

CHAPTER X

“Stupid Girl”

“Are you sure bringing Malleus out is a good idea?” Agrat asked Eisheth as they wandered down the alleyway again.

“We have a mutual score to settle with Natalie. More help is always good.”

“Yes, but Natalie knows Malleus too, She was his bound sexual slave for a millennium before she nearly killed him escaping.”

“Yes, all the more reason to bring him along. Payback’s a bitch.” Eisheth said opening the hidden portal to Malleus’ quasi domain.

“Malleus, you are coming with your queen.” She called into the darkness.

“I don’t want to.” Malleus rumbled back at them from the darkness.

“I don’t care what you want. You are coming with us.” She commanded.

He was quiet for a long moment “Yes, my queen.” He said approaching the light of the alleyway. As he entered the material plane his hulking frame collapsed in on itself, shrinking down to a more human six and a half feet of obsidian skinned champion bodybuilder... with a package that hadn’t been affected in the least by the shrinkage of steroids.

“Clothes?” Agrat asked accusingly.

“As if you two are the epitome of modesty?” he barked at the scantily clad women before retrieving a dusty and dated looking double-breasted suit and custom cobbled shoes. He was dressed quickly enough, and stepped out into the light of the day for the first time in years.

“That suit looks a little big on you,” Eisheth said as they left the doorway. Indeed, it didn’t fit right, being loose in the shoulders and legs.

“I told you Nathalia tricked me.” He grunted, his eyes gleaming red for a moment.

Why does everyone keep underestimating her? Agrat mused as they left the alley and started back toward the city’s financial heart.

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“That sums it up. You have the cliff notes of my multi-millennium of existence in hell and on Earth.” Natalie said sitting at the table with Matt and Cecelia.

"Okay, so these four queens as you call them, they're your... *bosses*? Why are they blowing up your apartment?" Cee asked, taking a sip of her coffee.

"First off, the Queens are my boss like the President of the United States was Matt's boss when he was in the army. They are here because I killed a demon and I escaped from bondage in hell. They don't like that. Particularly because I think they know I want to get back into Heaven." Natalie explained.

"So how can you stop them? I mean, they are queens, I assume that means that they're really powerful. How do your powers stack up to theirs?" Cee pressed. If they're your superiors won't they be more powerful than you?

"I really don't know. I think that I might be able to defeat one or two of them if I could fight them on an equal footing, even if they are here, they are way behind the power curve. But not Lilith, and not together, and provided that they work together, there really isn't much hope."

"That's comforting of you to say," Matt chimed in with sarcasm.

"Just being honest," she replied with a shrug.

"Why don't you call Cianna?" he asked. "She's got to be able to help somehow. She's a demon hunter for Pete's sake."

"Yeah, she's a possibility, but letting me live and helping me are two totally different things. Besides, this probably goes beyond her ability to remain in the good graces of her employer."

"So what then? Go it alone?" Matt asked.

"I may have too."

"That sounds suicidal." Cee observed in a somber tone.

"It may well be, but I am not going out without a fight. I have been fighting against this for too long to stop now."

"Well if there is anything I can do to help, I'll do it." Matt announced.

"Me too, it's the least I can do." Cee added her support.

"Thanks guys, I appreciate that." *If it comes to physical violence though, we're pretty much fucked*, she didn't add.

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Cianna had dropped Marcus off at St. James and filed a report, which had been received and replied to with a stern rebuke. In return she'd flown off the handle and effectively bitched out a bishop. The end result of which was that nothing had changed. Marcus was a rambling vegetable and she was once again on Natalie's case, neither of which really bothered her. Right here, in Seattle of all places, she was quite possibly going to be fighting the four queens. It was a prospect that excited her and scared her at the same time. They were some of the most powerful demons in hell, only they weren't in hell. They were on Earth.

Technically, she probably didn't need to fight them. In fact, she could just let them have Natalie and let it go from there, but there were other factors in play now. Natalie was one of the good guys, even if she was wearing the wrong uniform. And she'd saved her life. And showed her insight into the ways of the God and the universe. *And...*

No, standing by wasn't an option. So the only thing left to do was try to help Natalie. *The enemy of my enemy is my friend*, she thought as she dialed her phone.

"Hello," Natalie answered on the second ring.

"I think you need some help right now. I'm offering my assistance," Cianna announced dryly.

"I will take it, under one condition," the succubus on the other end of the conversation said.

Cianna smiled to herself, "And what's that?"

"That when this is all said and done, you don't add me to your list of demonic assassinations."

"You know I can't make that promise, but if I am supposed to catch you I'll give you some warning and a fair head start."

There was a long pause on the other side of the phone, then finally Natalie spoke again. "Okay, that will have to do. Do you know where Matt lives?"

"No."

"Let me give you the address."

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Naamah strode up to the security checkpoint at Bryce, Fox and Barlowe in attire that pushed business wear to the slutty verge of pornographic. She'd left Lilith behind as she was too busy playing with more humans in the privacy of the limo. But that changed nothing about her purpose. She was there to find her prey... and put an end to her.

"Hello miss..?" the security guard, whose name read Wes, said taking in her preposterous curves.

"Hello, Wes. My name is Namiqua. I am looking for Natalie, Natalie Faust?" she announced, her proper and elegant diction completely at odds with the roots her name implied.

All of Mrs. Faust's friends are stacked! Wes thought to himself before answering, "I haven't seen her come in today." His breach of protocol was completely missed by his professionalism, but unbeknown to him, probably saved the lives of a great deal of the people in the building.

"I am so sorry to have missed her," Naamah replied with sincere disappointment in her voice.

"Should I tell her you stopped by?" Wes asked, for all intents and purposes wrapped around her fingers.

"No, that isn't necessary. I will catch up with her sooner or later." She said with a pasted on smile as she walked back out of the building. Inwardly she was fuming mad, but making a scene wouldn't be beneficial to her mission. She arrived back at the blacked out limo where Lilith was waiting, a strapping 20 something young man seated naked across from her with a painfully erect and decidedly large cock throbbing with readiness.

"That was fast. I am assuming as I didn't feel anything that you were unsuccessful?" Lilith asked in a bored tone.

Naamah looked at the young man disgustedly before continuing, "No, I wasn't successful, she's not been to work today -"

"Naamah, something is bothering you. It's been obvious since we arrived here," she interrupted.

"Nothing's the matter," she said uneasily.

Lilith said nothing, but the glare that she cast upon the lesser queen was withering.

"Fine. I just feel that with the exception of helping Eisheth to a limited degree, you aren't interested in finding Natalie."

"And..."

"And I feel that you should spend less time gorging on sexual power and more time hunting her down."

"See. It wasn't so hard to express your feelings to me," Lilith announced reassuringly. Then quick as a switch being flipped, she had Naamah pinned to the floor of the limo, her considerable mammary bulk and outlandish figure crushing down on the black woman. "I am far older than you, and my methods aren't to be questioned. This is our first opportunity to gain power in millennia and you want to accomplish the mission immediately, when you *know* we'll be recalled the instant Natalie is back in Hell? I think that your behavior is in conflict with your better personal interests!"

Naamah was trying to resist the invisible waves of power that were rippling over her skin from Lilith's crushing bulk. The immense weight of her preposterous form was of little real consequence for one as powerful as her, but that mass was magnified by Lilith's far greater celestial power, aided further by the energies she'd been feasting upon since the four of them arrived here. And her demonic appetites were beyond insatiable. It was getting hard for her to think, and it felt like she couldn't get her breath, which was odd since she didn't really need to breathe. That's when she realized that Lilith was draining her life energies right there on the floor of the limo. Darkness was closing in on the edges of her vision, and what she could see started to fade from color to grayscale. *She's going to do it! She's going to siphon so much off of me that I've no choice but to return to Hell, a failure! What will Satan do to me...?*

"Mercy!" the ebony queen rasped, her eyes wide, their pupils almost completely covering any brown in her irises. "My queen! I beg your mercy!"

"Why should I?" Lilith's voice rang in her ears like great series of cast bronze bell peals scrambling nearly every thought in her trapped queries' panicking mind.

"My faithful service must be worth-" she gasped in air, "something."

The crushing sensation eased for a moment as Lilith thought about what Namaah said. Then, in the blink of an eye, she was reclining back on the overburdened seat of the limousine. "Get off the floor, queen," She added the title with heavily implied malice.

The black skinned demon pulled herself off the car's plush carpeted floor. Her head swam until her eyes locked on the oblivious man's still fully ready state. Her previously swollen pupils narrowed to pin-points. She licked her lips lustfully.

"Get your own meal," Lilith commanded. "Driver, Miss Namiqua needs to attend to other matters." She added into the intercom, her eyes locked with those of her subdued rival.

"Go lick your wounds somewhere else you worthless conniving bitch." Lilith commanded when the car stopped.

"Yes my queen," Namaah cowed as she got out of the stretch. "Your mercy shall not be forgotten."

