

A Second Temptation

A MistyF Short (#227)

Previously: Demma stole the tome that imprisoned the Eldritch being known as Glarpotoph. She couldn't resist the promise of power. She was eager to embrace it and her energy seeped into the pages. At the same time, Glarpotoph, surprised by the relative innocence of her demands, began to reciprocate the bond. The two became one.

All that remains now are the covers and the binding. Demma plans to consume them as well to make her body into the sole receptacle of Glarpotoph's essence. Something so momentous requires a certain level of hedonism. However, it's a level that somehow remained beyond her grasp despite taking on nearly all of her sire's power.

So Demma seeks out Ashkvita, a friend of a friend and a Divine Studies major, who, supposedly, is god-like in bed. Perhaps she can teach a newly ascendant being a thing or two about divine pleasure.

This is a work of fiction. Any similarities to persons or events are strictly coincidental. This is also a work of expansion and transformation kink, if that is not to your liking, close this now. It is also sexually explicit. Please do not read if you are a minor in your country.

Ashkvita was absorbed in her work when she heard a knock. She looked up from the fragmented artifact she was examining to see who was stopping by the lab so late. It was Demma, the last scion of the Fillsmonts.

The late-joining freshman looked different somehow. More put together or something. Her dark, usually frazzled hair was both wavy and silky smooth. Her acne had cleared up and her complexion was a haunting but alluring pale. Her normally distant expression was focused and brighter. Her stance was less withdrawn; it didn't seem like she was unconsciously apologizing for the space she was occupying. The clothes she was wearing were also not her typical attire, but a well-tailored, dark-colored robe half open over shorts and a halter top.

It was such a stark contrast that Ashkvita was suddenly conscious of her own dust-covered overalls and simple tube top, not to mention all the flyaways in her pulled-back hair. She puffed at once such silver-blond lock that was hanging in her face.

"Hey, sorry about the late visit," Demma said, entering the room. Even her voice was different. Alluring and commanding at once. "But I'm stumped on this artifact... thing. Can you help me with it?"

"Yeah. I mean, if I can." Ashkvita pushed her stool back from the bench and spun around to face Demma. "So, what've you got?"

With a quick grin, Demma hurried over. In her hands was something cylindrical made of leather and some sort of metal. Steel maybe? Iron? Or perhaps something more exotic... What if it was a metal she'd never seen before? Ashkvita felt a certain amount of excitement building in her chest.

Demma offered her the artifact and she pulled on gloves before taking it. While Demma seemed unharmed by it, there was no shame in being cautious. The moment it came to rest in her hands, Ashkvita knew there was power in this thing. More power than she expected – especially considering who it was coming from.

“Where did you say you found this?”

“I think it was something in the attic back home,” Demma said, putting a finger to her bottom lip. Ashkvita did a double take. Had Demma’s lips been so kissable-looking before now? Had she always had those piercings? Try as she might, however, Ashkvita couldn’t recall. Demma had always seemed so unremarkable that she never paid the young scion any mind. Perhaps she should have. The silver rings were a great offset for the black lipstick.

She began to turn the artifact over in her hand, but couldn’t really tell from the surface what great power was contained within. Still, it felt like there was something... satisfying about the movement. The more she twisted it at the bottom to make it glide around in her grasp, the better it felt to do it.

“What...” She wrenched her eyes away from watching the ever-smoother surface rolling past her thumb. How long had she been doing that? Five minutes? “What did you want me to figure out about this?”

“Oh, whatever comes to mind,” Demma said, moving to look over Ashkvita’s shoulder. “I just want to know how you’d use it.”

Teal diamonds began to appear around Ashkvita’s wrists as she drew upon her identification magic. A spell of her own creation. In her hands, lines in the artifact began to glow with the same light. Demma’s breasts pushed into her back as she stepped even closer.

“Oh, wow,” she said with awe in her voice. “That’s so cool.”

