

Expanding the Deal

By Jake the Puppen

Octavia Goetia slept happily in her bed, cuddled up with a comfy, black and pink pillow that her feathery arms were firmly wrapped around. Light snores came from her beak as she shifted slightly to snuggle against the pillow tighter. Her slumber quickly came to an end however, as a knocking came at her door.

"Octavia, darling? Are you awake?" The muffled voice of her father Stolas called from the other side. The young owl demon groaned and put another pillow over the top of her head to try and drown out any sound. It proved to be fruitless as the knob clicked and the high prince entered the room dressed in his usual morning attire, "Ah! There you are, my little owlette!"

"Dad!" She quickly flipped her blanket over herself, "You can't just burst in here like some bat out of hell! It's my room!"

"But...I have such wonderful news and couldn't wait to share it with you!" Stolas smiled, spreading his arms out, his loose fitting robe exposing his feathery chest.

"You're retiring and giving the throne over to me?" Octavia asked, sitting up.

"Keep dreaming, sweetie." Stolas chuckled, "No. I got you these." He took out two small pieces of paper from a pocket before presenting them to her. She took them and examined them to see what was going on before she noticed they were tickets...specifically concert ones.

"You...you got me tickets to Angst of my Annihilation?" She blinked, looking surprised.

"They're one of your favorite bands, right?" Stolas smiled, clapping his hands together, "So I got you some tickets to them. They're front row with some additional backstage passes for you to mingle with the band afterwards...or before. I actually don't know how that works, truthfully." Octavia simply kept staring at them before she got up and walked over to him, wrapping her arms around him and pressing her head against his chest in a hug, "Oh...um..."

"Thank you, dad. I just, um, don't know what to say." She said.

"You're quite welcome, Octavia." Stolas smiled as he hugged her back, "Now, I am going to need to set you up with some protection for this event-" he suddenly stopped speaking as his daughter's warm smile suddenly turned into one of annoyance with her red eyes narrowed, "Oh! No! It's not like that! The other ticket is for another of your friends! In fact, Blitzey...I-I mean...Blitzo is going to be coming here! It's...our time of the month?"

"Oh for Lucifer's sake...is this just a ploy to get me out of the house so you can bang that red douchecock?" Octavia seethed.

"No, no! Of course not! I got the tickets before a recent, erm... 'incident' happened that requires my attention in him... I mean with him!" Stolas sputtered as he waved his hands, "Really! I'm telling the truth!" He said, looking down at her. The young owl demon kept her gaze on him before she sighed and patted his back.

"Fine. I believe you." She said, giving a slight chuckle, "Just don't fuck in my room, alright?"

"Never. This is your private domicile and I respect that."

"Even though you just walked in earlier to wake me up?"

"The door is technically part of the rest of the estate, my dear owlette." Stolas smiled, "Speaking of, I'm going to leave to let you rest some more if you'd like." He gave her a kiss on the head and then went to leave.

"Dad?" Her voice made him turn around.

"Yes, Octavia?"

"I love you." She said with a light smile, still holding the tickets proudly in her hands.

"I love you too."

"WHAT PART OF WE AREN'T FUCKING BODYGUARDS DO YOU NOT UNDERSTAND?!"
Blitzo the imp roared into his phone, a bright red vein visible on the side of his head.

"But you'll be paid handsomely! Well... your associates will be, anyway. You're not going on this one." Stolas said over the line.

"Then what, pray tell, am I going to be doing? Since you apparently get to tell me what I do with my business now." Blitzo seethed.

"Coming over to my place. It is part of the exchange, after all." A sultry tone was present in the Goetian's voice.

"Oh fuck me..." The assassin slapped his hand over his pointed face.

"Oh I plan on it." Stolas tittered, "Be here at 6 o'clock sharp, my ravishing red hunk." He then hung up. Blitzo looked at his phone for a short time before he simply flicked it and let it fall onto his desk. He then groaned and walked back out into the main office, finding his two other imp employees Moxxie and Millie and his adoptive hellhound daughter Loona.

"Well, team...we have more bodyguard duty. M and M, you're up for guarding Stolas' daughter tonight at a concert."

"Making an exception for his lordship again, Sir?" Moxxie asked with a smirk.

