

The Succubus's Mark (Absorption, Expansion, Femboyification, Konosuba)

Kazuma threw himself back into the chair with a sigh of relief, put his feet up on the table, and snapped his fingers impatiently. "Hey, I'm waiting," he said, when this failed to produce immediate results. "Where's my 'menu'?"

A moment passed in silence. As one, the café's succubi shared a look of consternation. *Go on*, it seemed to say. You *tell him*.

Kazuma didn't pick up on this, of course. "Come on," he said, snapping his fingers again. "I've been waiting all day for this." It was true—he'd spent the entire day trailing Darkness through town, watching her slutty buttcheeks bounce, and it had gotten him more pent-up than ever. If he didn't do something to empty his balls, he was going to have an ocean of a wet dream later.

Finally, the tension in the air broke with an audible snap. "I'm so sorry," said one of the succubi, stepping forward. "I'm afraid we can't offer you our normal services tonight."

Kazuma scowled. "Eh? And why's that?" he asked.

The succubus smiled demurely. "I'm afraid all of our employers are fully booked for the evening."

"Already?" asked Kazuma. "But you only just opened!"

"Already," said the succubus, smiling politely. "I'm so sorry."

The door struck the wall with a crash as Dust flew into the café—instantly, a succubus ran to his side, guided him into a booth, and handed him a menu. He practically squealed in delight as he filled out the form.

Kazuma squinted. "Already?"

"Already," the succubus repeated. "However, to make up for it, we have a very special alternative we can offer you."

Kazuma raised an eyebrow. "Oh, yeah? And what's that...?"

The succubus smiled ever so faintly.

Marching through the streets in the typical stride of the comically erect, Kazuma grit his teeth and mumbled to himself, feeling as stiffed as he was stiff. The alternative the succubus had offered him turned out to be a kind of temporary tattoo, enchanted. So long as he wore it, it would grant him 'great sexual prowess'. Which sounded like a massive lie to him, but maybe, since it had come from the succubi, there was some truth to it? There had to be, right?

As the sticker flapped in his hand, Kazuma felt a sudden urge to fling it into the wind. If it was compensation, why had he paid the full 5000 eris for it?!

Slamming the doors of the mansion behind him, he made his way straight to his room, intending to jack off as hard as he could then settle down for a frustratingly calm night's sleep.

His hand tightened on the sticker. What a complete waste of—

He turned the corner and slammed cockfirst into something soft and squishy.

"A-ah! K-Kazuma!" With a gasp, Yunyun spun to face him, struggling to pull her skirt down. Her eyes dropped to his crotch and snapped instantly to the wall. Blushing, she tugged her skirt down a little harder.

"Y-Yunyun," said Kazuma, blushing even harder. "What are you doing here?" Forget about Darkness's ass—what about Yunyun's tits? Fuck, they were so big. And it wasn't like she did anything to conceal them.

Yunyun traced his gaze to her cleavage and blushed even harder. "M-Megumin invited me. We're going to take a short trip to our hometown together."

"That's right," said Megumin, pushing Yunyun out of the way. "Try not to do anything *too* stupid while we're gone."

Huffing, Kazuma brushed past her.

*

Slamming the door of his bedroom behind him, Kazuma locked it and hurried to strip off, his face flushing a bright red as he cast his tracksuit to the floor and hurried to peel off his pants.

Finally, throwing himself back onto the bed, he raised the temporary tattoo and inspected it in the moonlight spilling through the window. It looked a lot like the tattoos some of the succubi had over their groins: heart-shaped and winged and vaguely erotic looking. Maybe they used them to enhance their own sexual prowess?

His cock throbbed between his legs. Rubbing his head, he let out a needy sigh. Well, he supposed there was no harm in trying it, was there? What was the worst that could happen?

Peeling off the sticker's cover, he guided it into place over his pubes and rubbed it till it stuck. "There," he said, rolling over so he could inspect himself in the mirror. Now he looked like some kind of homely incubus. Great.

It didn't seem to have had any other effect on him, however. Enhanced sexual prowess... Honestly, what a stupid con. He couldn't believe he'd paid 5000 eris for this piece of—

It was like a lightning elemental had grabbed his cock, wrenched it straight, and started to jerk him off. Kazuma snapped upright with a squeal, grabbing at the bedsheets and gripping tight, as precum spurted from the end of his shaft. “Wh-what is...?” He’d never felt so hard.

Once he’d caught his breath, he raised a hand and gave his erect shaft a tentative stroke. Pleasure surged up his spine—another squeal escaped his mouth. Claspings his lips, he sat there in shock, his eyes wide open. It felt so good.

Someone knocked at the door. “Kazuma?” asked Megumin. “Are you okay?”

“I-I’m fine,” he said, trying to push his cock down. He really hoped she wasn’t peeking through the keyhole. “I-I just had a nightmare.”

