

My Kingdom Come

Commissioned by UnluckyShoe

Written by HikerAngel

Hands and knees pressed to the frigid concrete, Lillian's shivering fingers drew the chalk over the final line. The girl was barely able to see the shape she had just drawn by the dim, orange flickers of the five thin candles. She rose, dusting off her hands, looking downward to watch a tiny billow of fine chalk powder showering her bare feet. The toes that emerged from under the hem of the voluminous black cloak seemed absurdly tiny as she gazed downward. She gave them a wiggle, not fully aware of their stiffness from the cold, dank basement floor until she attempted the movement.

Lillian shivered again, this time less from the cold as from the thought of what she was about to do. Again, she questioned herself.

Was it really worth it?

She looked down her flat, tiny body, swimming in black velvet cloth and steeled her resolve.

It was worth it.

Crouching, she felt the velvet robe brush her bare thighs. She wondered if it were really necessary to be naked inside this thing for the ritual to work? Perhaps it wasn't, but she didn't want to chance anything going wrong. It wasn't every day that someone attempted to summon *him*, after all.

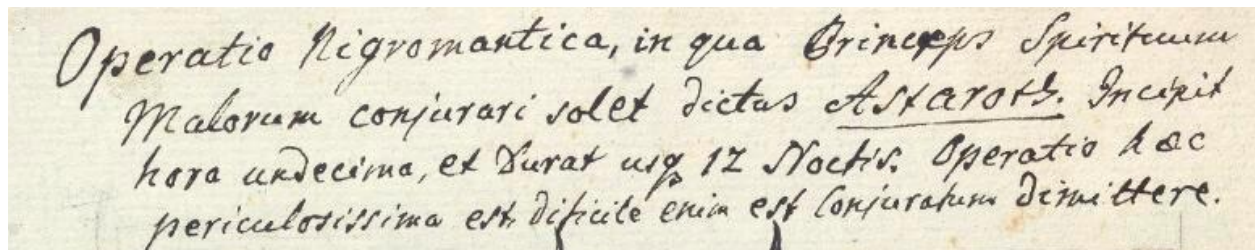
She placed the final candle at the outer tip of the pentacle's last triangle, then turned to retrieve the grimoire, rising, once again, to her feet.

Eyes restlessly glimmering amber, Lillian's face appeared ghoulishly gaunt as writhing shadows danced over its pale flesh. The girl trained her eyes on the dark book, her fingertips gliding over its dry, weathered pages. Her thin lips parted in a gluttonous smile.

She *deserved* this.

God had erred when he had given her a tiny, underdeveloped body. This wasn't how she was meant to be. She was meant to be beautiful. Powerful. Exceptional in every possible way. It had always been her destiny. God had simply gotten it all wrong, so she would need to correct his mistake, and who better to turn to for such help than God's rival himself.

Lillian took a deep breath, caressing the spine of the book she had worked so hard to acquire. Exhaling slowly, she read the words in a loud, clear voice.



A flare of crimson light momentarily blinded the girl as she finished the dark Latin phrase, causing her to drop the book. She knocked over one of the candles, lighting its aged pages on fire.

Lillian shrieked and dropped to her knees, desperately attempting to use her heavy robe to put out the flames, but the book burned unnaturally quickly, leaving only a pile of ash on the floor as she lifted the thick fabric to examine its withered remains.

“Good evening,” came a rich, soothing voice from above.

Startled, Lillian turned, still on all fours. The large sleeve caught on her knee, causing her body to twist, sending her into an awkward fall to her back. She stared up at a tall, slender man who looked to be in his thirties. His hair was slicked back, his upper lip covered in a well-groomed mustache. His body was draped in a perfectly fitted, shiny crimson suit. The man looked like an investment banker. Or maybe a gameshow host. From the ‘50s.

“Good, um, evening,” said an incredulous Lillian, half-amazed that this had actually worked.

“I’m Rowan Chagess,” said the man with a devilish grin, his eyes flashing orange in the candlelight. “You called?”

“I... yes! Yes! I did!” said Lillian, her shock at the man’s sudden appearance having caused her to momentarily forget the reason she had summoned him in the first place.

She scrambled to her feet, shaking back a clump of limp, stringy red hair from her pale, freckled face, casting a worried glance at the smeared chalk and extinguished candle on the floor.

“Yes, child. Your pentacle is quite damaged. Sloppy work, I must say. If I so wished, I could step beyond its borders and take your life with pitiful ease,” he said with a slight shrug of his narrow shoulders. “But what would be the fun in that? Besides, I wouldn’t be able to take your soul that way. Just your body. And I quite prefer souls.”

He began to pace, staying within the confines of Lillian’s drawing either by choice or because he was simply lying. Lillian had no idea which.

"I want you to give me everything I deserve," said Lillian, her voice initially timid, but gaining certainty as she continued to speak. "I want beauty, power, money... you know, *everything*."

The man turned his head to examine her, his eyes slowly descending her short, waifish body with seeming interest. But he said nothing.

"My dad always said I deser—" she continued, but she was quickly interrupted.

"Silence, foolish one. I care not for your reasons," He raised a hand in a dismissive gesture. "Disrobe. Let me gaze upon your flesh."

Lillian gaped at him uncertainly, her lips still forming the word she had been about to speak when he'd cut her off mid-sentence. Her mouth closed as she processed his words, then she cocked her head consideringly. "You mean you want me to take my clothes off?"

"Do not make me repeat myself," the man said, his voice calm as ever, but there was an icy firmness to it that sent a chill up Lillian's spine.

Lillian swallowed nervously, then did as she was bidden. She reached down and grabbed two fistfuls of cloth, then hauled the heavy garment over her head.

The man smiled lecherously, the expression failing to reach his beady eyes. "Not much to look at, are you?"

Lillian scowled, shivering uncontrollably in the dank basement without the warmth of her thick cloak. "Well, that's where you're supposed to come in and make me what I'm *supposed* to be!"

"In exchange for..." he prompted, a twinkle flashing from his shadowed irises.

"My, um, soul?" Lillian ventured, assuming that was the only currency the man would accept.

The crimson-suited man's lips parted in a wide, knowing smile. "Quite right," he said, seeming pleased.

"Okay, then. It's agreed, right?" Lillian confirmed, her voice quavering slightly as she attempted not to think too hard about what she had just given up. "You're going to make me beautiful and powerful and rich, then?"

"Something like that," the man nodded, his expression sly. "I'll give you the ability to make all of those things *come* about. You'll simply have to figure out how."

Lillian's brow furrowed. What was *that* supposed to mean?

“So we have an accord, correct?” the man said, ceasing to pace as he raised an eyebrow at the naked, unremarkable girl.

“Well, I guess so, but aren’t you going to tell me—?”

