**Djezmonique**

**Warning**: The following is erotic content featuring *breast expansion, butt expansion, giantess,* and other minor fetishes. You know why you’re here, so don’t complain to me if it’s not your thing.

**Commission:** The following is a commission for DeviantArt user *notender*.

* *Madam Materia*

“I'm fucking tired of this shit!” There was a loud thud and the scraping of table legs across a roughly carpeted floor. “Every time I walk through that fucking door you've got another man in *my* house, in *my* bed, fucking you *my* wife you god damned whore!”

“Oh fuck off Derek. If it weren’t for me and the money I bring into this house you'd be so far under the poverty line you wouldn’t even *see* a vagina.”

There was another dull thudding, and it was hard to tell which of them was the cause. Not that it overly mattered as James lay in his bed, keeping his breathing regular, staring at the uncovered light on his ceiling and letting it leave the ghost of its impression on his eyelids whenever he blinked. It was all he could really do when his parents fought like this, that and listen for the cries of his sister. More accurately his half sister.

Though shouted in anger what his father had said wasn’t entirely wrong. His mother, Angel, was a whore, though she held absolutely no shame about it. It was a job like any other, and from the sneak peeks her son had stolen of her in the act she was a hell of a good one. She could play a man, or woman on the right occasion, like a finely tuned instrument; making them willing to pay out the nose for just five more minutes in her heavenly embrace.

Before James had been born he almost wondered if at one point his father had been played like that. Full of love instead of the simmering frustration that constantly found itself roiling over at the sight of her. For as much as the boy disapproved of it though, he couldn’t exactly hold it entirely against the man. It was a rough world they lived in.

Rolling onto his side the black haired boy fished into his nightstand, retrieving his wallet and opening it to look at his beginner’s licence, his first piece of ID. His picture looked back at him, monochrome and wearing a face that wanted its best to be excited but had to keep an impassive line to meet standards. Had he been thinking about the next part that might not have been as hard.

Punched through the bottom right of the plastic card was a copper coloured stud the size of a small button. It was only a little thing, but what it represented dictated the path James was allowed to take in life. There were three denominations: gold, silver, and the one he had, bronze.

Gold was reserved for the elite, the one percent who sat at the top of society in their thrones and looked down on the rest of the world from the metropolis cities. For generations their way of life hadn’t changed, and would probably continue not to change for a dozen more.

Next down on the stepladder were the silver. To say there was just one level of silver would be inaccurate, there was a reason it was often called the “rat race” tier. Silvers stretched both ways, up towards gold status where one good business deal or promotion could rocket a man up into the gold leagues, and down towards bronze where two jobs and working every waking hour were the only way from falling into bronze. This was where James’ father sat, struggling to keep the family afloat.

No that wasn’t exactly true, Derek struggled to keep himself afloat. To keep himself out of the bronze caste, or as it was more commonly known “the pits”. This was the largest group just in sheer numbers. Something like sixty plus percent of the county’s population was in the pits, living in clustered slums in the shadows of cities, and this was the majority of society that got hit hard by the system and its intended purpose.

That purpose: trying to dent the world’s growing overpopulation problem. There were just too many people and not enough world. At first the solution was the floating metropolis cities, essentially doubling the space to put people by building cities stacked one atop another. Space wasn’t so much the issue though, simply a band-aid, and when it failed to cover the problem they realized it required an ounce of prevention.

Thus the caste system. It was marketed as better for children, but basically if you fell below a certain line you were bared from having kids. Originally they marked it at the poverty line, after all if you couldn’t afford to keep yourself how could you afford a child? As the years went on though that label slowly pushed itself further and further up to ladder, widening the gap between those at the bottom and those even in the middle.

There were written and unwritten parts to the rules of being in bronze. Written obviously you couldn’t have children, unwritten that was only if you were male. If you were a woman your caste didn’t matter, all you had to do was nab yourself a respectable silver and you'd jump your way up to that class with a kid. There were checkpoints going in and out of cities and the districts therein, and your tagged ID was the only way past. This essentially trapped those who found themselves in the pits, making it so those from lower-middle silver and above didn’t need to think about what was going on. And the last big thing was monitoring.

Once a month you needed to check in at the closest office, at least if you were bronze or low silver; there would be little reason for anyone else to unless they were the highest of silver working at gold. It was why the little button-sized markers were removable, they could be changed at any time by an official if you moved a rung on the social ladder. They'd know if you missed it too, most of the pits was rigged with a security system of sorts that watched you day in, day out. The cameras got the nickname “peeping Toms” since they were on the lookout for procreation more than anything else. If they caught you with or doing anything banned in bronze it wouldn’t be five minutes before monitor security was banging down your door to break it up; forceful contraception they called it.

The thought of it all weighed on James’ shoulders like hundred pound weights. Since his father was only barely scrapping by low silver, and only there thanks to his mother’s work, the dark haired boy was bronze until he could support himself. Then it would be a decision based on if he could support two people with whatever job he managed to find. If he wanted to eventually make silver it meant he'd either have to somehow get a scholarship for college, or else work two, maybe three jobs to drag himself up over the line. With how his household was both ideas seemed more like pipe dreams.

The sound of his parents’ argument was still going strong, causing the boy to let out a frustrated sigh. He should be studying right now, or passing out resumes. Hell, watching his mother work and having a fap would have been a better use of his time than listening to them at each other’s throats. He had to listen for his half-sister though, because they couldn’t be trusted to tend to her when they got like this. She didn’t deserve to be left to cry because her parents were squabbling like immature children.

Carefully he slipped his ID back into his wallet, catching a small glimmer of gold from one of the card slots. Immediately his frustration bloomed into a raw annoyance, as he worked his fingers to get at the shining card. “True love is coming,” it read in a fanciful looping script.

How the hell was he always getting these? Once every few months he'd catch one of these in his wallet, on his desk, slipped into his pocket. It had been happening for years now and every time it just had him wracking his brain how someone could have possibly slipped it to him.

When the first one had shown up he showed his mother, he couldn’t have been more than about thirteen at the time, and she made a show of tearing it up and warning him about dangerous people who would take advantage of him. Ironic she'd been talking about sex workers like herself, but still the memory of a time when she gave more of a damn and acted like a proper mother was a warm reminder of how things had once been.

Since then James had had to be doubly sure to destroy them whenever they came up. With his bronze status such a thing was contraband and could have the monitors knocking down the door to question him. And since he legitimately had no idea where it had come from it was liable to get him into even more of a mess.

He was ready to tear it in half like the rest when he was suddenly in the dark. One of the everyday occurrences of living on the edge of the pits were these rolling blackouts, as their poorly maintained power grid hit frequent stressing points. There was a brief flicker of silence, the one good thing to come from it all, as the blackout stunned his parents from their bickering and the background sounds of everything electronic wound down to a halt.

Then his sister’s shrill wail rose up and broke the peace.

The argument came back in full force, seeming all the louder now without the dull white noise of everyday life. The card could wait, as James set it down to rush down the hallway into his sister’s room.

“Hey hey,” the boy cooed as he came in, scooping the little blonde bundle out of her crib. “I’m here Lizzy. Big brother James’ got you.”

