

Expansion Succubus: Inflated Ego

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

[cock expansion, femdom succubus, (getting out of a) toxic relationship]

Amorrelle groaned as she lounged around on her bed, bored out of her mind. Sighing, she rolled over to the edge and sprang up smoothly, hips swaying as she struck a teasing pose in front of the mirror.

She examined her reflection in detail, purring as she studied her physique. Long wavy chestnut brown hair framed her face in such a way that it brought out the copper in her eyes. She had a cute button nose and a disarmingly pretty smirk, though when she experimentally bared her teeth she knew even the bravest humans would tremble before her.

She stretched out her arms with a lazy smile, admiring her toned scarlet abs and lithe body. With her deliciously perky breasts and tight ass on full naked display, Amorrelle was an absolute bombshell. Not that she needed to be told that of course, being a succubus and all.

The problem was, guys just weren't that appealing to her anymore. A few centuries of toying with men with the same few kinks had left her wanting. Remembering her predicament quickly wiped the smile off her face. But simply moping around and complaining wasn't going to fix anything, she needed to take action. But what to do about it...?

"Oh god damn it," she muttered, facepalming as the idea suddenly came into her mind fully formed. How could she possibly forget? There were many humans on Earth that would go crazy for her. The only people who wouldn't fall for her appearance were humans on the ace spectrum, but that obviously didn't bother her. She literally had her pick of the litter, as she had heard some of them say. But who would the lucky woman be?

Amorrelle closed her eyes and concentrated on finding a connection, searching for a lonely woman who was longing for a chance to be free, to do what she wanted without anyone telling her what to do.

Fleeting images of a tall, dark skinned woman with rich chocolate curls flashed through Amorrelle's mind, giving her a sense of who she was; thirty-one, unhappily married, all the money she could wish for.

"Oh there we go, found you!"

Amorrelle focused on the formed connection and felt a pull in her body, and suddenly she was standing in the hallway of a fancy house, right next to the beautiful woman staring distractedly at herself in a mirror.

Amorrelle's usual lazy smirk morphed into an excited grin. "Well hey there," she crooned sensually, "you called?"

"...And where do you think you're going?"

Michaela immediately knew that she was screwed the moment she saw Steven waiting for her by the door, his arms crossed confrontationally. His sandy brown hair and cold blue eyes were admittedly handsome when combined with the built frame of a personal trainer, but they also made his peeved expression look very intimidating.

She quickly debated whether it was worth lying or not, deciding that he might mistake her wanting personal time for something worse. "Going out with friends for dinner," she answered honestly. Michaela really wasn't in the mood for another fight, but he didn't seem to be willing to let her go that easily.

"And you didn't even think to invite me?" Steven looked at her expectantly and she couldn't help but glance away awkwardly, feeling embarrassed despite herself. She hated when he made her feel that way. "What would I have done if I hadn't discovered you trying to sneak out," he asked with annoyance, "cook for myself?"

Michaela knew it wouldn't be the smartest idea to piss him off, especially when he was already in a bad mood, but she was really tempted to point out that Steven easily could have, or even just ordered in; it wasn't like either option was difficult.

She bit back her retort, inwardly resigning herself to a night of trying to make sure he wouldn't make a drunken fool of himself again. "Alright fine, I'll call Mel and tell her-

"Melanie? That dumb bimbo?" Steven scoffed rudely. "You still hang out with those idiots?"

She felt herself becoming flustered as her patience waned. "She's not a bimbo, Steven, and they're not idiots!"

"Fine, they're not idiots," he relented dismissively, "but I've been working long hours to pay off our mortgage and give you everything you could possibly ask for. Now you're running off because you're bored of me?"

Michaela rolled her eyes with exasperation as she responded evenly, trying not to let him bother her. "I'm not becoming bored with you, don't be ridiculous. I just wanted time to myself with my friends, some of whom I haven't seen in years..."

She stared down at the carpet as she trailed off into uncomfortable silence, wishing she was anywhere else. She sighed, deciding it would just be easier if she stayed. "...Fine, I won't go out then."

