

HOLY SMOKES

A Galentines Event

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Jezrebeth sat perched on the lamp post staring down at the street below, long drags from her black clove cigarette oozing back into the air as purple billowy tendrils of smoke. No one noticed her up there, cloven feet gently swaying, her devilish tail swishing back and forth like a board cat looking in the yard at the mice she would soon make sport of. This is how the demoness liked it. When she wanted to be seen she was truly a sight to behold, with her garnet skin and purple irises, a curvy body packed tightly into the finest black leather that had more patterned holes cut in it than material. It's always best to be unseen up until that mouth watering reveal she loved so much.

“Jezrebeth?! Jiminey Pete!” An angel stomped her white glossy flats in the street looking up at the demon, her fluffy white wings bristling with annoyance at the devil above her. Well looked like someone could see her. “Why are you here?”

“Seraphine? Isn’t it a little past curfew for goody-goodies” Jezrebeth smirked, showing off a fang or two.

“Ooooo you know good and well angels don’t sleep you sneaky snake!” Seraphine’s cherub round face scrunched in frustration.

“And you think evil does?” POOF! With the speed of a lightning She disappeared into a cloud of sulphurous fumes followed immediately by another placing the demon right to the angel. Seraphine gave out a startled eek to Jezrebeth’s delight “Your outfit... so flowy and white. Is that the same old thing you wore to the burning of rome?”

Seraphine smoothed out her flowy knee length gown, pink spreading across her cheeks. “If it fits both form and function why change?” The angel did her best to not let her eyes linger on Jezra’s cleavage which swayed and bounced as she stretched and took in the town. “At least it’s an honest presentation, not some lure from a lying horned tramp. Now what are you doing here?”

“Sera... if I’m a lying horned tramp, would you really be able to believe whatever answer I gave?” Seraphin opened her mouth to answer then stopped realizing it was true. “Why don’t you just tell me... since you find yourself such a credible source” she twirled and rested her head on Sera’s shoulder till the angel’s flapping wings smacked her away.

“Do Want to know?” Jez teased and giggled wiggling her butt at her angel counterpart.

“Ew ew no! Look, just to put an end to your games.. I’m to save the soul of.. Erm...” The angel put on some tiny glasses and looked at a card with golden writing.

“Oh my gosh your little glasses are soooo cute” Jez covered her mouth and fawned at Sera’s specks.

“Shut it. Okay I’m here to save the soul of one Jarrod Taylor.”

“Shut up! So am I!” The demon proclaimed with shock and glee! Seraphine’s eyes went wide with worry.

“We have the same mission... again! We are always competing over the same souls. Wait.. are you telling me the truth or are you just following me around trying to ruin my job.” Her angelic halo glowed a brighter white as her anger rose. Jezrebeth just shrugged, bouncing her shoulders making Sera even more flustered.

“Breeeeath sugar dove.” Jez cooed, eyes flashing with an internal fire as she spotted a man across the road struggling with his empty laundry basket and opening the door to the laundromat. “Besides, Jarrod is on vacation in California this week silly”

“WHAT?! I did not get this update. No one ever updates me” Sera struggled through her purse that materialized out of thin air, looking for her planner frantically “Jezrabeth, how did you-” her head looked up and the demoness was gone. “Hey where did-” Her eyes glowed white when she saw the demon prancing over to a laundromat where low and behold, there was Jarrod. “Jezrebeth!!!!”

The demoness paid her no mind, she was closing in on her target at that flighty bird brained angel fell for her tricks for the 2 millionth time. Mmmm she could smell the potential in this one, they were going to be so yum-

FWOMP! A giant wing blocked Jezra from entering. “So...” the demon pulled out a feather from the wall of wing Sera had bloomed to block her path, watching her wince at the pluck “You’re a grower not a shower hmmm?”

Seraphine snatched the feather back. “I am not letting you snatch another from me you harlet!” She poked the demon in the nose with her reclaimed plumage.

