

If ever there had been any hope in Terza's mind that she might be able to turn her situation around and be rid of the debt she had toward Starry, it was completely gone by the time their third month together rolled in and she was in so deep that the mathematical likelihood of it ever being fully repaid was so tiny it probably required its own special notation just to denote how miniscule it was. And yet, despite this and many other things, the demoness was happier than she ever had been; never in her life did she imagine that serving a mortal could be so fun, doubly so when it came prepackaged with the kind of growth that both of them had experienced over the previous trimester. Infernal beings like her were often relegated to such lowly tasks that the idea of achieving *any* kind of career boost of that kind was often little more than a pipe dream, reserved only for those with the utter lack of morals required to engage in backroom politicking and below-desk ministrations. Terza never quite believed there could be another way, and in fact had come to terms with the idea that she'd just be a mid-level manager for all eternity... at least until now.

Her attitude towards the vixen had changed dramatically over the course of their time together, with very little (if any) of her original animosity remaining, having long-since vanished into the aether and gotten replaced with an increasing amount of familiarity and, dare she say it, protective instinct; Starry was no longer *just* her battery and source of power, but a valued member of her chosen family, and someone the succubus herself should very much spend time and energy protecting and caring for. It never quite occurred to her that what she was feeling for them wasn't even remotely appropriate for a demoness of her station; with a body like hers, and the sheer amount of demonic energy that came with it, Terza should be making demands of everyone around her, maybe even running her own office for the reclamation of lost souls. Instead, she spent her days lavishly catering to Starry's every whim, even going so far as to *demand* that the vixen give her something to do at times. It became something akin to a drug, one whose withdrawal was very much as physical as it was psychological; going without Starry for too long made her feel ill and nauseous, lightheaded and just about ready to faint at any given moment, something that was only fixed when her beloved squeezed her way back home.

She had initially intended to fix this by heading out and assisting her new mistress in her daily tasks, an idea that Starry herself shot down faster than Terza could defend it. A great number of arguments were raised about how the world wasn't ready for the revelation of demonic life, how the succubus' very existence would overturn millenia of theological doctrine... but mostly how inappropriate it would be for her to walk around looking the way she did. Frankly, the demoness herself could see why that would be a problem, even if she still didn't fully understand why mortals were so reticent about indulging in public nudity, especially given the types of contracts they signed for people wanting to change their bodies into their idealized forms. Terza herself gone down that route and was more than satisfied with the results: a pair of breasts to cover her torso, an ass too wide to fit through doors and fat enough that it refused to stop wobbling, a plump pair of lips that made it difficult to talk at times... honestly, as far as she

cared, it wouldn't be the spaded tail or the curvy horns that people focused on when they saw her walking down the street, not with the amount of bounce her tits had or the sheer volume of space occupied by those flared-out thighs of hers, but if Starry said that was the case, then that was the case.

Her life was thus spent mostly indoors, finding things to do in between the vixen leaving for work and returning later in the day. Mostly it was just finishing chores and preparing their meals, but as the days went on and the stir-craziness began to settle in, Terza started to spend an increasing amount of time... exploring her options. With her body being what it was, it'd be insane for the succubus not to enjoy herself every once in a while; it's just that "once in a while" very quickly turned into a constant, and it wouldn't be the first time that Starry shuffled into their apartment only to find her roomie with her tail several inches of her herself and two hands milking both tits with such strength that the jets of cream were hitting the walls. This usually resulted in the mortal herself joining in, and a wonderful few hours would be spent where the two would try their best to find where the other one's limit was so they could break through it. Much as Starry tried (and Terza wanted to) though, there was just no physical way the vixen could win; the demoness' biology was *built* for pleasure and lust, therefore making it impossible for her to simply 'run out', as it were. If ever there came a point where her stamina was truly challenged, then it would be a simple matter of tapping into the vital energies of whoever they happened to be with in order to replenish their own. While normally this meant draining their partners until they were naught but shrivelled husks, who nonetheless still begged for the overly-stacked succubi to keep riding them, Starry was a unique case; her connection with her many multiple selves ensured that, regardless of how greedily Terza drank from that well, there was always more for the demoness to gorge herself on.

