

Demonic Male Enhancement

By
Tehrig Proudtail

(<http://www.weasyl.com/~tehrig>)
(<http://www.furaffinity.net/user/stick/>)
(<http://tehrig.sofurry.com/>)

Lady Zalida looked up from her work. The vials of brightly-colored fluid she held in her hands were poised over the open alembic in front of her and ready to pour, but she withdrew them. Instead, she sent her lower hands searching across the table for the corks. Once they had been found, she crossed arms over her chest and pushed them back into the mouths of the bottles, sealing the precious magical reagents safely inside. Her lower hands took the delicate vessels and placed them into the wooden rack to her left, as the upper set went to either side of her head. They pulled the heavy snyder's goggles away from her eyes with a creak of aged leather, resting them on her shallow forehead just beneath the resplendent multicolored crest that adorned her crown. A long forked tongue flicked nervously in and out of her reptilian muzzle.

Someone was coming. A lost, desperate soul at the end of their rope, seeking salvation from an arcane affliction or metaphysical malady. Salvation that only a master thaumaturge could provide.

In other words, a customer.

It'd been a while since she'd had one of those, and Zalida quickly scanned her laboratory, looking for anything unsightly, dangerous, or incriminating. In the dim, flickering light, provided by Everburn-laced torches arrayed along the walls in rusty sconces, the first thing she saw was her alchemy apparatus, laid across the huge wooden table before her a chaotic mish-mash of tubes, beakers, calcinators, and retorts. A complete mess it was, to the point where even the master of Newport's Alchemist's Guild would have difficulty deciphering the controlled madness of its layout. Unlikely the soon-to-arrive interloper could make much of it.

She then turned her gaze to the uneven brick walls. Shelves lined one side of the room, some holding books, but mostly filled with bottles of magical ingredients. Some of these were simple: dried plants and fungus or opaque, dull-colored fluids. But others glowed or sparkled with otherworldly energy. A few even contained grotesque objects like milky-white eyeballs or packed masses of still-twitching, fluid-suspended insects. All were labeled in Mage-Scrawl, however, and thus unreadable to anyone without either a few decades' worth of arcane study under their belts or a pair of imbued eyeglasses. And a good thing, too; Zalida had more than a few items of contraband in her collection. There were also preserved monster bits scattered among the reagent jars: a basilisk's head, a manticores tail, and a bundle of stalks from an eye-tyrant. Those were all thoroughly dead, though, and thus not of any concern to the authorities. As far as they knew.

The primary feature of the opposite wall, aside from opaque-doored cabinets and book-laden shelves, was a large glass case. Inside it hung a wide array of wands on tiny hooks; Zalida liked to collect the things, even if she seldom had a use for them. All were safely sealed inside, with a lock that could only be opened by the nagi herself. She was a strong proponent of responsible wand ownership, especially ones containing filaments that were rare, powerful, and in some cases, illegal. Of which she had more than a few. It was flanked on one side by a set of cabinets with opaque wooden doors and a set of bookshelves on the other.

So, the space was in an acceptable state, mostly. Good, because she could feel the

individual who sought her drawing closer. Like all naga, she had the innate ability to sense the intents and emotions of other intelligent beings, which came in handy in her line of work. Many were the times it had helped her steer clear of potentially problematic clients and protect her stores against raid-happy constabulary. The incoming customer didn't feel like either of those, although she detected an odd duality in their emotional state: fear and apprehension in equal proportion, a smattering of lust for some unknown reason, all disrupted by an almost imperceptible flicker towards something far darker.

Zalida pulled a tiny vial from a rack beneath the alchemy table. With her lower hands, she grabbed the laces of her dusky grey bodice and pulled them tight, tying them behind her back. The vial slid easily into the space between the generous swells of her newly-restrained breasts. A simple paralysis poison, distilled from her venom so as to ensure her own immunity. It entered the bloodstream via contact with the skin; a quick splash would have even a minotaur lying helpless on the floor in seconds. She didn't expect any trouble, but it would be foolish to be caught off-guard.

Her lower arms smoothed down the loose skirts that hung from her hips and trailed several feet down her serpentine tail-body. They were whitish gray with frilled ends, and sported a stain here and there from their owner's occasional clumsiness with glassware. Not the kind of vestments she would've chosen to wear when meeting her first customer in three months, but they would have to do. There wasn't time to change; he had just stepped onto the exterior stairs leading down to her cellar-based laboratory. And it was definitely a "he"- this one carried a stronger aura of masculinity than she had encountered in some time, perhaps ever. Possibly even supernatural in nature? Was that the cause of the urgency she could feel flowing through him, that had spurred a nighttime sojourn to this dangerous, dilapidated section of Old Southport?

She turned her gaze to the double doors on the east wall. Moments later, there came a loud **THUNK, THUNK** from the heavy brass knocker on the other side. Zalida slithered over and pulled aside the metal plate covering the peephole. It was dark and pouring rain outside, and all she could make out of her visitor was a dusky silhouette, illuminated from behind by street lamps.

"Yes?" she asked. "What is it?"

The silhouette raised its head, and Zalida saw a pair of green, orange fur-ringed eyes, illuminated by light streaming from her peephole. "I... I'm sorry if I have the wrong address, but are... are you Lady Zalida?"

"I am," she replied. "You come seeking my services, yes?"

"I do." The shadowy shape shuffled its feet meekly. "Please, may I come in? It's raining buckets out here."

Zalida considered it. She detected no harmful intent, save for that flicker of darkness. Certainly reason to be wary, but it could also be the entire reason for his visit. "You know that my services don't come cheap, correct? And that the Queen of Potions is not one to be trifled with?"

"Yes, I'm prepared to pay. With everything I own, if necessary." Desperation was creeping into the animal-man's voice now. "Please, please let me in... I don't have anywhere else I can go."

The pitiful tone of his plea softened her heart, just slightly. “Very well,” she said. “I will open the doors. I trust you to be on your best behavior, or there will be consequences.”

She closed the peephole, and then reached for a set of keys hanging from a nearby hook. With a twist and a click, the lock came undone, and the doors swung open. Into the room stumbled a tall yet hunched over figure, wearing a flimsy, soaking-wet cloak over his street clothes and trailing watery paw-prints behind. His eyes were covered by a hood, but the pointed fox’s muzzle protruding from underneath, as well as the sodden brush-tail swishing behind him, made his species clear.

No longer pelted by icy raindrops, the Morphic fox straightened his posture, and in the process revealed he was wearing a plain short-sleeved white shirt over his lean torso, the top few buttons undone to make room for his fluffy mass of white neck-fur. It and his clothing were stained with blotches of ink the rain had been unable to wash out; most likely he worked as a printer. His pants were plain khakis, similarly stained, but Zalida’s eyes widened at the sight of the tremendous bulge they bore, that strained the fabric as though he were smuggling a small melon. Ordinarily she’d have assumed a codpiece, but the sense of powerful maleness from earlier suggested otherwise. Her pulse quickened a little.

The fox pulled back the hood of his cloak. His face was a blend of feral and human like all members of the Vulpinid race and looked especially youthful, not to mention handsome. The pair of pointed ears atop his head had tufts of white fur at their peaks, like a lynx’s. Black spots dotted his cheeks, giving the appearance of freckles, and long white whiskers protruded from the sides of his muzzle, shimmering in the torchlight. As his eyes adjusted, he got his first good look at his host. His thick black eyebrows rose in surprise.

“You’re a naga,” he said in a hushed tone.

“*Nag-i*. *Nag-a* are male. But otherwise, well done,” replied Zalida sardonically, rearing up on her tail a little. “Clearly you didn’t come here for anything vision-related.”

When the fox continued to stare, she sighed and crossed both sets of arms, one pair on top of the other. “Is this going to be a problem, my being what I am?”

The fox gave a start as if he’d been poked from behind. “No, no, it’s not! Believe me, it’s not!” he said emphatically. “I’ve just... I’ve never seen one of your kind before.”

“My people tend to keep to their own settlements, outside of those favored by man and Morphic,” she said. “Partly due to reactions like yours. I suppose you’ve heard the popular stories, then? That our scales are covered in slime? Or that we hypnotize people before swallowing them whole?”

“Maybe...” squeaked the fox.

“Lies, all of them.” Zalida’s tongue flicked in irritation. “Most can’t distinguish between Morphic naga and wild ones, or just don’t care to. Here’s a few hints: wild naga only have one set of arms.” She began counting off on her fingers, with all four hands. “They’ve also got heads like feral snakes, are larger with thinner tails, and lack a Morphic’s copious cranial space. Because of that they are dumber than a half-wit ogre. A wild naga - or *nag-i* - can’t learn more than a few words of Standard, much less carry on a conversation as I am. So, clearly, I am a

civilized creature, and will not attempt to consume you.”

“Ok, sorry ma’am,” said the fox meekly.

Zalida nodded curtly. She turned and began sidewinding her way toward an open section in the corner of her lab where there were two stools and a small table, what she referred to as the “counseling office”. Twenty-five feet of smooth, muscular snake-tail followed behind her. Looking over her shoulder, she saw the fox standing stiffly, staring wide-eyed at her body. She noticed for the first time that his eyes were excessively bloodshot, and the skin around them dark and sunken. Clearly he had not slept well in some time.

“So,” she said with narrowed eyes, “I have now lessened your ignorance, free of charge. If you desire any further services, you must follow me over here and do business.” The fox began to move, and she interrupted: “Do hang up your cloak; you’re getting water everywhere, and I already have enough trouble with mold and fungus.”

“Yes, yes, of course!” he said, shakily removing his cloak and hanging it on a hook near the doors. He followed behind the mage, looking around at his surroundings in a mixture of awe and terror.

“This... this is a big place.”

“Indeed. It once comprised the entire wine cellar of the inn above, named *The Lusty Dugong*. A favored watering hole for sailors, traders, smugglers, pirates, and thieves in its day. Perhaps the largest, most popular one on the entire port. I made a few alterations once I acquired it, of course.”

The fox came to a stop. “The Lusty Dugong? *That* Lusty Dugong? The one that was a secret front for Atroyx Zin’s blood cult?”

Zalida nodded, sidling up to the table and pulling out a stool for herself. “The same. The owner sold it to me for a song, unsurprisingly. I performed the sanctification rites myself, so I can assure you there is no trace of that foul god’s taint remaining in this place.”

“B-but... people *died* here.”

The nagi took her seat, the buttock-like part of her humanoid torso resting on the cushion with tail hanging in front of her. “Over two dozen, I believe, before the perpetrators were discovered and publicly executed. But death has visited everywhere, especially a city as old as this one. Scores were slaughtered in the streets during the Great Purge – men, women, *and* children alike. Yet you still set foot on those cobblestones every day without a second thought. Can you not extend the same courtesy to my home?”

“I... I suppose so,” said the fox quietly as he pulled out his stool and took a seat across from her. He squinted in discomfort for a moment, then sheepishly reached below the table to make a few emergency adjustments. Zalida watched him intently.

“Ahem. Good,” she coughed. “Now then, first things first. What is your name?”

“Kitridge Hazelton.” Zalida sensed his embarrassment; beneath his fur, he had to be turning beet red. “But everyone calls me Kit.”

“Cute,” said Zalida, smiling ever so slightly. “All right, Mr. Hazelton – what has brought you here tonight?”

“Please, could you call me Kit?”

“We’ll see. What is your trouble?”

Kit shifted uncomfortably in his seat. “Well, I think... I think I might be possessed. ”

Zalida arched an eyebrow. “I see. What has led you to believe this?”

“I’ve been having these strange thoughts. Telling me to do things. *Horrible* things.” His eyes widened. “Just urging me to hurt people. And they’re not mine. I *know* they’re not mine, because I would never do *any* of it.”

“Hmmm. Go on. What exactly are they telling you to do?”

Kit’s voice lowered to a whisper. “Murder. Sexual assault. Sometimes both, and they’re not particular about the order. These... images of me doing horrible things to strangers I see on the street, slitting their throats, having my way with them in a dark alley - they just pop into my head out of nowhere, and they’re so *vivid*. And when they’re gone, I have this... *compulsion* to make them *real*. ” His eyes moistened, and his voice began to crack. “I can’t stop thinking about violence, violation... and my dreams, oh gods, my dreams... “

He leaned on the table and rested his face in his hands. “I haven’t acted on any of it, but I can feel my will getting weaker. The urges are getting stronger all the time. Pretty soon... I... don’t know if...” He sounded on the verge of breaking down.

Zalida could sense his fear, his desperation. Suddenly, she felt like reaching out to touch his hand reassuringly, but she pushed the thought down. She had to maintain a professional distance.

“Are you certain it’s demonic possession and not something else, like an untreated psychosis? I can assist with both, but it’s important for me to know what I’m dealing with.”

The fox sniffled a little and looked up, rubbing his nose with his wrist. “I’m certain, because it started right after... right after... uh...”

“Right after what?” asked Zalida.

Kit didn’t answer. He looked away, sniffled again, and coughed awkwardly. “I... don’t know if I can tell you.”

“If there was a catalyst, I need to know.”

“Do I have to?”

Zalida leaned forward, resting all four arms on the table, and leveled her gaze at the fox. “No, you do not. If you desire my help, however, it would be in your best interest to overcome whatever petty embarrassment it is you hold as more valuable than your soul’s well-being.

Demonic possession is not to be taken lightly.”

Kit looked her in the eyes for a few moments, weighing the decision. He let out a heavy sigh and closed his eyes to steady himself.

