

It occurred to me that many, if not most, of the people reading this book most likely aren't as acquainted with the many various forms of magic that I might consider to be normal.

Whilst I was on the road, hunting for anything that could be considered magical and sexual (I met a lovely young lady who was gorgeously plump, her skin a light shade of blue. She informed me of some rather interesting berries grown at a farm not far north. I wasn't quite convinced until she let me... juice her, for lack of a better word. I set off immediately), I decided to also make a point of putting together... 'detailed' chapters on some of my favourite forms of sexual sorcery.

In the previous chapter I mentioned a certain well-hung succubus who I am rather close with. Succubi had always been a point of interest in my studies, and so I decided to start there. This chapter will act as one of many chapters explaining just what succubi are capable of as, well... we got carried away.

For those who aren't acquainted, succubi are a lower order of demon who specialise in the sexual arts. It is a common misconception that they are all female, though the overwhelming majority are.

There are two main ways that a succubus may enter our plane of reality. The first is through dreams. Dear reader, have you ever had a dream of rather erotic nature? Have you ever had one that ended in a climax before you managed to wake up?

If the answer to both those questions is yes, congratulations. You have allowed at *least* one succubus onto the continent. That meeting point between dream and reality, physical and metaphysical, all funneled through a sexual lense... well, it's like a big open doorway to them.

Now, don't worry. In my personal experience, I believe succubi get a bad rap. It is important to note that they require consent to perform their magic. Any decent sized town has at least one lad with a cock that needs to be carried around on a cart, or a young lass with tits reaching her knees, wider than her outstretched arms across.

You meet these people, and they will cry and bemoan the damned succubus who came in the night and changed them forever. Let me be very clear. Succubi require explicit, enthusiastic consent to work their magic. In fact, it's what sustains them.

That arousal, that pleasure, that enthusiastic need for more... it's the energy they feed off. So next time you meet one of those people, just know they were only changed because they wanted it badly. After all, it's much easier to point your finger at the demon who changed you than to admit to your neighbours how much of a deep seated kink you have for your new boobs.

The more attentive of you might have noticed that I've only outlined one way that a succubus enters our world. That's because the second way is one that I'm much more familiar with, and so I thought I'd give you all a recount of a more practical demonstration.

If you'd like to follow along all you need is a succubus summoning circle (you can draw one yourself, but any halfway decent magical sex shop will sell pre-embroidered rugs), some candles (not necessary, but most succubi enjoy a good scented candle), and a nice block of time carved out for yourself.

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I had all three of these things when I checked in at the 'Swinging Barmaid', a rather large inn in a town I was passing through. The landlord offered me a rather steep price to have the penthouse floor to myself, but I managed to haggle him down by throwing in a love potion (not real. Creepy.) and a bag filled with handfuls of tiny magic beans.

I'd bought these beans off of a satyr I'd met on the road several days earlier. When ingested, they cause a temporary doubling in size of the cock and balls of the person consuming them. Yes, this effect compounds exponentially. Yes, they will give you a cock and balls if you do not have one already. No, I will not elaborate, except to say that I arrived in this town several days behind schedule and witnesses for miles claim they saw a giant phallus and balls flying a witch's broomstick over their farm. I digress.

I had all of the requisite materials when I spread out the mat, closed the shutters, lit the scented candles. Now, for those that want to follow along:

When summoning a succubus, you must undress and kneel before the summoning circle. You must close your eyes, then begin to play with yourself in a manner of your choosing. Any manner is fine, the key part here is just to experience pleasure. As you do so, begin to speak out loud, in a whisper, every sexual fantasy of yours you can think of. Do not open your eyes, simply continue to whisper your fantasies and experience a physical pleasure.

The goal here is simple. Succubi are drawn to sexual energy, which is created by pleasure, and fantasy. Concentrating enough of it around yourself whilst kneeling in front of a summoning circle (which acts to collect and concentrate the energy) gives the succubus something of a doorway to step through. For me, I was trying to summon one specific succubus. To do this is simple - whilst speaking your fantasies, simply include the succubus by name in them. This sort of... focuses the energy to them? Keys the gateway to them specifically, if that makes sense.

I had been kneeling, eyes closed, muttering my deepest darkest fantasies and how I wanted Meros to fulfill them to the room for what felt like a long while. I slowly cracked open an eye to see her crouching in the circle in front of me with a smirk. She was soft and curvaceous, her skin bright pink. Two little horns protruded from her head, and a tail with a pointed heart swished in the air behind her. The most notable thing about Meros, however, is her cock. It hung between her crouched legs as thick and long as my forearm, almost reaching the ground. She had balls to match, too, full and heavy.

