

## **Expansion Succubus: Waterbed Waitress**

**Contains sexual fetish content, not suitable for under 18s.**

**[belly expansion, breast expansion, femdom succubus]**

Natalie sighed quietly to herself as she idly browsed her phone by the counter, waiting for a customer to walk in. She didn't mind that today was a slow day for the diner, but that also meant she was bored and stuck waiting until she got off work. Thankfully, her boss Pierre was a chill guy who didn't mind if she slacked off a little, as long as there were no customers that needed to be served.

Natalie glanced down briefly at her waitress uniform to check if it was still clean before returning to her phone. Her sleek black shoulder-length hair was pulled back into a professional ponytail that complimented her focused green eyes and olive skin. Her maroon button up shirt and the black pants was not her usual style and a size too small, but she made it work well with her black lace up boots. The job didn't pay enough for her to ask for a better uniform to accommodate her height, especially when she was putting most of what she earned towards her rent.

Hearing the familiar sound of the door opening as someone finally entered brought Natalie away from her phone. As she looked up to check out the new customer, she was caught off guard by how stunning she was.

The woman wore a low-cut black crop top, blue jean shorts, and tall brown leather boots. Her wavy chestnut brown hair and tanned skin were both attractive, but what really caught Natalie's attention were her unusual copper eyes. She thought it was a shame that she was still working, otherwise she would consider asking her out.

The woman was now sitting patiently in a booth, smirking at her from across the diner as she waited to be served. Natalie pushed down the urge to blurt out something stupid and walked over with a polite smile, taking her pen and notepad out of her pocket. "Welcome to Pierre's Eatery, my name is Natalie. Are you ready for me to take your order?"

"Well, that depends, darling," the woman answered with a flirty smile, her chin resting on curled fists. "Are you on the menu today?"

Natalie rolled her eyes, hoping her blush wasn't visible. "Very funny," she quipped. "Are you actually going to order something, or would you like me to come back later?"

The woman became alarmed as she realised that the waitress might walk away from the table, though Natalie was definitely bluffing. "Please wait, I was just joking! I'll get something." She picked up the menu and absently ordered a coffee.

"Okay, one coffee, coming right up."

A few minutes later Natalie returned, setting the coffee down. The woman leaned forward and shot a dazzling smile, accidentally drawing Natalie's gaze to her

cleavage. "Seems pretty quiet today, hon. Why don't you sit with me, and we'll have a little chat? It's Amorrelle, by the way."

Natalie blushed in surprise before glancing nervously at the kitchen. Pierre enjoyed taking advantage of the slow afternoon and was likely outside having a smoke. Plus, this gorgeous woman wanted to talk to her! Even so, she didn't want to seem like she was slacking off. "Sorry, but I'm not supposed to sit with customers while I'm working."

Amorrelle scoffed. "Relax, you've been working hard all day, have some time to yourself!"

Natalie pursed her lips and made up her mind. "Mm alright, but not too long." Who was she kidding, Natalie would sit down all day if it meant she could get to know her better.

Amorrelle rolled her eyes and gestured to the opposite side of the booth, which Natalie took. "The thing is," she began after a sip of coffee, "I already know about your expansion kink. I'm the expansion succubus, after all."

Natalie froze as a million questions raced through her head. How did Amorrelle know about her kink? She had never told anyone, but somehow this woman knew. Natalie had always been quick on her feet, but now she was so thrown off that the only thing she could think of doing was lie. "I don't know what you're talking about," Natalie protested, hoping she didn't sound as exposed as she felt. "You don't know anything about me."

Amorrelle closed her eyes and concentrated on finding Natalie's wants and desires. Fleeting images of the tall, olive skinned woman in front of her flashed through Amorrelle's mind. "I know that you're twenty-five, you grew up poor, so you work extra hours, you're a hard worker but you believe you deserve better, and you love the idea of your belly making your belt pop off. Did I miss anything?"

Natalie sat in stunned silence, a burning blush streaked across her cheeks as she avoided looking at the gorgeous figure lounging across from her. "Oh, I remember now," Amorrelle beamed, "you also have an adorable cat."

Natalie swallowed in embarrassment as she tried to keep her voice quiet. "Even if you somehow do know those things about me, how do I know you're not lying about being a succubus?"

