

Mallory lay half-curved in slumber, clutching the last corner of a sheet that spilled onto the floor. She sprawled with messy grace in the warmth of the night, loose shorts bunched around her thighs and a snug t-shirt pulling tight curves over her chest with every breath she took. Long blonde hair spread about her like a halo, her arms drawn tight against her body and her toes pointed like a dancer's.

Somewhere, a clock chimed twelve. A cat yowled. A shadow detached itself silently from the corner of the room and strode on stiletto heels to the foot of the sleeping girl's bed. The light of the full moon revealed the succubus, tall and shapely and unearthly beautiful, clad partially in black and mostly in nothing at all. Hair the color of midnight flowed down her back, her skin shimmering brilliantly pale in the moonlight. Graceful curved horns crowned her and a barbed, whiplike tail trailed behind her.

The demon slid forward like smoke, stretching out on the covers beside the chosen victim of her affection and embracing her from behind. She wrapped both arms around Mallory's slender body, squeezed her softly, laid her cheek against the sleeping girl's. Mallory stirred and snuggled into the inviting warmth, letting the sheet slip from her fingers onto the floor. The succubus explored Mallory's body idly with her free hand, tracing slow circles around her navel, slipping her hand up the hem of her shirt and massaging her midriff. She ventured upward with casual freedom, tickling Mallory's ribs and moving up further to squeeze her breasts, warm and soft and naked beneath her shirt. Mallory squirmed and settled in tighter against the demon's body, cheeks flushing vividly, a hint of a smile on her face.

The velvet touch descended, moving back down Mallory's stomach. Shapely fingers disappeared beneath the waistband of her shorts and dove deeper, rubbing beneath the fabric of her panties. Mallory wiggled her hips and panted in response, and then, with the addition of a hot kiss on her cheek, awoke with a queasy sigh. She stretched and blinked away her drowsiness, rolling back within the demon's grasp and turning her head to find the source of the tickling tease. Sudden shock flashed over her face at the sight of the succubus looming over her, but before she could cry out, her eyes met the demon's and she stared, hypnotized, into the smoldering depths. A scent like fire and roses washed over her as shock melted away into excitement, fear into admiration, uncertainty into a bottomless desire for the seductress coiled around her.

The succubus smiled as the enchantment took hold, rolling around to straddle her victim and running her fingers up and down her sides. Mallory broke into peals of laughter, rolling her hips beneath the weight of the demon, wiggling her toes with the pleasure of it. The succubus worked her way up, leaning in until

she was fully horizontal, pressing her ample chest into her victim's. A little gasp forced its way out Mallory's mouth. The demon's stomach was firm and hot against her midriff, legs silky smooth in twining together with her own. Strong fingers seized her forearms, spreading them apart and pinning her to the mattress. She blushed brilliantly, nose to shapely nose with the succubus, transfixed by her predatory gaze. A whiplike tail wound around her thigh, and her face went even hotter. The succubus nuzzled her victim's glowing cheek, opened her mouth, and covered Mallory's lips with her own.

Mallory's heart nearly beat out of her chest. She squirmed beneath the heat of the demon's body, indulging in her passion with the motion of her own lips. The demon volleyed back tenfold, pressing Mallory's head back into her pillow, exploring with her tongue, enjoying her like a rare treat.

A little draft flowed across Mallory's face. The succubus inhaled slowly, deeply, drawing in air to fill her shapely form out to even more spectacular curves. Tightening her stomach, she heaved a lungful of air into Mallory, whose eyes widened in surprise, cheeks bulging, lungs filling, chest rising. The demon inhaled again, sharply, and blew her victim's moan back down her throat. Mallory's chest swelled and tightened, filling out to capacity. And then, as the flow of air continued and the pressure blossomed even greater inside her, she felt her body stretch.

Ravenous hunger awoke inside Mallory as the succubus broke the kiss and gazed down at her victim with a question, and a promise. The overwhelming flow, the pressure, the gush of substance so great it forced her to swell to contain it. She groaned with desire, as if the novel sensation was a necessity she'd gone a lifetime without, and voiced her breathless answer.

"More!"

The demon grinned.

*Whoosh.*

Air flowed easily past her lips, puffing out her cheeks and pouring down her throat, billowing out inside her and echoing long and low as it swirled freely in the growing cavity of her body.

*Whoosh.*

Mallory groaned in the back of her throat, clenching her toes and pressing her hips upwards, wriggling with the pleasure of expansion. Pressure mounted magnificently inside her, tingling in her breasts and her butt, trickling into her thighs and her arms as the onslaught of air permeated her entire body.

*Whoosh.*

The demon's toned stomach pressed against Mallory's rounded belly, undulating with each exhalation. Mallory curved out beneath the succubus, her thighs thickening and her breasts growing to match and then surpass the demon's. With every breath her balloon body pushed out a little farther, rose a little higher, lifting her inflator up on her own custom air mattress.

*Whoosh.*

Mallory gathered her strength and blew back hard. Made a game of it, trying with all her might to reverse the flow of air and savoring her sweet defeat. The succubus didn't slow for even a second, blowing Mallory up with no more effort than a party balloon. There was no escaping, even if she'd wanted to, no stopping the demon having her way with her.

