

It had been a month since she had become Xulia, but she was pretty much settled into her new existence as a succubus at *The Passion Pit*. Living with Leeshya, actually Madam at this point, had made both the transitions from human to demon and from male to much, much more that much easier. That Madam also spoiled the hell out of her did not hurt.

This morning the pair of succubi were lounging naked in bed as usual, with every possible inch of skin between them pressed to another. Madam was using Xulia's diminished, but still massive dick as a body pillow while she read. Her own substantial length throbbed against her submissive's as a steady stream of precum bubbled from her tip. Madam's swollen mammaries, draped over either side of Xulia's shaft, gurgled as her cycle of milk reached its peak. White droplets were already starting to bead on her short, palm-sized nipples. Xulia's equally massive, though less milky endowments enveloped Madam like a heated blanket when she leaned forward.

"To think that I would end up living like this, after my life was effectively over, should be humbling," Xulia said as she brushed out Madam's hair, which fell to mid-back and had recently been bleached platinum. It was a marked contrast to her dark hair which had recently been cut very short. "But it's so hard to be humble when I know how much I satisfy you, my Lady."

The purple-skinned succubus did not respond, beyond stroking her cheek with her tail. As she did, a feeling of warmth flowed through the bond the demonic pair shared. The heat radiated out from the emerald gem in Xulia's silver collar. It felt like a kiss that grew into something a bit more intense and set her whole body to tingling.

Yes, everything considered, Xulia was happy with her new life. Sure, she had a penis so large that it was paradoxically only good as another vagina, but sex with it was amazing. True, she had been transformed into a creature of pure sexual appetite, a demon designed to absorb the energies raised by lust, but it was not like she had lost anything in doing so. If anything she had gained an ambition, a lust for life as it were, that she did not have before.

Although she had shrunk slightly from the overwhelming size she had reached when gifted demonhood by Mhaxual in the intervening weeks since her transformation, Xulia was amazed how inhumanly large her endowments had remained – and how much she enjoyed that fact.

When they were not smothering her lover, her tits hung past her waist and were unnaturally perky for their size, their shape a very firm, very full teardrop that curved out past her fingertips. Her areolae had swallowed her nipples as they swelled, leaving her boobs capped with soft, darkly tanned flesh.

Her cock was perpetually at half staff from the sheer level of stimulation, but no longer dragged on the floor at least. Instead, the fist-sized tip rubbed her calves as her stretched and puffy foreskin bumped into her ankles. It was still somewhat bigger around than she could manage with both hands. Her balls were probably the least over-sized at easily the size of a grapefruit each, but they were part of a system that let her cum gallons over the span of a few hours.

Much of her plush flesh had given way to a dense, but not super defined musculature. She still looked pudgy, but when she flexed, it was obvious the bulk was not completely fat. As sex with Madam got more intense, her muscles became more evident. She could almost swear her slim and stacked master got off on being in control of someone so much more physically powerful.

The less visible changes though, had only gotten more intense. Her vulva, ass, and inverted nipples were each like the softest velvet. They were so sensitive that even the faintest touch was enough to send shivers of pleasure up her spine and set her to drooling in more than one way. Anything that was not her own exceedingly long tongue touching her lips had a similar effect. Above all, her cock-pussy was so intensely triggered for pleasure that a masculine release usually caused a second, even larger one.

As Xulia sat back, she realized just how accessible Madam's entrances were in this position with her legs spread wide. A compulsion to serve washed over her as the realization passed to Madam.

It was another effect of the bond the pair of them shared. The psychic connection amplified each of their emotional states, easily turning a spark into a forest fire.

Bending, she shoved her face between the other succubus' thick ass cheeks and slipped her tongue into her moist slit. Her dominant's folds squeezed tight at the penetration and her black-scaled tail caressed the back of Xulia's head.

“Feeling frisky are we, my love?” she said with a shudder and a little giggle.

Xulia simply moaned and slid a hand under her bust to rub the base of Madam's cock. She could feel herself getting harder as there was slowly more of her pushing against boob and her cock began to rise from the bed. She was almost lost to what promised to be an epic cuddle and fuck session when she felt a chill penetrate the haze of their rising lust.

“Xulia dear, you have clients today,” whispered a feminine voice into her ear.

