

Thwack

Huaah

Smash

Ahhh

“How dare you! Resisting my attacks is paramount to sacrilege; pitiful humans should stand in the way of my neutral mix-up.” Power furiously pressed her buttons, slamming them in a random order as she maneuvered her character across the screen.

“Where did you even hear a term like that?” The regret in Aki’s voice was already palpable; choosing to play a game with Power was obviously a mistake.

“Do not believe that your mortal terms are beyond my grasp. I have scoured the grand archives, uncovering the sacred term that you refer to as fighting games.” Power took her hands off the controller to motion to her chest, puffing it out to emphasize her importance.

“Denji! Did you teach her how to use the internet?” Aki shouted back at Denji, who was presently making a horrid coffee concoction.

“Oh, yeah. We found a whole bunch of cool stuff. There were these little boxes that said we were winners, so we kept clicking them.” Denji grimaced after drinking his overly sweetened coffee.

Aki didn’t even respond, knowing that any further inquiry would shorten his already short life. Instead, he focused on the fighting game in front of him; he had picked up an old classic from a pawn shop on the way back from the office. Something he and his brother had enjoyed before the incident; indulging in nostalgia wasn’t something he was wont to do, but this one called out to him. It was an old game for the arcades originally, only having a limited console release, a game called Darkstalkers. It was a game centered around supernatural figures fighting it out in both bloody and ridiculous fashion, oddly fitting given his choice of career. Maybe it was always in the cards, to become a person who regularly fraternizes with the fiendish and absurd.

“Stop blocking my attacks! Move closer so you can fall for my wakeup DP!” Power furiously slammed her hands against her controller, having no idea what she was talking about.

“I’m getting a headache; how about we end this.” Aki sighed as he entered a familiar button command.

Instinctively, he had chosen his old favorite character, Jedah; when he was a middle schooler, he had heard rumours of Jedah’s secret technique. An attack that had odd interactions

with female members of the cast, a rumor that was spread in hushed tones like it was a Playboy. Aki hit that old and practiced command, grabbing Power's fighter in his grasp; it was fitting that she had picked Lillith as her character.

"Unhand me, you wretch; I was about to perform a low sweep." Power shouted angrily as she lost control of her character.

Her eyes drifted back to the screen as she heard unusual sounds from it; while the animation was short, it burned itself in her mind. Jedah's arm had extended, wrapped itself around her succubus's head. The extended arm bulged and shrank, pumping like a hose as Lillith's muffled moans filled the apartment. Each successive pump filled the succubus, her exposed bust inflating under his grasp. Pulsing larger and faster, her bust overshadowing her torso to the point that it looked like two balloons. Massive blimps that throbbed as Jedah forced more blood into those inflated funbags, their limit having been reached long ago before another pump came.

Splloosh

Lillith's sprite erupted in a cloud of blood before falling to the ground, a large KO message playing across the screen.

"Woaah! What was that!? Wait, is that real?" Denji's eyes bugged out at what he saw.

Power herself was speechless, stunned from her loss, but also lost in fascination with what she had seen. Thoughts raced through her mind, one after another, as she ran a hand through her strawberry locks. She had blood powers, could she do that? Power got up from her seat, kicking the table behind them from the center of the room.

"Stand back, mortals, for I am about to demonstrate my greatness in a way you've never seen." Power closed her eyes after speaking, her boastful attitude giving way to focus.

"You're paying for that table." Aki grumbled as he packed up the game console.

"Quiet, I need the utmost silence to attain my new form." Power gritted her teeth, snapping at Aki's remark.

Bblbblb

Power's body started to emit a small bubbling sound, something akin to a pot about to reach boiling. The bubbling increased in intensity as she focused harder, pushing her arms down in front of her. Her breathing grew labored, like she was running a mile on the inside; with that labored breathing came change. Her chest started to wobble and shake of its own accord as that bubbling focused in her breasts. Diminutive apples that jiggled back and forth on her

chest, shaking with her breathing until they started to grow. Steadily inflating, growing out like two balloons, her bust increased from small apples to large oranges.