Megumin snickered. “Okay. Good night.” Her footsteps receded down the corridor.

Kazuma scowled. For several seconds, he imagined planting her head between his legs and forcing her to suck off his tingling new shaft, an idea that made it throb so hard he almost came right there on the spot. Breathing hard, he wrapped his hand around his rod and started to stroke, closing his eyes and imagining it was Megumin’s lips instead of his hand around his cock. Or Yunyun’s—yeah, having Yunyun suck him off would be pretty good too...

Fap. Fap. Fapfap! Fapfapfapfapfap!

Afterward, it didn’t take him long to fall asleep. Resting his head on the pillow, he lay there on his back, his cock still aimed erect at the ceiling, and drifted off into the murky world of dreams. For some reason, it felt especially cozy tonight.

In the dream, he sat on the edge of the very same bed, his eyes on the door at the far end of the wall. He was naked, exactly as he’d gone to sleep, and his cock retained its unnatural erection. Above it, the tattoo shone, brighter almost than the moonlight.

He didn’t know exactly why he was sitting on the edge of the bed like an insomniac, but he had the strangest impression he was waiting for something to happen. Someone was coming, and he had to be sitting up to receive them. That was the logic of the dream, although anything beyond that was beyond *him*. Who’d come to see him at night anyway? Besides a succubus...?

Someone knocked on his door. Kazuma looked up. “Come in,” he said, automatically. He didn’t bother asking who, as if his dream self already knew. That was another part of the dream’s logic, he guessed.

With a creak of unoiled hinges, the door slowly swung open. And who should step into Kazuma’s bedroom than their own little archwizard, wearing a *négligée* he was *certain* she didn’t actually own. Beneath it, a skimpy black bra and panties wrapped tight around her form, intensely erotic. If he’d seen her wearing it in real life, he would have gone redder than

her normal clothes, but in the dream, he simply studied her like a dutiful teacher receiving a pupil.

“Megumin,” he said, spreading his legs. His cock snapped to her lips like a compass needle to north. “Come closer.”

Obediently, she did so, marching into the room and taking a place on the floor before him. If the cold stone bothered her at all, she didn’t show any sign of it. Her lips hovered scarcely a foot from his tip—if she wanted to suck it, all she had to do was lean forward and—

Kazuma’s heart pounded harder than he’d ever imagined it. What was this? He’d never had a dream half as realistic as this. Was it the tattoo? Or was he really just this pent-up? F-fuck—at the moment, he didn’t care. He just wanted Megumin to hurry up and suck him off.

Just as he was about to tell her to, the door creaked again. Kazuma snapped upright, ready to shout at Darkness or Aqua for interrupting, but it wasn’t either of them: instead, Yunyun strode into the room as if it were her own, her curvaceous figure wrapped in a negligée just as sexy as Megumin’s, if not more so, her egregious boobs spilling out of the skimpy black bra beneath. Hips sashaying, she marched towards him and knelt on the floor next to her fellow Crimson Demon without a word.

Kazuma’s cock was so hard it could have been used as a mace. Wh-what was going on? They couldn’t *both* suck him off at once, could they? ...Could they?

“Go on,” said his dream-self, airily. The two nodded, opened wide, leaned forward, and—

As their lips wrapped around Kazuma’s balls, his mouth opened in a wild scream. *What the fuck are they doing?!* Taking one testicle each in their own mouths, the two tightened their lips and started to work them, sucking hard. Kazuma screamed again.

Lying back, his hands digging hard into the bedsheets, Kazuma stared at the ceiling his eyes wide in shock. He couldn’t believe what was happening. Megumin and Yunyun were sucking on his balls! And it felt good! Far better than it had any right too. It was a strange kind of pleasure, admittedly—like he’d just been kicked in the nuts but never quite enough to hurt. The pleasure was far greater though—if he’d known someone touching his testicles could feel this good, he would have been bouncing *them* in his palm instead of his cock. Holy Eris, he’d never felt anything so incredible.

Speaking of his cock, it remained rigidly erect, throbbing and veined as it pointed at the ceiling. Each time Megumin or Yunyun gave a particularly large suck, it would twitch and spurt out a big glob of precum. Sliding down its length, the stuff splattered the pair’s faces. Neither took the slightest notice—they just kept sucking and sucking, as if it were the thing they wanted most in the world. Kazuma couldn’t believe it. Even in his dreams, girls were never this enthusiastic.

For what felt like an hour, the pair continued to suck his balls off, slurping and smacking and licking and lapping, till his nuts felt like they’d been squeezed into milk. With each little

movement of their lips, the tension inside them became a little more unbearable. Soon, he could barely move—his entire body was simply rigid with pleasure.

At last, he reached his limits. As Megumin and Yunyun gave one final, particularly intense suck, Kazuma threw back his head, thrust his hips forward, and came as if he'd never orgasmed in his life. Semen spewed from his cock in a torrential fountain, shot high into the air, and rained back down on his scarlet-eyed sexual partners.

