

Night of the Pumpkin Eater

by TrebleCleffy

This is an erotic expansion kink story. All characters are 21+. The story contains:

Breast expansion, ass expansion, giantess growth, female-to-male oral sex, female-to-female oral sex, male-to-female penetrative sex, a threesome, bondage, manipulation, betrayal and visitations from Hell.

Please read with care.

Part I

The pumpkins lay on the sloped ground in languorous repose, some bigger than beach balls, others bigger still, chained to the earth with knotty stems, their oblong shadows like grasping fingers in the late afternoon. On the peak of the little dirt hill stood Keith and Ulana's house. Tia took the windy stone path up that slope, a breeze tussling her hair, flanked by twenty feet of disinterested pumpkin spectators on either side, to the front stoop where Ulana was waving to her in the shade of the portico with a tight grin.

And despite her good sense, Tia wondered if Ulana knew.

Ulana took Tia in a sturdy embrace. She was nearly a head taller than Tia. Her body very precisely filled out the vertical seams of a blue denim, knee-length dress. As she had other times, Tia wondered how Keith could desire any woman other than his wife. She had a cool but brilliant radiance, even on a day of no makeup and modest autumnwear. In the late day shade, she glowed like the moon. "Thanks for coming all the way out to the middle of nowhere."

"Oh, I don't mind. It's just forty minutes out of town," said Tia. Which was a lie. The part about not minding.

Ulana threw open the screen door and ushered Tia inside. Before entering, Tia stole a glance at her car. She wanted to be on her way home. It would be dark soon. She followed Ulana through a spacious, carpeted living room, down a short hallway and into a kitchen with an island counter and circular breakfast table. The walls were hung with autumn wreaths and at the center of the table was a dark wicker basket filled with tiny, bone-white pumpkins. "Take a look," said Ulana, circling the table. Through glass doors was a broad view of the back yard. Everywhere: orange pumpkins, rows and rows of them, sitting in the sloped dirt like music festival attendees. They went yards and yards back to a dense wall of coniferous trees. In the city, this single private backyard would have spanned a residential block.

"H-how did you..." Tia tried.

Ulana grinned. "I don't work anymore, remember? I have all the time in the world to grow my pumpkins." After a moment to reflect on the bountifulness of her yard, Ulana wound around the kitchen counter and popped open the fridge door. She motioned to Tia. "Come look."

Inside the fridge were pumpkin mashes in tupperware, toasted pumpkin seeds in ziplocks, foil-topped pies, pitchers of pumpkin smoothie, jars of pumpkin sauces... A few non-pumpkin items dotted the shelves—butter, eggs, celery—but the dominant color was orange.

"Oh, wow," Tia marveled. "You're an artist!" The sauces were flecked with cinnamon and nutmeg, the smoothies tiger-striped with streaks of whipped cream. Tia wanted to say, *I wish I had a husband who pays all the bills so I can be home and do my hobbies*, but instantly

thought better. Considering certain things she knew about Keith, one had to wonder if Ulana's life was really so great. "Is this really all for you and Keith?"

Ulana laughed. "Oh, no! I give a lot of this stuff away. Gifts, potlucks, you know. For Halloween this year, I'll be giving little cups of pumpkin pudding to trick-or-treaters. To the five or six kids who come out this way, I mean."

"That's so great. You're a professional homemaker." Ulana just smiled, face unreadable.

"Anyway, would you like to try a cup?" She drew a cellophane-covered lasagna dish out of the fridge.

"Uh...s-sure."

The lasagna dish had a grid of plastic lemonade cups filled with pale orange pudding, each dotted with a thin layer of brown sugar. Tia received one along with a small spoon. Ulana ushered her to the breakfast table.

Unease pitted Tia's stomach. She had no appetite, but she was resolved to leave Ulana's house with no pretext for suspicion. She was obliged to indulge this sharp-figured homemaker's generosity.

"Would you like tea? Sparkling water?"

"Just water, please?"

Ulana filled a glass from a filter by the sink and said something about the rawness of the tap pipes in this rural area. Tia was too busy staring into the globs of white cream that striped the pale orange surface of the pudding between clumps of sugar.

They reminded her of Keith's jizz, from yesterday in his car. She was hungry then...

"Uhhn...nng...oh god," he grunted, eyes clenched.

They shot out and found Tia, glistening pearl white on her amber skin. She would've automatically blocked them with her hand if her hands weren't tied behind her back. Tia liked it better this way, with no option but to be splattered. She fixed on Keith with a mocking leer, then slowly drew her tongue out, shelved her naked boobs on his bare knees and made sure he was watching as she lapped them up. For a solemn, stone-faced attorney, Keith came apart easily at the hands (and tits) of the office receptionist. It brought Tia a rush of haughty pride, to unearth the libidinal desperation of a man making six times her salary. Of course, this was always followed by a pang of contrition. What, after all, were they thinking? He was married, by his account working hard at making a baby with his wife and, if the rumors were to be believed, in

consideration for a named partnership in the firm this year. Wishing to soothe the pain they both would surely feel only minutes from now, Tia smiled at him. He looked away, glanced out the back window of his BMW at the pebbled parking lot, the late noon shadows of trees that hopefully swallowed their indiscretions from the public eye. There was no truly safe place to do this, but at least here at this time, there were no children at the park, save an infant in a stroller by the sidewalk, who had other concerns.

Keith struggled into his suit pants, never an easy task inside a car, and caught his breath. "Um, by the way, Ulana wants to see you tomorrow."

"See me? About what?"

"Nothing in particular, I think. She's been missing her friends since we moved out of town."

Tia felt a cool, nauseated tingle at the side of her head. She sighed, twisted her bound hands around her side to show Keith. "Can you untie me before we talk about stuff like this?"

Wordlessly, Keith began undoing the ropes.

"I didn't know I was supposed to be her friend. I mean, we hung out a few times at the office parties and stuff, but—"

"Well, she thinks of you like that. She'd really like to see you." Keith seemed to be missing the point. If Tia and Ulana were friends, then their trysts in Keith's car were not just an act of indiscretion on Tia's part, they were a betrayal. The severity of her crime was suddenly deeper.

The ropes came off. Tia rubbed her wrists. "I don't know about this. What if I say something by accident? About us."

Keith took a sharp inhale, then spoke in a way that seemed to cut the breath short, as if interrupting himself. "Tia, just go. It'll be an hour of your time. Then, you can go home. Promise."

Tia stared at the glove compartment between the seats and said nothing.

"Look, it would be really helpful. To me. She's been lonely and on my case about coming home late these last two months. Just, go see her and show her everything's normal at the office. It's all I ask."

"So, I'm covering for you with your wife now?" Tia muttered.

Keith was buttoning up his shirt. He looked out the window at the park, as if that were an answer.