While she pushed her bust out, everyone else watched with a mix of awe and concern, Denji was cheering her breast growth, while Aki watched the rest of her body. Power couldn't really generate blood; she could only manipulate it, so pushing out her breasts meant she was losing something somewhere else. Her legs grew twiggy and emaciated, her waist snatched around her bones, and her arms became like sticks. She didn't relent, inflating her breasts until she could barely stand. Even then, she only managed to get large enough to get a bust that would pass for American.

Huff

Huff

"Me...me did it. Boob get big." It looked like power had pulled some blood from her brain, as her language centers were failing her.

"Uhhh, you doing alright there?" Denji looked at Power with concern as she started to wobble.

Her jelly legs buckling like a newborn deer's as she struggled to maintain balance against her newly lopsided chest.

"I, uhhh..." Power didn't get a chance to finish her sentence; her words cut off as she fainted.

Power toppled over, falling chest first onto the floor; Denji leapt back as she fell, expecting her breasts to pop like water balloons. Instead, the extra blood just flowed back into her system, her emaciated limbs returning to normal as the blood snapped back into place.

"Guess it was a good thing she moved the table." Aki got up, looking over at the mostly intact table on the other side of the room.

"You alive?" Denji was nudging Power with his foot, poking her with increasing force until she stirred.

"*Huuuuuuuuuu*" Power woke with a start, gasping for air as her brain started to function again. "How did I do? Pretty incredible, huh?"

Power tried to play off her act as something all according to plan, taking up residence in her delusional things.

“You dumbass, all you did was pass out. There’s not enough blood in your body for that.” Aki grumbled his response.

“Yeah, you looked almost as hot as Miss Makima, for like a second. Then you keeled over.” Denji’s response was about as matter-of-fact as you could get.

“I think I understand. If I want to prove my mastery of this technique, I need more blood!” Power was already off, leaping from the window and towards the city below.

“No, dumbass, don’t...” Aki’s response didn’t have a listener, as Power was already gone.

Aki and Denji didn’t even catch a glimpse of her as she fell, plummeting like a comet; she hit the ground with the grace of a heavy stone. Bolting forward like lightning, Power showed a surprising amount of enthusiasm with her current mission. Leaving her roommates to pull themselves back inside, try and figure out what they would do with today’s missions.

“Crazy, wonder if she’ll be back.” Denji took a seat back on the floor, fishing out Aki’s game console.

“If she isn’t then, Makima will send us to grab her.” There was frustration in Aki’s voice as he returned to the morning chores.

Down on the streets, Power was dashing about wildly, searching high and low for the objective she desired. Aki and Denji hadn’t been given a second thought, for Power’s mission was divine and grand; nothing in her life aside from her cat amounted to much when in the face of this new purpose. Her ephemeral nature often meant her desires would come and go with her attention span, but this desire to expand her breasts had dug itself deep in her core. It was driving her to do things she’d never have dreamed of, things like doing her job. She knew that she needed more blood to perform her task, human or demon blood; it didn’t matter which. So she followed the screams, listening for the commotion that a demon’s attack normally caused. She was mostly out of luck in her mission, only finding humans assaulting other humans or humans trying to scare themselves.

Aaaaaahhhh

Another scream echoed through the alleyways, reverberating off the concrete and striking Power’s ear in just the right way. It was the bloodcurdling sound of a woman being attacked by some monster. Power leapt into action, her gold eyes shining with excitement as she bolted down the straightaways. In the back of her mind, she hoped she didn’t arrive too quickly; she wanted plenty of blood to be spilled.

“Somebody! Help me!” The screams got more audible as Power closed in, the woman's screams growing shrill and muffled as Power rounded the corner.

“Fear not, helpless human. I, the great Power, am here to help...” Power cut off her own grandiose intro as she saw the victim was already being smothered in flesh. “What a shame, a second too late.”

In front of Power was a bubbling blanket of flesh, blue and rubbery; it seemed to be crawling across the woman who had been screaming. A projection of her face straining against the field of flesh atop her, her fear captured upon the creature's flesh. Power knew this unwieldy blob of a devil; it was the suffocation devil, a minor fiend who, normally, would never have caught her notice.