“I... had a... condition. A debilitating condition. Um... well, uh... my...”

“Please, spit it out Mr. Hazelton. My time is valuable.”

“All right! My p-penis is... was... too small. *Way* too small. Vulps aren’t exactly known for being hung, but in my case, well... it was like puberty skipped over that part of me.” He was blushing again; she could tell.

The nagi's eyes widened subtly. She cocked her head, intrigued. “Judging from the mass in your trousers, that clearly isn’t the case any longer. Which is curious indeed. Body-shaping has been a lost art for centuries, and yet you found a way. How?”

“By being a reckless fool,” muttered Kit ruefully. “I didn’t want to accept that, even with all the magical knowledge we’ve recovered since the Cataclysm, there was still nothing that could be done for me. We had the ability, once. My ancestors altered themselves from pure human into a whole new species. So did yours, and their changes were more... uh... severe. I mean, look at you... um, if that’s ok.”

Zalida sighed. “Yes, I am familiar with the origins of Morphic subspecies,” she said. “However, you forget that those techniques were the very pinnacle of the Old Empire’s technology. We’ve had a scant few generations of stability in which to rediscover them.”

“I know that, now,” said Kit. “At the time, though, it felt like the Mage’s College should have been able to figure out *something* after all those decades of study. Compared to transforming into a new species, making a single part of a person’s body bigger shouldn’t be all *that* hard, right?” He looked at Zalida questioningly, and she shook her head.

Kit shifted his gaze to the tabletop and scratched the back of his head. “Anyway, that’s what I believed. So then I got to thinking – what if the College’s discovered more than they let on, and the Crown is forcing them to keep quiet? I’ve studied history; I know that Shaping caused a ton of social unrest back in the day, so there’s reason to suppress it right there.”

He looked up. “And people definitely *want* it, just like I did!” he said emphatically. “The Southport Crier... that’s where I work... we get submissions to the classifieds *every week* from shysters who say they have some secret formula that’ll make your man-parts bigger. That means an underpaid College mage looking to line his pockets could make a pretty penny ‘leaking’ a spell or two onto the black market.”

“An astute observation. Yes, it has happened before, although not with any body-shaping magic as far as I am aware. So, I gather you began poking around the seamy underbelly of Southport’s merchant district?”

“Yeah, I did. I was really bad at it, too. Plenty of shady merchants out there selling bogus ointments and elixirs. Probably the same ones buying up those ads. Spent way too much time and money on snake oil. Uh, no offense.”

“Just keep going,” Zalida sighed.

“Um, ok. Uh... eventually, though, when I was close to giving up I got a tip about this curio shop down on the bad end of High Rigger Avenue. I think. I don’t remember the name. Or what it looked like. Actually, I don’t even remember the face of the woman who worked there, either. Does that sound odd?”

“Your memory could be faulty,” said Zalida. “Or, she used a standard mind-blurring spell to cover her tracks. A common tactic employed by those who sell magical wares of less than legal status.” She raised an eyebrow inquisitively. “What did she do?”

“That’s all fuzzy too. I think she said she had ‘just the thing’, and went into the back room. Not sure how long she was gone. But she came back with a, um... ring. Said to wear it around... well, you can probably guess... and it’d help. Barely charged me anything for it.”

“And none of this raised any red flags?”

“Like I said, I was desperate,” said Kit, a little annoyed. “Besides, what harm could a piece of metal do? So I followed her instructions and wore it to bed that night. The next morning, when I woke up, I was... bigger. Almost average for a Vulp my height. I don’t think I’d ever been so happy in my life. Naturally, though, I didn’t want to stop there. Not a chance.”

Kit squeezed his thighs together slightly, while his white-tipped tail flicked behind him. Zalida could sense that recalling the transformation was turning him on.

“I wore the ring day in, day-out for more than a week. Every day, my morning wood was a little more impressive. I can’t put into words how amazing that was. One day I woke up and when I gripped it I needed *both hands* to cover the whole thing instead of one... gods... just unbelievable.”

He squirmed a little, and Zalida felt his arousal spike. “That was eight inches – *eight* inches up from *three*. More than *twice as long* as I’d started out. I really should’ve stopped there, but... the growth was an addiction. I needed more, more, *more*. It felt like taking back something the universe had stolen. Like my dick getting huge was some kind of cosmic justice, y’know? Sometimes, those feelings didn’t feel like my own, like they were coming in from outside, but that wasn’t even close to enough to make me take it off.”

“So you just kept getting... ahem... bigger?” asked Zalida, starting to feel a little aroused herself.

“Yeah, and the ring kept growing with me, somehow,” said Kit. “The upsetting thoughts started at around ten inches, but by then the thing might as well have been welded to my crotch. I would’ve had an easier time pulling my own arm off. “

He smiled grimly and, with a mirthless chuckle, continued. “I mean, don’t get me wrong, it worried me. There *is* such a thing as too big, every guy knows that. But the ring made the decision for me. Two days ago, right after I’d reached thirteen inches, it crumbled into dust overnight. The powder was everywhere; in my fur and all over the bedsheets, but I collected as much as I could. Hold on a sec...”

He reached into his pocket and produced a small leather bag. “That’s most of it,” he said,

placing the bag on the tabletop. “Not sure if it’ll help.”

“It might,” said Zalida. She briefly leaned forward to take the bag with her lower hands. They began undoing the drawstring, while her uppers pulled the scrying goggles over her eyes.

“Please continue,” she said distractedly, adjusting the goggles’ optics.

“I don’t know how much more there is to tell, really,” said Kit. “I’ve got a package that’s the envy of every other male at the Crier. Bigger than I’d hoped for, even in my wildest dreams. But the voices... and the visions... by all that’s holy, I can’t take it much longer.”

“Hmmm,” hummed Zalida. She’d untied the bag, revealing a tiny silvery pile inside. “I still see some latent magic in the remains. Just a moment...” She made some more adjustments, and the powder began to glow a violent red in her vision.

“Egad!”

“What? What is it?” asked Kit fearfully.

“You were right. There’s demonic taint all over this material, and it’s strong given how long ago you say the spell expired. We need to take immediate action; discussion of payment can wait.”

She looked up. “I want you to... **GAH!**”

“What? What’s going on? What do you see?”

“By the gods...” whispered Zalida. With her augmented vision, she saw an eldritch conglomerate of ghostly, phallic tendrils within the fox’s body, emanating from his groin. Their pitch-black forms practically oozed with malice as they spread, tiny tumors along their undulating lengths like beastly eyes appearing and disappearing with every passing second. One particularly strong branch of the abomination had made its way up the spinal column, winding around like an ascending staircase to the base of his skull. Mushroom-headed tentacles, spines protruding from their centers that dripped with soul-befouling ichor, surrounded his vulnerable braincase.

“Please, tell me what’s going on!” cried Kit. The parasitic mass seethed and bulged obscenely, apparently excited by its host’s anguish.

The fox wasn’t possessed - he was infected, and with one of the most powerful demonic parasites Zalida had ever seen. There was no telling how long he had before the thing entered his brain, nor what would manifest when he turned. The only certainty was that the resulting demon would be exceptionally lascivious, given the nature of its sire.

Her stomach lurched, both at what she beheld and because of the decision she faced. The cold, pragmatic part of her knew the safest course of action. She still had the bottle of paralysis potion stashed betwixt her bosoms. A splash from that, then a quick cut along the carotid artery with a sharpened knife. Swift, if not clean, and mostly painless. She could work out how to dispose of the body later.

She shook off the idea. No, she would *not* do that. Taking the easy way out had never been her style. She was Lady Zalida, Queen of Potions, the most powerful thaumaturge in the

province. To shrink from such a challenge would be cowardice unworthy of one such as she, especially with an innocent – or mostly-innocent – life at stake. Also, a thirteen-inch cock was a terrible thing to waste, especially to someone who had been making do with their toy collection for so long.

A deep breath to steady her nerves. She looked at her client again. The demon had calmed down somewhat after that brief burst of activity, but still writhed sickeningly before her visor-enhanced vision. *Keep moving forward*, she thought. *Don't think about what could happen at any moment. And by all that's holy, stop looking at it!*

Zalida rose from her chair, lifting the visor from her face, and grabbed the powder-filled bag. She tied it off with her lower hands, and then purposefully set out for the other side of the lab. Kit, still seated, watched her glide past with widened eyes and quivering jaw. When he realized she wasn't going to stop, he sprang to his feet and followed behind her, staying off to one side to avoid her swaying tail.

"Tell me!" he demanded. "Tell me what's going on! I deserve to know!"

Zalida didn't pause, or even look over her shoulder. "Mr. Hazelton, you are an extremely lucky man. I have decided to take your case *pro bono*."

Kit fell in beside the nagi. "But what **is** my case? What? *TELL ME*." He reached out for her shoulder, but pulled back when the snake-woman stopped and shot him a withering look out the corner of one eye.

"Touch me without permission, Mr. Hazelton," she said icily, "and you *will* regret it." Kit winced as though she had bitten him.

She continued on her way. "Your brief experimentation with genital jewelry has infected you with a demonic parasite of some kind, one of the strongest I've ever seen. Suffice to say you are in extreme and immediate danger."

Zalida felt terror grip the fox. "Wh... what are you going to do? What *can* you do?" he stammered fearfully.

"I intend to find out," said Zalida. She stopped in front of a bookcase and rose up on her tail to search one of the upper shelves. Kit watched her, bloodshot eyes filled with fear, body visibly shaking.

A few moments of looking, and she located the book she was after: *Morden's Demonology*. It was a dog-eared tome, huge and heavy enough to require all four arms as she picked it up. Straining a little under the weight, she lowered herself down and then hurriedly threw it on a corner of her alchemy table, crushing several notebooks and a cluster of mystleaf sprigs in the process.

She flung the book open, and flipped to the section on demons of libido and sexuality. Being a trained speed-reader, it didn't take her long to find what she sought. Eyeballs flitting back and forth like a caffeine fiend she scanned the text. Information flooded her brain, and she filtered through it with practiced efficiency, committing every relevant bit to memory.

Finally, she finished. With that done, she shut her eyes and made a measured exhale,

then closed the book with a dust-scattering *thump*.

“Well?” asked Kit.

Zalida turned and made her way over to the wand case, which was directly beside the bookshelf. She held her upper-right hand’s thumb over the keyhole in its iron padlock. The bolt unlatched with a loud *click*, and she swung the doors open.

“I have identified the entity to the best of my abilities,” she said, searching through the cabinet. “I will not bore you with the specifics, but it is an especially nasty creature. If allowed to take control of your body, the consequences will be dire. For both of us.”

That she could maintain even, measured speech with such icy terror gripping her chest amazed her. “Nasty” was an understatement. According to the book, this entity was a scion of Barthezal, demonic lord of corruption and debasement. If it took control of the fox the result would be what Morden referred to as an “Ultra-Incubus”, a hulking beast with unearthly powers of seduction. This class of demon had a simple yet foul purpose: impregnating its victims with all manner of imps and incubi in hopes of spreading its master’s evil across the land.

Zalida wasn’t a combat mage. Even odds were the best she could hope for in a fight against a creature this strong. Under ordinary circumstances, she wouldn’t engage directly, and instead use rituals that would bind the demon long enough to banish it. But those all required significant amounts of time, a commodity presently in extremely short supply. An exorcism was her best - and possibly only - chance.

As she rooted through the cabinet, one thing tugged at her confidence. According to the book, an Ultra-Incubus parasite would only bind with a male of above-average endowment; a bigger host increased the chances of success. Nowhere had the text mentioned anything about the demon causing its victim to grow as it took root. But she had no time to consider potential complications. The book had laid out a removal procedure, and she intended to follow it. Her steel trap of a mind would be agile enough to deal with any curveballs. She hoped.

There, she’d found it: a wand made of soft cedar, with the nucleus of a black pudding as its core. The gelatinous material rendered the aromatic wood extremely malleable, capable of deforming in accordance with its wielder’s desire. A property most valuable for the operation she would soon have to perform.

She tucked the stick-like tool into a loop near her humanoid waist and closed the cabinet doors. Still not finished, she went to a nearby storage case containing ready-made potions. Rapidly scanning through the bottles of colorful liquid, she grabbed a few and placed them onto a pushcart parked near the mixing table. Kit watched apprehensively, tapping his foot.

Finally, it seemed she had all she needed. “All right Mr. Hazelton,” she said, “if you would just follow me...”

Kit looked around, confused. “Follow you where? I don’t even see stairs around here.”

Zalida said nothing, and glided over to the bookshelf. She reached for a single, inconspicuous green tome wedged into the outside of the center row and tugged it gently. A low rumble of grinding gears sounded from somewhere, and the bookshelf sank into the wall behind it. It disappeared from view as it slid slowly to the left, and a gust of air much warmer and

somehow even mustier than that of the laboratory itself issued forth from the gap left behind. Light from nearby sconces shone into the darkness, revealing a hidden chamber with a large wooden dais at its center. It was surrounded by vertical metal poles, with a chain hanging down from above.

The snake-woman took one of the cart's handles in each of her lower hands and pushed it toward the opening. As she approached, torches along the sides of the secret room spontaneously flared to life. Kit hesitated, but steeled his courage and followed her in.

It took Zalida a moment to make certain her entire serpentine body was in position and the cart was properly secured on top of the elevator. Leaving part of herself behind was a real concern, to say nothing of crushing a coil between the teeth of a rotating gear. Kit shuffled up to her, eyeing the whole mechanism with suspicion.