"I need to fulfill my part of the bargain with the grimoire. That's the only reason we're doing this." Stolas groaned, shaking his head angrily, "I'm *hoping* that it's going to be a quick session and then I can just shake it off, grab a LONG fucking shower and then come home and go back to not thinking about what a cloaca feels like." He added through gnashed teeth.

"Well, that's a might more than I needed to know." Millie said, cringing.

"What the fuck is a cloaca?" Loona asked.

"Don't worry about it." Blitzo waved his lanky arm, "We'll be meeting at the Goetia Manor at six, you two will head off with Octavia and protect her, I'll take one for the team and Loonie...you hold down the fort here and prepare for anything."

"So my job? Gotcha." She replied, still staring down at her phone.

"What concert are we even going to anyway? I'm guessing it's not the opera?" Moxxie asked, sounding slightly disappointed.

"Some whiney edgelord emo group called Angst of My Annihilation." Blitzo said, "I'm a hundred percent certain they're all gonna' start crying at some point during their set about how hard their rich musician lives are." He said, gagging and sticking his forked tongue out.

"Angst of My Annihilation?!" Loona suddenly put her phone down and shot up to her feet, "Fuck staying here! I'm going with them!"

"Ah yeah! Three person protection team!" Millie clapped her hands.

"This might actually be pretty interesting." Moxxie chuckled.

"Hey! This is a job! No having fun!" Blitzo growled, "Because if I'm not going to be having fun then not a single goddamned person in this office is going to either!"

"Not even me?" The black and white suited imp Wally Wackford asked as he poked his head in through another door.

"WHY THE FUCK ARE YOU EVEN HERE?!"

Later in the day, the I.M.P. crew had all arrived at their meeting place and were now just outside the manor.

"Princess Octavia, your chariot awaits." Moxxie said, giving a bow to the avian teen, "And by chariot I mean armored personal carrier." He said, motioning to the large plated vehicle parked in the driveway of the manor.

"I feel so honored." Octavia said, a sardonic expression as she walked over, looking at the vehicle and at Loona sitting in it. The hellhound stopped and glanced up.

"Sup." She said.

"Sup." Octavia responded as she climbed in. While that was going on, Blitzo sighed as he looked over his shoulder at the mansion.

"Mills, I will give you a bonus if you stab me in the leg and send me to the hospital." He said.

"Oh come on, boss. It ain't gonna' be that bad." Millie chuckled, "Besides, why didn't you ask Moxxie on the way here?"

"Because your husband is too much of a pussy to actually do it."

"I heard that, Sir!" The cultured imp snarled as he climbed into the driver's seat.

"Well then take it to heart 'cause it's true!" Blitzo shouted back before glancing back at Millie, "Just make sure that...oh to hell with it, you know what you're doing. I'm gonna' go get this over with." He groaned and threw his arms up before sauntering over to the manor.

"Hey, Blitzo!" Loona called. He turned around only to have a large magical book tossed toward him and slam into his chest, knocking him to the ground, "Don't forget that!" She waved as the doors shut and the APC drove off.

"Thanks, Loonie!" He threw a thumbs-up before getting back to his feet, Stolas' grimoire under his arm. A deep, groaning sigh came out as he started on the long walk of shame toward the manor...something that would normally occur *after* a sexual experience that he regretted.

"Only other person I've done this twice with is fucking Mayday..." He thought to himself, annoyed at the situation he was in, annoyed at having had to send his employees off on something he didn't want to do in the first place-

"Oh, Blitzey~ I'm on the second floor bedroom. You know the one, don't you?" A sultry, thirsty voice came from an intercom.

And annoyed that he was immediately having to confer with Stolas. He groaned and walked up the center staircase and went down the long hallway toward the second floor guest room (which the pair of demons agreed was more suited for their needs and less likely for the Ars Goetia's wife to notice.) He entered into the room, immediately noticing that Stolas was already there on the bed, resting on his side with his robe parted and one arm resting on a pillow while holding his head up.

"Well, well, Mr. Imp. You finally came." He said, turning as much charm on as possible.

"Yeah yeah yeah. Next you're gonna' ask me to draw like one of my French girls or whatever." Blitzo hissed, tossing the tome onto the bed, the blue book bouncing slightly on the mattress.

"Right to the point, I see? That's what I like about you, Blitzey. You're an utmost professional." Stolas rolled onto his stomach and took the spellbook into his feathery hands.

