

## **“Please Sign on the Dotted Line”**

*By Zaftig Industries*

*CW: Weight gain, mild brainwashing, micro-fetish, mild ahogao, size difference, mild gas, “fucksleeve” kink, slob*

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My office was humble, just a quiet room stashed away on the Third Circle of Hell. It didn't have many perks--just a standing desk, my yoga ball, and a single window. The view from the window was enjoyable, but I seldom found myself gazing out of it onto the sinners trapped in gluttonous depths of the Third Circle.

As an incubus, I had far too much on my schedule anyway--there was no time for messing around. Our numbers were down again; Hell needed more sinners. And given that I worked in the Circle of Gluttony, I had a very specific type of sinner in mind.

The job paid well, but I didn't do it for the money. A lot of Incubi were jaded and burnt-out these days, after an eternity of seduction... but not me. No, I woke up every day with a spring in my step and a gleam in my eye.

You see, if you work here long enough and hard enough, Hell rewards your commitment. Not only do you get an Employee of the Month plaque, for good performance (I had several, which were currently gathering dust on a shelf on my office wall) you also got a slice of Hell for yourself, a little playground where your Incubus desires could run rampant.

And I had just earned my slice of incubus paradise--the imps had put the finishing touches on it last night. It was referred to as a “Sinner's Garden,” a place of dark depravity and filthy excess, where I could showcase my “trophy” sinners to visitors and have my way with them. Currently it was empty, but I aimed to change that.

I had big plans, for my Garden.

Too many Incubi are short-sighted these days, in their quest for sinners. Take the basic sin of Lust, for example--if you shapeshift into the right form and answer every summon request that comes through your arcane circle, you can roll up a hundred MILFs in the space of a week. But going for numbers, punching the clock? That's an amateur's game. Where was the *art* in that? Where was the thrill?

I didn't want to fill my Sinner's Garden with two-bit sinners. I wanted the real heavy hitters, the *true* sinners, the ones who plunged into temptations with the force of a falling

meteorite. Other Incubi tended to laugh at my work ethic: the Circle of Gluttony, they said, could never reach the sin levels of other Circles. There simply wasn't enough mileage in the sin of over-indulging, not enough room for creativity.

But I was going to prove them wrong. I'd show them "creativity."

My current "sin territory" was the dimension of Acacia, a bustling metropolitan world of monster-folk and humans. They'd achieved a tenuous balance in their world after merging the mythic and the mundane, but with peace comes boredom. And with boredom... comes temptation.

I was a part of that temptation. The spell used to summon me had been carefully distributed by warlocks throughout the planes, and already I'd gotten a few summon requests. But the one that popped up on my phone today was unique.

"Let's see, the summoner is... A pixie?"

I stroked my chin, trying to figure out the right form to take. My true form--a red-skinned demon in office-casual wear, with goat horns and hooves--was hardly appropriate for a summoner like this. I had actually never worked with a Pixie before, and I wasn't sure what she was looking for. The app only gave me her name, "Sylph Brightbulb," and her summoning location.

Ah, well. There was no point in delaying--when it comes to summons, you've got to strike while the iron is hot, before the summoner loses their nerve. I cleared my throat, mumbled a spell to shrink me down to Pixie size, and answered the call.

Infernal magic swept me upwards through the planes, countless realities whooshing past. I arrived in a spacious, well-lit room, filled with guttering red candles--and with a tiny, pixie-sized bed in the corner. Someone's bedroom. Well, that wasn't too unusual.

Two things stood out to me immediately. One, the summoning circle was flawless. First-time summoners will often mess up a rune, or forget to finish a chalk line. This is how you get the opportunity to possess an amateur summoner--a fast-track into sin where you can just ride around in their head. I find possession to be a bit sleazy, personally, but to each their own.

The second thing that stood out was, the room was *covered* in pop-idol garbage. And I do mean, covered. The wall was papered with posters of idols, from various nations and of various species: bubblegum-pop singers, Japanese idols with their schoolgirl uniforms, that kind of thing. So, this world had a version of Japan--that was useful to know.

