

Byakko's Ungodly Gain

Maze Castle. The jewel of the crown that the Demon City, and the domain of the four Saint Beasts. Fiendishly powerful demons who the pitiful inhabitants of the mock city hail as Gods. The Saint Beasts each carry tremendous power, and they are named Genbu, Byakko, Seiryu, and Suzaku. Recent whispers have rumoured that the Saint Beasts have been plotting something. Something... big. As a counterpoint to this, the Spirit World has started sending in their Spirit Detectives to find out what the Saint Beasts are up to with, limited, success.

Their covert operative Gyagu Mei had successfully defeated the first Saint Beast Genbu, however, the devious demon managed to flee before he could be put down. That wouldn't look good on the report Gyagu considered as he ascended the spiralling staircase. It was a strange staircase, and it, it almost sounded as if it was breathing. He could hear a shallow exhale every so often. It was most likely the wind, but, Gyagu couldn't help wonder. This *was* the home of demons after all.

Reaching the top of the stairwell, Gyagu stepped out onto a barely supported stone courtyard. It didn't look stable, and- RAAAAAWWWWRRRRR!!! Gyagu jumped in terror as a demonic presence made itself known with a thunderous roar that overshadowed the already present thunderstorm. The second Saint Beast, Byakko, was standing atop an outcropping. He looked exactly as he did in the report, right down to the tacky toga-like rag he wore. The Beast must have been waiting for Gyagu ever since he had entered the wretched castle. "I am Gyagu Mei, a Spirit Detective of the Spirit World. I order you to stand down!" Gyagu ordered in an authoritative manner.

Byakko laughed mockingly as he placed his foot on a raised stone, his arm balancing on his knee as he toothily grinned at the wannabe detective. "Ha ha ha! That's a good one human. Do you even realize who you are talking too? Me! The great Saint Beast Byakko. I don't know where you got your bravado from, human. But you clearly didn't get it from beating Genbu!" he shouted mockingly.

Gyagu's fingers tightened, curling into an angry fist. What a disrespectful demon. "I'll have you know I trounced Genbu within mere minutes. If not for him fleeing like a coward, I would have destroyed him altogether" he boasted proudly.

Byakko seemed momentarily stunned, before laughing even harder at Gyagu's expense. "Ha ha ha! That's a good one human. Genbu is a pathetic wretch whose only use to us is his ability to merge with the stone so he can observe the human world for us. If not for that one use I would have killed him centuries ago! He is so pathetically weak we could choose any demon from the City to replace him if he died, and there would be scarcely any difference! But unlike Genbu, I do not fail in my battles. I am so mighty that even my hair could defeat you in mere moments!" Byakko boasted arrogantly.

Gyagu scoffed at that notion. "As if a few strands of hair could even hope to stand up to the Spirit World's finest. So go ahead you overgrown kitten, show me what you got!" he dared.

Byakko roared furiously, plucking a single strand of hair from his mane and blowing on it, the hair shining with a brilliant white light as his demonic breath carried the strand to the ground, right in front of Gyagu. The hair lay there for a brief moment before it began a rapid and sudden growth, the hair mutating into the form of a disgusting boar-like demon. "Beautiful, isn't it? That beast was born from me, and he shares my energy, and, my hunger. There is no prey in this damned castle. No meat to sink my teeth into and then tear clean from the bone. It seems such a shame to waste a good meal on a mere beast, but to even think you're worth my time is laughable" Byakko arrogantly stated. He laughed belligerently as the top half of his demon beast landed right next to him.

His eyes bugged out of his head as he saw a hunk of beast lumped on the ground, and then to where its other half was. The inside of the beast was completely black, as if something had completely burnt it as it sliced through. "WHAT!!!" Byakko roared, completely outraged that his beast was felled so quickly.

Gyagu sneered mockingly, his hands on his hips as it was his turn to be condescending as Byakko trembled in fury. "Guess like you, your beast was also all talk" he jeered, laughing his ass off at Byakko's expense.

Byakko shook with pure, and absolute, rage. He crushed the stone beneath his foot to dust, with another line of masonry falling victim to his fist. "You pathetic... stupid... HUMAN!" Byakko roared furiously. "YOU DARE MOCK THE WHITE TIGER BYAKKO?! THE DEMON WORLD'S GREATEST PREDATOR! I'LL DESTROY YOU!" he screamed in fury as he leapt from his outcrop.

The stage rumbled as masonry crumbled away into the abyss below as Byakko crashed onto the landing, his feet leaving cracks in the ground he stood on. As confident as Gyagu had

been, Byakko's stature was incredibly intimidating. The beast was pure muscle, and twice his own height. This was certainly not going to be as easy as he thought it would be. "W-wow. Up close, you're pretty tall" Gyagu squeaked timidly.

"Afraid? As well you should be!" Byakko roared. "You think beating one single beast was enough?! Now you face the full might of a Saint Beast!" he continued to roar, winding up a punch which he flung right at Gyagu.

Thankfully, Byakko's swings were slow and heavy, allowing Gyagu to easily jump out of the way of his attack. The Spirit Detective brushed his hair back arrogantly. Maybe this *WAS* going to be an easy fight after all. "Looks like you're all talk. It'll be years before you hit me! And I only need seconds to hit you" he taunted, raising his hand skywards. A disc of pure spiritual energy formed, humming and buzzing like a saw. "EAT THIS! SPIRIT DISC!" he roared, hurling the disc straight at Byakko's midsection.

The Saint Beast didn't even move as the Spirit Disc bisected him cleanly. At least, that's what Gyagu had *thought* had happened. The cut was pretty evident on Byakko's body, and the disc had gone out the other side. But there was no damage, even the glowing mark was gone. "*What? But how?*" Gyagu mentally cried as Byakko laughed at him.

"You think your pathetic little disc is enough to harm a demon as great as me? That's hysterical. I am sincerely trying to be angry with you for mocking me, but it's so difficult when you're making me laugh so much" Byakko jeered, holding his sides as he kept laughing.