"No shit. That's why I'm here. I need that hocus pocus hardback to do my job so that my employees can get paid." The imp growled as he kicked his boots off and started to undo his coat, "So let's get this over with so I can go do literally anything else."

"Ah ah ah..." Stolas sat up on the bed and wagged his finger, "Today's going to be just a teensy bit different from our normal encounters."

"Oh shitting dick nipples...how?" The curved horn devil asked.

"We're going to do a little, hmmm, shall we say 'experimental foreplay?'" The high-ranking arch demon smirked brightly as he undid the lock from around his moon-crested book and opened it up.

"Alright, fine. Kissing your talons is something I don't mind and it's easy." Blitzo crossed his arms.

"That's so much more vanilla than what I had planned." A nefarious chuckle came from the Hell Prince.

"Goddamnit...I *do not* want to smell piss soaked feathers the whole time I'm over here!"

"Blitzey!" Stolas gasped, "No, no, no! Of course not! What kind of disgusting savage do you take me for? I would never tarnish my beautiful down with urine, no matter whom it would come from." He went, running a hand along his gray feathered body before he stood up and wandered over to the shorter imp, "No, this is much more experimental than that. You see, I believe that you owe me for earlier this month from having to rescue you." He said, placing his hands on Blitzo's shoulders and gently massaging them.

“Oh...right...” He said, remembering back to when I.M.P. had run into trouble with a human agency that had captured Blitzo and Moxxie and the quartet of demons had only managed to get away thanks to Stolas’ intervention. He swallowed slightly as he tried to come up with something to say before tilting his head back to look at Stolas, “Alright, fine. I’m grateful. You bailed me, my daughter and my top two workers out of that hurricane of bullshit. I appreciate it and...”

“And?” Stolas repeated, coming around in front of Blitzo.

“I guess that I do owe you for that. Like a lot.” He said, his yellow and red eyes rolling from the admittance, “Just kinda’ wondering what you have in mind for me.”

“Oh, don’t you worry, my adorable little killer.” The Goetian noble knelt in front of Blitzo, moving his long arms up and placing them around Blitzo’s angular face, “If there is one creature in all of the Nine Rings you can trust, it is me.” He said. The words, obviously intended to be charismatic, felt like honey in the imp’s mind...which felt strange given his feelings toward the bird more often than not were either fear or annoyance. This time, though, something felt different.

Especially since Blitzo found it completely impossible to take his eyes off Stolas’ own.

“Whatever you...say...” He said, the statement starting off with his usual sarcasm but trailed off as his expression faded and became less tense. The four red, iris-less pools of redness in front of him, while normally intimidating being that close in any other situation, felt calming and warm. It felt like he could just lose himself in them as all his worries and concerns faded from his immediate thoughts.

“Just relax, my brave little Blitzey.” Stolas cooed, rubbing his cheeks and undoing the rest of the buttons along Blitzo’s coat, showing off the red and white-spotted skin underneath. The owl removed it and placed it to the side, “Like I said, you can put all your faith into me.”

“I can put all my faith into you.” The long-tailed imp repeated softly, slipping his gloves off and revealing his primarily white hands.

“Good. Very good.” The robed demon followed his apparent thrall’s behavior and undid the already loose sash about his waist, leaving the demonic avian dressed in only his undergarments. He slowly walked over, his clawed feet making small tuft sounds against the carpet as he leaned in close to kiss Blitzo, a light moan coming from the imp in response as Stolas easily picked him up. Their biologically different tongues danced about in their mouths as they came over to the king-sized bed with a pitch black blanket and an only slightly unreasonable amount of decorative pillows at the front, “Now then, my little devil, I’ve been curious about you. I want to know what you would look like if you were a touch...hmm...bigger.”

“Bigger?” Blitzo asked, eyes half-closed in a stupor that seemed to suggest he barely knew what was happening.

