

"Holy shit! It works!" Skylar shouted.

"Of course it does," Vanessa said, watching the slender form of the succubus rise into being inside a circle of candles arrayed on the floor of the abandoned house, the scent of cheap incense wafting about. The pair had met at a Halloween party earlier that evening; Skylar in a short white dress and matching thigh-highs, wings of rubbery foam and halo of golden tinsel hanging over her blonde curls; and Vanessa as her counterpart, curved red horns poking out of a headband set into her ebony hair, tight leather pants with stiletto heels and halter top. They'd hit it off, enjoyed a drink or three together, engaged in some urban exploring at Vanessa's urging. And now...

The real demon revolved slowly inside the pentagram they'd drawn as the summoning played out. Graceful horns jutted out from a tangle of midnight black hair above her angular face. Black wings unfurled and a sinuous, blunted tail with a textured tip like fat beads on a string rose behind her shoulder as she assumed her exaggerated female shape, curvy and exotic in the limited light, nearly naked but for the daring wisps of fabric that enhanced her lascivious charms.

"And she'll... obey us?" Skylar said, eyeing the floating figure with awe.

"I told you," Vanessa replied, "The ritual binds her. She's ours until she completes her task."

The succubus stopped revolving and hovered before them as if she simply found touching the floor beneath her, her full cleavage heaving dramatically as her nearly-naked chest rose and fell. Then she grinned, an expression ominous as it was playful, her full lips parting just enough to show the edges of ice-white fangs, her tongue flicking out to suggest the power and pleasure it could unleash.

Facing Vanessa, she clapped her hands together. "What can I do for you?"

Vanessa turned to her companion and smiled. "Skylar? What'll it be?"

Skylar licked her lips. "You mean it's okay if I...?"

"Strictly speaking, only one of us gets a request," Vanessa said. "Tell her what you want and I'll include it in mine. My treat."

Skylar looked back into Vanessa's eager and knowing eyes before turning back to the succubus regarding them with idle curiosity, waiting to begin her task. Visions ran through her mind, making her cheeks go pink, her heart picking up the pace as opportunity hovered right before her. All her fantasies laid bare as she contemplated this amazing moment, given so freely she didn't know what to ask for first.

"Can you, um, kiss me?"

There was a purring in the back of the succubus's throat. "Mortal tongue is too soft to name my kissing, but there is magic in the motion and fire in the aftertaste."

"That's a yes, then?" Skylar asked uncertainly.

The succubus nodded.

"And then, um, some attention lower down?"

"Give her the full package," Vanessa cut in, grinning, casting glances over at Skylar that made the pretend angel go crimson. "Take her all the way."

"Understood," the demon purred, and sent her tongue darting out over her lips again. "Is this your full request?"

"There's one other thing," Vanessa said, meeting the succubus's smoldering eyes with a confident smile.

"I want you to blow Skylar up."

"Blow... me up?" Skylar asked, shooting a questioning look at Vanessa as if certain she'd misheard her. "Like, like a...?"

"Inflate her," Vanessa said, keeping her gaze on the demon, "Like a balloon. Fill her with your breath until she creaks and trembles with the pressure. And then... a little more."

"What?!" Skylar said, heart hammering and cheeks aglow with astonishment and embarrassment, with creeping trepidation. "You can't just... blow someone up like that! And you sound like you want me to—"

"You can't summon a succubus with birthday candles, either," Vanessa said over her. "But here we are. You wanted a kiss and some tongue. I'm just asking for a little more." She giggled. "Well, a lot more."

"An ecstasy beyond the limits of her flesh. I can grant this," the succubus said, landing with a clack of heels inside her circle and licking her plump lips once more. "And as payment?"

"The girl sitting in front of you," Vanessa said. "So sweet, so innocent, so ignorant as to what she's getting into. Take all you want from her while you're doing the deed."