Tia's mouth closed around a spoonful of pudding. Cream clumped against her palette, brown sugar and nutmeg tingled on her tongue. "Mmm." She swallowed. "Oh my god, Ulana. So good." It was. The twist in her stomach began to untwist. Thank god, she wouldn't have to choke this dessert down.

In seemingly no time, she was a third of the way through the cup. "God, are all your pumpkin treats this good?"

Ulana laughed. "Unfortunately, yes. Would you like more? I could send you home with a pie when we're done."

"Oh no, Ulana. You're going to make me so fat!" Tia belted out.

Ulana laughed. "Yes, you'd better watch out around me." With a wink: "I could be your undoing."

Tia, surprised at her own unabashedness, suddenly did feel like she was spending time with a friend. Perhaps she was relieved to have something to do on this visit—eat a cup of pumpkin pudding—rather than just push friendly conversation out through her keyed-up nerves.

Now in the groove, Tia served up small talk about life at the office, recent troubles with her landlord over the plumbing, the credit card debt she had almost finished paying off. Soon enough, her spoon was hitting the bottom of the plastic cup. She was on the last few bites. She slowed down and tried to savor the spiced pumpkin cream rolling between her tongue and teeth.

Tia's cheeks were hot. The rigidness in her limbs was gone; her joints felt loose and pliant. Her laughter came easily. Ulana, who so often had struck Tia as hard and aloof, now graced their conversation with a rhapsodic grin, glowing and infectious. As the autumn sky turned a murky blue through the windows, Tia was surprised to have forgotten, even for just ten minutes, her trysts with Keith. Tia's present company, with Keith's lovely homemaker of a wife, now seemed the more important, the more *real* of her relations. She couldn't have said why.

With a final rake of her spoon across the inner edge of the cup, Tia took the last morsel of pumpkin pudding. Her tongue slid it across her palette. At last, she swallowed.

It was then, without the preoccupation of food to distract her, that Tia noticed her panties were tight and wet. She was hot. She felt oddly confined in her clothes. Her slacks, bra, her olive green pullover sweater, white sleeveless undershirt, office flats, the elastic band that kept her hair up in a half-ponytail...it all seemed too tight, too constricting. The longing to shed an article or two was growing. As Ulana detailed her trials as a novice pumpkin farmer, Tia shifted in her seat and tried to adjust her bra. The edge of her cups dragged against her warmed skin. Strange. It was as if her boobs were too big for it now. She could feel her erect nipples jutting through the material like they were trying to bore a path to the surface of her clothes. She tried

hunching her back to wiggle some room into her bra. Her wet bikini briefs dragged across her vulva. Damn. She was *wet*.

She now smiled, nodded, muttered trite one-liners, letting Ulana fill out most of the conversation by herself. Tia had lost focus, and as the room darkened with the approaching dusk, it was getting weaker.

"So, anyway." Ulana's tone had a conclusive slant. No doubt, she was about to wish Tia a goodnight and send her off. That was probably for the best. Tia wanted nothing but to go home, shed her clothes, spend time with her vibrator, and maybe order a pizza after that.

"I wanted to say," Ulana continued, and Tia noticed that the rhapsodic grin was gone, replaced by wounded eyes, downturned chin. Ulana hesitated. Tia felt a chill.

"I wanted to say, I know you've been fucking my husband."

Oh. So, this was it. The end of the affair. For a second, all Tia could do was take a shallow breath. In a way, it was a relief. No more secrets.

But, these fleeting thoughts couldn't outpace the tears that welled up in Tia's eyes. Her lips trembled, her gaze drifted from Ulana to the tablecloth and back. "Oh, Ulana, I..." No words came. She shook her head in dismay and tried again. "I-I don't know what to say. I'm so sorry. I-I have no excuse..."

Soon enough, she was bawling. She clasped her face in her hands and spluttered out self-recriminations, apologies, anything to make Ulana witness her shame, the shame she'd been holding in for two months.

"Did you enjoy it, though?" muttered Ulana, ruefully.

"Hnng...I-I dunno. Sometimes, I guess. But...but...every day, I had to live with knowing...knowing..." Tia looked up at Ulana, who beheld her with an icy scowl. "With-with knowing it wasn't going to last. He...we...Ulana, we weren't in love, okay? I promise. I promise we weren't. Every time we did it, I-I knew he was going to go back to you."

"Why'd you do it, then?"

"Because..." She choked, swallowed. "Because, I've been single six months and lonely and he...he made me feel good. He gave me the kind of attention I wanted. I was horny, okay? I know it's not an excuse."

A long, wretched silence stretched out. The last remnants of sunset faded outside and the room, lit only by a hallway lamp and a stovetop bulb, otherwise gave way to dusty blues and thick shadows. Tia could barely make out Ulana's impassive face. She could think of nothing

more to say and lay hunched over the table, head down, face buried in her hands. The only sound was her little choked sobs and gasps.

Then, the legs of Ulana's chair scraped across the vinyl floor as she rose. She took away the basket of pumpkins and returned with a candelabra. There was a tiny *fwoosh* and a lighter flame appeared. Tia looked up at the candelabra. It had five spokes, outstretched to an equal distance, forming the corners of a pentagram. One by one, the candles came to life and suffused the kitchen in brown-orange glow.

Ulana took her seat at the table once more. Her face was full and radiant in the shifting firelight. "I really do love candlelight," she said. Her tone was clear and even. It gave no hint of jealousy or spite. Then, she smiled at Tia. It wasn't a particularly friendly smile, but it did seem charitable, in an upperhanded way. Would Ulana allow her to leave her house with at least a shred of dignity? Perhaps...

Ulana continued: "I guess Keith has been a bit stir-crazy out here in the middle of nowhere. He commutes almost an hour to work now. I was the one who really wanted this house. I was tired of streetlights, lamps on peoples' houses, holiday lights on shrubs. I wanted darkness. *Real* darkness, where you can see the stars. And, fire to hold against it. I'm so much more in touch with myself out here. It's what I grew up with. But, it's not Keith's kind of place. He likes to be in the middle of things where lots of people are. It must be hard for him to be stuck out here. But, he agreed to it. He knows I need to be here. Things are just better for both of us this way."

A long, pregnant silence set in and Tia noticed once again how small her clothes felt. Her sweater gripped her with increasing urgency. Her undershirt rode up her midriff, her bra chafed the skin beneath her armpits, her boobs mooshed over her cups. Worse still were Tia's slacks, which now crept up her ankles. Her bikini briefs were so deep in her groins, the skin was sore. Even her shoes seemed small, her feet bending to keep them fastened against her heels.

All this was bad enough, but this silence Tia couldn't stand. Better to grovel, better to beg forgiveness. Better to do anything besides *wait*. "I swear, Ulana, it'll never happen ag—" "

"Don't," said Ulana. Tia's heart skipped. The horrible silence drew out once again, more painful than ever.

