Maya wandered away from the group. Not uncommon for her on outings, much less one orchestrated for the purpose of clothes shopping, given her wardrobe usually lasted a few years. There wasn’t much for her to consider when she preferred black on black, with the only accents from her piercings, the occasional chain and the artwork on her shirts. Nor did her body warrant much self-appreciative glorification.

Instead, she browsed the thrift store in search of knick-knacks worth adding to her collection. People that ‘moved on’ from their gothic phase were willing to part with all manner of items, many of which Maya now possessed. Her room back at the sorority house was a sanctuary for all things occult and dark.

Only the usual selection were present. Plastic skulls, punk and goth inspired shirts, web-like drapes that were more designed for vampire lovers, but little else. Surely, there must be something unusual? It caught her eye as she noticed her sorority sisters approaching, dissatisfied with their haul for that trip. Helen in particular had a sour expression as she fiddled with her shirt, overtly taut around her braless implants. She must’ve failed to lure another boy with her plastic physique.

“Hey, you almost done?” Jen asked, wrapping her arms around the plump Latina. They’d bonded last year as freshmen, both sporting pudgy figures. While Maya obscured hers with loose tops and accessories, the towering girl showed it off with a halter top and yoga pants that looked ready to burst around her voluptuous thighs. By all accounts, the black woman wanted people to look.

“Yeah, just want to grab this,” Maya said, grabbing a peculiar bingo set. The packaging was cheesy, a cartoon devil in the style of old Disney characters smiled wickedly from a corner, daring her to try her luck. She rolled her eyes, but it was charming. And cheap. At worst, it became another item she stowed away and forgot about until she graduated.

“Good, let’s go. These no good hicks don’t know how to appreciate a girl like me,” Helen pouted and strutted away, saline-rich ass bobbing to the sound of her six-inch heels. She came from New York, kicked out by her mother for being ‘daddy’s little girl’, and typically struggled with the more rural Texan campus. Most people around them weren’t used to the bimbo style in their faces.

Maya bought her bingo set and they went back. The house was a pleasant, cosy place with the amount of girls living in it, despite being three stories tall and offering a plethora of rooms, enough for them all and a few guests. She’d only joined because Jen did, but found it comfortable. The girls mostly gave her space and still invited her out. A few even shared a casual interest her in occult hobbies.

That seemed to be their theme; casualness. Shame didn’t register much to the girls, who paraded around in underwear as they liked, openly professed their sexual conquests, and even slept with each other. Maya included. It was only a couple, but she’d been with Jen and Suki, a Japanese girl that perfectly juxtaposed her figure. She’d given an honest try with some of the others, but they claimed they were ‘only bi with no less than five shots in them’. No one brought up such attempts though.

Despite the easy going nature, Maya still found the most comfort in her room. The paints on her walls didn’t matter anymore, as she’d covered them in posters, either of horror movies or art that she bought for cheap. A couple were commissions from online artists. One stood at their centre, a portrait of herself done by an online girlfriend a few years ago. She’d painted her as a gorgeous demon, salacious and proud of it. They broke up, but still talked.

She took the bingo set from her bag and looked over the rules. No different to a typical game, just with a old-fashioned, gothic edge, with ornate pewter corners and crosses inverted. Without the cartoon demon, it could sit right at home on the set of Dracula. Unfortunately, Maya couldn’t fit it in. Her shelves were ripe to bursting with stuff, varying from half-melted candles to a decayed mannequin head that modelled her underused piercings.

“Sorry, looks like under the bed you go,” Maya said to the game, but found the space below was similarly consumed, “Guess the attic then.”

Up there wasn’t much better. Maybe she had a hoarding problem? Maya shrugged, no one had said anything about it to her yet. Looking for a good place to cram the box, she wondered at its insides. It seemed a waste to not even open it.

There always came a moment of excitement opening something unusual. She’d never seen or heard of this design, much less the company ‘Devil’s Bingo’, and the flicker of childish hope renewed. A quick slide, thud and inspection revealed nothing beyond the ordinary. Balls with numbers and letters on them, laminated sheets to correspond, and not even any pens. The only thing to catch her eye was a slip of paper with intricate, italicised writing.

“‘Only for demons,’” Maya read aloud and chuckled, “‘If you’re not a demon, sign the paper and we’ll fix that’, huh? Well, I wouldn’t mind being a demon. Not like it’s real.” Given the amount of junk in the attic, it didn’t surprise her to find several pens strewn about. She took one, scribbled her signature and even added a winking face. At least she got some amusement from it, Maya thought and packed the game away.

Approaching the ladder, creaking floorboards stopped her. Hadn’t they hired a contractor to fix those last month? Maya tested the boards, but couldn’t recreate the sound. Then, as she neared the door, it happened again. Someone must be up there with her. A murderer? It wasn’t common, though she heard plenty of horror stories about people living in attics. Maya tentatively lowered a foot onto the first step, not turning around. The creaking resumed, louder and faster. She scrambled to climb and slipped.

But didn’t fall.

“What?” Maya gawked at the floor two feet from her face, perfectly level to her, like she was suspended horizontally, “Did it work?” She giggled and tried looking at her hands, thinking her skin would’ve changed, but couldn’t budge them from her sides. As she tugged, a slimy sensation became apparent, as did the feeling of it climbing up her limbs, muscles rippling as they moved. Maya took short breaths, heart not yet pounding, and turned her head. Her lips fell apart, throat tight in preparation for a scream.

Extending from the attic and sliding down the ladder toward her, were armies of tentacles. Thick and violet, glossy from the slime they rubbed on her skin, and tauntingly serpentine as they moved. A pair to each limb, consuming her in their bodies. A trio wound themselves around her torso, gripping her chest tighter. As they poked her nipples, Mina took a deep breath, intent on screaming.

Like the tendrils of hentai, they sensed the opening of a moist hole and claimed it. Her tongue was pressed flat by an apple-sized girth, which moved against her throat and shoved in. She gagged, spit escaping the corners of her taut lips, but no sound escaped. Even as she tried screaming, the demonic limb pushed deeper to silence her vocal chords. The slime thickened as it did, clinging to her throat, which itself bulged from the invading girth.

Maya looked around in hopes of something to escape with, eyes landing on a door opening. She made a final bid for escape, but her arms and legs were both consumed in the purple flesh, which yanked her back into the attic before any unwanted eyes could see. Thoughts dulled, her oesophagus now wrapped around the tendril, slime pumping into her belly and numbing her fear. Dark spots encroached on her vision as oxygen ran out. Then everything was black.

-1 year later-

Suki answered the door. It was the start of a new year, which meant new pledges to welcome and tease, though they only had a couple that year. But quality over quantity as they say, and never had it been more exemplified than by the two girls before her. One was only a few inches taller than her, with a large bust exaggerated by that height. It was her lips, however, that held Suki’s attention and made her lick her own; they were so plump. As the girl, Renee, introduced herself, they moved in such expressive ways that Helen’s injected kissers could never do. She’d be popular for sure.

Then the other stepped into view and Suki clenched her thighs shut. Someone could go a lifetime without such an experience, that being arousal on sight. What stood before her couldn’t be just another girl, it was a supermodel or goddess made flesh. A taunting grin blinded her, though it was the sun glinting off a piercing.

“May I come in?” Even her voice was sexy, a mix of husky and airy. She cocked a hip, bringing Suki’s slavering eyes down. Clad in shorts that only scraped the tops of her thighs, this stranger’s legs stretched for days. Caramel skin terminated into a pair of boots made for stomping, ideally on Suki.

She found her voice, though it was more a squawk, “Yes! Um, sure, come in.” The pussy-throbbing beauty flashed her teeth and stepped in. Despite those boots, she walked with a grace someone petite as Suki still lacked, while shifting her weight around just right to make her basketball tits leap in their confines. No bra, Suki thought and wiped at her mouth, finding drool.

“I’m Yama, nice to meet you,” the stranger said. Suki nodded, though she could’ve called her a piece of shit and she’d have done the same thing. Eventually, the words registered and she wiped a hand on her jeans, praying they weren’t as clammy as her thighs felt.

“My name’s Suki!” That squawk again, she cleared her throat, “It’s meet to nice you too… uh…”

“It’s okay,” Yama chuckled and stepped closer, breasts consuming the smaller girl’s vision, “People always get that way around me at first. But I know how to help.”

“How?” Suki asked.

A gentle breath teased her ear, then those lips were on her neck, “Come see me tonight. I’ll make sure you forget all your nerves.”

Suki just about came on the spot, but held back as the other girls appeared. Like her, Jen and Ella were both stunned into silence looking at Yama, while Helen muttered under her breath, glowering at the abundance of natural tit and ass flesh the new girl sported. Sororities relied on their reputations, some were about their sisterhood, others their academics, though the stereotypical idea was their looks. With the acceptance of this one woman, they’d sky-rocketed in that regard. It was like all their members combined into one.

Even Ella, who dominated most seats with her rear, watched Yama climb the stairs with envy. Suki shook her head and pursued, needing to give the new girls a tour and assign rooms. It proved a strange experience, as Yama wandered around like she knew the place intimately, and when they came to her room, she looked around in fascination and, though Suki might’ve imagined it, nostalgia. Was the wallpaper the same?

“What happened to the posters?” Yama asked.

“Hmm? How’d you know there were posters here?” Suki inquired with a small frown.

“Parts of the wallpaper peeled off. You only painted over them,” Yama explained.

“Oh, yeah, makes sense. The girl who used to stay here just… vanished one day. No one has a clue where she went,” Suki shifted her weight from foot to foot, looking down in discomfort, “A shame too. She was a nice girl. Good in bed too.”

Yama grinned at her, “Oh? I guess you’ve got a lot of experience then?”

“I might do.”

“Can’t wait to see what you can do tonight,” Yama said and walked past, forced to go sideways, which brushed her breasts and crotch against Suki. The petite girl blinked, frozen in place, before her eyes compelled her to look at Yama again. It couldn’t be, she thought, studying the girl’s crotch with the intensity of a sniper. It just can’t.

Hours later, the thought of a telltale bump refused to subside, but Suki was finally in place to confirm its existence. Most of the others had gone to bed or were out partying, celebrating the arrival of freshmen across the whole campus. Yama had gone to bed early, as had Renee, both citing the excitement of moving in for their exhaustion. Now was her chance. Suki crept up the stairs, grip tight on the handrail, otherwise it’d move straight to her crotch and never leave. Something about Yama affected her.

The freshman hadn’t done anything erotic, yet she had Suki almost creaming herself hourly. Some girls are born erotic, she thought, despite never encountering anyone like this in all her nineteen years.Finally, she arrived at the door, cracked ajar in invitation and knocked. A soft moan greeted her. Suki pushed it all the open and stumbled in, not seeing the discarded clothes in her path.

All her existence seemed to focus on two, no three, key visuals. One was Yama’s nudity, another was Renee between her legs currently throating the third shock; a pair of cocks. A member stood in the open, barely listing despite its mass, proudly showing off its inhuman shape and size. The other, meanwhile, was bulging out Renee’s throat. She gagged when it throbbed as if in response to Suki’s presence. A slew of thick, frothy spit escaped her tight lips as she pulled back.

Without missing a beat, she worked both hands up and down its length. Viscous strings of saliva connected it to her lips, which formed soft words beyond Suki’s understanding. A long tongue slipped out and licked them clean, before she took a deep breath and dived back down, gagging again and louder than before. She was looking at Yama through blurred eyes. Smears of lipstick streaked across her cheeks and all the way to Yama’s base.