“Yes! You see, I made a visit to the Ring of Gluttony recently and found myself utterly fascinated by the citizens down there and how they seem to be fascinated by and obsess over much larger bodies. That got me thinking and I believe that you’d be oh so absolutely cute with just a smidge more meat on your little lithe frame.” Stolas grinned, both pairs of his eyes focused keenly on Blitzo’s as he was satisfied that the hypnosis had taken full hold of his lover. He gently placed the imp onto the bed and stood up, taking the grimoire up, “And by a smidge, I mean a hell of a lot more.” He chuckled, casting a spell that caused a trio of small rings to start shimmering into being just behind Stolas’ head. Blitzo’s half-opened eyes paid attention to their sudden appearance, particularly when they became fuller and glowier as something emerged from the three of them. It started off as resembling water dripping but quickly materialized into a trio of transparent, shiny tubes that resembled tentacles as they emerged. With a flick of his finger, Stolas the summoned objects began making their way to Blitzo, moving through the air as if they were cobras on their way to devour the prey they’d spotted. Unlike actual snakes, however, the three of them instead slipped their way into the imp’s hanging mouth, filling it and depositing themselves deep within the former circus performer’s gullet. While the notion of three tentacles being stuck into his throat would normally be enough to make him panic (and usually involve a large spray of bullets being fired at the individual responsible,) because of the influence Stolas had put on him Blitzo simply relaxed and laid in the bed.

“Glmeee Rgh?” He gurgled, looking at the tall and spindly figure of Stolas.

“Hope you’re hungry, Blitzey~” Stolas chirped. A second flick of his finger caused the tentacles to swell up as a thick fluid began to rocket through them that led to their eventual destination...that being the imp’s mouth and eventually stomach. Thick gulps reverberated throughout the ornate bedroom from Blitzo swallowing the surprisingly delicious drink that the portal-spawned tubes were feeding him. It tasted very much like the honey and cream frozen dessert (ice cream, he thought) that he would occasionally sneak while on jobs in the living world and the luscious taste of it was enough to lull the lanky demon into even more of an euphoric state. Between Stolas’ hypnosis and the absolutely intoxicating taste of the nectar that he had, his mind was completely swimming and lost to the world around him.

He just wanted Stolas.

And more of the nectar.

So much more.

More...more...

“Mmmmmmm...” He went, closing his eyes and happily sucking down from the tentacles while a grinning Stolas watched his beloved little imp completely relaxed and eating his fill. If a

hellborne were able to achieve enlightenment and experience nirvana itself, Blitzo was at least on the same road. He didn't notice one bit when his stomach began to distend, becoming a red bulge that looked quite out of place on the otherwise beanpole demon and only kept getting bigger the more he gulped down.

"Oh my...making such exquisite progress, are we?" Stolas slipped into the bed and up next to his bloating lover, resting a hand on the basketball-sized orb of an abdomen and gently massaging it between his feathery digits. Blitzo tensed up slightly and let out a pleasurable moan into the tentacles, stopping only for a moment from his feast before continuing on in earnest, "Don't worry, my dear love. You'll be able to acquire relief from all of this right about...hm..." Stolas waited, watching in anticipation for something to happen as all four of his eyes were alert and deeply focused on the hitman's frame. After a few short minutes that watched the round red gut become even tighter, another loud and deeply audible gurgle came from within as Blitzo's engorged middle started to recede as his noisy insides seemed to be working overtime to digest the liquid that he'd been pumped full of. Inevitably when one binges, however, all of the calories had to go somewhere.

And go somewhere they did.

"Yes yes yes!" Stolas clapped his hands, flipping himself around to lay on his side as he watched Blitzo expand. His drum tight middle lurched forward and began to fall lower as it loosened up. While still big, it was now metamorphosing into fat, malleable girth which started off as a drooping pot belly that ebbed and bubbled as it bulged while looking very out of place on the serpent-like imp's body. The offset appearance didn't last particularly long, however, as the growth started to spread lower as his previously bony hips swelled a bit which was followed by his rear end blimping into curvy, round orbs that accentuated the shiny leather of his black pants. On the opposite end of his body, the imp's sleek chest became thicker as each of his pecs began to inflate into a pair of adorable A-cup breasts and only kept growing bigger. Stolas' legs rocked back and forth as he watched the transformation take place, paying attention in particular to Blitzo's burgeoning assets as they started to resemble cannonballs more than an ass at this point (to which the lecherous owl immediately imagined being placed down upon his face.) The temptation to motorboat Blitzo's chest was becoming almost too much to bear as his moobs developed and grew like ripe grapefruits. His tongue stuck out and moved across his bottom and then top lip as he leered directly upon the monster of a gut that was coming into being and had to restrain himself from burying his face into it.