“How disappointing; you're so small that I don't think you'll do much for me.” Power frowned as she walked towards the creature.

In her mind, it would be a building-sized devil she would face, something with enough blood to make her as large as a truck. Unfortunately, this would have to suffice; Power flexed her hands in anticipation. She didn't need or want a weapon to bring down a devil like this; it would be a waste. Her movement was unnaturally fast, swift as a cat's, and unlike any of her normal combat tactics. In a rush, her sharp nails had already pierced the rubbery flesh of the devil, puncturing its body and pushing through to the victim's. The devil and victim howled in unison as human and devil blood mixed into a purple slurry. All of that blood flooded over Power's hand as her target struggled against her attack, the undulating form trying to envelop her arm. Something about her current mental state triggered a sort of instinctual awakening, as the blood ran over her hands, she felt her ability to manipulate its current.

The grand mess of gore and viscera soon shriveled as power bound the flow of blood into a singular river. Channeling it upward, out of the wound and into her open mouth, her cheeks bulging against the heavy flow of crimson. Her throat undulating up and down as she drank, heavy gulps facilitating the river of blood to its new home. Her trim figure began to bloat with the excess blood, her stomach inflating like a small balloon as she drained the devil and its victim. A growing bubble that peeked out from the gap in her pink shirt, creamy and soft, it shook with the force of her drinking. Every heavy gulp added another inch to her waistline as she forced more down her throat.

Bblblblb

Her stomach always got upset when she took on the blood at once, especially foul-tasting devil blood, but she persevered. The swelling balloon on her torso distended her waistband, her sweatpants stretching over the growing orb. It filled like a balloon as the bodies below her withered, the feeling of fresh blood overwhelming her senses. Soon she grew large enough to be mistaken for carrying a brood, her bloated stomach filling out her pants like a bubble. Bisected by her waistband, it was a bicolored fecund growth; half the peachy white of

her flesh and the other half the slate gray of her pants. The weight of her stomach was enough to make her legs strain, drive her to buckle over before she stabilized herself. Only a little bit more and she would have all the blood she needed for her growth. Her creamy skin started to take on a flushed hue as the proliferating blood profused through her body.

Grglggg

Power felt a final rumble of discomfort from her belly as she pulled the last of the blood from the victims. Their desiccated bodies sitting like leather on the ground, leaving power to deal with her bloated stomach. She had to cradle her hands under the tight curve, supporting the uneven load as she steadied herself. Beneath the cover of the sweatpants, she could feel her stomach bubbling, the surface palpably undulating in discomfort. Her cheeks bulged, the surge of flood wanting to rush up her throat before she muscled it back down. Fighting against the discomfort, she summoned a bit of focus, beginning the process of controlling her blood.

Her eyes closed, her breathing grew steady, and her body began to shake; controlling such a mass of blood was not a task she was used to. Her body violently shuddered as her imprecise movements forced her meal from her bloated stomach. Flowing blood profused itself through her body, her stomach shrinking as she worked it upwards. Power's bustline started to swell, growing at the same rate her stomach shrank. Flesh fought against the confines of her tightening top, her breasts rapidly outgrowing the pink prison. Threads snapped as her breasts blew her bra to pieces, turning her sweater into a crop top. The underside of her breasts peeked out from the bottom of her shrinking shirt as her melons swelled.

Her bust went from apples to oranges to melons and then beyond; sitting somewhere comfortably in the range of basketballs, her breasts definitely looked like they were holding two people's worth of blood.

"Hahahaha! Digital succubus cower in fear! For I, the magnificent Power, have recreated your technique!" Power's laugh filled the empty alley as she felt herself up.

Slosh

Glunk

Her hands inspected her new bust, grasping at the sloshing flesh, feeling it filter between her fingertips. Too large to fit in her palm, her heaving bosom sloshed back and forth under her grasp. The gentle kneads turned ferocious as the pleasure of her own touch sent her senses in overdrive. Stretched and sensitive skin shuddered under her touch, her presses sending shivers of pleasure lower. An addictive feedback loop was forming in her brain, urging her to push herself further, grow larger. If touching her body was this pleasurable, she couldn't imagine how great it would be if she were larger.

