

CHAPTER VIII

“My Lovers Box”

Natalie dropped Matt off at his house and arrived home at just before 4:30 that Sunday afternoon. She was still rolling Matt’s idea around in her mind. An energy dump like Matt had described was a good idea. It would better maintain her ability to conform to at least the extreme fringes of physiological norms. But the prospect of it was just as he described; worrisome.

First and foremost, her stored power was a hedge against lean times. Subsisting as she did on the life energies of mortals, her current stores could sustain her for a very long time, well over a year, even at her current generous levels of use. If she “tightened her belt,” it could last considerably longer. Then there was the use of her powers for protection. Just as her current energy levels could sustain her life for a long time, in combat, they would be burned rapidly to produce powerful and effective defensive and offensive capabilities. Theoretically, she could dump all her energy into one single attack of monumental power, but in so doing would make herself terribly vulnerable.

This will help us mainstream, and might even make us harder to track down, Superego piped up.

But I like this power, it makes us feel amazing! Id retorted.

So we compromise... Biggest conventional bra size Georgia makes, Ego advised.

NO! I don’t wanna! Id whined.

That’s a compromise? Superego asked incredulously.

Grow up, both of you! Ego chastised both of them.

As if to emphasize Ego’s point, both Id and Superego responded with wet raspberries.

“I wonder if my gym membership is still current?” Natalie asked herself rhetorically. Twenty minutes later she was wearing a pair of workout shorts and a T-shirt, both of which looked painted on, and on her way to the her gym.

Arriving, she first tried to think about ways to affect the most people at once. If she was going to dump energy, particularly as much as would be required to return to a 32M bra, it would mean drastically changing ten to fifteen people, or making more subtle changes to ten times that number. Being that this was a gym, she did a quick walk around to determine what the average attendee’s goals were and was rewarded with the predictable result. Most of them just wanted to get stronger, and look better in doing so. *This should be easy enough.*

Natalie's first stop was the weight room. Calling it a room was kind of a

misnomer though, as it was a massive open bay of weight benches and sleds intended to aid the purists in gaining strength and packing on slabs of muscle. Or at least that's what the hard core residents of the church of iron would have had her believe. There were a few of them; hulking side's of beef with legs, but she was far more interested in the other, more numerous potential beneficiaries of her power; the many ordinary people struggling to add mass to thin bodies or remove it from fat ones. A quick mental appraisal of the people inside followed by a coinciding visual check revealed her perfect test case, and she steered her way around racks of weights and leverage machines toward him.

On a flat bench was a young man in nearly knee length nylon mesh shorts and a distressed black t-shirt with a University of Washington Husky logo, who was trying very hard to psych himself up to bench press far too heavy a weight. He was thin with a pale complexion and a curly head of brown hair that fell in casual ringlets framing big blue eyes and an almost effeminate face that would make a healthy percentage of women find him quite attractive. Still, the 155 pounds he had on the bar above his head was easily greater than his lanky body weight.

She stopped with her thighs almost straddling his head, her cantilevered breasts eclipsing her face from his view until she bent at her hips and looked over them into his eyes, "Do you need a spot sweetie?"

"*Oui...* I mean yes," he stammered as he took in the visage above him, catching what apparently his native tongue and switching to French accented English.

And he has an accent. The girls will really love him She placed her hands inside his on the bar in an over-under grip, "accidentally" touching his left hand with hers and rounding out her picture of his desires, and why he was obviously so far out of his comfort zone.

His name was Jean-Claude LaCroix, and he was the product of a Parisian dentist and an American business woman's one night stand when she was on her graduation vacation seventeen years prior. Both of his parents were well off, but they were divorced and he was spending the summer with his mother. But as to why he was in the gym the answer was simple, a girl. Jenna- an athletic girl a year or so older than him, who always seemed to be coming from or going to the gym. He'd had his eyes on her for the last three years, though right now thoughts of her seemed to be obscured by trying to impress Natalie... *how cute.*

"Well let's see what we can do?" she encouraged, inwardly pleased at the double meaning to her words and the fact that agreement would be, in a sense, consent.

"Yes," he agreed, straining to raise the bar from its rests above him. Slowly he brought the weights to the ready position in a wobbly and halting display of more determination than actual control. If Natalie weren't there, he would have undoubtedly hurt himself, or at least dropped the bar, sending it flying dangerously across the bench to his left or right after shedding half its weight. Still, she did nothing to dissuade him.

As soon as his elbows unlocked his arms buckled, threatening to send the weight crashing down onto his chest, though Natalie effortlessly prevented him from experiencing that, instead making his arms engage at maximum effort all the way down. He gritted his teeth as the weight reached his chest and he struggled against the mass, slowly with Natalie's help bringing it inch by inch back up to the rest position. Sweat was pouring from his face after this single rep as he locked out his elbows again.

"That's one, you can do more!" Natalie announced with saccharine encouragement.

Again, he gritted his teeth as his elbows unlocked and his arms, now almost useless gave out beneath the overbearing mass. This time though he felt a twinge of pain seem to spread from his left hand and down his arm to where it diffused into his body. It made him take pause for a moment when the weight was back down against his chest. Time slowed for him as he looked up at the huge breasts of the unknown spotter above him. He saw a drop of sweat slowly tracing a path down her long neck, disappearing momentarily behind the contour of her clavicle before reappearing and starting it's long slow journey down toward the chasm of her cleavage where it vanished for the last time, lost in the bottomless depths there in.

He heaved up and his dead arms started raising the bar again, straining, but shockingly to him still putting effort into the movement.

"Two! Keep going!"

He lowered the bar again, sure now that the sexpot spotting him must be doing all the work, but determined to keep playing at the charade. The bar hit his chest again, but as he grunted in effort he felt it move upward again, not even resting against his ribcage this time as it rose steadily upward.

"Three, you've got this!" she cheered.

What the lad couldn't see were the changes he was undergoing as he lifted the weight again and again. His arms weren't scrawny now, but decently developed and swelling quickly as he did roughly half the work on his fourth rep. His chest filled out with pecs belonging to someone his age who spent several hours a week lifting by the fifth pass. By the sixth rep he was doing all the work himself, her hands only lightly touching the bar, and by extension ever so slightly his hand.

By rep seven she was pretty satisfied with his physique, having transformed him from a lanky five foot seven to a stocky five feet ten with a body that looked like it could have been hewn from living stone. Now it was time for her to have some fun.

As Jean-Claude began his eighth repetition of what now seemed a light weight, he felt that underlying low intensity current that had been diffused throughout his body seem to flow down, focusing and concentrating in his crotch. He felt another sensation flooding his consciousness, very similar to arousal but different... better. He wasn't just getting a hard on, he was getting bigger.

Natalie watched as his concentration was divided further from lifting the weight

above his body, the mesmerizing massive breasts covered in a glossy sheen of sweat above it, and now the awkward sensation snaking its way down his left trouser leg. He started on his ninth rep and she watched with a smirk as the crotch region of his shorts bulged outwards as his balls surged larger, suddenly making up for lost time as they maintained some modicum of proportionality. Still his tool distended longer and fatter down his thigh, nearing the point where it would expose itself out the right leg hole of his shorts.

His breathing became labored as he started on rep ten, as his body underwent a final frenzy of changes. His physique swelled slightly more, chiseled definition emerging along his body and rapidly spreading down along his arms and legs. She tweaked his hormone production and metabolism to help him maintain his new body with a bare minimum of effort, while making physical exertion an enjoyable, wholly pleasurable and borderline erotic experience for his brain. Finally, as he finished raising the bar for the tenth and final time she stopped his cock's expansion just as it was starting to emerge from the bottom of his right leg hole. With a clank she helped him rack the bar and let go, severing the link she shared with him.

