

Infernal Maid (Demoness Maid TGTF)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Waaaghan

Marcus has been paid a lot of money for a simple babysitting job for some rich clients. Little does he know that the woman hiring him to babysit is a powerful demoness intent on turning him into a demonic maid to take care of her baby. And not just any maid; a nursemaid! Soon Billy is struggling not just with his new job and body, but the affections of the demoness' adult daughter too.

Infernal Maid

Marcus was a little nervous as he prepared to hit the gate buzzer. The 'house' on the edge of town he'd been hired to help at was, in fact, a full blown manor. This was not highly unusual; he was a skilled babysitter with all the right credentials. Most people would balk at the idea of a twenty-four year old man babysitting - wasn't that the province of seventeen year old girls? But that was not the way of the rich and powerful: they wanted someone with a degree in childcare, with a culinary cooking certificate, with experience at a professional hiring agency specialising in the best care for their young ones. And that was a niche market that Marcus excelled within.

So why was he nervous, if it was all par for course?

Well, he'd never quite seen a manor like *this* before. It was immense, three stories high and with as many wings. It had a gothic art design; dark stone, a cathedral-like series of carvings and crenellations, and numerous looming gargoyle sculptures. A heavy mist floated through the expansive yard, which was gated off by a metal-spiked fence. The black-tile roof looked ancient though well-maintained, and the gardens even gave way to a hedge maze on one side and a large greenhouse on the other. All in all, it appeared like something out of a Hammer Horror picture.

"Well, I didn't quite expect all that," Marcus said to himself. It was almost enough to ward him away; call up and apologise that he couldn't make it. After all, wasn't this how serial killer films all started? With the intrepid but stupid hero deciding to enter the house regardless of its obvious dangers?

"Stupid," he muttered to himself. "As if a creepy house means doom. It probably looks lovely during the midday."

The sun was currently heading to set, which bathed the manor in a sort of pink-purple wash of colour, giving it that extra touch of the ethereal. He shook the ridiculous notions from his head. He couldn't cancel now, he'd never be hired again. And besides, the poor mother

needing babysitting care would have to cancel her important plans. Not to mention that he was being paid a lot. A really big lot, in fact. This was the biggest fish he'd ever reeled in, and if he acquitted himself well, he might get to do so again.

He hit the buzzer and waited. In a few moments, a female voice answered.

"Hello there? Is that my lovely babysitter? It's Marcus, isn't it?"

Even through the crackle of the intercom, the woman on the other end had a deep, sensual tone. The kind of voice that older men would go wild for, and younger men who were into cougars. There was a seductive element to the way she drew out the last word of her sentences.

"Yes, ma'am, that's me. I have arrived for the babysitting job. I'm here on behalf of the Nancare Agency."

"Yes, your credentials were exceptional. I am very much looking forward to meeting you. Come on in."

The heavy iron gate clicked on some hidden mechanism, and slowly swung open. Marcus grabbed his bag with all the equipment he would need for any emergency, and stepped on in past the gate.

"Damn, she kind of sounded like she was hitting on me," he joked in a whispered voice to himself. He adjusted his hair in the reflection of an opaque frosted-glass window before hiding the door knocker. His light brown hair was impeccable, and his tall, muscular body was well-dressed in a smart-casual set of slacks and white-button shirt. He had spares too, just in case the baby vomited during feeding. It happened often, and appearances were often everything.

He grabbed the door knocker, a little startled and impressed by the fact that it was carved to look like a cruel demon's head, and made several taps upon the door. The door opened.

There was no one on the other side of it. Just a magnificent entry hall with suits of armour, a high chandelier, numerous stuffed exotic animals, and a rich red carpet that led to several rooms, along with a double staircase to the upper floor.

"Come on in dear, I'm just getting ready in the living room. It's on the right."

The voice was even more seductive without the crackle of the intercom. Marcus tried to ignore how it made him feel, and stepped over the breach. He shut the door behind him, and moved to the right.

A figure of a woman was outlined in shadow within a cloth changing cubicle of some sort. It looked very old-fashioned. Marcus went beet red: her silhouette looked practically naked, and it was obvious she was still changing.

"Don't mind me, dear," she said, "I'm just getting ready. I didn't expect you to be perfectly on time."

"I try to always be professional, Miss Be'elza," he said.

"Ah, that's exactly what I like to hear! Though please, call me Scarlet. My daughter could well learn from you."

"Your . . . daughter, Miss Be - uh, Scarlet?"

His confusion was clear. The child he was meant to be taking care of was less than six months old.

"Oh, I see your confusion," she said, shifting in the mirror. Marcus tried to ignore the outline of what appeared to be a very bountiful breast. "No, I mean my other daughter, Allyria. She's twenty two. A large gap I know, but then we demonesses often remain fertile a bit longer than your kind. I'm almost out, dearie."

Marcus paused. What was this lady going on about? A demoness? Was that some rich person slang for a single rich lady going out on a date or something?

Just then, a baby began crying across the room. He looked, and saw that there was an old-fashioned crib with black bars and a series of hellish looking demon figurines hanging above as an ornament, slowly rotating.

"Ah, she awakens! My little Nira" Scarlet said. There was something odd about her silhouette; was she wearing a costume? "Would you please check on her for me? It will be good for you to meet her!"

Marcus stepped forward, still feeling a little awkward over the whole scenario, and peered over the edge of the crib. What he saw inside made him gasp and step back.

"I know, not exactly what you expected, is she? Don't worry, she doesn't have teeth yet - she can't bite!"

Marcus stared at the strange child. It had red skin - not like she had a rash or disorder, but literally light crimson-coloured skin. She had dark hair that was oddly thick, and two white horns jutted from her forehead. She gurgled, shifting in her wrap, and to his astonishment a little red wing, barely formed, popped out the side.

"She's - holy shit, she's a - a-"

"A demoness," Scarlet said, her voice coming close behind him. Marcus turned, and would have screamed had his voice not left him. Standing before him, practically looming over him was a sexy succubi. She looked to be a woman in her mid-forties, with a perfect hourglass figure hugged tightly by her midnight black dress: she had rounded hips and a very impressive bust that looked as if they were going to burst out from her low-cut top at any moment. Her dark red hair was long, extending down to the small of her back, perfectly straight and shining.

But these were not the features that nearly made Marcus scream. What did terrify him was the fact that this woman's skin, like her baby, was entirely red in colour. She had impressive white horns that jutted from her skull, roughly two inches long each, and her eyes

were yellow with snake-like slits for pupils. A devil's tail, complete with a spade-like shape at the end, flicked behind her, and her fingernails were more like dark talons. A pair of leathery wings, also red with a paler membrane, fluttered at her back, folded up neatly but clearly present. She smiled, her sharp teeth showing. She was simultaneously the most frightening and devastatingly sexy creature Marcus had ever seen.

