

DEALING WITH HER DEMON - PART 2

By TROGDOR297

Erynn stood in her bedroom, naked, staring disdainfully at her reflection in the mirror.

“Fucking hell...” She said with a sigh as she turned to the side to get a view of her profile. It was...impressive.

She was huge, or more accurately her bust was huge. Over the past two days her breasts had grown at a monumental rate, seeming to expand faster over time. Now they hung off her, projecting out and downward, like a pair of overinflated balloons. They reached her waist and were each easily a foot in diameter. Her nipples protruded proudly off the end, thick pink stems the size of shot glasses.

Despite their size, they were as light as a feather, barely inconveniencing her, except for how voluminous they were. Just one of a few benefits that came with the demonic magic that had gifted her these unbelievable assets...all of it very much against her will.

Two days ago, her roommate, Andromeda, a woman who'd dabbled in the occult but had never been able to do anything more than cause a mess, somehow had managed to summon Asmodeus the Patron Demon of Lust. To what end did she summon this millennia old hellish deity?

Bigger tits.

But then Andromeda had been less than careful with how she'd worded her request to the demon, and so he'd taken advantage of the loophole. Due to this oversight Erynn had been roped into this whole mess, and now her and Andromeda's breasts would likely continue growing ceaselessly until either Andromeda or the Demon admitted defeat.

Which...knowing her roommate, meant never.

Erynn's feelings regarding these changes were...conflicted. No one needed breasts this big, they were absurd, and at the rate they were growing they'd soon start to seriously impact how she lived her life. Though the magic that made them grow also kept them nearly weightless to her, they still had volume. What would happen when she grew too big to get through doors? To fit on her bed? To fit in a room?!

No, no one needed breasts this big. But dammit, part of her really liked them! They were ridiculous but in a good way. She was curvier beyond her wildest dreams, her bust beyond sizes she thought were possible in reality. And they did look good on her!

Of course, how much she enjoyed them also had to do with how good they felt when someone touched them...the way someone had last night.

She shook her head as she pushed the memories of last night out of her mind. That had been a one-time thing, a simple fling to help release pent up sexual frustration. Stepping away from her mirror she entered her walk-in closet, studying the clothing that all hung from racks or sat on shelves. She could barely recognize any of them, they were so distorted and exaggerated from the pieces she remembered. Another side effect of the agreement between Andromeda and Asmodeus was that all clothing would adjust as needed to match any growth.

She grabbed a black bra off the back of her door, the cups each massive, curved pieces of fabric, almost large enough to be one side of a pillowcase. Wrapping the back band around her mid-section, she did up the hooks then, carefully scooped her enormous breasts into the cups, before slipping her arms into the straps. As expected, it fit her perfectly, the bra snugly containing and supporting her bust.

Next came a shirt, a simple black top with a modest neckline made of a light fabric. Putting her arms through it she lifted it over her head and let it drape over her body. The immense loose top covered her bust as if it was tailored for her, with just enough fabric left over that she could pull it back underneath her breasts and tuck it into her bottoms, a simple grey pencil skirt that hadn't changed at all.

She nodded at herself as she stopped to check herself in the mirror. The outfit was classy...or at least as classy as it could be with breasts that size. Still, they were fully covered, the neckline didn't show any cleavage, and the bra kept her enormously swollen nipples from poking through. She could still be a professional.

Entering the kitchen, she found Andromeda munching on toast, wearing only a pair of panties. The brunette's breasts were similarly enormous, though not quite equally. If measurements were made to compare the two, Andromeda's bustline would be 2 inches larger than Erynn's, the equivalent of two cup sizes. Not that two inches was noticeable with breasts this large...

Andromeda smiled at her roommate as she leaned against the counter, her bust sloping out far in front of her. Her breasts had followed a similar growth trajectory, maintaining a fairly similar shape as Erynn's, round and slightly elongated like a balloon. The only noticeable different was her nipples. They hadn't grown much longer but instead had grown thicker. Each bright pink bud had swollen to be as thick around as a pop can...

As Erynn noticed that comparison, memories of certain other things of a similar girthiness flashed into her mind, making her blush.

"Sleep well?" Andromeda asked, as she bit into her buttered toast.

Erynn nodded "Fine. You?"

Andromeda nodded back "Oh yeah. I was exhausted! But I guess that happens when you spend all day fucking!"

Erynn held back a grimace as she opened the fridge in search of food. With the arrival of her new breasts, Andromeda's ex-boyfriend Dave had come back into her life. The man was a stoner and a sleazebag, but Andromeda saw something in him...maybe he was good in bed? He certainly would have to be to make an entire day of it.

"So..." Erynn said as she retrieved a tub of Greek yogurt. "Think you're ready to call it yet?"

Andromeda frowned, shaking her head "You mean call off the deal? With the Demon, what's his name?"

"Asmodeus" Erynn said, a small shiver running through her as she said it.

"Yeah, that guy" Andromeda said nodding. "Not a chance! Why would I stop?"

Erynn snorted "Why?! Andy, look at us! Our breasts are gigantic!"

Andromeda nodded "I know! They're fantastic! I told you; you need to find someone who'll play with them. Then you'll see what I'm talking about. Mmm, the bigger they get, the better it feels!"

Erynn sighed "Andy, please. Don't be stubborn. This is impacting my life"

Andromeda shook her head "Sorry, Erynn. You'll just have to deal with it. How bad can it be, anyway? They're not heavy-" She jumped up and down, causing her breasts to bounce in time, setting her immense jugs jiggling. "-All of our clothes fit-" She pointed to Erynn's outfit which did indeed fit her flawlessly. "-And you won't lose your job!"

This last point had been the final stipulation of the deal. No economic hardship would occur as a direct result of the growth. In fact, the opposite had happened. Yesterday Erynn had received a promotion.

"Come on, Andy, surely you can't want to stay like this forever!" Erynn said.

Andromeda shrugged "There are worse ways to live"

Erynn opened her mouth to respond, when a series of sharp knocks came from the front door. Erynn looked back at the door before turning back to Andromeda. Her roommate just shrugged, indicating she wasn't expecting anyone.

"Do you want to put on clothes before I answer that?" Erynn asked.

Andromeda smiled "Nope! I'm proud of my body, and I'm in my home. If there's a problem, then it's on them"

Erynn rolled her eyes, as she walked to the door to open it. Turning the handle, she opened the door, only for an immense figure with wings, clad in all black to surge into the apartment.

Asmodeus, King of the Demons, and the cause of Erynn and Andromeda's current predicament.

He moved past Erynn, not noticing her as he ducked his head to pass through the threshold into the kitchen. He was a hulking figure, easily eight feet tall, and built like a brickhouse. His skin was crimson red, his hair black, and he had spiralling ram horns that emerged from his temples. He wore a grey three-piece suit that fit him immaculately, with holes cut in the back for his wings.

"Andromeda" he said, his voice a rich baritone.

"Fuck off!" she said nodding to him in response.

His lips tilted up into a smile "Are you ready to end the bargain? You've grown quite immense, surely you see reason in stopping now before things get...out of hand." The Demon's voice was charismatic, but with a savage edge to it.

"Nope, I'm good. I love my boobies and would *love* to see 'em bigger!" Andromeda said with an innocent smile as she happily took another bit of toast.