"Good," Steven muttered to himself, brushing past her as he headed down the hallway. Michaela moved out of the way, turning so that he couldn't see how hurt she was.

She leaned against the wall for support, huffing as she tried to pull herself together. But the only emotions she could feel were misery and anger, clenching her fists as her thoughts turned to their relationship.

God, their marriage was such a mess. She remembered how happy she was when she met Steven and thought he was genuine, because he treated her well and bought her lots of expensive gifts.

But thinking about it now, Michaela suspected she was just arm-candy to him, a trophy wife he could brag about to his asshole friends. Someone he could ignore whenever she wasn't stroking his ego, sometimes literally. She couldn't help but snort humourlessly at that comparison.

She noticed her shaken reflection in the hallway mirror hung up on the wall, wandering over to take a closer look. If she stared hard enough, she supposed she could understand what had attracted Steven to her in the first place.

In the past, Michaela would've admired her appearance and reassured herself she was still beautiful. But she had no confidence in herself left, and she sure as hell didn't feel confident now.

She was taller than most people, Steven included, which she had discovered made her unintentionally intimidating. While this was something that used to bother her as a teenager, she eventually learned to embrace it.

She had skin the colour of milk chocolate, long curly chocolate brown hair, and warm cocoa eyes, though they had certainly lost some of their spunk. Paired with the long white button up shirt, black pants and black lace up boots she planned to wear out, the outfit naturally showed off her curviness. This was something she was proud of, especially her hips and thighs.

But none of that made any difference to her, since there was no way she was going out to see her friends anymore. She wasn't the tenacious young woman she embodied a decade ago, but a small part of her wanted to be. Michaela knew she deserved better.

"God, I need to find a way out of here," she muttered despondently.

"Well hey there," a sensual voice suddenly crooned next to her, "you called?"

It took all of Michaela's willpower not to shriek out loud as she jumped and turned away from the mirror, face to face with a crimson woman casually standing a short distance away, observing her with excited interest.

The stranger hummed in approval, nodding to herself. "Wow, you're way taller in person than I thought," she said, staring at her in awe.

She wore a low-cut black crop top and blue jean shorts that left little to the imagination, and stylishly tall brown leather boots. But what caught her attention the most were her alluring eyes, which glowed a brilliant piercing orange. Though

Michaela would never admit it out loud, she thought the woman looked very attractive.

As the stranger's eyes roamed up and down her whole body unapologetically, she felt nervously self-conscious, as if she was being examined as part of some test. Michaela realised she had yet to form a response, but she had no idea where to even begin.

Her head reeled in confusion as she started to realise how unusual a woman mysteriously appearing in her house was. "Who are you? And how the hell did you get in here?"

The stranger's mouth quirked up, apparently finding the situation amusing. "Oh that's an easy thing for me to do, darling. My name's Amorrelle, but you can call me whatever you like," she said with a cheeky wink, smirking as Michaela felt her face heat up. "I'm a succubus! I go wherever I feel strong emotions, usually someone longing for the freedom to do as they please. And you, it seems, are particularly desperate to leave."

Michaela felt uncomfortable listening to the succubus as her remark hit home. She didn't like what she was hearing but it was accurate, wasn't it? She hadn't loved Steven in a long time, and her trying to see her friends was mostly an attempt at escaping the depressing negativity of their marriage, if only for a little while.

But Amorrelle wasn't aware of that, she hoped, and Michaela preferred it to stay that way. "But I'm not desperate, I'm happy here," she insisted, though that sounded fake even to herself. Amorrelle definitely hadn't bought it at all.

The succubus pursed her lips and frowned, deep in thought. "Listen, I don't usually ask this," she began with concern, "but are you doing alright?"

"Um..." Michaela's mind blanked as she quickly tried to think of an appropriate answer. "I don't know why you'd care," she settled on dismissively, hiding behind a layer of bravado. "It's not really your business anyway. I'm doing fine, I promise."

