

Fat Succubus

By Kallie

“You... you’re...”

“Fat?” the succubus answered perkily, licking her lips with her long, serpentine tongue.

“Um... yes,” Avery confessed. He cast his eyes to the ground, suddenly self-conscious about the admission.

“Not what you expected, master?” The succubus’s words, formed by her plush, black lips, were rich, husky and full of promise.

“I-I guess not,” Avery replied, shivering slightly at being addressed as ‘master’. In truth, he wasn’t sure he’d been expecting anything at all. He’d have been a fool if he’d been expecting a summoning ritual he’d found in an old book to work. The book had been old enough and authentic-seeming enough to convince him to give it a shot, mostly out of simple curiosity, but the last thing he’d been expecting was for it to actually summon a sex demon from the depths of hell.

But it had, and so Avery was staring across his studio apartment at a genuine succubus. She had simply appeared, manifesting out of the thick, ethereal fog that had formed at the focal point of the ritual he had conducted. Avery couldn’t stop staring at her. The subtle inhumanity of her appearance - the black lips, the blazing, purple eyes, the lilac-tinted skin, the too-long talons at her fingertips - was impossible to ignore, and had him repeatedly doubting his sense and his sanity. But that wasn’t what was truly catching his attention. Even more conspicuous than her demonic nature was how confidently, shamelessly, outrageously oversexualized she was. The succubus’s proportions were simply incredible. Her breasts were impossibly large and impossibly perky for their size, and to call her hips ‘child-bearing’ would have been a complete understatement. She had the kinds of curves Avery had always thought could only exist on girls in pornographic art, but here she was, standing right in front of him. And she wasn’t hiding anything. The succubus wore a flowing robe that came down to her thighs, clasped at the shoulder and belted at the waist. It covered most of her body, but it was made of a light purple silk that was so sheer it might as well not have been there at all. Wearing it somehow made her look more obscene and provocative than if she’d been wearing nothing at all. But there was something else, even more than her brazen display of sensuality, that had Avery staring.

It was her fatness. The succubus was undeniably and unashamedly fat. Every part of her body was soft and plush, from her chubby, breathtaking thighs to her round, plump, inviting belly, to her full, beautiful cheeks and face. Avery wouldn’t have cared to guess at her size or weight, but it was undeniable that she was big. Bigger than him, certainly, not just in size but in height. Avery knew he wasn’t tall, but she towered over him, easily a head taller. As the succubus preened herself a little, running a hand up her body and swaying her hips as she displayed herself to him, Avery’s eyes bulged at the sight of her glorious, curvaceous, inviting form. He’d never believed anyone could look so soft. Every inch of her was curvy and exotic. She looked like she was from a classical painting, but with the shamelessness, eroticism and hedonistic curves of a hentai character. Her scent was already in the air. It was feminine, musky and almost motherly, but with a telltale hint of brimstone and sin underneath. It was already getting in Avery’s head. He was already itching to cross the room and sink his fingers into her luscious fatness, just to see how soft she really was. He was finding it surprisingly hard to hold back.

“You can call me Venexia, master,” the succubus purred, breaking the silence that had settled

over the room. Her knowing smile made it perfectly clear that she'd was aware how Avery was staring at her. Her voice was like honey, and Avery noticed her tongue was split like a serpent's.

"Venexia," Avery repeated breathlessly. He felt like a pervert for it, but he couldn't stop staring at her. Where was he supposed to look? He was so flustered he couldn't remember. Her face? That didn't help. Her devilish, crooked smile and the wicked promise in her eyes was just as overbearing as anything about her body. In fact, her whole presence was simply overwhelming. Even though she was doing little more than standing and speaking, Avery's studio apartment suddenly felt like her throne room.

"That's right, master," Venexia replied, her voice sparkling with amusement. "And you're Avery."

"How--"

"Do you really need to ask?" Venexia giggled. Avery blushed. "Now tell me, master, what *were* you expecting?"

"I, um..." Avery knew what he wanted to say, but he couldn't figure out how to say it without sounding insulting. In the presence of the demon, his tongue was tied. All her words were music, whilst his felt slow and dumb.

"Let me guess," Venexia continued, putting a thoughtful, taloned fingertip on her chin. "A tiny, lithe little thing, as delicate as one of the models and actresses that are so popular in your world?"

