

Burning Red Part 3:

Forced Fertility

DISCLAIMER: This story contains fetish content of breast, ass, and pussy expansion, pseudo-pregnancy and milk. All characters depicted engaging in any sexual acts are over 18.

Life has a funny habit of steering us into places we never thought we'd go. Whether it be through natural causes, or the intervention of others, be it known or unknown to us. Life then, is somewhat like a game in that respect. The players being the primordial forces that drive our reality, and the pieces being everything else within it. But these primordial forces are not incomprehensible to us, and you can actually hear them if you silence the world around you and listen.

“Ready to lose again so soon?”

“Very funny, gloating doesn't suit you, and we don't have to do this if that's all you plan to do.”

“You're the one that called me here in the first place haha. I didn't think you'd be so infuriated by our last game to demand a rematch this quickly.”

“Truthfully I'm not, I've lost too many times to be infuriated by it anymore. I called you because I wanted to talk, this seemed like a good excuse to get you to come.”

“Fair enough, you've got my attention now. What is it that you wanted to discuss?”

“First things first, heads or tails?”

“Heads.”

“Tails wins, I'll take first move.”

“Now then, will you **please** tell me what you wanted to talk about.”

“What is it you are trying to do with that demon-spawn you've taken such a keen interest in?”

“I’m preparing her to inherit my Archfiend Seed.”

“This soon? You’ve only held the Fertility Seed for 2 millenia, and you’ve already done more for the planes of Hell than any of your predecessors ever did.”

“That’s exactly why I’m looking for an inheritor. I’m beginning to reach the end of how much I am able to cultivate my seed. The candle that burns twice as bright burns half as long, you know.”

“Okay then, why that particular spawn? She’s not a descendent of any of the primary bloodlines. What’s so special about her?”

“That’s why I picked her, no descendent of the bloodlines could be as compatible with the Fertility Seed as blank slate would be. Also, despite not being a member of any bloodline, she’s exceeded my expectations in the physical tests I’ve organized for her, and with the right nurturing could have a theoretically limitless mana reserve.”

“So she may possess all the required qualities to be your inheritor, but what makes you think she’ll even be willing to take on those responsibilities?”

“My tests have shown me that she has some particular *desires* within her. They just need to be brought to the surface.”

“How can you be so sure that these tests are even reliable?”

“Do you not trust me and my methods?”

“I don’t trust Cormallin.”

“Why is that?”

“She is a being outside the causal forces of our universe, she has no reason to listen to or take orders even from the shapers themselves, much less Archfiends like us. She could’ve been helping you administer these tests simply for her own gains.”

“So what if she was? Just because she’s doing something for her own gains doesn’t mean I don’t stand to gain from it as well. You act as though ‘mutual beneficiaries’ are something that doesn’t exist. If all goes well, the seed will be planted very soon, and I couldn’t be more excited to see how it grows within her.”

“I wish I shared your optimism.”

“You’re just upset that you won’t be able to see me anymore once she has inherited my throne. That’s checkmate by the way.”

“...”

“What’s the score now? I believe it’s eight-thousand one-hundred and fifty-two against four, in my favor of course haha.”

“A rematch then.”

“Fine, fine, might as well get them in while we still can.”

Ruby gave one last wave to the stall keeper as she began her hike up to the haunted house on the hill. Everything that Cobana had told her about this place was true, word for word. The villagers were remarkably friendly, and were a very diverse population of many different species too. Being able to walk around in the open with needing to keep her hood up was a very welcome change.

However, she still kept her cloak closed the whole time she was there. Despite it doing even less to conceal her burgeoning curves since her ordeal with the milk and her little slime. Ruby did still feel slightly ashamed about downing the second milk bottle the night after, with similar, albeit slightly less impressive results.

Still though, having two pillows on her chest was the absolute smallest she could get now. Not only that, her widened hips and ass made sitting in normally sized chairs difficult at the very least.

Milking herself was also something that she hadn’t gotten used to yet. In the week it took her to get to the village, she’d already needed to empty her breasts three times. She immediately learned after the first time, that it was an act she needed to ensure above all else that she was alone when performing.

To her shock and secret delight, her recent growing experiences had left her even more sensitive than she’d been before. Just a simple squeeze on her full tits was enough to bring her to her knees, and fully emptying herself was a process that caused multiple orgasms.

She could feel them getting heavy again. It had been two days since she’d last milked herself, and she dreaded having to do it again so soon. Even with the experience being as enjoyable as it was, it still made her nervous having to place herself in a state of total vulnerability for such an extended period of time. Hopefully this haunting would be simple to deal with so she’d be able to use the house as a temporary home.

As Ruby continued her hike to the house, every step seemed to get more difficult. The summer heat was still oppressive, and she was unprepared for the amount of weight that

her curves had gained in such a short period of time. Under her cloak, her body felt slick and sticky from all the sweat.

The cloak had started to feel especially tight wrapped around her body. In this heat, she had swollen a noticeable amount, and trying to keep her cloak closed around herself only made the problems worse. Once she reached a flat part of the hill, she opened her robes and dropped to her knees. Finally giving herself some blessed relief.

“Haaaaaaah, haaaah, haaaaaaah... Dear gods... I can't take much more of this, haaaaaaaah heat...”

****Plop!****

No longer having the strength to keep herself upright, Ruby slumped forward. Her bust cushioning her fall as she rested her face in the cleavage that splayed out under her. The pressure of resting her torso on top of her tits was enough to squeeze out some of the dairy held within them. Moistening the front of her top, and forcing more stimulation into the heat-induced haze that her mind was in.

After a few minutes she'd regained enough strength to sit herself back up and reach for her spellbook. She'd already emptied her waterskin a few hours ago, so she'd have to make more herself. Luckily the incantation was on the first few pages and easy to perform. Ruby started reciting the words, and a small droplet of water began to form in the air over her head.

As the spell continued, the droplet grew to the size of an apple, then eventually a pumpkin. Once the water she'd created had reached an amount that she was satisfied with, Ruby threw her head back and allowed her tongue to spill out of her mouth. The moment she uttered the last word, the sphere of water was released from its suspension, and fell upon the awaiting tiefling.

****Sploosh!****

“Gaaaaaaaaah, haaaaaaaah, haaaaaaaah... Oooooohhhh, that's good...” The cold water rushing into her mouth and throat, then all over the rest of her body felt heavenly.

She clamped her thighs together as the heat delirium was erased from her mind. Leaving her with only the pleasure from her swollen curves. Her hands dove into her groin so she could hold back the climax that threatened to overwhelm her. She bit her lip and sat in agony for a few more minutes until she was able to regain her composure.

Finally able to stand once again, Ruby surveyed her surroundings to take in just how high this hill actually was. From up here the village looked rather small and was at least a mile away. Turning around, she then saw the house just a few more steps in the distance. Blinded by her haze, she hadn't even realized that she'd managed to make it all the way to the top of the hill.

"Huh, that went quicker than expected. Glad to have my shade sooner rather than later." Not wasting any time on complaining, Ruby quickly waddled over to the front door of the house.

Eager to get out of the late-afternoon sun, she agitatedly tried the handle. When the door stayed stuck she gave it a more forceful pull and got the same result. Seeing now that the lock was rusted shut, Ruby gave up on trying to open it with her hands and reached for her spellbook.

****Bzzt!* *Crack!* *Ping!****

A single small bolt of arcane energy flew from the tips of her fingers into the lock of the door, shattering it and allowing her entry. Before walking in, Ruby took the time to conjure a magic-detection aura around her form. She wasn't going to let herself be caught with her guard down again.

The inside of the house was in a similar state to the outside. It was old to the point of being faded, but not so old that it would be falling apart. Every inch of it all seemed to be covered by a layer of dust that varied in thickness depending on where she looked.

All of the furniture had been left as though someone was still living there. If the place really was haunted, then it made sense why nobody would come here to try and clear it all out. Despite that, Ruby could see absolutely no signs of the rumored haunting.

The detection aura that she'd cast around herself before entering revealed no undead presence as she scanned the ground floor. Feeling satisfied with her first check, she climbed the stairs to the second floor. Up here something was definitely off.

The moment she crossed the last step, she immediately felt a chill in the room. Ruby responded to the temperature shock by drawing her spellbook and readying her free hand to cast at a moment's notice. Luckily she'd gotten ready just in the nick of time.

"KYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!!!!" A pale-white wraith erupted from a dark corner of the ceiling with an unnerving shriek. Its face was stretched and hollow, surrounded by a mass of violently-waving spectral hair. The fingers on its hands were warped into long claws, reached out in an attempt to slice Ruby apart as it flew towards her.

That lasted for only a moment as Ruby responded by weaving arcane golden threads from between her fingers that tangled and suspended the ghost in the air like a macabre puppet. The spirit fought violently against the bindings, still shrieking as it flailed its arms to try and rip itself free. Not wanting to give it more time than necessary, Ruby quickly began conjuring a radiant orb to blast away the phantom.

