

She wasn't exactly interested in anything that went on inside of her, just as long as *something* did; the entire aspect of new life and young was secondary to having a shaft big enough to stretch her out *be stretching* her out, along with everything that had to come along with it by definition. She didn't care about whether or not her fertility resulted in anything in practice; only that it be put to the test, and even then exclusively because it required someone like Ark to do so.

When the lynx bottomed himself out, piercing through her cervix and outright filling her womb with nothing but solid cockmeat, making a complete mockery of anything resembling anatomy, Elizabeth didn't care that this would lead to her being bred; she was *already* being bred, and it ended there. What she wanted was *just* that: having a dick so big that she could see its outline being thrust into her, pistoned with enough force that even her gargantuan body was moved several feet forward.

It would take Ark some time to synchronize with this. He may have been a demon of lust, but after countless ages of dealing with regular mortals, to so suddenly be gifted with a demoness in the making, with someone whose debauchery rivalled or *surpassed* his own, was difficult to process. He was so used to merely being the *vehicle* for pleasure that the notion of it being mutual enjoyment was downright alien to him; he genuinely believed, once he pulled back and slammed into Elizabeth for the first time, that he was doing her a favour in much the same way he did anyone else. It didn't occur to him that just by being there, just by playing into the serval's "demands", he was going so far beyond.

And her body responded to this. It was a thing into itself, separate from the already lust-addled mind of the serval giantess; it could now only exist to perpetuate its own seeking of pleasure, could only exist as the purest manifestation of everything Elizabeth wanted: a ludicrously-proportioned, hyper-endowed baby factory with the capacity to hold dicks far bigger than itself. It was the only way that it could do what its owners needed to go through: it had to be *malleable*.

Hence why, when Ark prepared to jackhammer into Elizabeth for a second time, he didn't find her to be as tight as before. Or, to be more precise, the *tightness* was there, but the *give* was much greater: it was still just as delectably constrictive as before; the lynx could still feel every inch of the giantess tugging at him, almost as if begging for him to slow down, at the same time as he found no resistance going forward. Past a certain point, he could no longer *move*: he was already fully hilted, and thus had to grow himself in order to find just how far he could go.

And with that, pushing all those racks of tits out of the way. Not that either of them noticed, being too enthralled with whatever it was they were doing to one another, but anyone lucky enough to be an outside observer would see it clear as day: the serval's milk-stuffed mountains

being parted, the body between them stretched out like a condom as its insides were rearranged at the same rate as the archdemon's cock plowed through them.

No consideration for whether or not it was possible; both Elizabeth and Ark demanded it to be, so it was, end of story. They didn't wish to be restrained by biology, so they weren't. Liz wanted to be speared by dick, Ark wanted to find how deep it all went, and these two urges met in the middle to create a wondrous symphony of deranged moans and throat-splitting screams, with the serval's protestations turning into demonic pleas for *more*. Ark could *tell* when his future consort's voice cracked; he knew full well when the transformation began, when the mortal soul was corrupted to such a degree that the demonic energies of his underworld seeped in... so he kept going, harder than before, fully intent on exploiting this for as long and hard as possible.

For Elizabeth, it was abandoning sense. She could *feel* that dick inside of her: every inch, stretching her out from within, every inch *begging* for her to be made bigger so it wouldn't need to turn her into a living condom. And in response, all her body did was accommodate it: if she had one large womb to fit a cock too big for it, then clearly she needed it bigger... as well as a handful of copies. Too much precum, not enough space, therefore, the best solution was to split her original baby-maker in two, then copy over the nearly twenty ovaries she had attached to the first one.

But why stop there? If that thick deluge of syrupy, steaming-hot proto-seed wasn't even the real deal, then surely her form wasn't even *remotely* prepared for when Ark finally reached his climax; if this was *precum*, then clearly she needed to further multiply herself, for otherwise that demon would literally pop her like a balloon. Maybe, Elizabeth thought to herself in one of her few moments of lucid insight, she was just coming up with excuses; maybe she didn't *need* more wombs and egg makers, maybe she didn't *need* to make her tits produce more, multiply further, grow until the distortions keeping her house intact were strained to the breaking point.

But, even if that were true, it was irrelevant. Even if she didn't need it, she still *wanted* it.