That it had a knock-on effect on Starry's body was just a bonus at that point, and oddly enough, one that the demoness didn't particularly care about that much. Whenever she and her roommate shared an intimate moment together, as much as they were both highly appreciative of the sort of bodies their relationship had given them (at least until Starry broke free of her own lusty haze and began worrying again), the succubus was interested in something far more important than her would-be lover's body: her partner herself. It was hard to gauge or explain, as demonic creatures like her were literally not built to process anything resembling altruism or protectiveness, but Terza knew enough about human emotion to understand that what she was feeling was something akin to a maternal instinct, the innate drive to protect her most precious thing in the world. She didn't really look at Starry as her daughter; that'd make it unbearably awkward when it came to fucking like rabid bunnies, regardless of what some of the demoness' former coworkers might think. And yet, regardless of this, it was becoming increasingly harder for her to look at them as anything less than a shining gem that she had to make sure nothing happened to, not even the slightest of blemishes. The succubus couldn't even *fathom* the mere *possibility* that something bad might happen to her precious vixen; and if it did, then it would

probably result in a great deal of broken bones and an unfortunate soul being dragged downstairs for a meeting with whoever was currently heading the Direct Transfers department.

Meanwhile, Starry herself was having a hard time of her own adjusting to all of this. Her mind was still hers, at least in theory, making it significantly more difficult for her to really comprehend just what exactly was going on with that demoness she summoned; having gone from feisty, to rebellious, to begrudgingly obedient and now insufferably servile, it was impossible for her to get a bead on what Terza was even supposed to be like. To be fair, the new succubus was... more bearable, if nothing else; Starry could at least be sure that her house would be kept pristine and clean, and that there'd be a hot meal waiting for her regardless of how late she arrived from work. Not to mention, it'd be disingenuous for her to claim that having such an amazingly well-endowed demoness ready to serve her every whim didn't fulfill at least *some* of her sexual fantasies; those nights they spent together were some of the best in her entire life, even if the neighbors didn't think so. All that said, this ignored the crucial aspect that she hadn't summoned Terza in order to have a hot piece of demon ass lusting over her day and night; the vixen called her up so she could help with her own growth issues, and in that regard, the succubus had failed tremendously.

In fact, it was amazing how badly she'd done in containing things, mostly because they were anything *but*; Starry's constant bloating never really stopped, and in fact had only gotten *worse* as time went on! If initially it was just her bust filling up too quickly and posing serious engineering problems whenever she needed to go up stairs, now her ass was starting to pack on the pounds regardless of how much she ate, and her hips were beginning to follow suit as well; even with strict dietary control, the vixen found herself waking up fatter and thicker each and every day, the mirror on her closet door no longer capable of showing her even a majority of her body anymore. It got bad enough that even her boss, normally more than happy to exploit their worker's miraculous ability to develop mass from nowhere, was starting to worry about her; Starry's growth spurts had never lasted for that long before, and it was very clear that she was quietly suffering from how much it was affecting her life.

True to her new behaviour as an oddly submissive demoness of lust, Terza offered very little but suggestions on how to make things even worse. Unbeknownst to Starry, the succubus *did* do something to halt their growth... it's just that it was a sloppy, quick-fix stopgap meant mostly to stop the vixen's uncontrollable and explosive spurts rather than anything more permanent. And in her defence, the spell *did* do exactly what it was supposed to do; how exactly was Terza supposed to know that it would instead make it so that the vixen grew at a slow but constant rate instead? Many times before she tried to explain that spatial dimensions and manipulation thereof were anything but exact sciences, and yet every single one of those times Starry refused to listen, coming up instead with all number of wild accusations about how the succubus had "made it worse" and "ruined everything" by refusing to let go of her past. Perhaps the most ridiculous

among these were the many demands that the vixen made of her for the demoness to shrink down, pointing out that the world “wasn’t ready” for a fifteen-foot demonic creature of pure hedonism running around; they weren’t ready for a demon at all, much less one of that level and stature! Terza refused to abide by any of that, quite rightfully pointing out that not only was one’s size a status symbol downstairs in the Lake of Fire, but it was perfectly natural to see demons who were hundreds, even *thousands* of feet in height, thus making her own body relatively middling, even tiny by the standards of some of the other succubi she’d seen run around during her years in the service. Predictably, Starry never paid attention; she was too busy complaining about how her tits were always too full.

