

Devil May Feast (MtF, WG)

Synopsis: Nero tracks a demon he's been hunting for a few months to a nearby food festival, soon engaging him and his minion's in battle. But, after tasting some of the demon's blood, he develops a taste for sweets and food during the fight, slowly but surely succumbing to the demon's influence and ending up as his plump new woman.

"So, you think our tourist is there?"

Nero barely heard Nico's voice over the phone as people ran for their lives and panicked around him. One of the giant banners promoting the annual food festival fell to the ground near the devil hunter when one of the gargoyle-like devils swooped right through it. The devil's skin shattered with a quick flick of Nero's wrist as he drew *Blue Rose* before it could dive down on a fallen woman, sending two bullets through its chest. The gooey innards flew out its back before it vanished in a smog of crimson smoke that smelled of brimstone and sulfur.

"Yeah, I'm pretty sure," Nero said, walking over to help the woman on her feet again. "Call it a hunch."

"Alright, just try not to break anything, honey," Nico said, the cigarette hanging from her mouth as she talked with her associate from the safety of her workshop back in Brooklyn. "I ain't there to fix ya up in case you break that pretty arm of yours again."

"Relax, I'll take it easy," Nero said, punching his mechanical arm through a devil's chest. It shattered and disappeared in a crimson cloud of smoke, but not before spilling its infernal blood and pus all over his prosthetic hand. "I always do."

"Really? Is that so? You were missing two fingers on my masterpiece the last time you came home," Nico said, flicking the burnt-out cigarette before lighting another. "And it was half-melted."

"It was an accident," Nero said, punching another gargoyle to gooey pieces before launching the arm into the air. The rocket-powered mechanical hand flew around the area, knocking devils left and right as he continued his phone call with batting an eye. "Besides, how was I supposed to know it wasn't lava-resistant?"

"I'm warning ya, honey. I'll put you over my lap and spank your ass if you come home with another broken arm," Nico said, throwing a few wrenches across her shoulder as she looked for the right tool.

"Don't worry, Nico," Nero said, gargoyles falling into pieces on the ground around him as his arm flew back to him. He attached it to his body, quickly muttering a silent 'oops' as he saw how scratched and worn it looked. "I'll bring it back in one piece. I promise."

"Good! 'Cause you wouldn't want Kyrie to see your cute ass all rosy red, right?"

"No, I don't," Nero said, the people finally leaving the area and with most of the gargoyles near the entrance destroyed. "Tell her I'll be back in a few days."

"Alright, will do, honey," Nico said before Nero hung up the phone.

"Now then," Nero said, putting away his phone and drawing *Red Queen* from his back, the sword gleaming in the pale light of the summer sun setting beyond the mountains. "I better head inside and deal with the tourists before they decide to leave..."

It wasn't the first food festival or restaurant Nero had visited in the last few weeks that the strange stony devils had ruined. Whoever controlled them had gone on a Midwestern spree, jumping from one restaurant and food festival after another, leaving only carnage and chaos behind. The devil hunter had always been one step behind them, only arriving at the scene after the big boss had left. This time, thanks to Nico's intel, Nero had been one step ahead of them and arrived at the scene just when the party started. He could smell the stench in the air, a smile on his lips as he knew the devil he was hunting was here.

Red Queen roared as he turned the throttle before swinging it through another group of gargoyles that attacked him when walking into the food festival, shattering their stone skin and sending their innards all over the ground. The man's white hair and dark blue coat remained impeccable, without a single stain hitting him, and he sighed as he watched a few pieces of a gargoyle hitting a nearby stand and shattering it.

"Jeez," Nero said, putting the sword back on his back before running his non-mechanical hand through his short white hair. "Barely inside and already asking for my autograph. God, what assholes..."

The devil hunter walks into the food festival, watching a few gargoyles fly over his head as they carry food in their lanky limbs. They were ravaging the stalls and stands around the sprawling festival, stealing corn dogs, deep-fried Snickers, and other unhealthy snacks. In the distance, he could see some climbing on the Ferris wheel and other rides there while others chased some poor people stuck in the corn maze when the devils arrived. A few stands were burning, some torn apart, and a few cars tilted on their sides or flipped over by the bigger gargoyles. It was chaos, just like the other places they had been to, and Nero shook his head as he watched a few devils looting a hot dog stand of fresh weiners.

"You know you're only supposed to take ONE free sample, right?" Nero said, drawing their attention. "Do you guys know how slim the margins are on selling food these days?"

Unamused and unafraid, the closest three flew towards Nero after his mocking remark. The first fell to a hail of bullets from *Blue Rose*, the next got cut in half by *Red Queen*, and the last got punched in the face by *Overture*. Nero sighed, not even breaking a sweat after dispatching them. However, he did feel a little hungry. Nero had noticed it earlier when fighting these devils in other places, but it felt more intense now. He figured the presence of their boss intensified it, the influence of the greedy devil affecting everyone near it with an insatiable hunger. Nero knew it affected ordinary people even worse, and the devil hunter had seen several men and women sit and eat instead of running for their lives on his way in. He ignored the ravenous hunger and focused on the hulking gargoyle.

"So, you wanna dance, big guy?" Nero said in his usual cocky manner.

The gargoyle roared but didn't attack. Instead, it picked up two revolvers some cops dropped after fleeing the scene and dropped them into its gaping maw. It swallowed the guns, and Nero watched the devil's right arms twist and change. The stony skin broke apart as fleshy and bony gun-like protrusions pushed out, causing his arm to transform into some twisted machine gun.

"Wow. You guys really ARE what you eat," Nero scoffed as the twisted arm-gun roared to life, sending a hail of bony bullets at him. "I'm guessing your dentist really hates you, huh?"

Nero dodged the first spray, sending a few bullets from *Blue Rose* as he did. The big guy's skin cracked but didn't break as it hit its chest, and he watched as metal absorbed from the gun repaired the damage. The devil hunter dodged another hail, almost getting a few holes in his coat as he rolled and jumped to the side.