Avery found himself sweating under her gaze, but he found he couldn't lie. Her words drew the truth out of him. "I... guess I thought that was what all succubi looked like."

"Of course you did." Venexia giggled again, making Avery blush once more. Fortunately, she didn't sound insulted or disappointed. "You're so silly, master. You mortals can be so creative, yet so unimaginative. What do you think we succubi are demons of?"

"Sex?" Avery ventured, confused.

Venexia grinned from ear to ear, showing rows of razor-sharp, demonic teeth. "Pleasure."

Just the way she said the word made Avery gasp, and made his whole body throb. It was like a magic spell, fogging his mind and leaving his skin sensitive and tingly.

"Pleasure comes in many forms, master," Venexia continued. "So many more forms that you could imagine, in fact. And I never deny myself anything." She gestured down to her body. "You're looking at the form of true temptation and hedonism."

Avery was now sweating bullets. He couldn't help but stare, and there was just so much of her to stare at, and it all looked so sensual, so inviting. There were so many questions he knew he should ask, so many things he knew he should do, but they all evaporated under the heat Venexia was inspiring in his body. It was like her presence alone was switching off all of his brain's higher functions.

"So." As she spoke, Venexia suddenly started advancing on Avery, her impossibly wide hips swinging sensually as she walked. Avery froze, torn between the urge to flee in the face of the demon and the feeling of being frozen to the spot like a deer in headlights. He was supposed to be in charge, but he didn't feel like it. "Master, why have you summoned me? I'm here to make all of your desires come true."

"I... I wanted..." Avery's mouth was dry. Venexia had paused, still a reasonable distance away, but even that was close enough for her presence to be utterly impossible to withstand. "I wanted t-to have sex

with a succubus.”

Venexia laughed; a full, rich sound. “That’s it? Such pure lust! You’re like a horny teenager.”

“I’m not a teenager!” Avery protested, managing to muster some indignation. He knew he was short and that he looked young, and maybe even a little feminine. His coworkers in tech teased him about it often enough. He’d tried growing out his dirty blonde hair a little, to achieve a more mature look, but it clearly hadn’t worked. Still, he didn’t like being infantilized.

“Of course not, master,” Venexia purred. “But still, I admire the purity of your desire. Most mortals summon me with some kind of ludicrous, over-ambitious, hopelessly doomed plan in mind. Such fools.”

“Yeah...” Despite her words, Avery felt faintly embarrassed. It seemed a little foolish that he had summoned Venexia with so little in mind. He hadn’t been sure the ritual would work, and hadn’t really put much thought into what he was going to do if he did. Besides, he’d been going through something of a dry patch, and the idea of having a demonic sex kitten at his personal beck and call and sounded irresistible. Avery had spent an embarrassing amount of time fantasizing about it, and looking up porn and art to fuel his fantasies. Now, though, it was clear he’d gotten more than he’d bargained for.

“However,” Venexia continued. “That does mean I’ve got a little bit of a challenge to deal with.”

“A challenge?”

“I’m not what you were expecting, right?” Venexia took another step forward, and Avery suddenly found himself mere inches away from the surprisingly domineering succubus, forced to crane his neck back to look at her soft, smiling, inhuman face. Still, as uncomfortable as that was, it was better than staring at the succubus’s huge, incredibly shapely tits, now jutting straight into his face. He’d thought he’d been flustered before, but now, at such an intimate distance, he was completely beside himself. The only thing Avery could smell was the rich, musky, perfume scent that Venexia seemed to carry with her. It was intoxicating. The urge to reach out and sink his hands into Venexia’s soft flesh was the only desire left in his mind. The mere thought of it had him twitching, and his nostrils flaring. His whole body was reacting to her presence, his nerves and hormones going haywire. Most of all, his cock was reacting. Avery was barely conscious of it, but in his pants he was already painfully hard. “So, master, I need to make sure you’re not disappointed.”

“Oh... I... um...” Avery spluttered. He was totally unable to formulate words, his mind being hopelessly drawn into a lustful frenzy by the fat succubus.