The pixie was sitting on a chair in front of my summoning circle. In my current form, I was about twelve inches tall, and it was clear I'd overshot the mark. She was barely eight inches, a cute little slip of a thing with blonde hair in a bob-cut, wearing the same sort of

schoolgirl uniform I'd seen on the posters. She was sitting in a tiny chair, cross-legged, gazing at me eagerly.

Odd, but not the most unusual summoner I'd ever had. I cleared my throat, spread my bat-like wings--that always makes a bit of a statement--and allowed my disproportionately loud and deep voice to spread throughout her room.

***"Who dares summon Siaccus, the Incubus of Indulgence?"*** Speak, summoner, so that I might know thy dark desires..."

Usually, there's a back-and-forth at this point: a war of wills between the summoner and the incubus, until a deal is reached, an agreement of service. Typically the service is plain old sex--most summoners of Incubi aren't really evil, just lonely and looking for some intimacy. But the look in this pixie's eyes told me I was about to get more than just the usual roll in the hay.

"Hi," she said meekly. "My name's Sylph, and, uh... Aren't you supposed to be bigger?"

I looked myself up and down. I'd taken the form of a handsome male Pixie with devil-horns (you have to keep *some* parts of the presentation, otherwise it's no fun for the summoner) and a long, lashing red tail. I coughed awkwardly, puffing out my chest.

"I can be any size thou wishest, madame..."

She giggled, fluttering off the chair and hovering near the edge of the circle. Her wings were glimmering and diaphanous, like a dragonfly's, leaving a trail of pixie-dust behind them as she flew.

"Ooh, you talk old-timey, too. I *love* it, so retro! So can you like... Get bigger for me? Please? Like, regular human or Elf size?"

I shrugged. Why not? She didn't seem interested in the usual test of wills--maybe it was best to get down to business, and figure out what she wanted.

A simple flex of my will, and I had reverted to my usual shape. Six feet and change of demonic hunk in a tight-fitting suit--although I could have shape-shifted the muscles to absurd levels, I preferred to hone them myself with a home gym, back in Hell. Gives me that flavor of authenticity. Fit, but not *absurdly* fit. Unless the client wants that, of course.

Now I was towering over her, a giant compared to her eight-inch form. She clapped her hands, grinning with delight.

***"Perfect!"*** Ooh yes, you'll do nicely. Um... So, is this the part where I tell you what I want? Or do we need to do like, an agreement first?"

I smiled. She might be an amateur summoner, but her enthusiasm and skill were clear--this woman had spent a lot of time getting the summoning process right, and she was *raring* to go. Incubi had an excellent sense of smell, and this little cutie was oozing Pixie pheromones, so eager to mate that she was practically vibrating.

All the same, she seemed a bit nervous, fluttering back and forth anxiously. I decided to get the “legalese” out of the way quickly, to put her at ease... and to enact the first step of my plan. Because with Hell, there’s always a catch.

Many Incubi working in the Circle of Gluttony preferred to advertise themselves as personal chefs, insinuating themselves into their clients’ lives, making themselves essential. Slowly tempting them into indulgence bite by bite, some of them are willing to wait for *years* for their targets to fall to gluttony. I preferred a different method--one that was unconventional, yet effective.

“Very well... Let us make a pact, as in times of old.”

With a theatrical *whoosh* of flame, I summoned my demon contract. The pages swirled around me before settling on the floor, bound together with a personalized binder clip. The clip was a bit tacky, sure, but I had a thing for personal stationery.

“Read at your leisure, dear summoner, and tell me if you find these terms to be agreeable...”

Back in my early days, I’d made the rookie mistake of trying to make the longest contract possible, thinking myself a genius like Mephistopheles. But in truth, it’s not about the length of the contract... It’s about the *content* of it, the things you slip into the margins.

