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Amanda and Andy arrived at her studio after a brisk cab ride and a generous tip to avoid questions from the driver. It took a couple minutes for her, with no cooperation from her still unconscious man, to get into the apartment. It was only after she'd dead bolted the door and laid a bleeding and pale-faced Andy atop the bed that she took a long slow deep breath and relaxed.

As the tension bled from her strained body, she took a long look at the still sleeping Andrew, and the tears came flooding out. She cried for a long while, and then, just as quickly as the flood gates opened, they closed, and Amanda composed herself. She could feel resolve returning and knew what she needed to do.

Walking purposefully to the shrine at the foot of the bed, she grabbed the crock pot that contained the magical essence which had started this whole escapade and carried it to the bedside. The spoon had further changed, now looking like an intricately crafted wicked gothic silver ladle that was, in spite of its appearance, warm and comforting to the touch.

Her fingers wrapped around the intricate handle of the spoon as she peered into the mouth of the crock-pot. The magical goo was still in its honey-gold thick state, radiating heat as if she had just activated it minutes ago. She stirred the spoon in the essence and then pulled a huge heaping spoonful up and let it plop off and onto Andy's wrecked jaw. The magic essence absorbed into his skin on contact, immediately leaving his heavily bruised ashen face a healthier tone. She visualized the perfect look it had that morning, before Kylie had crushed it with her freakishly powerful fists.

The effect was instantaneous, his jaw healing and realigning back to

its normal state. The rapidly spreading purple and brown of his bruises reversed, the swelling shrinking back to nothingness as the glowing look of vigor and vitality returned to his cheeks. His eyes fluttered briefly, then opened and focused on Amanda.

“How’d I get here? What happened?”

“You had a run in with Kylie, and I had a run in with a sorceress and a demoness,” she replied.

“Last thing I remember was shooting that woman with the shotgun... Oh shit, did you get it?”

“Andy, I don't think the shotgun is the greatest of our concerns.”

“But the cops are gonna get it... and I fired it in public.” He sounded genuinely concerned.

“Considering a twenty foot tall demon just did battle with a good contingent of the Seattle Police Department, I think the authorities are going to have a lot more on their plates than tracking down the owner of a random shotgun. Besides, even if they find it, there’s nothing linking you to it, and it’s not like you’ve committed any crimes with it.”

“Yeah but... it was my dad’s... I’ll be pissed if it’s lost. But anyways, I don’t remember a twenty foot tall demon woman... I just remember that woman with the British accent that I should’ve hit. I’ve never seen anything like that before, it was like something out of The Matrix. Oh, and can you explain to me just why your former girlfriend just beat the shit out of me? I know we got off on the wrong foot but fuck.”

“That woman, Edgefield, she happened. She must have enchanted her or something, turned her into some kind of slave-soldier. She made her super-strong too, way more than we did, which explains how she threw us both around like extras at Wrestlemania.”

“She threw you around too? Damn. Speaking of which, what happened to you?” he said, looking her over.

"I am surprised at you... I didn't think it would take you this long to notice."

"Sorry... maybe I am not as breast obsessed as you think I am. Or maybe I am just not fully cognizant yet," he retorted.

"It was pretty scary honestly. The demon was not only stealing my magic, but my vitality as well, and it is just as I suspected."

"How's that," Andy asked.

"Somewhere along the way, my boobs became my magic storage tanks, and it would appear my magical gas gauge as well. So, when she sucked the power out of me, well..." Amanda trailed off, waving at her shrunken chest and letting the visual speak for itself.

"Pardon me for saying this, Mandy, but I think your boobs are the smallest I've seen them since we met."

"Ding-ding-ding... give the Adonis a Kewpie Doll," she said with a wan smile. "It would seem that I do not have any magic at the moment, in fact I had to pull magic from you just to have the strength to get us both back here."

Andy thought for a second before stating what was on his mind in a careful tone. "Mandy, wouldn't the ability to siphon magic off of me indicate that you have some magical power left?"

"Hmmm. I hadn't really thought about that. That doesn't change the fact that I cannot wield magic the way I did earlier today though."

"So, you have ability just no power. Can't you get some by just eating some of that magic essence?" he asked pointing at the ominously glowing crockpot on the bedside table.

"I could, but there's hardly any left and I want to save it for emergencies, like healing you. I'm pretty sure if I leave things alone my body will make its own magic again, it will just take a while. I have some ideas on how to speed it up though," she said lustily, turning on her

million-candlepower smile.

“Oh?” he asked with a knowing look that betrayed his foreknowledge of the answer.

Her hands moved down to the fly of his jeans, and the heavily burdened denim writhed under her touch. With a deft motion, the zipper was lowered and her hand had grasped the engorging member within. Andy smiled broadly as she gently squeezed his girth with her fingers.

Amanda watched as her fiancé’s eyes closed in contentment. Using her other hand, she quickly unbuttoned the top of the blue jeans. With a small tug upward, the offending cock was freed from its pant-leg prison and sprawled upward over his stomach and nearly to his sternum, still growing thicker and longer with every quite visible beat of his heart.

“Hmmmm,” she moaned as the organ expanded second by second in her grasp. While Andy’s eyes were closed, hers were riveted to the straining penis that would make prized stallions green with envy. She ran it through her fingers. “Andy, you are amazing. I love it when it’s like this.”

His eyes opened and his lazy smile broadened into a beaming one at the praise. Amanda instantly felt the monster dong surge bigger and change to near stone hardness, the thick purple veins that ran in a pulsating lattice all around the now heavy pole plumping more as she began to stroke.

Mandy paused to straddle his legs on her knees and then resumed, now using both hands, as one would barely encircle half the raging hard-on. The stroking accelerated as she brought the head of Andy’s cock to her lips and sucked, moving a hand to cup the goose egg sized balls periodically.

Andy felt the impending release already building, the flood of cum welling up inside him, roaring in his ears for release. Amanda felt its

closeness and struggled to take more of his size in her mouth, while stroking at an almost blur, and lashing the tip of him with her tongue. It was this combination of ministrations that brought him off.

Amanda felt Andy stiffen impossibly more in her hands before the torrent of cum flew from him. Her eyes grew huge as the flood filled her cheeks, much as one would expect if they tried to contain the flow of a garden hose turned on full blast. Even swallowing as quickly as she could, her mouth was rapidly overfilled with the vanilla cream spunk. The overflow poured down her body and over him. Still she drank as much as she could, feeling a tingle all across her body where the still gushing man goo touched her, and all the way down into her stomach, as well as savoring the sweet flavor and its syrupy consistency.

Andy was grunting through clenched teeth, his eyes varying from narrow slits to squeezed shut as the long release rose in a building crescendo. Fully a minute into his orgasm though, he saw something that almost forced his eyes open, just to see the spectacle. Mandy's body was changing right before his eyes.

Her body had already regained its natural curves and was now rapidly trying to get back to its pre-battle state. Soon those supernatural tits were starting to press into the formerly empty bodice of her dress. Then his focus left him as he felt her mouth slip over the head of his gargantuan rod, even as his outpouring of man milk increased even more.

The tool slid to the rear of her mouth and as it did the overflow ceased, Andy's nectar simply pouring directly down her throat as she magically suppressed her gag reflex. She could feel the changes taking place, but it was the warmth in her steadily growing mams that made her try to smile around the pole that filled every millimeter of space between her lips.

Finally, the epic expulsion of his seed began to ebb, then slowly

cease, signaling Amanda to wrench the huge organ from its position deep down her throat. It was the view of almost a foot of his cock reeling out from her lips set upon a backdrop of her womanly charms returned to nearly their pre-conflict glory that made his mouth go slack.

The entire front of her upper body and much of her lower body and dress were completely covered in his creamy seed. It oozed down her face, along her neck, running in thick rivulets along the natural chasm formed where the breasts met her upper arms, and pooled in the cleavage where it disappeared into the dress. It had cascaded down her body and effectively covered most of his torso as well. Looking at the still sloppy tool in her hands, she began to lick him clean, as if she couldn't get enough of the viscous man sauce.

"Mandy..." Andy panted. "How does any of this work?"

Amanda giggled. "You really did get hit hard, it's magic silly, remember?"

"Right right, ungh," he grunted in pleasure as her tongue ran along his hypersensitized shaft. "But you grow me with magic, then I grow you, over and over. Your boobs just get bigger and bigger from having sex but where is it coming from? There's no such thing as free energy in nature, no perpetual motion. Where is it all coming from? I mean, we can't just be making more and more magic by having sex, can we?"

Amanda realized he had a point but was in no mood to ponder such serious matters. Instead, she decided to give Andy a show, as much to distract herself from these tough questions as for him. Wiping her mouth and chin clean as best she could she looked down at him.

"Watch Andy, I think you'll like this," she said with a smirk.

Her eyes moved to her breasts, her hands rising to their lower curves as she hefted both of them in an alternating jiggle to guarantee his focus was exactly where she wanted it. Then she bit her lower lip as she hastily

planned show started. Her left breast bulged larger before shrinking back down to nearly its previous size. Then the right did the same. They alternated this way for a minute, maybe two, growing then shrinking in alternating pulsations but after each pulse they would be slightly larger than before. The feelings were intoxicating to her, as she could literally feel the magic flowing back and forth from one breast to the other, bringing the ecstasy through her very core as it passed.

"Do you like that Andy?" She cooed with half-lidded eyes as she tried to stay focused. "Or would you prefer more constant growth?"

He simply sat mute and wide-eyed in rapt attention.

She smiled at him as both breasts began swelling much faster than they had in the slow pulsating growth moments ago. Quickly they overwhelmed her arms, spreading in three dimensions until her massive mammaries eclipsed everything from an inch below her clavicle, her lower arms barely visible as they strained to reach around.

"How big should I get Andy? I could easily do this all day," It was less a question than a dare.

"Ummm bigger?" he moaned, almost fearfully, both wanting to see how truly massive she could become but also afraid of the consequences.