Wasn't that the point? She didn't call *two* demons just to stop at what was *enough*; she didn't call two demons to be *satisfied*, she called them so she could get railed, caked with cum, filled thrice over, then have the whole menu another few times until she couldn't even breathe straight, let alone do anything else. She called two demons, and *that one* in particular, just so she could bring herself and her body to the limit.

So why restrain herself? She already had enough tits on her that she could carpet an entire football field and still manage to spill over the seats; by that point, there was literally no reason not to go further still. Justify it however one wanted as well: the young needed milk, or her body

reacted to being bred, whatever stupid reason one needed, just *make it happen*. Elizabeth wanted it, and because she wanted it, it *had* to happen: so yes, she *did* want more rows of tits to sprout between her dozens of already-extant ones, she *did* want them to bloat several tens of feet, she *did* want them to produce at multiple times their current rate. She wanted that and so much more, but there were *other* things that needed alteration.

Two wombs, who knew how many ovaries, and yet it *was not enough*. Yes, the size of the latter was already such that Ark could likely see the multitude of lumps forming several rows on her precum-stuffed gut, but that was only the beginning: each one had to split into two, return to their original size, then bloat up as they made *more* eggs. Each of her wombs had to do the same, again and again, until her entire form was terribly lopsided: her front, laden with vertically-stacked racks of tits, and her back, pushed up *even higher* as a result of all those baby factories forcing her belly to engorge to absurd degrees. In the middle, just herself, squished in between her own body and another part of it, not knowing whether to shout at the universe to stop, or to demand *more*.

Ark, for all that it was worth, kept going. It was the one thing he *could* do: with the changes taking place at such a rapid rate, the archdemon was left wondering just what he'd gotten himself into. This wasn't a mortal, much less a *customer*; this was a succubus disguised as something else entirely, the literal embodiment of mindless lust and desire somehow incarnated into a non-demonic form... at least, for the time being. He could help fix that last part; he just had to grit his teeth, tense up, and carry on.

And for that, he had the tattoo. He was an archdemon of lust, after all; if there was anything he could use to empower himself, it was exactly the kind of maddened self-indulgence that led someone to brand themselves with a demonic fertility sigil... not that Elizabeth was even using most of it, what with her body being more than capable of augmenting itself thanks to the rest of the contract, but it was still there... and unused.

The realisation hit him: if Elizabeth wasn't using it, but the tattoo was still active, why didn't *he* hijack its power for his own ends? If the giantess wasn't going to make use of it, then *he* might as well do; there was so much it could be abused for that only he and a select few others knew that it felt like a downright waste for him *not* to go wild with it, especially now that the serval had clearly demonstrated a need to go beyond the wildest excesses most other mortals considered acceptable.

Plus, the solution was right there in front of him: if *Elizabeth* was growing, then *he* had to grow as well. Not just conventionally, that much was easy enough; Ark could snap his fingers and make his size something absurd and beyond that world's ability to comprehend, that wasn't the hard part. No, what he *could* do was take the power of the sigil for himself and shunt it

directly into this truck-sized cumtanks underneath him: he could split them in two, following in Elizabeth's footsteps, then fill them back up such that their final size was even larger than how they started. And, most importantly, he could grow their *insides* as well.

It wasn't every day that he got to try *that* out. Most people just weren't malleable enough to handle it, not to mention it wasn't the sort of thing that the majority of his clients were at all interested in. Being consumed by a demon, sometimes through less than conventional dietary means? Absolutely fine. But *that*? Somehow, the line was drawn there, which confused the lynx to no end; surely, out of all things, then that wouldn't be the one that made others question their decision to call up a demonic lust entity, would it?

For Elizabeth though, he had no doubts: she'd take it. Hells below, she'd take it and then demand *more*, given the way she had acted so far. If ever there was anyone that Ark knew for a *fact* would not only be fully accepting of this little idea of his, but go so far as to insist he go further still, it *had* to be this serval. Was it perhaps less than safe, now that the dimensional and spatial compression keeping her house intact was falling apart so much that even *he* could tell? Probably, but the last time he worried about "safety" had been so long ago it might as well not have happened at all.

Besides, if this was to be a proper ascension, an apotheosis event, then they wouldn't need to justify any destruction caused to their surroundings; quite the contrary, as the more property damage they racked up in the process, the higher the odds those down below would congratulate them on a job well done: they *were* creatures of *mindless* lust, after all.