I raised an eyebrow and asked her how long she'd been crouching there, and I felt myself blushing. She shrugged and stood. She told me she'd only just arrived but the smirk on her face told me she'd probably heard plenty.

Another common misconception about succubi is that they are sultry, seductive and often heartless creatures. I've found this not to be particularly true. Some are, certainly, but there is as much variation in their personalities as there are in humans. Meros, for example, is what I would describe as 'bubbly'. She is a deeply sexual creature, but with a real enthusiasm and fascination. For her, well... I'll continue with my story and I think you'll get an idea of her for yourself.

I stood and stretched, matching her eye level. She reached into a swirling pink portal that appeared out of nowhere and pulled out a giant pink dildo as long and thick as one of my thighs, asking me if I was up for round two. I blushed and told her no, and then well actually yes, but not right now.

I took a few minutes to explain to her the premise for my book, and then let her read the foreword and first chapter. She squealed in delight at my recount of the magical cow bell, and told me in no uncertain terms that she *would* be getting a practical demonstration of it at some point.

I agreed, but then explained to her why I'd brought her here today. I told her that I wanted to do a chapter on succubi and, well, I couldn't think of a better subject. She was clearly very excited at having a 'test subject' to 'demonstrate the true breadth of her powers' on. After a lot of back and forth we eventually decided to allow her to demonstrate what a succubus can do, as long as we didn't do much property damage to the inn. Meros huffed, but agreed.

The first thing to know about succubi magic is that it runs off of the sexual energy of their current victim (Meros advised me that this term is rude, and she prefers either 'partner' or 'plaything' depending on context. I asked her which I was today and she refused to answer, just giving me a cheeky smile instead).

To demonstrate this, Meros cast a simple spell that made my sexual energy visible to the naked eye. Streams of blue light drifted from my body, swirling around the room. They spun and swirled and all eventually made their way to Meros, touching her skin and disappearing inside her.

She explained that the release and subsequent absorption of this energy was dependent on the consent of her partner. If at any point I found myself uncomfortable or unwilling, Meros would find herself unable to take in and use my energy, rendering her essentially powerless.

Having explained this, she moved onto the next part of her demonstration. The amount of energy given off varied based on the arousal of the partner. She stepped towards me, pressing her torso into mine. Her cock throbbed, pressed between our stomachs. She took my hands and

placed them on her ass, letting me squeeze the soft pink flesh. Meros peppered kisses down my neck and then suddenly took a step away from me, leaving me flustered.

Ignoring my disappointment, she pointed out that the gentle blue light was now streaming out of me thicker and faster, spinning and swirling in the air with more energy before it found its way to her. Her eyes seemed to glow a little as she took it in with a contented sigh.

The first thing a succubus can do with this energy is change themselves. Meros proceeded to demonstrate this as she slowly grew a couple feet taller than me. Her cock twitched and swelled, inching its way down to the floor and thickening. It touched the ground and then coiled around on itself until it must have been longer and thicker than my whole body. Her balls swelled to match her new member and she sat down and sank into them as though they were grand plush chairs.

Of course, watching this only served to heighten my arousal. Meros knew just what buttons of mine to push, and I was gushing sexual energy by then. It flowed from my body in transparent blue streams, dancing and swirling and flooding into her. She leaned back into her balls and took a long, deep breath with her eyes closed.

She sat like this for several moments before I cleared my throat. She started and her eyes shot open like she'd forgotten I was there. I reminded her that this was supposed to be educational, to which she rolled her eyes, muttering something about how she'd 'show me educational'.

The second thing a succubus can do with the sexual energy of their partners is to modify the person with as much creativity as they can modify themselves. The caveat of course being that the victim must want the changes - otherwise no energy, no power.

Because of my 'snark' and the nerve I had to 'interrupt her basking in her new size', Meros decided to demonstrate this by taking me for a test run on her new cock.

I felt a tingle wash over my body and blue energy swirled around me. My body stiffened, and then began to move of its own accord. I walked towards Meros as her cock began to harden, stiffening and uncurling itself towards me. By the time it became fully hard it had met me halfway towards her. Every throb caused the head of it to lift slightly off the ground before dropping back down with a thump.

