

**The Good, The Bad, and The Busty**  
**By Skullossal**

“Fuck yeah,” the she-devil drooled.

“Stop that.”

“Keep doing just that!” she moaned, “I want to go all the way!”

“I’m only jay-walking!”

“A classic act of villainy!” I glanced at the 6-inch personification of evil crouching on my left shoulder. She was nude: Velvet hair tangled over her cherry-red breasts; a thin, spaded tail whipped lazily above her ample behind.

“Master?” A small hand tugged on my opposite ear. “How could you indulge this foul temptress?” The 6-inch angel upon my right shoulder flapped her wings in irritation. She wore a rather revealing toga: it exposed more than it concealed, unintentionally flaunting her Grecian midriff, maternal hips, and strong thighs.

“Can you both-” A truck trundled past us with an annoyed honk. “-please control yourselves?” I sighed. Together we finished crossing the street.

“No!” The angel huffed. “We were sent here to guide you-”

“-Or to tempt you-” said the devil.

“-into choosing Good-”

“-or Evil!”

“I didn’t ask for you two to appear,” I exclaimed. “Listen; I’m a philosophy major! My undergrad thesis is on the justifications of moral relativism!”

Two blank expressions mirrored each other on either side of my vision.

“I don’t believe in this whole good and evil shtick.” I rephrased, stepping onto the sidewalk.

“Oh!” The she-devil exclaimed, “He stepped on a crack! Somewhere a mother just broke her back! Another point for me!” a moment later her ass plumped another jiggling iota outwards. “Your sins feed me!” She grew several inches taller, almost doubling in size. “It’s so exquisite!” Her chest heaved. The soft volume of her tits swelled forwards; remaining perky and aloft in contrast to their increasing fullness.

“But behold!” The Angel huffed. “He has returned to the righteous and lawful path of the sidewalk! Redemption, I say! A point for me!” The angel arched her back: the front of her toga stretched, pushed outwards by an expanding volume of divine cleavage; the white hem of her silken garb tented upwards and outwards as the booty beneath it amplified in size; the pressure on my shoulder increased as she grew to match her rival in height.

“I also don’t agree with how this whole point system works!” I exclaimed, part in frustration and part in flustered arousal. The two women were larger, curvier, and lewder than before: the increasing weight on my shoulders and jiggling breasts on my peripheries served as lewd, ornamental gargoyles.

The front door of my apartment lay just ahead. The bickering continued in stereo as we entered inside. The she-devil leapt from my shoulder—performing an acrobatic flip—and landed on the living room coffee table. The angel followed, descending downwards with a reserved grace. Both sported exaggerated hourglass frames: my eyes flicked between them; an embarrassing warmth returned to my face at the sight of their increasing curvaceousness.

“What’s this?” Both the angel and devil were looking at my flushed expression, though only the latter had noted the new development arising below my waistline. “Are you... getting turned on?” The red woman caressed herself with playful self-satisfaction. “So naughty...” a faint red aura outlined the she-devil; a long, forked tongue lolled out from her open mouth, frozen in the throes of unholy ecstasy. The glow faded as she enlarged another half-foot in size.

“Getting turned on by a demon sounds like sinning in my book,” she taunted down towards her smaller rival. “Point: Evil.”

“T-then Avert thine eyes!” the angel grabbed both straps of her toga, accentuating her ample cleavage. “Gaze upon my divine bosom! This blessed form is beautiful, is it not?”

“S-sure,” I admitted, “But I don’t see how that bears any moral relevance to-”

“See, foul tramp?” The angel crowed, “The claws of your corruption cannot overcome the power of Good! How can a sinner become infatuated by something so pure?” A blue glow alighted her figure; in moments she closed the gap in height. Her toga stretched; a line of packed cleavage deepened between the bulging teardrop swells of the angel’s ballooning breasts. “Ah, much better,” The angel cooed. She palmed the soft weight of her torso-dwarfing endowments, before giving them a self-satisfied jiggle.

“Hey!” The she-devil stomped her foot in annoyance. “Boobs are my territory! Of course this sexually-repressed human is gonna go crazy for fat tits like yours!”

“I have no idea what you mean,” A hint of coyness appeared on the angel’s otherwise demure expression. “I am simply making use of the holy vessel I have been granted.” She kneeled and drew her hands together into a pious prayer; the sheer bulk of the woman’s waspish thighs shifted her toga another scandalous inch upwards

“Hey, Bub. Over here!” The devil pranced forwards. “That’s right; don’t pay feather-brain over there any mind. Big sloppy titfucks; hot-dogging bubble butts; juicy thighs; slobbering blowjobs!” The deviless bent forwards, highlighting her plump hourglass figure. “Ms.Chastity there is overrated,” She continued. “Join my team, and we can do everything I said and more!”

