

Fat Succubus Part II: Avery's Indulgence

By Kallie

As she spoke the final word of the incantation, Avery watched a cloud of billowing, purple smoke explode into her apartment, as if from nowhere. She clapped her hands excitedly. It had worked! It wasn't her first time conducting a summoning ritual, yes, but there had been no guarantee she was going to be able to replicate her success - much less summon the same succubus twice. Avery had spent hours and hours double- and triple-checking her preparations. It would all be worth it, if it meant being able to see *her* again.

And sure enough, once the unearthly smoke coalesced into a distinct, feminine, curvaceous silhouette and started to clear, a familiar face emerged into view.

"Greetings once more, Master," came the smoky, sultry voice of Venexia, the succubus Avery had called upon. "Or should I say... Mistress? You've changed since our last meeting."

Avery found herself blushing; just being in Venexia's presence was enough to fluster her. The succubus certainly wasn't wrong. The first time Avery had summoned Venexia was several months past. Then, she'd been interested in nothing more than the thrill of sleeping with a pleasure demon, and she'd ended up having her eyes opened by the fat succubus's impossibly luxurious, soft, plush form. Since then, she'd made the biggest decision of her life: to transition. Avery had always been somewhat feminine, but even so, embracing being a girl had been a huge change. In a way, though, her change of style had been just as dramatic. Avery had figured there was no better time to shed her previously plain, nerdy aesthetic; now, she was leaning fully into the goth girl lifestyle. Black hair, black clothes, black makeup - black everything.

She hoped Venexia would approve.

From the pleased look on the face, and the way she was licking her lips with a long, forked, serpentine tongue, she did.

"So," Venexia purred, "what can I do for you this time, Mistress? More pleasure? I could *always* use another meal."

The distinctly carnal note in her honeyed, inhuman voice made Avery shiver, and for a moment, she found it almost impossible to resist.

On first summoning Venexia, Avery had been surprised to see that the succubus was so plump. After all, most cultural depictions of succubi were limited to either 'thin' or 'hourglass'. Venexia had been quick to correct Avery's misconceptions. Succubi were pleasure demons, and gluttony was just as pleasurable a sin as lust. Moreover, the lustful applications of a body like hers were beyond imagining. Just looking at her curvy body, clad in nothing but thin, shimmering silks, was bringing back memories of what had surely been the best sex of Avery's like. The way her outfit clung to her body only enhanced her charm, leaving far more taut, alluring skin on display than it concealed. Avery yearned to sink her hands into Venexia's softness once more - and equally, she yearned to feel the succubus sinking her equally fat

demonic cock into Avery's ass.

But that wasn't why she'd summoned Venexia. Or at least, it wasn't the only reason.

"Um, not quite," Avery replied.

Venexia giggled. "Oh? That's a shame."

She shifted from side to side, swinging her wide, fat hips and, in doing so, drawing attention to the throbbing cock hanging between her thighs. Avery was starting to sweat.

"So... what?" Venexia prompted, although she was plainly enjoying how distracted Avery seemed.

Avery took a deep breath, and tried to gather her wits. "Actually, I guess I was hoping you could give me some advice. Maybe that's a silly reason to summon a succubus, but I've been thinking a lot about some of your words. Your, um, philosophy. I... was hoping you could give me some advice on how to enjoy my body."

Venexia raised an eyebrow, intrigued. "Oh?"

"Well, it's hard, you know? As a trans woman, I mean." Avery sighed. "There's dysphoria, there's worrying about how other people see me... it just makes things hard. Confidence. Intimacy. Things like that."

"And you decided to summon a succubus for help?" Venexia raised an eyebrow.

Avery blushed. "I... um... you just... you made a strong impression, I guess." She glanced aside, at the wall, and tried to play off her embarrassment. "Who better to ask about enjoying my body than a pleasure demon, right?"

She couldn't quite bring herself to tell the full truth, about how much Venexia had become a source of inspiration to her. The way she so blatantly flaunted her fatness, her hotness and her sensuality had been a revelation. Avery wasn't interested in becoming fat the way Venexia was, but she wondered if a little extra weight here and there might make her look more feminine. She wasn't sure, though. She had a lot of conflicted, guilty feelings about gaining weight, especially since everywhere she looked, it seemed like people were suggesting that, as a woman, she should be doing exactly the opposite. As such, Avery ended up skipping meals more often than she cared to admit.

There were counselors and therapists to talk to, yes. But somehow, Avery's thoughts kept drifting to Venexia instead.

"Hmm. I'm not normally in the business of telling mortals how to live their lives," Venexia mused. "But I have to admit, Mistress, I'm a little fond of you. You were such a *filling* meal, after all."

The way she said that had all the blood in Avery's body running to between her legs.

"So, why not? I'll help you." Avery burst out into a grateful grin. "Let's start with your body itself. What's not to your liking?"

"I..." Avery shifted, and tried to fight the urge to cover herself with her hands. "It could just be more feminine, you know? I mean, HRT has been giving me some results, sure, and I know it hasn't been

that long, but I just... I mean, I've been dieting just like everyone says, but even so-

"Dieting?" Venexia rounded on the goth trans girl, outraged.

"W-well, yeah." Avery was a little taken aback by her reaction. "I mean... it's not... I'd like to gain some weight, if it's gonna go to my hips or something, but... isn't dieting what you're supposed to do? Everyone says-"

"Mistress, Mistress," Venexia tutted, interrupting again. "You really have been led astray. No wonder you needed to call upon me for advice. Fortunately, I can give you everything you need."