"Hey, watch the coat, asshole! I only got it a few weeks ago," Nero said to the gun-toting gargoyle, further angering it.

Another hail dodged, inching the devil hunter closer to the towering devil. Nero shot a few more bullets at the granite skin, only cracking it. Unlike the others, the hide was too thick, and the metal from the guns it had eaten earlier kept repairing it. So, Nero decided to inch in closer, sending a rocket-powered fist flying into the gargoyle's face to distract it. The devil hunter was already upon him when the ugly devil recovered from getting hit in the face by the mechanical fist. *Red Queen* roared as Nero turned the throttle and swung at its fleshy gun arm, severing it at his elbow. The gargoyle's leg came off with the next swing, the sword slicing and cracking the stony hide. The metal didn't repair any of it in time, and Nero cut off its head before it could recover from the first two blows. It rolled on the ground and landed near the devil hunter's feet.

"Shit, you guys just keep getting uglier and uglier," he said as he picked up the head before it shattered and disappeared in a crimson smoke.

Yet, as Nero stood there and watched the gargoyle disappear, he felt the strange hunger wash over him. He glanced at a nearby stand that served cotton candy, the machine still spinning the

sugary treat, and he felt his mouth water at the thought of grabbing a quick bite. Nero shook his head, pushing the sudden urge aside moments before a voice snapped him out of his thoughts.

"Ah, you're finally here, *monsieur chasseur*," a guttural voice said, causing the white-haired man to glance at the devil. It spoke with a thick accent, each word slightly mispronounced. "I was worried you wouldn't make it."

Nero saw the massive devil sitting on a throne made of broken wood, car parts, and other junk. A small mountain of food was near it, with more arriving as some gargoyles dropped some before flying off. The massive devil grinned, flashing his stone fangs as he grabbed a handful of donuts and shoved it into his maw, devouring them with a loud smack of his granite lips. He looked like his brethren, with a pointed nose, grotesquely twisted face, and stony wings on his back. Unlike the others, he was massive, and his enormous gut and broad chest stretched the strangely elegant outfit that hugged his fat figure to the limit. The buttons on his vest looked like it was about to pop off at any moment, and his coat threatened to tear whenever he grabbed another bite to eat from the food pile.

"So I'm guessing you're fat-ass running the show?" Nero said, approaching the corpulent devil.

"Call me Régal," the devil said, his body shaking and wobbling with each movement. The stony skin jiggled like flesh, only hardening on impact to protect him. "And no need for such vulgar language, *monsieur chasseur*. Mind your manners."

"You're one to talk, fatty," Nero said, watching Régal grab another handful of hot dogs from the pile with its massive claw before devouring it. Yet, he couldn't help but feel hungry just watching the devil eat like a slob, his mouth watering as a few chunks fell from the devil's mouth.

"Now, how can I help you? Are you here to join our feast?" Régal said, gesturing at the food his minions collected for him. "Then again, I wasn't expecting your American cuisine to be so... unrefined."

Again, Nero's mouth watered as he watched Régal slurp down more deep-fried treats, each causing his belly to rumble. He ignored it despite his appetite growing at the sight of the devil feasting.

"No, I'm not here for the food," Nero said, casually firing a few shots into the air with *Blue Rose*. A pair of gargoyles dropped at Régal's feet before vanishing in a cloud of crimson smoke. "I'm here to stop the party."

"Why would you ever do that?" Régal said, again stuffing his face with the food without batting an eye at his fallen minions. "We're simply sampling your American cuisine and stuffing ourselves like the rest of the pigs here."

"Well, asshole, I prefer to attend food festivals without blood and mayhem," he said, gesturing at the chaos around them. "Besides, have you considered not bringing your pets to these events? I bet the corn dogs taste much better fresh and without blood."

"I disagree," Régál said with an amused grin, flashing his fangs. "But I see your point, *monsieur*. I'll consider it the next time I attend one of these... sordid events."

"Unfortunately, this is the last one you'll be attending, fatty," Nero said, putting his hand on the handle of his blade and twisting the throttle, causing his mechanical sword to roar to life.

Régál watched the devil hunter close the distance between the two within moments, his beady, glowing eyes following Nero with every lithe movement. The devil didn't move as the devil hunter jumped into the air, sword raised high. Then, just as Nero was about to hit Régál in his fat face, the devil grabbed the sword, stopping the blow. The skin shattered in the devil's hand as he held the sword with his claw, with the devil's blood dripping from the cracks. Yet, Régál looked unimpressed, without even flinching from the wound. Nero tried pulling the blade free, but the fat devil held it tightly, the sword refusing to budge.

"You're pretty strong for a fat guy," Nero said, grunting as he tried to free his blade. His belly rumbled as the devil's influence was more intense the closer to him he was, causing the devil hunter to glance at the pile of greasy food near him.

"Nero. Son of Vergil. Dante's protégé. Grandson of Sparda," Régál said, his voice oozing with delight. "You have the blood of devils in you, Nero. It is weak, pitifully so. But I know of a suitable donor to erase that human filth from your body."

Régál moved with far more grace and speed than his flabby body might indicate, and Nero didn't react in time when the devil grabbed the sword with his uninjured hand and pushed his injured claw to his face. The devil hunter felt the firm grip around his head, threatening to pop it like an egg. However, he could feel the devil's blood pouring into his mouth, almost worming itself into his unwilling hole despite clenching his teeth and pressing his lips tightly. Nero could taste it on his lips, overwhelmed by the greasy yet sweet substance pouring into him. He felt his hunger rise exponentially, almost to the point where he willingly parted his lips and drank from the devil's tainted blood.

"That's right, *mon chéri*," Régál said, watching Nero squirm in his grip as he dangled him several feet above the ground. The devil stood taller than him, easily over ten feet tall, and his fist alone was enough to grip his entire head.