Now it was Gyagu's turn to be angry. The Spirit Disc had never failed before (except when trying to hit Genbu's Heart), and it shouldn't be failing now. "I don't know what trick you're using, but it won't stop ALL OF THESE!" Gyagu cried, spamming as many discs as he could muster.

And yet Byakko still stood there as nine other discs ran clean through him, and there was still no damage. It just made no sense why it wasn't hurting the demon. And, while it was ludicrous to say, Gyagu couldn't help but feel exhausted, as if he had just run three marathons straight. What was happening to him? Byakko laughed at the pitiful Spirit Detective, and that was when Gyagu saw it. The golden spirit energy he had been hurling, it was surrounding Byakko like an aura. And then Gyagu came to a horrifying realization: Those nine discs never came out the back. "You see it now human? Your spirit energy has

been feeding me. The only thing your pathetic discs have served to do is barely sate my hunger” Byakko taunted as the aura intensified.

The Tiger’s body was swelling as the spirit energy fed it. His chest and body expanded outwards, his shoulder broadening and his pectorals resembling the stone bricks he was standing on. Byakko’s once flat stomach ballooned out violently, as if he had just swallowed a barrel. His toga slowly tore at the seams, hanging limply as his thick and muscled pecs were on full display, sitting atop the large belly the ruined toga was only barely able to wrap around. Byakko purred in ecstasy, he always enjoyed it when his body feasted on spiritual energy, and those discs were just the snack he needed. He gently rubbed his massive belly in a circular motion, grinning cruelly at Gyagu. “Mmm, your spirit energy was positively delicious human. But it couldn’t even fill me half-way. And I think I know just the treat to fill me right up” Byakko smirked, his fat tongue gliding along his fangs as he stared ravenously at the Spirit Detective.

“N-no!” Gyagu stammered, too drained to run.

“YEEEESSSSS!!!” Byakko roared, stampeding towards Gyagu at full speed. With split second timing, Gyagu collapsed to the floor, avoiding the kick Byakko flung at him. He lay beneath the confused and clumsy beast, with only enough energy for one more shot. Charging up a clumsy sphere of energy, Gyagu shot Byakko right between his legs as the beast prepared to stomp him.

Byakko’s eyes immediately watered as he roared out in pain, grabbing his stinging groin as he did. While the energy itself hadn’t hurt him, the physical hit to the nads sure as hell did. His raised leg came crashing down a hair from Gyagu’s head, who was struggling to scurry away from the incapacitated Tiger. Unfortunately for him, Byakko’s fury overcame his pain as he deftly grabbed one of Gyagu’s flailing legs. “HOW DARE YOU HIT A SAINT BEAST IN THEIR GENITALS!!!” he screamed furiously, swinging Gyagu over his shoulder. The Spirit Detective smashed onto the stone face-down, the force of the swing breaking one of his legs mid-flight. Gyagu cried out in pain as his leg bent awkwardly.

Byakko meanwhile, gripped at his groin in pain. His thick hands cradled both his tender boys, and he could already feel the spiritual energy nestling within them. His testicles feasted on the energy, swelling like balloons in the tight constraints of his loincloth. The raw spiritual energy was incredibly arousing, awaking his sleeping python from its slumber. The thick pink shaft glided up along the front of his toga, creating a very obvious mushroom-shaped imprint on the lower hemisphere of his belly. Byakko shuddered and moaned, the sudden growth of his length leaving it incredibly sensitive as it brushed against the rough

fabric of his toga. He suppressed his ecstatic moans as best as he could as his balls kept swelling, his tight loincloth constricting them as they outgrew their container. His massive balls forced themselves out the side of his leggings, hanging like a pair of light-blue coconuts from his hips.

The White Tiger grunted in pain as his swollen nuts made walking incredibly difficult, forcing him into an awkward waddle as he stormed towards Gyagu. His haste was only from rage alone, as the Spirit Detective certainly wasn't going anywhere as his leg stuck out at a weird angle, and his face was smashed in and bloodied from the impact. With each step his heaving belly pressed against his shaft, rubbing it against the coarse fabric of his toga. Byakko had to stifle his moans in the face of his enemy, though he couldn't help but unleashed small whimpers as the glans of his cock moistened, a wet patch of pre staining his attire. Byakko was snorting loudly from the arousal, which only came second to his absolute fury as he stood over the mangled body of the Spirit Detective. "You little..." he growled, grabbing Gyagu by his waist, and his broken leg. The Spirit Detective winced from the pressure put on his leg.

A bendy meal was not very appetizing, thankfully Byakko was a master at tenderizing meat as he brutally snapped Gyagu's leg back into position. Well, he bent it so it pointed in the right direction, at least. Gyagu half screamed, half gurgled in bloodied pain as Byakko raised his maw skywards, his jaw stretching impressively wide. With no hesitations he lowered Gyagu's bloodied head into his mouth. It went in easy, barely stretching Byakko's gullet as the Saint Beast as he struggled the squeeze in the detective's wide shoulders, but the Saint Beast wasn't deterred as his lips widened as far as they could go, his throat sucking down as much as he could. Gyagu's shoulders were forced past Byakko's mouth, squeezing down Byakko's moist throat as it bulged from the wide berth of the detective. Byakko kept swallowing and sucking as hard as he could, slurping Gyagu down as half of the detective was inside of him. Gravity aided Byakko in his fight with Gyagu's waist as the human's body slid down Byakko's moist passage, his head poking into Byakko's belly. The demon kept sucking and slurping as hard as he could, finally past the hard part as all that was left was the legs. His powerful oesophageal muscles worked in overtime, squeezing and crushing against their victim, pulling him down further into the belly of the beast.

Byakko's belly bloated as Gyagu's torso was forced into his belly, the Spirit Detective curling into the contours of Byakko's capacious innards. And the Beast kept swallowing him down as the Spirit Detective's shoes disappeared into Byakko's mouth. The demon could feel the detective sliding down his throat, the human's legs stretching his throat out nicely as the human bundled up inside his belly, the human weakly struggling against his powerful stomach muscles. With a satisfying emptiness Byakko could feel the human curled up in his belly, the large sphere hanging a few feet from his body. He purred contentedly, rubbing his belly as more of his toga tore from the strain of containing his immense form. And thus,

with his foe vanquished, Byakko strutted off, wincing in pain as he remembered his bloated testicles. He grimaced in annoyance at his forced arousal, the bad memory spoiling what had been a good meal. Well, at least without any more disgusting humans infesting the place, at least he had some time for some TLC.