“Perhaps I don’t need to be worried about that,” Venexia giggled. “I can see you’re already feeling something. Your cock is already nice and hard for me, isn’t it? Don’t try and hide it. I can see that nice big bulge in your pants. That’s good. I’m going to get a lot of use out of it. It’s going to feel incredible, Avery. I’m sure you can already imagine it, throbbing and dripping for me. But I can promise you, the real thing will be so much better.”

It was all Avery could do not to moan at the succubus’s words. More than just offering temptation, they felt as though they were having a physical effect on him. Venexia was just standing there, whispering to him, but he could have sworn he felt her warm breath and skillful tongue on his cock, vivid and pleasurable enough to already bring him dangerously close to the edge. In fact, something similar was happening across his whole body. All over, he felt strangely sensitive, like the slightest touch from the beautiful demon standing before him was all it would take to send him into throes of ecstasy. Intellectually, he knew that he should be on his guard, wary of what kind of cost or price Venexia might be trying to extract in return for the pleasure she was promising. But what was his intellect, in the face of such blinding, overpowering lust?

"That's it," Venexia purred approvingly, her eyes alive with delight. "So pent up, hm? Ready to release all that built-up need the moment I give you permission. But not before, OK? If I'm to show you true pleasure, then I need you to surrender to me. Understand?"

"But... but..." Something about that didn't seem right to Avery.

"Oh, I know," Venexia agreed sympathetically. "You're my summoner. My master. So you should be in charge, shouldn't you? But, you see master, that's exactly what I mean. Of course you're the one with the power here. That's why your pleasure is all that matters. But, for me to give you the pleasure you so richly deserve, I need you to allow me to take the driving seat. You can do that, can't you master? Since you're so strong, and so powerful. And since you so deserve all that pleasure I'm just longing to give you." Venexia's voice rose, becoming almost a moan. "I can give that to you master. I can make all your wet dreams come true, and I just need you to do one little thing for me first: I need you to surrender to me."

Avery nodded eagerly, before he could muster the willpower to stop himself. He barely knew what he was agreeing to, but he knew he needed something that only Venexia could give him, and in that moment getting it was more important to him than anything else in the world.

"Good boy!" Avery was unable to suppress a low moan at Venexia's praise. It made him feel like a pet. Was he still in charge? "I'll hold you to that. But you won't regret it, I promise you. I'm going to show you exactly what a demon like me is capable of, Avery." As she spoke, Venexia started running her hands over her own body, squeezing and groping in all the most suggestive places. The display had Avery shivering with raw need. The way her long, taloned fingers sank into her own flesh made it extremely clear just how soft and plush her curvy body was. Just imagining it was sending Avery into a feral, primal state of unrestrained arousal, especially since Venexia's enchanted words were still teasing and caressing his cock. He felt like he was close to the point of shooting his load all over himself - and Venexia still hadn't laid a finger on him.

"Now," Venexia continued, with a flourish and a pointed grin. "Do you want to touch me?"

"Yes!" Avery replied instantly, with the eagerness of a schoolboy. "God, yes. Please, please, please!" He almost tripped over his own words in desperation. He wasn't totally sure why he needed her permission so much, or why he was letting her tease him like this, but that didn't matter compared to how incredible his body was feeling.

"Oh?" Venexia made a perfect 'o' with her mouth, feigning surprise. "You want to touch this?" Once again, she caressed her own plump, luscious form, using one fingertip to part her sheer, silken robe a little and trace a set of little spirals across her stomach.

"Please," Avery whimpered. He didn't know what had come over him. In no time at all, his surprise at the succubus's unexpected appearance had given way to pure, simple desire. Avery didn't consider himself shallow, but he'd never really had a thing for fat girls before. He'd always tacitly assumed they weren't really his type. Now, he was rapidly reevaluating that stance. His mind addled by Venexia's demonic aura, he couldn't imagine anything sexier, more attractive or more perfect than the succubus standing before him.

"Then..." Venexia began, drawing out her sentence just to torture Avery with the anticipation. "Go right ahead."

Avery moved faster than he ever had in his life. Without sparing a thought for his own dignity, he threw himself forward, thinking of nothing but how good it would feel to bury himself in Venexia's soft, fat curves. He planted his face in her bosom, pressing through the practically non-existent material of her robe to smother himself with her huge, breathtaking tits. At the same time, he pressed both of his palms into her big, round belly, groping her soft flesh over and over again and marveling at how her softness felt under his fingertips. Venexia let out a low, satisfied moan that turned into a naughty, lustful giggle.