"You can?" Avery looked up at the succubus hopefully. She'd been hoping she'd say that. None of the advice she'd found online, be it on forums, social media, or magazine websites, had done her any good. She needed a different perspective.

Venexia drew herself up to her full height, so tall her crown of horns was almost scraping the ceiling. It was clear she enjoyed the way Avery was hanging on her words. "The first lesson," she pronounced, "is indulgence."

"Indulgence?"

"Of course!" Venexia said. "How can you enjoy your body, if you don't treat it like something enjoyable? How can you take pleasure from it, if you don't treat it like something pleasurable?"

"I guess," Avery replied. "But what does that mean, exactly?"

Venexia grinned. "I was hoping you would ask."

Avery yelped as the succubus suddenly surged towards her, pushing her back against the wall. In an instant, Avery found Venexia looming over her, the succubus's belly pressing up against her body as her cleavage threatened to devour the trans girl's head. Something about how much more powerful this tall, voluptuous demon was than her made Avery's heart skip beats - and not from fear - and within mere moments, she was slipping under Venexia's spell.

"You see?" Venexia purred. "Don't *I* feel good?"

Avery nodded furiously. Already, she was using her hands to grope at the succubus, desperate to feel her softness between her fingers. It was irresistible. Venexia felt like clouds, like silk, like marshmallow.

"Of course." Venexia giggled. "I feel good to myself, too. I never deny myself anything, and my body *loves* it."

"Ghhrrr," Avery groaned in inarticulate agreement. She was dizzy with lust. Embarrassingly, she could feel her girlcock growing painfully hard between her legs, pressing up against one of Venexia's huge thighs.

"But you know, you feel good too." Venexia licked her lips. "Like... here."

With a soft, clawed hand, she traced delicate lines all the way down Avery's side, before turning her attention to the trans girl's stomach. Avery had always been on the slender side, but she still had a

small pouch of puppy fat on her belly, and Venexia took advantage of that now, rolling it between her fingers with a masseur's skill. It sent shivers all the way through Avery's body, and had her cock throbbing.

"Wha... what... h-how?" Avery moaned. She'd never thought about her stomach as an erogenous zone before, but it certainly felt like one now.

"See?" Venexia purred into her ear. "Or how about here?"

Her hand roamed down to Avery's hips, squeezing and groping her thighs, and it felt just as good.

"Or here?" she continued, as Avery moaned, this time reaching upwards to massage the trans girl's still-small but sensitive tits.

"F-fuck!" Avery panted. She'd never touched herself like this before. She'd never been touched like this.

"So nice and soft, hm?" Venexia continued. "Why would you want to lose any of this, Mistress? Doesn't it feel nice? So soft. So luxurious. It's just begging to be touched."

Avery was moaning and squirming like a helpless kitten, as Venexia kept her pressed up to the wall with the bulk of her body. What was the succubus doing to her? It felt magical. It felt sinful. Her entire body was red hot. She couldn't contain herself much longer.

"You already knew that, I'm sure." Venexia giggled as she felt Avery squirm and throb against her. "After our first encounter. But what if it could be like this all the time, Mistress? What if *you* could be like this? All you have to do is learn to indulge yourself."

Avery was so close. She couldn't believe how effortlessly Venexia was dominating her and bringing her to the edge.

"Come now, Mistress." Venexia tilted her head, her smirk turning lopsided, as she pressed her thigh deliberately against the length of Avery's needy, desperate girlcock, providing an extra morsel of stimulation that was all Avery needed. "No holding back. Just indulge."

With a weak, high pitched cry of pleasure, Avery came, her girlcock spurting thin, watery cum all over Venexia's thigh.

"See?" Venexia cooed her approval, as Avery recovered from the huge orgasm. "Indulge. That's the key. Whatever feels good. Food. Sex. Soft clothes. Comfort. Anything." She started rubbing Avery's belly in big, soothing circles, her sharp claws leaving barely-perceptible lines across her skin. "And just imagine how much better it would feel if there was more of this."

"B-but... but..." There were still so many things Avery didn't understand. As she stammered to frame her questions, Venexia simply used her other hand to wipe up the streaks of Avery's cum from her thigh, licking her claws clean with her forked tongue like it was a fine delicacy.

Then, once Avery was trying to find the breath to ask, Venexia kissed her, still with her cum in her mouth.

The kiss was every bit as breathtaking as Venexia's groping. Avery was immediately drunk on the

succubus's lustful aura, all the more potent with their lips touching. She felt Venexia's long tongue passing her her own cum to swallow, then exploring all the corners of her mouth, and then, finally, opening up her throat so she could force the trans girl to deep-throat her tongue.

What she didn't feel, though, was what else Venexia gave her.

As the two of them kissed, Venexia breathed her essence into Avery. The trans girl's eyes flashed the same rich, royal, decadent purple as Venexia's, and deep within her, a hunger was woken as the succubus infected Avery with the mark of her sin.

All Avery knew, though, was that once Venexia drew back, she was still eager for more.

"There," Venexia concluded smugly, finally giving Avery room to breathe. "Now, you understand."

"H-hold on!" Avery gasped, as Venexia started to turn her back. "You said that was just the first lesson, right? What about the rest?"

"Summon me again when you're ready." As Venexia walked away, her form started to dissolve into shadow, slowly blending with the dark recesses of Avery's apartment. "You'll know."

That left Avery with nothing more to say, and she just watched Venexia's fat, huge ass bouncing and jiggling with each of her steps, until the succubus finally disappeared.

The next night, Avery was still turning Venexia's 'advice' over and over in her head. It seemed so simple, yet it was proving so deceptively complicated. Indulge. How much? In what? It was hard not to overthink it. She knew one thing for sure, though. She wanted more of that feeling the succubus had given her.

