

Hedonism of Devils and Darkstalkers

The seedy bar usually emanated an uproar of heavy drinking and fist fights. However, the sighting of a demon had quickly made the usual denizens scatter. While no one had been killed or even injured, the people of the town knew to be wary of anything out of the norm. It was this very same paranoia with the supernatural that led to multiple local business owners calling on a specialist to take care of the problem.

Despite the panic he had heard over the phone, the young man clad in a red coat casually strolled his way up to the bar. The buzzing neon sign reflected off the of the bright white sheen of his messy hair as he got closer. As he got near the door, he showed little restraint as he forced it open with a swift kick of his boot. Stepping inside, he remained vigilant for any problems that required the guns on his waist or the sword on his back.

A small clatter of bottles turned the white-haired man's attention towards the counter. "Well, looks like this job will be easy," he said as he made his way up to the bar. "Hey, what's a guy got to do to get a decent drink around here?"

A laugh echoed out from behind the counter.

"Saying please might be a good start."

From beneath the bar rose up a sultry woman with long, bright green hair. The eye-catching locks momentarily drew attention away from the small pair of wings sticking out the sides of her head. Similar, bat-like appendages could be seen on her lower back as long as one could ignore her shapely hips. The curves had the same allure as the bosom held in place by a revealing, black leotard while still leaving quite a bit of cleavage out to tantalize anyone that looked. This was on top of the lavender tights around her shapely legs, with bat patterns that

seemed to draw a person's eye towards her curvy rear. For anyone else, the succubus's appearance would have left them awestruck. However, the young man merely let out a chuckle.

"Been a while since I've run into a demon so good looking," he commented as the woman smiled at him with her bluish, green eyes.

"A demon?" she replied, showing off the fangs behind her lips. "I assure you that I'm more than just a mere devil."

"You don't say," he commented as he placed his fingers on the holster of his gun. "Well, I've had my fair share of demons that think so highly of themselves."

"Ah yes, I believe I ran into those kinds of creatures," she spoke up while her fingers brushed through her hair. "I thought they would at least hold my interest for a while, but they weren't much for conversation. Nor did they put up much of a fight. You though," she began, not hiding the way her eyes looked over the man's chest peeking out from his coat. "You might be just the entertainment I've been looking for. What is your name?"

"Dante," the man replied. "And you are?"

"Morrigan," she answered. "If the evening goes well, you will learn it well."

"A generous offer, but I don't think that's happening." With a flick of his wrists, Dante managed to unholster his dual handguns and aim them at the succubus. "Sorry, but a job's a job."

"Hmm, a pity," Morrigan replied, looking unfazed by the sudden threat. "Just like the other bar goers, you think I'm here to drink people's blood or something."

“These people have seen full towers burst out of the ground and infest cities with demons,” Dante commented as she traced her path with his guns. “They’re a little jumpy, but they pay well.”

Morrigan let out a chuckle. Disregarding the possibility of being filled with bullet holes, she took her time perusing the collection of bottles. Once she had made her selection, she filled out a pair of glasses with the expensive liquor. Floating up closer to Dante, she placed one of the drinks on the counter while she kept the other in her hand.

“Is a simple job enough to dismiss a lady’s invitation for an unforgettable evening?” Morrigan offered.

Ever since his younger days, Dante had learned to be wary of what demons said. More than once, he had even run into some of the creatures that were willing to try and seduce him if it meant claiming a victory over the Son of Sparda. By all accounts, he should have taken her down then and there. However, something different about her aura made him slowly stow away his weapons.

“Unforgettable evening, huh?” Dante asked as he accepted the drink. “What did you have in mind?”

“Hmm,” Morrigan hummed as she watched Dante take a drink. “For now, I think I would very much like to get to know you better.” Following his lead, she helped herself to draining her glass. “It will make our other activities all the more interesting.”