Seeing what Ruby was preparing to do, the spirit's screams melted away into sobs as her hair and body went limp in her bindings. Ruby's resolve turned to confusion at that reaction, causing her to refrain from immediately hurling her spell. Still holding the bolt in her hand, Ruby allowed the spirit a moment to express her feelings.

sobs "Well? What are you waiting for?" ***sniffle*** "END ME! Free me from this abyssal purgatory!" The spirit no longer wore her terrifying visage. She now had the appearance of a once beautiful woman whose face had been permanently twisted by sadness and exhaustion.

But still she couldn't help but smile, finally having found someone that would destroy her. It was clear that her attack was an attempt to provoke this kind of reaction from whoever entered the house. Ruby was unable to bring herself to do it, and allowed the magic to fade from her hand.

sniffle "Having second thoughts? The moment I'm free I'll rip your head from your body." The spirit responded to Ruby's lowered attack. Her limp form and spectral tears running down her face rendered her new threat totally idle.

"I don't believe that. People who wish for death would never kill the person that might give it to them." Ruby's battle-ready demeanor had turned into one of sympathy and concern.

"What does it matter?!" ***sobs*** "You were just about to exorcize me! Stop talking to me and get it over with!" The phantom shrieked at Ruby again before returning to her sobbing.

Ruby let out a long-winded sigh as she released the bindings she'd placed on the spirit. Rather than continue to float, the spirit drifted down until she rested on the floor with her hands and knees. As an offering of peace, Ruby sat on her own knees to not look down upon the spirit when she was speaking to her.

"Look, I came here because I thought you were terrorizing the village. Why don't you tell me why you're haunting this place, and we can go from there okay?" Ruby offered her hand to the spirit with a slight smile. The ghost's pain was obvious and Ruby wanted to try to help at least a little bit.

Letting out one last sniffle, the spirit took Ruby's hand, and together they went back down to the first floor. Walking over to the dining table, Ruby pulled herself a chair with the spirit floating in a space adjacent. Lifting and lighting a lantern from her bag with a snap of her fingers, she then set it in the center of the table to illuminate the dim room and get herself a better look at the spirit.

Ruby began with a simple icebreaker. "Well, before we get into this I'd like to introduce myself. My name is Ruby Millerzia, and I'm a traveling wizard currently on a personal quest." Her face had taken on a caring, almost motherly, expression as she began the conversation.

"Mine's Lucy, it's very nice to meet you." The spirit's voice was timid and still mired in sadness, but reduced to a point that she could keep her voice steady.

"So then, if it's not too painful to talk about, how did you end up haunting this place? I'd like as much detail as you can give. The more I know about this, the more likely I'll be able to find a good solution for you." Ruby leaned forward on the table, propping her chin up with her arms to put herself in a position of listening intently.

"Well, the reason I'm stuck here is not because I want to haunt this place, it's because I'm cursed." The spirit then lifted her wispy gown up to reveal a black mark etched onto her womb. It bore the shape of a circle made of twisting, thorny vines. Something that seemed to exude malice just from being exposed.

Ruby regarded the mark with evident disgust, deepening her sympathy for Lucy. "Dear gods, that's horrible. Why would someone place this terrible *thing* upon you?" She wasn't sure of the mark's exact function, but she could tell from a first glance that its primary purpose was to cause extended suffering.

sniffle "It was a little more than five years ago I think. My husband and I were getting ready to celebrate since we'd just learned that I was finally pregnant. We'd been trying for a long time, and it felt like we'd finally gotten our chance at a miracle." Lucy began to tear up again. Reaching this point in the story was clearly taking a toll, and it was only getting harder for her to continue.

"That evening a scary old woman came banging on our door. My husband went to answer it, and then she began asking to be let inside as well as stay the night. Both he and I didn't like her one bit so he tried to turn her away. She then started angrily demanding to be let in, and when my husband tried to stand up to her she--" At this point Lucy could restrain herself no longer and broke into another fit of sobbing.

"Hey, there there. It's going to be ok, you don't have to say any more if you don't want to. You've been through enough already. Shhhhhhhhhhhhh." The tiefling put her arm

around Lucy's shoulder and pulled her in for a hug. The mana Lucy emitted caused Ruby's chest to swell slightly as she pressed her face into the cushion of the tiefling's shoulder while she sobbed. Neither of them noticed as they held the embrace until Lucy managed to steady herself once again.

By the time Lucy was ready to let go of Ruby, Ruby's chest had grown two cup sizes. Lucy stared for a moment but decided not to say anything. She thought her current state of despair had her misremembering things.

sniffle "No no, I-I need to say it. I need to come to terms with it." ***sniffle*** "The old woman was a hag, and she struck my husband dead where he stood the moment he tried to close our door. Then she pinned me with magic and burned this horrid mark onto me. I couldn't go on living with my husband and unborn child taken away from me, but after I drank my poison I found myself still here, trapped in this accursed place." Lucy's somber tone was now mixed with rage at the memory of the dark fae creature that had cursed her.

Ruby leaned back in her chair with her hand on her chin in a thoughtful pose. "Hmmmmm. Well I'm a wizard, not a priest, so I have no method of outright removing a curse of this magnitude-

Sobs! "Then just exorcize me and get it over with! Don't keep me here any longer! I'd prefer the eternal nothing of the abyss to my current torture!" The feeling of despair once again overwhelmed Lucy as she descended back into her wailing.

"Hold on! Just because I can't remove the curse doesn't mean that destroying you is the only option. I may not be proficient in holy magic, but I am quite proficient in transmutation. If I can reverse engineer the curse, I might be able to transmute you into a new collection of spirits. You wouldn't be yourself anymore, but I think it would be a more humane alternative than outright destroying you. But the choice is yours, I will accommodate whatever your wish is." Ruby managed to quell Lucy's new fit of sobbing by finishing her explanation.

sniffle "That might be nice. If they wouldn't be tethered to this horrible place, then perhaps they might be able to find some sort of peace." A slight smile formed on Lucy's lips as she pondered her new glimmer of hope.

Upon hearing the approval of her idea, Ruby excitedly stood from her chair. "I'm so glad you think so! I'll get started then!"

The transmutation circle did not take long to draw, swiftly scribed out on the floor by Ruby's use of her mage hands. That part of the ritual was relatively simple, it was reversing the curse that would be the tough part. The duo then sat in the circle while the wizard shed her skirt and began drawing the second circle on her own womb.

“Is there a reason you don’t wear undergarments?” Lucy asked curiously while she watched Ruby work.

“Is there a reason you want to know?” Ruby’s response was monotone, her mind being deeply focused on proper drawing of the circle. Having to heft her tits out of the way to be able to see what she was doing did not make it any easier.

“Well I uh... It’s just, you’re so beautiful. I don’t know, it seemed a little strange to me.” Lucy was overcome with shyness, now wondering to herself why she’d even asked the question at all.

“O-oh!” Ruby’s cheeks blushed a deep crimson. “Well... You see, I have this condition that causes me to frequently change in size so they aren’t comfortable for me to wear. The quest I’m on is actually to try and find a cure for it.”

“So your chest did get bigger! I thought I was just imagining that!” Lucy seemed to be quite happy that her suspicion had been confirmed.

“Y-yes indeed it did... It does that frequently whether I like it or not. Gods they are getting heavy, I should’ve milked myself hours ago...” Ruby shifted uncomfortably as she became more conscious of the weight of her tits while she cradled them in her arm. She hefted them once again to get a better view of what she was drawing on her womb.

“Milk?! Are you a m-m-mother? Please, tell me what it’s like!” Lucy perked up at the mention, this would be her last chance to have a conversation at this level of intimacy. She leaned in much closer to Ruby, eager to hear all the details.

“Oh! No no, I make a lot of milk due to my condition. I’ve not had any children before, but I have been thinking about it recently. I just haven’t found someone I’d want to conceive with.” Ruby’s blush deepened further. She was surprised by the question, but the topic of motherhood being brought up made her remember all the times she’d considered it.

“Oh, my apologies, I hope I didn’t offend with my assumption.” With her mistake corrected, Lucy immediately retreated back to her reserved demeanor. Sitting back at the other side of the circle.

“Think nothing of it! You’re actually not the first person who’s asked me about it since I got like this. Alright, and that should do it!” Ruby enthusiastically finished the last marking of the inscription on her womb. Standing up and shifting her breasts once again to look over her handiwork.

“Now, your curse mark was something created out of pure hatred, so writing an inscription to reverse the process is a bit tricky. It’s tough to actually codify the concept of

love into arcane scripture, so hopefully I've done this correctly." Ruby said as she gestured to the heart in the center of the circle on her womb.

"Well, you seem very learned, so I trust you." Lucy floated up to Ruby and leaned in towards the circle on her womb to inspect it more closely. "About how long do you think this process will take?"

"The last time I did something similar to this, it took a little less than one month. I wasn't using myself as an incubation vessel however, so that may change the time frame. My condition could also influence the process, but I don't anticipate it having a negative impact." Ruby put a hand on her chin while she pondered these thoughts, going deep into consideration.

"I don't want to make you sacrifice your own health and well being just for me. If this ritual requires you to use yourself then I don't want to force you through it." Floating away from Ruby, Lucy motioned her intent to not go through with the ritual.