Her question was cut off by a flash of light as the man disappeared from the pentacle, then reappeared before her. Faster than she could react, he slashed her finger with a silver knife, sliding a piece of parchment under it. As the cut dribbled blood, he moved the document in small, circular motions, ending her signature with a flamboyant flourish before rolling up the scroll and quickly stuffing it into his suit pocket, where it disappeared from view.

“Excellent,” he grinned. “I just love *consummating* deals. And I simply can’t wait to see how the *climax* to your little wish turns out. I’m feeling positively *orgasmic* with anticipation. Good luck!”

With that, he disappeared, leaving a stunned Lillian to cross her arms, a look of dismay forming over her plain features.

How was she supposed to bring about her changes?!

The next morning, Lillian’s eyes snapped open, wondering briefly whether the events of the previous night were a dream or a memory. A quick glance to the crumpled black cloak in the corner of her room told her it had been real, however.. She rolled out of bed, dashing to the mirror, hoping that she would see some sort of a change...

...but her reflection looked identical to that of the day before.

“*Great!* I sell my soul to the freaking devil, and I don’t even have anything to show for it?!” Lillian blurted out in exasperation, dropping her raised hands back to her sides.

Stewing, she dressed and walked to class, turning Rowan’s words over in her mind as she went. He had said that he had given her the power to make those things come about. But *how?!*

Lillian sat down in the lecture hall, casting a stray glance to Troy, a member of the basketball team and, as far as she was concerned, the hottest boy in school.

As the professor droned his way through the class, Lillian began to wonder. Troy had been one of the principal reasons she had desired enhanced beauty. She had wanted him since the first day she’d seen him in class. Was it possible that the things she wanted would come about if she simply acted on her desires?

It seemed worth a try. She did deserve an athletic, popular, good-looking man on her arm, after all.

As class ended, Lillian quickly gathered up her belongings and leapt from her seat. She hustled to the aisle where Troy was ascending the steps with his friends, stepping before him to draw his startled eyes. Sucking in a deep breath to gather her courage, she blurted the question before she could chicken out.

“Hi! I’m Lillian, and I was wondering if you’d like to go to dinner with me?”

Troy’s stunned expression faded as he scanned his eyes down, then up her slender, shapeless body before his lips curled into a broad smile. He began to laugh. His entourage quickly followed suit, filling the lecture hall with the sound of scornful glee.

“I don’t go out with 12-year-olds,” he scoffed, eliciting another round of laughter from his friends, before pushing past her to leave the auditorium.

Lillian, propelled by Troy’s strong arm, fell to the side, landing in a seat next to the aisle. Tears welled in her eyes, but she refused to let them fall, quickly wiping them away.

Damn Rowan! Lillian thought before realizing that the sentiment was redundant. She was pretty sure he was already damned for all eternity. Fuck. She couldn’t even curse the man properly!

Lillian rose, slinging her backpack over her shoulder as she tried to put thoughts of the irritating demon out of her mind. She would get back to working out how to unlock her powers soon, but for now, she just needed to get to her next class—and put her failure with Troy out of her mind.

But purging thoughts of Rowan and Troy from her mind proved difficult. She spent the entire next class thinking of little else, barely catching a word of the professor’s lecture.

As class finished and she rose to leave, she was intercepted by a short, slender, geeky boy whom she recognized—barely—as a classmate. He seemed nervous, shifting his weight from one side to the other, swallowing repeatedly but seemingly unable to speak.

“May I help you?” Lillian, puzzled, asked the boy, looking down at his diminutive, barely-over-five-foot form.

“Y-yes,” he finally rasped. “I’m Martin! I w-wanted to know if you would maybe want to, um...”

The boy paused, sucking in what looked like it was supposed to be a calming breath, but he seemed to be close to hyperventilating. “...go to dinner?”

Lillian stiffened in surprise. He was asking her out! She gaped at the boy, adding further to his self-consciousness. She was in nearly the exact position that Troy had been in—asked out by someone lower on the social ladder.

Her features hardened with the still-fresh feelings of his hurtful rejection. She looked squarely into the boy's averted eyes, knowing she had little interest in him romantically. But she wasn't about to do what Troy had done to the poor guy. So instead, she smiled. "Yes, I would. How about tonight? 7:00 PM?"

The boy's averted eyes snapped to hers, wide with shock. "Y-you would?!" he replied. "That's so great! 7:00 then!"

Shoulders slumping in relief, he hustled off, an amused Lillian watching him go.

Lillian smoothed her scarlet dress over her slim, flat form. She did look good in this outfit, the cut of the dress showing off her tiny waist. Its flowing skirt draped nicely over her upper thighs, descending nearly to the knee, making her legs look more slender than sticklike as a shorter hem would have done. If only she had any breasts to speak of, she would look downright sexy in the thing.

Another surge of anger at Rowan flared through her. Maybe she should summon the deal-breaking bastard again? Give him a piece of her mind?

She sighed, venting her rising emotion. Maybe. But she would go on her date first.

So what if this kid was far from the athletic specimen she longed to go out with. At least he was into her. She smiled as she thought of the boy's nervousness as he had asked her out, her chest tingling with the memory. She *did* like the feeling of being wanted...

"So even though my Darth Vader costume was way too big, I went to Comicon anyway," said Martin, gesticulating with his spoon as he took the last bite of their shared dessert. "But practically as soon as I got there, this really pretty Princess Leia accidentally stepped on my cape. I took a step forward, rebounded, and fell flat on my ass!"

"No way! *Really?!'*" Lillian giggled, her green eyes twinkling with warm humor. Martin really was a fun guy, once he had gotten past his initial reticence and really began to open up to her. She had found herself thoroughly enjoying his company over the course of the evening.

"Yeah," said Martin, cheeks coloring rosy pink. "She was the first girl I ever asked out. From my back."

Lillian laughed again, the mental image of Martin asking a girl out from inside a Darth Vader costume while on his back, proving too much to stifle.

Thankfully, Martin didn't seem to mind. He seemed to take pride in making her laugh.

"But I'm glad she said no. Because it made me really ask myself who I was attracted to, and it made me think of someone way prettier, someone way more fun to talk to." His eyes flicked to meet hers briefly.

"Who's that?" Lillian asked, leaning back in her seat, her smile fading.

"Well, *you*," Martin replied sheepishly, averting his eyes, once again, from the directness of Lillian's gaze.

Lillian felt her heart flutter, delicious warmth flowing through her at the boy's roundabout-but-earnest compliment.

"Do you really mean that?" she breathed, oblivious to the waiter as he returned with Martin's card.

He nodded sincerely.

Lillian leaned forward, placing her fingers over his hand. "Want to go back to your room and, um, see where things lead?"

Martin's eyes widened as they found the mischievous glint in her eyes. "S-sure," he replied with a trembling tongue.