Asmodeus let out a low hum, but any anger or frustration never made it to his face. Back in the hall, Erynn had closed and locked the door, and now pushed past the Demon that blocked the entrance to the kitchen. Feeling her press against him, he stepped aside, looking over to see what it was.

"Ah, Ms. Forsythe. Good morning" he said with a grin.

"Good Morning," Erynn replied, as casually as she could make herself sound. Even still, colour came to her face, as she felt her cheeks go warm. She'd caught a whiff of his scent as she'd passed him, like smoke and fire.

The demon's gaze lingered on her as she scooped herself a bowl of yogurt, careful not to spill any on the expansive sloping shelf that was her bust. Erynn didn't look at him, didn't have to to know his eyes were on her, drinking her in.

"Wait a minute..." Andromeda said, "What's going on here?"

Erynn looked over at her "What? What are you talking about?"

"You...you're acting weird...and look you're blushing...and he was just staring at you with 'fuck me' eyes...Did something happen that I should know about?" Andromeda asked.

Erynn shook her head as she spoke "No! Nothing happened!" Sadly, one of Erynn's many skills was not deception. Her voice came out wavering, and the tempo of her speech was far too rushed to be convincing.

"Yes, it did!" Andromeda said with a gasp. "Wait...last night...we heard you moaning and screaming! Was that you...with him?!"

Erynn's face went a deeper shade of red, as she pursed her lips. She didn't answer, which in itself was an answer of its own. Andromeda looked over at the Demon who just smiled. "Erynn! You fucked him?! What the fuck!" Andromeda yelled, her voice tinted with both anger and excitement.

"Ok, fine!" Erynn said with a huff "Yes, we had sex! I was being a good host when he was in our apartment last night, because you were ignoring him-"

"And so, you let him fuck you!" Andromeda said.

"No! There was more to it than that. We were talking, and then one thing led to another..." Erynn explained, face still hot.

"Wow." Andromeda said "I expected better from you"

"Oh, fuck you!" Erynn said angrily "At least he's better than the shithead you've been sharing your bed with!"

Andromeda gasped "You take that back!"

"No!" Erynn yelled "Not until you call off this stupid bargain! This is ridiculous Andy! Just tell him you're done and then we can all move on!"

"And let him fuck *me*!" Andromeda yelled back. "No! Besides, you know what I realized when I woke up this morning? I don't *want* to stop! I want them to get bigger...and bigger...and bigger! I want them to be absolutely *colossal*!"

"You're literally insane" Erynn said exasperatedly.

"I'm not insane, Erynn" Andromeda said with a smug smile "I just know what I want, unlike some people"

"Oh, for fucks sake" Erynn said, shaking her head. "I don't have time for this, I'm already late as it is." Swallowing the last bit of the yogurt she'd been eating she tossed her bowl in the sink, then stomped across the room. Asmodeus stepped aside to let her pass, an unreadable expression on his face.

Putting on her shoes, she left the apartment slamming the door behind her. As she walked, she continued to mutter curses under her breath at Andromeda and how stupid she was being. It was only when she exited the building, she realized she'd forgotten her purse back in the apartment which held her subway pass.

"Oh, son of a..." She said with a sigh. She turned around to re-enter the building when a loud noise, like a flag snapping in the wind, sounded from above. Looking up she saw the sun blotted out as an immense figure with wings spread wide floated down towards her.

"What do you want..." She said as Asmodeus landed on the pavement beside her.

"Need a lift?" He said.

She was about to cuss him off but thought better of it. She was already late enough as it was. "Ok, fine" she said. "Do you have a driver or-AHHHHHH!!"

Erynn let out a long scream, as in one smooth motion his arms gripped her by the shoulders and legs before his wings flapped wide and they were airborne.

"What the fuck!" She shrieked as they soared through the city skyline. His arms kept her held close to her, her bust pressing into his chest, the intense heat that emanated from his body noticeable through his suit. She turned her head and buried it into his pec, not wanting to look down.

A few excruciatingly long minutes later she felt the impact as they set down on the sidewalk outside her work. Gently he lowered her to the ground, her feet touching solid concrete bringing a deep wave of relief. Looking to her left she could see herself in the reflection of the glass side of the building. Her hair was a bit mussed from the flight, but otherwise she looked fine.

"You're welcome" he said with a grin.

"I didn't say thank you" She snapped. "Nor did I intend to. That was terrifying! I am *never* doing that again!"

"As you wish" He said "Just as long as that's the *only* thing that you never want to do again with me..."

His glowing orange and black eyes stared down at her, his hunger and desire for her plain as day.

Erynn held his gaze for a moment, letting herself get lost in the moment, part of her wanting him to take her right there. But she pushed those feelings down; they were inappropriate and irresponsible.

"I have to go" she said tersely, turning and walking away. In the mirrored glass of the building, she could see him behind her, watching her leave. Only when she made it to the rotating door, did she look back, at which point he shot off into the sky. Erynn watched him fly away until he was only a tiny black blip against the clouds.

Erynn's morning flew by, with her feeling increasingly flustered as the hours passed. Though her new promotion wouldn't officially kick in until the following week, the change had been announced ahead of time. She'd spent the morning receiving a seemingly unending series of visits, people coming by to offer her congratulations, or to introduce themselves if they were going to be a part of the product launch she'd be leading.

After the tenth visit she was beginning to suspect her promotion wasn't the main reason that they'd stopped by. News had obviously spread about her breasts, which had been quite large yesterday, but were now massive. Sitting behind her desk, they completely covered her torso, resting on her lap and spilling over the side of her thighs. Her chair was rolled back to make space for them, and even still they were pressed up against the edge of the desk, the glass pane denting into them.

They were bigger now than when she'd left this morning. When she'd first sat down at her desk, she'd still been able to see her knees poking out from underneath her bust. Now her breasts completely hid them from view.

This wasn't a surprise to her, she knew they'd continue to grow until Andromeda gave in, which wasn't anytime soon if their fight this morning was any sign. Still, it both amazed and worried her that each time she gazed at them, they seemed to be larger and larger.

"I really look forward to working with you, Ms. Forsythe" The man across from her said, with too large of a smile on his face. Erynn looked up at him, she'd been gazing down at her chest again and had tuned him out. She didn't even remember his name, though he'd told her less than a minute ago.

He hadn't noticed that she wasn't looking at him...he'd been, and still was staring at her chest as well.

"Likewise," she said with a magnanimous smile. "Thank you for stopping by..."

"Liam" he said repeating his name, as he forced himself to look up at her face.

"Of course. We'll be in touch, Liam" Erynn said, gesturing towards the door.

He stood, still smiling far too widely to not be creepy. He was obviously very attracted to her, or at least her boobs, but didn't have the courtesy to not be a weirdo about it. He lingered in her office, still leering at her enormous breasts, visible through the glass top of her desk.

"That'll be all" she said forcefully.

"Right, yes, thank you" He stammered as he turned and fled.

Erynn let out a long sigh as she pinched the bridge of her nose, leaning back in her chair. She'd always been looking for ways to stand out at work...this was *not* what she had in mind.

Leaning on the armrest of her chair with her elbow, propping her head up with her fist, she studied her breasts once more. They were gigantic, almost two feet long now, and over a foot across, but she could barely feel their weight resting on her lap. And yet at the same time she could *feel* all of them. Every inch of skin where the bra supported her breasts, the light stickiness of sweat deep in her cleavage, even her shockingly swollen nipples that were squished up against the inside of her clothing. She felt it all, and also not.