"You're less than worthless," the alabaster skinned woman growled as she slammed the door shut behind her.

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The knock at the door took several long seconds to get a response. When it opened, Cianna had to admit that Matt's physique was pretty easy to look at as he was naked from the waist up with a pair of boxers hardly concealing his excessive package. Though judging from his seemingly limited amount of arousal there was probably a different reason for his current state of limited dress.

"Come in," he ushered her in with an arm, snapping her from the momentary reverie.

The house was nice she saw, with lots of custom woodwork. "This is a great place," she announced as he led her into the bedroom.

"Thanks, I've done a lot of work to it and there's still a great deal more to come. But enough with the small talk," he declared standing aside to reveal Natalie and Cecelia each holding impressive looking firearms.

Cee had at least some familiarity with a handgun, Cianna could see, but it was Natalie that impressed her the most. Her ease with the weapon at hand, some kind of M-4 style AR-15 showed education to a level of competence, not just awareness. When

Cianna cleared her throat to announce her presence, Natalie's look of easy concentration faded instantly, and she cast the carbine onto the bed.

"I don't know what I would do with that anyway. Welcome to Matt's place. This is Cecelia,"

"Call me Cee," she interrupted, keeping the handgun pointed safely at the floor as she extended her free hand.

"And you know Matt," Natalie continued.

"Yes," Cianna acknowledged. Matt just waved from his place leaning against the wall.

"So what's your plan," Natalie asked immediately.

"My plan? I came here to help you. I thought you had a plan."

"That's what I was afraid of," Cee interjected.

"Okay, okay. No big deal. Can you get more support out here?" Natalie asked Cianna calmly.

"I'm pretty sure I'm it. Marcus hasn't recovered from the mind-fuck of a reveal you gave him, and I subsequently bitched out my boss today. So I don't think we are going to get any additional support from my employer."

"Okay, we need to see if we can get them alone. If we fight them one at a time, we stand a good chance," *a better chance*.

"Easier said than done, especially since they have scouts out all over the city. I already had a run in with one the other day," Cianna announced. "But I can try to call in a couple favors and get us some recon of our own."

"I can do reconnaissance," Matt offered. "I would just need to know what I'm supposed to be looking for."

"Which is why you can't do it," Cianna announced. "But you aren't useless. I'm assuming that these weapons are yours. Do you know how to use them?"

"I was infantry for six years. I'm plenty experienced."

"I wasn't trying to imply you weren't. What about you Annie Oakley?" she said shifting focus to Cee.

"I went shooting a bunch of times with my ex-boyfriend, never with anything this big though." She said indicating at the full-size black and tan handgun in hand.

"P220?" she asked at Matt.

"Yeah."

"Cee, try this," Cianna said producing a slightly smaller but still black pistol from her long coat and offering it to her.

"What are guns going to do against four queens?" Natalie asked refocusing conversation. "They all have unique strengths and weaknesses, but last I checked, unless they are in human form, bullets aren't one of them. They will sting them, but they aren't lethal."

"I think I have a plan," Cianna announced.

"Do tell,"

"Cee is gonna be our bait. Even I can feel your influence on her, so she's gonna stand out like a sore thumb to the Queens. If you have any other heavily enhanced consorts to get their attention even better. They are probably split up right now trying to find you, so we might be able to get one or two of them alone. Matt, how good a shot are you, really?"

"Well I was a designated marksman for one tour in Iraq. I have a .30-06 in the gun safe down stairs with a pretty nice 4 by 16 Bushnell scope. What range are we talking about?"

"400 meters. Maybe a little more."

Matt looked concerned at the disclosure of the distance she was proposing. "I've never shot at a man that far away... well, outside of suppressing fire, but I'm pretty sure we're not doing that here."

"No, we're not, but I have a rifle that'll make the shot easier; and some very special bullets." Cianna reassured him.

"Okay, I'm willing to try."

"What do I do?" Natalie asked.

"You are going to be with Matt, and you are going to have to be ready to make an airborne appearance."

"Won't that attract the kind of attention that we don't want?"

"Between Matt's rifle fire and the four queens, adding you to the mix probably won't make a difference, flying or walking," Cianna explained.

"I've never made that overt an entrance before, that's all. What are you planning to do?"

"I'm going to be your back up."

That makes me feel a little better. Natalie thought to herself.

"Let's go over what you know about the queens Natalie," Cianna instructed.

"Okay. Well aside from the obvious energy drain, most succubi have some area in which they are better than average. For a lot of them, it's as simple as being extra attractive. But for some, like the queens, there will be a real advantage.

"Eisheth is the most obvious. You will know it just seeing her, but she's strong. Really strong. Like bench- press a building strong. But that strength comes at a cost, she'll burn through her power really fast. That may be something we can use, but if she's spent any significant time building reserves here, we will probably be out of luck there.

"Naamah is an organizer. She's always been very focused. She is a meticulous planner and commander. She doesn't make mistakes except perhaps her superiority complex. She's also not afraid to get her hands dirty. In fact, that may be the only area where she loses her control. She has on several occasions that I know of developed a

blood-lust that has gotten out of hand. I don't think that is an area of weakness we want to exploit.

"Agrat is fast. If there was a scout succubus, she's it. She also has an affinity for changing her appearance, not just visibly but mentally. She can, with a thought, change the memories of those who've seen her so that they effectively, haven't. Combined with a sharp mind and a balanced disposition, she's the least likely to seek direct confrontation, but with her speed and ability to be forgotten, she could be a very difficult opponent. Of the queens, she's the only one who I ever got along with."

"And that leaves us Lililth." Cee added.

"Yes. Lilith is the queen of queens. She's the only succubus who doesn't need physical contact to drain her prey. And she can siphon the life off of more than one being at a time this way. She can drain demons too, just by contact, I mean any of us can derive sustenance from a demon if we make them orgasm, but she can do it through non-sexual touch. She's brutally strong too. Like Eisheth but without the hulking musculature. She's got all the dangerous abilities of the others, save maybe Agrat's speed, plus her own twist. And unlike the rest of us, she can manage her mass. She doesn't have to look huge like the other queens, or even me, if we are storing large amounts of energy.

"Maybe her scariest ability though is telepathy. The real kind; not just reading minds, but communicating and even enforcing her will with just a thought. She can and will literally get inside your head if you give her the chance.

"The one chink in her armor may be the fact that she doesn't want to be in Hell any more than I do. So she may be reluctant to end her mission here on Earth too quickly."

"Okay, so fighting them all at the same time is not the way we want to go." Cianna announced.

"Not unless we all want our time on this plane to end really fast." Natalie concurred. *Truer words have not been spoken.*

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It was nearly lunch time when Eisheth and Agrat along with Malleus entered the safe house to find it full of nubile men and women in various states of dress. To call the mood in the large flat erotic would be an understatement and the two succubi had to work hard to keep themselves away from the writhing throngs of men and women as they worked their way back to Lilith's room. Eisheth rapped on the door and waited. There was an uneasy lull before Lilith's seductive voice beckoned them into the room. The three entered and bowed low before the reclining queen.

Lilith's milky white skin almost glowed in the dim light, where it was visible beneath the five prime examples of masculinity that were seeing to her various

erogenous zones. Agrat could tell that she'd added additional bulk to her already immense pulchritude. *How many humans has she laid waste to already? We've barely been on Earth a day!*

"More than you!" Lilith taunted telepathically.

Instantly Agrat's guard was up. "We've been unsuccessful in our search, but we've enlisted the help of Malleus to aid us in our quest."

"Malleus, it's been so long since I've seen you in human form," Lilith tittered with mild condescension evident in her voice.

"My queen," he said in a gravelly grumble.

"I thought that he could aid us. He had a run in with Nathalia barely a week ago." Eisheth added quickly

Lilith perked up at this, sitting up straight and sending her twin bed covering mammaries into a momentary quaking frenzy. As she sat up though, they compacted seamlessly into much more practical, though still improbable large size, and her inner glow intensified. The aura of unstoppable lust increased measurably, and her cloying pheromone smell made both lesser queen's swoon momentarily. On Malleus the effect was more obvious, as his huge member began snaking and swelling down the fortunately quite baggy leg of his trousers. The look on her face was one of eagerness but something else as well...

Fear! Agrat's thought shouted in her ears. *Fear of Nathalia? No... fear of returning to hell. Lilith doesn't want to go back to hell! No wonder she's dragging her feet and draining as many humans as she can.*

"DON'T THINK FOR A MINUTE YOUR PATHETIC ATTEMPTS TO KEEP ME FROM YOUR THOUGHTS MEAN ANYTHING! YOU ARE A MEANS TO AN END!"

Lilith bellowed in her mind.

"Could you track her?" Lilith asked calmly, as though her mind was serene.

"She has my seed, my power within her. If she gets close to us, I will know it." Malleus responded.