"Sssssurprise," she said, deliberately flickering her forked tongue for emphasis. She winked at him.

"Holy f-f-"

She instantly placed a red finger on his lips.

"Sshhh," she said playfully. "I may be a demoness, but I still have a no-swearing rule in this household."

"Are you - are you really a . . . ?"

He left the question dangling in the air: *are you really a demoness?*

"I am indeed," Scarlet said, extending her red wings dramatically. There were even little flexible talons at their ends. "I hope that's not a problem, dear. I know, I know, your kind aren't really used to us, but I promise I'm not malicious. I just need someone reliable to take care of little Nyra, and frankly while demonic agencies have their uses, I've come to respect the human touch."

She leaned down - she was quite tall - and gave him a flirty smile as she placed her hand on his shoulder. Despite his fear, he was oddly turned on, especially given that her ripe breasts were almost in his face.

"Um, look, I'm going to have to go," he said.

She gave an appropriately devilish look, pulling back to pose sensually. "Oh, darling, that's just not possible. I need you for little Nira here, and Allyria is just not up to the job. She's in a bratty stage of life. It happens with demonesses."

All the time Marcus could not stop looking at her horns, her massive bust, her forked tail. Her wings shifted a little, causing her breasts to juggle slightly.

"Look, I can tell you like what you see, so I'm sure you'll do fine."

"No - look, this is too much!" he cried. "I can't. I'm sorry. You'll have to find someone else!"

For the first time the demoness looked frustrated. She pouted her perfectly full lips and sighed, once against causing her breasts to swell against the low cut of her dress.

"I'm sorry dearie, there simply isn't time for replacement. I can't take no for an answer. Besides, you're being paid an *ample* amount."

She shook her shoulders, letting her light red jugs wobble with them for emphasis. Marcus considered this, unsure what to do or say. The woman didn't seem harmful, but she was a mythical creature, one from Hell itself (probably, he wasn't too sure about that). But

before he could even consider whether that money was worth it or not, the demoness made the decision for him.

“Well, I can see you’re not quite sure,” Scarlet said, as baby Nira began to cry again. “So I think I’ll just go ahead with it all. Now stay still and enjoy the ride. I just need to make you more fit for your role as my little Nira’s nursemaid.”

Marcus’ eyes widened. “Nira’s what?”

Scarlet grinned, and then she extended her wings, circling around him. She began to utter something in a wild and eldritch tongue, her eyes darkening to the purest black. Marcus tried to run, but he was fixed to the spot by some kind of magic. He felt a series of pressures over his body, a strange heat washing over him like infernal energy.

“Hey, I don’t understand, just let me go-ooooohhhhhHHHhh . . .”

He groaned, words leaving him as he clutched his stomach. The pain there was intense, as if his insides were burning in the incredible heat. He tried to scream, but could only grunt and moan as something new and hot formed within him. It pushed aside his internal organs, a new one forming around them. The pain subsided, giving way to a strange discomfort that itself was mingled with an odd pleasure.

“Ahh - aahhh - what’s ha-happening t-to mnmeee!?”

His clothes were changing, his shirt and pants fusing to form a single outfit. An alien pulling sensation began in his crotch, while a contrasting pressure began to build in his chest. He rubbed his forehead, trying to make sense of it all, only to feel two little bumps pushing against his scalp. He could feel them pressing out of his skull.

“Holy sh-shit!” he said.

“Not *holy*, per se,” the succubi demoness said, grinning that same delectable grin of hers. “Rather *unholy* in fact.”

Another deep flush, as if he was suffering whole-body embarrassment. Marcus looked in astonishment as his skin altered, turning from its pale complexion to a light purple skin, almost violet in colour.

“N-nooooo! Shit, no!”

“Oh, if *that’s* your reaction, I *really* don’t think you’ll like the next few changes.”

Next few changes? He didn’t want the ones he was already getting! The demoness gave him an only *mildly* sympathetic smile, before intoning her incantations even louder. Her baby, oddly, seemed to relax a little as she did so, as if soothed by the hellish arcanery being summoned over Marcus.

The young babysitter watched and felt in horror as his body twisted and turned, shifted and altered. Horns sprouted in full from his head, dark purple in colouring: he could see them in the reflection of a nearby mirror as Scarlet’s wings pulled away. He gasped, shaking as his skin became smooth and perfect, body hair retracting and causing his body to

become increasingly feminine in appearance. His hips cracked outwards, straining the fabric of his changing clothing. They took on a womanly shape, and then a *very* womanly one, the kind of hips that would ensnare the attention of a man just like him. He cried out in combined discomfort and reluctant pleasure as his manhood tugged further into him.

“N-noo - NGGGHHH!!”

He quivered, voice becoming higher and higher in tone as his balls retreated up inside of him, followed by his member. The left behind a female slit, which was then covered over by a set of white panties where his male briefs had been. He barely had time to react to this new emasculating development before another series of them began. As if given the ultimate permission by the formation of his new vagina, the rest of his changes accelerated.

“My, you are taking to this well!”

His legs thinned, becoming more shapely, his feet dainty. His shoes resized and reformed, becoming delicate black heels that raised his feet, at just the right time for his ass to inflate slightly, becoming rounded. His clothing continued to alter, and to his horror it was clear it was becoming a French maid’s uniform.

“What the - this is impossible!”

Scarlett gave a high, haughty laugh. “Nonsense my dear, it’s simply *devilish*. And you are turning out wonderfully!”

“I th-thought you w-wanted a babysitter!”

“I did and I do! But I also need a maid. A nursemaid, to be precise. My wonderful dear needs her milk straight from the tap, you see.”

“Straight from the - oh shit!”

Scarlett grinned at the same time as the pressure renewed in Marcus’ chest. It grew and grew, becoming more powerful, and soon unbearable. The rest of his maid’s uniform finished coming into being, the cute frills and black cotton hugging his increasingly womanly curves in all but two places. His shoulders shrunk, his face began to rearrange, and his teeth even sharpened. Hell, he was even feeling a strange poking sensation at the end of his tailbone. But what got his attention truly was the fact that the cups of his new costume were enormous in size, and currently very empty.

They were not empty for long.

“Mmhhmm! Ohhh - Aahhhh!!”