“In that case,” Dante said, pulling over a basket of fries that one of the customers had abandoned. “Pull up a chair and grab a snack. I think you’ve got some stories to tell too.”

“You are correct,” Morrigan commented as she floated over the counter. Taking her spot next to Dante, she helped herself to a basket of chicken wings that had been left behind. Easily stripping the meat clean in a few bites, she finished off her drink before turning back to Dante. “Why don’t you start?” she suggested as she grabbed another bottle for the two of them to share.

Owing to their unique lineage, it took a lot to get Dante and Morrigan drunk. However, emptying out the bar of its contents had made a sizable hit to their ability to make proper judgements. Leaving enough bullet holes and shattered glass to create a reasonable alibi when the owners asked what happened, the pair made their way through the streets. Their destination was a familiar locale with a large sign baring the name, “Devil May Cry.”

Rather than fumble around with his keys, Dante opened up the door with his tried-and-true method. Nearly knocking off the hinges with a kick didn’t stop him as he staggered inside of his business. Making his way over to the couch, he came crashing down and spread out his legs to fully relax. While the intention was to show off his muscular torso, there was a slight addition in the small, sloshing bump around his mid-section.

“Make yourself at home,” Dante said with a lazy wave of his fingers. “Sorry about the mess. Been a while since I had company.”

Floating into the business with her wings keeping her aloft, Morrigan turned her head back and forth to soak in the atmosphere of the location. Along the walls were a collection of different weapons created from the very essence of the demons Dante had slain. While the implements would leave most creatures in a state of either fear or respect, the succubus barely

acknowledged them. Giving a passing glance towards the bright purple guitar hanging on the wall, she bobbed up and down on her way to join the demon hunter on the couch.

“What a shame that you’ve been along for so long,” Morrigan commented, her plummet to the couch giving a quick jostle to her own, tiny belly bulge. Crawling across the cushions, she placed a hand on his chest as her lips drew near to his. “That’s something I’ll have to fix,” she added, as came within a single inch of fully showing Dante her expertise.

The passionate moment was abruptly interrupted by a knock at the door. Gently slipping out of the succubus’s grasp, Dante made his way over to the entrance. Rather than a fearsome demon trying to take advantage of his moment of weakness, on the other side he was met by a towering stack of pizza boxes.

“Ugh, I knew I shouldn’t have made the order when I was five bottles deep,” Dante said, handing over a wad of cash and accepting the pizzas.

“You ordered us food?” Morrigan asked as the door was rudely shut on the delivery man. “How thoughtful.”

“Yeah,” Dante replied, dropping off his recent haul on top of a pool table. “Figured we needed something greasy to balance out the booze.” Looking over the stack, his usually confident persona faltered a bit. “I might have overestimated myself this time though.”

“Not a problem,” Morrigan said as she flew over to the table. Raising up to the very top of the tower, she opened up the lid to help herself to a cheesy slice. “I think I can help you work through this.”

While one hand stuffed her face with the slice, the other gently pushed the rest of the box off the stack. Merely holding out his palm, Dante managed to catch the pizza without letting so much as a single topping fall off. Watching the succubus chew on her slice, he made sure he saw the smirk on his face before he helped himself to his own portion.

For most of the evening, Dante and Morrigan made their way through the collection of pizza. They had both initially set a limit for stopping at the first box and maybe saving the rest for later. However, a combination of their inebriation and long conversations about their interesting past swiftly allowed them to surpass their limits.

The once imposing stack of boxes diminished quickly as the evening went on. Overtaken by each other's company, neither of the two fully realized how much they were eating. Nor did they seem to acknowledge the way each helping managed to further distend their bellies. All that mattered at the moment was enjoying the night with someone that seemed to click with one another. This persisted, even as they had to force themselves to get through the final box.

Dante and Morrigan's indulgent eating left its mark as they were both left sprawled across the couch. With the last slices laid out, they made lethargic movements to collect what few bites remained. Though they had managed to keep things balanced between each other, they still managed to leave a single slice in between them.

