

Of course, there was no point in just *giving it* to Elizabeth; not only was that missing the point entirely, but Ark was still a demon, and last he checked, he wasn't technically allowed to hand anything out for free. There always had to be a trade, even if not necessarily equivalent; be it equal or skewed in dealmaker's favour, the mortal had to give *something* up... which was definitely going to be a problem, given that not only did this serval already sell her soul, but she did so alongside a couple of her virtues, effectively covering the first three or four steps towards demonic apotheosis.

This gloriously oversized, impossibly endowed tauress was on her way to become just like *him*; not just that, but with a body and attitude like hers, there was a good chance she might actually be *good* at it, better than even himself! And for Ark, this, above all else, was the critical and most important factor in the entire interaction: for after all, he wasn't allowed to give anything for free to a *mortal*, but a fellow coworker?

He had enough favours stockpiled that he could feasibly call them in to convince the hierarchy that what he was *actually* doing was testing a potential demoness before setting her off on her first actual deal. It was a clear, blatant lie; anyone who even remotely knew Ark himself would be able to call him on it, but that was hardly the point. What mattered was that his explanation was *plausible*; just as long as he was *technically* correct, then his superiors couldn't lift a finger to stop him... and, simultaneously, he'd score enough points with this blatant exploitation of the rules to finally get him moved to that office he always wanted.

Plus, a single look at Elizabeth made him harder than he'd been in aeons, and he wasn't going to just stand there and let go of such an opportunity. He didn't know who the demon responsible for her state was, but Ark made a mental note to track them down after he was done and *shower* the bastard in praise; really, he couldn't have done better himself!

Smiling, the demonic lynx turned to look back at Elizabeth, who by then had given up trying to speak and had been reduced to giving him a stern, laughably hardened look, almost as if she could force him to do something through presence alone. Ark had to force himself not to laugh; to think that this little lewdster genuinely thought that *she* could force *him* to do anything was farcical, but he had to appreciate the effort. It was precisely what he loved in his partners.

So, he said nothing. Why should he, when actions spoke louder than anything he could ever say aloud? Usually he'd go out of his way to drag out whatever comment would leave his "victim" the reddest, but the poor serval was already bad enough; the moment he said anything, there was a good chance she might just buckle entirely... and *that* wasn't fun. It wasn't fun when the target of his affections turned passive; he *needed* them to have some measure of life to them, even if it was theatrical and put-upon: it made it all that more delicious.

With a snap of his fingers, whatever clothing he had on vanished. Nothing but a barely-there piece of lingerie that kept the sight of his cock and cumtanks safely hidden away (if not their size and shape) and something extra for that truck-sized rump he sported. A snap of the fingers, and immediately his full magnificence was unleashed, simultaneously letting Elizabeth know just how much she had miscalculated when daring the demon to do to her whatever he wilt. A regular dick she could take; a good six feet of it, though? And with *that* much cum stored away in those nuts underneath?

... of course, she could try and take it. Not that she had a choice in the matter, seeing as the demon she called up was already moving back to where she assumed her slit was; hard to tell exactly, given how massive she was. She could only sit there, on a bed of udders of her own making, waiting for the moment when she'd be speared in half and filled to bursting again and once more, until she could barely think.

For Ark, it was definitely an *experience*, because it wasn't just the serval's tits and body that were augmented; while easy to miss at first, him getting close to the back of Elizabeth's tauric undercarriage revealed that the giantess' mound was... large. Rather large, bordering on gigantic, so puffed up and meaty that just *seeing* it was enough to get his blood boiling, rearing to go, needing to push himself as he plunged as deeply as he could into a set of lips that outsized *him*.

Literally! He could throw himself at that thing, arms spread wide open, and quite literally stuff his entire body into it, and he'd *still* have enough room to fit half of himself again... so he did just that. Not the half-duplication, that'd be silly; he *did* literally throw his entire body at that gargantuan muff, taking care to aim his cock directly at it in such a way as to split Elizabeth's lips in two, not even *bothering* with anything resembling foreplay before going straight for the proverbial kill.

In regular circumstances, he would've been... slightly more subtle. He would've taken more time to butter up his client, put more effort into preparing for what was to happen. That, however, was only by necessity; most people were significantly smaller than him, needing the demon to impart some amount of power before his customers could even *begin* to take him. Plus, even for those who willingly called *him* up, there was a difference between wanting a demon and seeing *him* emerge from the summoning circle.