Amorrelle smirked in a way that made Natalie nervous. "I'm glad you asked. You see that woman over there in the other booth?" Amorrelle gestured across the diner to a cute woman with long brown hair, who was absentmindedly scrolling on her phone and sipping a strawberry milkshake. She wore a black tank top, dark blue jeans, and white sneakers. "Bianca's a college student who doesn't have an expansion kink, but she *does* want bigger tits, so I'm gonna give her what she desires."

Amorrelle snapped her fingers, and for a moment Natalie felt silly for thinking that something was going to happen, but when she looked over at Bianca she had to stifle a gasp. Bianca had small breasts before, but now they were slowly inching their way forward.

Bianca didn't notice at first, but as she felt her boobs pressing uncomfortably into her bra she glanced down and did a double take. "What the hell...?" Nervously she felt her chest, eyes widening as she realised her breasts were swelling bigger with each breath like an inflating balloon.

Natalie felt too stunned to speak as she saw her fantasies becoming a reality. Amorrelle grinned as she stared at Bianca, eager to enjoy the show.

Bianca pulled her hands away and quickly looked up to see if she had been caught, but the only other people were on the other side of the diner. Focusing on the task at hand, she discreetly looked down her tank top to find that her black bra was slowly constricting her breasts, pressing them together as they expanded to form a blossoming valley of cleavage. She let go of her tank top, which snapped back into place and left a bulging outline that was slowly becoming more visible by the second.

Despite the alarming situation, Bianca had always had small breasts, so she was a little happy that they were growing bigger. They continued to plump up, now more than a handful as they forced their way outwards.

Bianca cautiously reached up and gave them a gentle squeeze, eliciting a shiver of pleasure through her body. They felt heavy in her hands, and Bianca became increasingly aware of how big and bloated they were. Her fattening tits were relentless in their expansion, having swollen to the size of grapefruits and showing no signs of slowing down.

As she experimentally brushed her fingers over the fabric of her bra through her tank top, she stifled a quiet moan and clenched her thighs together. Her nipples were surprisingly sore and sensitive, with each little touch sending jolts of arousal to her aching nether region.

As the bra cups finally ran out of space, Bianca's bra straps began to dig painfully into her shoulders and back. Her tits bulged out the top of her tank top, overflowing her bra as her tiny fingers sank into the soft curves, struggling to hold back the wave of titflesh. "Mmph fuck, please stop growing," she groaned through gritted teeth, the pressure becoming unbearable. "They're getting too big...!"

With a flick of Amorrelle's hand, Bianca's prayers were answered as one final growth spurt burst the bra right off. Bianca whimpered loudly as her breasts immediately filled out her tank top and flopped naked onto the table, narrowly avoiding knocking her strawberry milkshake into the deep canyon of her cleavage.

Bianca snatched her phone from the table as she leapt up out of the booth, turning around to spot the pair. Natalie's jaw dropped as Bianca froze and flushed, mortified

that Natalie and Amorrelle had been watching the whole time. Her huge swollen tits, now the size of watermelons, swung freely beneath the stretched tank top as her nipples protruded angrily, her useless bra broken and forgotten on the floor.

Neither woman knew what to say until Amorrelle suddenly spoke up. "Enjoy those darling," she said with a shit-eating grin and a knowing wink, "free of charge."

Bianca turned beetroot red and stumbled out of the diner, holding her breasts up with her phone in hand as they jiggled with every step.

Natalie stared in flustered silence as she struggled to comprehend what just happened. "You... You just broke her bra."

Amorrelle grinned, pleased with herself. "Yeah, it was ridiculously hot, right? Want me to do that again?"

Natalie thought for a moment, a burning desire forming in her gut. "Can you... Could you do the same to me?"

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Natalie gasped as she stumbled forward, suddenly finding herself standing in the middle of her apartment living room. It wasn't big by any means, but with both of her jobs she managed to afford it.

Amorrelle laughed as Natalie brushed herself off and glared at the shorter woman. "Sorry about that, but I did warn you."