"Eisheth, you've done well. Agrat, you would do well to emulate her. Now, go out, comb the city, and get Malleus to a point close enough that he can get a good whiff of her. Then call out to me and I shall be with you in no time," Lilith commanded.

"I was planning on going to the law firm as her little friend Angela and seeing if I could get some more information." Agrat offered, her body effortlessly shifting into a perfect likeness of the striking lawyer.

Lilith glowered at her for a moment, remembering Namaah's failure earlier in the day. "Do as you will, but don't take long. I would like to have our little jail bird in hand before the day is out."

"As you wish," Agrat said.

The trio bowed before backing out of the room even as Lilith began fellating another porn star wannabe, her body fluidly reverting back to its state of immense largess as she did.

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Twenty minutes later the three demons were outside the high-rise that housed Fox, Bryce and Barlowe. Agrat was still sporting the perfect likeness of Angela as she entered the lobby.

"I won't be long," she said as she turned and attempted to breeze past the security station.

"Miss Martin," Wes the security guard called.

Agrat stopped short, turning to face the man with a nervous smile.

"I need to see your ID," he reminded her.

Agrat cursed internally as she made a show of searching for an identification card. "I, I must have forgotten it. Can't you let me in?" she begged him with batted eyes. The whole lobby suddenly had a cloyingly sweet rosewater smell.

She watched as Wesley's eyes dilated and moved against their will toward her cleavage before fighting back up to her face. "I... I am..." he sighed before continuing. "I am not supposed to let you in without an ID or a person... who can vouch for you," he declared.

"You could vouch for me," she announced coyly, taking his hand in hers.

Nathalia's given him some energy. How many people has she spread her power too? she thought as she amplified his arousal. She noted with some satisfaction the effect that her power had in conjunction with Natalie's.

His skin flushed as his heart rate skyrocketed, inflating his cock down his trouser leg in a matter of seconds until it made an obscene bulge running halfway to his knee. It virtually guaranteed that he couldn't stand without making his suddenly lustful state obvious to everyone who could see the front of his khakis.

"I uh, ah..." he started, "But... didn't you have it earlier?"

"You could just let me..." she started, but stopped as she felt a familiar feeling wash over her. She turned left to see the real Angela stepping off the elevator.

Wes followed her gaze to see both of the Angela's eyes meet and two very different reactions occur. The Angela standing in front of him seemed to seethe with anger, her body coiling like a predator readying to strike at its prey, while forty feet away the other Angela shrank away in terror, backing into three other people stepping out of the elevator car and collapsing unceremoniously to the floor on her more than ample bottom.

Agrat was about to spring forward at real the Angela when she heard a very distinct noise from close in to her right. She looked at the corner of her eye to confirm what she'd heard.

Wes was standing in a textbook weaver stance, his stainless steel Smith & Wesson .357 magnum revolver leveled at her face. "D-d-don't Move!" he shouted. He'd never had to draw his weapon in the eighteen years he'd worked at the building. And while things had been strange of late, this was by far the strangest thing he'd ever seen. *Maybe they are twins... No, because the one who'd gotten off the elevator had used her ID to get in the building earlier. What the hell?!*

Agrat knew that the gig was up. Discretion being the better part of valor in this case, it was time to flee. Sure she could best all the mortals in this office building together, but to do so would break too many rules and bring far more heat down upon her, let alone the rest of the queens. It was time to go.

In a virtually invisible burst of speed, she shot out of the building, shattering the full length plate glass of one of the main doors and leaving the security guard to wonder, literally what the hell had just happened.

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"I swear Natalie, it was her! It was the one who'd changed to look like me in the alley." Angela's voice was obviously distressed as it came across the receiver. "I could feel her even before the door opened. And when we made eye contact it was all I could do to try to get away from her."

"Calm down Angela. Do you have a pen and paper? I'm gonna give you an address. I need you to come over here. Some friends and I have a plan to deal with these four, and I think you can help." Natalie said in a calm and reassuring voice.

She could hear Angela take a deep breath before she spoke again, "Yeah, I can take down an address. I'm not sure how I can help though."

Natalie recited Matt's address, then made a point of reassuring her former rival, "Just get here as quickly as you safely can. We're going to make our move soon and we could use your help, but we will go with or without you."

"I should be there in less than half an hour." Angela announced.

"See you soon then," Natalie said hanging up. She looked over at Cianna, Cee and Matt, "She's in, whether she knows it or not, and she'll be here shortly."

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"What happened?" Eisheth asked Agrat as the smaller queen sat bleeding from the many hundreds of wounds inflicted by the shattered glass.

"Angela Martin lives. And she came out from the lift..."

"Elevator. It's an elevator in this country," Malleus interrupted with his correction, earning an icy stare from both queens.

"Whatever, she saw me. With my cover blown, the human at the security check point drew a weapon on me. I didn't want to make a bigger scene than surviving a gunshot to the head would have, so I fled."

"Through the plate glass door," Eisheth observed

"It isn't the plate glass door, it's the fact that she should have wasted away and died just hours after we left her in that alley yesterday. Nathalia has always been an outsider due to her origins. I get the distinct feeling that we are underestimating her."

"And I think you give her too much credit. Yes, Angela should have died, but we both know Lilith isn't desperate to get back. It wouldn't surprise me if she left the mortal alive for some reason or another," the Amazonian Succubus replied with an edge of superiority, even disgust, though who the latter was aimed at remained obfuscated to Agrat.

"Either way, we should let Lilith know," Malleus announced, earning him a damning look from both queens.

Finally Agrat spoke up, "Blythe, take us back to the house."

"As you command my queen."

Just twenty minutes later they were back at the safe-house, the four of them trudging sullenly up the stairs. They walked into the apartment, Malleus flopping into an aging recliner while Blythe moved into the kitchen. That left Agrat and Eisheth to walk down the corridor toward the door, beyond which lay their queen and the certain wrath that would come with the announcement of their failure.

They walked single file; Eisheth's bulk preventing them from walking abreast in the narrow corridor.

The two of them could feel the weight of the air get heavier upon them as they neared the door, the energy emanating from the room and the demon lurking inside was palpable. Agrat turned back to Eisheth before she turned the door knob pausing when the bigger woman put her hand her shoulder.

"Clean yourself up first!" the hulking succubus hissed.

Agrat nodded, and her skin shimmered briefly as the thousands of glass shards were pushed out of her flesh and fell to the floor, her wounds closing and the blood vanishing back into her caramel flesh as the shimmer faded.

"Better?"

"Yes."

She opened the door to an overwhelming reek of sex and sweat, with a cloying odor of jasmine. Lilith was reclined upon the bed, a pair of women using her breasts as body pillows as they suckled milk from her turgid nipples. The two women shuddered almost rhythmically in orgasm every few seconds; they're bodies on autopilot as their

minds had been made slaves to base pleasure. They were also slowly but noticeably aging before the two on looking queens' eyes.

Lilith's eyes met Agrat's, a glow further betraying the amount of power stored within her. "You failed," she declared casually.

Agrat flew to her knees on the floor at the foot of the bed, contrition instantly evident upon her face. "My queen, I-"

"You failed, and you were foiled by a pair of mortals, one of whom should be a corpse, and the other an undersexed rent-a-cop."

"I-"

"You are even more disappointing than Naamah. I ought to send you back to Hell for your incompetence. But seeing as I already put that aforementioned waste of potential in her place today, I don't want to make us even more shorthanded. Still, I think you need to learn a lesson.

"My queen-" Eisheth started to intervene.

"Shut up you overgrown side of beef! Unless you care to join her in her chastisement."

The 'overgrown side of beef' seemed to contemplate bowing up against the harsh words coming from her liege before seeming to visibly shrink away from her oversized stature.

"Now Agrat, we can do this a number of different ways, all of them will hurt you, but the question is for how long. But I want you to remember this lesson, so regardless you will feel it."

"Please don't do this my queen!" Agrat begged, her body shaking in real fear.

"Oh yes, beg. I like begging. But then again, it is weakness. See, begging implies that you have some power over me, that I owe you something. And in that lies the problem. You don't."

Lilith brushed the two now middle aged women from her massively distended breasts as she sat up effortlessly and with fluid grace reached a hand to the Asian looking succubus.

Agrat was wracked with agony as her mistress's finger ever so tenderly traced a line down her cheek. It felt like a blowtorch was being pulled across her flesh.

"I ought to send you back now. We both know what Satan thinks of failure," the Queen of queen's said walking around the petrified demon. "But... no. At least you are trying. Namah's transgressions were far worse, and I let her stay. What kind of precedent would that set? Go. Find her, and bring her to me."

"Yes my queen," Eisheth announced as Agrat collapsed to the floor, her hands flying to the slowly healing wound on her face. The three demons turned to leave, with the still recovering queen taking up the rear.

"Agrat," Lilith's voice rang out with is musical lilt.

The demon in the rear spun at the door to face her liege.

"You don't want to fail."

Agrat nodded solemnly at the implication in that statement and left the room.