Meanwhile, Ashkvita started to feel hot. No, not hot, turned on. Something about the moment was stirring her darker, more base nature. The sliver of heritage that gave her a great aptitude to do magic was reacting. Normally, it had to be New Moon for this sort of thing to happen, but that wasn’t for another week. What was going on all of a sudden?

She felt Demma’s breath on her neck. “You know... I’ve always liked you, Kvita.”

Ashkvita felt the world jump as if someone had accelerated too fast. When things slowed down, she was stripped to the waist and Demma’s hands were hot on her body. She had her arms up and back, hooked behind Demma’s neck.

Wait, had Demma always been tall enough for that? Even as she asked the question, she realized the answer was irrelevant. Other questions she had sort of faded into the background. This was the woman she was with right now and she was going to enjoy it.

“Yes, just like that,” she instructed as Demma rolled her nipples between her fingers.

“That’s how I do it.”

Demma, also topless, was pressed as close to her as possible. She smelled of citrus and raw magic—as if it were pouring out of her. Between that and the sensation of skin-to-skin contact, Ashkvita’s hunger was awakening in earnest. Demma wanted to learn the art of sex and she was about to get a crash course. Hopefully, she could keep up with the monster she was drawing out.

The artifact was floating before them, suspended by Ashkvita’s spell. It looked like some sort of bullet now with the most breathtaking etching she had ever seen. The way the lines

swept around the curve was so precise as to defy rational expectation. Not only that, it seemed like they were shifting and moving like waves in quicksilver.

She reached out to touch it.

That sensation happened again, only this time she was aware of a moment between. A moment of bliss and terror.

Ashkvita had the gleaming artifact near her lips. She started to lick the rounded end. Demma stood next to her, paying rapt attention. Her eyes were glowing. Seeing as her hands and arms were now lit with golden channels of energy, Ashkvita was sure her nature had to be showing, but it didn't seem to bother Demma. If anything, it had made her more affectionate as the other mage nuzzled her shoulder.

Something fascinating was happening whenever they touched. The gold of her energy swirled with a deep purple that glowed just as brightly as her own energy. She'd been told that Demma was a dud. A failure. But the woman standing here in her lab was strong enough to alter, to corrupt, her inhuman energy.

"So the trick is to tease them first," she said, demonstrating oral sex with the artifact she had regarded as potentially dangerous only moments ago. "Little licks. Tiny kisses. Keep going until they're begging and then move down to the base and drag your tongue up their whole length."

She felt her power and her lust surge each time her tongue passed over an etched line. Without thinking, she licked it from base to tip once more, this time with a bit more hunger. The sensations made her squirm. She gripped the dildo-like artifact with her other hand and began to stroke.

“Once you start that, work the shaft with your other hand. Not hard, mind you, or too tight either. Just enough to make their foreskin slide.”

It didn't register as odd when the silvery bullet began to feel just like she described. There was a second layer now; one a bit softer and more pliable than the core. When she moved away from the base, the material slid off a little, covering the rounded end. All the while, the glowing etching became more noticeable to her, almost like it was rising into piping instead of channels.

“Can I help you hold it?” Demma asked, quieting Ashkvita's nature for a moment.

“N-no. That's okay,” she said, her face starting to heat from embarrassment. What was she fucking doing? Why was she losing control like this? Was it Demma? This thing?

Demma walked around to Ashkvita's other side. Her naked chest was at eye level and the size of her breasts was just... astonishing. She definitely hadn't been that big when she arrived.

“You sure?” she asked, bending down. “You seem pretty... enthusiastic,” she added before kissing Ashkvita on her temple. There was another moment of black as if her mind was recoiling from Demma's affection.

When time returned, the artifact was undeniably cock-shaped. From the slight ache in her jaw, she guessed she'd been toying with it for about fifteen minutes. Had her mouth reshaped the artifact to feed her lust or her curiosity? Maybe it was both.

“I dare you to swallow that thing in one go,” Demma said with a playful laugh.

“Watch me.”