Mandy moaned feverishly in simultaneous glee, labor and ecstatic pleasure as she willed the magical floodgates to open all the way, her back arching underneath the burgeoning breast flesh that rapidly started to fill the bed. The feeling was like nothing she'd ever experienced, as amber waves of blissful euphoria rolled over her mind. There was an undercurrent of tingling that spread from her chest through her now billowing ta-tas, diffusing out into her extremities. Her moan deepened as the current arced across her groin on its way to her legs, sparking a mini-orgasm as she felt her folds dampen.

A faint static was rising at the edge of her consciousness, seeming to

come closer and gain volume slowly but at the same time as if it were rapidly approaching, her vision started to shift as stipples of golden light seemed to accent everything.

Andy watched, mouth slack and pupils dilated to nearly make his irises invisible, just taking in her expansion. Her breasts inflating to cover near the entirety of her body in seconds, mounding up in firm but supple piles of flesh that rose high above her position on the mattress. High atop those incredible tits, her nipples suddenly exploded in a fount of glittering fluid. It sprayed forth, showering the room and its contents.

Amanda meanwhile, felt an odd detachment from her body, as the magic flowing through her seemed to occupy more and more of her consciousness. She felt she was floating; her mind riding up and down on a magical sea. She could feel the rise of a huge wave coming, her mind eager with the anticipation of a surfer in search of the big one as arcane power poured into her physically and mentally. The white noise was roaring now, filling her head even as she watched her body start to glitter with golden pinpoints of light. *More!* she thought deliriously.

Through all of this, the drug-like euphoria rose higher and higher, pushing her to open her arcane connection wider. The noise in her head was all consuming now, the accompanying tingling more intense, almost painful, but so rapturous there was no way she could stop. *If we go just a little further-* that thought was interrupted by a dark and almost ominous shape in her vision, looming in front of her now nearly apartment filling breasts with outstretched arms.

"Hwaaah!" the young mage gasped as she was snapped back to reality to see Andy pinned to the headboard by her enormous breasts. They'd grown so massive that the couple had been pushed apart, with her bosom now occupying nearly the entirety of the king size mattress. As she tried futilely to wriggle backwards on her knees the bedframe groaned

beneath in protest.

* * *

Across the globe the arcane sensitives of the world felt a distant rumble that built into a roar and then a deafening thunderclap. Those in North America saw a bright flash on the horizon in their second sight, while those close to the explosion Amanda had unleashed were completely blinded; their ears ringing painfully. It was like an atomic bomb had detonated upon their ethereal senses. Then there was nothing. It was so sudden, so abrupt that while it was plainly evident a massive amount of magic had been unleashed, those far away could simply say it came from 'over there' while to those close it seemed to come from everywhere. And so, save the concerned parties in the Seattle area, for most of them it was puzzling and obviously impressive, but quickly dismissed.

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"Amanda! What happened!?" Andy wondered at her with wide eyes.

"I... I got carried away," she replied in mind-boggling understatement.

"Uh, yah think!? Can you get a bit smaller? I can't really move."

"Oh, uh, yes, sure." she said, before a look of odd consternation came over her face. It took a very long time before the two loveseat sized beanbags began to slowly shrink. They reduced in volume just enough free Andy from his prison before pausing.

"Are you okay? You were glowing toward the end there."

"Oh god! It was the most incredible thing I've ever felt Andy, but in hindsight I think it was kind of terrifying too. I just let the magic flow out

and over me, and it just kept flowing faster and faster and... It was too intense. I think, no, I'm pretty sure that was how a person could become consumed by magic. I definitely will *not* be going back there," she explained.

"That sounds terrifying." Andy sympathized.

"That's the scary thing, it felt incredible. I can only imagine it's what heroin feels like, only better."

"Why did you cry out then?" he asked.

"Because the magic made you look dim and ambiguous, like some dark being at the edge of reality reaching out for me. It was honestly creepy as hell."

"Sorry-"

"Don't apologize, it snapped me out of it. Otherwise I'd probably have ended up crushing you to death before becoming one with the arcane ether."

"Well that's good," Andy said. He began sliding sideways to escape the bed but paused, unable to resist feeling up the mammoth globes before him. "My god though Mandy, it's amazing how big and soft they are," he mused in awe as his hands sunk into her doughy pillows.

"That's nice, but they're also completely ridiculous and I would like to be able to actually move, so stop distracting me."

"Right, sorry." he apologized finally sliding free from her bosom and reaching for his blue jeans. That's when he noticed the look of unnatural focus bordering on distress upon Amanda's face.

"What's wrong?" Andy voiced his concern. There were beads of sweat on Amanda's brow. He'd never seen her focusing so hard to affect a change in her body.

"I... I'm having trouble making them shrink! They're so full of magic it's hard to condense it all."

It took almost two full minutes of labored concentration before Amanda's breasts had reduced to a size where she could actually move. However, they were still ridiculously huge, each oblong globe as big as the short girl's torso.

"That's all I can do!" she exclaimed in frustration. "They won't shrink anymore!" She pushed herself back to a seated position and gasped at the sensation of her heavy breasts pulling against her chest as they overfilled her lap. "Even if we could find a top that would fit these, I don't know how much I could walk." Experimentally she reached down and tried picking them up with both arms, straining at the weight. "They're so heavy!"

"Can't we just, you know, milk you?" asked Andy.

"Sure, but then what do we do with it all? I don't want to just waste it painting the room," she made a gesture at the piles of golden glittering dust that had already accumulated on various surfaces, then brought her hands back to her breasts. "And much as I love giving you power, I don't think it's wise for you to drink this much."

"Hmmm," thought Andy rubbing his chin. "I've got an idea!"

Hopping off the bed he hurried to the kitchen, shrinking his cock down to plausible size to make walking less awkward. Amanda heard the clattering of him rummaging through her cupboards before he came marching back with a proud smile and a large bowl in each hand.

"Okay Bessie, time for your milking."

Thirty minutes later the couple had filled almost every large vessel in the apartment. Mixing bowls, pots, coffee mugs, even the wash basin, all were filled to the brim with a thick golden cream. Unlike her milk from before, what she'd expressed now seemed to be remaining as a semi-viscous fluid, more akin to heavy cream than normal breast milk. Not only that, but it was glowing with concentrated magical power.

"I think me trying so hard to condense it actually did something to

it," said Amanda as she carefully filled a row of empty Mexican Coca-Cola bottles from a large Pyrex measuring bowl.

On her naked chest her breasts had finally returned to a merely massive but theoretically possible size. The ordeal however had left visible changes upon them.

While still incredibly perky for their size, they now had an appearance more befit a nursing mother than a nubile but ultra-endowed feature model. Most notable, her nipples were significantly more prominent, having grown from pinky fingertips into something more akin to a large grape in size, while her areola were saucer sized and domed out from the surface. Both nipples and areola had darkened from light pink to an engorged ruddy color. Even the general appearance of the skin on her breasts now prominently showed the underlying lattice work of countless veins that supplied the vast amount of blood required to feed her epic mams. It was as if her body was literally adjusting itself to become a magical milk factory.

As intriguing as these changes were, Amanda didn't fancy herself rocking a pair of brood mother boobs, at least not yet in her life. Finishing her pouring she grabbed each one and squeezed just a bit more milk out, biting her lip at the pleasure the magical lactation induced. Having finally shrunk her breasts down to where she wanted them, she focused for a bit and spent some magic to forcibly return them to their previous youthful appearance. "There we go," she announced.

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The magical eruption left Cianna with a headache. Actually, her whole body hurt, though that had been an issue before. The headache though, was the worst, and she was pretty sure that was once again it was

Amanda's fault. Still, it was pretty common for her to have minor discomfort after confronting the real evils in the world. This was different however. She'd not felt this bad since...

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The smell of dust and the oppressive heat made her head swim. The reins of her horse were dry and cracked, and she was sure the black stallion was miserable in the armor and heavy padding it wore. The golden keys of the Vatican Coat of arms marked her and her mount as someone of importance in this part of the world, for the Pope had chartered this venture, as the Papacy had all of the Crusades. Still, at the moment, there were three horsemen ahead of her who seemed intent on stopping her progress. They were of more consequence than the heat, because they were the real reason she was on the Damascus road, not the Papal decrees she also happened to be carrying.

The lead horseman some hundred feet ahead of her called out to her in a voice filled with evil. "His 'holiness' dares send a woman to do his work for him. Little girl, know that my comrades and I shall enjoy the cries of your flesh as we have our way with you upon your defeat, for our master has promised us your body."

"Know that your master is a liar," she replied. Still the dread was there. Three demons. Never had she faced two alone, let alone three.

"Spoken like a true harlot of the fool Pope. While we fear The Lord, we fear not your master, and we fear not you, for mortals cannot harm us. Prince Lucifer has promised us the pleasure of your body, and we shall not fail our lord."

"Then let us waste no more words here, For whilst I take my orders from His Grace, I only serve the one true Lord, and it will bring me great pleasure serving him by sending you all back to grovel for forgiveness at Satan's feet!" Cianna retorted, lowering her visor and spurring her horse forward.

"I will handle her, lord! She's but a woman," said the rider on the left. The horse beneath him gave away its unholy origins as smoke curled from flared

nostrils.

The two riders both began to show more and more celestial power as they flung themselves at each other. The demonic knight cloaked in an oppressive aura of impending darkness, swallowing the oppressive light of the sun and dimming the world around him. Cianna however glowed white, her armor shining with the intensity of ten suns at midday.

It was this light that burned the flesh from the demon and revealed the horrific mass of sinew and bone that made up the truth of his form. The light soon overpowered all that darkness just as the holy warrior's lance struck the dark rider. That lance pierced clean through the screaming demon over an arm's length beyond the back of the evil being before it bound up between its ribs.

The bloodcurdling scream ended as the skeletal body burst into flames and disintegrated into a puff of dust, leaving nothing but her lance, the demon's heavy scimitar and a smoldering saddle to mark the place of his destruction.