Against her will, Zalida found her gaze drifting to the enormous bulge that pulled tight the crotch of the fox's otherwise loose-fitting pants. Its vaguely-visible shapes shifted and undulated with his every step, and her heart began beating faster at the thought that his horse-sized manhood would soon be revealed to her in all its glory. She heard him release a heavy breath as he stepped on board, which became a sharp intake when the platform wobbled unexpectedly. His junk bounced like a sack full of oranges with the sudden movement, causing Zalida to make a tiny gasp herself.

"You did that on purpose," Kit accused.

Zalida looked at her upper arms, and saw that she had grabbed the chain without realizing. "I did nothing of the sort," she replied testily, relaxing her grip on it. "The lift simply isn't meant to bear this much weight." Internally she cursed her treacherous libido. She couldn't afford to be distracted like this, not with what was at stake.

"Fine then," the fox sighed in resignation, "just get us moving before the whole damn thing collapses."

Zalida nodded, and pulled the chain once again. There came the creaking of more machinery, and the elevator began its descent. Its internals quickly became visible on either side of the two riders, a deep, dense mass of multishaped gears, belts, and weights. Such a massively complicated beast, Zalida counted her lucky stars that it had apparently been built to last. It was, however, quite slow. She found herself growing impatient as it gradually bore them down into the depths beneath the inn, the timer to sex-demon doomsday ticking down in her mind. Genetic memories from her human forebears told her to tap a nonexistent foot to express the annoyance; instead, it manifested as her lower-right hand rapping harshly against the cart handle.

Finally they reached the bottom, and the elevator ground to a halt. In front of them, through a small doorway, they could see a subterranean chamber, clearly massive in size. Its walls were lined with thick, overlapping branches of ivy-like growth, covering nearly every inch of the stone-brick walls and spilling over the tops of the shelves interspersed along them. The plants bore round, baseball-sized fruit that glowed softly in a multitude of vivid colors. In the ceiling, at the center of a repurposed candelabra, was a large sphere which shone with life-sustaining simulated sunlight. The warm, humid air smelled strongly of loam and humus.

At the far end, thirty feet above the floor, there loomed an enormous granite-carved head, festooned with more vegetation and vomiting a constant stream of crystal-clear water into a pool

below. There were hints it had originally been sculpted as a male face, but the hard edges were chiseled away; a dour, menacing expression reshaped into something more pleasant and feminine. It beamed happily at its two visitors, seemingly unaware of how much less welcoming it had once been.

Zalida pushed through the door, the cart in front of her. She made a close-eyed nod of deference to the stone head, trying not to linger on the empty altar that sat beneath it, before the pool. *I'm sorry I've gone so long without making you an offering, holy mother*, she thought. *I still struggle with the gifts you gave me, and it saps my faith at times. Please forgive this mortal's capriciousness, and grant me strength for the task ahead.* She looked back, and saw Kit still standing at the threshold, staring.

"The goddess of growth, and fecundity, Kadea," she said, gesturing to the effigy. "The favored deity of the Naga, for it is by her blessings alone we have survived through the ages. Quite the robust depiction, I feel, given how it started out. My sculptor did excellent work with what I gave him."

"No, not that..." Kit almost whispered. With a shaking finger he pointed straight ahead, at the center of the room. There, beside tables and storage cabinets, was an even larger table made of stone, suspended atop a hinged metal pole apparently meant to allow swivelling in a multitude of directions. Thick moss covered its surface. It sported a set of padlocked manacles attached to auto-locking tracks, no doubt for restraining occupants of different sizes.

"Yes, yes, the operating table," said Zalida brusquely. "Surely you didn't expect me to nestle you in fluffy cushions for this procedure? You need to be secured, for your safety and mine."

"This... this was the sacrificial chamber, wasn't it?" croaked the fox. "That's where they strapped their victims in, before the bloodletting. And that goddess of yours, she was originally Atroyx Zin, wasn't she?"

"Yeeeeeeeeees..." said Zalida slowly. "And there used to be something much less savory than springwater coming out of her mouth." Kit's look of shock told her she'd misspoke. "But, as I told you," she recovered, "that is the past. This entire chamber has been sanctified, every last scintilla of unholy taint eliminated. That the glowvine thrives as it does is testament to that."

"I don't know if I can do this," mumbled Kit, once again trembling like a wind-blown willow tree.

"I don't believe you have a choice, Mr. Hazelton," said Zalida. She moved over to a lever protruding from the wall and pulled it down, stopping the water flow. Perhaps that would help. "The tainted parasite you contracted in your vanity-driven quest must come out, one way or another."

Kit inhaled deeply, closing his eyes and placing a hand on his chest. He stood there for a few moments, body shaking and tail twitching, as he breathed slowly and steadily. Zalida held her mouth taut, and an upper hand twitched in the general direction of that hidden paralysis potion. This latest delay could not be allowed to go on much longer.

Finally, the fox let out a deep exhale and opened his eyes, the quaking of his body now greatly diminished. He looked Zalida square in the face, his countenance more haggard than she

had yet seen it.

“I get to keep it at least, right?” he asked. “I’m not going back to square one?”

The nagi’s expression softened, and her hand returned to her side. “I can’t make any promises,” she said gently, gazing with wistful eyes at the fox’s prodigious bulge. “But I will try my best.”

Kit’s face fell slightly, but then tightened into a mask of grim determination. “Good enough,” he said. “Let’s get this fucker out of me.”

He set out with long, resolute strides. Zalida actually followed behind this time, with the cart in front of her. As nice as it would have been for him to have suddenly mastered his fear, this new bravado was nothing more than an act; the level of terror she could sense from him had hardly decreased in the slightest. But he’d apparently committed himself to pushing through it, which would make her job easier.

“You’ll need to remove your…” she started.

“Already on it,” said Kit, standing beside the table. His back to her, he reached down and undid the cord around his waist, then reached behind to unbutton the small strap above his tail. His pants fell to the floor in a heap about his feet, revealing the white breechcloth underneath. There was a moment’s hesitation, but he gripped that garment with both hands and it quickly followed suit. He kicked both off his legs, shoving them to the side. Zalida’s heart skipped a beat – his wondrous bulge was now free of confinement, but still tantalizingly hidden from view.

“Might as well take the rest off, right?” Kit muttered. The nagi could only offer a few unintelligible murmurs of assent as he gripped the hem of his shirt with both hands and yanked it up. It caught briefly on his oversized ears, but more pulling and some shaking of his head dislodged the stubborn thing. Unceremoniously, he dumped it on top of the pile of pants and underwear.

Zalida sidled up next to him with the cart, fighting the urge to crane her neck for a side-glance at his equipment. The meekly modest fox, however, was neither meek nor modest any longer, and he turned abruptly to expose the totality of his slim, wiry frame. Now it became her turn to freeze in place and stare, though in awe instead of fear.

His monumental cock swung softly like a clock’s pendulum between his orange-furred thighs. As she looked upon it, her psychic connection could sense the extent of the changes the ring had wrought. His once-diminutive prick had effectively undergone an accelerated, super-charged second puberty, maturing from an adolescent tadger into a truly imposing piece of sausage. Once barely two inches flaccid, it now measured more than nine; so long it dangled halfway to his knees. An encompassing white foreskin swaddled the bulbous crown like a fleshy blanket, the outline of its fat mushroom-like bulk clearly visible. And lurking behind the enormous shaft was an overstretched, fuzzy sack that bore a pair of heavy gonads the size of billiard balls.

Zalida could scarcely tear her eyes away from it. It was so long, so thick, so *perfect*. Admiration and envy fought an evenly-matched duel for control of her emotions, while base lust lurked in the shadows, whispering that she should abandon all restraint and attack the vulpine rod with her serpentine tongue.

Her own naughty bits, both sets of them, stirred inside their fleshy confines. She swallowed heavily, as if that could possibly keep the feelings from cresting. Ordinarily, even though she rejected the Naga priesthood's notion of it as a divine blessing, she enjoyed the pleasures that came with having a separate set of genitalia for her upper and lower bodies. But here they proved a dangerous liability, doubling – no, in her case *quadrupling* - the physical sensations of arousal.

Kit either didn't notice her gawking or simply no longer cared. He looked at the operating table, which was in front of him tipped with its bottom edge angled toward the ground. With an air of resignation he pushed himself up onto it, enormous manhood flopping heavily as he did so. He paused, and tilted his head to the side with a quizzical look on his face.

“This is... really comfortable. Somehow.”

Zalida shook off the trance and averted her eyes. She coughed, awkwardly. “It's... it's the feathermoss,” she stammered. “A species of my own creation. Th-there's no need for you to be more... uncomfortable than is necessary.”

“Well, thank you, I guess.”

She turned away from him and focused attention on the cart. “Think nothing of it,” she said, feeling her arousal begin to bubble over. Silently, she cursed herself. This was absurd; they were both in terrible danger and here she swooned with lust like a pubescent whelp. Naga were highly libidinous by nature; Zalida especially so with the extra “gifts” she bore. But this was something unprecedented. Perhaps her proximity to the larval incubus could be having an effect?

Luckily, she'd come prepared for this contingency. She snatched a deep blue potion from the cart and jerkily pulled out the cork. Tilting her head back, she quaffed the entirety of the bottle with gusto, a bit of it spilling onto her bodice in her haste. Instant relief spread through her as the suppressant took effect, and she let out a deep shuddering sigh. Crisis averted.

She set down the empty bottle and picked up another. This one seemed the other's mirror opposite, tinted a fluorescent shade of pink so bright it almost seemed to glow. Coils swaying, she glided up next to Kit, who was attempting to latch one of his wrists to the table.

“I appreciate your initiative Mr. Hazelton, but let's not get ahead of ourselves,” she said. “First, I need you to drink this.”

Kit regarded the potion with suspicion. “What is it?” he asked.

Zalida uncorked the bottle and handed it to him. “Something to facilitate the procedure,” she said. “Drink.”

He took it from her. Hesitation flickered across his face briefly, but quickly gave way to determination. “All right, bottoms up then,” he said distantly, and poured the contents down his throat.

“Very good,” Zalida purred. She took the bottle and placed it back on the cart. “Now, to get you secured.” She guided his right arm into its corresponding restraint and closed the latch.

“Tasted kinda like cherries,” Kit mused. “So, now what?”

“Well,” said Zalida,” first, once I get you secured, I need to dilate your urethral passage.” She moved to his other arm and took hold of it.

“Oh... kay,” said Kit dubiously. Nevertheless, he allowed her to move his wrist into the manacle. “Why?”

“The extra space is necessary, for I am going to reach into it with *this*.” She produced the cedar wand with a flourish of her lower-right hand. “Balanced at the end will be the remnants of your magic ring, reconstituted into the form of a sphere. It will contain the creature once I psychically extract it through its initial entry point.”

“That sounds uncomfortable.”

“I will apply a tincture before the dilation begins.” She was having some difficulty with this manacle; the hinge had rusted somewhat. “That will significantly reduce any discomfort. In fact, the insertion may even feel quite nice.”

“I’m... relieved? I think?”

“The exorcism itself, most likely, will *not*.”

“That’s less comforting,” Kit muttered. Then his eyes shot open. “Oh!” he gasped. “Hot! Hot hot hot hot!”

He looked down at his groin. Zalida resisted following his gaze. Instead she forced the manacle into place and fumbled with the padlock, which turned out to be equally rusty. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see the fox’s tremendous manhood stir, preparing for the considerable task of growing erect. By the time she secured the lock and moved to his legs, it had already begun to stiffen and expand.

From there, it became nearly impossible to avoid looking. As she closed the latch on Kit’s right ankle, she saw his pole rise majestically out of the valley between his legs, bobbing in time with his thudding heartbeat. It had gained an additional two inches in length and begun to develop a slight curve, reflecting its mostly human morphology. The charcoal colored crown swelled like a festival balloon, its suddenly-suffocating foreskin receding meekly in waves of wrinkled white flesh.

Zalida felt arousal tug at her loins again, and sighed. It was annoying and yet remarkable; even that extra-large bottle of suppressant had not quashed her libido entirely. There had to be something supernatural at work here, or else she was more deprived than she had realized. Self-control was imperative, now more than ever. She couldn’t afford to cede any ground to hormones, no matter what. Her psychic connection to the highly aroused fox increased the difficulty of that task, so she attempted to shut it out as best she could.

She went to his remaining leg, but as she did Kit began to whine piteously. He thrashed his one free limb back and forth while pulling uselessly at the others’ bindings. Clearly, thought Zalida, his lust had rendered him inarticulate.

Meanwhile his cock settled into full tumescence, and judging from how stiffly its veiny

thirteen-inch length shook with his motions, had become almost painfully hard. Its bloated bell-end was now completely exposed and visibly throbbing, having inflated to the disproportionate size of a freshly ripened plum. At the base of the shaft an additional knob of swollen flesh had developed, signifying its owner's vulpine heritage.

"Mr. Hazelton... would... you... stop," muttered Zalida, trying to get a grip on his jerking leg. She fumbled with it, a lower hand inching toward the secret weapon hidden in her cleavage. But, perhaps in defiance of such a cop-out, instinct suddenly took over and, tracking the spastic movements like a natural-born predator, she managed to seize the leg by its ankle with both upper arms and shove it into the manacle. As she held it in place, her lower set of limbs were forced to leave the paralysis potion where it was. Instead, they set the lock with a satisfying *click*.