Nero's heart raced as he realized he had swallowed some of the blood, his belly gurgling with a strange sense of bliss. He pushed the strange urges aside as he took his mechanical arm and punched Régál's arm, using all the rocket power Nico had put into it. The arm flew off, going right through Régál's arm using the rocket-powered thruster, punching him in the face, and cracking the devil's huge, pointed nose. The devil gasped as his arm and face shattered, sending more greasy, sweet blood everywhere as the hand holding Nero broke off. The devil

hunter rolled away, free from Régál's grip, and coughed before wiping his lips clean. The mechanical arm flew back to him, attaching to his stump a moment later.

"*Merde! Ça me saoûle*," Régál said, gripping his broken arm as more blood poured from the stump where his hand was earlier. Nero watched the devil grab a handful of donuts and shove it into his maw, swallowing them whole, and he watched as the fat devil regrew his hand within moments. Even the cracks on his face disappear. "You are full of surprises, *monsieur chasseur*."

"And you're pretty fast for a fat guy," Nero said, ignoring the strange rumbling in his belly. The taste lingered in his mouth, and he hated how much his body yearned for another sip.

"Such a foul mouth, *monsieur chasseur*," Régál said, flexing his newly-grown claw. "But, we're going to fix that. You'll be perfect once I've ridden that human filth from your body."

"And the only thing you'll be eating is soup back in hell once I've broken that fat mouth of yours," Nero said, stretching his arm and swinging his sword to warm himself up. "Now, come on!"

Régál didn't hesitate and rushed forward, his towering frame wobbling and shaking with every heavy step he took. The ground almost shook as he approached, Nero waiting with a raised sword for him to get close. The devil hunter felt his hunger suddenly rise as Régál got close, causing him to groan and stumble. It distracted him long enough for the devil to swing his fist at him, sending the man flying across the fair. Nero landed hard in a food stand, breaking the roof and shattering wood as he crashed into it. Nero lay in a pile of debris and deep-fried donuts, slowly pushing himself up as the devil's amused laugh echoed across the festival. Then, to his surprise, he realized he was chewing on something. Nero had opened his mouth and taken a bite out of a donut when it came close to his face, now munching eagerly on the puffy pastry.

"Fuck..." Nero said after swallowing, his hunger swelling inside him. He hated how good it felt to stuff his belly with the fatty treat, and he hated himself for grabbing the rest of the donut and stuffing his face with it. "That fat asshole's going to pay for this."

Nero jumped back into the action, his body tingling and buzzing as he engaged Régál in battle again. He found himself feeling surprisingly good despite the punch to the chest, and he didn't seem to notice the minor wounds healing as he fought the fat devil. Régál's blood flowed through his body, spreading through every inch of his frame and infecting his mostly human physique. It caused his strength to surge, giving him the boost he needed to swipe his sword hard enough to crack the devil's skin. Nero assumed it was the adrenaline getting to him, pushing him to new levels, but in reality, it was the tainted devil's blood spreading through his body like wildfire. It infected his every nerve, causing his hunger to rise.

As they fought close to another food stand selling homemade fudge, Nero couldn't help but glance at it with mouth-watering urges. Régál took the opportunity to swipe at the distracted devil hunter, sending him flying right into the pile of fudge and taffy.

"You're distracted, *mon chéri*," Régál said, adjusting the suit covering his immense figure. He repaired a few cuts and knicks in the fabric, returning it to its pristine state. "Would you like to

take a quick break? I'm sure you'd enjoy sampling some *delicious* treats you Americans seem so fond of."

Nero pushed himself up and was about to make a witty remark when he realized his mouth was full of something. He chewed and swallowed, eating a mouthful of fudge that sent shivers of pure delight through every inch of his body. Nero hated how good it tasted and despised how hungry it made him. The devil hunter grabbed another handful of fudge and stuffed it into his mouth before getting out of the broken booth, his belly rumbling as he swallowed.

"The only thing I want is to kick your ass back to hell," Nero said, wiping his lips with his mechanical arm before raising his sword again. "Come on, let's-"

Suddenly, Nero gasped and stumbled. An intense spike of pain and pleasure shot through his body, cascading and spreading to every inch of his figure. It then focused on his stump, where his mechanical arm was attached to the metallic socket fused to his skin. Nero dropped his sword and grabbed his arm, feeling the skin bubble and move underneath his clothes. Then, to his shock, he felt *Overture* fall to the ground, still attached to the socket that his body rejected and pushed away. Nero screamed, not with pain but from shock and confusion, as the devil hunter saw his stump grow and twist. He watched as bones, flesh, and skin pushed out from his stump, causing his eyes to widen as he saw his arm regrowing. It was over within moments, leaving Nero shocked as he stared at his new arm.

"What the fuck is this?" Nero said, flexing his new fingers.

"What's the matter, *mon chéri*?" Régál said with an amused grin as some gargoyles dropped snacks in his open hand. He swallowed it all whole, mending the few wounds Nero had given him. "Do you enjoy my gift to you?"

Nero stared in awe at his arm, still in disbelief to have it back. It's been years since his Devil Bringer got severed and began using Nico's mechanical limb, and he had almost forgotten how it felt. Yet, the more he stared at his newly-grown arm, he began to see that something was off. Nero compared the fingers to his other arm, quickly noticing how slender and slim the digits on his new arm looked. They were thinner and more graceful, with gently rounded nails that didn't match his other hand. The rest of his arm looked elegant, with slim features, soft skin, and gracefully athletic. It looked effeminate, far more like Kyrie's slender limb than his other masculine arm. Yet, as tender as it looked, he could feel its strength, the devilish blood bubbling far more potent and intensely inside it than the rest of his frame.

"What the hell did you do?!" Nero said, grabbing his sword with his new dainty limb, feeling how surprisingly strong it was.

"I told you, grandson of Sparda," Régál said, flashing his fangs. "I'm removing the human filth from your veins."