"I knew 155 was too light for you." she announced.

Jean-Claude looked confused for a moment before he nodded. "Ya... yes, it's just a warm up." He cast a glance at her nearly foot of visible cleavage but then past it toward a pull up bar against the far side of the room.

"Well I need to go. Keep lifting." she encouraged, clapping him on the shoulder before stepping off.

She quickly followed his gaze as she moved away, *So that's Jenna*

She started toward the woman who was methodically doing pull-ups with 15 pounds of weight hanging from a belt between her legs. Jenna didn't need help from Natalie in the muscle department; she was jacked. She wore a black and pink sports bra and matching leggings that left none of her body in question. Right now, though, the focus was on her broad back, strong shoulders and arms, as well as her killer butt which was dramatically accented by the contrasting hot pink and black stretch fabric. In her ears were a pair of ear buds, the cords of which peaked out from her sandy blonde hair. Natalie decided on a course of action and subtly softened her own well-toned body down to a shape lacking any definition at all, having the consequence of fluffing up her already outrageously padded curves. Her sports bra creaked ominously as cleavage deepened further with the dense muscle fading into considerably more adipose tissue.

She finished her set of pull ups and unchained the weights from the kidney belt before lowering them to the floor. She turned around to see Natalie looking sheepishly at her. She pulled the ear bud from her right ear.

"Can I help you?" she said neutrally, while casting a skeptical glance at the succubus' outrageous curves.

"Hi. I'm, uh, just starting to work out and I was wondering if you could, umm,

give me any pointers? You seem like a good person to ask." Natalie made a special effort to sound unsure of herself, something not in her normal nature.

"Uh huh," Jenna replied not buying the line Natalie was selling.

I have to admit, I probably look like extreme casting for a porn flick.

"The only way to lose this is to work it off or cut it off, and I am not having surgery," Natalie announced extending her hand to the young woman. "I'm Natalie."

Jenna took the hand with a still suspect look and gave a firm handshake, one that might have been slightly uncomfortable had she been mortal. "I'm Jenna. Jenna Anderson."

The first thing that Natalie got from the touch was that Jean-Claude was screwed. Jenna's bread wasn't buttered on that side. Next and somewhat surprising was that Jenna didn't really feel insecure about her body. Sure, she wanted to be bigger, but mostly just by enhancing her musculature. In that regard, she wanted to be huge. She was obsessed with getting big, to the point it had ended two of her previous relationships. Jenna wanted to be one of those muscle-mag girls that either scared or creeped out most folks but caused envy, desire and admiration in the rest. She wanted to go as far as she could clean, but wasn't opposed to androgenic assistance if she needed it in the future. Still she was concerned about the masculine side effects of steroids. Jenna wasn't there yet, waiting to cross that bridge when she got to it. Of course, Natalie could help her along.

The jolt that she gave Jenna was just that, a jolt. Far from the slow but steady release she'd given Jean-Claude it nearly took the late teen out at the knees, forcing her to steady herself with her hands above her kneecaps as she recovered from the shock.

"Are you okay?" Natalie asked with fake naïveté.

Jenna shook her head to clear it as she stood back up, already two inches taller. "Yeah, that was really strange. So, what did you want to work on first? I would honestly recommend starting with bodyweight exercises. The body is designed to lift itself. Stuff like push-ups, sit-ups, squats, calf raises, and pull ups. There are others too." she said, going into a monologue about the virtues of bodyweight movements for new weight lifters. Natalie took it in, but was really more entertained by the changes that Jenna was oblivious too.

Her body was already tight, but the juice Natalie had pumped into her was having a rapid effect. Her shoulders swelled first, going from big to massive; followed by her lats which bulged out from the sides her ribcage creating a broad "V" shape. Her upper arm muscles expanded into a great ball like bicep and rolling lumps of shredded muscle replaced her triceps. Her forearms too expanded, until they rivaled softballs at their thickest points before tapering into her still dainty if heavily calloused hands.

Her chest too expanded, as her pectorals grew into thick plates of flesh that begged to do bench work. Jenna's already sculpted 8-pack abs became a poster of her apparent dedication, with great furrows delineating each perfect swollen cobble

surrounding the front and flanks of her midsection. Her waist line shrank down too though, not having had the bulking effect on her organs that many steroid and HGH users experienced resulting in a tiny circumference. It also let her hips flare into mountainous glutes that protruded behind her like a homing beacon for ass men, as long as they liked their butts strong.

Finally the teen titan's legs became monumental columns of female strength, thick and corded with muscle. Each thigh was easily larger around than her waist; all of the half dozen individual muscles of her quads and hamstrings bulging outwards from her femur with incredible definition. And while her knees weren't outwardly affected Natalie saw to it that all her joints, particularly her knees and ankles, were strengthened to withstand the rigors that her new body would subject them to. That left her calves to surge into big chunky blocks of smooth flesh that contorted with every minor move of her legs.

The finishing touches though were the femininity. Natalie didn't want Jenna to be mistaken for a man, even if she was built more like one now in many ways, so she'd endeavored in that moment of contact to add a few undoubtedly female touches. She made the girls hair shine and gave it a natural spiral curl, thickening it to twice the number of follicles and predisposing it to grow at twice the normal speed. She softened a little of the facial muscle definition, and made it less inclined to add mass in her jaw line and cheeks while still retaining its strength. Natalie made sure Jenna kept distinctly wide, womanly hips giving their curves a bit of padding that, like it or not Jenna wouldn't be able to burn off, ensuring a distinctly feminine figure that was further exaggerated by the sweeping contour of her over-muscled thighs.

Last but not least, there were boobs. Jenna didn't want big boobs, but she did regret the loss of her boobs when she started really exercising hard. So Natalie gave them back, swelling out a pair of C-cups before expanding them just a bit further to offset some of her newly more masculine frame while reprogramming her body to never pull fat from them again.

The end of all this was Jenna had become a muscle goddess. She could give the strongest men in this room a good run for their money now, easily besting them with her legs and core, and maybe even in upper body strength. Natalie had created a gentle monster, but one who no one would ever accuse of not being a woman, and would never need to take anything to keep her gains or even continue to make new ones.

"- Do you have any other questions?" Jenna finished with her explanations, still completely oblivious to the changed that seemed completely natural.

"No, I think you've been helpful. I don't know if I will ever get to where you are. I think I'm just predisposed to being a bit fluffier than you. Thanks," she said offering her hand again. They shook, and Natalie couldn't resist adding just a bit more volume to the girl's breasts, swelling them to noticeable coconut sized DDs. It took all her willpower not to grow them further.

"If you work hard, you can accomplish anything." Jenna added as they shook before looking puzzled at both her too-tight sports bra and the meager fifteen pounds she'd been lifting in her pull-ups moments before.

Natalie walked off, leaving Jenna standing confused and in a bra and shorts that were testing the design limits of spandex. She retightened her body before walking past Jean-Claude again as she headed out of the weight room, who was staring openly in lust now at the newly ultra-muscular target of his affection.

"You're not her type sweetie," she said in passing with a sad lilt.

He looked at Natalie who didn't turn around to explain before hanging his head.

Leaving the weight room she did a quick self assessment, and quickly found she'd put hardly a dent into her reserves. She needed a conduit though to distribute her power more efficiently, something that everyone used, not just individuals. Her solution showed itself in the pool. People swam in the pool all day and as long as she was in it she could just dump her energy into the water and exposure would do the rest. She'd need a swimsuit though.