Finally, Ulana spoke: "my husband has needs, needs I can't always provide for. I respect that. But, for you to take your clothes off and suck his cock and...all those other things." She shook her head. Was it dismay on Ulana's face? Disgust? Tia's mind buzzed.

Ulana looked at Tia and scooted her chair a few inches in Tia's direction. For reasons Tia herself couldn't surmise, a flush burned in her cheeks. She could barely breathe. As Ulana extended a hand and clasped Tia's right shoulder, her heart slammed her chest. Somehow, Tia knew where this conversation was headed before the words even came out of Ulana's mouth:

"Keith's told me a lot about you. One thing he said really stuck out to me. Do you know what it is?"

"Uh...w-what is it?"

There it was again. That smile. "He said, you don't just like men. Is that true?"

Tia was sweating. She giggled nervously. "Um. Yeah."

Ulana came in closer. Her face was inches from Tia's. That clear skin, those perfectly proportioned, dark lips... Tia watched them, inches away, as they mouthed Ulana's next words:

"I've decided, I don't care what you do with Keith. At the end of the day, he'll always be mine. But...I am a bit jealous. And, I thought: maybe you could make *me* feel a bit better about it?"

Tia tried to speak. Her voice caught on a clumsy throat. "I-uh...I-I..."

"What do you say." Ulana now almost whispered, her throat closing around her voice, adding spice and suggestion to her words. "Do you think I'm a catch, like my husband?"

"Of course!" Tia cried. "You're...!" She gulped. "Y-you're so beautiful!"

Wood whined against vinyl as Ulana's chair scooted as close as she could get it to Tia's. She seized Tia by the shoulders. In a white flash, they were kissing. Then, tonguing. Ulana's dark, wavy hair enveloped Tia. Her legs pressed together. She was wetter than she could remember ever being without a finger, toy or penis to coax it. Her skin was sweaty and moist, her clothes like a snake hide, ready to be shed. A moan came from some deep pit inside Tia and sent a purring vibration through her lips as they sought solace in Ulana's.

It was beyond belief, but somehow real. Tia was *kissing* Keith's wife.

Their hands grasped, clutched handfuls of clothes, caressed each other's faces. Ulana's lips smeared cool vaseline on Tia's. Her tongue was insistent, but unlike Keith's, it was not forceful. It made Tia want to give more of herself, rather than be chased. She pawed at Ulana's denim dress. She wanted to be out of these horrible clothes that somehow no longer fit her. But, to delay satisfaction just a minute more, just one more, was a pleasure in itself.

From across the house came the clicking of a lock, the heave of footsteps on wood floor. Keith was home.

"Wait, wait a minute," said Ulana with a giggle on her breath. The legs of her tipping chair fell back and thumped into the floor. She rose.

In walked the tall, suited figure of Keith, briefcase in hand. He looked at Tia, then Ulana.

"We were just getting started," said Ulana.

Keith's face was eternally impassive, but a strange look played across it for half a second.

"Great," he said.

Ulana turned to Tia. "I hope you don't mind. Keith is going to join us."

Before Tia had a chance to even check in with herself about whether she did indeed mind, she blurted out a hasty: "oh, uh...s-sure."

"Why don't you help her out of those clothes. They're awfully tight on her now."

Out of these clothes now. Yes. Finally! Tia made a desperate face at Keith as he peeled off his blazer, circled the breakfast table and draped it over an unused chair. There were too many feelings to work through in no time at all. Shame, nervousness, relief, joy—they all clustered in the wings, waiting for a chance to fill Tia up—and then dissipate, as feelings sooner or later do. No time. No time for reflection, for comprehension, for the wisdom of disinterest. Whatever was about to happen next, she would be here for it. She *had* to be. She owed it to...to who? To Ulana, for having an affair with her husband? To Keith for seducing him into another woman's arms? To herself, for the poisonous thrill of fucking a married couple, of insinuating herself into the most private corners of their lives?

No. No time to think on all that. Time only to get these stupid clothes off. And, whatever wicked, debased thing came after.

Part II

What followed next was captured in Tia's frenzied mind like a sequence of tableaux. No longer did she occupy a young, married couple's kitchen in the early evening of October. This was a stage. And, each movement of limb or spine, each dramatic transition, each uttered phrase, each moaned or gasped vowel, each horrible, blissful moment: it all seemed wondrously, chillingly, rehearsed. It was as if these events had happened hundreds of times already in her dreams.

And of all things, it was Tia herself who cued the action as she raised her hands out to Keith. Though her purpose in the moment was for Keith to help her out of her sweater, her mental snapshot of the tableau framed it as more of an act of supplication. Or, was she simply begging for a hug? But neither absolution nor hug came. Keith stepped in, gripped her sleeves and pulled the garment off her. As the olive green knitting came free, Tia spotted Ulana by the island counter. She was taking things out of a basket...a pouch of white powder, a clipboard, more candles...

Tia's gaze fell to her chest in her undershirt. Her shock was so forceful, it sent her hand slamming into the breakfast table.

"It's alright, it's alright," said Keith. Tia's chest was taking up all the undershirt's slack to the point that her midriff was fully exposed. The shirt molded around wads of upper boob, surging over her cups. The escaping flesh jiggled. Tia must have been screaming or something because Keith got down on one knee and held her face. "You're gonna be fine," he said. Tia gripped Keith's wrists, looked into his steely, gray eyes—and believed him.

Off came the undershirt. Off came her flats, too. The bra was less cooperative and Tia had to claw her boobs partway out of her cups to give Keith slack enough to unhook it.

Tia's breasts filled her hands. Her brown nipples, full and erect, tightened in the cool air. These were not Tia's C-cups. They were many cup sizes bigger, and so much heavier. As she marveled, Keith undid her half-ponytail and ran a hand across her scalp, sending a curtain of bang flopping over Tia's brow. "My wife is quite the witch, isn't she?"

"She did this." It wasn't a question, because somehow she wasn't surprised. Tia looked across the kitchen at Ulana who was notching yellow candles into old-fashioned brass holders on the counter. She turned back to Keith. "It's the pudding, isn't it?"

But Keith was circling her chair. His face pressed against Tia's shoulder and his arms circled her, meeting at the button of her slacks. Her flush burned in her face as the button came

undone. "If you ask me, you look beautiful." And his voice was so quiet and controlled, Tia knew, even in the company of Keith's own wife, these words were meant for her alone. Oh, *god*. She wanted to fuck them both so badly.

But, Tia's slacks were caught on her thighs. Tia's legs were blimped out, filling each pant leg to skin tightness above the knee. Keith instructed her to stand. Tia watched Ulana measure the kitchen floor beneath the counter with a yardstick, making pencil marks, and for a fleeting second had the wherewithal to wonder what that woman was up to when Keith more or less tore the slacks off her.

