

Flann sighed and closed her eyes, letting hot frothy water swirl up around her shoulders. It was another late night—or, more accurately, early morning—soak in the apartment complex's communal hot tub. A break from writing her thesis, and one of the few places she could really relax by herself. Even then, tension remained in her shoulders and in her brow, in the whirl of concepts calving off of fragmented formal sentences in her mind.

The room was small and private, the lights turned on low, a pair of windows set high on the walls framing a full moon. Perfect for a long, quiet reprieve from the day's stresses. She sank down a bit farther, inviting the churning warmth up to her chin, feeling the jets against her back. Long auburn hair floated around her head like a halo, a little slice of divinity in contrast to her devilish flame-pattern bikini.

And speaking of devilish, the night's prior diversions prang to her mind with a quiet chuckle. She'd tried to summon a succubus. Someone to really take care of her. Well, 'tried' might have been a strong word for it. She'd gone through the steps of the ritual her friends had taught her, even asked for Lucrezia by name as they'd suggested. But five minutes had gone by with no response, ten, and she'd shrugged and made her way down to the hot tub with no further attempts at breaching the doors of reality. Still, it was a nice thought.

There was a disturbance. Something she felt rather than heard or saw, like the afterimage of a light that hadn't been there.

"Mind a little company?"

Flann opened one eye, then both.

The figure before her was slight and slender, shorter than Flann by her estimation, her skin radiantly pale and her hair short and black to match a tight and tiny bikini that looked practically painted on. She might have been human but for the thick pointed horns crowning her like a tiara, the smoldering red eyes, the whiplike tail slithering coyly about one thigh, the fact that her toes cleared the tiled floor by several inches as if the idea that she was supposed to touch the ground had simply slipped her mind. Her bearing was coy and cute, yet possessing a maturity beyond the count of human years. A body begging to be caressed and cuddled, to slip under your arm and press into your shoulder, yet with an aura of unmistakable power.

"You're—"

"Lucy," the apparition said with a nod, "as my clients like to call me. Lucrezia is so stuffy, don't you think? But I've got a brand to keep up, you know how it is." She shrugged one bare, luscious shoulder. "And you're Flann, yes? Sorry the wait,

by the way. Some girls just can't get enough." She giggled, sending an even greater warmth through Flann than the caress of the tub's heated jets.

Flann blinked. "That all... really did work, then?"

"Of course!" Lucy grinned. "You called me here, and how could I resist? Smart, beautiful, driven, a little frustrated, a lot lonely... Ooh, such an irresistible little cutie! I can't wait to start corrupting you!" She clapped her hands together in delight and floated closer, poised above the waters of the tub.

"So," she continued, "what'll it be?"

"Um," Flann said, heart fluttering, cheeks burning, "well, it's been a long week, and—"

"And you're stressed and tense and need someone to take care of you for a change," Lucy purred, switching easily from casual airiness to tones of pure seduction. She descended from her lofty vantage, toes dipping into the water, and continued to slide in until she was submerged nearly to her ample chest. "Someone to let all that tension out."

"That's a good way to put it," Flann said, voice still colored by disbelief but growing more confident at the promise of a proper release, a desire to seize the situation before it could slip through her fingers. "I could use a massage to start, I guess."

"And something else to finish," Lucy said with a giggle, and glided forward to straddle her summoner. Flann's heart quickened at the press of the demon's hips, the touch of those glorious supple thighs spreading around her own. Lucy reached out and took her shoulders in her grip, working them with deft hands, thumbs digging deep into the muscle and squeezing out a moan and a blush from her client.

"Ooh, that's good," Flann gasped.

"But it can be so much better, can't it?" Lucy said, and paused in her work. She leaned in near enough that Flann could feel the heat of her body through the warmth of the swirling water despite the teasing denial of the squish of her ample breasts, the touch of her muscled midriff. A heady scent rode the curling steam between them, the mixed aroma of spices and flowers not found anywhere on Earth.

"And what fun is it to release all that tension without building it up a little first?" she continued. "The greatest peaks, the deepest valleys. That's what you really, truly want, isn't it?"

Flann's breath quickened. She'd never thought to get herself so tightly

wound on purpose, but those honeyed words made it sound like the one thing missing all her life. And, well, she hadn't tried to summon a succubus just for a shoulder rub.

