

“Loony, hun, sweetie! It's all good, I mean it! Just come back with the Grimoire okay? Stolas has his fucking creepy bird holes in a twist about that book and as much as I hate to let go of it that *is* his and he's kind of paying us not to use it so like..”

Blitz sighed, pacing through the alleys and trying to figure out *where* he'd lost his daughter in this chase. The hell hound wasn't answering her phone, she wasn't answering his voice, and.. well, Blitz was pretty sure Stolas would be patient for a *little while* longer still but this was growing anxiety inducing with a quickness.

Somewhere above all that, Loona was listening to everything going on with her own kind of anxiety involved. Paging through the Grimoire and trying to figure out what she was doing. At all.

“I just.. come on, I just need time! I can memorize this thing-”

Glancing at the incantation on the page again, Loona tried to force her mind to cling to the spell on the pages. It wasn't working though, it hadn't *been* working. The hell hound would look at the words, diagrams, and notes and she'd understand what to do – and then she'd look away from the paper and it would start to decay instantly. It was enough that if she started the spell right away she could finish it but *retaining it* seemed to be completely impossible.

“I just.. come on, this.. this shouldn't be so hard! This sucks! I-”

A chill ran up Loona from tail to tits when a voice from below reached her ears.

“Loony? That you? Hey! Say something again, please? Fuck, this is.. I *swear* I heard her. I-ugh.. No, Mox, I do not have the book yet! Because I haven't found her! WELL THEN GET YOUR FAT ASS OUT HERE AND HELP LOOK!”

That just made for more wincing. Loona forced herself to ignore the rest of her dad bitching at Moxie on the phone and looked at the Grimoire again.

“..Alright, fine – I'll do this to just.. to buy time or something. I really hope Stolas can't track this kind of stuff down and just find me..”

Loona started the spell like she always did, eyes on the book and hand raised to focus the portal as it opened. She had to hope she wouldn't be found while at this, given that the portals remained open for a little bit after being created. Lucky for Loona, very few people had the sense to look upward for things they were seeking. Blitz didn't catch on, the portal opened, and Loona stepped through.. Right into someplace she'd never been before.

“Uh.. *crap*. Maybe I fucked that up a bit. I uh, I'll just.. go somewhere else, I-”

Standing up sluggishly, Loona took in the space around herself as best she could. It was hot still, but the air didn't have Hell's particular smell of refuse, brimstone, and despair to it. It was just dry heat, maybe with a little bit of a spicy tinge to it, a bit of sweat and the sour aroma of wine. Stone was under her feet, polished and clean enough that she could just about make out the gleam of her own eyes in it as her claws clacked against the surface. Around her beyond that things were harder to make out, in the distance there were arches that gave way to the night sky and its glittering carpet of stars, which gave off just enough light to cover about half the floor while the rest was still bathed in darkness – as was the roof overhead – and.. something else.

It wasn't something Loona saw, not quite anyway. She smelled it though – that aged sense of indulgence and elegance was coming from *someone*, and they were close. Clutching the book to her chest, the hell hound squinted into the dark and began to back toward one of the open arches just in case she had to bail on this.

***You didn't. Not exactly. The portal-***

Turning to look for the source of the voice was useless, it was coming from *everywhere* in the structure and most places beyond it. But when it mentioned the portal that gave Loona somewhere to focus, she turned to where she'd just come through barely in time to see *something* rip the portal asunder. Something that could just drag the portal through the air as it began to unweave itself and hold it up for a sniff.

That was when Loona managed to look at the dark hanging overhead in *just* the right way to make out the presence there. Kind of. She could tell there *was* a presence there, a great dark hood laid out against an expanse of inky black and starlight, looking down with eyes aplenty – a half dozen at least it seemed, though Loona was finding that the number changed every time she tried to count them.

“Uh.. Either way I think I'll be *going* now. I have somewhere to be *away* so-”

As soon as Loona made to leave she found that the arch she'd chosen to run toward seemed further away than it had been – and that she was running in sand, not on polished stone. Couple that with the fact that she wasn't getting any closer and the presence looming around her felt just as close as ever and it seemed rather pointless – which was when she thought to just roll the dice with another portal. And that-

***Not the worst idea, but no. Sit down, please. I- hmm..***

Nothing happened when Loona tried to use the Grimoire. There was just.. empty air there, where there was *supposed* to be a portal. But the thing hadn't taken the book, or hurt her, or done much of anything except asked her to sit. So she did.