Tia looked down at her blown-out body. Her hips were some two—three?—inches wider on either side. Her thighs were thick and meaty and mooshed together at her crotch. Tia glanced down her shoulder and caught a plump round buttock. Her bikini briefs disappeared down her ass cheeks. Keith, still behind her, got down on his knee, hooked his fingers under the waistband...

Rrrrrrrrp.

Tia's underpants split apart. Then, microfiber zipped out between her cheeks with a quick yank.

She was bare-ass naked in someone else's house, her clothes shorn off by a ruthless pair of hands. Tia shuddered. She was wetter than ever now. As Keith ran a hand up and down her right leg, petting and squeezing her buttock, the pulsing sensitivity of orgasm drew in. With an exhale, she warded it off. Keith stood, wrapped his arms around Tia and she sank into him. For a moment, her heart was soothed. Then, she peeked at Ulana, who was setting the candles on the floor in what looked to be a perfectly spaced pentagram. "What're you doing?" she croaked, her voice choked with pleasure.

Ulana looked up at Tia, her mouth a tight line. Then, she resumed her work.

"Just some Wiccan stuff," said Keith. "You don't have to take it seriously."

Somewhere in the back of Tia's mind, it came to her that a woman who could cause her breasts to blow up to the size of grapefruits and fatten her backside and hips perhaps should be taken seriously after all. But too much of all this wrongness felt *right* to take that thought much further. Keith clutched Tia by the shoulders and flipped her around. She stared up into that smooth, sculpted face. Strange. Keith was something like 6'2, giving him almost a foot of height on Tia. Why then did she seem to be eye level with his shoulders, standing barefoot while he was still in his office loafers? But he kissed her and the thought fell away.

He whispered in Tia's ear: "what do you say? Ropes?"

Tia went wide-eyed. Could she ever say no to ropes? Yes, ropes, she nodded.

Keith stepped out of the room and Tia was left to stand naked and watch Ulana undo a rubber band from the plastic pouch and sprinkle the white powder across the floor, first connecting the candles with straight lines so they formed a star, and then connecting them again in an enviously precise circle.

Keith returned, shoeless, tieless and with shirt untucked, coils of nylon rope dangling from a hand.

He sat while Tia stood, her back to him and he wound the rope around one wrist, then the other, binding Tia's hands together in braided loops. Tingles ran up and down Tia's neck. Watching Ulana over there on the floor, lighting incense, looking up at Tia impassively as her husband fussed over her naked body, somehow made it all so much hotter, so much naughtier.

"How's that?"

Tia jostled the ties. They were sturdier than she'd ever remembered.

"Now," he said, "on the floor."

Tia needed Keith's help dropping to her stomach since she had no hand free for leverage. Her boobs squished against the vinyl and crowded her chin as she lay prone. There was so much boob, surging under her shoulders, ribs, arms, Tia dizzily suspected they might have grown still bigger.

With her right cheek pressed into the floor and Keith binding a second rope to her ankles, Tia cast an upward gaze across the floor, candlelight pulsing yellow flares in the vinyl's shiny reflection, and beheld Ulana, sitting on bent legs, denim skirt smoothed across her lap. She leaned over the powdered circle, lit the last of the incense sticks and even though Tia was on the floor where the plumes did not easily reach, the scent of smoky tree wood still ran across her like a warm blanket, dragged over her head. Ulana set the matches aside and began writing—or drawing?—something on her clipboard paper.

"You joining us?" Tia blurted meekly.

"Soon," said Ulana, eyes affixed to her sketch.

"Don't talk to her," said Keith, the husk of a growl on his breath.

Tia's feet were bound together, a few inches of slack between them. Enough to spread her knees in a sort of butterfly pose. Like they'd worked out once before, one passionate, rainy Wednesday.

Keith slapped Tia's meaty bottom—and hit a lot more fleshy resistance than Tia was accustomed to. "C'mon," he hissed, "butt in the air." His fingers found their way around Tia's pelvis bones. She grunted as he pulled her up by the hips, propping her on bent knees.

Tia: knees on floor, ankles bound. From there: torso slanted to the floor with tied hands resting against her tailbone. Her face and pillowy boobs together formed one leg of a tripod with each of her knees. Bound puppy pose. Her knuckles grazed the top end of very meaty ass. She felt like a hunk of spitfire meat. She could've cum in seconds, right here like this, if she had a hand free to work herself.

Keith undid his belt with one hand and explored her body with the other. Whenever Tia was tied up like this, her sense of touch seemed to magnify. Her skin prickled at the stroke of his fingers. Her vision went blurry. A trickle of drool slipped from her lips and pooled on the floor. She felt light as a cloud. She wanted Keith inside her, but she knew better than to say so. You didn't tell Keith what to do when you were bound. She'd made that mistake one night when her phone buzzed and she asked him to check who had texted her. He made her wait an extra twenty minutes just for that.

Ulana meanwhile sat cross legged, eyes shut, lips muttering something silently. The sketch she'd been working on was placed inside the star. From this low angle, Tia could only make out several concentric rings, some dark filled-in places, and some scratchy characters in a grid.

Keith came around on hands and knees. He was naked, cock hard with a flushed head against his otherwise pale skin. He reached out, clutched Tia by the hair, leaned in and in the darkness of his shadow he whispered in her ear: "you've never looked so beautiful."

Tia felt beautiful, all bound and helpless, even in this inexplicably altered body with huge breasts and thick ass. She pictured herself carved in bronze, her passion frozen for eternity in glazed eyes, gaped jaw, furrowed brows. It had never been this good before. Never.

Ulana's voice interrupted her reverie. "It's time," she announced, and stood. At her feet was a work of art: candles, traced powder, symbols, incense, all arranged meticulously. A shrine to someone, something.

Ulana reached down, took the hem of her dress and in a freakishly smooth motion, pulled it up and over her head. She wore simple gray lingerie underneath. Off it came: bra, briefs. She kicked her sandals off and tossed her clothes into the adjoining hallway. She was as gorgeous naked as Tia had ever seen her clothed. Tall, lithe and toned, her neck long and sturdy, arms and legs hardened with muscle from all those hours farming pumpkins outside. Ulana stepped gingerly around her shrine and took a seat, inches from Tia's face. Tia looked up and watched as Ulana and Keith exchanged a kiss. Then, Ulana turned her attention to Tia. She ran her fingers through Tia's sweatsoaked hair. "Sorry I made you wait," she murmured in a calm, motherly voice. "I hope you're ready for us now."

Tia could think of nothing to say, just nodded slowly.