"Wait! Stop!" Skylar said, cheeks crimson and pulse skyrocketing. "I forbid you from... doing that! That's an order, demon!"

"Sorry, Skylar," Vanessa said. "I did the chanting, I make the rules. Demon! Make our little angel swell with your hot, sweet breath until her skin sings from the strain. Let her feel every wisp of air entering her as you pump her to the edge

of bursting and beyond. Keep on going until she pops! And make a show of it."

"This offer is sealed," the demon said, and stepped out of the summoning circle toward where Skylar sat.

Skylar scrambled back from the advancing succubus, high heels skittering over the floor. The demon raised a finger and suddenly her feet found only empty air; she was rising up, levitating off the ground, kicking off her pumps in her useless squirming as invisible hands hauled her helpless body upward, straightening her out to a standing position yet leaving her hanging just high enough that her toes dangled several inches off the floor.

"You won't need this," the succubus said, and flicked her finger upward. Skylar's white dress went whipping up her shapely legs in response, past her waist, all the way over her head to fling itself unceremoniously across the room like a sheer cotton ghost. She felt two sets of hungry eyes feasting on her nearly-naked form, totally exposed now but for a pair of tiny panties and half-cup bra in matching white lace. A parody of innocence with alabaster body and blazing cheeks, still adorned with thigh-high socks and topped by her glittering tinsel halo.

"Who knew angels were hiding bodies like that!" Vanessa grinned up at her.

"Put me down now!" Skylar cried, struggling in vain as she floated, heart sinking at Vanessa's gleeful teasing that belied any possibility of calling the demon off.

"Succubus," Vanessa ordered, "Take our angel to heaven."

The demon sauntered forth, hips swishing beneath the clinging straps and ties that existed more for seduction than concealment, cleavage threatening to spill free with every step as she neared her captive prey. She came to a stop just before Skylar, equal in height on her stiletto heels, and reached out to give her cheek a gentle stroke. Skylar quivered at the touch, at the electricity that seemed to arc between them, at the tenderness and heat that sent ripples of anticipation through her slender form despite herself, rebounding off the inside of her skin and kindling between her legs.

Skylar gasped wordlessly as the succubus pulled her in, fingertips swirling over her bare shoulders, and planted hot kisses along her collarbone, working her way up at a deliberate pace. The gasps squeezed into a moan as the demon reached her throat, attacking it with lips of a warmth and softness she never dreamed of concealing fangs that could rip her jugular in an instant.

Massaging touches cascaded down her back like a waterfall as the demon reached her jawline, pulled back slightly to hover nose to nose, leaned in at last

to capture the pretend angel in a real kiss. Skylar gasped as preternaturally plush lips pressed into her own, moaned as a questing tongue eased inside to entwine with hers. Though the demon occupied her whole vision, she knew Vanessa's eyes were drilling into her, taking in her body as it trembled, responding to the succubus' every touch, shuddering with induced ecstasy at her gentle ministrations.

Everywhere was the press of the demon's skin, of the body even more scantily clad than her own offered up in full as a gift to her pleasure. It was impossibly soft, yet with a firmness that made no question of her inhuman strength. Searing hot as if her entire form was a flaring furnace, but not uncomfortably so. And her lips, oh, her lips! Luxurious in their motion, overwhelming in their seduction, peeling away her reservations like the petals of a flower.

Skylar felt the succubus' chest expand, the promise it forebode nearly forgotten beneath the deluge of sensation, the motion of their lips, the caress of twin mounds against her own spearpoint nipples. The demon filled herself with one long breath, held that gathering power against her victim like the reservoir behind a dam, a pent-up surge of potential ready to arc free at any instant.

And then she blew.

Air gushed through Skylar's lips in a sudden torrent, hot and spiced and overwhelmingly voluminous as it forced its way down her throat. Her eyes went wide and she wriggled and squirmed at her inability to shut her lips tight against the invading flow, fingers grasping and sliding over the succubus' sinuous body to no effect. She could do nothing to stop or slow the endless expulsion of breath, her mouth a conduit through which an unfathomable mass poured into her at a dizzying rate. Her chest pushed out and her belly billowed, her entire body ballooning out against the firmness of the slender midriff tensing with the work of filling her up.