Her wrinkled little features softened, and her teary baby blues did their best to find him in the dark. Despite everything going on he smiled for her, the whites of his teeth catching her young eyes and muting her sobs to stammering hiccups. “There we go,” he reassured her, bouncing her gently in his arms.

She let out a weary whine, squirming her arms at the shouts assaulting her ears. James closed the door for her, to at least muffle the noise, and set about lulling her back to her nap. Without power her mobile was out, leaving her older brother to settle into the chair in the corner and sing to her himself. He kept his voice just above what was coming from outside their four walls, humming the device's soothing lullaby to his baby sister as he gently rocked her in his arms.

Lizzy's eyelids soon grew heavy, her little vocalizations dying down into her soft breaths. With how often this all happened it was no surprise she was so comfortable with him, he probably put her down twice as much as her own mother. Light on his feet he set her back into her crib, covering her to the waist with her blanket before quietly sneaking away.

Not that it was easy. Opening the door flooded the room with the embers of Derek and Angel's continued attacks on one another, and the black haired boy had to quickly shut it out to prevent it spoiling his hard work. At least they were starting to die down, likely getting candles lit and preparing for a check in from monitor security; no power meant no peeping Toms, so the begrudged patrols would be starting out.

Without a word he slipped back to his room, shutting the door behind him to block out the noise. With the quiet he could at least take some time to work on his future plans. Or so he'd hoped at least.

“You’ll make a wonderful father some day James.”

The strange feminine voice came from his room. His doorknob was still firm in his hand, but he could see his fingers go pale as the intruder spoke. Every word she’d said was sultry and seductive, dripping like warm honey that tingled as it washed over him.

He was afraid to see the intruder, and as he turned his head the feeling felt rightfully warranted. She was stunning, lithe and curvy like a centerfold model for an adult magazine, but you couldn’t help your eyes drawing to her inhuman features. The most prominent of which were a pair of cream coloured, leathery wings. Even folded behind her they were nearly as big as the rest of her body, their sharp “thumbs” high above her head.

Following them down you came to her face. Even in the darkness of the power outrage you could see her lips were full and pouty, parted ever so slightly to reveal small fangs that added an air of naughty danger to her grin. The lines of her mouth pointed outwards and flowed into the long knife-like shapes of her ears. They had to be inches long each, and pointed out between the tightly woven braids of her hair like arrows. They weren’t the only things breaking through her stark white locks either, as a pair of dark horns curved up and out from her scalp to point menacingly towards him.

The most striking feature though, looking at him through the shadows, were her eyes. They were a pristine rose, with large pupils that were like peering into the abyss. There was something slightly off about their shape, the voids not quite round as they should be. In the dark, and across the room, James couldn’t quite put his finger on it.

No matter how attractive she was however, she had still broken into his room. He opened his mouth, ready to scream for help, only to have her up in an instant. In the span of a blink she was suddenly only inches from him, a slender finger pressed against his lips.

“You probably won’t like the gag,” she purred with a small grin, “but I can’t have you making any noise tonight.”

Gag? His unspoken question was answered as he felt a small ball appear in his mouth, on top of his tongue. It swelled quickly, forcing his lips apart and bulging out between his teeth, filling his mouth to the brim with what felt like rubbery foam.

He tried to make a noise, the thing muffling his voice to nothing but a stressed whine, too quiet for anyone to hear.

The inhuman woman seemed satisfied, a tail curling around from behind her to brush his leg with its spaded tip. “Now listen closely my love,” she whispered, snapping her fingers.

Behind him he heard the bolt on his door move on its own, trapping him in with her. From his nightstand the golden card flew gracefully through the air to land between her fingers. The words “True love is coming,” had changed to “True love is here,” drawing his dark eyes between them and the woman born down on him.

“If I'm caught making love to you, I'm not sure if I'll be able to bring you back with me,” she explained calmly, gliding backwards and taking him towards the bed. “So just this once, I ask that you follow my lead and stay silent as possible.”

She leaned in, dipping her head below his chin and nibbling on his neck with her sharp little fangs. Her lips were like silk brushing against his skin, making him shudder. In that brief moment he thought of his mother, how he'd seen her do such things to her clients, and he understood. Rational thought escaped him and he found himself just nodding his agreement and mumbling an affirmative sound around the object stuffing his maw.

As she returned to his field of view she wore a smile, elated at his answer. “Good,” she purred, floating around him; literally as he was drawn to look down and see the mysterious woman was hovering inches off the ground.

She guided him down, laying him on the bed with no more noise than if he had crawled in himself. One delicate hand fell to his side, barely creasing the sheets and leaving the odd sensation that she applied no weight to the surface. Was she a figment of his imagination? If so he had quite the active one as her free hand slid into his top.

He felt the tips of her sharp nails grazing over his chest, bunching his top around her wrist as she moved it upward. When true blackness overcame his vision his heart sank, wondering if once his shirt cleared his head she would be gone. Such fears left when his vision returned, adjusting to the darkness once more and greeting him with her smiling face.

With a twist of her wrist James’ top tangled to bind his hands up over his head, while the inhuman woman’s own shuffled their duties. One stayed high, laying just enough of her weight to pin his arms down, the other raked her claws down his chest, outlining his pecs and the sharp curve of his stomach as he gasped. The ball gag caught it well, making the sound little more than a sharp breath through his nose.

She giggled, quiet as she could manage, and the brightness off her smile could have lit up the room. “Better than I dreamed,” she whispered, lowering herself to lay more silken kisses on his bare skin. Kisses that were accented with little nibbles from her fangs.

He shuddered at the sensation, squirming in her trap and breaking the dead silence of the outage with little creaks of the bed. His eyes met hers, her face framed perfectly by her hanging white locks as they tickled his chest. Without a word her hand lowered his hip, holding her lover still as her pale rosy gems reminded him the necessity of silence. He settled, feeling his heart pounding loud in his chest and worrying it would be the next thing she would stop for being too loud.

It was pounding for good reason though. His pants were tenting, the head of his member eager to make contact with the beauty hovering above him. She was in complete control though, continuing to tease as her hand drifted along the lines of his hips, towards his groin and to the button of his jeans.

Her eyes never left his, even though his dark orbs were shooting down to see what she was doing, to drink in every detail of her body he could make out in the dark. Her bust was full, his inexperience unable to even fathom a size for them. They were poking out from her blouse, the top three buttons open to show off a cleavage one needed to visit a high end lingerie store to achieve. They did so naturally though, her pale flesh billowing out of the opening like fresh bread, and the nubs of her cute little nipples visible through the fabric to declare loud and proud she was braless.

Clearly she caught him staring. As his gaze snapped back up she was grinning mischievously, rolling her shoulders in circles that made her breasts dance hypnotically for him. Then, in one quick motion, the pulled them back.

Her breasts burst forth, the buttons of her blouse flying open at her command to let her bust bounce free. Once they settled hey hung in perfect teardrops, bottom heavy so they rested on his chest and had him flushing from their soft warmth. “You like them?” she teased, lowering herself up to his face.

They squished up around his cheeks, enveloping most of his face and the whole of his field of vision. He did, though unable to voice his pleasure properly all he could do was nuzzle into them with pleasant little hums.