"Mmmmmf...mmm..." Blitzo went, his eyes having glazed over from Stolas' earlier hypnosis combined with the divine flavor of the sweet nectar that was molding his body like cattle being fattened up (though thankfully he knew somewhere in the back of his mind that Stolas had a much different form of consumption in mind for him.)

"Oh my, what a delectable dish you're turning into." Stolas hooted as he traced a finger across the top of the red and white patched belly before him, "Though I must say that I'm a bit impatient. You should be much bigger and in a much faster fashion." He said, bringing his free

hand up to snap his fingers. The summoning spell reacted in turn with his motion as the tentacles once again rounded out and more nectar began to flow through them. Blitzo's cheeks bulged as they were suddenly filled up before he swallowed it all in one big gulp. The sudden burst of calories going into him caused something else to explode as his belly rocketed out and snapped the belt around his pants, the buckle flying across the room before striking the wall and falling harmlessly to the floor. Now free of its previous confines, his stomach flowed like a wave of strawberry syrup, a curved mound of blubber that split and divided from a round ball into soft rolls topped above each other. His chest transformed enough that they could now be considered man boobs, one of them the bright red of most imps while the other one was the milky splotched one of Blitzo's particular flesh tone. Stolas observed the rapid pace before turning his gaze downward to watch something he'd been looking forward to ever since he'd begun his quest to fatten up his beloved Blitzey and that was of the small business owner's orb-like behind. With no more room to go and his expanding flab having filled out the pants, rips and tears came from the imp's clothing as hot fat poured through the holes and caused even more stretching and more damage to his wardrobe. Imp ass became visible for all to see (which for Blitzo's sake was just Stolas at the moment) as his developing dump truck sucked tight and turned his briefs into a tight thong that seemed miniscule and insignificant compared with the jiggly behemoth of a butt that they were once expected to cover.

At this point as well, the gaining had reached Blitzo's limbs as each spindly appendage fattened enough to where the joints of his arms and legs became swaddled in squishy flub that the definition was almost hidden. Even his angular face had grown thicker, getting a small bulge of a second chin between his neck and face.

"Mmmm, yes yes yes. How wonderful your progress is going, Blitzey." The Prince warbled, looking at his handiwork with the pride of an artist who'd just completed their magnum opus, "I'm so very happy that my adorable little imp has become so very very plump." He said, putting an emphasis on the last letter of his musing to have an audible pop sound as it released from his beak. He chortled, watching Blitzo's body blow up like rising bread in an oven, the imp's prodigious rear and volumetric abdomen forming the most of his new bloated shape into an almost bell-like figure. Stolas found as much space on the bed as he could to cuddle up to his precious imp, nuzzling close and giving loving kisses to the massive belly as it kept getting bigger. The bird's thoughts turned more lewd as he followed the smooches up by grabbing a nice handful of plump fat from the imp and squeezing it. He did the same as his other wandering hand danced down as the evening's event of groping hellspawn ass commenced, the High Lord of Hell gasping and giving out a moan as he could actually *feel* the pounds piling onto his love's body. Stolas could finally take it no more as he did what he set out to do earlier and brought his face back before smooching it directly into Blitzo's chest, the imp now possessing round and bouncy enough tits to rival that of the sexiest supermodel or pleasing porn star. Aroused sounds and groans came from Blitzo as the demon he owed his success to squeezed and fondled his breasts in utter ecstasy, happy hoots coming out as Stolas even snuck several licks onto the contract killer's chest, even taking an opportunity to fit one of the mammaries into his entire mouth while tracing his tongue across the nipple, eliciting another deep grunt from the gaining imp. The nobleman then leaned up to give the commoner and small peck on the cheek before

making another gesture with his hands. The tentacles ceased their purpose and carefully extracted themselves from Blitzo's mouth, a small bit of the nectar dripping onto his face and chest as they did, before retracting back into the portals. The summoning gates themselves also vanished as Stolas sat up at the foot of the bed to further take in the sight of what he'd done.

Blitzo was HUGE, easily five times the size he'd been before entering into the bedroom. While fat imps obviously existed, Stolas had never laid eyes on one that had reached this level of obesity before...and was immediately impressed (and immensely turned on) by the fact that the Goetian had been the one to actually achieve it. HIS imp, HIS lover, HIS Blitzey was now a heavily fattened monument to Gluttony.