Ulana scooted in closer, straddling Tia's head with her knees. Then, with Keith yanking Tia's arm bonds, they levered her torso up. Ulana scooted her ass under Tia's chin and spread her legs. When Keith let Tia back down, her shoulders were notched against Ulana's bare thighs. After being pressed into the floor, this was quite comfortable. The only thing that pinched was Tia's boobs, which felt bigger each passing minute and had to cram into the walled angle of Ulana's legs.

"I want you to make my wife happy," said Keith.

"Okay," said Tia.

Ulana raked her fingers through Tia's hair. "Take your time, sweetie." She reclined, stretched across the floor. Keith was swift on his feet and fetched a dishtowel for Ulana to rest her head on. The two women adjusted, scooting an inch here, half an inch back, until Tia's mouth was where it needed to be.

She stuck her tongue under Ulana's hood. The clit was warm and coppery. She took it slow and coy, exploring around the juicy folds like a shy trainee.

"Hmmmnnnm," Ulana sighed. She petted and stroked Tia's head. Tia went a bit harder, working the clit from the right...then the upper left. The little spasms in Ulana's legs told her she was making progress. She wetted her tongue and pressed its width in. "Ohhh...mmmm..." Ulana tossed her head side to side. A good start. Tia took it back down a few notches and worked her way back up again. "Mmmm...mmm...Keith, please get in here."

Keith had been hanging back, petting Tia's blimped-out thighs and ass, watching over Tia's performance like a music teacher watches a flutist. Now, he slipped a finger under Tia. She was still wet, though her arousal had been somewhat abated by the preoccupation of her task between Ulana's legs. He stroked Tia gently, working fresh sensation into her pussy. Then, she felt the head of his cock tapping her. She wetted his tip and he pressed in harder. Warm tingles built up inside Tia as her muscles loosened and her pussy swelled and let a bit more of Keith through. He began to pump his hips, jostling her pussy. He was halfway in now. A fresh layer of wetness was there to meet him. He slipped in further. Tia moaned. Her pussy lips twitched against him. She loved this part, the part where she was filled with *him*. Strange. It had never been quite this easy before. Keith's girthy six inches and change usually took more effort on both their parts. Why was it, on a kitchen floor in someone else's house with her tongue inside another woman, and her ass in the air that she could hold back the nerves to let him in, wet and ready, so soon?

Keith's hand trailed up Tia's thigh, then whipped at her ass cheek with the ferocity of a snake. She groaned, immediately felt wetter, and Keith closed the last inch of space.

They were all three locked together now: cock to vag to tongue to clit. Three, and also one. As Keith began to pump Tia, an easy sway in his hips, the ministrations of Tia's mouth responded. When the pleasure of that cock hit hard and forceful, her tongue and lips became vigorous and desperate. When the pleasure pulled back, she teased Ulana with gentle strokes and kisses. At her bent angle, Tia couldn't see much more than crotch, but she managed a quick peek and caught Ulana gazing up at the lewd scene, brows drawn up, mouth a tunnel of aggrieved bliss. She wailed, huffed, gasped. Keith grunted. Tia's voice probably didn't carry far between Ulana's legs, but at the very least, Ulana must've felt her purrs rumbling against her labia; they must've heard her plaintive moans.

A swift hand caught Tia's bottom and it rippled in the air. Was she still growing? Keith had large hands, but his palm felt so small just then—like getting flogged with a serving spoon. Regardless, it did the trick. Tia's pussy drooled around Keith's shaft like oil lubricating a piston. The pleasure, there and gone and there again, had now grown consistent. It simmered. Tia tried to focus on Ulana, running her tongue now from clit to upper labia. The woman writhed on the floor. Her tossing legs threatened to knock Tia's mouth off course. She would show Ulana as much mercy as Keith showed her: little to none. At this point, there was no escaping the ache in her tongue, her jaw, her upper lips—the only way out was through. She pressed on.

"Uh!" Ulana's voice was strange now. The woman's pride was gone. Just a naked howl underneath. Tia wetted her tongue again and attacked. Ulana's legs viced her head. "Oh g-mmmm!" No. She would keep going. She stuck her tongue out as far as it would go and parted the labia. Ulana seized Tia with handfuls of her hair. Her whole body tightened, her legs crushed Tia's face. A scream heralded the night's first orgasm.

Ulana fell back on the floor with a thump. Done. Tia sank against Ulana's exhausted pussy and focused on Keith's thrusting rod. All six inches of him were jammed up there, bathing in Tia's fluid. He worked her faster. That simmer of pleasure began to bubble. She cried out. Ulana lazily stroked her head once again, as if apologizing for the battering she'd given Tia with her legs.

Smack. Another hit to her ass. She could feel her thigh jiggling. Pleasure centered itself. Keith's hands squeezed her fat hips. Tingles spilled down Tia's legs. Her knees ached against this hard floor and it didn't matter. Keith drove into her. So deep. She grunted, cried. Then, for a second, the pleasure drew back...and rushed in.

Tia shook. Her bound hands balled into fists. Sweat ran down her brow. Her shoulders drove into Ulana's thighs. She wailed. Her muscles twitched back and forth as she rode the orgasm's ebb and flow and ebb again. It circled, each time driving her exhausted body a little further. With a quiver, she took the last of it.

Keith grunted. He was plowing her hard and fast back there. His hands raked her hips, squeezed her flesh. At last, his cock thickened just bit more, pressing out the walls of Tia's

pussy. Funny. He usually spread Tia to her limit. This time, it felt like she could've taken yet a bit more girth.

Warmness grew inside her. In seconds, she felt full. Thank goodness for birth control. That fat load had pregnancy written all over it.

A light shone. Its glow peeked into the space between Ulana's legs and Tia's face. Tia tried to look. At the edge of sight, she caught lightning blue rays, pouring out from the star circle of white powder, only for a second before they died out. Ulana gasped, jumped, bumped Tia's face with her shin. She extricated herself from Tia, who detached from Keith and fell to the floor on her right side—and landed on a ridiculously meaty hip. Keith's cum oozed out and ran down her leg.

"It's happening. It's *happening!*" cried Ulana, now on her feet.

Tia turned her head and looked up at the glass door through the table leg and chairs. Something was happening. The outside world, black in the October evening, was different, somehow. Tia squinted. Light was returning, but not the light of the sun. She could make out the edges of clouds once more, and beyond them the sky was dark maroon. A sound came over the roof of the house, something between a low rumble and a stony scrape.

"Holy shit," muttered Keith, uneasy, also on his feet.

The maroon brightened. In seconds, it was crimson. The clouds were a mottle of red and gray.

"He's coming!" Ulana practically scream. Tia watched as Keith circled Tia and embraced Ulana. They kissed like brand new lovers.

"What's happening?" Tia whimpered.

Ulana turned to Tia, looked away. Her face darkened. She made some kind of gesture to Keith.