“Ouch! Hey I thought the church said you couldn’t take these types.” the demon rubbed her nose and grumbled. When the angel looked confused Jezre pointed at Jarrod inside “You know... because *she’s* a late bloomer.”

“Wha- oh.. No no that’s perfectly fine. The church stopped speaking for us a long time ago. You see er-” she looked at her card “Jarrod can’t help that they got put in the wrong body. Maybe if I help them out-”

“Noooo way missy. That’s the problem with you people, handing out miracles willy nilly. People crap on stuff for free. Let ME make a deal with them. When people make deals they cherish it because they know there are strings.”

“I think Jarrod has worked hard enough for it, thank you very much.”

“So now people are only valued by their works?”

“Gah that’s not what I’m saying, stop getting me all turned around!” Seraphine stomped her foot in a pout.

“What can I say... I like it when you turn around.” Jezra winked a purple eye at the blanching

angel. "Look. We're both here, we can both do our things and change their night... don't you think the best way to go about this is to let them choose. I mean.. You all preach free will right?"

"Well... alright. But there must be rules.. Neither of us can show ourselves to them. We let them make the choice without us being directly involved. Deal?" The angel stuck out her hand waiting for agreement.

"Why? Because you think I'm hotter?" Jezrebeth giggled.

"No, I just don't need to show someone cake and then doom them to an eternity of gross misconduct for taking a bite"

"Ain't nobody in hell callin all that moaning and ecstasy "gross misconduct" sugar plum... you're on!" The devil grabbed her hand and they glowed in unison. "So, Jarrod deep down is feminine, they've been shamed from such thoughts their whole life yes? Boom!" In her hand appeared a clear covered box with some sexy lingerie inside. "Let's tempt them to rebel with some sensual undies. If they take my kinky undie route they are mine. We'll know they are a deviant and you let me have first dibs on their soul"

"Okay just because they might feel better about being a woman doesn't mean it's sexual and-"

"People are allowed to be sexual with their identity!"

"And secondly I bet Jarrod is amazingly sweet so how dare you call them a deviant!" Seraphin poked Jezrebeth in the shoulder smugly, and then wiped off her finger on her dress just in case.

"Okay well first for me, where I come from deviant is a good thing, and second... I already sent in my proposal" she pointed to the lingerie on the bench "And there is no way Eve is going to pass on that apple!" the devil woman giggled at her shocked angel companion.

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Inside, Jarrod Taylor hadn't the slightest inkling of the spiritual battle going on for his soul. A thin but small man in his early 20's, he had never considered what life would be like if he was actually a she let alone if there were spiritual entities from the great beyond arguing over it. Deep down the glasses wearing brown haired boy in his red hoodie and gray sleeves had mused about feminine life on occasion but only in a day dream sort of way. A bit of escapism in a world that he already had to overcompensate in, being short and thin and all the things a masculine driven world saw as unmanly. He just saw himself as an extremely unhappy boy, sitting in his depression not knowing how different life could be, or even... about to be. Passing the time video streaming on his phone he was startled by the clatter of a box on his bench a few seats down. Leaning over he saw some very large, and some very sexy women's underwear.

Ideas crept around in his mind of what kind of woman they would fit. What she would look like wearing it and he had to gulp as his mouth went dry.

"I can't believe you! Women's underwear the poor dear is blushing fifty shades of red! I didn't even have time to think of something!" Seraphine waved her hands in circles conjuring a golden glow.

"Really doesn't matter what you do angel baby, it's not going to compete with women's lingerie"

"I- I ... I can fight your fire with fire!" and with a flash the Angel woman was holding a large sturdy white bra and some basic white panties.

"Pfffft more like fight fire with an expired lump of charcoal... are those granny panties? Look dear, he's already looking around nervously contemplating taking my gift as his own. Pretty devious is going to win the day!" Jez folded her arms under her tits and cackled.

