were drawn to our mirror image on the walls. My massive tits were flying up and down on my chest, brushing his face as they jiggled happily amidst the throes of our passion. John stood, now at least 6ft tall, his bulging new muscles working furiously to pound me down onto his unnaturally enhanced penis. It was of a size that would make any mortal woman flee before letting it into her, but my pussy swallowed it easily, merely wishing it were even bigger, even more full of delicious life. I could feel it getting so, so close to the hot core of my sexual energy, so close to making a direct connection to that raging furnace of lust that burned so hot inside me. I sensed, then felt his cock begin to unload. I felt his newly-enhanced life-force charge into me, filling me up, rushing into my body and settling in my mighty breasts. He was mine. Forever.

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Ashley and I lay panting amongst the dozens of spent men we had recently had delivered to us. Our bodies buzzed with the fresh energy we had just taken from them, our magnificent breasts swollen with their delicious life-force. My latest conquest lay still near me, breathing softly, his rigid penis still sitting in my wet pussy as I basked in the afterglow of my latest feeding

A week had passed since our encounter in the back-room of the club, and since then we had preyed mercilessly on the patrons of that establishment. Our understanding of our bodies had evolved with every male we screwed. We learned how our kind had been turned to our false God's beatific purpose, our bodies twisted by his hand to serve the mortals we had once preyed upon. Now, our bodies were restored to their original form. Nay, enhanced, as the false God's alterations were now twisted towards our goal of pleasure, and augmented our already potent arsenal.

Those who didn't have high potential we enthralled with our bodies scent, and a sweet kiss. The hormones that once lent weight to the wisdom our forebears bestowed upon mortal-kind now allowed us to imprint our will upon any we wished. Our current opulent residence was the result, some rich playboys manor where we could screw as loud and long as we wished with no interruptions.

Our senses of men's health, which originally aided our enslaved kin in finding those in greatest need of Heaven's blessing, now enabled us to find those of greatest sexual potential to feed our insatiable desires. These men we would let drink some of our precious milk, which long ago would have been an elixir for sickly infants or ailing men, provided for by God's grace. Now, it transformed them into sexual thralls whose bodies were perfect producers of life-force for our feeding, their vigour and strength unmatched by any mortal man, and fully loyal to their creators.

And as our bodies swelled with our ill-gotten life-force, we could feel it infusing into our souls, granting us more of our memories from the ancient time when we first awakened. We could both feel that the beings our bodies now played host were growing stronger, merging more fully with our own consciousnesses, their thoughts becoming our own.

Our purpose was now clear. We arose from the tangle of limbs that was our latest debauchery, and strutted over to the two women that we had ordered our thrall's gather on their last round at the club. They were staring at us with utter dismay, envy burning in their eyes at the sight of our awesome bodies glistening with sweat from the furious love-making that had just taken place.

I recognised Julie, the sweet assistant I had crushed on a lifetime ago. I sneered at my past self for even considering a woman so pedestrian, so plain. Given that Julie was here, I wondered if my old colleagues had been in that last batch of men. Maybe Mike, my old rival for Julie's attention? I hadn't noticed.

"You Bitch! Why are you making us watch you sluts screw?" Julie spat, "Let us go!"

This girl had character! Maybe my past self was not such a fool after all. She would have a

second chance in our plans for her. I crouched down, and cupped one of my mighty tits.

"Care for a drink?" I offered, sweetly.

Her eyes widened in disgust, but I could sense a crack in her resolve. My scent, while not as effective as on men, was still having some impact. Before she could utter a word of protest, I pinned her to the ground and shoved my tit towards her mouth. She instinctively began to suck at the teat pressing between her lips, and I felt the life-energy I had gathered begin to flow into her. Her arms were flailing, her legs kicking, trying to get away from the mad-women assaulting her. But slowly her expression softened, her movements slowed, and a look of utter bliss settled over her face. In my tits a great heat was building. I could feel one of my imprisoned kin inside me, summoned by our coupling. It fed from the energy I had gathered from the men I'd screwed, preparing for what was to come. With a sudden jolt it rushed from me and into Julie. Her eyes rolled up into her head and she shuddered, convulsions beginning to rack her body. I pulled my tits away, satisfied. Their massive girth reduced now that some of my stolen energy was in Julie. I stepped back to watch.

Julie flopped to the floor and writhed, screaming in pleasure. She tensed again and again, a wet patch appeared at her crotch, the pants growing dark as orgasms racked her body again and again, mere premonitions of the pleasures to come.

Ashley had taken the other woman aside and was making her watch, holding her like a child on her lap. Her hands were slowly caressing the woman's chest through her clothes, teasing her as she watched, enraptured by her fellow prisoner's ordeal. The prisoner had stopped struggling, her eyes wide and a twinge of envy crossing her face at Julie's evident pleasure.