Nero felt his heart racing and blood pumping through his veins. The devil's blood mixed with his own, causing a surge of energy to flow through his body. The devil hunter threw himself at the

massive devil, soon igniting his blood and using his Devil Trigger. Nero's form twisted as he used his devil powers, causing his skin to turn a dull gray with blue, pulsating veins as horns appeared on his head and his hair grew long. Yet, his new arm looked different. The claws on it were far more slender and effeminate, looking more like sharp yet elegant nails than ferocious devil claws. The skin was also paler, closer to a soft white than the dull gray the rest were. Even the veins looked different, causing his arm to look more like marble.

None of it mattered at the moment. Nero felt his strength surge as he threw himself with his sword in hand at Régál, instantly severing his arm and causing the devil to roar. The fat stone-skinned devil screamed and flapped his wings, distancing himself from the devil-triggered hunter. A few gargoyles swooped in and put themselves between their master and Nero, giving Régál the time to grab a quick snack and regenerate.

Nero almost lost himself to the intoxicating sensations. He always felt excited when he used his Devil Trigger, but it had never felt this intense. It overwhelmed him, causing every inch of his body to buzz with strange pleasure. The tainted blood from the fat devil burned inside him, and he could feel it infecting more and more of him the longer he stayed transformed. Even worse, his hunger rose, and he barely noticed himself gorging on some hot dogs after dispatching a group of devils near him. Shocked and terrified, he swallowed and ended the Devil Trigger, leaving him out of breath and heart racing as he returned to his usual self. Nero's right arm remained feminine and slender, like before he used his Devil Trigger, with pale, soft skin and gentle features.

"Shit..." Nero gasped. "The bastard's doing something to me..."

The devil hunter felt the tainted blood coursing through his body, infecting him and spreading like wildfire. It was gorging on his humanity, leaving him less and less human. Nero could feel his powers growing as it happened, his heart racing as his devil side grew, but it also worsened his hunger. Even now, the urge to stop fighting to take a snack break was there, ever-present in his mind even after his quick bite during his Devil Trigger. Nero knew he couldn't use the form anymore since it only caused the blood to spread more quickly. He needed to stop it, and the only way he knew how was to destroy the source: Régál.

The amused devil chuckled as he saw the glare Nero shot him. The devil hunter pushed himself to his feet, trying to ignore the lingering hunger that threatened to take control. Régál amused laughs echoed far and wide over the food festival, his massively fat frame shaking and wobbling with each joyous chuckle.

"What's the matter, *monsieur chasseur*?" Régál said, his belly bouncing with his hearty laugh. "Are you feeling a little famished?"

"No, I'm just getting angry," Nero said, twisting the throttle on his sword to cause it to roar again. "No more games, fat-ass. We're ending this now."

"You're wrong, young blood of Sparda," Régál said as Nero threw himself at him, sword in hand. "We've only begun."

Régál blocked the swing with his stony fist, and both could tell it wasn't as fierce as before. It didn't even crack his hide, surprising Nero. The strength in his feminine arm had increased, but it came at the cost of the rest of his body. He moved less swiftly, swung less hard, and reacted much more slowly. So, Nero didn't see the fist grabbing his head before it was too late, causing him to gasp. The devil hunter expected to get flung across the field into another stall or truck, but it didn't happen. Instead, Nero's eyes widened as Régál pressed something against his lips. It was sweet, and his body reacted by parting his lips and letting it into his mouth, his taste buds dancing as the delicious toffee landed on his tongue.

Nero felt his resistance fading and heard the sword slip from his slack grip as his hunger and growing sweet tooth took over. He dangled a few feet off the ground with Régál holding his head in his massive fist, and all the devil hunter could do was suck, chew, and savor the delicious treat. His belly rumbled, his mind ached, and he felt the tainted blood surge through his frame as he fertilized it with the sweet calories. Nero wanted to resist but couldn't. All he had the strength to do was suck on the sweet and eat it like his ravenous appetite wanted.

"That's right, *mon chéri*," Régál said, pressing another toffee against his lips. "Listen to the blood in your veins. Give in, and let your urges grow."

Nero didn't listen. He couldn't. The after-effects of using the Devil Trigger still lingered inside him, causing his appetite to remain dangerously high. It forced him to eat the toffee, no matter how much he wanted to stop. Being this close to the gluttony devil didn't help either. Nero ate for now, hoping to break his trance once he quelled his hunger.

Yet, with each piece he ate, Nero felt something. It wasn't just the tainted blood that surged and grew with each saccharine treat he swallowed. The devil hunter could feel his skin tingling and his body swelling, becoming softer each moment. Nero squirmed in Régál's grip, grabbing the fist with his feminine and masculine hand, and he could tell the latter was different. He saw his skin getting paler, slowly shifting close to the marble-like smoothness and flawlessness of his right arm. However, it was far from the most worrisome development on his body.

Nero felt something itch on his scalp, and he could feel the tiny nubs growing on his head. Two horns, similar to the ones he had during his Devil Trigger, began to grow. They stopped when they were barely half an inch, still hidden by his short hair, but he could tell it was a sign his humanity slipped as the tainted blood swelled. His blue eyes shuddered and shifted, becoming the same devil yellow they were during his Devil Trigger.

All of this went by almost unnoticed by the devil hunter. Instead, Nero focused on the swelling in his torso, how his shirt and jacket felt tighter and tighter with each passing moment. He ran a hand across his chest, feeling his firm pecs soften and a soft layer of padding spreading across his defined abs. Nero always wore tight clothes that followed his figure and accentuated his lean build. Still, his outfit grew even more so as the calories from the toffee grew exponentially inside his belly. Right now, he felt his torso expand with strange padding that

hid his athletic figure and gave him a tiny yet unmistakable little belly. The shirt and jacket pulled up, revealing the bottom of his abdomen, and there wasn't any sign of his lean abs anymore.