"Aaaaaah!" shouted Kit, straining against his shackles, angry erection swinging about like a wobbly flagpole. "Do something! It *hurts!*"

"Please, do calm down, Mr. Hazelton," said Zalida. She took a phial of purple liquid from the cart and opened it, simultaneously removing her wand from its loop with a lower hand. "Please calm down or I will have to take more drastic measures."

"You... you don't understand," the fox panted, coming to a rest. "It *hurts!* Like, a *lot!*"

As nonchalantly as she could, Zalida reached out and took hold of his erection. It was hard as a rock and hot to the touch. The annoying tingle deep inside intensified slightly. She winced a little and redoubled her psychic stonewalling efforts. Kit simply flinched at the contact.

"I... think... you're exaggerating, Mr. Hazelton," she said. She poured the contents of the phial over the tip of his dick, the liquid instantly absorbing into the skin. "That potion merely made you extremely aroused, which is a far cry from physical pain. I can administer an antidote once we're done."

"No... no, no, no, it's not that!" said Kit.

"Then what is it?" she returned, sliding her wand into his urethral opening. With a thought, she caused it to extend until it reached all the way to where shaft met pubic bone. Another mental command and the wand began to expand, thicker and thicker, rapidly gaining in girth. The fleshy tube, under the influence of the purple pliancy potion, obligingly stretched outward around the inflating rod of lacquered wood. Still, Kit flinched, and resumed thrashing like an asphyxiating fish.

"Aaaaaah!" he cried. "There it goes again!"

"I know this is uncomfortable, but please, stay still!" Zalida admonished, struggling to maintain her grip.

"I can't... it hurts... *in my head!*"

Her blood turned to ice. "Your... head?"

She released her psychic defenses and allowed awareness of the fox's mental state to creep back into her mind. Almost immediately, she wished she hadn't. A sharp, stabbing pain

struck the center of her forehead, so suddenly she almost dropped her wand. Shifting it to one of her lower hands, she squinted and rubbed at her temples in a reflexive yet futile attempt to dull the sensations.

The pain ebbed away, and she opened her eyes. Terror held her heart in a vice grip. Was she too late? Had the creature already entered the fox's mind? With a shaky hand, she forced herself to reach up and lower the scrying goggles over her eyes to check.

The sight before her augmented vision hit her like a punch to the gut. The ultra-incubus parasite, dormant no more, was wrapped tightly around its host's neck, reminiscent of a hangman's noose. The tip of its foul tentacle-like form had sharpened into something resembling a scorpion's stinger. As she watched, it drew back and struck Kit's skull, prompting another pulse of pain and a wail of agony from the fox.

Ice changed to lead, and her heart sank into her stomach. It was over; she had failed. There was only one way out now, and it involved the sharpened herbalist's spade lying in the cart behind her. If she moved quickly, she might still be able to save the fox's soul, and her own life besides.

But then the eldritch horror struck again, yet this time the pain didn't seem as sharp. She suddenly realized why - surprise accounted for the keenness of that initial spike, like jumping from a steam room into a frigid lake. Her instinctual mind, high on adrenaline and eager for a rare opportunity to take the wheel, had clouded her ability to see what was now blindingly obvious. *The host was resisting.*

It seemed inconceivable; perhaps that explained why she hadn't immediately realized. That this fox, who had earlier seemed so meek and fearful, could possess such iron-clad tenacity. And yet as a demon more powerful than most of her peers would encounter in their lifetimes assaulted his mind, he held strong. That meant there was still hope. But only if the mage to whom Kit had entrusted his immortal soul had the courage to stay the course.

Zalida took a deep breath, attempting to steel her resolve. She turned toward the cart, and settled her eyes on the tiny leather bag that held their potential salvation. With her upper arms, she pulled it open to reveal the silvery dust inside. After deftly shifting the wand to her upper right hand, she poked it into the pile.

The overwhelming synesthetic stench of demonic taint filled her nostrils. She doubled over, fighting the desire to retch. Focus, she thought, she had to maintain focus. As she righted herself, she sent a powerful psychic probe streaking down the wand's shaft, and in one determined strike shattered the layer of festering foulness. Beneath it, she found what she was looking for: an empty "compartment" where the demon once resided, and remnants of three enchantments which had powered the ring's abilities.

One of those was an adhesive charm, likely used to hold the ring in place; the fox wouldn't have been able to take it off if he'd tried. Another felt utterly alien, unlike any magical schema she had ever encountered; that could only be the growth effect. Its construction using the lost art of body-shaping accounted for its unfamiliarity. She sensed the last enchantment employed entropic acceleration to disintegrate the ring, dependent on a trigger linked to some condition of the growth spell - a size threshold, based on the fox's story. She couldn't verify that without delving deeper, which could take hours. In any event, it was an unimportant detail - reconstituting the dust into a simple spherical solid would not require such knowledge.

But still, here lay an opportunity to acquire that knowledge and more besides, things that not even the wizened greybeards of the College had uncovered in all their decades of painstaking research. The growth enchantment was like a sealed black box, and Zalida deeply yearned to see its contents.

Only a madwoman would ignore the threat she faced in order to pore over such a thing. And yet, as she had no way to tell whether destroying the disintegration charm would take the other enchantment with it, the temptation remained. A part of her insisted that preserving the short, uneventful life of a printing press operator was not worth the risk of losing a possibly irreplaceable piece of ancient magic. Her eyes drifted to the spade, and its edge glinted in the artificial sunlight.

She shook her head, frowning beneath the goggles. If only she could blame this dark desire on her magi's hunger for knowledge; such purity of intent would surely assuage her battered conscience. But no, it was nothing but shallow self-interest, because she only wanted to preserve this spell *for her own use*. Curse her selfish mind! She could not, *would* not, betray one who had trusted her *with his immortal soul*, even if it meant losing the chance to correct Kadea's oversight. Still, she couldn't stop her eyes darting across the cart, to that razor-edged garden tool. *No, I will **not**. Absolutely no.*

A sound like the groaning of stressed wood planks from behind her, accompanied by a deep-throated scream from her patient, yanked Zalida out of her argumentative fugue. She listened, and her heart leapt when she heard a *clink, clink* that could only be the manacles moving upward along their tracks.

The demon was getting a head start on the physical part of the host's transformation. Kit's mind was still intact, she could feel it, but the extreme stress now being placed on his body would quickly sap what mental strength he had left. Her time was truly up.

With an internal grimace, she made her final decision. The disintegration charm yielded easily to the counterspell of a master mage and split cleanly in two, the mana that had powered it glittering in her augmented sight as it returned to the ether. Swallowing the urge to verify the growth spell's fate, she instead focused her mental energies into creating a vacuum at the tip of her wand. It popped into existence at her command, and immediately began to draw the thousands of disparate cock-ring particles into a swirling vortex.

Zalida concentrated, ignoring the unearthly sounds and guttural screams that continued to echo through the chamber. With magically-induced pressure that could have turned coal to diamond she flung the tiny flecks of metal together, recreating the shattered bonds between them with sheer brute force. In moments, the pile was no more, replaced by a gleaming grape-sized silver ball attached to the end of her wand.

She turned around, and nearly dropped wand and ball both at what she saw. The creature she had fastened to the table was a typical example of the Vulp race - slim, wiry, and not terribly tall. What lay there now, occupying almost the entirety of the 2-meter-plus slab, was an red-furred monstrosity. Kit's torso had become almost triangular in shape, broad shoulders leading down into biceps that flexed like ham hocks, with triceps to match. His bulging pectorals were each nearly the size of his head, and sat perched atop an 8-pack so pronounced its ridges could be seen through his white belly fur. His bulging thighs were thick as dressed turkeys, his calves like similarly prepared chickens. And atop it all, surrounded by raised traps that threatened to

overwhelm what little neck could be seen through his throat fluff, was the same youthful fox-face that had once peered at her out of the rain-slicked darkness.

The nagi blinked blankly, overcome with awe. She had met minotaurs who were smaller than what this fox had become. Deliriously, she noted that his 13-inch erection, still swinging stiffly through the air, now actually looked in proportion with the rest of him. How nice it would be to do something with that... she shook it off. No, if they were both to survive, *she* would be the one doing the penetrating.

She refocused the scrying goggles. The ultra-incubus' hideous form came into view, tentacles writhing throughout the much-expanded body of its host. Seeing it again brought unexpected hatred bubbling to the surface of her mind, thick and oozing like the parasite's spectral flesh. Hatred, and *anger*. No, it would *not* take this beautiful specimen from her, not while she still drew breath!

Like a striking cobra she lunged at the hulking fox's crotch and grabbed hold of his manhood. Kit let out another blood-curdling scream, and it seemed for a moment that her touch was the cause. But then the sound of groaning wood began again, and a pair of pointed stubs erupted from the fox's forehead. Zalida barely had time to comprehend this new infraction upon her charge's body before inches of twisted horn sprouted, dripping with the blood drawn from their sudden emergence.

Her heart fluttered at the sight, but only briefly. With a swift, determined motion she thrust the metal ball through the fox's gaping penile slit and slid her wand as far into the massive masculine appendage as the cedar stick could penetrate. With her fingers touching the bell-end's tip, she could almost reach the base of his cock, but not quite. Kit showed no reaction to this sudden intrusion, having been rendered nearly catatonic by pain and effort. His eyes rolled back in his head, while gurgling sounds emanated from his foam-flecked mouth.

Zalida sent a mental command to the wand's black pudding core. It thrummed with magical energy, obediently spilling its elastic properties into the surrounding matter. Eyes closed, she drew a slow, even breath, and as she did the cedar stick began to elongate. This was a non-trivial task, as the newly-gelatinous wood needed to be spread evenly lest it break in two. But her skill of concentration was unmatched, and the wand slid deeper until the spherical prison cell touched down, ready to accept its former inmate.

Now came the moment of truth. To a master sorceress such as she, the wand and the bauble at its tip were like a part of her own arm. She could feel the heat of the body that surrounded them, the flow of blood, the flexing of sinew. But her senses also extended into the ethereal plane, and there the tail of that hateful apparition flicked back and forth, obviously tickling the orb's silvery surface. From within it she reached out and seized hold.

She looked up. The demon immediately ceased its writhing. As it fell still, its skin began to bubble sickeningly, and blisters the size of hen's eggs soon dotted its entire form. They split wide, and suddenly they were eyes, dozens of human eyes. She made a sharp intake of breath as every pupil swiveled to face her, and in their glare she knew the demon's *hatred*. Unlike her own it was undiluted by the petty concerns of mortal flesh and ancient beyond comprehension. And she was its sole locus. If she failed now, her suffering would be immense, possibly even without the release of death.

Zalida swallowed heavily, but her expression did not waver. She stared right back, her

eyes unblinking beneath tinted glass.

“That’s right, *fucker*,” she hissed, startled not by her perilous situation but the words she heard herself speaking, “I’ve *got* you.”

She gave a mighty tug, and the creature *shrieked* like she had never heard before, a reverberating sound that seemed to shake the cobblestones and echo through the very planes themselves. Twisted reflections of mortal emotions - frustration, anger, hatred, yearning - like whitewater from a bursting dam they flooded her sixth sense.

The psychic onslaught rushed and rippled around her. The ophidian mage bore its brunt with bared teeth, fighting to hold on to both the silver ball and her sense of reality. This was meant to distract her, overwhelm her senses, possibly even drive her mad. But it also represented opportunity. The thing was hitting her with everything it had right out of the gate, going for immediate victory rather than attrition. And that meant it was compensating for a weakness, something exploitable. With this knowledge she searched, like sifting through the grains of a whirling sandstorm, searching, searching, looking for a familiar thread. Quickly; she couldn't hold on for much longer.

There it was. A faint glimmer amidst the metaphysical din. Something she recognized instantly because of her intimacy with it at that moment. *Fear*.

Defly, she seized that fragment of weakness, amplified it, and channeled it into another violent *yank* of her ectoplasmic yoke. The monster reared like a defiant mustang, letting go of its grip on the fox's neck in the process. Inches of its spectral body vanished into the metal ball, diminishing as it went as though drawn through an invisible funnel. It gathered some strength and thrust forward, spiked tip twitching toward Kit's head, and managed to free a small portion of itself in the process. But *Zalida yanked* again, harder this time, and the creature gave a despondent bellow as it realized the battle was lost.

It was pure serendipity. By coming so very, very close to its goal, and after so many centuries of imprisonment, the demon had developed what mortals referred to as *desperation*. A glimpse of long yearned-for triumph, a chance to fulfill its purpose - now fading irrevocably away to nothing. Without such an accidental weapon she could have been lost. But now *Zalida* could not help grinning triumphantly as she continued to reel the fell horror in, its increasingly desperate attempts at resistance diminishing with each pull.

“GAH!” came a sudden gasp from above. *Zalida* didn't look up, still intent on her work.

“Mr. Hazelton, are you all right?” she managed to ask.

“Wha... what happened? Is it gone?” said the fox. “I can't see... something's in my eyes!”

“Yes, that would be the blood, I'm afraid,” the nagi replied, somewhat carelessly.

“B-blood? Is that why my forehead aches? Why *everything* aches? What did it do to me? Oh gods, let me see!”

“In... a... moment... Mr. Hazelton!” *Zalida* grunted. The monster's last few inches were proving surprisingly difficult. A tighter fit than she had anticipated, never mind that it had likely

entered willingly the last time. It wasn't enough to turn the tide of battle, given that she still had momentum on her side, but just for insurance she split her energies a little so as to add a push to the existing pull.