“Oh my!” the succubus purred. “You certainly are eager!”

Avery didn't reply. He could barely hear her. He was lost in a world of his own, all his senses drowning in the scent and the feel of Venexia's alluring form. She was so soft! Avery had never imagined anything or anyone could feel so soft. Touching her, embracing her, was like sinking into the softest, warmest, most comfortable bed in the world. He wanted to keep touching her forever. He knew he'd never be satisfied with her body. He'd always want more. Venexia was nothing like any of the women Avery had been with before, and now he was cursing herself for having missed out. His hands kept groping, kept moving around her body to explore more and more of her wondrous, rolling curves. She felt so incredibly sexual, and so unbelievably feminine. As he started to shamelessly kiss and lick at her breasts, his hands started to reach down, stretching around her body to grope her ass. The way his hands sank into her massive, fat, round ass had Avery moaning in disbelief. He couldn't believe how hot she was. The infectious, corrupting magic of Venexia's presence was rapidly infiltrating his mind and rewiring his desires and his preferences, confirming what his senses were already telling him: Venexia was the hottest being imaginable. Before long, he found himself humping against one of Venexia's smooth, round, perfectly-formed thighs, driven so far into lust he couldn't bring himself to stop and take his pants off. But clearly, he didn't need to. Almost instantly, the intense overstimulation of burying himself in Venexia's soft body had him on the very edge, and in no time at all, he came.

“Oh!” Avery grunted as he felt himself pumping his cum all over himself. From above him, Venexia giggled, and Avery felt his cheeks burning with shame. He hadn't meant to cum so quickly. But then he realized that, while pleasurable, his orgasm hadn't brought with it the usual sense of completion and release. Moreover, his cock was still just as rock-hard as it had been moments before, and showed no signs of becoming softer. Avery's brow furrowed, confused.

“Clearly you've never been in the presence of a succubus before,” Venexia commented, amused. “It'll take more than that to satisfy either of us, I can assure you.”

One the one hand, Avery was grateful to hear he hadn't made a complete fool of himself. On the other, he started whining with frustration at the lack of release. Far from being a climax, his orgasm was driving him to fresh heights of need. His body was crying out for more, and there was no way he could resist his desires now. He was utterly hooked on Venexia.

“Now now,” Venexia chided, as Avery started humping against her once again. “Have a little patience. I have so much more to show you.”

Reluctantly, Avery pulled away. He didn't want to stop, and he couldn't bear to be separated from Venexia's body for even a moment, but he was also powerless to resist her suggestions. He felt like a mere puppet in the face of her magnificence and power. All notions of being in control were forgotten.

“Good boy,” Venexia purred, making Avery moan once more. “Why don't you take everything off for me?”

Avery moved so fast he was practically tearing his clothes off of himself. In no time at all, he was naked. Venexia took a moment to survey his body, her glowing, inhuman eyes gleaming with lust and approval. Avery felt a little embarrassed under her gaze, but mostly he just longed to be back within her grasp. Now that he was separated from her again, he was once again able to stare at her and admire her incredible body. Having experienced her curves first-hand, he was now in a position to appreciate just how perfect she was. He was in awe. Her domineering height and alluring size. Her massive tits. Her soft stomach and curvy form. Her impossibly wide hips and huge, jaw-dropping ass. Avery was a slave to her body. He needed it as much as he needed air.

“How about we head over there?” Venexia suggested, gesturing towards the double bed in one corner of Avery's studio apartment. Eyes widening, he nodded his head rapidly and eagerly led the way. Venexia followed. “Good,” she said. “Let me just take this off.”

With little more than shrug, the succubus sent her sheer, lilac robe cascading to the floor. Then, for the first time, she set her feet apart and spread her legs. Avery's eyes went wide as he saw what sprang out from between her legs, previously concealed by the folds of her robe and the softness of her own body. It was a cock, just as big and fat as every other part of her. Avery was shocked. It was the last thing he had expected. At first, he wasn't sure how he felt about it, but the enchanting effect of Venexia's presence was already at work in his addled mind. He quickly found himself staring at the succubus's dick, mouth watering, eyes locked on a small drop of precum slowly dripping from the end of her massive shaft.