Only as it plastered their faces did the dream finally start to fade. The last thing he saw before he returned to the waking world was Megumin and Yunyun folding in on themselves, sinking into his balls like boots into a bottomless swamp.

The next morning, Kazuma woke to a feeling unlike anything he'd ever felt in his life. It was like someone had set his nuts to vibrate. They were tingling like they were home to a hive of bees.

Snapping upright, he threw off the cover with a moan and gasped to see his nuts supremely swollen. Forget about bees living in them—they looked as if a hive of bees had *stung* them. Flinging himself out of bed, he threw himself at the mirror, sweating dripping down his face as he sized himself up. F-fuck, they ached so badly too. Had someone spent the entire night kicking them?

Standing there in front of it, he spread his legs and examined himself. Each of his nuts had swollen to the size of a tennis ball, and when he cupped them, it sent a terrible thrill racing through him. How could they possibly be so sensitive?

He realized he recognized the ache. It wasn't the ache of someone kicking his nuts, it was... It was *blue balls*. It was like he'd gone for a month without masturbating. But that was ridiculous! He'd just emptied his balls last night! How could he be so pent-up *already*?!

His cock throbbed. A fat blob of precum spurted from its tip and fell to the floor of the bedroom with a splat.

Kazuma sighed. Well, if he really had blue balls, there was only one way to solve *that*.

*

It helped, but not as much as he would have liked. Even after cumming twice, his balls remained almost exactly as large and sensitive. He would have tried for a third, but by this point he was so exhausted he could barely think, let alone jack off. His stomach was rumbling too loudly to ignore, so he squeezed his new balls into a tight pair of pants, put on his tracksuit, and headed downstairs for breakfast.

Aqua and Darkness were waiting for him in the living room. "Oh, Kazuma," said Darkness, as he passed through to the kitchen. "Have you seen Megumin?"

"Megumin?" He cocked his head.

"She and Yunyun were planning to come to the market with me before they set off, but I can't find them anywhere."

Kazuma thought back to last night and his dream. "I'm sure they're around somewhere," he said, blushing.

In his pants, his balls throbbed.

The bell jangled as he stepped into the store. "Wiiiiz!" he called. "Wiiiiz! Where are you?"

The backroom door shot open, and out flew Wiz, her gigantic boobs bouncing up and down like two fat sacks of jelly. Kazuma struggled to tear his eyes off them.

"Kazuma!" cried the lich, coming to a stop in front of him, those ridiculous breasts barely a foot from his face. "It's good to see you. What can I help you with this morning?"

Kazuma swallowed. "I'm here to collect my order," he said, struggling to meet her eyes. God, what he wouldn't give to have *her* sucking his nuts.

"One second," said Wiz, disappearing behind the counter. After several seconds of rummaging, she finally emerged, bearing a large bottle of olives. "Here you go," she said, pressing it into his hands. "Is there anything else I can do for you?"

Why don't you take off your top and wrap your fat tits around my cock? thought Kazuma, his swollen shaft and balls both throbbing eagerly. What he actually said, of course, was: "No, thank you. That's all for now. See you soon!"

Waving goodbye to Wiz, he made his way to the door, wincing each time his pants rubbed his sensitive shaft. F-f-fuck, he really hoped the Succubus Café wasn't fully booked today.

It was. Arriving home, Kazuma sighed to himself as he locked his bedroom door behind him. Well, at least he had plenty of new imagery to jack off to. The thought of Wiz's slutty body bouncing on his lap left him squirming in pleasure.

Stripping off, he threw himself into bed and hurriedly sated his lust, emptying his balls straight into the sheets and leaving a big puddle of wet cloth on one side of the bed as he rolled over and went to sleep. It didn't take long for him to drift off.

This time, in the dream, he found himself on the doorstep of a very familiar store. Placing his hand on the handle, he pushed the door open with a familiar jangle from the bell. Closing it carefully behind him, he stood patiently in the center of the room and realized, to his

surprise, that he was absolutely naked. Had he walked all the way here without any clothes on?

The handle of the backroom door creaked. Slowly it swung open. And at once, all of Kazuma's concerns about his clothing came to an abrupt end as into the room stepped Wiz herself, her egregious body no more covered than his own. Her boobs bounced like nothing he'd ever seen as she hurried across the room towards him.

He dropped what he was holding (he didn't know what it was, nor did he really care) and rushed forward to greet her. Grabbing her by the arms, he pulled her tight, squeezing her fat breasts into his chest and his massive cock between her thighs, and planted his lips on her own as if there were no better place for them.

Suckering tight, he slipped his tongue between her lips and around her own. As they entangled, he grabbed her ass and dug his fingers deep, deep into it, thrusting his cock forward into his groin as he did. Her fat thighs squeezed his shaft tight—if his mouth were locked to Wiz's, he might have squealed.