It was only once her stomach growled that Avery realized something else: she was hungry.

That meant it was time to order food. Avery pulled up a delivery app on her phone. She felt like pizza. The local place she ordered from was great. Their pizzas were greasy as hell, but they were also delicious. Plus, they delivered fast, and the Deliveroo driver that usually handled their orders was extremely friendly. She seemed like she was probably some flavour of queer, and so they had good reason to be nice to each other. Avery always made sure to give her a nice tip.

Avery was just plugging in her normal order - a medium pizza and a side of garlic bread - when something occurred to her.

Why not get a large pizza instead?

Normally, Avery always restrained herself. It was good for her wallet and, moreover, she was supposed to be dieting. But... Avery squeezed the soft little pouch on her stomach. Would it really be so bad if she gained some weight? Indulge. That had been Venexia's advice. Surely that meant she should let herself get a large pizza sometimes, right? Avery still wasn't sure how she felt about packing on some

extra pounds, but she reasoned that it was just one meal. She wouldn't really gain that much weight, especially if it was just an occasional thing.

When she changed her order to a large, though, her stomach growled at her in protest. Another question popped into her head.

Why not two?

Two large pizzas was orders of magnitude more than Avery usually ordered. It was vaguely embarrassing to be considering it, but more than that, the prospect was desperately tempting. It sounded like a feast. Avery started reasoning with herself. She could afford it, so why not? It wouldn't be that big of a deal, right? If she didn't like the weight she gained, she could always go back to dieting whenever she pleased.

Why not just indulge herself?

Before she could think twice, Avery had ordered her feast.

Once her pizzas had arrived and Avery had exchanged some friendly words with the delivery girl - Nuria - she was left with two huge pizza boxes, a couple of sides, and a free drink to boot. By then, Avery was so hungry she could barely think.

Her gluttony demanded fulfillment.

So, she started to eat. And once she started, she quickly found that she couldn't stop. Cramming one slice of pizza into her mouth after another was automatic. Avery slipped into a kind of haze, immediately losing track of how much pizza she had eaten or how much she had left. That didn't matter. All that mattered was the growing, warm, full sensation within her belly. It was the most immediate and carnal kind of satisfaction imaginable. Along with the rich flavor of all that tomato sauce and mozzarella, it made it seductively easy for Avery to slump back into her couch and lose herself in hedonistic bliss.

Once she finished the first of her large pizzas, Avery paused. She needed a moment to bask in what she was feeling. Venexia had been right. Indulgence was the way forward. She could easily afford to gain a little weight - just a little - if it meant getting to gorge herself like this every once in a while. It was much more fun than constant self-restraint. With that settled in her head, Avery reached down and gave her stomach a few idle rubs.

As usual for when she was at home, Avery was dressed pretty casually and comfortably, in a crop top and short skirt, with fishnets underneath - all black, of course. With her belly on display like that, it was impossible for her not to notice that it was already looking a little bigger, just from the pizza she had just stuffed herself with. Somehow, that brought a smile to her face. And once she started rubbing it, her smile only grew.

It felt good.

No, it felt *hot*.

Rubbing her belly was turning Avery on. She was surprised to notice it, but not unpleasantly so. It felt like she was massaging that warmth and fullness, pushing it deeper and spreading it around throughout her body - including between her legs. Within moments, she could feel her girlcock stirring, and after a little more, it was forming a distinct tent in her pants. Avery giggled at herself. Getting turned

on from eating? That was new.

But hey, she reasoned: why not?

Why not indulge?

Why not let herself get off like this, slumped on her couch, eating way too much pizza?

Strange though it was, there was something genuinely hot about letting herself go like this. It felt freeing, in a manic, dizzying kind of way that had endorphins flooding her mind. They made it easier to just say 'yes' to the sinful, pleasurable ideas that were starting to occur to her.

Avery sat like that for at least ten minutes, groping her own full belly and moaning from how good it felt, before her hand started to stray downward towards her cock.

And as it did, her other hand reached out for the next slice of pizza.

She was definitely going to have to do this more often.

"Oh, my!" Venexia exclaimed, as the fat succubus stepped out of the shadows and into Avery's apartment. "You *have* been coming along nicely, Mistress."

Avery's freshly-plump cheeks turned pink. "T-thank you."

It had been weeks since the last time she had summoned Venexia, and Avery had decided she was ready for her second lesson. She wasn't sure how, exactly, but just as Venexia had promised, she knew the time was right.

She had certainly learned the lesson of indulgence well, after all. Her body was proof of that.

Over the past few weeks, Avery's double-order of fattening fast food had gone from a one-time excess, to an occasional treat, to a nightly ritual. It wasn't that she couldn't stop herself. It was that she no longer wanted to. Each time, the prospect of more food became more and more appealing, and concerns about her figure grew more and more distant.

It certainly helped that, the bigger and softer her belly became, the better it felt.

And it sure had become bigger and softer. All that junk food had brought about a dramatic change in Avery's physique. Before, she had been skinny. Now, she was markedly chubby. The gain was truly impressive, for something that had happened within just the space of a few weeks. It was most visible on her stomach, but it showed clearly elsewhere, too. Avery's thighs had gone from twigs to pillars, and any signs of ribs or biceps on her body were now hidden under plush softness. Even her face was now looking much more rounded - and, Avery thought, more feminine.

Venexia was making no secret of the fact she was currently admiring Avery's new body. She walked

a leisurely circle around the trans girl, looking at her from all angles. It was clear she was pleased with her work. Compared to the succubus, Avery was still thin, sure. But she had come a long way.