Marcus whimpered, his now very feminine voice eliciting some very suggestive sounds as his chest began to expand. His pectoral muscles melted away as two breasts began to form, the pressure giving way to a rapid expansion. He tried to grip them with his newly-purple hands, only for his fingers to become delicate and feminine, his arms slim to match his new gender. He groaned as he gripped his swelling boobs, his nipples were expanding also, tensing as they double then tripled then quadrupled in size, their areola

massive. His nipples had extended to the size of full thimbles, and when his fingers accidentally brushed them he had to adjust his hands; they were too sensitive! Already his breasts had gone way past A-cups and B-cups and were burgeoning past the ample C-cup size.

"Mmhm - ngggh - s-so big!" he groaned, his voice now high and sweet, almost seductive in its own right. A tail pushed out from his behind, snaking through a gap in his new maid's dress, and it was an utterly alien sensation: new vertebrae formed from his spine, and suddenly he had the power to twist and move it.

"S-so much," he whined, still clutching his growing tits. Though, as his waist finished pulling in and his ovaries finished forming within, he was now no doubt a *she*. As if the mere thought gave permission to *her* changing body, her hair extended from her scalp, running down over her shoulders, long and dark purple and feminine. Her ears pulled to little points, and she even felt her jawline soften and eyebrows thin.

But all that time her breasts still expanded. They surged forth, reaching D-cups then Double-Ds. They were heavy, pulling unexpectedly at Marcus' back, but the new demoness could only tremble in terror as her prodigious bustline continued to bloom, each boob becoming the size of a full grown cantaloupe, then an entire melon! They filled the huge cups of her maid outfit, and then, unable expand any further forward, they heaved upward, a long and deep line of cleavage forming as the rose like souffles to fill the only space left available.

"My, my, you are becoming a busty little demoness! I suppose that must be your milk coming in!"

M-m-my m-milk!?"

There was a strange tingle in Marcus' tremendous breasts, even as their development finally slowed. Each breast was larger than her own head, warm and flushed and feeling strangely full. They were so heavy, the support of the costume necessary, and as she stepped uncertainly backward on heels they wobbled and jiggled with the slightest of movement. They defied any sizing she knew, jutting forth in an oddly pert fashion, easily able to overflow both his hands together each! Her nipples tensed, and she felt a pressure in her gargantuan boons.

"Eeuurrgh," she groaned.

Scarlet appraised her, the sexy red demon moving around the purple one. God, Marcus realised she was now even wearing stockings and garters. The changes were as humiliating as they were shocking.

"Wonderful, perfect! Well, I must be off Marcus, though I suppose I should give you a more demonic female name for now. Marelis perhaps? Yes, that works well! Anyway, enjoy!"

She began to move away, her hips swinging sensually. Marcus - who was straining not to think of herself as Marelis - stared wide-eyed before giving in to action.

"You can't just leave me like this? I'm a fucking purple demon girl now! I'm meant to be a man!"

"Oh relax, you'll change back at midnight," the demoness replied, grabbing her fine black purse and heading for the door. "It's not permanent."

"It's not?" the new demon maid replied. God, her breasts felt pressurised. They were already so big, what was this about?

"Of course not! I'm a demon, I'm not *evil*. Just a little . . . naughty, from time to time. In fact, I'm going out to be a little naughty with some hot dates, if you catch my meaning." She flashed an amused grin. "Normally, I could try to convince my Allyria to babysit for a few hours, stubborn as she is, but I need someone to feed my baby girl - properly breastfeed her, in fact. Demoness milk is important for a child's growth, after all. I'm sorry for the deception but seriously, people in this modern world just don't understand the need for a good wetnurse these days."

Marelis was stunned. "So this p-pressure in these b-boobs is?"

"Milk, my dear. And plenty of it, too! I figured since I was already going to transform you into a demoness wetnurse then why not let you enjoy it a little, hmm? After all, very big boobs and a curvaceous figure is what men like, these days, isn't it? Just try to contain those urges - we demonesses tend to want it bad! Anyway, I have to go! I plan to enjoy myself a lot tonight. You know what to do; just keep little Nira changed, comfortable, well-fed, and there's food in the kitchen and five bathrooms you can easily find. The house is yours, apart from my room of course. Allyria will help you with anything else. Questions?"

Marelis was still stunned. She had actual *milk* in her boobs. And judging from how uncomfortably damn full she felt, her nipples stinging with the need for release, she had no doubt there was a *lot* of produce in her tits. And, if that slight trickling, bloating feeling was indicative of anything, there was more being made in her new glands every second.

"No, nothing? Wonderful! Have a great night dear - enjoy your new form for a while. As I said, I really needed a wetnurse, so I'm sure you understand. It's just so hard to find one these days. If you do well, I'll give you a little bonus!"

And with that, Scarlet stepped out of the front door, shut the heavy front door, and the sound of flapping wings indicated she was off into the night. And if her words were true, that she was some sort of succubi, she was likely to entice and seduce and take pleasure from a great number of people.

Or perhaps just a lucky one.

Marelis - it was impossible for some magical reason to think of herself as Marcus in her new form - finally managed to move. She walked to the mirror, looking at her reflection in

astonishment. It was difficult to walk in her high heels, and yet she felt a strong compulsion to keep them on - removing them just wasn't an option for some reason. They caused her wide hips to swing from side to side, and though they would have bounced anyway, it did put an extra wobble to her tremendous chest.

"Sssseriously, fucking *huge*," she said, forked tongue flicker as she began feeling her bosom. They were truly gigantic, and yet given her cute purple demoness look, complete with her dark purple horns, hair, and light golden eyes, they seemed oddly appropriate in size. Fetishistic, even. It made her feel a little aroused just to see.

"Oh, these mussels be those urges," she said, getting a little better with her tongue control. Her tail flicked from side to side as she examined her profile.

"I look like a fucking fantasy stripper with these tits - uughh!"

Another pain in her new chest. A pulse of pressure that made her nipples throb, tensing and untensing, in need of release. She stopped feeling the strange hard bone of her horns and touching her oddly sensitive tail as she realised she didn't have the time for a full inspection. Scarlet had changed her to be a wetnurse, and there was a slight dampness growing in the cups of her maid uniform.

"Shit. Shit, I'm leaking! This is crazy! I'm a damn demoness with a vagina and horns and tail and these - these big milky tits!"

It was all too much, and as she raised her voice, little Nira began to cry again, waking once more and now fully. Another compulsion swept over Marelis. As frightened as she was by the strange events that had just transformed her, and as daunting as the idea of feeding a baby with her milk-filled tits was, the very sound of the baby crying made her experience another strong compulsion. She felt she could fight it; it wasn't a magical order, but instead a deep primal need driven by demoness instinct.

"I *have* to feed her," Marelis said, stepping forward, breasts wobbling.