"Yeah," she said breathlessly.

"Mmm, you want to let it fill you up, don't you?" Lucy said, her tail coiling around Flann's thigh and teasing at the edge of her bikini bottom. "All the way from head to toe. You want to feel it growing and growing inside you, so tight you can't think about anything else, so good you can't imagine it getting better. But it does. All that stress, all that tension, building and building and building in your core until it brings you right to the edge of bursting, until the only thing you can think of is that greatest of all releases. Of holding it back just one more second. One more instant. Teased and tantalized and toyed with, squealing and groaning and moaning at my mercy until I kindle the flame inside you to a blaze and light you up like the brightest star in the sky. An explosion, a supernova, the grandest of all finales." She paused with a grin and a lick of her lips. "You'd like that, wouldn't you, cutie?"

Flann's heart raced, her cheeks burned, her thighs quivered. "God, yes," she panted, mind awlirl at the rise and fall of Lucy's voice.

"I'm no deity, but I'll accept that," Lucy said. "Sounds like we've got a deal."

Lucy leaned in further, eyes alight with glory or triumph or, Flann dared to imagine, a true lustful desire for her trembling mortal frame. Her hands slid down Flann's arms until she took hold of her wrists, pinning them against the walls of the tub and leaving her at her lover's mercy. She pressed forward, hovering nearly forehead to forehead with her summoner, nose to nose, her burning breath caressing Flann's cheeks. She fluttered her lashes in invitation and Flann let her eyes fall obediently shut as she moved in even closer..

Something warm and wet touched Flann's lips, and she parted them to let it in. But it wasn't the succubus's own lips she felt, or her tongue. It was a surge of water, hot and frothy, that rushed into her mouth as if it were alive, filling out her cheeks in the space of an instant and gushing down her throat before she could even think to stop it.

Her eyes snapped open to see Lucy grinning back at her, red eyes twinkling with triumph and delight, and she tried to pull away, but found herself utterly trapped in her grip. The demon's plush thighs were twin vices around her own, her slender fingers iron bars holding her wrists immobile. Desperately she tried to close her mouth against the tendril of tub water that rose up to plunge between her lips, but the attempt was thwarted by the naked stream repelling her teeth as if sheathed with thick rubber.

She shuddered and tried to cry out in protest, and found her complaint drowned out by the torrent in her throat and squeezed into a muffled, gurgling squeak. There was no resisting, no chance of escape. She could only sit there and drink it in, watching Lucy's grin as she kept her pinned and helpless, squirming at the sensation of the frothy warmth force-feeding itself her until her slender belly filled to capacity and began to swell.

It was like having a firehose shoved into her mouth and turned on to full blast. An endless jet, an unstoppable tide, a raging flood of warm, bubbling liquid that gathered in her stomach, pushing it further and further, and rose within her so her breasts, too, began to swell within the tight black and red and orange of her bikini.

Helplessly she grew, and swiftly, until something even hotter met her distending stomach; Lucy's bare, slender midriff pushing back in mockery of her own as her stretching body filled the gap between them and then some. Lucy giggled and pressed herself into her client, adding the softness of her breasts against those turgid mounds outgrowing her more than ample figure by a factor of two, then three. Her tail wandered and teased, tracing the curve of Flann's bikini bottom in a way that made her quiver. It was a twisted fulfillment of the touch Flann had desired so strongly, the craving held in taunting reserve. An embrace that, despite it all, made Flann's heart thud and her face burn hotter as her swelling frame continued pushing out against the demon's supple body.

Flann groaned again at the indignity and the strain, at Lucy's mirthful grin as the cheek-filling, stomach-packing jet forced her to grow bigger and bigger still to contain it. The quantity of water she'd gulped down already, the size she'd stretched to hold it in, would have been utterly unimaginable just moments ago, and yet the forceful flow was showing no signs of stopping or slowing in its delivery. Lucy could have curled up comfortably within the confines of her swollen belly, so massive had she grown, and with a friend or even two besides. Her breasts, likewise, were pumped up to impossible proportions, each rounded out larger than her head and growing even larger by the moment.

Lucy hummed happily and then broke away to hover before her and observe her handiwork from a higher vantage. Flann tried at once to push herself free, but thick strands of water like liquid ropes seized her wrists in lieu of Lucy's grip and pulled them behind her back to bind them together like handcuffs.