Leaving the gym for the neighboring sports store it took her the better part of an hour to find a one piece that would fit her. By the time she'd returned it was getting close to the pool's closing time. Still, she wanted to try it out.

Walking out on the pool deck, all eyes were on her. In many ways, her body resembled that of a swimmer; the strong legs, powerful arms, broad back and shoulders, even her coke bottle figure. But there were two very large hydrodynamic drag inducing objects that made it obvious that swimming wasn't her primary means of employ. The one piece she wore smashed her boobs into cavernously deep cleavage, and the straps of the suit cut deeply into the soft tissue, all the while mushing great bulging crescents of creamy sweater meat out the neck and arm holes. Additionally, her ass had unapologetically devoured the backside the suit. Finally, she'd had to be very careful when putting the suit on to keep it from settling into her lower lips and forming a highly visible camel toe.

Even as tight as the suit was, when she jumped into the shallows and landed in the three foot deep water, her bosom careened about, threatening to pop the stitching. Finally in the pool, she started swimming, and as she did, started discharging her celestial essence into the clear waters.

To the unknowing eye, the changes wouldn't be obvious, but over the next thirty minutes, while Natalie tirelessly swam various strokes, other members of the pool's current population of 13 started to change. The six 60-70 year olds grew younger and more toned, their wrinkles fading. The hugely obese black man who was making a disturbing mockery of water aerobics mysteriously began the process of shedding over 200 pounds of fat and excess skin. The two men swimming in the lanes on either side of her got stronger and faster, the definition of their muscles more pronounced. Then there was the young woman in the far lane, who was already a phenomenal swimmer. Her

body became like a blade through the water for the power and speed with which she sliced through it.

The pool closed and the improved bodies extricated themselves from its revitalizing water, with Natalie finishing her lap to be the last one out. She noted with a mix of satisfaction and disappointment that her suit now fit better.

“Well finally, that’s a start,” she said to herself as she went to the shower.

In the locker room there were was a mix of people. Some were her fellow pool goers, in their now ill-fitting swimwear, including one “seventy” year old who now looked more like an early forty year old, who’s suit was causing her much embarrassment where it was so baggy that it left little or nothing to the imagination in places.

Feeling she needed to correct this she lightly brushed past the former poster woman for AARP while she was at one of the sinks. The woman jumped with surprise at the exchange, and gave Natalie a funny look as she took her place at the adjacent sink with no acknowledgement of the exchange.

Then the succubus watched, admiring with satisfaction as her magic did its work. Knowing now that Grace as the woman was named, had been dancer and swimmer when she was younger, Natalie had directed energies toward those area’s supportive of her pastimes, while adding her own personal touches. Already much younger looking than she’d been when she got into the pool, the woman regressed slightly more in age, any remaining crow’s feet and laugh lines fading completely. This wasn’t the end goal, just a bonus though and as that comparatively minor change ended, and the more significant ones began.

Grace began to put on muscle mass, starting in her shoulders and arms, then proceeding down in a procedural way, though her chest and flanks, with pectorals thickening and her lats broadening to allow for the classic swimmer’s inverted triangle shaped upper body. Her waist didn’t shrink much, but it tightened up significantly, as her abdomen became a series of washboard bumps, and her obliques became distinct from her upper torso.

Following the change down, her still rather uninspiring posterior began to expand, filling out more and more of the suits baggy bottom. Soon it had filled all the room her formerly seventy two year old, pear shaped overweight bottom had occupied when the suit had fit in the pool. The difference was that first off, her bottom was still growing, and second that it was a muscular triumph that would give some of the best twerkers a run for their money.

Those changes continued to run south, as her hips filled out and paired up with rapidly thickening legs, legs that belonged to a professional dancer come world class swimmer hybrid. They were lean, powerful and sexy when that phase of the change stopped. As she stood there now, Grace had gone from a soft formerly seventy something to a more youthful soft early fifty something, and now to a chiseled early-

forties athlete. But the changes weren't done.

The rock hard muscle tone started to soften next, as a pleasant layer of fat began to roll up her body from her feet. It took the hard edges off the definition in her calves and thighs while leaving gentle impressions of feminine strength visible. Then it hit her ass, and it was an ass now. Any remaining spare space in the bottom of the one piece she wore was gone quickly as more and more volume inflated her green Speedo. The growth there stopped just as the stitching in the crotch and above the hips began to groan in protest.

Very little changed in her core, a slight softening of the cobblestones that were her abs and flanks before the softening effect hit its area of greatest emphasis. Grace visibly swooned as her breasts began to inflate inside the once baggy swimwear. Her nipples hardened into points, indenting the stressed stretch fabric with their presence as they lead the way for her amplifying bosom. It flew through bra sizes, going from broad pancake flat masses and pressing outward. When they were about the depth of a decent sized grapefruit and fighting against each other for room, there was a series of muffled pops from the crotch of her suit and a familiar groaning at the seam below her arms. Still those now magnificent mammaries expanded further, until there was a sizable pair of bulges and a deep chasm of cleavage pushing out the neckline of the suit.

Then like that the expansion stopped with her overburdened Speedo struggling between her greatly expanded ass and her now outsized pulchritude. The softening effect finally moved to her shoulders and then down her arms, making them feminine, but still undoubtedly strong. The net effect though was that the overmatched suit finally had too much, and in an instant there was a loud ripping series of pops as the stitching down one side of the suit gave way exposing one whole flank of her body. That was the moment that snapped Grace from her enrapt trance, as the leg arm hole on her left side became one.

She let out a yelp of surprise and fled from the sink toward her locker at a run, her right arm struggling to hold her now much expanded boob firmly in check within the remains of the suit.

* * *

Natalie returned to work on Monday with a bounce in her step, one that made everything move accordingly. She was wearing a cream colored jacket and just above the knee skirt with dark nylons with candy-cane lighter strips that twisted around along with a thin black seam that ran up the back. Her four inch stilettos matched in cream with black accents. A silver satin blouse finished off the monochromatic look, while allowing her red hair and lipstick and luminous green eyes to add color.

Andy passed by her in the hall and did a double take, "You're lookin' good girlfriend," he said.

"Thanks Andrew," She cooed with a smile.

The most shocked though was Cee, but for different reasons.

"Good morning Ms. Faust," she said with a look of confusion. "What happened?"

"Practicality, but never mind that," she dismissed. "How was your weekend?"

"Good. I relaxed and took it easy. How was New York?"

"It was productive. I got a lot done. Come on in my office and I will explain."

Cecelia followed her in, shutting the doors behind her. "So what happened?"

"Like I said, it was practicality. As it is, I have to get everything tailored, but when you are as big as I was, it's even more ridiculous. Since I already had a wardrobe for this size, it was easier to come back to it."

"But I kinda liked them that size. It was just like you said; you were a big modern fertility goddess."

"Yes, yes, but I've given this some thought. And besides, there's nothing saying I can't go back to that size. It's just that right now I don't need to be," she retorted, but instantly regretted the last bit about not needing to be a certain size.

"What do you mean 'need to be'? None of us needs to be this big," she announced with a funny look.

"It's complicated. Let's get on with the agenda for the day." Natalie said, definitively closing the subject.

Cee looked like she wanted to ask more questions, but instead dove into the daily tasks.

By the end of lunch work was moving along smoothly, when Natalie got a knock at her door. She was surprised that Cee hadn't told her to expect a visitor, but when Mr. Bryce popped his head in the door, she saw that her secretary wasn't at her desk.