She rested her other hand atop them, and gently caressed them. She didn't hate them, in fact half the time she really liked them...but keeping them also was out of the question. She just had to figure out a way to convince Andromeda to give up.

A knock at the door drew her attention. "Yes?"

A young woman stood peering in; her spectacled face curtained by curly red hair. "Ms. Forsythe?"

"That's me? How can I help you?"

"My name is Genevieve, I'm your new assistant?" The redhead said with a nervous smile.

"An assistant?!" Erynn blurted out. "Sorry. I just didn't know I was getting an assistant. Please, come in. Shut the door behind you"

Genevieve nodded, entering the office and sitting down before Erynn. She was dressed modestly, with a long skirt and cardigan. She was cute in a girl next door sort of way, not that Erynn was into women.

"Tell me about yourself" Erynn said with a smile. For the first time today the person sitting across from her didn't openly stare at her expansive bust. She did peek a few times, her eyes flicking down to catch a glimpse for fractions of a second before returning back to Erynn's face, but Erynn couldn't fault her for that. Her breasts were large enough to be quite distracting.

As Genevieve began to relay her work and education history to Erynn, her phone buzzed on the glass table.

"Keep going" Erynn said with a kind smile, as she picked up her phone and looked at it. It was a text from a number she didn't recognize. The area code was (666). That wasn't for any local region she recognized. That's because it wasn't a local number, which she quickly realized when she read the message.

You looked divinely sexy this morning, Ms. Forsythe. Especially with your body clinging to mine in flight. A pity you gave up on flying so quickly.

Erynn tossed the phone away as if it had zapped her, sending it skidding across the desk. She did not need that distraction right now. She certainly would not be texting him back; no good would come from heading down that road.

If only she could keep herself from thinking of him.

As her new assistant continued to drone on about her previous experience within the company, Erynn kept glancing over at the phone. She couldn't help it, the past 72 hours had totally upended her life, and in the centre of it was the Demon. The Demon who'd played a cruel trick on her and Andromeda. The Demon who'd given her the greatest sexual pleasure of her life.

The Demon who clearly still wanted her. Why else would he send texts like that? But what did *she* want?

Andromeda obviously thought she didn't know, when she'd thrown that in her face this morning. Erynn had left the conversation without responding, both because she felt it was beneath her...but also because maybe she really didn't know, and didn't want to admit it.

"Ma'am?" Genevieve said, attempting to get Erynn's attention.

Erynn looked up, pursing her lips. "Sorry. I shouldn't let myself get distracted like that. Please continue"

"I just finished." Genevieve said with a friendly smile. "Is there something bothering you? Something I can help with?"

Erynn shook her head with a sigh. "I doubt it, Genevieve. It's...it's nothing. It's a personal matter"

Genevieve nodded "Ok, well I'd be happy to lend you my ear. My job is to assist you, Ms. Forsythe, and if that requires me acting as an unofficial therapist, then that's what I'll do. As you heard, I did minor in Psychology."

Erynn nodded, hiding her embarrassment. She *hadn't* heard. She'd missed almost the entirety of Genevieve's speech, too distracted with her own problems.

"I shouldn't get into it, but...*Sigh*, It's honestly so stupid, and absurd. There's...this guy"

Genevieve leaned forward in her seat, eager to get into her new boss' good books. "Someone you're seeing?"

"Yeah...No! Definitely...definitely not seeing him." Erynn said, getting flustered. "We slept together once, that's all."

"Oh...was it not good?" Genevieve asked. "Does he not like...you know?" Her eyes flicked down.

Erynn raised both eyebrows questioningly as she held her assistant's gaze.

The redhead blushed slightly, but she had the decency and courage to answer. "Large Breasts"

Erynn threw her head back and laughed. “Ha ha ha! I’m sorry, I shouldn’t laugh, you were trying to be genuine. First off...I don’t have large breasts. Sidney Sweeney has large breasts. I have...impossibly immense breasts.” She gestured at them with both hands, the self-described immense balloon-like masses that covered her torso and lap, covered by yards of black fabric.

Genevieve nodded, taking this opportunity to really get a good look at them. Erynn continued, at which Genevieve tore her gaze away. “Secondly, the Sex was good...really good, and yes, he does like my breasts. That is not the issue at hand”

Genevieve gave a relieved smile “Oh good. So, what’s wrong? Does he not want to see you again?”

Erynn shook her head “No...no I think he does”

“That’s great! Is he cute?”

Erynn pictured Asmodeus, King of Demons, in her head. His hulking form, broad shoulders and chest, his rugged, savagely handsome face. Those wings...that cock... “Mmm, no, cute is not the word I’d use to describe him” she said with a sly smile.

“Oh, so he’s a bad boy, then?” Genevieve asked, leaning further forward.

Erynn nodded “Yeah, that’s more accurate”

“Well, I know I’m just your assistant, but I say it’s worth chasing. You clearly like him”

“W-What!” Erynn said, spluttering her response. “I most certainly do not!”

Genevieve smiled “Right...of course not. You definitely haven’t been sneaking glances at your phone, watching to see if he’ll text again”

Erynn rolled her eyes “Ok fine! I’m...intrigued by him. But I can’t! Trust me, it’s not a good fit, him and I.”

Genevieve shrugged “If you say so. I say life’s too short to not take a chance on happiness”

Erynn said nothing as she seriously contemplated what they were discussing. It was ludicrous! She probably shouldn’t have slept with him in the first place...but now that she had, she couldn’t help but want him more. Even if a pairing between the two of them was undoubtedly disastrous, why not at least try? Assuming that was even something the King of Demons wanted to pursue.

“Thank you for your advice, Genevieve. I appreciate having an outside perspective to talk about this.”

Genevieve nodded “Anytime, ma’am. Will that be all?”

“Yes, it will. Email me your contact info so I can input it into my phone. I think I’ll like having you as an assistant” Erynn said with a genuine smile.

Genevieve returned it “I think I’ll like being your assistant! Call me if you need anything. And I really mean anything!”

“I will, thank you.” Erynn said as she turned her chair to face away from the redhead.

Staring out the window, she pondered what her next move should be. One hand rested idly upon the shelf of flesh that was her left breast; she hadn’t even put it there on purpose, it’d just happened. She was becoming more and more used to them being a part of her, even as they grew more and more impossibly huge.

Shortly after five o’clock she exited her office, a feeling of annoyance hitting her. She’d forgotten that she’d left her purse back at the apartment, and so she didn’t have her subway pass. She’d have to call an Uber to get home, which would not be cheap.

Opening her phone, she scrolled her way to the app, when a large black SUV pulled up in front of her, tires screeching as it stopped. Erynn looked up in shock at the massive vehicle with tinted windows. Who the hell was driving so aggressively in the city?

The back door opened before her, and of course, out stepped Asmodeus. Erynn felt her heart jump in her chest at the sight of him. Silently swallowing, she forced herself to calm down. Her longing had only developed further throughout the day, but she didn’t want him to know that. Didn’t want him to have that power over her.

“Ms. Forsythe” he said, bowing his head. “How lovely to see you”

Erynn nodded “Asmodeus.” She kept her voice level and neutral; she wouldn’t be goaded by him.