Without saying a word, the two of them picked up the final piece of pizza at the same time. As they each chewed through their own end, they slowly made their way towards one another. Their eating speed was much slower thanks to their fullness, but that only served to increase the growing anticipation as they drew closer and closer.

Pressing against one another, re-tasting the pizza on each other's tongues, they let their hands roam across one another. Efforts were made to undress one another, but their own eagerness and mix of waning energy kept them on target. Rather than waste another moment, they decided to use the last of their stamina to give each other a "prize" for getting through the impromptu stuffing session.

Morrigan was quick to take charge of the situation as her fingers slipped into Dante's pants. Pulling down the waistband to fully expose his manhood, her hand wrapped around his shaft. A steady rhythm of pumps attempted to throw the demon hunter off balance. Many other men had fallen victim to her touch in a matter of seconds. However, he wasn't about to let her off that easy.

With a shift of his body, Dante managed to squeeze a hand into her leotard before she realized what was happening. Finding his mark, he let his fingers explore her womanhood for a while; letting the sounds from her lips guide his touch. While he eventually found what he was looking for, the lingering grease on his skin mixed with her own fluids made his already drunken motions less than graceful. She wasn't having the same issue.

For every moment Dante managed to give the succubus what she wanted, she was sure to reward him with more of her touch. The pizza grease clinging to her palm acted as a perfect lubricant as she moved faster and faster across his shaft. She could feel him beginning to tremble as she felt droplets of pre-cum start to drip out. She was certain that at any moment he would give in.

Morrigan was thrown off balance as a surge of power emanated from her partner. The momentary hesitation was all Dante needed to increase his own efforts to dive his fingers deep

inside of her. Forced to let out a moan of her own, she kept pace with his more eager movements. Try as the two might to be the one to last the longest, their efforts culminated a near tie.

As the couple reveled in the orgasms that wracked their bodies, any energy they had left failed them. Uncaring of the mess they had made around each other's groins, they pressed against one another. Embracing their bodies, they didn't pay much mind to how their still overstuffed bellies pressed together. They were too preoccupied with following their post-orgasm bliss with a well-earned rest just before the sun rose.

A job clearing out a hotel of some lesser demons should have been an easy gig for Dante. This common knowledge was why the owner was willing to stand just outside of the structure with the intent of seeing the legendary demon hunter in-person. She had heard rumors about his skills and physique. Whether intentional or not, a certain image stuck in her head of what kind of person he was. That mental picture shattered once the demon hunter made his appearance.

Dante's white hair and red coat were enough to identify him as the person the manager hired for the job. However, she was understandably confused as she noticed that his toned abs had been replaced with a prominent beer belly. The jiggling of the gut came alongside other pockets of fat spread across his body. Before she could stare too long at his pudgy pecs and bubble butt, the sound of him clearing his throat got her attention.

"This the place?" Dante asked, wobbling his thicker chin as he pointed towards the hotel.

“Er, yes,” the manager replied. “We’ve managed to quarantine the area. The demons aren’t very big, but it’s still a precaution. Are you sure you’re in a condition to-“

“Yeah, yeah,” Dante interjected, pushing past her to approach the door. “I’ll take care of it. Just don’t get caught up in the party.” Turning his head to the side, he smirked as he drew one of his guns. “It’s about to get crazy.”

The one-liner lost some of its luster as the demon hunter’s entrance came with him bumping his chubby mid-section into the threshold. With the manager wisely acting like she hadn’t seen anything, he moved on to the interior. It didn’t take long to find the demons in question. They were the size of rats with extra-large teeth and jagged claws. The fodder enemies were easily dispatched with a few well-placed shots. While he doubted if they were worth the effort of calling him out, the growing pile of bills on his desk meant that he had to get some form of income.