"Am I bothering you?" Mr. Bryce asked.

"No, sir. Come in." she said standing.

"Please sit down, when I was your age, men stood up when a woman entered the room, you don't need to do that for me," he said with a good-natured smile.

Sitting again, she beckoned her to a chair. "What can I do for you?"

"A couple of things have come to my attention. But first, let me ask you, how does it feel to have your own office?"

"It's very nice sir —" she started,

"Please, call me Allan. You're a partner now."

"I'm sorry, habits die hard. It is really nice to have my own office. I trust that the level of productivity from the secretarial pool hasn't fallen off?"

"No, actually, we were looking at giving you some more staff, if you think you are up to it. I want to do a side project and see if you can manage our paralegals. You won't be doing cases or any of the lawyers tasks, but running day to day affairs and managing work flow, time cards, those sorts of things," he explained. "You will be

supervising their day to day work as a department head, while the lawyers use them to help in cases and what not. It will add fifteen to twenty people to your section."

"Sir — Allan, I would be honored."

"Good. I will see to it that you get a list of names before we close for the day. But that wasn't really what I needed to talk to you about," he said.

"Oh?"

"No. Actually, I was wondering if you might have any idea what happened to Angela Martin?" he asked.

Natalie realized that she'd not seen the shrew of a woman since her promotion. "No. Is she not in her office?"

"Well that's just it. Nobody's seen her since your promotion. You were the last person anyone can remember talking to her. I know that you two haven't always seen eye to eye, but it seemed to me like you'd buried the hatchet after you made partner. So I was wondering. Nancy in HR says that she's not been in since that day either."

"Wow, no, I hadn't heard. If I find anything out I will let you know."

"I am sure you will," he said standing up, then wincing when Natalie did the same. "Oh, one more thing," he said about two feet from the door.

"What's that?"

"Where did you find your secretary?" Allan asked.

"Cecelia? It was just lucky," she deflected.

"Huh, Nancy said that she didn't remember seeing any applications come through for the position except hers. We understand that as a Partner, you are entitled to a 'personal assistant'," he said making air quotes to show his disdain for the modern term. "But HR needs to vet applicants in the future so we can prevent possible lawsuits for unfair business practices."

"I'm sorry Allan, she was qualified and she's a family friend," she said as a slight hint of cinnamon drifted into the air.

"It's not that big deal this time. We just need to have an HR paper trail next time."

"It won't happen again."

"Don't take this the wrong way, but I've heard rumblings from associates at some other firms about how we hire all the best looking women. I have to say that in this case, you and her, you definitely help that reputation. I don't know if that's a good thing or not. Time will tell," he announced awkwardly.

"I'll take that as a complement Allan," she assured him.

As he left the office, she noticed that Cee was back at her desk. She buzzed the secretary over the intercom.

"Cee, can you come in here please?"

"Be right there."

She came in with an iPad in hand and sat down.

"I want to know if you want some more responsibility." Natalie said, not mincing any words.

"Do you think I'm ready for more?" She asked surprised.

"Do you? I am giving you an opportunity; I just need to know if you want to take it. It means more money, but more work. I want to see if you can handle it." Natalie shot back.

"Okay," was all Cecelia could say.

"Congratulations then, you just became the Paralegal manager. This is an additional duty on top of your secretarial responsibilities. I think a five percent raise is fair. Get with Nancy in HR about what the responsibilities are for the position, since it was just created by Mr. Bryce. And don't be afraid to ask for help."

"Okay!" she acknowledged with unveiled excitement as she shot out of her chair.

Natalie smiled at her as she left the room. *Out of the frying pan, into the fire Cecelia.*

* * *

Kelli Smith's eyes fluttered open, the effects of the drugs keeping her panic suppressed. She'd been abducted some time before, though judging by the fact that she'd only had one meal, she surmised that it hadn't been that long. Willing her head to turn left she saw one of the other young women... Sasha? The black girl. Kelli remembered talking to her and another girl, Sadie briefly the last time she was conscious.

Again, forcing her head to move, she looked again, this time to the right. There was another woman there, one she didn't recognize, but like Sasha, she was laying supine on the floor naked. The new woman wore a bronzed complexion, with short cropped blonde hair that still had some kind of spiking product in it, and a very strong physique that both repulsed and at the same time made Kelli stare. Her arms alone looked nearly as big around as Kelli's thighs.

She could feel her body waking up, the effect of whatever sedative she'd been given wearing off, and as it did, she became aware of more.

The room she and the other women were in was perhaps twenty feet square. There were wrought iron candelabums in the corners of the room with mostly melted candles providing the illumination. If there were windows she didn't see them, but there were heavy curtains that were either brown or red that could have been covering them. There was a single door on the opposing wall from the curtains, but if there was something beyond that door, nothing showed at the bottom.

The young girl realized then that she too, was naked. While it hadn't occurred to her before, she suddenly felt embarrassed. Her arms still weren't working right though, and she couldn't move them to cover herself. She tried to speak, but her mouth barely

moved, and a barely audible rasp was all she could produce. That seemed to be enough though, because there was suddenly noise coming from the far side of the door. It opened and she saw her.

Kelli didn't know the woman's name, but she was the one who'd brought her here, who'd brought all of them here, and she didn't understand how the woman had done it. The whole process of her arrival was foggy, but she knew that this woman was responsible.

The woman had brown hair that was only present on her head, the rest was either shaved or more likely lasered off, as there was no stubble on her completely naked body. But it was what she held in her hand and indeed what followed that made Kelli reflexively gasp.

Four men, all young and in very good shape, and again, all nude entered the room. All of them had hoods over their heads and their hands bound with a rope that the woman held in her hands as a lead. They also had one other thing in common; all of them had straining erections. The woman led them in and around the women, who it now appeared to be arranged around the room in wide circle, their feet facing to the center. The men were laid down inside the circle formed by the girls, their feet just opposite those of the girls, so that the men's heads pointed inwards with about a four foot circular gap in the middle. It was also quickly clear that there was a fourth girl, probably Sadie on the opposite side of the circle from her, down past her feet.

As the woman walked past Kelli, she noticed the young woman's eyes were open.

"Ah, you're awake. Still pretty hard to move though isn't it. The drugs do that. No worries, that won't be a problem soon," the captor announced with an almost mirthful lyrical lilt. Those were the first words Kelli had heard her say and it wasn't comforting.

The woman was undeniably attractive. Tall, with willowy limbs and generous breasts, she was probably ever so slightly too well endowed about the hips and breasts to be a fashion model and her hair was too long, falling in luxurious waves and curls to the back of her thighs. The rich brown looked out of place on her tanned body, as though the sun had never touched it. It added an exotic quality to her otherwise European features.

She turned away from Kelli, and moved to the edge of the room above her field of view, coming back to the circle a moment later with a wicked looking black bladed knife. The blade was intricately etched she could see, even in the rather poor candle light, and the edge drew out into a long twisting tip, terminating in a very fine point. She held something else in her other hand, but Kelli couldn't quite make out what it was.

She managed to follow the woman with her eyes as she walked first to the man positioned at the head of the body building woman, where she quickly murmured

something and then made an almost effortless slice into the man's outer thigh, producing a profuse fountain of blood that momentarily gushed forth. It was then that she realized what the woman held in her other hand; a small bronze bowl, into which she collected a small portion of his bloody outflow. The woman repeated the deft slice on all the men, each time with the uncharacteristically great initial outflow of blood of which she collected a sample in the small bowl.

