

Mini-Story: Hell Mother (Woman to Demon Breeder TF Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

After a summoning circle goes wrong, several friends are transported to hell. Two manage to escape, but the third - a young woman named Claire - is trapped and transformed into an endlessly fertile mother demoness. Years later, those same friends try to resummon Claire, only to see how much her life has changed in her new breeding role.

Hell Mother

I could barely believe it as the summoning circle lit up. David's eyes widened in shock - he had always been the sceptic. Claire, on the other hand, was more excited. She and I had always been into the occult, to the point where she sometimes called me 'Occult Oscar' due to my intensive research on the subject. We were all college students, we had all turned twenty that year, and we were already sick of the grind of life ahead of us. So when I proposed that we try to summon a being using ancient magic to give us wealth and plenty, Claire was fully on board. David just came along for the ride.

"It's working!" I declared, as flames rose from the circle along with a pillar of red light. "We're doing it!"

"Something's coming into view!" Claire cried.

A figure appeared in the pillar, one that was far more monstrous than I imagined. It couldn't have been anything other than a demon, its skin a dark, mottled crimson, two great horns upon its scalp, its teeth sharpened. It was male, this much was obvious from the huge member between its legs, and it was incredibly muscled. It flexed its powerful arms and grinned at us, and in that moment I realised it was truly not an *it*, but an intelligent *he*.

"Well, well, what have we here? Foolish mortals who dare trespass upon the regions of Hell itself?"

I swallowed. "H-Hell?"

David looked at me. His fear was obvious.

"Yes, Hell, mortals. A place of eternal damnation. You have brought me ferry you there?"

"Um, we weren't trying to trespass on Hell," Claire stammered. "We were trying to summon-"

The demon spun, focusing on Clair.

"Hmm, a female. Curious. You smell young. Young and . . . fertile. Yes, this meeting was ordained! All of you, come and serve the great demon Anathius!"

He clapped his taloned hands together, and suddenly the portal of red light expanded. I tried to run - we all did - but it was impossible to get away. We were all sucked through a portal, landing in a realm so far from our own that I nearly fainted. It was a warped landscape of fire and volcanic ash, of stone bridges and terrifying architecture. Screams echoed from the depths far below the brittle bridge we stood upon, and in the distance I could see the flight of hordes of minor demons, each of them tormenting souls who had been damned here. The sky was just more cave, the hanging stalactites carved to reveal the faces of demons. Everything smelled of brimstone and sweat. The heat was searing, making me grunt.

“Wh-where are we?” David grumbled, standing up on shaking legs.

A dark, booming brass voice laughed. *“Isn’t it obvious, pathetic mortal? You are in HELL, and you will now serve me for all eternity as my slaves.”*

We looked up as one, David helping Claire to her feet. Before us was Anathius, sitting on a throne of volcanic rock, sprawled out and naked, smelling of sex and desire. He had to be at least eight feet tall, if not nine. He had wings folded behind his back, and two gorgeous and terrifying succubi at his sides, purple-skinned, admiring us.

“Please!” I shouted, “I didn’t mean for this. Just let us go and we won’t bother you!”

“Yeah!” Claire added. “I - I would never want to go to Hell! We’ll do whatever we can, but please just allow us to leave.”

The demon prince smiled, gesturing to a point behind us. *“You can certainly try, mortals. The portal is closing. Are you fast enough to make it?”*

David looked back first. “Holy shit, it’s still there. RUN!”

We did, speeding across the thin bridge over the horrific endless chasm as fast as we could. The red light was dimming, but I could vaguely see my dorm room on the other side.

“Run, mortals! But know that you carry the curse and blessing of Anathius with you! BEHOLD!”

A crackling red energy arced over us and *through* us as we ran. I stumbled. David did too. Claire fell, and in doing so took the greatest brunt of it. I groaned as something burned beneath my skin, and to my horror I saw that my hand was changing, becoming red with sharp nails.

“He’s changing us!” I cried. “David, Claire! Keep running!”