Byakko's domicile was a barren room that had been re-appropriated from several holding cells. Even now the chains and bones of the erstwhile prisoners still hung from the walls, a gruesome candelabra of bones hanging above the slab of stone that Byakko called his bed. It was decorated with an enormous number of pelts; all of them from animals Byakko had hunted and killed himself, their skins a trophy reward for the greatest predator.

Byakko sighed to himself, slamming the thick wooden door behind him as he settled into his room. Without a single care the demon tore his toga off, leaving it to fall as useless rags as he ran damage control on himself in front of a mirror that was held up by chains. He ran a claw along his full belly, allowing to appreciate just how densely packed and tight it was. He could see the contours of his victim as he slowly digested within his prison, what an honour for the pathetic human. Byakko rubbed his belly eagerly, idly itching his thick navel. He turned to his side, so he could truly appreciate the size of his massive appetite. His belly was easily pushing out over three feet, possibly even four. Byakko always admired his beautiful abdominal muscles for their ability to always keep the shape of his belly so well, especially after a nice hearty meal. And what a wonderful meal that Gyaga guy was as Byakko turned to show off his back.

The skin around his side was pulled tight from his gut, showing off his immaculately trim waist. He was also immensely proud of his enormous, bubbly ass. Each of them a wondrous light-blue orb. He couldn't help but thrust his ass towards the mirror, just so he could get an even better look at how magnificent his rump was. He squeezed his ass tightly, his cheeks tightening up into a pair of bricks. God damn his behind was just so beautiful, he just had too... had too.... Byakko's tongue hung lecherously from his mouth as his sneaky paws snaked around his hips, grasping each cheek and squeezing them tightly. He savoured the solidity of his rear, the tone was beautiful, as was something else. Prising his cheeks apart, Byakko showed off his tight pink sphincter. It puckered like the kiss of a beautifully woman, and it was just so thick and meaty, he could break things off with it, that was just how powerful he was. Yes, his body was the perfect killing machine.

A sharp pain was a sudden break from his own egotistical delusions, and a stern reminder as to what he was supposed to be doing. Byakko spun back to his front, taking a few strained steps back as he did. His sack was pulled tightly with his swollen testicles; they were

practically glowing from the sheer volume of spiritual energy they contained. They were easily bigger than melons now, and the burning sensation within them was driving him crazy. His enormous, two feet long cock stood to attention –the size befitting the greatest predator, of course—. The enormous monster curled around the underside of his belly, being so engorged with blood it was standing bolt upright beneath his bloated middle. The massive organ yearned for attention, throbbing with need as it brushed against his fur. Sharp prickles went up Byakko's spine from the stimulation, a small pool of pre forming around his feet. The demon moaned loudly as he stroked his impressive length, his voice straining as the heat exuding from his balls was just so overwhelming. He needed release, and he needed it now. Byakko literally leapt onto his stone bed, the stone groaning beneath him as he reclined on his rough furs. Though he couldn't even see his own cock beyond his bloated belly, the Tiger couldn't care less as he gripped his shaft tightly. He started to gently stroke himself as his free hand reached down the side of his slab, and bringing back with it his favourite porno magazine: Slutty Succubi. A magazine well-viewed, Byakko automatically flipped through to his favourite page, where a trio of Succubi were eagerly pleasuring each other quite vigorously.

A low, pleasurable growl rumbled in Byakko's throat as he closed his eyes, his thick hand moving up and down his impressive length with ease as he imagined those three Succubi all going to work on his cock. Yeah, it was so thick and large. It needed all three sets of hands to even pleasure the magnificent rod. Yeah, use your tongue girls, there's plenty of Byakko to go around. Do you in the ass? Do you want to be split in two stupid girl? Just please your master's magnificent cock; yeah, that's it. Byakko moaned in pleasure as he could almost feel those six dainty hands rubbing and pleasuring his cock as his pace increased, pre oozing from his flaring slit. His hand glided along the enormous length, squeezing it tightly to force all the blood to his swollen head as his hand was wet with his secretions. His glans throbbed with extra load as a thick dollop of pre leaked from his head, staining his hands with the clear fluid. The spiritual energy in his balls intensified from the stimulation, Byakko's light-blue orbs were swelling like balloon as some spiritual energy drained into his cock, subtly growing the titanic thing by an extra inch. But all Byakko could feel was pleasure as his body started to heat up, his climax nearing. Now the Succubi were using their tongues as well as their hands, their aphrodisiac saliva stimulating him further as he was almost there. He could feel it in his cock as it boiled up another inch, pre shooting out like a fountain as it pooled on the crest of his belly. Almost there, almost there damn it.

Naturally, he had to get cock-blocked, by wit of his door swinging open suddenly. Byakko flailed about from the sudden surprise, his climax unmet as Seiryu arrogantly sauntered into his room. As much as Byakko respected the Blue Dragon's power, he knew the demon was a bit of a prick when it came to interrupting his private time. "Seiryu! There's a wonderful action called 'knocking', maybe you should use of it!" Byakko roared in frustration, his orgasm now a distant memory as he was left blue-balled.

Seiryu's lipped curled sullenly, a sparse change from the usual thin-lipped scowl he wore. "Genbu's Heart has gone missing" he announced with all the ceremony and grandeur of a child winning last place.

Byakko rolled his eyes as he wriggled on his bed, getting into a comfortable position as his tigerhood shied away from Seiryu's icy glare, shrinking in the cool presence of the Blue Dragon. "Yeah? And what do you want me to do about it?" he scoffed whilst trying to knock Slutty Succubi off his bed subtly. He failed, not that Seiryu actually cared what filth Byakko debased himself with.

"Lord Suzaku has requested you go and retrieve it" Seiryu stated briskly, his poisonous blue glare unmoving from Byakko's annoyed glower.