Besides, it would be cruel not to. The child was innocent . . . if such a concept applied to baby demons. Slowly, she reached into the crib and scooped up the child. Like its mother, and unlike Marelis, she had a pair of wings, though hers were not fully grown in. Her horns were tiny, and her tail stubby. She actually looked incredibly cute. She reached out, eyes barely open, her little toothless mouth pursed in want of a nipple.

"I can't b-believe I'm - ahh - doing this," Marelis said, gasping as her nipples automatically stiffened. She was new to being a woman, let alone a demoness, but she was certain that the little expulsion of pressure that just occurred was her milk beginning to leak in response to the baby's cries.

Marelis held the squalling child with one arm as she unzipped the front of her maid's uniform with the other. She breathed a heavy sigh of relief as she was given more breathing room, though her titanic tits now had less support. Gingerly, she released her nipple from its

confinement; it was large and dark purple and quite distended, little droplets of pale milk leaking out. She gritted her pointed teeth at the sensitivity of it.

“Here goes n-nothing.”

She brought little Nira to her boob, and to her surprise the child latched on immediately and began to suckle.

“Oh. Oh! Ohhhhhhh, that actually f-feels really damn g-good.”

The pressure immediately began to subside as the baby nursed at her, and Marelis sighed at the wonderful release. She could feel a prodigious amount of milk flowing out of her breast in thick spurts, and it was a truly unfamiliar sensation, but not an unpleasant one.

“So f-fucking weird,” she murmured to herself. She moved to a comfortable, rather venerable-looking sofa and relaxed into it, adjusting her tail to flop over the side. Her larger rear provided some extra comfort, and she crossed her legs automatically in a female fashion.

“When in Rome, I guess,” she said. “Or Hell.”

She sat there, nursing the cute little demoness baby, and several times she found herself even saying soothing words as Nira pawed at her boob lightly, tiny hands sinking into the flesh and causing bigger spurts of milk.

“Geez, you are - ahh - hungry, aren’t you?”

Scarlet hadn’t lied. Demoness babies did demand a lot of milk. She felt herself becoming far less bloated in her right breast, and it was wonderful, but the other was only becoming increasingly tense and uncomfortable, and so Marelis pulled Nira lightly off her latch and let her attach to the other side.

“There, there, little one,” she said, “there, there. Marelis is here. I’m your nursemaid, apparently. A big-boobed, milk-filled, purple-skinned, horn and tailed demoness nursemaid. Hopefully just until midnight.”

She sighed, unbelieving all that had happened, but at least taking an odd solace in the feeding process. Was this how all women felt when they breastfed? If so, she could understand the notion that it was a bonding experience. It was strangely soothing, the gentle tug-tug of milk being drawn out from her boob, the pressure lessening, the act of giving life in its most feminine way - well, except for birth itself.

“I s-suppose I can do this until midnight,” she said. “We’ll change you soon, put you back down. Then I’ll grab a bit to eat. I think all this damn milk production is making me need to fill up on protein.”

But over the next half-hour, the new demoness maid simply had to sit back and wait for Nira to stop feeding. It was mindless, and yet oddly lovely in feeling. She didn’t want it to be - there was anger, outrage, humiliation over her current change and form - but she couldn’t deny it did feel nice. So she simply sat back, rotating the little baby on her boobs

until she was mostly empty. It was nice enough that she closed her eyes - not to sleep - but just to savour the feeling and try to not see the purple skin and giant tits that reminded her of what she'd been transformed into.

“Gee whiz, you are stacked.”

Marelis' eyes shot open as she was started by a new voice. It was low and a little raspy, with a kind of vocal fry she'd always found sexy as a man, and certainly still did as a woman. She clutched Nira a little against her boob automatically as she looked up the stairs, where another demoness was leaning over the railing.

She was young, in her early twenties, around Marelis' own age as Scarlet had said. Like her mother, she had red skin, though hers was a little darker. She didn't appear to have any wings either. What she did have was a red tail with a spaded end, one that was thicker and longer than Scarlet's or Marelis' own. Her horns were stubbier, cute little black horns that were somewhat conical in shape. Her feet, oddly, were hooved, though it was clear despite this strange appearance that she still had a spectacular set of feminine legs. She wore a two piece outfit that was not too dissimilar to what a cheerleader would wear: a small dark skirt that stretched around her impressive hips and barely concealed her upper thighs, and a crop top that stretched tight around her boobs and left the great expanse of her toned red stomach on display. She had prominent cheekbones upon a cute, rounded face, and her yellow eyes were not slitted but more human-like. She had a gorgeous hourglass figure, but lacked the exaggerated MILF-esque qualities of her mother, or the stupendous breasts size of Marelis. Instead, she was clearly smuggling some perfect Double-Ds that were large without being cumbersome. Unlike her mother, her hair was bone-white in colouration, and cut into a cute bob rather than spilling down her back.

She was, despite being literally a demoness, the sexiest sight Marelis had ever seen. It was enough to make her unused nipple stiffen slightly, and her new feminine passage to begin to feel oddly moist. The young woman smirked, her tail flicked far behind her to flop over the rail. There was a significant hole in her skirt to allow it freedom.

“Hi there, you must be Mom's wetnurse for tonight. Geez, she gave you big tits, huh?”

Marelis blushed, not sure how to deal with this newcomer. She suddenly felt very vulnerable, her boobs out, a baby feeding at them, and her voluptuous body encased in a sexy maid outfit.

“Are you Allyria?” she asked.

“What gave it away?” the purred, leaning over the rail. She was clearly checking out Marelis' tits, which only made her blush further. “The red skin? The brattiness? The fact that I inherited my mother's charm?”

“Uhh, all three, I guess? You look a lot like her.”

“Why thank you,” she grinned. To Marelis’ surprise, she vaulted over the rail and bounced off an ancient couch, springing back to her feed. Her boobs wobbled a little in her tight crop top. “Mom is considered, like, among the hottest of the succubi women, so I’ll take that as a compliment. But look at you; you’re giving us a run for our money. I bet it was weird, having your boobs grow five or six times as big, huh?”

Marelis gave a sheepish smile. This other woman didn’t seem dangerous. In many ways, she was just an energetic woman of the kind he saw around university.

“Actually, I didn’t have boobs at all. I’m male.”

Allyria paused. And grinned. And then she broke out in a series of great guffaws.

“Stop, you’re startling the baby!” Marelis snapped, her babysitter’s professionalism taking over.

Allyria continued to giggle, but eventually calmed, quieting down.

“Sorry little Nira,” she said, drawing closer, leaning over and stroking the baby’s face. “I do love my little sister, even if it was sooo typical of Mom to have another one. Devils below, she couldn’t resist herself. I kept telling her she was going to get her eggo preggo again, but she didn’t listen.”