The fox kept yammering, but she paid it no mind, even when the sound stopped and his body began to vibrate subtly. She needed to reduce the pulling, transfer all strength to a singular shove, put her "back" into it, so to speak. The damnable thing wouldn't stop fighting. Did it actually believe it could tire her out? No matter; it was almost in now. Just a little more... a little more...

... and suddenly she felt all resistance evaporate. The foul beast's remainder slipped into the tiny sphere, almost causing her to stagger forward from the sudden lack of psychic tension.

"HA!" she exclaimed, slamming the invisible prison door shut. Her head was spinning. The left half wasn't sure what to make of those last moments – her foe still had energy to spare, but why, on the cusp of defeat, had it chosen conservation? The other part was too high on adrenaline to care. Against nearly insurmountable odds, in battle with an enemy that would have flummoxed Morden himself, she had emerged victorious. Dark, tarry terror fizzed away, becoming effervescent triumph that swelled her chest until it felt like her bodice might burst.

Then something red spattered across her left eye. She reached up with one of her free hands to wipe the lens clean, and in doing so saw Kit's shaking head vibrate to a stop. His newly-cleared eyes widened in awe as they took in the vast pectoral plain and abdominal steppes before them. Mouth hanging open, voluntarily this time, he looked around to verify that more than just his torso had changed.

"Th...this... this is all me?" he stammered, eyes fixated on his rippling left bicep. Zalida could feel his disbelief.

"Indeed it is," she confirmed.

"Holy... holy shit!" Disbelief was quickly giving way to elation. "I'm fucking *huge*! Look at me, I'm fucking HUGE!"

"Yes, yes you are."

"Th... the demon did this to me? All of this? And..." He suddenly noticed the extra weight on his head, and his eyes swiveled upward. "... that. Well, that'll make going out in public kind of tricky. I mean, along with the whole being huge thing. Maybe I can tell people I'm part goat-morph or something? And also part minotaur. Still... I was worried my cock was gonna shrink, but now..."

He looked down over his enormous chest at his manhood. "I'm just as big as before, no question. Lucky thirteen, now and forever! Gods, this is... incredible! But... uh, are you going to take that thing out now?"

"Working... on... it..." Zalida grunted.

"I mean, it feels pretty nice and all, like you said, but it's making me feel kinda awk..."

"By the holy mother, would you be silent, fox?" the nagi snapped.

Kit's face fell at the sudden rebuke, but she barely noticed. This wasn't supposed to happen. She had won, the demon had lost. The proper thing would be for it to acquiesce to its captor and let her transfer it to the imbued jar waiting on the push cart. And yet, on the verge of defeat it suddenly rediscovered its will to resist, sticking fast to the fox's urethral wall. Apparently that spell had survived the disintegration enchantment's demise. Which meant...

Her heart skipped a beat. Was it possible? Finding out would have to wait. Her indomitable will, channeled through the cedar wand, was the only thing keeping the beast from escaping.

"There's... there's something wrong, isn't there?" the vulpine titan asked nervously.

"No, no there isn't!" Zalida insisted. "Just a... momentary diversion." She couldn't spare the time or concentration to simply destroy this enchantment outright, as she had its cohort. So, if the demon intended this farce to continue, she would have to attack each invocation as it occurred.

She made a successful detachment and pulled an inch of wand free before the tiny sphere stuck fast again, this time to the opposite side. Zalida sighed - so very, very predictable. A dozen more repetitions at most would be enough to get clear, and the demon would have nothing but an infinitesimal stay of execution to show for its effort.

Suddenly she felt a powerful surge of magical energy from deep within the sphere. *How pointless*, she thought. Strengthening the bond would increase the amount of time required to undo it only slightly. But then the adhesive aura began to shimmer and shift, in ways that she did not recognize. It was still performing the same function, as her wand's immobility attested, but what could be the purpose?

"Aaaah!" Kit shouted. "What are you doing? That's tight... *tight!*"

"What do you mean?" Zalida returned uneasily, "I'm not doing... anything." Her confidence ebbed just slightly. No dallying; it was time to bring this little caper to a speedy conclusion. Luckily, she'd almost freed the sphere again, and each time she did brought greater familiarity with the spell binding it in place.

"Agh.... my *dick!* It's gonna *explode!*"

"What?" She looked down at her patient's member. No visible changes. Still huge, and probably harder than it had ever been, but no signs of bulging or distention. "I believe that's your imagination, Mr. Hazelt..."

"Hnnnnnnng!" the fox interrupted, straining against the manacles that bound his wrists and ankles. Zalida heard the chain links creak in protest, and silently prayed that the rust-coated metal could actually withstand such punishment.

"Hnnnn..." Now the grunt transitioned to a whine, gradually rising in pitch. No time to question what was happening; she swiftly performed the final *coup de gras* on the adhesive spell's current iteration. The sphere made it almost two inches this time, before the infernal thing moored itself once again.

“Ahhhhhhhhhh...” came a sudden sigh of relief. Kit's tongue lolled out the side of his muzzle, his bulging mountains of bicep and quad smoothing into foothills. As the tension in his body released, even his cock bent slightly in Zalida's grip as if starting to go flaccid. Which meant she was all the more surprised when it slowly began to creep forward.

“What...” she murmured, as thirteen inches became fourteen. Then fifteen. Sixteen, with no signs of stopping. Seventeen. The bell-end's tip brushed the fingers of her wand hand, but she could only stare in dumbfounded amazement.

In the scrying goggles' lenses a kaleidoscopic array of ancient magic danced before her eyes. Streams of shimmering energy that pulsed with an alien signature poured from within the silver sphere like white-hot steam from a gushing geyser. Moving with a grace that belied their incredible potency, the forms soaked into the fox's flesh, saturating it, seeding new growth that sprung from the old in a magnificent explosion of creation. It was the indescribable beauty of an art long thought lost to the ages, and Zalida could not bear to look away.

“Whu... whoa!” Kit shouted. “I said lucky *thirteen*, not... holy shit...what are you... Zalida... **ZALIDA!**”

Someone was calling her name. It pulled her attention back into the physical realm just enough to notice a pressure against the fingers of her wand hand that was growing fairly insistent. Distantly, she shifted her grip a few inches up... there, that would allow her to enjoy the light show some more. But then the pressure returned, and her mind made a stark realization – she couldn't shift again without *dropping the wand*.

Reality came screaming back as though a bucket of ice water had just been dumped on her head. What a fool she'd been for letting herself be distracted with so much at stake. Obviously, *obviously!*, the demon wasn't just doing this for show - it was trying to force her to let go of the wand. And once that happened, it would all be over. She could never regain control before the creature escaped, and then it would finish what it had begun.

Kit's rod, unsatisfied with only six additional inches, pushed insistently against her digits. She only had moments to make a move. Not enough time for another breaking of the adhesive spell, so instead she entreated the wand to extend itself again. It obeyed, and the nagi gingerly pulled back from the distending male appendage, managing to outpace its slow but steady growth. The wand shrank in diameter as she went until it finally became thin as a cattail stalk. She dared go no further.

Zalida let herself exhale. By the time her next breath came she was already frantically working to get the sphere free. The wand would not withstand that kind of punishment again, or a sudden flick of the wrist for that matter.

“C...can you stop it?” Kit asked. His bug-eyed stare suggested horror, but his voice hinted that part of him hoped the answer was “no”.

The nagi said nothing, her focus fixed to the exclusion of all else. Canceling an adhesive spell was like undoing a tangled bundle of twine, and she only had seconds to do it. Luckily, having faced this particular spell several times already, part of it was already done for her. All she had to do was account for the variance introduced in this new iteration, slight given the small span of time between them, and...

There! The ball was free, again. As she withdrew it using a combination of arm movement and wand retraction, the increased size of her charge's manhood began to dawn on her. Denied a conduit, the growth spell's effect had diminished to nearly nothing, but what it had already done was incredible.

Kit's cock had grown to probably just a few inches shy of two feet in length, enough that it would still nearly reach his knees when flaccid, despite his additional height. Supporting the shaft in her two lower hands, the increase in weight was palpable. Far more of that was due to length than girth, but the top and bottom ends compensated – its head was the size of a large man's fist, while the vulpine knot had attained similar proportions. He was truly enormous, bigger even than the flaring schlongs of Clydesdale-morph stallions.

So big, in fact, that as she extracted the wand the angle at which she was forced to hold it became more and more awkward. She tried to compensate by switching to retraction only, holding her arm still. A few trembling, unsteady moments later, just as her wand began to resemble its original proportions, her hand slipped and the sphere stuck fast again.

“DAMN...” she began in frustration, but almost transitioned into a yelp when the male member leapt forward from a discharge of built-up growth magic. Kit thrust his hips and screamed in ecstasy as his cock completed its second foot of length and pushed forward toward a third. Zalida, fumbling to maintain her grip, heard a low rubbery groan emanating from the expanding organ, as though its flesh were actually made of solidified latex.

She shut the noises out of her mind, and reinstated the psychic block for good measure, as the fox's arousal had become distracting. With poise regained, she shifted herself further down the stone slab, lower hands gliding along the throbbing shaft, hoping to get a better position. But Kit's cock had already resumed its slow yet steady expansion. Once she had finished moving she actually *did* yelp this time, as its gaping maw gently nipped at her fingers.

No choice; she had to extend the wand again. Just a few inches, steady her nerves, and then back to the sticky orb. Her expectation had been correct; the demon had only been able to reorder the puzzle slightly, and it yielded more easily than ever this time. Still only a sliver of breathing room, and was the groaning noise actually getting louder and lower? How much had Kit gained already? She couldn't spare even a millisecond to survey the whole thing. At the edge of her vision, though, she glimpsed a bulging mass of white spreading out from beneath the shaft, at least as wide as his hips by this point. If they were keeping pace, he had to be...

No. She redirected her mind away from such idle observations and back to the business at hand. It had been busily working in the background, and arrived at a conclusion – avoiding proximity to the sides was the only path to victory. The demon could exploit even the smallest touch to invoke the adhesive spell, leading to more lost ground.

Carefully, steadily, she began to retract her wand again, trying to stay as close to the center of the fox's gaping urethra as she could. The orb glowed as growth magic accumulated, the tiny tendrils winging this way and that within the metallic mass. They desperately desired to escape, to fulfill the one purpose of their brief existence, and Zalida similarly yearned to oblige them. But she could not risk it. The extraction was going smoothly now, but one false move could change that in an instant. Just a few more seconds, and she should have it.

Then her eyes detected a sudden shift from the adhesive spell, an increase in intensity. She knew it meant a redistribution of energy between different aspects of its functionality, but

how was not apparent. Not until a split second later, when she felt a powerful force tug her payload outward as though the ball and the fleshy walls around it had abruptly acquired an opposing magnetic charge.

A panicked jerk from the serpentine sorceress proved futile, and the chamber walls echoed with a simultaneous shout of chagrin from Zalida, a scream of ecstasy from Kit, and a creaking groan from the fox's titanic maleness as it shot forward, now exceeding the length of his own leg. His gonads followed suit, swelling until they resembled two pumpkins in a fuzzy burlap sack.

Composure lost, she threw her mental offenses bodily against the adhesive spell, and was surprised when it crumbled before her flailing attack. She moved the wand experimentally, and moments later felt the same attractive force grab hold and shove it fast into the opposite wall.

She scowled. The demon's new gambit had become clear: reduce the complexity of the stickiness effect while drastically increasing its radius. It didn't matter that the spell was now so simple as to be trivial to even a neophyte mage, because keeping it from catching had become impossible.

Action was needed; the fox's distending member was approaching her fingers. In haste she launched a bludgeoning, unsophisticated attack that blew through the adhesive spell so easily it was like tearing through tissue paper. Her mind stumbling a bit from that excess application of force, she yanked the wand toward her, and before it stuck managed to pull it almost an inch along a diagonal, from one edge of Kit's urethral wall to the other.

With a slight power correction she did it again. And again. And again. Zig-zagging back and forth, she kept pace with the growth almost exactly. And though the fox's cock was increasing more rapidly in length than girth, each time the passage was a little wider, and the magnetic pull a little less irresistible. She contemplated this, and allowed herself a tiny smile as a plan of action emerged.

"Mr. Hazelton, I'm sorry," she apologized, "but I need to let this continue for just a bit longer."

"Sure... longer... you do that," Kit responded dazedly, barely audible over the groan of expanding flesh. Thanks to her new mental barrier, it wasn't clear whether he was overwhelmed by the sensations of his now four-foot manhood, or just lacking in flow of blood to the brain. Based on the crooked smile plastered across his muzzle, probably the former.

Back and forth she went, sometimes managing an entire inch at a time, sometimes hardly a fraction of that. All the while Kit's titanic maleness crept along behind her at a slow yet steady pace, straining at her grasping digits, so thick now that all four of her hands working in concert would not be able to encircle it. Her lower arms began to ache from the strain of holding up its burgeoning mass, especially when she needed to move her body once again, the head-sized bellend now protruding well past the bottom of the slab. But the forces that pulled the metal bauble this way and that grew weaker and weaker yet, until...

"There!" Zalida whispered to herself. Her wand floated motionless in the center of a yawning oval-shaped gap six inch inches in diameter, surrounded by a virtual pillar of pulsing manflesh. She scarcely dared to guess at how long it was now, probably close to the fox's height when he'd first arrived at her home. All she knew was that it was heavy, extremely so, but that

despite the shaking of her lower arms she wasn't having any difficulty keeping her upper ones still. The end was in sight.