"Skearon!" the rightmost demon screamed in an oddly feminine voice. Her horse reared back as massive bat-like wings ripped out from her shoulders. Dismounting by flight the demon launched itself into the air and towards Cianna as its mount vanished into smoke and embers. Cianna had barely a second to try to draw her sword before the demoness was atop her, knocking her from her horse with the sword only partially freed from its scabbard.

Cianna hit the ground with the full mass of the she demon atop her and was instantly gasping for breath. She felt the evil woman's grip at her throat and shoulder, sharp claws burning through the thick breastplate and into her armpit as the other worked to crush her throat.

The demoness wasn't wearing armor now, that had vanished with her horse when she took her natural form. Now its horrifically beautiful form was revealed in the nude body crushing the life out of her. Her one free hand flailed to reach the rondel on her belt, and drawing it desperately, she sank it into the fat left breast of the demon, driving it in to the rib bones, disregarding the sizzling of the black

blood as it melted the steel of her gauntlet and bracers.

The female hell spawn shrieked in pain and let go. Jumping clear, her black lifeblood gushed forth from the gaping wound her corpulent chest. She skittered over to the rune covered sword which Skearon had dropped and hefted the obviously two-handed weapon effortlessly with just her left. Scimitar in hand, she turned towards the small woman now struggling to her feet and screamed an ear-splitting howl that rattled Cianna's armor and drove her back to her knees with her hands covering her ears.

Her vision was blurry from the sheer volume of the demon's wailing cry, but Cianna could tell that she was closing the brief amount of space that separated them, the wicked curved blade trailing behind her low. Watching as the demoness began her broad slashing swing, at the last possible moment Cianna kicked out in a roll into and under the blades path, sliding just beneath the cutting edge, the dark blade just glancing off the flat side of her helmet.

The deflected impact was enough to further stagger Cianna, and the elegant roll ended in a sloppy sprawling flop. She shook her head quickly and felt it swim as a wave of pain crested across the left side of her skull. She didn't have time to think however, as the demon was above her now, arms raised to bring that massive Saracen scimitar rushing down with all her demonic strength behind it.

She saw the huge blade begin to fall upon her, and in desperation raised her arms to try to stop it, slow it, do anything to keep it from being the killing blow that she knew it would be.

"Malikia! Stop!" came a booming voice from the third demon.

Cianna watched as the blade slowed in its path, but still crashed into her bracers with more than enough force to have snapped an unarmored arm clean off. Even with the heavy bracers she winced in agony, her right arm obviously broken from the impact. The bracer was horribly caved in. Blood oozed from a thin gash at the deepest point where the edge had bit in.

The she-demon looked upward at the other, the source of the voice, with a

face full of hatred. "She killed Skearon! She must pay!"

"If Skearon is dead, he was a fool. More likely this whelp, for all her unsuspected martial prowess and admirable power for a human, has merely banished him. Lucifer wants her, alive if possible, and besides, I want my reward for bringing her to him. I might just partake of her now," he replied with a malicious chuckle.

Cianna watched as the demon's black armor melted away, leaving a surprisingly pale pink body nude in the sun striding toward her. As he closed however, two things became obvious. First, that he was covered in thick burn-scar tissue, and second that he had a phallus that dwarfed even the largest horses. The sight of him made her instantly conflicted. She wanted to flee, but she couldn't take her eyes off him, and more importantly his now swelling appendage.

"Oh yes, little papal whore. I will have you. I will enjoy watching you take my full measure, the feeling of you spited upon me, of your body tearing apart as I push deeper and deeper inside you. I will enjoy listening to you gasping for air and choking just as your life ends impaled on my spear. We will relish your agony and just before you die you will feel the scalding heat of my seed and know that you are with my spawn. And as that fleeting spark of life leaves you, you shall come before our lord to learn the true meaning of suffering." he said, face a sneering mask of scarred horrors.

Malikia kneeled down, laying the sword at her side and placing her knees on the biceps of both Cianna's arms, then used her hands deftly to remove the stays that kept her armor in place before giddily scattering the pieces about with a triumphant cackle. Soon Cianna's thighs and hips were bare, showing her womanhood to both the demons.

Looking down at the struggling warrior he sniffed. Inhaling deeply through flaring nostrils his head craned back, his vile smile widening to display a vast gallery of needle-sharp teeth glistening with excessive saliva. "Ahh, a virgin! This shall be even more a delight," he said, starting to stroke his unearthly pole with

vigor. Soon vile smelling greenish-yellow precum began to ooze from the tip, dripping from it and sizzling as it hit the earth between the pinned woman's legs.

Fallon lowered himself to his knees in between her legs, the enormity of his tool occupying the entire length from her calves to the lips of her sex. He lowered his upper body and put his hand on her broken right forearm, deliberately squeezing it and make her wince more. Malikia roughly lifted her knees from where they were holding her upper arms.

Cianna knew this was her only chance. With all her focus she reached upward with her free and unbroken left hand and in a long dragging-pulling motion wrenched the dagger free from Malikia's pierced breast, splitting the bloated bag from just below the demon's armpit to its lowest point, and unleashing a blistering torrent of putrescent black blood and lumpy diseased glandular tissue. The demon wailed in sudden agony even as Cianna's now arcing slash swept outward and down toward Fallon's engorged meat. The keenly sharp blade bit into the demon's penis, slicing cleanly through it, spraying more vile blood everywhere.

Even as he shrieked, Cianna drew the dagger back and plunged it into his chest with all her strength, deeply enough that the beating of his undead heart made the blade jerk in her grasp as it tore itself apart with every pulse upon the blade. He fell forward and landed atop her, and his acid like blood poured from his gaping wounds. Cianna felt her flesh burning away as she lay trapped under his dead weight before he started turning to dust.

The weight of the world start lifting from around her, the burdens of life started to lift from her body. The harsh heat of the Damascus Road fading into a sublime warmth that could only be Heaven. Laying there, bleeding out her life's blood, and burning in the acidic blood of Fallon and Malikia's fetid essence, she smiled, knowing she was moments from her final destination...

The blissfulness of the situation was torn away as Cianna was lifted by the steel torque around her throat and her feet leave the ground. Malikia held her at her long arms reach and head level. Rage filled the demon's gaze and Cianna knew that

this final demon could do as she wished now. Cianna had no further means to fight. Her one good hand tried vainly to keep the inhumanly strong demon from securing a good enough grip on her neck to crush it, but it was getting harder to breathe. Finally, all she could do was look to the sky and pray voicelessly for intervention.

"What now, whore? Can't find your voice to beg for aid? Too bad. Still, I must thank you. Now Prince Lucifer will grant me the sole reward for your delivery. And to think, I was brought without full privileges. Fallon was an idiot not to let me kill you first. No matter. Beg mortal, beg so that I may laugh in your face as I rip the flesh from your bones while I listen to you plead. Beg!"

And like that, intervention arrived; a mere thought, coupled with the demon's perverted desire to hear her grovel was her out. "You made... one mistake...you forgot... your place... Malikia..." Cianna rasped with all her remaining breath. That was all it took. Suddenly she was falling, as both the demon's hands flew to her ears. She hit the ground and instantly collapsed into a heap, unable to do more than land like a ragdoll, but the demon had let go. Cianna lay there in a pile, wondering if she could find her voice to command the demon, or if getting her to let go was simply the last brief reprieve.

Malikia twisted her body in rage and looked at the holy warrior with pure malevolence. Cianna shakily rose to her feet, finally having the space and time to draw her long sword. With the uncomfortable left-handed grip, burned and exhausted, she was by no means the picture of confidence. She tried to command Malikia to stop, but all that came out was a breathy rasp.

The she-demon snarled a wicked knowing grin and charged head low, arms out, wings and legs propelling her faster than any beast that size had any business going. Cianna backpedaled, but her blood loss addled footing faltered on some loose stones, and she fell backwards. Malikia's sinewy hand with its needle-sharp claws hit her dead center in the chest, and those talons pushed clean through her and out the back of her ribcage. She didn't feel the pain of the mortal wound or the heavy

impact with the ground however, as her whole mind was locked on the demon's expression. The rage and hatred had softened to surprise and confusion, all as they slid together across the desert floor.

It was when Malikia wrenched her arm free from the channel it had bored straight through her that Cianna felt the nauseating blast of pain hammer through her and start radiating from her chest. Malikia staggered to her feet, and in a brief moment of pain induced clarity, she understood the confusion. Cianna's long sword ran clear through the demon's chest, buried to the hilt. She wandered disjointedly for a moment before collapsing right beside her.

"Know this... knight. I will not go quietly. I... will... you will remember me... I will see to... it!" the demon said, dragging herself closer. When she was right above Cianna she squeezed her still fat and intact right breast, spraying Cianna down with her rotten milk, before collapsing for the final time on top of the dying papal fighter. Even as the demon's body stilled in 'death', her nipple continued to gush forth its vile bounty until it was nothing but a withered bag of leathery flesh attached to a desiccated corpse...

* * *

Cianna's eyes snapped open an instant before her chin hit the edge of the desk. As such, she still managed to hit hard enough to cut her chin on the edge, effectively chasing the rest of that bad memory back into her own personal catalog of horrors and things best left unsaid in the back of her psyche. Her hand went to her chin and came away with a thin smear of crimson. By the time she arrived at the mirror in the bathroom however, there was little sign of the wound, and it was completely healed before she shut the lights off.

The pain in her head persisted however, though it had faded considerably, and that worried her. It worried her because, while the

physical damage of her battle with Fallon, Skearon and Malikia had nearly killed her, she hadn't felt so mentally drained afterwards. Natasha would be a different, but no doubt very tough challenge.

* * *

Despite being one of the finest hotels in Seattle, some rooms in the Fairmont Olympic lack for views. Not that the hotel lacks grandeur, or is in a poor location, simply that the city has grown around it. Once a towering icon, the hotel now resides in the downtown financial district; dwarfed by many of the more modern skyscrapers around it. Catherine was situated in one of the rooms that had a fine view of the valet and building across the street. It was the view she was taking in at the moment Kylie awoke.