There was a jerk and a longer moment of that in-between place. She swore she could hear Demma calling her. She felt the artifact in her hand, but when she looked down a book with all

of its pages torn out fluttered in her grip. Her hunger and curiosity pulled at that mystery and she was rewarded with a surge of pleasure.

“I’m surprised it fits.”

Ashkvita was wearing her harness, the artifact was pushed through the metal ring.

Demma was perched on the workbench, one leg up on the edge. She had her lips spread open.

Ashkvita approached with the artifact bobbing like a real erection. It was so big. She was so powerful. Demma was so fucking hot. Beyond that, her mind was blank. Her feral need to fuck overrode everything but the simplest sense perceptions.

She worked her phallus in slowly, bit by bit, inch by inch until she was knocking on Demma’s cervix. Then, she grunted with frustration. There was still a good two inches of toy between them. Only for a moment, though.

The artifact shuddered and reshaped, mass flowing down its length as it grew in girth and also pulled her closer. The sensations being pumped into her brain by the silvery toy had Ashkvita panting and twitching. Her hips kept moving back and forth ever so slightly as the magical dildo made itself a perfect fit for Demma.

“You may begin, my little vixen,” Demma said, running her hand down Ashkvita’s cheek. “Show me how a so-called sex goddess fucks.”

She was in the other place again and she was in the middle of fucking Demma. Only thing was, the tool she was using wasn’t a toy but a real-live still impossibly big dick. Every motion pounded her mind. She pushed herself to go faster. What she missed in this frenzy was Demma’s gradual transformation. She only realized when Demma overpowered her and pushed her to the featureless ground of the other place.

Except it wasn't Demma on top of her but a macabre imitation of her. A monster with inhuman proportions and features. Then again, so was she. In the shadow of Demma's otherworldly form, the eyes of her ancestors were visible. Hundreds of them blinked at random.

"I knew you were a kindred spirit," Demma said, her words echoed by a chorus of other voices. "We're the same, you and I."

Back in her lab, Ashkvita roared and thrust forward. There was a feeling of something flowing out from within her and then the artifact escaped the harness as Demma's throbbing snatch pulled it in. She could still feel it even though it was no longer touching her skin and embracing her clit. What felt like hundreds of little tendrils were pulling the artifact deeper and deeper until it reached the very core of the creature that was Demma.

They were back in the other space. Some sort of vaulted hall with a dozen hanging chandeliers. Nearby, Demma's true form was reclining on a dias of black crystal and gleaming purple mana. Again, Ashkvita recoiled from the monster she saw. With sheer size alone, this version of Demma overwhelmed her.

At the same time, the power flowing out from her felt warm and welcoming. It felt like the same sort of acceptance Demma had been giving her this whole time. Now her curiosity was burning almost as much as her libido. She remained transformed and the cock from before was bouncing in the air with each beat of her heart. Gold-tinged fluid was dripping from the end and had already made a sizable puddle at her feet.

"You're just Arisen, aren't you?" she asked Demma.

"I am, yes," Demma replied with her chorus of voices. "And you have the chance to be my first follower. My indispensable high priestess—and my greatest lover."

This was an unprecedented opportunity! She could witness a new being's rise to godhood. She could be there for every step!

Demma must have taken her hesitation as acceptance because she gestured and Ashkvita was pulled close. An inhuman tongue that had to be as thick as her wrist not only forced itself between her lips and teeth but down her throat as well. A sense of bliss crashed over her mind as dozens of little nubs caressed the roof of her mouth. It didn't feel like her feet had returned to the ground yet.

Ashkvita was drawn in as Demma pulled her tongue back. Soon they were kissing and feeling each other. Demma's two sets of arms worshipped her body. Her vast curves were a joy to experience—and then she found out about how Demma's nipples had been replaced with mouths. Mouths with lips even bigger and softer than the ones on Demma's face. Mouths that eagerly sucked on her fingers. Time seemed to stand still as her body was enveloped in pleasure so absolute that it felt as if her entire being was melting into some sort of primal clay.

Eventually, however, Demma gripped Ashkvita's shoulders with one set of arms and forced her back.