“...Look, I just.. my dad *needs* to be able to get to and from the mortal world for his business and right now we need to give this book back.. see? I.. you.. you're from.. one of the big families right? I uh, I know there's demons and then there's ***Demons***. I've seen that, and you-”

It wasn't anything she could see, but Loona felt the impression of someone putting a finger to her lips to silence her. That was a *little* more annoying than she was able to just shrug off even under the circumstances, so an attempt to swat the finger away did happen, but just met with open air.

***Not quite. Now, hush. I smell.. desperation on this, but nothing of a lie. Just a little hint of hope, and-***

A louder sniff followed that. Loona found herself blushing and clutching the book tighter to her chest as the *thing* in the air around her spoke. It had asked for quiet but Loona really wasn't thinking too clearly – or prone to following instructions anyway.

“I.. yeah, basically that I guess. *Fuck me*. I should've known I'd get caught with the book doing this. L-look, this was *my idea* okay? I could always use the spell before if I could read it off the page, I just figured I could really try to memorize it this time?”

Whatever the presence was took the interruption surprisingly well. Loona found herself being more openly stared at by all those eyes – masses of them blinking in the dark at her in constantly altering formations. She could just about swear she could make out a vaguely canine silhouette around them too.

***If only it were that simple. The spells inside aren't just words. They are intent, interval, interruption – they require the moment they are observed in and not even the Prince is particularly good at extrapolating that ahead of time.***

For a moment after that Loona actually *was* silent, during which time she curled her knees up to her chest and sandwiched the book in against them a bit more tightly.

“..So this was screwed from the start? *Great*. Because a hell hound is too dumb to do this properly. *Figures*. Don't know why I ever thought I could-”

That finger made itself known again, touching her lips, but this time it came paired with a weight across her shoulders and over her head, between her ears. Like someone had laid a blanket

over top of her, or a *very large* hand. Something comforting at any rate. The tone that followed supported that, kind and encouraging as it was. Loona still shrank a little more though.

***You know, I always wondered what that implied – you can use Hell's magic about as readily as does its nobility and yet they rank you down with the imps. Even they don't deserve the circumstances they labor under – and only about half of the sinners do. I've half a mind to look into what the shit Heaven is even doing one of these days. . .***

Loona blinked slowly into that barely perceptible apparition that had her held so close.

“..Okay, you talk as big as you seem and *that* is impressive. But uh, what I gather there, you're *not* going to turn me in and ruin mine or anyone else's life over this..? Because that sounds fuckin' great right now. I-”

Mid-thought Loona interrupted herself as the tension she'd been strung on collapsed all at once. She began fumbling shakily for a cigarette and ended up clenching her fist so hard she ruined the first one. The second worked a little better – though she nearly dropped it when the light from the lighter gave her the faintest hint of a glimpse of the colossal presence above her.

***You were trying to rise above your station to protect your family. You were expressing want, need, love – no. I won't punish you for an offering that genuine. Instead, I will make you an offer.***

Somehow that phrase didn't actually comfort Loona much. Deal makers were known quantities after all, and the hell hound had heard plenty about why not to accept anything they offered. There was always something else going on, some angle you didn't see, and the price was never what it seemed. That was just how things worked in H-

***But we are not in Hell, little hell hound. I am not a Demon. Well, mostly. I am Myself. You tapped into something not unlike that during your distress. Enough so that you came here – and that means something. So, I will say this plainly.***

Holding her head, Loona winced as the voice grew louder. It was more insistent, more pervasive, coming from every corner of the chamber at once. Or from inside her head, it was hard to tell. What mattered was Loona couldn't ignore it.

“F-f-fuck.. please do and then maybe shut the fuck up! I just.. I just want to go home and for dad not to.. FUCK. Fuck all of this! I-”

Loona felt something break. The cigarette went flying, she lashed out at.. nothing? Then

threw the lighter afterward and grabbed at her face.

“I fucking *hate* this. Why do I care? I just.. I don't want to be what they said I was, and what dad never says I am, and.. this is all I can think of, okay? So just.. whoever or whatever you are could you get to the point and tell me how FUCKED I am now that I stole the book?”