“Yes, accept the changes!” Anathius boomed, still perched on his throne. *“Especially you, she who is named Claire. I desire you most of all to serve me. Such fertility and possibility I sense in you.”*

Behind me, Claire groaned, crying out loud. I ventured a look backwards, and to my horror I saw that she was literally expanding. Her breasts were growing rapidly, tearing open the front of her dress. They were a crimson red in colour, and her nipples a dark grey-black.

“Nghhh!” she moaned. “Stop thisssss! Please! I don’t want to - aghhh!!”

Her hips cracked wider, and she nearly toppled. I caught her just as my head experienced a horrible cracking sensation, and hers did too. We looked at each other for one frozen moment as horns erupted from our heads - hers were jet black.

“NNGh! Oh God! Oh God, please no!” she cried. I let her go and ran, moving to the portal. I could see that a long spaded tail had grown from David’s backside, flicking left and right. He too had horns, dark green ones that were stubby and small. We were getting closer, so damn close!

“Please, help m-me!” Claire cried, even as we were just a few tens of feet away from the closing portal. I looked again behind me to see that she had collapsed. Her ass was huge now, her clothes burned away to reveal that her skin was entirely red. Wings were beginning to grow from her shoulders, and her hair had gone from light blonde to a dark red with streaks of black. A tail erupted from her rear, causing her to moan in something like ecstasy. She looked astonishingly hot, as far as demonesses went, but this was my friend. She raised her head, gasping as her tongue forked, as her eyes turned yellow with black slits, as her breasts swelled yet larger.

“Please, Oscar!” she cried, her voice now a raspy, sultry tone. “Please help meeeee!”

The portal was about to close. David was already through. And flying on wings towards us to claim his prize was Anathius, his member erect and enormous, his gaze fixed firmly upon Claire’s now incredibly voluptuous demoness form.

“I’m sorry!” I shouted.

I ran into the portal, arriving into my dorm room alongside my panting friend. The last thing I saw before the portal closed fully was Claire looking at me with an expression of total betrayal, Anathius landing behind her.

“Fear not, mortals,” his voice echoed, even as an afterimage flickered of him raising her to her feet and holding her curvaceous red body against him. *“I shall be a great gentleman to your friend. She has become what I have always desired, something only a mortal who summons me can become: a Hell Mother. Her body will soon be inflamed with desire even she cannot resist. Soon she shall consent for me to mate with her, to claim her. And then . . . she shall birth my armies for all eternity. Enjoy your parting gifts, mortals. May they always remind you of my blessing, and may your dreams reveal the hellish ecstasy I shall bring my darling Cassie.”*

The poor woman I’d left trapped in Hell bit her lip, and I could somehow sense that her body was already coursing with arousal, her new succubi-like instincts kicking in.

“Oh God,” I said, turning to David as the image faded. “What the fuck do we do?”

He shook his head, not knowing. He still had his horns and changed parts, and so did I. Anathius had indeed ‘blessed and cursed’ us all.

David and I never forgot that day, or the fate of poor Claire. We had to cover up our changes, of course. David took to tucking his tail into his trousers and wearing headgear at all times. I too wore a hat or a beanie, and I usually covered my red hand with a glove and kept my talons filed. We got off easy, though. Just as Anathius the demon had promised, we dreamed of Claire's fate, seeing her as we slept. It wasn't every night. Sometimes I could go weeks without a vision, until suddenly *BAM*, there she was, clear as day, naked and glistening with sweat, red-skinned and gorgeous. God, I felt terrible how strangely aroused those hyper realistic dreams made me, especially knowing they were real. In them, she was so horny that she was begging her demon prince to fuck her.

"Please, fill meeee!" she cried, pressing her rear against him and flickering her tail over his muscled chest. "I can't b-bear it anymore! I'll be your demoness! I'll have all your babies!"

"For eternity, my love? You will be a Hell Mother, the womb that churns endlessly with my spawn?"

"Mhmm," she moaned, clearly even more horny than before, not counting the literal horns on her head. "Yes, yesss! Just f-fuck me! Put your d-demon babies inside me already!"

"A good thing your friends abandoned you. Now I can claim my prize!"

And then he would begin to fuck her, and my utterly transformed friend would cry out in pleasure, moaning and writhing and panting as he thrust his huge demon cock into her.

"I n-need your d-demon babies!"