Avery loved it all. She'd gained weight, just like she'd wanted, and she felt great about it. However, she hungered to go further.

"Yes, I can tell you've been indulging yourself plenty," Venexia concluded. "But... what is that you're wearing, Mistress?"

The color in Avery's cheeks changed tint slightly. "Well, it's just... most of what I have is too small now," she explained, now more embarrassed than flustered. "I know it's not ideal."

As she'd gained weight, Avery had taken to avoiding the revealing, goth-girl outfits she'd built most of her wardrobe from. Instead, she was wearing a huge, baggy, grey hoodie - a holdover from her days as a nerdy boy. Once over-sized in a way that was arguably fashionable, it was now simply the only thing she had that covered her body.

To Avery's surprise, Venexia started to shake her head, tutting. "Oh, Mistress. No wonder you needed to summon me again. You're in dire need of another lesson."

Avery nodded eagerly. The first lesson had been amazing. She'd never felt better about her body. All the weight she'd gained didn't bother her one bit. She couldn't wait for more of the succubus's wisdom.

"Tell me," Venexia began. "What do you think about *my* garments, Mistress?"

She drew herself up to her full height and struck a pose, allowing Avery to drool over every last, glorious inch of her. This time, the succubus wore a set of tight, intricate leathers, impossibly black, and they covered only enough to tantalize. Her huge tits threatened to spill out over the bodice that constrained them, her leggings were tied so tight around her thighs that her softness was practically bulging out of them, and, most eye-catchingly of all, there was nothing to prevent her plump, alluring belly from spilling out over the top of them, covering, from a certain angle, the demonic cock underneath.

"T-they're amazing," Avery breathed. Her mouth was dry.

"That's right." Venexia struck another pose. "You see, Mistress, I'm not using clothes to hide my body. I'm using my body to frame it, like a work of art. You'll never know the true pleasure of indulging your body's pleasures until you can move past that pesky, moral emotion you call 'shame'. Shamelessness - that's the second lesson."

Avery nodded in hasty agreement, before she found herself struck with sudden second thoughts. She couldn't really wear something like that. Could she? She wasn't a succubus like Venexia. Besides, she didn't have any clothes like that. What was she supposed to do? Wear her old goth clothes? They didn't even fit anymore. It would be far too embarrassing.

"But-" Avery started to protest.

"No 'buts', Mistress," Venexia interrupted. "Just embrace it."

Before Avery could ask any more questions, Venexia took her in her arms and delivered another sweet, white-hot, corrupting kiss.

The fire of the succubus's tainted magic was more than enough to start burning away Avery's doubts.

Maybe it was time to start being shameless.

As the doorbell to Avery's apartment rang, she smiled. As quickly as she could, the trans girl poured herself off her couch and headed for her front door. She was hungry, and she'd ordered food - two statements that were almost always true, these days. Shameless indulgence had become Avery's motto. She never got tired of being hedonistic, and that meant eating as much as she wanted, whenever she wanted, and enjoying how her body felt in the aftermath.

And the bigger she got, the better it felt.

Avery opened the door to her apartment, eager to get her hands on tonight's triple-burger feast, but was greeted with another, unexpected pleasure: her favorite delivery girl, Nuria.

"He- wow!" the tall, Hispanic woman began, before her jaw immediately dropped at the sight of the goth trans girl answering the door.

Avery was wearing an old outfit of hers, something she'd worn dozens of times before. But that was exactly what made it so striking. Avery had given up on wearing anything too oversized or too concealing, and instead, that morning, had put on a long-sleeved top with a mesh insert to cover her midriff. Below the waist, she had managed to squeeze herself into an old pair of leather-look jeans - although only barely.

Both of those garments looked totally different on Avery's new body. In the couple of weeks since Venexia's last visitation, she'd kept gaining weight, and now, getting any of her old clothes to fit her was a struggle. A ton of her new weight had gone to her tits, and the solid portion of her top now barely covered them, and she'd ended up ripping the mesh insert in a feeble attempt to get it to cover her belly. The top was even tight around her arms.

Even more weight, though, had gone to her ass. As a result, her jeans were atrociously tight, and they made her round, fat, bulging ass cheeks look obscene even when they were totally covered. Covering them had come at a cost, too. Avery had given up on trying to actually button the jeans, and so the plump, ever-growing belly that now dominated her physique was freely hanging over the top of her pants. Every single pound she'd gained there was on full display, and jiggled hypnotically with every single step.

Avery had now blown past 'chubby'. She was decidedly plump, and that didn't bring her even a single hint of shame. In her own eyes, she looked better than ever. Her body was a temple to hedonism, and she cared for it accordingly. As slovenly as she might have looked to some, Avery still made sure that her hair was immaculate, her black lipstick was flawless, and her thick, dark eyeliner was Instagram-worthy.

Judging from the way Nuria was staring at her, her effort was paying off.

“Hey, Nuria.” Avery greeted the delivery girl with a friendly wave, and tried not to blush too much. Maybe she should have put something else on before answering. Avery was growing to enjoy showing herself off, but wearing an outfit like this in front of a cute girl was more embarrassing than she’d been ready for.

“Hi, Avery,” Nuria replied. She was a little breathless, and obviously struggling to regain her composure. “You’ve, um... wow.”

Her reaction brought a pleased grin to Avery’s face. Nuria had seen her gone through all kinds of changes, both gender- and aesthetic- related. She’d always been cool about them, but the way she was looking at her now was something else. She hadn’t seen Nuria in a few weeks, and so her new look had to be coming as something of a surprise.