She pulled back, sitting oddly close to Marelis and inspecting her over with a smirk.

“So, you used to be a man? What’s your name?”

“Marelis. Well, that’s my name now. I, well, I used to be named Marcus.”

Another chuckle. “Oh, that is so like Mom. She loves using her powers to affect the mind in little ways like that. Thankfully as a trueborn demoness, I’m immune. Frustrates her up the damn walls, sometimes.”

Marelis shifted Nira to her other boob. “I have - wow, I have so many questions.”

“I bet you do. Must be strange to no longer have a dick, not that you can see it if you did with those huge jugs!”

“They’re heavy. And they were f-full.”

Allyria gave a sympathetic smile. “Yep, apparently that’s how we succubi demoni are. Makes me not quite want to have kids, though of course Mom is totally pushing it. I’m pretty damn happy with this body without ending up as ‘blessed in the chest’ as she is. Who knows, I could even end up with big cow tits like you; no offence.”

Marelis actually found herself chuckling, which caused her boobs to wobble. “None taken. This is all new to me. I had no idea demons were even real.”

Allyria shrugged, curling her large tail over her own lap. The pose was oddly sexy without meaning too, and Marelis found herself getting a bit more wet as she stared at the woman’s curves.

“Eh, we’re not all bad. Just like people, really. Don’t get me wrong, we’re infernal, usually live in a land of brimstone and fire, and we’re pretty . . . loose with some of our

morals, particularly your uptight sexual ones. And we're mischievous. And if people piss us off we can be a bit . . . disproportionate in our retribution. But most of us are okay. Mom likes humans enough she brought us to live here. I just like going back to the Infernal Plane to enjoy a good naked scorch on the rocks. Does wonders for my skin."

She posed again, closing her eyes as she clearly imagined it. Marelis took the time to stand; little Nira had fallen easily asleep, soothed by her much older sister's voice. The new nursemaid gently lowered her into the crib, trying to ignore the way her torpedo-like tits hung heavily over the crib, pressing against the sides. She gave a quick nappy check, confirmed it wasn't yet needed, and then folded the adorable little demon baby back into her swaddle.

"There's a baby monitor," Allyria said.

Sure enough, there was. Marelis set it to go, and placed the hand-held receiver on the strap around her waist that made the outfit show off her hourglass figure. She then reinserted her heavy bust back into the cups, and began struggling to figure out how to get them under control while she zipped it up.

Allyria sighed. "Here, let me help."

The sexy demoness got up, and to Marelis' alarm she grabbed her tits and began settling her in.

"Suck in your breath."

Marelis did so, and Allyria zipped her up.

"Okay, now you can breathe. Sort of. Those things are in tight."

Marelis did so, appreciating the support but disliking the way each breath caused her bust to surge upwards almost to her clavicle.

"Thanks, they're a . . . lot."

The red-skinned succubi crossed her arms. "I'll bet they are. Sexy though."

Marelis was taken back by the comment. She looked Allyria up and down, and the other demoness placed her hands on her hips, thrusting out her own chest a little.

"Enjoying the view, Miss 'Former Marcus'?"

Marelis cringed. "S-sorry, it's just - you're a demoness."

"Ha! A babysitter *and* a detective. Has Mom given you the tour?"

"No, she sort of just . . . transformed me."

Again, Marelis looked over her body, then Allyria's. The absence between her thighs was most keenly felt in the presence of this devilishly figured woman.

"Well, that won't do at all. Typical Mom, turning guys into sexy big-boobed milk-makers then scrambling off to go have tons of sex. I'm jealous. But at least you're keeping the night interesting! C'mon, I'll give you the tour."

She began to walk out of the room, her prominent tail flickering back and forth a little sensually.

“Don’t worry, you’ve got the radio, right? She’ll be fine.”

“It’s just that the room is very hot. Should I turn down the fireplace?”

“Please, we’re demonesses, remember? Hot is bad. Which is good for us.”

“Oh, okay.”

“C’mon, Markie boy, I’ll show you round. This’ll be fun. Plus, it’ll be fun to see those big tits of yours bounce as you try to walk in heels.”

Marelis followed her, trying to keep up.

It was going to be a long, interesting night.

The manor, or mansion, or *castle*, was immense. Even bigger than Marelis thought it was. There was an entire dancing hall, several large guestrooms, nearly half a dozen bathrooms, all of which were incredibly fancy, and even numerous servants’ quarters and kitchens.

“We hire some infernal staff from time to time,” Allyria explained, “but Mom only ropes in people when we absolutely need them, as you’re no doubt aware.”

She giggled at Marelis’ reaction.

“Keenly,” she said, holding her breasts as she walked, to stop them wobbling so much. They were actually starting to feel a little fuller after the hour tour. Several times they’d dropped back to check on little Nira, who was sleeping soundly before the radiating warmth of the fireplace. To Marelis’ surprise, Allyria actually helped her in this: keeping Nira still when she woke briefly with a dirty diaper, and again when another little feed was necessary but she was having trouble latching.

“Thanks a heap,” Marelis said as Nira suckled away. It was a good thing she was hungry after just two hours: already the new demoness maid was feeling utterly full. Her breasts had surged up another entire cup size just to cope with her prodigious milk production, with little dark purple veins showing on the light violet of her breasts.

“Not a problem,” Allyria said, grinning. “She can be a handful, and us demoness babies love our milk. Apparently, I was worse than Nila here.”

“Really?”

“Uh-huh. Mom couldn’t pull me away. I suspect that’s why she made you a nursemaid. You’ve seen Mom’s tits - stonking huge - but after the first time I don’t think she wants to be tied down twenty four-seven with a hungry baby. I can get that, even if she can be a bit selfish.”

“I just wish it didn’t mean I got turned into this,” Marelis grumbled. “Or at least that I’d been told. Hell, at least give me wings, that would have been cool.”

Allyria screwed up her face. “Urgghh! Don’t talk to me about wings! I’m still so pissed I didn’t get any. But that’s luck of the draw with demons; you can tell Mom is proud of them.”

“Well, you look pretty awesome even without them.”

She smirked. “Same to you, Markie boy. I must say, I love the sexy maid look. Succubi just can’t help but make everything a little sexually charged.”

Marelis realised Allyria had shifted closer. “Is that why you keep coming closer to me?” she joked.

A grin. “Maybe. Oh, look at her. She’s down again.”

Marelis pouted with her new, fuller lips. She’d been hoping the baby would drink more; she still felt a little full in her tits, and didn’t want to lactate into her dress again. Still, she certainly wasn’t about to say it. Instead, she rested Nila down, recorded when the feeding had occurred in her babysitter’s diary, and gave a little diaper check before swaddling the baby again.