Lillian rose, taking his hand in hers, and they walked back to his place, Martin growing increasingly nervous with every step. By the time they reached his dorm room, he had fallen completely silent. Thankfully, Martin's roommate wasn't present, leaving the two of them alone in his room.

Entering behind her, Martin's fingers moved toward the lightswitch, but Lillian spun on her heel, reaching out to place her hand over his once again, stopping him. "Leave them off," she whispered, hearing the soft creak of her own lips as they curled into a devilish smile. This boy had made her feel desired. Desirable even. She liked that feeling. She didn't want it to end.

"Uh, okay," said Martin. Lillian could feel his fingers quiver with nervous anticipation.

She leaned forward, pressing her lips into his, pushing his body to the wall. He seemed hesitant at first, but as Lillian sucked at his lower lip, she felt him soften against her body.

Tossing aside her clutch, she reached behind her, tugging down the zipper at the back of her dress, then shrugging out of its straps to let it descend her body until it crumpled to the floor. Stepping out of the pile of fabric, she kicked the dress to the side before flinging off her shoes in the same direction.

As the pair continued to make out, Lillian slipped her fingers into each side of her panties and pushed them down her thighs until they too fell to the floor to be kicked aside.

“Your turn,” Lillian murmured breathless as she broke off their kiss momentarily to pull Martin’s sweater over his head, feeling his warm panting against her saliva-moistened lips.

Not wearing a bra, her modest swells too small to have need of the support, Lillian pressed her tensing nipples into Martin’s smooth, underdeveloped chest. He moaned as they resumed kissing.

Smiling, Lillian’s nimble fingers worked open Martin’s fly, giving his pants and boxers a downward shove. The taller girl pulled the young man toward the bed, nearly causing him to trip over the pants that bound his ankles. But, shuffling forward, he managed to keep his balance—until Lillian spun him around to toss his diminutive frame to the small mattress of the lower bunk.

She pounced on him, her lithe form straddling his naked body. As she scooped into position, she could feel the heat of his erection rising the smooth skin of her inner thigh.

“I’ve never done this before,” Martin blurted in a soft voice from below her, drawing her attention away from his hard member.

She smiled, leaning forward to give him another sensual kiss before speaking in a quietly reassuring tone. “That’s okay. I haven’t either.”

Lillian pushed herself back up, angling her hips to take him inside her, then pressed her body into his.

As his member began to fill her, stretching the interior of her body around him, she felt something strange building inside her. It was warm, tingling. It felt powerful, almost electric. She would have thought it a building orgasm except that it felt far different than what she had felt when pleasuring herself. Still, the feeling seemed to urge her on, growing stronger and more pleasurable as Martin’s body grew taut between her legs.

When Martin climaxed, pulsing warmth into her, the unfamiliar sensation exploded, consuming Lillian’s consciousness with a dizzying electric crackle. It sent her to some distant corner of her mind, removed, temporarily, from the orgasmic moment. Time seemed to pause as an alien thought formed within her mind.

“Choose.” The simple command dominated her consciousness. It wasn’t a voice exactly, but she somehow knew that it was the power within her asking for direction.

The problem was that she had no idea what to tell it.

Then realization dawned on her. *Rowan!* This had to be related to *him!* *This* was what he had done in exchange for her soul. She thought back to his words.

*“Something like that. I’ll give you the ability to make all of those things **come** about. You’ll simply have to figure out how.”*

*“Excellent. I just love **consummating** deals. And I simply can’t wait to see how the **climax** to your little wish turns out. I’m feeling positively **orgasmic** with anticipation. Good luck!”*

She grinned internally with wry amusement. So he *had* dropped plenty of hints as to the nature of her power-ups. She simply hadn’t picked up on it, her brain at the time a bit overwhelmed by the fact that she had been sharing the room with the prince of hell.

“Choose,” the thought came again, unbidden, interrupting her train of thought.

So she could choose between beauty, power, and wealth, perhaps? Those had been the desires she’d communicated to Rowan. Her memory of Troy’s rejection flickered through her mind.

Beauty.

It was an easy choice. The more beauty she possessed, the more easily she would be able to power-up again, if orgasms fueled her power.

But the energy seemed to linger, still simmering within her, still seeking direction. “Choose,” its request again reverberated through her mind, her naked body still wrapped around Martin’s stilled form.

So how was she supposed to direct this thing? The thought of beauty clearly wasn’t enough. Maybe she had to be more specific?

The thought sent a tingle of electricity through her frozen extremities, as if to tell her that she was on the right track.

Okay, so what specific aspect of her beauty did she want to change? She thought of her soft but slender stomach. It could use definition, but it was far from the worst-looking part of her body. Same with her arms. Then, her mind’s eye turned to the mental image of her short, shapeless legs and flat, unremarkable butt. Those were definitely candidates for improvement, but she really needed to improve a part of her that would instantly make it easier to continue to grow her power. That left her plain face...

...and her barely-there breasts.

As soon as the thought struck her, she knew it was the right choice. The whirling energy found its release, flowing in whirling eddies into her chest as time resumed.

Martin's hips bucked into her, the suddenness of the resumption of time shocking her as she immediately felt the young man thrust further into her from below with repeated, mid-orgasmic fervor. She rode him through his climax before the sensation of increased weight pulling at her chest drew her eyes downward.

She gasped as she saw them. Two perfect orbs jutted dramatically from her slim torso, shapely, succulent, and curvaceous.

"Yes!" cried Lillian tensing her thighs to leap upward, Martin's shrinking member sliding from her folds as she scrambled to her feet to hurry over to the mirror.

Lillian beamed with joy as she twisted her upper body this way and that, admiring the distinctly feminine shape her luscious new breasts gave her previously shapeless body in the moonlight.

"Lillian?" came a tired-sounding voice from the bed. "You okay?"

"Fine," Lillian replied, finding her clothes and shoes in the darkness and hurriedly dressing herself. "See you in class Monday..."

Before he could say another word, Lillian, slipped out the door, running and skipping all the way home.

As she lay in bed that night, she couldn't sleep, thoughts of what she would do next filling her awestruck mind.

The next morning, Lillian sprang from bed, not even caring that she had only managed a few hours of sleep. It was 9:00 AM, and the mall was already open!

Hastily, she showered, picked out the top she felt best flattered her newly curvaceous upper body, and threw on her best pair of skinny jeans—the ones that made her backside look at least moderately shapely.

Lillian took care in applying her makeup today, doing her best to work her unremarkable features into something that faintly resembled attractiveness. When she was finished, she completed the look with a slim golden choker and her largest, matching hoop earrings.

She modeled before the mirror, hands on hips, proudly thrusting out her new assets, pleased with the reflection. She grabbed her crossbody bag, slipping its strap over her shoulder as she hurried out the door to catch the bus.