I briefly wondered whether anyone below us would hear the rhythmic thumping and come to complain, but I was snapped out of that reverie as my body lifted into the air of its own accord (or, well, of Meros's accord, as she was giggling as she guided me into position with waves of her hands).

I opened my mouth to protest but found that I didn't have it in me. The sexual energy pouring from my body in vivid, energetic streams blatantly gave away how much I was enjoying this. Still, I gulped as the head of Meros's cock positioned itself between my legs. It was about as

wide as my torso was, and I wrapped my legs seductively around it as it pressed against my crotch.

I didn't have to protest what she was about to do. The tingle I had felt earlier was a familiar one to me; she had made my body temporarily elastic & malleable. I whimpered a little as Meros pointed at me and gently curled and uncurled her finger. Suspended in the air by her magic, my body moved back and forth like a pendulum, her giant cock head pressing against my cock each time.

A mischievous grin came over Meros's face, and my heart skipped a beat. Last time I'd seen that look, it had taken a *lot* of convincing for her to agree to transform me back from a boob shaped stress ball into a person. I opened my mouth to ask what she was about to do, and remind her of the book and why she was here.

Meros clenched her fist and then pulled it towards herself quickly. Suspended by her magic, my body shot towards her as though tugged by an invisible rope. My hips, stomach, chest, everything stretched impossibly wide in a heartbeat as her me-sized cock slid inside my pussy. It felt fucking incredible. Every ridge and bump was amplified a thousand fold as she stretched my body like a rubbery toy, and every throb of her cock stretched me out just that little bit extra for a moment.

Her pink shaft pushed its way up my throat and filled out my mouth, making it impossible for me to speak. It is mildly embarrassing to admit that, even as a witch as proficient as I am, this was not even the first time this *month* I had found myself in pretty much this exact position with her.

Her prehensile cock lifted and twisted and I was pulled through the air, my whole body impossibly wrapped around it and forced to twist and squirm as it did. I was moved close to her, and she planted a kiss on my cheek with a girlish giggle. It was at about this moment that I realised that me and Meros were both slowly rising upward. Unable to turn my head I instead let my eyes drift down. I could just about see that Meros's balls, which she was still lounging comfortably on, were swelling.

She noticed my gaze and grinned, explaining that she was currently funneling all my sexual energy into her own cum production. She explained in a grandiose tone that she was a powerful succubus and it took great audacity for a mortal like me to summon her with the intent to *write a book* of all things. She said this with a smile and a glimmer in her eye.

I made an 'mmmph!' noise in response and she rolled her eyes and flicked her finger up. My body slid up her cock enough that it no longer filled my mouth and throat. The first noise I made was an involuntary moan at the wave of pleasure that sliding up her cock gave me. My stretched out body shivered, and Meros squealed and bit her lip.

I then pointed out (interrupted several times by my own gagging as Meros slid me up and down her cock without warning) that she was an avid reader and in her many hundreds of years of life

(you wouldn't know it based on her immaturity sometimes) she had probably read more than anyone I'd met at the academy. She specifically instructed me not to include that in my book because she didn't want other succubi thinking she was a 'humany book nerd'. The reason I choose to include this part is as payback for what she did next.

Meros lay back on her swelling balls, hands folded behind her head. She closed her eyes and breathed a contented sigh, and for a moment I thought she was just going to leave me hanging there, body stretched around her shaft. Then I felt her magic grip me like a warm hand wrapping me all over, and I began to *rapidly* slide up and down her cock.

Dear reader, if you've never been used as a living cock sleeve on the outrageously engorged cock of a succubus, I highly advise that you drop everything you're doing, summon one of your own and ask for that exact thing. Better yet, summon Meros and tell her I sent you - I supposedly get 'rewards points' for it, though every time I ask what I can redeem them on she silences me by shoving some part of her body in my mouth, often with an impressive display of flexibility.

The next several minutes consisted of me being thrown up and down Meros's shaft by magic, groaning and gagging, with my arms and legs flailing. Pleasure shook my body as her ridges and bumps stretched my helpless form. I climaxed more than once and every time I did Meros would swell her cock further, stretching me out more and relishing in the vibrations of my quivering body. All the while she lay atop her balls, hands behind her head, humming to herself.

Speaking of her balls - by this point they were simply enormous, like two horse drawn carts of swollen pink flesh side by side. Every now and then Meros would crack open an eye, look down at her fleshy bed and then shake her head.