But Elizabeth was different. Elizabeth had summoned a demon, sold her soul and virtues out, and not only transformed herself into something entirely unrecognisable from what she used to be, but outright devoted herself to the pursuit of further debauchery. So much so, in fact, that she was so desperate as to *order* him around (or, at least, try to) in an attempt at getting what she felt she was deserved.

She could take it. Not just that, but she *wanted* it, *desired* it, wanted nothing more than to be railed, fucked, *bred* and *rutted* like an animal until she could be filled no longer. She wanted him, Ark, a veritable archdemon of lust, to be the one to do it, even when she should be acutely aware of just what that would do to her. And she wanted *all* of this *after* the changes wrought to her; it was only after he found himself fully inside of her that Ark noticed a tattoo imprinted directly on her body, clearly the work of a demonic creature.

Difficult to tell at first what the point of it was, but given how it lit up from a dull grey to a bright a vivid purple immediately after he plunged his dick into the depths of Elizabeth's womb, he could make a few educated guesses. Cackling, Ark sunk his claws deeper into the serval's meaty mound, fully intent on putting his demonic stamina to good use as he prepared to pull back for the first *proper* thrust.

For Elizabeth, in the meantime, nothing happened. Nothing, because the period of time in between her feeling two hands on her lower lips and whatever Ark did afterwards was a blank; she vaguely recalled a stinging sensation, an electrical jolt coursing through her *long* tauric spine, before it fired into her brain and then... nothing. As if someone had flipped the switch on her very mind, she simply ceased to be for an indeterminate amount of time, blanking out entirely before waking up some time later.

Of course, by the time she *did* wake up, there was no longer any "nothing" to be had; while the first couple of seconds were a mercy, a moment of blissful peace amidst a raging, roiling ocean of carnal self-indulgence, anything beyond that was... something else entirely. And she couldn't choose to just *not* do it; the choice had been made for her, the very instant she dared that lynx to do something she knew she wouldn't be able to withstand. Now, she was dealing with the consequences, and they were *glorious*.

The first thing she felt was the *pressure*, oddly enough both internal *and* external. It was coming from *every* direction, as if the world itself was pushing down on her, attempting to compress her in order to draw further pleasure out of it through some weirdly masochistic angle; it wasn't until much, *much* later, when such a factor was no longer relevant, that Elizabeth would understand no such external pressure existed: rather, her tits reacted to her being fucked by overproducing near-instantly, with her body unable to deal with the demand.

Internally though, she had a nearly ten-foot cock inside of her, and she *felt* it. She had nearly ten feet of hardened, demonic cockmeat stuffing her to such a degree that she could barely even think, and this was the one certainty she had. Her body had been defiled by a demonic creature, a lynx that was not a lynx, and one that seemed more than happy to bring his entirety into the game, judging by the noises coming from behind her.

But she *wanted* it. She might make noises of protestation, might grunt and whine, perhaps even beg for the thing fucking her to slow down, but she didn't want *that*; if anything, the exact opposite was true: she *needed* to be rutted like a rabbit in heat, or else she might genuinely explode with uncontained horny energy. She *needed* to be bred and turned into a baby factory, if only to satisfy that rabidly maternal streak she'd been cursed with. And Ark was doing just that; what *she* had to do was play the part.

An hour ago, she had been five foot three, barely had *a* rack of tits, and her ass was so nonexistent it could probably feature in high-end theoretical physics. An hour ago, she was utterly indistinguishable from so many others like her: plain, mundane, *normal*. Years she spent, studying whatever scraps of the occult she could lay her hands on, *hoping* beyond hope that she could find the answer to her troubles; years she spent, paid off when that imp showed up, gave her what she wanted, then bailed on her when she actually demanded something serious.

Now? Now she was almost perfect. Almost, because this body of hers was a larval stage; Elizabeth knew this from the very beginning, from the moment the imp's pen was drawn onto paper, that it was only stage one. Hells below, the very *point* of even demanding said imp fuck her was to seal the deal, as it were, *force* her body to take demonic seed and reinvent itself, reshape itself into a great, ascended form.

If anyone saw her and thought she was big then, their minds would *melt* at what she wanted for herself; her true form, the one Elizabeth knew she could attain if only the demons she summoned actually did what she asked, was *incalculably* larger, *unimaginably* more full and fertile, enough to strain the very fabric of existence itself. Her goals, the ones that existed exclusively within her own mind, were so ludicrous that it was doubtful even a demon of lust like that lynx would be able to help reach her. But she was still going to try; she had an idea on what she wanted, and in the name of all that was unholy, she was going to *try*.

And, if this Ark knew what was good for him, he would *help her*.