Most Gluttony Incubi focus on terms of service--they want to spend years feeding up their clients, after all, inflaming the sin of indulgence to its highest levels. My focus was on caveats, instead. Little catch-twenty-two’s and hidden meanings buried in jargon, that would lead to the sinner’s downfall. It hadn’t failed me yet...

“Hmm... Is that it? I thought it would be longer...”

She flipped through the contract, her large eyes flicking over the paper. She seemed clever, and for a moment, I thought she might catch the meaning of the devilish legalese in those pages.

*“Summoner understands that Incubus reproductive fluids are magical, and may have unexpected effects, generally excluding pregnancy unless Summoner states otherwise... Blah, blah, blah... Incubus agrees to serve Summoner for no less than three hours, cuddling and after-care included... Summoner understands and consents to the risk of ingesting Incubus bodily fluids, including but not limited to... addiction, appetite increase, hyper-focus on erotic*

*subjects, potential weight gain, intellect loss...* Yadda, yadda, yadda. This isn't what I expected, I thought there would be more... Soul stuff, you know?"

I tried not to smirk. Mortals were always so worried about signing over their souls. Truth was, we'd ditched that part of the contract ages ago. If you could get the summoner to indulge in enough sin, their soul was consigned to a circle of Hell regardless of any soul contract. Why make a big fuss out of trying to snag it, when the mortal would usually end up giving it to us of their own free will?

"The contract does not require your soul, no."

"Oh, cool. Because like, I'm pretty sure my fans would notice if my soul was gone. You know?"

She nodded at the wall, and I saw rather belatedly that some of the posters were actually posters of *her*, all done up in Idol gear and singing her heart out on-stage. Pretty impressive billing, too--she'd apparently gotten a full stadium gig, a few times.

Unexpectedly, I found myself rather liking this pixie. She was a hustler, just like I was, selling her fans a version of herself. In a way, I did the same thing... although *my* clients got to see past the performer facade, eventually. Though by that point, it was usually too late for them to change course. Once they were mine, they were *truly* mine, in body and soul.

As little Sylph would soon find out.

She skimmed the contract a few more times, then signed it. With a burst of magical flame, the deal was secured: my terms and conditions had been accepted. Now came the fun part.

The chalk circle was washed away by flame--it always disappeared as part of the contract--and I stepped towards Sylph, pulling off my suit-jacket.

"Well, my dear... How do you want me?"

I have to admit, I was ad-libbing a bit. The logistics of making love to a Pixie, while I was regular Incubus-sized, were daunting. I could always shapeshift my tongue, of course, and the Lecherous Tentacles spell was usually hit. But from the slightly manic look on her face, I could tell that she wanted something a bit... weirder.

"So, uh... For the longest time, I've had this fantasy about my bigger fans, Orcs and minotaurs and stuff... where they use me..."

"Use you, how?"

I waited patiently as she worked up the courage. It was hard for clients, sometimes, to express their desires--the mortal world was so repressive and stifling.

"Use me... as... as a cocksleeve..."

"I'm sorry, I didn't hear..."

"A cocksleeve." She was blushing bright-red. "I have an elasticity spell that I bought, and I want you to cast it on me and use me as... as a fleshlight. You have to do what I want, right? That's p-part of the contract..."

I blinked. This was *several* degrees weirder than I'd expected, but I liked her moxie. Few summoners had this level of ambition, and it was refreshing to get a real challenge from a summoner, for a change.

"Very well... May I see the spell scroll?"

She handed it over.

"Transmutation school... Nice. This is well-crafted, Sylph. I think it will serve our purposes quite well. Although I'll need a bigger bed to work with... One moment."

It was the work of an instant to summon a comfortable king-size bed. As I did so, I reflected on the size of her room--it was much too big for a Pixie, and there was very little furniture. She was clearly wealthy--did she do summonings often, in here?

Once the bed was summoned, I stripped down for her, moving nice and slow so she could salivate over me a little. Most clients need a little work to get them aroused, but not Sylph--she was clearly raring to go, buzzing around me and squirming in midair.

"Oh, you're so *big*... Ohmygosh, this is going to be wild..."