Yet, it couldn't compare to the tightness around his hips. The black pants stretched across his narrow hips and tight butt as both grew slightly, with bones popping as his hips widened. He felt his underwear pull up between his expanding butt cheeks as they grew in size, hiding the lean muscles there. Nero squirmed and groaned from the feeling of his manly pelvis cracking as it grew, slowly stretching the pants to the limit. The belt hugged his swelling figure tightly, the leather creaking as it fought to contain his growing body. Even Nero's legs felt softer and somewhat thicker, although his boots felt surprisingly big on his feet.

Thankfully, Nero felt his hunger abide as it got what it wanted, allowing him to break free. He drew Blue Rose and shot Régál twice in his face, barely injuring him but surprising him enough to slip out of his grasp. Nero dropped to the ground, grabbed his sword, and jumped away, gasping for air as the taste of toffee lingered on his lips.

"Still got some fight in you, huh? Good," Régál said, chuckling as the flattened bullets fell from his stony face to the ground without leaving a scratch. "I wouldn't want to spoil your appetite just yet~."

Nero heard and felt his clothes grumble and complain under the new pressure. He felt his outfit hug his swollen figure tightly, threatening to tear it if he moved too suddenly. Nero stared down at himself, inspecting the damage, and the devil hunter wasn't happy with the sight. He saw how swollen his chest and belly looked, hiding his lean build with soft fat and causing his pecs to look more like small man boobs. He had a tiny but noticeable gut, not enough to make him look fat but enough to hide his abs.

However, it didn't compare to the damage below his waist. Nero ran a hand across his now undeniably curvy hips, at least for a man, and he could feel the size and shape of his ass that stretched his black pants. Even his thighs felt surprisingly soft, with the gap between his legs smaller than ever despite his wider pelvis. His skin was paler, and he could feel the tiny horns on his head remained. Nero's eyes were blue again, even if he couldn't see it.

At least his strength had grown as the tainted blood spread through his body, with his devil powers having grown. Yet, it came at the price of his hunger again getting worse, along with his sweet tooth. The sight of the toffees in Régál's hand made his mouth water, and he struggled to resist the temptation of grabbing some cotton candy or donuts from the nearby food stalls.

"Shut up, fat-ass," Nero said, his voice cracking and his throat itching as he spoke. He coughed, trying to clear it without success.

"Feisty," Régál said with a chuckle. "I like that~."

Nero removed his coat, throwing it to the side and hoping it would be easier to move around without it. It didn't, since his pants and shirt constricted his movement the most. He didn't enjoy

stripping in front of the fat devil, so he ignored it as he threw himself at him, hoping to cut off Régál's head before his tainted blood infected more of his body.

Everything that happened next was a blur to Nero. He remembered attacking the devil and pushing him back. The devil hunter even got a few good swings in, cracking the skin in some places. Yet, the next thing he knew, he was on the ground with Régál's massive fist around his neck and shoulders. The devil loomed over him with an enormous grin on his ugly face as he grabbed the pitcher of vanilla custard one of his minions handed him. Nero barely had time to think or react before the fatty substance poured onto his face, staining his skin before his lips parted and mouth opened to welcome it.

Nero hated how good it tasted. He shuddered and squirmed as the devil poured the custard into his willing mouth, feeding him the thick liquid he shamefully loved. He swallowed mouthful after mouthful, feeling his belly gurgling and rumbling as he gave into his hunger. Nero felt his clothes tighten, much to his shame, and the devil hunter could even feel his skin getting paler and the horns on his head growing as the calories filled him. Régál chuckled as he continued stuffing his face with more custard before moving over to pies, pushing slice after slice into his willing maw. Nero ate, his body tingling with a strange mixture of shame and mouth-watering bliss with each bite.

Again, his body changed. The horns grew another inch, turning white and looking like alabaster, and his skin grew paler to match his feminine, marble-white arm. Every inch of Nero's body buzzed as the calories multiplied in his belly and caused fat to spread through his figure, soon getting placed in strategic places to give his body the curves that Régál lusted over. The swelling in his chest got worse with his shirt and jacket tightening, and he felt both pulling up to show off more of his tummy. Nero's belly didn't grow as much as the rest of his body, but he could still feel the soft padding surrounding his waist to give it a gentle softness and some adorable love handles. He groaned, running a hand across his now chubby waist and feeling the tiny pouch he had developed.

However, it didn't compare to the swelling in his ass, hips, and thighs, all three exploding in size. The pants struggled to contain his growing figure but failed, with the seams stretching, the fabric tearing, and his soft, pale skin poking out through the tiny holes forming across his butt and the side of his hips. Nero heard his hips popping again as they widened, putting more pressure on his belt and pants. The former finally tore apart with a sudden snap, sending a wave of relief through Nero's frame as the constricting pressure from it vanished. However, it caused his hips to leap outward by another few inches now that it wasn't there to stop it, causing his figure to grow increasingly curvy. Nero's ass pushed out, growing rounder as the alluringly feminine fat pushed through the small tear across his butt. It became heart-shaped and soft, with his lean muscles now hidden by a sea of womanly padding that matched his wider haunches.

Aside from that, more places popped and snapped. Nero felt his shoulders crack as they grew more narrow, his masculine left arm twisted as it shrank to match his feminine right one, and his feet felt smaller than ever inside his boots. Régál grinned as he fed him more food,

causing his tainted blood to spread through Nero's body and worsen his hunger. Nero saw images flash through his head, with strange urges and enticing scenes of being fed bonbons and chocolates filling his mind and putting a smile on his lips. Each mouthful he swallowed caused him to grow, and the devil hunter was shamefully aware of his swelling figure. It felt like his clothes tried to smother him, and each garment hugged his figure tighter than ever. Nero heard the gentle shredding and tearing sounds here and there as his body outgrew his outfit, causing more of his increasingly paler flesh to poke out through the holes.

Thankfully, the devil hunter managed to escape his trance before it was too late, his glowing yellow eyes flashing wide as he did. Nero placed his feet on the man's fat stomach and pushed him away, freeing him from Régál's grip. Nero surprised himself by the strength in his legs, and he assumed it was a side-effect of his devil blood growing stronger. The fat devil flew away and crashed into a food stall, smashing it into pieces.