This wasn’t possible, Suki thought once her brain recovered. Forget one cock, but two? Not only that, but Renee was deep throating one like a professional, delighting in the filth her gags produced and even rubbing it into her skin as it drooled down her chin, between her tits and over her navel. Perhaps most unbelievable, was the shapes.

“What are you?” Suki asked, stepping over the clothes to get a better look, like it was the distance that distorted her vision of those cocks. Surely there was only one? No, she confirmed as she came within a few feet. They couldn’t possibly be that shape, right? Again, she confirmed they were upon kneeling down beside Renee and staring up at the distinct equine phallus. Sat below, hanging halfway to the ground, was a quartet of heavy balls shrouded in a fine mist.

Oh god the smell! Suki’s eyes rolled, pussy trembling in wanton need. Her poor jeans were soaked through in seconds. A large hand cupped her chin, lined in drool that she tried wiping away, but was stopped. Her eyes were raised to look straight into amber stars, glowing as if to laser into her own retinas.

“Didn’t I say I’d ‘make you forget all your nerves’?” Yama asked.

“Yes,” Suki squeaked, while Renee kept hammering her own face down into the futa’s crotch. Those plump lips, bigger even than Helen’s doctor-prescribed pair, were the perfect pillows for her. Yama leaned down, huge breasts mashing against her legs while she leered into Suki’s very soul.

“Then suck, and I promise all your worries will fade.”

They did. As Suki strained her little throat, egged on by Renee’s occasional coaching and loud retching, she didn’t care that Yama was an anomaly. The fact she had two cocks made this possible. The fact they were fatter than Suki’s bicep and long as a two-litre soda bottle made her work that much harder. The fact they reeked of virility and had balls heavier than Suki could ever lift on her own just completed it.

Her clothes were removed seemingly of their own accord, though she vaguely recalled taking them off. Having her throat speared on over a foot of mare-cock made thinking difficult. No amount of lubrication eased the passage either, regardless of how she slobbered and rubbed her spit in, taking cues from Renee’s own filthy self-degradation. Before long, her own petite chest and Yama’s second cock were soaked.

“Oh my god.”

Suki jerked at the voice and tried yanking herself off the prick, resulting it it scraping against her uvula. Hacking up a fresh slew of throat slime, she looked to the door where Jen stood, hand between her legs and eyes wide. Yama didn’t say a word and just beckoned to her. The ebony girl strode forth in a trance, taking Renee’s newly vacated spot, her lips being put to work on the low hanging balls.

Yama noticed Suki’s confusion, but remedied it with a simple gesture; shoving her cock back in, “Don’t worry,” she added, “It’s for your own good. It’ll take more than a few women to satisfy me.”

As if on cue, a shy knock tried wrenching Suki free, but an insistent hand kept her in place. She reached up, finding only a few inches left until she reached the base, then felt at her throat, which wrapped around the girth like an obscene condom. Something blocked her sight of Yama, though she wasn’t released. Air cut off, she looked up at the voluptuous fat of Ella’s ass, recognisable for the chubby pucker that peeked out. Jen didn’t respond at all, focus consumed by the cock violating her gullet.

“What the fuck is this? I wasn’t told we’d be sharing,” Helen’s voice joined the party, as did the click of her heels and subsequent rustle of flimsy clothes. In Suki’s peripheral, she saw her long legs climb the bed, “Why don’t you put that tongue to better use?”

It was an orgy! Suki moaned at the realisation, one hand leaping to her pussy and fingering it, a ridiculous pantomime of the penetration in her throat. How many more had Yama invited? Given that Helen, a selfish slut in her own words, barely protested, she must be capable of seducing anyone into whatever scheme she had. That was proven a moment later when cautious steps appeared in Suki’s dwindling vision.

She yanked herself clear and took long, rasping breaths. Much longer and she’d have passed out. The gag on her exit had filled the room, all other sounds briefly pausing for it. Eyes were on her, enjoying her defiled appearance of her own design. Fat ropes of phlegm connected her to the cock and pulled her back in, though she didn’t throat it, still short of breath. Instead, she nuzzled into the sloppy head, snorting the mess of spit and pre. Despite her saliva, it still reeked more of cock than anything.

Changes happen in the blink of an eye, that’s what life felt like most days. One second things were normal, the next a new ‘girl’ shows up packing more cock than half the campus combined, and after that Suki didn’t even know. Between those seconds, she was on her knees, the next on her back on the bed, then she was shaking and screaming and cumming… and cumming… and cumming…

Similar sounds cooed at her throughout the night. In those flitting moments of consciousness, she saw familiar faces contort into unrecognisable masks of pure bliss, before laying beside her. Something hot and wet oozed from between Suki’s legs, enough to soak the mattress so it squelched under every little movement. But there were no small movements anymore. Yama delivered on her promise, fucking her way through each girl until they were like her; near comatose.

And still there was a late arrival. Suki lifted her head, a concerted effort, to see the more sensible minded of the sorority making out with Yama. Caterina rarely indulged in sex, the number of times she’d even brought someone home could be counted on one hand. Groaning, Suki propped her head on a pillow and watched, fascinated, as the normally chaste girl howled in jubilance as two horse cocks slammed her.

“Oh, looks like someone’s awake,” Yama said once her most recent mate had fallen unconscious, hanging limply in her arms as she extracted her still hard members. Setting Caterina down, the futa turned on Suki and climbed over top, budging other people aside, “Ready for another round, little one?”

It might kill her to fuck this unbelievable creature again. That was reason talking, calm and sensible like it should be, whereas her lust spat vitriol back at it, frothing at the lips of her cunt as she spread her legs. Looking at Yama’s knowing grin, she wondered if it was ever her decision. Not that it mattered much after those cocks entered her, stretching her impossibly wide and turning her cervix into an open door. Suki lost herself once more.

That became their lives with Yama. With such a sex drive, they expected her to have finished with the whole campus after just a few weeks, let alone the rest of the sorority, yet she remained faithful. Suki saw more of her college cohorts than she ever had, even after her many attempts at romancing them, though even then she never expected to be so deep inside them at times. Ella, in particular, was adamant about using Suki’s small arms to stretch herself out to better handle Yama.

It never worked. No matter what any of them tried, even going so far as to use drugs and aphrodisiacs to try keeping up, they were just a wick compared to Yama’s blazing torchlight. Tagging out didn’t work, teasing Yama only riled her up more, even fucking her with one of Ella’s fat strap-ons while she fucked another two girls, with a fourth and fifth sucking on her tits did nothing to slow the tyrannical sex goddess down. Even Helen admitted defeat after a week.

Maybe that was why, when they got snowed in, and Yama suggested something as dull as bingo, they went along with it.

“Isn’t it for old people?” Helen groaned, despite joining them in the living room.

“Doesn’t have an age rating,” Yama shrugged, setting it up. Suki frowned, trying to recall ever seeing a bingo set in the house, then brushed it off. It was probably Yama’s.

“Still, won’t it be boring? You call out numbers, we cross them out or whatever, then BINGO and that’s it. We could at least make it a little spicy,” Helen said.

“Oh?” Yama hummed as she handed out the sheets. It being the holidays, several of the other girls had left to spend time with families, though reluctantly. Only Jen, Ella, Renee, Helen, Suki and Caterina remained. The last girl was the oldest of the bunch and the only one that didn’t join them regularly. Whenever Yama had an orgy, she was often cleaning up messes the others left behind, fretting over their bad habits like a mother.

Yama tapped her lush lips, then grinned, “Alright, how about this; if you miss a number, or it goes in the wrong line, then I’ll assign a punishment. *And* the victor will get an entire week with me.”

The shift in atmosphere turned from light curiosity in Yama’s game, to a competitive weight. Everyone glanced around, save for Caterina who just rolled her eyes at the level of intensity, glaring at each other. Suki had no intention of losing. A whole week with Yama, all to herself, without having to share her… it might actually kill her, but what better way to go?

“Everyone up for it?” Yama asked, returning to the table where she’d set up the roller. She turned her eyes on them, a subtle throbbing in her painted on pants, while her teeth glimmered in the light. Looking around, Suki doubted anyone, even Caterina, would pass up this opportunity. A resounding “Yes!” rang throughout.

“Perfect,” Yama said and the light dwindled to nothing, before illumination returned in the form of floating candles, leading the way back to her. Like the prior ‘yes’, gasps echoed one another as they set eyes on the stranger, “Welcome to Demon Bingo.”

“My name is Maya, in case you forgot, and I am the demon in charge of this little party.”

“Maya?” Renee questioned.

“But she disappeared last year,” Jen said, “This isn’t funny, Yama.”

“Aw, you don’t recognise me. I don’t blame you,” ‘Maya’ said, running hands along her crimson flesh, glistening in the firelight as if coated in oil, and used them to frame her vastly larger bust, “I went through some changes.”

“You all see this too, right? I’m not just high, right?” Helen asked, chuckling weakly to herself.

“Oh, trust me, they all see it. Now then, as for the rules, this is your typical bingo game…”

“Wait, wait, wait!” Ella shouted, “If you’re really Maya, then what the hell happened?”

“It’s actually quite simple. I bought this game back when I was human, but it’s only for a demon’s use. I signed my humanity away and was taken, reformed into what you see now. It took a while, little over a year, hence why I’m so late coming back. Although I’m glad it took so long since I got to meet Renee,” Maya fixed the freshman with her glowing eyes, licking her lips as the pulsation beneath her pants grew, “You were all nice too.”

“Is this revenge?” Caterina asked, pulling on the door to no avail.

“Revenge?” Maya chortled, “No, no. I don’t dislike any of you. Well, Helen’s a bitch, but we all know that.”

“It’s true,” everyone murmured, including the bitch herself.

“This is more about… purpose. I am the demon of this game, therefore it’s natural that I want people to play it. Especially given what this can do. What can it do, you ask? Well, it’s quite simply magical. Each number corresponds to one of your sheets, which itself corresponds to a transformation.”

“Transformation? Like yours?” Jen asked. Perhaps it was her natural submissiveness, but she was looking Maya up and down in pure hunger, rather than the intermingled fear and desire in everyone else’s gaze.

“Well, it’s possible, but unlikely. Chances are you’ll get some extra appendages, maybe a tail or something, but don’t worry,” Maya pulled at her shirt, once big enough to rest on her hips, but now barely covered her abundant tits. She exposed more cleavage, bending over for their benefit and gave a flirtatious wink, “It’ll feel really good.”

She fixed her posture, “And it’s not like you have a choice in the matter. Aural or not, you confirmed the contract. You must play to completion or quit, in which case your immortal souls become my property and I get to do whatever I want with you. Which isn’t really any different to what we’ve been doing the past few weeks, it’ll just be...” she dragged out licking her lips, finishing with a soft moan, “A little more intense.”

Fangs peeked over her luscious bottom lip at the collective shudder that passed through those gathered. Even Caterina stopped trying the door and sat down. They had three tables gathered, two persons for each, with a fourth set at the front for Maya to oversee them all. With everyone calm and ready, whether they liked it or not, Maya rolled the ball.

“Get ready, everyone! The first number is… G6!”