Coiling his tongue tight around her own, he suckered hard and pulled back and thrust, slipping his cock between the soft vice of her legs even as he gripped her asscheeks. As he grew harder, and she wetter, he slipped around her and reversed their position, wedging his cock into her asscrack and digging his hands deep into her breasts. She whimpered as he kissed her, legs trembling harder with the second. If her ass weren't clamped to his shaft, she might have collapsed.

As he pumped his cock through the soft vice of her crack, he wrapped his hands around her boobs and pinched her nipples, tweaking them till they felt as hard in his hands as a pair of stones.

Finally, she pulled away from him, a line of saliva between their tongues matching the thread of precum gluing his cock to her ass. He took a seat nearby and she straddled him, wrapping her thighs around his penis even as she forced her breasts into his face. Latching to one, he suckled hard even as he massaged the other. And with each movement of their tangled forms, he grew that little bit harder.

In the end, it took him only a few squeezes for her thighs to push him over the edge. As he pulled back, releasing her nipple in the process, she dropped to her knees, took his shaft in her hands, and guided it between her breasts. He came an instant later, emptying his swollen balls all over her face.

The last thing he saw was her swimming towards his mouth—he opened wide, and she vanished inside him, swallowed whole.

A moment later, the scene swirled away like paint underwater.

When Kazuma woke, he had the strangest feeling in his mouth. Sitting up, he smacked his lips and breathed in and exhaled, hoping that would solve the issue, but it didn't make a difference. Frowning, he worked his tongue over his teeth instead. And *gasp*ed at how good it felt to touch them. Eyes wide, he stuck his tongue out and examined it—it looked the same as ever, and yet the cool air of his bedroom catching it was enough to make him shiver. Heart thudding, he leapt out of bed and rushed into the bathroom, his fat new balls swinging between his legs.

There, before the glass, he stuck his tongue out and studied it in the mirror. Was it just him, or did it look longer than it had used to be?

Picking up a toothbrush, he ran it under the tap and slipped it into his mouth. Two things happened almost instantly: first, as it touched his tongue he felt another sharp jolt of pleasure, almost as good as if he'd touched his erect cock. Second: he felt a strange compulsion to...

Pushing the toothbrush as far into his mouth as it would go, he started to suck, brushing his tongue as he did so. His eyes slammed tight; his back arched. Stroking his cock with his free hand, he aimed his head at the sky and moaned as he pumped and sucked his way towards orgasm. It didn't take long.

At last, with a girlish gasp, he came, spraying semen all over the underside of the sink. Reluctantly plucking the toothbrush from his mouth, he frowned. What was happening to him? And why did he have the strangest urge to eat a banana?

*

Aqua and Darkness stared at him as he ate breakfast. "Kazuma? Are you okay?" asked Darkness.

Kazuma forced the banana a little deeper into his mouth, then, changing his mind, pulled it out to reply to her. A long strand of saliva connected his tongue to its tip. "Of course," he asked, frowning. "What makes you think I'm not?"

Aqua and Darkness exchanged a glance. "You're acting a little out of character," said Aqua, at last.

Kazuma folded his arms with a huff. "Out of character how?" he asked, placing the banana on his plate. God, it was so big—he just wished it were harder.

The others looked at him. "It's nothing," said Darkness, at last. "Have you heard anything about Megumin?" she added, clearly intending to change the conversation.

"She and Yunyun probably went back to their village," he replied with a dismissive wave.

"Oh, that's probably true," said Darkness, though she didn't sound too convinced of it.

"Relax," he replied, sipping his coffee with a shrug. "I'm sure they're having lots of fun."

Between his legs, his balls twitched. Fuck, he needed to masturbate *again*.

*

After he'd emptied his nuts for the second time this morning, he decided to accompany Darkness into town. Frankly, he would have rather stayed at home eating bananas all day, but if nothing else, it would at least give him a chance to study her amazing behind.

Darkness talked incessantly as they walked. About what, he paid almost zero attention: his eyes were firmly locked on her ass. Instead of her usual crusader's outfit, she'd switched into a casual sundress—a normal one would have hidden her rear away, but this one came with a skirt so short it left almost nothing to the imagination. Half of her cheeks were out in the open.

"K-Kazuma? Are you even listening to me?" Every now and then she'd stop rambling to look back and blush. He didn't bother to avert his eyes—he knew she liked it, no matter how much she pretended.

After visiting every major store in town, they finally arrived at Wiz's magic item shop. To Kazuma's surprise, the store was closed.

"That's strange," said Darkness, asscheeks jiggling as she slammed to a stop. "It's not like Wiz to close early."

