

Mother of Hell (Demon Broodmother TF Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Mother of Hell

They say to always read the fine print when you sign the contract, and I've learned that the hard way. Oh God, have I learned that the hard way. You'll have to excuse me while I t-tell this story. I'm always a little bit d-distracted. Nghhh! Ohhhh G-God! Ahhh! Give me a m-moment! NNGHHH!!!

Ahhh, ahhh. That feels better. D-don't mind the little one. Ohhhh, another imp. Pass him up, will you? He'll need his demon mother's milk, and as you can see, my body is always p-providing. Mhmmm, that feels so good.

Where was I? Oh yes, the fine print. I know you're just here because you managed to figure out your own sigil circle to Hell, and that you want ultimate power, money, perhaps a gorgeous woman, but since you've managed to pass by my chamber, I figure I'd best give you a warning *not* to take up a contract, no matter how much you think you're smarter than a demon. You see, I used to be human, just like you. Yes, I know, looking at my red skin, these wings, this tail, this big fucking pregnant belly fully of demon babies, you'd think I was more devil than the Devil himself, huh?

Wrong.

My name was Katherine Harding, and I was human as they get. A sales manager, would you believe it? I was young, smart, and ambitious as all hell, pun intended. I wanted to get ahead in the workplace, but between a few people seeing me as a bit of bitch, as well as the office upper management playing favourites, and - I am willing to admit - my own general impatience and greed, I wanted to fasttrack my upward movement. I had always been interested in the occult thanks to my aunt, and for a long time it had just been an idle interest. But when she passed away and I inherited her book of occult rituals, I figured I'd give one a try; summon a demon and make a bargain.

And what a bargain I made, since it left me a - NGHH! Ohh, another one! Ahh, b-bigger this time! Just need to spread my legs and p-p-push! Ahhhhh!!!

S-sorry. Some days are busy. I never quite get used to it. But at least succubi babies are pleasurable to birth. Makes sense, really? And they certainly love their momma's milk. Thank God - no, thank the *other guy* that I have four breasts now, because they are absolutely needed.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. Ten years ahead, actually. You see, I tried summoning a demon to bargain with, and to my absolute delight - foolish delight! - it worked! I summoned Agrazyl, from the fifth layer. The layer of *sinful pleasure*. The one you're one right now, in pursuit of whatever

you're in pursuit of. He was quite the intoxicating figure, with his muscled shirtless form and proud horns. Even the red skin wasn't a turn off. I was no complete fool though, I knew I had to bargain. All I wanted was to rise up in station at my workplace to make partner, and make a few select rivals drop out of the running entirely. Agrazyl promised me exactly that, and summoned a contract to his hand. I checked over it carefully. There was no selling of my immortal soul, but there was a clause to provide him with a worthy child. Now, I mulled it over, and decided I could do that. I was assured by contract it would not be fatal, and that 'worthy' would simply mean of his archdevil blood. I never really wanted kids - ironic now, right? - but this could just be a nine-month detour down the line once I'd achieved my success.

So I signed the contract, and what success I achieved! In just months I was rising up the ladder, making waves, while my competition all bowed out to other, less well-paid jobs. I was a company star, and no one called me a bitch anymore. For three years, I experienced this power, until one day in the middle of a boardroom meeting I was presiding over, I suddenly felt a wave of nausea, followed by a burning sensation in my core. Right before the other partners, my belly erupted outwards until it was fully nine months pregnant. The people panicked, many of them fleeing. Meanwhile, my nethers gushed with amniotic fluid, and my pants ripped as my hips widened. I went into labor there and then, and to my utter horror I gave birth to an imp - a small but noticeably devilish critter with wide eyes, stumpy wings, and a prickly attitude. My breasts expanded, full of sloshing milk to feed it, and I was unable to resist doing so - it clambered over me.

I managed to get out of the building and back home, and work was hasty to organise time off for me while they smoothed things over. No one wanted this getting out. I tried to summon Agrazyl, but he did not appear, and after several feedings of this new demon child it suddenly puffed out of existence in a burst of flames, presumably back to hell. I was not a fan of how it all went down. Not only was I humiliated, but my hips were now permanently wider, and my breasts larger too. I didn't want to look like the office slut! But at least it was over . . .

Or so I thought.