"No, based on what I know, I should be totally fine. Who knows, this could be the cure for my condition that I was looking for." Ruby happily shrugged as she pitched the wishful thinking. "Now, are you sure you want to go through with this? Remember, this won't destroy you, but it will transform you into something totally new. You wouldn't be yourself anymore."

"That's fine, if what's left of me can be used to create some new being, that's probably the closest thing to motherhood I'll ever get. Truly this is a miracle almost like when I conceived my first child." Lucy was on the verge of joyful tears knowing that destruction or eternal suffering weren't the only things that her future held.

Both women sat in the center of the runic circle on the floor as Ruby drew her spellbook. Raising her free hand up, Ruby motioned for Lucy to place her palm against Ruby's. She then began the chanting of the incantation.

As she spoke, the circle beneath them began to glow a vibrant cyan. Arcane energy swirled around the pair as Lucy's form began to flow into Ruby through their connection. Traveling down her arm, through her torso, before finally swirling and settling within Ruby's womb.

Before fully disappearing, Lucy mouthed the words "thank you" to Ruby with a blissful smile upon her face. As the last particles of Lucy's form traveled into Ruby's body, the mana swirling around the circle began to fade while Ruby finished chanting the last words of the ritual. Once finished, Ruby closed her book with a crisp snap as she took a long and deep inhale followed by an exhale.

“AAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRGHH!!! DAMNATION!!!! NNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNRGH!!!”
Not a moment after she'd finished, Ruby curled up on the floor tightly clutching her tummy. Being assaulted by the worst searing pain she'd felt in her life. It felt as though someone was dragging a hot fire poker through her belly.

The sensation felt like it lasted an eternity as the inscription on her womb twisted and morphed into a new shape. Ruby lay in the fetal position the entire time and for a few minutes after, nursing the residual pain after the sensation had ended. Once she'd recovered, she sat back up to inspect her womb once again.

The once circular mark had morphed into twisting vines, forming a symmetrical pattern on both sides of the heart which remained totally untouched. Seeing the new mark, Ruby rubbed her fingers across it a few times to see if it would come off. No such luck, the once inked inscription was now permanently etched upon her body.

“Hmmmmm, I guess I can figure out a way to remove that once this ordeal is over.” Ruby let out a tired but relieved sigh as she stood up and slid back into her skirt. “Now then, if I'm going to be stuck here for a month while this transmutation cooks, I should at least get this place into a livable state.”

The first two weeks into the ritual were relatively uneventful, but did require some considerable adjustment from Ruby. The first feeling that came was a growing warmth deep within her tummy. It was quite pleasant, but she was acutely aware of the tightness and stretching she felt along with it as the incantation continued. A feeling that she refused to even admit to herself how much she enjoyed it.

There was also a tingling itch that had started in her breasts, hips, and groin. Even though it was comparatively slow to what she'd experienced before, the feeling of her body's swelling was unmistakable. Ruby had lived with her condition long enough to know that this ritual was almost certain to make her grow, and even though it didn't surprise her with how soon it started, she still wished it could've waited just a little bit.

With how much mana she already held within her body, forcing all this extra magic inside her made her feel like an overflowing teacup, and overflow she did. She'd needed to increase the frequency of her milkings from once every few days to being daily if she wanted to fit within her top. Something that the villagers she shopped with noticed as her bust protruded out of her cloak a little more with each passing day when she went out to get supplies.

It was also almost impossible for her to hide her sensitivity as it continued to heighten with each passing day. Her tight top rubbing against her nipples and her skirt

squeezing around her thighs would bring her to orgasm if she walked the wrong way for too long. Trying to explain her stifled moans whenever someone bumped into her or handed her something she was buying never failed to get awkward.

Luckily with her being the one to take care of the haunted house, the villagers were kind enough to not ask questions as well as give her food and other necessities for her service. Several of the villagers and their children even started to give Ruby some money as thanks for making the area around the house safe again. Something that she appreciated greatly with her being flat broke when she'd first made it to the village.

But, during that time she did manage to make the house quite comfortable. The entirety of it had been cleared of dust. She restored all the utilities and appliances of the abode to a fully functioning state, and fully repaired all the upholstery on every piece of furniture. The original bed was practically collapsing so she had to fully replace it, but the new one she conjured was large and wonderfully soft. All together, the house now truly felt like a home.

The dawn of the fourteenth day was when Ruby finally took full notice of the magnitude to which her body had changed in this time. When she woke, she needed to use both of her arms to push herself upright due to the weight of the milk-filled mounds atop her chest. As she was getting dressed to get ready for her shopping trip, it took a considerable amount of effort for her to even close her top around her mammaries.

She'd begun to time her milkings right before she went to sleep so as to not wake up totally full, but it was obvious to her now that it would no longer be enough. As she strained to finally get her top closed, her breasts began to moisten it around her nipples as milk started to trickle through.

Too distracted by the stimulation to notice, she began to attempt sliding on her skirt. Once it reached her mid thighs it would go no further, no matter how much she tugged and strained. Even resorting to using multiple mage hands she was unable to pull it past her massive plump butt.

Sweaty and panting, Ruby could now feel her top constricting her to the point of being unbearably painful. She looked down at the sweat droplets running into her canyon of cleavage. She slowly raised her trembling hands up to the clasp at the front and center of her gargantuan bust. Trying to be as delicate as she possibly could, her fingers released the clip with a pronounced ****Snap!****

"AAHN!!!" She came instantly the moment her tits were blessed with the sensation of freedom. The cool air being allowed to envelope her boobs felt absolutely divine. When they

flopped out of their prison, they released along with them a considerable spray of warm dairy and continued to leak a consistent stream after.

“Hah, haaaaah, haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah... That’s **a lot** more milk than usual! And there’s no way I should be this big after only two weeks... r-right?” Looking down upon herself, Ruby’s nervousness was rapidly growing.



Her thighs and hips had now eclipsed the width of her shoulders, and jiggled with each movement she made. Her tits were each the size of a large watermelon and would have totally covered her navel if it weren't for her tummy pushing them apart, each being stretched to their limit with milk production.

Those weren't the only things that had substantially grown either. Her belly had now swollen to the size that most mothers would have been at nine months of pregnancy. It was

soft but lightly firm as it became stretched more and more by the mystical contents swirling inside of it.

Holding both hands on her tummy, she couldn't help but gently caress it. She could feel the sensation of the growing transformation inside her, and it filled her whole body with a gentle ecstasy.

As she continued to slowly rub herself, one of her fingers brushed over the mark, causing it to start emitting a faint magenta glow. As it did, she was overcome by the sensation of a low, pulsing orgasm coming from deep within her core. Like a muted version of what she'd felt when she'd undergone her most intense rounds of swelling.

She could feel her pussy puff up between her thighs as she squeezed them together around it to try and stifle the feeling, but it was no help at all and may have even pushed her closer to the edge. Nearly on the verge of tears, Ruby realized she would not be allowed any respite until the entire ritual had finished.

Going out like this was unthinkable. Luckily she could conjure tiny servants to do her shopping so she'd be able to focus on nursing her aching body. She thanked every god she could that she would only have to deal with it for two more weeks. Then she'd finally have her sweet sweet release.

After her last failed attempt to leave the house in a presentable manner, Ruby had decided it was best to give up on going to the village entirely. With her now being house-bound, she spent the next five days creating a staff of tiny servants to take care of all the needs that she'd have to go out in public for.

There were thirty in total, which was considerably more than what she needed. But, she had the excellent foresight to preemptively make ones she may need later in case she was rendered unable to cast the required spells.

The servants stood at an even three feet tall, and had the look of small faceless mannequins that were made of a light oak wood. They were a bit clumsy, but they always accomplished the tasks they were given as best they could. Something that many of the villagers found quite endearing when they first met the living dolls.

When Ruby had first sent a few of them out, she gave them all notes to let the villagers know what the servants were and what she was having them do. The notes also explained that the ritual was getting quite dangerous and they should keep their distance from the house. While lying to these kind people brought her no joy, she couldn't risk any of the villagers coming up to the house and seeing her in her current state.

Returning from their first assignment, many of the wooden attendants came bearing much more than Ruby had instructed them to fetch. In addition, all of them had also returned with responding notes from the villagers.

All the notes were very sweet, acknowledging her request for the people to stay away until she was finished, and several of them waxing poetic about her servants as well as asking if they could keep them after she was done. Even in her haze of stimulation, Ruby was overjoyed by the kind words.

It was a wonderful relief for Ruby that she wouldn't have to stress about making herself look decent for potential visitors. After her experience five days ago, clothes now seemed like a pointless hassle to her if she was just going to outgrow them every few days.

Instead she opted to create a few nightgowns for herself. An article of clothing that was loose, could be easily lifted off and draped over her swollen figure, and offered some protection for her skin from an errant breeze.

A simple errant breeze had to be taken seriously by Ruby with the state she was in. The more her body grew, the more her sensitivity grew to match it. Even just walking through the house would bring her right up to the edge of climax. One that she'd finish with a simple grope to any part of her voluptuous form.