He grinned at her “So formal! And here I thought we shared something special”

Erynn shook her head “You thought wrong.” She looked away, unable to hold his gaze, to stare down those glowing orange eyes of his without crumbling before him. It was then that she noticed coworkers walking past, not paying them any notice.

“Can...can they not see you?” She asked.

“They see me as something that makes sense to them. I only show my true self to those I wish to let see” he said, eyes wandering as he too watched a group of her colleagues pass by without so much as sparing him a glance.

“You’re looking just as beautiful as this morning. Enjoyed today’s...developments?” He said, baritone as intense as a roaring flame.

She couldn’t help but look down at herself as he made mention of it. She hadn’t stopped growing throughout the day, little by little as the hours passed. Now her breasts had passed

her waist, and now ended just below her hips. The black fabric of her top actually had to come back *up* after curving beneath her breasts to reach where it was tucked into her skirt. They reached over a foot in front of her, full and round. If she turned around, you'd be able to see almost half of each breast sticking out on either side of her.

Erynn ignored his question as she looked back up at him. She could tell he was just trying to get a rise out of her. "What do you want?" She asked.

"A great many things, Ms. Forsythe. But I presume you more accurately meant 'Why are you here'" he said, crossing his thick arms over his chest.

"Ugh, fine, yes." She said, annoyed at his focus on semantics. "Why are you here? Why are you bothering me?"

He lifted an eyebrow "Am I bothering you, Ms. Forsythe? Your heart rate jumped when you first saw me...are you telling me that was a stress response?"

"I am" She lied, voice resolute.

"I see...because it was a very similar pattern that I felt in you last night when we-"

"Enough!" Erynn said, cutting him off. "Just tell me why you're here!"

"Isn't it obvious?" He said gesturing to the large black truck he'd exited from. "I'm here to take you home. I left you stranded at work without means of return, I felt compelled to rectify that for you"

Erynn scoffed "Oh is that so? You were compelled? You know, there's *another* situation I'm dealing with that if you could be compelled to rectify, I'd really appreciate it!"

The demon chuckled "You and I both know that won't happen."

Erynn frowned as she glared at him "Of course not."

"I don't think you even want that to happen" he said, eyes flaring with light.

Erynn's frown faltered, as she felt her face go hot. "That's...no. I do want this to end!"

He walked forward, slow steady strides until he stood before her, less than two feet away. She had to crane her neck up to see him, as he suddenly bent down, head lowering until it was right beside her ear. In her chest her heart hammered; what was he doing?!

"I don't believe you" He whispered. He exhaled against her ear, his hot breath smelling of ash and flame, making her involuntarily emit a tiny sound from the back of her throat. Erynn bit her lip hard to stop herself from making any more noise, as he stood up straight. Giving her another smile he turned around and walked back to the vehicle.

Opening the door, he moved to step in, when he stopped and looked over his shoulder. "Coming, Ms. Forsythe?"

As the two looked at each other, Erynn waged an internal battle. Her mind versus her heart and body. In the end her wallet won...she really didn't want to pay for the Uber home.

Pursing her lips she walked forward, avoiding making eye contact with him. She brushed past him to get in, but she misjudged the distance. The side of her left breast collided with him, pressing into him as she squeezed past. She felt the heat from his body as her chest was in contact with him. Dammit, why did that feel so good...

Stepping into the car she slid over, to sit on the far side. Her breasts were wedged against the back seat, and she was forced to turn to her left, with the door on her right not giving them any space. When Asmodeus joined her sitting on the other side, the side of her bust was nearly touching his hand that rested upon the middle seat. Erynn looked the other way out the window, desperate to avoid thinking about how much she wanted that hand to move closer...

As soon as the door was closed, the Demon snapped his finger and the car took off. Erynn grabbed onto the door to steady herself as the car jerked forward unexpectedly, seatbelt cutting into her chest.

"What the fuck!" She exclaimed "Tell your driver to..." She trailed off when she realized that there was no one sitting in the driver seat. She looked over to Asmodeus who just gave her a grin. The SUV weaved through traffic aggressively, moving simply because he willed it.

"How's the new position?" He asked casually.

"Fine" she said, voice terse, looking back out the window as the city sped by. She was doing her best to put up a cold exterior. As soon as she'd seen him outside her work, part of her longed for him, and the other part had told her he would bring her nothing but pain and heartbreak. So, no matter how much in this moment she wanted him to tear her clothes to ribbons, and take her in the back of this SUV, she knew it was for the best if she kept her distance.

"That good, eh?" He said with a chuckle. "I thought you'd be more excited, now that you've got what you've been working so hard for..."

She turned and frowned at him "Except I didn't really earn it, did I? I lucked into it because my idiot roommate made a stupid deal with a stupid Demon!"

"Ouch!" He said, though his smile never left his face. "So, you don't believe you deserve this role?"

"That's not what I said!" She snapped. "I do think I deserve this; I just wish they'd chosen me because of my own merits, and not because you made a phone call"

“What if I told you that your name was already being discussed, before I called?” He said, as he leaned against the car door.

Erynn turned to look at him, her rage defusing slightly. “It...it was?”

He nodded “Yes, they were down to the final three candidates, and they were leaning towards you. I simply gave them a little push towards finalizing that decision”

Erynn looked away, her face going pink with embarrassment. “I didn’t know that”

“Now you do.” He said, and then nothing more. They rode the rest of the way in silence, Erynn occasionally making furtive peeks at the Demon who sat only a few feet from her, himself watching the city pass by out the window. Wasn’t he going to say something? Make a move? Anything?!

Before she knew it, they were back outside her building. She moved to get out when the door opened for her, Asmodeus standing outside a hand outstretched. For someone of such hulking size, he was incredibly fast.

Erynn took his hand, and stepped out, leaning on him slightly. His hand didn’t waver at all as he bore her weight. “Thank you” she said quietly as she stepped past him, this time purposefully brushing her breasts against him.

After taking a few steps towards her building, she realized he wasn’t following her. She turned around to see him back on the other side of the SUV, about to get in.

“Are...you not coming inside?” She asked.

“Andromeda is still adamant in her decision.” He said with a shrug. “I’ll return when perhaps she’s feeling less certain.”

Erynn nodded, with a frown. “Oh, ok. I thought...Never mind”

“You thought I’d come in and fuck you?” He said with a savage grin.

Erynn blushed a deep red. “No! I...I just thought...”

“You overestimate your importance, Ms. Forsythe” The Demon said “I’m a busy Demon, with much to do.” A resonating chime rang through the air. Fishing his phone out of his pocket he glanced at it then sighed “Dammit, I’m late” Then without sparing her another glance, he got back into the vehicle and once more it took off down the road.

For the second time today Erynn watched Asmodeus leave, her emotions left in a mess.

Erynn was still feeling confused about how she felt when she entered the apartment. Thankfully she wasn’t immediately greeted by intercourse today.

Andromeda sat on the couch in front of her, watching an episode of Hot Ones on their smart TV. She wore a t-shirt that Erynn recognized, grey with an image of roses on the front. She remembered how small that shirt used to be when it fit Andromeda's formerly petite figure. Now it was big enough you could use it as a children's tent.

Andromeda's breasts completely covered her torso and lap, mammoth round masses, held snugly in the shirt. She wasn't wearing a bra, her nipples the size of hockey pucks, visible through the fabric. Her hands were interlaced resting on top of them, face the image of contentment.