The bap on the head was gentle, as these things went. Loona was still half flattened by it but that was more due to not seeing it coming than anything. The voice boomed this time, it resonated in her bones and all through her mind. She felt like she was listening to it from more places than just here – maybe from more *times* too.

***R E L A X. Goodness. You really are overwrought.***

It wasn't exactly a request. Loona felt her body loosen up on her, enough that she sank into the caress of whatever it was had been holding itself across her back. Something that lifted her up closer to that starscape of eyes with the hood behind it and the jackal's muzzle.

***First, your father stole the book. You just absconded with it. Second, whatever Hell thinks of your kind, you -have- the spark for magic. I can give you the rest of the awareness you need. You will still be nothing but yourself – simply more of yourself than before.***

It took a moment for Loona to shake off enough of whatever happened to be able to move again, and then a few more of them to manage being clear headed enough to speak.

“Fuck'n.. n-no, people don't just.. *give* things. You've got some *angle* and you're going to try to own me and I'm not..”

This time around the voice actually sounded angry, and Loona found she felt bad about it.

***I. Do not. Enslave. I offer freely because it amuses me to – and because fuck the established order of things in Hell. Now, accept or do not, but do not accuse me again!***

Whimpering quietly, Loona gathered herself up as best she could and looked over the Grimoire's cover again, checked the page with the portal spell once more and reassured herself that yes it *really was* beyond her to maintain it in her mind, and then shook quietly as she made a decision or two.

Loona really wished she could have managed that without breaking out into sniffles, but the situation was what it was.

“..And.. and no obligations, or.. I'll still just be me, but I'll be able to do this? Won't ruin things for dad or his boyfriend or anyone else, just-”

*Consequences for one's actions will always be a concern, but you will not face them from me. Nor will you be anything but Yourself. The rest hinges on your decisions, my dear. Now – one way or another I shall return you whence you came. But – yay or nay?*

Swallowing hard, forcing herself to relax as much as she could manage to under the circumstances, Loona looked at the Grimoire's cover before she tensed up her jaw and nodded.

“..Yeah. Screw it. Let's do this thing. I'm ready to show these assholes what I can do when I've got something on the line worth doing it for.”

It felt like the thing in the space with her was smiling. Loona couldn't quite make herself smile back, but it was still a relief. Even when she felt herself at the middle of a knot of space being wrapped around herself, a bit messier and more abrupt than the portals tended to be. Even when she felt something akin to a kiss on her forehead, and then found herself sitting on her bed. Alone, the lights off, her phone blowing up beside her with text after text. Still clutching the Grimoire, Loona picked her phone up with her free hand and shakily tapped out a reply to her dad's constant barrage of messages.

*L: Dad. Stop having a coronary. I'm at home – in my room.*

*B: WTF! WHR U BN FR ALL NITE!?! STAY THERE!*

*B: UR OK RIGHT? PLS TEL ME UR OK. IM SRY FOR YLLNG.*

*B: B RGHT IN GTTING COFFEE N STUF AND LOOK U HAV BOOK RIG??!*

*L: DAD. BREATHE. I have the book. Phone's dying, I'll be here.*

This was patently untrue, but Loona had no intention of reading more panic texts from her dad. The hell hound cleared her notifications entirely and toss her phone across the room before lying back on her bed and setting the Grimoire down. Waiting was going to suck, but it sounded like her dad was probably speeding through Hell to get back to her quickly so it was probably going to be brief. In the meantime she had time to think about what the *fuck* she'd encountered in.. wherever the fuck she encountered it.

“..I didn't just like.. hallucinate that whole thing right? I..”

Glancing to her side, Loona looked the book over.. then grasped it again. She stopped there though, touching the cover, thinking about the page she always turned to. The portal between worlds. She'd seen the words and sigils so many times, she'd felt the thing open under her fingertips, felt herself translated through it. It was always a combination of things, linking not just places but

times and worlds and doing so via intent that exists in just one particular moment resonating outward from the instance of origin. Which was *part* of the point. The instance of origin, where the idea first formed to make the trip to begin with to the moment the act imposed itself upon the world. It was *so much* more important than the words on the page, anyone could remember those, but understanding the significance of what was happening?

Loona saw a little window open at her fingertips. On the other side of it she saw her father in the driver's seat of the company van sucking down a coffee with a bunch more of them in the seat next to him. That seemed to be it for a moment, at least until something grabbed her field of view and turned it. Loona found herself staring into four scarlet eyes, head tilted in curiosity and confusion, before the brief little hand mirror sized window fractured and fell apart.