Jen checked her sheet, “Got it.” Similar echoes spread throughout as they marked it off. Maya moaned under her breath, fingers of flame crawling beneath her skin and extending outward. Invisible to the mortals, they merely jumped at the sudden influx of demonic energy. The first time was always a shock, more so when the whole body was changed, but they weren’t permitted that bliss yet. As the game progressed, they’d change more.

For now, however, it was sublime to watch. Caterina was first to react, leaping from her seat and pawing at her pants, the crotch of which shone with ethereal flame. She shoved them down to the knee, revealing a lack of panties, not that anyone paid it any mind after they noticed her vaginal lips closing up. Juxtaposed, her clit engorged until it was longer than her fist and almost as fat. For the moment, it was a ruddy crimson without any skin to protect it from the elements.

She stared in awe of the new appendage. No further changes took place externally, though her moans told a different story about her innards. A shiver rippled across her form, clit arcing high as a dense ring formed at the tip, digging in until a clear path down its new length was present. Maya stroked herself as Caterina squealed and shot a single, fat rope of white across the warm. It splattered against the furthest wall.

Collapsing in her chair, it was her turn to observe the changes taking place in others. Not many were as exceptional, but still enjoyable. Ella squirmed in her seat, the sides now biting into her ass cheeks, overflowing, while a look of consternation tried masking the pleasure on her face. Beside her, Jen lacked such resolve and was feeling up her growing body.

Hers was a simple change. Her height increased, the rest of her figure exceeding it to become ever more voluptuous than she always was. The main effect came from her clothes, still loose on her frame, now failed to cover her navel, and her thighs bloomed from where her shorts bit in. Even Maya wished she could cuddle up to the softness on display.

Alas, she had a job to do. Helen moaned at her changes next, undergoing a similarly underwhelming change on the outside, though no less enticing as her implants swelled. Addictive as a pair of soft, squeezable titties were, a pair of firm, rotund spheres almost the size of her head were delicious as well. Such a nice contrast.

While not erotic, Suki’s changes were the most obvious. Next to her, Renee idly suckled on her own fingers as her lips swelled, watching the petite girl’s pale skin darken and shift through shades of green before settling down. She reached over and plucked a random petal from Suki’s arm, causing the girl to yelp.

“What was that for?”

“I had to see if they were real,” Renee said, only pausing her suckling, “Oh fuck, it feels so good to suck things.”

“What the hell did you do to us?” Ella asked, trying to jump up, but the chair had latched onto her.

“You all know what’s happened thus far,” Maya said with a flippant wave, “Besides, don’t try acting all indignant about it. I’m a demon, sweetheart, I can smell lust from miles away. Trust me when I say; this room is ripe with it.”

Ella’s lip twitched, but she settled down. No one else argued, even Suki, whose change didn’t facilitate any arousal was leaning forward, eyes flitting about. The demoness smiled, wondering if the girl even cared how she changed, so long as she got to watch the others do so. She couldn’t blame her for it.

“Question,” Helen said, raising a hand in uncharacteristic manners, “Will we keep changing like this?” She gestured to her enlarged implants.

“Hmm, well, maybe a surprise or two, but yes. In essence you’ve been infested with demonic parasites that have predetermined your outcomes. Don’t worry, they’re just energy,” to demonstrate, Maya lit sparks across her forearms, leaving short-lived chars behind.

“In other words, this is like a free boost,” Helen smirked, “I was already planning on going up a few sizes, now I get it for free. I like this game, Maya.”

“Oh, just you wait,” the demoness murmured with a lick of her lips, “Anyway, shall we continue?”

Many cautious nods answered her, but a few leaned forward in anticipation. Before long, they’d all be the same, she thought and glanced at Renee, the girl incapable of leaving her fingers and lips alone, then to Caterina. The two shared frequent looks, eyes never meeting, always looking to lips or clit respectively. Perhaps one or two more numbers for either of them and they’d cave.

Maya sucked on her bottom lip in longing as she readied the next round, “B2!”

“Fuck!” Caterina shouted, then realised her volume and shrank back down.

“Dammit,” Renee said, slightly more controlled.

“What happens if it’s not in the same line?” Suki asked.

“You’ll still change,” Maya said and, on cue, the others all moaned softly as their changes progressed slightly, “Just not by much. As for you two, Renee and Caterina… I believe I said I’d punish those who missed a number. What to do? What to do? I’m a kind demon so… Renee, until you get a number in your line, you must suck Caterina’s big, juicy clit-cock. As for you, Catty, I forbid you to cum until the same condition is met.”

Like a marionette, Renee jerked upright and stumbled over to Caterina. She ducked under the table and between the girl’s legs, which twitched at the sudden rush of air on her clit-cock, standing at attention and pointed right between Renee’s eyes. With a hungry, depraved moan, Renee swallowed it whole. Caterina bit her lip to keep silent, but snapped apart in a low growl as her clit curved into the freshman’s gullet. Just the tip at first, Renee sliding back with her lips pursed tight, before she sank back down. More vanished beyond her lips, little by little, until it finally struck her uvula.

Renee didn’t need to gag. She had experience enough for half the campus to throat any cock, save for two particular horse-dicks, without a sound, but it was her choice to retch. The added saliva, as it slid across the crimson spire, lubed her throat as well for easier penetration. But that wasn’t why she did it.

Maya smirked at the pair, seeing every thought in their actions. Conflict raged in the serviced girl’s face, though she made no effort to stop the younger woman, not that she could prevent this unless Maya willed it. Juxtaposed to her, Renee was just warming up. Her lips were a mess of lipstick and spit, pre-cum joining the mix as Caterina’s body betrayed her, while more smeared across her cheeks as she went down to kiss and slurp at the base. Dampness spread from her crotch as the filth pervaded her world.

Renee stroked the shaft while she handled below, then replaced them with her maw. While it wasn’t quite a cock, Caterina’s clit more than satisfied her, spearing straight down her gullet and throbbing against the confines of her throat. It lurched as she pulled back, and again when she jammed her tongue against the hole at its front. Goosebumps rippled across Caterina’s skin as she quivered.

“Well, enough with the show,” Maya announced with a clap of her hands, commanding their attention back to her, “On with the game.”

“Let me cum!” Caterina groaned, to which the demoness only smiled.

“That’d be against the rules. Don’t worry, you could be freed in a few seconds. Let’s see… N26!”

“Yes!” Caterina shouted amid a chorus of groans, before her hands shot to Renee’s bobbing head, fingers twined with the locks, then crammed the salacious girl’s nose into her crotch. The sudden roughness earned a genuine gag, pre-cum and spittle pouring from her strained lips as Caterina grew.

Her clit audibly throbbed and expanded to over twice its girth, still buried in Renee’s mouth. A seam appeared along its centre and split apart. The duplicate lurched in its own direction, creating a conspicuous second bulge in the girl’s neck. She wasn’t released, Caterina grinding her crotch into her face without a care for how she’d breathe, as the double-clit girl rode out the waves of change. Beneath her shirt, large bumps appeared as her nipples engorged to the size of bottle caps.

But that wasn’t everything. Staccato gasps turned guttural as the place her pussy used to be unfolded into a smooth, glossy scrotum that strained with not one, but two pairs of testicles. Past the size of grapefruits, she finally let loose a brutal shriek and thrust once against Renee’s breathless body. At long last, semen exploded from her after only a couple minutes of torture, yet it felt like eternity for her. Heavy rivers gushed straight down Renee’s oesophagus, on a direct path with her stomach.

A human organ wasn’t suitable for her output however. Just one cock would fill it to overflowing, with two it quickly shot back up her gullet and erupted from her tight lips, pouring over her chin, down her neck and chest, to pool between her splayed legs. Renee would have reacted by rubbing it into her skin, but her eyes betrayed her barely conscious state, her body acting as little more than a cum receptacle. That is until Caterina finally retracted and shot the rest over the freshman’s face.

“Oh god, that was… so fucking good…”

“You’re in luck then,” Maya said, coming over to inspect her development, even as Renee went back to kissing between pained breaths, “She didn’t get a number. Which means she’ll keep sucking you off for another round. As for the rest of you…”

Immediately, Jen shot her eyes across to Ella. Helen averted her gaze by shrinking into her chair, though her implants were caught on the table, and Suki had an adorably excited smirk lighting her face. None of them got the number called.

“Hmm, what to do with so many of you? I suppose I could make Helen a submissive pet in an orgy, but that’s kind of plain. Hey Suki, not to be racist, but you ever watch hentai?”

“Yeah, I have. Why… Oh…”

“Yep. Have fun,” Maya said and snapped her fingers. This time her body visibly shone with demonic energy, which sank into the floor and coalesced in a single spot to create an abyssal pit. For almost a minute, punctuated by Renee’s rhythmic retching and slovenly kisses, nothing happened. Then the first tip peeked out. At Maya’s grin, it ‘looked’ to the others and fixed on Suki.

Like a scout for a pack of wolves, it made a squelching sound, almost like a howl, and dozens more rushed out. All but Suki and Renee shrieked as their clothes were torn away, limbs restrained by a tendril each. Others appeared to grope or caress their tits depending on size, though most went straight to crushing Helen’s pair. With the last two rounds, they’d grown even more spectacularly huge and round with fat nipples.

She moaned as they spiralled many times around the globes. Smaller appendages coiled around her tips, pulling and squeezing them as if to milk her, while another set made for her lower body. They weren’t as attentive there as for Jen and Ella, the latter’s cheeks in particular were worshipped, more sneaking between the valley to stroke along the fattest pucker any of the humans had seen. It even poked past her cheeks and pushed them apart.

Ella struggled against them, trying to out do the supernatural restraints with her years of athleticism. It didn’t work. Conversely, Jen was already moaning, offering a token resistance that forced them to be rougher on her, more spirals climbing up her arms and legs and squeezing just enough to hurt. Despite the pain, or because of it, her pussy was already drooling.

“Stop touching me there,” Ella said and tried jerking her hips away, only for her pussy to meet a special tentacle, its body covered in dull spikes that ran slipped in and out from her folds. Unbidden, melodic moans spilled from her lips.

“Your ass is so hot,” Jen said, being the closest and permitted by her tentacles to look at the doughnut anus up close.

“It’s not,” Ella blushed, though her body said otherwise, arching her hips to push it into Jen’s face, “It’s so weird now.”

“Looks tasty,” Jen said, ignoring her, and licked at the puffy ring.

Like a cue for the dozens of tendrils hovering about, they swarmed the others. Suki cried out in orgasm the second they penetrated her emerald cunt, then dragged it out as they swam through her ass next, poking at every bend in search of new depths. More nuzzled against her hands, which she jerked off, while she drooled over another one in her mouth. Maya looked forward to what else the girl would do.

As for Helen, she’d lost the battle of wills. No matter how her mind warred against the sensations of slimy appendages all over her body, pleasure was hard to argue against, more so when her size-queen tendencies were finally satisfied by entire feet of prehensile dick squirming through her snatch and prodding her womb. A thick slab of tendril meat slipped between her tits and into her mouth. Like she’d done for many, many cocks, Helen squeezed her spherical boobs around it.

Ella had stopped complaining in favour of stifled moans. Her pussy was stuffed, while her throat bulged as it swallowed endless feet of tentacle cock, its shape moving clearly through her stomach, lower and lower. Jen was in a similar state, her ass and cunt filled to the brink while thin members whipped at her flesh. Her mouth was preoccupied solely with sucking on Ella’s anal ring.