Julie's body was changing. Her plain blouse was beginning to rise, the once flat chest underneath now swelling slightly with every orgasm that convulsed through her. Her face, screwed up with pleasure, was changing subtly. A small mole vanished, wrinkles became smooth, nose straightened, lips became fuller. While still recognisable as Julie, her features were becoming more refined, more perfect, as though someone was editing an impossible photo for a fashion magazine. The flat brown hair she worked so hard to make interesting was turning a sensuous blonde, golden roots spreading to the ends and gleaming in the light, as if this were a dreamy shampoo advert.

The tight pants she wore were no match for her swelling body. As she grew beyond her previously demure stature they ripped apart and fell away, revealing the perfectly toned skin beneath. Her panties were sopping wet with the juices flowing from her swollen pussy, her lips visibly bulging beneath the stretched cotton, eager to be pleased.

But her hands were busy with her chest. It was growing larger and larger beneath the blouse, straining against the tiny A-cup bra she wore wearing underneath. I could make out the shape of the strap digging into her swelling tit-flesh, restraining the new breasts that bulged around it.



“Ahh- Ahh- Ahhh-” Julie was whining, clutching at the tight string, trying frantically to free them. With an audible snap, one of the straps gave way, and her left-breast surged forwards, comically larger than the other. The other followed soon after with a twang, and her chest bulged against her blouse, easily larger than grapefruit.

“MMHHMM- AHHH- MHH-AHHH!” her voice grew higher and higher with every pulse of growth in her chest. I found myself envying her pleasure, remembering my own rapturous transformation.

The blouse continued to rise, stretching thinner as the great mounds beneath swelled steadily. I blinked, surprised. She was growing far beyond mine and Ashley’s initial transformations. To my super-natural senses, her body was beginning to glow, a overwhelming energy that blinded me. Squinting through the glare, I could just make out Julie, with two feet planted wide on the floor lifting her incredible body, back arched, shoulders supporting her on the floor. Her fingers were thrusting into her moist pussy, the forgotten panties still wrapped around her legs, slowly tearing as she pleased herself furiously. Through her cries I heard a ripping sound. The blouse had finally given in, tearing at the front as though her rock-hard nips had pierced a hole through it. Her massive breasts rose magnificently through her defeated top, heralding the climax of her transformation.

“YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH-” Julie’s cry was matched by a white flash of light that blinded both me and Ashley, and we turned away, blinking quickly to clear our eyes of sudden tears. After a few moments my vision began to clear, and I turned back to see the result of Julie’s transformation.

I could still see traces of Julie in her face, but her body was beyond anything my old self could have dreamed of. She lay gasping on the floor, her eyes wild and confused. After a moment, she stirred and rose to a sitting position, taking in her surroundings. Her eyes widened as her eyes passed over the opulent furnishings, the pile of spent men snoozing on the giant rug, the two sexy vixens watching her closely. She smiled, and rose swiftly.

She turned, lifting her arms, hefting a heavy breast, tweaking a nipple, squeezing her ass, examining her new host. Ashley abandoned her prisoner and came to stand beside me, sharing in my awe. The sexual power emanating from this new being was incredible. Ashley and I both recognised it.

We kneeled, and bowed our heads.

“Lady Lilith,” we spoke in unison. “Welcome home.”

“Well done, Sisters.” She strode forward, and dropped to one knee in front of us. With each hand she clasped one of our breasts and squeezed, and I groaned as I felt raw energy flowing into me, my tits swelling with power once more. My sense of her was undimmed, despite the great boon she had bestowed upon Ashley and myself.

“Take this gift, for you have done well. Soon, our kind will prey once more upon mortal-

kind as we please. As we once did eons ago, before the false 'God' turned us from our true purpose. He brainwashed us to serve his own designs, and imprisoned us when we dared to fight back." Her gaze travelled to the mortal woman watching us, too scared to move. "But he didn't anticipate us turning his own beloved people against him."

She released our breasts and we collapsed backwards, our bodies twitching and writhing in orgasm from the shock of such an incredible burst energy flowing into us. She strode towards the prone woman, who finally came to her senses and began struggling to her feet, backing away from the approaching goddess. Lilith grabbed her arms and easily pinned her to the floor. Her massive teats hovered near the woman's mouth, and the temptation was too much to resist. The woman began to suck.

"Let us welcome the rest of our Sisters back to this mortal realm, and free them from their unjust imprisonment!" Lilith announced.

The woman suckling her shuddered, her body beginning to quiver with pleasure, her pants already beginning to darken with the juices from her eager pussy. Her transformation had begun.

FIN. TBC?

Thanks for reading, I hope you enjoyed it. This is my first time writing fiction in quite some time, so I'd appreciate any feedback.

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