"Maybe she's visiting her hometown too," said Kazuma, thinking of the dream he'd had last night. Maybe it had been real. Maybe he'd actually sleepwalked all the way here and forced his tongue down her throat. Maybe she was hiding away out of embarrassment.

His tongue twitched; he bit it to make it stop, but it just made his cock throb instead. Sighing, he dropped his eyes to Darkness's ass, letting his gaze sink deep into her cheeks. He knew what he was going to order tonight, if the Succubus Café would let him...

Unfortunately, the Café turned out to be just as full as ever, and so Kazuma was left to his own devices for the third night in a row.

Standing in front of his bedroom mirror, he examined the tattoo shining bright pink over his cock. He was certainly feeling *some* changes since he'd acquired it, but he didn't know if they were what he'd expected. 'Enhanced sexual prowess'? Well, he guessed it wasn't a complete lie...

Leaving the mirror behind, he dropped into bed and, after a brief attempt to suck his own cock, settled for jacking off like normal. When he finally came, sleep arrived not an instant later.

In his dreams, he found himself lying back in bed. Unusually it wasn't his own, though it didn't look too different to it—after a moment of thought, he managed to pin it down: this was Darkness's bed. He was lying in *Darkness's* bedroom.

His cock twitched harder than ever.

No sooner had her name entered his mind than her image entered his dream. Striding through the bedroom door, she turned and bent to lock it, wiggling her exposed ass straight at him as she did. Kazuma stiffened and tried to stand, but to his surprise he found he couldn't. It was like his arms and legs were tied to the bed, though he couldn't see any restraints. "D-Darkness?"

Darkness didn't seem to hear him. For several seconds longer, she continued to work the lock, looking back over her shoulder and wiggling her giant rear at him as she did so. Finally, the lock shut with a snap, and she turned and marched towards him, swinging her hips with a teasing look on her face.

Kazuma could only gulp. What was she planning?

"Kazuma..." she said, reaching the edge of the bed. "Kaaazuuuma..." She sounded hypnotized. She *looked* hypnotized.

"Darkness?" A part of him wanted to check she was okay, but the rest of him soon reminded it they were dreaming. *Of course*, Darkness seemed a little out of character. She wouldn't normally walk in on him naked like this. Probably.

"Kazuma..." Face red, all but drooling, Darkness marched to the end of the bed, bringing her groin within a foot of his face, and stood there, looking down at him with a perverse smile.

Just as he was about to speak again, she made her move. Planting her hands on his chest, she clambered up on to the bed and squatted over him, her giant rear filling his eyes like a pair of moons in the sky. All he could do was stare, letting the ocean of assfat drown him. Nothing compared to seeing it this close—nothing he'd ever imagined.

"Ready?" said Darkness.

"Ready?" he replied. "Ready for—?" He didn't get chance to finish—before he could, she dropped, slamming her enormous rear into his face as if he were nothing more than her cushion. He squealed in surprise as it wrapped around him, his nose slipping into her crack even as her cheeks crushed his own. The springs of the bed squeaked beneath his head as her butt forced it into the mattress. He squealed, afraid he'd break.

Inch by inch, he sank into a strange new world, one with a dark, fleshly sky, incredible gravity, and intensely humid atmosphere. The smell was indescribable—dank and fetid and yet in another way: intoxicating. He'd never smelled anything quite like it. As if the whole experience couldn't get even more extreme, the sky of his new world shook as Darkness shuffled, wiggling her cheeks so that his nose slid even deeper into her crack. He wanted to

squeal, but he could barely suck in enough air to breathe, let alone waste any on speaking. Not that this left his cock any less erect than it had been.

Having made herself comfy on his face, Darkness promptly turned her attention to the rest of his body. Stretching her legs, she wrapped her feet around his shaft, making him moan a stifled moan as her heels bumped his still so sensitive balls and her soles rubbed against his shaft, raising his tone towards a high-pitched squeal of pleasure. Then she tightened her grip, and it turned into an outright scream.

For what felt like an hour, Darkness worked her feet up and down and around his shaft, massaging him faster and faster even as she pressed her ass harder into his face. Soon, between the lack of air and the tension in his cock, he could barely think. His entire world was reduced to the feeling of her feet against his shaft.

Finally, he could control himself no longer. With a scream, he arched his hips and threw back his head and came, quickly and explosively, blasting semen all over Darkness's legs.

As he collapsed, struggling to breathe, Darkness slunk off of him. Around them, the walls of the bedroom wavered and warped like a reflection on flowing water. Moaning, Kazuma rolled over, feeling like a sailor in the middle of a storm.

Tight hands clasped his cheeks. With a squeak, Kazuma looked back just in time to see Darkness bury her face in his crack and slip between his cheeks like an envelope through the letterbox.

A moment later, the walls tore like paper, and the dream came to an immediate end.

*

Kazuma woke to a tension in his lower back, as if he'd been sleeping at a strange angle. Rubbing his eyes, he sat up with a groan and looked down, trying to figure out what was wrong with him. What had happened to him now?