"Grrrr I'm not losing to you again!" The white underwear charged up with holy power and she sent it soaring forward, phasing through both the glass of the storefront and the wall of the dryer, which miraculously finished its final five minute cycle immediately. The Buzzer went off and drew the nervous Jarrod's attention away from the sexy box he was sure was meant for someone's valentines gift. "That's it Jerri! You tell those panties NOT TODAY SATAN!"

"What the hell! You are cheating!" The demon's body bristled with heat.

"No, I am giving myself a +1 handicap adjustment to make up for *you* cheating, you sinful Suzie!" Seraphine looked so pleased as Jarrod opened the dryer to scoop out his wash from the dryer. On his third scoop his finger hooked the shoulder strap of the big sturdy bra, Jarrod's face turned deep red. "I win! They took mine!"

"Um hello, anyone forget their underwear.. stuff?" Jarrod's voice cracked in nervousness, a hand running through his short brown hair as he looked around the empty room.

"It's a fluke, they didn't know what they were taking!" Jezrabeth's tail lashed in her aggravated fury. Her hand's glowed red and trails of velvety smoke snaked from her fingers under the glass door, absorbing into the clear topped lingerie box.

Sera's eyes bulged as she watched the seductive power flow into the gift box. "What in the Pearly Gates are you doing Jez!"

"Giving him a larger selection of undergarments!" Jarrod's eyes drifted back the box, feelings stirring inside of him. It was similar to those cartoons where the perfume lifts the person off the ground and floats them to the wearer. Poor Jarrod began to sweat. One pair of giant underwear that could belong to his aunt, another that everytime he looked at them in their box images

would grow in his mind of sexy women stroking and kissing him.. as a woman? This was so strange, and it was making him so aroused. Fuck what was going on.

“L-look I get first dibs Jezrabeth, they tried to return the ones I left them because they’re a good person!” the angel squeaked.

“Firstly, I believe good is subjective, and what they are going to do when they get home with *my* panties I find will be the best kind of good there is, Seraphine!” The ruby skinned demoness licked her lips as more and more spoke poured from her hands and into the present Jarrod was nervously approaching.

Sera looked back and forth from the demon to Jarrod to the box and back, her anxiety building like a damn about to break. Darn it she was going to lose another one! “I.. I said this one is mine!” In one angry movement her wings, hands and halo glowed to a blinding brightness, that shot from her palms into the laundromat, the entire glass storefront turned into a white wall of Heavenly Light. Both the demon and the angel looked inside as the glow slowly faded. “What ... the fuck was that, Seraphine!” Jer touched the glass afraid it would melt her flesh.

“I..I...I...” but the angel couldn’t get through her stutter, in fear she may have rained holy judgment down on Jarrod by accident.

Inside, Jarrod felt confused and fuzzy. Everything had gone white for a moment and he felt all tingly and weird. Had he had a stroke? He looked down the gray sleeves of his hoodie, inspecting his hands looking for trembles or off balance jerks, eyes stopping on the white bra and panties. They had changed, entirely. Silk and lace had replaced the sturdy looking pair with a heavenly push up and thong. Touching them brought him calm, warm feelings. A euphoria he hadn’t felt in years that- “Holy fuck they are glowing” Jarrod tossed them away from him.

“Holy cow!” Said the angel worriedly

“Hot damn” Said the demon.

Inside the angelic pair of underwear paused in the air where he had threw them, tiny wings sprouting from the band in the back, both pieces glowing and floating around. “Okay... you’ve lost it Jarrod. You’ve lost your freaking miiinnnd” The last word muffled as the flying pair of undies banked sharply and flew right through his clothes. Jarrod swung his head behind him but they hadn’t come out. Were the inside of him?! A flurry of patting and the answer was clear. The two padded mounds of material on his pecs and the exceptionally tight silky material clinging to his erection and tugging up his ass.. He was wearing the lingerie. “Holy Shit!”

“Oh I wish he wouldn’t say that. That’s just not a thing” tutted Sera

“You angels don’t go potty?” Snickered Jez.