* * *

The five of them rode in Matt's truck toward down town largely in silence save the stereo playing 1990's grunge in the background. Finally as they neared the park, Cianna spoke up.

"I have some stuff that's going to help us in this. She opened up the big black backpack and pulled out five microfiber satchels, handing one to each of them.

Matt spoke up first upon pulling the contents out, "Whoa, these are pretty sweet radios. Throat mics?" Even under these grim circumstances, the tacti-cool of the equipment at hand had him impressed.

"Yeah, though I don't think that will work for Cee, seeing how low cut the blouse she's wearing is. Still, I think we can clip a lapel mic to her bra and boost the gain to make her audible and keep her less obvious. Natalie, you will take your cues from Matt and me, though I imagine you'll have a pretty good idea about what's going on when you get airborne.

"Improvise. Right." Natalie copied back with brevity.

"This place should do," Cianna announced. It was an older multi-story industrial building that had a commanding view of the area they'd chosen to make their stand in. "Get to the roof and wait for my call. Matt, establish the range when you get set up. Then let me know. It will help all of us do our jobs."

"Okay," he replied as he pulled over at the corner of the building.

"Good luck all," Natalie said before closing the door and moving toward the alley and its fire escapes. *We're all gonna need it.*

Natalie grabbed the spring loaded ladder with a minimal amount of celestial oomph and the pair were quickly scaling the stairs toward the roof.

The view from the top of the building might as well have been 30 stories, with its commanding view of the target zone. Matt couldn't help himself as he let out a whistle. This was a locale that any sniper would have been happy with. He set to unpacking the rifle while Natalie looked on.

"Matt," she announced getting his attention.

"Yeah?"

"If this goes badly. I-"

"It's not going to go badly, we've got this babe," he cut her off.

"I won't let them hurt you. Just know that okay?"

* * *

Cee was sitting next to Angela in the back of Matt's truck as Cianna drove the last few blocks to the ambush site. Reflecting back on this past week was a surreal experience. Prior to leaving Matt's house, Natalie had lifted the magical veil from her eyes, allowing her memories to pour back in, and she was still processing everything. Her ex-boyfriend, her new boss, her old life and how it meshed with her new one (it didn't).

She could hear some chatter in the back ground, but it was washed out by the overwhelming amount of processing her brain was doing. The scenery seemed to fly by, yet everything was in slow motion

"Cecelia!" Cianna shouted, snapping her back from introspection.

"Yes, sorry."

"It's okay. Listen, last time we go over the plan. You are the bait, along with Angela. But you have different jobs."

"I know," Cee responded, sounding slightly annoyed.

"Still, I am gonna finish this before we get to the park." Cianna continued, slightly miffed at the young woman's lack of focus.

"Angela, you will use the take-down module and buy us some time as soon as you hear the shooting start. On the high power setting, it will only last about five minutes, maybe ten, but it should keep the cops off of us, and them out of harm's way."

"Right, push the button, drop it in the nearest garbage can and run."

"Cee, you just take your time and aim your shots. If you can get away too, do so, if not, just make sure not to hit Natalie or me... especially not me."

"I said *I know*," the secretary snapped, almost yelling.

Cianna pulled into a parking space aggressively and stopped short, glaring back at the younger woman. "You listen to me! Doing this right is the difference between you and me walking away from here, and dying. And if you die, you will be seeing these bitches forever. So pay attention!"

Cee just gaped for a few seconds as Cianna got out of the truck and slammed the door before heading into the park.

* * *

They hadn't driven very far from the safe house when Malleus started getting restless.

"I feel her. She is nearby!"

"Pull over!" Eisheth shouted at the driver.

A few moments later, they were on the sidewalk near a large urban green space. Malleus was sniffing the wind, but it was Eisheth that spotted Cee first.

"Agrat, that one," she pointed at Cecelia, who was wearing a short white knit skirt that stretched over her curvy lower body and a black top that crossed over in front

below a plunging “V” neck line. It was perfectly legal and completely inappropriate at the same time on her body. It wasn’t the clothing that gave her away though, it was the large amount of celestial power she had emanating from her decidedly human aura that made it obvious she’d been spending time with Natalie.

She wasn’t the only one who stood out though. If Cee looked inappropriate, then Agrat and Eisheth screamed strippers or prostitutes, or both. In their presence Malleus with his outdated beige double-breasted suit looked like a down on his luck pimp. The three of them began following her at a moderate distance.

* * *

“Cee, you’ve got three following you. Range is about,” Matt adjusted the scope on the rifle then keyed the microphone again, “600 meters. See if you can keep walking closer to me, that’s a really long shot.”

“Okay,” the administrative assistant turned bait replied. She knew where Matt was, almost half a mile away and eight stories up. But the knowledge that there were three demons following her didn’t make her feel very good.

“The distance is fine,” Cianna came across the radio.

“I’d feel better if I knew where you were Cianna,” Cee whispered over the radio.

“I’m not far. Just keep walking toward Matt.”

“I don’t feel Lilith,” Natalie said to Matt.

“The two I see are an Asian woman with big tits, an Amazon with bigger tits and a dude who’s walking with them, kinda dumpy looking in an old suit,” Matt described.

“The Amazon, really buff looking?”

“Yeah,” Matt affirmed.

“That’s Eisheth Zenunim. She’s probably the least subtle of the queens. The other one is either Naamah, or Agrat Bat Mahlat,” Natalie explained. “Either way, Eisheth is the one I’d want to deal with most.”

“Why’s that,” Cianna asked.

“She’s one dimensional. Force and physicality are her strengths.”

“I thought that all of you were inhumanly strong,” Matt announced.

“She’s... more so.”

“Break-break! They are closing the distance now. Who should I target first?” Matt cut the radio traffic off.

“You are cleared hot on the Asian and the suit. Natalie, get ready to make the entrance we discussed,” Cianna commanded.

“Okay,” Natalie replied

He cycled the bolt, taking another look at the ammo inscribed with religious symbols etched into the gleaming silvery jackets in shiny black enamel. Cianna had told him these bullets were special, beyond their markings and fancy looks. She’d explained

that a properly placed round could banish a lesser demon. Still, she'd been hesitant to say what effect they would have on the queens, or for that matter, whoever the demon in the suit was. All told he had thirty of these "Vatican Specials". He was just hoping they would be enough.

"Roger," Matt said, taking aim on "the suit" first.

The big suppressed Accuracy International sniper rifle that Matt was seated behind was mounted to a beefy tripod, but the huge .338 Lapua Magnum cartridge was still stout enough that it made Matt rock backwards farther than he expected. It took him over a second to get back on the scope. The sight that greeted him was totally unexpected. Instead of a dumpy looking man in an ill-fitting suit there was a hulking demon. There was no other way to describe him. But what was worse was that the demon was looking straight at him. He watched through the scope, transfixed by the sight of the huge hole in the top of the demon's chest seemed to morph closed and heal in seconds.

"MATT, SHOOT THE ASIAN!" Cianna screamed. She drew her first pistol, a fully automatic Glock 17 and dumped both the initially loaded magazine and a subsequent follow-on into Malleus, the auto-sear spitting out all 18 nine millimeter rounds in just over a second. This sent the "civilian" park-goers scattering in all directions away from the gunfire.

At the same time, Angela did her part, pressing the button on the "take-down module" and dropping it into a trash can near a restroom, and then fleeing like the other panicked people.

What the module did was not directed at the demons, but at civilian authorities. It instantly flooded the cellular towers with thousands of calls a second, rapidly overloading the circuits and scrambling the networks, effectively blocking anyone nearby from calling 911. While it didn't jam land lines there weren't too many houses close to the park and few of those still had them. It wouldn't last long as the batteries in the module weren't particularly heavy duty, but it would hopefully delay any police response long enough to resolve the battle for better or for worse.

Meanwhile Natalie had shot into the air and was now over a thousand feet above the three demons below. She started diving on them now, pointing her body straight at Eisheth. Her wings tucked in tight, making minor adjustments to her course as gravity pulled her faster and faster toward her still unsuspecting prey. Eisheth wasn't holding still, but rather moving rapidly toward Cee, and Natalie had scant seconds to adjust before the intercept. Just before impact she pulled her legs up, flipping around like a hawk about to snag its prey.

For her part, Eisheth sensed something coming but with Natalie traveling at hundreds of miles per hour a fraction of a second wasn't enough time for even a demon to react. Natalie's clawed feet smashed into her shoulders with the force of a speeding truck, ripping into her flesh and sending her flying fifty feet forwards. Before she could

even register the pain in her back and figure out what was going on she was taking in the sight of the earth accelerating towards her face at high speed, as Natalie rode her back, driving her face first into the ground.

Pain filled Eisheth's world. She couldn't move her arms, in fact she couldn't move anything, she knew she needed to get her assailant off her back, but she couldn't move.

