

Blitzo was the biggest meal she'd eaten yet and she knew with certainty she was glued to the floor by the weight of her stomach. So, she decided her only option was to sleep on the floor in the I.M.P. conference room while her gut worked through Blitzo. After settling into a comfortable position, she had just closed her eyes when she heard the door creak open.

Her eyes grew wide as she saw a looming figure silhouetted in the doorway. There was a dramatic flash of lightning outside which illuminated the snarling face of Loona.

"Where's my dad?" she growled.

Octavia felt a wave of fear wash over her as she looked into the sharp white fangs of the hellhound. They glinted silver in the moonlight, and she could see beads of saliva dripping from their narrow tips. Using the adrenaline rushing through her, and an extraordinary amount of effort, Octavia sat up. She tried to stand but found her muscles unable to win over the amount of gravity pulling the mass of her stomach to the floor. She was glued in place.

Loona took a step towards the helpless and stuffed Octavia. The ground shook as she walked. Octavia had been precise with the hellhound's portions for every meal, but she now noticed that pound for pound, Loona had kept pace with Octavia in terms of size. Loona's breasts had exploded from her crop top, which now was stretched to a thin band that barely covered her nipples. Her round, thick, stomach spilled over her black shorts and hung halfway down her thighs. The long grey socks she wore cut into the chunky rolls on her thighs, creating a deep indent in her flesh.

Octavia wracked her brain for spells, incantations, anything to get her out of the office alive and not inside Loona's stomach. But her mind was clouded with fear and sluggish from the enormous meal she had just eaten. Loona was upon her now. The wolf-girl stood at her feet and loomed over Octavia, her red and black eyes fixated on the owl demon.

Octavia squeezed her eyes shut, "I'm not going to apologize. Your whore of a father ruined my life, I'm not sorry"

She prepared herself for the hellhound's jaws, the sharp teeth grating against her feathers, the tight darkness of Loona's throat. But the hot, wet, dog-breath never came. Octavia cautiously cracked open an eye, and saw Loona wasn't attacking her, but had her hand extended outward. Octavia opened her eyes fully and scanned the dog. Her ears and tail were upright and perky and her silver coat lay flat on her body. No signs of aggression.

Tentatively Octavia reached out and grabbed Loona's hand. Loona clamped down with her other hand and pulled Octavia's arm upward.

“Nerrggguh,” Loona grunted, “Fuck. That old dirtbag sure was fat, you’re fucking heavy. Come on, you’re too fat for me to pull you up myself, I need you to help. Okay. One, two, three!”

On ‘three’ Loona pulled and Octavia was able to rock herself onto her feet. Loona grasped her under the armpits and working together they managed to get Octavia standing. Octavia rested her ample figure on the mass of Blitzo in her stomach. It groaned and squelched with the shift in position. She wasn’t sure, but she could’ve sworn she heard faint yelling and cussing coming from within.

Octavia looked up and found Loona’s face inches from her own. There was a rumbling in her stomach, and she couldn’t hold back the belch that erupted from her beak. Horror gripped her as she burped in Loona’s face.

“Fuck, you’re so cute,” said the hellhound.

To Octavia’s surprise, she wasn’t offended by this, but sounded like she was turned on. Without warning, Loona closed the gap between herself and Octavia and kissed the owl. Octavia felt Loona’s warm lips cover her beak, and she was powerless to resist. She kissed her back and the two stood there, the gurgling mass of Blitzo between them, in a passionate embrace.

Octavia pulled away, and using her thumb, delicately wiped the saliva from Loona’s bottom lip.

“Loona, I don’t get it. I ate your da-,” Octavia started, Loona put a finger to Octavia’s lips and bade her quiet.

“I know,” she purred, “And you ate Moxxie and Millie too. I thought it was suspicious that you, a rich noble woman, would want to work for no pay as our chef. Rich people are never that generous. Blitzo was a fool. When Moxxie mysteriously disappeared, my suspicions were confirmed” Loona smacked Octavia’s fat ass, causing a cascade of ripples, “Not that hard to put two and two together”

Octavia felt a little of the puff leave her feathers. Apparently, she had overestimated the cleverness of her plan, and underestimated the stupidity of the imps. There was some good that came out of it however, Loona wasn’t angry. She was smitten.

“But you didn’t say anything?” Octavia probed, wondering if this was some long con that would end with Loona using Octavia to fatten herself up.

Loona shrugged, “I wanted to see if the imps could figure it out by themselves. They look better on your thighs anyways. And your cooking’s amazing, I was not about to give that up”

The hellhound leaned on the squishy bulk of Octavia's stomach, propping herself up on her elbows she began tracing circles on Octavia's gut. Lightly, she moved over the bumps and ridges of Blitzo's spikes and horns.