The woman gave another little giggle, and he could feel it ripple through her tits into him. The hand roaming his waist finally getting hold of its prey, his button, and blindly flicking it open with ease. He felt the pressure on his cock lessen, his zipper standing no chance against his manhood's thirsty desire. It reached up, stretching his boxers to the point his waistband was pulled from his body, and managed to brush against the inhuman girl’s thigh.

Even through his final layer, and all of hers, he could feel her warmth. She was radiating heat like an inferno, and reflexive to his cock grazing her she lowered herself to grind her simmering nethers against him.

She had trouble keeping to her own rule of quiet, her breath pitching up in an excited gasp. Those pillowy breasts rolled down his chest until her face was level with his again. Her smile was alight with mischief, her hand tracing back over his groin and cupping his balls in her palm.

Her face came in as she lowered herself to his ear, nibbling on his lobe before speaking in the barest whisper. “I need what’s in here,” she purred, her breaths hot against his skin, “Are you ready to give it to me my love?”

His dick throbbed, dotting his underthings with pre; even such a small waste had her whine. Pressing herself to him her claws curled into his waistband to free his meat, a soft fingertip cleaning his opening and bringing it up to her lips. It was barely a drop of clear fluid, but she hungrily popped it into her mouth. He watched as her rose eyes fluttered upward, savouring it like the sweetest candy, and she slowly removed her digits. Her tongue sinuously made sure to clean every inch of them, making sure she didn’t miss a morsel as they passed through her plump lips.

The hot sigh she released sent shivers down his spine. Her white braids were unraveling, falling in front of her face and parted by her horns to make sure he could see the hunger in those abyssal pools. There was no more time for foreplay.

Her free hand came up, miming undoing a button in the air. The dark haired boy heard a pop from below, drawing his attention down only to catch himself another eyeful of her deep cleavage. He felt her weight shift atop him, and the light ruffling of fabric, before suddenly her bare knees were pinned to either side of him.

She rose to straddle him, releasing his hands so she could line everything up. Her hand wrapping around his shaft had his heart hammering overtime, as he peeked down to see her perfectly smooth sex. She was dripping worse than him, lines of her natural lubricant sticking to his head whenever the sensitive organ brushed her walls. She was sinking her teeth into her lip to keep from crying out in delight, his own sounds muffled by his gag. If the foreplay before was a tease this bordered torture, as he felt himself trying to buck up and enter her out of nothing but raw instinct.

The woman kept him down though, locking him into her pace with her wings keeping his waist to the bed. When her pussy bloomed open to accept him she wasted not a second in sinking down on his now wet length right down to the hilt.

It was like electricity running through him. He cried out futilely against the ball in his mouth, unable to make more than a muffled moan. The whole of his body tensed and sought to pound up into her. The way her hot breath was held in measured sighs she wanted it to. It would creak his old bed though, so despite their fiery passion she continued to hold him down.

Her folds molded to every part of his dick, allowing her every little motion to stroke the whole of him. He'd thought her hand was amazing, and it was, feeling her sex on him though was heavenly. She only made shallow bounces, catching her own cries and letting them out as little more than heated breaths. James though was ready to writhe as he was brought to places he didn’t think possible.

He tried to hold back, feeling the buildup knotting in his stomach as his body prepared to betray him and cut this experience short. His teeth sank into the ball, and he wriggled his toes to just try and take the bulk of his focus away from the euphoria. She had other plans though.

The inhuman woman leaned down, placing a kiss on his lower lip; pulled taught by the gag filling his maw. “I told you my love, I need it,” she whispered in her sultry tone. Her breath on his skin could be felt in his very pores, he was sweating trying to hold himself on the edge. “Go ahead, there’s nothing I want more right now than to feel you cum.”

His body tightened, he felt his cock jump inside her and spasm as he fired the whole of his load at her command. He felt his eyes rolling back, the exhaustion overtaking him as he rode out the greatest climax of his life. In that brief moment he thought he felt her weight on him, her perfect breasts pressing more into him, and her rear holding him to the bed. His hazy vision only caught her smile though, those fangs glistening as the whole room seemed to be spinning. Her lips moved, and though he couldn’t hear clearly he could read her words, “Thank you my love,” before the tiredness overtook him and he fell to sleep.

James stirred, his eyes fighting against the dry sleep in their corners. There was an odd sensation filling him, like the dying embers of a bonfire, reminding him of what he'd experienced. Was it all a dream? It couldn’t have been real after all.

“You're awake,” the serene voice of his lover filled his ears.

He woke at that, looking up from where he was laying to see her sitting above him. There was a loving smile on her lips, as gently she was running her fingers through his dark hair. Surprisingly she wasn’t the thing that drew his attention though.

The room was bright, and it didn’t take a genius to see it wasn’t his. He shot up, looking around at the high ceiling, the gold coloured walls and the great bay window that took up the whole of the wall across from them. There was a huge double door of fine wood, and he finally noticed he was seated atop a gold coloured desk; it wasn’t cold like metal so it had to be painted such.

He had to rub some of the stiffness from his jaw before he could finally speak. “Where are we?” he asked, a stitch of concern in his voice. If a bronze like him was caught in one of the mega metropolises… he didn’t want to imagine what the consequences would be.

Her hand fell on his back, reassuring him of her presence. “This is my office,” she told him calmly.

Turning to her he was met by her lips on his forehead, making him suddenly aware that he was eye level with her collar bone at best. He remembered how she floated before and found his gaze drifting down to see, but no. Her plump rear was as firmly pressed against the top of her desk as his was. Was she always taller than him and he just didn’t notice in the dark? He also couldn’t help noticing the way her breasts were straining the buttons of her blouse. There were little gaps that were giving little windows to the pale flesh struggling to be contained within.

Had he just not noticed so much about her in the dark? With the new light he could also finally put his finger on those rose quartz eyes of her. Her pupils were distorted. They weren’t the round spheres of a human, or even the slits of a cat, but somewhere between. They were top heavy, and as she looked at him fondly he could see with each blink she dared to take that they flared open to adapt to the dark, and turned into near perfect hearts.

Hearts trained firmly on him. “I needed your essence to have the energy to take you here. We're not in your world anymore but mine, and I can finally introduce myself proper.”

She rested a hand over her bust, straightening proudly and making their height difference all the more noticeable. “I am Djezmonique la Contre-croix Omega II. Daughter of Chauvelle la Contre-croix, queen of the Omegas. Future queen of the colony Flashlight,” her smile widened into a grin that showed her fangs between her pink lips, “And as of last night my love, your secret wife,” she told him with a childlike giddiness that tinted her cheeks with blush.

There was a lot to unpack, as James tried to wrap his head around everything she'd just told him. Other worlds, queens, something about a flashlight, but the most striking to him in it all, “W-wife?” he stammered.

Djezmonique's elation faded to worry, her rose coloured eyes widening to dinner plates. “I-if you don’t approve I don’t need to be a wife my love,” she stumbled over her words nervously, rising to her feet. “I would be just as happy as a girlfriend, or partner.”

It was strange seeing the woman that had so dominated him earlier suddenly nervous as a crushing school girl. Especially with her being such a tall, sexy vision of womanhood. It was almost cute to know she was at least somewhat what he could consider human.

“N-no, wife is fine,” he tried to reassure her. “Just it’s a bit fast is all. I've only just met you.”