"Why did we stop, Demma?" her voice was chorus as well now. Ten thousand beings craving the intensity they were now being denied.

Ashkvita was transformed, her nature fully revealed. Her body was a mixture of flaming gold eyes and coal-black skin. Her hair, now a massive silvery mane, hung in the air around her as if she were underwater. Other hands hung in the air around her, each with another golden eye.

Three rings, tilted differently, were orbiting both her and Demma. Somehow, they were each going into, and out of, the ground without issue. Gold lines made a grid at each place where they intersected the plane, creating an ornate tile pattern worthy of the great hall the two beings occupied.

“Join me and throw off the yolk of our ancestors,” Demma said, her sultry echoed words filling the hall. “Join me and let us create a new world where meaningless traditions don’t matter. Join me and you shall never be judged for your carnal or your academic hungers again.”

“I...” She hesitated, but even as she did she began to change. One by one, random eyes turned from gold to teal. As they did, her power—and her determination—grew.

“Yes,” Demma purred. “That’s it. Claim your promised power for yourself.”

“Yes... I want—I want it.”

With each eye that switched, Ashkvita grew a little. Her body swelled, little by little, all over to handle the increased load. Her feet stretched out. Her calves seemed to strain her skin as they thickened. Her thighs began to press into each other. Her hips widened as if to make room. Her butt swelled backward. Her stomach became a tummy as a curve rose between her belly button and crotch. Her breasts spread down her torso, sitting heavy on her growing middle. Her thin arms put on mass, becoming more and more plush.

She wasn’t just growing out, either, but up. She grew and grew, closer and closer to the ceiling which had seemed so far away before. By the time all but a few eyes had changed, she could stretch out and touch the vaulted surface.

And all of it, every little swelling pulse, had felt so immensely good. The pleasure had continued ratcheting up as her body morphed into a form that reflected the true expanse of her

suppressed hedonism. This was her unbounded by shame, by fear, and by tradition. This was her truth.

Demma floated up to meet her. Even at a fraction of Ashkvita's size, she still dominated the space.

"I'm impressed, my love," she said, her voice betraying how thrilled she was. "I didn't think you had it in you. Now, how about you take the last step? Break through this last barrier and join me."

"How? There's nothing more to claim?"

"How about some of my power then? Go on, take it. I have more than enough to spare."

"Oh, I couldn't..." No, that was the old 'her'. The 'her' that put others' needs first. This was about her needs. Her wants. Her desires. What did she desire most? To be close with Demma. To be close to the one who had freed her.

"I hope you know what you're getting into, my lady."

She opened herself up to Demma and tendrils of smoky energy began to slink through the air towards her. The moment those pieces of Demma touched her skin, Ashkvita swelled once more. Her back pressed into the ceiling now. She felt her teeth changing. She felt horns growing. New eyes were opening.

"More!" she commanded

"And more you shall have."

There was another burst of Eldritch power and Ashkvita pressed into the ceiling with all her might, but could not break it. Her nipples morphed to match Demma's. Her silver hair became streaked with black.

“More!”

The world tilted and Ashkvita felt herself contract. One massive eye loomed in her vision and a voice beyond her senses assaulted her mind.

Welcome to the fold, my priestess.

She burst through the ceiling in a flurry of rubble. She was back to a more normal size but would easily be taller than everyone she knew. Her build was still heavy and her body was marked with signs of her rapid, massive expansion. Instead of an ugly, scar-tissue red, however, the lines on her bust, stomach, and hips glowed with her blue. Eyes dotted her arms and legs. Her new horns coiled around her pointed ears. Her complexion was still as dark as night, but her edges seemed to shine with barely hidden moonlight.

Then, with a sudden jerk, she and Demma were lying in her bed, tangled in each other and panting like they had been fucking for more than an hour. Her goddess looked like she had earlier, but Ashkvita was certain she would never pass as human again. Like it mattered. Fuck those who would shy away from her for being something else. This was a new world, one where her goddess was the only one whose approval mattered—and she was certain Demma would always approve.