For the moment, that is. With a roar, Ella squirted around her tentacle, the bulge of its sibling in her lower abdomen now, spiralling through in search of an end to its penetration. Its search led it to an exit, straight into Jen’s waiting mouth and down her gullet. Maya smirked and brought the pair over to Renee and Caterina, the former not stopping even as her body was violated by tentacles. Removing the one from Renee’s ass, Maya brought the linked girls over until Jen’s ass was against the oral addicted girl’s.

In moments, the tentacle exceeded Jen’s body and surged into Renee. Moans erupted from all around, loud enough that, without Maya’s magic, their neighbours from ten doors down would hear, yet none reached a crescendo. They all came once, and that was enough. It was meant to be punishment after all.

“Well, let’s continue,” Maya said, to confused moans around, “Okay, fine. I’ll take a break. By the way, no one but Caterina will cum until they get a number.” At her name, the dual-dick-clit girl exclaimed her orgasm, filling her personal cum dumpster further. More semen exploded from Renee’s lips, then slowed as a new blockage prevented any escape. Caterina yelped and clutched the girl, feeling a tentacle and tongue writhing against her clits.

Everyone groaned in desperation. Maya rolled her eyes, “Make up yours minds. Do you want me to continue or not?” Everyone nodded, “Alright then. Don’t worry, the tentacles will mark your sheets for you. Now then… O69. Nice.”

Without delay, Helen, Suki and Ella cried out in bliss as the the tentacles using them retracted. Suki tried grabbing onto hers, but its and her juices prevented any grip, setting her down in a chair while more demonic energy surged. It took far longer for Ella to be freed, as one tendril retraced its path through Renee, Jen and finally her own bowels. She slurped on it as the tip left her, despite it likely tasting of two asses beside her own. Such a filthy slut, Maya thought.

Jen hadn’t gotten a number in a correct line, as such she remained impaled on tentacle cocks. Not that she minded, despite her freedom being non-existent in that moment, nothing but a toy for the many limbs and Maya’s power. Renee had missed completely for the second round in a row.

“Hmm, that deserves something extra,” Maya mused aloud, “Let’s really test that throat of yours.” Several of the newly furloughed tentacles converged on her, splitting into groups, one for her ass and the other at her lips. Caterina, having gotten the number, though not in any of her lines, grew further and filled more of the space in Renee’s mouth. That wouldn’t stop a demon, however, and Maya let loose the tendrils.

Spitroasted by demon tentacles, Renee only moaned as her throat and abdomen bulged in obscene patterns. They curled in on each other, unable to properly find their path without a lot of trial and error, turning her stomach into grotesquely erotic artwork. And yet, for how stretched her flesh was, how much she gagged and drooled over herself, Renee was moaning in time with Caterina. Jen was the only other girl left with tentacles, which she embraced wholly even as they consumed her from the neck down.

“How’s it feel, Jen?” Maya asked. The dark-skinned girl nodded, her ebony splendour glossy with sweat and residual slime from the tendrils, “Can’t move at all. It’s possible you’ll never get the right number and you’ll just be a plaything for these guys. How’s that sound?”

Jen moaned louder, then whimpered as her orgasm was denied. Until she got a hit, the sensations would stack, and for someone enjoying themselves as much as her, they’d pile high before then. Ella panted on the floor, rubbing at her rear as the cheeks ballooned, though the squishy knot of her anus still poked out. Unconsciously, she rubbed it against the ground, using her pussy juice to pleasure it. Just to keep her level, Ella’s breasts also swelled to match her head.

“Oh fuck, this is so fucking good,” Suki said, running hands all over her skin, now decorated by thick , moss-coloured vines, while her feet fused with the wooden floor, the beginnings of massive petals rising up. Not only that, but the flesh around her crotch bulged and squirmed, until it burst to reveal a heavy cock. Despite her new member, Suki ran her hands trough her hair, finding it had clumped up into thick ropes, “I-I’m turning into an Alranue.”

“Are you? I never bothered learning its name,” Maya said, “Glad you’re enjoying it though. I kind of hope you win honestly.”

“Me too. Ooh, I wanna fuck you all so bad,” Suki groaned, now taking hold of her prick.

“Hey, hey, hey! What the fuck are they… doing… to me?” Helen’s brief panic bled into pleasured moans. The tentacles coiled around her tits had stayed and, to enact the rules, had penetrated her nipples. Maya smirked, cupping her own breast, and recalled how they’d done the same thing for her. As expected, large balls moved along their length, clearly fluid in form as they neared Helen’s teats. The proud slut yelled in a sudden climax as her pink, normally tic-tac sized nubs were stretched.

And that’s how they remained. Even as more deposits strained them, her implants filling with the tentacles’ donations, they only swelled further and seemed to develop folds. Almost like a pussy, Maya thought. Her cocks lurched at the idea, but moved her attention back to the main table as the tendrils finished. With their loads, Helen’s torso was less ‘her’ and more breast. Being implants they still sat high and extended over a foot in every direction.

Unlike most fakes, however, her nipples were overly huge. If they could be called such. Maya still wasn’t sure, but they had the beginnings of vaginas. Only further transformations would tell.

“Ready?!”

“Fuck yes!” Suki exclaimed and shot her first orgasm with her cock across the room. It splattered Maya as she span the balls. The others, except Caterina, Jen and Renee, who were too preoccupied with their pleasure, watched in anxious want. None could lie to themselves that the game had been nothing but blissful at that point, much less to Maya, who could see the lust pouring off them like smoke from an active volcano. Her cocks flexed in anticipation for how they’d end up.

“B31!”

A powerful “Yes!” rang out from all those capable of speech, though Caterina did so for her next orgasm. With each pump of her semen, her balls grew, only pouring more into Renee’s stomach, which overflowed with both cum and tentacle flesh that now retracted from whence it came. The impaled girl’s eyes rolled as she shuddered in her own climax, followed by another as Caterina thrust against her face. Renee’s lips swelled into true dick-cushions that massaged on instinct.

Jen was released from her punishment with a throat-ripping scream and dehydrating squirt that spread across the floor in a massive puddle. Her body changed as well, growing all over, though her curves in particular. The tentacles, ever the gentlemen, tried redressing her, cramming her body back into the clothes only for them to tear around her. Mere threads remained and bit deep into her plush figure.

She fell forward onto her tits, ass in the air like a submissive bitch, which gave Ella a perfect view of her sorority sister’s similarly puffy asshole. Emboldened by this, she crawled over as the growth befell her too, showing Jen her own anus, which now reached past her cheeks. The submissive girl grinned at it, slurring words beyond comprehension, then kissed it. As she did, Maya noticed a nub grow out above Ella’s butt.

Everyone was progressing beautifully, not least of which was Suki. Her petals had grown to cover her from the knee down, vines bulging on her skin and throbbing, waiting for their chance to bloom forth. Her cock doubled in size, then split in half like Caterina’s clit had, before they both grew. Not once did she let go of them, stroking out another orgasm with a jubilant moan.

Helen, meanwhile, was wrestling with the return of her acquaintances. She held them at bay, one in each hand, but the match was one-sided. A slut versus supernatural tentacles was a match with an obvious winner. Proving their superior intellect, the tendrils played at their defeat, falling limp in Helen’s grip as many cocks had done before. A smug grin and taunting wave near her tits sealed her fate, as they lurched forward.

“Fuck…” Helen groaned and slumped her chair, the limbs now thrusting against her chest as they unleashed another helping into them. They could only manage her top half, as such it was left to Maya’s own power to fill out her ass implants. She also gave a healthy dose to Helen’s hips, making sure she possessed the ultimate hourglass figure. Though it meant nothing from the front as her tits inflated to obscure her waifish belly.

Oh, she was magnificent. The tentacles pulled away, revealing her defined nipple-pussies that capped her mountains. She had to tilt her head to look over them now, each sphere so ludicrously engorged with saline and whatever the tentacles unloaded into her that she couldn’t hope to see the ground. Not unless she was laying on them while getting her rigid ass pounded by a set of demon horse cocks.

“Look at you all,” Maya said with a gleeful clap, then sensuously licked her lips, finishing with a gentle slurp, “I can’t wait to see who wins.”

“We’re still going?” Ella asked, gasping as Jen nibbled and sucked on her ass, even swallowing it.

“Of course! No one’s hit bingo yet. Besides, does anyone want to stop?” Maya asked and looked over the various girls, each frothing with unslaked desires, all directed at her. Demons were tricksters, there’s always fine print. The one here was they’d belong to her one way or another, either slaves to lust, or by other means.

“Hell no!” Suki said.

“Me neither,” Helen said, “I can always get Daddy to get me a booby reduction.”

“This is great,” Caterina added, wiping her slop covered members on Renee’s whorish face, now almost twenty percent lips. She agreed as well.

“Well I do,” Ella whined as she forced herself away from Jen, “What about you?”

“I’m good either way,” Jen shrugged, then reached down her own body to finger her pussy, filling the brief silence with her squelching folds.

“You can stop at any time, Ella,” Maya said.

“I can?”

“Yep, it just comes at a price; your soul.” Maya appeared before Ella, finger sinking into her chest, “What you’ve done by playing this game is made a contract with me. Demons are very particular about that thing. You break it and the ramifications are… well, not deadly, but you won’t really know the difference either. You’d be my slave. Heart, mind, body and soul. If you think what’s happening right now is weird, you’ve no idea the things I’d do to you.”

“Can I quit?” Suki asked, but Maya just smiled at her.

“I’ll keep playing,” Ella rasped out and her chest was released, “I guess I can try getting surgery as well.”

“That’s the spirit. Human technology has evolved pretty far, hasn’t it?” Maya mused. Not that it would affect a demon’s handiwork, she thought, “Well then, with that out the way, shall we continue?”

Renee took her seat again. She was clearly distracted, eyes flitting to Caterina, then Suki, before they always lingered on Maya’s crotch. Almost in a trance, she suckled on her fingers, pushing into her mouth as if she were fingering her cunt. Many of the others were in similar states, even the sceptical Ella, who subtly ground her ass into her chair. They might not even get to finish, Maya thought and picked the next number.

“I23!”

“Dammit,” everyone murmured, but marked their sheets nonetheless. Short moans saturated the room for a moment, then passed, their bodies only a little more obscene. Renee was slurping on her fingers while her lips bloomed, only stopping when she noticed people staring, though she frequently licked at them and gulped, trying to prevent herself from drooling. The scent of cock permeated the room at that point.

Helen was in worse shape. While she kept up her quiet dignity, her hands were in constant motion beneath her table, only appearing to mark off her number. Unlike Renee, she couldn’t keep from drooling as Maya’s erections rose. Through the haze of dick musk, whiffs of fertility hooked into Maya’s nose. Hopefully the game would end soon, or she might break her own rules.

“Tough luck everybody, but let’s try another round shall we?” They only nodded in response, “And it’s… N42!”

“Fuck yes!” Helen cried out just as the tentacles returned and pumped her breasts even fuller, while she rose in her chair, ass inflating to legendary proportions, while her nipple-cunts plumped up. When she arched her back, somehow lifting the mammoth spheres on her chest, Maya was treated to a view of her rounded belly. It wasn’t fat that filled it out. The scent of fertility worsened.

“Nooo,” Caterina groaned.

“So fucking close,” Suki said, while Jen and Ella moaned at the growth of their bodies.