"I'm going to get changed," Natalie grumbled, still adjusting to the idea of having a succubus in her tiny apartment. As she made her way to her bedroom, she turned to see Amorrelle trying to follow her. "Not happening," she stated firmly, "you wait outside."

Amorrelle gave her best pleading look, which Natalie found annoyingly adorable. "Awww, but I bet you look gorgeous without clothes on!"

Natalie blushed at the compliment but shook her head. "I know you apparently know lots about me, but we've still just met. I'm not about to let you see me naked."

"Aw alright," Amorrelle pouted as Natalie closed the door behind her. There was a moment of silence as Amorrelle looked around the apartment with mild interest, but she couldn't resist chatting for long. "So, it's just you in here?"

"Yeah, me and my cat, Hercule," Natalie answered through the door. "He should be around here somewhere, but he's shy around strangers. I got him a few months after I moved to Bordeaux because I was feeling lonely. He's a little rascal but it's the best decision I ever made."

"Why did you move here anyway," Amorrelle asked. "Isn't this place kind of expensive for you?"

"I mean yeah, that's why I work two jobs. I um... want to work in the food industry, actually."

Amorrelle's eyes lit up. "Oooh, that sounds fun! I don't need to eat but human food has always fascinated me. Maybe you could teach me how to cook!"

Hearing the door open, Amorrelle turned around and whistled admiringly as Natalie strolled out. She had undone her ponytail, letting her hair fall to her shoulders, and swapped out her work uniform for a more comfortable moss green jacket, grey top and brown jeans, choosing to keep her black boots.

Natalie rolled her eyes, smiling despite herself. "You really are a succubus, huh? You know, despite the teleportation, I wasn't completely convinced you were telling the truth."

"What made you change your mind?"

Natalie thought for a moment. "Your eyes are unnaturally orange. And you don't have any marks or blemishes, like moles or cellulite. No one ever looks that good just walking around."

Amorrelle beamed. "Aw thanks darling, I'll take that as a compliment."

Natalie stuffed her hands in her jacket pockets nervously as she thought about how to best broach the subject. "So um, I keep thinking back to that moment in the diner."

Amorrelle let out a shit-eating grin. "Oh yeah? Were you thinking of her cleavage swelling out of her bra? Or her fat tits hanging down to her belly?"

"Shut it," Natalie mumbled, her cheeks burning with embarrassment.

"I'm just teasing, hon, it's nothing to be ashamed of."

"This isn't some trick, is it," Natalie asked, suddenly feeling anxious. "You're not gonna be one of those genies who twists the phrasing of my wish into something horrible?"

Amorrelle approached Natalie and gently brought her hands out of her pockets, holding them earnestly as the succubus gazed up into her startled eyes. "Look, I just want us to both have a fun time, so tell me what you desire, and I'll make your wildest dreams come true."

"I-I want a bigger belly." Natalie blushed the moment she said it, half wishing she could take her words back.

Amorrelle's eyes gleamed, wide and eager with excitement. "How big do you want it, hon? I can go as big as you'd like~"

"...I want it to drag me to the floor," Natalie said with growing confidence, the succubus' genuine expression putting her at ease.

"Oooh, I love that idea!" Amorrelle snapped her fingers. "Your wish is my command!"

Natalie's breath hitched as a tingling warmth spread through her body. A pressure pooled in her gut, a pleasantly tight sensation that was building inside of her. Natalie's curious fingers brushed her exposed midriff with anticipation, gasping as she felt it move into her awaiting palms.

Natalie's eyes widened in awe. "Oh my god, I'm actually growing!" She was momentarily at a loss for words, entirely focused upon her tummy as it slowly but steadily swelled outwards. "How... How big am I going to get?"

Amorrelle smirked as she walked up behind Natalie and placed her hands on the warm surface of her bloating belly. "You're just getting started, but I'd say that you might just manage to reach the ceiling."

"The ceiling...?" Natalie glanced up and trembled in shock. "Holy shit, my belly's going to be *huge*."

"Oh, I know it is." The succubus' touch was teasing as she mischievously grinned, expertly massaging the flustered woman's belly with her long fingertips. Natalie felt an eager moan bubble from her lips, before Amorrelle removed her hands and slowly backed away. "Just you wait, you're going to *love it*~"

Natalie waddled into her bedroom and stared at her reflection in the mirror, Amorrelle following along as she beamed with pride. The bulge of her belly was very pronounced, as if she were only days away from being due. Natalie groaned happily as the watermelon sized globe swelled over the hem of her jeans, pushing the fabric of her top up as it grew with each passing second.