Since she no longer needed to painfully constrict herself with her standard dress, Ruby's body was now free to grow uninhibited. Even though the nightgown was long enough that it would've dragged on the floor if Ruby was her normal size, the broad curves of her current figure now lifted it up to her knees. It felt like all the magic she'd been casting these past five days had spurred the will-o-wisps that were forming in her womb to grow even faster.

Her tummy and each of her tits had each now reached the size of a pumpkin, and her tree trunk thighs tried as hard as they could to keep pace. She looked as though she was pregnant with quadruplets, maybe even quintuplets. Her body had become so wide now that she could barely even squeeze through a doorway.

It was made even worse by each doorway she'd push through bringing her to orgasm, sometimes multiple times if she couldn't move through quickly. She hadn't even needed to touch her nethers with how easily the climaxes now came. Even if she were able to reach it with her massive belly blocking the way, she was terrified of what she might experience if she couldn't resist the urge to put her fingers inside.

However, the hardest part by far was her daily milkings. In the days after Ruby created her servants, each milking session was an ordeal that would take several hours. She came every time she'd squeeze a mammary to release its creamy contents. Then she'd need

several minutes in order to recover her senses. During which time that breast would nearly refill everything she'd worked so hard to remove.

On the twenty-second day as she knelt in the grass just outside the back of the house, readying herself for the milking, she became acutely aware of the milk that was leaking out of her tit onto the hand that she was using to heft it. Then she became focused on the smell of it. Her mouth hung open as she couldn't stop salivating while staring at the white nectar glistening on her fingers.

"Why did this forbidden elixir smell so intoxicatingly sweet?" That question was the only thing going through her head as she tried in vain to come up with a reason why she couldn't be allowed just one small taste. "*Haaaaah... S-s-surely just a few drops haaaaah, should be f-fine...*" She whispered as her quivering hand moved closer and closer to her lips.

Afterall, Ruby had been fed by her mother's milk when she was a baby. What was the harm in tasting her own? "*It'd haaaaah, be a terrible waste to not haaaaah... f-find out...*" Those last words just barely escaped her breath before she placed her four fingers upon her tongue.

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMNNNGH!!!" The taste was divine. Like sweet cream that was perfectly flavored with a delicate honey. She recognized this taste, it was the same taste as the milk Cobana had given her before. But instead of being chilled and refreshing, it was warm and comforting.

It felt like she was being embraced by the biggest, warmest hug as the drops ran down her throat. A feeling that she desperately chased as she tried to suck every last bit from her fingertips.

Her whole body quivered with pleasure and her tail fiercely whipped back and forth up until the point she released her hand from her mouth. Pulling out a glistening strand of drool that connected the tips of her fingers to the tongue that she was unable to pull back inside while she rested.

"Haah haaaaah haaaaaaaaaaaaah... Dear gods haaaaah... Such a terrible haaaaah, waste..." Ruby couldn't believe that for all this time she'd just been throwing away such a magical potion. Shame and decency be damned, she would not let another drop of this milk go un-drunk. Lifting up an udder in her arms, she forced her nipple into her mouth and began sucking as hard as she possibly could.

Gulp!* "MMMMMNNNGH--" *Gulp!* *Gulp!* "MMMMMMMMGHH--" *Gulp!* *Gulp!* *Gulp! The moment Ruby's lips latched onto her tit, she was plunged into a sea of climax

with each swallow she took pushing her ever deeper. It was as though all this time she'd been subconsciously resisting letting her milk out knowing that it wouldn't be consumed.

But now the floodgates had been opened. Each mouthful only made her thirstier, and her body was more than happy to provide. The incantation that she contained within her womb had saturated her milk with gargantuan amounts of mana. All of it was then being forced back inside of her as she kept drinking more and more.

****Streeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeetch!****

Ruby could feel her body groaning and straining to hold it all as she swelled in tandem with each gulp. Her growing groin had become slick with her sweat and juices that had begun to pool on the ground underneath her. Inside her mind was just a constant screaming of "**MORE! MORE! MORE!**", even as she began to grow faint from oxygen deprivation.

It was only until she nearly choked herself on the milky waterfall that she finally released her breast from her mouth. Ruby then went limp, resting atop her tummy and tits that were now freely gushing their contents.

Trying to resist this blissful feeling that consumed her every time she milked herself nearly ruined it. She had nothing to fear and embracing it brought her to a state of happiness that no mortal creature could even comprehend.

Just that one drink had forced her curves several inches larger than before she'd taken it. Now she could grow whenever she wanted and as big as she wanted. The only thing stopping her now was her own mental limits.

The next seven days went by in a flash. Luckily Ruby's tiny servants were able to cook and clean for her, allowing her to devote all of her time to taking care of herself and the ritual. Each day was a mix of eating, drinking her milk, groping herself, and sleeping.

To be pampered like this was pure heaven, and Ruby figured that after all she'd been through, she deserved something like this. It was only until she awoke on the thirtieth day that she realized the consequences of her over-indulgence.

****Streeeeeeeeetch!****

Ruby's eyes weakly fluttered open as she was roused by the sound of her body groaning from another small growth spurt. She'd grown accustomed to riding this constant orgasm over these past few days, and a bit more swelling to push her that little bit further was a wonderful thing to be awoken by. But right as she was allowing the pleasure of the

spirits massaging and caressing the inside of her womb to lull her back to sleep, she jolted fully awake as she thought about what she'd just seen.

Taking it all in now, Ruby realized that she now found herself pinned to her bed underneath the three massive blobs of flesh that were her breasts and belly. As much as she tried and strained, she was unable to sit herself upright. "*Haaaah, oh dear gods... What have I done? Haaaaaah... Servants!... Haaaaah-help meeeeeeeee mmmmmmmngghh...*"

As she waited for them, Ruby tried desperately to focus through the pleasure so she could figure out what impact the glutinous amount of mana she'd consumed would have on the incantation. She had little time to think about it though as four of the mannequins arrived in short order. Directing half of them to each go to her left and right, Ruby was finally able to stand, combining her own strength with the help of the servants pushing her up.

Every step she took was wobbly as she made her way down the stairs into the living room. Against the will-o-wisps stirring more energetically and the pleasure coursing through her body stronger than ever before, her panic gave her the adrenaline needed to keep moving through each orgasmic step. She just needed to make it over to the bed of cushions she had her servants make in the center of the room

****Streeeeeeeeetch!****

Another small burst of swelling hit her as she was walking, pulling up her nightgown even further. She was so big now that it just barely covered her areola and left everything else bare. Even with her udders now freely releasing their contents, the growth just wouldn't stop.

"Everything just keeps... Nngh!!... getting bigger!!" Ruby squeaked as she strained under her own weight. ***"It must be close to the end! I-it has to be!!"*** She'd been bigger, but never felt this tight before.

"They're only spirits!! W-why is it so heavy??... If I get any heavier..." *gulp* Her throat had now become dry with her nervousness. It had almost been the full month, but she didn't have any hint of feeling that she could release the spirits inside her. Now she began to wonder if the ritual were to go on longer, could it injure her or even kill her?

Her tits and tummy had each reached the size of a bean bag and her hips now nearly doubled her shoulders in width. She had to hold onto her boobs with her arms to keep them steady, just the slightest bit of imbalance would send her to the floor. Even though she was terrified, the fear could do nothing to hold back the wave of ecstasy that she was now drowning in with how massive she'd gotten.



Finally having conquered the marathon of crossing the living room, she knelt down again to set her belly on the hill of pillows with a percussive ****Whump!**** “***UNNNNNNNGGHHH!!! Haaah haaaaah haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah...***” Even with the cushions, the pain of the impact was still substantial and made her cum even harder.

The spirits had gotten even more agitated with this most recent shake up, and Ruby could feel each one of them bumping up against her insides. While the bumps were still slightly painful, thanks to the spirits being amorphous and squishy it only added more to the stimulation.

Resting her body atop the soft mass of her mounds, Ruby let herself fall into a stupor while she tried to recover. Knowing full well that she'd be absolutely useless until this was over and done with. She was so close now, she just had to last for a few more days.

As much as she may have wished for it, Ruby's ordeal did not end in the next few days. They just kept passing by and soon turned into more weeks of blissful torture. All the while she had to exert an unfathomable amount of mental strength to not drink more of the nectar flowing freely from her breasts.

After making the trip to her pile of cushions in the living room, Ruby had decided that it was best to fully give up on mobility until the ritual was finished. She was so big and heavy that she couldn't even get up without help and could barely stand on her own legs. Having her servants help carry her was also out of the question since their small hands pressing into her flesh would have only stimulated her further.

At the rate she was growing, she wasn't even sure all of her servants would be able to carry her massive weight. With each day more inches and more pounds kept being added, despite her fully stopping her milk consumption. She'd started a chain reaction that would only continue to snowball.

Creating more servants was also impossible. She was grateful for how right she'd been when she had anticipated this sort of scenario. The mental focus required to cast even the simplest spells was entirely off the table. What she hadn't anticipated was just how bad the state she'd end up in would be.

The pleasure was rising to levels that she'd been hit by at the biggest sizes she'd reached before, but it was not part of a passing moment. It was constant, from sunrise until sunset then all through the night. The only reason she was still capable of cognisant thought through it all was her having experienced it before, but it made it no easier.