Slowly, carefully, she began to withdraw the wand. Her upper left hand joined the right, steadying it against the weak but still omnipresent pull. She moved only centimeters per second, the sphere glowing brighter and brighter as it filled with growth magic. An idle and particularly mad part of her brain spun off into thoughts of a hypothetical children's game that involved electrified tongs and containers with conductive edges. The rest was fixated on how very, very close to extraction she was. Only a few more inches, and...

"S... sorry," Kit muttered.

Zalida's gaze didn't shift. "Sorry?" she said. "What do you possibly have to be sorry f-"

Her words became a startled gargle as a flood of translucent fluid erupted from within Kit's penile depths. It felt hot, almost scalding, and tasted salty on her tongue. She doubled over, coughing, and though her lower arms held steady, she could not stop the sphere from whipping sideways, deep into the fox's urethral walls.

The effect was immediate. An unprecedented amount of growth magic discharged all at once into the already titanic schlong, filling it near to bursting. It shook briefly with pent up energy, then exploded forward with a rumble like the earth itself would burst forth with fire and ash. Zalida could only watch as the monstrous maleness swallowed her wand and the hand holding it as though they were helpless rodents before a gorging python. She heard both Kit and herself scream, one in pleasure the other in terror, as it devoured her arm, bubbling and spurting molten pre-spunk as it went. Frantically she reached out to smash the demon's cursed magick, zig zag, again, back and forth like before, hopelessly trying to escape.

But she wasn't fast enough - how could she be? In the face of ancient powers, clearly beyond a mortal's comprehension, so foolish she had been to believe herself capable of mastering them as her elbow disappeared into the drooling, gluttonous maw. She stayed on the move, as much as she could, but it kept gaining, closer, closer. The ridges of the yawning hole pressed against her armpit, and in desperation she entreated the wand to save her, to grow longer, longer than it ever had, to outpace this insatiable beast.

Then, she sensed it beginning to slow. The wand shook, wobbled precariously, but held together. She broke the adhesive one last time, and found her hand floating in the center of an expansive abyss, so wide that the magnetic forces that had once been irresistible were now utterly absent. Urging her heart to slow, to stop trying to explode from her chest, she shortened the wand, then began to pull it free. Her lower arms screamed with the strain of supporting a cock that was almost certainly longer now than its owner was tall, but adrenaline proved stronger than fatigue. Her shaking arm emerged, inch by inch, from the mouth of the now-dormant monster, and finally, mercifully, she was free.

She felt her lower hands let go. A loud, wet *thump* echoed through the chamber as the elephantine fox-dong landed heavily in a pool of its own excretions. The twin orbs that fed it had settled into the size of two prize watermelons, and with each pulse of fluid they released the fox's vulpine knot visibly throbbed, itself easily equal in proportion to one of those swollen cum-tanks.

But all the acres of resplendent man-meat, incredible though they were, faded into the background behind the tiny silver bauble before her eyes. It seemed like years since she had last

seen it. And as it floated there, still suspended above the tip of her poor, abused wand, her augmented vision saw tiny wisps of shaping magic cluster like swarming ants, whipping to and fro in frustration, building and building. The imbued jar waited, still on the cart behind her, and yet it seemed like it would be a sin before her ancestors to let this magic go to waste.

She deserved this, she told herself. Everything she had been through in the last few minutes, the frustration, the fear, the pain - each was simply a new entry on a ledger she had been tallying in her mind since her hatching-day. And after all this time, she held in her hand the means to finally settle the debt.

It could hardly be considered a “blessing”, the burden she carried. Other hermaphrodites of her tribe were celebrated by the Cult of Kadea, practically worshipped even. But to possess the drives, the lusts, the *needs* of both sexes while being unable to satisfy half of them... why did she even *have* male parts if they were too small to touch? What greater purpose could that possibly serve? Many times she had entreated the goddess for an answer, and received silence in return.

But now... she turned around to look at the giant stone effigy hanging overhead. Its subtle smile remained beatific as ever. She asked it, had everything up until this point been a test? Meant to prove her worthiness to one day wield this power, that which had given birth to her race? As Kadea looked down upon her, an answer seemed to echo in the ophidian mage’s mind:

“Yes.”

It didn’t matter whether the voice had been the goddess’ or her own; it was all the justification she needed. She opened the floodgates and allowed the growth magic to flow from the silver sphere through her hands, and into her body. The tiny wisps needed no guidance, and half shot down her torso and into her tail, while the rest pooled in her humanoid abdomen.

Her back went stiff as a board, her pulse racing as she felt the change beginning to take hold. A growing pressure deep within, two disparate locations, building and building with every passing second. Like a pair of balloons deep inside her, rapidly approaching what seemed like the breaking point, then somehow pushing beyond.

Eyes closed, she rubbed her lower hands over her belly, a part of her almost expecting to find it distended beyond belief. No change. Not even so much as a bump. Regardless she ran her hands up and down over the velvety smooth scales, as the motion seemed to diffuse some of the discomfort. A few fingers found their way to her engorged and exposed vulva, its protruding lips kissing at her already-sodden vestments. Still the pressure grew. The sense of fullness approached what felt like the absolute limits of sensation.

Suddenly, it vanished. In a flash the balloons emptied, their built-up tension seemingly disappearing into the void. For a brief moment she feared that the magic had failed her, that for whatever reason she was immune to its powers. Then her forearm brushed against a raised bit of flesh and a pair of tiny nubs, just below her humanoid waist.

Everything went quiet; her breath hung in her throat as though she had forgotten how to breathe. Could it be? Was it really happening? She shifted a lower hand to check and felt the fullness return. But this time its force was concentrated in a single direction - forward. The nubs rubbing beneath her fingers wiggled slightly, then began to move.

She had to see this with her own eyes. Her free upper hand moved the goggles from her face, while the lower two took hold of her alchemist's smock on either side of the buttoned neckline. A brief pause, and then she tore it asunder as though it were made of parchment. Her generous bosom flopped free of its confinement, and a small object fell from what had once been her cleavage, making a distant tinkling sound as it struck the floor. But neither of these registered, for her eyes were fixed upon what was happening below her waist.

Poking from a tiny sheath beneath her abdomen, distorting the surrounding belly scales, were a pair of tiny pink rods, side by side and barely an inch long. They were growing but slowly, as though reluctant to show themselves after how long they had hidden from her.

No, that wouldn't do; that wouldn't do at all. A brief moment of concentration, and her own energies joined the depleted, divided stream of Shaping magic, reinforcing and reinvigorating it. The sense of pressure spiked, and the rods pushed forward with new confidence.

Before she could blink, they were each as long as her index finger. The ends blossomed like blooming flowers, growing larger and rounder than the stalks below. Spherical at first, their shapes quickly began to distort, the lower ends developing a thick, purplish ridge, the upper elongating subtly. A cleft formed down their undersides, while simultaneously a slit opened up at each tip.

Her heart thudded like a bass drum, her unbelieving eyes stared transfixed. There were now two human-like penises poking from her body, juvenile in size but getting larger by the second. Were they actually hers? Were they even *real*? Seeking verification, she reached down and stroked their undersides with the fingers of her lower hands. The virgin phalluses responded to their first touch by firing a jolt of electricity through her synapses that tore a gasp of pleasure from her throat and forced an arch into her spine.

She opened her upturned eyes with a sly smile, blinking against the glare of the sun-globe overhead. If they could generate a sensation like that at such a diminutive size... she redoubled her contribution to the spell's strength. She looked down, and saw her twins shudder slightly, then spear forward at a speed comparable to that of the fox's initial expansion.

Now she slid up and down her lengthening tools, and though the strength of that initial contact was absent, with each stroke her pulse quickened as her fingers had more and more distance to cover. Her girl-pricks were definitely as large now as any she had seen on a male of her species. A good start to be sure, but her ambitions lay beyond. *Far* beyond.

On a downstroke her hand brushed something bulbous below. Some feeling around revealed it to be two ovoid shapes floating within a pouch of loosened scales. With a rough, probing finger she pushed against one of them, and it slid to one side beneath her touch while firing off a small pulse of pain.

She winced a little. That had been expected, and yet not. From what she'd heard she expected them to be sensitive, but from such a minor poke? Evidently she would need to be especially protective of that region in the future. Almost as an apology, she slid her hand beneath the scaly sack and gently cupped the pair of egg-sized orbs in her palm. Their weight made her smile; so too did the fact that it was slowly increasing.

Had they been more than holes, her ears would have perked up as they detected the familiar sound of overweighted lumber. It wasn't coming from what she held in her hands; it was distant, almost muted, as though being covered up by something. Momentarily distracted from the bounty before her, it was then that she noticed feelings of pressure, movement, and a pleasurable tingling sensation coming from far down her serpentine tail.

How could she have forgotten? Her hands left the rigid poles and weighty sack at her waist, now the same size as Kit had been when he first arrived at her doorstep. She twisted her upper body. At the same time, her tail rotated to reveal its smooth, scaly underside, as well as her lower set of naughty bits. A gasp escaped her thin reptilian lips at what she saw.

Much like its smaller sister, her lower vagina was fully engorged and drooling thin streams of feminine fluid. But a scant few inches above it another opening had appeared, and disgorged a pair of formidable ophidian tools. They were half again as long and thick as their brothers, and displayed a distinctly different morphology.

They were pink in color, but the similarities ended there. The shafts were not smooth-surfaced and continuous in girth, but like a series of pyramids stacked atop each other, each one smaller than the last. Instead of a bulbous mushroom-shaped head their tips tapered to a narrow point. No visible gonads, as theirs were entirely internal. However, that didn't stop them from pumping out a steady stream of stringy pre-cum, perhaps a side effect of the friction between her body and the cobblestone floor.

For a brief moment she could only stare, watching the turgid tadgers quiver gently in the open air, both from the thudding of her heart and their continuous, steady growth. Then all restraint evaporated as she lunged forward in a burst of crazed lust, her serpentine form coiling over itself. Her two lower arms wrapped around the massive schlongs and pulled them close.

All four nagi-cocks met within her warm embrace. It was like a long-lost family finally united, and the space between her breasts and arms was a throbbing frenzy of introductions. The four expanding erections frothed frantically, up and down, their rigid bulks rubbing against each other with uninhibited vigor. Zalida's jaw wrenched open, neck muscles bulging, but made no sound. Her vocal cords were paralyzed by a nervous system overwhelmed with a barrage of new sensation.

Soon, the bigger pair grew free of the jumble, one sliding against either side of her muzzle. They were longer than a man's leg now, and still climbing ever upward. Zalida watched them raptly, her world a red haze of instinctual lust. It was so wonderful to grow, to feel her body stretching larger and larger. The fox had been right; this *was* cosmic justice. What a fool he had been to reject such incredible power!

Wait. That last thought. Had it been her own? A voice began to be heard above the crashing, hedonistic commotion. It was the rational part of her mind, so infrequently silenced, now shouting a dire warning. This magic was coming from somewhere, wasn't it? In fact, wasn't she holding the source in her right hand?

She looked at the wand and orb, blinking dumbly as if seeing them for the first time. Her rational mind shouted again, this time with a command. Distantly, she obeyed, and reached up with her upper left hand to take hold of the goggles. Now gripping the strap, it only seemed logical to finish the chain of action and put them on. So she did.

The hated form of the parasite that filled her vision was like a bottle of smelling salts waved under her nose. It had wound its way out of the sphere and down her arm, encircling it in the same predatory manner as it had the fox's spine. Its stinger-tip was exposed, and it glistened with clear intent.

The red haze of carnal desire drained away. Into the vacuum left behind surged white-hot rage. Freely-flowing floodgates slammed shut, and the grasping hand re-emerged. Its owner's eyes narrowed into a pair of steely slits.

"Oh no you *don't*!" she hissed.

The demon's many eyes reappeared, and as before fixed their gaze upon her. But this time, they showed no hatred. Only *fear*.

She relished the reversal of fortune, but only for a moment. Then the spectral hand grabbed hold of the abomination's tail and gave it a mighty *yank*. The creature's terrified shriek reverberated through the ethereal plane, louder than ever. Its form once again disappeared into that tiny prison cell. No resistance this time; it had no strength left, and the nagi's anger compensated for any shortfalls of her own. Within seconds, the demon had vanished from sight.

Zalida turned to the cart, and her eyes found the imbued jar. She slid awkwardly toward it, her upper cocks bobbing at the bottom of her vision, the lowers' massive bulks inhibiting her waving tail's usual smooth motion. Her human torso nearly lost balance several times, but finally she reached her goal. She thrust the wand into the glass container.

Releasing the orb at last felt as though a massive weight had been lifted from her shoulders. No time for savoring the triumph, she grabbed the lid and screwed it in tight. The silver ball floated to the jar's center and hung there, suspended. The demon was safely sealed away; the battle had been won.

The wand dropped from Zalida's hand with a clatter, and her back made a wet *thud* as it met the sodden cobblestone floor. Panting, she lay there, the world spinning around her like a blurry carousel. She had never felt so exhausted, so utterly drained. Her breath came ragged and stuttering, for it felt like the scrying goggles pinned to her face were actually fastened around her throat. With nary a care, her hands ripped the delicate apparatus from her head and tossed it aside.