Byakko groaned. "Why doesn't he go get that pet bird of his to do it, or go ask one of the trash demons. They'd be all too glad to help that waste of space" Byakko whined.

Seiryu's expression didn't change one bit, what an Ice Queen. "Lord Suzaku expressed that you personally were to retrieve the heart, as he considered it beneath Murugu to search for it; hence why he selected you specifically for this chore. He considered it exercise given you saw fit to consume our latest intruder" Seiryu said coldly, his gaze moving to Byakko's monstrous belly, then swiftly back to Byakko.

Byakko whined loudly. He needed some fucking release, and Suzaku was ordering him off on some stupid wild goose chase? Who knows where in this death trap that stupid thing was? Knowing that clod Genbu, it was probably stuck to his ass and he didn't even notice. "Fine, just give me five minutes" Byakko requested in a strained tone.

"Suzaku has requested that you do this immediately, then you may go back to pleasuring yourself like a wild beast" Seiryu answered curtly, and left just as so.

Byakko pounded his bed in fury, a crater forming in the stone. As much as he respected Suzaku's power, he absolutely despised his ability to always ruin Byakko's alone time. But, he couldn't disobey such a direct order. Sighing loudly, he hobbled over to the only cell still intact, his hefty chubby swinging from his hips like a pendulum as he practically tore the cell door off, revealing a small stockpile of extra togas in various sizes. Due to his sizeplay and

eating habit he was always ruining them, so he kept a supply of them at the behest of Suzaku. It had been an irritating request, as Byakko would prefer to walk around naked, just so he could show off his body. Due to how recent his meal had been, Byakko chose one of the larger, and much stretchier togas to wear. He stepped into the large groove for his groin, slipping it over his body and tying it at his shoulder. The larger size and stretch cradled his aching balls perfectly, but his groin was still so sensitive. Every step was going to be mental agony for him. By now he had cooled down immensely, and his cock kept screaming for attention. But alas, he couldn't. He had to go find Genbu's stupid ass heart, wherever that was.

It had been five hours. Five whole hours of Genbu's random ass guessing as to where his heart could be. Five straight hours of listening to that egotistical hunk of shit boasting about how great he was, and how he was only narrowly defeated by that detective who's name Byakko had already forgotten. He had to spend five whole fucking hours with Genbu's head tucked under his arm, and with electric shocks being sent up with his spine every step. And, of fucking course, the wretched stone was found half-merged in a stone pillar WHERE THEY HAD FUCKING STARTED! Byakko had never suffered as great a torture as he had for those past five hours. The sheer indignity, the sheer suffering. He was so tempted to just destroy that clod right then and there; but, sadly, he had to hold himself back. Genbu was still somehow useful to them, and he didn't dare risk enraging Suzaku. He didn't exactly feel like dying he was about to explode.

Speaking of which, although he wasn't sure, he could have sworn his equipment felt even bigger than usual. He had never measured it before, but, he just felt as if there was less space for his undercarriage now. His stride had widened even more over the course of time, and he was practically bowlegged as he made his way to the Hell Room. He always felt so at home amongst the lava pits, the heat was simply so relaxing. At least, he thought so. Plus, it had the added benefit of repelling Seiryu. The ice jackass would never step foot in the room for fear of melting, so at least here he couldn't supply Byakko with any more ridiculous orders. Byakko leapt deftly from pillar to pillar, wincing with each leap as the thumps jostled his junk, sending more shocks through his body. Thankfully making it to an outcrop by a stony wall, Byakko's muscled arms flexed hard as he pulled at a certain groove in the wall. With a loud rumbling echo a section of wall was pulled away. Grunting with all his might Byakko pushed against the wall, heaving it to the side so he could gain entry to the hidden room. Within was a special heated pool Byakko had dug himself out of a fit of boredom. It was his secret room to relax and get away from his fellow Saint Beasts. Heaving again, Byakko pulled the wall back into position, sealing him in the steamy room. The water was positively volcanic, as a vein of lava beneath the pool heated it to intense temperatures. Despite his incredible endurance, Byakko was positively sweating in the presence of the

pool, and he loved it. He was sweating out the poison that was Genbu's vile odour, and Suzaku's vile order.

Stripping himself bare, Byakko tossed his toga aside as he stepped into the pool, the intense heat tingling his huge feet as he sank into the water. He sighed in relaxation for a spare few seconds, before moaning audibly. The heated water was playing havoc with his cock, the intense temperatures and lapping water feeling like a million hands were grinding against his flesh. Byakko shuddered in pleasure as he sank deeper into the pool until he was only head and shoulders above the surface. His entire body tingled as he melted into the water, his thickening length pulsating with pleasure. His tongue hung from his mouth as he panted in the heat, his everything feeling absolutely amazing, especially his belly. It had gone down in size by a foot now, and Gyagu was most assuredly digested at this point. Mmm yes, he made a fine meal, and his body will add more meat to Byakko's bones. Another stiff shock coursed through his body from his dick. Oh, he really should deal with that issue, but the water felt so good, he could almost... yawn... drift off to sleep. And so Byakko did, closing his eyes and falling asleep in his heated pool. His mind drifted off to sweet erotic thoughts, the spiritual energy that had bundled up in his belly steadily drifting south, filling up his groin with the rich energy.

Ah, he was having his favourite dream again. Byakko was contentedly flying across a field of cherry blossom trees, their beautiful pink petals in bloom as they scattered in the breeze. Though he was a violent predator by nature, even he could appreciate the true beauty of nature's bounty. He landed gently amongst the trees, drinking in their reach pink-scented beauty and, what was this? Flying towards him was an enormous tube of condensed cream. Whilst a pure meat-eater, Byakko did indeed enjoy condensed cream whenever he could get it. The top flew away as the tube pressed up against his muzzle, a small squirt of cream already leaking out the strangely slit shaped opening. The Tiger lapped it up greedily, but, something was amiss with this cream, as it wasn't as creamy or as sweet as it should have been. He lapped up another jet, and yet, he still couldn't shake the strange taste from his tongue. Even now the tube continued to squirt its cream out, and by now Byakko had noticed the peculiar clear cream. Was it some kind of pre-cream taster? Either way, Byakko kept licking each squirt, and they only served to come harder and thicker as the area around Byakko started to heat up. The ambient colour turned a hot orange as all of the cherry blossom trees ignited, and still Byakko kept licking at the cream. Everything was blazing as Byakko went for one big lick, and the tube exploded white in his face. Byakko groaned loudly, trying to block off the tube, but it just kept cumming and cumming.