Funnily enough, the vixen never seemed to find the right words to moan about how tough things were whenever they found some time to bring their bodies together. If anything, she even asked Terza to make her bigger so the both of them could experience the “heights of pleasure” like never before; it was a testament to the succubus’ willpower that she never took her mistress up on any of those requests, knowing as she did that she wouldn’t hear the end of it the moment Starry came back to her senses. It did, however, give the demoness an idea for how to “fix” the vixen’s problems, even if it wasn’t really... good. It started off small, with a few hints and suggestions, not even directed at her but mostly thrown about absentmindedly, to lay down the multitude of traps required to rope Starry into things. It progressed into Terza openly commenting about her height and making not-so-subtle comments on how her own curves used to be *so* unbearable before she developed the back muscles needed to carry them around, and how her bumping into the ceiling wasn’t so bad now that she got used to it. The vixen seemed confused by most of these hilariously blatant attempts at buttering her up, but went along with them anyway, probably thinking that it was best not to give the succubus any more bright ideas when her own body was already going to hell and never back again.

It all came to a head one day when the two of them were sitting on the ground, Terza serving as an improvised sofa for Starry while they watched some really terrible movies together. No popcorn, just the occasional sip of demon milk for the both of them. Everything seemed to be going perfectly normally, with the vixen laying back against a set of udders that somehow managed to be even larger than her own, while the demoness got to knead a furball that seemed to murr louder the more she sank her hands into them. The couple was more often than not perfectly content in simply spending their lazy nights like that, forgetting about their back-and-forths over whose fault it was they were turning into oversized sex symbols and the many, *many* discussions about whose turn it was to unclog the drain after it got filled up with milk again. Terza correctly deduced that if she was ever going to go for the killing blow, this would be the best possible opportunity to do so.

“So I’ve been thinking,” she started off, probably not aware of how much that sentence gave away her intentions, “you’ve had some issues with your size lately, haven’t you?”

Starry didn't even dignify that with a response; if she did, it'd be far too snarky and likely to ruin the very precarious friendship the two had built with one another. She thought it best to just nod.

“So, I thought to myself... if we can't seem to stop your tits and ass from growing,” Terza carried on, expertly ignoring the glare she just received, “why not... grow the rest of your body out to help match the size of them? Like I did!”

The demoness had seriously expected the vixen to instantly say no, or at least protest in some meaningful way; her question was more a desperation move than anything else, and she wouldn't be at all surprised if it triggered yet another hour-long argument and finger-pointing session. To her utmost surprise however, not only did Starry say nothing, but her body temperature began to rise instead, her cheeks reddening *considerably* despite keeping her eyes locked forward and not moving her head even so much as an inch. Terza didn't like poking around inside of her head, but sometimes, some things had to be done for the sake of progress; even then, the succubus didn't do more than skim the most superficial of thoughts, which was still more than enough to confirm that the dominant emotion roiling around inside Starry's mins was a mixture of arousal and severe embarrassment.

There was a significant part of the mortal woman that wanted to say yes without even thinking about it; truth be told, the past three months had taken such an immense toll on the vixen's mental fortitude that it was a wonder she could even function at all, let alone rebuke the constant advances on the part of the eternally-growing internal creature she had summoned. The very situation she found herself in at the time was proof of just how much her mind had been warped; the two had been exchanging razor-sharp barbs over whose fault it was that the bathtub got clogged not two hours before, and yet now were perfectly content in snuggling up against one another without a care in the world... and the reality of it was that Starry honestly preferred it when things took the latter approach. All their arguments and shouting matches were, at least in part, dishonest, merely an attempt on her part to try and impose some normalcy over their lives long after it became clear such a thing would never happen again; it was the vixen's way of trying to assert dominance over the proceedings and prove (to herself, mostly) that she still had agency. And yet, whenever they were done arguing, the couple inevitably ended up in one another's arms, mostly since Terza had no intention of holding anything against her mortal companion. In a way, it was comforting for Starry to know that someone loved her so deeply, even if it made her question if she was worth the attention.