The first thing he noticed was how *high* the bulge in his sheets was this morning. He'd gotten pretty used to seeing his cock raising the cover, but he'd never seen it quite this high. Interestingly, it didn't actually appear to be any larger than normal. Instead, it was as if his entire groin had risen.

Cocking an eyebrow, he shuffled a little. And gasped as his cheeks squished against the mattress. Reaching under the covers, he grasped them and squeezed—and almost came on the spot at how erogenous they were: a simple touch struck him with lightning bolts of pleasure. His cock throbbed, more sensitive than ever.

Flinging himself out of bed, he threw himself at the mirror and spun, the better to see what had happened to him. Instead of the modest, flat-cheeked rear he'd expected to see, he found two fat globes of flesh glued to his backside, still rippling and shaking with his movement.

For a minute or more, he simply stared at them in surprise, unable even to process what he was seeing. Was he really looking at his ass? It looked bigger than Darkness's! F-fuck, it must be as big as Wiz's. What had happened to him?

His eyes dropped to the magical tattoo shining over his groin. Was it really this thing changing him? Exactly how did boosting his ass count as enhancing his sexual prowess?

He squeezed it again, and received something of an answer. Screwing up his eyes, he shivered, his entire body shaking with the pleasure of it. How could he massage his ass and stroke his cock? Maybe if he rubbed his butt against the wall, or...

*

When he headed down for breakfast, his fat ass clapping inside his tracksuit pants with every step down the stairs, he found only Aqua waiting for him. "Kazuma!" she cried, leaping to her feet. "Kazuma, Darkness is missing!" Big tears spilled from her eyes.

He reached the bottom of the stairs; his ass took several seconds to stop wobbling. "Darkness is gone too?" he asked, risking a look over his shoulder. Claspings his cheeks, he squeezed them till they stopped.

Sniveling, Aqua nodded. "I checked her room, but there's no sign of her anywhere!"

Kazuma swallowed. First Megumin and Yunyun, then Wiz, and now Darkness too. What was going on? They couldn't all have decided to up and visit their hometown, could they?

"What should we do?" cried Aqua.

Releasing his ass, Kazuma stroked his chin. "We should head out and search for them, I guess," he said, casting his eyes at the door. "But first, why don't we have something to eat?" He couldn't wait to get his lips round another banana.

*

They spent the day searching the city, checking all the places Darkness was likely to be found, from the Adventurers' Guild to the market to the Church of Eris. When this failed to produce results, Aqua insisted they put up missing person posters. Kazuma agreed, if only on the basis it would shut her up. Personally, he'd already decided what had happened: Darkness had probably been kidnapped by one of the Demon King's minions, just as she'd always wanted. She was probably having the time of her life now.

As for the others, well... They probably weren't faring as well. But putting up missing person posters wasn't going to help them either. Not that he had any better ideas.

Once he'd given up hope of accomplishing anything, it was pretty easy to focus on the more important things at hand. Namely the way his big jiggling asscheeks and massive swinging balls were making his cock harder than ever. He wanted nothing more than to sneak away

and wrap his hands around it, but Aqua's current state of panic made it impossible—the second he left, she'd have a freak-out.

Trailing along behind her, Kazuma found himself doing something he hadn't done in a *long* time: fantasizing about what it would be like to fuck her. He'd been attracted to her to start, of course—she was objectively beautiful—but her personality had soon crushed his interest in her. So why was it resurfacing now? Was it something to do with the tattoo and the way it was enhancing his libido? Had the magic made him so horny that even Aqua was starting to seem appealing? It seemed like it.

Hanging back, he studied her ass as she ran from one building to another, plastering poster after poster to the walls. Her skirt concealed nothing, of course, and it wasn't like she was wearing panties either, so he had an excellent view of her butt as she bounced across the street. It wasn't quite as big as Wiz's or Darkness's (or his own, as of this morning), but that didn't mean he didn't like the image of it bouncing on his lap. The only thing better would be if belonged to a nice, handsome boy—

He paused, biting his lip. Where had that thought come from? Since when was he into guys? Shaking his head, he forced himself to focus on Aqua again. She was in the middle of bending over, trying to figure out if Darkness had hidden herself in a plant pot, and it left her ass up in the air, wiggling invitingly from side to side as she searched. He couldn't see the slightest hint of panties.

His cock throbbed in his pants; he crossed his legs and paused for a second to catch his breath. At least he knew what he was going to be masturbating to tonight.

Eventually, Aqua fainted from sheer panic and exhaustion, leaving Kazuma to carry her home and dump her in her bed. Throwing himself into his own, he lay back and stroked his shaft to the thought of her ass, her fat cheeks spread to reveal the pussy glistening between them.

