

## **Balloon Magic (Inflation)**

Candles flickered around the summoning circle, throwing wild shadows across the walls.

Outside, owls hooted. Bats screeched. Branches, or possibly the fingers of some terrifying specter, clawed against the window. (It was probably branches.)

Back inside, Mandy rubbed her hands with an evil grin. “God, I’m so fucking smart. I can’t believe no-one else thought of this.”

On her desk, the grimoire’s pages fluttered in an unearthly wind. Picking it up, she flipped through it, brow furrowing with the effort of decoding its arcane runes. (She’d found the ebook on 4chan and had it printed by a local press for the aesthetics.)

It didn’t take long to find the page she wanted: its weathered faux-vellum bore the image of a curvaceous woman with red skin and curling horns and a pointy tail that wouldn’t have been out of place in a 1920s cartoon. The tattoo over its womb, on the other hand, was straight out of a modern doujin, and seeing it made Mandy bite her lip with lust. Fuck, this was *such* a good idea. Way better than a one-night stand.

Double-checking the door was locked and none of her fellow sorority sisters would interrupt the summoning, she approached the circle, book in hand. As she reached the edge, however, she felt a strange sense of vertigo, as if she’d walked all the way to the edge of a cliff and was only the merest inch from falling off. A lesser soul might have turned away at this, but Mandy was way too cool for that shit. Raising the book, she cleared her throat, took a deep breath, and spoke the dread incantation: “Oh *succ* me!”

Supposedly this was Akkadian.

The candles went out. The circle caught fire. The shadows shrouding the corners of the room swelled till they encircled her. A terrible tension afflicted the air, making each new breath a little harder, till she felt like she was sucking down syrup. Her TV cracked, though it had always been pretty shitty.

Smoke rose from the circle, rose and filled the room and plumed under the ceiling in a thousand tenebrous tendrils, and from its stygian depths stretched a sinister silhouette.

Mandy dropped her grimoire with a gasp. “Oh my God, I did it. I did it. I didn’t think it was real!” Heart pounding, she scrambled forward, sweeping aside the smoke. “Come on, let me take a look at you, you sexy piece of—”

A stream of water squirted her face. She stumbled back with a squeal, struggling to wipe it off. “What the fuck?!”

“Ohohohoho!” cried a high-pitched, helium-grade voice. “No swearing!”

A spotlight snapped on, shining from the ceiling, and just like that, the smoke became a dramatic fog. As Mandy stared in shock, it parted to reveal—

Well. They had the red skin, that was for certain. And the horns, and the tail, and the tattoo.

But what they also had was a clown outfit, complete with giant shoes and a big red nose, and Mandy would be lying if she said this didn't spoil their sex appeal a little.

The clown squeezed the aforementioned nose, making it squeak. "That's right, it's me, Blowjob the Clown! Everybody's favorite infernal entertainer!" She squeaked her nose again. "Ohohoho!"

"What the fuck?!" Mandy stared at her. "What the *fuck?!?*"

The succubus or clown or whatever the fuck she was put her hands on her hips. "Hey, didn't you hear me say 'no swearing', Miss Potty Mouth?"

"Who the fuck are *you?!?* I wanted a succubus! Not a clown!"

"Well, gee, isn't someone grumpy? As it happens, I *am* a succubus. It's just, like, I'm a clown too. (What? It's a valid fetish.)" When Mandy didn't laugh, she frowned. "Lady, you look like you need a little laughter in your life. Why don't you take a seat and let me entertain you?"

Mandy grit her teeth. "I don't want to be entertained! I wanted a hot lesbian demon to eat me out!"

Blowjob the Clown wrung her hands. "Well why didn't you say so? I do birthdays *and* weddings, you know?" She winked at the camera.

Mandy studied her for a second, looking for some sign of deceit. "...Alright," she said at last, lowering herself to the bed. "But no funny business."

Blowjob the Clown didn't seem very amused by that.

Dropping her panties, Mandy lay back and spread her legs. She wasn't especially wet – face aside – but hell, wasn't that how half of her sexual encounters started? Still, she couldn't help but wince a little as the succubus-cum-clown marched towards her, shoes squeaking with every step.

Lowering herself to her knees, Blowjob rubbed her hands with a smile. "Alright, here we go..."

Mandy closed her eyes. "This better be goooooood—! Nnnn! Nnnah!" The clown's tongue in her cunt felt better than it had any right to. Gasping, she clasped the covers, whimpering as it danced inside her. "Oh God!"

Blowjob wrenched her head back and took a deep breath. When she resumed, it was even more intense. Mandy wanted to scream. "M-more!"

Blowjob drew back for another deep gulp of air.

“M-more!” cried Mandy, as the clown licked and lapped and generally treated her pussy like a dog bowl. “Mooooore!”

Blowjob chuckled darkly. Pulling back, she sucked in another breath, and this time, it was a *really* deep breath, making her boobs swell like the throat of a frog.

Slamming her lips back into Mandy’s sex, she exhaled.

Mandy shrieked. In an instant, every square inch of her skin felt so taut it could tear. Eyes snapping open, she squealed to see her belly swelling, stretching the fabric of her blouse tight around it. “Wh-what the fuck are—?!”

Blowjob squirted her with her flower again.

As Mandy squealed, the clown took another yet another breath and forced it into her, making her stomach creak as it ballooned.

“What the fuck are you doing to me?!” Mandy struggled to stand, but her growing sphere of a gut made it impossible. Lifting her up off the bed, it stretched wider and wider, forcing her arms and her legs apart and leaving her hands flapping uselessly. “Stop!”

“Oh, put a cork in it,” said Blowjob. She snapped her fingers, and the relevant object plugged Mandy’s mouth tight. She shook, her eyes wide and her cheeks red.

“Mmmphf! Mmmphf!”

By the end of Blowjob’s next breath, Mandy’s bloated body stretched from one end of the bed to the other and spilled out the sides, as wide as it was tall, not that the bed’s dimensions really mattered now she was floating a foot or more above it.

“Almost dooone~!”

“Mmmphf!”

Blowjob’s lips met her labia one final time, and as the clown’s breath rushed through her, Mandy screwed up her eyes and squirmed, fighting to resist the pressure of the air against her skin. She creaked like an old ship, feeling she’d burst at any second.

Finally, her head hit the ceiling – she filled her room, a giant balloon of a woman, and all she could do was float there and whimper.

With a smug grin, Blowjob conjured a pair of band-aids and a long piece of string. The former, she placed on Mandy’s sex, sealing it tight. The latter she tied around her clit. And gave a hard yank, just for good measure.

“Mmmphf! Mmmphf!”

“Yeah, yeah, it’s a tired joke.” Blowjob the Clown rolled her eyes. “Just be happy I didn’t make you a balloon dog.”