Amorrelle looked at her with a mixture of pity and exasperation, letting out a soft sigh as her features relaxed into something more serious. "Look, I've been in a similar position as you, okay?"

Michaela decided to drop the pretence and looked down at the carpet shamefully, muttering, "I highly doubt it."

"Maybe not quite the same," Amorrelle relented, rolling her eyes, "but I was once in a relationship with someone who I realised just wasn't the right fit for me. Nothing against him, in fact he was a genuine sweetheart." She smiled wistfully, no doubt remembering something sentimental, before her expression turned sad again.

"But that also meant I didn't tell him how I felt because I knew it would hurt his feelings," she continued. "Big mistake on my part, because it just made everything

worse for us both. Eventually he convinced me to talk to him, and after some long discussions we both came out of our relationship stronger as friends."

"Why are you telling me all this?" Michaela asked glumly, though she could already guess the answer.

"Like I said, I've been in your shoes," Amorrelle explained, radiating confidence as she sauntered over. "I know that self-doubt you're experiencing, because I've felt it before." Suddenly she was right in front of her, looking up encouragingly into Michaela's startled eyes and taking her hands into her own. "You're worried about hurting his feelings, right?"

Michaela ignored the embarrassingly distracting urge to glance down at the succubus' eye-catching cleavage, despite noticing the surprising softness of her crimson fingers and the goosebumps travelling up her own arms. She nodded reluctantly, trying to focus on the conversation.

"Well fuck him," Amorrelle growled, taking Michaela aback. "Do what you think is best for you, not for other people." Her expression softened. "Sometimes you just have to put yourself first, okay darling?"

Michaela nodded mutely and swallowed her nerves as Amorrelle slowly reached up, eyes following the succubus' hand as she brushed a few stray curly hairs out of her face. They stared at each other, palpably aware of how close they were. Biting her lip softly as her heart thudded wildly in her chest, Michaela realised all she had to do was lean down and-

"Michaela!" Their moment was interrupted by Steven calling her impatiently from the living room. "Shouldn't you be getting dinner started?"

Her eyes widened as Amorrelle glared down the hall, grimacing in disgust. "Does he usually talk to you like that?" A fiery glow flared in her eyes that made Michaela tense up. When she struggled to answer, the succubus spun around and marched down the hallway determinedly, fuming to herself.

"No wait!" But Amorrelle was already storming away, her eyes literally smouldering with barely contained rage.

Michaela hurried after her, conflicting emotions racing through her mind. Mostly she was panicking, imagining just how bad the situation was about to go, but surprisingly a part of her was worried for the succubus, despite having met her just a few minutes ago. Steven had never dared to lay a finger on her, but with his infamous temper he certainly wouldn't hold back for a strange crimson coloured woman who suddenly appeared in their house.

Michaela rushed into the living room to see Steven gawking at Amorrelle as he sat on the couch in front of the television, trying to hide his obvious arousal. Upon seeing her enter he stood up, his bewilderment quickly turning to annoyance.

"Michaela, who the hell is this," he demanded, "I thought I said you weren't going out tonight! That doesn't mean you can just invite anyone over!"

Amorrelle stepped forward, visibly fuming. "First of all, asshole," she snarled, bearing sharp teeth that Michaela was certain weren't there earlier, "she doesn't need your permission to leave her own house. Second, my name's Amorrelle, and I'm your worst nightmare."

Steven's face turned almost as red as Amorrelle's skin tone, looking more furious than Michaela had ever seen him. She could give him a hard time if he was being difficult, but she had never dared to talk back to him like that. "Like hell you are! Get the fuck out of my house!"

Amorrelle stormed over and shoved Steven hard in the chest, sending him tumbling backwards onto the couch. Before he could recover, she stomped her foot dangerously close to his crotch, towering over him despite their obvious difference in height.

"You wanna know something interesting?" She smiled sardonically. "I *loathe* humans like you, treating people like shit just because it makes you feel all strong and powerful. Well guess what, dickhead? The bigger fish is here, and I'm very hungry."