The notion of trying again occurred to Loona, but they were *very* close to home and she was starting to feel strange ever since she'd reached out like that. A little tight in a few places around her body, warm inside, her heart thundering-

“More of.. myself. Right, I remember that.. Shit did that actually happen? I-”

Insight struck Loona like a wave. She *knew* things. Felt them. Like the space around her, and how much or little of it there was between herself and her dad – and Octavia – and the others. Mostly in that order. Tex was in there too somewhere. Loona understood the relationships of said space, and how the distance was always zero in some fashion or another, and the time was always *now* when it mattered. Somehow that made everything around her feel smaller.

Or.. made it *actually* smaller? Loona shivered from head to toe as a rush of something ran through her, like something was squeezing in under her skin. More of herself. Quite literally. As she gasped quietly and put her hands to her belly Loona felt it *swelling*. All of her was. It was just a little at the moment, a nice paunch and thicker thighs to go with her tits ballooning out a couple of cup sizes. It felt.. good? Wholesome in a bizarre sort of way. Although-

“*Fuck*. I'm almost as fat as Moxxie! Whatever she was she didn't say *that* was going to happen. I- oh. Hi dad. I uh.. I guess I'm.. sorry for freaking you out? I-”

The doors had opened to a flurry of activity and voices, but it was Blitz that was loudest, shouting 'LOONY' and running full-tilt to dive on her and start with a hug. One she didn't intercept for once, instead just allowing him to end up curled around her middle and resting a hand between his horns. It was hard to be her usual angry self when he was this visibly freaked out.

The others entering behind him weren't quite as simple a matter as that.

“There you are! What **was** that?! Do you have any idea how much trouble we'd be in-”

Moxxie's outburst was interrupted by Stolas walking in behind him, stepping directly over him, and approaching a couple of steps closer with Octavia lurking in the back and offering a small wave of her fingers. What with the sheer height of the Prince he was able to pluck up his Grimoire from a good distance away, particularly with Loona just handing it to him.

“Thank you, dear. That ah.. that little *escapade* was unwisely conceived perhaps, but I think I may understand the underlying motivations – and there's no harm done. At least..”

A further squint from Stolas followed that, the two sets of his eyes seeming to focus in entirely different places while Loona looked back up and.. felt like she was doing the same? Kind of? There was some kind of tension inside her that bristled up at being under Stolas' gaze. Though the moment didn't last long after a little burst of red zipped between the towering Prince's legs.

“Heeey she's back! And THYUCC too! Dang. Did ya go swing by Gluttony while ya were out there? Was it good? Whaj'ya get?”

Having Millie burst in with nothing even resembling tact about the matter finally snapped Blitz out of the reverie he was in and left Loona with the uncomfortable position of being stared at by the entire room – and feeling another rush coming from the source of that tension inside her. She took in a shaky breath, fingers digging into her bed. The thought of trying to resist did occur to her, but under the circumstances?

“F...fuck it, this is easier than trying to explain shit. Hoo boy~”

It hit harder the second time around. Loona felt that *something* in her being, writhing around inside, crawling up from.. herself? That was the strangest part, that none of it felt as strange as it seemed like it should. Not when her bones shuddered and creaked, growing into new bulk that spread her whole frame a couple inches wider in just about every direction – and more than a couple when it came to height. The whole room, all the imps – her family – felt a bit smaller by the second and Loona could hear her bed creaking under the new weight all this created.

Specifically it was the added weight from her bone structure – when the fleshier parts started catching up with it there were worrying sounds that might be the prelude to the whole frame giving up. It was a small mercy that whatever was doing this seemed to recognize Loona had no particular desire to be naked in front of everyone and her clothing *was* adjusting, for the most part. It was still



getting tighter, and some of it was.. inadequate? Having her chest struggle to outgrow her top was making Loona's breath catch in her throat even with the 'gentle' changes. Which entirely fell apart when she started growing the second – and third – sets of them. They just started as little sensitive nubs with thinner fur, but it didn't take long for them to begin swelling.