Keith bent down beside Tia and took the hanging rope from her ankles. He pulled it.

"Woah woah woah! What're you doing?"

As Tia whimpered pleas, her leg bonds were looped around her wrists and tied. Keith tested the knot. She was fastened.

"She's ready," Keith mumbled, now back on his feet.

"Ready? What're you talking about?" cried Tia.

They ignored her. "We should go outside," said Ulana. "He'll be here soon. Get dressed."

"In what?" muttered Keith. Keith seemed nonplussed, as if he hadn't quite expected things to go however they had suddenly gone.

Ulana had already fetched her clothes and was hurrying into them. "I don't care. Jeans and a sweater. Hurry up."

"What about —"

"I'll talk to her."

A terrible pause.

"Fine," said Keith, and left the kitchen.

Tia watched, heart pounding as Ulana pulled her denim dress on, then sat beside her.

"What's going on?" Tia couldn't stop the tears in her eyes. Whatever this was, it wasn't good.

Ulana hesitated, cleared her throat. "Uh...Tia, our copulation was part of a ritual. We've summoned Xanathok. A demon. I've been worshipping him for two years. He's the reason I was able to grow all the pumpkins. They're fertilized with his seed."

Tia's mouth tried to make words. The only one she could get out was, "why?"

Outside now, the sky was salmon-colored, the clouds a tongue-hued pink, edged with cruel, black shade. The trees in the distance were dark, the dirt in the yard was black. All the pumpkins mirrored the reds and grays of the sky. Way out in the distance, two tiny winged creatures flew. Whatever they were, they weren't birds.

Ulana had gone quiet, as if weighing how much truth to tell. "I need Lord Xanathok's blessing. For my child. It's my heart, Tia. The doctors all told me pregnancy would be an unacceptable risk, to me and the baby. I need something on my side."

"W-what about me?"

Ulana looked away. "Xanathok needs a gift. A servant. He's a lust demon. He needs acolytes."

A horrible chill sank into Tia. "Why me?"

Ulana took a long breath. "We needed someone who wanted sex so badly, she'd compromise her better judgment for it. A natural follower of Xanathok. The pumpkin pudding clinched it. It...it took well to you."

Tia looked down at her body. Each breast was enormous now, nearly the size of her own head.

A horrible realization came over Tia. "You...you *told* him to do this with me, didn't you? It was never an affair. You *made* him do it...with me."

Ulana shook her head, not in denial, but quiet disgust. "I'm sorry for this," Ulana said, her voice cracking. "I just...I hope you'll understand, this isn't the end for you. You'll live forever, Tia. You'll escape this mortal coil and join the ones who are beyond death. And, you'll be *happy*. You'll be able to do what you do best. Like you did tonight."

"Fuck you! Fuck you, both! You had no right to do this! You had no right!!"

Ulana, frightened, maybe even a bit shamed, rose then and left Tia, hog-tied and sobbing on the floor.

Part III

Tia's screams went unanswered. After some five minutes, she heard footsteps in the living room—then the front door closing.

She shut up, heard herself breathe, tried to picture herself waking up from all this. She looked down at her bloated body. Her bound hands sank knuckle deep into ass flesh. Her right boob blobbed on the floor, sandwiched under the left one. They were too big to spot her own nipples now. She looked down her back at an ass that could fill an office chair side to side. Her calves were wide, rounded and smooth.

Then, her eyes looked over at her wrists. The ropes sank into them. They had begun to chafe. But she could have sworn Keith hadn't bound her that hard. He *never* did. Had her arms gotten fatter from the pudding?

No. Tia remembered then: that moment they were both standing. Her eye level was up to Keith's chin. When he was inside her, he didn't quite stretch her out. Tia looked her body up and down. Had she...grown everywhere, not just her boobs and backside?

So, Ulana had turned her into a freak. But then, Ulana did say that thing about the pudding. How it *took well* to her. Did some part of Tia want this? Want to be curvier, hornier...bigger?

Bigger. Tia looked across the room at the fridge. Bigger. These ropes wouldn't grow. But...

Tia kicked at the floor. She lengthened her body as far as it would go, held her place with her shoulder and kicked at the floor again. The fridge loomed. Closer. Closer. She collided with Ulana's shrine and her naked body toppled a dead candle. Her knee was dusted with the powder—ash, it seemed to be.

At the fridge, she propped herself on one elbow, pressed her shoulder into the space between the fridge door and the fridge. She grunted, began pressing her head in that one in space. It hurt.

The fridge door popped open. In its white light were a dozen specimens of pumpkin goods. *Fertilized with his seed*. Most of Ulana's goods were sealed in tupperware containers. But, on the bottom shelf was a foil-wrapped pie.

Tia squirmed, managed to crumple to a ball, roll on her knees and sit up. Her folded legs would not be comfortable like this for long. With her teeth, Tia yanked at the pie foil. It broke and she had to spit out a chunk of it and bite off the rest of it. But, it wasn't so hard.

An entire pumpkin pie lay exposed before her. Her tongue grazed the top. It was cold and sweet and just a bit savory. Mostly, it was smooth and nutty.

She ate. Lump after lump of pumpkin pie rolled down her tongue, spent a few seconds between her masticating teeth and then slipped down her throat. Her jaw ached from licking pussy and her body was sore from sex and struggling with her bonds, but she couldn't be deterred. *Bigger*. She licked the crumbs from her lips and carried on.

Minutes passed. Nothing made a sound other than the sickening rumble and scrape from outside and the smacking of Tia's tongue against her lips. She worked her way from the center of the pie to the crust and decided to leave the crust alone. Better to save stomach space for more *pumpkin*. With her teeth, she rotated the pie some forty five degrees, centering more pie beneath her chin. She ate.

A third of the pie was eaten down to the crust now. The ache in Tia's joints were gone. When they had faded, she couldn't say. Now, all her pain was centered around her bonds, tighter than ever. Her right index and middle finger were going numb. Alas, it was as good a sign as she could wish for.

Hopefully, Xan...whatever his name was, would keep Keith and Ulana waiting a while longer.

She ate and ate and ate. The pie was down to the last quarter. For some reason, her body was no longer shaking. There was still a howling fear, deep inside, but something told her, if she could just keep eating, things would turn out okay.

Tia wolfed down the last of the pie, wiped her lips against her shoulder and looked down at herself. Her pie-streaked boobs were the size of milk gallons, and unspeakably heavy. She was hunching over much further than when she started. *Bigger*, right. Tia's pussy twitched. She was starting to get wet again. She checked the bonds. They felt like blades against Tia's skin...but, thinner now.

She found the twin length of rope that bound her wrists to her ankles, stuck her fingers between the two ropes and pulled outward. Oh *god*, it HURT. She gritted her teeth and pulled harder...*harder*. Sweat beaded her brow. Her wrists burned with pain.