"As we established, I'm not what you were expecting," Venexia giggled. "Like what you see?"

"Yes," Avery answered automatically. It was true. The sight of her big, hard dick already had his body throbbing with all kinds of unfamiliar desires. But nonetheless, he had a few concerns. "But... um... I..."

"Don't worry," Venexia purred. "I know what you're thinking, and you don't need to be concerned. You can look, and you can *definitely touch*, but I'm not going to make you do anything more than that. I like being on the receiving end."

Avery nodded, and breathed a small sigh of relief.

"You're going to fuck my ass," Venexia continued, grinning wildly. "But don't think that means I'm not gonna be on top. Get on the bed."

Avery quickly obeyed, his body moving of its own accord to follow Venexia's commands. As he climbed onto his bed, he was already fantasizing about how having sex with Venexia was going to feel. He'd never fucked a girl's ass before, but he knew that anything involving Venexia was bound to be better than anything he could possibly imagine. Once he was lying on his back, propped up on his elbows, it was the demon's turn to crawl onto the bed. The sight of the chubby, incredibly sexy succubus crawling towards him with a predator's grin on her face filled Avery's body with heat. His cock was still painfully hard, but he resisted the urge to reach down and start touching himself. He knew it wasn't what Venexia would want, and beside, he wanted to take pleasure from her body, not his own hand. Venexia quickly straddled Avery, raising herself up on her knees. Avery was trembling in arousal and awe as he stared up at the powerful succubus, now towering over him. From that position, he could admire all the soft curves and rolls of her body - her hips, spread on either side of him, her belly, hanging in the air over his, and the undersides of her massive tits, her dark nipples swollen and hard. Between her legs, her huge, hard cock was jutting out in front of her, its warm, throbbing head resting on Avery's stomach. Compared to her, Avery felt so weak and insignificant. Suddenly, it seemed so foolish that he had ever imagined he could be in control. He was a mere mortal, whilst she was a radiant, dark goddess of pleasure and lust. He had never stood a chance.

"Are you ready?" Venexia asked, slowly trailing a fingertip along her bottom lip and extending her serpentine tongue.

"Yes!" Avery answered quickly. He had never been more ready. His body was burning with lust and need. He'd never wanted anything more than he wanted to fuck Venexia's ass.

"Are you sure?" Venexia suddenly plunged forwards, bracing herself against the bed with her hands when her face was just inches away from Avery's. Avery was transfixed by her glowing, infernal eyes boring into his as she spoke. "The pleasure of fucking a succubus can break minds. Ruin bodies. I will take something from you, Avery. I will drain your energy from you. I will use you and milk you until I'm finished, however long it takes, and you won't be able to stop me. You won't even want to. The moment your cock gets inside me, you'll be a mind-fucked little pleasure slave to my ass. Is that what you want, mortal? Is that what you want me to do to you, just for a little pleasure?"

Once again, Avery felt Venexia's words like a physical force on his body, caressing him and

stimulating him all over. Each word was dripping with sensual promise, beckoning him to give in and sacrifice himself at the altar of Venexia's divine body. Despite Venexia's warnings, he couldn't resist. He was already her slave. "Yes."

Venexia raised herself up again, and laughed. Her whole body jiggled and heaved pleasingly as her laughter rang in the air. "Of course you do. So, what are we waiting for?"

The fat succubus reached around and slipped her hand around Avery's cock. He gasped at the contact, once again already on the edge of orgasm just from the way her skillful fingers were moving across his skin. But that was nothing compared to the pleasure that was to come, as she maneuvered herself above his shaft and started easing her ass onto his cock. Avery moaned so loud he was practically screaming as he felt his cock being engulfed by Venexia's warm, tight hole. Venexia took only a moment to allow Avery's dick to slowly sink into her before she simply lowered her weight onto his body, burying his cock to the hilt in her butt. He gasped. She was so incredibly tight. Fucking her ass was totally different to any of the sexual experiences he'd had before. He could feel her muscles at work, milking him all the way along the length of his shaft as Venexia started raising and lowering herself in a steady rhythm, riding his dick with an expression of wild lust on her face. Avery came straight away. He just couldn't hold back. After his quick performance before, he'd been bracing himself, but the pleasure he felt from the succubus's ass was simply overwhelming. It was more than he possibly could have been prepared for. But, as before, even as he felt his balls churn, pumping spurt after spurt of cum into Venexia's welcome ass, the pleasure he received didn't quite satisfy him the way an orgasm normally would. His dick remained just as hard, just as sensitive, and just as desperate for true release.