Two avatars of lust meeting in the middle, with nowhere to go but out; it couldn't have been more perfect even if ordained by the Fates themselves. Ark in particular was eager to see just how much he could get out of it; he wasn't even thinking about the specific details of the contract itself, just on how *massive* the serval could be made, how much seed he could pump into her, how much of it could be turned into demonically-infused life.

Was it a corruption of the natural order? Absolutely, but that's what that tattoo was there for, and that's why Liz called on the first dealmaker to begin with; thus, when the lynx fully bottomed out, allowing some fraction of his full form to be unleashed in order to spear through to

the giantess' womb, what followed was an almost immediate reaction by a body that *very clearly* wanted this to happen, and wouldn't take no for an answer.

The fertility sigil, for that was most likely what that thing was, lit up even brighter, almost transcending purple into purest, brightest white. Ark could feel the raw power emanating from it, as well as what it was *doing* to the serval's body: not just improving her ability to bear young, but everything *else* along with it; after all, she couldn't be the broodmother to a host of little ones without some changes to her body to ensure she could take care of them all, now could she?

Hence, it was entirely expectable that her tits would *bloat* the moment Ark's cock found itself piercing through her cervix, itself drawing a shriek of pleased agony from Liz that managed to break her voice in half a second. She needed all that extra milk to feed her little ones, after all, so it was only normal that her many, *many* busts had to be expanded to meet demand... and that new ones would sprout between every rack already present, further stretching her body out and straining the limits of her physical form.

But that was hardly a factor when it came to the two of them. Ark was, ultimately, helping Elizabeth achieve her *true* form, her *desired* form, and once this was done, no such limits would exist anymore; in fact, the serval could outright multiply herself tenfold with a thought and it would be as difficult as taking a deep breath, if even that. All *he* was doing was giving her a taste of what was to come, simultaneously being thoroughly impressed by how rapidly the serval's body adapted itself to what he was preparing to give her.

He hadn't even began pouring precum yet and *already* he could feel Elizabeth's insides rearranging themselves in order to make good use of what was sure to be a potent stuffing. Despite her immense size, the serval's "body", as it were, wasn't *that* much bigger than a regular taur: larger than she had been beforehand, yes, but not enough that she could take his full size, let alone that load of demonic seed he had ready to give out free of charge. So, obviously, it had to be changed; it had to be *altered* in order to *take* what Ark wanted to give, even if the serval herself couldn't possibly have any idea what was in store for her.

It was likely to be the tattoo, meaning that it wasn't *truly* her, but yet again Ark couldn't care less; he worked with ends, not means, so just as long as the customer was satisfied, then whatever he used to get to that point was irrelevant. Just as long as, in the end, a demonic Elizabeth towered over him as an avatar of deranged, self-indulgent fertility, then his job was done; besides, caring about what he was doing distracted him from actually enjoying it, and he was balls-deep inside a giant tauress whose insides seemed ready to multiply at the slightest excuse.

The first to change was Elizabeth's womb. It wasn't big enough; this was just fact, and no one could dispute it. Not only was Ark too big to fit by default, before any further growth took place, but the serval's babymaker just couldn't handle the sheer amount of cum that was *begging* to be pressure-hosed into her. Therefore, the simplest solution was to make itself *bigger*; the second simplest was to make *more* of them. The *best* solution was to do *both*.

Though her belly was mostly concealed by the enormous tits protruding from her tauric half, the serval was already somewhat pudgy. Not enough to be noticeable, compared to *the rest* of her, but enough for Ark to grab a few handfuls should he be done with her mound any time soon. This would soon change, when her first womb, prior to any division, suddenly *surged* with size, eager to turn itself into a suitable vessel for the archdemon's offering.

It was enough that her gut *slammed* into the floor below, so loudly that, were it not for Ark being busy with making it happen, he actually would've noticed. Plenty of room there for what the lynx had to give, plenty of room for him to *fill* with his seed... and plenty of room that was almost immediately stuffed to bursting when the first strands of precum painted Elizabeth's insides white.

For her, it was a clear sign that she was finally getting what she deserved; for Ark, it was but step one on the long, *long* road to relieving some of the pressure that had been building up since first seeing the big cat. He wasn't even fertilising her properly; though his precum was thicker, heavier, and *far* more potent than even the strongest of breeder's full release, it still paled in comparison to what he could *really* do when pushed over the edge. Liz was already being granted the corrupted gift of life, but this was *nothing* next to what he was going to do to her in just a few minutes.