"Ooh, you're even cuter than I imagined!" Lucy said from a prone position as Flann squirmed and swelled, her head propped up on her hands and her elbows resting on absolutely nothing, kicking her feet behind her back in girlish absent-mindedness. "Drinking in everything you can..."

Flann shuddered at the second part of that echoed promise and all that it implied. She didn't doubt the succubus's words for all the force and ferocity of the water pumping into her, yet she couldn't help but wonder if the demon intended to leave her waiting at the brink at all. She'd grown so big, stretched so far, that idea of taking in any more was almost unthinkable. She was sure she'd explode at the next gulp, or the next. But her frame pushed out further still, filled out more and more to accept that next unwilling gulp, that next ominous gallon, and the next after that, and the next.

And now she had a front-row seat to it all. With the giggling succubus no longer dominating her field of view, she could see the water level in the tub dropping as more and more of its contents poured down her throat. Her breasts jutted out into the empty air, impossibly perky despite their size and heft, thin streams of water beginning to leak from the tips of her nipples. Her belly was nearly bare, a pale hemisphere rising from the retreating surface. Despite everything she could feel, every moment she strained and struggled, the stark display of how much she'd guzzled down was no less than shocking. Yet even worse was the sight of what remained, a frothing reservoir lapping at her thighs that she might have thought would make her burst to drink in before finding herself in her current state.

"Almost there, cutie!" Lucy cheered. "Right to the edge!" She couldn't have seemed more thrilled, watching her client with eager eyes and occasional 'oohs' and 'ahhs' and wiggling her sinuous tail behind her like a cat's. She was loving every second of it, every gulp and swallow, every inch Flann begrudgingly stretched.

Flann gave another gurgle of indignity in reply. The liquid ropes binding her wrists uncoiled and joined the flow rising up to plunge through her forcibly-parted lips like a mountain stream flowing in reverse, but that newfound freedom was far past mattering. There was no way to heave herself off her seat, and the jet of water was as impervious to her fingers as to her teeth. She wrapped her arms around her belly in a token attempt to stop herself from growing any more, a gesture that accomplished nothing except making her feel how truly enormous, how utterly swollen, she was. But she could hold it all in, she told herself as the water level descended down her calves. The edge of bursting, but not beyond. Water began to trickle down her seat between her thighs. The rivulets issuing from her tits turned to tiny jets. Lucy watched, enraptured, as the remnants of the tub pooled about her ankles. Gallons and gallons left to go, and she'd feel every one, but it was just dessert to the five-course meal she'd downed. A few more swallows and it would be done. She could take it. Just a bit more. The very last of the water snaked through her lips, the bitter end of the liquid rope

unfastened and drawn in, but her cheeks still bulged with the remnants of that final mouthful pouring down her throat. A little more—

Flann gasped and groaned and closed her mouth as it finally, blessedly ceased. She squirmed against the sensation of absolute fullness, her overstretched breasts and belly aching for that promised release. Her skin was so taut she felt she'd pop like a party balloon at the slightest touch. But there was relief, even a sliver of glory, at knowing it was all over, that she'd successfully held in every drop that the tub had to offer.

"That was amazing, cutie!" Lucy said, smoldering eyes alight with pure admiration. "Ooh, it's so hot to see you all filled up like that!"

Flann's cheeks burned at the thought of the spectacle she'd put on, and glowed even brighter at the notion that the succubus was well and truly taken with her. That a creature built to dole out pleasure beyond mortal reckoning found her so worthy of her attention. And, she had to admit, it felt... good. Her skin was still drum-tight, her body still testing the limits of its endurance, but she was no longer a time bomb ticking away. And in the wake of that danger, she couldn't help but marvel at the inimitable feeling of her skin stretching like the thin rubber of a balloon, the utter fullness that packed her entire body, the bizarre internal massage of the water pressing out everywhere inside her. There was so, so much of her, and every inch tingled with forbidden delight at that forceful transformation.

"Mmm," Lucy purred, "you feel like you're ready to burst, don't you? And trust me, you are." She giggled. "But you can hold it all in, can't you? All that sweet, sweet tension, right on the edge. All that pent-up stress ready for release..."

Flann could only shiver and pant as Lucy descended toward her, close enough to trace one finger in a little zigzag down the front of her massive stomach, leaving a little trail of quivering pleasure and shuddering worry in its wake.