So she didn't answer... not verbally at least. Instead, the young woman adjusted her position on the succubus' lap and sunk her head deeper into their cleavage, all-but vanishing from sight into those soft, heavy mounds before whining pitifully, one of the agreed-upon signs that the

vixen had give up trying to pretend for the day. It still wasn't outright permission, but it was a good first sign that Starry was about ready to succumb to the next stage in Terza's not-plan; improvising a solution to the constant growth problems that plagued the both of them had long since gone past trying to *stop it* and went straight into stopgap-based damage control, and even *that* was doubtful if one looked at it objectively. After the horribly slapdash job that the succubus did trying to stop the other Starries from leaking into her own universe, there wasn't a lot that either of them could do beyond trying to contact an upper-level demon; considering the sort of debt that incurred, not even the demoness was stupid enough to try it.

So the two instead settled for a way to "vent" the excess pressure in the safest manner possible. It was true that the world wasn't ready for someone as big as Terza, doubly so after she hit the sixteen-foot mark just a few days after proposing that the vixen go down the same path; then again, it was either that or succumb to the size of their assets, which is something Starry just couldn't afford. Her job had to be done and the money had to keep rolling in, making mobility the biggest priority... but still the vixen wasn't ready. It took a few more days before the subject was brought up again, Terza hoping that her little one would finally give her a straight answer rather than just hugging her curves more tightly; that time, the question was far more direct, the succubus no longer bothering to set the atmosphere: "Do you want to grow larger?"

Starry looked as if she wanted to say no, before sighing, looking down at the ground and away from her roomie-slash-lover... and finally asking what it entailed. Terza was so taken aback by the question that it took her a few seconds before her brain got back on track, after which she made sure to spend a good hour or so talking about the ins and outs of allowing demonic power to flow into one's body and what that might entail in practice. Up until then, Starry had been fuelled purely by her own energies, or rather, the ones from her alternate selves in the many possible timelines that floated just a micrometer away from her. That power was fine-tuned for her and her alone, with the effects it had on the succubus being more a result of her own infernal nature than anything else; infusing a mortal body with the very powers of hell had a tendency to... *corrupt* people slightly, even more so when they were already exposed to them beforehand. The vixen was especially concerned about keeping her sanity intact, which the demoness guaranteed her would happen; any alterations to her body would be purely physical. At least in theory.

Even still, it was a slow process that took so long to even start that Starry began wondering if her partner really was doing anything at all. Terza, not wanting to screw things up even more, decided to put some actual effort into what she was doing, rather than go for the easiest way out and worry about the effects down the line; doing so beforehand had turned the vixen into a walking timebomb, even if the vulpine herself wasn't aware of it. The uncomfortable knowledge that her lover was just about ready to burst weighed heavily on Terza's mind, given that the succubus could see the churning mass of dimensional energy constantly swirling around her

precious gem; the stopgap she put in place, the one that had forced the vixen's body to undergo a constant growth rather than a series of unpredictable spurts, had left Starry's physical form as the proverbial finger in the dyke, a half-second away from allowing a flood to invade her material universe. Maybe, Terza hoped, allowing the vixen to grow outwards and take in more mass in a controlled manner would turn her into a proper floodgate, ready to hold back the currents trying to force their way in through her. That was the plan at least; whether or not it'd work was entirely up in the air.

In the meantime, Starry had to deal with the consequences of having a body that refused to settle down and give her even a single moment of peace. The worst part about it wasn't even the uncontrolled, global growth, but rather what was going on inside of her breasts! The vixen had always been very productive, even before the dimensional barrier was broken and the constant downpour of universe-filling fox energy began barreling into her; despite this, she had managed to keep it under control, at least in her day-to-day activities, to the point where it was even possible for her to function as a milk dispenser at work whenever she was working a full shift. However, in the past few months since meeting with and having Terza around, she noticed a change in her production cycle, one powerful and yet gradual enough to have her wonder if the demoness was doing it deliberately or whether it was just a side-effect of her constantly being bombarded by "infernal energies", as the demoness called them. It used to be that it took at least a few hours for Starry to fill up, at which point her breasts would start to bloat outwards in order to accommodate for the sudden volume of milk; now, however, the vixen was lucky if she got even half an hour *at best* before feeling the familiar pang of pressure hitting her tits all at once.