The woman walked past the women and into the space at their feet where she began to make an intricate symbol upon the ground with the bloody contents, using her fingers as brushes and working quickly. In just a few minutes she was done, and she stepped purposely from the symbols and moved back to the men, who still lay strangely still, save their straining hard-ons that visibly pulsed with their heartbeats. Their bloody wounds had stopped bleeding, a far cry from the practical fountains that had gushed when she'd cut them initially.

She stood over each man, making a quick symbol upon each of their foreheads and chests, then returned to the center of the circle and began to chant in a low growling voice. To Kelli it sounded like gibberish, like made up babbling, but there was no denying something was happening. The men started moaning in unison, their cocks surging as they thrust into the air again and again.

Kelli couldn't look away from the man positioned closest to Sasha. He had, in her opinion, the best body, but that didn't matter. What had her attention was the fact that his already irrepressible member was now growing rapidly before her eyes. He'd been pretty big when he'd been led in, but now, even in her inexperienced opinion he was massive, and rapidly becoming immense!

The woman was chanting again, repeating the initial stream of gobbledygook but adding more at the end. The men's now huge tools stopped growing near arm length. Impossibly big. But new growth started, and their balls began to swell. They bloated even faster than the men's monstrous rod's had, until they were each honeydew sized in stretched scrotums that were spider-webbed with veins.

Kelli looked on in terror as the young man's organs swell beyond comprehension, but through it all the most she could do was hyperventilate wide eyed.

Then the woman in the center of the circle started chanting again. She made a lap around the room, stopping to mark each girl's belly with a bloody mark. She reached Kelli last, smiling gleefully as she painted a bloody symbol upon Kelli's belly. Kelly winced and then whined, as the warm blood initially seemed to burn her, only for the burning to change into a disturbingly pleasant glowing warmth. Then the world seemed to pull back, and the only things in the world were the chanting beauty in the center of them, and the women around her. Even the men and their grotesque packages were gone, replaced by a smothering blackness. Kelli watched the woman as she continued to chant louder and louder, her voice seeming to drive into her soul. Then she dumped the remaining blood from the bowl over herself and she too vanished and

with her gone so was the chanting, replaced with deafening silence.

Suddenly there was something sinister she could feel, drifting languidly over her body. It was darker than the blackness that surrounded her, and it swirled across her skin, dragging invisible icy fingertips. Her skin tightened into gooseflesh as those freezing tendrils crossed her *venus mons* and traced up her stomach. Kelli gasped as the fingers dragged over her nipples, and when her mouth opened those invisible frigid digits shot to her lips, and grabbed onto her jaws with strength like steel.

That grip was brutally painful and Kelli finally mustered something more than a wheezing groan, instead uttering a guttural scream as a horribly beautiful face suddenly loomed over her, inhumanly black and terrifying and mesmerizingly sublime. It seemed to hover over her for an eternity before its perfect lips parted in a smile filled with malevolence, self-assurance and eagerness.

Then that brutal, bitter cold pushed into her unprepared pussy, making her breath catch and in that gasping inhale, the face dissolved into dust and flowed into her, filling her whole body with that unbearable cold, and then ... she was back in the room.

Hello child. The voice wasn't the woman in the center, the timber was too rich, too smooth and impossibly intimate. *I am inside you Kelli...*

Who are you?!? Kelli thought.

You are very clever. Most people try to talk with their voice... But it really doesn't matter who I am, it won't matter in a few minutes.

"What's going to happen in a few minutes?"

You and I are going to become the same person. But I suppose if it would be a disservice to not introduce myself. I am Lilith, queen among demons, and your precious body will suffice for now to become my new home.

"But Jesus is my lord-"

Jesus isn't here sweetheart. And while he may have your soul, I only need your body. He can have your soul when I am done. But since you are going to be that way... I will let you watch as I corrupt your body, and as a result, you mind. Then you will get to know what you never got to experience before your body is used up. Now, there's a very well prepared man to help get you started on the path of being my vessel, but first I will feast on your fear as you witness what will soon happen to you.

"But-" Kelli attempted to protest.

Silence! Just watch... Lilith commanded and like that Kelli's face went momentarily blank. Then like waking from a bad dream the blackness around her parted. She blinked her eyes and sat up. Her heart was pounding from the nightmare she'd just had. Or was it? Looking around she was still in the dark candle-lit room with the others, still naked and still with a bloody mark painted on her belly. She pinched herself. She was wide awake now, all the drug induced drowsiness and paralysis gone from her body. She felt fine, good even, and yet a sense of anxiety and worry lingered in her gut.

Across from her, Sadie was sitting up. There was a dazed look on the girl's face.

"Sadie? Are you okay?" she asked.

"Oh fuck, what the hell was that?" asked the other girl. To their sides the other two girls were also sitting up.

Instantly a look of terror came over Sadie's face and just as quickly vanished again.

"Oh god, Kelli! Something's inside me! Something is..." her voice trailed off as her expression changed from fear and terror to a far scarier one of giddiness and lust.

"Oh fuck Kelli, I feel so good, shit! Mmm," she cooed as she ran her hands over her breasts, giving her nipples a flick. Kelli swore it looked like the girl's breasts grew a little as she played with them. Her eyes flashed red as they focused on the man in front of her.

"Food!" she exclaimed with an inhuman voice, lunging forwards and encircling the man's shaft with her mouth. There was a horrible cracking as the girl's jaw partially detached, like a serpent's, to take the entirety of the massive phallus into her maw. Kelli clapped a hand over her mouth to stifle a scream of terror, but she couldn't look away.

What happened next only heightened Kelli's fear. As Sadie sucked the man's cock her features began to change. Her breasts and ass began to grow larger, her hair longer and her fingernails grew out into sharp talons. Worse for Kelli, was that as she watched she realized that pleasant warmth she'd had in her belly was spreading to her loins, and that the more she watched this horrific scene the more it was turning her on! She found herself fighting back feelings she'd never felt so strongly; feelings of lust, desire and envy. She wanted to be where Sadie was, to fuck and be fucked.

Laughter began to fill Kelli's mind, not hers, but that of the voice from before.

See? it cackled. *I've barely done anything to you and already you're being corrupted.*

No! shot back Kelli. *No, I won't give in, I'm pure; I have a strong will!*

The laughter raised in volume. *We shall see about that.*

"I have to get out of here," Kelli whispered to herself, as if saying it aloud would keep it secret from the voice in her head. She forced herself to turn away from the sight of Sadie, only to face Sasha crawling towards her on hands and knees.

"Kelli..." moaned the black girl. "Help... me... oh God I'm so horny! Make it stop!"

Kelli reached down to help the other girl, then stopped and pulled back when she saw creamy white fluid dripping from her mouth.

"Sasha... are you okay? What's that in your mouth?"

"I, I was dreaming I was with my boyfriend, giving him a good time, but then I woke up and I had this dude's huge dick in my mouth! I freaked out and got away from him, but now I feel really weird." As the girl talked a large glob of cum fell from her mouth and onto her hand, which Sasha picked up and licked clean without any obvious thought. There was a disturbing look of enjoyment on her face as she sucked up the goopy mess. Kelli couldn't help but lick her own lips in hunger at the sight of the tasty

cum.

"No!" she shouted to herself, trying to purge the vile thoughts, but they remained, and now her nose could smell the delicious scent of sex and cum beginning to permeate the chamber. Her stomach growled needily.

Kelli frantically scanned the room, looking for a way out. She tried to ignore the sight of Sadie and the fourth very muscular girl fucking and sucking the two men they'd been given, tried to ignore the fact that both their bodies were expanding in strange, beautiful, and horrific ways. The woman who'd brought them here was standing idly by in the center, just watching. But she was making no move to stop Kelli and Sasha, and the door was just ten feet away.