Of course, the serval didn't exactly care, nor did her body know how to react beyond going on a growth frenzy. As far as she and it cared, this was it, *this* was what she had begged for: she was finally being bred by a demon, made to be filled to bursting with their cum until there was no more room, until her body *made* more room for the sole purpose of being constantly on the edge without wasting a single drop of seed. As far as she knew it, this was the beginning of the end; she couldn't have guessed that her ovaries discharging their entire contents would only be *the beginning*, nor could she have possibly known that the very precum she reacted to would force her to adapt even further.

Because it wasn't enough that her womb grew so much that it bloated her belly to several times its size; it definitely wasn't enough that every egg she had was sent into said womb and promptly fertilised by sperm that were on the far upper edge of size themselves. And it definitely wasn't enough for this to be the sole instance of fertilisation; in fact, it *had* to happen again, seeing as it would be a downright waste if it didn't! Why have that demonic lynx there to breed

her if he could only do it once? Why not do it once again? And then once more? And then again and again, until she lost count of how many times her body had been thus blessed.

The first wave of eggs came and went, and after it, a brand new one was ready for discharge. Rather than simply emptying out, Elizabeth's ovaries kicked back into production, thoroughly breaking whatever conventions of biology still ruled over her; they were empty *then*, but that just meant they had to compensate for it, mostly by not only replacing every last egg unleashed, but doubling up on the amount available for good measure.

It'd be downright wasteful not to do so; there was plenty there to use *to* fertilise all those eggs after all, so even if this meant the ovaries themselves had to bloat in order to fit all of them, then this was hardly a hefty price to pay. Proverbially; literally, even Elizabeth could tell that something inside of her had noticeably shifted, even beyond her womb, enough so that she made the cardinal mistake of actually wondering whether or not it would be enough for what was *clearly* the biggest filling of her lifetime.

Promptly afterwards, the universe answered. If beforehand her egg makers had only grown enough to produce and hold the amount necessary for the next release, *now* they had orders to go completely wild, their expansion unhinged as their owner basically *dared* them to make her regret her words. Not a second after Elizabeth formulated that thought, two bumps appeared on her belly, *still* hidden away by her many tits, yet perfectly visible should anyone part her racks to look closer. Two bumps, stretching her skin out, two bumps that grew taller and their base *wider* with every second.

It was, ultimately, not enough for her ovaries to have a set number of eggs to release into her womb every time they were even mildly stimulated. It wasn't enough for them to have a set number of anything at all, really; rather, if she truly wanted to fulfill her role as a demonic broodmother, if she wanted to achieve her apotheosis, she needed to go one step further, then several more on top of it: she needed to *constantly* grow.

Not "because" of anything, not "in response" to anything else, just *grow*. What was the purest expression of her unbridled need to break through her every limit if not the very action of *doing so* for no reason other than because she could? Why go through the trouble of coming up with an excuse when she could literally *just grow* and not worry about anything else? Plus, by doing so, she was giving that demonic lynx a perfect excuse to go all-out: after all, he needn't worry about going too hard if the giantess he was fucking was clearly remodelling herself on the fly to take everything he had to give and more.

So it didn't take long before the two bumps began to rival her gargantuan, by-then twenty-foot-wide tits. It didn't take longer after *that* for said bumps to begin rumbling, the skin

stretching over their surface rippling as the masses underneath underwent a secondary transformation, using up a minor amount of Ark's seed to empower themselves; not to produce more (not yet, at least), but to *make* more: by deliberately bastardising an already demonic source of power, Elizabeth's ovaries effectively copied themselves, going from a meagre two to a more respectable four... and then, almost right after, a *far* more impressive eight.

It was the sort of insanity that was the exclusive purview of fiction, which was precisely why Elizabeth indulged in it... or, at least, thought of it in the abstract and let her body do what had to be done. She wasn't lying there commanding her physical self to specifically do this or that; rather, she formulated the desire for *more* and exercised no restraint when her body obeyed the command. In fact, as soon as she was made aware of what had happened, when her brain finally caught up with reality, she just accepted it, moved on, and *kept* demanding more; clearly, if she could go this far, she could go *further still*.

For Ark, it was the difference between "merely" plowing an impossibly-proportioned giantess, and suddenly being faced with a physical embodiment of motherhood in its most corrupted form. There were no true maternal instincts there; just the incessant desire to *breed*, with all the goodies that came packaged with it: the mere act of being stuffed, the knowing of one's fullness, the physical sensations that resulted from the flood of hormones resulting from having one's womb be filled with life... though, in Elizabeth's particular case, it was less that and far more the immediacy of it.