Another crack through the earpiece announced the second round from Matt's rifle, and Natalie heard the hissing snap of it pass overhead, followed by the slap of it hitting something behind her. She was herself recovering from her high-speed strike, keeping Eisheth pinned with her powerful legs as she prepared to strike a deathblow with her clawed hands when she felt a bone shattering pain explode into the center of her back. *Agrat?* The massive fist that sent her flying off Eisheth told her right away it wasn't Agrat Bat Mahlat.

"YOU WILL PAY NATHALIA!" Malleus roared as she hit the ground.

"You stay away from her you freak!" shouted Cee, followed by the rapid popping noises of the 9mm pistol that Cianna had given her.

Malleus turned on Cecelia only to be hit just below the collarbone by another long-range bullet from Matt's rifle. The blessed rounds had little chance of banishing the powerful soldier demon, but each one sapped a bit more of his power as he fended off their holy energy. He shrugged it off but it slowed him down and he knew he didn't want to take many more of them.

"I will enjoy ripping you apart on my cock human welp." Malleus growled as the holes in his chest closed up before their eyes.

"Pick on someone closer to your own age demon," came a new voice from his right side.

"So the Vatican's whore is here too." He said turning.

"I don't know why you all call me that," Cianna said, sword drawn.

* * *

"Lilith, we've found her, and she's got help!" Agrat announced telepathically.

Must I do everything myself? Lilith grumbled to herself, before responding "I am on my way. Do try and stay alive until I get there."

* * *

Natalie regained her feet to see Cianna engaging Malleus with her sword. She looked over in the direction of where Eisheth had been just in time to feel her whole face collapse under one of a transfigured Eisheth's clawed fists. The blow lifted her airborne just long enough for Eisheth to reset for a massive uppercut that lifted her

upward again. The third consecutive punch sent her flying nearly forty feet, and she could feel her insides rearrange around the fist as it displaced them momentarily. Her body slammed into the concrete wall of a bathroom with a loud crack, then slumped to the ground, shattered bits of the wall crumbling behind her.

Brute force and physicality... Transfigured, Eisheth was a colossus. 15 feet of muscles on top of muscles, with breasts and hips bolted on more as afterthoughts. Even her tail was muscular, and much longer than any of the other queens, more like a dragon's than a succubus's. The honed muscular shape of her body was as awe inspiring as it was terrifying. Her black wings glittered with green in the waning twilight as she leapt to cover the distance between the two of them as if it were nothing.

Eisheth landed on Natalie's stomach, feeling to her for all the world like the demon's knee had driven all the way through her body and into the pavement beneath her. She knew she needed to do something fast or be beaten into a quick submission. But that skin on skin contact also told her something about her opponent. Eisheth hadn't built up a very significant energy reserve. *If I can prolong this fight for a few minutes, I may be able to wear her down.*

Then the blows started raining down. It looked for all the world like a bad last minute card in the UFC. The big black skinned demon with her over-the-top physique ground and pounding the lithe and curvaceous demon into mush from the full mount. If Natalie didn't change soon this would be over before it began. But would it matter against Eisheth's brute strength? *Do I have a choice?*

Her opportunity came a moment later when another of the big sniper bullets slapped into the shoulder of Eisheth, sending muscular pieces of black deltoid splattering from the head sized exit wound. Natalie's bucked her hips while twisting her body and shoving up on her stunned, shrieking opponent, buying her the time to escape. She didn't let go of the larger woman and instead plunged a balled fist nearly forearm deep into her capricious and exposed cunt.

Immediately she started pumping pleasurable feelings into her larger foe, while draining energies from her. She let out all the stops, pulling power from Eisheth as fast as she could, even as the larger woman started to respond to the unconventional assault. The ecstatic pleasure hampered the larger woman though, slowing her reactions and weakening her will to resist. As the power ebbed out of her, she began trying to struggle through the sensation fogging pleasure. Both of them knew it was already too little too late. Eisheth struggled to extricate Natalie's buried hand from inside her, but it was almost beyond that. In seconds, faster than she'd imagined possible from anyone other than Lilith, Natalie had nearly drained her to her limits.

The queen could feel her power draining fast, and knew that something had to happen. Fighting through the pleasure Eisheth brought her knee up as hard as she could into Natalie, driving the succubus off her. Rising quickly she tried to regain her composure, but it was obvious the tables had turned. While still brawny, there was a

gauntness to Eisheth now. Her flesh was thin and withered, and her formerly proud breasts were saggy bags of flesh that drooped below her shrunken pecs. Most noticeable was her reduced height. As Natalie rose the two of them were looking nearly eye to eye.

Unlike when she siphoned the energies from mortals, this power came from demonic royalty, and its effect upon Natalie was different than the run of the mill essence she was used to. Needing the power now, she metabolized it instantly, and the initial effect on her was immediate. Her defined but feminine muscularity bulked up massively, rocketing into and then past champion male bodybuilders volumes momentarily, before it rebounded back to just beyond the extreme end of female bodybuilding Olympians. The feeling of naked strength that surged through her made her reflect on why Eisheth acted as direct and one dimensional as she did.

The now less imposing queen began a blindingly fast assault, a hail of blows raining down on Natalie. Wary of falling for the same trick again though, Eisheth was now striking at Natalie from range, and while she was landing blows the newly invigorated succubus was taking many of the hits in stride. Indeed the punches seemed largely ineffectual

"Not so tough now," Natalie taunted, side stepping an uppercut and stepping inside a haymaker so that she was inches from the haggard queen

"Give my regards to Lucifer," she commanded as she drew her hand back, then with blurring speed thrust it talons first deep into her chest and through her black heart. Eisheth's body convulsed once as her sunken eyes went wide and then vanished in a brilliant red flash leaving only a cloud of dust and the reek of brimstone.

* * *

Worldwide, demons turned wide-eyed to the jolting disturbance of Eisheth Zenunim's sudden banishment back to hell. To succubi all across Earth it felt like a pressure wave hit them, involuntarily driving the wind from their lungs and sending a shiver down their spines. To the three remaining Earth bound queens, it signified more than that. Nathalia Faust was indeed more dangerous than they had initially assumed. It also screamed her location to them like a homing beacon, and for Naamah, it put her back into the game.

She was transfigured, airborne and streaking toward the embroiled succubus.

* * *

The fall of his queen distracted Malleus, who involuntarily turned toward the now ended battle he'd thought was going well, only to see Natalie glowing with celestial power. It would be his last mistake on earth, as in that brief lapse of concentration, his fight with Cianna that had been a draw to this point ended. Her

enormous Zweihander very nearly cut him in half at the midpoint of his ribcage, showering the flagstones of the park with fuming black demon blood that sizzled as it burned into the ground. The gushing blood soon gave way to heat as his ancient body began to burn to ash and smoke from the inside, finally flashing out of existence leaving only a scorched suit as a reminder of his time on earth.

The demon gone, Cianna's blade dropped to the ground, and the demon-hunter took a moment to lean on it, giving her arms a brief respite from the pitched battle. Cianna looked over at Natalie and give her a thumbs-up.

* * *

Agrat had watched the demise of Eisheth from cover less than fifty meters away. She could cover that distance fast. Probably too fast for Natalie to react, but now that she'd witnessed her quite literally drain the most physically imposing of the queens in mere seconds, she wasn't willing to risk, 'probably'.

We all underestimated her. Even me. Lilith will set this right.

Her thoughts were distracted by the arrival of Naamah, who landed behind Cee and had the young woman in hand before she could scream.

"Nathalia, it's over."

Natalie turned to see Cecelia being nearly lifted from the ground by the talon tipped hand of Naamah around her neck.

"You can come quietly, and face your punishment in Hell, or the girl you've invested so much energy into dies a drained death. And this one isn't one of the believers, so you know what that means. I can make her my play thing until the end of days," she paused and made a show of taking a deep breath with her nose buried in Cee's hair. "Mmmmm. She smells delicious."

"Matt," Cianna whispered into her microphone.

"All over it," he announced just as his finger broke the tension on the trigger of the big rifle.

Naamah heard the conversation with her acute hearing play out through Cee's earpiece, but it didn't do her any good. The supersonic cross engraved bullet, blessed by some very devout Jesuit priests and containing a tiny silver capsule of holy water, streaked at over 3000 feet per second to its rendezvous with the back right quarter of her skull. The impact would have been instantly lethal to a mortal, but even with its blessings and symbolism, it did little more than send her head snapping sideways as her body's powerfully evil energies cancelled out those of the bullet. It did surprise her enough that her grip around Cee's neck faltered and the girl fell in a pile to the ground.

Cianna had a fresh pistol in hand instantly and as fast as her finger could quick reset the trigger was showering the new arrival with bullets and sprinting at her with the big sword trailing behind in her left hand. The slide locked back on the weapon in

under three second's having spat out all eleven of its .45 ACP rounds and she dropped it casually to the ground even as her left hand brought the sword up and in front of her in a now two-handed grip.