No good. It wouldn't break. Tia looked around. She was bigger. Sitting on folded legs, she could now see over the counters. She shuffled over to a drawer beside the dishwasher, bit the handle and pulled. Nothing inside but dining cutlery. No good. She tried the drawer next to it. Inside was an assortment of knives. *Meat* and *bread* knives in a cork holder.

Getting her chin over the drawer so she could use her tongue and teeth to coax a knife out was the most agonizing physical task. Under any other circumstance imaginable, she would have given up.

A serrated blade clattered to the floor beside her hip. She sank down and got her hand around the handle. Then, she held one of her rope bonds with one hand and sawed with the other.

Threads popped apart. Bit by bit, the rope loosened. Finally, she was down to the last few. They came apart. She did the same thing for the second rope: hold, saw, split and finally, part.

No longer hog-tied, Tia tried pulling her bonds under her legs—but her ass was too fat now. She could not get over them. What then? More cutting? Keith's knots were thorough. Getting through it all would take a long time. No. She had loose rope now. Her fingers grasped around until she found the first knot they were connected to. She clenched her hands very, very tightly, whimpered from the pain, and pulled. It came. Her wrists ached so badly now. Her left hand was almost completely numb. Nonetheless, she found the next knot, worked it. It came out faster than the first. Over, and under, she worked. The bonds were loose now. She only had to feed the slack out...

Her hands were free. Her wrists were striped red. They burned. But, she had her hands again. Circulation was returning. Tia stood. She could see over the fridge. She looked down at her still tied feet—she had to twist her boobs out of the way to spot them. They looked so small from up here. She dropped to the floor and undid her foot bonds.

Bigger. Tia knelt down beside the fridge once more, reached in and drew out a cellophane-wrapped glass pitcher of pumpkin smoothie. She tore the plastic wrap off, raised the pitcher, tilted her head back and drank. Pumpkin slid down her throat. She guzzled it. Her eyes began to water.

Each time Tia glanced up at the ceiling, it was closer. She feared feeling full, but Tia had a seemingly endless stomach for all this *pumpkin*. She was down to the last third of the pitcher already. She knocked it back, downing the rest in three swallows.

Bigger! She was free of her bonds, but something kept nudging Tia further along. Was it the nutty-sweet taste of pumpkin? Did growing her body make her feel safer, even perchance against a lust demon from hell? Was it the frothiness between her legs, the urge—so soon after orgasm—to touch herself again?

She set the empty pitcher on the floor and tore off the plastic wrap on the pudding cups. One by one, she shook the pudding into her open mouth, gulped it down, licked what remained and then threw the mostly empty cup aside.

Tia munched toasted seeds, loaves of pumpkin bread, even chugged a bottle of pumpkin bisque, which was kinda gross, but she finished it anyway. If someone had asked her what she was doing, she wouldn't have had an answer. Some half hour back, she had felt more horrible than ever in her life. There was no way to go but toward *this*. It just felt good to eat, to grow, to feel horny and strong and alive.

Her butt was too big for her to fit between the fridge and the counter, so she reclined sideways across the ever shrinking aisle, propped her head on one hand and drew out goods with the

other. There were more pies in the fridge's recesses. The second one fit into her now-larger hand like a mini quiche. By the time she got to the third, it was more like the size of a Reese's peanut butter cup. Her ass was wedged into the island counter. Her boobs glommed onto the dishwasher. Her right hip was level with the sink spigot. The fridge was a mini fridge. No chance of standing up in this kitchen now.

There was no way to be sure how much she would grow from all this pumpkin. From one cup of pudding, she had grown three inches or more. She had eaten twelve puddings now, plus everything else. And, the growth seemed to have a long progression.

Maybe if I get big enough, they won't be able to take me away. I'll be too heavy to move. It was a frightening thought, but it made her giggle.

She wanted to hate Keith and Ulana. She *did*. But, the things they did together. Oh... Tia could do it again. She *would*. She would do a thousand other shameful, horny, wretched things. But, for herself. Not for them. Not for some demon. As the counter aisle closed in on her and the fridge grew bare and a pile of glassware, tupperware, empty cups, tinfoil and crumbs scattered the available floor, Tia found herself taking short breaks to touch herself. God, her pussy had never felt this good. But, as long as there was pumpkin stuff to eat, the possibility remained of making it feel *better*. Images of cocks, clits, asses, ropes, spanks, ecstatic wails, groping, lips whispering dirty things...they flashed through her mind again and again, every minute seeming more delicious and irresistible.

At last, she was out of room. No big deal. She was on the last desirable item in the fridge. A jar of something that was probably salsa. It was orange, so it had to have pumpkin in it. It fit like a small medicine bottle in Tia's hand. She clutched it, lifted herself, felt the ceiling against her right shoulder blade and tried to crawl the upper end of her enormous body over the island counter—now about the size of a couch pillow. Her boobs slid across the surface and broke things on top of it. They didn't hurt.

On the other side of the counter was the breakfast table and chairs. She needed more floor space. With a sweep of her arm—now as long as a person—she pushed it all aside. A chair slammed into the glass doors and one of the panes accrued a spider web of cracks, but it didn't shatter. In the confined space of this room, Tia stretched out, head against the exterior wall, feet extended almost to the corridor. Her hips were too wide to fit anywhere here, but they wedged nicely between the island counter and kitchen wall, once the wall caved in a couple inches for her hip. It was a tight space, but as with ropes, Tia liked the huggy coziness of tight spaces. On her back, chair-sized boobs flopping to either side, she popped the lid off the salsa and emptied the contents into her mouth. Not bad, but Ulana could've gone harder on the jalapeño. She tossed the jar off somewhere, licked her fingers and wiped off her face.

Huge, horny, still growing, still hungry, Tia rubbed her swollen clit and closed her eyes.

In the darkness behind her eyelids, Tia chased a pinprick of light. She raked her clit with up and down strokes. The light came closer. She let it stay where it was for a time, then pursued again. Her pussy was so puffy and soft now. It was like a new body part. A fresh new face, even. Yeah, this pussy was the new girl and Tia wanted to show her the ropes before pushing her into anything. She was so soft and delicate and felt so nice. Let her ride this one out. Like she's on a gondola in some vacation city where the water is cool and the sunsets are radiant and the lights are so plentiful they bathe the scene in magic.

The light was very close now. Tia was afraid to pass through it. The buildup had been so sweet and romantic, she could've stayed here forever. But, all things have their end. With great reluctance, Tia quickened her strokes. An avalanche of sensitivity spilled out and sent feral convulsions up and down her spine. The light was blinding now. It seemed to burn Tia as raw sensation blasted through her limbs. Everything was bright and full and alive. And...

"Ohhh!"

