

Anastasia had long been warned of the dangers of spring north of town, from drowning, to heat stroke, to the centuries of myth and rumors of it being possessed and cursed by spirits and demons. She cared little for such warnings, after all, she could swim perfectly fine, she could take the heat without issue having been a blacksmith's apprentice since she was but a mere ten years of age, and what sane young kitsune believed in demons in the first place? And why would one bother with a simple spring in the middle of nowhere? The thoughts swirled in her mind as she made her trek, simple yet long, simply follow the dirt road, and climb up the rock hill across the river, atop it laid a hot spring, her long sought destination. Without a hint of hesitation she stripped, and slowly waded into the spring, moaning softly as the warmth of the water stripped the dirt from her skin and tail, and relieved the soreness from her muscles. Wading deeper she sat down, soaking happily in the water for hours as time and stress melted away, she could swear she heard strange giggling, almost as if she was being watched... there WAS a small cave where the water drained away... but... there was nothing down there was there? And nobody but her was brave enough to face the rumors but her... so what was that noise? "Simply the wind" she muttered to herself, finally rising from the waters, having noticed the sun begin to fall in the sky. She shuffled her way back to the shore, yelping in pain, as her foot touched the soil, which felt like hot coals on her skin "what.. WHAT THE HELL?!" She yelled, backing up into the waters, thoroughly unnerved, and unwilling to bear the invisible coals that assaulted her foot again. "Okay Anastasia.. calm down... the sun probably just warmed the ground up is all... I'm sure once the sun sets it'll cool and I can go straight home and forget about this stupid spring..."

"Oh I wouldn't say that~" a feminine voice cooed, Anastasia spun around, trying to find the source of the voice, failing utterly in her task. "H-HEY! I don't know who the hell you think you are but this prank isn't funny! Show yourself you creep!"

"As you wish little fox!~" the springs center began to bubble violently, before long, two slender horns erupted from beneath the clouded steaming surface, Anastasia watched with ever increasing horror as the massive form of a succubus was revealed to her. Deep blue hair atop soft purple skin, an uncovered bosom that bounced with each exaggerated motion, wide hips that swayed as she approached, and jet black lips from which a smooth sultry voice slipped out "my my my~ how long has it been since I've gotten a visitor?~ especially one so cute~"

Anastasia stared up at the towering succubus, fear gripping her tongue "I-im- i d-didn't... this... i d-d-didn't k-know you..."

"Oh don't you fret little fox!~ I LOVE getting visitors~" the demon stepped forward towards the trembling kitsune, and picked her up as if she were a small child, Anastasia's ears folded backward as she stared at the giant succubus, her fin-like ears flapping slowly as she inspected her new toy "mmm... cute... soft... but much MUCH too small... fortunately that's an easy fix~"

"H-HEY P-PUT DOWN..!"

"Put then your tail will get all sopping wet again! I wanna see how fluffy it gets when it dries~ besides, I can't work my magic without holding you~" the demon cooed. Anastasia began to feel a strange tingling shoot through her body, every inch of skin felt strange, particularly the skin around her bosom and hips. With little warning, her chest surged outward, her less than impressive bosom, quickly jumping from the smallest in town, to rivaling the largest. "WH-WHAT THE HELL DID YOU JUST DO ME?!"

“What’s wrong? I thought you humans LIKED large bosom’s? Hmmph... it matters precious little to me what you think... but please try not to yell so much... it hurts my ears...” the succubus whined, her ears seeming to droop, a welcome Indicator of her captors mood, given the long hair that covered her eyes. The demon seemed rather gentle, but this did little to ease Anastasia’s fear. She had been confronted by a demon that dwarfed her utterly, picked up like a mere doll, and had her form altered irrevocably. There wasn’t a doubt in her mind there was more to come, a thought justified almost immediately as her thin waist began to grow, her hips widening rapidly, thighs packing on piles of soft squishy fat, atop strong muscle, her behind was far from spared by growth, each cheek ballooning with soft jiggling fat, which the demon eagerly sunk her fingers into, a deranged looking smile spreading across her face. “Oh my oh my oh my!~ nobodies **EVER** responded to my magic with such potency~ oh We’re going to have FUN!~”

“F-fun..?”

The demon's eyes began to glow behind her hair, a terrifying sight combined with her almost razor like teeth. Anastasia whimpered in fear as she felt the demon’s hands across her body, squeezing and groping each and every inch of soft flesh and fluffy white fur, plump lips showering her face in kisses, a large, fish like tail slapping happily against the water’s surface, all the while Anastasia grew ever larger. Her butt a massive shelf below her back, soft and round, cushioning hips that would leave her stuck in all but the largest of doorways. Her bosom faced even more extreme growth, previously the bosom of a mother, now a near comical exaggeration of such, her breasts hanging lower and lower as the lustful demon pumped more magic into her body, to her belly, to her hips, down to her knees, showing no signs of ceasing. Anastasia had since calmed, the tingling had since transformed, deep pleasure from each small touch of the succubus’s gentle fingers, screams and whispers turned to moans and whimpers. Satisfied with her new toy, the succubus held Anastasia close, squeezing her tight against her body, giggling as Anastasia’s ears tickled her bosom, before returning to her realm beneath the waters, her fluffy tailed new toy in tow, prime for further play. She was missed by the town, most of all by her smith, an old orc. He had warned her, warned her very well... but no warning could save a fool from the lust of a succubus...

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