The results were predictable, but not necessarily painful or unwanted. While at work, Starry had already gotten used to the need for using a milking pump for the duration of her shift, with the worst part having been how to learn to walk around while dragging that thing behind her; regular, store-bought and handheld machines were no longer enough, with the vixen having to contact a dairy farm in order to buy second-hand equipment from them. While initially she felt it was somewhere beyond embarrassing to have to be literally milked like a cow, she eventually found a way to appreciate it, especially when she was assigned to work behind the counter; wouldn't be the first time she bent over it, arms crossed near the edge and her back bent so that her udders could freely hang down, the suction cups firmly tugging her teats while the immense girth of her mammaries bounced and swayed as the machines milked them dry. There was never any shortage, and at times her boss outright told her not to move just so they could store up some excess for the night shift a few hours later; Starry never complained, being happy to be paid to just stand there and get drained... never dry, but at least somewhere close.

The main issue there was that it never even got better, let alone stopped; beforehand, constant milking like that at least allowed the vixen to go for extended periods of time without having to worry about leakage. Now? Now it seemed that the more she got drained, the more milk she

produced, leading to a rather unstable equilibrium whereby the only way Starry could help herself actually made things worse in the long run. Already her tits were big enough to cover most of her body, and all it took was a few minutes for the bottom of their curvature to start bumping against the ground with every step; the *sounds* as well were indescribable, bringing a bright crimson to the cheeks of even the most stoic of customers, and leaving Starry herself a colour that matched Terza's skin. Moving around was such a constant pain that the vixen was considering contracting someone to build her a special harness, lest her spine snap somewhere down the line, and the amount of room taken up by the milk she drained at home was threatening to overtake the fridge completely. And yet, despite all of this, Starry couldn't bring herself to want to stop. There was nothing in her head that told her she wanted to be smaller; if anything, the larger she got, the more productive she became, the more the vixen wanted to push her limits and see how far they could go. It was madness of the worst variety, and yet that's exactly what she wanted to happen: herself, attached to a pair of milkers bigger than her body several times over, forever lost in lactic bliss.

It was only when this realization hit that she knew she had to take up the succubus' offer. So here they were.

The transformation came slowly, day after day adding just the tiniest bit onto her frame that, at least initially, neither of them could really see it take place. Terza was doing everything in her power *not* to screw up that time, while also playing into the careful balancing act between the constant growth of Starry's assets and the increasingly pressing need to compensate for them. The first time the vixen noticed something was happening was when she woke up one day and could no longer ignore the reddish tinge to her fur, which her brain had done a wonderful job of filtering out of her perception for goodness knows how long; parting it to get a good look at the skin underneath revealed the colour was firmly entrenched there as well, the same sort of shade that Terza's own body possessed. Starry joked to herself that she was going to find her tail's tip had turned into a spade one day, only for one of coworkers, a couple of weeks from then, to ask where she went to in order to "do up" that amazing "fur trick"; poor vixen had to stifle a yelp after noticing that not only was the appendage thinner, but the very end of it had adopted the same shape as the demoness'.

Her perspective over the world changed as the days went on as well, and soon enough Starry was having to actively avoid bumping into the ceiling whenever she took a step. Amazingly, while her tits, thighs and ass continued to bulge outwards with each passing day, whatever the succubus was doing to make her become taller had finally outpaced her assets, giving the vixen some much-needed respite from her growth woes... even if it added a whole new series of problems to her plate. Sure, she could walk a lot better now that her back muscles were developed enough to handle those milkers she had attached to her chest, but said milkers didn't really get any smaller; if anything, they had completely ignored Terza's work and continued to



grow as usual, to the point that, by the time Starry had to bend down just to walk inside of a building, her tits had become so large that she no longer had a milking machine that fit them, instead relying entirely on two *very* eager volunteers at work who made sure to empty her out to the best of their ability.

Meanwhile, the succubus herself was handling her own problems. Tapping into the infernal energies inside of them so they could directly manipulate Starry's body had... unpredictable consequences, first and foremost of which being that the demoness' physical form began to react in much the same way as the vixen's did. No matter how hard she tried to stop it, Terza kept growing more and more alongside her beloved, until she was reduced to sitting down and perpetually hunching just so she could fit inside of their house. With a pair of breasts at least as big as her if not more so, and an ass that would put any bus to shame, this was... easier said than done. Both of them had long since transcended the need for food too; Starry would come home from work and just park her hyper-endowed self in front of one of Terza's teats, the end result being that the two of them ended up growing even more than before.

It was a vicious cycle. One neither of them wanted to break.