"Oooooo, I need pictures of this." Stolas clapped his hands as he stood up and grabbed his phone from the end table, flipping the camera open, "I'll bet those fuddy duddy's in that ring won't believe what I was able to do." He smirked as several pictures were taken of the drooling, hypnotized assassin that could barely move much less do any of the complicated maneuvers that his chosen profession had entailed him to do, "Who's my fat boy? Is it you?"

"I'm your fat boy, Stolas..." Blitzo responded in-between deep breaths as his physical makeup tried to process gaining so much weight so suddenly.

"Yes you are." The master of magic giggled before turning on the front-facing camera and laying down to take a selfie next to his fatass imp. As Stolas snapped one pic, however, he found himself staring at his own image next to Blitzo's on his device's screen. The imp looked so ravishing, large, comfortable and so very huggable.

Whereas Stolas was just...himself. The same old skinny, lithe owl demon he'd always been. Just extremely...

"*Ordinary.*" Stolas thought with a shake of his head. Even though he was a Prince of the Inferno, he was practically drab and miniscule next to the titan of flab and softness that was his Blitzey. He then set his phone down, putting a hand up to his chin as he brainstormed some ideas while resting against the certifiable blimp of fatty flesh (which felt oh so warm and wonderful...no wonder Octavia liked to sleep with large pillows!) After a short minute, he shot up and grabbed for the Grimoire.

"Let's see...what do you hold, my wonderful little tome? What can you tell me about how to make myself be worthy to snuggle up to my plump rumped imp?" He pondered aloud before coming across a page, "Oooooo. A self-growth spell. I'm positive this will work for me." He smiled, tapping a dainty finger on a rune within the book. It glowed bright as the magical energy shot off the page and ran right up Stolas' body. A warm feeling immediately flowed all around him and stimulated every single nerve in his body and all the neurons in his brain as his tongue dropped out and he moaned loudly while running his hands down his whole body, "Mmmm...yes..." He gasped, flexing his arms as they swelled and stretched with thick sinew, starting off as simply being toned before his bi and triceps exploded and bulked with round,

bulging muscle. Further down, his avian legs were eclipsed as they became beefier, his quadriceps and calves becoming shredded and huge.

"Yes...more...more size! Grow bigger!" Stolas thought, rubbing and feeling his body as it grew. Both of his hands immediately shot to his chest as his trim pecs bulged out into huge muscley moobs while he tensed up and flexed his rear end as it expanded into a hefty shelf of an ass that could easily hold someone up were they to stand on it. Finally, his stomach ballooned and swelled out, helping to prop up his rapidly bulking pectorals. Unlike Blitzo's enormous middle that was like a massive bean bag, Stolas' gut was more akin to a big medicine ball at a gym designed to be tossed around to build muscle. After striking another pose and giving a hard flex, more weight instantly showed up on his body as his once loose robe became tighter around his chiseled frame, the sash undoing itself and completely parting from the front, resembling a cape more than something to keep him decent. However, the throbbing bulge between his legs was a definitive indication that Stolas was un-concerned with being prudish in any form right now as he was completely enraptured with how enormous he'd become.

"Oh...oh by all the wonderful things in the world that was wonderful." He sighed, turning to a nearby mirror and admiring and groping his newly embiggened frame, taking particular care to squeeze his firm stomach that, despite its roundness, appeared to some definition within its structure, "Mmm, how nice this is." The musclegut magi smirked as he snatched his phone from on the nightstand and held it up, "Now I'm worthy to be next to my blobby Blitzey~" He cooed, climbing into bed and taking dozens of selfies with the goofily grinning Blitzo, "Oh, tell me I'm big, Mr. Imp. Tell me I'm the most enormous adonis of a man you've ever laid eyes upon in your life."

"You're the most enormous adonis of a man I've ever laid eyes upon in my life." The imp said, letting out a hiccup as his stomach gurgled and bubbled, still processing whatever nectar remained in his body.

"I'll bet that I could lift you up despite your fatass shape." Stolas mused, going from petting his own body to doing the same to the shorter demon.

"You could lift me up despite my fatass shape."

"Mmmm, good boy." The four-eyed lord reached over and gave Blitzo a little boop on his nose, "Hmm...now that this little exploration of fetish has been realized, I think it's about time I fuck your fucking brains out before Octavia and your friends return from the concert."