It burned red-hot through her whole massive body. Every millimeter of her skin and her entire insides tingled and sparked with an electrifying feeling. She had the look of an insane woman as she could only simultaneously cry and giggle in reaction to it all. Even just the pressure of resting her body atop her hill of tummy somehow made it all even worse.

It was so intense that she had to have her servants fetch sleeping medicine from the village in order for her to even get a good night's rest. The climax still persisted even while she slept and was always the thing to wake her up. Every living second switched between being hell or heaven, and Ruby couldn't even tell them apart.

Worse still, her milkings had to be kept up with if she didn't want to be constantly overfull and swell even more despite her tanks now freely leaking their contents. Totally incapable of performing it herself, Ruby had to rely on her servants to handle it entirely.

It was here that their clumsiness was most apparent. Unlike how she would gently squish her tits to release their contents, the little dolls could only push and squeeze to pull out the thick cream, eliciting a corresponding shriek from her.

As painful as it was, she knew it had to be done to ensure the ritual's success. Still being possessed by her need to not waste the magical milk, she'd instructed her servants to fetch containers from the village to store it in so it wouldn't spill all over the floor. Then that need compelled her to have her servants bring the containers back to the village and sell it disguised as mana potions. A venture that proved to be incredibly profitable.

Even after going through all of that, forty-five days had passed since the start of the ritual and it still wasn't over. Ruby didn't know what to think anymore. Surely if this ritual was going to cause her injury from going on too long, it most certainly would've happened by now. But if it kept going on longer, who knew what could happen? How much bigger could she even get, surely there had to be a limit.

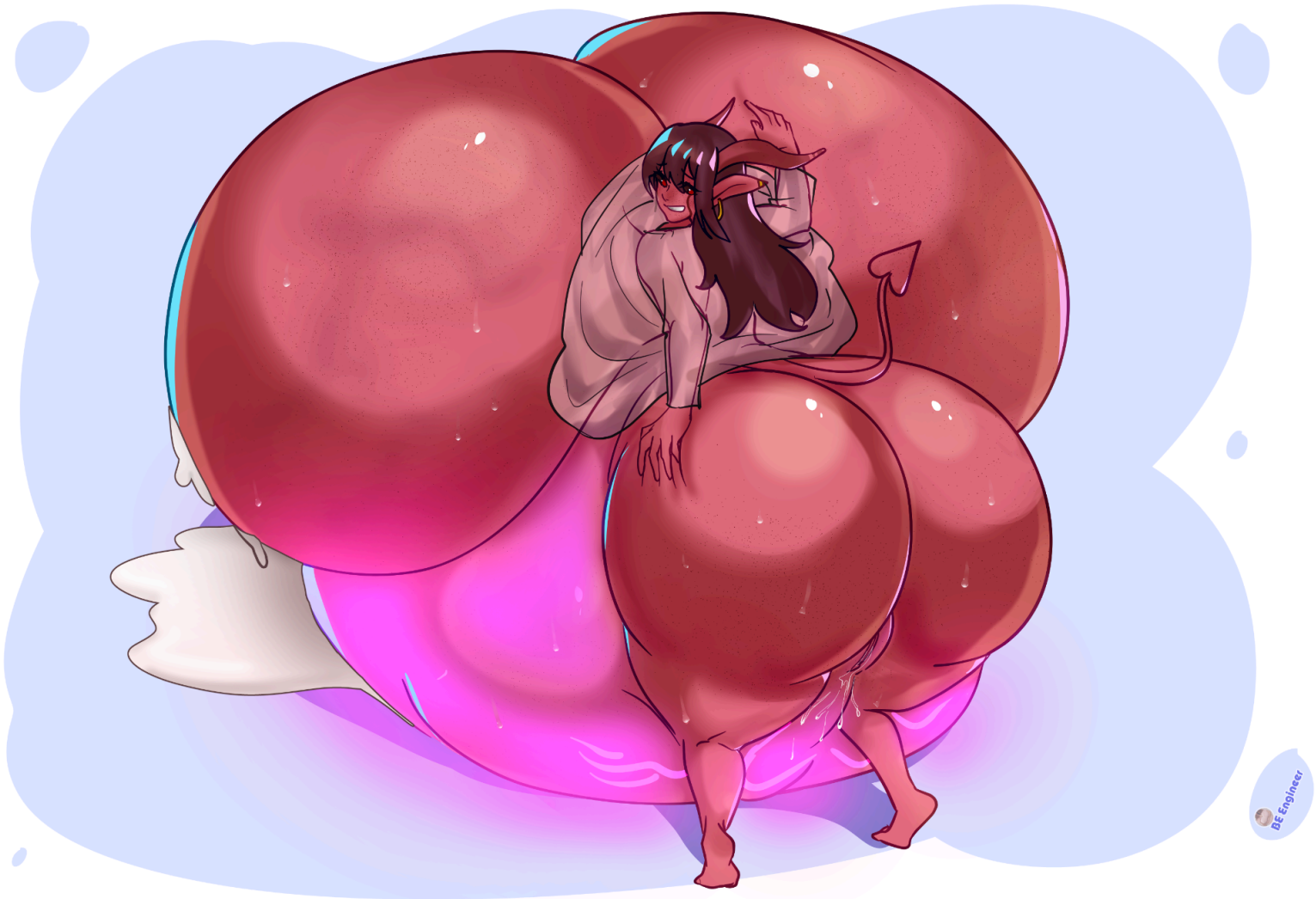
Her belly and both of her milk tanks were each almost the size of a bed, and her hips were now wider than two curvy adult women standing side by side. Her womb was so full of will-o-wisps now that a dull magenta glow radiated from the inside of her gargantuan tummy. It was so big that the swollen folds of her nethers had even been pushed into view between her pillowy legs.

As Ruby lay there readying herself for the handling she was about to receive from her servant's milking, she couldn't help but wonder to herself about what the coming days might bring. "***Bigger... and bigger... a-and... BIGGER! This can't go on... much longer... r-right??***"

She wouldn't even believe her own words. She'd asked that question before but it didn't matter to the spirits growing within her, and much to her own guilt, she didn't even want it to end. She'd been bigger and been fine, surely she could keep going.

"***I feel like... a-all this... pressure... Nnnghhh, I don't know... if I can... take it!...***" Her last attempts at trying to convince herself that this was bad and had to be

stopped were pointless. How could it be bad when she felt so amazing? Even as she looked back over her shoulder to rub her wobbling ass, she couldn't help but want it all to be even bigger.



****Guuuuuuuurple!****

****Streeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeetch!****

“AAAAAUUUUUUGGGGGHHH!!!” As if on cue, the spirits swirled in her womb and fluid bubbled within her breasts, forcing another spurt of swelling upon her. The growth was now happening fast enough that Ruby could see it in real time and felt it even more vividly.

“Haaaaaaah, seeervaaaaants!... Milk meeee, haaaaaaaah... pleeeeeeeeeeaaase...”

The mannequins wasted no time in hurrying to their orders. While some of them carried over the jugs to hold Ruby’s milk, the others readied themselves to start squeezing once they were in place.

****SPLRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!****

“AAAAAAUUUAUUAUAAAUUUUAUUUUUUUGGGHHH!!!” Ruby went limp atop her bed of flesh as the dolls firmly wrapped their arms around the fronts of her udders. Her whole body quivered as she was powerless against the reverberating quake of the orgasm filling every bit of her massive figure.

****SPLRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!****

“AAAAAAAAAAAAUUUAUUAUAAAUUUUUUUUGGGHHH!!!!” Feeling gallons of liquid being forced out of her tits this quickly was so painful yet so much more pleasurable. Even if she could manage to get out words telling the servants to stop, she would’ve said nothing. It would’ve been criminal to interrupt such a magnificent experience.

After two hours her milk tanks had been drained to the point of being the size they were prior to the recent growth spurt. But even as she still writhed from the climax refusing to leave her body, Ruby couldn’t help but miss feeling so stretched and overfull. Through her blurred vision, she could barely make out the shapes of her servants carrying away the full jugs of milk.

“Haaaaaaaah... servant... b-bring that... haaaaaaaah-heeeeere...” Ruby weakly beckoned out to the mannequins that quickly turned to accomplish their new orders. When they got close enough, she hungrily grabbed the top of the jug to pull it close to her face. Why did it have to smell so damn good?

Mustering what remained of her strength, she lifted the open top of the jug to her lips. She’d been bigger than this before, why should she stop now? What reason could there possibly be when it never stopped feeling better the bigger she got? In that moment Ruby fully unshackled herself, no more fear, no more shame, and no more restraint.

****Gulp!* *Gulp!* *Gulp!* *Gulp!* *Gulp!* *Gulp!* *Gulp!* *Gulp!* *Gulp!****

****GUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!****

****STREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEETCH!!!****

Ruby reveled in the divine taste as it filled her mouth and in the overwhelming stimulation of her unrestrained growth. The dolls tipped the bottom of the jug up to help her swallow down every last drop inside. There was no turning back for her now.