Byakko's eyes snapped open, his dream ruined by metaphor. His vision blurry, he noticed that he was feeling incredibly sticky for some reason, and there was something strange in

front of him. Focusing hard, his vision snapped into focus quickly, and Byakko realized he was staring into the enormous head of his own cock. Byakko gasped loudly, punching it away in shock only for the enormous tool to come right back around and belt him in the face. Byakko grasped his nose in pain as he tried to push the thing away, but soon realized it was attached to him. He also soon realized why he felt so sticky: He had been licking his own cock in his sleep, and it must have unloaded on him. It was the only reason why he and everything behind him was soaked in cum. A wad of his secretions dripped from his mane into the cum-soaked water, disturbing the peace as his monster slowly submerged back into water. Byakko made a disgusted sound as he extracted himself from the water, although his feet weren't the last thing to leave the water. The demon's jaw dropped clean to the floor as he got to see himself in full: His meal had fully digested, so he could now look down his flat belly towards the source of his anguish. His monstrous cock had tripled in length, now being around 4 feet long when soft, and it was so fat now, easily half the size of his waist. It snaked well past his knees and was in danger of scraping along the floor. His balls had fared no better, as the impressive trash can sized spheres forced his legs apart as far as they could go. They were only a foot from the floor, and each sway of his titanic sack kept threatening to knock him off-balance. "How?" Byakko moaned despairingly, "how could this have happened?"

His body hadn't gained any more muscle; somehow, all the spiritual energy had gone all to his groin. Byakko held a paw to the base of his cock, and he could just feel how taut and firm it was. He couldn't even get his hand all the way around it, meaning it must've been a foot wide, at least. While he was proud of his body, the thing was a fucking eyesore. A giant pink eyesore. This, this was all wrong. This wasn't right. His ability to absorb spiritual energy wasn't supposed to centralize. Not without him strongly willing to do so- Oh. Oh fuck. With all the pining he had been giving for release, Byakko must have unconsciously willed all the spiritual energy downstairs. Just so he could get the release he wanted, and boy did he get it as more thick wads of cum fell from his fur onto the stone floor.

But, this, this could be fixed. This could be fine. Distributing spiritual energy wasn't a hard ask, he could do this. Getting into a squat stance, Byakko closed his eyes as he began to concentrate intensely on his cock and balls, while ignoring as they brushed against the stone floor. His entire body tightened as he kept his focus on the energy circulating in his body. He began a low growling noise as his body tensed up, sparks flying off his body as his growling increased in volume, an intensely yellow light emanating from his nethers. Byakko's jaws ground against each other as he put his all into this. Slowly, but very surely, his groin began to recede shrinking back into his pelvis. It had already lost a foot of length, and it was still going as sack contracted back to half their size. Byakko's growling only got louder as his body tried to fight what he was doing, the shrinkage decreasing, but he kept fighting harder and harder, finally screaming as loudly as he could as bolts of lightning were erupting off his body, striking large holes in the roof and walls of the hidden pool. With one final loud burst, Byakko's body released itself. He was panting heavily, as it had been a long time since he

had done a compression. And by god had he wished he didn't have to do that. But, at least it worked. The spiritual energy inside his cock and balls had been compressed nicely, returning them back to their original size. Byakko chuckled in satisfaction, until his eyes bugged out as his minor lapse in concentration caused the compression to fail, his cock and balls doubling in size in a fleshy explosion. He looked down in a panic, expecting more growth to occur. But, it seemed there was only a slight breach. It was all good, it was all good... he hoped.

Ignoring the fact he was covered in cum, Byakko donned his toga, noting an extreme level of discomfort as the fabric strained against his balls. It pushed so low they were hanging below the fabric line of his toga. And to add further insult, his overstimulated shaft refused to stay bundled up, the taut shaft pressing up against his belly, leaving a very obvious imprint that was a foot shy of peeking out the top. Byakko bemoaned the fact that it would take weeks for the energy to finally subside. Damn it all how could he have been so arrogant to not realize something was wrong? He stomped the ground in fury, the thick pools of cum slicking beneath his feet, tripping him up and landing him hard on his back in a pool of seed. Byakko groaned loudly in humiliation, how else could this get worse? Well, naturally, there was one way. *"Byakko, by order of Master Suzaku you are to report to the Meeting Chamber. We have another intruder"* Seiryu reported telepathically.

Byakko screamed loudly. Why did that wretched blue asshole *always* have to call him at the worst time?

Byakko only barely managed to clean himself off in time for the meeting, although the musk of his secretions was ingrained in his fur. At least his physical humiliation was masked by the fact that the four met in shadows (for dramatic effect). The other three were already there when Byakko burst in, his form a shadow in the bright light of the open door. Closing it behind him, Byakko haphazardly joined his brethren, though, he kept his distance. "Byakko, we're glad you found a free spot in your busy schedule to finally decide to join us" Suzaku greeted disdainfully, his nose curled up in disgust. Byakko's odour poisoned the entire room, somehow overpowering Genbu's own earthy stench.

"Apologies Lord Suzaku," Byakko bowed, "I was just held up by a personal matter."

"Yeah, washing away all your tiger bunk" Genbu cackled.

"Silence worm!" Byakko barked angrily.

“SILENCE THE BOTH OF YOU!” Seiryu commanded loudly.

“Thank you Seiryu” Suzaku said without any hint of actual appreciation. “It has come to our attention that the intruder who decided to pollute our home had an accomplice with him. As our intentions were focused on the erstwhile Spirit Detective, his accomplice remained far away so as to not catch our attention. He has now invaded our domain, no doubt looking for his, ‘friend’. Murugu has already reported that this individual possesses roughly the same power as his ally” he explained absently.