It had been a few days since Power's escape into the world; Denji and Aki were finding their workload surprisingly light during the time. They were sent out to slay devils and fiends, but all they found at the scenes were weird withered husks. Someone had been dealing with all the different threats before they could deal with them, and it was getting rather annoying.

"Yo, this blows. Shit's boring, man." Denji ran a hand through his hair as he came upon another withered husk.

"I'm not complaining about the boredom, but this is worrying. Feels like something big is coming." Aki ran a hand over the corpse, feeling the dry flesh crack under his grasp.

"Hope so." Denji sighed as he kicked the dusty pile.

Crash

"Yeaaaah!" Denji shouted in excitement as they heard shattering glass a street over.

The sound of breaking glass was followed by ominous rumbles; heavy thudding impacts shook the ground as they closed in. Denji left Aki in the dust as he ran down the street, barely looking back as Aki stopped to make a call. He turned a corner into the source of all of the noise; a massive muscular devil was rampaging down the street, its lupine form denoting it as the wolf devil. Its ferocious rampage was sending it hurtling down the streets like a missile, tossing cars aside like playthings. Denji was ready to leap at it before a thin spear shot across the being's body, barely grazing the flesh and creating a small wound. Denji looked towards the source of the projectile and nearly fell over from shock.

At the other end of the road stood Power, or at least what he guessed was Power; it was hard to tell over her massive tits. Power had managed to accomplish her goal of breast expansion, her bust so large that it currently rested on the ground. Each sloshing tit was as large as a small car, round and tight like a ball. Power's skin was taut, her massive breasts were shiny, their surface pulled tight over the payload inside. It wasn't hard to see what she had been filling her breasts with; the bubbling red liquid underneath them was pushed to the forefront. Her whole bust shone under the sunlight, the piercing rays rippling through her liquid containers and bathing her surroundings in a red glow.

"Boobs can get that big?" Denji's shout carried over to Power's ears.

"They can grow bigger too." Power had a wicked grin on her face as she held her hands out.

Power's bust wasn't the only change in appearance she had undergone during her time away. Her devilish horns had sprouted brethren and grown tall on her head, her horns forming a

scarlet crown around her head. Her fangs had elongated, giving her an almost feral look; despite her ferocious appearance, this was the calmest Power had ever been. The excess blood seemingly giving her more control of her impulsive thoughts, but not enough to keep her from making a foolish mistake.

With her arms outstretched, she focused on the open wound from the rampaging wolf demon. The devil quivered before its blood rushed out in a massive bubble, being forcefully pulled from the being in explosive fashion. All of its blood coalesced in the air, a single stream coursing its way down towards Power's mouth. Her throat and cheeks bulged with the lake of blood she was attempting to swallow. As she drank, her immense tits began to shift, parting away from a massive bubble that formed between them; it was her stomach. Power's gut rapidly grew as she forced blood into her body, bloating like an overfed ticks. Protruding from her body like a blimp, her gut expanded exponentially, the floating lake of blood gradually vanishing into it.

Crkkk

Her body rang out with a plasticky creak as she forced more of the liquid into her, her belly swelling past her massive tits. The surface of her stomach grew to accommodate the massive lake, sloshing with every second that passed. Her gut turning the same transparent hue as her bust, the ocean of blood that sloshed inside becoming visible under her skin. She was large, impossibly large; her stomach was the size of a weather balloon, or maybe a car. Her own gluttony making her seem like an overfed tick, vestigial to her own assets as she drank heartily.

Grllll

The massive bubble still lingered in the sky, only half of its original size, still channeling into Power's bloating body. Her body moaning in strain as she struggled to contain it all, her limits being reached before she could finish. Power's belly was starting to vibrate from the pressure, throbbing of its own accord to try and hold everything in. The pressurized pleasure was turning into a burning pain, the skin on her belly growing paper thin. She needed to alleviate the pressure somehow, so she started early, shifting the blood from her gut to her chest. Her already strained breasts expanding further outward, the massive blimps jutting up her mountainous gut. Their added weight strained her already strained body.