Tia tossed her head back. A wall broke. She kicked up her leg. A ceiling snapped. She turned on her shoulder. Glass and wood and house siding collapsed on her. It didn't hurt. It was just annoying. She flipped to her belly and a terrible crash came from above. Things fell on her, rolled off her monstrous body. A pipe, two by fours, house panels, window debris. They sort of hurt, but were mostly just bothersome.

The pinkish-red sky opened up before Tia. A grim sight, certainly, but she could see.

She crawled through splinters, shards of glass and chunks of vinyl. A live wire gave her shoulder a little zap. Something—a wooden chest?—blocked her hip so she shoved it across the yard and realized, as a drawer flipped in the air—that it was a dresser.

Tia paused. Someone was yelling on the other side of the house.

"I'm not going to raise a kid you had with this...this...*guy* like it's my own."

"Keith, didn't you hear that?"

Tia crawled out of her broken dog house. Her ass tore out most of the top floor. A heavy chunk of roof slid off her. It was like cardboard.

She gazed on a vast, dark field of pumpkins. They looked like little apples. She reached out, tore a plump one out of the ground, fell back on her garage-wide ass. The ground seemed to shake.

"Holy fuck, what was...?" Keith again.

Tia's thighs were the breadth of small corridors. Her boobs were the size of cars. They now perched on her lap, easing the weight. Sitting, her head was but a human height shorter than the roof—the part of the roof that still stood.

She lifted the pumpkin, brushed the dirt off it and took a bite. The exterior broke easily between her teeth. Inside, it was gooey and wet, but texture aside, it didn't taste too bad...

As Tia was about to take another bite, three figures circled the house. She dropped the pumpkin. It fell ten feet and busted on the dirt ground.

One of the figures, a man in his sweats, was about the size of a Ken doll. Another, his Barbie in a denim dress. The last one though...Tia squinted in the unnatural and inadequate light of the red sky. This third one...not a person, though it had legs and arms, of sorts. It stood three heads taller than the man. Its legs bent back at the knees like a dog's or cat's hind legs. It had long, cloven feet that were something between claws and hooves. It wore a thong with an enormous, iron codpiece, about the size of a soccer ball. Strips of leather linked to a belt around its narrow waist and went up and over its broad chest and shoulders. There were tufts of white hair on its upper legs, chest and shoulders. Instead of hands though, something hung down past its knees and wriggled. Tia squinted, saw, and felt sick to her stomach. Each forearm was a trio of fat tentacles, segmented by thin lines like a worm's body. They were wet and made a revolting sound, like tongues licking each other, over and over. Drool-like fluid dripped from them to the ground. And the head...oh *god*. It had two yellow eyes with huge black pupils, a tiny nose that was basically a bump with nostril slits and a mouth that was also three mouths. Two strips of cheek-like skin went from lip to chin and separated the mouth into left, right and large center segments, each mouth edged with purple lips and each with a tongue that was sized for its mouth hole. Its chin and cheek bones were stabbed through with little horns. A thick tuft of white hair made a sort of unruly mohawk which poured down both the front and back of its head. The rest of the scalp was bare, bumpy and pulsing with veins. The *thing* looked at her, at first with curiosity, but then it bent over and showed a ridged and hairy back—like when a cat arches its body and tries to make itself look big to strangers.

"Oh my..." Ulana trailed off.

The horrible creature raised its three tentacled hand—or were they arms?—toward Tia. "*That's* her? *That's* the acolyte you offer me?" His voice was all husk and beastly growl. It reminded Tia of the rumble of the earth in this place.

Tia thrust a finger in the air on an arm as long as a bedroom. "No!" her voice boomed. "I'm not going with *that*."

A clearly frightened Ulana took a step in Tia's direction. "You...you have to," she stammered. "What else is there for you?"

"No!" Tia cried. "Get that thing away from me."

Keith said nothing, made no effort to intervene. He only looked from Tia to his wife to the demon at his side.

A tense silence set in. The demon seemed to be looking at Tia with near as much aversion as she felt for it. She hated it.

"I said, get it out of my sight." The hills echoed with Tia's booming cries.

Everyone was still now, too afraid to move a muscle. But, not Tia. Tia was angry. She lurched forward. Ulana and Keith backed off. The demon took a couple frightened steps back too, but kept its eyes on Tia.

With a thrust of her arm, Tia snatched the disgusting creature by its diminutive waist. It was about the size of a baby doll to her.

"The deal is off," shrieked the demon. "This one is insatiable!" His wormy arms wrapped around Tia's forearm, wet and cold. Perhaps he was only trying to steady his body as Tia lifted him in the air. The sight, the *feel* of him was so offensive and disgusting, Tia could feel nothing but rage.

The land rolled with the echoes of Tia's voice. "I said, get him away." She rose, lifted the demon twenty-something feet in the air, cranked her arm back and pitched him. His slimy forearms released her and in half a second he was a black spot in the sky, sailing over the trees.

And as he flew off, the red sky gave way like a rising curtain—to darkness. In seconds, starry night wiped the land clean. The scraping rumble died away.

Tia clawed at her forearm, scraping as much of the gooey wetness the demon's tentacles had left on her skin as possible. At last, she was calm. Then, she heard Ulana. She was sobbing. Keith stood near her, though the six feet of distance he left between himself and his wife spoke of broken trust. It seemed there was a lot of that to go around.

Tia approached them. In the moonlight, from twenty or so feet up, she could just make them out. Keith tried to run, but Tia's two-foot-long hand toppled him. She caught him by the waist. Ulana made no effort to stop her. She stood and held the married couple in the moonlight. Beyond this dirt hill was an expanse of rolling hills. She could make out the reflection of moonlight on a lake, perhaps a mile away. On the other side of her vista, the land was dark and car headlights sped across an invisible line.

Tia held Ulana up close to her face. The sobbing, broken woman seemed entirely ready to die, but as she looked up at Tia's face—a face now nearly the size of the breakfast table she had

sat Tia at hours earlier—there was an unbearable resignation there. If Tia crushed Ulana to death, the woman would've accepted it. Tia knew. She knew that sort of deference all too well. No, she couldn't hate this woman. Even after everything.

She looked down at her humongous body. Her car-sized boobs could trap a family in its cleavage. Her hip width spanned more than half her own height. Lying prone, her ass could have made a nice bouncy castle. Her waist, still trim and fit between blimped-out boobs and haunches, was hungry once more. It was like she hadn't eaten all night.

She brought Keith up to join his wife at eye level with Tia. "Let's make a truce," Tia uttered in a voice that was meant to be a murmur, but came out of her mouth with surprising thickness. "I let all this go and / get to be your baby. You take care of *me* from now on."

Keith and Ulana looked at each other, their eyes searching one another for answers.

All things considered, they probably could've had it worse.