Didn't take long for Loona to end up having to actively try not to touch them as well. That was helped by the fact that her dad was still *right there*. Awkward did not even begin to describe. It was also a bit of a splash of cold water when she ended up with two pin point sparks of pain on her brow as what felt like the first nubs of horns began growing in.

“Holy *shit* Loony. What.. the heck happened? I.. Stolas, do you get this? She's... okay, right? Loony, you're okay right?!”

A kind of shaky chuckle bubbled up from Loona, but she was too busy *growing* to say much of anything else. Stolas found himself both needing to pluck Blitz up from the floor to reassure the imp, and also joined by his daughter who seemed to be worried about the same thing.

“..Dad, you.. you do know, right? You seem to know *something* about what's going on. At least, a little bit? I know those looks.”

There was still some hesitation on Stolas' part, but it wasn't too much of it. He took a breath, started to speak once, then thought it through and changed course.

“I think she encountered *something* when using the portal spell from my Grimoire. It can, if handled recklessly, result in arriving in unintended places. However, that can lead many places, and to many entities.”

Loona ended up with her eyes rolling back and sucking in a shuddering breath that seemed to directly lead to her tits growing just a bit more – the top set was bigger than her head and the sets below were only marginally smaller at this point. Millie was staring at them in rapt attention.

“Well *fuck!* Y'all wanna hook a gal up with wherever ya went that got ya them juiced up tiddies and melon-crusher thighs? I need sumthin' ta show up Sallie May next time we're back in Wrath.”

The comment left Moxxie blushing too hard to say anything more, with Octavia and Blitz only *slightly* behind him on that front. Loona on the other hand was busy breathing slowly through the horns growing in a bit more – curled things of blood red that gleamed in the dim light her bedroom was bathed in. That, or they maybe just had their own light inside..

“I.. couldn't speculate, my dear. It's a matter of intent and mental state – difficult to replicate I should think. The things one finds there aren't necessarily associated with Hell *or* Heaven, either. That said.. I *think* your daughter will be quite okay, Blitzzy. Changed, to be sure, but okay.”

Loona rolled her head from side to side, taking a slow breath to steady herself, before finally opening her eyes and centering herself. At least, she came as close as she could to that before she stood up. Her body felt *strange*. Powerful, but not as heavy as she would have expected. Having six tits swinging around was *weird* but she was pretty sure she was okay with it – maybe having a little *too much* fun even?

“Yeah.. yea I think I've got this dad. I-”

A little shiver ran through Loona.. one that took some of the odd tension and *power* inside her and loosened it a bit. Which ended up causing her frame to swell again. One could *hear* it getting thicker, a nice soft sounding 'bwoomph' that flooded her nevers and left her sucking in breath through her teeth as she reached out to touch Blitz' head and smile back at him.

“I'm good – well. I could use some privacy though? And like.. a new top or two. Via, you wanna help me with that later?”

Chuckling and letting out an odd little bird laugh noise, Octavia nodded.

“Yah, I think I know a place or two. Worst case I can see if my uncle can recommend a tailor. He's.. well, he's kind of a jerk but he does know fashion.”

Loona grinned. The rush of herself – of that new power and focus – was starting to course through her veins and seemed to get a little stronger with every beat of it. Running her hand through her hair, Loona looked over everyone and let her mind wander just enough to realize *what* she wanted right this second.

“...Alright, sounds like a plan. A *later* plan though, don't even know how fuckin big I'm gonna get so like.. not much point in getting clothes until I do yeah? Right now uh, well – for starters, sorry again about the book I guess but ya know – no harm. So can I get my *fuckin* room to myself?”

For the most part that worked. Albeit not immediately.

“Awlright, but you figure out how ta get in touch with that whoever it was again you tell ol' Millie so I can get me a shot of whatever the heck that is. Ya hear? C'mon Moxx! I'm feelin' *frisky* an it didn't take you *that* long ta heal up last time!”

Moxxie's reaction was sluggish. The imp couldn't stop staring for one thing, and then when it wasn't staring it was looking back and forth from Loona to Millie and picturing his wife towering over him with a body that could crush him underneath like that. Which was clearly registering as *hot* to the little guy. He ended up muttering incoherently as Millie dragged him out, saying something about busting out the strap-on and the bear traps on the way. Blitz, Stolas, and Octavia lingered just a little longer.

“..But, uh.. you.. Alright, but I wanna talk about this later, alright Loony?”