Natalie panted as she found it increasingly difficult to concentrate on anything except the pressure of her belly. The fullness in her stomach was constant as it slowly puffed outwards to accommodate her growth, maddening sensations that just kept building and building with no end in sight. There was never any discomfort though, only a familiar feeling that she struggled to identify amongst the turmoil.

Natalie cradled her gut, the weight starting to catch up with her as it drooped forward into her palms. The warmth quickly blossomed into a swirling heat, causing her breathing to quicken as she tried to massage the building tension out of the ballooning mass. "I-I need to lie down," she gasped, waddling over to her bed and sitting on the edge with a heavy *thud*.

The wobbling of her gut caused Natalie to shudder and moan, arching her back as the building sensation erupted and shot through her body like lightning, heating her nether regions as she felt the crotch of her jeans dampen. Confused, Natalie looked down to identify what had happened but found she could no longer see past her massive belly. She reached below her protruding belly and past her green panties, feeling a wet substance coat her fingers. She let out an embarrassed whine as she realised what it was.

Amorrelle giggled as she watched, gleefully relishing the show. “Enjoying yourself, gorgeous?”

Natalie turned bright red. “G-God, I can’t believe I just came like that.” Despite her mortification, deep down she knew she craved the sensations and wanted to be bigger. “Mmph fuck, I need *more~*”

Amorrelle saw Natalie form the familiar glazed look of lust and purred approvingly, her copper eyes glowing subtly. “That’s it, baby, just give in to your desires and let it all out~”

Natalie gasped as Amorrelle reached down and shamelessly teased the folds of her wet labia, whimpering as her belly ballooned out of her control. She bit her lip to stifle a moan as another wave of pleasure rocked her core. With every throb of burning desire her belly pulsed outwards, blimping well beyond what she thought she wanted.

As Amorrelle removed her fingers and licked them seductively, the weight became too much, and Natalie yelped as she was dragged to the floor. Though she stood back up after falling to her knees, her belly ballooned with a vengeance, quickly reaching the size of a yoga ball.

Natalie whined as she found her fingers unable to even scrape the ground, and soon she could only hunch forward on the spot as her huge gut grew beneath her. “Hnnh god,” she groaned, her slick cunt dripping arousal down her thighs, “please don’t stop~”

Natalie massaged her soft flesh with one hand as she reached around with the other, desperate to finger herself from behind as she filled the space in the centre of the room.

“Mmph fuck,” she groaned, her face sweaty and wavy dark hair wild as she teased her clit, her belly giggled like a waterbed. “It feels so good~!”

“I bet it does.” Amorrelle smirked as she snapped her fingers. “I think it’s time for one last growth spurt, don’t you?”

Natalie squealed as her belly rumbled and suddenly ballooned outwards, too enthralled in her growth to stop herself from whimpering and mewling loudly. “Oh fuck yesss, I’m so huge~!” Feeling her back beginning to press into the ceiling as she wobbled on top of her gigantic belly, Natalie clenched her thighs together and moaned with abandon as she came hard, her whole body shaking with white hot pleasure. “Hnnh, oh my fucking goddd~!” She felt her sticky juices trail down her clenched thighs as the lips of her swollen labia throbbed, shuddering as the aftershocks of her climax slowly settled.

“Damn, you should see yourself from down here, you’re gigantic!” Amorrelle laughed, delighted at the disorientated woman’s breathy whimper in response. “Do you need a moment, hon?”

“H-Holy shit, that was the best orgasm I’ve ever had.” After her intense ordeal, Natalie exhaustedly removed her sticky fingers. “Does it always feel this good to you?”

“Yeah, if I want it to be.” Amorrelle circled around Natalie, nodding to herself in approval. “Right, well I’m pretty sure we’ve just alerted the whole neighbourhood to what we’ve been up to, so we should probably move this to my place.”

Natalie blinked in surprise. “Wait, you mean permanently?”