And then I would wake, my cock erect, my left nipple swollen with strange desire (that too had changed, becoming dark and distended in those final moments I fled through the portal). Shame of shames, I actually masturbated frequently to that sight, despite knowing my friend was trapped in hell as a demon's high concubine.

David and I kept in contact, occasionally drinking together as we reflected on lost Clair.

"I had a dream she was giving birth last night," David said. "She was . . . well, I think she might have been enjoying it, despite the pain."

"That's, um, that's good," I said, sighing a little as I took another sip of much-needed beer. "My dream two weeks back showed her to be huge. I've never seen anyone that pregnant."

"She looked like she could barely move."

“Yeah, you must have seen the same thing as me. Her stomach was constantly shifting about from all the fighting demon babies in it. She looked uncomfortable. And then Anathius fucked her.”

“Jesus.”

I sighed. “We have to do something?”

“I’m not going back to hell.”

“No, but maybe there’s a right way to summon Anathius again?”

David looked at me. “You’re on your own for that one.” He stood. “Claire is stuck pushing out demon babies for all eternity. Do you really want to go back there?”

I thought about it. I really didn’t.

“But maybe we can just talk to her?” I suggested.

The flames rose, and the circle glowed. The light was brilliant, but the patterns were different this time, more secure. I doubted that Anathius could break through them, this time. Besides, I wasn’t summoning him. If Claire had become a demoness fully, and I was someone who knew her and had objects that belonged to her, then theoretically I could contact her directly.

“Are you sure this will work?” David asked over the loud crackle of the flames.

“Just watch! I think this is her!”

I wasn’t prepared for what I saw. Dreams were one thing, realistic as they were. But the enormous, heavily pregnant demoness that appeared before us was something else. She was completely naked apart from the jewellery she now possessed, as well as a number of piercings. She was grunting, her voice still sultry as she rubbed her hands over her belly, massaging its excess. It was nearly twice the size of the rest of her, and positively filled with writhing demon spawn. It took a moment for her to realise we were there, and that’s when I too had a realisation: she was in labor.

“Y-you!” she cried, looking at us. “What are you - ahhhhh!”

She cried out, half in pain, half in clear pleasure as a demon baby emerged from her tunnel and entered the world. With great care, she managed to pick the creature up and fix it to her left breast, which was larger than her own head.

“Claire!” I said. “Oh my God-”

“Don’t use that word!” she snapped. “It’s not God that made me this way, it’s a demon prince of Hell! And you had a p-part in it! Ohhhhh!”

Another baby born, birthed after a struggling, writhing minute into the world.

“H-help me pick him up,” she said.

I moved forward, but David stopped me, pointing at the chalkline. I looked up at Claire, and caught a devilish expression.

“What? You don’t th-think I want my revenge. You abandoned me to become this!”

“I’m sorry!”

“Now I’m a Hell Mother, for eternity! Literally forever! I’ll be getting f-fucked by Anathius, getting pregnant with his legions, and birthing them every few months for all eternity! I can’t escape it! Mhmmm! The only good thing is that I’ve b-been able to adapt to all these urges and - ahhh - enjoy them at t-times!”

She sighed, pinching her nipples as a third baby was birthed. I could barely believe it.

“Claire, I regret every day what I did to you! I’ll try and find a way to-”

“You can’t!” she snapped, rubbing her overly stuffed womb. “The magic is forever, and you know it!”

“We should go,” David said. “Leave her alone.”

“Please!” I said, not listening to him. “What can I do to make it up to you?”

Claire sighed, and it was a strangely enticing sound. She fixed her yellow eyes on me, every part the gorgeous, pregnant demoness I had played a part in turning her into.

“You can cross that chalk line and join me,” she said flatly. “Make it up to me by becoming a succubus, or another Hell Mother, or just one of my attendants. How about that?”

It was a statement made in fury, I knew, but it swelled my guilt. I took one look at David, and his eyes widened when he realised I was considering it.

“Oscar, what the hell are you thinking?”

“Exactly,” I replied.

I raised my foot over the precipice of chalk.

Claire smiled at me, this time like she was seeing me as an old friend.

I brought my foot down.

The End