Floor after floor, Dante cleared out any of the infernal pests he ran across. While combat was relegated to taking potshots, the main struggle came with each set of stairs. With the elevator out of service, he was forced to climb each step in order to reach each new floor. In spite of his supernatural abilities, he still hadn’t quite acclimated to the extra weight hanging from his figure. Sweat already starting to bead its way down his back, he pushed onwards to finish the job as fast as possible.

Reaching the very top of the hotel, the demon hunter was given a sense of reinvigoration thanks to a pleasant aroma. Following the smell, he noticed that what few demons lurked on the floor had already been taken out. Rather than bullets or conventional weapons, each of them looked like they had been blasted with bursts of sizzling energy. Having become quite familiar

with the burn marks, he let out a huff as he traced the aroma towards the honeymoon suite. Just as he suspected, the door was unlocked when he arrived.

Stepping inside of the suite, Dante found Morrigan spread out on the bed. She looked as stunning as ever with her green locks and sultry eyes. However, she too had gone through a sizable increase in bulk. This resulted in a belly squished against the mattress that resembled the girth and shape of Dante's. She also carried heft around her chest, but that only served to further enhance her breasts and make her nipples nearly pop out of her top. Scooting her way towards the end of the bed, she brought her pudgy, heart-shaped rear down to stare at Dante with a wide grin. The expression was complimented by the spread of take out bags that had been placed along the mattress.

"We really need to stop meeting like this," Dante said as he stowed his guns. "Flew in through the window again?"

"Naturally," Morrigan said with a flick of her wrist. "Humans tend not to look up. Even when I'm transporting those little creatures into a bustling hotel."

"Eventually someone is going to catch on to what you're doing," Dante commented, hating the fact that he was being the voice of reason. "Besides, there are better ways of getting my attention."

"Hmm, true," Morrigan said, keeping her eyes on him as he blindly reached into one of the bags. Pulling out a greasy cheeseburger, she opened up her mouth wide for a bite that took out half of it at once. Finishing her chewing, she slowly slid her tongue across her lips as she kept her gaze locked onto Dante. "Come on," she began as she pulled out a second burger. "You don't expect me to finish this all by myself."

Dante was aware that the succubus could in fact devour the entire spread of fast food by herself. He had learned as much over the course of similar encounters over the past few weeks. These secret meetings had been the obvious culprit for the pair's weight gain. While common logic should have made the demon hunter turn away, the hungry growl from his chubby belly said otherwise.

Tossing aside his weapons, Dante climbed upon to the bed with his mouth wide open to receive the burger. Once he and Morrigan had finished off the sandwiches, their hunger directed them to each take on baskets of fries in-between sips from various soda cups. Taking on pieces of fried chicken brought a shimmer of grease to their bodies as they became obsessed with stuffing themselves once more. This need to keep feeding themselves only slowed to allow them to take off their ill-fitting clothes.

Stripping off the last bits of fabric holding back their chubby forms, Dante and Morrigan turned their hungry gazes towards one another. By now, they had finished up almost every bit of food available to them. Still, there was a hunger in their bodies that had yet to be satisfied. Shoving aside the empty bags and wrappers, the two of them collided together with a loud smack in order to be the first to give their mouths what they wanted.

It was initially a bit awkward moving around with the bellies pressing against one another. Still, the pair's eagerness fueled their efforts as they got into position. For Morrigan, her efforts were made easier by the rigidity that affected Dante's manhood. While the demon hunter had to strain his fat neck further to sink between her crotch, he managed to find his spot just in time.

Keeping tight grips on each other's fat, Morrigan and Dante put their hungry mouths to work pleasuring one another. Thanks to multiple sessions like this, they knew exactly where they needed to focus their efforts. For Dante, that meant long drags across the labia until circling around her clitoris for a more direct stimulation. Similarly, Morrigan dragged her lips up and down his shaft in order to coax out more droplets of precum with each passing second. As the two increased their speed in reaction to their weakening stamina, they inevitably came to a halt once they each received a mouthful of fluid to finish their indulgent feast.