Redness tinted her cheeks, and she looked away with a fond smile. “I’ve known you for a long time James,” she told him, bringing her hands together in front of her and toying with her nails. “Ever since I was assigned to you, I've known you would be my true love.”

Her true love. Looking down at his desk there were a few in a small card holder, sitting proper in the corner right next to a picture of him from when he was barely a teen. The golden cards he'd always somehow collected.

“I was starting to think you may never accept my advances,” she murmured, brushing a braided lock of her white hair behind her long ear.

She'd been trying to get his attention since he was a kid, well over a decade. James found himself flushing, eyes nervously looking to the floor. “I-if I'd known,” he stammered, trying to think of what he could say to reassure the beauty.

With a bare few clacks of her heels her long legs carried her to him. She took his chin in her fingers, those long nails grazing his skin as she lifted his gaze to hers. “It doesn’t matter,” she purred with a delicious smile on her lips. “You’re here now, and that’s what counts.”

As soon as the words finished rolling over her tongue she leaned in, taking him in their first proper kiss. She was perfect, her lips parting to let her tongue taste his mouth, but not delve deep like a randy teen. Her teeth grazed lightly, the ever so slight reminder of danger as she nibbled on his lower lip. He on the other hand was awkward, feeling the heat in his face as he tried to respond to her actions. James was even sure he may have accidentally licked her nose at one point; it tasted divine.

With a giggle Djezmonique broke their embrace, running a hand over his thigh where he was already starting to develop another hard on for her. He'd masturbated before, the idea of going again so soon after was baffling to him. Normally it would be tender and retreating, but he felt full of vigor; like something about her had him ready and willing. There were still other things on his mind though.

“You still have questions,” the inhuman woman straightened, toying with her hair again. She had a minxy little smirk, her lovely eyes darting to his groin before jumping away. “I can wait my love, I want your full attention this time when we make love.”

Her talking about going again made him flush, and he nervously crossed his legs to hide himself. He still had his pants, redone up by his lover when she brought him here, but he suddenly felt very aware she'd forgone his top and left him half naked in this encounter.

He took a moment to clear his throat, looking away from her radiance to try and calm himself. “What was all that about flashlights and omega queens?” he asked, not quite remembering her whole introduction.

Djezmonique couldn’t help chuckling, covering her lips with her hand as she did to hide her smile. “My mother, Chauvelle la Contre-croix, is queen of the Omega group, of which I am a part. One of the duties to which I have been assigned as her daughter is the colonization of Flashlight; Flashlight being what we call your world my love,” she explained matter of factly.

“Why flashlight?” he interrupted, purely out of curiosity.

The girl gave a shrug that her wings mimed. “We’ve looked at a lot of worlds. You start running out of names eventually so we started naming promising ones after tools, to distinguish them from the rest,” she answered simply, turning her gaze back to him with a smile.

Her answers however just raised more questions. “So what’s the omega group Djay-“ he tried to roll her name off his tongue, but French had never been a strong suit for him.

“You can just call me Dezzie,” she offered with a cute little grin before moving on. “Omega is our own world, one of a few that we define as groups. I guess the closest parallel you would understand would be to call us 'monsters'. The Omega group is full of my kind,” she said, spreading her wings and letting her tail curl around her leg. “We have a few defining traits we Omega monsters. We generally feed off life essence in one way or another, whether drinking blood, draining body heat, or like my species specifically,” she licked her lips, letting her rose eyes drift to the bulge still in James’ pants, “absorbing it sexually.”

He throbbed a bit at that, though rightfully found the statement terrifying. “So you’re going to drain my life away?” he asked defensively.

Dezzie perked up. “What? No my love,” she replied, coming over and cupping his cheek. “Just your climax releases more than enough to sate my appetites, and then some. It’s almost too much, I need to find things to put all the excess to use to or else I'd become ill.”

Her touch was full of care, gentle on his skin, and he found himself reaching up to take her hand in his own. He trusted her. “So what makes my world, Flashlight, promising compared to another world?”

She rose once more, curling her arms under her bust and walking towards the window. It was the first time he'd seen her from behind, able to see the expanse of her rear squeezed into the undersized pencil skirt she wore to complete her professional business attire. Each involuntary sway of her tail offered a peek beneath, granting the boy glimpses of the lacy black thong underneath that only served to remind him of last night’s encounter.

“My species in particular have a problem. We require sexual essence to survive, and we mate for life. Unfortunately that doesn’t bode well for our birthrates,” she got to the window, placing her hand on it as she looked out on the city. “My kind are born three to one favoring women, so there just aren’t enough men to go around. Bisexuality is common, and there are cases of lesbianism, but we gain little sustenance from members of the same sex. Men give, women receive. Trying to take from something made only to receive, well,” she broke off, fingers curling into a pained fist as she struggled with difficult memories. “It doesn’t go well.

“That’s why we've been looking at Flashlight. Your society has an abundance of individuals you’re not even using, who could solve the problems of Omega a dozen times over,” she finished, turning to James with a smile. “When things go well with you of course my love.”

He nodded along, blushing lightly when he caught her loving look. “So you’re like, the Omega princess then?”

Dezzie gave a laugh. “Something like that, yes,” she replied, fixing her white locks around her horns. “As such it’s my responsibility to make sure my people, really all the Omega monsters, live well and thrive.”

It was then he caught it, with the window lighting her divine silhouette. The white colour of her hair wasn’t consistent. It was subtle, but there were lines, perfectly spaced along the length of her long locks, and barely a handful of shades darker. “Your hair,” James muttered out, trying to put the compliment together in his head. It was all still very new to him. “It has beautiful lines.”

It was Dezzie's turn to blush, the monster girl shyly looking to the floor. “You noticed them?” she smiled, toying with one of the long strands. “Of course you would, you’re my soulmate after all.”

She turned her back fully to him, the clawed tips of her wings collecting her pristine straight hair and fanning it out to show off the pattern. It was almost like a web, the stark white broken by medium platinum bands across, and a very light grey coming down from her scalp that she'd woven into those tight braids. Their subtle shades mixed where they crossed, making little dots of shadow one would only ever see when she displayed it like this.

“This is what it looks like naturally, but I can change it to anything you could want my love,” as she spoke the lines changed thickness.

As the bands widened they shifted through colours, cyan to a brilliant magenta then yellow. Meanwhile her lines did the same, stretching out into their neighboring strands as her hair looked briefly like a kaleidoscope of colours. Where they crossed, the dark spots, were the most beautiful of colours from a natural strawberry blonde, to the deepest midnight blue-black that even put his own dark locks to shame. When she was done playing waves of natural scarlet curls tumbled down her back, making her look nearly like a completely different woman.

She turned to look at him, and even with such a drastic change those rose eyes were the same, holding their deep fondness for him. “I actually liked it best before,” he told her, finding the words easier, “The white highlighted your eyes better.”

When she blushed the pink ran through her hair, making it almost the same hue as her rose coloured eyes. “Thank you,” she squeaked out, cupping her cheeks as she tried to focus her hair back to normal.

There was one more thing at the forefront of his mind. “You mate for life?”