“Guess Caterina’s the only one that missed,” Maya pondered, then noticed the two fat-assed ladies rubbing their hips against each other, watching her twin shafts with hawkish precision, “That’s perfect. Jen, Ella, how’d you like to get fucked?”

“Yes!” Both gasped, already on their feet, but froze at a gesture from Maya.

“There’s a catch. Always a catch with demons, girls. You have to perform live on the internet. Don’t worry about whether people will be watching; they will.” A puff of smoke revealed a professional streaming set-up, multiple cameras and lights trained directly on Caterina, to whom she said, “You don’t get a choice.”

Unsurprisingly, Jen and Ella moved to her table without question. Dense waves of lust poured from them, fuelling Maya’s own erections, but she couldn’t have them yet. Just a bit longer. Red lights signalled that the stream had begun, the two girls facing away from the cameras and showing off their goods to a bewildered Caterina. It also displayed the unnaturally fat anuses they sported, along with Jen’s melon-sized cunt.

Like they’d done this before, the two stopped after a few seconds and went to Caterina’s sides. They turned around, presenting their prehistoric cheeks to her, before squatting down, reaching back to angle each of Caterina’s juicy clit-dicks at their puckers. Moans drowned out all other sounds as Ella’s tube was penetrated, mashing into Caterina’s crotch with her hips still a foot in the air. Jen, meanwhile, undulated her ass to make the clit jab at her in every direction. Each jerk of her hips made an echo from the clap of her cheeks.

“This is… oh fuck, I’ve been fisted but this is so good,” Ella said, legs shaking as her pussy gushed, “It’s like my asshole is one big clit. No! It’s… oh god…” Her eyes rolled and she sank all the way, twitching in an orgasmic seizure. Jen didn’t get off nearly so hard, though she did squirt, her gorgeously oversized pussy hosing down Renee, who sat watching them and fingering her lips.

Caterina wasn’t an idle partner. For a moment, she looked from the cameras to the pair of sluts riding her, then a tumultuous calm settled over her. Taking each hand, she slammed them on the ‘natural’ ass cheeks, which rippled endlessly from the impact. Ella’s tan flesh shone a brilliant red where her hand landed, before she made it symmetrical with the other cheek. The darker tone of Jen’s rear didn’t show it as well, but her subsequent orgasms made clear how she appreciated the blows.

The only one not cumming was Caterina, who didn’t seem bothered as she focused on squeezing and spanking and plain fucking the pair. Ella and Jen twisted around to face each other, leaning in for a tongue-infested kiss, before they were grabbed and brought into a three way make out with their housemate. If Maya didn’t know them all before this, she’d have assumed Caterina always fucked like that. As it was, knowing the older girl rarely cared for sex beforehand made it sweeter.

“You girls keep going like that, there’s still a game to play,” Maya said, offering an open handed spank for the bottom-heavy girls.

“Yes, one away. Come on, come on, come on,” Helen muttered, eyeing the tentacles hovering around her, at the ready for another filling that would likely immobilise her for life. Even if she could lift her chest off the ground afterwards, her ass must weigh several kilos on its own. Maybe she’d get some muscle with the next number?

“Give me more,” Suki said, once again jerking off her cocks while Renee watched.

“Oh you girls,” Maya said with a shake of her head, hands on hips, “Whatever am I supposed to do with you? Let’s find out.” Around the wheel went, tiny balls clattering. Each rotation brought Helen forward a bit more, her tits so huge they’d need wider doors just to get her out, while Suki moaned in her encroaching release.

“And its; G57!”

“FUCK!” Helen screeched.

“Yes!” Suki finished, echoed by Caterina and slurred by Renee, who shuddered in climax as her lips swelled. The plant-girl folded in on herself, shaking with barely contained giggles and moans at the changes afflicting her. Her cocks doubled in number again, though none grew, while her hair waved about in lazy patterns, and the vines across her body blossomed into stunning flowers unlike anything in the human world. Faint spores floated around them.

The instant she straightened up, Renee was on her, slurping on every cock in her obscene lips reach.

“You taste so fucking good. Oooh, my pussy can taste you too. I can taste my pussy. I don’t know what’s going on anymore,” Renee gasped and murmured, eyes only half-open as she crammed all four of Suki’s members past her lips. They were engorged enough to fully conceal one. Vines coiled around her, holding the cock-addict in place while they explored her other holes. At that point, Renee might never leave Suki’s crotch.

Caterina, meanwhile, panted in the most powerful edged climax of her life. Normal edging would give her some relief for a moment, letting her calm down then torture her more, but Maya had no such limits. Pleasure bombarded the girl like a war zone, each explosion resulting in further change to her body. Nipples the size of caps stretched forward, as if seeking holes of their own, hardening and thickening, veins throbbing to life along their lurid length, and poked the still bouncing girls in the face. Taking a page from Renee, they opened wide and sucked on them.

The two girls were the only ones to miss that round. Though it was simple, Maya prevented them from cumming, instead allowing Caterina to finally unleash her pent up ecstasy just as her cocks followed Suki’s lead and split apart again. Jet streams of semen erupted into the girls atop her, the shots powerful enough to reach their stomachs in seconds.

Not long after and their throats worked around the nipples, now spurting their own doses. All the while, Caterina’s balls grew in size and number, seemingly inexhaustible. Maya restrained a hand from touching herself. Too many leniencies and she’d join in, dooming them all to punishments eternal.

“This is great. Let’s keep going!” Maya chuckled and span the ball once more, smirking at Helen’s glare, “And it’s, duh, duh, dunnnnn! I…7…3”

“Son of a fucking bitch!” Helen shrieked and went to punch the table, but her boobs were in the way, “Ow…”

“Relax, I was kidding. It’s I72.”

“Wait, then that means…”

“Yep, looks like you won, Helen. Tentacles, dears, give her a big reward.” At her command, the standing by tendrils surged forth and spread Helen’s juicy nipple-pussies wide, the lips stretched white around them, while she leaned back and cradled her belly.

“Oh, what’s… happening to me? My belly feels so warm, it’s on fire, shit, shit… it’s my womb!” Helen moaned, rousing Maya’s curiosity enough to walk over and inspect the girl’s abdomen, now swollen to resemble a pregnancy. That shouldn’t be possible from just the tentacles, as they didn’t possess sperm. Maya extended her senses, searching for new lifeforms and found none, only legions microscopic ovals, “What’s wrong with me? Is it cancer? Demon cancer?”

“Relax,” Maya chuckled and rubbed at the ripe mound, “It’s just your womb getting ready to make up for all the years you used protection.”

“What?”

“You’ll see, oh, looks like they’re ready. Let’s watch,” Maya said, fixing her glowing eyes upon the already monumental tits Helen wielded, stuffed by several metres of tentacle flesh, which now bulged with their final offerings. With so much length it took almost a minute to expel, but once it started, the growth was immediate and incredible. Already comprising half the table, Helen’s implants swallowed more and more, growing in all directions until they couldn’t see anything beyond. To counter balance her top, mystical saline spawned in Helen’s ass until the weight crushed the chair beneath her.

“Does this mean it’s over?” Suki asked, still cramming Renee’s head into her crotch, giving her short reprieves whenever she switched cocks.

“Yes,” Maya said and trailed her clawed over Helen’s tight tit-flesh, earning a coo of delight, “Helen is the winner, therefore you’re all done. Don’t worry, I won’t reverse anything. You look like you’re all enjoying yourselves.”

“I want more,” Suki pouted, vines quivering in her displeasure.

“Me too,” Caterina groaned, despite having both her cocks and nipples crammed into Jen and Ella, each moaning their own sentiments. Renee was too focused on sucking cock to contribute.

“Well,” Maya said and appeared back on the front table, fiddling the left over balls, “There’s only a few ways for you to get more, I’m afraid. One is to play another game with me, but who knows what changes you’ll get this time. Demons are usually sexual creatures, but who knows?”

“What’s the other?” Suki asked, leaning forward since she couldn’t move from her spot anymore. The floorboards had moulded to her roots. Even without further change, she would continue to spread throughout the mostly wooden domicile, possibly beyond. Caterina echoed the question with greater fervour, actually shuffling forward with her two lovers still attached.

“You give your souls to me. That’s the main point of this game,” Maya explained and gestured to Helen, who still inflated, “After she’s done and enjoys her prize, if she still wants more, she’ll give me her soul. Don’t overthink it. I’m not about to chain you up, torture you or send you to war for the sake of expanding my power. I’m a simple demon.”

“What does that mean?” Caterina asked, while Suki was already muttering to herself for what she’d like done.

“Well, think about what I was doing with all of you for months before the game, then amplify it by eleven.”

“Why eleven?”

Maya shrugged, “I dunno. Ten wasn’t enough and twelve was just bragging. Look, don’t question my choices. Now, are you gonna give me your souls in exchange for a life of endless pleasure, or not? You have until Helen finishes getting her reward, which is, hmm… fifteen seconds.”

“I will!” Suki shot her arm in the air, then grabbed Renee’s too, “She’s in too.”

“And you?” Maya asked, strutting over to Caterina, cocks bobbing with every step while Jen and Ella gawked at them in wanton desire, “I can give you more of everything. I could make your clit-cocks into actual dicks. You could knock up these fat-assed sluts. I’ll even make their asses go to wombs to make sure. Hell, if you still want a baby, I can sort that out for you too.”

“Let’s do it,” Jen said, freeing her mouth for just those words before she returned to sucking.

“Make my ass so fucking huge,” Ella slurred around the nipple-cock.

“Me too,” Helen groaned, all but invisible with her behemoth implants in the way. The table groaned under their weight, metal legs bending, then finally snapped at the last dose from the tentacles.

“Oh my god,” Caterina said, echoed by moans all around the room. No one’s eyes were anywhere else but on Helen’s form, now mostly curves with just a hint of her former self visible amidst the chaos. Just laying on her chest put her eyes level with Maya’s, with her butt rising even further. And she wanted more, Maya thought, stroking her drooling pricks. She returned her focus to Caterina, the only one left to make a decision.

“What’ll it be?”

“Take it, I don’t care anymore,” Caterina said and moaned into a kiss, fire erupting in her chest and moving up her throat, before Maya’s prehensile tongue scooped it out. She pulled away, lips falling open to reveal the creamy sludge that represented Caterina’s soul, mixing it around with her tongue and savouring the flavour, before she swallowed. Dimming eyes stared at her for a second, before an ethereal glow overcame them.

“Fuuuuuuuuuck yes,” Caterina moaned, whole body pulsating. Fair skin darkened to a soft crimson, burgundy veins creeping out from her nipples and crotch to intersect at her waist, forming a heart bound by lock and key. Once complete, the image was seared into her flesh and the transformation went under way. With her other cocks still buried, she reached down and felt at the various bumps rising from her groin until it resembled a whole bouquet of clit-cocks.

She toyed with them as the power spread lower. Maya had full control over this transformation, Caterina’s body now her property to mould like wet clay, and saw fit to remove the cum containers from her testicles. They rose up her body, bulging through the skin, and settled in her tits, swelling them into comparative boulders - though mere pebbles against Helen’s set - while she filled their absence with femininity. Now she’d be a pristine breeder.

Caterina groped at her enlarged, firm breasts. Dick-nipples swelled in response and gushed faster than either Jen or Ella could swallow. They got their reprieve soon enough, as Maya removed the pricks and split her tongue in two, shoving down both their gullets. Whorish moans drowned even Caterina’s noises as she scooped out their souls, represented as peaches with pronounced curves and swallowed them whole. The same colour shift befell them.