Grnnnn

Crkkkkk

rmbllbbll

Power's bust swelled with blood, overtaxed skin creaking with every inch she added on to her bust. Slowly growing against her skin, gradually growing into her face as the pressure inside of her increased. Every bit of blood she forced into her system needed more effort and

focus; it felt like she was trying to keep a growing balloon at the tap. Holding on got tougher and tougher as the forces inside of it fought for escape. Her body began to groan as her strenuous growth grew tougher; every inch was equivalent to moving a mountain. The bubble above her had shrunk to the size of a marble, a tiny little bead that flowed down the river she created. A crimson comet's tail that was about to collide with her body with deceptive force. So small, so diminutive, but with all the deadly force of a bullet. Power's swollen body rumbled as she forced more blood down her throat.

Bibblbb

Grnnnn

Her breasts were completely see-through, her skin stretched so thin that you could see the blood sloshing around inside of her. Crimson-hued and bubbling from the incoming force, her breasts resembled enormous tankers of fluid. She looked like a blood bag that had been overfilled, taut and bulging, ready to burst at any moment; yet, she continued. Through foolish and hedonistic willpower, she sucked down that final bead of blood. The droplet rolled around her outstretched tongue like a marble, dancing across her buds like it knew what was about to happen. Power curled her tongue back, letting that miniscule ball topple down her gullet, swallowing it with a satisfied gulp.

"Cower in fear, for I am the largest there has ever ***nngggg***." Power's proclamation was cut off by a shoot of pain that snapped her mouth shut.

Rmbblbbblbb

Power's body began to convulse wildly, her assets exploding in size as she lost control of her form. Passing the precipice of form, her breasts blew up like hot air balloons, rising higher than the skyscrapers as her breasts lost integrity. The amount of pressure she was under must have been immense, too great to count and estimate. Condensed and compressed blood lost the container holding it in place, causing her breasts to shoot higher than the skyscrapers around her. A fine mist of crimson sprayed from her nipples as the wracking pressure inside of them grew beyond control.

Crkkkkkk

Bibblbb

Power's stomach began to throb, the boiling blood inside fighting against its container; her entire body beat like a heart. In and out, every contraction a bit shallower; her swollen stomach rapidly reached a size to match her breasts, dwarfing her completely underneath her own assets. Power was powerless to stop her own growth; every inch of her was wracked with a mixture of pain and pleasure. Trembling in anticipation as she reached the limits of her expansion, her overtaxed skin felt ready to split in a single breath. With a final throb, her body

surged out, small tears forming across her skin, blood leaking out in streams before the inevitable happened.

Bloooossh

First Power's stomach ruptured, her belly tearing open at the navel, unleashing a drowning flood of scarlet across the city. Washing away cars, people, and any bystanders in its wake.

Kersploooooossh

After her belly came her tits, erupting like volcanoes; they showered the city in a rain of blood that stained it red. Her massive funbags tore apart like lotus leaves, flecks of loose flesh snapping back into place.

Power lay at the wreckage of her own body, barely conscious as blood leaked from her every orifice. Her torso, now a hollow cavern where belly and breasts once sat, now nothing more than loose skin and slowly regrowing muscle. What little consciousness remained was drawn towards the sound of heavy sloshing, a well-dressed figure striding towards her. Glowing golden eyes reflected the puddle.

"Seems I was called a bit too late." Makima's voice was soft and cold, dulled to the point of boredom.

Power opened her mouth to respond, but all she could muster was a helpless gurgling as a river of pilfered blood flowed out.

"Once you get back together, you'll be cleaning all this up. Drink it until you can handle yourself a bit better." Makima's cold expression turned wicked. "And if you explode, you'll drink it up again. Over and over. Until you get it right."

Makima pulled at Power's cheek as she spoke, tweaking it like she was a disobedient child. Power's eyes faded as she tried to comprehend the punishment; it seemed like a pleasure more than anything. Her consciousness fading as Makima waded through the river, her future slated to be a swollen bloodbag caught in a cycle of endless bursting.