“Wow, you’re a pro.”

“It’s what I get paid the big bucks for, though I can’t say I ever expected to *breastfeed* a baby, and especially not with *purple* boobs.”

“You’re right, red is *sooo* much better.”

The joke made Marelis chuckle. It was a high, soft little giggle, as compared to the sensual rasp of Scarlet’s daughter. The red-skinned demoness took her hand, making the former man flush with arousal at the contact.

“We’ve got a few staff for dinner, but I’m doing takeaway tonight, and since Mom’s out on dates, they were sent home early. I like the house to myself sometimes. So, do you want to order food together?”

Marelis’ stomach grumbled audibly just at the sound of food.

“Yeah, that sounds like an affirmative.”

“It’s all that milk production,” Allyria said. “Mom said she had to eat five live hogs a week just to satisfy me.”

“Umm, is that figurative or literal?”

“C’mon, let’s order pizza. I love human food - especially when it’s overcooked!”

Marelis chuckled again. “I bet you do.”

Another hour later and the two women were eating pizza. To Marelis’ surprise, the pizza really did taste good when it was overburnt. The two had spent time getting to know one another, and the former male was getting more and more used to her strange new body. It

turned out she had a lot in common with the sexy red-skinned demoness. They had similar taste in film, though the native succubi loved the occasional romance.

“It’s a bit of rebellion against my darker impulses,” she explained. “The cheesiness of all the happy endings is an appealing taboo for demons. Like underage smoking for you guys?”

They also had a lot of gym fitness and exercise, though neither subscribed totally to the so-called ‘gym life’, preferring to be toned instead of bulked.

“Though I think we’d be damn sexy either way.”

And of course, while she liked her food more burnt, they both had a great love of Italian food. Not to mention silly food puns. Puns in general, really.

“Except Hell-based ones,” Allyria explained. “You have no idea how over Hell puns I am. We don’t even come from Hell - we’re from the infernal plane! I’m so over hell.” She grinned a little too widely. “Trust me, it’s *torture!*”

Marelis groaned. “Oh, that was absolutely awful.”

“Ha, wasn’t it just!”

“I’m going to eat another slice of pizza before your puns make me vomit it up.”

“Please, we both know it’s all being converted to milk by now. You’re more likely to spill it.”

They continued to laugh and chat, enjoying each other’s company on the couch. Both of them were studying at the same university, but whereas Marcus was acquiring further degrees in child care in the hopes of running his own facility one day, Allyria was working in communications and online banking.

“It’s one of the few jobs I can do without worrying about people freaking out about my appearance,” she said, snagging another slice of pizza, “after all, I’m only a voice on the phone.”

“A shame really,” Marelis replied, “since your appearance is actually really nice.”

“Nice, huh? How very . . . chaste of you.”

“Well I’m sorry, I’m new to this demoness thing! I didn’t want to jump straight to beautiful or gorgeous or -”

“We like ‘totally fuckable’, ‘sexy’, total MILF’ - that’s just Mom though, and ‘absolutely bangable with great tits.’”

“Wow, demonesses don’t play around.”

“Oh, we *play around*, if you know what I’m saying.” Allyria drew closer, practically leaning over Marelis. It gave the new demoness a look at her large, perfectly rounded boobs in her tight crop top, pressed together to form a perfect curve of cleavage from the low colour.

“Oh, wow, yeah, you’re not joking.”

“Nope! I have that effect on people. It’s a succubus thing. Demons are horny devils.”

“Yeah, I noticed that your Mom - hang on, was that another pun?”

Allyria burst into laughter and her tail coiled around to playfully smack Marelis on the leg. “Got you again! Step into a demoness house, get the demoness puns. Speaking of, want to see my room?”

“Sure, so long as I don’t have to climb another flight of stairs.”

Allyria giggled. “Sorry! It’s on the third floor. Guess you’ll just have to enjoy some nice titty bouncing. Don’t tell me you wouldn’t have liked the sight as a man.”

“Marcus would have, but then he didn’t realise how damn heavy and constantly moving these things are!”

Allyria grinned, feasting her eyes on the new demoness’ swollen chest and deep, alluring line of cleavage. “Certainly, even my Double-Ds can get like that, but I dare say even the most . . . fertile of demoness women rarely come to your standards, though perhaps a few are even bigger. Still, you can’t deny your sexy appeal.”

Marelis blushed. She certainly couldn’t. It was odd; ever since becoming a demoness she was experiencing strong signs of feminine arousal, and it was only becoming stronger in the presence of Allyria. The demoness was drop-dead gorgeous, and somehow her thick, spaded tail that shifted and moved like a prehensile limb only made her more appealing. Even her hooved feet had an exotic and enticing quality, functioning like high heels that forced the demoness into a permanent posture that caused her hips to sway exaggeratedly, and her chest and ass to stick out.

“Stop perving and check this out,” she said, snapping Marelis from her lurid thoughts.

The demoness opened the large, black door to her room. The interior was deeply impressive, with a large central bed and numerous cupboards and shelves. There were posters of human punk bands, as well as what appeared to be several infernal ones too. A collection of cute stuffed toys were arranged in rows on a shelf by a mirror; even if they were demon-themed, it seemed women everywhere liked plush dolls.

“Wow, this is really fancy,” Marelis remarked.

“Pretty nice, huh? Come feel the bed.”

The red-skinned demoness sauntered over to the enormous Double King-size bed, which, like the rest of the room and house, seemed to be from the nineteenth century. She leapt up and flopped upon it, causing her crop top to ride up and reveal even more of her perfect red midriff. Her tail curled around to her dark hooves, and she closed her eyes, moaning almost organically.

“Mmhhmm, it’s the best thing ever. Come feel.”

Marelis tried to ignore the growing pressure in her breasts and moved to the bed.

“No, I meant jump on it!”

Marelis blanched. "I mean, my boobs . . ."

"Oh, you'll be alright. Just a heavy wobble."

"I might leak."

"The sheets are changed each day, and the staff won't care. I'm a demoness, remember? They change *Mom's* sheets. Pretty sure they're used to some body fluids."

Marelis raised an eyebrow. The other woman wasn't wrong. She was still in heels, but was able to leap up over onto the bed, squealing a little by accident. Her enormous melon-sized boobs jostled in her top, practically burst out of their confinement, nipples barely contained as she fell against the wonderful softness of the bed. Allyria giggled as those enormous head-sized tits trembled for long seconds after she settled. Even her smaller violet tail was whipping back and forth in embarrassment.