"Dave finally went home?" Erynn asked as she kicked off her shoes.

Andromeda turned to look at Erynn, giving her a look. Clearly their fight from this morning was not forgotten. "No, he's still here" she said curtly.

Erynn lifted a single eyebrow. "He is? Where..." She didn't finish her sentence as she finally noticed Andromeda's boyfriend as she stepped into the room. He was sitting on the floor between her legs, his entire head and upper chest, underneath Andromeda's gigantic breasts.

"Can...can he breath?" Erynn asked.

"Still good babe?" Andromeda called.

Dave lifted an arm, giving a thumbs up. "He's fine" Andromeda said, focusing back on her show.

Erynn shook her head with astonishment. She still didn't understand what Andromeda saw in him...but at the same time who was she to judge? She was the one lusting after a Demon...Maybe she should cut Andromeda some slack.

Erynn opened her mouth to speak, but Andromeda spoke first, not turning to face Erynn "So, where's your infernal fuck buddy?" She sniped.

Erynn sighed. "Andy, come on, that's not fair. We had sex one time"

"Just once? It sounded like more than that last night" Andromeda said.

"You yourself said I should try and find someone who likes my breasts!"

"And so, you chose a literal Demon from hell?" Andromeda said, looking over at her.

Erynn shrugged "Yeah...but he's not that bad! He's actually really charming...and really handsome"

"If you say so" Andromeda said, voice dripping with sarcasm.

"It was just a one-time thing" Erynn said, though the words stung as she said them.

Andromeda shook her head “No it’s not. You don’t do one-night stands, Erynn.”

“What!” Erynn said “What does that mean?!”

Andromeda shrugged “It means sex is an emotional thing for you, it’s hard for you to just have sex and then move on. It’s actually really sweet”

Erynn frowned “I don’t do that! I can totally have a one-night stand!”

Andromeda smirked “Yeah? So, you *haven’t* been thinking about him all day?”

“No!” Erynn lied. “Fuck you!”

Andromeda looked back at the television. “Don’t get mad at me, Erynn. I don’t care if you sleep with him”

Erynn walked over “Wait...you don’t?”

“No, not really. I was just teasing you. I was serious though, what I said this morning. You do need to figure out what you want. I did, and I couldn’t be happier” She gestured to her colossal breasts with a smile, which were currently smothering her stoner boyfriend.

“Huh...” Erynn said, feeling very called out. But Andromeda was right, at least partially. Erynn did need to figure out what she wanted. Since Andromeda had made that deal, Erynn had been utterly focused on what she thought would be expected of her in this situation.

Society and her previous prejudices told her that she shouldn’t want these gigantic breasts, she shouldn’t want to be involved with an ancient demon, she shouldn’t have let him fuck her like two animals in heat. And yet, that moment they’d shared last night, was the only moment of this entire ordeal when she’d felt free.

“Wanna join us?” Andromeda said without looking up.

Erynn looked at her blankly, then nodded. “Yeah...yeah sure”

Erynn moved over and sat down on the couch beside Andromeda. Together the two of them took up all of the space on the piece of furniture. Though they sat a few feet apart from each other, the edge of their breasts just barely touched, where they sat upon their respective laps.

Erynn looked over at Andromeda’s breasts, huge and round, snug within her t-shirt. At this size it was very hard to tell, but yes, they were still just slightly larger than Erynn’s.

“Good day at work?” Andromeda asked.

Erynn nodded “It was fine. I have an assistant now”

“Cool!” Andromeda said with a friendly smile. “I’m glad you got that promotion; you totally deserve it”

“Thanks” Erynn said, tension lifting from her. Erynn was still a little annoyed at Andromeda for letting this situation continue, and she figured Andromeda was still annoyed at her for insulting her boyfriend...but they were still friends, and it was nice to just exist in that paradigm once again.

Together they sat in silence for a while watching the show where the host and celebrity guest eat a series of increasingly spicy wings. Erynn grabbed her phone from her purse, checking it for messages. She was disappointed to find nothing.

From underneath Andromeda’s bust a low grunt sounded, muffled by the masses of her breasts. Erynn looked over at the bottom of Dave’s body that was visible. “So...is he like...doing something? Or is he just sitting there with your boobs on his face?”

“Just sitting” Andromeda said cheerfully. “It was his idea, and I was happy to indulge him. He *really* likes them. Not as much as I do, but that’s a pretty high bar to beat”

Erynn laughed “You really love them, eh?”

“Don’t you?” Andromeda said, looking over at her. “You look so good with them! You’re like a super business bombshell!”

Erynn blushed “I look ok...they look better on you”

Andromeda grinned “Well obviously, but don’t be so modest Erynn! You look amazing, those massive boobies in your business attire? So Sexy! Dave, doesn’t Erynn look good with her new breasts?”

An arm lifted from underneath her bust, giving another thumbs up.

Erynn shrugged “I don’t know...they’re kind of nice, but they’re so big! It’s too much attention; everyone at work staring at me.”

Andromeda nodded “Of course they’re staring, you’re gorgeous! Attention just means you’re worth looking at...You certainly liked Asmodeus’ attention”

Erynn’s face went red at the mention of the Demon. “Yeah...”

“What was he like?” Andromeda asked with a smile. “In bed?”

Erynn smiled nervously “He is passionate and very skilled, just like he said. It was... incredibly intense. I’ve never felt anything like it”

“Really?! That good?”

Erynn nodded, biting her lip. "He was like a force of nature. Both tender and savage at the same time"

"Well, now I definitely can't be mad that you slept with him!" Andromeda said with a laugh. "Good for you Erynn! And obviously he likes your girls?"

Erynn looked down at the expanse of black fabric that covered her chest, covering her lap and spreading out to either side of her. Combined her breasts were almost three feet across at their widest point near the bottoms. "Yes...he paid them lots of attention"

Andromeda grinned, enjoying the girl talk. "Ok, so he's good in bed, we could probably have guessed that already considering his whole thing is Sex. So, be honest, was it really just a one-night stand for you?"

Erynn let out a long sigh "I...I don't know. He texted me today, and it made my heart leap. Then he drove me home, and I wanted him to take me, but then he just dropped me off and left...But he's a fucking Demon! Why am I even considering this..."

"Because you like him!" Andromeda said, resting a supportive hand on Erynn's shoulder. "You *need* to text him back!"

"But...what about yours and his deal? I don't want to make things even more complicated than they are right now." Erynn said.

Andromeda shrugged "We'll figure it out. Don't let me get in the way of your happiness!"

Erynn let a small smile creep on to her face "You think I should ask him out?"

Andromeda shook her head "Oh fuck that! You are way too hot to be needing to ask guys out! Just text him, flirt with him, maybe send him a little picture to show you're thinking of him...then he'll come crawling over here, begging for you"

Erynn's smile widened "I do like the sound of that!"

Andromeda smiled back "You go and get that Demon, Erynn. Make him yours." Her smile suddenly vanished, as her face twitched, a heavy moan emanating from her throat.

"Ohhhh, fuck! Dave!" She cried. "I'm still talking with Erynn!"

Erynn looked to the front of Andromeda's breasts where she now saw that her t-shirt had been pushed up out of the way, exposing her nipples, which Dave was now manhandling, arms reaching up from underneath her breasts.

"Um...I'll leave you two be" Erynn said awkwardly as she stood up from the couch.

