

# HELLMAKER IV.

## SMOKING INSIDE

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*COUGH! COUGH!*

Ereshkigal, a Lancer-class Servant, suddenly found herself coughing her lungs out after a large explosion had rocked her room. Free to stylize their rooms as they pleased, the goddess had elected to style her own after the depths of Kur, the underground realm that she had called home prior to being summoned as a Servant and the land of the dead.

To say her living space was homely would have been a terrible misinterpretation. It was dark, only lit at all by candles, and the walls, floor, and ceiling were all made of dark, rough stone. Personal belongings? There didn't appear to be many short of some giant rocks, but Ereshkigal was enough of a dork to disguise her furniture as such. They were actually equipped with drawers to stash her belongings.

She had been sitting upon a stone slab at that moment, the piece of stone that acted as her bed. Was it comfortable considering her body was a human one? No. But she didn't feel right sleeping on a fluffy bed after living so long in the dark.

Not that any of this really mattered at present. Despite the sensation of smoke tickling her lungs bringing her to cough, crimson eyes could not find even a particle of smog as they scanned the entirety of her bedroom. **“No... Something isn't right. What is this energy?”** She leveled her eyes at the ceiling. Was this Mana she felt flowing through Chaldea? No, not quite. Its nature was different. It was a threat. This was likely an emergency that needed to be dealt with, so she--

## *COUGH! COUGH! COUGH!*

Before she could jump into action the agitation in her lungs built up once more and she began to cough violently, almost buckling over as she remained seated on her slab bed. This fit was different from the first however, for smoke *did* make an appearance... *from her mouth*. “**Wh--GCK!**” But she couldn’t even verbally express shock, for a second wave of coughs came and more intensely than the previous bouts. Even more spoke poured from her mouth and nose, like she’d just taken a puff of a cigarette.

Yet, Ereshkigal didn’t smoke.

*But she found herself beginning to crave something she could not place.*

“**This is bad... I need to find someone and quick!**” Specks of saliva sprinkled across tender lips from the coughing, she exhaled once more as she pushed herself off the bed and through the smoke that had bellowed from within her own body. Her legs wobbled the moment she touched down on the ground, and one suddenly gave way. So she fell, one knee landing gently on the stone with thanks for the opposite hand that had caught her weight.

Just as Ereshkigal was about to push herself up onto her two feet again however, something caught her attention. A black spot on her index finger’s nail. At first it had looked like a singular speck, but then another appeared on a different finger, and another, and another. These specks rapidly spread, merging together until all of her nails were painted pitch black, not to mention looking a little longer.

She blinked in surprise, pushing aside the subtle sensation of eyelids sticking together as she did so. Crimson eyes would not change in color, but thick, black eyeshadow was painted across those lids. Lancer almost never adorned makeup; not on her fingernails nor her eyes. But lashes thickened with abundant mascara added to this very blatant contradiction.

Fumbling in her attempts to stand back up, she verbally motivated herself. “**Now isn’t the time to mess up, Ereshkigal! Something seriously bad could happen to Master!**” Yet, serious as that was, she came to blush as an additional, out-of-character thought came to mind. “**But maybe I’d get punished for it! A real hard spanking? Hmm... Wait, no!? Why would I want to get spanked!?**” Lancer had never fancied herself a masochist, but that strange desire and the arousal it had trigger could only be classified as such.

It was just *one* of the weird yearnings she was feeling, a desire to be punished coming only secondary to a desire for a smoke. She didn't know *why* she wanted a light, she'd *never* smoked before! But the craving was very clearly being triggered and amplified by the scent of the cigarette smoke she'd coughed out earlier, and said smoke only grew denser every time she breathed out. Seemingly, her lungs had adjusted to its presence. The craving was making her agitated, and when she slipped and fell back onto the slab once more after finally getting back onto her feet she couldn't help but shriek angrily.

Because Ereshkigal was angry it had somehow flown under her personal radar, but by the time her butt had bounced back onto the slab it had become a little heavy. Just one of the reasons she was having so many issues with her balance at present. The back of the leotard segment of her costume had slipped between ass cheeks that weren't only larger but more firmly built, skin a little paler than it typically was while exposed. It flossed the front of the cloth against her pussy, arousing her even more.

Slack applied itself just in time, for any further growth would have found the fabric going up and inside her. Thighs had grown plumper and paler and well, but all was very quickly cast in black as the leotard loosened and seemingly substantiated itself with more material: a polyester that spilled over wider hips and legs and began to work its way downward. Before long it seemed like the Lancer was wearing a pair of shorts, and after a moment of slipping past knees and towards her ankles it was clear that she'd been granted a pair of dress pants that were so tight that they revealed her new, shapely ass and thickened thighs with little left to the imagination.