"Good boy!" Venexia moaned as he came. Her sounds of pleasure were like music to Avery's ears. "Give it all to me! Just remember, you're not done until I am."

Avery was powerless to resist or argue back. Pinned beneath Venexia's huge thighs, he could do nothing but lie back, moan, and let the succubus ride him to her heart's content. She was steadily increasing her pace, fucking him harder and harder, driving his cock deeper and deeper into her ass. Her moans were growing louder too, filling the room as they started to devolve into rough, undeniably inhuman growls and howls. She reached down, resting her hands on Avery's chest and raking her claws across his skin, leaving bright red marks and making him howl too. The pain made his overstimulated brain spike with pleasure and he came yet again, filling Venexia with more cum than he'd known he could possibly produce, but it still wasn't enough to satisfy him. He was reaching painful levels of sensitivity of desperation, but Venexia obviously didn't care. She was clearly determined to milk him for everything she had.

"Feeling good yet?" she mocked, without breaking her pace.

"Yes!" Avery moaned, practically incoherent. "Feels... so... good... your... ass... ah!"

Venexia giggled wickedly. "I guess that's not what you were expecting either, huh? You probably thought you'd be fucking a succubus's pussy right now."

Avery nodded. It was true.

"Allow me to let you in on a little secret," Venexia said, winking. "I used to be an incubus."

For what felt like forever, Venexia kept riding Avery, pounding herself up and down on his cock with her powerful thighs. Time lost all meaning to Avery. He was lost in a haze of pure, intoxicating pleasure. He came over and over again, but never found the release he was so craving. Somehow, thanks the succubus's magic, no matter how many times he orgasmed, his cum never ran dry. He was cumming more than he ever had before in his life, and before long it was dripping out of Venexia's ass and onto his body. Venexia was dripping too, her huge, throbbing cock grinding against Avery and leaving a trail of thick precum on his skin. But that was all; she still hadn't cum. The succubus's endurance was incredible. She kept fucking Avery's dick without any sign of tiring. If anything, she seemed to be invigorated by the pleasure, her movements growing

wilder and more wanton by the moment. She was flushed all over, and the heady scent of her body was stronger than ever, and the way she was riding Avery made her whole body jiggle and throb. It was hypnotic. Avery couldn't keep his hands off of her. He kept reaching out to grope her soft, inviting belly, his fingers sinking into her tender flesh and making her moan all the more. She clearly enjoyed it, and Avery did too. There was something so deeply erotic about her fat, plush, luscious form, and being able to touch it and explore it as he wished was driving Avery crazy.

But, as good as fucking Venexia felt, Avery knew it couldn't last for ever. More and more, as time wore on, his desperation for a true orgasm started to eclipse everything else. It wasn't long before he was whining and groaning with need. "Please!" he begged, knowing that only with Venexia's permission could he get relief. "Please... need... to cum."

"Oh?" Venexia teased, without slowing her rhythm. "I already told you, Avery. You don't get to cum until I do."

"Please!" Avery pleaded again. He was beyond reason.

Venexia laughed, seeming to take joy in his ragged desperation. Her eyes were alive with cruel hedonism, and her long, snake-like tongue was extending far out of her mouth. She was visibly salivating with glee. "Then you better try harder, mortal."

The mere suggestion of the possibility of relief was like a red rag to a bull for Avery. Adrenaline delivered fresh strength to his limbs, and with a loud grunt he reached down to take a firm grip on Venexia's soft, magnificent hips, and started thrusting his own hips up to meet them, matching Venexia's rhythm thrust for thrust. The succubus moaned loudly, delighted by his eagerness to please. Avery could feel his cock reaching deeper inside her than ever before. It felt incredible, and Venexia's responses made it clear that she was feeling it too. Avery loved the way his body felt as though it was sinking into hers, the chubbiness of her thighs pressing into him every time she pressed down onto his dick. It spurred his efforts, driving him into a frenzy as he tried to fuck her hard and harder, faster and faster. He needed to make her cum.