However, his shoes flew off due to how small his feet had gotten, leaving him barefoot as he pushed himself upright. Even worse, he felt and heard the tears widening on his pants and knew more of his swollen rear, padded hips, and bloated thighs poked out through the hole. Nero shifted his heavier weight on his surprisingly dainty feet, trying not to move too much and cause more tears to form.

"Very feisty~," Régál said, chuckling as he pulled himself up. "You're turning out better than expected, *mon chéri*."

"You better wipe that grin off your face before I slice it off!" Nero said, his threatening tone far softer than expected. The masculine timber in his voice had dulled, leaving it effeminate and frail.

"And such a wonderful voice," Régál said, his roaring laugh echoing through the area. "But we can do better, *mon cher chasseuse*~. Come here and have another bite."

Nero stayed quiet. He grabbed his sword and readied it, his cheeks burning a rosy red hue as he heard another tear opening up on his pants. The devil hunter felt how his body tried to escape the confines of his smothering clothes, trying to free itself so the world could witness the increasingly thicker curves. Nero knew the blood and food weren't just making him softer and fatter but also more feminine, something his swollen chest and shrunken manhood proved. Yet, he knew the tainted blood causing it would disappear and undo the changes if Régál died. So, with *Red Queen* resting in his dainty right hand and ignoring the feeling of the cool evening air caressing his exposed pale skin, he charged the devil.

Yet, once again, the fight was short-lived. Nero tried using his newfound strength caused by his devil blood growing to his advantage, but his thicker frame and daintier limbs made things more difficult. He could tell Régál was toying with him by dodging his blows and pushing him around with a mocking grin on his fat face. The devil didn't even attack him anymore. Instead, he threw pastries, candy, fudge, and all manner of enticing treats at him, trying to get him to give in to his growing urges. Nero wanted to say it didn't work, but he couldn't. Each piece of toffee or

donut he saw flying by him made his hunger rise and his belly roar, causing him to stumble and groan. Nero felt weak each time his ravenous appetite flared, and he struggled to keep up with the fat devil.

Eventually, Régál saw his opportunity and knocked the sword from his hand. Nero gritted his teeth, trying to recover by drawing *Blue Rose* from its holster, but he wasn't fast enough. He expected the devil to swipe his claw at him and send him flying across the fair, but he didn't. Instead, Nero's eyes widened with shock as he felt a piece of chocolate pressing against his lips, and his hunger took over. Régál watched the man's lips part and mouth open, eagerly taking in the caramel-filled treat into his maw. Nero's entire body relaxed and grew slack when the chocolate landed on his tongue, and all he could focus on was satisfying his insatiable sweet tooth.

"There we go, *mon chéri*," the devil said with a massive grin as he pushed another chocolate treat into Nero's waiting mouth. "Isn't this so much more enjoyable than fighting?"

Nero didn't answer. His mind buzzed with the intense bliss and pure joy at giving his body what it craved, causing him to shudder. The devil hunter sat on his knees with his head tilted up, mouth opening and closing as he eagerly ate each chocolate treat Régál pressed against his lips. Nero wanted to fight and resist but couldn't. The hunger was too strong, his sweet tooth too intense, and his cravings too powerful. Shame washed over Nero as he stared with half-closed eyes at Régál's massive grin as he fed him the treats, and he felt his body tingle and ache as the calories once again multiplied inside his body.

Régál smiled as he fed the devil hunter, his beady yellow eyes gleaming as the fat surged through the man's body. He could sense his tainted blood rushing through Nero's frame, erasing his humanity and causing the devil inside him to grow. The horns on his head curled up and back as they grew, becoming thicker and longer with each second. They gleamed in purest white alabaster, now half a foot long and still growing. Nero's skin continued to pale as his humanity faded and became an almost snowy white. Faint imperfections formed here and there in his smooth, pale skin, causing the rest of his body to match the marble-like qualities in his right arm. From a distance, Nero would look like a pale person, but up close, the marble-like veins would be visible, making him look almost like a statue come to life. Yet, despite the mineral-like look of his skin, it remained as soft as ever. It became even more delicate as his weight increased and his curves expanded with soft, feminine padding.

The devil hunter tried to resist, using his remaining will to fight his ravenous appetite. Yet, he didn't and fell harder and harder to his urges. Each bite tasted better than the last, and he could tell the tainted blood in his veins was responsible. The devil's gluttonous side infected him, pushing him to become as much of a connoisseur for food as Régál. Even worse, Nero felt his body blossoming, and shameful tingles of excitement passed down his spine when the fat devil caressed his cheek. The more the tainted blood spread, the stronger his body's reaction to Régál. He shuddered as shameful excitement spread over his loins as he looked at the immense and fat devil, and Nero could tell that what remained of his cock throbbed at the sight

of him. He tried to resist, shaking his head to rid himself of the undesirable images flashing through his head, but he couldn't.

"Eat up, " the devil said as one of his minions handed him more fudge, candy, and other saccharine treats that filled Nero's body with unwanted pleasure and excitement. "You need the perfect body for your new life, *mon chéri*. The only thing you'll be hunting for in the future is desserts and my affection~."

Nero swallowed another piece of chocolate against his will, and the increasingly feminine hated how enslaved he was to his body's urges and wants. He tried swatting away Régál's hand but lacked the will to do that. Instead, the devil hunter ate and filled his body with more shameful pleasure as his frame expanded and humanity faded. However, Nero's attention soon turned to the sounds his outfit made, and he blushed as the tearing noises grew louder. He could feel his generous curves spilling out through the holes and tears of his clothes, the gently padded flesh doing what it could to escape the constricting confines of the fabric prison. He gasped as he heard a tear form across his chest, and he glanced down to see how his formerly chiseled chest bloomed into something hopelessly feminine and busty. Nero wrapped an arm around it, feeling his erect and growing nipples throb against his pale skin. He blushed from the shameful sensations flashing through his brain as he felt his breasts expand against his arm.