"Come on," she said looking back to Sasha, "take my hand."

She noticed though that Sasha looked different than she had just moments ago. Her already bubbly black ass was swelling dramatically into a stripperific badadonkadonk butt. The girl's mouth was open and she was drooling now, and her breasts hung noticeably lower from her chest.

"Horny..." panted Sasha. She looked back up at Kelli and both girls exchanged a knowing look of hunger. Both their pussies were drooling now; and Sasha seemed transfixed on Kelli's. Kelli couldn't help but admit to herself that she needed some kind of release before she went anywhere. Just a little, then she'd be out of this dungeon.

Yes, cooed the voice in her head. You demand to be served. We demand to be served. She is below us and will satiate our desire, if not our hunger.

Kelli's body mechanically walked toward Sasha, her arm shooting out, grabbing the black girl's head with a cruel force Kelli never knew she possessed, and jamming Sasha's face into her crotch.

"Thank you mistress," mumbled Sasha as she began furiously tonguing Kelli and slurping up her feminine juices. Sasha, who unknown to Kelli had been bisexual to start, quickly brought Kelli to an orgasm which while pleasurable did nothing to sate the growing hunger in her belly. If anything it felt like Sasha had stolen a bit of her strength in the act. Anger and rage built inside Kelli, alien feelings to the perfect church girl. Again she grabbed Sasha's head, this time violently flinging her aside, the black girl tumbling several feet from Kelli's surprisingly strong throw.

No! Stop it! she cried mentally. Why did hurting someone make her feel good? *Please, don't make me do these things!*

The voice in her head only laughed louder. *Good, you're becoming dominant. I am the Queen of all in this room, and you are my host. You have fed one of your subjects with your own limited energy, now, help her to the feast.*

"Kelli," moaned Sasha from her prone position on the floor. The shock of being thrown down momentarily cleared her head. "Kelli help, please, look what's happening."

Getting up Sasha found herself staring at what had been the muscular girl, who

was now squatting overtop of her man and furiously pumping her body up and down atop his shaft. Her muscles had exploded into a grotesque scene that looked like the worst examples of female steroid abuse, while her belly was distended both by the cock within her and the amount of jism she'd taken in. Below her the young man now looked decidedly middle-aged, his skin pale, his life rapidly being sucked out by the beast atop him. She snarled at Sasha, causing the black girl to scream in fright and scramble backwards, only to trip over the man who'd been placed before Kelli.

Look girl, she's going to take your food, said Lillith's voice. We can't have that now, can we?

Indeed, the hunger inside Kelli was becoming unbearable. She needed a man, and that was hers. She paced quickly back to Sasha, who was currently freaking out about the giant cock before her and the realization that her body was slowly changing like that of Sadie and the other girl. Fear commanded her to run yet lust and desire kept her staring straight at the cock before her.

Kelli grabbed Sasha by the arm, breaking her trance.

"Oh thank you," said Sasha. "Now let's go, before it's too late."

But there was an evil look on Kelli's face, a look of disdainful self-righteousness and sadic joy. Instead of helping her to her feet, Kelli merely shoved her back to the man whose dick she'd been unknowingly sucking just minutes ago. Several small puddles of jism were pooled on the man's chest; his cock having spurted uncontrollably a few times since Sasha's unexpectedly strong willpower had let her make a temporary escape. Now, fully conscious and aware but infinitely hornier, Sasha found the sight hard to resist.

"No...." she moaned, as her mouth gaped open. "Stop it! You can't make me!" She was screaming; not at Kelli, not at the man or even the woman who'd captured them, but at no one in particular. Kelli surmised that she was battling her own laughing voice inside her head.

Sasha's tongue lolled out of her mouth, and she began cleaning up all the cum puddles from the man's chest, her eyes beginning to tear as she went.

"Ohhhh... no... mmmm... yes... no...." she was simultaneously weeping in terror and moaning in ecstasy now. As she did so, Kelli felt her body acting on its own accord. The sight of Sasha losing herself turned her on even more. She felt her fingers penetrate her own sex, giving in to self-pleasure, and as Sasha's mouth worked its way up the man's cock Kelli could hear her own moans of pleasure begin to mirror Sasha's and those of their already far-gone co-prisoners.

Eyes still fixed on Sasha, Kelli's body moved mechanically to seat itself on the legs of the man behind her.

Her man had gone the longest without any form of stimulation, and the tip of his cock was oozing a white slick of precum from his over-filled genitals.

"I'm a good pure girl," she whispered to herself, even as she stared down the

giant phallus before while her left hand continued stroking and playing with her own sex. The scent of his cock was tickled her nose. Her mouth fell open, her tongue came out. "God help me. I just need a little bit, just a taste, then I can run." Inside her head Lillith was positively giddy with delight.

"Yes," she heard her mouth say as, though it was both herself and Lillith speaking now. "This will be delicious." And with that she leaned forward and started to lick.

"Mmm... so... good," she moaned. As she fed, her consciousness seemed to be regressing in her mind; as if each evil act and bit of pleasure and drop of cum pushed her back into a corner of her head. It barely felt like she had control of her body anymore, like she was on auto-pilot, though she could still feel and enjoy every ounce of pleasure she was giving herself. It felt strangely good, freeing in a way, yet terrifying. With every plunge of her hands into her snatch and every suck on this man's penis she seemed to have less and less control of her body. With dim awareness she could feel the weight of her breasts increasing. She brought her other hand up and began fondling her chest. Glancing for a moment past the cock before her she saw Sasha had completely lost herself; the girl's mouth fully engulfing her man's cock as her curves rapidly swelled. Kelli found herself deliriously jealous of the black girl's huge breasts and butt.

Doesn't this feel wondrous dear? Asked Lillith.

Yes... replied Kelli dreamily.

Perfect. You're such a good host. I'll feed you all the pleasure and terror you could ever dream of, and then some.

Yes, mmm... so good. More! No... no... wait, stop. STOP! Thought Kelli, her mind a mess of fear and pleasure. She realized she wasn't even doing anything; her body was moving by itself. *STOP! I'm stopping this! I'm leaving!* She tried to scream, but no words came out, just thoughts. She tried as hard as she could to pull her tongue off the man's cock, to stand up, push off, to run away. But she couldn't. It was like she was a backseat passenger in her own body, trapped and paralyzed, able to perceive but not act. *I... I can't! I can't stop myself! Help! I can't speak! HELP!!!*

Lillith just laughed maniacally.

Now Lillith, in full control of her body, commanded her mouth to open wide to fully take in the outsized view filling phallus that they'd been till now merely tongue-bathing and sucking the tip of. Kelli felt an excruciating pain as her jaw dislocating and her throat was shredded by the giant cock pushing through her neck and into her chest before lodging its head at the entrance to her stomach.

"Dear lord God in heaven, it hurts!" Kelli screamed mentally, unable to utter any physical noise.

It does? I think it feels wonderful, the power- I've not felt this in millennia, Lillith replied, her sensuous voice rolling over Kelli's consciousness like velvet. *I think he needs to cum.*

Instantly the sensation of the man's release inside her filled Kelli's world, as Lilith forced her camera view to float above the man with Kelli's mouth buried in his crotch, bent over and almost sandwiched between his massive balls awkwardly. To her horror, she saw those huge stones began rhythmically convulsing, shrinking and then growing again as Kelli's belly began to bloat. Quickly the man's body began to shrivel as his life was drawn into the two pulsating magical orbs that had been his testicles.