Rolling away from one another, the couple took their time savoring the taste on their tongue. Wiping their lips clean of any lingering mess, they turned back to stare at their chubby faces. Seeing the way that each of them were afflicted with lingering shivers of euphoria jostling their pudge, it was only natural what came next. Figuring that it would be a while until the hotel manager came to check on Dante's progress, the pair intended to make the most of their time in the honeymoon suite.

Dante was used to people giving him strange looks. However, they had become much more judgmental ever since he had gone through a serious makeover. While most others would be frozen by the unwanted attention, he was able to shrug it off without a second thought. At the moment, he was more concerned about looking out for his date.

Sitting at a wide table by himself, the demon hunter felt more than a little uncomfortable about the formal attire he had been convinced to wear. The black, button dress shirt was a tight fit for his girth, even after several buttons towards the bottom had been left unclasped to give his

belly room to bulge out. The red tie around his thick neck had to be constantly pulled out by his plump fingers to avoid leaving it stuck between his meaty man boobs. Shifting his full, over 500-pound of fat back and forth, he didn't seem to care much about the way his chunky ass cheeks clad in tight, leather pants hung off the sides of the two chairs keeping him aloft. He just hoped he could keep his hunger at bay long enough for the right moment.

The screech of tables being pushed aside alerted Dante to his date's arrival. Swiveling his obese form to the side, he was able to see the unmistakable green locks of Morrigan. For the occasion she had eschewed her typical succubus attire. However, a more casual outfit perfectly showed off the body that he had become infatuated with over the past few months.

A white blouse was tasked with keeping the succubus's fat rolls covered. Even still, the sheer fabric hid very little of her doughy gut and belly button. Through the blouse could be seen a pair of dark purple, bat-shaped pasties that were just inches away from leaving the plump teats of her head-sized breasts exposed to the other customers. Taking a moment to take heavy strides with her bulky legs, she showed no fear of the red pants around her thick hips being torn asunder at any moment. She merely kept her gaze on Dante as she planted her fat ass down on her own pair of chairs.

"I hope you don't mind me being fashionably late," Morrigan remarked, the words sending tremors through her three, thick chins.

"No worries," Dante said, gesturing towards the nearby wait staff. "Just like your appetite, I'm getting used to it."

The hand signal got the wait staff to bring forth the feast that had been prepared for the evening. The first to arrive was a platter of fried wings that towered over the couple. Waiting

until the servers had spread out a suitable amount of dipping sauces around the plate, the couple leaned back in opposition to their chairs' creaks. Through a bit of effort, they managed to glimpse at each other's pudgy faces.

"You really know how to treat a girl," Morrigan said, shifting her weight to the side to allow a server to add a basket of fried onion rings to the table.

"Had to put at least some effort in," Dante replied, watching as a waiter added some glasses of soda to the collection. "Especially since you asked so nicely for it."

"This isn't exactly what I meant by an evening of fine dining," Morrigan commented as a basket of buttered biscuits came by.

"Sorry to disappoint," Dante said, shaking his head to make a waiter return a bowl of salad to the kitchen.

"Don't be sorry," Morrigan said, letting her eyes widen at the arrival of a plate of ribs. "This is much better."

Waiting just long enough for the staff to get out of the way, Dante and Morrigan gave into the hunger they had been holding back. Heaving themselves out of their chairs, they made a mad rush to stuff each portion of their feast into the ravenous maws. The fine clothes that they had adorned themselves with didn't last long before they were covered in splatters of sauce. As the pair drew towards the end of the feast, the fabric began to tear to give the other patrons a look at the pudge beneath. Through all of this, Dante and Morrigan's only thoughts were about stuffing themselves to the brink.