"Woah!" Vanessa cried, awestruck and delighted at the scene unfolding before her eyes. "Look at you go, Skylar!"

Skylar's cheeks went even hotter if such a thing were possible, recalling the words Vanessa had spoken to the succubus, ordering the demon to make a show of blowing her up, to keep at it until she burst. To make a humiliating spectacle out of it all, one with an ultimate finale she couldn't now doubt. Worse still, she couldn't deny that a small, wicked part of her thrilled at Vanessa's words. A deeper place, from which her mind shied back, one which was all too aware of the sensual feeling of her skin stretching against the rippling pressure, that deep-seated tingling it brought, the exhibitionism and the helplessness of putting on

such a shameful display for girl who clapped and cooed at her progress. This was the kiss she'd sought, the carnal debasement beyond her control, invited in with smoke and chanting.

"Mmmmp!" she groaned in defiance of that notion as the demon drew another breath, kicking her legs and shaking her head from side to side. But it was no use. The demon held her steady, fingers interlocked around the back of her head to keep their lips locked tightly together, the nearly-naked front of her curvaceous body billowing out against that slender frame. She couldn't escape that iron grip, couldn't hold back the hot flood of the demon's honeyed breath, couldn't hide a single iota of expansion of her vast, exposed form. The succubus blew into her again, and she had no choice but to receive it.

"Oooh, you're really growing now!" Vanessa called from the sidelines as Skylar swelled out on what felt like an entire river cramming its way down her throat, "You're gonna look so amazing before you pop!"

She was growing, that much was true, bulging out visibly with the demon's forceful exhalation. The invading pressure knew no borders and no moderation, giving her no quarter as it spilled out to every limb, leaving no part of her unscathed or unoccupied as she swelled out in all directions. The toned midsection she'd worked so hard on now distended as if she were pregnant with a whale, widening and threatening to consume all else with its growth. Her tits were like twin airbags pushing steadily out against the demon's ample softness, the cups of her half-bra clinging to the shreds of her modesty by a hair's breadth and aching to burst free at any moment. Slim-cut panties stretched ever tighter across her expansive ass, going obscenely snug between well-sculpted thighs now thick as tree trunks and forced wide apart by the burgeoning pressure. Even her arms were thickening with the flow, going gradually stiffer and clumsier in her helpless flailing.

On and on it went, those traitor lips both trick and treat in their motion against her own, in feeding her an endless stream of hot, sweet air. She couldn't believe how much she'd taken already, her body bloating and expanding far beyond what she'd have thought possible. Yet full as she was, taut as her skin stretched, the demon showed no sign of slowing or relenting, of pulling back from her task of stuffing Skylar like a Thanksgiving turkey. And to her secret shame, she found that buried little part of her reveling in her helplessness, in the pinpricks of pleasure flooding out inside her, in the satisfaction of successfully swelling to contain each breath.

Slowly but surely Skylar filled out far beyond her wildest imaginings of the limits of her endurance, arms and legs thickened and spread helplessly, the mass

of her body more than halfway to spherical. She was floating fully horizontal, leveraged out by her expanding curves and buoyed up by the succubus' magic, though it was easy to believe the hot air permeating every inch of her blimped-up body was the source of her lift. At long last the demon broke away and Skylar groaned out her relief, but the pressure inside her slackened only a fraction; the rest seemed stuck inside her, whatever magic allowed her distension to such absurd proportions jealously guarding all but a trickle.