It didn't take him long to cum, and it took him even less time to fall asleep. The instant his head hit the pillow, he dropped straight into sleeptown, tumbling through the sheep-like clouds (or were they cloud-like sheep?) of its sky to land in—

The bedsprings squeaked as he landed. Sitting up, he found himself exactly where he'd left off: in his bedroom. He lay on the bed with the sheets aside and his legs spread, revealing his swollen balls and the massive cock atop them, both just begging to be put to good use. He wanted to stroke it, but that dreamlike part of his mind that was in charge of him here knew better. Pushing himself back, shoulders resting on the pillow, he sat back and waited for tonight's nightly guest to arrive.

It didn't take long. Soon enough, the handle of his door squeaked, and with a creak from the hinges, the whole thing swung open. Into the chamber strode everyone's favorite goddess, her loose blue hair swinging as she sashayed, a near-invisible negligée draped over her

form. Under it, she wore nothing whatsoever, not even a skimpy bra, let alone a pair of panties.

Kazuma froze, his heart pounding with anticipation, as Aqua crept forward, hips swinging like a professional. She had a playful smile on her face, but the eyes above it were blank, as if she were sleepwalking. He barely noticed; his own eyes were locked on her pussy, dribbling eagerly between her legs. He wanted nothing more than to fill it.

Reaching the end of the bed, Aqua clambered up and onto it, her soft fingers stroking his legs as she pulled her up it. Kazuma swallowed, staring at her breasts as they swung in front of his face. He wanted to touch them, to reach out and grab them. Only sheer nerves kept him from doing it.

As she clambered up his length, his erect shaft grew larger and larger, till at last it poked her torso and slid slowly down her stomach, leaving a line of glistening precum along her front as it passed. The closer it came to her groin, the faster Kazuma's heart rate and the slower his breathing.

At last, she reached her destination. Planting her hands on his shoulders, she raised her hips, and for an instant her pussy hung suspended over his penis, grool slathering his tip, mingling with his precum, and rolling down its sides like wax down a candle. He breathed in, exhaled slowly. She bit her lip, her thighs trembling.

And slowly, she lowered her sex onto his shaft.

As her lower lips wrapped around his cock, gripping tight, Kazuma screwed up his eyes and moaned, wrapping the bedsheet around his hands and squeezing just as hard. She lowered herself down him with a torturous slowness, each endless moment ruining him with pleasure. By the time her groin met his own, it took all his strength not to throw his head back and scream. He couldn't bear it anymore.

Then she pushed herself off him, gliding slowly up his cock and leaving it coated in a thick layer of grool in the process. Kazuma choked, slamming his eyes shut and whimpering as the cool air struck his shaft, his breath emerging in thick clouds. Sweat dripped from his chin and splattered his chest. He swallowed.

A second later, Aqua dropped again.

*

They continued for what felt like an hour or more, though the timeless nature of the dream made the true length of their experience impossible to tell. Aqua rose and fell, rose and fell, rose and fell, while Kazuma bucked beneath her, moaning each time the tip of his shaft slammed into her pussy. The sound of smacking flesh echoed through the room. Sweat flew from their forms, soaking the bedsheets.

Each time his cock crashed deep into the depths of Aqua's tight cunt, the pleasure knotting in Kazuma's groin grew a little tighter. Finally, he could hold it in no more. Grabbing Aqua by

the tits, he squeezed hard and thrust his hips, slamming his shaft into her sex harder than ever before. The goddess screamed, and he screamed with her, screamed and came with a wild moan of ecstasy, emptying both of his enormous, pent-up balls in her stupid, blue-haired pussy. It filled it in an instant, filled it and sprayed back out of it, splattering his legs.

As he collapsed, exhausted, Aqua threw back her head in a high-pitched moan and crumpled like a piece of paper. Through eyes wide in shock, he watched as she sank towards his cock and disappeared into his member, spiraling into his shaft like water down the plughole.

The scene dissolved like smoke in the wind, and with a great scream, Kazuma woke up.

*

With a groan, he rubbed his eyes and sat up, squinting in a poor attempt to make sense of the blurry scene before him. His head ached. His balls ached. His cock...

His eyes snapped open. He snapped upright with the speed of a mousetrap, his eyes locked on the *thing* between his legs.

Kazuma had always considered himself well-endowed, but the word no longer seemed to do his current penis justice. Twelve inches long, two inches thick, and riddled with veins, it trembled between his legs like it was about to explode, thick blobs of precum already spurting from its tip. His heart pounded in his chest, struggling to support it.

Above it, there had previously been a little brown bush of pubes, sat a tiny puddle of soft blue hair, lapping against the shores of the succubus's mark.

Sucking in a deep breath, Kazuma raised a trembling hand and brought it towards his engorged member. The instant he touched it, pleasure shot through his form, making him jump as if electrocuted. Panting, he released his shaft and sat there for a second, struggling to regain his control. Finally, he raised it again and, with immense delicateness, afraid to give himself an impromptu orgasm, wrapped it around his cock. He barely managed to close his hand—it took all his strength to keep himself from cumming.