A single biscuit doused in sauce sat in the center as the very last morsel of the meal. Rather than bicker over who would get the final bite, the messy pair let their heft rest on the table as they shuffled forward. Coming together to nibble through the bread, they eventually let their lips meet in the middle. Letting their tongues intermingle, they drew towards one another without any concern for the people watching them.

The sudden collapse of the table managed to bring an abrupt stop to Dante and Morrigan's make out session. Tumbling through empty plates and bits of table, the pair were left stunned, but unharmed. Holding on to one another allowed them to get back to their feet and brought them face to face with a very angry restaurant owner.

"Yeah, yeah," Dante said, letting go of Morrigan to reach into his pocket. With his finger barely able to reach his wallet, he managed to retrieve a wad of cash to cover the feast and damages. "I even included enough for a tip. So, how about bringing over the dessert for me and my--"

Turning his thick neck to the side, Dante realized that he was standing by himself. Tossing out the money to distract the manager, he waddled his way past the tables in search of the succubus. Thanks to the heavy footsteps he heard ahead, he was able to track her out through the back door.

"Hey!" Dante called out, taking a moment to catch his breath while his belly fat jostled in place. "Where did she run off to?"

"Here."

From up above, a mass of flesh came plummeting towards Dante. Slamming his feet into the ground, the demon hunter was able to use the muscles hidden beneath his fat to keep himself

standing. Holding his balance in place, he was finally able to recognize that Morrigan had managed to catch him in a tight embrace.

“Now then,” Morrigan whispered as she leaned in close. “Where were we?”

Without skipping a beat, Dante held his ground as the succubus leaned in for a kiss. Getting back into their passionate desires, they began to shed off the clothes holding their pudge back. Over the course of their stripping, they both took notice that Dante’s sagging pecs had matched the size of Morrigan’s breasts. Tearing off her pants revealed that she still had the upper hand when it came to the size of her buttocks. However, he slightly larger belly provided the necessary momentum to move onto their next step.

Squishing their flabby bodies together several times, Dante managed to shove his throbbing cock inside of Morrigan. Getting a good grip on her love handles, he began moving her body up and down. With his hips left in place, he was able to keep the rhythm up as they both started to fill the alleyway with their moans. The impressive position only made capable because Dante’s supernatural nature, began to take its toll on his body. Sweat bearing down his jiggling flesh, he gave it his all to finish the job before his stamina gave out.

The cry of ecstasy Morrigan let out served as a signal for Dante to give in. Filling with her seed extracted what little energy he had managed to keep in reserve. The couple’s collapse to the ground was a soft one thanks to their multiple layers of padding. This provided the privilege of lazily laying on the ground while they waited for their bodies to recover. Using slow movements to pull close to one another, they shared another kiss as a way to fully cement the strange relationship they had found themselves in.

Passing by several other delivery drivers on the way, the man carrying a stack of pizzas took a moment to make sure the order was correct. Glancing up to see the familiar “Devil May Cry” sign in glowing neon, he thought that he had become used to these late night drop offs. Less familiar was the prominent CLOSED sign that hung on the door for most days of the week. As he pondered the last time he had actually seen the business opened, a series of heavy footsteps from the interior pushed him to drop off the pizzas and make his way back to his car.

As the legion of vehicles drove off, the door to the business finally opened up. Though a pudgy hand attempted to pull in the entire collection of take-out bags, its owner had some trouble completely fitting out the doorway. Giving up for the moment, the blubber-laden limb settled for pulling in a box of pizza for itself. From there, a legion of bats sparkling with supernatural energy came flying out to bring in the rest of the feast for their master.

With the flying creatures closing up the door behind them, Morrigan’s figure was once again illuminated only by the dim fan hanging from the ceiling. The light managed to make the oil clinging to her immense, 800-pound figure glisten. Everything from her cavernous belly button and rows of back fat had a chance to show off as she slowly waddled away from the entrance. Each step of her bulky legs sent quakes through the pair of beanbag chair-sized globes of meat that were her ass cheeks to make her undersized wings wriggle. While her wide hips worked alongside her massive rear to give her a bottom-heavy appearance, there was still quite the appeal to the set of watermelon-sized breasts hanging from her chest.