Dezzie’s mischievous grin returned, and she floated over to him. He felt his breath catch in his throat as he was met face to face with her impressive bust. Over the edges of her suit jacket he could make out her stiff nipples through her blouse, like little beacons of her arousal. “Yes,” she purred, running her nails up his thigh as she spoke. “Once one of my kind has tasted the essence of a partner three times our bond becomes eternal. We become intrinsically linked, in our very souls, to the point infidelity on either part becomes a pain worse than death.”

He wasn’t sure if that was supposed to comfort or terrify him, but it did the latter in spades. “So if we…” he trailed off, fingers curling on the desk. “If I were to sleep with someone else it would hurt you?”

She took his hand in hers, pressing it to her chest so he could feel her heartbeat. “It would hurt both of us my love. You have not felt pain like the betrayal of true love. Few survive the experience.”

James swallowed thickly. That feeling of danger was back in full force, as he tore his gaze up from her bust to her heart filled rose eyes. The way she looked at him, with her hand on his, looking into his eyes and ready at the drop of a hat to take his lips with her own. It was different than how his mother strung a man along; he had no doubt she would be true to her word, and love him forever.

He questioned his own faithfulness though, and the future he was trying to forge for himself. To Lizzy back at home, with no one to look out for her. “I’m not sure Dezzie,” he admitted, his gaze drifting down.

She took his chin, gifting him with another of her perfect kisses. “We still have two more times before you are bound my love,” she whispered. “Take me now, with your full passion, and when we are done I will send you back to Flashlight to think on it.”

He was going to answer, but she was already on him. Her knees settled on either side of him, her thighs pinning him down as his manhood jumped to full attention. He could see under her skirt, to the dark spot on her thong, to the way she was quivering with anticipation. She pressed herself to him, letting him feel even through all the layers that her loins were practically on fire.

Her arms wrapped around him and with their height difference she pulled him into the expanse of her bust. Her buttons popped open like a portal, letting him into her cleavage to feel her soft flesh all around his face. He fit like a glove, each perfect breast reaching as far as his ears to have him savour their world.

James had his hands this time. It was like taking his first steps, nervous and jittery they moved to rest on her thighs. Feeling her skin under his touch; devoid of imperfections, as if even the thinnest hair were afraid to mar her beauty, and soft as velvet. He moved up smoothly, feeling her heat rising, and the soft gasping moans she made, as he got closer between her legs to her box.

His thumb grazed her thong and he felt her squirm, pressing herself tighter to him. “Yes my love,” she pleaded as she ground against him. The dark haired boy felt himself throbbing, swelling to tent his jeans painfully, but wasn’t sure how to continue.

As if she could read his mind she pulled him from her bust, planting a kiss on his forehead before hoisting him almost effortlessly. She swung them around, until she was the one with her plush rear planted on the desk. Releasing him she wiped her arm over the surface, casting everything to the floor, and immediately she went about filling the new space. The inhuman beauty spread her legs, showing off her up skirt to him. The hearts of her eyes invited him, and with a hand she peeled her jacket off her shoulders to give her full breasts room to fill out.

“Undress for me,” she commanded with a husky purr. “Then peel me out of these clothes and let me feel you inside me!”

It was second nature to obey, and it had him weeping from his tip; something that made the woman before him let out a disappointed whimper. Working through his arousal he struggled with his button before it almost exploded open to let him free. From there it took a fraction of a second for him to strip the rest of the way and step up to her.

She was eager, fighting her own nature to stay seated and waiting. Her wings gave an impatient flap just to keep from going stiff, and her spaded tail was whipping about madly. Whenever it came close to striking him though it would slow to graze over his leg, straightening his hair or tickling his skin.

It was hard to think, but James found himself doing his best. He wanted this to be amazing for her, especially if it turned out to be their last encounter; possibly his last encounter ever. Two thoughts fought to rule: what did he want to see, and what would she want tended to? Biting his lip he went for the former, hoping perhaps it might be the answer to both.

He crawled onto the desk with her, doing his best to straddle over her wide hips. The result was his cock flopping down to rest on her taut tummy and splatter her top with errant drops of his arousal. She responded with a happy wiggle and a hot breath, her rose coloured eyes drifting to the stain as she licked her pouty lips.

For a moment he thought she might lick her top clean for that drop, the hungry woman kept herself composed however. Returning to his plan he reached down, fumbling nervously with the buttons of her top. She let out soft breaths when his fingers reached through the gaps and brushed over her skin, and with each of the fasteners that finally popped open he saw more of her perfect body shuddering in anticipation.

As the final button opened her blouse fell to the sides, and he got an eyeful of her topless form. She rolled her shoulders for him, her wings guiding the garment away from her body and casting it to the floor. She was so much better in the light. Her creamy breasts were capped with cinnamon nipples, ever so slightly puffy as if begging to be suckled on, and they pointed upwards, hard and puckered from her arousal on their marshmallow sized areola.

His dark eyes jumped up to hers, seeking unspoken approval for what was on his mind. As if she knew the monster girl greeted him with a warm grin, and arched her back to give him full unfettered access to the glorious melons he couldn’t help ogling. With permission he reached up, cupping a tit in his hand and eliciting a sharp gasp from his lover. They were big, huge even, and bigger for certain than they seemed last night. The one he hefted weighed into his palm, overflowing his fingers on either side.

He paused, rolling it in his hand and watching Dezzie squirm at his attention. Following just his gut he pinched her nipple between his finger and thumb. He was instantly rewarded as she let out a sharp moan of reply, tipping her head back with her mouth in an “O” of pleasure. She liked it, so he was less afraid of his next actions.

The boy scooted up, his cock leaving more little droplets on her perfect skin before it was pressed against her waist. He took her breast in both hands, steadying it in front of him with one of her cinnamon nipples pointed at him accusingly. Then without further delay he let out his tongue, running it across her hard nub.

She flinched, her breath catching at the rough muscle assaulting her sensitive bud. Her arms wrapped around her lover, holding him close as she let herself fall back. Her patterned hair tumbled over the edge of the desk, the woman too tall to lay across it properly. She made an excellent bed for him though.

Sprawled atop her James couldn’t help how he was laying, her breasts making perfect pillows. He imagined what it would be like to fall asleep in Dezzie’s embrace, and the idea urged him onward. Hoisting himself up he pointed her nipple to his mouth once more, opening wide and taking it in to taste every part of it with his tongue.

The monster princess mewled lewdly, her legs twitching until her shoes tumbled off her feet to the floor below. The dark stain on her underthings deepened and spread as she was positively creaming herself from the foreplay. Her sharp nails dug into his back, scratching hungry lines over him from her animalistic desire.

He finally came off her with a gasp and a soft pop, an errant line of drool connecting him to her teat. She looked down at him, her fondness reflected in the hearts of her eyes as she smiled a half-drunk like smile. “Shall I return the favor my love?” she purred, tracing her nails delicately over his scratches.

He wasn’t sure what she meant, but regardless replied with an enthusiastic, “Sure.”

Licking her lips the tall girl took James by the rear, shuffling his up her chest until his pre-dripping length rested between her tits. Redness filled his face at the sight, his cock barely long enough to reach all the way through the expanse of her cleavage. It jumped excitedly at such an idea, flinging a small rope of his pre that landed across her face.