She wasn't wrong. Incubi are well-endowed by nature, and with a little shapeshifting, we can be even more so. But there was no need for shape-changing her. Given her size, nine inches of demon cock was more than enough for her... especially given the width of my "equipment."

Her clothes fluttered to the floor as she stripped down. Her idol top got caught on her wings, and I had to help her out as she thrashed, seemingly too horny to remain coordinated. As soon as she was nude--she had a tight, lithe little body, with soft plump breasts--the little Pixie dive-bombed my cock, wrapping herself around it.

"Mmf it's so *huge*, exactly like I imagined it... Cast the spell, do it!!"

“Easy there, little one. Is this your first time with a lover my size?”

“Y-yes...”

“Okay. We’re going to take it slow, then. I don’t want to hurt you—even with the Elasticity spell active, it might be *impractical* for me to try and, um, fully insert myself. Okay?”

“Uh huh...” She was barely listening, fawning over my cock like it was some kind of religious obelisk. “Sure, whatever, just... Fuck me, now. P-please.”

“As you wish.”

My default style was professional, but I could feel my incubus lust rising within me--the mating-fever, the desire to plunge into a lover, to fill them up with my seed.

*Be careful what you wish for, little pixie, I thought with a smile. You might get more than you bargained for...*

I murmured the words written on the old vellum parchment, and the scroll disintegrated, the magic releasing into the air. A soft glow suffused Sylph for a moment, and then faded. Experimentally, she pulled on one of her arms... and it stretched like taffy, before snapping back into place.

“Ooh, it feels weird! All tingly. And my body feels... Soft, like a stress toy...”

Gently picking her up, I placed her in my palm. She did indeed feel softer, and when I pinched her buttocks, they were soft and malleable. Although that might not have been the result of the magic--she was a juicy little thing, with good hips on her.

“Let me lube up, and we can begin...”

She nodded frantically, eyes wide.

I licked my hand--Incubus saliva is a natural lubricant--and slathered my cock with spit until it was gleaming in the candlelight.

“Alright... Fingers first, just to test your limits. Lay back for me...”

Trembling with evident need, she laid on her back atop my palm, spreading her legs. I probed the fuzzy mound between her legs with one finger, and once the moaning and lip-biting started, I gently nudged the end of my index finger between her pussylips...

“Oooh, yes...”

To my surprise, I wasn't going fast enough for her--when she felt the tip entering, she grabbed my finger and shoved it in deeper. The elasticity spell worked fine, her body giving way like she was made of soft, warm rubber, and I found myself knuckle-deep inside her. Her bones, inner organs and flesh had become compressible, flexible, and seemed completely unharmed by my jumbo-sized fingering work.

She was gasping with delight, eyes distant, clearly living out a fantasy she'd been carrying for a long time. Clearly she would have made an excellent prize for a Lust Incubus--she was loaded with sin. But she could always use a little more...

"Is that... All you... Got? Gimme two fingers... *Mmmf...*"

"Saucy little thing, aren't you? My pleasure..."

Impressed, I licked my middle finger and slid that inside her as well. She was *visibly* stretched now, her stomach bulging with the imprint of my digits. Her womanhood had elasticized impossibly wide to accommodate me, but she didn't look to be in discomfort--quite the opposite, in fact.

"Mmmfuck yes... Another! Gimme another finger!"

This time, I hesitated. Clients were often over-eager for the decadent pleasures of an Incubus, and it was important to make sure they didn't hurt themselves. An injured client, of course, can't sin properly... not to mention the paperwork involved.

"Are you sure?"

She locked eyes with me, and in those cute little pupils I saw a lust I hadn't seen from a client in a long time.

"Do it, Siaccus. I want it... I **NEED** it. More!!"

I obeyed, and now she was speared on three of my fingers, her legs twitching, eyes glazed, grining herself on my knuckles like I was some sort of oversized sex-toy.

"Good... So good..."

