

Blow-cubus

Miguel's cock strained in his pants as he slammed the dusty grimoire onto his desk. Blowing away the thick layer of dust that coated its cover, he marveled at the complex sigils adorning it before biting his lip and making his move. The spellbook's spine creaked as he opened it.

Vellum rustled as he flipped through the pages, eyes darting to-and-fro as he poured over the spiralling script. The more he turned, the faster his heart pounded. Sweat dripped from his brow to land on the book below.

Finally, he found it hidden halfway through the book. 'How to Summon a Succubus, for Dummies' read the page's title. Reading it, he actually moaned. *God*, he was so horny.

Scanning the page's instructions, he nodded along. A circle? Yes, he could do that. An incantation? Sure, that was fine. Blood? Well, he was a little squeamish... But he was sure ketchup would do right? Who was going to notice?

Leaving the book open on his desk, he set to work.

Five minutes later, he was ready to start the summoning. He had the incantation memorized, some candles for atmosphere, and a circle of 'blood' all drawn on the floor. Heart pounding, he approached it. He couldn't wait to get her lips around his cock.

Taking a deep breath, he started to chant.

As the strange syllables of the incantations rolled out of his mouth and danced through the air, a strange pressure afflicted the chamber. He hadn't bothered to shut the curtains, yet somehow it was dark, with only the candles to provide illumination. Sensing this, he found his brow dripping sweat, yet he forced himself to chant on.

With every word that passed through his lips, the room grew darker, the atmosphere heavier. The candle flames flickered, as if in the wind. In the distance, Miguel made out a strange sound, like a scream echoing from deep inside a cave.

At last, he spoke the final syllable. There was a flash and a terrible bang. Smoke filled the room. Miguel stumbled backward, hacking and coughing.

In the midst of the smoke, he saw something rising: something curvy and horny and with a pair of bat's wings.

Miguel's jaw dropped. Precum spurted from his cock.

As he stared, a voice crooned from the smoke, a voice so seductive he felt it in his balls. He gasped and grabbed his belt, struggling to get his pants off.

Slowly, like a pair of stage curtains, the smoke parted. Revealed was the succubus Miguel had been wishing for: a pink-skinned woman with an incomparable hourglass. Her boobs

were perfectly round, perfectly firm in her corset, while her thighs were the thickest he'd ever seen.

Her eyes caught his own and dropped, all the way down to the bulge in his boxers. She licked her lips and fell to her knees, crawling, boobs shaking, across the floor towards him.

"Are you the man who summoned me?" she asked, voice like honey.

Miguel was sweating like a pig on vacation in the tropics. He managed to nod, despite himself.

"Mmm~,," she said, "it's been so long since I've been out of the Pit. It's not often that someone summons a blowcubus."

A record needle scratched in Miguel's head. "A what?"

The demon blinked. "A blowcubus," she repeated. "Surely you know what one is? Didn't you summon me?"

"I was trying to summon a succubus!" said Miguel.

"Then *why*," snapped the blowcubus, "did you use ketchup for your summoning circle?"

Miguel opened his mouth to answer and closed it without speaking.

The blowcubus grinned, baring fangs. "Well, it doesn't matter now," she said, "I'm here, and I'm not going away till I get my payment, understand?"

Miguel shivered as she dragged herself up his legs. She didn't stop till her mouth was hanging over his crotch.

She smiled at him. "Do you want to know what the difference between a succubus and a blowcubus is?" she asked.

"Wh-what?" he asked feebly.

The blowcubus grinned, drew in a deep breath, and blew it out again, right in his face. Miguel winced as it ruffled his hair.

"Now," said the demon, "let's begin~."

And with a pair of sharp-clawed hands, she tore away his boxers, exposing the rock-hard erection hiding beneath. "Mmm~, so big," she said, tracing its length with her finger. Miguel shuddered as a wave of ecstasy rolled through his form.

Squeezing his cock so tight that he squealed, the blowcubus drew in a deep breath and wrapped her mouth around his shaft. Miguel moaned as the feeling of her lips--so wet, around his manhood--at her tongue teasing the tip of his shaft. "Do it!" he cried.

The blowcubus smiled.

Only, instead of sucking hard and pulling her lips back, the blowcubus *blew* the breath she'd been holding straight down his cock, as if it were the nozzle of a pool toy.

Miguel gasped as he felt the air shoot down his shaft and stop in her stomach. All of a sudden, he felt a little bloated.

"H-hey!" he said, as the blowcubus pulled away from his cock and drew in another breath. "What are you--?"

Before he could finish, her mouth struck his cock again. He moaned as her lips slid all the way down his shaft. Before he could catch his own breath, she blew.

Miguel moaned aloud as the air shot down his shaft, pumping up his stomach into a little hill beneath his shirt. Staring at it, he gasped in horror. "What are you doing to me?"

The blowcubus raised her head, gave him a wink, and snapped her fingers. All of a sudden, Miguel found his mouth plugged by a big plastic nozzle. "Mmmphf!" he wailed, as the blowcubus went back for more.