She sat back, dragging her tongue out of Leeshya. “Really, Aimala? You had to interrupt this?”

“Leeshya has her own clients to attend to as well, so it's not like you two fuck bunnies were going to even get started.”

Madam snapped her book closed and slid off Xulia's cock, which made the body-sized appendage bounce up to wedge into her cleavage. She turned and ran a black-scaled finger up its length, before dipping into the tip and swirling around.

Xulia screamed in pleasure and a thick burst of cum lazily erupted out of her dick to roll down it. Her lover licked up the leak and then cleaned sucked her fingers clean.

“Try to save some for me later, okay?”

Xulia filed her ruddy red claws on her tail scales as she waited on the chaise in her private room. While she was new, and most new converts spent their first few months working the club floor as they got used to their new bodies, her exaggerated proportions really only appealed to a certain strata of client. She lived up to the expectations as a private practitioner though. That she had an experienced succubus as a lover certainly helped her to acclimate and develop the skills to work one on one.

She was lying on her side, positioned to give the most impact when her clients first saw her. Her massive tits were hanging inches from the floor. Her impossible cock snaked to the tile. Her head pressed against the floor, pressure building as she slowly got more erect. Her extra foreskin went on for nearly a foot from there. She had her balls tucked behind her, letting her rub them to keep an edge on by simply shifting her thighs.

Her gaze snapped up from her preening when the door opened and a couple stepped through the entrance. She began to recite her lines when she realized something about the people who had come to see her. They were her ex, Arianna, and a new man, one that looked like a trained fighter or something similar with how built he was.

Her ex-wife was still just as beautiful as she remembered. Her swarthy complexion skin was as rich as ever. Her amber eyes still seemed as bright as gemstone. Her cascade of hair was still the same pale pink hue that she carefully curated. Yet, Xulia could sense an edge that had not been there before. A hardness that was oddly enticing.

The man with her looked like aggressive masculinity personified. He was huge, muscular, and his pale skin was thickly covered in red hair. His long beard was braided and more curly hair peeked out of his shirt collar and sleeves. His eyes were a shocking green that grabbed her attention and held them until she realized she had not yet spoken.

Not that it mattered, both Arianna and her mystery partner were standing there open mouthed.

“Wel-welcome to my pit, travelers,” Xulia purred to cover up her shock. “What is it that I can do for you?”

He started to speak, but Arianna spoke over him. “We’re here on a date. I wanted a third for our bed so I brought him to a place where there would be many willing participants.”

“Ah, I see.” Over me already? Her short, curved horns tingled. She could feel a rage building inside her that she had not felt before. She hardly ever got angry in her old life and there was not much to be angry about now, so the burning in her throat was a weird sensation. It was also strangely arousing. Even as hate boiled inside, she felt herself getting hard as her cock slid against the floor. “So what are we doing this evening then?”

“He’ll be fucking your needy holes, succubus,” she said strutting across the room with a swagger not even most men could pull off in her presence. “While he does that, I will be fucking his.”

Had Arianna always been this dominating? This confident? This crass? She had seemed so vanilla before, but then again, she did kick Xulia out for being uninteresting in bed in their previous life.

Arianna leaned against the wall next to Xulia and surveyed the man like one would a side of beef. She even licked her lips. “He is lucky I like him enough to treat him. My last four partners this month couldn't even take my strap-on without crying.”

“We are pleased you feel that way, mistress,” the man said in a soft voice with a musical accent that contrasted with his very masculine build.

“As well you should.” She turned and whispered behind her hand. As she did so, her demeanor changed. “He's great to look at, but he's a horrible conversationalist.”

“I'm sure.” Xulia was not sure how to react. Now, all of a sudden, her wife was back to normal. Her scent was powerful, causing Xulia’s heart to beat faster. The burning feeling of hate began

to cool. The demoness glanced at the hunk, who happily waved back, and raised an eyebrow. “Still figuring things out I take it?”

“Yeah, I wasn't always like that. Maybe it's how I'm dealing with my husband's death, but ever since I was told his body had been found I've just been so...dominating.”

“Did you have these urges with him?” How had this turned into therapy?

“He was so meek....I had to be firm, but not like I have been and the new me is becoming a more and more constant thing. I find myself being dominant towards my coworkers now, I even cowed my supervisor the other day after he interrupted me in a meeting.”