Eventually she seemed satisfied with their size, and stopped magically thrusting me up and down her shaft. She lowered me to the ground and let her cock mostly slide out of me, until just the head filled my pussy & stretched out my hips. I gasped and gagged, panting with exhaustion and the aftershocks of the thoroughly insane fucking I had just received. I still felt my pussy pulsing, squeezing her giant cock head repeatedly. My red head hung in strands around my face and I must have looked a mess.

She asked me if I was ready, and then my lips sealed themselves shut before I could answer. Her cock pulsed, twitched, and blasted me with a torrent of cum more powerful than anything I'd ever felt before. I was immensely grateful for the elasticity she'd given my body, as my flat belly immediately began to swell.

With every pump she stretched me bigger and bigger. I was on my hands and knees, and it wasn't long before my belly was getting close to the ground. I groaned and pounded at the floorboards with my fists, but I still couldn't open my mouth to speak. I wriggled my hips in an attempt to break free, but her cock was locked in and this only seemed to make her giggle and clap her hands.

Eventually I couldn't even wiggle, my belly resting on the floor and filling all the space underneath me. Each pump seemed to be getting more intense, growing me further. Torrent after torrent of Meros's seed filled me, and I looked over my shoulder to see that Meros, still resting atop her balls, was getting closer to the ground. Ah. She was giving me all of it.

I continued to groan and pounded my fist on the ground, the pleasure and arousal of what was happening driving me insane. I eventually lost this ability as I was lifted off the ground by my heavy, swollen belly, to the extent that my hands and feet just hung at its sides, unable to reach the floor.

It was at this unfortunate moment that a concerned man, the owner of the inn, burst through the door. He had a worried look on his face and presumably had heard the muffled groaning and banging on the floorboards. I hadn't heard him knocking, preoccupied with being on a bed of my own cum-filled belly.

The poor man froze a step inside the door. I can still picture his face now, a mix of shock, horror, arousal and confusion. He stared as Meros's cock pulsed rhythmically, each throb shrinking her balls as my body was lifted higher up on my belly in tandem. She squealed with excitement and waved him over, and I think he would've come, but for my protests. In between groans I assured him that I was okay, and told him not to come back in no matter what else he heard. He left, but not without taking another peek at my bloated form before he closed the door.

After a few more minutes of pumping and bloating, I moaned in a mix of relief and disappointment as I felt her cock pop out of me. My helpless torso must've been at least ten feet up in the air, lying helplessly atop my belly. I heard footsteps before Meros strutted around me, grinning and leaning against me casually. Her cock was back to normal (well, normal for her, still hanging past her knees).

She looked up at me and a look of mock surprise washed over her face. She told me that oh! she hadn't seen me there, and in fact was feeling rather exhausted after a session she'd just had with some poor 'plaything', and was looking for a place to sleep.

She ignored my protests as she pushed me, my helpless arms and legs flailing. She rolled me into a sitting position, leaning against the wall, my bloated belly completely blocking my field of view. I heard her fumbling in my bags and before long she brought over my spell book and wand, placing them just out of reach for no other reason than to drive me mad. She climbed on top of me, got comfy, and went to sleep.

I'll admit to you now, dear reader, that over the course of that night I gave Meros enough sexual energy to last a lifetime. She shrunk me down in the morning after much begging and pleading, though the influx of energy this gave her made it obvious how much I enjoyed the dynamic. She

stepped back into the summoning circle and bid me farewell, telling me she 'did *not* have any of those witchy nerd books to be reading' before vanishing in a puff of pink smoke.

I had breakfast in the tavern under the rooms of the inn, and caught the landlord and his wife staring at me every time I looked over at them. The wife would blush and look away whenever I caught her gaze. I paid extra for my lodgings and gave them my succubus summoning mat (at this point I can draw the circle from memory with chalk in seconds).

I wrote down instructions and told them to seek Meros specifically. Got to get those reward points... I think? In hindsight, I think Meros is just trying to make me give her name to as many potential summoners as possible. I'll bring it up next time we meet, which I'm sure will be soon. After all, we've barely scratched the surface of what she can do, and I have a book to write!

I hadn't forgotten the girl I met on the way here, with the pale blue skin and breasts filled with that delicious juice. I asked some locals for directions and then set out, already thinking forward to my next chapter.

Yours magically,

Millie

Field Scholar, Wandering Witch, and Recurring Exhibitionist

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