Emily was holding Kylie's head in her lap and running fingers through her hair when she woke up with a sudden gasp and eyes wide, and the driver immediately went into soothing mode. "It's okay, you're back in the hotel room," she said, as Kylie's heart slowed back to normal and her breathing regulated.

"What happened?" she asked up to Emily.

"You saved my life," Catherine replied, stepping away from the window. "In fact, I owe both of you my life," she added with an approving look.

"I just did what anyone would do when someone says, 'get us out of here!' that's all," Emily said with a puppy dog smile. "Kylie was the one who actually made the decision."

Catherine looked down at the sprawled-out woman. "Well, you both did more than I could have hoped for. Especially you..." she replied from directly over Kylie, eyes boring into hers. "Sacrificing your gift that I might live, I've known many who'd not make such a choice for the risk, and you

did it without...”

“What gift? What are you...” she questioned as the realization hit her and she looked down at her hands and along her arms.

“You didn’t know what you were doing?” Catherine asked incredulous.

“I... I’m back to the way I was... you bitch! You were a pathetic broken old crone who asked for a kiss and I gave it to you out of kindness...”

Faster than Kylie could blink she was being raised up by her throat until her head brushed the ceiling. Catherine held her with a single hand and what looked like no effort.

“Remember that this ‘old crone’ gave you what you had, and I can take more than that right now. It is nothing for me to end your life if your use to me is over! If this is how you want it, just say so... oh but you can’t, because this old crone has complete control of you right now, and until I loosen my grip, you won’t be able to breathe, let alone speak. *I* am the one saying who does what when. *You* are only to act in the absence of instruction. You will never speak that way to me again, or I will do more than wipe cobwebs with your hair. Do you understand me?”

Kylie weakly nodded, and like that she collapsed to the floor like a dropped sack of potatoes, gasping for air and clenching her throat.

“Now that we have that out of the way, let’s see if we can find a way to set up a rematch where the odds are better suited to our strengths. Hopefully we can avoid any more demonic encounters spoiling our next outing.”

* * *

Matt awoke in a haze. There was rumbling all around, but it sounded

like he had cotton in his ears, and while he felt his eyes open and close, he couldn't see anything, as though he were in utter darkness. He was lying on a cool slab of what felt like concrete, and he couldn't tell if he was wearing clothes, but he didn't think so. He moved his arm and was instantly swooning in agony.

That was when the memory came back to him, of the fight and the flight right after. He remembered feeling his skin boil and burn, of seeing his vision distort and then stop as his eyes literally ignited and seared in the white-hot aura that surrounded the short woman with her sword. He remembered his confusion as he slumped over while he was frying and then lifted gently and what could only be described as floating, and then nothing.

"Matthew? You are awake?" he heard Natasha say in her accented voice. It was the sexy voice she had used when she was her most demure, not the booming roar of the monstrous demon, or the deep rumble of her anger. This was soft and comforting and enticing and seductive.

"I... I am."

"You are not afraid of me?" she asked sugar sweet.

"I don't know why, but... no," he replied, puzzled by his own answer when he knew it was the truth. He knew he should have been terrified, consorting with what can only be described as true evil. Instead he cared for her, and he didn't know why, but he had an interest in her survival.

"I am not good at healing; it is not what I do. But I have tried to make you better, or at least... comfortable?" she said, almost apologetically.

"I... I can't see," he replied.

"Your eyes were burned by the holy fire. I could not completely fix them, but this place is dark. You would not see here even with the best vision."

He heard her move closer to him, could almost feel her skin, and could feel the heat radiating from her body. She was very warm, almost hot. He heard her right above him and suddenly there was a dull blue glow above him. Everything was fuzzy, like looking through a sheet, but he could see her eyes looking down at him with that unnerving blue inner light and a glowing orb of blue-green fire floating above her hand.

He saw her kneel above him in darkness and felt her free hand caress his cheek, leaving a trace of bliss where she touched. Her hand ran down his cheek, along his neck, and down to his arm, finally taking his hand in hers.

"Stand Matthew. I will give you strength," she said as she pulled him up. He felt pain flare across the totality of his being and surge down his arm. It flowed into Natasha, leaving him feeling... empty. He didn't feel anything. Only the hand that held his, and the warmth that seemed to be increasing in intensity the longer he held it. She led him a short distance, stopping in front of an old mirror. The blue flame in her other hand flared brighter and he could see his body's reflection. His whole body was one giant lumpy twisted burn scar. His ears were gone, nose melted, hair burned and crusted. Every part of him that was exposed directly to the fire was a visual nightmare. Only from the waist down was he somewhat normal, as much as he was normal in that department anymore.

"Know, Matthew, that I will care for you always, if you will care for me," she said, running a hand down the front of his stomach and lower, and coming to rest on his unscathed member.

He felt an energy flowing from her fingers into his tool as they milked him toward erection. Matt was getting angry, and his cock was matching his mood, swelling larger and larger in her hand. The more she touched him, the angrier and more hostile he got, but he didn't have a direction for it. He could feel tension building and spreading, his muscles

starting to flex and strain as his heart rate climbed and his breathing increased. Her masterful fingers continued to play his tool like a prized instrument, and all the while the negative energy seemed to pour into him. He felt a dull ache again in his hands and looked down to see his fingernails digging into his palms hard enough to draw blood.

When he looked up again, he met Natasha's eyes which now held a sinisterly inquisitive look. "I will care for you after I have killed the bitch that did this to me," he rasped menacingly before turning away from her and walking back into the darkness. He didn't see her inquisitive look change to malicious glee behind his back.

XXII

Amanda lay next to Andy on her back, her breasts filling all the space between him and the edge of the bed. Her whole look was contentment as she rested on a pillow with her hands up behind her head, a Cheshire cat grin on her face. Andy was admiring the view of those amazing tits, crowned by large rosy pink nipples.

After several minutes of comfortable silence, she rolled over and looked him in the eyes. Her face was serious suddenly, with an almost worried look to it.

“Andy, we are going to have to face them again.”

“I know,” he said with a sigh.

“We need to be ready this time.”

“You mean *you* need to be ready. You’re the wizard, remember? I just help you recharge,” he replied, the satisfaction draining from him as the gravity of their situation returned to him.

“I think you have enough essence in you now to be more than just a bystander. I mean, you probably drank gallons of it last night, and even more just now,” she said, her smile returning for emphasis. “It is time for both of us to prepare for the battle ahead. And that means more than just amazing sex or ultra-passionate lovemaking. It means actually looking at that book. Actually learning how magic can work as a weapon. I mean, if I can inadvertently increase the value of both our apartments by several hundred thousand just by having a really good time, then there here has to be a way to use this to protect ourselves, right?”

“Okay, so let’s look at the book—” he started to say before being cut off by the ringing of the phone.

Mandy sat up, effortlessly adjusting her strength to cope with the

incredible size of her magic gas tanks, and looked at the caller ID. "It's the front door," she said, picking up the receiver. "Hello?"

"Amanda? It's Cianna, let me in."

"Oh... okay," she said, mashing the 9 on the phone and hanging it up. "Get dressed, Andy, we will have company in about sixty seconds."

"Who is it?" he asked, shrinking himself down to about a foot and pulling on his Levi's.

"Cianna, you know, the woman from the church?"

"Yeah, I remember her. What does she want?" he inquired, now on edge.

"How should I know? She just said, 'Let me in', so I did. She saved both of our lives. I think she is one of the good guys."

"Yeah, well she also threatened to hurt you if you were obvious with magic again," he said, doing up the fly on the heavy denim jeans.

"Well, we will see," she said, throwing on a night gown that morphed as it descended over her outrageous curves.

The knock at the door was sharp and concise, four solid "thunks", which Mandy answered almost immediately by opening the door.

Cianna stepped inside and instantly stopped, her whole body seeming to rock on its heels before she reached a hand out to the countertop to steady herself. "Whoa."

"Are you alright?" Amanda asked with honest concern in her voice.

She squinted briefly, her eyes adjusting to an unseen powerful light. "Ungh, yeah... the power in here is unreal. It was like I walked into a dizzying fog. You don't feel this?" she answered.

"I don't feel anything," Amanda replied, looking at Andy as if to ask if he felt it.

"I can't feel anything either," he chimed in.

"For fuck's sake, the air is thick with it!" Cianna exclaimed, sitting

down in the same chair she had sat in two days earlier. She was wearing cargo pants and a tucked-in button-down shirt with an odd looking belt, all under her heavy black coat. Her hair was down today, cascading down in ringlets just below her shoulders. She looked up at Amanda and took a deep breath, let it out and continued, "I see you've recovered from yesterday."

Amanda looked down at herself, noted that all of her view below her shoulders was blocked by either cleavage, or the breast filled night gown, and then looked back at Cianna.

"I guess so, yes," she replied, unsure of what exactly Cianna's point was.

"Just to let you know, the amount of power you pumped into Natasha yesterday was the magical equivalent of Hiroshima. Judging by your current state however, and that of your friend," she bounced a nod over at Andy, "and this apartment... good Lord. You really don't know how much power you are throwing around."

Andy's jaw was as close to floor level as it could get while he was standing at the mention of such enormous magical output. "How is that possible? Amanda didn't hurt anyone yesterday. That lady and this supposed the demon may have, but I know Mandy didn't hurt anyone while I was there," he stated in her defense.

"I didn't use my magic to hurt anyone yesterday, though I did tackle that lady," she added.

"I know you haven't hurt anyone with your magic, and it would seem you are unaware how much power you have, and that's why I am not going to carry out my orders. I am instead going to try explaining to you as much I can about the power you possess. You are one of the rarest of magic users, because you actually make magic. Something inside you got turned on when you were exposed to the magical essence that you acquired, and

now you can create your own.

"I have always felt I had an affinity for magic," Mandy stated, as much to gauge Cianna's reaction as to let her know some more of the puzzle.

"That doesn't really surprise me. What is surprising to me is that you weren't formally taught. Even the best conjurers and especially sorcerers have some form of education in their art. In fact, normally it's my job to find the teacher, as they are generally on a list somewhere, and I do my best to avoid having to put down those I don't have to."