“Well, I hope this session helps you with that. We pride ourselves on offering opportunities to explore.”

“Excellent,” she said and the edge returned. Arianna's hungry eyes turned to Xulia. The lingered on her tits, which were probably the largest her ex-wife had ever seen. She gingerly reached out and pressed her fingers into the plush curve. “Just how do you move around with cow tits like this?”

“Hm,” Xulia replied, stifling a gasp. “I'm a lot stronger than I look and there's also this...”

Her boobs began to glow and then shrank down to a size that was probably still huge, but seemed tiny in comparison. While they were each bigger than her grasp, she could easily get her arms around them. Then there were a couple flickers and they began to expand again, growing out nearly two feet as their curve widened.

She was openly moaning by time she had finished growing. Every time she shrank down like that, it felt like the resulting growth was even more intense – and it was not limited to her breasts either. She had tried to shrink her cock once and had spent two hours in constant orgasm until her body got used to the new intensity. It was possible transformation was replicating the density of her nerves when

she expanded, leading to an exponential increase in sensitivity. Whatever the case, it left her quaking on the edge of orgasm this time.

“How impressive, succubus.” Walking behind her, Arianna dug both hands into tit flesh, causing Xulia to gasp. She felt her nipples push against her swollen areolae, straining as mass shifted. The stimulation as they popped free was indescribable. Xulia saw white as her mind was overtaxed by sensation. Fast as it came, she recovered, her demonic nature eating up the lust rising in the room.

Arianna continued to paw at her, the woman’s deft fingers sinking deeper into her thick tits as her hands moved back and forth. The sensation was like standing in the breakers at the ocean. Drowning in pleasure, Xulia felt her mind breaking and repairing nearly every other breath as her perceptions expanded to endure, no soak up, stimulation that would have left a mortal unconscious. She could feel her horns growing throughout this process, a subtle pressure on her temples as bone crept over bone while the base thickened.

In all of this, her cock had dutifully risen to full size, perhaps even more as the vast network of veins began to stand out against her bright orange skin. It certainly felt like there was less loose skin at the end than normal as her foreskin began to fill with precum. The massive length angled straight out from her and was very nearly at the man’s feet. He was looking at her drooling appendage with a mixture of revulsion and lust. Whatever he might be feeling, his cock was straining against his pants.

“You may proceed, Baeltoth.”

“Mistress?”

“This succubus is special. Her cock is so big that you can fuck it.”

“What?” He seemed shocked. Xulia shuddered with anticipation of the penetration.

“Do I have to spell it out for you? Take. Off. Your. Pants. And. Stick. Your. Dick. In. Hers.

Now.”

The mountain of man muscle jumped at the last word and literally tore his pants off. The freed cock that sprung to attention was...smaller than Xulia expected, but his sack was huge. The pair of testicles each the size of coconuts and were wrapped in skin that seemed to writhe with a rhythm that was slowly increasing with his breathing. As it did, the veins around his crotch also seemed to thicken and begin to visibly pulse.

With an audible stretching noise, his abdominals surged larger pushing against his shirt. Then his quads. His thickening veins continued to spread and his muscles followed until his growth alone had shredded his shirt and boots. By now he was panting and growling and frothing at the mouth a little. It seemed his wife had bedded a berserker, no wonder he could deal with being fucked in the ass.

The hulking man lifted her cock by its skin and then gripped the edges. He did not peel the skin back like she expected but instead plunged his cock right in. He kept pushing, walking closer as his hips jerked and twitched. Like with Mhaxual, her foreskin began to expand as the amount of fluid continued to increase. She felt him brush her entrance and gasped. Just as he pushed forward to enter her, Arianna bit down on her neck.

Sparks shot out of her horns. Her boobs surged larger. Her nipples burned. She came. Hard. Everything happened so fast that even her demonic bolstering of her mental fortitude could handle it. In a rush, she felt some of the accumulated lust energy pulse into Arianna and Baeltoth.

Arianna's teeth began to sink further into her skin as they grew more pointed. Baeltoth's grip on her cock returned as the berserker scrambled through the flow of spunk and tried to mount her once more. Through the haze of pleasure, she realized that she was changing them. His fingers were getting sharp, their new scaled points digging into her skin. A sigil appeared on his pectoral as a red stain began to spread over his skin. The symbol was similar to her family crest, just with horns added to it. Which is when Arianna released her and gasped.