**“Pants? Since when did I...?”** She could hardly remember putting them on, but she also couldn't remember putting something else on either. It still drew painted fingers to her chin as she debated the plausibility, but with her hand so close to her nose she could smell cigarette smoke cleaning to her fingers. **“Where the fuck do I get a light around here!?”** The scent triggered new anger and impulse once more.

Only for her more sheepish self to return at the drop of a pin. Although in this case *'the drop of a pin'* was more like *'the explosion of a pair of breasts'*. **“EEK!?”** The cleavage in the front of her leotard-esque top violently deepened as her body heaved forward with a weight she'd never felt before. She'd intentionally taken this body as a host because her figure resembled Ereshkigal's own, but smoke-scented hands couldn't help but wrap around a pair of breasts that had promptly bounced to nearly triple what their size had once been. They were perky as could be despite their size, cleavage a milky white.

These whopping tits stretched the fabric of her dress even as fingers sunk into the flesh contained below, but much like with her pants, her upper wear came to adjust even as she stirred her arousal. Any attempts to previously slap away indecent gestures had weakened, her mind very quickly coming to accept sexual endeavors as something she was fine doing whenever, wherever.

*After all, the shame of having an audience kind of made it a little exciting, didn't it? Damn right!*

The black of the top showed speckles of bright red as fibers were dyed, the phenomenon spreading from one thread to the next until the entire body of cloth was consistent in color. Where the top met was now pants, threads unwove so that the upper portion was very clearly a shirt, and buttons hardening and coming to the forefront up the center as a tear ran between them proved that it would be a button up. The crimson mantle around Ereshkigal's shoulders thinned and merged with the sleeveless shirt, becoming the sleeves it was so lacking (*although cut short to expose slightly muscular arms*), and finally the collar folded over to reveal a silver necklace with a cross wrapped around her neck.

Unfortunately this new ensemble did very little to hide her cleavage with the first three buttons left undone, but this was more the Lancer's style now. What was the point of having this big old knockers if she didn't flaunt 'em? Plus it was easier to fondle those babies if she could see 'em properly!

**“Still, it's a little borin' by myself.”** She exhaled, another stream of smoke blowing from her lungs in the process. Despite her complaints, Ereshkigal had already reached fingers down to the front of her pants and slid them beneath the waistline. There wasn't any resistance from her undergarments because, well, she didn't like wearing them! And so fingers did a deep dive into her white hair-decorated pussy with a pleased squelch.

Leaning back against the slab with legs spread wide in front of her, her head of long, blonde hair found itself paling. It was a ghostly white that surfaced in wake of the golden locks, and everything excess beneath her chin was suddenly snipped away. But what was cut didn't hit the ground, no. It merely turned to smoke and joined the greater body of smoke that had filled the room. While much of what remained was short, bangs were at least kept long and were swept over her left eye.

Fingers aggressively pumped at her pussy, reaching for the pleasure points with the intention of reaching a quick climax. She wanted to move on to do it with a partner after all, or so were her urges saying. If

she couldn't have a smoke then she was certainly going to get a fuck instead. Yet, without even thinking the hand that had been groping her tits reached to the slab beside her and grasped something... before bringing it to her lips and taking an inhale. *It was a lit cigarette.*

Her aggression waned a little at the taste of the nicotine, and her furious fingering tired as she realized she was about to cum. Moans bellowed forth from Ereshkigal's lips, lips that were not only larger and wider, but that had been suddenly pierced on the lower right with a silver ring. Another clamped into her left eyelid (although bangs concealed it), and various others found new homes.

*Through her nipples and her clit.*

She could hardly be called a Servant anymore, but she finally fired off her load with a satisfied "**FUCK YEAAAAAAAAAH!**". Sticky fingers were removed from her snatch, and while her juices dripped against the insides of her pants a pressure built at the top sides of her head. It was painless, but a pair of short, black horns stuck out; to speak to the fact that she was no longer human.

Not only that, she was no longer E... Eraniphonat? Was her name something else? Wasn't it just fuckin' *Zdrada*? Acknowledging that name finalized her form, for a tail, black and forked, slid up and out from just above her fat ass, wrapping around her torso as she basked in momentary afterglow.

**"The hell is this place anyways? Some kinda cave?"** Zdrada could no longer remember this room as her own. In fact, wasn't she a resident of Hell? Oh, right! Lucifer had found a portal to the mortal realm or something, hadn't she? Either way, she was still horny.

Taking another puff of her smoke, Zdrada shoved that sticky hand in her pocket. Good. Another pack of smokes was in there. She was gonna need 'em to get through this debacle. But where was the fun in doing it alone? Her sister Malina was fun to tease, but it was also fun to double team people that wanted to fuck the two of 'em too. **"Guess I better find her first..."**