“Indeed Lord Suzaku” Seiryu chimed in. “Because of this power differential, Genbu, your duty is to direct the intruder towards Byakko, due to your abysmal performance with the previous intruder. Byakko, you are to eliminate the enemy once you encounter him” he ordered dryly.

Byakko groaned, he didn’t need this. “Why me? Why not fight him yourself Seiryu?” he demanded.

“Because it would be a waste of my talents. This low class human is fit to be nothing more than a meal for your gluttonous appetite Byakko” Seiryu countered disdainfully.

“I agree. This human is not worth our efforts. Better he be sacrificed to you than a waste of our valuable time and energy. Unless... you have something to be hiding, Byakko?” Suzaku sneered knowingly.

“Ah-ah me? N-no, I got nothing. I’ll go fight him now” Byakko stammered, his cock throbbing in the front of his toga, straining at the fabric.

“Very good. You have your duties, do not disappoint” Suzaku said apathetically, and he was gone.

Byakko grunted to himself as he hurriedly ran out of the meeting room, blindsiding Genbu as he did. The last thing he needed was Genbu to be needling him about his enormous cock. Normally he would have been proud of such a mighty thing. It’s just, the size felt so ridiculous to him. Like, this was just one cruel gag. His cock throbbed again, leaking a glob of

pre that stained the front of his toga, creating a sticky wet patch. He sighed in frustration as he made his way to his battleground.

Byakko stood waiting nervously atop his outcrop. The human was close now, he could feel it. Genbu was doing a surprisingly decent job of manipulating the castle, driving the human towards him. He folded his arms as he continued to wait, absently wondering if his cock seemed even bigger now. There really did feel like there was less room in the front. Or, maybe it was just his imagination. Yeah, it must've been. The compression was relatively foolproof, he was just imagining things. What he wasn't imagining however, was a human leaving the stairwell. Whoever this clown was, he was dressed in an absurdly large purple pointy wizard hat, with a matching purple mantle and dirt brown robes. Was this whack job playing wizard or something? That was even more pathetic than that other human who he could not remember the name of. "Who goes there?" the wizard declared loudly, finally noticing Byakko.

Byakko sneered, what a generic request. "I believe that's my line human" he growled, re-establishing his usual arrogant pose atop his favourite posing rock. He leaned down for a better look at his next meal. "You have entered the domain of Byakko, the White Tiger of the Saint Beasts human. You have some gall entering it alone" he rumbled like a storm cloud.

Well, he must have been pretty intimidating, as the absurdly dressed human seemed quite lost for words. In fact, he seemed to be... blushing? Wait, you don't blush when you're afraid. Wait, why was he turning around? Byakko just didn't get what the human was playing at; that is, until a chilling breeze forced him to look down. The weight of his meat had forced his toga down, leaving it to hang in the makeshift sling for the whole world to see. The wizard wasn't afraid, he was embarrassed. Byakko muttered in disgust as he straightened himself, his hands moving his cock into a more suitable location. He cleared his throat awkwardly. "Why have you entered my domain human?" he demanded, all bravado lost.

The wizard looked over his shoulder, and was relieved to see that his foe had chained the beast. He cleared his throat awkwardly. "I am Majik Kuman, and I am searching for my ally who entered your domain" he quavered, trying to repress what he had just seen.

"Your ally huh? I don't recall seeing another human around here. Though, I do recall a rather tasty meal who passed by here not too long ago. He was quite a filling morsel indeed" Byakko smirked sadistically.

Majik seethed loudly, his fists balled in rage. "HE WAS MY FRIEND!" he screamed loudly. "HOW COULD YOU SO CASUALLY MENTION EATING HIM YOU MONSTER?!"

Byakko scoffed loudly. Casual? He was reminiscing, they were completely different things. "He entered my domain unannounced. It was a fate deserving of a scum like him. It is the fate that will soon befall you as well human!" Byakko roared, leaping off his platform like normal.

His balls bounced roughly as he landed, the fabric almost tearing apart from the impact. His cock bounced roughly, thumping against his chest hard. Byakko tried his best to ignore it as Majik blushed again. "What? See something you like?!" Byakko barked indignantly, somewhat embarrassed at being ogled at by a human.

"N-no" Majik stammered, blushing so much his face was as red as a tomato.

"THEN STOP STARING!" Byakko yelled, swinging his fist at Majik Kuman.

Like Gyagu, Majik was just as agile as he was, easily avoiding Byakko's heavy swing with multiple backflips. Landing gracefully, Majik conjured a sphere of spiritual energy which he quickly converted into the shape of an eagle. "BLAZE FALCON!" he roared, sending the burning spiritual creature right at Byakko's chest, exploding on impact.

Majik laughed in triumph as smoke drifted about, but his celebrations were short lived as the smoke cleared, and Byakko was unharmed. Byakko got halfway through scoffing loudly, before an orgasmic moan overtook him. His shaft pulsated violently, spiritual energy flooding it as it grew larger, popping out the top of Byakko's toga. The thick meaty head flared in front of the Tiger's adam's apple, and it squirted a small jet of pre onto his chin. The two stood there, stunned as the clear globule fell to the stone with a splat. Majik Kuman's face turned bright crimson as he turned around again. "Oh jeez" he muttered.

Byakko's face turned bright crimson as he hastily stuffed his cock back into his toga as haphazardly as he could. He honestly didn't know where to go from here as his shaft inflated, the thick lump in his toga moving northwards. "Umm, can we stop?" Majik questioned awkwardly.

“Stop?!” Byakko roared. “You invade our domain and *you* wish to stop the fight?!”

“Look, this, this is all making me super uncomfortable right now. I know the report said you Saint Beasts had odd abilities, but it never mentioned your... “thingy” getting bigger. It’s... this is all just super awkward” Majik stammered, Byakko’s thick meaty rod imprinted in his mind, gushing pre like a fountain.