Kelli was wailing terribly while Lilith began to laugh even as her midsection distended well beyond pregnancy and into a strange morbid obesity. Soon the man's body was a withered shadow of itself, barely supporting a heartbeat. Finally those hideous testicles began to shrink, smaller and smaller until they too were shriveled to the size of currants. Only then did the cock start to recede from its place in her throat, quickly retreating up her throat until it was a bone dry husk of leathery skin. All the while Kelli's midsection continued fatten, until finally the desiccated remains of the unnamed man flashed to powder and vanished leaving a faint layer of dust on the floor.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust Kelli. You just killed that man; his life is inside you right now. How does that make you feel? Lilith taunted even as Kelli lost it. Okay, you are boring me now. I think we are through. Besides, I can't be this slovenly cow. I am queen of the succubi, and this body is my new home. It needs to look the part. Good bye.

And like that Kelli Smith, daddy's good Christian girl, freshman in college who was saving herself for marriage, effectively ceased to exist. Her addled and maddened consciousness sealed up and banished to a dim corner of her mind where it would remain, comatose and in limbo, forever.

In the blink of an eye, the excess flesh that had been the man retracted and reshaped into a svelte tight midsection as Lilith repositioned all of his undigested energy into her new form. Kelli's modest bosom shot through several cup-sizes while as her already trim waistline tapered to what would be called waspish between her breasts and suddenly comely hips. Any blemishes she'd had as Kelli faded out as her pale skin blanched into cream. She rose from her knees and turned to face the bloody woman still standing silently in the center of the scrolling symbols.

"Your majesties," she said kneeling to the floor in reverence.

"Rise, and state your name," the queen with by far the most outrageous figure of the four of them said. She was Caucasian with the blackest of black hair that curled in long waves to nearly her ass and eyes so dark brown that they might as well have been black too. Contrasting this was the palest milk-white skin one could imagine. Her breasts protruded in complete defiance of gravity from a narrow ribcage coupled on top with thin shoulders and delicate arms, and was mated below by a tiny waist that expanded rapidly into wide hips and full womanly legs.

"I am Blythe, Queen Lilith," she announced in a soft alto voice. She kept her face to the floor.

"An interesting choice of names," Eisheth said. In contrast to Lilith's milky out of

this world curves. Eisheth had a caramel complexion and brown eyes that looked like they were flecked with red and gold and graced with shimmering chestnut hair. She was tall, easily over six foot in her stocking feet. She had large breasts that were probably in the grapefruit size range, but it was her powerful musculature that grabbed the willowy human's attention. She was a chiseled masterpiece of feminine muscularity. Every muscle she had stood out in definition as she moved, rippling as she breathed.

"Have you provided clothes for us?" Naamah inquired. Her flesh was dark like bakers chocolate, but with bright blue eyes that made her strong facial features jump out in the dim light. She was as broad as Eisheth, but softer, with a ghetto booty, and tits that fell midway between Eisheth and Lilith's in magnitude. Also of note was her large protruding clit that stood out against the black lips of her nether regions like a bright pink beacon.

"I have some basic articles, but I did not want to get you too much as I wasn't sure how you'd appear." Blythe explained, her gaze still fixed at the floor near Lilith's feet.

"You did well then, for even we did not know. I assume that you have money that we may acquire more appropriate attire?" The final queen, Agrat Bat Mahlat asked evenly. She was Asian in facial features and skin tone, but with bright red hair. Her gun-slit lidded eyes were jade green, and her lips were bee stung, stained red and full, nearly to the extent of Naamah's. Her body was easily the smallest, but strong without doubt, as her body was almost as defined as the much larger Eisheth. Pert, large orange sized breasts with golden brown puffy areola and nipples were placed high on her chest, giving the illusion of a very long waistline, and in turn made her generous hips look all the larger, along with her tight ass. Her legs were long, proportionally the longest of any of the women in the room and while she was tiny at under five feet, it was obvious that they were made for high heels.

The four queens were each prime examples of their ethnicity. They were also each the most terrible succubi ever to have walked the earth, and now they were all in the same room, in the same city, looking for the same woman and member of their kind. All were possessed with the same goal; Kill Natalie Faust.

* * *

Natalie was riding down the elevator with Cee and Leyla when she slumped against the wall of the car, one hand clutching the suddenly hammering heart beneath her cleavage while the other covered her eyes as a wave of dizziness rolled over her. Then as quickly as it started, it stopped, and just like that Natalie knew someone or a group of someone's from the other side had just arrived close by. And they were probably after her.

"Are you okay?" Leyla asked, stooping down at Natalie's side.

"Yeah, just a panic attack... I'll be okay." Natalie explained while dabbing her sweat beaded brow with a handkerchief from her purse.

"You should probably go get that checked out," she advised, helping Natalie back to her feet. Much of Leyla's excessive weight had transformed from fat into muscle since the last party. She was still a big woman, but now she was a big strapping woman who'd have no problem hefting three boxes of copy paper, or helping a distressed boss to her feet.

"Yeah, I think I will," Natalie admitted with a smile

"Should I call 911?" Cee asked, phone in hand, as the elevator doors opened on the ground floor.

Natalie shook her head no, and Cee put her phone away.

Perfect, Natalie thought with a grimace, just what I need.

* * *

Across the United States, Cianna was awakened by a young priest's phone call.

"Hello?" she answered groggily. She looked at the clock, *Damn, just fell asleep too.*

"Cianna? Cianna Di'Trieste?"

"Speaking,"

"You need to get to Seattle, quickly. There's been a significant incursion." He announced.

"Can you be a bit more specific?" she asked now fully awake and with her attention riveted to the phone.

"One of our sensitives detected a concentrated celestial energy pulse in Seattle 45 minutes ago. Something, likely several things, came through."

"Okay, do we have a flight booked already?" she asked, putting the man on speaker and starting to get dressed

"No, you will be going by charter. NetJets has already been contacted. Get to JFK airport as quickly as you can."

"Well that simplifies things. Alright, I will be wheels up in under an hour."

"Very good. Good luck."

Thanks, it sounds like I may need it.

* * *

"I am telling you Matt, something bad is coming," Natalie announced over her phone.

"I believe you, but how do you want me to help?"

"I don't know that you can, well except if we were to blow me up really big, but I am not even sure that would help. No succubus has ever fought a queen. Most of them

just revere them," she explained.

"So who are these queens anyway?" he asked.

"Lilith is the most famous, but she's still largely unknown by the majority of history. Some ancient texts attest to Lilith being Adam's first wife, created as he was by God himself. She's referenced in the Old Testament, the Talmud, the Torah, and even the Quran. Naamah was a demon who had sex with King David, and gave birth to Asmodeus, a prince of demons. Agrat Bat Mahlat and Eisheth Zenunim are more conventional succubi, but they are all immensely powerful. Most of their miss-deeds are lost to history though," she said, filling him in.

"How do you know it's them? What if it's a soldier or something that's been training to come get you?"

"Trust me. Soldier demons don't train, they just destroy things. It's what they excel at. Warriors are almost as good, but they don't follow instructions as well. Soldiers are more disciplined, but on Earth they can fall victim to a succubus' more cerebral mind. Calling them none too bright is probably being too kind. And now that I've killed a hybrid, aided in the banishment of a scout, and avoided a Soldier, the last thing Satan will do is send another Soldier after me. No, he's gone to the source. He's sent a queen after me, maybe all of them."

"Doesn't God care about this kind of thing? I mean this is a whole lot of potential celestial firepower we are talking about here." Matt asked with worry in his voice.