*Whoosh.*

A faint stretching noise began to sound. The demon worked without pause, forcing more and more air into her victim, who was growing bigger and rounder, tighter and firmer. Mallory wondered with giddy apprehension how much bigger she could get, what would happen when they reached the point where something had to give, whether the succubus would leave her straining on the edge or burst her just for the thrill of it.

*Whoosh.*

Threads began to snap. Mallory's shorts stretched tight over her bubble butt, the hem of her shirt riding up the massive curve of her balloon belly. It wouldn't be long now...

*Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...*

The demon sat up, legs spread wide to straddle her victim's bulk, examining her handiwork. Mallory was enormous, packed with dozens of lungfuls of compressed air. Her shirt and shorts were barely hanging on, stomach swollen and rounded, thighs tight as drums. Her legs spread, her arms jutting out, and her inflator perched lightly on top.

The succubus inhaled deeply, dramatically, stretching her sleek top tight over her own expanded curves. After a short theatrical pause, she bent down and pulled Mallory in, locking lips and blowing with inhuman strength.

"MMMMN!"

Mallory sounded a muffled moan, flushing with excitement, pushing out against the limits of her sleepwear.

*CRACK.*

"Aaahhhhh," Mallory crooned, her breasts and her belly expanding with

sudden freedom as her t-shirt tore away in shreds. "Aaahhh-MMPH!"

She was being blown up again, just as powerfully as before. Her stomach rose unfettered now, but her thighs strained against the fabric of her shorts. Another stretching noise sounded, hitting a brief crescendo. And then, with a loud rip, her shorts tore apart, leaving only her panties clinging to her pneumatic frame. She leaned her head back, letting out a long, low moan of satisfaction and relief, but the succubus gave her no time to rest.

The demon attacked Mallory's deliciously sensitive skin with silken fingers, working from her armpits down her sides. Mallory squealed and wriggled in laughter, groaning in complaint as the tickling touch skipped over her hips to tease her pumping thighs. With a swift motion the succubus answered her, slipping her thumbs into the waistband of Mallory's panties and popping the overstretched fabric easily apart. Mallory panted and squirmed as the demon licked her lips and leaned in, disappearing beneath the horizon of her belly. She was breathing heavily, biting her lip, waiting for-

"Ohhh!"

A laser-targeted kiss sent her into convulsions, breath catching and body heaving. She arched her back at the motion of the demon's velvet lips, squealed at the exploration of her hot tongue.

*Whoosh*

"OHHHHHH!"

The succubus unleashed a fresh torrent from her new vantage, sending a wave of pressure flooding out to the tips of Mallory's toes. Mallory screamed with delight as she swelled with the demon's breath, her overtaxed body creaking and groaning in chorus, pushing out farther and farther until she made contact with the waiting tips of the demon's horns. Panic crashed through the rising tide of pleasure at the threatening touch and she squirmed back, thrashing with all the gusto her overinflated body could muster, but the demon had her pinned down, arms wrapped tight around her thighs as she blew hard between them. Helplessly she lay back, throbbing with pressure, shivering and moaning as the succubus pumped her up with long, loving breaths so voluminous and powerful she felt as if she were sitting on a fire hydrant, spicing the pleasure of expansion with the tease of sharp horns tickling taut skin.

Mallory's stretching body echoed louder and deeper with each breath forced into her, her cries higher and more frantic. The succubus worked faster, harder, barbed tail swishing like a cat's as she sent her victim swelling at record pace. Mallory's sides crept out to fill the entire bed, her stomach reaching for the

ceiling, the inescapable points of the demon's horns tracing lines of fire over her skin with every inch. Any moment and they would find the right angle, test the right spot, break through and release all the pent-up pressure she strained so hard to contain. Pressure that was building by the second, rounding her once-slender form out into a vast, shimmering expanse to rival the full moon.

*Whoooooosh...*

She teetered on the brink, legs pumping, body creaking, sharp horns pressing divots into her skin like fingernails digging into a balloon. Pleasure, pressure, and panic soaring within her in a mad race to the finish. Another breath pushed into her and she screamed in runaway ecstasy, pangs of sharpness flashing like lightning and setting off the powder keg of pent-up sensation within her. She lost herself to the thrill, captive to its whims as the succubus teased her with just a little more, and then a little more, the danger of the demon's horns squeezing into every moment the thrill of a final climax.

Gradually the storm abated. The demon pulled away, leaving her to pant and groan on the very edge of bursting. Violent, thrashing pleasure ebbed away and left deep, glowing satisfaction in its wake. Gradually, she managed to relax. Tiny jets of air began to leak from her, tickling as they went, taking the edge off the immense pressure still threatening to burst her at the lightest touch.

Shadows shifted in the corner of her vision. The shapes resolved beside her, sharp fingernails reaching out toward the summit of her mountainous overstretched belly. Mallory tensed again, so tight-packed she couldn't even squirm away from the impending contact. Visions flashed through her mind of the explosion that would blow out the windows of her room and tear the furnishings to tatters, pounding against the inside of her skin and yearning so desperately to be free. But the demon merely rapped a careful rhythm on her stomach, producing low, clear notes like a bass drum, and then leaned in to plant a very wet kiss on her cheek.

"See you soon," the succubus said, and smiled, then turned on her heel and disappeared in a flash of flame.