"S-s-s...See ya!" Andromeda moaned as she squeezed her eyes shut and pushed herself back into the couch. Dave's fondling had increased in aggressiveness, filling Andromeda with intense pleasure.

Erynn quickly left the room, before their brazen display could go any further. Closing the door to her room behind her, she grabbed her phone from her purse and opened it to the text message she'd sent.

The talk with Andromeda had given Erynn clarity. She was done getting in her own way, overfocusing on what she thought she should do because of the expectations of others. Going forth she would do what she wanted to do.

And she wanted to be with Him.

The details were irrelevant, the minutia not her concern. She just knew that no one had ever made her feel the way he made her feel; not just in the bedroom, but in an overall state of being. Excitement, longing, need. These were what she felt for him. And so, she would have him.

But how to get him? What should she say? Her first instinct was to reply to his message with a simple greeting, maybe ask if he was busy, see if he was free to talk. She had the words written out, staring at the text on her screen, then quickly erased it all.

Andromeda was right. Erynn was too sexy to be this timid around him. He should be the one chasing her! She knew he wanted her; she saw it every time his eyes had fallen upon her during their encounters. She just needed to force his hand.

Throwing her phone on the bed she began to disrobe, removing her modest work clothing. She needed something more provocative, more risqué, more...well, slutty. She had just the dress in mind.

Digging through the back of her closet she finally pulled it out, a garment made of red silk. She'd bought it years ago, to go clubbing, and had only worn it once. It showed far too much skin for her normal preferences, but for the purpose she needed, it was perfect.

It was backless, with two lengths of fabric that tied around the back of her neck to hold up the front. These two swaths of fabric ran down her chest, and out around her breasts, carrying each of them like a sling, before returning to the main skirt of the dress, which wrapped around, covering her bum and a bit of her lower back.

It was absolutely stunning on her now, as she shifted the fabric slings to the side slightly, to show off her cleavage; a two-and-a-half-foot line of creamy flesh, two enormous zeppelins pressed together.

Grabbing her makeup bag, she returned to her mirror, taking time to do herself up with a more noticeable look. Thicker mascara, coloured eye shadow, ruby lipstick; it was a far different style from her usual aesthetic, but it looked good on her.

Finally, she put on a pair of stilettos to complete the outfit. Looking at herself in front of the mirror she smiled. No male could resist her looking like this. Her toned legs and back exposed, her gorgeous face painted to perfection, and of course her enormous pendulous breasts, spreading out before her, snugly held within her dress, showing off more than enough skin to entice and allure.

She wasn't wearing a bra as it would ruin the look, and so her nipples were visibly poking through the dress. All the better, she thought to herself with a grin.

Grabbing her phone, she stood in front of her mirror, and then giving a sultry look, she took several photos of herself, making sure she got all of her breasts in the frame. After taking nearly two dozen, she scrolled through, deleting ones she didn't like until she found the winner. She looked perfect, like a real life succubus.

She pondered whether Succubi were actually real, now that she knew Hell existed, as she typed out her text to Asmodeus, attaching the picture.

Take me out. Now. 🍷

Erynn bit her lip as she looked at the text, finger hovering over the send button. After she sent this, there'd be no going back.

Closing her eyes she tapped the button, sending the text along with the picture attachment. Then she threw her phone onto the bed, not wanting to look at it. What if he didn't respond? Just ignored her? No, surely he wouldn't do that. She was just anxious and imagining the worst possible outcome.

Seconds later her phone buzzed, and with an excited shriek, she hurried around the side of the bed moving as fast as she could in her 5" heels, so she could pick it up. Unlocking it, she opened the message screen. His response read:

What part of 'You Overestimate your Importance' do you not understand?

Apparently ignoring her wasn't the worst case scenario...

She dropped her phone onto the bed, feeling the cold painful sting of rejection filling her. She didn't understand. She looked amazing, she felt amazing. She felt truly confident and sexy, and she'd done it to impress him, to tease him, to lure him to her.

And then he'd dismissed her like she was a piece of trash.

She sniffed back tears, as she frowned at the phone that lay on the bed. Her hands trembled with overwhelming emotion, and so she balled them into fists.

Fuck this. Fuck him, she thought. *I won't tear myself to pieces just because this fucking Demon is too stupid to see how gorgeous I am.*

She considered what to do next for a moment. Part of her was tempted to change, get into something comfy, order something greasy, and then shut herself off from the world. But no...that wasn't right. That meant that she was letting his rejection get to her, and she wouldn't do that.

She'd gotten herself ready to go out, and so she'd go out. She'd find herself someone who would appreciate her the way she deserved. Or at the very least she'd get drunk enough to drown the stinging cold lump his rejection had left in her.

When she walked out, Andromeda and Dave had returned to her bedroom to make love. Muffled moans echoed through the door as she passed.

Good for her, Erynn thought. *I may think Dave's a loser, but Andromeda's happy, and that's what I should care about. Now, time to make me happy.*

In the walk down, she called an Uber, instructing the driver to take her to a nearby bar. It was a swanky establishment, very classy, and very expensive. She'd walked past it a number of times and had always wanted to drink here. Well, she was a bigshot project manager now, she could afford it.

Entering, she looked around appreciatively at the upscale establishment's interior. Leather seats, marble floors, gold trim. All very chic.

She walked up to the bar and took a seat on one of the stools, turning her body to the side to make space for her breasts which sloped out in front of her. The bartender, to his credit, only stared for a few seconds before he took her drink order; a gin martini.

She thanked the bartender as he handed her her drink, served in the customary conical glass. Sipping at it, she looked around the room, taking in the other patrons. Her plan was to sit and wait. For obvious reasons she stood out, so she knew it was only a matter of time before she received attention.

"Excuse me, ma'am?" A voice said from behind her.

Erynn smiled, spinning around on her stool, to see who'd spoken to her. Someone had approached her quicker than she'd expected! As she spun, she kept one hand on her breasts to keep them from jostling too much in her dress.

The man who'd approached her was in his forties, handsome, wearing a slick black suit...and a name tag?

"Yes?" Erynn said. Her eyes glanced to the name tag which read "Robert Dalton - Manager"

"Ma'am, I'm going to have to ask you to leave" he said, his expression and tone serious.

Erynn's eyes widened with shock. "What! Why?!"

"We don't allow...escorts to use our bar to solicit guests" he said with a frown.

"Wait, you think I'm a hooker?!" She blurted out.

"There's no need to make a scene, ma'am" he said, turning and gesturing towards the door with an upward palm. "Please."

Erynn shook her head "No, I'm not-"

She was jolted out of her train of thought by a strong hand on her shoulder. "Excuse me! She's with me! This is my girlfriend. She is definitely *not* a prostitute!" A young voice said. Erynn turned to see a clean-shaven man, roughly the same age as her. His clothes were expensive; his light gray suit was tailored, he had a pair of Gucci sunglasses tucked into his shirt and wore a dazzling gold Rolex on his wrist.

"My apologies" The manager said, bowing his head. He turned to leave, stopping only to give Erynn a demeaning look.

Erynn waited until the manager had disappeared before she turned to face the man who'd come to her defence. "Oh my god, thank you!"

The man smiled at her as he leaned against the bar next to her. "It was my pleasure. I'm a real romantic, so getting to help a real-life damsel in distress...that's a win"

Erynn laughed "Ha ha, you're cute! I can't believe that guy thought I was a hooker!"