“I have to get these off!” He unzipped his red hoodies with gray sleeves, hands quickly moving to unbutton his blue shirt underneath, when a stray thought crossed his mind. An image he only went to when alone, and left to his musing. A beautiful blond girl with a lovely figure and long golden hair down to her calves, a creation of his imagination he called Andrea, who he pretended was his perfect girl... but deep down it wasn't just someone he'd want to be with but also b-

ZZZZZZT Sparkles and crackle echoed in the tile room full of washers and dryers, the bulbs above him flickering and the machines on the wall all shuddering intensely. Jarrod's body convulsed and violently vibrated like someone holding on to a live wire until suddenly he stopped!

“Welp” Seraphine gulped dryly “He seems to be oka-”

Jarrod's head snapped back, pillars of light erupting from his mouth and eyes blowing his glasses into the air. Two more columns of light shot from his chest and below that on from his crotch and even one from his ass. He looked like he was wearing a bikini made out of spotlights. Jarrod's hands flew to the sources, the light feeling like a pressurized water stream he had to fight against. When his hands finally made it to his body he felt the flow reverse to sucking instead. Power and pleasure flowing quickly into his nipples crotch and ass. A moan escaped his lips as he doubled over. What the hell was happening to hi- *RIIIIIPPPP*

From his back two giant angel wings erupted, gently flapping from the shoulder blades. The Angel and Demon stared slack jawed, eyes wide just as surprised as he was. Not able to get a good look at what was on his back he looked into the glass door of a washer machine, blowing a golden lock out of his face to see. Wait! He didn't have long blonde hair! Yet in his reflection he seemed to, at least partially. His hair was two toned, slowly shifting from brown to blonde as his lengthened from his scalp. Jarrod's eyes widened as he watched his face start to shift, lips plumping and eyelashes thickened, all wrapped in a warm heavenly glow. And how could he see so clearly without his... where were his glasses anyway? He scanned the floor for where there may have dropped only to be distracted by a bright glowing above him. His glasses were bright white and melting and morphing into a circle above his skull, matching his movements in mid air, like.. Like a halo. Jarrod reached for it but shrieked a high pitched girly scream as his pants fell from his hips, stopping at his knees as he spread his legs. New thinner, smoother thighs spread to keep the pants from falling to the floor, and that's when he saw it. That lace white pair of thongs laying flat against his crotch, a pair of wings embroidered just above his new feminine mound. “What the hell!” His white manicured fingers gently prodded the spot that was accustomed to having a penis and a pair of balls but the pressure of his digit on the new ultra sensitive folds, producing moisture through the thongs' material caused him to yelp in pleasure and shock. The angel wings flapping hard and making Jarrod hover in a shaft of light that seemed to just pour down through the solid ceiling.

Jarrood's blonde locks were lengthening past his shoulders, snaking down his lower back and beyond. Frightened and aroused, the semi-angel tugged their sweatshirt downward trying to cover him-self, herself? Was she still a guy in this form? Jarrood supposed that was entirely up to him. Whatever they were, what they didn't want was giving a free crotch shot to whomever might walk into the Laundromat...as if that would be the thing they noticed as odd. Jarrood tugged their red sweater downwards again wondering how hard it would be to reach his pants when he felt a wind building inside the laundromat. Had the miraculous light blown out the windows? No... it was the wings behind him flapping harder and harder, causing a mini cyclone around the column of light they were inhabiting. Jarrood's basket of clothing tipped over, several dryers opened up, the clothes from each of them sucking up into the tiny twister circling Jarrood. This had to be a dream. It just had to- GAH!