Sudden pops and sickening cracks reached his ears and distracted him yet again as he felt his figure change to match the womanly padding that surged into strategic parts of his body. Nero groaned as his shoulders grew narrow, his ribcage slimmer, and his face softer. He felt his masculine jawline soften and shrink, his cheekbones rise, and his lips puff up to make them pouty and full. His eyes grew doe-like and expressive, glowing an eerie yellow as his devil blood overtook his human side. Nero's hair grew slightly, remaining short yet styling itself into something more feminine. However, none of this compared to the cracks in his hips, causing him to groan as his pelvis expanded beyond what he could imagine. Nero's hips were already jutting and wide, childbearing even, yet the growth showed no signs of stopping. Fat poured into his haunches, giving his broodmare hips a womanly softness and adding more width and sway to his exaggerated figure. His pants proved no match for his hips, soon torn apart from his growing hips and swelling thighs and leaving little but torn strings of fabric.

The calories multiplied in his stomach with each chocolate or fudge he swallowed, causing his figure to grow. Yet, Nero could tell his arms, face, and, in particular, belly got spared from the worst. His gut was chubby and soft, yet looked small compared to the size of his hips and ass. Nero's arms and face looked gently padded without seeming fat, and it was hard to describe his body as anything but thick as the padding surged mainly into his hips, ass, thighs, and breasts. He sat on his knees and felt his growing backside pressing down on his softer legs, becoming rounder and more enticing without sagging as much as it probably should. The pale white cheeks were round and full, far more impressive than anything he had seen on any woman, yet they kept growing. His underwear had torn apart long ago, with nothing but flimsy strings remaining of their former glory. Nero's manhood continued shrinking as it got smothered by the feminine flesh surrounding it, coaxing the masculine member to make room for the puffy

folds that bloomed in its place. He could feel the new organs forming inside him, causing his heart to race and his loins to itch in ways he hadn't experienced before.

"Not long now, *mon chéri*," Régál said, smiling as he gave Nero the last piece of fudge before grabbing more treats from his minion. "Only a little more left..."

"N-No!" Nero screamed, his voice soft and feminine, as he grabbed Red Queen and swiped at Régál.

The fat devil reacted in time and jumped back, causing the swing to miss and hit a nearby food stall instead. Nero was shocked by the power of his swing and how the sword tore effortlessly through the wood and metal. His heart raced, and he couldn't believe how powerful he felt despite the strange changes to his body. It felt like he was using his Devil Trigger, with the energies flowing through his softer and more womanly figure. In a sense, Nero was.

The devil hunter pushed himself up on his feet as Régál stared at him with a grin, and he felt his body shake, jiggle, and wobble in ways he hadn't experienced before. What remained of his outfit fell to the ground, torn apart by his expanded curves. Nero felt the cool air caress his naked lower body and exposed bosom, causing his womanly nipples to throb and grow even harder. He ignored the sensations cascading through his feminine figure and the itch between his legs, hoping the strange emptiness where his cock should be was all in his head. The eight-inch long and curved alabaster horns on Nero's head glistened in the faint light near him, his golden eyes glowing, and his pouty lips twisted into a scowl.

"So, still got some fight left in you, *madame chasseuse*," Régál said, slowly approaching the former man. "Or, perhaps, you're merely pretending?"

"Shut your mouth, fat-ass," Nero said, his heart racing as he heard the sultry tone leaving his full lips.

"You're one to talk," Régál said with an amused chuckle as Nero shifted his weight on his padded legs, causing the devil hunter's backside to wobble and shake precariously. "Are you sure you wish to fight? It looks to me like you're yearning for something else~."

"The only thing I want is to kick your fat ass back to the underworld, asshole," he said, his heart racing as the massive demon approached. Yet, despite his defiant words, he could tell his body wanted something far more shameful from the devil.

"Well, I doubt you should do it naked, *mon chéri*," Régál said as he grabbed Nero's coat that one minion fetched him.

The devil pulled at the fabric with his claws, using his devil energies to twist and change it. Then, with one swift move, Régál threw it at Nero, and the former man barely had time to react before it hit him in his chest. He watched as it turned white and wrapped around him, rapidly

becoming a white apron that barely did anything to hide the size or shape of his immense bosom or jutting hips. It pulled tightly around him, covering his nudity, although barely.

"There, much better," Régál said with an amused chuckle. "Don't you agree?"

"Is that all you can do?" Nero said, his cheeks rosy red with shame and his sultry voice shaking despite his mocking tone.

"No, not at all~. So, you wish to strike me down? Well..." Régál said, quickly closing the gap between the two. He grabbed Nero's chin with his fat claws, tenderly rubbing his soft, marble-like skin with a delicate touch. "Then, go ahead, *mon chéri*. Hit me."

Nero had never in his life felt as strong and as weak at the same time before. He knew he could tear a car apart with his bare hands, yet he didn't have the strength to raise his sword to strike Régál down. Instead, Nero felt the blade slip from his delicate fingers onto the ground, hitting with a hard clang. He stood there, slack-jawed and with his hunger taking over again.

However, it wasn't his ravenous appetite that quelled his anger and will to fight, but something else. Nero's entire body tingled and buzzed when Régál touched his smooth skin. He felt shameful images flash through his head, causing his manly pride to shudder yet making his feminine figure quiver excitedly. The blood in his veins connected him to Régál, pulling every fiber of his figure to the bloated gargoyle, and he hated how good it felt to stare into his fat face.

"You can feel it, can't you? The blood binds us, *mon chéri*," Régál said, tenderly caressing Nero's feminine face as one of his minions handed him more treats. "We are what we eat. You took in my blood, so now you are mine~."