“I... you...! My manhood doesn’t get bigger when struck! MY BODY FEEDS ON SPIRITUAL ENERGY YOU FOOL!” Byakko snorted, steam blasting from his nostrils.

“That hardly makes me feel any better!” Majik retorted in disgust. “Your business is all out the front there. I can’t even attack you head on because it’ll just, “pop out again”. So, can we, just, not fight? Cuz, I don’t really want to anymore” he added, holding his arm awkwardly as he slowly turned around to Byakko with a look of discomfort plastered to his face.

“NOOOOO!!!” Byakko bellowed angrily. “Regardless of my physical condition, YOU are an intruder in our domain, and must be destroyed” he roared, stampeding towards the magician, his cock bouncing about and flopping out the top of his toga again.

Majik Kuman shrieked loudly as he hurled a smoke bomb on the ground, scattering a thick cloud of smoke that consumed Byakko as he ran into it. Furious at such a tacky trick, Byakko took a sharp inhale. He bellowed as loudly as he could, blasting the smoke away in time to catch Majik Kuman trying to sneak into the castle. The human froze in place, his gaze fixated on Byakko’s cock as it hung out the front of his toga, giving him a “how do you do?” nod. But this time, Byakko didn’t care. Using the distraction to his advantage, he plucked four hairs from his head, and blew them away.

The glowing fibres flew straight past the human, clumping onto the stone in front of exit and mutating into the hair beasts, with a few choice addendums to their design. Byakko face-palmed in embarrassment as he saw all four of the beasts were completely immobilised by their massive boners. It pushed them a foot off the ground, their stumpy legs incapable of even reaching the floor anymore. Majik Kuman glanced back to them, and he knew his passage was blocked. The only way out was through Byakko... *all* of Byakko. “There’s no escape now human” Byakko declared, hastily stuffing his shaft back into his toga again.

Majik exhaled loudly through his nose as he faced off with the great Tiger. Slowly walking to the side, the two circled around the platform, daring the other to make a move. Soon, they had completely swapped locations, with the beasts at Byakko's back. "Look, I didn't want to do this, but you leave me no choice" Majik Kuman quavered as he raised his hands into the air.

Oh, was he going to do that stupid energy disc like the previous human? Couldn't he even come up with his own techniques? Byakko scoffed at that idea as Majik Kuman started to scream loudly. So loudly, he distracted Byakko from noticing the large sphere of spiritual energy that was forming high above the human. "What are you trying to do? Scream me to death?" Byakko jeered.

Ugh, it was so bright now. Why was the sun rising at this time especially when the storm was raging all around.... Wait, there wasn't a sun in this domain. Byakko followed the light source skywards, gasping at the enormous sphere the human had produced. It must've been as big as him, at least. "I didn't want to waste my best technique on you Byakko... BUT YOU LEAVE ME WITH NO CHOICE YOU PERVERT! EAT MY GRAND SPIRIT BALL!" Majik Kuman screamed, hurling the thing right at Byakko.

The last thing that Byakko thought before the Grand Spirit Ball hit him was this: "*Oh, fuck.*"

The sphere detonated on him, exploding violently, blasting stones away and annihilating the hair beasts Byakko had created. Byakko roared loudly as the blast consumed him, leaving everything in an enormous cloud of black smoke. Majik Kuman panted gently, grateful that Byakko was gone. At least, he hoped the Tiger was gone. He did mention something about consuming spiritual energy, but that was surely more than the Tiger could handle... right? Right? Wrong, apparently, as Byakko was still standing once the smoke cleared. Majik Kuman reeled back in horror, horrified that his technique had failed, or... had it? There was something incredibly wrong with Byakko, as he wasn't even focusing on his prey. He was just gripping his crotch tightly as he started moaning in pain. "Wha? What's happening?" Majik Kuman screamed in confusion.

"Ooooooh. Oooh. The... oooooohh. The Compressioooooohn... is... ooooooh, failing" Byakko moaned, stumbling towards Majik Kuman as his cock and balls throbbed violently with each step.

A strange noise was coming from Byakko. It was like, the unholy combination of a stomach ache and an overstretched balloon. Byakko's shaft was throbbing wildly, rapidly expanding

and contracting randomly. “OoooooooooAHHHHHHH!!!” Byakko cried in agony as the last of his control failed.

The crotch of his toga was torn apart by the rampant growth of his swelling testicles. They had swelled past the size of melons, and were now back to their larger trashcan size. The raw seed that gurgled and churned within the enormous spheres overshadowed Byakko’s pained roars as they swelled with spirit energy, swinging with each powerful pulse as they slammed hard on the ground. His balls were horrifically enormous, and their swelling wouldn’t cease. Growing and swelling to gigantic proportions, Byakko was pulled off his feet by the massive orbs, each of them half his own size. Byakko held on as tightly as he could as the massive spheres rocked back and forth, rising higher and higher into the air. The two tremendous boulders looked as if they could have stored ten of Majik Kuman in them. The enormous expanse of flesh sent fissures through the stone floor, covering the masonry with their size as the pulsations steadily came to an end. Byakko’s proud jaw hung open as he sat atop his two boulder sized balls. Both of them were easily half his size, and almost twice as wide. But he wasn’t done yet as his cock throbbed violently, the pink shaft expanding to twice its size in one pulse. The weight of the enormous beast caused it to slide down Byakko’s open toga, leaving a slick trail of pre as it popped out the bottom. The demonic Tiger held tightly to his thickening shaft as it swelled in his grip. Already it was the same width as his waist, and then some. Like his balls the beast grew at a terrifying rate, the pumpkin sized head already reaching the ground, the fat mushroom-shaped glans grinding against the stones. Byakko felt nothing but ecstasy as his cock continued growing. It was already ten feet long, and at least three feet wide as it kept swelling until the spiritual energy settled.