Natalie watched all this unfold in slow motion. She was keenly aware of every pop of the large caliber automatic, and her eyes could see the brass casings and the little marks made by the extractor along the rim. The bullets moving down range seemed to be moving at barely jogging speed, and the grooves made by the lands in the gun's barrel were slowly spinning around the projectile's axis. Cianna herself was hardly moving, despite obviously being at a dead sprint. There was a building rush that was ramping up in her body. Her body was still to metabolizing the raw celestial energy she'd pulled from Eisheth. There was none of her body's usual delay in converting fluids or taking terrestrial power and transforming it to a usable form. No, this was like someone had main-lined an artery in her neck with some supercharged mind altering substance, flooding it directly to her brain.

Then her body started morphing, adding muscle even as her height stretched upward. Natalie felt her pelvis broaden, adding more flare to her already dramatic hips, even as her ass added more flesh to pad its bubbly shape. But as she was predisposed to do, the majority to the stored energy flooded into her breasts, like someone had plugged a hose into each of them, and turned the water on. With her newly skewed comprehension of time, it seemed to be a slow process, but in reality the changes were happening fast, almost instantly so. They surged past any useful means of measure in seconds and entered the realm of preposterous, even on her new nearly ten and a half foot frame.

From her vantage point, Agrat watched everything, but was most concerned by Natalie's assimilation of Eisheth's stolen power. Added to that, Cianna had now vanquished Malleus in short order and was moving on to an obviously weakened Naamah. *Where the fuck is Lilith?* she thought as she watched Naamah adeptly dodged aside as Cianna slashed down on her.

The jet-black demon queen countered with a lightning fast swing of wiry arms and clawed hands that sent the ageless woman sprawling to the ground, the Zweihander clattering out of reach on the concrete stonework. She licked the salty blood from her claws with a smile and something seemed to come over her. Her pearly white teeth and long fangs stood out in bold contrast to her shiny black skin, and her pupils dilated hugely. She was airborne in a flash and landing on top of Cianna just as quickly. Something was in the assassin's hands as she landed though.

The long dagger was honed to a razor's sharpness along both edges, and beyond just being finely pointed; it was also a celestial weapon. It had saved her life almost a millennium ago and it didn't disappoint today. The blade sliced across the outside of Naamah's left thigh, cutting deep into the bone and rending all those muscles and tendons worthless. Celestial or not, her body's function still relied upon connective

tissue to bear a load, and without that tissue, Naamah was falling to her right even before she could scream.

Naamah kicked into Cianna's side as best she could as she toppled to the pavement, digging talons on her toes deep into the holy warrior's mid-section. Added to this, scalding hot acidic blood from the gaping wound sprayed over her right arm and upper body before she could roll clear. She scrambled to her feet and doffed her coat and the long sleeve shirt beneath it as quickly as she could, screaming as she felt some of the vile fulminating liquid burning into her flesh.

Appraising her situation, it was obvious that she was at a disadvantage now. With no weapons beyond the dagger in hand, she was going to need Natalie's help and fast. She could see Naamah's leg starting to heal, the big ball of muscle stretching longer as it reconnected to its severed lower half.

"Only a few more silver rounds," Matt called over the head set.

"Save 'em," She called back backed away from the demon. The pain from her wounds plain in her voice.

"Just heard a report of possible shots fired on the police scanner; this won't be a private party much longer." Matt announced.

"Yeah. Fuck. Hit her. Aim for the heart," She reluctantly acknowledged.

The final round from the big rifle struck Naamah's back center-mass, passing straight through her and showering the ground in front of her with more black demon blood, but it obviously missed it's mark. She staggered but failed to burst into a brilliant smoking pyre like the other two demons just moments before. "Reloading!" Matt called.

The black-skinned demon fell to a knee for a moment, but was up again before Cianna could cover any significant distance. "Now you die hunter," Naamah said rising to her full height, her wings spreading broadly in preparation to pounce upon the injured woman.

"Not yet," came a clarion clear voice behind her.

The black queen's brilliant blue eyes went wide as the long blade of Cianna's sword burst through the front of her chest between her large tits. A look of incomprehension was on her face, followed by momentary panic, then calm rage and concentration. Her roiling vitae gushed in torrents from around the sword in front and behind her. She grabbed the celestially sharp blade with her hands and began pulling herself forward even as the edges carved deep gashes into her hands.

Cianna and Natalie watched with shocked disbelief as the demoness stubbornly refused to die. Her curvaceous body rapidly became less and less outlandish as she willed her energies into repairing her thudding heart which with every beat was shredding itself upon the sword's edge. Naamah had pulled herself about halfway off the long blade when Natalie gave a heave and drove the riccasso all the way through her, while twisting the blade and lifting up. Naamah wouldn't be stopped though.

Black blood ran from her mouth as she again pulled herself off the blade, this time succeeding in extricating herself from its length.

Natalie cast the sword aside, as Naamah turned and backpedaled, staying out of range. She was focused on staying alive now. The bleeding wound on her front and back was already closing, but the damage was obviously grave. Her figure was gone, her broad body and strong limbs now withered to ghastly sticks.

The supercharged succubus blitzed ahead, knowing that Naamah was on the ropes. The wounded queen braced for the attack, arms up in a feeble guard, fangs bared, face a snarling mask of hatred. But there was something else that Natalie could feel from her contemptuous former superior. *Fear!*

A broad razor-taloned swing of Natalie's right arm made a shredded ruin of Naamah's left, which barely managed to deflect the blow from being significantly more damaging. Then Natalie was upon her, forcing the queen to the pavement, and taking a mounted position atop her as she rained piercing blows down on Naamah, trying everything she could to get a clear shot at the stricken demon's weakened heart.

Seeing an opening, Agrat sprang from hiding at that moment and in the blink of an eye was scant feet from Natalie, a grizzly looking knife in hand. In the time the rebellious succubus could start to turn to face the new threat Agrat had plunged the evil weapon into her back three times and was already out of range. Natalie sagged under the rapid skirmish, and Naamah took that moment to counter attack.

In spite of her weakened state, Naamah was still a tactical master, and it was all Natalie could do to protect her most vital of organs from the queen's renewed attack. Instead of going straight for the kill, Naamah punished Natalie's nerve centers, hitting pressure points and rapidly subduing any capability the stunned succubus had to defend herself beyond protecting her heart. She knew she was too weak to kill Natalie, but she could set her up for her sisters.

Agrat continued making streaking stabbing passes, several of which might well have struck home were it not for the bulk she'd siphoned off of Eisbeth. Natalie's position was becoming untenable. Against one she was sure she'd prevail, but between the two queens, she was barely able to hold her own. She needed to regain the advantage.

Rolling away from Naamah, she managed to get her legs under her and shot skyward, blackened bronze wings almost blowing her frail opponent from her feet as she tried to stand. Agrat was not so deterred and shot into the air in chase. Too weak to pursue, Naamah moved back to the sword Natalie had discarded, and started searching for Cianna and Cee, the angelic weapon's energy clashing with her own.

The two demons spiraled around each other as they climbed higher and higher, jockeying for the advantage like a pair of dueling raptors. Indeed from afar they looked like a falcon harassing a large hawk as Agrat's clawed right hand ripped at Natalie's wings even as the dagger in her left continued to make deep cuts in her extremities. She

used her small size and incredible speed to dance around Natalie's stronger but less nimble form. The blade caught the tendons of her right hand, causing it to hang uselessly.

Natalie cut hard into Agrat, catching the smallest queen off guard and bringing her briefly within her reach. It was an opportunity the succubus didn't squander, as the wickedly sharp nails of her left fore and middle fingers caught the queen by foot, driving through it and instantly halting her escape. .

"Not so fast now," Natalie yelled as Agrat screeched in anger.

With vise like pressure she clamped down on that foot and began to use her greater size and wing span as leverage to thrash her captured foe. Entangled and with neither truly flying, the pair rapidly plunged back towards Earth, losing altitude even quicker than they'd gained it.

Natalie though was now firmly in control. Her right hand started working again just seconds before landing, and she secured Agrat's left hand at the wrist, using the two points of control to put the queen between her and the ground the two were hurtling toward.

Agrat hit the ground on her right side, and Natalie felt every bone between the queen's shoulders and several ribs shatter under their combined weight. The succubus tumbled clear of the broken queen gracelessly before trying to spring up, but found her newly mended arm had dislocated in the landing and it took her a moment to pop it back into place. Still Agrat was down, and this was her chance to finish another queen. She moved over to the broken demon,

We can do this...

"NATALIE!" sceramed Cee.

She turned in time to see Naamah with the Zweihander raised overhead, and she reached out in desperation to stop the blow. Her good hand caught the queen's at the left elbow, and her still markedly superior strength was enough to stop the down stroke. Naamah bellowed in indignation, and moved her right hand to Natalie's wrist below her elbow.