Nero stood there, his defiant spirit fading as the first treat slipped into his mouth. He ate it with pleasure, and an effeminate moan slipped from his plump lips as he ate another. Régál grinned as he sensed the last humanity fade from the devil hunter's body and watched with glee as the horns grew thick and long on his head. Nero felt the tainted blood taking over, causing him to fall hopelessly to the compulsions and urges that drew him to the fat devil that did this to him. The poor man barely noticed how the pitiful remains of his cock finally disappeared, with only a womanly moan escaping his lips as **her** new pussy took its rightful place between her legs. Nero's eyes glowed as new urges, emotions, and feelings rushed through her head, filling her with more shameful thoughts that made her proud spirit shudder.

"There we go," Régál said as he noticed the last traces of her masculinity disappearing. "The only bulge you'll need from now on is right here~."

Nero saw Régál rub his crotch as he chuckled, and she hated how it made her loins itch and her mouth water. She shook her head, her short yet feminine hair caressing her cheeks as she did, but she couldn't rid herself of the images flashing through her head. Thankfully, Régál soon

pushed another chocolate into her wanting mouth, causing her attention to move from her shameful urges to her ravenous sweet tooth instead.

Each bite she ate caused her figure to blossom, her breasts growing and swelling as they stretched her apron. Nero's nipples throbbed, with the apron doing little to hide their shape or size, and she felt the straps holding the flimsy piece of garment on her body strain under the pressure of her expanding breasts, hips, ass, and thighs. She felt her pelvis pop again, pushing them to the point where they were almost twice as wide as when she was a man. They were beyond childbearing, softer than a cloud, and with an enormous booty to match. It grew massive, and more shameful sounds slipped her lips as she felt Régál's meaty fist fondle her perky yet plump backside. They got silenced as another chocolate treat slipped between her massive lips, and she smacked them together as she let the wonderfully delicious snack dance across her tongue. Her teeth grew sharper now that her devil blood took over, and her tongue lengthened slightly, making it longer and more flexible.

At this point, little remained of the devil hunter's former glory. Nero stood about as tall as before, making her tall for a woman yet still much shorter than Régál. Her white hair reached her chin, matching her marble-like skin and framing her soft yet wonderfully attractive face. Nero's lips dominated her face, two plump pillows that glistened in the light and yearned for something to suck or eat. Her doe-like yellow eyes glowed as she stared at Régál, and she shuddered as shameful images flashed through her head. The woman's body was soft without looking fat, and her chubby belly was hard to miss, thanks to her other massive curves. Nero's breasts were about the size of her head, sagging only slightly despite their hefty shape, and the apron did little to hide them.

However, it was nothing compared to her hips. They were massive, far more impressive than any other woman, forcing her into a defined and heavy sway as she walked. Nero's thighs matched her hips, thick and insanely soft things that kissed each other with each step she took. Her ass protruded far out from her body, with heavy cheeks that shook and jiggled enticingly no matter how carefully she tried to walk. Régál was obsessed with all of it, and she hated how good it felt when he ran his meaty fists over her bloated backside and squeezed her jutting hips. She couldn't fight against it, and all she could do was eat every little thing the devil gave her. Nero shuddered as she fell further into her new role, unable to fight the compulsions and urges that came with it.

By morning, the area was empty, and Nero lay in Régál's arms as he and his minions flew off with her. Her body had stopped changing, her humanity stripped from her body, and she was helpless to resist the shameful urges or hunger that constantly lingered in her fuzzy head. Nero hoped she'd find the strength to break free, but when she looked up at Régál's fat face and felt her loins itch, she wondered if that would ever happen.

"I have to admit, *mon chéri*. You were right. Attending one of these festivals as a human is far more pleasant than I thought it would be."

Nero pouted as the fat man took a bite out of the croissant in his hand, and she hated how much she yearned to take a bit from it as well. She felt his hand around her waist, keeping her close to him and feeling her curves pressing up against his bloated figure. The devil might be in a human guise, but it was still hard not to notice the six-and-a-half-foot tall man with the enormous gut and stylish suit stretched tightly across his fat body. Régál might not look like a gargoyle anymore, but there wasn't anything inconspicuous either.

She was also in her human form, finding it odd that being human was as unnatural as her Devil Trigger back when she was a man. Nero's body wasn't any less impressive in her disguise, and she could feel the lingering looks she got from the men who walked by them in the busy and crowded food festival. She blushed, hating how the glances made her loins itch and her heart race. The low-cut top and skin-tight jeans did nothing to hide the size or shape of her ample curves, and it felt like her shaking booty and swaying hips yearned for attention.

"What's the matter, *mon chéri*? You're so quiet today," Régál said, his hands moving lower on her body and soon squeezing her ass. She shuddered, hating how horny it made her.

"Fuck you, asshole," Nero said in her sultry tone. She could hear the faint accent, one she had begun to develop the moment they came to Paris. Régál's words about being what you eat echoed through her head, and she blamed all the bonbons and French cheeses the devil constantly offered her.

"Oh, I love how feisty you are~," Régál said with a hearty chuckle as they walked through the festival. "Are you hungry?"

"N-No, not at all," Nero said, but her belly betrayed her less than a second later. She blushed, trying to ignore how her chubby gut groaned and complained.

"Oh, is that so?" Régál said with an amused chuckle. They stopped at a pastry stand, and Nero watched with hungry eyes and a watering mouth as the devil bought an éclair. "Are you sure you don't want a taste?"

Nero tried to resist as Régál waved the cream-filled pastry in front of her face, and he saw the glazed look in her eyes as the hunger took over. She couldn't stop her mouth from opening and wrapping her fat lips around the doughy treat, soon letting the delicious taste swirl around her mouth as she ate it with a moan. Régál chuckled and squeezed her butt as he fed her the éclair as pleasure and shame spread across every inch of her body.

"Isn't that better, *mon chéri*?" Régál said as Nero shot him a flustered yet annoyed glare.

"*Ta gueule* {Shut up}..." Nero said as the French words slipped from her lips before taking another bite of the pastry, letting the heavenly taste fill her ashamed soul with some joy.