

While it wasn't unheard of for mortals to want to renegotiate the terms of their agreement with a demonic dealmaker, *most* mortals didn't immediately resummon someone a few hours after the first attempt... nor did they get assigned to a different demon altogether, which certainly raised some suspicions. It wasn't Ark's first foray into the mortal world (quite the absolute opposite, in fact), so for this particular set of circumstances to overlap was enough to set off some red flags.

Still, he was called up, told that his client wanted to renegotiate some "precise measurements", and that was all he needed to know; bodily modification had been a popular choice in the past couple of decades, hence why his own physical avatar had changed so drastically over such a relatively short timespan. It used to be that he had to be *discreet*; that his appearances in the mortal world had to go by unnoticed, rather than being the bombastic, theatrical explosions of lustful self-indulgence they were nowadays.

Thankfully, saner heads prevailed, and now he could afford to be a bit more loose with how he presented himself. Still not nearly close to what he *truly* was, but, then again, the mortal world simply wasn't built to handle *that*, no matter how permissive the ruling civilisation became; he'd likely break the whole planet in half if he ever tried to unleash his true dimensions, so being able to settle for doorframes and walls was good enough.

On his way up, Ark took some time to read through the contract he was supposed to be handling. He barely recognised the name of the demon assigned to it: probably some third-rate dealmaker up in the second circle who bit off more than they could chew and needed to have their mess taken care of by a professional. Wouldn't be the first time... though, to be frank, nothing about the contract itself seemed to be that out of the ordinary.

It was a standard request for bodily alteration, albeit one that was most definitely improperly filed. The near totality of individuals only asked for a little bit of extra fat here or there, or a refinement of their musculature; while certainly desperate, they knew better than to suddenly transform into someone completely unrecognisable, even if they often skirted the edges of what this actually meant. This, of course, when they were additions; a surprising amount of people called up demons like himself for "lateral changes", less a case of making themselves "more" as opposed to just different in some way.

Thus, when Ark read through the supposed terms of the contract, the one thing in his mind was the kind of bureaucratic annoyance only an office worker could express towards an improperly filed report. Yes, the names were there, the date was correct, all the *basic* stuff was properly written out, but the numbers were *all wrong*; not only were they far too large for a simple transformative contract, but the amounts listed were so far off-mark that it had to be a clerical error. In fact, that was the most likely scenario: he wasn't being called to renegotiate

anything, so much as the higher-ups needed him to check out just what in the pits had happened so he could set things straight, and *he* was the only one the overlords trusted with such a sensitive task.

It was, therefore, with a great deal of surprise that Ark emerged from his summoning circle and was almost immediately thrown back on his considerable ass. He barely had time to notice himself *being* in a material sense before something smacked him on the face, chest, legs, and even parts of his cheeks, pushing him with such force that he actually flew a couple of feet before leaving two circular craters in the floor. Knowing full well that there wasn't a mortal alive that could harm him, Ark figured he could take his time; little did he know he was only preparing himself for a greater shock when he looked up and saw that the contract in his hand was *absolutely* not improperly filed.

He was inside a house, though *how* he didn't know; something about spatial distortions in section five, most likely. In front of him was... someone. According to the contract, it was supposed to be a serval named Elizabeth, though judging from the way they looked, this was far easier reported on than confirmed; all that Ark could *see* was a landscape of breastflesh, tits wobbling and sloshing as far as he could see out in front, with the only indication that it even *was* a serval being the fur patterns. Why, he couldn't even see her legs!

Shaking his head, Ark pulled himself back to his feet and tried to ascertain just *what* he was actually looking at. Beyond the initial shock, it was clear to him that whoever handled the first summoning had done a bang-up job of giving this person what they wanted; a cursory examination revealed that this supposed serval was, in fact, lying atop a bed of multiple rows of breasts, all of them having sprouted from underneath what looked to be a quadrupedal body plan... which was joined by a regular torso further up, from which *more* tits protruded from, totalling nearly *twenty* rows altogether, each of which was... big, to put it lightly.

Something like ten foot to the udder, if he had to put it into numbers, and very *clearly* udders given how loudly those things were sloshing about; it sounded like someone had thrown a half-empty drum down a flight of stairs and directly into a washing machine, the roiling currents being enough to leave *him* slightly red in the face, if out of shock rather than anything else. A tauress, and one of such *colossal* proportions that her being *inside* anything was nothing less than a travesty upon spatial dynamics; a tauress, one so gargantuan that she could never leave this expanded home, lest the world be broken in two trying to comprehend her.