An increasingly lewd series of images flashed through my mind. The she-devil sighed as she found herself doubling in size. Red irises rose to meet mine. Her tits expanded larger; she placed both hands above her tailbone as her rear took on a smothering, hyper-exaggerated peach-shape.

“That’s right,” she purred, “think about it-OW!”

The angel elbowed her way forwards, jabbing her counterpart’s flared derriere aside. “Milk and honey!” She exclaimed. “I can bath you in it; I can clean and massage your body!” A blush crept onto her cheeks. “And I’ll make sure I rub every spot; think of it!”

I thought about it. The angel exhaled. A faint blue aura outlined her curvaceous proportions. She widened her stance as an increasing mass of hips and booty flowed into her figure.

“Fuck, girl.” The devil-looked taken aback. “Milk and honey? I gotta give it to ya, that’s pretty hot.”

The angel balked at her companion’s commendation. “W-why, erm--” she cleared her throat. “Thank you; I do believe it would be a pleasing method to satisfy the mind and body.” A bright blue glow appeared on her skin. The angel frowned. “W-what is- oh!”

The volume of her buxom chest gained another wobbling inch of mass. “I did not think it possible.” She murmured. “Ha— your slutty demeanor betrays you, you whorish wench!” The angel’s chest gave a haughty jiggle. “Your kind compliments serve to empower the force of Good. Look; this new blessing is evidence of your virtuous action!” She paused. “Why-- why are you crying?”

“That’s,” the devil sniffed, wiping a tear from her eye. “The most vain and condescending thing I’ve heard in the last 300 years!” Her prominent bust quaked as she shook her head in disbelief. “Pride is a sin.” A hint of smug satisfaction returned to her infernal visage. “You really think you’re better than me?”

“I AM better than you.” The Angel pouted.

“Fuuuck~” The Devil’s lascivious moan deepened in pitch as she shot up another foot in height. Her curves thickened outwards in all directions, though her midriff remained impeccably slender. “Hearing that coming out of an angel’s mouth is such a turn on.”

“Why- you- depraved, degenerate, pervert!”

“What foul insults!” The she-devil’s smug grin widened. “They’re quite accurate, but such language! I almost think my negative influence is rubbing off on you! In fact,” She peered over her shoulder and wiggled her glowing-red hips; I watched as they swelled disproportionately wider: A slim midriff topped her exaggerated lower half, causing her new proportions to mimic that of an insect queen’s massive thorax. “Hell, yes; another point for me!” The she-devil’s tail wriggled in excitement above her monumental booty.

“Um--” I said, feeling increasingly left out.

“No!” The angel adjusted the dim halo hovering above her head in frustration. “I will not taint this competition for the mortal’s affection with such slanderous behavior!”

“Then bring it on, Choir-girl!”

Blue and red glows lit the room, increasing in frequency and intensity as the back-and-forth dialogue continued: Insults that would make an abbess blush met heartfelt compliments and kindness; I stepped back as two equally-voluptuous women, now both my height, stood bust-to-bust against one another.

“Whore.”

“Thank you.”

“Debaucherous skank.”

“You’re too kind.”

“You hopeless, indecorous reprobate!” The angel growled. Breasts twice the size of her head spilled over the edges of her toga; the dark circles of her areola swelled into view, though she didn’t seem to notice.

“Bless your heart!” The devil hissed, “I t-truly mean it!”

Both participants in the verbal slug-fest fell silent. I glanced between the towering sex-idols: The angel looked at a loss for new insults; the devil bore a mild grimace of disgust, as if the kind words leaving her mouth contained a vile aftertaste.

“Words won’t resolve this, y’know,” the she-devil finally said.

“I agree,” admitted the angel.

“So what now?”

“It seems if either of us are to truly woo this lost lamb, we must get... physical.”

“Sounds good to me.” The devil smiled.

I gulped, stepping back as two room-sized deities turned their eyes on me. Both women now stood a head-and-a-half taller than me, and still looked to be growing. The angel proffered her immense bosom upwards, nesting the physic-defying JJ-cup mountains between the crooks of her arms.

A red booty, wide enough to fill a park bench, twerked with a series of loud, wobbling claps. The devil posed and slapped her ridiculous ass. Another hand teased discus-sized areolas upon her pendulous overhang of KK-cup breasts. Both women loomed ever closer.

“T-This whole point system is screwy.” I stuttered. “Moral relativism states--”

“Shh...” The devil purred, tracing a finger along her tantalizing canyon of cleavage. The angel jutted her man-smothering bosom forward in retort. I took a step back; a wall behind me blocked any hopes of retreat. My fear and arousal tinted the surrounding air: Could I survive these two giantesses?

“Now then,” the red devil crouched down to look at me eye-to-eye. Cleavage bulged forwards as it pressed against her powerful thighs. She licked her plump lips.

“Now then.” The angel bent down and joined us, placing a firm hand around my waist; a grim determination glinted in her eyes.

“Let’s prove to him just how relative our ‘morals’ truly are.”

**Fin.**