The succubus, meanwhile, regarded her with a wicked grin that suggested their playtime wasn't nearly over. Dimly Skylar recalled the 'attention lower down' she'd requested, the demon's slavish adherence to the letter of their bargaining. She quivered with knotted anticipation and dread at what that meant, at the notion of air being introduced to a part of her body where air was never, ever supposed to go. A gate guarded by a flimsy swatch of tortured fabric, stretched to its limits over the shreds of her dignity.

The demon raised one finger and made a twirling gesture with it. Wordlessly commanded, Skylar turned in the air with a ponderous grace and token ineffectual flailing until she was facing Vanessa, who greeted her with a lustful smile and warm, knowing eyes, her belt undone and one hand exploring beneath the slice of bright red fabric visible in the wide V of her unzipped fly. A backdraft of humiliation burned through Skylar's entire body at the all-too-apparent eagerness with which her would-be friend savored the sight of her utter degradation, a forbidden thrill at seeing the anticipation for what came next writ large on her face.

Then Skylar felt the scorching mass of the succubus alighting on her back, soft skin and perfect curves prone against her planetary mass, clinging between her shoulders like a parasite she couldn't dislodge. They rocked back together with a quick, calculated motion until Skylar hovered upright again, the succubus steering and prodding to present the perfect viewing angle to their audience of one.

The demon nuzzled against Skylar's neck, planted a kiss on her shoulder as she slid both hands over the impossibly wide sides of her torso, thumbs dipping in to tuck beneath the straps of her overstretched bra. Skylar barely had time to gasp before those constricting lace half-cups were shucked off with a sharp snap, springing off her body and sailing over the circle of candles to where Vanessa lay watching. Her swollen breasts bounced free, engorged with the heat and merciless pressure of her growth, jutting out what felt like halfway across the room. The succubus wasted no time in reaching up to cup and caress every ounce of turgid flesh she could reach, circling sensitive skin with fingertips of hot embers and liquid silk, pinching and teasing her spearpoint nipples with cruel desire and

unholy skill.

Skylar moaned with every breath. The sensation was incredible, overwhelming. Jolts of torrid pleasure lanced through her at the demon's touch, rippling beneath the vast expanse of her taut skin, knotting in her core and sinking down to stoke the furnace burning between her widespread thighs. She shuddered and squealed at the titillating violation of her body, but she was far too stiff and swollen to grant herself relief, arms too full and spread to pull away the succubus' probing hands.

The demon's chin came to rest on one naked shoulder and her voice, rich and silken, slid into Skylar's ear.

"Time for the main course, little angel."

"Ooh, yes! Give her everything you've got!" Vanessa called eagerly.

Skylar felt the probing tip of the demon's blunted tail tracing a path down her back, toward the tortured lace still stretched over her enormous ass. It slipped beneath the taut hemline and plunged downward without pause, tearing her panties right off her body. She gasped as cold air struck the newly-naked flesh of her most intimate area, glistening and exposed and achingly engorged between her wide-spread legs, quivered as the tail continued its deliberate circumnavigation, curling around one naked thigh and sliding up the inside.

A groan burst forth from her lips as the tail tip circled her clit like a playful snake. Slow, teasing circles whose motion promised greater rapture at any second. Her every heartbeat sent tremors rippling through her, further sensitizing her already-engorged lips, fanning the fire that the succubus' caresses set into leaping flames.

Then with an agonizing, measured slowness it slid inside her, the flowing ridges of its beaded shape slipping through that tight, puffed-up passage and setting every last nerve alight. Skylar moaned sharply and clenched involuntarily around it, increasing the rush and the rapture as each textured prominence sunk home, as her insides melted like hot candlewax, as the succubus played her like a fiddle with dexterity beyond any fingers or tongue she'd ever known. Twisting and probing, pinching and thrusting, building up the molten core of ecstasy within her until she couldn't hold it back another instant.

And then, close by her ear, she heard the succubus inhale.

The demon's chest expanded against her back, that exaggerated feminine figure swiftly going cartoonishly curvy once again as she drew in ever more.