Back arched, a renewed energy was pulsing through Jarrood's spine and flesh, golden hair so long it went past their ass and got in their face, as the wind blew it every which way. There was a pressure building in Jarrood's chest and hips. Surges of pleasure and fat pouring into their thighs and hips accompanied by groans and gasps. The bra and thong pulled into a tighter fit as large warm tits surged forward again and again, Jarrood's ass behind him gobbling up the underwear hidden beneath the thin sweatshirt. Jarrood grasped their hair and cupped their tit, both still growing, the sensations dripping down the spine to the newly acquired womanhood. Womanly squeaks and gasps echoed from plump lips, Jarrood unable to stop from giving the silky laced push-up bra encased boob a squeeze. "Oh... Oh fuck" Their sneakers had fallen off their shrunken feet, socks reforming into golden slippers. Their pants shredding and falling away like dust. The red sweatshirt slowly reformed into a glittery gold dress with the blue shirt below melding into a corset, both of the articles of clothing oddly never creeping up to cover the firm mounds of the newly acquired breasts. Jarrood could do nothing but give in to the whirlwind of feelings and power that were reshaping their very form and existence, all of them made new... and it felt good. Damn good.



CLICK, CLACK, went Jarrod's new heels on the tile of the laundromat floor. "Wow, that..that was insane" she said in her high pitched, soft feminine voice. They minced over to the dryer once more and looked at the reflection. A blond bombshell with golden hair down to their thighs, bouncing boobs and a tight waist along with some nice wide hips and a bubbly rear to stretch out the bottom of her dress. "Why won't it cover my boobs!" Jarrod attempted to tug and adjust but the weird outfit wasn't enough material. Maybe she could play it off as her bra being just part of the dress? What was certain, they sure as heck didn't look like themselves any more. No. If anything they resemble that perfect woman Andrea from their dreams. "I guess.. Until I figure out how to fix this, I should just... go by Andrea?" God that felt right and soothing. "This should be weird right? Turning into an Angel woman? I'm.. I'm a woman" yeah that felt nice. "Okay Andrea, what do we do until eek " Her wings had flapped without her expecting it, sending her across the room, tripping here and there on laundry. Her transformation had made such a big mess. "This is going to be so annoying to clean u-" a wave of her hand and the laundry was folding itself, returning back to her basket and the dryers each article of clothing had come from. It was a miracle. "Hm... what if I..." She touched the clothing in her basket and with a glow of light everything, pairs of pants and shirts alike became cute girly outfits. Every pair of boxers an adorable matching set of underwear. "Maybe... I don't worry about changing back yet" or ever she said quietly in her mind. She was in a smokin hot body with angel powers... on valentines day. "Okay, maybe the wings are a bit much but" Squinching her face she folded her wings under her long blonde waterfall of hair. "There! No one even has to know!" Andrea giggled mincing over to the exit. "Oh, come along clothes!" she snapped her finger and the basket rose to follow on a tiny cloud.

Jezreth and Seraphine watched, eyes super wide with disbelief. "Did... did you just give a human angel powers, and they are now using them to do themselves favors?" Jez titled her head looking at Andrea's firm behind almost spilling out of the lovely gold skirt.

"I-I... oh dear. I didn't mean to!" Sera cupped her blushing cheeks.

"That's downright devious sugar plum! Giving them the powers of heaven?! Oh man are you going to be in trouble"

"I didn't mean to! At least I saved their soul by winning the bet." Seraphine read through her hand book to see how to fix this.

"Saved?! They are using your powers for selfish purposes. If anything this is a draw if not a disqualifying win for me!" Jez rubbed Sera's leg with her devil tail.

"I did not! It is not! This... I can fix this and the win should be mine. I..I beat you at your own game and.. Jezre? JEZRE!!" She screamed after the demoness who was already hot on the trail of the miraculous Andrea! "Hey! You can't have her! You hear me you Sucky Succubus! Oh my look at the language you're making me use! JEZREBEEETH!!!!

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Four hours. For four hours the awkward pair of heaven and hell had been following Andrea unseen. Bickering, debating, shoving and whining. Look how lewdly she's exploring herself the demoness would say. Self exploration is normal the angel would reply. She's using her powers for evil Jezreth would scream. Getting yourself a cupcake by floating it to you is not evil, Seraphine would growl... just a little lazy. And back and forth they went. Arguing so fervently they just barely noticed Andrea had finished touching herself and eating cupcakes and was now up for a night on the town.