She only giggled in response, catching what she could of his secretion on her tongue with a look of blissful delight. Those rose eyes drifted down, staring hungrily at the dick nestled between her melons. Pulling him closer, so much so her breasts squished up against his thighs as they were pushed up towards her chin, she craned her neck down to reach the object of her lust.

She lapped at his head, collecting every droplet of her lover’s release still on it and sending a shock through his body. He couldn’t help crying out with a shuddering moan, grasping the only thing nearby that he could for support: her breasts. His fingers curled into her soft tit flesh and she once more squealed a high pitched moan. Her eyes flashed at him naughtily, inviting him to continue, as one hand came up to wrap around the base of his dick.

The devilish beauty gave him a few languid strokes, forcing more of his arousal to the surface that she would collect with little flicks of her tongue. Each one was a jolt that had him squeeze her harder, the desire to buck striking at the back of his head and making him thrust into her hand willingly. Each time she let him get closer, giggling mischievously and darting looks to see if he noticed.

He didn’t, so the dark haired boy was taken all the more by surprise when she opened her fanged maw wide. Her free arm wrapped around his waist and held him to her bust, and all in one gulp she took him down to the hilt in her mouth.

Dezzie was delicate, ensuring her sharp fangs never touched his length. She let out pleasant little moans as her tongue lavished him with attention. The teasing before was nothing compared to this, and James felt himself tripping over his own breath making guttural noises of raw bliss. She sucked on him, beckoning forth every drop of pre his cock would give her to fall down her hungry gullet. He could have cum right there in her mouth, and been the happiest man in whatever world he was in, but he wanted to do more. To give her as much pleasure as she did him.

When he finally released her breast and put a hand on her head she let out a disappointed whine, the hearts in her eyes fluttering up at him as inch after inch of his length was pulled from her silken lips. She finally came off the end with a lewd pop, kissing it tenderly before turning a grin up at her lover. “Is my love ready for more?”

James nodded affirmatively, feeling the cool air on his spit-slicked rod and almost regretting is choice. He knew however that she’d appreciate more too. Sliding back he hit her thick thighs, up high and locking him into his position on top of her. His dark eyes turned to her expectantly, and with a naughty little giggle she reluctantly hung them back over the edge of the desk to let him go.

With a hop he landed on wobbly legs, half of his blood in his dick from her expert attention, and set his eyes up her skirt. Slowly he teased his hands up her legs, feeling her every anticipatory twitch as he got closer and closer to her waistband. He took his time, feeling how tight the garment was to her skin. It dug into her womanly hips, letting him feel the indent they made against her pliant flesh, and making it difficult to loop his fingers in. Once he had it however there was no resistance, and he stretched it down over her full thighs.

As the front came away from her pussy it filled the air with the sticky sound of wet fabric. She’d soaked the garment through, to the point her girly spunk hung off it in clear strands. Her lips were swollen, aching for her lover’s attention; and spit lubed he was ready to go.

The idea of taking off her skirt occurred, but as her legs curled around him to usher him in he realized she wasn’t about to let him. She wanted him to hike it up, made all the more clear by the way she squirmed as he did so. Her mound was perfect, like the rest of her, and smooth as satin. He let his thumb brush over her opening just to test, and listen to her shuddering moan.

He was in control this time. The dark haired boy got into position, one hand lining himself up while the other took hold of one of her hips. He didn’t get the opportunity for any more that that though, as her legs tugged on him once more and he found himself penetrating her to the hilt on one quick motion.

Their moans mixed, and the big girl rolled and bucked with her hips to feel his length along every inch of herself. James was free this time to respond, following instinct alone and pulling in and out as far as she would let him. After all the buildup his breath was already quickening, his pumping building in strength as he felt himself start to climb towards release. And in the light he could enjoy her all the more.

Each time his hips connected with her rear and he hilted his tool she let out a delighted cry, lips twisted into a blissful grin. The legs of the desk scraped the floor, and with each thrust it sent those glorious breasts of hers into motions that threatened never to stop. It was better than any porn, better even than last night, to see the fruits of his work. He held her close, going red in the face as he felt himself reaching the finish.

“Cum my love!” Dezzie gasped out, reaching down and digging her fingers into his shoulders.

Her sultry words struck him. His breath caught in his throat, and his body tensed. The head of his cock swelled to plug her and with a series of jumps he blasted the biggest load of his life inside her. Four long sprays that lasted more than a second each and overflowed her until he could see his own creamy spunk oozing out of her satisfied sexpot.

What happened next though, put all of his arousal thus far to shame.

The desk creaked. James was able to visibly watch as Dezzie’s legs, still wrapped around him and holding him tightly to her in the afterglow, stretched down his back towards the floor. Her rear squished down against him, spreading fresh girth down her thighs that tightened the grip her legs had on him. He could barely see over her bust, and the task was only getting harder as he visibly watched the inhuman woman’s breasts swell.

Bigger they grew until each was larger than his head, and even then they continued to fatten. As she breathed in her nipples grew big as the tip of his thumb, their areola filling so they alone could probably dominate his palm. The only noise she make was a light start, as what he could see of the tips of her horns disappeared over the edge of the desk.

With a grunt the huge beauty pulled herself up, towering over him from her seated position on the desk. A mixture of awe and fear flooded him at the Amazonian beauty, looking down at him with her rose heart eyes and a calm smile like nothing was wrong.

He swallowed thickly, feeling his cock twitching excitedly inside her. “Dezzie, you’re… what…?” for all he'd just witness he couldn’t find the words.

She just gave a giggle, trying to straighten her skirt back into place and failing as the new width of her hips refused to let it down even an inch. “I told you my love,” she purred, lifting him up into her lap. Even seated on her thighs his eye level was at her bust, each tit putting his head to shame, so big he'd see them even from behind her, yet still perfect round teardrops. “You release so much, I have to put it to use, and naturally a great deal of it goes to making us one another’s physical ideal,” she purred, holding him close.

His face went beet red as he was pulled into her cleavage for her embrace. “You were beautiful before,” he offered, trying to be modest.

The white haired Amazoness again had a laugh at him, trailing a finger down his chest to his throbbing dick. “And yet you find me more so now my love,” she teased. “I don’t control how my body changes for you, not entirely. Your desire is expressed with your love, and shapes me to your deepest unspoken wishes.”

Still he looked away, embarrassed at the truth. It was almost maddening knowing she was right, and the sight of her huge and powerful was dominating his thoughts as much as he knew she could physically. Not that she needed it, just a word from her lips and he'd bend over backwards.

“It changes both of us?” he asked, trying to tear his gaze up from his shyness, and then again from the hypnotizing perfection of her breasts.

She hoisted him up to eye level, a cute little smile on her face. “I’ll tell you more when you come back my love,” she told him, leaning forward to plant a kiss on his lips. He suddenly felt dizzy, like the world was spinning around him. “I promised you time to think, and with me hungry as I am I don’t think I'd let you if you stayed,” she teased.

A part of him dreaded leaving, reaching out for her as his vision blurred. He was met by her hand, placing one of her golden cards in his grasp. “Think it over my love, and when you're ready to return give me true love's kiss, and you will be back in my arms.”

Suddenly James found himself back in his room, standing naked with his hand outstretched, holding the golden card in his fingers. There was a flicker, a light hum, and then all at once light flooded back into his home as the outage ended. Which also meant the peeping Toms would be working again.