It was time for my favorite part of the job. By far, my favorite moment is bringing clients to what *they* think is the "height" of pleasure... And then showing them even more. And more, and more, until their poor mortal brains are overloaded and they turn into rutting, whimpering animals right in front of me.

Impaled as she was on my hand, it was easy to raise her to my lips and start licking her distended pussylips with my oversized tongue. The tongue of an Incubus is one of the most



sensitive organs in the multiverse--it can feel every tiny shiver, every pulse of a clitoris or twitch of a cock. It can also buzz erotically by the use of certain enchanted muscles, making it a prehensile, shape-shifting vibrator appendage.

I turned on "vibration mode," as it were, and gently teased Sylph's engorged clit. She didn't take long to climax; she was already on the edge, and a few minutes of careful teasing produced the groaning, toe-curling orgasm I was looking for.

I slowly pulled my fingers out and gave her a moment to recover, her sweaty little body spasming with post-coital bliss.

But as soon as she could speak, she was back on the same subject as before.

"Cock. Want... Cock..."

Usually it takes a few hours to reduce clients down to this kind of single-word "sex language." Sylph had reached it in only a few minutes--very impressive. She was so ravenous with lust that despite her small size, I was genuinely surprised no one else had put her in a Sinner's Garden yet. She seemed almost born for it.

"Alright, little slut... You ask for it, you get it..."

Lifting her by her stretchable arms, I set her atop my cock. The wetness of her fairy loins touching the tip of my shaft made me harder than ever, and I had to restrain myself from subconsciously shape-shifting. It's a bad habit of mine: when I get too excited, sometimes I forget to hold my shape, and then my shaft goes from "big" to "writhing mass of dick-tentacles" real fast. Fortunately, this time I was able to contain my surging desires.

As soon as she was on top of my shaft--before we'd even begun to try insertion--Sylph was grinding on my tip, humping me like a pint-sized nymphomaniac. I gripped each of her legs and spread them.

"Just tell me if you feel any discomfort, okay?"

She nodded, eyes glassy.

"Need it. P-please. Make me your *cocksleeve*... D-do it..."

I shook my head in amazement. If I didn't know better, I might have sworn she had some Succubus blood in her.

"Alright. Here we go..."

I gripped her tiny legs and pulled downward, as slowly as I could--I didn't want to rush this.

She moaned as her enchanted, flexible body bulged outward... her cheeks, hips, and womanhood all expanding like she was made of condom latex. It was, truth be told, a bit grotesque. But it was what the client wanted. Besides, she had already done most of my work for me--she would be an easy "catch" if she was *this* fixated on demon cock after just a few minutes.

I watched her closely for signs of concern, fear or pain. But instead she just threw her head back, mouth hanging open in bliss, as I continued to tug her down my shaft until she was impaled on the tip, her bottom half comically stretched. Wordless erotic babble came from her mouth as she started pinching her own nipples, mumbling something unintelligible around the squeaks and squeals of pleasure.

And then I gripped her--like a fleshlight, just like she'd asked--and began to fuck her in earnest. And the tiny pixie lost her mind with delight.

"You like that, you little slut? Being used like a sex toy, like a worthless cum-dump?"

"Yessmmmmff... yrrshh... *huff, huff*... M-more..."

I didn't fully insert myself--in fact, truth be told, I'd shapeshifted my cock a bit slimmer than usual to ensure it wasn't too difficult to fuck her. She didn't seem to care. She could take about half my length before my tip bumped up against something firm--probably her rib-cage. I kept myself at a maximum of half-inserted, and rubbed her elastic form up and down on my shaft. I pinched a bit of her hair and pulled her head back an inch or so, just for fun. Hair-pulling has always been a favorite of mine.

I'm not sure how many times she came, limply riding my cock with drool trickling out of the corner of her mouth. But after a while, I felt a powerful heat building at the end of my shaft.

"By the way," I said, leaning over to whisper in her ear, "part of our contract says, I get to cum in you as much as I like. *Hope you don't mind...*"

From her nodding and affirmative babbling, I took it that she didn't mind at all.