Answering the call of the hungry, flabby belly making up the bulk of her fat, Morrigan helped herself to one of the boxes of pizza. As she ate, she allowed her bat servants to take on the

task of spreading the food around the king-sized mattress that had been brought into the main area of the business. Eating through the entire pie herself, she paid little mind to how some of the sauce slipped onto her multiple chins. The only thing that could get her to slow down her gluttony was the sound of an equally ravenous stomach's growling.

Swiveling her form around, Morrigan's vision immediately focused on the pair of sagging man boobs that matched the thickness and size of her tits. Her distracted gaze allowed a set of sausage-like fingers to reach out and grab one of the boxes she had taken for herself. Lifting open the package, the thief sent his set of behemoth butt cheeks crashing back down to the mattress. Using his equally massive gut as a table, the formerly toned Dante helped himself to gobbling up three slices at once.

As much as Morrigan would have enjoyed nothing more than to watch her lover stuff himself as he pleased, her own appetite wouldn't allow it. Climbing onto the bed, she used her own pudgy fingers to help herself to the feast. With her help, Dante managed to finish off the rest of the pizzas and move on to other meals such as burgers, fried chicken, and a variety of sweets to keep things varied.

The couple's constant roaming across their bed to satiate whatever their stomach's craved inevitably had their plush bodies press up against one another. Hunger managed to keep their minds focused on food, only until their supply began to dwindle. As time passed, they were spending more time pressing their fat against one another. Any "accidental" shoves into one another gave them a chance to grasp at their folds in order to properly appreciate them. As much as they enjoyed fattening up their own bodies, it was when they were able to bring both of their blubbery forms together that they truly enjoyed the results of their multi-month long, lifestyle of near endless binge eating.

Upon both of them filling up their gullets with a chocolate cake, the inevitable meeting of their lips brought them to their usual, post-meal activity. Pressing their faces together for a kiss, they rolled back and forth across the mattress as they let their desires run wild. Grasping at what they could of each other's fat, they fully indulged their needy touches as they strove to make good use of the countless calories they had consumed. The only issue was trying to figure out how they were going to do it.

"Come on," Morrigan said, waving her fingers to motivate her lardy lover's fat cock.
"You just have to find the right hole to--"

From overeagerness, Dante managed to slide his cock into the first orifice he could find. In this case, it was the succubus' belly button. While she wanted to correct him, she was shut down by the sound of flesh slapping together as he began to shift his hips. Judging by the moans that were leaving his lips with each penetration of the unorthodox hole, she took solace that at least he was enjoying it. However, Morrigan was interested in a more direct form of pleasure for herself.

"That's enough of that," the succubus said as she used a shove to get Dante to push back.
"Here. Let me take the lead on this one."

Calling upon her bats to help lift up her blubbery form, she slowly descended towards the white-haired man to claim her reward. For all of her gusto, she still had to contend with attempting to find an angle that would work. In the process, they both became further riled up as their bellies were smooshed up against one another. Gritting their teeth as they desperately searched for a form of relief, they both got what they desired once Morrigan finally managed to engulf Dante's member with her needy womanhood.

The eventual insertion with the couple's moans echoing through the room. With Dante pinned down by his own and Morrigan's weight, it fell upon her to be the one to take the lead. Though it was a strain to hoist herself each time, the force of gravity bringing the mass of her backside down was more than enough to compensate. The rhythm was far slower than what had been capable in their skinnier forms, but that didn't take away from the experience. If anything, the more gradual build up of their enjoyment made it all the sweeter once they reached their climax.