Their brands appeared on their asses instead. Of course they would, Maya thought and made out with the pair, hands sinking deeper and deeper into their bellowing asses. Unlike Ella, Jen’s body remained somewhat proportional in its luridness. Her overall frame extended, tits swelling with fat and, to her glee, milk that oozed from her chunky nipples. Following suite, her pussy blossomed into a flower from times forgotten, the size of honeydew melon with thick, juicy lips. It didn’t even vanish as her thighs swelled to double her waist.

Both girls weren’t focused on that, however. With their asses impaled on a pair of thick clit-dicks, their hands joined Maya’s in squeezing the succulent flesh that kept piling on. Ella squealed as a tail burst from her rump, instantly curling around Caterina’s clit to thrust into her as well, stretching her ass into the ultimate pleasure hole. One that would only improve as Maya’s magic took hold.

In a spiral pattern, clitorises rose in little bumps along her anal walls. Even the outside of her anus was decorated with them, spurring her into a hellish bliss when Maya grabbed it, hand devoured by the girl’s cheeks. With them against Jen’s own glorious rear, they could be used as a queen-sized mattress. Throughout their changes, neither stopped bucking their hips, cheeks clashing together in a deliciously thick clap.

“Have fun, I’ll join you soon,” Maya said and left the trio, only glancing back to see Caterina shove the pair onto the ground, asses high as she aimed no less than six clit-cocks at their holes. All three cried out in depraved glee.

“They’re good kids,” Maya chuckled as she came over to Suki and Renee, the latter mindlessly slobbering over the monster girl’s assortment of pricks, “Let’s see… what to do with you two?”

“I don’t care,” Suki said and wrapped her vines around Maya, pulling her into a deep, soul-sucking kiss. Hers came out like Caterina’s, only far thicker, requiring multiple swallows, “I’m yours.”

“You always were,” Maya said and yanked her back, resuming the kiss as she furthered Suki’s changes, the flower at her base filling out into a true monster, petals covering Renee and holding her in place. The cocks naturally grew with it, so large they choked the oral addict, though she only jerked a few inches back, still sucking the first half easily. Suki’s brand shone to life over her heart.

“Oh god, this is amazing,” Suki said into the demoness’ lips, hands diving into her plush tits, “I want to reproduce so badly. Can I even do that?”

“Of course you can. Though I doubt Renee there would care for anything not in her mouth right now. Let’s fix that.” Separating from the plant-girl, who busied herself in luxuriating in constantly augmenting form, Maya ripped Renee’s bimbo lips from a shaft and slammed over her own. Just a portion of power flowed from her, enough to trigger a mine field of orgasms from Renee’s throat. As those lips squished against her crotch, Maya focused and found the girl’s soul.

Much as she’d have loved to taste such a fetishistic spirit, she didn’t want to force Renee into anything she didn’t want. And at that moment, the only thing on her mind was sucking thick, juicy dicks, regardless of their origin. Even if she was left to her devices, she’d have wound up in a glory hole, sucking whoever dared poke a dick through. Not even a dick, just their fingers would trigger her. With Maya’s influence, however, she’d all the penises she’d ever want.

And the body to satisfy them with. Cock slurping up the last of Renee’s soul, changes spread across her form. The brand formed on her cheeks in the shape of crude arrows, as if drawn on and smeared from all her spit and the semen she’d end up covered in, while her nose barely peeked over her swelling lips, which extended forward into a perverse vacuum shape. Yes, they were designed solely for suctioning the cum from any cock. But that wasn’t everything.

Maya’s hold only extended so far. Demons were about choice after, though they often tricked people into making the desired ones, as such she couldn’t change someone’s form in ways that didn’t appeal to them. Not that Renee’s desires clashed at all with hers as she remoulded the girl’s nipples into mouths as well, complete with the same whore-lips as above, connected to her stomach which led her to the girl’s anus. It met the same fate, tongue flopping out to slurp on her own cheeks, before it found her pussy and the tongue sliding from it as well. Maya pulled her cock back.

“Fuck… oh fuck… I can… I taste my ass… my pussy… Jesus titty-fucking Christ I taste so good…” Renee said, fingering her holes with the wettest slurps Maya had heard since her stay in the demon realm.

“Have fun, sweetie. I promise I’ll ‘pollinate’ you later, for now, I’ve got a winner to knock up.”

“Knock up?”

“Of course. You don’t think I’m about to pass up the chance?”

“Fuck, why do I wanna be pregnant with your babies too?” Suki asked, rubbing her flat belly.

“You’re my slave now, of course you want my young,” Maya giggled, patted the monster girl, and stepped out from the flower. Though muffled by the petals, multitudes of orgasmic screams escaped as Suki and Renee’s silhouettes rutted like beasts in heat. With the others taken care, it left one soul; Helen’s.

“My, oh my, look at you,” Maya said and perched atop Mount Helen, looking down upon the biggest saline slut on Earth, “If there’s ever a shortage of saline, guess we know who to blame.”

“You know it,” Helen beamed, “But it’s not enough. Not for me, or for you, is it?”

“The things I’ve seen, the creatures I’ve done, the sights I’ve engrained in my retinas... no, this isn’t enough. It’s funny to think that a year ago, I thought you were way, way too big. Even for my tastes. Now I’m thinking you’re a few metres too small.”

“It’s fine,” Helen said, a crazed smirk on her face, “Fill me up with whatever the fuck you want. Daddy will pay for my reductions, then you can do it all again.”

“Oh Helen,” Maya leaned in and sucked her soul out, this one shaped like an inverted heart, only bulging massively at the bottom, “There’s no undoing a demon’s work.”

“What?” Helen’s smile sank as she looked over herself, “But I can… I’ll just get the implants removed.”

“You think those are implants anymore?” Maya chuckled and raised her hand, tentacles reappearing, “Those are your tits, honey. As much a part of you as the wombs inside them. But I think you could go much further. You see, much as I want pleasure above pretty much anything else, punishment is a big deal where I’m from.”

“Punishment, for what?”

“You were a massive slut, Helen, but you were in this stupid grey area where you just didn’t embrace it. I’ll save you the brain power; it was the protection. A proper slut wouldn’t bother with condoms or the pill and just fuck to their hearts content. But you had pride and fear holding you back. If you’d just gone all the way, I’d have dragged back to hell and made you like me. Alas, you need to be punished for not going all the way.”

“That’s bullshit.”

Maya giggled, “It kind of is. Really, no one cares what you do, but it is punishable by ‘holy law’ or whatever. Basically, for every chance at baby making you purposefully fucked up, it’ll be returned upon you a hundredfold.”

“Hundred?”

“Uh huh,” Maya slowly licked her lips, “Don’t worry. You’ll love every second of it. Oh! Looks like it’s started.”

“I don’t feel anything!” Helen yelled, slapping at her skin as if to kill a mosquito.

“Not you,” Maya chuckled and squeezed her own bosom, “Me. Souls are nourishment for a demon’s form. And I just devoured six very slutty ones. For reference, Suki’s tasted the best.” With a flick of her wrist, the many tendrils she’d summoned converged on Helen, plunging into her cunt-nipples, splitting up to inflate her wombs and the breasts themselves. Meanwhile, Maya laid back and conjured a mirror to watch herself.

They’d told her this form was only the beginning and she’d believed them. After witnessing demons with bodies that made hers seem childish, she couldn’t wait to ‘grow up’. This was her new life after all, she was only a year old as a demon, now she’d finally graduated infancy as her assets swelled up. First her breasts.

What were once head-sized globes bigger than most fakes, rapidly engorged to pour off her sides and pool on Helen’s swelling mounds. Gravity flattened them of course, however they soon reclaimed their pert forms, rising like bread in time-lapse, capped by the perfect cherry of her ruby nipples. She squeezed them, cooing at how they deformed at the slightest pressure, the flesh all but devoured her fingers. Fresh nerve-endings popped into existence to supply her with more pleasure and fuel for the further changes.

Her tits blotted out over a foot of vision at their new size, including her erections. For a solid minute, all her lower body was obscured, until the flat crowns of her horse-dicks extended to lord over her nipples, casting long perverse shadows in their wake. From little over a foot long, they doubled in length and kept going, heedless of gravity as her pulse raced through the obscene veins. Nodules formed along their length and stood straight out, eager to scrape along the walls of whatever hole they found.

“Hmm, ooh, I can’t wait to breed using these things,” Maya cooed as her legs spread apart, pushed by the burgeoning balls and thigh meat, hips packing on demonic weight every second. No matter her weight, Helen’s breasts supported her, only dipping as she arched her back and pushed her bellowing ass down hard. It did everything it could to catch up to Ella, but even that was beyond her.

For now. Chest still arched, Maya gasped at the pressure along her shoulder blades, spreading down to the small of her back until it seemed to burst and her sense of touch extended further than ever. Her wings! She sat up and stretched the new muscles. It was a demon’s rite of adulthood to grow them, the more the better. She only had the single pair, but this was just six souls worth of development.

“I can’t wait for more,” Maya said and hopped down to witness Helen’s true scale, her tits a dozen times her original mass. Her rear couldn’t bear to be left behind either and filled out, so round and firm that they didn’t even quiver as she came, juices shooting entire feet behind and splashing back off the wall. The scent of fertility ripe in the air, Maya strolled around with a hand feeling up her improved shafts.

“Say,” Maya said as she leaned in and inhaled the girl’s potent musk, the smell seeming to wail at her for semen, “Got any ideas who else would willingly trade their soul to be a slut like you, Helen?”

“Nnnnnooooo…”

“Aww, really?” Maya pouted and nipped the folds with her teeth, earning startled squeak, “No matter. I’ll find more eventually. I envy you guys. You can change as you want because of me, but I can’t change myself without souls. It’s not fair is it?”

“No…” Helen moaned, legs spreading, feet planted firmly on her breasts. There was no chance her toes would ever touch the floor like this.

“But I get to play with so many of you this way. Hmm, can’t wait for the other girls to come home. Wonder what they’ll say to a rousing round of bingo with me?”

“Can I join?” Suki asked, peeking from her flower. The small parting was enough to let loose a deluge of cum, and give a peek of Renee’s fecund belly, packed tight with semen.

“Sorry, Suki. Humans and demons only.”

“What are we then?” Caterina asked in a breath reprieve from biting her lovers, marking them for all to see as her ‘property’.

“Well, in basic terms, you’re property. Mine, to be precise. But I’m not into dehumanisation, that’s more Azazel’s gig. I think of you more like… subs in a BDSM relationship, just with the inability to defy me unless I will it.”

“I can live with that,” Suki said, returning to her fun.

Caterina agreed, while Jen squealed into Ella’s mouth at the terminology. She really was a submissive at heart, Maya thought and resolved to consider ways of using that in the future. In the present, she had a pussy and ass, now modified with its own womb, to breed before she got around to the pussy-teats. Then after that, she’d move on to smaller, but no less tantalising sluts.

It’d be a while though. As if sensing this remorse, Suki unfurled her petals, allowing Renee to slide out on a tide of jizz, then wreathed her vines around the others, “Why fuck eight cocks when you could fuck twelve?” At the invitation, none of the three resisted and were gladly dragged in and covered.