"You know if you really want to get revenge on your parents," Loona said looking thoughtfully at Octavia's squirming gut, "you should eat them. I don't just say that because I want to watch" she shot a grin at Octavia before resting her head on the owl demons engorged stomach.

Octavia raised a hand and begun stroking Loona's fur. It was soft and silky, and every pass of her hand caused a whiff of lavender to rise from Loona's fur. Her gut let out a long, low, moan as it tried to digest Blitzo. Octavia could sense this meal would require significantly more work to break down than the others. The uncomfortable bloat from earlier had eased, but she could still feel the imp alive and moving inside her. Another moan signaled her gut was protesting.

"I wouldn't mind having a taste of that Stella either," Loona added.

She was either unaware, or purposely ignoring her adoptive fathers' struggles. Octavia smiled dreamily. Her and Loona really were a match made in hell.

"If that's the case, then you're going to enjoy what I have waiting for us at my house," Octavia said deviously.

Loona's ears perked up.

"But I'm not going to be able to move anywhere with this chunk of lard in my gut. So, we have two options, we can wait the three months it will take me to digest Blitzo, or you help me"

"Obviously, I'm going to help you," Loona said, pushing away her hand and standing up before Octavia even finished talking, "I want my treat"

Octavia shot a grin back at Loona. She raised a hand and with a puff of black smoke, a book appeared in it. She handed the book to Loona.

"I know you're familiar with our magic. I've been wanting to try this spell, but sadly it's not one you can use on yourself," Octavia explained.

Loona pulled back the cover of the book, and as she did so the pages began turning forward in a flurry of paper and ink. Finally settling on a portion of text halfway through the book. Loona's eyes scanned the pages, her brows furrowed as she took in the information within them.

"Okay, this doesn't look too hard," she said, closing the book. Despite her confident attitude, there was a hint of unease in her voice.

"For you, it won't be," Octavia said reassuringly.

Loona nodded and the book disappeared from her hands as quickly as it had appeared in Octavia's. She took a deep breath to steady herself. Closing her eyes, she moved her hands so they were hovering millimeters above Octavia's stomach. They trembled as she began to mutter the incantation for the spell.

"Don't worry," Octavia said grasping Loona's shaking hands in her own, "You got this. You're my moonbeam, here to guide my way" she planted a wet kiss on Loona's cheek.

Loona steadied herself and resumed her position. This time she chanted the incantations with certainty, letting the words pour from her lips like honey. A glowing pentagram formed on Octavia's belly, as Loona continued the spell runes and ancient symbols started to appear. The glow was dim at first, it was coming from inside Octavia and its light was obscured by fat and feathers. As the spell grew in ferocity, the glowing image got brighter, as it was making its way to the surface. Octavia sucked in a breath as the glow erupted from her skin. It shined with a brilliant white light, before quickly fading and then going away all together.

"Did it work?" Loona said, looking skeptically at Octavia's unchanged and still swollen gut.

"I don't kn- GUA," midway through Octavia's sentence, a massive ripple surged through her stomach. A look of concern filled her face, then her jaw went slack, and her eyes lulled with pleasure.

"Ahug," she moaned as more ripples coursed through her belly, "I'm, nahg, digesting him. It worked"

Her belly continued to ripple and surge. It looked as if something was boiling within her, as bubbles pushed against the skin then popped with a thick squelch. A wave of ecstasy rushed over Octavia as she felt Blitzo melt inside of her. She grabbed her belly in both hands as the bubbling began to subside. It was replaced with a turning sensation, as if her gut were a tumble dryer set to max tumble.

Loona took a step back to watch the spell do its work. She noted with envy the look of pleasure in Octavia's half open eyes and drooling tongue. Once the bubbles had stopped, she could see Octavia's stomach looked much smoother and less lumpy, although it was still massive. There was a pause and for a moment the air in the office hung still. A weird look came over Octavia's face, one Loona couldn't describe. She was about to ask if the Owl was okay when Octavia's eyes suddenly grew wide.

This was followed by what was probably the biggest burp in the history of hell. Loona, big as she was, was thrown against the wall by the violent eruption of gas. Even then, the burp continued, splattering her face with saliva and hitting her with a scent that was reminiscent of Blitzo's underarms. Loona tried to peel her body away from the wall, but the string of gas Octavia was expelling from her

mouth held her in place. Finally, the belch ended. Loona slid down to the floor panting, and she could hear Octavia was similarly out of breath.

“I’m so sorry, you’re not hurt are you,” Loona looked up to see Octavia peering at her worriedly, “I didn’t know that would happen”

The only response Loona could muster was a breathless, “wow.”