When she arrived at the mall, Lillian made a beeline straight for the lingerie store, pleased to find a young man who didn't appear to be obviously gay at the counter.

"Hi there," said Lillian with a flirtatious wink, picking up a lacy red bra that looked like it might fit her new frame from a nearby bin to hold it over her shapely chest. "I need some help picking out something that flatters my figure."

She made a show of rustling through the bin, casting the boy a sidelong glance. She was pleased to find his eyes tracing the profile of her body, the notion sending a thrill through her heart. Knowing what she was really here to do, she felt arousal creep through her body as she drew a hand languidly over the edge of the bin and turned to face the clerk once again. She leaned forward, inviting his gaze into her creamy cleavage.

"So why do you work here," she asked as his eyes descended.

"I, um, need the money," he said, wetting his lower lip surreptitiously.

Looking around to ensure that no one else had entered the store, Lillian strode to the counter. "Yes, but why *this* store?"

Lillian reached forward, pulling a pair of scissors from behind the counter and, in the process, giving him another tantalizing view.

"I, um, like to wa—er, *help* the women that come in here." His embarrassed eyes rose to meet her sultry gaze.

"Hmm," Lillian purred, putting as much sensuality as she could into her movements. "You know what I think?"

She snipped off the tag on the bra.

"No..." he said, eyes dropping to watch her finger the satin cups of the garment she had placed on the counter.

"I think you like breasts," she continued, twirling the bra in her slender fingers. "And mine are pretty nice, don't you think?"

His eyes rose to her lush curves, eager after receiving her explicit permission to look. A moment later, he nodded, his eyes returning to meet hers with a curious gaze.

"You see," Lillian said, dropping the bra back to the counter to grab the hem of her top with both hands. "They recently grew quite a bit, and this is the first chance I've gotten to go shopping for a new bra."

She pulled off her top, baring her upper body to his wide-eyed gaze. "So I had to go without one this morning..."

After a moment of ogling, his eyes returned to hers, looking shocked. Lillian hopped onto the counter, lifting each leg over it to slide between the trembling boy and the counter. Biting her lower lip, she dropped to her knees in front of him, noting the growing bulge in his pants with delight.

She reached out to unzip his fly, pulling his growing erection from his pants as she stared up at him from between mascara covered lashes. "And before I cover them up with my new bra, I was thinking that maybe I should be kind and give you an opportunity to test them out?"

She fingered his cock, teasing it into iron hardness. "That would be the polite thing to do, wouldn't it?" She batted her eyes coquettishly.

The clerk swallowed hard before nodding and answering hoarsely. "I guess so..."

Lillian smiled, leaning forward until her smooth, rounded swells met his penis, their luscious slopes sliding to either side until his throbbing flesh was sandwiched between her breasts. She placed her hands on the outside of each and pushed inward. Then, she lowered herself pressing her soft skin into his hot member.

"Ooooh," he breathed, his expression transforming from one of surprise to one of pleasure.

Lillian reached his base, then reversed her motion, rising back up, feeling his rigid cock begin to quiver her breasts with its burgeoning excitement.

"That feels *amazing*," he murmured, his eyes fluttering closed.

Lillian smiled, pressing her flesh into him even more tightly, grinding up and down his trembling erection until he exploded.

Time stopped once again, and the thought again dominated her mind. This time, however, she had an answer ready, the time stoppage more like a brief blip than a lengthy pause. "My face," she willed.

A second later, time resumed, the clerk erupting over her fleshy orbs as Lillian felt her green eyes grow larger and more brilliant. Her nose began to re-sculpt itself, becoming dainty and cute. Her lips plumped, her jawline growing more refined and feminine as her cheekbones lifted into carved, regal elegance. As she ran her fingertips over either cheek, she felt her complexion grow flawless, her skin silky and perfect.

Lillian rose to her feet, looking into his dazed eyes with joy filling her own. She planted a torrid kiss on his breathless lips, then reached behind her to put on the new bra before covering herself again with her top.

The stunned clerk staring after her, Lillian flounced out of the store, admiring her breathtakingly gorgeous visage in the window as she bounced away.

Walking proudly down the mall's main thoroughfare, her full breasts bouncing beneath the thin fabric of her revealing top, Lillian watched with a satisfied smirk as male eyes drifted in her direction. She rounded a corner, strolling boldly into the nearest department store with more confidence than she'd ever felt in her life.

She glided between the racks, drifting her fingers over every garment, visualizations of what they would look like on her improved figure dominating her mind.

Caught up in her imagination, she didn't notice a middle-aged man standing behind her, and she collided with him as she turned to walk to the next rack.

"Miss!" he yelped in surprise, reaching out to catch Lillian as she bounded from his fit, muscular chest and began to fall backward. Suddenly, she snapped back toward him, propelled by his strong arms. Her luscious breasts crushed against the man's firm chest as he held her tightly. She looked up to see his concerned eyes staring down at her.

She smiled, watching his eyes light up as she did. It was nice to be able to stun men with a simple smile. She had always wondered what it would feel like to be beautiful. Now she knew. But she was hardly finished yet. She still had quite a number of body parts to improve.

Reaching up to feel his steely bicep, Lillian's smile widened. "Thank you! I'm so clumsy! Thank goodness you're so strong! I thought I was about to fall for sure!"

He grinned, unable to help but return the pretty girl's expression, especially with the added weight of her compliments.

Eyes intent on his, Lillian pressed onto her toes. She gave the man a quick peck on the lips, watching the shock register over his face as she bit her plump lower lip, moving away.

"I'm so sorry. I don't know what came over me!" Lillian said with exaggerated coquettishness. "I just have these knight-in-shining armor fantasies, and you're just so strong and so handsome and so incredibly sexy that I just got a little carried away."

The man's surprised eyes turned hungry as he watched Lillian's little display, her full breasts rippling with every expressive gesticulation of her hands.

Lillian leaned forward again, leaning into him until her lips were scant inches away from his.

“But I have to confess,” she whispered conspiratorially, her long lashes lowering until her gaze was half-lidded. “I liked it. Probably more than I should.”

She licked her lips, searching his face for a reaction. The man didn’t take the lead but neither did he back away, so Lillian decided to go with the bold approach. She closed the remaining distance between their mouths once again, pressing her soft lips into his.

This time, she took her time. This kiss was languid. Sensual. Smolderingly hot. She concentrated on caressing every millimeter of moistened flesh that lined his mouth.

It worked.

She smiled into his lips as his arms enveloped her, his hands roaming her back. She felt his body lean forcefully into hers, taking one step back. Then another. In this manner, she allowed him to walk her into the small changing room nearby.

As she kicked the door shut behind them, her shoe falling off as she did it, the man’s mouth grew hungrier, his kisses more urgent. Lillian could feel his erection swelling into her slender-but-soft abdomen. She reached down to unbuckle his belt, tugging apart his zipper by the top of his pants. She slid her small hands down each side of his length, impressed at his iron hardness.