A blush filled his cheeks and he looked around, spotting his pants in an uneven heap at the foot of his bed. He couldn’t help but be thankful Dezzie had sent them back with him; the Toms catching him in the buff would not have been good for anyone involved.

As he was pulling his bottoms back up he idly thought about the golden card, and the monster girl’s offer. They would be bound together for eternity, and she would keep becoming the object of the deepest fantasies he barely even realized he had, let alone were even possible. It was enough to give his dick a little twinge of excitement that rubbed the head against his zipper as he was finishing with his belt. How was he ready to go again already? Maybe it really had all been a dream?

No, dreams weren’t that vivid, and he could still feel her fluids drying on his sensitive skin. It was all real, which meant the consequences were all real.

Gold card still in hand the dark haired boy thought about it. What would he be giving up? He could never consider another woman again, he would belong to the Omega princess for the rest of his life, and probably die if he ever went elsewhere. Not to mention it would hurt her, the thought of which weighed heavier on the boy than his own death. What was he to her though? What did he have to offer such perfection? Whatever it was; the way she looked at him, the way her lips danced with his own, and her hands caressed every part of him, she wanted him. Probably more than any woman would ever want him.

It also dawned James would be giving up any hopes at his future in his world, Flashlight. Dezzie was like a free pass to the highest rung of her society, he would be tied to Omega royalty. It seemed like nothing but good, he'd be giving up actually earning it though. Winning the silver rat race, getting a job, supporting a family. Not until those things were potentially on the line did he realize they were his aspirations. Could he give up his whole plan for the future, even if it was a struggle?

The boy took a seat on his bed, hearing the springs creek beneath him. What if this was all just business for the Omega princess? She’d told him herself, she was set to become queen of the “Flashlight colony”. If he took her offer then what would happen to the rest of his world? Would they all be like her, finding a perfect lover to whisk away from hardship, or was he selling out his world like some interdimensional Benedict Arnold? Colony had a ring to it that made you think cattle, or that Omegas would march into the world and take over. It was heavy to think about.

There was one more major thing on his mind though, as he heard the door outside open and his father’s voice rise over the silence to tell off the patrols. The tiniest whine started up. Pulling a shirt on James stepped out, slipping the card into his back pocket as he made his way to the one thing that mattered most in this world to him. His sister Lizzy.

She was fussing, tiny eyes squinting from the light that had just washed over her sleeping form. “Hey hey,” he whispered softly, scooping her up into his arms and holding her to his chest. “There there Lizzy, it’s okay. Big brother James is here,” he assured her.

The sound of his voice softened her features, and her breaths became slow and measured as she resumed her slumber. What would happen to her if he wasn’t here to take care of her? Would his mother be able to go back to being the parent she was with him, when her and his father still had a decent relationship? Would she just leave Derek and find Lizzy’s real father to move her up in the world? No, more likely they’d just fall firmly into the pits if his father left. Without both their incomes Angel would fall to bronze and wouldn’t be able to keep doing what she did. His parents had a mutually assured destruction at best, and Lizzy would fall into the middle of it.

He brushed a lock of her blonde hair from the baby’s eyes, giving her a light bounce as he walked around the room. “I met someone today,” he began to tell her, “She wants to take me away, to be with her forever.”

Even though he knew she didn’t understand her face scrunched, and her little legs squirmed with seeming disapproval that made him chuckle. “I like her a lot,” he broke off into a sigh, thoughts of her kiss lingering on his lips. He shook it off though, returning his attention to his baby sister. “And she likes me a lot too. I don’t think there’s anyone I could ever meet who'll love me like she does.”

Lizzy gave a fussy whine, her pudgy little hands rubbing at her face. Her big brother just smiled however, rocking her softly. “No worries, I'd never leave you behind Lizzy,” he assured her, leaning down to plant a kiss on his sister’s forehead.

She calmed, settling down with a wide toothless yawn and wriggling herself right into the nook of his elbow. “If I can’t take you with me, I'm not going. I swear,” he promised, walking her back to her crib and laying her down.

Outside the argument was starting to pick up again, neither Derek or Angel even noticing that the baby had been calling. That sealed it, as James drew out the golden card from his pocket. “True love is here.” The phrase stared back at him in its looping script. Taking on last deep breath the dark haired boy pulled it up, pressing his lips to the smooth surface.

There was a wave of dizziness that washed over him, forcing him to close his eyes. In the span of that darkness he felt the card disappear from his fingers, replaced by the feeling of Dezzie’s sharp nailed fingers around his wrist. He felt her other hand's nails tickling his chin, holding him to her mouth as she tenderly kissed him, tongue dancing on his lips as she gave a delighted giggle.

“Welcome back my love,” she whispered as the world stopped spinning.

With a blink his eyes adjusted to the golden light of her office in time to catch her straightening to stand before him. She was huge, towering at nearly twice his height, and curvier than even the most voluptuous of girls he'd ever seen. In his absence she'd managed to cobble together a new outfit for her impressive frame, her breasts squeezed into a fresh suit that hung just a tad loose below her massive bust, showing off a little of her toned core to him; directly at his eye level it should be said.

She leaned lightly, peeking at him past her bust with a loving smile reflected in her heart-filled eyes. “Did you have the time to think things over my love?” she asked with a warm sensation to her words.

The boy gave a nod, drinking in her amazing body before craning his neck up to meet her gaze. “I did,” he answered calmly.

Dezzie gave a fanged grin that reached ear to pointed ear. The monster princess knelt down to his level, her knees pressing into the bottom of her enormous bosom and making it muffin up towards her chin. She’d abandoned a buttoned undershirt, instead opting for a low cut tank that showed off more of her milky cleavage for him, and did nothing to obscure her nipples with how it clung to her like a second skin. “And?” she prompted excitedly.

“I’ve decided I want to be with you Dezzie,” he told her.

There was a wiggle in her toes, and she immediately moved to embrace him, only to have her smaller lover stop her with an upraised hand. She paused, confused by his sudden refusal of her affection, especially after just telling her they were to be together forever. Her rose eyes turned to him, seeing the serious note in his expression.

He swallowed, in part needing to build the courage to demand something of her. Not only could she physically overpower him, she wouldn’t even need to. She was his deepest dreams given form. He wanted her to have power over him, and she could with just a few sultry words or a tickle. But still, he needed to be firm. For Lizzy.

“I can’t be with you unless my sister comes too. I'm not leaving her behind,” he explained, laying his condition flat on the table.

The Amazonian monster's wings fluttered, and her tail curved around her leg. She rose back to her full height, turning away from him a moment with a finger on her chin in thought. There was a silence between them, James feeling his heart sink a little with worry as Djezmonique mulled everything over.

After a minute though her gaze returned to him, an affectionate smile back on her lips. “I was right, you'll be a wonderful father James,” she cooed, leaning down to his level; breasts bouncing as they fell to hang in front of her in perfect teardrops, only distorted by their own size mashing them together into a deep canyon of cleavage.

“I can bring her here. We will adopt her, and I will care for her with all the love I would give any of our future children,” she promised, floating in and resting an arm over his shoulders. Pulling him in her boobs squished up against him, dominating his torso with their warm softness, and she looked fondly into his eyes as she spoke words like warm molasses that filled him with the tingling sensation of arousal. “Would that satisfy your needs my love?” she asked, her breath hot on his lips.