"Oh my darkness, I can't believe you just did that! With a bust that big!"

Marelis pouted. "You - but you told me too!"

"I didn't think you'd actually do it! Ha! Oh, you really did use to be a man."

"I still am, really. I just have this name thing from your mother. I'll be a man again at midnight."

Marelis was a little shocked to see that Allyria looked a bit disappointed about this.

"Oh, that's a shame."

"I'm rather looking forward to being a man again, not to mention human."

"Not enjoying being a demoness?"

He shifted to his side, and one boob weighed heavily on the other. "It's not all bad. It's just . . . so weird. I didn't even know your kind truly existed, and now I am one! And these boobs are huge, and purple! And all this milk."

Allyria shifted closer, so that their chests actually touched. Allyria felt her nipples stiffen, and that wetness in her womanly crotch returned.

"It *has* been hilarious watching you adjust to all this breastfeeding. And that nursery rhyme you tried to sing."

"That usually works!"

"Thank the infernal plane that I taught you the fire and brimstone version. She loved that."

"Thanks again for that."

"Mhmm, I can think of several ways you can thank me." She drew closer to Marelis, looping her larger tail over her rounded him, and placing out a hand to caress the nursemaid's back. Marelis gasped a little, astonished by how horny she was feeling. She'd never felt quite that horny in her life.

"What are you doing?" Marelis gasped, as the woman's hands began to draw down to caress her ass, before rising to play with her massive breasts.

“What does it feel like I’m doing, hotstuff? I’ve been flirting with you all night. Especially after you told that horrific pizza pun.”

Marelis groaned as the other woman rubbed at her nipple, causing it to distend. Small droplets of milk released into the padded cups.

“Oohhhh . . . nghhhh, that f-feels really s-sensitive. What about your M-Mom?”

Allyria giggled. “You humans and your prudish ways. I’m doing this *in spite* of the fact that my mother wants it, not in spite of the fact that she doesn’t. She’s always going on about how I need to ‘act my age and start having more sex and taking more lovers’, but in truth I’ve always liked that strange human idea of meeting a special someone. I’m not saying you’re definitely it, but didn’t you feel something the last few hours? A connection?”

Marelis whimpered a little as her breasts were released. God, they were full, and despite herself she wanted more than anything for Allyria to suck on them, to drink from her, to play with her new clit.

“I d-did enjoy that,” she said. “I j-just never expected any of this. But you are so, so beautiful. No, that’s not right, you like it more honest. You are so fucking *hot*.”

Allyria bit her lip, clearly turned on by the word.

“Totally bangable, right?” she continued.

“Mmhmm, you’re learning quick.

“And I do like you. I actually like you a lot, for someone I’ve just met.”

The demoness began kissing her violet neck, sucking hard enough to cause hickeys.

“Yeah, you do like me don’t you? I like you, Markie boy. I like you like this: as a sexy, big-titted maid. And I love that you’re so full of milk right now that you look like you’re about to burst. Do you want me to help with that?”

Her red hand shifted down to tease at Marelis’ crotch. It felt so strange, so odd, so utterly alien to have another place their fingers inside her, and yet it was so utterly right at the same time. She groaned, a small orgasm immediately rolling through her body.

“Yes, p-please.”

“Now who’s fuckable?”

The two began to make love. Allyria pressed her face into Marelis’ big tits, and the latter moaned in pleasure at having them groped and felt up. They were incredibly sensitive, not just the nipple and wide areola but the whole boob part, particularly the underboob area, of which there was a lot. Allyria licked and sucked as well, drinking deep of the milk and savouring the sweet taste. She continued to finger Marelis until the new demoness was about to burst in a totally different way.

“H-holy f-fuck! I’m about to c-cum!” she exclaimed.

Allyria pressed against her, causing their breasts to press against one another; she had already removed her own crop top, though she still wore a black bra.

“Like what you see, my sexy demoness?”

“Mmhhmm,” was all Marelis managed. She was too close to pleasure by that point, and unable to contain it any further. She was being licked, kissed, groped, suckled, and fingers, and in the end it was all too much for her new, extra-horny demoness body. It exploded in orgasm, and with each shake her sensitive tits wobbled heavy. Allyria pressed herself against them, motorboating her cleavage.

Finally, it was over, and Marelis had her wits back

“Wow,” she said.

“I bet. First time having sex with a demoness.”

“That I know of. Actually, scratch that. If sex with demonesses is that good, there is *no way* I’ve had sex with another before.”

Allyria grinned, adopting a sexy pose with her hand behind her neck, the other on her hip. “That good, was I?”

“Allyria, I’m going to be completely honest. You may have ruined sex with humans for me.”

“You’re just saying that because you’ve got a sexy demoness body.”

“Only for two more hours, if your clock is right.”

Allyria frowned briefly, before leaping off the bed.

“C’mon, let’s get dressed and watch something together. I like chatting with you too. Besides, this old house may not have the best reception up here for the baby monitor.”

Marelis took a while to get up, and needed the other demoness’ skill in helping get her bust back into place. The two headed downstairs, but each continued to exchange glances, both a little sheepish.

The former human got the genuine sense that whatever had happened, was more than just a regular one-night stand.

Little Nira was making noises again on the baby monitor. The violet-skin sighed, but Allyria was clearly overjoyed by this.

“Sorry, I just still find it so funny. But you’re doing great!”

“I was just comfortable on the couch. But then these things are already full. No wonder you don’t want to become a mother like Scarlet; I feel like a dairy cow!”

Allyria shrugged. “Never say never, I just don’t want to do it straight away like she did. It’s a big commitment, having backbreakers like yours.”

“So I’m noticing,” Marelis said, rising to her feet, bosom wobbling. “Glad to know someone enjoys it, though.”

Allyria stuck out her tongue in a playful manner as Marelis moved to Nira's room. The adorable little demoness baby was hungry once more, and in truth, the babysitter was happy about it. She felt very full of milk, but after several feedings across the night, she was actually looking forward to the soothing feeling of feeding a child. It definitely was a unique and rewarding experience. After a quick change, Nira latched, and the nursemaid sat in a rocking chair, letting the little girl feed as she wanted. Allyria dropped in a couple of times to keep her company, neither of the two talking about the episode upstairs, but both clearly enjoying staring at one another.

Finally, Allyria left to go upstairs on some excuse of 'needing to do something', leaving Marelis alone. She was a little saddened that the other demoness had left. She really did quite like her, despite the fact that she was a literal demoness. But she had her duties to the infant, and even though 'breastfeeding' was never on her caretaker list as a man, she was willing to do it now, and enjoy the bonding experience.