Easing back into her old state of mind about the matter, Loona let out a frustrated exhale.

“Fine, d- Blitz. Just.. go big-spoon on Stolas or something for a few hours okay? Via, I'll text you later tonight alright?”

Blitz was left sputtering at the statement. Stolas was left wide-eyed, blushing furiously, and promptly fleeing the room while still holding blitz in his arms with the sound of the door to Blitz' bedroom opening and shutting moments later. Which just left Octavia-

“Hoookay, that was.. a thing. You mean it about later though, right?”

Loona's lip curled upward. The hell hound nodded before she brought her hand up, tensing her fingers a bit, feeling some of that strange magic saturating them.

“I do. Promise. I just have this *itch* I need to scratch and there's no getting around it.”

Turning to head out, Octavia stopped when she realized her dad had run off and left the Grimoire behind. She snatched it and ended up grinning a little herself.

“I think I'll go do a bit of shopping on my own in the meantime then. See ya!”

Blissfully, Loona finally found herself alone in her room. Or more specifically without any direct family in the room. That left her comfortable enough to close her door, turn to face the increasingly small looking space, and think. She could feel the way her awareness had expanded (like all of her had) and it let her touch things (and not just the new rolls around her sides). Things that were far away, but not *really*. With one hand on her hip and the other held up to the open air before her Loona dragged her claws over the empty space there. Little rips what she saw formed, ones that she could see a face on the other side of. A familiar one. Familiar eyes – big strong body – dark fur.

An impulse ran through Loona's mind, a need to look *good*.. the kind she expected Vortex would be into. Some of her curves went tense for a moment as she grew into a bit of muscle. Enough to add some definition here and there – and make it easier to carry herself.

“Hey. Tex. Got a minute?”

Vortex *had* been minding his own business watching the door of Verosika's trailer, but as the hell hound turned to look at the rip in space beside him and saw Loona (albeit not *quite* as he remembered her) looking back the big hell hound ended up losing all track of everything else. Tex's jaw dropped slowly, his eyes wide, looking at Loona and the hazy image of a scarlet crown hovering over her head.

“F-fuck.. I.. that, W-what do you w- Er, w-what can I.. do for-”

Loona could *feel* it. The link between them, hell hound and *Queen* Hell Hound. The way it *demand*ed respect and obedience from her kind. But once she was aware of the link she had control over it. Loona relaxed the tether a bit and let Tex ease back out of the intense and obvious sense of wonder. Reverence even. It left him blinking in confusion for a couple seconds, but that was the worst of it.

“...Shit. Loona? The *heck* happened? I mean, don't get me wrong.. you look *great!* But uh..”

This time around Loona didn't quite feel the awkward hesitation about what happened, about how she looked. Instead, she gave her bulk a shake – especially those six tits of hers. Hefting them left her with a chance to flex a little too. It left her grinning as she spread her arms and invited Tex to look at her (and widened the portal in the process).

“I know, right?! Wild stuff. But uh, I've got some *queenly* itches that need scratching here and I'm thinking you're the one I want scratching em big guy.”

As if she needed to punctuate things further, Loona tugged down on what remained of her clothing with one hand and crooked her finger with the other. Tex, for his part, looked *hungry* for it.

“Fuck yeah Loona! Err, shit. Am I supposed to call you Your Majesty or somethin' now?”

Loona reached through the rend in space and grabbed hold of Tex by the arm, dragging the hell hound through and into her now royal bedchambers. Tex was yanked in and tossed right onto Loona's bed in one swift motion while Loona loomed over him and snapped off everything she was wearing. Tex didn't waste any time getting himself unclothed as well.

“You better – especially when I'm busy squeezing a new royal bloodline out of that dick of yours big guy. Now get ready for it~”

Swinging herself over top of Tex, Loona grinned as the ephemeral crown over her head brightened and her horns grew a little longer. That, and the bed frame collapsed underneath her and

Tex's combined weight, but that didn't much matter. She was a Queen – she'd get herself better accommodations for their next romp. In the meantime? This was *fun*.