“Julian?!”

Xulia turned to look at her ex-wife. Peeking out of her cleavage was the same emblem. Her breathing was getting faster. Her hair longer. When she opened her eyes, they were rings of glowing tiger-eye peering out of darkness. The point of a single horn was starting to push out from her forehead.

“Xulia, actually, but yes. It’s me, Arianna.” Suddenly she was being hugged, then she was slapped.

“You fucking asshole! I can’t believe you went and did this to yourself!”

The rage from before rose again. Xulia’s scales began to glow. “You threw me out!” Her yell was more like a roar and Arianna dropped back two steps. She hauled herself up off the chaise, tugging Baeltoth off his feet to land face first in a puddle of spunk, and turned to face Arianna.

“In fact, you TOLD ME to go kill myself!” She felt herself get a little taller. At the same time, her muscles began to swell. She knocked the chaise aside, the piece of furniture sliding on the slick floor, and strode forward.

Arianna continued to back up until her back was against the wall. Feeding on her panic, her transformation was accelerating. Like Xulia, her skin was becoming a bright orange as the color spread like a blush. Patches of scales that matched the hue of her hair were budding here and there.

“I didn’t...I didn’t think you’d actually do it. Oh, Julia-”

“Xulia,” she said with iron in her voice, her bust pressing into the wall and pinning Arianna in place.

“Okay, Xulia. I just want to talk.”

“...fine.” She stepped back and Arianna dropped to the floor. It was then that Baeltoth managed to mount her again. His apparently girther cock entering her hole made her legs go weak and she took a knee. Despite that, she turned as much of her attention as possible to Arianna.

Her ex-wife opened her mouth to speak and her eyes flickered, the amber becoming azure. Instead of speaking, she clicked her teeth and smiled wickedly. She reached out and caressed Xulia's cheek, then sunk her claws in and pulled them together for a kiss.

As their horns rubbed, it was like they could read each other's minds. Only Xulia's mind was a much larger space and it pulled on Arianna's. As they pressed against each other, Xulia could sense her awareness growing around her ex's, enveloping the woman in all the sensations of being a succubus. The hints of darkness in her personality were pulled to the edges then flickered and intensified like a growing storm. The darkness felt similar to her own awareness, a tinge of demonic. Had her transformation affected Arianna in some way? Had their wedding vows linked them more strongly than either knew?

"Yes. Finish what you started. Make me like you," Arianna said as they broke apart, her eyes amber once more. "Make me yours again."

I don't think you understand what you're ask-

There was a flash, her eyes azure once more. "Make me a fucking demon and fuck me everyday. Shove that impossible pole into my unholy ass and plow me until I break."

At the other end of her cock, Baeltoth roared and shoved himself all the way into Xulia's twitching hole. Maybe he had grown considerably, but it felt like a much tighter fit than it should have been. The feeling of him twitching inside of her cock was almost as satisfying as Madam doing the same. She could feel a release approaching as his own began to flood her shaft. Spent, the berserker collapsed backwards, his erection slipping free from her hole, but remaining trapped in her foreskin as yet more cum bubbled out of his pole.

"Are you...leaking something?"

Xulia glanced down. Her boobs were blushing considerably, with hints of pulsing all over the vast curves. Her distant nipples seemed much larger than before and did seem to be covered in a white fluid.

Arianna took one in her mouth and then jerked back. “Milk! You really do have cow tits, love!”

“And I want you to drink.”

Her eyes went glassy and she nodded. Her lips once more locked around a nipple and she suckled like her life depended on it. Xulia fished Baeltoth out of her foreskin with her tail and lifted him to her other nipple. He too began to drink and a warmth spread over the lactating demoness.

Before her eyes, both of them resumed their transformations. Baeltoth was easier to notice as he was already pretty much naked. With each gulp, his pectorals pulsed larger. A ridge steadily began to form as a curve rose out of the tight muscle. Within moments he was sporting a pair of decently sized tits – and they only continued to grow as he kept sucking.