"I think it's time you fuck my fucking brains out before Octavia and my friends return from the concert." The statement made Stolas giggle as he stripped his bright red boxers off.

"Well, if you insist, Blitzey~" He said, the beefy bird adjusting himself to get on top of Blitzo, gazing into his somewhat addled eyes. Stolas flexed his broad shoulders once as his casual clothing fell off the bed before he tore the remaining shreds of pants off the imp's lower regions

while doing the same with his taxed underwear. A hungry grin crossed his face as a bulky arm reached underneath a fold of blubber just below Blitzo's waist, his hand happily finding exactly what he was desiring for as a deep gasp came from the immense imp, "And luckily, there's at least *one* thing on you that I didn't have to expand one little bit." He smiled, his hand stroking the swollen imp dick as he leaned in close, licking the red and white fatty face before wrapping his beak around the lips of the imp. Blitzo returned the kiss instantly, closing his eyes and doing his best to wrap his arms around his lover's heavy frame, doing his best not to bite Stolas' tongue even as the owl pleased him with his other hand. As the pair made out and started to grind against each other, their lovemaking was interrupted by a sudden creaking followed up by the bed collapsing from the two piles of brawn and blubber moving about on it. Both demons (though mostly Stolas) looked in shock at the destruction before turning to lock eyes with each other once more.

Each of them ten times more aroused than before as they quickly resumed.

A grumble came from Blitzo as he began to stir awake. The imp slapped a hand on his forehead, eyes still shut while trying to get his bearings in the waking world. He attempted to sit up but had difficulty doing so.

"Fuck. Stolas, get off me. I want to get...up...." He trailed off as his eyes opened wide and he saw himself. Stolas wasn't laying on him and what was restricting his ability to move was actually his own body.

His *incredibly fat* body.

"Good morning, my big handsome imp." Stolas giggled, leaning in front of Blitzo's face to give him a bright smile, "Sleep well?"

"WHAT?!" Blitzo shrieked, his voice cracking as he began feeling and slapping his hands all over his blubber.

"Now now, Blitzey, please don't panic."

"WHAT THE FUCK?!" He screamed again.

"Blitzey-"

"WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK?!"

"Blitzey, I'm going to politely ask you to calm down. You're going to wake someone-"

"FUCK YOU I NEED TO CALM DOWN!" The imp fired back, "I don't know what fucking fuck wiggety woo chicken magic horseshit you did to me you feathered fucker, but I have every right to be royally pissed right now!" Blitzo shouted, leaning forward with murder in his eyes as he glared at the surprised Stolas, who simply blinked and looked at him while the imp took short breaths to recover from certainly almost straining his vocal chords. Stolas, in the meantime, just sat on the bed wide-eyed at the seething slayer before he finally spoke.

"Well...I understand your frustrations but the chicken comment was a little harsh." He said.

"A little harsh? I...AGGGGGH!" Blitzo screamed once more before he dropped his arms to his plush sides in defeat as the frustration ebbed away, "Goddamnit, Stolas...what did you do to me?"

"Quite simple, really. I manifested some tentacles that drew on the power of the Gluttony ring's delicious food to feed you and make you into the man that sits before me today." Stolas smirked, holding the book down near his crotch to slyly obscure it, "I truly am impressed with how much you grew. Your beanpole body was quite the sight to see expand."

"I'm sure it was, you fucking fat fetish freak." Blitzo snorted as he winced at the sight of Stolas' traditional weight-lifter physique "And how did you get me to agree to it? You didn't bring out the high-yield demon ale again, did you?"

"Not tonight." The Prince shook his head, "I simply hypnotized you. I had you gaze into my eyes and from there my own innate magic was but trivial to actually get you under my spell." He said, licking his lips.

"You can do that?" A head tilt came that Blitzo immediately regretted doing given how he was able to feel the additional chin under his face squish.

"Blitzey, I'm a Prince of Hell and one of the most beautiful, attractive fiends in all the underworld and I can dominate and control the minds of mortals. Why wouldn't you be surprised I can also use my powers to lull others into a trance?" He said, faking a gasp while lying back on the bed with his hand arm dramatically covering his face, "It's like you don't even know me at all." Stolas added, putting effort in sounding offended before the facade shattered and he started laughing.