The last days in the house all blurred together from the ocean of ecstasy that Ruby had plunged herself headfirst into. She rapidly got so big that milkings became an ordeal that lasted most of the day. Even with all of her servants working together, the vats of nectar that were attached to her body filled up just as quickly as they drained.

It was a losing battle that they were fighting, but Ruby didn't mind in the slightest. Feeling stretched and overfull, feeling the dozens of tiny hands squish into the mass of her tits. Even feeling the very air on her sweating skin somehow brought the stimulation even higher, and she was hopelessly addicted to all of it.

She made damn sure that it would never stop too. Consuming as much of her magic elixir as she could without making herself sick ensured that the spirits kept growing and the milk kept flowing. Ensuring that her constant desire for more was taken care of.

After sixty days of subjecting herself to the ritual, Ruby had reached her largest size by far. Almost the entirety of the house's bottom floor was filled by her luscious curves. The transmutation spell had turned the one spirit inside her tummy into dozens and now hundreds.

With their combined size, the little ghosts had stretched her belly to be bigger than three carriages put side-by-side and tall enough to squish her queen bed sized butt up against the twelve foot high ceiling. Not to be outdone, together her tits matched her tummy in size and resulted in the only open space being a narrow gap between the walls and her pillowy flesh.

Ruby had gotten her wish too, every day she woke up and went to sleep with her mammaries being full to the point of constant leaking. It was so much that she was making more milk than the entire village wanted to buy. Thus much of the house's free space was devoted to storing the excess of full jugs.

The stimulation had also multiplied accordingly with her size. She spent every waking moment in a trance-like state. It felt as though all of her highest climaxes had been put together and she was permanently stuck at the pinnacle.

Every inch of her massive body felt as though it was constantly being filled by a mix of a heat wave and an electrical shock. It was so intense that it hurt to experience, but the non-stop aching was a valuable part of the perpetual pleasure. Ruby was now living the truest form of euphoria to have ever been achieved by any living creature in the world.

All she could do was meekly writhe as she rested on top of her silky smooth orbs. The only movement she was capable of was massaging her arms over the luxurious expanse

of her red skin, or rubbing her legs against the engorged folds of her twitching pussy with what little movement her massive hips allowed.

As she lay there with her eyes barely open and drool running out of her mouth into her fathomless cleavage, Ruby allowed her mind to get lost in all of it. All of her problems and woes seemed so insignificant in the face of the gift her body never stopped giving. She simply needed to rest here and breathe, but her eager little helpers wouldn't let her rest for long.

****SPLRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!****

"aaaaauuuuuuuuuuuuummmmmggghhhhh... g-gentle haaaaaaah... pleeeeeaaase..." Ruby didn't even have the strength to muster the air from her lungs for a scream as the crew of servants all worked in unison to extract another round of gallons from her udders. She'd been reduced to meek moans and whimpers for weeks now as she trembled from the milking pushing her stimulation ever upwards.

However, the best part was yet to come. While the rest of the little mannequins hurried off to store the many jugs of milk that had just been filled, two of them worked together to carry one up to their mistress. Shakily ascending a ladder that had been placed next to her, they hopped onto Ruby's tummy to bring the jug to her waiting mouth.

"Ahn!... ngh... mph... augh... mnh... ough..." Each one of their footsteps sinking into her flesh sent another orgasmic pulse through Ruby's trembling form. The spirits in her womb knew what was coming. All of them began to massage her insides with increased enthusiasm in anticipation of receiving even more mana.

The servants knelt down next to Ruby's head and began to angle the jug for her drinking. All she had to do was lift her head and allow her mouth to hang open. The little dolls placed the rim of the jug to her lips and slowly tilted in its creamy contents.

****Gulp!* *Gulp!* *Gulp!* *Gulp!* *Gulp!* *Gulp!* *Gulp!* *Gulp!* *Gulp!****

****GUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!****

****STREEETCH!!!****

****GROOOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAN!****

"mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmnnnnnnnnnnnggghhh..." Ruby's mind was beyond overloaded. The bigger she got, the more of her there was to feel the stimulation, and the stimulation's strength grew with her size. Her body had grown so big now that her skin had started to creak from the intensity of these growth spurts, but it didn't worry her in the slightest.

It didn't matter how stretched or full she became, Ruby felt in her heart of hearts that she could grow forever. She wanted to push down the walls of this house, she wanted to cover the entire hill, she wanted to rise above the mountains themselves.

Amidst the orgasmic storm, she managed to hold those thoughts in her head as she was handed a tiny vial of sleeping medicine by her attendants. The sun had already set for the day, and as much as Ruby wanted to continue drinking from herself, she was tired and wanted to be well rested for the experience. Closing her eyes as she downed the vial, she let herself drift away amidst the comforting warmth of her ever growing curves.

****Fwoooooooooosshhhhh!****

Ruby's eyes jolted open to the unexpected sound of an ocean wave crashing against a shoreline. Pushing herself upright she hurriedly looked around her to see her surroundings. In front of her was a beach made of smooth golden sand with an ocean as far as the eye could see.

That beach then turned into the soft grass that she now sat upon which covered the rest of the gently rolling hills of the little island. A warm sunny day, and just the right amount of clouds in the sky to be aesthetically pleasing, completed the scene. It was simple, but exceptionally beautiful.

Then Ruby froze, she hadn't been able to sit upright on her own for weeks. The thoughts in the back of her mind that this was a dream were now confirmed. Next she looked down to inspect her nude form and see where the rest of her curves had gone.

Even though they were considerably smaller now, two massive watermelon teardrops hung from her chest and completely covered her navel. Despite their size, they were impressively perky. Her thighs were as big around as beer kegs, and her hips doubled the width of her shoulders. Even the shelf of her ass had grown so much that her long hair rested atop it while she was sitting down.

She hefted up one of her tits in her arms to get a look at her stomach, causing a small stream of milk to leak out from the pressure. It was as heavy as it looked, Ruby could see why she still needed both of her arms to get up from laying down. Her tummy had the slight pudge of a post-pregnancy mother, but was perky enough to indicate excellent fertility.

She gave the skin over her womb a light squeeze to see that the mark was still there and remained exactly the same. Her waist was also noticeably wider than before. Fully taking in her lower half, it was as though everything from the waist down to the knees had been scaled up by a little more than a third of what it once was before the ritual. Even her pussy was considerably more plump than how she remembered it.

“Hey there sleepyhead.” Ruby’s head flicked to see the demonic woman, nude just like she was, who’d uttered the greeting and was now striding towards her. Her voice was deep and smooth, thickly suffused with the tone of maternal comfort.

The voice fit the woman’s kind and beautiful face that was slightly worn with age just the right amount. She had shiny jet-black hair that reached down to her lower back and parted around the two spiked horns on her head. Her eyes matched Ruby’s with their blood-red irises and dark borders.

She also had an eerily similar womb tattoo to Ruby’s, and an hourglass figure that held the same shape as hers but was definitely smaller. Just like Ruby as well, the woman’s body was covered with freckles and her skin was even the same color but a few shades darker. It was as though Ruby was looking at a warped reflection of herself.

“Who are you?” Ruby cautiously asked. She slowly reached for her spellbook only to be quickly reminded that it was missing along with the rest of her clothes.

“An archfiend, but more importantly, I’m someone who loves you.” The woman said with a smile. Standing over Ruby almost eight feet in stature, she leaned down and offered her hand to help Ruby up. “Come, walk with me. I’ll explain everything as best I can.”

“So why is it that you love me exactly?” Ruby began her line of questioning as the pair strolled along the beach. The sand was soft and warm under their feet.

“Well, you’re the one I’ve chosen to inherit my archfiend seed, and you’ve passed through all the preparations I’ve set out for you with flying colors! Of course I’d love you for that.” The woman’s voice perked up as she answered. Her joy at being able to speak with Ruby was obvious.

“I’m sorry, *archfiend seed*? Also, why am I the one inheriting whatever that is, and what preparations?!” Ruby’s speech quickened with agitation as the archfiend’s answer had only raised more questions.

“There’s no need to worry dear. This is a closely kept secret among our circle, but the seed is what gives an archfiend their power. And while it does make us immortal, we must work to keep its power growing.” The woman’s soothing voice and relaxed breathing as she spoke helped to calm Ruby’s nerves.

“Now, there is a limit to how much an archfiend can cultivate their seed, and what doesn’t grow dies. It must then be passed on to a suitable successor. That’s where you and the preparations I’ve had you undergo come in.” The archfiend continued with some of the eagerness returning to her voice in reference to Ruby.

“You still haven’t told me what those ‘preparations’ even are.” Ruby was calmer now, but no less annoyed by her lack of information.

“You haven’t figured it out? I guess I’m more subtle than I thought.” The archfiend mused. “That job you took for the slime, your meeting with Cobana and the milk she gave you, her telling you about the cursed spirit where you are now?”

Ruby’s eyes widened as it all came together in her mind. “All of that was because of you?! I-I’m not *ungrateful*... But what was the point of it all, and why me?!”