At the last line she heard Andy take a suspicious step towards her.

"Oh chill out Calvin Klein. Anyway, I digress. I'm a messenger today, and believe it or not, my message is one of peace. I am here to ask for help, and to help you in return, Oh, and you dropped this," she declared, pulling the broken down shotgun from an unseen pocket inside her coat, and setting it on the table in its two major pieces.

"Holy shit!" Andy announced in shock. "Um, thanks!"

"How can we help a demon hunter?" Amanda asked bringing the topic right back into focus.

Cianna smiled knowingly. "Catherine Edgefield is only part of your problem, if you didn't realize. She wants you, or more importantly, your power. I think when she figures out that you have a virtually limitless amount, she will want to kill you less, and keep you mesmerized for eternity more. She's a wizard, pure and simple. She is a master of magic efficiency and conservation. She's also been on the hit list for one hundred and seventy years, just never my assignment. That's why she's still alive.

Now, your real is one Nytasha Karenskova, Natasha for short. I think you remember her from yesterday." she dug an envelope out of her coat and handed it to Amanda.

"The succubus?" Amanda asked just to make sure.

"Well, that might be a good descriptor, but it isn't quite accurate. She's kind of like a cambion-"

"A what?" asked Andy and Amanda simultaneously.

Cianna rolled her eyes at the youth's ignorance of demonology. She hated having to dumb things down for the laity.

"Okay, so she made a literal deal the devil: her soul for demonic power. Now she's half human, half demon; most of their strengths, few of their weaknesses. The worst of both worlds really. As you saw she can harness magical power, both divine and arcane, an incredibly rare ability. And worse, she can use human life force for power as well. She's incredibly dangerous. We've met before, when the terms were more favorable to me."

"You keep pointing out how dangerous the people we are going to face are, what can we do to help you?" Andy interjected, sounding very frustrated.

"Yeah, I would like to know how I'm going to help you," Amanda echoed.

"I think you know better than me. You have virtually limitless access to the magical realm, and with no schooling. You have brute forced your will into being on every occasion where magic has come into play. A trained mage or wizard could do what you do with a thousandth the effort or less..."

"Not helping," Amanda interrupted.

"My point is, despite your inefficiency, have you ever felt drained from a magical experience, save perhaps yesterday's battle?"

"Only yesterday before the fight when I kind of took this girl to view her potential futures then helped her fix things so they'd go the way she wanted," Mandy answered.

It was Cianna's jaw that dropped now as her eyes got wide. She was in quiet awe for a second before her composure returned. "You... when did

you do this?"

"Oh, at IHOP, about 9:15, 9:30. I stopped time though, so no one would notice," she boasted proudly and nonchalantly.

Cianna planted her palm squarely over her face and hung her head.

"No, no you didn't Amanda," she groaned. "Everyone noticed that, because you used so much power blindly brute forcing something the way you 'thought' it should be done. But see, that's what I am talking about. You tried and succeeded at something that no sane wizard would ever even attempt! And how did you feel afterward. Tired? Achy?"

"No, I just felt slightly nauseous for a few seconds. And my boobs were noticeably smaller when we were done."

"And how long did it take for you to recover?" Cianna asked, very interested now.

"I didn't notice until Andy mentioned it, and then by the time we were done with breakfast they were back to full size," Amanda said, not quite sure what the diminutive assassin was driving at.

"You haven't explained how we are going to help you yet," Andy interjected again, impatience sneaking into his voice.

"Okay, what you don't understand is what Amanda is capable of. If she can take a complete stranger and change them while scrying in real time how those changes will affect their future, all without any preparation, enchanted paraphernalia or ritual, then she can do just about anything. It took her maybe half an hour tops to recover from something that no wizard, mage or sorcerer has done in over a thousand years."

"Well, actually, I can recover faster if I am... um, properly motivated," she added, glancing at Andy with an impish grin.

"What do you mean, 'motivated'? Motivated how?" Cianna inquired.

"You know, in intense... sexual ways," Amanda replied in a tone somehow combining sheepish embarrassment with unabashed bragging

while looking at Andy the whole time. Andy could feel himself becoming aroused, which in his Levis wasn't a good thing if concealing his package was of any concern. He squirmed a little, but the smile on his face said he was receptive to the magical suggestion she was planting in his head, even with the present company.

It was Cianna's time to squirm, feeling the heat in the room climb perceptibly as the sexual tension between these two cranked higher. She watched as Mandy's night gown seemed to shrink around her, surrounding her like silken cling wrap, making every contour, every crevice, every bump leave less to the imagination, as all the while her eyes never left Andy. About the time she saw the super curvy sexpot bite her lower lip, it was all Cianna could take.

"Is it getting hotter in here, or are you trying to make a point?" she said, her words finally bringing both Amanda's and Andy's eyes back to her.

"I have made my point. My magic is sexual in nature. I mean, I am sure it's not just about sex or lust, or even love. I'm sure it can be run of the mill magic, but I have an affinity for making things beautiful and attractive and sexy and downright... carnal," she explained. "And I should add that all of this is effortless. It is something I could do all day."

"Hmmm..." Cianna said, watching as Amanda returned to flirting with Andy, although this time without the overriding magical influence. *I am normally highly resistant to non-divine magical influence. The fact that hers has such a noticeable effect on me is disturbing.*

"This is what I need from you. Amanda, I need you to bring as much magical firepower with you wherever you go as absolutely possible. Be ready for a fight at any moment. Catherine and Natasha, and potentially any henchmen or aides they may have, could assault you at any time. You need to be ready." She opened her jacket and produced a key. "As for you

Andy, all I can do is offer you this. It's to a locker in the Greyhound bus station, number 111. The duffel bag inside will help you level the playing field. You've used a gun before, these will help a damn sight better than a hunting shotgun."

"What about you, Cianna?" Amanda asked.

"Well, I am ageless, and I heal fast, but I'm not immortal, and certainly not omnipresent. If the battle starts and I am not there, use as much magic as possible, and I will follow it and find you as fast as I can. Shooting helps, too, Andy," she said, pulling a compact radio scanner from her coat.

"So make a ruckus?" Andy asked rhetorically as Cianna stood and headed to the door.

"Andy, with that tool and your girlfriend's body, you make a ruckus simply walking down the street. You need to make a hell of a lot more than a ruckus, but the stuff in the duffel will help," she explained, as she stepped out the door, closing it behind her.

"I am his fiancée," Mandy said quietly after the door closed.

She didn't expect the muffled "Congratulations." from the other side as Cianna walked out.

* * *

Kylie had been standing at the entrance to Mandy's apartment building for ten minutes, trying to figure out what to do. Part of her desperately wanted to get away from Catherine and apologize to Amanda and even Andy for the previous day's events. The other part however, wanted to fulfill Catherine's mission for her, finding Amanda, and keeping her in one place until her mistress could arrive. Either way, she had to talk to Mandy.

Fate dealt a hand in it for her. As she reached for the intercom to call Amanda's apartment, the door to the apartment complex opened and there stood Mandy and Andy. The two lovers paused mid-banter and looked at her for what seemed an eternity. Just as she started to open her mouth, Amanda made a small gesture and Kylie felt as though she had been hit by a bus right there on the front stoop. She flew off the stairs and shot backward toward the sidewalk. She braced for the impact, but surprisingly it never came. Instead she felt herself lowered to the sidewalk as an invisible force broke her fall.

"Are you okay?" Mandy asked, still on the stoop and thus safely out of reach.

"Yes," she said, looking around. If anyone had seen it, they didn't seem to be alarmed.

"I think you should stay there," Andy said, looking agitated and ready for whatever might come next.

"It's okay, Andy. I get the feeling she is not here to cause more trouble. Besides, she isn't the Kylie we saw yesterday," Amanda said, stepping down the stairs and offering a hand up.

The dazed woman accepted the proffered hand and stood, demonstrating the height difference between the two. "Thanks," she said, dusting herself off.

"Care to explain what you were doing working for that woman Kylie?" Mandy asked, a mild hint of anger seeping into her words.

"I... I don't know. I was angry about you being with Andy. I ran into her and... I don't know. Amanda, we were friends not three days ago, more than that just a couple months ago," Kylie pleaded.

"The friend of my enemy is still my enemy," Andy interjected.

Kylie shot an angry look at the underwear model that Andy could have been but said nothing.

“Andy, please,” Amanda whispered in an effort to keep things civil. “Seriously though Kylie, if you think we can just patch things up like nothing has happened between us I am afraid you are gravely mistaken. So I will ask you again. What brings you here?”

“I, I wanted to say I was sorry,” Kylie replied, tears welling up in her eyes.

“After everything that happened yesterday you just thought you’d pop by and apologize? I accept your apology, but do not confuse that for trust, and I would not expect such acceptance from Andy.”

“Nope,” Andy added in agreement.

“Catherine sent me to... to track you for her. But... but I can’t! I don’t want to work for her anymore,” she said over sobs.

“Oh Kylie,” Amanda replied, some of the hard edge leaving her.

The tall woman collapsed into a heap on the sidewalk, crying. Amanda came closer but then stepped back as Kylie started wailing, clutching her ears. It didn’t take long for Amanda to see that something was wrong. Blood was running from her ears and down her arms. The hairs on the back of her neck stood on end then as she felt the elegant ribbon of magic flowing into Kylie from somewhere else. Her nose started bleeding, and the wailing became screams as both Andy and Amanda saw her muscles start to tense in a massive convulsive seizure.

Amanda stepped closer and knelt down, concentrating for a split second, and suddenly Kylies moaning stopped. Andy felt something but couldn’t place exactly what it was. It was... nothing. Then he realized, she was shielding, preventing all magic from coming in or getting out. Mandy was shielding furiously.

“Andy, go inside, get some rags and run the bath,” she commanded as she lifted the larger woman in her arms and started back into the apartment.

* * *

Catherine staggered for a second. The magical cord that connected her to Kylie had been suddenly and totally severed by an outside force, as if someone had taken a razor and sliced it clean. She shook her head and took a deep breath. *She's learning fast, my time for action is running out.*

"Ms. Edgefield..." Emily started, but a glare that sent an icy chill down her spine quieted her immediately.