Loona planted her hands on Tex's chest and grinned. *Something* in her moved when she did, something that was rooted around her core – right behind her navel. Where the womb sat, where her connection to magic rested, it fluttered and flared bright right as she plunged down onto Tex's rising cock. It sank into that flesh too – the big hell hound below her grabbed hold of Loona's thighs and held on for dear life when it started. *Everything* grew, everything she was touching anyway. Loona felt that dick buried up in her tense and tighten as it spread as wide as her body would let it, but the hound's chest was in just as ripe a place to soak in that divinity. Loona bit her lip while feeling Tex's chest swell into a set of soft tits that left the big hound squirming and gasping and *well* past being coherent about much of anything at all.

It also left him blowing a load right on the spot.. one that didn't seem inclined to stop, and didn't leave him any less hard a few seconds into the eruption. Instead, Loona found she could just milk the situation – and Tex – by riding him harder. Drawing more of this intensity and influence out of herself to feed it into the hound beneath her and make all that *virility* grow just caused her own source of it to step up at the same rate. One hammering thrust at a time, flattening Tex to the bed, pounding against his hips until the big hound's legs were going numb.

Loona was starting to feel like these powers might actually be growing *faster* than she could use them. Or maybe it would just take more than Tex sharing in the bounty for her to find an equilibrium? She could figure that out later.

For now, with more than just the passive, casual rush of power working behind it now Loona grew faster. Fueled by intent as well as this royal imperative she swelled again, making a bit more room for Tex inside herself that he *immediately* grew to occupy and feeling a fresh well of power flood her limbs to make moving all her new bulk around come as easily as gliding around in her old lithe figure. It gave Tex a bit more to hang onto as well, something firm under all that pillowy flesh around her thighs – and a tighter grip where Loona was kneading those tits of his into growing a cup size or two every time he came.

Which he just *kept doing*. Loona shuddered at each one, her belly filling and then making room for more, tongue hanging out the side of her mouth while she poured influence into this blissful, sinful little experience and made sure it would *last*.

But then, it was going to last the rest of her life – and that might just be a very long time now.

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“*Fuck yeeaaaah!* Go harder, bitches! Someone bring me another bucket of chicken and more wine, and turn up the music!”

Loona's howl sounded effortlessly over the din of the celebration. Word had spread slowly at first, slower than Loona had, but it got out there just the same. A Hell Hound Queen existed, with *significantly* more power than their kind usually got, and the ability to grant boons to boot. Hell hounds were showing up in droves now and there were more than a few curious imps, sinners, and succubi who came by to see what was what. Loona was *delighting* in watching Millie, sporting some of the precise changes she'd been hoping for, dislocate the arm of a hell hound twice her size while jerking off another one. Moxxie wasn't far off and hadn't stopped getting off to watching his wife go to work like this for about two straight days.

“Get some more water in that mud too, and don't hold back! Fuck, yeah – go Mills!”

Which under some circumstances might have led to a class uprising or some other sort of thing, but this -was- Hell. Right now it had led to an outdoor party that hadn't stopped in seven days, during which time Loona had started a mud wrestling pit and declared all t-shirts present must be wet if the attendee insisted on actually wearing a top. Most people had given up on that around day three – Verosika's band had shown up day four when she finally came to check on Vortex. As for Tex himself, the hound was currently curled against Loona's thigh working on feeding her.

“Damn! Was that little imp always this scary? A-and was that a kick in there?”

Loona herself was *basically* on a throne at this point. Or the closest thing she could manage to one. She'd grown further, constantly, every time she indulged herself – and now she was sat on the back of the biggest truck bed they could find with a double layer of king mattresses under her vast and sprawling Royal ass. Even then she had one leg lazily draped over the side to allow her increasingly gravid middle to occupy more space there. She was *huge*, and every bit as powerful as she looked, effortlessly tossing newcomers into the heap below when they came to beg for favor. Either literally throwing them or putting their entire head somewhere between the leathery pads of her feet and giving them the gentlest of shoves. But even that brief contact *bestowed* some power, everyone went into the mud a little more than they had been before, and the victors came through with more still.

“Millie? You're all just lucky I told her not to use the axe in there. Totally a kick, too.”

A little pat to her swollen belly was all it took from Loona to set the thing growing again. Not too much, not this time, but just *thinking* about the brood in there seemed to exacerbate the situation. For everyone – there was a wide spread wave of gasps and moans and more than a couple excited shouts as every last person in attendance ended up bigger *somewhere*. Little wisps of blue fire clung to people, dancing along their curves, making new curves to dance on. Millie was going decidedly pear shaped in all this, Tex had ended up so virile he had trouble walking straight anymore and *then* he'd grown a second set of tits to go with everything else, Verosika.. well, the succubus' body having trouble making its mind up about which feature it wanted to debilitate her first. Back-breaking chest, dumptruck ass, or just the beach ball sized cavern of a pussy nestled between her thighs. It was a testament to just how good she was at her job that she could keep singing while taking someone from the front and back at the same time.