"Don't worry, cutie, I keep all my promises."

She leaned in and planted a gentle kiss at the apex of Flann's belly. The softness and warmth of her lips was like a tiny sunburst on her skin, and Flann could help but moan. Lucy followed it up with another, and then another, working her way slowly over the vast expanse of her client's quivering form. Every little touch of her lips was so hot, so intimate, so delightful. So far beyond the stroking and rubbing and cuddling the succubus had subjected her to so far. She closed her eyes and let her head fall back, breath catching in her throat, anticipation spiking in between as she wondered where the next might land. Lucy took her time working her over with her lips and her tongue, the sliding of her fingertips,

even the occasional caress of the sharpened horns crowning her queen of that moment and reminding Flann who was in total control, gleefully stoking the ever-stronger desire for release that she was oh so close to granting.

At last she rose up and came to rest atop Flann's colossal belly. Flann couldn't help but marvel at the feeling of it. The press of that hot, slender body, the grip of those strong, plush thighs, the grinding of her scantily-covered hips against her planetary mass, the tease of her tail searching southward along the trim of her bikini bottom. The way the succubus was so sultry, yet so cutesy and casual in dominating her utterly.

"You're so ready for it, aren't you?" Lucy said, just above a whisper. "Something even hotter." She fluttered her eyelashes and curled her lips into a smile at Flann's breathless nod, poised as if to strike forward for a passionate kiss. Her fingers caressed Flann's cheeks, her nose nuzzled in against her summoner's. Flann held back a moment, recalling the betrayal of Lucy's last invitation, yet the promise of that release was far too great a prize for her to deny. This was what she'd come for. And would she ever. The demon had kept her word, after all, bringing her to the edge and no further, and she was more than ready to squeal and groan and moan at her mercy until that tender spark flashed into a blaze. Lucy's breath was gentle, warm, intoxicating across her face. She let her own lips part in acceptance...

Lucy snapped her fingers and beckoned a little flame into being within her grasp. It flickered and rose and then bent on itself to form a sphere like a great glass marble with a writhing, radiant filling. Then, without pause, she pushed the little sun into Flann's open mouth.

Flann blinked in surprise as the captive fireball skated over her tongue and slid down her throat. But it didn't burn her. Didn't sear her flesh. It settled in the depths of her belly and only then opened up to unleash its heat into the liquid mass of her core. The water around it began to roil and froth, bubbling deep within the pit of her overstretched stomach. Flashing into steam.

Her eyes widened at the feeling, at the realization of what was happening to her. She tried to squirm, to push back, to escape. But she was trapped. Bound by the bulk of her own belly and the succubus sitting atop it as the fire in her gut kindled to a blaze, heating the water trapped so tenuously inside her to a boil and making it expand a thousandfold in its transformation. Ramping up the pressure to inflate her even more, to force her to expand until—

"Boom!" Lucy said with a giggle and a grin. "Time to let it all out!"

She couldn't grow a thousand times larger. Not ten times. Not even twice. She could barely hold it all in already, yet the billowing vapor filled her up nearly

as fast as the tub's worth of water she'd forcibly guzzled down. She groaned at the indignity of it, the rising strain, at the succubus's gleeful pronouncement of her intention to blow her up until she popped. And with the swallowed fireball only burning ever hotter within her, she couldn't doubt that it was more than mere colorful expression. There was no way she could hold back the rising tide. No hope of holding it all in. Her belly creaked outward inch by quivering inch as the churning mass within her continued to expand, raising Lucy's slender form up on it as she watched her client's progress with a look of pure delight. Flann's breasts ballooned in sync with her swelling core to even more absurd proportions, tight and round and comically perky, blazing beneath their flame-patterned prisons. Tiny jets of steam began to hiss from the tips of her nipples, completing the picture of the burgeoning inferno with a parody of curling smoke, teasing and tickling with a perverse intensity that forced a moan from her lips.

"Look at you go, cutie! Lucy said. "So close to your grand finale! Ooh, I can't wait to see you blow!" Her fingertips resumed their teasing work, trailing over the taut expanse of her client's belly as it grew larger still, her tail continuing its tantalizing explorations and dipping beneath the hem of her bikini bottom.