For her part, Catherine held no ill will toward the driver. She was obviously capable in her skillset, but her other traits and talents didn't lend themselves to her needs. As it was, she had very little in the way of energy reserves left, and certainly not enough to flit it away augmenting Emily with capabilities she didn't at least already have a head start in. At this point she was sure that she couldn't outright beat Amanda in a straight up magical fight, let alone Natasha. But maybe if she could catch Amanda at a distracted moment.

"Emily dear, I'm sorry. You caught me in thought. What do you need?" she asked the young driver, who seemed genuinely happy that her boss wasn't actually displeased with her.

"I was just wondering if I could go home for a few hours. I would like to change clothes and sleep in a proper bed," she explained.

It was a simple enough request, but it underlined a point. Up until the battle with Natasha the day before, Catherine had been able to keep both Kylie and Emily glamoured without more than a passing thought. Now however she couldn't spare the power, which lead to things like this. It started as simple requests, but soon it would become more.

"Of course you may go and have a break. Please be back tomorrow by 9:00AM, yes?" she replied to the younger woman's inquiry.

"Yes Ms. Edgefield," the girl replied courteously before slipping out.

Sitting down in one of the lounge chairs in her room, Catherine contemplated her next move. She didn't have the power now to make a strong play at Amanda, who was obviously back to full strength or beyond. Additionally, Natasha's arrival put her between a rock and a hard place. She couldn't face the demon-woman without Amanda's power, but whatever Natasha's motives were, *(probably establishing herself some sort of magical underworld fief knowing her)*, she was on a collision course with the young woman. *That's the exact spot I don't want to be in.*

Her mind worked furiously, running through every possible action she could take, every move and counter-move by the various pieces in play. Amanda, Natasha, Cianna, the many pawns and peons that surrounded them in this great metropolis. In her centuries of life, she'd always found a way to win, or at least come off slightly ahead. There had to be a solution, a path to victory. But there wasn't, even time was against her. Amanda would only get stronger, and likely smarter as time went on and as that disheartening realization sunk in Catherine Edgefield felt the unfamiliar sting of defeat.

"Maybe I can salvage the situation a different way. If I help her with Natasha, maybe she will give me something in return. It's the only play I have left. I do that and then I return home battered but not truly beaten, with at least something to show for my efforts".

* * *

It was still dark. Matt knew that much. His eyes didn't work right, but he could still see dim flickers of what he thought were candles every so often. That didn't bother him as much as the noises. It had only started a few hours ago, but he found himself hearing murmuring voices. Not that

he could do anything about it. The pain of his wounds had returned not long after Natasha had left him, and he'd managed to lay back down on what felt like a bed of sorts. Really, he didn't know though.

As far as he could tell, the white fire that had engulfed him when he tripped up the bitch with the sword had burned him into a human scab, leaving him blind and barely able to feel anything. Unfortunately, the remaining senses weren't helping him now. The voices were maddening, and the smell and taste of the air here was foul, like human waste and rotting vegetation. He needed Natasha. He didn't understand why, but he knew that when she touched him, everything was better. Gone was the fear he'd had of her after she'd killed the Portland police, the dread of her self-luminous blue eyes. Now she was warmth, contentment, and freedom from pain.

And right now, that pain was overwhelming his ability to cope. It was more than just his skin being a cracked charred husk, it went deep down to his bones. The agony made him focus on the cause. The bitch with the sword. *Natasha give me the strength, and I will tear that bitch apart, if it's the last thing I ever do...*

"Matthew?" he heard Natasha's voice. Pangs of euphoria clouded his head, pushing the pain level down ever so slightly.

"Natasha? I'm here," he moaned. *I sound so pathetic. I need to be strong!*

Suddenly she loomed over him, her alabaster body aglow in the gloom, and those sapphire eyes calling to him like a beacon.

"Matthew, if you believe in me, I will make your body strong. Give yourself to me, and I will make you powerful. Love me and I shall make your pain go away," she instructed him soothingly. There was something familiar in her voice. Something he couldn't quite place, then her lips touched his.

That kiss brought him back in time, sitting in a ratty Lay-Z-Boy in a

trashed single wide with dingy brown shag carpeting. There was a foot and a half of dried out surgical tubing bound around his left arm and a burnt needle in his right hand, aimed and ready to drive into a vein in his upper forearm, he watched it tear into his arm, his finger and thumb trembling as he mashed down the plunger and loosened the tubing. And then the world just seemed to slow down. The classic senses faded to be replaced by total euphoria, tranquility and warmth.

If this is what loving her entails, I am all for it!

And that was when she knew he was hers.

“For your belief, you are strong,” she announced as she pulled back from the kiss.

The heroin high occluded some of the sudden throbbing pain he would have felt otherwise, but there was no doubt that something was happening to him. Pressure mounted in his flesh, and he could physically hear the charred skin cracking as it split open to make room for whatever was expanding inside him. His heart hammered in his chest, but even as the changes continued, he felt its pitch change from a fast tom to a heavier, slower, deeper bass thud. There was a mass to him now, an inertia that he could sense in himself. Almost as though he were more solid, more substantive, more... he didn't know. Just that there was more to him than there had been before.

“For your love, your pain shall be gone,” she declared louder.

There was a white-hot searing point of agony for the smallest fraction of a second, and then it was gone. All his pain. But more than that. Most of his sensation was gone. Sure, there were some basic feelings of pressure, but it was as though the sensation of pain in every degree was suddenly gone. He sat up and surveyed what his poor sight would allow him to make out. He was huge! He couldn't see exactly how big, but his body was a massive hulk of charred and cracked flesh atop inhuman amounts of

muscular bulk. He flexed an arm and an enormous peak formed beneath his burnt flesh, making huge fissures crack through his scorched crust like skin. While he felt the skin break, the tension releasing as it pulled apart atop the muscle, there was no pain to be had. He looked in awe at that massive bicep, looking back up at Natasha only when she spoke again.

“For your offering, I shall make you powerful,” she announced, her eyes flashing brighter. Her hand reached down to his groin. Matt felt his tool stretch from the root as she pulled it, the pain mixed with exquisite pleasure. His eyes grew wide as she pulled more and more rod out of him. His groin had been spared the most severe burns thanks to the extra layer of underwear, but that just made it more awkward looking. His pale lower torso stood out almost white against his crusty black remainder of him. The pain stayed constant, but the pleasure seemed to grow exponentially with his size. Soon he was well and truly outrageous, his massive cock out-sized even on monstrous frame. And it was just as monstrous as he was. Spiny barbs studded the glans and it pulsed with inhuman vascularity, coursing with blood vessels the size of his bulky fingers. Natasha’s other hand cupped his sack, sending it too into a rapid spate of pulsating growth, stopping only when each them reached hand overflowing size and a huge orgasm burned through him. The massive flood of cum bathed his cambion benefactor his creamy seed, eliciting a huge grin from her even as Matt caught his gasping breath.

“That was incredible!” he rumbled.

“You are incredible, and soon you shall be ready to lead my army,” she announced. It was time to reclaim her place in the world, and nothing would stop her now.

“For your loyalty, I will make you invincible!” She continued. Her graceful hands ran down his thighs, and as they did, he could feel his skin thicken and toughen. It felt like an overly aggressive massage, with every

muscle she squeezed rebounding into a thicker, more powerful form, all covered in a darker, oddly textured hide that seemed to match whatever was erupting from beneath the chunks of skin sloughing off his upper body.

“Now, I have one more set of gifts for you Matt.” Natasha purred. “But first, we must make room for them.” Matt wondered what his master meant, until he saw the shadow of her hand coming straight at his eye, clawed fingers outstretched. As they dug down into his eye-socket, the being that once was Matt didn’t even flinch.

XXIII

Andy had stayed with Amanda long enough to see to it the bath was drawn and Kylie was being taken care of, then departed for the bus station. It wasn't that long a walk, so Andy decided to get some fresh air and take a stroll, arriving twenty minutes later. Once there he found the locker and opened it to see the aforementioned nondescript black duffel bag that filled the entire space inside. It took him almost two minutes to work the crammed in bag out of the bottom locker.

"Thousand year old mystic assassin and this is your idea of subtlety?" he muttered under his breath as he hauled the decidedly squared off bag into the bathroom before opening it and seeing a pair of black rifle length cases stuffed inside, both banded with some white and gold packing seals at three points along their length. The cases left little to his imagination as to their contents, so he discontinued any further investigation in such a public place. Instead he zipped the bag back up and headed out into the terminal to start on his way back to Amanda's apartment.

As he was walking out of the terminal though, a news report on the television caught his eye and he paused long enough to get the gist of the report, as the sound was turned off. The report was accompanied with a montage of footage, starting off with what was obviously to him, the parking lot of his apartment complex, complete with crime scene tape about the area. The next picture he saw on the screen was a variety of spent brass with the tell tale forensic plastic number markers, then another picture that sent a chill down his spine, several ejected red shotgun shells.

"Fuck," he muttered as he made his way away from the report on the

TV and started with a renewed sense of purpose back toward his fiancé's apartment. *I'm so screwed.*

Still the walk up the hill was uneventful until he was just a block away from Amanda's studio. That was when the police car passed him and then locked up its brakes and backed up, flipping on its lights and hitting the screamers for a fraction of a second just to get his attention.

Damnit. He paused and turned toward the Crown Victoria as a small brunette female officer exited the passenger seat. The officer driving, a large African American man, pulled forward again into a driveway and exited a moment later joining the former officer in approaching Andy.

"Andrew Morris?" the driving officer asked.

"Yes. How can I help you officer?" he replied with his own question.

"Mr. Morris are you aware of the incident that occurred outside your apartment yesterday?"

"Yeah, sort of. I saw it on the news."

"We need to ask you some questions about your activities as they pertain to yesterday's incident outside your apartment complex," the driver responded. "Would you mind coming with us?"

"Am I under arrest?" he inquired.