"I am sure he does, but I am not privy to his battle plans. And frankly, I don't think he's going to step up in my defense," she said with a sarcastic bite.

"I'm here, gonna hang up so you can buzz me in." Matt announced.

Less than two minutes later he was at her door.

"Did you miss me?" he asked as she let him in.

"Terribly." She said bringing him to her lips. The sweet and spicy flavor of her mouth had him hardening in his pants before he was even fully across the threshold of the apartment's door. She let him come up for air and follow her into the apartment. He shut the door behind him.

* * *

Angela was ready. It had been several days since her departure from the firm following Natalie's promotion. She'd awoken knowing she needed to get back there, eat some crow, and try to keep her job. If for no other reason than she had nothing to wear that fit anymore and her bank account had been sucked dry over the past weeks blur of debauchery. There were no pictures of her before, but she was pretty sure now that something had changed.

She was wearing some yoga pants that looked precariously thin stretched over her now curvaceously immense rump and legs and a white T-shirt and blazer. The

jacket had to be worn open to fit over her shoulders and chest, let alone the prodigious amount of flesh which constituted the gravity defying breasts pulling her t-shirt to near its breaking point. She could button the jacket, as it fit easily around her waist, but her ta-ta's looked absolutely idiotic. She didn't even have a bra.

I look like a fucking stripper. She thought, looking at her reflection in the mirror. Her nipples looked preposterous poking through the thin distressed cotton. She turned to see her profile and sure enough they were protruding visibly like pinky fingertips. Angela blew her bangs up in exasperation and lifted her t-shirt up, frowning with annoyance as she felt the heavy weight of her tits flop out from the shirts restraint. Taking out a package of *Band-Aids*, she made a 'plus' symbol with a pair of them across each offending nub.

Pulling the shirt back down, she took another look at her reflection.

Better. Not perfect, but better... good enough.

She grabbed her purse and headed out the door.

* * *

Lilith pulled the zipper up the thigh high boots that encased her legs. The latex rubber hugged her like a dark sausage casing over her alabaster skin. The deep purple mini-dress and black vinyl corset along with the black opera gloves and matching boots finalized her outfit, making her look legally indecent. Added to this outfit was the fact that she'd drained the life forces of four more men over the night; her ample curves becoming outrageous. This made the glossy outfit even more outlandish. She did a turn in the mirror of the shop.

"This will suffice," she said with a seductive smile to the shop attendant.

"I am so glad you like it," the heavily made up and tattooed woman said while almost swooning. It was obvious that even without her supernatural abilities the woman would have found Lillith attractive.

"I'll take it," the succubus announced.

"I would be happy to box it up for..." the clerk started before Lillith raised a gentle finger to the girl's lips.

"I shall wear it out."

The already flustered young woman shuddered momentarily before collapsing to the ground in a drooling heap. Lillith just grinned as she walked toward the counter and away from the moaning show woman.

She left cash on the counter for the new "clothes" and glanced back at the still out of it clerk, noting with internal satisfaction the gray streaks that now interspersed her previously black hair, before turning to leave.

The other queens, in various states of slutty attire awaited her on the side walk, seemingly impervious to the judgmental glances of passers-by. Each cast an

appreciative look at her second skin attire.

"I do like this... Latex. I wish they'd had this when I was here last. It makes me feel... like sin incarnate," The queen of the succubi announced to the others.

"It is quite nice, but modesty is something that this generation seems to care little about," the tall, muscle bound succubus replied. Her own ensemble looked like something that a porn starlet would wear to the gym, albeit one who probably took a whole lot of steroids. Spandex short shorts that betrayed her sizable camel toe and an overmatched sports bra were the only clothes she needed, though a pair of ankle socks could be seen just above the most practical footwear of the four queens, in some expensive but common work out trainers. Her hair was impeccably styled in soft brown waves.

There was a mechanical buzz as the power windows of the nondescript black minivan they'd arrived in came down and Blythe spoke up, "Your majesties, we should depart."

The four demons looked over at the human and after a moment nodded together in agreement and loaded themselves into the vehicle.

As they were en-route to the safe house Naamah seemed to perk up for a moment, "I can smell Nathalia!"

"Slow down!" Mahlat commanded forcing Blythe to slow the vehicle more abruptly than was probably prudent. This sent the unbuckled Asian tumbling to the floor as a car horn behind the van blared in irritation.

"That one," Naamah announced pointing at the woman. "She has Nathalia's stench all about her. Perhaps she can be made to help us," she said, voice singsong sweet on the outside even as it dripped with malice on the inside.

Lilith quickly flung the sliding door to the rear of the rails and stepped sensuously from the Chrysler. The rest of the troupe followed her lead and once behind Angela, the queens closed the distance quickly. When they were close enough, all it took was a touch, the slightest brush, and Lilith knew everything, including the fact that she'd been glamourised and hugely changed.

"Angela! Angela Martin!" she called in her rich voice like an old friend.

The curvaceous lawyer turned about and saw the four bombshells standing right behind her. Instantly she was crushed by an olfactory onslaught that made her nipples and clit stand at painful attention and her juices begin to flow, even as her knees got wobbly and her head lolled. She wasn't the only one; the whole crowded sidewalk suddenly became a throng of desperately aroused humans. Those with the least willpower simply moved to the nearest person to them and began kissing, groping and undressing those within reach. Chaos ensued, and the four demons quickly used the orgy as cover to usher Angela out of the area of effect and into an alleyway.

"Mahlat, would you do the honors?" Lillith asked as Eisheth held the addled

woman against a wall on one side of the alley.

"It would be a pleasure," the Asian said moving up to Angela. Her lips went to the woman's; learning everything she knew in an instant, and then she began to draw the energy out of her. The queen drew first on her natural energies, and then attempted to start in on what Natalie had endowed Angela with, but became perplexed when she couldn't draw any forth. She kept trying for twenty seconds until it became apparent that nothing would come of it. Angry, she shoved the terrified woman hard into the wall with audible crunch of bone on concrete.

"I can't draw any more from her. She should be a dusty bag of bones right now!" she shrieked angrily

"Let me try," Lillith demanded, taking her place in front of the now broken Angela. With the smile of one who truly enjoys what she does, Lilith began her attempt at siphoning off the energy that Natalie had imbued Angela with. And again, the result was the same. Concentrating harder, to the point that she was now expending power in her attempt to unlock what Angela had left, she found no more success.

With a scream of rage she heaved Angela down the alley, her body doing a rag-doll rebound off a dumpster. "There is more to Nathalia than meets the eye," she fumed.

"So it would seem," Eisheth agreed.

"I have what I need," Mahlat announced, her body morphing into a perfect likeness of Angela Martin.

"What should we do with her?" Naamah asked, indicating the nearly lifeless looking body of the real Angela.

"Leave her to suffer." Lilith said sneering.

* * *

"What?" Matt asked, looking at her scrunched closed eyes.

She'd been in the process of riding him to his second climax of the early evening when she stopped suddenly, and her hands had flown to her chest above her heart and she cringed. She remained locked like that for about two minutes when her hands slowly lowered and her eyes opened.

"Another succubus, a very powerful one, just tried to steal power I'd bestowed onto someone. I've only heard of it being done before, never experienced it, but it felt just like I've heard; like someone driving red hot nails into your heart and then using them to tear it apart," she described breathing hard, as sweaty beads formed all over her body.

"Was it the queens?" Matt asked.

"Something very bad is coming Matt. Very bad indeed. And now I'm sure it's coming for me," she said, slipping off him and settling into his arms.