And if that was the truth, then the question was: why should they care at all? In fact, why were they even inside a house, if they weren't at all interested in keeping damage to a minimum? If they wanted to make it known that a new demoness was being born, if their main goal was to spread the good word as far and wide as they could, then any moment spent *indoors* was a wasted one... though, at the same time, Ark had no intention of just vanishing the house around them, not when he had a much better alternative.

Elizabeth wouldn't be hurt, that much he would make sure of. It'd be child's play to keep her from being scratched or cut or concussed or have *anything* negative happen at all when her home exploded all around her; a snap of his fingers, and a simple protective charm was cast around her, keeping her glorious form from being blemished in any way. And from there, the work began: why make the house go away when they could atomise it instead? Why whisk it into the aether through Ark's demonic powers when he could, instead, breed the serval hard enough that her very body destroyed the cage it was within?

It certainly helped that the lynx's sperm was still growing, their potency increasing along with it. There came a point when the very possibility of an orgasm was removed from the table; for him to climax "naturally", there would have to be a qualitative and quantitative difference between whatever he was doing *then* and whatever happened when he crossed his "line", whenever that happened to be. But with the tattoo syphoning power into him, and his own nuts being empowered by raw virility, something else entirely happened.

He may be an archdemon, and one of lust as well, but he still obeyed certain rules, chief among which being that his cum was, mostly, still a liquid. Extremely thick, but still *technically* liquid, something of a holdover from his days of being a mortal, so long before. However, *as* an archdemon of lust, he could... change things. He could store power within himself and, later on, use it to transform the way certain things worked, sending his nuts into overdrive not just by forcing them to produce more, but to produce *differently*.

In practice, no one would notice said difference until they took a good look at those shipping containers he had underneath himself and saw that their surface wasn't as smooth as it could be. Something was wriggling underneath it, something that created a myriad of bumps and lumps with trails behind them, something that seemed to grow in intensity as more and more of the surface of those gargantuan cumtanks broke out into those spots. Something that, once the first of them came out, would become obvious: plus-sized *sperm*.

They were about the same shape as they always were: still a roughly conical head with a long tail... just, bigger. So much bigger, in fact, that they could be dropped on top of any one person and actually weigh them down, only growing larger the more Ark found himself aroused, the more he allowed his demonic biology to run rampant, and the more power he drew into himself. It wouldn't be the first time that each individual sperm of his would end up so massive they could crush entire cars or trucks, but he *rarely* got to break out that party trick; most of his clients just didn't care for it.

Elizabeth, however, had no such issues; or, even if she did, the old her was already being phased out in favour of a new and improved demoness serval who would likely copy over the exact same party trick in her own depraved way. Ark didn't ask, but the moment the first generation of hyper-sized sperm was pumped into the giantess, and her reaction to those swimmers was to scream so loudly that every window in the house shattered, he knew he was going in the right direction.

There was no more churning coming from his direction anymore; the slack was picked up by the cacophony of milk currents roiling within the serval's dozens of tits, but on Ark's side, his nuts were too compact for any noise to be made. Indeed, even their form was distorted: they were no longer perfectly round, but rather a quad of lumpy, roughly spherical tankards with the

outline of his individual sperm clearly visible pushing against their skin. Anyone watching could reach out and touch... were it not for the fact that they were still growing, the swimmers along with their containers.

Every thrust made Ark larger, every bottoming out only increasing the amount of “cum” he had stored inside himself. There was still *some* fluid to go along with the payload, just enough to help lubricate entry, but most of the production was reserved for... well, *that*. He could almost see them inside Elizabeth as well; though only a few could be pumped into her at once, these ones were suddenly gifted with a great deal more space to run around, pushing against her inner walls and signalling to the serval’s body that it, too, had to adapt.

She couldn’t be fertilised when each of her eggs were so much tinier compared to every sperm cell that they might as well be ants; what she needed were *bigger* ones, proportionately as well: were everything to be the size it should be, then a single one of her eggs would be surrounded by *countless* swimmers, eager to be the one to reach its prize... so, clearly, the same had to be case there.

Elizabeth wasn’t thinking about what this would do to her, nor the knock-on effects that would, by necessity, have to come with making her egg cells be several million times their regular size. She *could* just make *them* grow: release them in their regular state and force them to become larger *after* they left her ovaries... or, perhaps, she could make *everything* about her grow to accommodate this change: take her egg makers and make them so much bigger that a single one outsized *the rest of her* combined, take her womb and make it dwarf *that*, then keep on stacking this a few more times until her body and tits, put together, were barely a *blip* on a gravid belly of such colossal proportions that her house simply ceased to be.