“Is... that my order?” Avery prompted, giggling a little.

“Oh! Yeah, totally.” Nuria looked embarrassed with herself, and had to fumble with her bag for a moment before she could hand over the stacks of burger boxes that comprised Avery’s meal. “So, uh, you got, like, a girlfriend now, or something? I’m not used to you ordering for two.”

“Oh, no,” Avery corrected her. “These are all for me.”

Nuria’s eyes widened, and her cheeks turned a little red.

“Well, uh... good luck with that!” she replied eventually. She couldn’t stop throwing glances down at Avery’s exposed stomach.

Avery noticed that, even after she passed the delivery girl a tip, she seemed reluctant to leave, somehow. She seemed to be having trouble pulling herself away from Avery’s door. When she figured out why, it was like a lightbulb going off in her head.

“Hey, Nuria. It’s pretty late, right?” Avery asked, struck with sudden boldness. “You got any more orders after this?”

“No, it’s the end of my shift.” Nuria blinked. “Why?”

Something burning within Avery’s breast told her not to hold back. “Look, I’m really sorry if this is inappropriate, but I was wondering if... you might want to come inside?”

Nuria nodded slowly, and licked her lips. “Yeah. Um, yeah, sure. Yeah.”

Avery stepped back from the doorway, and led Nuria in. Once the two of them were inside, the trans girl settled herself back down on the couch, reclining on her side in a way that had her plump belly spilling out in its full glory. Nuria seemed almost hypnotized by the sight. Once, Avery would have been desperately embarrassed at displaying her body like that, especially carrying so much extra weight, but now? She was feeling uncharacteristically shameless.

“I’ve never actually done this before,” Nuria blurted out. She took a seat on Avery’s spare chair, and looked around. “I’m glad things have been going well for you, Avery. Seems like you’ve really been, uh, treating yourself.”

She gestured at the pair of pizza boxes that were stacked on Avery's coffee table. Avery liked to keep things clean and tidy, but now that she was ordering food every day, there was often a little bit of trash still lying around.

The trans girl just smiled at her. "I sure have. It's been good to indulge for once, y'know?"

"Mhm." Nuria nodded eagerly. She was still staring at Avery's body.

"So, Nuria," Avery asked. "You seemed pretty eager, but what did you want to come inside for, exactly?"

Nuria's tanned cheeks turned pink. "Well, um... I hope this doesn't sound too weird, but you're really, really my type."

Avery's smile widened. "I had a feeling." Avery hadn't had sex since the beginning of her lessons with Venexia. She was looking forward to finding out what her new body would feel like in bed. She could barely begin to imagine the pleasure. "If it's like that, maybe we should take it over to my bed?"

At that, strangely, Nuria looked more nervous than ever. "B-but," she stuttered, "then your food would get cold, right?"

Avery's stomach growled in agreement.

"Just don't expect me to share," the trans girl replied, winking, and then reached for her first burger.

At first, Nuria just watched quietly as Avery ate, a look of intense interest on her face. Avery was quite happy to let her do so. She wasn't ashamed of anything. Besides, she was hungry, and eager to lose herself in the wonderful, gluttonous experience of fastening her lips around a sinfully huge, greasy burger, laden with cheese, bacon, and other additions. She made short work of it, and then turned to Nuria expectantly.

"Nuria, hand me the next one," she instructed.

Nuria looked like she couldn't believe her luck. She nodded feverishly - and then did much more than just pass Avery her next meal. With the burger in her hand, she clambered onto Avery's couch, resting her body against the plump trans girl's, and held it up to her mouth.

"Here," she whispered.

Now it was Avery's turn to blush. She hadn't realized Nuria was going to be so bold. The surprise was far from unpleasant, though. Avery was already a little turned on from how she was indulging herself; the feeling of Nuria's tall, lithe body sinking into her softness was rapidly adding to her arousal.

So, with her cheeks red, Avery stretched out and took a bite.

This burger was just as delicious as the last, but the experience of having it fed to her by a pretty girl was a new kind of hedonism. She couldn't decide if she was embarrassed at being fed like a helpless child, or flattered by being pampered like a queen. Either way, she was so flustered she was speechless, and Nuria was taking advantage of that to insistently press more and more food to her lips. Avery ate it all, feeling her belly fill with warmth and her body hum with satisfaction.

“God,” Nuria breathed. “This is so hot.”

She sounded just as turned on as Avery felt, and faintly shocked with herself, like her brain was still catching up with what she was doing and what she was feeling. Avery, mouth full, could only nod in agreement.

Embarrassing or flattering, this felt amazing.

After a few large bites, Avery started to slow down. Her hunger was abating, and she was starting to feel full. Nuria, though, proved insistent. She reached down Avery’s body and started rubbing her belly, keen to egg her on with flattery. Now that they had made it through the awkward part, Nuria seemed almost unable to hold herself back.

“Avery, you got so fucking soft,” she growled. The way her hand was groping and massaging Avery’s flesh made the trans girl moan helplessly. “It’s amazing. I’m so glad the food I’ve been delivering has been helping to do this to you.”

Avery couldn’t reply with anything more than a weak, needy whine. She hadn’t been expecting Nuria to be so dominant with her, but it was bringing back pleasant memories of her time with Venexia. As long as she was able to indulge herself shamelessly, Avery had no complaints. And besides, every single thing Nuria was doing to Avery was driving her crazy.