The heat grew stronger, and I felt release building, deep in my sack. There was no chance of pregnancy--we have a strict no-child policy in the Third Circle, unless the client requests it--but Sylph was a lot *smaller* than my usual clients. A lot less room for demon-spunk, in that little body.

Caught in the heat of the moment, I didn't give a damn.

When I climaxed, it had the effect of tying a small, limp water-balloon to a running hose. Hellish semen gushed from my shaft and into the Pixie's enchanted body, and she immediately started to swell, her belly inflating, spunk dribbling out of the cock-jammed wetness of her cunt.

"Yesyesyes--mmffuuuck..."

Her cries of delight were soon reduced to soft, rhythmic whimpers as I finished dumping my load inside her. Her stomach was so massively distended that she did indeed resemble a pink water-balloon, her womb and skin stretched and taut.

After the last dribble of cum spurted into her, I carefully removed her from my cock. Her elastic pussy shrank down to "normal" size again, but not before a hot glob of jizz splattered onto the bedsheets. I laid her on one of the pillows and flopped down beside her, just watching her.

She was speechless. Her eyes had the faraway look of someone whose brain is, quite simply, Not At Home. She was immobilized by her massive gut, a swollen ball of semen-loaded flesh that pinned her to the pillow, laying on her side. She was soaked in sweat and glittering Pixie dust, and breathing heavily. Which I understood--she'd been through a lot.

It was impossible to give her decent after-care with the size difference between us, so I shape-shifted and shrank down to Pixie size, retaining my horns and tail. At this size, she looked even more beautiful--a glittery sphere of semen-stuffed femininity, with arms and legs attached. I reached my arms around her torso and cuddled her, ready to whisper into her ear what a good girl she was.

Then she said it.

"Can we... Do it... Again?"

My jaw dropped, and I couldn't help but laugh. Slapping her ass, I watched the impact travel up into her stomach, which sloshed with spunk.

"I think you might need a break, before we try again. You've done some hard work... and not to mention, there's some contractual stuff we should cover..."

A soft, red glow pulsed in her stomach. Ah, yes--there it was. The hidden catch of my contract, the "gotcha" clause. My semen wasn't just an addictive aphrodesiac... it also had the ability to *enhance* my partner's curves. So to speak.

Slyph's stomach shrank by a few inches, and as it did, the rest of her body grew. Her rear end swelled, rounding out into a pleasing Pixie badonkadonk, and her arms and legs softened, going from toned to chubby. Her delicate, heart-shaped face grew rounder and

plumper, developing a double chin, and her bosom swelled from modest B-cups to hefty, jiggly D-cup udders. She was, understandably, a little surprised.

“Woah! Siaccus, what the *hell*?”

I pulled back, shrugging.

“It was in the contract, my dear... ‘A visual representation of your indulgence shall be deposited on your mortal frame’ and so on, and so forth. Didn’t you read it?”

She frowned, poking at her newfound breasts, cupping them and squeezing them together.

“W-well yeah, but I thought that part was... Metaphorical, or something...”

“No such thing as metaphor, when dealing with Hell. We’re quite literal, down there.”

“I can see that *now*, yes...”

She pursed her lips in a pout, rolling over to look at me--a difficult task, with her belly still swollen with my cum.

“So it’s not my soul that I signed away, it’s my... Waistline?”

I nodded, patting her bulging belly.

“Quite so. The swelling will go down once my seed dissolves back into the Infernal Planes, but your extra... Assets, will remain. I have to say, I’ve never seen the cost extracted like this before--usually the client has to *drink* my seed, for it to work properly.”

I saw it before she could catch herself--her tiny, delicate tongue running over her bottom lips. The magic of my ejaculation had already begun to affect her: she clearly relished the idea of guzzling my jizz. Although with a woman like Sylph, maybe it was just her natural inclinations, rather than my corrupting magic at play.

She sighed, snuggling up to me. She was still frowning, puzzling over the mechanics of it. The implications.

“And this... happens every time we fuck?”