"Yeah, I'm sure that really hurt your feelings." The demon rolled his eyes as he struggled to lean himself up against the headboard of the bed, "So, what happened to the job?"

"From what I understood everything went smoothly without a hitch. Octavia is sleeping soundly in her bed and your compatriots returned to your office." Stolas said, rolling over to rest his head on Blitzo's fatty man cleavage (much to the imp's chagrin, "The only thing that happened was a rather drunk concert goer at the beer garden apparently got a little handsy with your close-quarters expert and that led to them getting stabbed in the testicles."

"Well, Mills is a bit of a firecracker."

"Oh no. It was actually her husband that did the stabbing." Stolas corrected.

"Really?" Blitzo asked, the revelation catching him a bit off guard as he then immediately beamed with pride.

"Damn. Go, Moxx." He thought, imagining the scene in his mind before he suddenly remembered something else.

"Oh shit!" He shouted, attempting to roll over and get up but only managing to struggle as far as getting his legs slide and plop against the floor, "Fuck...so big..." He huffed, "I can't let them see me like this! Change me back right now! Like right now! This instant!" Blitzo craned his neck back as far as he could to point at the still smirking Stolas.

"About that...I actually don't know how to. You might just have to let it wear off or lose it the old-fashioned way." The night-eyed demon shrugged.

"Oh fucking shit in my mouth..." Two white and red hands slapped against a groaning, angry face as Blitzo kicked his legs and sputtered in frustration. The reaction made Stolas grin even brighter at watching his lardy lover throw a titanic temper tantrum.

Which made the fact that he was hiding the page with the reversal spell right in front of his nethers even more amusing for him.

"Awww, don't despair, my chonky boy." The bara built bird said as he set the book down and crawled over to cuddle with Blitzo, "You don't truly hate this, do you? You must feel like a big blanket of pure softness, don't you?" The sentence caught the imp off guard as he thought long and hard about the question...especially as Stolas was close to him and gently massaging his folds. While initially vexed by the forwardness and still fuming from being told he'd still be fat by the end of the day, Blitzo thought about it more and finally came to an eventual thought.

No. He didn't hate it.

In fact, part of him was actually enjoying the attention he was getting from Stolas and how wonderful and warm the muscled up bird felt right next to him while his blubbery rolls kept his naked body insulated. It reminded him of whenever he'd curl up in his bed and wrap a blanket around himself after a hard day of work and just relax with a nice homemade latte. The big difference here, though, was that *he* was the blanket. Plus, as much as he got irritated with the bird's overly sexual advances, Blitzo admitted that Stolas could certainly have the tender touch that could be needed when the pair basked in the afterglow of their erotic encounters.

"Okay, fine. You win. It's not that bad." He relented, glancing away to do his best to hide the blush though it was to no avail as a strong pair of hands suddenly placed themselves on his

chunky jowls and moved Blitzo's face to immediately look into the eyes of the demon once more.

"I'm glad you came around, Blitzey." Stolas said caringly, leaning up to give him a kiss on the forehead.

"Yeah...well..." The demon groaned, thinking of a way to try and make the moment a little less 'sappy sugary sweet' despite his enjoyment of their company, "Just ease up on the goddamn mind control next time, alright? I'm already working on therapy from the last time I had someone use my brain like some fucked up remote control to try to get me to do something."

"Absolutely." Stolas quickly nodded, "Trust is absolutely key in a perfectly healthy relationship." He said matter-of-factly.

"Not saying you *can't* do it if it gets your dick hard...just a warning would be really nice to know about so I'm not waking up with a kidney missing."

"Understood, my love." Stolas leaned in, kissing around the side of Blitzo's neck as his other hand wandered up and took the imp's hand into his own. Shortly afterwards, the owl leaned in and kissed him deeply. While lamenting the fact that he was going to act as Stolas' plaything once more (without even time to light a single cigarette), Blitzo did admit to himself that he loved what was happening. Stolas grabbing at his chest and groping it while gently fondling the rest of his flab was a good feeling. A nefarious thought then came across his mind as he grabbed at Stolas' firm ass, this time causing a moan to come from the bird. They were both huge and proud and sassy demons and there was one thought Blitzo had on his mind as they started for round two:

What if they could go bigger?