Offering Avery yet another bite, Nuria started kissing Avery’s plump cheeks, then kissing and nibbling her way down Avery’s neck, leaving lots of bright, possessive marks along the way. There was a kind of fierce worship to her touch; her every movement spoke the way she admired and enjoyed Avery’s weight gain, but it was also very, very clear that she was determined to be the one in control.

Surprised though she was, it made sense to Avery. Clearly, she was a being to be indulged and pleased. It was only natural Nuria was so insistent on it, and so insistent that Avery not lift a finger.

“I... I’m...” Nuria panted, still lustfully groping Avery’s body. “I’ve... never told anyone how into this I am. It’s kind of embarrassing. But - fuck - I just can’t hold back. You’re... Avery, you’re *so* hot.”

“T-thank you,” Avery managed. She was so turned on, she could barely speak. With Nuria resting on top of her, she felt somehow unable to touch herself as she usually would, to release some of the pressure that was building within her body. Even so, between the eating and Nuria’s groping, she was already almost at the edge. She could feel her hard girlcock drooling precum into her panties.

“And... yeah!” Nuria’s face contorted into a wicked grin as her hand traveled even further down, resting on the noticeable bulge between the trans girl’s legs. When Avery tried to squirm, she just pressed down a little harder. “Good. I’m glad you’re enjoying this just as much as I am.”

Avery whimpered again.

“I’m not surprised,” Nuria continued. She started rubbing her hand back and forth in a slow, rhythmic motion. “I mean, this is just so fucking sexy. I bet it feels amazing. A girl like you deserves to get everything she wants.”

Her words were like music to Avery’s ears. She nodded and moaned, and couldn’t help rolling her hips back and forth, humping against Nuria’s hand as subtly as she could. Judging from Nuria’s mirthful

giggle, it wasn't very subtle.

"Oh, you want this?" Nuria rubbed a little harder, sending Avery into a frenzy of moans. "Too bad," she teased. "I *am* gonna make you wait a little for that."

Avery whined in protest, but it didn't occur to her to argue, or to try touching herself. Letting Nuria set the pace felt perfectly natural. It was much better for her to just lie back, eat, and enjoy.

"God, I love how it seems like you enjoy being touched *here* just much." Nuria moved her hand back up to grope Avery's plump belly. Any protests the goth might have made were drowned by more moans. Especially now that she was full, having her stomach touched in such a lewd way sent shivers up her spine. "And, I think it's amazing that you just answered the door with this nice, big, gorgeous erogenous zone on display," she added. "So bold!"

"Um... I..." Avery attempted, soon stifled by her own moaning. She'd never thought about it quite that way before. She wasn't ashamed, but even so, hearing Nuria's words was doing something to her.

"You're so right, though," Nuria purred. Her groping was turning even rougher and more avaricious, and she pushed the last mouthful of the burger into Avery's mouth with a firmness that made it clear she wasn't going to let Avery take it slow. "Your body is way too perfect to hide. I can't wait for it to get even better. If you're eating like this all the time, I'm sure it will. Fuck."

Avery couldn't help but picture it, and the mental image almost pushed her over into orgasm. Weeks ago, she'd only wanted to gain a little weight, to help her appear more feminine, but that modest desire was a thing of the past. Now, all she knew was that getting bigger made her feel better - hotter, more confident, more powerful. She wanted so badly to keep indulging, and see how much more amazing she could get.

Before she could cum, though, Nuria drew back. She raised herself up on her knees, looking down on Avery with a ravenous look on her face. Avery smiled sheepishly.

"So... um..." she ventured. "Now... the bed?"

To her surprise, Nuria shook her head, and then grinned. "Not yet. You've got one more burger to eat."

"The third lesson is this: pride."

From her knees, Avery smiled. She was glad to be receiving another of Venexia's lessons. It had been about a month since her last encounter with the succubus, and she'd decided she was ready for her next. In that time, her appetite and her body had kept growing, and her evenings with Nuria had become a regular, mutually-enjoyable event.

She couldn't really remember when she'd decided to kneel in Venexia's presence, but it felt right. For one thing, she enjoyed feeling her huge, plush ass underneath her, and the feeling of her belly resting

on her knees.

“Pride?” Avery queried. “I didn’t realize that was your department.”

Venexia laughed; the rich sound filled the room, and her laughter sent her magnificent, inhuman body jiggling in a way that had Avery hard in seconds.

“You might think not,” Venexia explained. “And yes, there are pride demons. I am not one of them. But you see, my little mortal, few things feel better than taking pride in your own indulgence. Just like how shame dulls true pleasure, pride enhances it.”

Avery nodded. That made sense to her.

“What have you been doing, these past weeks?” Venexia asked her. “Besides eating, of course.”

“Um... not much,” Avery admitted. “I work from home, so that takes up most of my time.”

“I see,” Venexia mused. “It’s a shame, don’t you think, that so few other people are getting to see the wonderful results of all your indulgence? Don’t you think it would feel just wonderful, to show everyone? I’m sure that taking pride and being desired would bring you the pleasure you’ve been seeking.”

Avery nodded, this time slowly, as she contemplated the succubus’s advice. “I think I get it. But how-”

Interrupting her, Venexia bent over and seized Avery in a deep, hungry kiss, infusing the mortal with even more of her corruptive, tainted magic.

“You’ll figure it out,” she promised, before vanishing into the ether.

Avery’s smile gradually widened, as the viewer counter in the bottom-right corner of her streaming software rapidly ticked upwards. Every time she went live, more and more people tuned in, and each time more and more of them were converted from casual fans into paying subscribers. Already, their support had allowed Avery to quit her old job, and was funding her new, insatiable appetite for fast food.