"Oh, God," Vanessa shouted, "Is she going to—"

The demon tensed her midriff. A ripple ran down the length of her tail like the first stream of water down a hose. It traveled along Skylar's back, around her thigh, and—

Skylar's eyes went wide and she gave a cry of shock and euphoria as a blast of air erupted from the tip of the demon's tail stuck deep inside her. Thick and relentless, searing and voluminous, the pressurized jet gushed into her like a shot of molten lead through her most sensitive spot, filling her overfull body with the same speed and fury as the breaths the succubus had forced between her lips. She squirmed and kicked and moaned as it forced its way in, filling every crevice and pushing her to expand once again, her entire body from the tips of her tits to her clenching toes pulsing and throbbing with the sudden onslaught. She cried out again and again at the pure intensity of it as release tore through her, at every twitch and tremor of her body boiling up from the throes of her bliss. At the demon's fingertips dancing over the globes of her jutting breasts, the soft kisses planted at the base of her neck and her jawline, the unrestrained force and pressure of the eruption between her legs. She felt as if might explode then and there from the sheer power of her unleashed ecstasy, from the unbelievable pressure fighting so forcefully to win free, from the utter humiliation of being pumped up to bursting for Vanessa's pleasure in nothing but her halo and her thigh-highs.

And it just kept coming. As did she. Wave after wave of rapture washed through her as the succubus continued her onslaught, forcing breath after breath into the helpless, quivering victim of her affection. Pressure rippled beneath her skin, building without pause as she neared her absolute limit. She shuddered and groaned, her body creaking in refusal to stretch any further as the succubus added more and more and more...

"Keep going!" Vanessa cheered, hand working feverishly beneath the slim red fabric of her panties, "She's gonna blow!"

Skylar couldn't take it. Not a single bit more. And the succubus knew it. She paused in her relentless assault, one finger tracing lazy circles around Skylar's nipple, her other hand gently stroking the monstrous orb of her immobile victim's distended belly. She planted a kiss on one swollen cheek, gave a scorching little giggle.

"Goodbye, little angel," she whispered in Skylar's ear.

And then she inhaled.

"Oh!" Skylar cried as molten heat erupted between her legs one final time, slamming out in all directions inside her, making her creak and tremble from the strain of holding it all back.



"Ohhh!" she moaned in throbbing, shivering rapture at her final indignation, at the sight of Vanessa picking up the pace, at the pangs of ecstatic glee forking through her like lightning in the face of the onrushing conclusion she could do nothing to stop.

"OHHHH—" she shrieked as the succubus pumped her up to the brink and beyond, her entire body quivering at the precipice before pulsing suddenly outward until her ecstatic scream gave way to an earth-shaking roar.

"Ohhh yess," Vanessa moaned in the aftermath, her head lolling back and her pumping legs clenching and curling as tattered shreds of white swirled about the room, "That was so fucking hot!" She luxuriated in the memory of Skylar's body trembling at its ultimate limit before she exploded, the look on her face, the sinful delight of watching the pretend angel being turned into a shrieking, squirming balloon girl by the real demon's tongue and lips and tail. Her strained exaltations, her cute thigh highs and tinsel halo, the absolute kinkiness of the succubus' final assault were all so much greater than she ever imagined.

"And now," the succubus said, landing on the floor with the click of heels and striding toward where Vanessa lay, "My payment."

Vanessa blinked at her, still shuddering with the aftershocks of her own explosive release. "Huh? But you already—"

"The little angel was your request," the demon said, licking her crimson lips. "Ecstasy beyond the limits of her flesh. This I have granted."

"And your price: 'The girl before me, so sweet and innocent, so ignorant as to what she's getting into.'" The succubus stepped toward her with a glimmer in her eye.

"Wait," Vanessa said, eyes wide with realization, stomach sinking, "That's not—I forbid you!"

"This offer is sealed," the succubus said and smiled, beaded tail swishing behind her shoulder as she advanced on her summoner.