Now she wouldn’t feel as though she wasn’t doing enough for her pets. Such a thoughtful monster, Maya thought as she squatted to put her face directly into Helen’s luscious cunny, its folds swollen and soaked, the lightly gaped hole concealed within twitched and slurped on thin air, and endless waves of lust rolled from her. Only a foolish demon wouldn’t sample such a delicious looking meal. Foreplay was something to be savoured like an illustrious bouquet or fine wine.

Extending her demonic tongue, Maya traced the outer layers and circled in. Each squish of Helen’s pussy dredged her tongue in flavours untold, then poured down her throat to incite her own lusts, like pouring gasoline on an inferno. While it didn’t seem like much in the grand scheme, it was always there. She pushed deeper and closed the gap, suctioning her lips to Helen’s snatch, then inhaled.

Helen screamed in pleasure as her folds were drawn deep into the demon’s mouth. She didn’t relent either, swirling her limber muscle around every square inch of the sopping tunnel and prodding the final barrier, remodelled to grant inhuman pleasures and open at the persistent touches. At the slightest give, Maya charged forth. Her tit-bound pet clamped down on her and squirted, drenching the demoness, gushing more as entire feet of tongue slithered around her womb. Stillness fell over Helen when Maya found the tube to her ovary.

Calm before the storm was epitomised by the girl. For several seconds, she was silent, almost frozen while Maya inched her way through a passage, eager to taste her fertility. Then she was in, giggling at the softball sized organ full of a dense sludge that could only be Helen’s eggs. She scooped some into her tongue and retracted, Helen breathing faster and harder, depositing them in her womb. Ready to swim in oceans of demon sperm.

“I’m cumming,” Helen gasped, then flung her head back, whole body seeming to arch with her, such force behind it that she actually lifted her tits half an inch off the floor, while her womb and cunt clamped onto Maya like a torture device, intent on never letting go. If it weren’t for the sheer lubrication, she might never have escaped. As it was, she withdrew with a thick slurp and deluge of juices.

“I’d say you’re ready,” Maya said, cleaning the fem-cum from her face. She stood and levelled both her cocks, each over two-feet now, at the sluts’ holes. Heat poured off them, enough to make a human sweat, each drop that streaked down Helen’s thighs practically steaming. But Maya’s warmth overwhelmed even that, just her cock hovering nearby enough to make the slut moan.

“Oh fuck yes!” Helen screamed at the first contact, ass and pussy resisting as the sheer girth seeking entry as they should, gradually stretching under coercion. The incredible width of Maya’s glans entered with a lewd squelch, a rush of juices forced out, followed up by her veins, so thick each inch was like a separate finger pushing in. Despite the size, both holes clamped onto her like condoms.

“I love having big cocks,” Maya cooed as she fed the clammy holes inch upon inch, “Even a fucking whore like you feels tight with them.”

“So big,” Helen said, hips bucking against the demoness, seeking more dick faster. A barrier stopped her lower cock, while the top deepened until Maya was flush against the pregnant globes of Helen’s ass. Wombs in her butt cheeks, Maya giggled at her thought. That might be worth exploring at a later date, for now, however, she had a cervix to ream. Shoving against Helen’s ass, she retracted her lengths until just the grapefruit-sized heads were trapped within.

So eager to hold onto them, Helen’s anus and cunt unfolded around her shafts and tried sucking them back in. For all her efforts, Maya only chuckled, before granting her desire with a demonic grunt and slammed home. She used enough force to actually move the behemoth implants an inch. No ripples travelled through them, flesh so taut around the saline that her veins travelled in blue mazes toward her nipple-cunts. The only shift in flesh to be seen was the occasional bulge of the tentacles, still pumping her fuller.

Maya repeated the thrust. Each repetition carried the same force, moving Helen slowly but surely, while banging her tunnel and cervix into the shape of horse-cock, even engraving her veins into the pliant flesh. None of her prior lovers could’ve dreamed of preparing Helen for this.

All the gangbangs she’d willingly submitted to didn’t have the same brutal musk of sex burning in her nostrils. A mixture of Maya’s and Suki’s scents saturated the room, travelling like microscopic tendrils into her brain and tampering with it. There was no going back to humans after this, none of them, not even the sweatiest hunk with the fattest dick on campus would measure up. She’d be huffing this odour just to stay awake.

What of the sounds that deafened her? Helen was no stranger to brutal sex partners, spanking her with all their might, plunging into her holes with every ounce of strength in their inferior bodies. Yet Maya hadn’t hit her once and already her ass burned from the impact of her hips, while echoes of each thrust rang in her ears. Then a single hand clapped onto her couch-filling rear.

It stung so fucking good. Helen bucked against a thrust and wriggled her hips, whimpering for another. The second fell without warning, harsher than before. Her holes clamped down in response, as if trying to take on the shapes invading them. A third and forth came in rhythmic succession.

“Yes, punish me. I’m such a fucking slut,” Helen moaned into her tits, hands clawing at the constantly growing masses, “Fuck my shitter until it can’t close anymore. Fuck open my womb and fill it with your jizz. Make me pregnant. Knock up my eggs! Ruin me!” Her toes curled as Maya shoved against her womb, not pulling back, only pushing against the barrier that dared to refuse them both true double penetration All muscles tensed on instinct, trying to keep her out, yet they were nothing.

She was just a cum dump. A womb to be bred by Maya. What kind of cum-dump-womb was she if she couldn’t even take her stud’s two-foot horse dick? Fighting the tremendous weight of her ass, Helen reared up and back, then slammed down as Maya charged forth. Finally, with a visceral shriek mixed with the obscene sound of her juices shooting out in pressurised jets, Mina’s ball smashed into Helen’s chunky clit.

“They’re all in,” Mina said and whipped her hands to and fro, leaving their imprints upon her sorority sister’s, turned shameless pet’s flesh, prolonging the orgasmic milking motions, “And looks like you’re about done.”

At her words, the tentacles unravelled from within the tit-snatches. Entire yards worth pulled free, shrinking the masses, but only slightly, and left her upper cunnies gaped as they oozed saline and tentacle cum. She was immobile long before they finished with her, but now it would take a small army just to move her from room to room. Not that Maya had any intention of letting Helen leave this position.

She crammed herself between the mountainous ass and leaned over to whisper into Helen’s ear, “Still want them reduced?”

“Nooooo,” Helen slurred, barely lifting her head enough for Maya to see her glazed eyes, “Need milk… get bigger… give me… babies…”

“Oh, your poor little mind,” Maya sighed and twisted her hips around, stretching her in different directions, “But that’s fine. You won’t need it when you’re popping out babies all the time.”

“Uh huh!” Helen nodded eagerly, understanding her intentions and reciprocating them with a skilled ripple through her holes, “Please, please, please please pleasepleasepleasepleaseplease!”

“Shh,” Maya said and slapped her butt, claws extended and grazing the tight skin, “I’ll fill you up with so much cum, you’ll never run out.”

“Yes!”

True to her word, Maya left the depraved girl to slowly lose all control over her vocals as she pounded her into a new stage of life. It likely wasn’t anything Helen had anticipated in her life, but she’d be mother to a whole generation of demons. Along with several others, she thought with a glance to Suki’s very active flower bud. Eventually, she promised herself and focused all her energies back on Helen.

Even in all the orgies she’d held since returning, not only had she been holding back, but she was smaller - weaker - then. Unleashed, the souls of her friends burning in her loins, Maya could enjoy herself to the fullest. Hands around Helen’s waist, claws digging in, she yanked and shoved the girl to the rhythm of her hips as they slammed home each second. It wasn’t hard for porn stars to thrust once a second, but they were rarely more than eight inches.

Maya, however, retrieved almost two feet of cock from separate holes and plunged them back in that same time. The rippling of her own curves never ceased, echoes of the raw clap of her flesh on Helen’s. Each orifice clung to her shafts; the asshole surprisingly smoother with sparse ridged sections that ground into her, while the pussy was riddled with little textures, constantly shifting bumps and ridges seemingly placed for her enjoyment. Oh, but nothing matched the sound of pre and fem-cum splashing and squelching and pouring onto the ground from her balls.

Her own crotch was covered in the stuff. Sticky rungs connected them for the instants she pulled away, snapping wetly as she closed the gap abruptly. Moans and drool escaped down her chin, unable to close her mouth as she tasted the sex in the air. Her balls gurgled and swelled to signal her impending climax.

It wouldn’t be the end. Maya slowed her pace, choosing instead to drag out the sensation, and folded herself against Helen’s back while she felt at every inch of tit-flesh in her reach. The position raised her ass high, her balls pulled heavily on her sawing hips, making the return thrusts stronger. She devoted several seconds to her pull back, while the slam was over immediately.

“Almost there,” Maya panted, tongue flicking out to taste her fertile pet’s skin and her thrusts unrelenting, “You can feel them can’t you? My balls, filling with leagues of semen? All that pre-cum pouring out might not even be pre-cum anymore. I’m producing so much jizz right now, destined for your tiny womb.”

She raked her nails across the girl’s skin, travelling to her stomach. Fluctuating shafts protruded from it, taut around Maya’s cock shapes, save for the lower abdomen, which rounded out and sagged lower from her immense amount of pre-cum. From base to tip, the bulges thrust deep into Helen’s endless cleavage. They swelled on every thrust, central veins and crowns broadening to deliver the inevitable flood.

Grabbing hold of her hips, Maya redoubled her efforts. Like a comet falling, gaining momentum as it neared the surface, her orgasm built to greater heights. Her gut clenched, prostates vibrating with longing, barely held back by her will power. Balls churning, gurgling, growing and boiling over with the need for release, Maya pumped Helen’s cunt and ass with brutal strength before she held flush against them. Spasmodic convulsions raced through her shafts and into the holes.

“Here it comes,” Maya growled and grabbed Helen by the hair, yanking her back to jam her tongue down the double-penetrated slut’s throat, laying her claim just as the first eruptions struck.

“So thick,” Helen slurred around the limber muscle, belly deforming around the spurt of semen. It was squeezed back to the bottom of her womb by her tits, collecting where Maya’s cock plugged up her cervix. For half a minute, she inundated the fertile organ with her seed, upwards of quintillions of sperm seeking out an egg. The pressure grew and Maya’s cock wouldn’t submit, forcing it to surge into unnatural reservoirs; Helen’s fallopian tubes.

“I feel it,” Helen said, voice nothing but a murmur around Maya’s tongue, but oddly serene as her eyes glazed over and rolled back, “Your sperm is gangbanging my eggs. They’re all penetrating them. Splitting them apart already, making more to fuck. Oh god there’s so many…”

“And that’s just the first shot,” Maya said, shooting her tongue deeper, tasting the girl’s oesophagus and eventually her stomach. As planned, the semen travelling through her bowels reached there in tandem, flooding the container in moments, “Here’s another.”

With a quick, viscerally moist thrust, Maya unleashed her second dose. Greater than the first, Helen’s already inflated middle doubled in moments, her upper abdomen also bellowing out with it. Entire barrels worth filled her. Her belly sank halfway to the ground over three feet away, then closed the gap as Maya clenched, squeezing out a thicker load. With nowhere lower to go, it spread out and devoured the floorspace.

Quivers ran throughout the growing enormity. The churning of Maya’s balls was replaced as her constant deluge roiled Helen’s gut, ensuring no haven for any of her eggs. They wouldn’t seek one anyway, modified by the game and Maya’s depravity to lust for any sperm in reach. In essence, they were like atomic versions of Helen, bending over for whatever studs wanted a shot, uncaring who donated the pleasure. All they craved was to be bred.