Byakko panted in exhaustion, his tongue flopped out as he leaned on his monster cock, clearly exhausted by the experience. All that energy, it flowed through his groin. His enormous slit was leaking pre like a hose, a thick pool of clear ooze pooling around his shaft as his enormous balls gurgled loudly like a boiler. They broiled and stormed like the seas, forcing Byakko’s legs apart as he sat squat on the enormous spheres, his prized ass being teased apart by the stretching of his taint. With every subtle move Byakko made, his cock would grind against the stone, and it just felt so fucking good. A thick rope of pre squirted from his cock, splattering on Majik Kuman’s heeled boots. Oh, he was so fucking horny now. He just wanted to... no, needed to jack off, even in front of the human. He didn’t care, he just needed this. The magician was completely horrified. This wasn’t what he had planned on one bit, and, it was all so incredibly disgusting. I mean, he knows about furry stuff and what not. But this? This was the fucking limit. He held his hands up in defeat. Or at least, defiance of this whole unpleasant situation. “Okay, I’m done” he decided.

Byakko hadn’t heard him, as he was too busy rubbing against his cock as hard as he could. He was even using his own tongue, licking at his meat as roughly as he could. Every

stimulation was amplified a hundredfold due to its enormous girth, and in a matter of seconds he was already reaching a fierce crescendo. Unfortunately for Majik Kuman, the magician was right in front of Byakko when it happened. Byakko's back tightened as he could feel an intense heat rushing through his gargantuan shaft. He howled to the skies as his cock went off like a firehose, blasting white hot tiger seed everywhere. Majik Kuman screamed in horror, his agonized declaration muted as the tide knocked him off his feet. Byakko howled long and hard as his orgasm just wouldn't end. It felt so fucking good, he just had to keep jerking himself as the tsunami of tiger bunk sprayed the platform, dripping off into the abyss below. After a minute of Byakko's tremendous howls, the storm cleared as the last few pumps of cum escaped his enormous cock. Byakko sighed in relief as he reclined on his monstrous balls, which had only reduced barely in size by his release. He was panting heavily as he finally came too. "That... fuck yeah" he sighed happily, having finally, after an entire fucking day, gotten the relief he wanted.

His cock went still, just as content as he was as it slowly receded back, stopping at just over ten feet, and only half as wide as it used to be. He placed his claw to the base, despite knowing he couldn't even reach all the way around it. He sighed loudly again, not even paying attention to something moving amongst the lake of cum. Majik Kuman gasped loudly as he pulled himself from the Primordial Soup. He was completely soaked in Byakko's seed, and in disgust he spat out a large spit wad of the stuff. He searched around desperately for his hat, but it was gone, sacrificed to Byakko's monstrous orgasm. "I... AM SO DONE!" he declared, getting to his feet.

With one ill-fated stomp, Majik Kuman slipped and landed on his back, the momentum sending him gliding on the white river towards Byakko. He barely missed Byakko's flaccid cock, instead slamming into Byakko's left boulder of a testicle. The White Tiger finally remembered Majik Kuman was around once the impact reached his lust addled brain, and boy was he ravenous. Reaching down to the base of his balls, he squeezed the magician tightly by his waist, gripping him like a doll so he couldn't break free from Byakko's vice-like grip. "Nrgh. Let me... let me go" Majik protested as Byakko raised him to eye level.

As much as he wanted to devour the pathetic human, and he really did want to devour him, Byakko had a certain code to live by, and that was that you don't eat things you've marked as your territory. Cum dripped off of him like water, and, he really didn't want to know what his own orgasm tasted like. *"Of course,"* his lustful thoughts whispered, *"who says you have to put him in your mouth?"*

After that wonderful release, his balls felt so hollow, so empty. They hungered for a meal, in fact, they screamed even more loudly than his stomach did. Byakko grinned deviously, a diabolical smirk that worried the captive magician. "Please don't eat me" Majik begged.

“Eat you? Please, you’re covered in my seed, and I have standards to maintain. No, I have a much higher honour for you, human. You are going to be the first person to be sacrificed to my godlike cock!” Byakko declared.

The White Tiger’s free hand grabbed and tugged at his cock, pulling the flaccid head to him. The head of his monster was so fat now, with a mouth as big as his own. Mmm yes, this human will be such a delicious snack. Teasing the lips of his serpent open wide, the magician’s screams of protest were muffled once he was plunged into the head of that fat slit. Byakko roared in pleasure as he felt the magician’s head stretch his shaft wide. He could feel bolts running through the leviathan, begging, pleading, screaming for more. He shoved harder, forcing the magician’s shoulders into his cock, stretching it even wider. Byakko licked his lips ravenously as his loins were on fire, burning with desire. All that cum coating his prey made it so easy for the magician to slide in deeper as Byakko devoured the magician. His tremendous shaft stretched wide from the hefty lump that was the magician’s body. The hand that held onto the magician had already moved to holding the beast up as the human’s heavy weight pressed against him. Byakko squeezed at the lump that was Majik Kuman, provoking a squirming protest as his legs flailed widely, his feeble attempts to escape Byakko’s meat only aroused the Tiger more. Byakko roared loudly, stroking his monster as it fed. The human’s head had already reached the base of Byakko’s cock, and the beast licked his fat cock head, stimulating himself even more as his mighty beast sucked down the magician’s legs. Byakko gleefully removed the magician’s boots, and with one final push he shoved Majik down into his cock. He purred like a kitten as he felt Majik enter his balls. “Mmm, yes” Byakko growled as Majik’s legs glided down his urethra.

With burbling glorp, Majik Kuman filled Byakko’s glorious nuts, the poor guy drowning in an infinite sea of seed. Byakko roared in pleasure as he felt the magician struggle, his face and hands creating haunting imprints in the sides of his balls as the magician tried to escape, but it was all for naught. Byakko clenched his nuts tightly, squishing and crushing the magician within his balls. Majik Kuman’s wriggling ceased as his entire body was being crushed by the intense power of Byakko’s balls. “Ahhh yes, human” the Tiger declared, though his prey wouldn’t have heard him anyways. “Oh yes, you were a wonderful meal. Now, become my seed. Let your spiritual energy fuel mine, so you may make my cock even bigger. Become one with me now, for this is your new home” he declared dramatically, his balls churning against the magician as they slowly started to swell again.

There was a new god for the demons to worship now, and, Byakko knew they would be more than happy to be sacrifices for their, “deity”.