She let go a sigh, but not of relief. Not with two massive monoliths jutting overhead, proudly piercing the sky like a pair of magnificent fleshy minarets. They had to be at least as long as her arm, and their bulging mushroom-like heads as big as her fist. She could still hardly believe they were a part of her.

With beseeching hands she reached out, to determine once and for all whether they were real or merely a hallucination of her overburdened mind. They twitched nervously as she approached, rearing like two wild, unbroken stallions. At her tender caress they jerked upward, the left one spitting a small spurt of clear fluid.

Zalida's long tongue flicked out like lightning. It caught the shimmering droplet in midair; it tasted of salt... and sex. The red cloud of lust began to descend once again. She breathed it in, smiling, and felt its energizing effects sweep all fatigue from her body.

She sent her lower hands searching below, eager to assess the source of that briny morsel. What they encountered seemed at first to be a pair of honeydew melons in a canvas sack, but she gasped to discover they were in fact her pulsing, overfilled testicles. She hefted them, feeling their weight. Her fingers gave a gentle squeeze, as though milking the laden globes of their latent male hormones.

Something went “pop” inside her head. She flinched, but it wasn’t a blood vessel; it was the paper-thin barrier that kept her carnal urges at bay finally bursting under the pressure of a dozen decades of blue-balls. Tidal waves of superheated testosterone flooded her veins, and reason ran screaming for cover before them. Her eyes went wide, filled with primal instinct. She needed something to fill, *now*.

The nagi reared up on her tail and began scanning the room like a vigilant meerkat. Amidst the sea of hormones, a vague impression ghosted through her memories. Somewhere nearby she’d seen something that would suit her purposes. Suit them *perfectly*.

There it was. A globular mass of inky-black flesh with a yawning, bottomless chasm rent through its center. It was exactly what she was looking for. She could see nothing else, not the fact that it was part of a larger entity, nor how that entity was attached to a living body, one that she had pledged herself to protect. All her vision beheld was a sopping wet *cunt* waiting to be stuffed full of snake-meat.

With a feral snarl, she lunged for her prey. Her lower arms, filled with newfound strength, lifted the massive bellend from the floor, while her other two pushed her straining erections together. She guided them to the threshold of the colossal male organ’s yawning entrance, which was still leaking a copious amount of pre-seed.

Her entire body shivered with anticipation, from head to tail-tip. It was a struggle to keep her conjoined cocks steady; it seemed like her muscles could pull them out of position at any moment with a sudden spastic jerk. But with control that belied her profound carnal thirst she slowly slipped their bulbous crowns inside. The rim of the gushing hole obediently spread even wider to accept their broad bulks, and the flow of precum slowed to a mere trickle.

A stuttered gasp escaped her throat at the new sensation, tingling pleasure that danced across the surface of her cockheads and made them flare till the skin was drum-tight with desperate need. Eager for more, she leaned forward and reached out with her upper hands. Her fingers grasped the bottom rim of the monstrous fox-cock’s head like a broad, pliant handle. With a flex of her biceps, she roughly pulled her hips toward it till her twins were buried deep within its depths.

Her vision swam; her brain felt like an egg poaching in a volcanic spring. She was utterly engulfed on all sides, every inch of her arm-length sabres sheathed in moist, velvety bliss. The sheer heat was incredible, so too was the vise-like grip that held her twins tightly together, stimulated by the squishy friction between both their surroundings and each other. It was so tantalizingly new to experience this from the opposite end, it felt like she might explode.

But not yet.

She withdrew, and made another gasp as a combined three and a half feet of nagi-dick glided softly along the long channel, borne on a thin sheet of lubricating pre-spunk. Some of that moistness spurted out around her retreating shafts with a wet *schlorp* and splattered across the

floor.

Her lengths glistened in the light as they re-emerged, and they brought with them musky aromas that wafted past her nostrils, far thicker and danker than those of the greenery that adorned the walls. She took a brief moment to breathe it in, to let it soak into her very essence and tease her already-frenzied libido. Then she drew back and violently slammed her cocks home.

All the sensations of the first insertion flashed through her mind at supersonic speeds, no less pleasurable for their brevity. This time her crotch ran aground with such vigor that the coconut-sized globes of her gonads swung on an upward arc. Their ponderous bulks tugged at the surrounding sac delightfully with inertial force. They positively throbbed with unspent seed as they settled, feeling even larger and heavier than before.

She spread her upper arms possessively around the titanic cocksleeve. The heat coursing along its surface was only slightly less than that of the taut moistness inside. Her rods now made their own contribution to that seething coital soup, spitting sputtering streams of filmy fluid. Even their big brothers had themselves joined the fun, releasing great gouts of slime that splattered against the underside of her tail. Nearby, her cunts fired tiny jolts of pleasure into her synapses as they twitched and squirted expectantly.

But all that wasn't enough. Not even close. The rutting masculine monster inside of her would accept no paltry substitutes; it wanted the prize. And there was only one way to get it.

It was time to pound this bitch *raw*.

She lifted her pelvis slightly, the rounded hemispheres of her buttocks angling toward the ceiling. A few inches of cock emerged, but only saw daylight for a brief moment before a sudden reversal of polarity. Taut muscles went limp while others snapped to attention, and Zalida hilted herself again with even greater force than before.

A rhythm had begun to emerge. Back and forth, in and out, the pace always increasing, faster, faster, as heat and friction stoked the fires of lust. The action was familiar, her role in it entirely new. But instinct was more than happy to cover for her lack of experience. Zalida accepted its offer with a blissful smile, and allowed her body to take full control. No more need to contemplate even the faintest recognition of what she was actually doing; now she could dedicate her mind in its entirety to the incredible sensations that gushed forth from her newfound man-parts with each violent, autonomous thrust.

Pulses of hedonic delight rocketed into her brain one after another, accompanied sometimes by a grunt or moan, but always a resounding slap from her oscillating nutsack. It was all so much, so new, so all at once, it felt like her senses had truly reached their limit.

But that proved false when a new pair of voices unexpectedly joined the chorus, sending the pitch even higher. Zalida began to gasp, but it cut off halfway. She craned her neck to look, and saw her tail and the two straining erections that adorned it undulating across the floor. They rubbed their tremendous tapered bulks against the uneven stone, belching intermittent streams of pre-cum all the while.

The pumping of her hips faltered a little. She had no conscious memory of ordering her tail to do this, nor seemingly any control over whether it continued. It was as though her jealous

lower cocks had exploited their great distance from her motor center and seized control. This seemed for a moment like a step too far; then, however, the added pleasure came again and smothered all concern beneath it.

Her voice rang out with a shout of impassioned triumph. The rhythm returned in force, this time with an accompaniment. Her upper cocks were hammering the gaping orifice as fast as her gyrating pelvis could move, and each retraction now brought with it nearly a liter of fragrant mixed pre-spunk that made noisy splashes as it hit the floor. Her lowers maintained a similar pace in movement and fluid levels, so turgid their layered ridges seemed made of diamonds and in danger of carving ruts in the stone but for the lubricating effect of their copious emissions.

It all felt so *good*, and yet there was a yearning inside her. She'd held out for a remarkably long time given such intensity, and the aching need for release had built to an almost hurtful level. But even with the beast of instinct given full reign she hesitated to step over the precipice. Maybe she wanted this wondrous first experience to last forever. Maybe she feared a return to rationality and comprehension. In any case, her body would not give her a choice.

At the base of her cocks a new and unfamiliar sensation developed. It felt like there were two lengths of rope deep within her pelvis and tail, and a pair of invisible hands had grabbed the ends of each one and begun twisting them in opposing directions.

Zalida gasped in both anticipation and uncertainty, not entirely sure if it was supposed to feel like this. She could feel her balls preparing for something as powerful muscles drew their laden forms inward, and the scaly sack that surrounded them grew almost uncomfortably tight. But her thrusts only intensified, and the tension grew and grew till it felt like those ropes could snap in two.

And snap they did, although without any pain. Rather, a sense of profound relief took their places while something bubbled up from deep inside her. Before she could take stock of the sudden change, her first ejaculation as a full-grown herm struck like a battering ram.

Her voice rang from the chamber walls as her lower members erupted with two massive jets of thick nagi-cum, while she could feel an only slightly smaller volume explode from their submerged brothers. She closed her eyes against a screaming wave of masculine ecstasy that followed behind, focused and powerful like nothing she had ever experienced. Her feminine flowers clenched and drooled in sympathy, but found themselves utterly eclipsed.

There came a brief ebb, and in that split second of deafening silence it seemed as though it might already be over. But then she felt her nethers clench, and her cocks lurched as fresh torrents of jism blasted forth. Zalida followed their example with a euphoric grunt and a mighty heave, surging her pelvis forward to bury herself up to the hilt. She felt a mad yearning to fit her entire body in there somehow, but given the physical impossibility she instead hoped to drive her seed as deep as she could. Not being able to measure her success at this only added to her frustration, so she looked to her lower cocks to verify her virility.

She craned her head sideways just in time to see the trailing end of the latest fusillade leap from their pointed tips. Tremendous streaks of pearl-white fluid arced through the air to spatter, uselessly, against the cobblestones. Watching, she suddenly felt a sense of pity for her two more distant dicks, so titanic in length and girth there were no orifices handy to accept them. While their little brothers pistoned in and out of a warm, slippery sheath, fulfilling their purpose with each ragged thrust, her isolated goliaths were forced to waste their voluminous offerings

upon the cold, indifferent ground. How to resolve this terrible injustice?

Midway through the next spine-shaking ejaculation, an idea emerged. Without a single break in the constant jackhammer-like motion of her hips, she seized control of her rebellious tail and slid it slightly to one side. She came again, and through the haze of pleasure that followed her eyes tracked the thick ropes of cum as they leapt forth from her mighty cock-tips. Her analytical brain reawakened just enough to note the trajectory, and to tell her tail to make the necessary adjustments to angle and position.

No sooner had she finished than her groins clenched anew, sending the latest set of pearly missiles rocketing down her quad barrels. This time the visible set flew even higher and farther, and satisfaction spread drunkenly across Zalida's muzzle as they pelted the stone head of Kadea, spattering across its face with a juicy *splat*. Sacrilege, or an offering to make up for all those days the altar had stood bare? She couldn't have cared less. Divine radiance enveloped her, and every motion, every muscle twitch, every alabaster spurt felt blessed as an expression of the goddess' very essence.

And there was apparently still much essence to express. The pleasurable convulsions had reduced some, as had the size and viscosity of each accompanying eruption, but it still felt like the reservoir within her was far from empty. Her balls had actually begun to ache a little, their protective sac constricted so tight it seemed like it could have been trying to pull them back inside her body. Even the forces of friction were making themselves known, no longer sated even by such legendary volumes of sexual fluid. Undaunted, she continued thrusting, kept strafing Kadea's face back and forth, over and over.

Her ears dimly registered a familiar groaning sound, this time like a thickly woven mooring rope in a surf-battered harbor. It had been there since her first cum as a mere murmur, then gradually increased until it was now too loud to ignore. At the same time, she noticed less weight on her lower hands than before, and the long cylindrical object they bore was rising from the floor.

Good, she thought - her arms were exhausted. But Reason still poked irritatingly at the edges of her perception, and she could tell it carried some very unsettling information with it. She shook her head as if to dislodge the noxious notion. Nothing wrong with what she was doing. Nothing at all. Determined, she plowed onward in attempted ignorance, which grew less blissful with disconcerting rapidity.

Not three thrusts later, the newest additions to Kadea's facial ran clear and watery, the nagi's seemingly infinite stores of fluid finally down to the dregs. The clenches of orgasm became weaker and further apart. The veils of lust began to part, and Zalida caught her first glimpse of the harsh reality waiting on the other side.

The nagi grit her teeth in defiance. *No, it can't be over!* Desperate, she closed her eyes and pushed harder, harder, *harder!*, but all she could feel was the rawness of her now slowly-deflating cocks. Utterly spent, her lowers softly sank to the ground, drooling the last of their reserves. The uppers went limp while her aching balls finally acquiesced to gravity and fell, exhausted, into her scrotum's loose embrace. Zalida followed their example, and collapsed in a panting heap atop the inky-black cockhead.

She drew in a shuddering breath. There would be no afterglow for her; not after what she had done. *Why*, she thought, *why didn't he say anything?* Though even if he had, would she

have stopped? Deep down she had realized what she was doing and yet continued anyway, moral considerations shoved aside by the instinctive need to *breed*. She wished the demon *had* taken control of her mind, then there would be some excuse for taking advantage of - nay, *violating* - a bound and helpless young man. The silence in the cavernous chamber was deafening, broken only by the accusatory *drip, drip* of her immoral climax's aftermath. The smell of it all assaulted her nostrils, thick and cloying.

And still, Kit didn't make a sound.

Her cocks had nearly finished retreating into their slit and sheath, slinking away in shame like chastised hounds, before she could bring herself to open her eyes. She saw what looked like a pair of enormous, overstuffed white linen bags with a similarly-colored rolled-up carpet draped over top of them. It took a moment for her eyes to focus, and to realize she was looking at her client's testicles.

More than thrice as large as before, they hung over the bottom of the table and rested heavily on the stone floor. They created enough of a roadblock that the fox's elephantine cock, now eclipsed in sheer hypertrophic excess, had to meekly nestle in the valley between them. And their laden bulks positively thrummed with a massive, mixed load of fox and nagi seed, arm-width veins visibly pulsing over the surface of each one.