Such pleasure truly might be addictive, Maya thought. Even for a demon. This human had submitted to her in every sense, offering even her fertility in service of Maya’s designs, every hole working to pleasure her. Even the girl’s throat and lips massaged her tongue, urging it to squirm around in her cum-stuffed gut, tasting the fresh and older loads within. Through it all, Helen’s nipples-cunt twitched and squirted in envy.

“That’s enough for now,” Maya said and closed off her flow; an impressive, uncomfortable feat as her load rapidly backed up in her balls. She ignored the sensation, headed for Helen’s front even as the girl’s gaped holes clenched around thin air. Jizz leaked from her anus, but none slipped out her pussy, the cervix closing like a bank vault to hold its treasure. As she walked, Suki’s flower rustled and opened.

In a sea of pollen and cum, the others poured out. Jen and Ella were giggling madly, rubbing the mixture into their skin, eyes unfocused and lower holes squirting huge gouts of fluids. Renee, though in no better a state, crawled back to Suki and suckled on a still hard member. Her lips were bruised and swollen form the abuse, almost enough to cover an entire shaft.

Caterina stood up and looked to Maya, stroking her sordid clit-and-nipple-cocks. The demoness licked her lips, never breaking eye contact as she took up position at Helen’s right nipple, lining both cocks with it. Even at her size, there was no reaching them both. It had been a while since her own pussy was serviced.

“Come,” Maya beckoned, casually sliding her horse-dicks into Helen, who gasped at the alien sensation. Though she’d been penetrated by tentacles, they were more like dildos, nothing but sex toys that felt like soft rubber. Her cocks, however, were rigid shafts of flesh and steel, designed to breed whatever hole could take them.

“Oh fuck, I love this. You’re going so deep into my tit… oh, I can feel the milk… you’re churning up my milk. Thickening it. My boobs feel so heavy. Are you going to make them heavier, Maya? Fill them with cum? With babies? So many babies for me to birth for you,” Helen chittered, unable to hold her voice steady as her nipple lost its true virginity.

“You really broke her,” Caterina said, coming to stand beside the demoness, and gawked at the sheer expanse of breast before her. She couldn’t even see Helen’s face from that angle.

“She was always broken,” Maya grunted, ramming into the tit-cunt, balls crashing against it, louder than a wrecking balls, “I just unhinged her. Now, are you going to fuck me, or do I need to do the same to you?”

“All you had to do was ask… Mistress,” Caterina purred, then moved around to line up her bottom six cocks with Maya’s pussy and ass, splitting them up into four and two respectively. As expected of the demon, her holes opened smoothly, swallowing the sextuplet of cocks and wreathing them in her sweltering depths. No more than three inches inside, however, and they squeezed her to a standstill.

“It’s so tight,” Caterina said, shoving forward in combat with Maya’s body. As wet and smooth as they were, each clamped on her like a crocodile’s jaw, shifting the pressure in blissful patterns that tested the soulless human’s discipline, “Fuck, why is it so tight?”

“You didn’t think I would just let anyone fuck me?” Maya chuckled and angled her hips up, using the leverage to fuck Helen’s nipple, while leaving Caterina stuck at only a few inches inside. It wouldn’t matter if she accepted her fate and remained still, or tried overcoming the supernatural grip, she would cum. Neither hole ever stopped moving, grinding and slurping on her like Renee’s mouth would.

“This is nothing,” Caterina grunted and yanked herself back until her tips were just inside, pulling on the demoness’ folds. She waited, anticipating her chance. As the lustful orifices tried pulling her back, she let loose and charged forth, using all her strength to drive half her length inside, before being stopped yet again. The victory, though small, was significant as she readied her determination.

She grabbed hold of Maya’s breeder hips and yanked herself closer. There was no sudden jump in progress, her clit-cocks squeezed so tight, milked for all they were worth, that it strained her just to avoid orgasm. Maya peered back over her shoulder with a taunting grin and wriggled her hips, the changes in angle further testing Caterina. Taking a depth breath of sex saturated air, the human jerked forward. All it did was mash Maya against Helen’s tit.

“Fuck!” Caterina groaned. For all her efforts, she’d only sunk one inch further. With how they’d grown since losing her soul, over a foot remained outside, teased by the rivers of juices gushing from Maya despite the relatively small penetration.

“Come on,” Maya said and loosened a little, sliding another inch up her tunnels, “At least get into my womb?”

“Womb? I’ve got a foot and a half in you already.”

“My body’s not like yours. All those pesky innards humans have are gone. You’re almost at my cervix though. Just a little further.”

“What the fuck is wrong with demons?”

“Nothing. This is normal for me you know?”

“Right,” Caterina rolled her eyes and flexed all her muscles, slight as they were, “When I get in, I can knock you up, right?”

“Of course,” Maya said, twisting her body around to show the obscene tubes bulging through her belly. She ran a single claw along them, casting shivers up and down Caterina’s spine, “*If* you can get in, it’ll be your seed that makes my tummy grow so big and motherly. *If* you spray your semen right into my womb, you’ll get my tits huge and milky too… *if* you can get in.”

“Fuck yeah,” Caterina groaned and threw reason to the void. Her body wasn’t strong enough? Fuck it, she’d make up for it with raw willpower. If her clits couldn’t reach deep enough, then she’d angle her hips and *shove* against the walls crushing them. All her balls roiled at the challenge to her breeding ability, keen on proving why Jen and Ella were moaning messes on the floor. This demonic snatch would *not* deny her.

It took several minutes of vehement fucking, but she reached the cervix. Incensed at how long it took, Caterina snarled in her efforts, prompting a chuckle from the demoness, still thrusting with ease into the giant breast. Those gleaming eyes leered back at her, sensual and taunting, daring her to fuck the womb like she so badly wanted.

“Fucking bitch,” Caterina groaned and shoved against Maya’s luscious ass, fingers sinking deep, to leverage all the force possible. To her surprise, and the demon’s amusement, her clits all surged through.

“Good girl,” Maya said, tone as condescending as it could possibly be, yet it filled the multi-endowed human with glee. The feeling that was immediately decimated by the dexterous undulations coursing through Maya’s holes, feelings like tongues on her cocks, mixed with fingers and tiny filaments diving into their cum-tubes. She pulled back with ease, gasping at the sudden release of sensation, then returned and the pleasure resumed twofold. It doubled each time until…

“I can’t… too much…” Caterina gasped and wrapped her arms around the demon, embracing her with full intent on never letting go. Her heart raced through her clits, each beat so powerful they threatened to leap from her body, while her multitude of testicles pulled taut and nestled into Maya’s own.

“Nice timing,” Maya complimented and lanced forward, clamping down on Caterina drag her along, as she buried her dual members in Helen’s breast-pussy. All the semen she withheld prior surged through her shafts, mixed with the freshly brewed load, bloating them to almost double their girth. The heads flared and locked to the womb inside. Lakes of pre-cum spurted out, forced away by the encroaching flood.

As the final ‘thin’ drop fell and the calamitous orgasm reached her tip, Maya relaxed her pussy and ass. Instantly, Caterina wailed into her should, bucking against her plush ass, as her ball summoned gallons upon gallons worth of clit-seed. With unnatural timing, the first of her six shots flooded Maya, while her pair unleashed a similar dosage within the beached bimbo. The sheer amount was enough to expand the tit to even greater heights.

It couldn’t be allowed for them to be asymmetrical. Helen always had flawless curves, albeit fake ones, and took great pains to keep them matching perfectly. If nothing else, Maya would respect that dedication from a human. Depending on the demon, they could just snap their fingers and everything was immaculate. And so, when about half her sequel load was done, she cut it off again.

Still flared, her tips caught on Helen’s exit. She was too wet and exhausted to hold her for long, however, allowing Maya to yank herself free with a deluge of pussy juice.Like the cunt below, not a drop of semen was wasted. The demon trudged over to the second nipple, pulling a still cumming Caterina along with her. Her own waist lost any definition as it rounded from the healthy load and her back was doused in the nipple-cum.

Even for a demon, it took almost a minute to reach the other tit-pussy. Between the tumultuous weight building in her balls, the tanks of cum piling in her womb and stomach, and her own gradual exhaustion, even Maya was feeling the strain. It had been a long day, she thought and inserted her members, intent on relieving herself, then nap atop the majesty of her handiwork. She leaned against Helen’s breast and basked in the two sources of warmth she was sandwiched between.

Demon or not, the feeling of comfort and affection as she snuggled between then pair was divine. Few of her peers understood the importance of cuddling; it was always sex and sex and more sex. Maya let the soothing rhythm of Caterina’s unconscious breathing lull her to the same state, mind flooding with anticipation of what tomorrow might bring, her eyes drifted shut and she breathed in one last gulp of the lurid scents. The conscious world faded as she slept, cushioned by two of her pets.

It take long for life at the sorority to become that which suited the demoness. That is to say, it became a den of decadence, more so than any brothel in human records. Every room was saturated in the reek of sex, walls coated in layers upon layers of semen, generously donated by herself, Suki and Caterina, and most of the bedrooms became open invitations. Doors were torn down, some walls too, and no one went cold even in the winter. Helen couldn’t move, of course, and became a permanent fixture in the living room.

She’d need more room soon as her unnaturally fertile body progressed day by day. It was slight at first, an inch here and there, but the first days were just a warm-up. By the second week since Maya took their souls, Helen’s baby bump was halfway to the ground, despite her breasts growing in tandem. Two possibilities made the demoness hard without fail; one was that Helen’s pregnancy was progressing rapidly; two was that she was so impossibly pregnant, so fertile and willing, that she just had that many young brewing within. And more added every minute.

Of course, her milk came in quickly. With her nipples turned into pussies and in a constant state of lubrication, there was only one real option for the lactation to come out; the clits. Each was already bigger than her former teats had been, allowing even Renee to find satisfaction from how they filled her mouth.

“This is the life,” Maya mused one day, lounging atop her throne of tits, “And it’s only getting better.” She added at the door opening, despite all her pets being present. It was the other girls, back from their vacations.

“Ugh, seriously, Helen? You couldn’t have gotten knocked up outside?” One asked, stepping around the behemoth curves. Awareness of demons couldn’t be permitted, as such all outsiders had their memories rewritten by divine law, made to think any ludicrous bodies were simply mother nature gone wild. Or due to a few too many trips to a surgeon.

“And Suki, stop trying to ensnare me. Last time you did, I couldn’t walk right for a month.”

Even Suki? Maya snickered, looking at the other furnishing. Suki really tied the room together, literally, as her roots and vines crept along the walls and floor, flowers in full bloom as she nursed a slight bump in her belly, compliments of Maya.

“Sorry, it’s the baby, makes me so fucking horny.”

“Hey girls,” Maya said, hopping down.

“Oh, hey, Yama.”

“I told you to use protection. Helen’s so fertile even horse dicks knock her up,” one said, snickering as she slapped the titanic girl’s breast, earning a moan. Despite her taunting words, envy clouded her eyes, her other hand drifting closer to her pussy.

“Sorry, couldn’t help myself. Besides, you know Helen; wouldn’t take ‘no’ for an answer. Anyway, how about we play a game to welcome you two back.”

“What game?”

Maya flashed her fanged teeth, cocks rising, “Bingo.”