The spell had worked incredibly well. There was no trace of the obese imp anywhere in Octavia’s gut. Her belly had returned to its original size, albeit rounder and with a new layer of fat, the rest of the imp had gone to other, choice, parts of her body. Her breasts had swelled to enormous proportions and were popping out of her bra. The simple black leggings she wore had stretched to their breaking point and her growing ass cheeks had ripped them to shreds. Her fingers were still long and slender, but the area of her forearm past the wrists jiggled like water balloons. Loona found this change incredibly sexy.

“Fuck,” Octavia said craning her neck to look at her behind, “These were my favorite pair of leggings”

“You look great,” Loona said, still in awe.

“Thank you,” Octavia said bashfully. She stood a moment, twirling a section of her bangs with one finger, avoiding Loona’s eyes. “It’s going to be even harder to find clothes that fit,” she mumbled, finally looking up to Loona, “I feel like a balloon.” To her surprise, Loona leaped forward and planted another kiss on her lips. The fur on the hellhounds chin tickled her beak.

“A sexy balloon,” Loona said, pulling away just long enough to utter this sentiment before continuing to kiss Octavia.

The embrace of the two girls from hell was broken by a long, low, growl from Octavia’s stomach.

“Guess I’m hungry again,” she said.

This was followed by an equally long, low, growl from Loona’s stomach, “Guess I am too” she said.

The girls erupted in laughter.

“Let’s get you fed, my little moonbeam,” said Octavia.

The Goetia Mansion was dark and gloomy when Octavia and Loona arrived. Wind whistled menacingly through the trees, and shadows danced on the walls as the pair made their way, hand in hand, through the front hall.

“No offense, but your house is kinda creepy,” Loona said, squeezing Octavia’s hand as a particularly strong gust of wind caused blinds to clatter deeper in the house.

“Sorry about that,” Octavia said, “I dismissed all the servants a couple of weeks ago. Spent so much time at work that it didn’t really make sense to keep them around”. She snapped her fingers and, one by one, blue flames erupted in the sconces lining the walls.

“AHHH,” Loona shrieked. The light had illuminated Stolas, standing still as a statue at the bottom of the grand stairs. His four eyes fixed dead ahead, gleaming in the darkness.

“Don’t worry about him,” Octavia said attempting to calm Loona, “He’s not real. Look” Octavia snapped her fingers and Stolas began to make his way out of the room. He moved mechanically, expressionless, upper body stiff, legs rising up ninety degrees before falling rhythmically in front of him. “That one just a puppet, I fashioned him out of clay and twine and brought him to life with magic. Pretty convincing likeness, wouldn’t you say?” Octavia explained, pride evident on her face.

“If that one is a puppet, then where’s the real Stolas?” Loona asked.

A grin spread across Octavia’s lips. She grabbed Loona’s hand and dragged her further into the house without answering her question. Turning down a hallway just past the stairs, Octavia led Loona to a simple brown door. She grabbed the handle and dramatically pulled it open.

Beyond the door was the Mansions formal dining room. An antique and stuffy room with gaudy wallpaper and horrendous gold trim, in the middle sat a long-polished oak table. Hovering above the table was a ring of golden light from which plate after plate of food was falling. Loona gasped as she stepped into the room. Sitting at the heads of table was Stella and Stolas, except they were hugely different from how Loona remembered them. Their eyes were dull and gray, transfixed on the pile of foodstuff before them. Unblinking, they grabbed handful after handful of whatever slop was in front of them, pushing it into their jaws and down their throats.

They were massive. The Goetia demons had always been some of the taller denizens of hell, but now they were wider too. Their bodies spilled off the chairs in every direction, and other than the robotic movement of their arms, it was hard to tell where one part of their body ended, and another began.

“I tried to fatten them up with my cooking, but they didn’t seem to want to eat in the same way your imp friends did,”

Octavia explained, grabbing a cheeseburger from the table, “Eventually I realized they like the stuff from earth way more.” She took a bite of the cheeseburger, causing ketchup to squirt

out the sides and leaving red globs in the corners of her lips,

“I was planning to hex them, make them sit here and gorge themselves 24/7. Turns out I didn’t need to. Whatever chemicals the humans put in this stuff,” she waved the cheeseburger in the air before shoving the rest in her face and swallowing, “makes it addictive. I created the puppet of my father to keep up appearances while these two have been eating non-stop for months. Turns out all his friends and acquaintances can’t tell the difference between a brainless sack of rocks and the real Stolas”

Loona’s eyes roamed over the sight before her. The mountain of food on the table was being devoured at rapid speeds by the two owls, and it was constantly being replenished at the same rate they ate. The mixture of smells was alluring to the hellhound’s sensitive nostrils, and she felt her mouthwatering. Not because of the food piled on the table, but because of the lumps of lard and blubber eating it.