Zalida stared in awe. This could only be the growth magic at work. In the distance, behind the rounded hills of cum-tank, she could see the muscle-bound fox lying motionless on the ill-fitting slab. His eyes were wide open, practically bulging out of their sockets, and for a moment panic crept in as she feared he might be dead. Then he blinked, slowly, as though doing so was a complex process requiring his full attention.

Her relief was palpable. "Ki... Mr. Hazelton, I'm so, so sorry!" she said, winding her way past the monumental spheres to stand at his side. "Are you all right? Have I hurt you? Can you ever forgive me? Please, say something!"

Kit's eyes darted over to her, but his muzzle remained closed.

"Nnnnnng!"

"What are you... wait," Zalida said slowly. "You're... paralyzed." A hand went to her chest and ran along the open space between her exposed breasts. Realization dawned. The potion. The one she'd tucked in her cleavage, in case of emergency. The one that could lay a full-grown man out flat with a single drop.

She bent down and scanned the semen-covered floor, until she saw it. The tiny vial, broken, its two halves a meter apart near the low wall that bordered the pool. The recent, explosive outpouring of fluids had clearly swept it there, but she'd initially dropped it right next to the fox's massive manhood. It was impossible to tell how much he'd absorbed thanks to all the mess, but it wouldn't take much. His lack of protest now made total sense.

Zalida hung her head, wincing. It seemed like her guilt was now doubled. Not only had she had her way with the young Vulp, before doing the awful deed she'd carelessly rendered him utterly unable to defend himself. After defying the odds to save her charge from a fate worse than death, she turned and made him into an inert sex doll. Some thaumaturge she was - an entire lifetime spent practicing the mystic arts, training her mind, attaining a nearly superhuman level of

control and precision - only to throw it all away over a base instinctual urge. One that she should have been able to master.

A lower hand hefted her gonads, and she looked down at them reproachfully. How she wished she could push them back inside her! She didn't deserve this gift. All the suffering her masculine bits had visited upon her in their diminutive stage meant exactly nil when *this* was the first thing she did after filling them out. And to top it all off, despite everything they were *still* making her horny, somehow. Why, she could practically feel her balls *pulsating* with backed-up seed, throbbing painfully with every heartbeat, full of desperate need...

Hold on... that made no sense. Her balls, both sets of them, were completely bone-dry. It felt as though their refractory period would ultimately be measured in weeks, possibly months. But she knew of a pair nearby which fit that description perfectly.

She looked over her shoulder at the colossal fox-nuts, then at their owner. He stared back, and did his eyes seem to be pleading with her, or was it simply a delusion of her guilt-stricken mind? The sexual frustration her psychic connection conveyed to her seemed powerful enough. Then she realized that the barrier she had put up earlier to protect herself was still in place. Cautiously, she removed it.

The tidal wave of arousal that followed felt as though it could have thrown her across the room. As it was, she staggered to the side - gasping, then hacking and coughing from the accidental inhalation of her own saliva. On her chest, her nipples grew turgid, hardening almost painfully till it seemed as though they could cut glass. Her cocks abruptly launched themselves from their homes, unspooling with incredible speed. But they did not rise, only hung from her torso and tail, apparently determined to serve their mistress but too exhausted to do much more than dangle. Below, her vaginal mounds bloomed in triple time. Their pleasure-buttons burst to the surface and strained outward in an attempt to cover for their brothers' indolence, while a sudden let-down of pussy juice flowed past them as though they were stones in a jungle waterfall.

The world spinning around her, she tried to brace herself against the floor with her two left arms. But the slickness was too great, and she fell sideways into the shallow ocean of her own cum with a sticky *splash*. The impact knocked the breath from her lungs, and for several agonizingly long moments all she could do was lie there, in a seemingly suffocating sea of sexual stimulation, while all her aching fuck-muscles creaked and groaned painfully, re-awakened far too soon.

This was what he felt? It must be driving him near to madness! She struggled upright and waited for the dizziness to fade. Once it had, she looked him square in the eyes.

"Mr. Hazelton," she said slowly, "Blink once for 'yes', twice for 'no'. Are you angry with me?"

Blink Blink.

"Would you like me to... *help* you?"

Bliiiiiiiiiink.

The suggestion of a smile tugged at the corners of her muzzle.

“Then I will oblige.”

She sunk below the stone table and, with torso parallel to the floor, approached the head of Kit’s monstrous manhood, swishing to and fro like a feral snake stalking its prey. She couldn’t resist acting the part and opened her maw wide as though intending to swallow it whole, only instead to give a tantalizing lick with her forked tongue. The fox’s arousal spiked, and she winced in shared discomfort. Enough fooling around; it was long past time for the atonement to commence.

Rising off the floor, she began to circle Kit’s colossal cock in a smooth, serpentine motion. Climbing the fox’s wood like a python ascending a tree trunk, her powerful tail muscles maintained a steady grip as she wound in and out, around and through. Soon, her thick coils engulfed nearly all eight feet of the massive member in a gentle yet firm embrace.

Zalida slowly rose up beside the fox while swaying hypnotically, her mouth curved in a seductive smile. Kit’s arousal spilled into her like it was boiling water sputtering over the rim of an overheated cooking pot, and her lower hands could not resist the siren’s call of her feminine flower. One held her aching, empty balls aloft, long limp cocks hanging off to either side, so that the other could freely slide its fingers in and out of the dripping hole. They teased her engorged, protruding clit, stroking its tiny cleft, her neck jerking subtly in time.

She leaned forward, still pleasuring herself, and wrapped her upper arms around the fox’s neck to pull him into a passionate kiss. As she did, her tail began to flex and shift, thick underbelly scales gliding back and forth across the surface of his white-furred shaft. Kit’s eyes went wide, and a guttural sound came from deep within his throat.

The nagi responded by increasing the speed of her ministrations. She released his lips while her coils undulated, starting at the base of his cock and drifting downward in a cascading rhythm. Over and over her tail stroked him, and each time the procession reached the very bottom, her tail tip would flick across Kit’s bloated glans in silent suggestion. And he was receiving the message loud and clear, as Zalida could sense his building tension. His gaping slit already belched thick gobs of pre-cum, and his swollen balls groaned and sloshed audibly.

Zalida surveyed her handiwork, then looked back at the fox. “It looks like you’re about ready to pop,” she whispered softly in one tufted ear. Kit closed his eyes and made a resonant moan from deep within his barrel-like chest.

“So... ‘pop’.”

And he obeyed. The moan shot up his neck and emerged from his nostrils as a high-pitched whine while his cock shuddered in preparation, the charcoal-black head and its knotty counterpart flaring even larger, the former pushing some of the nagi’s coils aside. Time skidded to a halt, and anticipation stretched across moments that seemed like years to both fox and snake. Zalida grit her teeth, straining while Kit’s balls rumbled and shook, as though filling in for her incapacitated partner.

What happened next was a blur. Upon later contemplation, Zalida couldn’t say for sure whether she had briefly blacked out. But from her perspective the scene around her and all its attendant sights, sounds, and smells seemed to fade away, and in its place rose a beatific vision of the Goddess herself. Her face was a mirror of the stoney effigy, and with both hands she reached out, palms glowing with holy light, to lay them gently upon the nagi’s forehead. The explosion

of divine radiance that followed filled Zalida to bursting, flung her senses bodily through the pitiful barriers of mortal experience and deep into distant, unimaginable realms. She felt her mouth open, but any sound it could make was but a mere whisper in the void next to the godly rapture running through her.

Seemingly millennia later she returned to the physical plane in a state of deific delirium, her body lying prostrate over the fox's torso. A sound like rushing river rapids echoed through her eardrums, and the air was pregnant with the thick tang of fresh pearl jam. The sensations became less of a continuous, fervent benediction and instead a more earthly series of discrete climaxes and lulls. As she pulled it upright, her body began to jerk with each pleased oscillation, enormous bare breasts jiggling obscenely while her mildly tumescent cocks attempted exhaustedly to compete.

Before her was an expanse of white, the wall on the far end of the chamber coated from top to bottom with thick layers of jism. Almost every second a fresh gout struck, and it flowed like momentary waterfalls down into the pool below. That in turn produced a white, watery cataract of its own onto the rising orgasmic ocean that had taken the place of the cobblestone floor. Her bleary eyes cleared, and in the foreground she saw the cornucopia responsible for all this new bounty, its thick white neck heaving as the ink-hued crown sprayed its hybrid payload with the force of a volcanic geyser.

She stared in awe once again. Her lower hands wrapped around her cocks and rubbed their half-flaccid lengths between her forefingers. They were huge, yes, but still absolutely paled in comparison to the phallic leviathan in front of her. Even though she had four, all of them together could not match this monster's output.

A sense of inferiority threatened to settle over her, until she remembered her part in this incredible display. She looked down at the massive white orbs that were the fox's balls. Their size was slowly dwindling as they expressed their contents, but their still-incredible girth was because they were full not only of Kit's seed, but *hers* as well. She flicked out her tongue to get a better taste of the chamber's musky aroma, and could swear she discerned two distinct scents, his and hers, frantically twisting and grinding over one another, locked in a frenzied, invisible orgy.

The smells inspired her to contemplate her ongoing orgasms which, while intense, still came to her second hand. The joint experience was exhilarating, but she desired something *more*, something unequivocally her own. Her male parts could not provide it, so she instead leaned forward and shoved the fox's muzzle into her gaping, engorged pussy, inadvertently teabagging him in the process.

Her protruding clit buzzed happily, and her tongue lolled out the side of her mouth in euphoric bliss. The motion caused her breasts to sway, and now she noticed their pull on her chest seemed heavier than before. She looked down, cupping them in her upper hands, and found that yes, they were larger, several cupsizes so in fact. Almost as large as her head, the one on her shoulders anyway. Enough that her wardrobe would need significant updates if the change stuck.

It wasn't clear why this had happened. Maybe it was another of Kadea's gifts. Or maybe her body, overwhelmed by the copulative chaos all around it, had triggered a hormonal surge in expectation of soon-to-be offspring. All she knew was that they felt wonderful in her hands, so full and heavy, and she soon was frantically mashing them, kneading them, tweaking their now thumb-sized nipples as her hips thrust the vulpine mandible in and out of her hungry twat. Small jets of snake-milk began to squirt forth, which only drove her to greater heights of pleasure.

Then she felt a raspy texture on her inner walls, and her back arched as she let out a rhapsodic shriek. The sensations continued, and Zalida could do nothing more than gasp while orgasm after feminine orgasm rocketed through her body. The manacles started to creak and rattle, and a deep moaning came from below, accompanied by slurps and licks. Suddenly, her pelvic thrusts had assistance, which she gratefully accepted.

And the fantastical fornication continued, both participants now fully and utterly involved. Soon, however, the inevitable occurred. Kit's ejaculations fell in intensity and volume, while Zalida's pleasure-button started to feel more irritated than stimulated. Gradually, the two partners coasted to a halt; Kit's knot diminished, while his titanic manhood slowly deflated. Once the last rivulets of combined cum drizzled from the fox's gaping cockhead, Zalida collapsed across his broad chest, the remnants of her milk squirting into his pectoral fur. The pair lay there for a while, the nagi rising up and down as Kit's barrel-chest heaved with heavy panting.

He was the first to speak.

"That... that was..."

"I know," Zalida sighed. "Incredible. The best I've ever had... no, that *anyone* has *ever* had."

"I believe you," Kit said with an exhausted smile. "A scholar like you probably knows her history."

Several minutes passed before Kit broke the silence again.

"I need to say this... thank you," he said, looking Zalida in the eyes with steely sincerity. "From the bottom of my heart, thank you. For everything. Saving me, changing me, fucking me. All of it. You're amazing."

Zalida sighed again, this time with chagrin. "I appreciate the sentiment, but let's not be too hasty," she mumbled. "I failed several times over; my will, my *judgment* should have been stronger. It is either luck or divine providence, most likely both, to thank for the fact that we are both still alive and mostly uncorrupted."

"I don't care; I don't give a flying fuck," Kit returned insistently. "*Thank you.*"

She grimaced. "I will accept your thanks, albeit under protest. Anyway, I've left you with a mobility problem, haven't I? Your new physique may be able to compensate somewhat, but getting around will still be... challenging."

"I think I'll be able to walk at least," Kit said, looking down at his balls. They had shrunk with the clearing of the nagi's backup, and were now the same size they had been after their initial growth - that of two prize-winning watermelons. "If you'll let me out of these cuffs."

Zalida shot upright with a start, her enlarged bust jiggling up and down. "Of course!" she blurted. She looked around at the massive foot-deep ocean of cum that surrounded the table. "I just need to... find the keys."

Kit made a light chuckle, and smiled. "No worries," he said. Languidly he rolled his

muscular shoulders, enormous traps flexing powerfully beneath his fur. He rocked his head back and forth, noting the extra weight his horns added. “Hmm. I kinda feel like a nap anyhow.”

Zalida let herself smile back at him. “You deserve it. And don’t worry. I have the demon trapped, so now I can study its magic. I *will* fix this, I swear it on the skins of my ancestors.”

“I know you will,” Kit said. “You’re the Queen of Potions, after all.”

He looked wistfully at his colossal cock, once a mere three inches; now a five-foot behemoth in its flaccid state.

“But...” he added, “there’s no hurry, right?”

The snake-mage stopped for a moment. She smirked, and reached out to give his knot a tender caress.

“No. No hurry at all.”

THE END...?