Natalie could feel two bad things happening simultaneously: Agrat's bones knitting beneath her, and more frightening still, the tingle of Naamah pulling power from her. Natalie began reciprocating immediately, but this was one area where the queens were unrivaled, and Natalie could tell she was losing. She looked into Naamah's eyes, seeing the hollow flesh around them becoming less gaunt, her face starting to fill out from the wasted look it had held before, then looked up at the big sword, the storm of polarized energy radiating from where her hand touched the holy weapon. Then in a surreal moment, she watched as that lower arm separated at the elbow from the rest of Naamah's body and flew backwards, accompanied with a loud noise.

"Gun's up!" Matt called belatedly. "Last of the good stuff."

Naamah wailed in anguish as a new fountain of demon blood sprayed from her stump of an upper arm. Natalie willed herself to recovery and was up and had her hands around Naamah's throat in a heartbeat. Now the tables were turned and Natalie was upon the black queen, knee strike after knee strike crushing her bones beneath her. Naamah was still weakened by the punishment she'd already endured that she couldn't heal as fast as the damage could be done. Her arm had stopped bleeding but Natalie's thumbs had punctured her jugular with a razor sharp talon.

Naamah was bleeding out her power rapidly and as it diminished so did her ability to recover the damage, to fight back, to even exist. Natalie felt her opponent dying, and letting go of her throat with her left hand plunging it into her chest, then wrenching out her black heart.

"Just die already!!" she hissed as she plunged the still beating organ into the demon's gaping mouth the landed a devastating upper cut that both shattered her jaw and smashed the heart in one blow.

Agrat Bat Mahlat looked on in disbelief from the shadow of the alley she'd scrambled into. *We all underestimated her.*

"You simpering coward!" Lilith's mind raged in Agrat's. ***"You retreat while your sister is bested by Nathalia and that Vatican bitch! YOU ARE A QUEEN, NIGH INVULNERABLE, GIFTED WITH GREAT POWER! IF YOU STAND BY IDLY WHILE I FIGHT THEM, I WILL PERSONALLY CAST YOU TO THE LAKE OF FIRE TO BURN WITH THE LOWLY MORTAL DAMNED!"***

She could feel Lilith's presence nearing, like a cloud rolling before the sun. The others felt it too; a feeling of dread filling Matt and Cee's hearts, the mental pressure of a strong presence in Cianna and Natalie.

"Here she comes," the demon hunter announced over the radio.

Natalie looked up to see her descend to the ground. Lilith had been the pattern for all succubi, the mold by which all of them had been cast. Now though, she was something more, something beyond. She'd gained power and abilities well in excess that which she'd originally been endowed. Originally designed for the corruption of men's souls, she was now a machine of unrelenting lust, capable of bending any to her sexually deviant whims. And with such abilities had come excesses.

Even at twelve feet tall, her body was a collection of extreme curves. Hips and thighs that were so outrageous they defied comprehension. An ass that was so round, so firm, that not just a saucer, but a whole platter could rest atop it. Her waist by comparison was narrow; a sweeping pair of curves, the supple flesh covering subtle feminine muscularity that unified her epic lower body with the largest, firmest, most awe-inspiring breasts any of them (save Natalie) had ever seen. And her pale white skin did not merely hint at radiance, it absolutely glowed with an inner light. Easily the most amazing thing about her though, was the absolute masterful grace with which she moved. Lilith was in complete control of all aspects of her existence, and everyone

present knew it. As soon as she landed, her wings seemed to melt into her form so that what stood before them was a fully nude but otherwise totally human looking twelve foot tall vision. She seemed positively angelic, save the aura of pure evil which all could feel around her.

"Nathalia," her voice was sweet, but husky, and there was implication in the simple utterance.

"Lil-," Natalie began to reply, when she winced and staggered. "My... Queen," she finished, falling to a knee with straining hesitation. Her demonic body melted back into its human form, an oversexed vision of physical power and sex appeal.

"Come child," she beckoned with a curling finger. With just a few simple words Lilith's powerful voice conveyed dominance, command and superiority. On the surface her voice sounded accepting, even forgiving, but all knew that those kind emotions were a façade as fictional as her 'mortal' body.

Natalie rose, and was obviously struggling to resist, eyes scrunched closed in concentration, but found her feet moving against her will toward the mother of her kind.

"You've got to resist!" Matt called over the radio. "I'm coming."

Her face stayed cast toward the ground, as one halting step after another she slowly moved to Lilith's side.

Cianna, dagger in hand, started at a sprint toward Lilith, intent on arriving before Natalie did. She'd taken perhaps a dozen rapid steps though when she heard a single word in her head, "*Come*." Instantly her eyes went wide and she wilted as her knees gave out mid-stride, pleasure pulverizing any attempt to do bodily harm to the ancient demon.

"*Did you think it would be that easy?*" Lilith asked Cianna telepathically with a smirk. "*Don't fight, just enjoy yourself. I promise I'll be with you soon enough.*"

Natalie was only a few paces from her queen now, each step taking a labor of resistance, and each a futile struggle. Finally, they were face to face, Natalie dwarfed by the woman in excess of twice her height, stared up at her mistress.

"You have done well for yourself here. And I can see how you would enjoy it here. This world is so much more... ripe, than I remember it." Lilith's honey sweet voice heaped praise.

"Yes my queen."

"You've bested your betters. Had you not angered our lord before hand, I think he might have rewarded you with a new position in his realm. But you did anger him."

"Yes my queen."

"Do you know what the punishment is for angering our dread lord?" Lilith asked rhetorically with a patronizing tone that betrayed her contempt for the lesser being before her.

"Yes my queen."

"And you know that I am here to send you back, so that you can burn in the pit with the mortals until the end of days," she announced. "Isn't that wonderful? And you know that I will enjoy, so very much, sending you back to him. And I will laugh in gleeful remembrance at your final humiliation as often as I can."

"I do, my queen," Natalie said, black tears starting to streak down her cheeks.

"Now now, I do have to say this. You have shown me a great many things here in this brief time. I have absorbed more energy since I arrived here than in any of my previous individual journeys upon this Earth. I have increased my bounty beyond my previous imagination. I couldn't have achieved this without you."

"Thank you my queen," Natalie responded.

"There is just one thing I want before I send you on your way," she started, even as she shrank to her conventional human form,

"My queen?"

"EVERYTHING YOU'VE TAKEN ON THIS EARTH!" Lilith's voice thundered, both in the mortal world, and deafeningly inside Natalie's head. Then Lilith's lips were pressed to her subject's.

Natalie could feel the rapid transfer of power from her body, the powerlessness to stop it as her body began to shrink. Her breasts melted while her hips and ass dwindled. The glow about her faded as her body rapidly withered away. Her conscious mind remained though, enduring the anguish of wasting away to almost nothing.

Lilith was on the other hand overwhelmed by the orgasmic flood of energy that filled her being. Natalie had indeed done well for herself. And there was more than just mortal power she was absorbing, celestials of both sides had provided Natalie with essence, and now it was hers. Then came the memories. Most of them were of no import, but then...

"Matthew. Matthew is the source of your angelic celestial power. Where is Matthew?"

Natalie flailed wildly at the prying that was going on within her mind; her hand reaching for something that her mind didn't quite know was there.

"I will find him! I might have to rearrange what's going on in there, but I am going to find him..."

Her left hand brushed it, even as her mind desperately tried to remember what it was. A necklace, with a cylindrical pendant. Her hand clutched at it, then in a single motion squeezed. There was a small pop as the glass vile snapped in her hand making several superficial cuts, and the distilled magical essence inside was instantly absorbed into her body through them.

Like that, Lilith's hold on her was broken and Natalie shoved back against her queen. The sordid kiss broke, leaving both of them momentarily disoriented.

Agrat saw this and knew this was her chance to make a move. In a flash she was moving, arm drawn back, her partially transformed hand with razor sharp talons ready

to pierce Nathalia's heart and banish her back to Hell. And maybe, just maybe she could steal some of Lilith's thunder. With only feet to go she felt something hit her sternum. A look of confusion spread across her face. Her lightning sprint slowed as she sailed between Natalie and Lilith looking down at the hilt of a knife that was sticking from her chest. But she'd been a safe distance away... no mortal was able to match her speed! She spun around to see Cianna dropping from a run twenty meters away. Cianna could see the confusion on the demon woman's face even as fire started to burn from the demon's center. "Knives can be thrown."

Agrat Bah Mahlat's eyes went huge. "You won't get this one back," she said pulling it from her chest by the hilt just before she vanished in a cloud of smoke and dust. True to her word though, the blade was gone too.

The loss of another queen snapped the two remaining succubi from their dazed states.

"Enough of this!" Lilith's voice boomed as she transformed to her true state. **"BOW TO ME! COME BEFORE YOUR QUEEN AND BOW!"**

Natalie strained to resist the command, fists balled up and eyes scrunched shut. But in resisting so fervently, Lilith closed the distance and with a quick swipe of her hand sent Natalie sprawling to the ground. Before she could scramble to her feet, the of the Queen of Lust was towering over her.