“Yeah!” Amorrelle’s face fell as her expression turned nervous. “That is, if you want to move in with me? I had this whole speech prepared, but the gist of it is you can come back anytime you like.”

Natalie considered for a moment. “What about all my stuff? And who’s going to look after my cat?”

Amorrelle brushed away her concerns with a wave of her hand. “We’ll bring it with us, but right now we should really go.”

Natalie looked around at her small apartment, with its now broken bed and tiny kitchen. If Amorrelle was seriously offering...

“You know what? Fuck it, take me with you.”

Amorrelle beamed with delight. “Hell yeah! Trust me, darling, you won’t regret it!”

The succubus placed her hand on Natalie’s enormous belly and together they vanished into nothing.

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Natalie found herself lying in the middle of a long spacious hall made of black stone, with ornate stained-glass windows between thick pillars lining the walls. A hazy red glow of light stopped her from discerning any details outside. At one end of the hall, instead of a throne there was an enormous dark red circular bed on the dais, with soft pillows and loads of blankets piled haphazardly on top. At the other was a large blood red wooden door, woven with lewd but intricate patterns of people in different poses being inflated in numerous ways.

“Where are we?” Natalie wobbled in place as she looked around, struggling to see Amorrelle over her gigantic waterbed of a belly.

Amorrelle stepped out from beneath her into her narrow field of view, grinning as she looked up. “This is my bedroom! What do you think?”

Before Natalie could reply the wooden door opened, and a tall dark-skinned woman with curly hair, a white blouse, black pants, and boots walked in, holding a familiar sight in her arms.



“Hercule!” Natalie had never been happier to see her beloved friend squirming around in unfamiliar arms, but she quickly turned red when the woman froze in shock at the sight of her gigantic, uncovered belly. “...O-Oh, you have other people over...”

Amorrelle snapped her fingers and Natalie slowly descended to the ground as her belly shrunk back to its original size, thankful that her clothes had been kept intact. Natalie stood up and stared shyly at the woman’s curious gaze as she said something in a language Natalie didn’t understand. “Pardon?”

Amorrelle facepalmed as she snapped her fingers again. “I knew I was forgetting something, now everyone should be able to understand each other.”

“Oh good, I’m afraid I don’t speak French.” The woman smiled pleasantly as she plopped Hercule into Natalie’s arms. “My name’s Michaela, it’s lovely to meet you!”

Natalie eyed Michaela nervously as her cat purred and nestled into her chest, still unsure what to make of the situation. “So... Are you her succubus roommate or something...?”

Michaela let out a warm laugh. “Aw, that’s so sweet, but I’m her girlfriend! Amorrelle found me and got me out of a tough situation, and now I feel more confident in myself than I ever did. She even let me keep this new junk in the trunk she gave me.” She squeezed her large ass emphatically and gave it a slap as she winked at Natalie, who couldn’t help but flush.

“You like growing?” Natalie felt weird talking to a stranger about her kink, but her curiosity got the better of her.

“Oh absolutely, it’s the best feeling in the world!” Michaela’s excited grin turned into a teasing chuckle. “And judging by that gigantic belly of yours, it seems you know that already.”

Natalie felt her cheeks turn bright red as she looked down at Hercule, who was busy trying to wriggle away. Natalie placed him down on the floor and straightened up as she avoided meeting Michaela’s eyes. “That obvious, huh?”

Michaela’s expression softened. “Look, sweetie, no one’s going to judge you here. We’re all into huge tits and asses, so just embrace it!”

Amorrelle nodded enthusiastically. “Exactly! I chose you both because of your passionate desires and yearning for freedom. Now you have the chance to take back your lives in fun and exciting ways and enjoy that experience with gorgeous people who feel the same.”

“I guess you’ve both seen a lot of me already,” Natalie relented, smiling bashfully as she began to relax.

“And whenever you’re comfortable and consenting,” Amorrelle added with a flirty smirk, “we’ll all get to see a hell of a lot more of each other~”

Natalie glanced over, seeing Amorrèlle's amused expression as Hercule nuzzled against Michaela, who squealed with delight and bent down to pet him. For the first time in a long while, she felt like she truly belonged. "You know what? I think I'd like that."