"If we keep waiting we're going to spend the rest of eternity fighting over this girl's soul." Jezre whined, her hooves hurting from all the walking on the street.

"We agreed. No direct involvement!"

"That was before you turned her into some super powered holy fuck machine" Jez wagged her finger accusingly

"LANGUAGE!" Sera growled back "Oh shh shh she's coming up on people" On the city street in Andrea's path was some giggly tipsy college girls

Jezre sniffed the air licking her lips "Mmmm Lesbians"

Andrea had slowed her sashay seeing the cute girls ahead, blushing as she felt the cool breeze on her warm curved form, confidence waning slightly. Jez meanwhile was tugging something out of her leather bound cleavage. A large vial of red came out with a pop, fluid pulsing with ominous light. Jez's tail coiled around it, whipping it around in circles to give it a good launch. "Let's add some lust to the equation, indirectly of course."

"Don't you dare devil girl!" Sera screamed, grabbing Jezre by the horns so hard that the launched vial overshot Andrea, flying past and landing with a shatter at the feet of the women ahead. It smashed on the concrete of the sidewalk, red smoke rising around them. They all noticed a smell in the air, something warm and intoxicating giving them goosebumps and sending pleasure to their most sensitive parts.

"Oh... oh this is much better!" Jez's eyes glowed as she watched the group of women eye Andrea like a delicious dessert.

"I love that outfit" the tallest girl of the pack purred as they circled the red cheeked Andrea like sharks in the water.

“Oh t-thank you” Andrea went stiff, all three of these girls were just so gorgeous. And interested it seemed.

“How do you do that cool halo thing?” one of the others asked, touching Andrea’s shoulder. How could Andrea forget her halo was showing “And can I have one too?”

“No way Barbra, isn’t it obvious? She’s an Angel.” the third one purred.

Jez was dancing on her tiptoes “Okay... if she gets in an orgy, I don’t care what you say that counts as my win!”

“Grrrrrr!” Sera’s wings spread wide and with such force it knocked Jezrebeth into a pile of trash in a side alley. Sera flew in a bolt of light further down the street to where the pack of girls were heading, giggling and talking about their vacation and their nearby hotel. Seraphine landed with an grunt, and then brushed herself off “Okay Sera, game face on.” She scrunched her face and in a matter of moments her fluffy white angel robes contorted into a frumpy old dress, wings tucked away where no one could see. Her body plumped and wrinkled till she didn’t look like herself at all, but an old woman. “Excus-” she cleared her throat making it more warbled. “Excuse me could anyone help an old woman across the street!” She tried calling to Andrea.

Stumbling out of a pile of trash bags Jez was breathing fire. “What are you doing!?”

“If she chooses to help me over having an orgy she’s mine!”

“What about the only indirect rule?” The demoness hissed.

“I am asking for help indirectly as an old woman!” The plump human old woman version of Sera started hobbling across the street. “Dearies yoo-hoo.” She waved to get their attention “Could anyone help an old woman cro-” BAM. A commuter bus smashed into the disguised angel smooching her body like a cartoon against the bus’ front and her face against the windshield. Her eyes squinched seeing the heavy set bus driver inside, his eyes glowing just like Jez’s.

“No cheating!” The bus driver growled as the bus sped down the street away from the girls.

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Andrea felt like she was on autopilot, her three new companions fawning and caressing her every heeled step to their hotel room. She was used to being lonely, and ignored, and seen as a dude.. And now? Woooooeeee! Now she had three gorgeous women touching her and nuzzling her... caressing her like a pack of kittens looking for warmth. Her nipples went hard aching and pressing against her padded bra cups. Why did she even need padding? Her tits were huge. Once in the hotel room the girls began to strip her of her dress and shoes, leaving only the

heavenly lingerie. One particularly strong squeeze led her wings to spread out erect and shivering. The girls cooed the word angel even louder and begged to touch and kiss and... taste her? What did they mean by OH! Oh wow she shivered as a girl's head slid between her thighs, pulling her white panties aside and licking the delicious folds of her warming pussy. The other two hooked her bra with their fingers, dragging it down till her plump nipple capped bosoms rolled free, wobbling firm and glorious, ready to be suckled and nibbled. "Holy Hell... s-sssoooo sensitive"

"Hell yes!" Called Jez from the couch clapping unheard and unseen. This was the best show ever! Jez winning the bet, celebrated to the gasps and moans of this sexy fallen angel, things could not get any better-

"You left me!" with a puff of light Sera phased through the wall.