When she had walked into the office and seen Octavia had eaten Blitzo her initial reaction had not been one of anger, but of jealousy. As Blitzo’s weight had grown, she had found herself fantasizing about eating him. Walking in the room and seeing him squirming in Octavia’s gut had caused a pang of sadness from being denied the pleasure of a big meal. But now, there was a meal twice the size of Blitzo sitting right in front of her and she could feel her stomach urging her to eat.

“I’ll let you pick,” Octavia said, “which one do you want?”

Loona looked at Octavia. She understood her words, but her eyes were questioning.

“A treat for my moonbeam”

Loona circled the table, examining Stella and Stolas. She circled once more before determining that Stella was the bigger of the two, if only slightly. “I’ll take Stella” she said.

“Good choice,” Octavia said, positioning herself behind her father, “Together”

Loona nodded and moved behind Stella. The rings above the table closed and the room was bathed in the cool dim light of the moon.

In unison, the girls opened their jaws and clamped down on the unsuspecting owls.

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**Too-too-ta-toooooom!**

“Sounds like the ceremonies about to begin. Are you ready my moonbeam?” Octavia asked.

Loona, fighting to get her ceremonial robes over her enormous bulging breasts, only grunted in response.

“You’d think they’d maybe be able to tailor something that actually fit, since I’m about to be the Queen of Hell and all”

Octavia giggled as she went to help Loona get her robes on, “You’ll only have to wear it for a couple of minutes. It’s not really my style either, but it’s tradition”

Today was a special day, a unique day in Hell history, it was coronation day for Hell’s first ever queens. This was actually the first change in leadership in Hell’s four-billion- year history.

After her parents had been eaten, Octavia had devoted herself to training in the magic arts. She had taught Loona all she knew, and together the girls had worked to expand their magical skills while digesting the Prince and Princess of the Goetia family. They had then used their magic to grow themselves, to better distribute the new weight they had acquired. Once it had been discovered what happened, a cult had formed around the voracious Octavia and Loona. Hundreds of imps, hellhounds, and demons of all sorts had flocked to them in hopes of being sacrificial meals for the two sorcerers. This had given Octavia and Loona a constant supply of fresh, willing, meat to indulge their appetites with.

After years of this, the two were ginormous. They stood 50 meters tall, and more than 300 meters in diameter around the largest points of their stomachs. Their boobs and ass rose and fell as mountainous humps on their bodies, and every inch- including their cheeks-jiggled with fat.

“Come on,” Octavia said tugging the robe over her wife’s thick ass, “Best to not keep the crowd waiting”

They joined hands and stepped onto the balcony of the newly enlarged palace. Bright sunlight blinded them as the crowd roared. Between their monstrous size and magical ability, it had been easy to overthrow the Monarchy, and most people in Hell welcomed the change. There were hundreds of thousands in attendance, to watch the new monarchy be crowned and the old disposed of.

The conductor raised his baton and the band began to play. A small imp attendant wearing a tall pope hat scurried up the scaffolding to present Octavia and Loona with their crowns. He placed them on their heads and the crowd once again erupted in cheers. The tempo of the song shifted to a more boisterous and celebratory tune as two serving platters were brought out and presented to the new Queens of Hell.



The imp pope bowed deeply before Octavia and Loona as the tops of the platters were lifted to reveal Lucifer and Charlie Morningstar, tied up and surrounded by tiny pieces of lettuce and baby carrots.

“Oh, is this really how it ends,” drawled Lucifer. “Daddy, I don’t want to die,” sobbed Charlie.

“It’s all right Charlie,” Lucifer said assuredly, “It’s times like this that I use a little song to lift my spirits” he said, clearing his throat.

“A song would help,” Charlie agreed, sniffing.

“This is my key,” Lucifer said, “I just need to warm up my vocal cords. Mi, mi, mi, mi,” he started.

“Nope,” said Loona sternly, grabbing Charlie with her thick pudgy fingers, “No singing”

“I have to agree with Loona on this one,” Octavia said picking up Lucifer, “I’ve had enough of your second-rate bad falsetto songs”

“No, just wait,” cried Lucifer, “I’ve been practicing since you put me in prison. It’s really good I swear”

In response Octavia opened her beak wide and tossed the once-king-of-hell inside. Loona did the same with Charlie. With no effort at all, they swallowed and sent the former royal family to their bubbling gut to be digested and turned to fat for their asses.

“Hmm,” Loona said smacking her lips, “Kinda of a funny aftertaste, don’t you think Octavi-”

Loona didn’t get to finish because Octavia grabbed her face and locked their lips together. And with that, the two Queens of Hell stood on the balcony, in front of a crowd of roaring fans, kissing, under the red sky of Hell.