"Excuse me, are you gonna sit there all day or are you gonna do something?" came a voice from above, slightly muffled by all the tit in the way, not to mention the endless churning of milk, "I called someone up because the last one didn't do what I wanted and left me like this, so if you wouldn't mind, I'd like to talk about a *refund*."

It was *magic*. Just the mention of that word was enough to get Ark to perk up; *no one* asked for refunds, and that wasn't just a threat: literally no one had the audacity to summon a demon and demand to get their proverbial money back, because no one was so suicidal as to even try. So for this giantess to do so... well, there were a great many explanations, and Ark loved every single one of them; it *had* been some time since he had a feisty one.

He snapped his fingers, disappearing and reappearing closer to his client; rather than finding himself looming over a little one, a tiny mortal who didn't know just who they had called, the demon instead found himself surrounded on all sides by soft, delectably warm breastflesh, almost like a cocoon built entirely out of the serval's own body. The serval herself was right there, trapped by her own engorged form, looking at him with a level of determination that was entirely unfitting of her current predicament.

"Well?" she demanded once again, cutting through whatever Ark had begun saying, "Are you gonna service me properly, or am I gonna have to call a third one over before I get someone who can rail me like I asked? You know, the last one just made me like this, but he fuckin' *bailed* the moment I asked him to get on my back and plow me until I burst out of the house; are you gonna be leaving too, or can we cut to the chase?"

Ark blinked. Words failed to convey whatever emotions were running through his head at that moment; that a mortal would be so insolent, and yet so *irresistibly alluring* at the same time, was not a combination that he was used to. Most of his clients he had to tease the horny out of; he had literally forgotten the last time he met someone who was about as excited about the prospect of fucking as he was... and it had to be someone like *her*.

A quick look back at the contract, however, revealed that not all was what it seemed. While the serval claimed to just want a quick fuck, a little clause tucked away in a corner, hidden underneath two layers of asterisks and a conditional, was something else entirely: the promise of further growth, "to be delivered by an agent of the Hellish Hierarchy, as defined by-" followed by a great deal more legalese.

Looking up at... *her*, Ark almost couldn't believe the mere notion that this Elizabeth would want to be bigger still: she already only fit inside her house because the terms of the deal made it so, and she wanted to be even larger? Tauric in form, laden with breasts, capable of producing enough milk to flood a small town, and yet she craved for more? Well, he *almost* couldn't believe her, if only were it not for people like him; this was exactly the kind of debased, insanely overexaggerated debauchery he would get up to if he had the time to experiment, were he not busy making others' fantasies come to life. Honestly, in that moment, he saw this Elizabeth as a kindred spirit of sorts; he even genuinely smiled, not that it lasted that long.

“Sweetheart,” he replied, keeping his tone as soft as he could manage, even forgoing the usual reverb, “you’re already so big, and yet you want even more? You know, it’s not every d-”

“Yes, yes, it’s not every day you people do this, the other guy gave me that spiel as well” - Liz punctuated this second interruption with a short, irritated grunt - “Listen, I didn’t turn myself into a breeding factory just so you could sit there and read off a script, so are you gonna fuck me or am I gonna have to call someone else?”

Breeding factory? There wasn’t anything in the contract regarding... or rather, perhaps in the annex? Something to do with the tattoo and its positioning, leading to... some rather interesting internal changes to the serval’s reproductive system, it seemed; well then, those numbers weren’t just on the outside, it looked like, and if that fertility quotient was even halfway accurate, then the serval was even more debased than Ark assumed.

“If I so much as come close to your womb,” the demon spoke back, trying his best not to rush through, “you will regret ever having said those words.”

“Good!” came the other feline’s rapid response, with her crossing her arms for good measure, “Good! I was starting to think all that ass was just for show, trying to distract me from all that limp dick you were carrying around.”

Now, most demons would do unspeakable things to any mortal who dared speak to them in such terms. Most demons would instinctively want to “put them in their place”, to establish dominance so the mortal knew just who they were dealing with. Most demons would go out of their way to ensure that such a comment would *never* be uttered again in their presence... but Ark wasn’t most demons.

He knew where that desperation came from, and make no mistake, it *was* desperation. Much as the serval might be trying to pass it off as confidence, he *knew* what lay beneath those barbed words: an intense, maddening need to be bred, turned into ever-growing desperation at the notion that one might not get the fucking one wanted. He couldn’t blame Elizabeth for acting out that way; he’d been there before, before he got *better*.

So why not do something about it?