The man leaned in to whisper to her. "Are you a hooker, though?"

"No! I'm not!" Erynn said, slapping his chest.

The man held up both hands defensively "Sorry, sorry, I meant no offense, I just had to check. You can understand the confusion"

"Why? Is it so rare for a pretty girl to be sitting alone at a bar drinking?" Erynn asked.

"Though you are quite beautiful" He said with a grin "You and I both know it wasn't your face that made the manager think you're a prostitute!"

Erynn gave him a coy smile, as she leaned forward, her breasts edging closer towards him. "I don't know what you're talking about!"

It was his turn to laugh. "Ha ha ha! You really are something Ms..."

"Erynn Forsythe" she said, holding out her hand.

"Troy Sadlon" He replied, firmly shaking hers. Erynn smiled, and he smiled back.

"Buy me a drink?" She said coyly.

"I'll buy you anything you want," he replied with a grin.

Over the next few hours, Erynn got to know Troy as they shared several martinis. He worked downtown in finance at his father's company, a big name in investments that Erynn recognized. He'd had a lot of wild experiences in his youth, traveling the world, seeing both the highs and lows of society, all while his parent's foot the bill. Now he was ready to grow up and settle down.

He wasn't perfect, that much was clear. He was a bit pompous, and certainly out of touch, but he was cute and funny. Erynn could make that work. And maybe she was just reading into things poorly, and he wasn't as arrogant as she assumed.

They were in the middle of laughing about a story he'd just told, about a mishap on a trip to Mauritius, when her phone buzzed. Pulling it out of her purse, she saw that it was a text from Andromeda, asking her where she was. She was about to reply that she was fine, when she saw the time.

"Oh, shit, it's 10:30!" She said "I didn't realize it was so late! I gotta call an Uber!"

"Wait, what? Just like that you're leaving!?" Troy said, his voice suddenly tinged with frustration.

Sliding off the stool onto unsteady legs, she turned towards the man who she'd shared her night with. "Thank you for cheering me up, Troy. Here's my number, maybe I'll see you again" She moved to turn towards the door, but stumbled, nearly falling over. The combination of uncomfortably tall heels and alcohol had left her in a precarious state.

Immediately, Troy jumped up and caught her by the arm, helping her upright. He barely seemed phased from the alcohol at all. "I got you" he said, as he gripped her, keeping her steady.

"Oh, thank you!" She said, "I think I'm ok now."

"Nonsense! Let me help you" he said. "In fact, put away your phone, no need to waste money on Uber, I'll take you home!" He spoke too quickly, trying to be overly convincing.

Erynn, now fairly tipsy, didn't notice his odd behaviour. Instead, she just looked up at his smiling face and nodded "Yeah...alright! Thanks!"

Holding on to her arm he led her outside, his pace rapidly increasing as they walked out onto the street. Erynn was dragged along, struggling to keep up, her heels clicking on the pavement. "Whoa! Hey slow down!" She cried. "I can't walk that fast in these!"

"Just...just up here" he said, as he tugged her along.

"Troy, please!" She cried, as she stumbled along. She tried to pull free, but his hand gripped her bicep like a vice. "Where are you taking me?!"

"My car" He said "It's...just...over here"

He made an abrupt turn down an alley pulling her with him. Feet skidding around the corner as she tried to keep up, her one heel got caught in a subway grate, her shoe pulling free. Erynn fell forward, now walking on only one heel, catching herself on a nearby garbage can. The sudden spill sent her outfit into disarray, both of her overly large breasts slipping free of the fabric slings of her dress.

"Oh fuck!" She cried, as she desperately tried to cover herself, both hands needed to manoeuvre one of her breasts back into the dress. Troy had heard the commotion and turned around, his eyes widening as he leered at her exposed form.

"Hey! Don't look at me like that!" She said as she tried to get her other breast back in her dress, when he grabbed her by the arm again, dragging her deeper into the shadows.

The light from a passing car illuminated the end of the alley they were walking in...there was no vehicle in it. "Troy, what are you doing?" Erynn pleaded. "Please just take me home!"

Troy wheeled upon her, grabbing her other arm and then shoving her against the wall. He had a cruel hunger in his expression, as he stared at her. Erynn looked away, closing her eyes in fear.

"Please," She whispered. "Don't do this"

"Don't be like that, baby" He grunted. "I know you want this. Why else would you come into the bar dressed like that? With those gigantic jugs nearly popping out of your dress. I've never seen tits like these before. I wonder what they feel like..."

"Don't touch me!" She cried. Troy ignored her.

His violating hands dipped into her cleavage, and she cringed at his touch. She tried to pull free, but the hand holding her arm snapped forward to hold her around the neck, lightly choking her. "Stop it." He snarled. "You're mine now"

"Help..." She cried, her voice muffled by his hand around her throat.

Troy grinned a nasty smile. "Stupid bitch. Nobodies gonna hear y-Urk?!"

Immediately the hands upon her let go. Erynn opened her eyes and looked up at her attacker. Troy's eyes were bulging, his face going red, as his hands scrabbled to loosen something dark around his neck. He couldn't get purchase on them as the things constricting him tightened. As they shifted, she heard them clink against one another. They were chains.

"Wha...what?!" She cried out. It was then she noticed a hulking shadow standing behind Troy...and two glowing orange eyes peering out of the darkness.

“Despicable” Asmodeus growled, his voice like thunder. “Thinking you can take what doesn’t belong to you because you think you’re stronger.”

“Asmodeus!” She breathed. “How?!”

“I heard your call for help” he said, as if that somehow explained how he’d suddenly appeared out of nowhere.

“Thank you...” She said. Her chest was still heaving, her body in shock. “I don’t know what I would’ve done if you hadn’t shown up...”

“You’re safe now” Asmodeus said “He won’t ever hurt you”

In front of her Troy fell to his knees, his face going an ugly shade of purple. Erynn looked up at the Demon. “No, he won’t. Thank you. You can let him go now”

Asmodeus said nothing, his raised fist tightening. The chains clinked as they squeezed harder around his throat.

Erynn frowned “Asmodeus...Let him go”

The orange coals of his eyes smouldered in the dark alley, but he still said nothing. He simply flexed his fist further, causing the chains to constrict ever tighter. Erynn stepped around Troy, and stomped over to the Demon, slapping him hard in the chest with both hands. She might as well have been hitting a statue with how little he seemed to notice the impact.

“Asmodeus!” She yelled. “Stop! NOW!”

His eyes narrowed as he looked down at her. For a second, she thought he was going to continue ignoring her, but then he unclenched his fist, and the dark chains vanished. Behind her Troy collapsed to the ground sucking in air as his hands massaged his throat. His breathing was weak, and raspy.

“If you want to live, you’ll never lay eyes on Erynn Forsythe again” Asmodeus snarled at the supine man, writhing in pain on the ground. “And go to a hospital...your windpipe is crushed.” Then he turned and strode back towards the street.

Erynn gaped as she watched the Demon leave. Bending down she removed her other heel, so she could walk on even feet. Then she scurried after him, having to walk quickly to catch up with him.

“Hey!” She yelled. “Hey, what the fuck!”

The Demon stepped out onto the street, and paused for a moment to fix his tie, adjusting his jacket with a tug on his lapels. Erynn caught up with him, stopping in front of him. “You...you were going to kill him!”