Michaela almost laughed out loud, amazed that this strange woman she barely knew was standing up for her but scared of what Steven would do in retaliation.

Steven looked uncomfortable as he seemed to realise he was no longer in control of the situation. "Wait, what the hell?" He stared at Amorrelle with disbelieving confusion. "You're actually a succubus?"

She snickered, the amusement not quite reaching her eyes. "Oh of course, honey. Usually I come around for a night of steamy fun and give people the time of their lives, but then I heard from Michaela here that you've been a very naughty boy, Steven."

He glared over at Michaela at the mention of her name, livid at the supposed betrayal, but Michaela was surprised to find she wasn't as intimidated as she thought she'd be. If Steven got over his apprehension of Amorrelle and attacked her, then Michaela would be worried, but she felt hopeful he wouldn't dare try anything while the succubus was within arm's reach.

Michaela could see him reach the smart decision not to criticise either of them with an irate succubus pressing down threateningly near his crotch, choosing instead to ask another question. "How do you know my name?"

"Oh honey, there's no need to worry about that," Amorrelle dismissed vaguely, "I have my ways." She leaned forward, putting her hands on her hips. "But I think we need to do something about that toxic masculine ego of yours, don't we? Your admittedly impressive physique doesn't quite match up to its enormous size, I'm afraid." She straightened up and turned towards Michaela, giving her a knowing smirk. "What do you think, darling?"

Michaela froze, her face burning with embarrassment as she became aware of both people staring at her differently. Her thoughts drifted towards a kink she had long kept hidden. Amorrelle didn't know about that, did she? She had never spoken to anyone about it except anonymously online, and yet the way the succubus was grinning encouragingly at her suggested she did.

She looked over at Steven, who was staring at her with annoyed confusion, aware of a silent conversation happening between the two. A small part of Michaela felt guilty for his predicament, but after remembering how he had constantly dismissed and derided her, she knew he deserved what was coming to him and decided to savour the moment.

"Oh absolutely," she smiled, her voice and body language growing with courage as she strode over to stand beside Amorrelle. "Make him pay," she growled, coming to the realisation that she was enjoying being in control for once.

Steven yelped as the succubus reached down and grabbed his chin, leaning forward to kiss him softly on the lips. As Amorrelle pulled away, Michaela could see he had a dumbfounded look in his eyes and a prominent bulge in his jeans.

He shifted back uncomfortably, eyes widening in a panic as he looked down at his straining pants. "Oh my god, what the fuck is happening to me?" He groaned, fumbling to take off his jeans as his erection swelled noticeably bigger.

Amorrelle laughed deviously, enjoying his bewilderment. "Like I said, we thought your dick didn't align properly with your sense of self-importance, so I'm fixing that mistake."

Steven grunted as he managed to kick his jeans off to the side, his poor boxer shorts barely covering his cock as it sought to fill the limited space available, quickly growing to peek out one of the leg holes. He bit his lip and stifled a moan, trying to ignore how sensitive his manhood felt as he struggled to remove his underwear.

"I also made the growth pleasurable for you," Amorrelle added, her voice dripping with mock cheerfulness. "Just something else to deal with if you ever decide to show yourself in public again. No need to thank me!"

Steven was too busy freaking out about his rapidly swelling member to pay any attention to the succubus' scathing remarks, futilely clinging to his modesty while trying to take off his underwear. "Oh fuck no, help me please!" He stared at them

pleadingly, desperate for some relief from the increasing feelings of tightness and arousal.

Amorrelle rolled her eyes and marched forward, grabbing the waistband of his boxers and yanking them down to his feet in one fluid motion. His erect cock sprang outward immediately as it was freed, and Michaela felt her mind grind to a halt at the size of his engorged member as she heard the succubus cackling next to her.

Tossing the stretched clothes to the floor, Steven stood fully naked, gawking at his cock in horrified awe. "It's too big," he groaned, struggling to lift the sensitive thickness off of the floor with both his palms, "I can't even carry it around!"