"Yes! That's it!" Venexia moaned. "I didn't know you had it in you, mortal. I'm getting close!" She started using her hands to grope herself just as Avery had been groping her before, massaging her belly and teasing her nipples between her fingertips.

Avery kept going, moaning and grunting like an animal, his muscles were already almost at their limits, but he ignored them. He needed to keep fucking the succubus. Harder. Faster. That was all that mattered.

"Are you ready?" Venexia asked, her voice filled with pleasure. "Are you ready to cum? Are you ready for me to drain you?"

"Yes!" Avery screamed. Nothing else mattered. He didn't care about the consequences.

"Good." The succubus was starting to lose control of her voice too. It was obvious she was nearing climax. "Now... cum!"

The moment she spoke the command, Venexia's big, demonic cock started to throb like never before. At the same time, Avery felt the muscles in her ass tighten around his cock. He was ecstatic. This was it. Venexia's otherwise calm, dominant demeanor shattered for a moment and, as she moaned and screamed her pleasure without restraint, she came. The first spurt from her cock delivered a huge load of succubus cum all over Avery's chest, some of it even reaching his face. Her second spurt produced, if anything, even more. After that, though Avery came, and lost all awareness. The dam inside him finally broke and he let loose one last massive load, finally experiencing the almighty orgasm he had been so craving. He saw white. No pleasure he'd ever experienced before in his life even came close, and he knew none ever would. In that moment, his mind

was truly blank, shattered by exhaustion and over-stimulation. He forgot his name. He forgot where he was. He forgot everything, except the transcendent pleasure the succubus was bringing him. It was perfect.

But, all too soon, the pleasure started to ebb away, replaced by a cold awareness of what had happened. Avery realized he could feel something else happening to his body. Something far more unnerving. He felt drained. Not merely physically worn out, but drained on every level, physical and mental. Shocked, he remembered exactly what he had agreed to. He had agreed to let Venexia take whatever she wanted from him, and now she was. Avery froze as he realized how serious the consequences might be. But then, his shock was replaced by awe as he noticed what was happening to Venexia: she was growing. As his energy flowed into her, parts of the succubus's body started to shift and expand. She was converting his energy into physical form, using it to fuel her transformation. Avery wouldn't have believed it was possible, but she was somehow growing even hotter and even more magnificent than before. The growth was concentrated on her tits, her hips and her ass, her figure becoming even more cartoonishly oversexualized, but it affected the rest of her too. Her whole body lengthened, making her taller by an inch or two. Her hair and horns grew too, becoming significantly longer right before Avery's eyes. And all over her body, as Avery became weaker and weaker, she became even softer and even chubbier, her body shifting to become even more shamelessly hedonistic in every single way. Avery longed to reach out and touch her, to see how incredible she would feel now, but he couldn't. He didn't have the strength. He wasn't sure how much of his energy she was taking, but he knew he didn't have much left. Avery closed his eyes. Was she going to take everything from him?

"There, that's enough, I think."

Without warning, the flow of energy stopped. Avery opened his eyes again, to see Venexia dismounting him and climbing off the bed, her now-even bigger cock slowly starting to soften.

"What?" she asked, bemused. "Did you really think I was going to drain you dry?" His expression must have spoken volumes, because after a moment she added: "I'm not that kind of girl. You mortals are far, far too much fun to be treated as mere disposable toys. Speaking of which... you got what you wanted, mortal, so I'll be taking my leave now. I know you're feeling a little exhausted right now, but your strength will return. And, if you ever feel like doing this again, well, you know how to summon me."

A cloud of dark purple smoke suddenly rose from the floor to engulf the fat succubus, and within moments, she was gone. Now alone, Avery could do nothing more than lie there on his bed for a few moments, dumbstruck. He could barely make sense of what had happened to him. It had all been so fast, and so overwhelming. But there was one thing he knew for sure: once he was ready, he was definitely going to try summoning Venexia again.

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