Asmodeus nodded "He was going to rape you. In hell the punishment for that is far worse than simple execution"

"Ex...execution?!" Erynn yelled.

"Yes. Simple justice." The Demon said, looking down at her with a neutral expression.

"I can't believe it; you were really going to murder him!" Erynn said.

"Would you rather I let him continue?"

"No, but-"

"I've seen his type, countless times before Ms. Forsythe. Some sinners are simply beyond saving and must be pruned." Asmodeus said.

"How many people have you killed?" She asked, realizing immediately after she said it, she didn't want to know the answer.

"Thousands" he said without shame.

"Oh god..." She whispered, hands coming up to her mouth in shock. "You're a monster..."

"I'm not a monster, Ms. Forsythe" he said with a sigh. "I'm simply a part of the cycle. Yes, I've killed thousands, but that number is out of tens of billions. Only the most wicked, cruel, and odious beings are deemed worthy of demonic execution."

"And Troy Sadlon was one of those?" Erynn asked defiantly, hands on her hips as she stared up at him.

"Well...he was no saint," Asmodeus said. "But he was going to hurt you. I couldn't allow that"

"You couldn't...why?" Erynn asked.

Asmodeus said nothing, his orange and black eyes glowing in the dark street as they looked at each other. His silence spoke volumes to Erynn as they stood there alone on the sidewalk. Suddenly she realized that perhaps she *hadn't* overestimated her importance.

"Oh..." She murmured, her eyes going wide. Asmodeus' eyes softened as he held her gaze, his lip curling slightly. There was a tenderness behind his eyes, but also a fierce intensity. Suddenly Erynn had the thought that he likely would have visited far more violent atrocities unto Troy if Erynn hadn't been there to witness it

"Erynn" he said, stepping forward, reaching a hand out to cup her face, but she instinctively stepped back. He cared for her, she recognized that. But there was a darkness to him. At first, she'd found it mysterious and alluring, but now that it had been exposed...it frightened

her. She should've expected it, he was a literal Demon from the depths of hell, and yet she still found herself shocked at the revelation.

Erynn shook her head, as she took another step backward. "Don't..." Was all she said, before she turned and fled.

She made it only a few yards before she heard the sound of his wings, rocketing him into the air. She cringed, fearing that he was coming after her, coming to take her by force. But when she turned around, he was nowhere in sight.

Wiping tears from her eyes, she grabbed her phone from her purse. She couldn't go home, not with Andromeda and Dave there. That would just be a reminder of him. She needed somewhere else.

Where do you live? She texted her assistant, Genevieve.

The reply with an address came within seconds, a place not far from where she was. Stuffing her phone back into her purse, she set off towards it, throwing away the single remaining heel into a trash can that she passed.

Less than ten minutes later, Erynn knocked on the door of her assistant's apartment.

Genevieve answered after a few moments, a look of shock on her face. "Ms. Forsythe! Holy fuck, that's one hell of a dress! Were you on a date? Why are you here!?"

The redhead wore a simple pair of cozy pyjamas, the same kind that Erynn should be wearing right now. She should've just stayed home, and wondered about what might have been, instead of having to experience it. "I've...had a rough night. I know this is a huge imposition, but can I stay with you tonight? I'll just crash on your couch"

"Oh! Yes, of course, Ms. Forsythe!" She said opening the door to let her in.

"Please, out of the office just call me Erynn" Erynn said as she entered.

"Can I ask what-" Genevieve started, but Erynn held up a hand to stop her.

"No. I don't want to talk about it. I just...need to lie down and rest." Erynn said, voice weary.

"Sure, sure" Genevieve said. "Let me get you some blankets. I'd offer you pyjamas but..." She looked down at Erynn's bust, each breast an enormous balloon of flesh almost three feet from collarbone to nipple.

Erynn nodded her understanding "It's fine. Thank you"

Erynn laid herself on to the couch, gratefully accepting the sets of spare blankets Genevieve offered her. Once her assistant had gone to bed, Erynn stripped out of the scandalous dress, throwing the long red silk garment on the floor. Then she covered herself as best she could and settled down into the darkness to sleep.

During her sleep, Erynn suffered through vivid nightmares. Scenes played out over and over, of her chasing the Demon, falling for him, giving herself to him, and then him turning on her, revealing the true monster inside. Each one ended with her cowering in fear, screaming in terror, pleading for her life.

She awoke with sweat beading her face, the morning sun reflecting off some glassware drying on Genevieve's counter and hitting Erynn in the face. With an unsatisfied moan, she turned her head, hoping to fall back to sleep. Those dreams had felt so real, but she knew they were just her mind playing tricks on her. They didn't truly reflect reality, but instead her own anxieties.

After a few minutes of trying to force herself to fall back to sleep, she gave up. She was awake, might as well get on with it. With a sigh, she opened her eyes, and then immediately shut them as she groaned with frustration.

She was bigger, because of course she was.

Her breasts had swelled much larger overnight, continuing the same pattern they'd been following. Grabbing the back of the couch, she pulled herself up to sitting, then stood up.

Her breasts sloped far in front of her, and out to the side. She felt the back sides of her breasts upon her torso all the way down to her thighs, before they curved away. Though it was impossible to tell without a mirror, she guessed it was likely that they reached her knees.

They'd kept their elongated balloon shape, spreading out from her chest, getting fuller and fuller, the further from her body they got. At their widest point, which was about her thighs, each one was easily two feet wide, extending well past the edge of her legs.

She took a step, her right leg pressing against the back of her colossal breast. Though their weight must be considerable, she felt almost no resistance as she stepped forward, her legs easily able to move her breasts. The result was an odd bounce as she walked, her breasts shifting back and forth as each leg pressed the corresponding breast forward, before letting it bounce back to her body, as the other one was pushed forward. The effect was hypnotic, each breast surging forward, as if eager for attention, before retreating.

She looked across the room at the pile of red silk, which looked to contain far more material now. She couldn't wear that to work though...

"Genevieve..." She called.

"Yes, Erynn?" Genevieve replied, as she walked out of her bedroom, already dressed for work. "What can-Holy Shit?!"

Erynn nodded "Yes, I'm bigger."

“How are you even standing right now! Your breasts are...are...they’re almost larger than me!”

“Genevieve focus” Erynn said as she lifted her purse and began to rifle through it. “Here is the key to my apartment. I need you to go there and go to my room at the end of the hall. Retrieve a fresh set of underwear, a bra, and then the green buttoned top, and a pair of black pants. Oh, and a pair of flats. The items will all be in my closet, understood?”

Genevieve shook her head “But...but they won’t fit you? You’re so much bigger than yesterday! Oh shit, look at your nipples!”

Erynn sighed “I assume they’re huge too? I haven’t been able to see them this morning...”

Genevieve nodded. “They’re like juice glasses!” The redhead stood unmoving, gawking at Erynn’s magnificent mountainous bust.

Erynn snapped her fingers “Genevieve! Please! Can you get the things I requested?”

Genevieve blushed as she looked up at Erynn “Yes, Ms. Forsythe. Of course.”

Erynn nodded. “Good, I’ll wait here. When you get back, I’ll need your help to get dressed...something that I assume I’m going to need more and more assistance with. And then...I’ll tell you everything”

END OF PART II