Arianna’s bust was also expanding, though not in quite the same way. In the middle of her torso another pair of bumps began to swell. They expanded rapidly, filling out the tight shirt in short order and starting to strain the seams. Meanwhile, her first set of boobs kept right on inflating as well until her torso was obscured by curved flesh. There was a tearing noise as her shirt gave, revealing not only what her dual-bust looked like, but the fact that she had grown a second pair of arms. At that point, her changes began in earnest as she sprouted a pair of tails above swelling butt cheeks.

Tearing herself away from watching her ex-wife become a succubus, Xulia took stock of her own changes after that. Looking over her shoulder at her cock, she realized it was noticeably smaller. It might even fit inside of someone gifted with the ability to stretch a little.

It was then she realized where that extra length had gone. Throbbing against her tits was not one, but two thick cocks. It seemed that in all of this Arianna had gained the cock she seemed to desire with her newfound love of strap-ons.

Pulling free of the suckling succubi, Xulia returned to the chaise. She threw a leg over the back, lifted her cock into her cleavage, and hefted her balls to expose her pussy. “Why don’t we actually do what you came here for?”

Baeltoth rose stiffly to his knees and stumbled over. His cock looked much more proportional now for his insane musculature, though his waist length tits hid most of his ripped abs now. He gripped her thick thighs with broad fingers and began to thrust deeply.

She was by no measure a virgin after a month, but this was the most intense vaginal sex she had ever experienced. Dropping her balls to wrap around his length, she put her arms around his neck. As his pace continued to increase, her grip turned into desperate clawing at his broad back. Turning her attention to her own cock, she went to nibble the skin, when Arianna’s claws grabbed hold of it.

Xulia turned to look at her once-more lover and felt a thrill up her spine at seeing Arianna naked again. Then she noticed that her ex-wife had grown more than just one cock. A pair of thick members throbbed next to one another on her pelvis above what seemed to be a pair of vulvae.

Arianna opened her eyes and Xulia was terrified for a moment as a pair of irises stared out from the darkness. Blue and Gold, they seemed to slowly rotate inside a hidden circle.

“I’m still not sure what’s happening to me, but I fucking love it.” Before Xulia could react, Arianna grabbed her foreskin with her four hands, shoved her face in, and began to lick. A pair of tongues snaked out, scraping up all the precum and leftovers from earlier. She gulped eagerly, seeming to shudder more and more the deeper she got – and that was not the only change the experience was having on her.

Her cocks were swelling larger, growing from merely above average, to big, to huge in a matter of moments. They smacked against Xulia's face as Arianna's cleaning became more emphatic. Finally the demoness lifted the newly minted succubus up onto her chest.

The feeling of Arianna's twin cocks rubbing either side of her own shaft was more intense than she expected, especially once both of her lovers got into a matching tempo. Arianna's second set of hands joined in, rubbing her length as if to encourage more spunk to fill up her foreskin.

Presented with a pair of vagina's, Xulia lost herself in eating out both of them. From there it became a haze until she found herself sitting against Baeltoth, their sweat slick boobs sliding against each other and her cock as she ground against him and sucked herself off. Beneath them both was Arianna, thrusting her twin cocks into both of Baeltoth's holes. Her four arms were helping to keep the stack balanced as the trio's exertions grew more frantic.

Just as the three cried out in unison, the door opened and Leeshya entered. As Xulia's eyes met hers, she realized just how much energy she must have been sending to her master. Madam was easily twice as big as usual and her purple skin was dyed black from arousal blushing. She waited for the pile of futanari succubi to come down before grabbing hold of Xulia's hair.

"It looks like you enjoyed your reunion, pet."

"Yes, ah, Madam...I did. Was this your doing?"

"It was. I wanted to give you closure, but I did not expect you to corrupt them."

"I wanted it!" Arianna yelled from below. "And I want more!"

Baeltoth just grunted, but did nod.

"I couldn't help it. My emotions were—"

"Did they ask you to change them?"

"Y-y-yes. I suppose they did."

“Well then, I’m proud of you, pet. You have your own thralls now.”

“That’s not—” She began to say and then paused. Was it really not what she wanted? Arianna was back with her now, they had moved past their disagreements and connected over their shared newfound darkness. “You mean...they belong to me, Madam?”

“They do, same as you to me,” Madam said with a smile. “Now, how about we take this party back to our room and really have some fun.” (4503)