“Hey everyone!” Avery said brightly into her microphone, as she waved to her webcam. “Thank you all for coming today. I hope you like what you’re seeing.”

To make sure everyone watching her got a perfect view, she stretched herself out a little further on her bed, and watched the chorus of appreciative greetings pour in.

In the weeks it had taken Avery to establish her new career, she had kept on indulging, each and every day. Her appetite for fast food hadn’t diminished, but in the wake of Venexia’s third lesson, a fresh hunger had taken root within her. She wanted attention. Being seen and being admired for her new,

decidedly fat form, had gone from a pleasure to a craving. The way people looked at her filled her with pride, and made each little morsel of food taste all the sweeter.

And they certainly looked. Avery had no trouble attracting the kind of attention she was looking for. Her body was a spectacle, to say the least. She'd kept gaining weight at an incredible pace, and it had left her with the body of a fertility goddess. Her full, rounded belly dominated her physique, its flowing waves of softness cascading down into her lap as she sat. Meanwhile, her ass had kept spreading outwards as it had grown, leaving her with a mouth-watering backside that was miraculously firm given her lifestyle. Finally, her HRT meant that plenty of weight had also gone to her chest, giving her a feminine figure that brought her no end of delight.

The money she earned from her online cam shows had helped pay for a new wardrobe, too, although all her new clothes were just as obscene and revealing as the ludicrously small ones she'd recently outgrown. For her shows, she'd taken to wearing nothing more than a tiny set of lingerie; the bra barely covered her areolae, and the bottoms all but disappeared underneath her belly and between her fat ass cheeks.

To Avery's mind, she had absolutely no reason not to flaunt everything she had.

"Let's cut right to the good stuff," Avery announced, her cheeks already flushed from the pleasure of being so admired. "I think my food's here. Nuria?"

"It sure is, babe."

Nuria, her companion - girlfriend? fuckbuddy? they hadn't put a label on it yet - swept into the room, and she came bearing gifts: bags of food, freshly delivered to Avery's door. Avery's stomach started purring at the scent of all that fried deliciousness. Her webcam chat, meanwhile, was going wild. Her fans knew what they wanted to see. Some of them were even throwing in tips, suggesting she order yet more food.

Avery would have to consider taking them up on it.

As she had quickly learned after some curiosity-fueled research, girls like her doing shows like this was a not-so-small and very profitable niche in the online porn market. Avery couldn't have been happier to step into it.

"I hope you're hungry," Nuria commented, setting the food down and clambering onto the bed.

She positioned herself behind Avery, relative to the webcam. Avery was the one they were all here to see, and besides, the sight of someone slender like Nuria disappearing behind her and struggling to reach around her new, fat body only served to highlight her size.

It was also a really hot position to be fed from. But before they could get to that, Nuria was going to make sure Avery got nice and warmed up.

As she reached around Avery and started massaging the trans girl's prodigious belly, Avery started moaning. Weeks of exactly this kind of attention seemed to have only trained her body to be more responsive to it, and as she'd grown bigger and more confident, she'd developed a love of having every square inch of her body worshiped and adored.

She knew Nuria loved touching and adoring her just as much.

The endless supply of impressed, horny and envious comments from her viewers and subscribers only added to Avery's hedonistic pleasure. It felt so very *right*. She wanted to be seen. She wanted to take up space. She wanted people to lust after her, touch her, and enjoy her. Avery wanted to be the catalyst for their sin, inspiring them to give in to their deepest desires. She didn't question where those thoughts were coming from. To her, they were all as natural as breathing.

Why should she question anything, when she felt so amazing?

"Look at how big she's getting," Nuria cooed, placing her palm on Avery's stomach and rubbing up and down, sending the trans girl's whole body jiggling. "You wouldn't believe what she looked like a few months ago. I love how much she's plumped up."

The camshow chat provided enthusiastic agreement.

"Mhm, y-yeah," Avery purred. Already, she was so turned on. The webcam's gaze felt like the eyes of a thousand people, and it was such an exhibitionist thrill. She could feel herself getting hard already, her stiff girlcock pressing up against the softness of her tummy and straining against her right, revealing bikini.

"I can barely reach," Nuria commented, touching her hands together around Avery's midriff to demonstrate. "But she's going to get bigger. Right?"

Avery nodded hungrily. She was never going to get tired of that. Her original goal of gaining just a little weight was a lost memory.

"And so are these," Nuria added, reaching up to start groping Avery's tits too.

"F-fuck!" Avery panted, unable to contain her moans. Her body was only getting more sensitive, and she was coming to love the sensation of having her tits played with. Her moans grew louder still when Nuria started to kiss her neck, leaving little lovebites and making Avery shiver with desperation.

"Then, there's down here." Nuria lifted Avery's belly to expose the obscene tent in her panties, and then started running her fingertips over the shaft. A playful smile came to her face. "Guess there, she's plenty big already. What do you think, chat? Do you want to see our growing girl get off already? Cumming makes her real hungry, you know."

Almost instantly, a barrage of tips from viewers rolled in - more than enough to trigger the 'orgasm' donation reward.

"Perfect!" Nuria declared. "Let's see... show them your ass, Avery."

Avery nodded agreeably. She was every bit as eager to show herself off, even if the thought of what was about to happen made her blush. She clambered onto the bed and turned around, resting on her hands and knees with her magnificently fat ass presented to the camera. Moving around like that really exposed how lewd and gropable her body had become, and the pose left her belly hanging down underneath her, completely visible.

"Fuck, I can't believe how hot she is." Nuria delivered a sharp spank to one of Avery's ass cheeks, sending it jiggling. Avery squealed in surprise and pleasure, but she didn't object. To her, it wasn't humiliating. Knowing how much her audience would enjoy the view made her swell with lust and pride.