“Well, your body would’ve been unable to handle the seed without being able to do what you can do now. The slime was to make sure your body could stretch, the milk was to make sure you could produce enough mana to feed your offspring, and this ritual is to give you the power you need to maintain it all. Also...” The woman stopped them in their tracks as she turned to be fully face to face with Ruby.

“I’ve been watching you for a long time now, Ruby Haluve Millerzia. You’re powerful, independent, smart, resourceful, friendly, kind, and most importantly you’re unwaveringly caring, even when it might be detrimental for your own wellbeing. I don’t think anyone could be more perfect for this than you.”

“Not only that, just look at you! *Goodness, you are gorgeous*...” The woman trailed off at that thought. Now totally engrossed with taking in Ruby’s full majesty.

Ruby’s cheeks blushed her classic deep crimson as she embarrassedly shifted back and forth on her feet and looked off to the side. “*B-but I... This i-isn’t even what I really look like*...” Ruby went quiet at the thought of losing this body that she secretly adored.

“Not *yet*. In their dreams people will look like their truest selves that they feel most comfortable as. And I think after this ritual is over, you’ll be exactly how you envision yourself to be.” The woman put her hands on Ruby’s shoulders to comfort her as she spoke.

Looking down at herself, Ruby lightly hefted her boobs in one arm while caressing a thigh with the other. “*I never knew I could feel so beautiful*... Please tell me, how can I ever repay you?” Ruby snapped her gaze back to the archfiend’s face as she earnestly asked the question.

“Inheriting my seed is more than enough dear. I should be the one thanking you.” A tear of joy rolled down the woman’s cheek as Ruby displayed that caringness that she held in such high regard.

“Also, where even are we? What is this place?” Ruby asked with a slight giggle, now fully enjoying the situation she found herself in.

“Well it’s your dream, but due to the nature of how I’m visiting you, I assume this is how you envision your soul. And if I had to take a guess, I’d assume that is your mana.” The woman gestured out towards the ocean.

Ruby’s eyes widened as she looked out and took in the unfathomable expanse of what the ocean actually was. “That’s... all mine?...” Ruby trailed off as she turned and slowly started walking towards the water.

“Oh I wouldn’t do that if I were you!” The archfiend’s voice had a twinge of nervousness to it as she reached out to try and dissuade Ruby, but not stop her.

The plea was soundly defeated by Ruby’s curiosity as she leaned down to dip her fingers into the crystal blue water when it washed upon the shore. “**AUGH!--**” Ruby squeaked as she fell backwards while the shock from the touch traveled up her arm and smashed through her entire body.

She instantly came multiple times, being rocked by orgasms even stronger than what she’d been feeling right up until she’d gone to sleep. In her confusion at being in this strange place, she’d hadn’t realized the stimulation had stopped ever since the dream started. Accompanied by a squirt of milk, Ruby lay writhing in the fetal position with her hands cupped between her soaked inner thighs, nursing her aching body.

“Careful dear! Wow, that stuff’s even stronger than I thought it’d be.” The archfiend knelt down over Ruby to begin comforting her. “Keep in mind that all of that will be unlocked for you to use once this ritual is over, so please be careful when tapping into it.”

The two sat there for what felt like hours with Ruby quivering and whimpering while the archfiend cradled her head in her arms to soothe her. “**Mngh... W-why? Haaaaah... Why d-does it feel like, haaaaah... thaaaaaat? Mmmngh...**” Finally starting to come down from her ecstatic overload, Ruby weakly stuttered out her question.

“Touching pure mana would be a painful shock to anyone dear. Although due to what you’re capable of now, you get a lot more enjoyment out of it than others would haha.” The woman giggled from her amusement at Ruby’s reaction. “You’ll be feeling something quite similar to that when the ritual ends so you should probably prepare yourself for that.”

After a little more time passed, most of Ruby’s trembling from the recovery had subsided. “Think you can stand now dear? We don’t have much time left together and I need to show you one last thing.” As much as the fiend wanted to let Ruby keep resting, she had urgent matters that needed to be covered before the dream ended.

With the woman’s help, Ruby carefully made her way to standing on wobbly legs. Then with her hand being held by the archfiend to steady herself, she let herself be led

towards the island's grassy center. "*S-so the ritual, haaaaaaah... will allow me to use all that?*"

"Indeed it will! All the spirits in you have definitely added to it as well. But you didn't need to keep it going this long dear. I probably would've gone half as big as you at most haha." The fiend giggled once again at Ruby's greediness for more growth.

"*W-wait no! I-it's not I-like that! Mmmmmmmmm...*" Ruby's gaze shot to the ground. Her blush had deepened and she was on the verge of tears as the embarrassment of how much she enjoyed growing fully set in.

"Haha, my dear you have nothing to be ashamed of! You loving it so much is why you're my perfect choice. Besides, if it felt as good for me, I'd probably love it just as much as you do." Bringing back her motherly tone, the woman hurriedly began to comfort the sniffing Ruby again.

Finally reaching the center of the island, the pair sat down on the grass facing each other. Before they could continue, Ruby had one final question. "So what does inheriting your archfiend seed entail?"

"Well, I am the current holder of the fertility seed. Myself and my predecessors have each served as a grand matron to all of demon-kind. It is from us that each of the other archfiends has been able to sire their bloodlines and build their domains. That is the task of the one who holds this seed." The archfiend's tone had now taken on a commanding air to it, making clear the severity of what holding the seed meant.

"Well hold on now. I'm not some 'grand matron', I'm just a wizard who wants to live a good life. I'll hold onto your seed until I can pass it to someone better suited for the job, if that's really what you want. But I definitely can't be a *mother* for all of the archfiend's bloodlines." While Ruby was grateful for the experiences this archfiend had given her, what she was being asked to do sounded like far too serious of an undertaking to be accepted so suddenly.

"And I don't expect you to. Simply keeping it alive will be more than enough for me. You don't need to immediately try and fill my position, in fact I'd recommend you wait a bit. Take as long as you want to get used to your new form. Gain experience and enjoy all the new things you can do in your own time." The matron once again worked to diffuse Ruby's worry. Fully understanding that the way she'd presented her request did make it sound very intimidating.

"Heh... Yeah, I think I can do that... Alright, I accept! What's next for me then?" Now that Ruby had been given permission to keep living her life how she wanted, her confidence

had returned in full. Besides, if her wonderful transformation was all so she could inherit this seed, then it could only mean good things for her.

“Excellent! The first thing I’ll need you to do is just make a small hole in the ground right here.” Ruby gave a puzzled look at the archfiend’s request, but did as she was told. While Ruby was moving the dirt, the matron cupped both of her hands over her heart.

Closing her eyes and breathing deep, there was a brief red flash of light as the fiend pulled the seed from her own soul. With a long exhale she looked down into her cupped hands to see the walnut sized seed in her palms. It was smooth with the shape of a teardrop, and was made of the most brilliant red crystal.

“Now, take this and plant it here. Your soul will take care of the rest.” The woman’s voice was filled with relief as she gently pressed the seed into Ruby’s palm. It seemed as though a tremendous weight had just been lifted from her shoulders.

Looking closely at the seed before she buried it, Ruby couldn’t help but notice that it looked oddly similar to her own magic gemstone. After staring briefly, she placed the seed into the small divot she’d made and began packing loose soil on top of it. As she finished, Ruby began to feel herself rapidly getting sleepy.

“Well then, that should be everything. And it looks like we were just in time too.” Standing up as she said this, the fiend brushed any errant dirt off her legs and turned to take one last look at the beautiful scenery.

“Will I get to see you again? It was lovely talking with you...” Ruby slumped down to her side as she barely got her last words out. It was now a fight for her to simply keep her eyes open.

“As much as I’d like to, I must apologize. I’ll be far too weak to visit you again. Don’t worry though! I’ll be sure to have Cormallin keep an eye on you dear.” The matron gave Ruby one last smile as she knelt down for eye contact in their last words together. “Oh, one more thing. You’re about to have a *very intense* time when that ritual ends so I hope you’ll be ready!”

As Ruby’s eyes closed to her dreamscape, she found herself awakening to that familiar mind-rending pleasure that she’d become so accustomed to. It was as though it had never left. She continued to lay there, basking in the dull magenta glow coming from her tummy.

STREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEETCH!!!

“mmmmmmnnnnnnnnnggggghhh, haaaaaah...” Another little growth spurt was a wonderful thing to wake up to. Ruby quivered with delight as more was added onto her constant climax. Feeling so full and squished up against the walls and ceiling of the room made it even better.

“sooooo haaaaah... biiiiig... Seeervaaants!” The many dolls all came to attention at Ruby’s call. Milking had to start first thing in the morning, so they all quickly began to gather the necessary items for the task. Then just as Ruby was falling back into her stupor, all of her stimulation vanished in an instant.

Using what little strength she had left, Ruby used her arms to push her shoulders and head up from her breast pillow. **“Wait!”** All the dolls immediately stopped what they were doing and retreated to their resting positions. Looking at herself, she could now tell that the heart marks on her cheeks and shoulders had started glowing the same color as the glow from her tummy.

It was only the second time in her life that her body marks had shined like this. Ruby also knew by now that a distinct lack of pleasure while she was growing indicated something far bigger coming. Even more worrisome, she could feel all of the will-o-wisps in her womb pushing their way towards her groin. After sixty-one days, it was finally time.

GROOOOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAN!

**“Wait! Wait! Not yet! I’m not rea--
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAUUUUAUAUAAUUUAUAUAUUUAUUUGGHHH!!!!!--”** The pain of the first one leaving her belly was sharp as it stretched her groin for its exit. But with that first one came an orgasm strong enough to shatter her very sanity.

She hadn’t touched her pussy once since she’d started the incantation. Then to have a soft and squishy object a little bigger than an orange be the first thing to slide through her insides after all that time was a shock strong enough to knock her near unconscious. But not before she let out one last shrill shriek as her vocal cords ceased to function

Every single nerve in her body felt like it was burning, aching, throbbing, and being firmly stroked all at the same time. Still trembling from the first one, Ruby was not even allowed a moment to recover. With the floodgates opened, it didn’t even take a second for the next spirit to follow, rattling her to her very core once again.

“AH!-- AUH!-- HAH!-- OUGH!-- AHN!-- AUGH!-- HAH!--” Tiny squeaks were the only sounds that exited her mouth as each spirit that moved through her forced out what little air she was able to pull into her lungs between them. After a few more minutes the only noise she could make was from her shallow breaths.

With how short the time in between each spirit was, Ruby would still be in the midst of feeling the orgasm from the most recent one as she got smashed by the next. Causing them to compound upon each other and drive the feeling even harder. It was hundreds, maybe even thousands of times more intense than any stimulation she'd felt ever since she'd gained her swelling ability.

All she could do was instinctively spread her legs apart and resign herself to her fate. Now she was finally receiving the consequences of subconsciously willing the ritual to continue and growing to her massive size. But as agonizing as it was, she felt like this experience was her greatest reward.

That reward was given over the next several hours while the hundreds of spirits left her womb, and her tummy shrunk with them. Her face was plastered with euphoria the entire time as tears streamed down her cheeks. Finally when she'd released them all, she was left resting upon her massive milky tits that still reached from wall to wall.

In the now open space above her, the myriad of amorphous magenta wisps all flitted excitedly around the house. Eagerly enjoying their newfound freedom, they filled the whole space with a brilliant light. Ruby lay there paralyzed, barely making out their beauty on the edges of her blurred vision.

Then she began to see one of the more curious ones start to float down towards her throbbing nipple. It could sense the well of magic that now lay before it, and it was eager to get its fill. As it disappeared from her view, Ruby could feel her skin tingling intensely near where it hovered. "***W-w-wait haaaaaah... p-plea-- AUGH!!!--***"

When the will-o-wisp pressed itself against her breast and started sucking, Ruby's momentary respite was ruined. It took mere moments for the rest of the spirits to take notice, and not wanting to miss out, they quickly followed suit. The hundreds beared down upon her breasts like a swarm of bees, totally covering their massive fronts as the pink puffs all desperately tried to push each other out of the way for a drink.

The same feeling as when the spirits had first left her body spread out from her tits through the rest of her form like wildfire. But now instead of being hit by the feeling in rapid bursts, the sucking from all the little spirits made it constant. They weren't even giving her the courtesy of going one at a time, so she felt the stimulation of the whole batch all at once.

Being knocked into her catatonic state once again, Ruby went blind and deaf to the world around her. It was impossible to comprehend just how far beyond her limits the feeling of having so much milk pulled so quickly from her breasts kept pushing her. She had nothing left in her mind to break, and was now little more than a twitching mess.

As the spirits got their fill, they began to flitter out of the windows one by one. Feeling elated and energized, they gleefully zipped off into the night-shadowed forest. After two hours, the last ones could drink no more and allowed Ruby to finally pass out.

Ruby had to sleep for the next three days in order to fully recover. During which time her body shrunk down considerably, no longer being forced to hold a constant intake of mana. Then on the dawn of the fourth day, her eyes finally fluttered open.

Her body still had some numbness and aches as she gently rolled back and forth on her bed of cushions to slowly return her mobility. Once she felt awake enough she pushed herself up to sitting to make sure her surroundings hadn't changed. While the house remained exactly the same, what Ruby now saw was wondrous.

All around her the air shimmered with a brilliant cyan sparkle. It seemed to be a part of everything, from each board of the house to every plant and animal outside it. It clung to her skin as she gracefully waved her arm through the air, and turned into that same luscious magenta color of the spirits as it radiated off her body.

This was the mana that was a part of every atom in the universe, and she could see it now like no other creature could. Not only that, but now it radiated from her body like a fountain. It felt as though her whole figure was being filled with comforting warmth.

Looking down at herself now gave her an even more amazing surprise. She inhaled with eager anticipation as she excitedly ran over to a full-height mirror she'd previously placed on the wall so she could take it all in. The woman that stood before her was both shocking and made her want to cry joyful tears.

What she saw was even better than she'd imagined in her dream. Every intricate detail of her body seemed to be perfectly placed, from the way the womb tattoo sat on her tummy down to the very last freckle. It was hard to tell, but it almost felt like she was slightly bigger than how she remembered herself from the dream.

Unsupported, her breasts hung to cover her tummy but sported perkiness that would've been expected on tits that were a third of her current size. Her hips were about as wide as two normal women standing shoulder to shoulder, and each of her thighs eclipsed her waist in girth.

Her waist was not slender either. As she lifted a watermelon mammary in her arms to get a look at it, she saw that her tummy protruded out substantially more than before. While she was by no means fat, her massive belly growth still left her with some noticeable chubbiness after she'd shrunk. It was particularly noticeable with how much more pronounced the area around her womb was.

Holding just one breast in both her arms and feeling the other hang from her torso, she could tell how heavy they truly were. It was a similar story with her lifting the heft of her ass on her backside. Despite the massive weight that had been added onto her so quickly, she didn't mind it at all.

She could not even feel the slightest hint of pain. In fact, she now stood up straighter than she ever had before. Based on how she looked when she last saw herself in the mirror, it definitely seemed like she'd gotten taller as well. By her estimate, she was maybe a few inches more than six feet in height.

She mused in front of that mirror for hours turning side to side, squeezing, prodding, and rubbing every inch of herself to ensure that she wasn't dreaming again. As she was confirming that it was indeed real, Ruby couldn't help but notice her untied long hair constantly getting in the way. Once her inspection had finished, she had her next move planned.

Not wanting to leave her spot in front of the mirror, she casted a simple telekinesis spell to float her coin purse over to her. Blinking rapidly as it happened, she was surprised by just how effortlessly she'd done it, and without her spellbook too. It was almost concerning how powerful she felt.

Instead of counting her money like she initially planned, she tipped out a handful of gold coins in her palm. Ruby desired to keep testing the things she could now do. She then floated the coins into the air and heated them to the point of melting in the same motion. With one spiralled motion of her finger, the liquid gold cooled and solidified into a perfectly circular hair-band that fell into her waiting palm.

Pulling her shiny brunette hair through it into a voluminous ponytail put the final perfect touch on her look. She felt well and truly unstoppable. Now that she was her new self, going back to travelling for odd jobs seemed like a massive backwards step.

While the thought of travelling to learn more spells for her book was still appealing, Ruby now thought it was time to figure out a home base. Unlike most other powerful wizards, she didn't have a tower, and this seemed as good a place as any to build one. The villagers would probably appreciate having a resident wizard as well.

It would be a lot of work, but nothing that she couldn't handle. Looking around at all of the stored excess magic milk that had been crammed into every available space in the house, she could tell that her money problems were far behind her. But before she could start she had one last matter to attend to.

Turning back to the mirror, Ruby sank to her knees with one hand in her groin and the other gently massaging the front of her breast. Just simply existing felt oh so good to

her now and even light touches to her body made her feel heated.

“Oooooooooouugghhh... haaaaaaah, dear gods that’s good stuff...”

Never ceasing to stare at the mirror as she continued to work herself up, she marveled at the new Ruby that sat in front of her. Even this simple act of masturbation alone was enough to get milk flowing from her tits and make her hot enough for her top and bottom to start gently swelling again. She could get used to this.

This marks the end of Ruby’s origin for how she started to transform into the Archfiend of Fertility! While this series may be over, Ruby still has many big adventures ahead of her. Plus a lot more growing to do!

Written by: Co Cobana

Hiya! I’m Coba and I wanted to take a little more of your time to speak to you, the reader, directly. Thank you for giving me the most valuable gift you possibly could, your time. I know it’s a precious thing so I sincerely hope you enjoyed reading my works and consider it well spent!

Thank you for clicking on this story and any of the other ones I’ve made. Thank you for taking an interest in my characters and the antics they get up to. And thank you for reading to the very end. I cannot possibly describe just how much I appreciate you.

I also want to give a very special thank you to my beautiful friends: Aestris, CreatorORoxanne, and ThatNewShoeSmel. This trilogy would’ve never even happened without their love and very generous help. They’re all on Swell Tales under those exact names, and their stories are just as good if not better than mine so please go give them your support!

As one last treat for making it this far, and sitting through my long-winded thanks, I’ve left a surprise for you below of how Ruby will look going into the future!