"You aren't under arrest, but you are a person of interest," The male cop replied interrupting them both.

"Sir, is there anything in that bag we should know about?" the female cop asked again, now with a heightened tension in her voice, and her hand moving to rest on her belt, just above the grip of her service issue Glock.

"Calm down Wheatley," the male cop said calmly to his partner.

That seemed to do something to cut the rising tension in the petite woman.

"Would you mind coming down to the precinct with us for some questions?" he continued as Wheatley apparently simmered down and

tried to relax.

"I- I guess not," Andy replied.

"Do you mind if we search you before we take you with us?" the male cop asked as he came closer to Andy. His name tag read A. Porter.

"Err, no," Andy replied. Officer Porter did a quick frisk and then led Andy to the car, pausing only when Andy carefully put the large black duffel into the back seat.

* * *

He'd been sitting in the chair in front of the desk of Detective Vincent for almost all of the 45 minutes since he'd arrived at the station and Andy hadn't seen the detective the entire time. He just sat waiting, looking from time to time around the busy office at various uniformed and plain clothes police officers as they came and went, occasionally bringing in people for various reasons.

Finally, a tired looking blonde woman appeared at the desk. She wore a gray blazer over a pale-yellow blouse that tried hard but ultimately failed to hide an upper body that was a bit too sedentary with access to a few too many high carb snacks. Her lower body was not much better, though the black slacks were a bit better at hiding her fluff below the belt than the lighter colored garments above it.

"Mr. Morris, I'm sorry for the wait. We've been working non-stop on this case since yesterday. Several of your neighbors said you were there, and that you fired a weapon at one of the parties involved. So, I am just gonna ask you, did you shoot at one of the perpetrators of yesterday's incident?"

"Am I under arrest?" Andy asked, his mind running a mile a minute now.

"No, not technically, but we could arrest you. We have spent bird-shot casings that coincide with the number of rounds fired before the police arrived. We also have footage of you being carried away from the scene just before the police arrived."

"But you are asking me to incriminate myself!" Andy protested.

"Okay, let me try this another way. We are trying to piece together a string of events that lead to the deaths of two of our officers. We know you aren't the killer, but you're involved, and we need answers. Now, can you help us?" the haggard detective asked trying a different route to get the information she sought.

"I need reassurance that no matter what I tell you, if I didn't commit a felony, you won't arrest me or seek charges. Until I have that in writing, I'm not saying anything," he replied as sternly as he could, which considering how frightened he was, he thought came off pretty confident.

Detective Vincent sighed heavily. "Do you want to be arrested? Because you are about to make me arrest you. Then you really won't have to tell me anything, you can save it for your lawyer."

"Okay, just hold on a second. Let me--"

"Detective," officer Wheatley interrupted them. "The captain wants to see you. Like right now."

She grunted under her breath and stood to leave. "I'll be back in a minute. Think about your choices Mr. Morris."

That left Officer Wheatley to watch Andrew ponder his situation. Looking her over she was a departure from Detective Vincent, being probably fifteen years behind the senior woman in smoking and deep-fried pastries, not to mention spending far less time behind a desk. She was young, mid-twenties most likely, and despite her cold vibe, not particularly hard to look at. Maybe even better than that since Andy didn't see any obvious make up. Her upper body was hard to judge, what with the

obvious body armor her torso was sandwiched between under her uniform blues, but she had hips wide enough to make her gun belt point outward slightly, and her thighs were thick enough to be apparent in her dark blue uniform pants.

“What are you looking at?” she asked sharply, cuing him in that he’d spent just a moment too long appraising her beauty merits. Had he always been this obviously judgmental or was his experience with oversexed and constantly morphing bodies turning him into a total lech?

He looked down at his shoes for a moment in embarrassment before he heard Vincent return, “Thanks Wheatley. I will take it from here.”

The detective looked like an equal measure of confused and annoyed had compiled on top of her obvious stress and exhaustion. She reached into her desk drawer and pulled out a bottle of Tylenol, dumping two unceremoniously into her palm and knocking them back, followed by a hard pull off a coffee cup that hadn’t been touched since before Andy had sat at the desk nearly an hour ago. Finally, she looked up at him.

“The Captain says we aren’t holding you. I can’t say I agree with him on this, but it’s his call. Remember, if you think of anything useful, please call me,” she said passing him a card. “We just want to find out what exactly happened and solve this. Nobody likes it when people die, especially in such a gruesome way. As you can imagine it hits extra hard when it’s two of your coworkers.”

“I’m sorry I can’t help you. I really don’t know anything.” Andy said standing and grabbing the black duffel bag he’d had sitting next to him the whole time.

“I’m sure if you remember something-” she trailed off as she looked at the crotch of his jeans. Her head cocked to the side for a moment before she continued. “You’ll be in touch.”

* * *

Andy made the best time possible getting home, beating himself up the whole way about not thinking to shrink himself down to less than his 99th percentile norm for the questions. All told though he was surprised. There hadn't been that many questions, and in the end, nothing had come of it. He arrived back at Amanda's apartment a thirty-minute walk later. He was eager to see what was actually in it. Upon entering her apartment though, he smelled something that brought him back to earth.

It was bathwater and floral soap, and his mind flashed back to Kylie earlier.

"Amanda?" he called out, setting the black bag on the kitchenette table.

There was no reply but a giggle from the bathroom, followed by a splash and a burst of laughter. It was Amanda and another woman, probably Kylie. He walked around the corner of the kitchenette and into the living space of her studio, noting that the bathroom door was half open.

"Are you decent?" he asked, remembering that walking in on Kylie had been the catalyst of their troubles.

"No, but you can come in anyway," Amanda called from just around the corner. If he didn't know better, he'd have sworn she sounded drunk.

Apprehensive, Andy stepped around the corner to see Amanda leaning back against Kylie in a bathtub that was precariously full of water and bubbles. If Kylie had been on deaths door earlier, she looked to have made a speedy recovery. She also didn't look like she held any lingering animosity towards Andy.

The general mood in the bathroom was warm frivolity, which seemed like a far cry from the mood earlier in the day. Indeed, since Andy had just spent the last three hours on a quest to get the stuff Cianna had

said could help them if they had to fight Natasha again. That he'd spent over an hour of that time in a police station, either sitting bored or blindly dodging questions only made the current blithe bath time escapades slightly more irritating. Still, seeing Amanda warmed his heart even as it cooled his anger.

"I take it Kylie's feeling better?" he asked of Amanda, but fully expecting Kylie to interject.

"She is, and we came to an understanding," Mandy replied, giggling again as Kylie's hand farthest from Andy reached around and tried to sneak in a caress of the smaller woman's floating right breast.

"Andy, I am really sorry how I reacted the other day when you came into the shower," Kylie added. "You caught me completely off guard. And I realize now that I did the same to you. I was angry and obstinate, and that was unfair to you. I also really hope you don't hold too much against me for what I did when I was with Catherine--"

"She's the non-demon looking one, the one you tried to take out with the shotgun," Amanda interjected.

"Yeah, anyway, I am sorry for that too. I realize now that I wasn't fully in control of everything when she picked me up. Being with her made me do things I'm not proud of. Like I said, I'm sorry, and I hope that you will forgive me, if not right away, at least in time," Kylie finished.

To say he was surprised to hear this was an understatement. After all, it had been a supercharged version of this woman who had effectively wrecked him barely a day earlier. If it weren't for magic, he'd still be in a hospital right now, probably in intensive care because of her. Now, here she was saying she was sorry, and laughing it up with his fiancée in her arms in a bubble bath.

"Can you forgive her Andy?" Amanda asked softly while flashing doe eyes for emphasis.

"I... I think so. I think it's fair to say I may be a bit guarded for a while," he admitted. Still, just saying so took a load off him.

"So how was the police department?" the sorceress asked, catching Andy completely off guard, both with the subject of the question, and the fact that she knew at all.

"How... it was," he paused and shook his head before continuing. "You knew?"

"Of course, how do you think you got out of that interview?" she said sweetly, before cracking into another giggle, as if the whole thing were a joke that he wasn't privy to. Kylie was apparently in on it too, because she was laughing too.

"Jesus! I thought my goose was seriously cooked. How did you do it?"

"I found a couple spells in the book, and one of them was a persuasion spell. It turns out it can be very handy if you know what you are going to need ahead of time. I just kind of 'magically watched' you after I got Kylie on the mend and waited, and when the cops picked you up, I got everything ready," she explained making soapy air quotes.

"Well I'm glad you did. I was pretty scared," he said with thanks in his voice.

"And what pray tell, is in the duffel bag anyway?" she asked as she stood from the tub, giving Andy and Kylie both different views of her naked body.

Damn I never get tired of that view! Andy thought before continuing after a brief pause that indicated her body had very much the desired effect, "Uhm, I don't know? Guns I imagine."

"Well let's find out," she said donning a plush terrycloth robe that when she sashayed, just served to accent her preposterous curves.

Andy nodded but paused long enough to see Kylie rise from the tub

as well; her body looking like a happier, and perhaps mildly improved version of what it had the day they'd first met in the shower. He averted his eyes and quickly followed Amanda out and into the kitchenette.

Opening the duffel and removing its contents proved to be difficult but eventually the expensive carbon fiber cases with their fancy white sealing bands were extracted from the decidedly inexpensive nylon bag. On close examination the white bands had crossed golden keys where the seals met, telling Mandy immediately that these were property of the Vatican.

"Those look fancy," Kylie said from behind them. "Those are shipping bands, but not like you normally see," she explained, drawing a strange look from Andy.

"What? I work at the port. We see stuff like this all the time, just not normally on this kinda case and not nearly this fancy" she explained.

"Well?" Amanda prodded him to get them open.

"You are gonna need pliers," Kylie announced.

A moment later, with Kylie's help the bands were removed, and Andy flipped up the latches on the larger of the two cases. Opening the top showed a laser cut foam lined case designed to hug the enclosed rifle in its two parts. It looked pristine, as though it had been put there as soon as it left the factory. The only thing that proved that wasn't the case was the white box labeled "Cartridge 7,62mm x 51mm, Special".