She was seducing him, exuding her dominance in every little motion of her body. Of course she was though, the way his cock was butting at his jeans insistently it was exactly what he desired. Despite that though, James knew he could trust her. He desired Lizzy to be taken care of, so someone who was his ideal would never offer anything less.

He gave a nod, his hands attracting to her body like magnets, one hand sinking into her cushiony breast while the other caressed her arm. “Yes Dezzie,” he whispered to her.

The Omega princess took her lover in a kiss at his words, her hand already slipping into his shirt to strip it away. “Then let us seal our bond my love,” she sighed excitedly, pushing him to the floor and straddling her huge weight over him. “Fuck me! Give me the energy I'll need to break the barriers between our worlds, and bring our daughter through to us.”

James couldn’t reply, the monster girl’s rightfully monstrous tits smothering his face even through her clothing and reducing his vocalizations to muffled mumbles. She didn’t need his confirmation to continue ravaging him though. Her clawed digits curled into his pants, leaving paper thin scratches on his core, and with a simple tug she tore the garment away.

The leather of his belt snapped loudly, and he felt the fabric leave his legs faster than he could disrobe to land in a destroyed heap in the corner of the room. “You won’t be needing those,” she teased, lowering herself so the head of his throbbing cock nestled into the moist pot of her greedy sex; she was panty-less under her skirt. “Just like I didn’t need anything.”

He moaned into her bust, arms coming up and only finding soft boob to sink into. He was completely pinned, more helpless than when she first took him and with only a quarter of the effort. She couldn’t help giggling at his struggle, kneeling in closer to him and drowning him in the comfort of her bosom.

“Are you ready my love?” she purred, one hand delicately lining his meat up with her entrance.

His dark eyes looked up at her. The hearts of her eyes were full, her long white locks falling all around him and casting shadows over her face. Those horns peeked through the stark curtains, pointing down at him from above, and her mouth was twisted into a mischievous grin that proudly displayed her fangs. She knew he couldn’t reply, and could feel the effect it had on him as his dick oozed pre like a small fountain over her fingers.

The dark haired boy watched from her shadow. He felt her sinking onto him, watched her rose coloured eyes close and her mouth turn to a small “O” of pleasure as she engulfed his length. He knew he didn’t fill her, he could feel as she rolled her hips how his dick was bouncing around inside the expanse of her pussy. Yet she was adoring every second of it.

As she hilted on him he felt the weight of her thighs on him. If she truly wanted he had no doubt his larger than life lover could crush him with those powerful legs. She knew it too as she began to straighten, lifting the weight of her bust off of him to let him breathe.

Her knees were practically up in his armpits, and he couldn’t see her face for her tits, still contained within that crisp professional top. “I assume you'd like a show?” she giggled, toying with him by rolling her hips and making his head butt against the roof of her insides, along her g-spot.

He nodded dumbly, flush head to toe at the sight of the beauty riding him. His eternal lover. “Yes Dezzie,” he answered with bated breath.

She gave another naughty giggle, raising her pre-coated hand up and licking each stained digit clean with the utmost care. “As you wish my love.”

As soon as the words left her mouth the button of her jacket opened of its own accord, letting her breasts bounce into the newfound space. It took seconds for the mammoth mammaries to settle, their pendulous weight rocking forward and back with each gyration she made atop him ushering them back into motion. He heard the light scraping of her fangs dragging over her lips, a sight that would have gone perfectly with that of her tank top rolling itself up her belly. More and more of her pale skin showed, eventually giving way to the perfect roundness of her under bust. Then with a little flick her stiff nipples popped free to finally let him drink in the whole of her magnificence.

“Well?” Dezzie teased with her honey sweet tone. She cupped one in her hand, the great orb impossible to contain in less than a half dozen of his own and spilling over her grip. “Is it to your liking?”

She didn’t wait for an answer, pinching her thick nipple and letting out a gasp as her body tensed. He felt her walls close in on him, wringing his length and bringing him to the edge. The thought of holding back was a pipe dream, so with a lewd groan James bucked his hips, feeling his head swell before he exploded deep inside her.

He heard her laugh lightly, releasing her breast and letting it fall back into place. “Thank you so much my love,” she cooed happily. There was a twisting feeling in his gut, one she shared as he watched her rest one of her delicate hands over her taut tummy.

The floor started creaking beneath him. From his position underneath her he could only watch as her shadow started stretching longer over the floor, her head rising up as she experienced another growth spurt for him. The width of her breasts was the most he saw, as each one started rivalling his body in sheer girth, on her growing frame though they would be little more than armfuls for her lithe, yet powerful limbs.

It was so much more than last time, and yet he felt unchanged. “Dezzie, you said we both change,” he piped up over the sound of her growth, her jacket beginning to tear over her shoulders.

Each movement she made the room protested, as she maneuvered onto all fours in front of him. “We do,” she stated, resting her chin on her hands as she looked at her diminutive lover. “What I desire though is beneath the surface.”

She knelt in, her breasts billowing out enough he was nearly bowled over. She caught him though, holding him as she let out her tongue and lapped at his still hard cock from base to tip. She was careful, her face nearly the size of his chest now as she continued to grow and fill out.

“I am to be queen, you need to be able to provide me with the essence I will need to rule. So you must be always ready for me, to sire my children, and provide sustenance to support all of my duties,” she explained with a coy smile. “And fulfill my promises.”

She reached up a hand, snapping her fingers as she began to sit up. For a moment her breasts filled her lap, her man-sized thighs not even enough to carry the expanse his subconscious was willing to go to, and making him wonder just how big his dark desires would make her get.

As she settled onto her plush rear a portal opened, and from it the giantess summoned Lizzy into her hand. The babe was barely enough to fill her palm, and her heart filled eyes smiled with fondness for her new adopted daughter. “Hello little one,” she whispered in a motherly tone.

Lizzy made a fussing noise, her baby blues peeking open to see the giant face of the woman holding her. For a moment she seemed she might cry, but a single great finger coming up to tickle with one of the monster girl’s great claws turned it to a soft coo.

“I am your mother now,” she told the girl with a fanged smile. “And my husband shall be your father. You will have many sisters, and we will all love you as any Omega princess.”

The baby let out another happy coo, reaching her hands up and grasping Dezzie’s great digit. The giant woman let out a small laugh, playing with her new daughter as she started rising to her feet.

Through the great bay window a purple light washed over the room, drawing James away from his new family. Outside the golden city was dotted with portals like the one Dezzie had used to bring Lizzy here, and Omega girls were beginning to flood through them in droves. Their giant queen walked over, taking a moment to admire the sight before turning to her nude partner.

His dark eyes wide James rose, standing next to his lover and barely as tall as her knee. “I have broken the barrier,” she explained, turning back out to her work. “Flashlight will make a fine Omega colony, and my people have you to thank my love,” she cooed, returning to playing with her new babe.

Him to thank. The gravity of what he may have done settled in on his shoulders again: trading a world for a better life for him and his sister. As well as an eternal partner, easing his conscience with her kind words. “You’ll make a fine father my love. And a fine king.”