Her doe eyes never leaving his, Lillian dropped to her knees before him, as if preparing to worship his engorged erection. Her cheeks feeling the heat radiating from his aroused member, she slithered her hands into his pants, gripping his muscular hips to stabilize herself. Still gazing upward into his expectant, gleaming eyes, the young woman took the tip of his straining cock between her pillowy lips. She clenched the muscles in her stomach to maintain her balance as she grazed the sensitive underside of his member with her perfect teeth.

The man gasped, his eyes closing under the onslaught of pleasure. Lillian fought a smile at his reaction. She had never quite envisioned how much power two significantly larger breasts and a stunningly gorgeous face could give her until now. She felt completely in control of this older, taller, stronger man, his body—his very breathing—hers to command with her lips alone. The thrill of newfound dominance quickening her heart, she quickly put it out of her mind. The effect would only be that much greater if she brought him to orgasm and made further improvements to her body.

She descended his length, taking him into her mouth until his rigid tip touched the back of her throat. She didn’t make it all the way down. She couldn’t. He was quite large, and she didn’t have a great deal of experience at this sort of thing. But it didn’t seem to matter; he seemed to be completely lost in pleasure, his eyes squeezed shut above her. Training her eyes on his

contorting face, Lillian rolled her tongue against his sensitive flesh, pressing it into the underside of his hot, throbbing penis.

“Uhgaaaawd,” he said, but it came out as more of a guttural groan than actual words.

Lillian rose, undulating her tongue under his cock, following the moist caress with a light grind of her teeth until she found his quivering tip once more. She pursed her lips to give it a soft kiss, pleased at the tremors the act seemed to send through his stiffening form. Then, she plunged her lips over him a second time

The rumble that began at his base to erupt at his tip informed her that she had accomplished her mission.

“UHGAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAWWWWWWWWWWWWDDDDDDDDDD!!!!” he screamed.

His body went taut, the ginger-haired beauty eagerly swallowing down his powerful climax. After *that* scream, she knew that if anyone were outside the changing room right now, they would almost certainly know what was going on in here. But it couldn’t be helped. She needed climaxes—as many as possible, if she were to improve her body as much as she hoped.

This time, the flow of time barely hiccuped before it resumed because she immediately directed the energy into her legs, feeling them lengthen and swell with smooth, shapely muscle. Her feet pressed into the thin changing room wall behind her with increasing pressure as her calves stretched and added an inch or two of deliciously sculpted sinew.

As the man’s final convulsion wracked his rigid form, his noodle-like legs collapsed, sending him to the bench inside the closet-like room with an audible *whoomph*. Lillian rose to her nearly six-foot height, most of the added inches courtesy of her far-longer legs, and delighted in the perspective her newfound inches provided, gazing down on the crumpled man.

As she slipped out of the changing room, she noticed the extreme tightness of her jeans—and the fact that their hem came nearly to mid-calf. She was going to need something else to wear.

Catching the disapproving stare of an older woman out of the corner of her eye, she shrugged it off. *Judge me all you want, Grandma. When I’m a total knockout and you’re still... you, I think I’ll have the last laugh.*

Lillian strode stiffly over to a rack of dresses, then picked one out. It was a short, tight red number that should aid her chances of attracting some of the male attention she desired. She should still be the same clothing size, since her waist and hips hadn’t changed. She just had much longer legs and a much larger chest—to say nothing of her stunning face.

She turned toward the changing rooms but thought better of going there with a half-conscious man still slumped on the bench in one of them. Instead, she walked to the corner of the store where the stacked luggage gave her a bit of privacy and pulled off her top. She unzipped her pants as well, giving them a downward shove, but they didn't budge. The added muscle in her thighs and calves filled the already tight denim to the point where they were practically glued onto her body!

Looking up, she saw that two young men in baggy t-shirts had arrived, staring at her in stunned silence. They looked like they might be in high school. Caught half-naked, she felt her cheeks begin to flush, but she fought the feeling down, knowing that, with this body, she had nothing to be ashamed of.

Then another thought occurred to her. She just might be able to turn this situation to her advantage!

"Would you guys mind giving me a hand? I'm trying to get out of these pants, but my body's just developing so quickly that I'm kind of squeezed into them. I just can't seem to manage to get them off!"

The two youths looked at each other in utter astonishment, smiled broadly, then hustled toward her like eager puppies. Lillian stifled a grin, pleased that her improving body was having such a powerful effect on them. She could get used to *this*.

"You *are* both eighteen, right?" she asked, cocking an eyebrow as she continued to put downward pressure on the upper edge of her pants.

They looked at each other again, then turned to her, each nodding eagerly in unison.

"Perfect," she purred, a sly smile crossing her full lips.

"You there," she said, pointing to boy #1. "Take my right side."

"You," she continued, turning to address boy #2. "Take my left."

The two boys circled to opposite sides of her, each going opposite her intended directions. She rolled her eyes. She supposed she would need to get used to men's brains misfiring in her presence if she were going to ascend to the stratospheric levels of beauty she fully intended to achieve.

Each of the boys took a hold of her jeans and began to tug downward. Gradually, the denim peeled away from her firm, perfect flesh. Lillian wiggled her hips to assist their efforts as their sweaty, shaking fingers glided over her silky thighs and taut calves.

Finally, they reached her ankles, and she stepped out of the pants, leaving her leggy, buxom form clad in nothing but her new bra and panties. She slipped an index finger under each boy's chin to angle their faces upward to meet her eyes, enjoying the perspective her new height afforded her. She was taller than both of them, having to lower her chin slightly to meet their eager eyes.

"So which one of you..." she asked demurely, turning her gaze from one to the other. "...wants the first hand job?"

Four eyes bulged in disbelief. Two cries of "ME!!" rattled the surrounding luggage a moment later.

"Both at once, huh?" said Lillian, her shining eyes dancing mischievously. "Kinky."

The two boys exchanged glances a third time as Lillian reached out each hand to pull down each boy's zipper. She fished out two rapidly rising cocks, curling her slim fingers around each warm, thickening shaft.

She began to massage their rapidly hardening flesh, pressing each of her long fingers inward. The skin on the underside of her soft hands prickled with the radiant heat of their growing excitement. She pushed her fingers downward, veins throbbing eagerly under her touch as she stroked the boys simultaneously.

She began to move her hands slowly, sensually up and down each boy's length, looking down at her relatively flat but still-soft stomach, knowing already where she would direct her first round of energy. Then, she twisted her body, looking downward for a glimpse of a shapeless ass as it hovered over her tautly muscled, elegantly tapering hamstrings. That would be her choice for the energy afforded by the second climax.