“Shit. This is so weird, you know? Like.. I feel.. tingly, even after these moments. Sometimes when I think about it I can make it happen again even?”

Tex lifted a hand, looking it over as he leaned into the side of the slowly swelling giant Loona was becoming, seeing a few trickles of bluish fire there before he looked up above himself to Loona. To the Queen. To that seething crown their kind saw over her horns that the others somehow couldn't perceive (though Millie at least believed them that it was there).

“Heh. Don't worry Tex. You'll get the hang of it – everyone will. Tell ya the truth, I'm kinda still getting the hang of this shit too. Like.. it's a bit to take in – even when you can see and smell things you never imagined before. Some of it's a *bitch* though, my hands are way too big for my phone. Text Via for me alright? Tell her I wanna do a makeover and get in touch with that uncle of hers about that tailor. Definitely gonna need custom jobs at this rate...”

Leaning back, Loona felt the truck bed creak under her as euphoria and *power* sank into both herself and everyone around her. She peeled a bit of meat off a bone with her teeth as she did. A savory mouthful of greasy, spiced meat that made her *just a little* thicker and kept her happy. It had taken a *steady* supply of the stuff to keep Loona's hunger managed. If one wanted to call it that. And it was getting harder to manage it in the first place.. with Loona getting near to twice her old height and eating for *who knows* how many little royal hounds that hunger of hers was getting rampant.

..But whenever Loona wasn't eating?

“Hey! I either need another feast or a dick in me! Like *RIGHT NOW!*”

Loona's voice rang out like a bell, touching the minds and hearts of every hell hound in the area and more than a couple of the others too. Half the crowd came running – offerings and cocks in hand. The Queen stood, creaking metal underneath her sighing in protest. By now the *majority* of everyone else around her looked downright tiny in comparison, about the only person left that she saw around who wasn't shorter than her was Stolas and he was still a beanpole. Mostly. Loona was *pretty sure* he'd gotten a bit more meat around his thighs and ass after that first night, and that her dad was wearing looser pants than usual these days.

The sight of her assembled left her with a glow in her chest as she ran a hand over her three racks of breasts. Something strange and warm welled up in Loona's chest. It wasn't exactly contentment, that implied a degree of passivity and Loona felt nothing of the sort – she felt *ambition* creeping in around the edges of her being.

Leaning back, Loona eased her ass down onto the roof of the vehicle behind her and spread her legs, one arm tucked under her gravid swell of a middle to get it out of the way the drooling folds of her Queen's pussy. Immediately she had the entire mass of them at attention – hell hounds there for their Queen, imps there to try and get some access to magic and rise above their station, sinners that just wanted a chance to finally be fertile again. And she could help all of them.

Would help all of them. Eventually. It wasn't like she was going to get tired any time soon.

“Alright, listen up bitches! King of the Hill time – you get to the top and you win. And this? Right here?”

Loona stuffed her hand down under her gut and buried it in the juicy, swollen folds of her cunt. It could just about devour her hand, and the pink jewel at its peak was bigger than the heads of a good deal of her 'court' of supplicants. It didn't matter though – anyone that got themselves inside her would *fill* her within the first thrust or two.

“This is the top. *I* am the *top*. So get to it! Queen's fuckin *HUNGRY!*”

With a grin sprawled across her face, Loona watched the chaos erupt. Beside her she could hear Tex whining as he did what she'd asked, texting for her – he'd get some private time later. Queens were allowed to have favorites after all. In the meantime? Loona used the bulky pillows of her foot pads to send an imp flying down into the mud as it made a leap for her lap. She wasn't going to let them win *that* easily. Either the imp would claw it's way back out with a fatter ass for its



trouble or they'd wait in line like the rest of them. Everyone would get their turn.. eventually.

Loona was a fair and just Queen like that. As she rubbed herself, added her own juices to the mud pit below, and watched the melee grow quite literally she couldn't help herself grinning.

“..I think dad's going to like having a big family.”