Morrigan's exhausting ride on Dante's member ended as soon as she felt his seed fill up her insides. Feeling the last of her energy drain, she slumped backwards to hit the mattress with a loud thud. Basking in the lingering euphoria and jiggles going through her form, she lost track of what was happening with her partner. Turning herself over, she began to crawl towards the pile of empty food bags with the intention of scavenging any leftover morsels.

"Oh!" Morrigan let out as she felt something against her backside.

Turning her gaze back as far as her girth would allow, the succubus managed to find Dante had managed to get up on his knees. This new position gave him ample opportunity to once more let his plump fingers fondle her. While they both enjoyed the touch, the real purpose of the grab was to allow him a chance to line up his still throbbing member with his new target.

"Well, aren't we naughty?" Morrigan said, shaking her body back and forth, to tease Dante's tip against her anus. "Very well. Show me what you've got."

Dante let out a chuckle. "Jackpot."

With a grunt, Dante managed to bring the entire of his shaft sliding into her ass. Keeping his grip tight, he once more called upon his demonic powers to aid him in giving the succubus

what they both desired. Though Morrigan herself was too drained to move herself, the constant moans that rolled past her lips proved to be more than enough to keep the demon hunter going. The extra push allowed him to join in with his own cries of euphoria as their flabby forms were rocked back and forth. Just as he was on the verge of losing his strength, the shaking of his partner's legs signaled that she had found her release.

Upon Dante filling up the succubus's other hole, he couldn't stop himself from slumping forward. Face planting onto the rows of back flab, he didn't move much even as Morrigan collapsed onto the mattress. Caught up in his own tiredness and post-intimacy bliss, he joined her in drifting off to sleep.

Dante's peaceful slumber was interrupted by a loud knocking at the door. Ignoring the potential visitor, he attempted to go back to sleep upon his soft, living cushion. However, the sound kept getting louder and angrier with each passing second. He managed to ignore most of it for the sake of fully resting from his night of debauchery. That was until he heard the unsettling click of the lock being shot off with a bullet.

Immediately relieved of his grogginess, Dante hoisted himself up just in time to duck back down to avoid getting hit by the door. Peeking out from behind the still sleeping Morrigan, he looked out into the blinding, mid-day light to see a figure standing there. The skinny body adorned in a white blouse and black shorts were a far cry from the pair's obese, nude forms. However, what stood out was the massive rocket launcher strapped to the woman's back.

“So, this is what’s been going on,” Lady said, her short hair flickering as she flipped around the large gun. “Damn, demons.”

As Lady pulled the trigger, Dante leapt into action. Going against the mass of his weight, he hurried to get in the way of the rocket careening towards Morrigan. Hoisting up his blubbery arm, he managed to deflect the projectile at the last second. While this did save him and the sleepy succubus, it came at the cost of blowing a hole in the roof to flood the room with even more sunlight.

“Get out of the way, Dante,” Lady said as she readied another shot.

“Easy, easy, she’s not a threat,” Dante tried to explain.

“You’re probably just under her control,” she replied with an ominous click from her launcher. “That would explain why you’ve turned yourself into a complete blob.”

“I assure you, that’s both of our doings,” Morrigan said, pausing for a moment to yawn. “And would you mind putting that away? I don’t want my beloved boyfriend’s business getting any more damage.”

“Boyfriend!?”

“Heh, yeah,” Dante said with a nervous scratch of his head. “We’ve been seeing each other for a few months now.”

“Oh, be honest,” Morrigan said as she rested her blubbery arms on his shoulders. “We’ve been doing much more than seeing each other.”

Looking between the fatty couple and the mounds of empty food packages nearby, Lady finally clicked things together. Her confusion was replaced with absolute rage as she looked back

towards Dante. Though he tried to diffuse the situation with a laugh, her expression remained rightfully full of rage. It was a look capable of helping the demon hunter lose some of his excess weight as she went through the long list of jobs he would be taking on to counteract his hedonistic lifestyle.