“Legs apart, babe.”

Avery obeyed, and as she did, her girlcock sprung free from her bikini bottoms. A large droplet of precum drooled from its tip, all the way down onto her bedsheets.

“Mmf, lovely,” Nuria growled, biting her lip. “Don’t worry, chat. The food won’t get cold. It doesn’t take Avery long.”

It was true. Avery *never* held back.

So, she was already moaning long and loud as Nuria reached underneath her and started jerking her off. The feeling of Nuria’s hand pumping up and down along Avery’s shaft was absolutely divine. Her companion had become incredibly skilled at pleasuring her, and given how turned on she already was, it wasn’t long before she hit the edge.

“F-f-fuck!” Avery cried, cumming. Her cock throbbing, spurting a load of her cum down into Nuria’s waiting hand. She cooed in admiration, still pumping with her other, eager to milk Avery for every last drop. For as long as her orgasm lasted, Avery was shivering and arching her back, letting everyone see how her new, fat, gorgeous body gyrated. She couldn’t see her computer screen, but she just knew her fans were loving it.

“Good girl,” Nuria purred. She reached out and started manipulating the weakened, moaning, fat girl back into a sitting position. Once she started rubbing Avery’s belly once more, her cock twitched, eager to get hard again right away.

“T-thanks, chat,” Avery said, throwing up a quick peace sign at the camera. The sight of all those lustful comments, still pouring in, made her cock twitch harder still.

“OK,” Nuria decided. “Let’s get on with it.”

She reached for the bags of fast food she’d brought in. This time, it was fried chicken. She rested the first bucket in her lap, and held up a piece for Avery to eat.

“Open wide!” Nuria said to the trans girl, before turning to look at the camera. “Let’s see how many times we can make her cum before she’s done, huh? Keep those tips coming!”

For Avery, still in a blissful, post-orgasmic haze, the taste of the first piece of chicken was almost as good as sex. It was all the same, in truth. Venexia had shown her that. Sex, food - it was all just pleasure.

And she wanted pleasure.

Succumbing to the hedonistic delights she was being offered, Avery started eating, and watched her adoring fans enjoy the show.

This time, when Venexia manifested herself in Avery’s apartment, her smirk split her face from ear

to ear.

“My goodness. Look what you’ve done to yourself, mortal! You’re absolutely *perfect*.”

Avery bowed her head, smiling. “Thank you, Mistress.”

She couldn’t quite remember when she’d started thinking of the succubus as her mistress. She couldn’t remember when she’d decided she wanted to get so fat, either. But she wasn’t about to dwell on the past.

Mostly, Avery was struck by how quickly her physique was catching up to Venexia’s. Certainly, the pleasure demon still had a presence that she lacked, but both of them were now almost equally fat, and both of their bodies were lascivious and awe-inspiring beyond measure. Avery had become an exemplar of everything Venexia represented.

Avery’s newfound calling as a camgirl was going better than she could have hoped. It couldn’t have been more perfect for her. It was pulling in enough money to let Nuria quit her job, too - the two of them were now officially girlfriends, and they’d decided that Nuria would move in with Avery. They were looking for a bigger place, but in the meantime, they managed. All the better for Nuria to keep feeding her.

Avery had sent Nuria out to buy groceries before summoning Venexia, though. She wasn’t sure Nuria was quite ready for that, and besides, they needed more food. Seeing to that was Nuria’s role. Despite how much of a feral, domineering wildcat she was in the bedroom, outside of it, she was surprisingly meek. It just seemed to make sense to them both. Avery was to be fed, fucked, and worshiped. Even if Nuria’s desires leaned dominant, both of them liked to think that Avery was the one who would sit on the throne, metaphorically speaking.

“So, what’s the next lesson, Mistress?” Avery asked hopefully.

“There isn’t one,” Venexia told her. “You’ve already learned everything you need from me.”

“Oh.” Avery was crestfallen. “Then... we’re done?”

“I didn’t say that,” Venexia corrected. A look of cautious optimism returned to Avery’s face. “You’re done with learning, yes. But how about teaching? I’m sure there are plenty of people who would just *love* the lessons you could pass on.”

Slowly, Avery started to grin. “Are you sure I’m worthy, Mistress?”

“Yes.” Venexia’s grin matched hers, tooth for pointed tooth. “You’re going to make a wonderful priestess.”

Special thanks to these wonderful patrons, who helped to make this possible:

Artemis, Chloe, J, drone4800, Secret Subject, AtmaTheWanderer, linuxdaemon, Kathryn, Olivia, Carrie, Lucy, Dex, orangesya, Red, spectria.limina, dmtph, Queenfisher, Ember, Ember, John, Seph, MegatronTarantulas, Nea, Vanessa, Matt, BTYOR, Jeremy, Mattilda, Emily, William, ntad, Flluffie, Scarlett, Silgon, The Flock, neopoliton_banks, ourladyofilacs, Jackson, Luna, Abigail, Jon, steb, Hypnogirl_Stephanie_, nicholas, gabbermoth, Cel, Jade, Sam, Sue, Alan_, mintyasleep, GL, Noelle, Vanhel, Lavender, Madness, Gilroy, Michael, Tasteful Ardour, Grace, SkinnyQP, Michael, Matthew, Full Blown Marxism, anonymous, GrillFan65, Jeff, Wholly Anonymous, Huge_Nerd, paxDulcetGirl, ZephanyZephZeph, Tram345, Myles_EXVS, 8947jts, Serena