Flann groaned and moaned in response, lost in the throes of the ominous strain and the delicate massage, mind awl at the intensity with which she was being worked over both inside and out. Faster and faster the water boiled away inside her, blowing her up like a parade balloon and making her fight for every inch. So hot, so tight, so full. The streams issuing from her nipples thickened and freshened into to geysers. Her strained panting fogged the air between them like the exhalations of an icy day, and then like a dragon's breath. Even her bikini bottom began to hiss and steam with an eye-watering, thigh-clenching fountain spurting out from beneath the scanty fabric. She pulsed and throbbed, whistling like a teapot, cheeks bulging at the ever-greater volume of pressurized vapor blasting up her throat in search of release, discharging it all through her lips almost as fast as the flame in her belly could produce it...

Lucy fluttered her eyelashes with unmistakable intent, then leaned in and sealed her lips over Flann's.

Flann's eyes went wide and her cheeks puffed out even wider at the sudden blockade, at the intimate betrayal and most devilish domination of the kiss she'd craved so desperately being used against her to seal off that vital avenue of release and bring about her ultimate humiliation. Soft and tender, fierce and passionate and cruel, it was everything she'd dared to imagine and more. The skillful indulgence of a lover who knew exactly how to please her, how to toy with and ravish her. Her heart hammered as billowing steam crashed against Lucy's airtight embrace in ever greater quantities and rebounded back into her creaking,

straining body while the succubus continued to work her over with her hands and her tail and her tongue, driving her to new heights of blissful torment.

She shivered and gave a muffled squeal, helpless in the demon's grip as she packed on the inches at an increasing rate, expanding against against that hot, slender form as the hissing between her thighs grew louder and thicker and Lucy's tail slithered ever deeper beneath her bikini bottom. A pleasure beyond her wildest dreams, a pressure beyond her most fevered imaginings. Lucy dug into the kiss more and more voraciously, feasting on Flann's moans, her shudders, her throes of ecstasy and dread, the creeping buildup to her all-to-certain release. Flann's entire world spun at the demon's unceasing ministrations, the attention up above and down below, the pressure rising ominously beneath every endless inch in between. She was a balloon, a bomb, a volcano about to erupt, the flame in her belly the lighting of her fuse, and there was nothing she could do to stop it. Nothing she could do but quiver and stretch and swell toward her ultimate limit, to return the succubus's calamitous kiss with everything she had, stars exploding behind her eyes at the tenderness and the deadly softness, the hissing and the writhing and the creaking and the straining and—

Flann's overfull body burst with a blast like a boiler cooking off, a sound like a thunderclap and a spray of steam and atomized droplets that filled the air, splashed the walls, splattered against the windows. Lucy was thrown by the force of her client's detonation, backflipping through the air before finding her balance and hovering upright with a smile and a giggle, watching as scalding water dripped from every surface, ran down the walls, pooled ankle-deep on the tiled floor and sluiced back into the nearly-empty tub.

"Ooh, what a little hottie!" she said, clapping her hands together and kicking one leg back in girlish glee. "Pshhhht, kaboom!" She mimed the explosion with her fingers and gave another laugh. Then she hung in the air with her ample chest heaving, curls of vapor peeling from her nearly-naked frame, slight and slender and glistening beneath a thin sheen of moisture. Greedily she drank in the imprint of emotion nearly as thick as the steam swirling around her. A little moan of pleasure escaped her at the lingering taste of Flann's lips, the passion of her cries, the whirlwind of panic and desire and tension and release, the satiating satisfaction of a job well done. And, of course, the sheer delight of filling such a cute little mortal up until she popped, of teasing and toying with her as she stretched and creaked and groaned at her mercy until she finally, helplessly exploded. Her own body brimmed with the warmth and the power of the energy she'd absorbed from it, a tingling fullness that sent a wave of heat washing through her core and made her tail curl with delight. Oh, what a lovely night they'd had!

She spent some time basking in that rapturous afterglow until at last she cast her gaze across the room and bit her lip and smiled a mischievous little smile. She hovered over to where Flann's discarded clothes lay piled on a plastic chair and fished through the pockets for her client's phone—wet but still working, her compliments to those engineers—and pulled up an open group chat.

*"so I know this is gonna sound fukin weird,"* she began tapping out as curls of mist like pale smoke wafted upward from torn scraps of flame-patterned fabric scattered about the room, *"but i swear it actually wokred..."*