It was at the tail end of that calming experience that Scarlet returned at 11:18, a little earlier than expected. The demoness landed near the door, the flap of her leathery wings audible, and stepped on through.

"Dearies, I'm home!" she called. "You would not believe the fun I just had. Allyria, I simply have to tell you about this marvellous position you should try when you get your own boyfriend or girlfriend. But first, where is that wonderful new demoness nursemaid?"

"I'm over here!" Marelis called from the living room. "Thought Nira could use a change of scenery."

Scarlet entered, and quickly raised her hands to her mouth in that universal expression of mother's captivated by the cuteness factor of their babies. Marelis gave a sheepish grin at the sexy older demoness woman. Evidently, she'd had a good time of a night; she was entering in a different, even more revealing dress than the one she'd left in, and her hair was slightly mussed, though only in a way that made her more alluring.

"Well, dear Marelis, it seems you did indeed take to your role for the night well."

The transformed demoness nodded as she transferred Nira to her other breast. She gasped just a little as the little infernal child latched, and began to drink the full milk supply she'd developed over the last hour.

"It - ahhh - took me a while, but I eventually got into the rhythm of it. She's been a wonderful little girl all night. A couple of changed nappies, a bit of tummy time on her mat, but mostly just regular feedings. *Very regular.*"

She gave a dark look to her employer, who just waved off the concern nonchalantly.

"Well, that's what the breasts are for, my dear. She's a very hungry little demoness, and I've very proud of her, but sometimes a mother needs to get away before she ends up with a bust as large as -"

“As large as the one you gave me.”

This time it was Scarlet’s turn to look a little sheepish. “Yes, well I suppose so. But you’ve managed it well. Did you meet Allyria?”

“You could say that.”

It was perhaps too revealing of a statement. The demoness mother smiled deliciously. “Wonderful, simply wonderful. Good to hear she’s coming out of her shell. Well, you’re in that form for the next forty minutes, but I can take the little one off your hands now, I’m feeling quite full myself.”

She gestured to take her daughter, and Marelis handed her over carefully, allowing her to attach lovingly to her mother.

“Aren’t you just the cutest little hellion, yes you are! Yes you are!”

Marelis smiled, even if she felt a little out of place now. Still, she was no longer embarrassed to be breastfeeding, and that was something.

“As promised, your pay,” the demoness said, handing over a packet. It contained not just the original payment, but also a generous bonus.

“Wow, thank you,” Marelis said in her high-toned voice.

“Think nothing of it. I may call upon your services again. You’ve done very well. You go enjoy your night, dear. In fact, my daughter might even see you off.”

“Mom, stop being so embarrassing.”

Marelis looked up, and had to be careful not to drop her jaw. Stepped quietly down the stairway was Allyria, looking quite different to how she was last. She wore a gorgeous green dress that conformed to her every curve, hugging her breasts tightly and lifting them up to reveal a bounteous cleavage. She didn’t wear shoes - she had hooves, after all - but they had been painted a dark green to match her dress. Her long, thicker red tail slowly writhed behind her in a sensual manner, having passed through a gap in her dress. It did little to conceal the wonderful peach-like shape of her ass. She had even put on dark makeup and dark green lipstick, and styled her hair to one side.

“Dear, you look absolutely stunning! I think someone’s getting very lucky tonight!”

Allyria rolled her eyes. “Mom, can I just have a bit of privacy with Marcus.”

Scarlet chuckled, but bowed out of the room. “You two have fun, now! And remember dear, try to have plenty of sex!”

“MOM!”

The door closed, and Allyria came down the steps to Marelis, her hands around her waist in a way that emphasised her bustline.

“Sorry about that, Mom can be *such* a demon sometimes. She just loves those little tortures.” She paused for a moment, indicating to herself. Evidently, making herself up like that had been the real reason she’d fled up stairs. “Well, what do you think?”

Marelis coughed. "Allyria, you look - you look fucking amazing."

"Totally fuckable?"

"I'm still not super comfortable saying that."

"Well, can you comment on something specific?"

"Uh, your tits look great?"

She shuddered. "Mhmm, like that. Anything else?"

"Your tail. It's actually really damn sexy."

She grinned, allowing it to wrap around herself. "Thank you. I really love it. Not many demons have big tails like mine. It can do *all sorts of things*, you know."

"And your ass. It's very nice. Uh, do I have to keep going?"

She giggled, pulling the violet-skinned demoness into a hug. "You're adorable. And so sexy as well. I fucking love these huge tits. I didn't get a full drink, you know, before?"

Just the thought of that moment made Marelis' nipples go hard.

"Yeah, that was actually really, uh, nice. Weird, but awesome."

"I'll bet. Want to do it again? Not here, Mom will hear, but elsewhere?"

For the first time, Marelis felt a little bad about turning back soon. She was going to be Marcus again, and she did want that, but it was clear Allyria really liked her form. She said as much to the red-skinned demoness, who became a little crestfallen.

"Well," she said, "how about this? Why don't we go to a place nearby that I know is still open for a quick date, demoness and demoness? The folks there know my form, so they won't be weirded out. We can enjoy ourselves on a proper date before you turn back. Maybe get a little flirty in one of the booths?"

Marelis smiled nervously, heart fluttering. She had no idea this was how romance would start for her. "That actually sounds really nice."

"You mean *hot*. And then, when you turn back, we'll see how things go after that. If you want to date me - because I know I want that - then maybe we can work something out. I've got some magic myself, so I could transform you in the future so we can have fun? You wouldn't even have to be a maid."

She was getting excited by the proposal, and Marelis could feel herself getting excited too. She nodded at the demoness, who continued.

"Yeah, we could have a compromise. I won't lie, I'm sad you're going to be a human guy again, but if you're willing to change and be a sexy, big-titted, even occasionally lactating demoness hottie, then I can also change *myself* to temporarily be something from your wildest dreams as well."

Marelis was stunned. She looked up at the clock. The idea of becoming a girl again wasn't the most wonderful prospect, but then again this woman was beautiful, daring, sexy,

funny, passionate, and also a creature from another plane of existence. How could she pass that up? Did she even want to?

“Allyria, I’d love nothing more than that. Though, to be honest, I don’t know if there’s a form I want you to take that could be any more beautiful - uh, *hot* - than your own.”

Allyria pulled her into a passionate kiss that made Marelis aroused all over again.

“Come on,” she said, taking the violet demoness’ hand. “We haven’t got time to waste.”

The two left together, Marelis feeling her bosom wobble heavily as they giggled and laughed and joked and flirted all the way to the car. Soon, she would be Marcus again, but the experience of being an infernal maid would certainly not leave her anytime soon.

Not if Allyria had anything to say about it.

The End