"Now I will take whatever delight you were holding back from me, and you will still burn in the lake with the damned when the time comes."

The rapid staccato of fully automatic weapons fire stopped Lilith's next action though, as Matt dumped the entire magazine of the M-4 carbine into her at close range in under three seconds. The second magazine was in the well and emptied in another seven, before the demon had covered the distance. He didn't get to load the third magazine.

Lilith scooped him up in her arms and smashed him into her bare chest. "Ah! Here's the one! And he loves you... and he knows about you and what you do! This is too much," she announced spinning gleefully. "And such a spear you've given him! He will be even more the treat to drain before I send you home. I'll let you watch!"

"No!" Natalie screamed, even as she saw the life start to flow from Matt. She was on her feet before she could think, charging hard at her foe and her love.

"Natalie!" Cianna called from her right. Her eye caught sight of the big sword flying through the air toward her, and in a deft flip of her hands caught it mid stride. She felt the holy power from the weapon flow through her as she brought it to a high guard and then flipped the sword around so that she held the blade in her hands instead of the hilt.

Only one thing left to do. The hard part.

She made a leap into the air well in front of a confused Lilith. Natalie couldn't jump that far, not in her weakened mortal form...

It dawned on her too late, just as the pommel of the Zweihander bit into grass and her bleeding hands guided the point down between her breasts.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" Lilith screamed, shattering windows in the buildings 400 feet away. To her horror, she watched as Natalie plunged down on the blade.

* * *

"You know it cannot end this way."

"Yes my Lord. I suppose it can't."

"Whom should I send?"

"My Lord, send me," the majestic looking man said. He glowed with golden light from his golden blond hair to his warm brown eyes, and the great wings that unfurled behind his back were blindingly white.

"You Gabriel? You would go to help one who I have tested so?"

"Did she pass Lord?" Another equally impressive looking Angel, though with black hair asked.

"Yes, yes she did. She finally took a side."

"Then Lord, none of the host would forsake her. She is our sister."

"Very well Gabriel, but she will have to wait a bit longer if that is the case."

"As you wish my Lord."

* * *

"Wow she made a mess, eh Raphael?" Gabriel said. He was wearing an exquisite gray suit with a gleaming white shirt and dazzling tie. He and the other angel were walking across the impromptu battlefield. Time was at a standstill. The water of Lake Union didn't lap at the pilings nearby, and the gulls in the sky hung motionless in the air.

"Indeed. And she tried to clean it up herself. Admirable, though if she'd succeeded she'd not be getting our help right now." Raphael replied. He too was wearing a perfect suit, though his was tan in color.

"True," the blond angel agreed walking up to the transfigured Lilith. He touched her and she unfroze, letting go of Matt.

"YOU!" she bellowed and recoiled from his touch as though it hurt her.

"For a demigod, you've done well for yourself. But if you are quite finished, I think it's time you returned to your home."

"I will not!" she screeched.

"Michael?" Gabriel announced the presence of the third archangel. Unlike Gabriel and Raphael, he was transfigured and equipped in full angelic war regalia. He

was also behind her. She never saw the blow that sent her back to hell, or knew that it literally split her in two lengthwise from crown to crotch.

"I do think you enjoyed that." Raphael said with an approving smile.

He too was in human form before the dust from the banished demon settled. His suit ensemble was black on black, fitting for the angel of death. "I did. Now, what to do with Nathalia?"

"Well, first we wake her up." Gabriel said walking to her and brushing her cheek.

Her pained expression faded as her eyes fluttered open. The realization that she wasn't in hell was the first thing she noticed. But the sword was still stuck inside her. She could feel her heart beating against it. It was then that she looked up and realized who was standing around her. A look of awe came over her.

"I do think you have something of mine," Michael said, pulling the sword from her in a single smooth motion.

"Now, I think this next part will be unpleasant, but the ends will justify the means," Raphael announced, placing his hands on the wounds on her front and back.

As soon as he let go she fell to her knees and retched. An impossible amount of black tarry slime poured from her in great heaves, until finally she collapsed back onto her bottom.

As the world came back into focus, she saw the angels in their true form, beings of unimaginable light with broad majestic wings. Gabriel was tending to four bodies laying side by side that hadn't been there when she'd fallen to the ground. They glowed with a golden radiance, less so than that of the angels but still with beautiful warmth.

"Who are they?" she asked, shocked at the sound of her own voice. There was a richness to it that she couldn't remember.

"They are the mortals that the Queen's possessed. We were sent to make things right. And we don't take our duties lightly. You had to destroy them to banish the demons; such was the nature of their arrival. The Lord has rebuilt them that they may finish their mortal lives as intended."

"Wait! I possessed a girl when I escaped too. She would have died without--"

Gabriel cut her off with a finger to her lips.

"Hush Sister. All will become clear in time."

"Sister?" Nathalia asked incredulously.

"Yes. Congratulations Sister. You are among us again." Gabriel said with a smile rising from the side of the last woman.

A smile of joy came over her. *I've done it! I paid my price, my penance. I am back among the host!* "Thank you Lord! Hallelujah! Hosanna in the highest!" she praised in the ancient tongue.

"We must depart," Michael announced, before flashing into a beam of light and shooting skyward.

"Indeed. Sister, we must go. But we shall meet again soon!" Gabriel agreed, vanishing in similar fashion, and taking the four women with him.

"There is but one more, minor detail," Raphael interjected as the glow about him began to brighten.

"What is it, I'll do anything!"

"You have a life to finish."

Epilogue

"Happy Home"

Cianna watched from a bench seat in the lobby of the building that Fox, Bryce and Barlowe occupied. She was taking in everything, but most importantly, she was waiting for the return of Natalie Faust. She was the only person with any memory of the events of three days ago. She'd never met an Angel before that Friday, let alone the three archangels but they had explained it all to her.

Natalie Faust was now effectively human. She would have no recollection of her former existence, either in Heaven or Hell. And neither Angela nor Cee nor Matt would remember any of the details of their transformations. Any and everyone that Natalie had ever touched with her celestial power would have no recall of whatever changes they'd received either good bad or indifferent. It would be as if it had always been that way.

Additionally, Cianna wasn't supposed to make any kind of formal contact with the three of them. They wouldn't remember her anyway, but it would prevent any kind of unforeseen complications. But the 800 pound gorilla in the room was the fact that Natalie was an angel again. She didn't know it, nor did she have any memories of the divine existence. For all intents and purposes, Natalie was supposed to be just a person. Cianna just wanted to see what kind of person.

It was ten minutes before 9:00 AM as they came through the glass doors of the building's main doorway. Natalie, Cee and Angela entered the building together, and what an entrance they made.

The Archangels hadn't spared any details in the restoration of Natalie. If anything, they'd seen fit to improve on her. At six feet even before the significant high heels she was wearing, she dominated the vast lobby, gliding with a superb cat-like grace. Her skin had a positively golden glow. The perfectly tailored skirt and matching blazer were conservative in that they ended just above the knee and thanks to a blouse with the top-button undone showed only a fine gold cross below the neck line. But at the same time, with her incomprehensible curves, nothing could really be conservative.

Meanwhile Cee and Angela looked like sisters, albeit with raven and brown hair respectively. But their bodies were almost bosomy mirrors of each other. The Archangels had returned Angela to her healthy state before her meeting with the queens, and apparently left what Natalie and Matt's alterations had done intact. The effect was most dramatic as the two of them walked into the lobby glowing while they talked to one another. Nobody who didn't know otherwise would have thought that they were twelve years apart in age, and before long rumors would spread around the office about their relationship together.

The three women flirted briefly with Wes as he checked their badges. The guard probably had a bloody nose by the time the pneumatic trio got to the elevator.

Well good for them. Cianna thought as she stood to leave the building.

* * *

A few minutes after settling into her office, Natalie sat admiring the one thing that Cianna wasn't aware of. A simple gold band adorned her left ring finger. A smile crossed her face as she felt an interesting sensation pass through her, followed by a warmth in her belly. She remembered the romp she and Matt had shared just that morning. She pulled out her cell phone and pressed the button with Matt's face on it. It rang twice before it was picked up.

"Heya babe," Matt's voice rang out happily over the speaker to her ear.

"Hey. I was thinking. I know we only got engaged yesterday, but I know you. And I know you love my tits."

"Yeah, almost as much as you seem to love my... tool" he replied with a sheepish chuckle.

"Well what if I told you they are gonna get bigger?"

"What do you mean?" Matt asked quizzically.

"We're going to have a baby... a little girl."

There was a long pause as Matt took a moment to process what he'd just heard.

"Uhh... how do you know?"

"It's... it's just a feeling," Natalie responded. "A wonderful little feeling."

Then from deep within her subconscious came a spark of inspiration.

"Let's name her Patience."

The End