"Let me guess," Amorrelle asked, smirking wickedly, "it's a lot heavier than you're used to, right?"

Michaela snapped out of her daze, regaining the composure to speak again. "What did you do to him?" She stared in wonder, her legs trembling at seeing her biggest fantasy brought to life, inflicted on the man who had made her life miserable.

Amorrelle grinned at her, mischief sparkling in her eyes as she chuckled. "Don't worry, he's still the same despicable human as before, just hung like a horse now." She leaned closer, causing Steven to shrink back as his eyes darted around the room like a cornered animal, searching for any form of escape. "Now Steven," she began dangerously, moving in to whisper in his ear, "you really should've treated Michaela better when you had the chance."

"I-I'm really sorry," he stammered, the apology bubbling from his lips in desperation, dread evident on his face. "Please just change me back! I promise I won't tell anyone what happened!"

"Oh, I know you won't," Amorrelle purred, running a hand along his chest. "Something you might find interesting is that, as a succubus, I can sense a person's deepest kinks through their emotions. You act tough in and out of the bedroom, but secretly you want to be dominated." He blushed in surprise as she continued. "Perhaps you'd be interested in letting us test out this big new cock of yours..."

The succubus kept her voice low and seductive as she trailed her fingers lightly down his stomach to his aching erection. Steven whimpered as she traced the outline of his cock, stopping briefly to grab it and squeeze it gently. Her plump lips grazed against his ear as he tried to remain calm, but her touch was alluring.

Michaela felt giddy as she watched them, uncertain of what to do as Steven shivered in ecstasy and sank down onto the couch once more. She flushed with excitement as Amorrelle seemed intent on seducing him and wanted to watch everything play out, mildly wondering if she should intervene before things got too heated.

Her thoughts were interrupted as Amorrelle abruptly sprung to her feet, smirking as Steven blinked with confusion and slowly came out of his stupor. "Well that was fun! I hope you enjoy carrying that enormous dick around everywhere!" She leaned over

him, her smile no longer playful as he froze, the obvious question dying on his lips. "You don't deserve my help because of how you've treated Michaela, or anyone else for that matter," she growled. "And as it turns out, if you treat people like shit, eventually they get sick of it and *snap*."

Steven whined in fear as the succubus straightened up, his dick still hard despite the situation. "Now that he's been tantalised and punished," she said, turning towards Michaela earnestly, "there's something I wanted to ask you." She held both of her hands with a hopeful smile. "Would you like to come to live with me?"

Michaela considered the proposal, many questions racing through her mind. But glancing back at the man who had treated her with nothing but disdain for years, she already knew what her answer would be. "I think I need a long break from assholes right now."

Amorrelle beamed and embraced her happily, stretching to try and make up their difference in height. Stepping back, the succubus let out a relieved laugh, bouncing on the heels of her boots excitedly. "Awesome! Take my hand and we'll be on our way!"

"Wait," Michaela said, a quiet fury bubbling up inside her. "Before we go, I want a few words with him." Steven shrank back into the couch, terrified as his wife towered above him menacingly. "Listen up dickhead," she hissed, trembling with rage, "I am done being ordered around, intimidated and made to feel inferior in my own home, so I'm leaving you, understand?"

She removed her wedding ring and tossed it at his feet, feeling a weight lifting off her shoulders now that she no longer cared what he felt. "You can go and fuck yourself, you piece of shit," Michaela added with a snarl, stomping over to where Amorrelle was waiting. Feeling impulsive, she leaned down and kissed the succubus passionately, enjoying hearing her gasp at her forwardness. Amorrelle quickly reciprocated, expertly teasing her lips as if she had been doing it for decades, which Michaela supposed she had.

Panting as they parted, they both glanced over at Steven to see him torn between exploding with rage or bursting into tears, utter contempt for them in his eyes. "Change me back, damn it! I can't live like this!"

But Amorrelle had already taken Michaela's hand and vanished silently, his ex-wife leaving him the parting gift of a middle finger to deal with the massive predicament he had gotten himself stuck with.