She unwound her body, bringing it back to a neutral position, glancing to either side, attempting to gauge which of them would come first.

It didn't take long to find out.

Lillian shifted her hands, placing the center of her palm on each boy's tip, feeling both cocks begin to moisten with sticky, growing arousal. Looking amusedly at their dazed expressions, she couldn't hold back a soft giggle.

As she giggled, one boy reached out a hand to steady his wobbly legs. The other closed his eyes, looking as if he were drifting on clouds.

The ginger-haired beauty closed her fingers around each of the boys' members, leaving her palm on top. In a squid-like motion, she squeezed inward while pulling her fingers upward. Then, when her fingertips arrived just under her palm, near their tips, she pressed her

tendrillike fingers downward once more, applying sufficient pressure to make them gasp in pleasure within seconds.

With boy #1, she curled her fingers until her nails pressed into him from all sides. She drew them upward, dragging her rounded fingernails in a slow ascent that caused the underside of his cock to quiver.

“Fuck!” he breathed, shivering as goosebumps washed over every inch of skin on his body. His hand shot to the wall to steady himself. Wrapping her fingers delicately around him once again, she began to pump his enthusiastic shaft with ever-increasing speed.

With boy #2, she placed her thumb and forefinger in a soft vise over his steely flesh. She ground both down his length, briefly touching his hilt before rising in the same manner, pressing inward even more firmly on the way back up.

“Christ!” he breathed through clenched teeth, his body beginning to shudder with the nascent sparks of a rapidly-building climax.

Then, she felt boy #1 stiffen. She increased her pumping speed even further, working him faster and faster until she felt the base of his trembling member clench under her touch. He erupted, hot, sticky fluid bursting upward in a spectacular fountain to gush over the top of her hand.

This time, time didn’t so much as hitch, as she had pre-determined where to send this round of orgasmic energy.

Lillian looked down to see lines of definition appearing on her stomach, revealing a perfect set of abs. Elegantly sculpted trenches appeared between each muscle, carving out a toned core that looked as if it had come straight from the pages of one of the sexiest lingerie catalogs. Each muscle visible under her satin skin as she moved, their striations were subtle, equal parts fitness and femininity.

She shook off her hand, wiping it over the boy’s pants before he dropped helplessly to the ground. Excited to explore her latest improvement, Lillian ran her fingertips downward over the soft grooves of her abs before tracing the faint lines of her jagged obliques back upward.

Still pumping boy #2 with increasing ferocity, she glided a hand from her smooth ribs nearly all the way to her hip, amazed at just how dramatic the shape of her body had become. Her waist was absolutely *tiny*!

Before she could give it more thought, however, boy #2 detonated, releasing an explosion of viscous liquid at least twice as impressive as that of his counterpart.

Lillian smiled, twisting for a better look at her ass as its twin domes surged outward with smooth, sexy inches of lean, luscious feminine muscle.

Still nursing the remaining boy's climax as he leaned backward into the rack of luggage, she reached her free hand behind her, cupping the growing perfection of her tighter, tauter glutes.

Her smile turned Cheshire as she explored the perfect hemispheres of her gorgeous, heart-shaped ass. It broadened even further as she realized that her newly formed backside had come with a bonus. Her hips had filled out as well, flaring gracefully outward from her miniscule waist to give her the staggeringly sexy hourglass figure that she'd always dreamed of possessing.

With a sultry, satisfied smirk, Lillian picked up her crumpled jeans to cleaned off her other hand, giving the open-mouthed boy #2 a flirtatious wink, before slipping into her new slinky red dress.

Her chosen garment fit perfectly, hugging her sensual curves like a second skin, to put her succulent body on drool-inducing display. The thin fabric clung tightly to her chiseled abs, hints of definition showing right through the smolderingly sexy outfit.

"What do you think?" she asked boy #2, smoothing the material over her delicious breasts.

He fell down, landing hard on his ass, helpless as he continued to ogle her in the dress.

"Perfect," she said with a pleased giggle, stepping over the boy as she left the luggage corner in an exaggeratedly hippy gait.

This time, as Lillian strode into the hallway of the mall, she wasn't attracting furtive glances, she was the proud recipient of full-on stares. Beaming, thoroughly enjoying the attention, she proceeded down the hallway, catching a glimpse of herself in a shop window as she walked.

God, she was gorgeous. Her arms could use a bit of sculpting, and her limp, lifeless hair could absolutely use some improvement, but she was already as hot as anyone she'd ever seen in person.

The knowledge that she was rapidly approaching such stratospheric levels of beauty that few, if any, on the planet could match didn't satisfy her, however. It only made her want more.

Lillian continued on until she saw the sign for the high-end salon just ahead. Smirking, she swept into the place as if she owned it. She quickly identified the lone empty chair near the back of the studio and plopped into it. She used a quick flex of her smooth, shapely calf to send it into a slow, easy spin.

A slim but muscular young man sporting a shining wave of black hair came over to greet her with a curious glance. "May I help you?"

"You may," Lillian said coyly, brimming with confidence after the sight she'd seen in the window's reflection. The thought reminded her of the salon's mirror, where she studied herself with a critical eye. Her lips curled downward in a pout. "You see, I need better hair. It doesn't really suit this *outrageously* sexy body of mine."

She thrust out her chest, the act drawing the man's eyes like moths to a flame. She turned her attention to the stylist just in time to see his eyes soften, flowing in mesmerized awe down her sultry curves.

"Well, my appointment is running late, so *maybe* I can squeeze you in..." He actually seemed conflicted. He had probably come over to get rid of her—perhaps to tell her that she would need to schedule an appointment, but, well, it didn't take a rocket scientist to tell what had almost certainly changed his mind.

Lillian bit her lower lip mischievously as her chair came to a stop before the ogling man. She curled her feet under the seat and leaned forward, giving him a breathtaking view of her staggeringly perfect cleavage. "So you've come to tell me that you've got time for a quickie?"

He choked, but recovered quickly. "Um, yeah," he muttered, reaching for the counter to steady himself. "I guess so."

Lillian gave him a predatory smile, laying a silky hand on his lean, olive-skinned arm. "Oh, you won't need any of that," she said dismissively, reaching her arms around him to pull her toward her.

"Just this," she said, patting the bulge in his tight jeans, a hungry look in her viridian eyes.

"Geez, lady!" he said, squirming quickly out of her grasp. He looked over his shoulder, sighing in relief as he saw that no one had seen. "What are you...?"

"It's okay," she purred, only encouraged by his reluctance. "It will be fun!"

With a flash of her slender wrists, she grabbed the top of his pants with one hand, the nearest edge of the curtain-like cloth that lay on the counter with the other. As the stylist stumbled toward her, she flung the cloth around his back with a flourish.