"Well that's awesome. I carried a gun and ammo into a police station," bemoaned Andy.

"Judging by the fact that there are two cases, it's probably two guns and ammo, but Mandy seems to have smoothed that over, so don't sweat it," Kylie said, trying to cheer him up.

Kylie popped the latches on the second case. "Oh. Not two guns," she declared pulling out a sword that looked very old, and very functional.

There were a series of odd runes inlaid into the blade close to the cross-guard.

"That stuff's boring," Mandy said with a faux yawn. Andy heard the soft *fwump* of cloth piling on the floor only a moment before he felt a tug at his back belt loop as a hooked finger drew him toward the bed. He spun to see a naked Amanda traipsing toward the bed, and a grinning Kylie raise an eyebrow as he followed, almost stumbling over her doffed robe.

"You both are over dressed," she announced as she spun and plopped her ample derriere down at the foot of the bed, causing her preposterous bosom to slosh mesmerizingly.

Kylie set the sword back in its case and sloughed off her borrowed robe. She joined the shorter woman on the bed, while Andy struggled to get out of his clothes as fast as possible.

The two women were quite a contrast as they sat there and watched him shuck his suddenly stubbornly worn clothing. Amanda the under five-foot fertility goddess next to Kylie the Nordic shield maiden and nigh on six feet tall. Soft curves juxtaposed with harder curves.

"I suppose if I am going to sleep with a guy, it had better be a prime specimen. I gotta give you credit Mandy, Andy is damn hunky... and well..." Kylie tailed off as Andy finally got his jeans off, leaving only his boxers to fail at completely concealing his rapidly rousing rod, which she gestured to as though she were presenting the next act play.

"Yeah, he's pretty fantastic, and you've not even seen him in all his glory," Amanda agreed.

"I feel like I am a side of beef at auction," Andy said as he finally got all his clothing removed and stood before the two women seated on the bed.

"Awww, has Andy had a bad day? Was he stressed out at the police station?" Mandy teased. "I know something that will make it all better,"

she continued, slipping off the couch and onto her knees before Andy's now nearly fully erect tool.

"I think we both can help with that," the more muscular woman said joining her on the floor.

Amanda started first by licking the tip while Kylie began stroking experimentally. Andy moaned appreciatively as he enjoyed the lingual and digital stimulation of the two women.

Mandy paused briefly from her tonguing to direct him to sit against the headboard on the bed, then dove upon him with an eagerness only she seemed to be capable of, quickly consuming almost half of his mouth filling cock, garnering another groan of appreciation from him and a look of astonishment from Kylie. Not to be out done, the taller woman started in on her side of his member as well, noting Andy seemed to approve when she briefly sucked on one of his large balls.

It didn't take long for the two women to have him taking great handfuls of the sheets in his hands as Amanda took an inhumanly long amount of his out-sized prong down her throat as her friend mouthed his left nut even as her tongue lashed out at the other egg sized orb.

"Good Christ you two, damn I'm, I'm gonna cum if you don't slow down!" he warned.

Amanda pulled the almost foot and a half of Andy she had in her throat clear and beckoned Kylie upward, even as she kept jacking Andy off. "You have to experience this Kylie, trust me."

"Oh, um, okay," she responded, looking with trepidation the soon to be erupting and absolutely huge pillar of maleness that Amanda had made look easy to deep throat. She struggled mightily to take even the head into mouth, but the flavor wasn't nearly as bad as she expected. *Quite the contrary actually, it actually tastes pretty good, like... a milkshake?* She thought as she sampled some of the copiously leaking pre.

“Hnnngh!” was all the warning Andy could articulate as he felt his balls draw up and his orgasm surged through his suddenly even more bloated organ.

Kylie didn’t have very much experience with men, and two previous relationships had left her unimpressed, particularly with the act of fellatio. And neither of those experiences prepared her for the capabilities that Amanda’s magic had given him. Torrents of jizz gushed from his cock, filling her mouth’s very limited remaining free space even before the first inundating spurt was done. By the second spectacular blast from his cannon, it was spraying out her lips from around him, filling her mouth far faster than she could swallow. The third wave finally made her pull back, shocked as his load white-washed her face and upper body as volley after volley of baby batter covered her front in a torrential flood of semen.

After what seemed like an eternity, Andy’s orgasm subsided, leaving him wrecked and the bed awash in the excess that hadn’t adhered to Kylie. “What the fuck was that!?” she exclaimed after she’d cleared her nose. Her eyes were watering, and it was obvious that the sensation wasn’t pleasant, but the expression quickly passed as Kylie suddenly started giggling.

“What’s so funny,” Andy asked panting.

“I can’t believe-” she stopped as the giggled became hysterical laughter. “I can’t...”

Amanda started laughing sympathetically.

Kylie looked ridiculous. Her entire body was covered in a layer of creamy slime. Her hair was slick with it, and it was running slowly down her breasts and into the channel of her cleavage between them. She looked like she’d been in the epic to beat all epic bukkake films. After almost a minute of unceasing laughter, she finally managed to get out her thought, “I can’t... I can’t believe that I did that. But my god, if that wasn’t amazing. You taste incredible.”

Andy blushed, but Amanda just nodded, "I told you, you needed to experience that."

"You act like I'm a carnival ride," Andy wearily announced.

Mandy smirked at him, "Sweet Andy, love of my life. *I* am the ride, you were just a warmup, you know I have what you really want, what you need." She cupped each of her massive breasts in an overwhelmed hand and lifted them up and toward him as a pseudo-offering. "There's more than enough for each of you, and you know you have what I want," she declared, lowering her right chest pillow to take hold of Andy's sagging dong.

The invitation wasn't wasted. At her touch Andy's still slowly flagging post orgasmic erection seemed to surge back to full form, inflating like a water balloon until it was raging at full size, threatening to skewer Amanda from her seat nearly two feet away.

"Now, the only way you are going to get at this-," she announced lifting the huge right breast again, which had begun to dribble droplets of milk. "Is to put that thing in here," she said lowering her left dug this time and spreading her pussy with her fingers for emphasis. "And you can't move from that spot until I feel you inside me, so you know what that means mister!"

Andy didn't hesitate, and his rod extended the half foot or so until the bulbous head was at the junction of her coral lips.

Kylie was dumbfounded, her jaw dropping at the sight of his almost instant growth. Andy now had over two feet of nearly three inch wide cock sprouting from his groin. The fact that he could control its size to that degree was to her, mind blowing. Her hands found themselves again on his member, though this time right below the apple sized head, trying to confirm tactilely that Andy's phallus was indeed filling that previously vacant space.

"Ha- how?" she wondered aloud.

"My gift to Andy," Amanda explained with a huge grin, "is complete control of his size. And he knows what I like.

As if on cue, Andy grew the last few inches needed to push the huge head into her dewy snatch, the look upon both their faces being one of bliss. Only then did Andy start moving toward her.

"You are a total size queen," Kylie declared as she watched with rapt attention.

"Hmmm," she moaned. "I can't deny that, but if you have to be something, might as well be the... ooh, the best at it!"

For his part, Andy was pushing deeper into his fiancée, inching into her until his lips locked onto the rosy bud of her right nipple. As soon as they latched around it, ambrosia gushed forth, and he reflexively began driving in to her in long strokes.

Kylie could see the bulge in her abdomen as the flare of that big head and the shaft behind it pushed into her depths with each thrust, then reappeared as it pulled back. The mechanics of it were mesmerizing. *How can a tiny woman like Mandy take so much dick inside her?* the thoughts raced through her mind. *Who cares, this is fucking hot! Fuck me though, that thing would tear me apart!*

Amanda's magical let down response was now in full force, and her left breast had begun its sympathetic outpouring in earnest. Kylie didn't ask, she just followed Andy's example and she didn't regret it for a second. The milk was divine, and her body couldn't get enough.

Mandy though was sure she was in heaven. Between the completely full feeling of Andrew plowing her, and both him and Kylie's hands roaming over the rest of her supple body and drinking desperately from her effusive nipples, her body was already nearing a roaring crescendo. "Oh God, Andy, give it alllll too meee!"

Andy did his best to keep from disappointing his lover. He plunged his entire length into her in a machine-like series of long sawing strokes, his heavy balls rebounding off the cushions of her ass as he hilted her completely. With each deep sinking thrust he drove into her clit, which on top of all the other sensations was driving her rapidly over the ragged edge.

"Nnngh, ungh, unnngh, nungh!" she grunted then dissolved into howling moans as she pulled both Andy's and Kylie's faces harder into her gushing boobs with incredible strength.

Andy didn't stop however, even without air. He drove on like an perpetual motion engine, fueled by lust, love and the seemingly limitless flow of magical milk pouring from her down his throat. He could feel Amanda's box squeezing him, like her bottomless sex was trying to crush the huge invader that continued to bowl into her out, but he didn't care. He continued his onslaught through her first climax and into the rapidly following second. He and Kylie both were aware of the next series of multi-orgasmic climaxes that ripped through the diminutive redhead, and her whole body seemed to turn to jelly and the mashing hands smothering them both into her ever flowing tits finally relaxed.

With the reintroduction of fresh oxygen, Andy sped up his pace. Soon his hips were a blur as he too neared his epic conclusion. Amanda, a boneless being of pleasure beneath him looked up at him with a look of absolute joy.

"Come for me Andy, I want to feel you fill me! I want to feel your seed blow me up like a balloon!" she moaned at him.

He came on the spot, his load blasting into her until there wasn't any place for the excessive deluge to go, and it flooded out of her in great gouts from the tight seal of her cunt around his cock. He broke off the smorgasbord of her teat and moved up to her lips, where he locked into a

long tongue lashing kiss.

"Wow! If that's what straight sex is like, I think I may be batting for the wrong team after all," Kylie announced after Andy came up from the kiss gasping for air.

"It doesn't matter what league you play for," Amanda explained between gasping breaths. "You just have to find the right teammate," she continued, looking lovingly at Andy who had rolled off her in exhaustion.