For the next ten minutes, he could only lie there struggling as the blowcubus fellated him in the strangest way imaginable. Drawing in breath after breath, she wrapped her lips around his cock, and blew the air straight down his shaft and up into his belly.

With each blow, Miguel moaned as his stomach grew a little fuller, a little bigger, a little tighter, more bloated. As he stared, it pushed up his shirt, exposing the curve of his belly.

After her fiftieth or so breath, the blowcubus put her hand on his bulging belly and give it a little rub. It had swollen into a giant, inflated sphere, as large as a beach ball and equally bouncy.

Placing her hands on his prodigious sides, she gave him a squeeze and giggled at the squeak he made. With that, she took another deep breath and went back to blowing.

As her lips wrapped tight around his shaft, Miguel could do nothing more than wave his hands feebly. He wanted nothing more than to scream, but his mouth was plugged as tight as could be. Desperate, he tried to leap to his feet and run, but his bloating belly had lifted his limbs up into the air, and now there was nothing he could do but flail them feebly.

Breath after breath, the blowcubus blew him, and breath after breath, Miguel's stomach grew bigger. Soon it was twice the size of a beach ball, so big his room could barely hold it, and the strain of the air inside him was incredible. He wanted to whimper.

"Enjoying yourself, big boy?" said the blowcubus, between breaths. When he gave a muffled moan, she laughed and went back to blowing him.

A few breaths later, Miguel's sides were pressed painfully against the walls of his room. As the demon blew into him again, he heard the squeak of his stomach straining and the *rrrip* of his shirt tearing. Just as he thought he would burst, some of the excess gas spilled into his upper arms and legs. He squealed and flailed them futilely as they started to inflate too.

A handful of big breaths later, and Miguel's arms and legs had grown into a quartet of fat spheres, his upper and lower limbs blown up so big that they'd become indistinguishable from each other. Worse, he could feel the air entering his hands and feet as well. Even as he watched, his palms started to bulge out.

"Almost there!" said the blowcubus, hidden somewhere beneath his bulk.

Miguel moaned.

With a giggle, the blowcubus resumed blowing, and his hands squeaked and bulged into a pair of fat orbs, while his feet followed suit down below. Miguel groaned as his fingers started tingling. He stared, eyes quivering in their sockets, as his digits bloated one by one into a line of fat sausages, each popping into fullness in sequence.

Down below, the blowcubus laughed at the sound.

As she stuck his cock back into her mouth, Miguel's body groaned. He'd turned from a normal man into a massive sphere of swollen flesh, an inflatable planet orbited by five smaller moons. And he felt so *full*--he felt as if he would burst at any moment.

Despite his ominous creaking, the blowcubus continued to blow. And with each blow she blew, his body creaked a little louder. The air, with nowhere else left to go, went the only place it could: the penis and balls hanging sadly down below.

As the air started to settle in his cock and testicles, Miguel moaned louder than ever before. He could feel them straining as they inflated, growing larger with the second as the flow of air stretched them. It should hurt so bad, but instead it felt so good. Soon his cock was like a big flesh baguette, his balls like balloons, and Miguel was on the very edge of orgasm.

And still the blowcubus continued to blow.

Stop... Miguel thought as his genitals doubled in size with her breath. *Please, stop!* The blowcubus blew again, straining to fit his cock in her mouth. His nuts were like a pair of beach balls, inflated almost to bursting. *Stop it!*

The little flame that had been growing in Miguel's groin ever since he'd picked up the grimoire had grown to the point he could barely resist it. It felt so good--in spite of everything, he was shuddering in ecstasy. *S-stop...*

Unaware of, or ignoring, his silent pleas, the blowcubus blew again, puffing up Miguel's cock to a full meter in length, the fire raging in his groin suddenly surged out of control. He squealed through his plug, flapping his swollen arms feebly. His giant cock spasmed and shook, bulging veins throbbing and pulsing.

At last, with a final groan, Miguel came.

As the blowcubus's lips touched his cock again, a stream of semen went shooting up its length and out its tip into her mouth. She moaned and sucked for the first time so far, drawing every last drop down her throat and sucking some more till she was certain she had all of it. By the time she was finished, his balls even looked a little smaller again.

With a sigh of delight, the blowcubus pulled away, pausing to lick up a final drop of the cum dribbling down her chin.

"Mmm~, thanks a bunch," she said, giving his fat cock a pat. Miguel didn't hear her--he was too busy stewing in the ecstasy of his orgasm.

"Well, I've drunk your cum, so I guess I should be going," said the blowcubus. "Enjoy your new form. Maybe some hot chicks will play a game of volleyball with you. Or maybe some kids'll use you as a bouncy castle." She laughed. "Either way, have fun." And giving him a final slap on the inflated shank, she hopped back into the circle of 'blood' and vanished in a brief flash of flame.

Lying there, his bloated body creaking, Miguel could only groan feebly.