The fit young man fell onto her, sending the chair spinning again, covering them both with the logo-emblazoned cloth. As he squirmed against her luscious body in an attempt to regain his balance, Lillian unbuttoned his pants and slid down the zipper.

"Are you completely *crazy*? What are you *doing*?!" the man asked in an urgent whisper, casting a furtive glance over his shoulder to see that no one had noticed their activities—*yet*.

“Relax,” Lillian whispered back, hiking up her dress as his hips writhed against hers to pull down her panties. “You’ll enjoy it more.”

He stiffened, about to reply, but she silenced him with a sudden kiss. She eased him into the airy sensation with her full, satiny lips until he began to relax. Her kisses grew deeper as the seconds passed. Long and sensual, her small chin moved gently upward as she sucked at his lips. She could feel his body soften into perfect pliance against her.

Breaking the kiss, with a soft crackle of soft flesh and saliva, she smiled against his mouth. “Good boy,” she murmured. “Now fuck me already.”

She resumed her oral ministrations on his mouth, adding tongue to the mix as her fingers slithered down his back to cup his taut ass. She squeezed the hard, rounded swells toward her, her heart thrilling as she felt his inflating cock thwap against her inner thigh.

“*There’s* the little guy,” she said huskily between kisses, casting a sidelong glance to see that the sound of a hair dryer was conveniently covering up the sound of their activities. No one seemed to have noticed what she was doing. To her own surprise, she found that a tiny bit disappointing.

She pulled the stylist into her even more firmly, exhaling warmly against his cheek as she felt his tip brush the outer edge of her folds, the crackle of erotic electricity lancing into her moistening sex. She leaned forward to whisper into his ear, feeling his fingers grasp at her perfect breasts. “What are you waiting for? I know you want me.”

She felt his body tense, his grip on her body growing tighter. She felt cables of muscle writhe in his glutes as his hips thrust forward, driving his cock into her.

“Mmmmmmm...” the pair moaned softly, however the huskiness in her voice was more related to the desire for more improvements to her already exquisite body than it was to him. But right now, reasons didn’t matter. She wanted him to climax inside of her. That was her sole focus. She wanted it *badly* now.

“Guh,” he breathed into her slender neck as his rock hard shaft plunged ever deeper inside her, filling her from the outside in.

She wrapped her long, silky legs around him, the movement briefly billowing the curtain that covered his backside before tightening her smooth muscles in an enticingly erotic clench.

“*Fuuuuuuuck!*” he exhaled in a quavering voice, clearly attempting not to alert the rest of the salon but, in his state of hyper-stimulation, unable to keep from uttering something.

“Exactly,” Lillian panted, growing more excited by the second, enjoying the feel of the well-endowed man’s hot flesh inside her seductive body.

"Keep... going..." she whispered, shifting her hips and widening her legs to give him better access.

The chair began to squeak as the stylist began to pump, slowly at first, then more urgently. Lillian stretched her upper body, grinding her nipples into his chest through the fabric of her dress and his shirt as she arched her back.

"Christ!" the stylist breathed, his hips alternately thrusting and withdrawing. "You feel *incredible!*"

"Just wait," Lillian replied breathily, the air curling from her moist lips over his jaw. A sly smile graced her panting mouth as she directed the impending flow of orgasmic energy in the direction of her hair. "Until you..."

She took a heavy breath before continuing. "see what... I..."

"Aaaaaaaaagghh!!!" Before she could finish, he erupted inside her, his legs becoming rigid as every muscle in his body clenched. The hair dryer clicked off right in the middle of his scream, every eye in the place turning slowly toward the writhing couple before widening in stunned amazement.

Lillian felt a tingle in her scalp, her open mouth quickly snapping shut, her perfect lips forming a sly smile as her heart fluttered within her chest. She felt the brush of its strands as her amber hair lengthened further down her back. Still inside the cloth cocoon, she adjusted her grip, moving her hands to the front of his bucking hips to push him back, his cock sliding quickly out of her. As he came free of her body, in a single, quick motion, Lillian shoved his still-hard member into his pants and pulled up his boxers. She pulled his pants taut around his shaft and buttoned them, yanking the zipper closed even as he continued to pulse. As the stylist gulped for breath in the crook of her neck, Lillian drew up her panties, then tugged her dress over them.

When she had finished making each of them presentable again, she grabbed the top of the cloth and threw it off. She pushed the stylist fully off her, sending him wobbling backward on noodle-like legs into the counter. Then, she rose regally to her feet.

Casting a sidelong glance toward the mirror as she tossed a thick mane of vibrant ginger curls over her shoulder, she grabbed her bag. It was amazing what shampoo-commercial-ready tresses did for her already breathtaking appearance. Her hair seemed to flicker orange over the smoldering crimson embers that lit the shadows within. It was as if liquid fire had been poured over her head and down her swan-like neck.

Slowly, she turned her eyes toward the rest of the people in the salon, all of whom were staring at the sultry supermodel in their midst in disbelief. She shot the group a dazzling smile, then strode confidently out of the place and into the main thoroughfare of the mall, her body

language making it clear that she viewed having sex in the back of a hair salon as an everyday occurrence.

As she moved out of sight from the salon, she doubled over in laughter. Beauty like this was completely intoxicating—the confidence that it brought was truly remarkable. Never before had she envisioned herself having sex in public. But now, the concept excited her. It was as if there were no limits on anyone as beautiful as her.

The idea only aroused her again, making her hungry for more.

She couldn't wait to reap the rewards of another orgasmic aftermath. And she still needed to finish her makeover with some improvements to her arms and back.

Then, she would see what Rowan's payment for her soul could do as far as power and wealth were concerned...

...and maybe she would make a few additional enhancements to her already stunning appearance while she was at it. After all, it was becoming easier to seduce men into give her additional energy with every improvement to her long, lean, luscious form.

Straightening after a good laugh, she cast her gaze about the area, looking for the right place to make her final conquest of the day. Her eyes zeroed in on an old Asian man alone in a tea shop, her gorgeous lips curling upward into a rapacious smile.

Her dress pulling scandalously high on her tanned, satiny thighs as she walked, she entered the shop, drifting her smooth fingertips over the jars of exotic tea that lined the shelves of the Asian man's shop.

After a moment of silent browsing, twisting her body to give the man a few extra-tantalizing views of her smoldering curves, she turned to face him wearing her best come-hither. "Hi, there! I was looking for something to help get me a little excited."

"Excited?" the short, slender man asked, his eyes reluctantly rising from the lush valley of cleavage that stretched the neckline of her dress into such a magnificent shape.

"Yeah," she said, dropping her voice half an octave. "You know, like *turned on*."

"Turned on?" the man asked in accented English, staring blankly at her.

Good grief! How many hints did she need to drop here?! Lillian was tempted to roll her eyes, but refrained from doing so. She knew it would only serve to tear apart the spell of seduction that she was attempting to weave.