Lying there, he sat back and tried to think of something, to conjure up one of the infinite images that comprised his bottomless spank bank. But no matter how hard he thought of Megumin's butt or Darkness's boobs or Aqua's pussy, he found the images no longer appealed. He tried harder, summoning pictures of Yunyun's breasts and Wiz's buttocks, but these no longer worked for him either. It was like he'd lost his lust for women entirely.

Opening his eyes, he sat there and stared at his shaft for a second, wondering what was wrong with him. And as he did, he realized something: the more he focused on his cock, the harder it became.

His heart thudded harder in his chest.

Closing his eyes again, he concentrated, summoning images not of his female friends, but the men in his life instead. Picturing them, he imagined them disrobing, pictured the clothes slipping from their muscular bodies to reveal the chiseled abs and tight pecs and rock hard—*Nnn~!*—the rock hard penises hidden beneath their legs. He pictured them approaching him, pictured them grabbing him and fondling him, working him all over with their big muscular hands and taking their cocks and—

Tightening his grip, he started to work his own, cupping his balls as he stroked it like a madman, and all the while he imagined them using him, grabbing his fat new cheeks and tearing them apart to expose the puckered hole between even as he slipped his own fingers through it.

When he came, it was with the loudest scream he'd ever heard.

Dust crept down the alleyway with a frown, his face red and his hands deep in his pockets. He couldn't believe he was doing this. He really couldn't believe it. He really should just turn back again—

His cock throbbed. Swallowing, he forced himself on. No, he couldn't turn back at this stage—it was already way too late for that. He'd made his decision, and now he had to go through with it.

As he turned the corner, someone slammed into him. Stumbling back, Dust blushed to see it was another adventurer from the guild, an older man whose body bulged with muscles. He looked as embarrassed to be seen by Dust as Dust was to be seen by him.

For several moments, the two of them simply stood there, refusing to meet each other's eyes. Finally, the other man coughed. "I'm all finished with him, if you want to..."

Dust looked away, blushing hard. "Th-thanks," he said, moving to step past. As he passed, however, something occurred to him: "Hey," he said, turning back. The other man, standing at the edge of the alley, looked back, one eyebrow raised quizzically.

Dust coughed. "Is he...? Is he as good as they...?"

"Oh..." The older man laughed, the embarrassment slipping from his face. "Oh Eris, he is. Those cheeks... I've never gripped anything like them. And that the tight hole between them..." He screwed up his eyes and shivered. "He's almost better than those succubi."

And didn't that make Dust harder than ever?

Rushing round the corner, he came to an abrupt stop, his eyes wide, his cock erect, and his heart thudding so hard he felt certain it would explode. "K-Kazuma?"

Kazuma stood at the end of the alley, leaning against the wall and fondling his crotch. Instead of his normal clothes, he wore a tight, latex mankini—it squeezed his fat ass and balls and cock so tight it must hurt. And yet, somehow, it did nothing to conceal them.

As Dust approached, Kazuma turned to face him and swallowed, loudly. Whatever it was, it looked like he enjoyed it. “Hey, Dust,” he purred, voice sounding an octave or two higher. “Have you come to have some fun with me too?”

Dust stood there, frozen, as Kazuma slunk towards him, his giant asscheeks audibly clapping, while his enormous balls bounced in the sling of his outfit. Reaching Dust, he fell upon him and wrapped his hands around him, leaning in as if to give him a kiss. His cock rubbed against the bulge in Dust’s pants, leaving him trembling and biting his lip, fighting to maintain control.

“Go on,” said Kazuma, taking Dust’s hands and guiding them to his rear. “This is what you’re here for, isn’t it?”

Swallowing, Dust nodded. Flexing his fingers, he grabbed Kazuma’s asscheeks and shivered as they delved deep into the fat. Eris, it was endless. Even succubi didn’t have curves as good as these.

For what felt like an hour, he groped and squeezed and rubbed them, growing harder and harder with every little move, till at last he could bear it no more. Stumbling back, he fumbled to get his belt off.

As it hit the ground, Kazuma turned and leaned against the wall, reaching back to pluck the string of his outfit out of his asscrack. Grabbing his cheeks, he spread them, exposing the puckered pink anus between, still slick with semen. “Go on~.” Dust couldn’t restrain himself for even a second. Adjusting his grip, he aligned his tip with the hole and forced his shaft in deep, moaning as the tight walls of Kazuma’s rectum squeezed his length. Eris, it was tighter than anything he’d ever imagined. No succubi could have a pussy as tight as this.

Footsteps behind him. “Hey,” called another adventurer. “Are you almost done? You aren’t the only one who wants a turn with him.”