“Most times, yes. Even more so, if we eat rich foods or drink wine, during the act.”

“Dammit. So, if I summon you again, and we do this again...”

“You will grow once more, yes.”

She sighed.

“Crap. Now I see why people warned me against summoning an Incubus. There’s always a price for a good time...”

I nodded. It was true--we were required by Hell to deliver “punishment” for sins, whether it was the theft of a soul, or more... unusual means, like mine. Frankly, my methods were pretty tame, compared to the depravity of other Incubi.

“Now that you know the cost, it’s your decision whether to summon me again. I hope you... Had a good time, at least?”

She locked eyes with me, and I saw behind her annoyance and frustration, the same thing I always saw with first-time summoners: the desire to take another step further, into temptation. That inevitable, creeping obsession with pushing the boundaries, finding out what *other* pleasures were possible...

“Of course I did. I have never, *never* been fucked like that. It was...” She shivered. “I lost myself a little, there, near the end. I’ve never felt anything like that before.”

“That would be the pleasure-enhancing effects of Incubus semen, yes. It can even be psychoactive, in large amounts.” I winked at her. “‘Indulge responsibly,’ as they say.”

She shoved my shoulder, smirking.

“‘Responsibly,’ my ass. I don’t think I’ll ever be ‘responsible’ again, not with your summoning spell in my pocket. But I can’t keep doing this--I’ll lose my good looks. Not to mention my idol career.”

I cupped one of her plump cheeks in my hand, kissing it.

“You look just fine to *me*. And if you ever get a little too heavy for the stage, we also have a ‘vacation package.’ Something called a Sinner’s Garden, where you can indulge as much as you like. We can even send an Imp to impersonate you, while you’re gone... Just something to think about.”

She nodded slowly, gazing rapturously at my cock, which even now was beginning to stiffen again.

“Something to think about... Yeah.”

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### ***Several months later...***

It never fails. Once they get a taste, mortals always want more--and Sylph's resistance to pleasure was pretty low, to begin with. It took less than a week for her to summon me again, consequences be damned, and I showed her new heights of pleasure as a reward for her continued patronage. Before long, she was summoning me every night... and the effects of demonic seed had made her much too large for her usual job.

She gladly accepted the offer of a 'vacation package,' and I whisked her off to the Sinner's Garden. It was a lovely little pocket dimension, almost a mansion of sorts, packed with decadent delights. I even prepared it for her arrival, summoning Pixie-sized furniture and providing a "narcissist room" where she could watch streams of her old performances.

As it turned out, the furniture didn't last long.

Opening the door that linked my office and the Sinner's Garden, I stepped through it, checking the latest report from Sylph's *doppelganger* Imp, as I did so. She was an ambitious imp named Scrollis, and she was doing her job admirably--ticket sales to Sylph's idol shows had increased, and no one had remarked on the idol's new, reclusive behavior. Like most performers, Sylph hadn't had much contact with her family and friends due to the demands of her job... and thus, no one had yet noticed the swap-out. It was a flawless replacement, a perfect "sinner harvest." Now Sylph was free to indulge in whatever she wanted, in the depths of my Garden.

Descending the marble staircase into the grand hall of the Garden, decadent erotic statues all around me, my eyes fell on a long feasting table. At the end was Sylph, sitting in a miniature golden throne, looking a lot more "well-fed" than usual.

With her growing size had come a growing appetite, and Earthly foods no longer satisfied her. No amount of eating on the mortal planes would sate her--only Hellish food could soothe her ravenous appetite now, and only Hellish cock could calm her endless lust. In her brief time in the Garden, she'd grown into a greedy, whorish little creature, a spoiled brat whose obsession with pleasure knew no bounds.

In other words, a perfect specimen for my harem.

*"Imps! More chocolate!"*

Nude, wide-hipped imp girls with tiny horns scrambled to obey their queen, carrying tureens of melted chocolate *fondue* and bowls of caramels, chocolate malt-balls, and assorted candy towards the throne.