Because the next day I suddenly swelled up with another child, this time a bloated lagronze, one of the fatty demons of hell who constantly gnaw on everything. I strained as I birthed it, caught in pleasure and pain as it squeezed through my opening. I'm a bit more used to that n-now as you can see. Speaking off . . . NNGHH! PUSH! AAHHH!!!"

Ah, a dreelax. That's a demonic centaur, as you can see. By the fires of hell, they always take a bit out of me. It was one of those I birthed the third time, and you can imagine how shocked I was - my stomach was massive compared to, whereas I'm a bigger girl now. With each birthing I tried to summon Agrazyl, but he didn't answer. I was unable to leave my home, because with each sudden

pregnancy and labor my body changed further. My hips widened, my ass became rounded, my breasts grew ever bigger, and even my hair began to turn from blonde to black and cascade from my shoulders all the way down to my butt. But those were just human changes. It was the other ones that concerned me. First I grew sharp red horns. Then my skin began to turn red. My fingernails became sharp claws, and my feet became taloned, complete with a rear toe to grip to surfaces. A tail sprung from my backside, thick at the base before slimming to become a serpentine shape. It ended, predictably, in a spade. My face changed, becoming beautiful and nightmarish; yellow eyes with slitted pupils, a forked tongue, but also gorgeous cheekbones and full, luscious lips. From my shoulders I grew wings, these same ones I have now, not that I can use them often given my, aha, constant gravidity.

In the end, I became a full demoness, practically a succubus, with a body built for sin and utterly unable to exist in the human world. Which is exactly why Agrazyl finally appeared to me while I was in the throes of labor, ejecting not one but *two* baby demons from my belly, all while a second pair of breasts grew beneath my first, already swelling with milk.

I demanded answers, and he gave them calmly. Archdevils produce worthy heirs incredibly rarely, with their personal succubi being the most compatible partners to produce them. I was now his personal succubi, infused with his essence so that I would continually be pregnant with his young. But of course, I would likely birth imps, lagronze, kirrits, lesser devils, and so forth for a very, very, very long time until he finally got his heir, because that was the process of things. Simply put, I was trapped, and the only escape was to go with him to the hells and live in what luxury I could as his sinful concubine. Between that and being paraded as a freak on Earth, I chose the hells.

I've been here ever since. Yep, I'm a succubi now, one personally attendant to Agrazyl. And because I'm a succubi, I simply can't resist him. His infusion of essence within me has long since worn off: now we make babies the old fashioned way. It's embarrassing, but I can't *not*. This body is addicted to its master, to the man who owns my contract. When I don't have a belly full of his demon babies, he's making sure to put more in me. Hell, he's all over me even when I am pregnant a lot of the time. He enjoyed my fate, you see. The fact that I got ahead for only a short time, only to now be reduced to a breeding bitch forever.

And it is f-forever. That's because - NGHH! YES! OH, God, this is a good one!!!

Ahhh. Sorry. Quicklings are devious little hellions, and I always birth them in litters. It feels . . . nice. Ignore that. At least with my red skin blushing isn't as obvious. I was saying that my fate is forever. It's true. Because when I finally, finally get pregnant with Agrazyl's worthy heir - and that could be hundreds of years away, I'll have been a succubus for so long that I won't know how to be anything else. Besides, nothing in the contract specifies me getting my contract back, so I'll still be a

succubus. Might as well be partnered to a powerful archdevil and raise his son at my breast, right? There's no going back for me, you see. I'll be birthing demons in hell and paying for my mistake forever, and I'll just have to accept that.

You, however, don't need to follow in my talonsteps. You could always choose something different. You can't outsmart a devil, trust me. I give birth to them. I feed them. I raise them. I will for eternity, so I can safely say I know my shit. What's that? You don't believe me? You think you can bargain better? Well, don't say I didn't warn you. Maybe you'll end up another birthing succubi like me, and we can be twins. Or maybe you'll have an altogether different transformation in this place, when your bargain comes back to bite you. Well, best of luck, foolish mortal. I wish you the best. I hear my master returning, and he is always . . . insatiable, when he returns. This body needs more demon babies in it. I need to push more out. So off with you, and enjoy the bargain you make.

Because its demonic fruits won't last forever. Soon *you* might be the one bearing demon fruit instead.

The End