"Only because I know you are so capable"

"On the Front of a Bus!"

"I thought when you slid down you were getting off!"

"To Jersey!" Sera was shaking with anger, voice shrill and fist shaking in rage.

Jez grimaced "Okay.. yeah. That was a bit mu-"

"FUCKIN! JERSEY!" Sera's halo ignited into a circle of white fire.

"Hey, Language!" Jez nervously laughed "Um.. but seriously. You gonna be ok cupcake?" Sera saw Andrea handcuffing one of the girls to the bed, the other two at the side getting tickled by the feathers of her wings. Seemed Andrea was a bit of a domme. Jez gave off a giggle seeing the newly minted angel woman get into the act.

"You think this funny Jez? You think handcuffs are entertaining do ya?!" Seraphine conjured two small halos, placed them on Jez's wrists and interlinked them behind the demon's back.

"Hey! Hey what is the big idea! I won!" Jezreth kicked her hooves as the angel pushed her face first on the couch.

"Won... you always win! Cuz... cuz... you're a dirty rotten cheater. Just the worst... I'm so tired of you.. you... bad bad girl!" on some impulse... she smacked the ass of the demon to punish her. It left a handprint on Jez's cheek through her assless chaps style pants. Jezreth felt the sting and wobble of her ass from the spank, but it didn't leave her angry. On the contrary it set her need ablaze. She had never seen this side of Sera, not once over thousands of years had she ever been so angry.. So powerful and in control. The Angel smacked Jez's bottom again.

“That’s the problem, I always treat the symptom, not the illness. If I just kept you bound up you’d stop causing so much trouble!” Swat!

“Again!” Jezrebeth’s voice cracked as she blurted out a beg.

“What?! Are you kidding me? You dirty dirty girl?!”

“Yes, Yes I’m so dirty. Call me names! Tug my hair! Put me in my mmmmpphmmm” The demonesses words gargled in her throat as a pair of panties was shoved in her mouth! “Mmph?” She tried to look back, seeing her nemesis, her competition, grabbing her devil tail and tugging it till Jez lifted her ass into the air. Where the hell had this come from? What wrathful sword from heaven had Seraphine become, and why was it making the demon’s snatch leak till it was staining the couch!

Meanwhile, as a demon became a puddle of submission spank by spank, a newly born Angel Andrea was sitting on the face of a girl handcuffed to the bedpost, grinding her snatch on their hungry maw as it’s hot tongue lashed at her inner walls and folds. Andrea had a pussy with a clit and everything, and it was amazing. Her wings were holding the other two women nestled to her breast, sucking and nibbling hungrily. Andrea’s hands were more than happy to get lost wandering from one naked body to the next. At some point her body began to glow, and Andrea’s three partners became hungrier, more ravenous to kiss and grope and eat out their gift from heaven. They were just a glowing mass in the dark, arms and legs and wings and mouths and dripping pussies clenching and throbbing and spasming. “Happy Valentines you sexies bitches!” and everyone tried to reply as best they could with how busy their mouths were. All Andrea could think was... “This is heaven, and there is no going back”

Four women screaming and orgasming on the bed, an angel teasing and edging her demon sub on the couch, who screamed and begged to be allowed to cum. In all that pleasure, and all that wobbling, sweaty grope worthy flesh and orgasm melted minds, somewhere a clear top box of devilish lingerie at a laundromat would go forgotten by all of them, waiting for their new owner to be. But that’s another tale.