Despite her rapid Pixie metabolism, my fairy paramour had grown morbidly obese during her time in the Garden. A combination of ingesting Incubus seed, plus her own rapacious appetite for sweets, had turned her into a porky obscenity, a mockery of her old self. Much too fat to eat on her own, the watermelon-sized blob of fairy-flesh simply allowed herself to be fed by the imps, issuing demands or scoldings whenever they fed her too slowly.

“Mmf, more... **GLRPH**, more fondue.. Yesssh, mmm, sh’good... **BRALLCH.**”

She saw me approaching the feast table, and wiggled one fat-laden arm at me, her nude and chocolate-splattered body jiggling.

“Siaccus! Yer back. Tha’sh good, I need more **HURRP**, more cock.”

I smiled, sitting down next to her in a spun-silver chair, and prodding her swollen belly.

“How very romantic of you. Which holes would you like me to fill with cock, today?”

She puzzled over this, her fat-swollen face pensive. Finally, she hiccuped and raised a triumphant finger.

“Gonna go with... **HORrrP**, all of ‘em. I’m horny as *fuck* today, I need you to just... Violate me, okay? Leave no hole un-plowed! **URP.**”

“As you wish, my Summoner...”

I disrobed and gave my cock a few strokes, allowing it to swell to its full girth. As I had done dozens of times, I cast the Elasticity spell on Sylph, enabling me to hammer her insides with complete impunity.

She was ready. More than ready, she was salivating for it. Her eyes were transfixed on my shaft, her fat, greedy face suffused with lust. She stretched out a pair of bloated, blubber-laden arms, her wings working frantically as she tried to hover over to me.

She was far too fat to fly, of course. Too fat to do anything really, except eat and fuck. And that was just how I wanted her.

Sylph was the first client to grace my Garden, but I was certain she wouldn’t be the last. Modern life was boring and dull, to fae and monstrous creatures--they needed novelty. And an Incubus was the ultimate novelty. We could be anything you wanted, indulge any dark pleasure... as long as you agreed to the contract. And if a few of them vanished into the depths of Hell, to join my harem, well, that was the danger of dealing with Incubi. Besides, I would make sure they were well cared for, down here. My former clients would want for nothing.

As she had done many times, Sylph gripped the sides of her mouth and pulled, stretching her lips to accommodate my slick, lubed-up shaft. Splattered as she was with chocolate, sweat and bits of congealed sugar, she was slippery to get ahold of--it was like handling a half-deflated, lard-filled beach ball. But eventually I got my cock into her mouth, and down her greedy throat I went, face-fucking her the same way she had begged me to do over and over, during our many nights of bliss.

Soon another load spurted into her belly, my cock pulsing against the warm wetness of her guts, and her already massive and doughy belly ballooned as my jizz exploded into her once again. Jizzum leaked from her mouth and nose as I dumped nearly a gallon of semen into her, the pixie grunting and gurgling the whole time in enthusiastic joy.

Finally I was done pumping, and pulled out... but as I watched her reach for a chocolate that had fallen between her floppy tits, I grew hard once again. I sighed, tipping her onto her back, her little fat-roll-covered legs spreading as her blubber pooled out onto the table.

“Someone’s hungry today... I’m glad you’ve taken so well to your ‘vacation.’ Would you like me to stuff that horny fairy pussy full of cock, now?”

All she could do was belch in response and nod helplessly, a mixture of chocolate, saliva and semen oozing from the corner of her lips.

Her slit was already soaked when I pulled up her gut and fuzzy FUPA, to part its steamy lips. As I rammed myself home inside her, I grabbed a bottle of wine from next to the chocolate dishes and tipped the neck of it into her mouth, force-feeding her dizzying infernal booze as I fucked her fat, cock-slave cunt. Her eyes rolled back and her limbs went slack, but she continued guzzling instinctively, as I fucked her into a fresh climax.

It was hard down here, being an employee of Hell. Very hard work, long hours. The benefits were minimal.

But I had to admit... I truly loved my job.

**~END~**