She wasn’t exactly *subtle* with the change. It wasn’t as if she *slowly* increased the size of her internal apparatus until it matched the proportions set by the archdemon fucking her, as much as she just willed herself into *being* that large and didn’t once think about what would happen if the transformation took place all of a sudden. Thus, whatever remained of her house just wasn’t there the next moment; there wasn’t a single material in existence that could withstand the destructive force of the living baby factory reaching her full potential, nor *could* there be.

After all, if something *could* potentially slow her down, then that meant she hadn’t yet reached her true apotheosis. To become what she needed to be, *nothing* could stand in her way, and in no way, shape or form either; this applied to something as abstract as her *being bred* at all: under any other circumstances, having her belly and its insides bwoompf into such a grandiose, planet-dwarfing size would’ve sent the archdemon behind her flying into the depths of oblivion, but not then. For Elizabeth needed to be bred, and that meant she needed Ark to stay where he

was, fucking her just as enthusiastically as before, even when the mound he was pounding outgrew him several times over.

There was no discussion to be had: his *job* was to jackhammer into her, and that was the end of it. Elizabeth didn't care how it happened, what had to be done to make it be, nor indeed what sort of physical law had to be mangled so the demonic lust creature she had attached to herself could keep plowing her. Just as long as it was *done*, then her involvement began and ended at making herself bigger... because, obviously, now that her womb, ovaries and eggs were all big enough to make geography look tiny, the rest of her had to catch up.

She needed more tits, first of all. Not just bigger, but *more*: more tits between each one in each row, and more rows between the ones that already existed; then, and only then, would she... add more. And some more on top of that. Did she end up with six tits to a row and so many of the latter that she couldn't count them without losing her mind anymore? Maybe; but her belly alone had already outgrown the planet, so there was plenty of room for her to grow *more* tits on top of *those*, and only *then* focus on making them bigger.

Or, rather, milkier; those were meant, at least in theory, to feed all the young she would definitely be birthing at some point. City-sized eggs meant billions of new lives meant more milk than could ever be produced, per udder, every single second; that this led to enough dairy being jettisoned from her that it created a system of rings gravitationally bound to her wasn't at all important, just that it *did* happen and Ark kept breeding her so the effects worsened over time. And why not make each of her breasts grow, by default, such that their hypothetically empty size would itself make the very Moon look tiny? Then just throw the milk on top, it was *genius!*

To think the whole thing began with a contract designed to make her a bit more fertile and bigger than before; honestly, if all it took to fool the forces of Hell into giving up their power like that, then Elizabeth couldn't imagine why anyone hadn't done that before... couldn't, because her ascension to the heavens themselves had sapped her of the ability to think about anything at all. There was too much there: in between the thousands upon thousands of miles of *her*, as well as the... well, everything else, her brain had its work cut out for it just keeping her up to date on the sensory overload.

And Ark, having been relegated to the position of a dick with a pair of pair of balls, couldn't have wanted it any other way. Therein lay a goddess in the making, a demonic creature of such magnificent power that she would most likely dethrone a good number of those who thought their positions unassailable... and *he* was the one responsible for it. It wouldn't be *him* on the throne, but he could at least take some perverse pleasure in knowing *he* was the one that made Elizabeth like that.

Though... even as the horizon fell low before him, even as the blue sky turned black and he had to make an effort not to breathe anymore now that they were both in a vacuum, he had to think to himself: was this enough? His own body, if fully unleashed, could definitely rival Elizabeth's, at least if he was horny enough; what she had there was the form of a true demoness of lust, but... that was just it, it was the form she *should* take. Her potential was so much more that Ark had to stop and think about whether or not he shouldn't... do more.

He could always give her some of his power, directly; infect her with true demonic essence, permanently sacrificing some of himself for the sake of making *her* that much better. He could throw his lot in with the gas giant-sized serval, hoping that, some time in the near future, she learned to control herself enough to shrink down to a manageable size... after which, surely, the two of them could strike up a useful partnership.

Maybe. Or, perhaps, he could just *keep fucking her* and worry about the rest later.

There was a whole universe to fill, after all.