"Aroused," she said, punctuating the word with a sensual roll of her tongue over her lower lip.

Finally, the addled man seemed to process the concept, his eyes lighting in sudden understanding. "You want an aphrodisiac!"

Sheesh! "*Turned on*" was too much for him to comprehend, but "*aphrodisiac*" wasn't? Old, lecherous men were too funny.

"Licorice root!" he said eagerly, shuffling from behind the counter to rest his hand on one of the jars.

"Would you mind pouring me a cup?" Lillian asked with two blinks of her beautiful eyes.

His eyes narrowed, expression growing stern. "You want a free sample?"

"If it's not too much to ask," Lillian said, taking a step toward the shorter man, making sure that her nipple brushed the outer edge of his arm.

The man frowned, casting an intent look in the direction of her full breast that lasted several seconds.

"Okay," he said grudgingly, as if she had just asked him to loan her \$1,000. Clearly, the man wasn't accustomed to giving away any of his tea!

He pulled the jar from the shelf and shuffled back to the counter. He pulled out a hot plate and placed a kettle over it. Next, he withdrew a small tea cup from below the counter and gently placed it gently down on the surface, putting a modest scoop of tea leaves in the bottom.

As they waited for the water to boil, Lillian tapped her luscious lips with a finger. This man was turning out to be more difficult to seduce than the others. Maybe she should have gone for someone younger...

...but what would be the fun in *that*?

Lillian strained her brain for an idea. The man seemed to enjoy her body. Maybe he just needed some sort of a nudge in the proper direction. He probably just thought she wouldn't be interested in someone like him.

Then, she had it! Her frustrated expression morphed into a knowing smirk.

She waited for the water to boil and the man to pour her tea. Smiling, her eyes flashing daringly as she accepted the drink, she took a sip, careful to spill half of it over the front of her tight red dress as she brought it from her lips.

"Oh, no!" she said, her expression an exaggerated pout. "Look what I've done to my dress!"

Her hand rose to the stain, her fingertips drawing his attention to her twin fleshy orbs as she pressed them to their wet surface.

“Do you have a towel or something?” she asked, nodding her head toward the opening behind the old man. “Back there?”

The man scowled again, turning to peer into the back of his shop, and grudgingly agreed.

Lillian grinned slyly as she circled the counter and sashayed into the back, making sure that the old man was peering after her. Once there, out of view of anyone but him, she reached to the short hem of her dress and pulled it over her head, her long red hair fanning over her shoulders as she pulled it over her head.

“Now where did you say that towel was?” Lillian asked innocently, clad in just her new bra and panties. She looked about the back room as the old man devoured her luscious form with his eyes.

The man blinked several times, then shuffled into the back room as he reached for the towel, Lillian intercepted him, blocking his path with a long, shapely leg. His eyes rose to meet hers, his expression both surprised and puzzled. Lillian took another step toward him, walking him backward until his back met the wall and he could go no further. She pressed her breasts into his chest, smiling as she watched his jaw drop. Snaking a silky calf behind his, she leaned forward.

“I know that you like my body. Everyone does,” Lillian purred softly. “And I like older men.”

Her eyes searched his weathered skin. “Much older,” she corrected, the spark of mischief glimmering in her luminescent eyes.

She pressed her lips into his.

He didn’t resist.

When she had finished with the man, directing the energy from his climax to the remaining two parts of her body to sculpt her arms and back into toned perfection, she left the mall beaming.

She was easily the equal of any supermodel.

And this was only the first day.

Lillian strutted into class on Monday in a tight cocktail dress that showed every luscious inch of her breathtaking figure. Every eye in the room turned to her, drinking in the long lean lines of her slender-yet-curved body. She had added another cup size or two to her breasts, and they somehow seemed simultaneously perfect for and incongruous with her fit, slender frame.

She slipped into the seat next to the outermost member of Troy's entourage, the muscular, handsome young man stiffening in the presence of her sensual form. As class began, Lillian cast a sidelong glance at the boy's fidgeting legs as he crossed them. She smiled, knowing exactly what he was attempting to conceal.

Lillian reached over to his crotch, pressing her slender fingers into its steely bulge. He gasped as she kneaded his aroused flesh, nearly bursting into laughter as she felt hot wetness touch the tips of her soft fingers through the fabric a moment later.

As time was about to stop this time, Lillian imagined Troy dropping down before her to beg at her feet. The mental image sent a powerful shiver of arousal through her. Unable to help herself, for the first time, she chose power.

Eyes flaring into an incandescent viridian glow, Lillian felt a burst of energy ripple through her sexy body, infusing her long limbs with a strange, searing heat. As quickly as it spiderwebbed through her body, the feeling was gone, and she felt completely normal for the rest of the class. She did, however, have to stifle an amused giggle whenever she turned her eyes to the uncomfortable boy to her left, his notepad resting unnaturally high on his legs to cover what she knew would be a large damp spot in his jeans.

As class ended, the source of her latest boost pushed past her immediately, leaving an unobstructed view between Troy and Lillian. Troy rose to his 6'6" height, eyes twinkling as he stared intently at Lillian's model-esque frame. She stood up as well, her heels bringing her height an inch over six feet as well.

"Since when did *you* start coming to this class?" he said, shoving his hands in his pockets.

"Since the start of the semester," Lillian replied coyly, twisting a lock of shimmering ginger hair around her finger.

"Ha! I'm pretty sure I would have remembered you if that was true," Troy looked slightly nervous, the expression pleasing Lillian to no end.

"Well, *I* remember *you*," she said, giving him a sly smile.

His nervous smile grew broader, more confident. "Well, let's make dinner tonight memorable for both of us. What do you say?"

Lillian took a step toward him, placing her hand on his broad chest as she rose to her tiptoes. She whispered into his ear. “No.”

When she pulled back, he looked shocked, clearly not having expected this answer. Such was his surprise that Lillian wondered if any woman had ever answered him with the word before.

“But... *why?*” he asked, eyes pleading, the corners of his lips descending.

“Because you’re an asshole,” she said flatly. A wave of laughter rippled through the surrounding students, a few of them clapping.

Lillian turned to face the rest of the class. “The rest of you, please check out my new Instagram and OnlyFans pages. I’ve posted some pretty provocative stuff there, so feel free to *enjoy* yourselves as you look.”

She turned to Troy, her irises suddenly glowing green, burning two neon rings into his mind. “Except for you, Troy. You won’t be able to climax again. Ever.”

He stumbled back, his eyes glowing briefly green as well, blinking hard. Lillian cocked her head in mild surprise, noting the momentary iridescence of his eyes. Had *she* done that?

She was willing to bet that she had. The fire-tressed stunner gave the basketball player a dazzling smile, then spun on her heel, marching out of the auditorium, eager to experiment further with her amazing new power.

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