

"PICKUP ARTIST TRAINING"

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CW: Belching, flatulence, fat demon girls, mind-altering magic, stuckage, heavy flirting.



Today was a very important day. Jack Vance had been preparing for it for weeks. Cleaning the hallways, removing every single heavy item from the car so it could prepare for its new passenger. Today was a day that would shake his house in the woods outside Sow's Bend on its very foundation.

Today his demonic wife, Kakia, would get off the couch.

Such a thing had not happened for... hell, he couldn't even remember the last time. It was a momentous occasion. As a demon, Kakia had no need for toilets or even sleep--though she enjoyed napping anyway. Her magical nature was obvious from her flaming pixie-cut "hair," and the glowing pinkish tattoos on her cyan-blue skin... but other than that, she acted more like a couch potato than a proper demon.

For more than a decade, Kakia had kept her relentless position on his couch. Like a gluttonous black hole, she had sat there gorging on human food, eating him out of house and home and then abusing her magic to replenish his bank account, before ordering him out to get even *more* delicacies. If it weren't for how much he enjoyed her foul behavior, he would have pried her off that couch with a crowbar long ago.

But something had finally arrived to pull his Satanically-summoned, common-law-married wife from her couch. A force more powerful than gravity... more powerful, even, than the five hundred pounds of flabby, tattooed demon-flesh pinning Kakia to her hallowed seat. A force called 'family.'

One particular family member, to be precise. However, it remained to be seen whether his absolute *lard* of a wife could actually succeed in her mission to go and visit Emily, her sister.

"Are you sure you want to do this?"

Kakia was still on the couch, her massive belly with its glowing tattoos dangling down between her thick, nude thighs. She was struggling to put on a tube-top, a too-small metallic gold number that swaddled her breasts like a tourniquet and made her back-fat and under-boob ooze out in floppy sacks of blue flesh.

"Ugh... Dammit, why is this thing so tight... Yes, Jack, I want to. That little nerd hasn't gone on a date in millennia! And I'm supposed to be her *role model!* The ultimate... Ugh, hang on..."

She pounded her flabby chest, tits bouncing as she belched out some gas from lunch. "BELLLLCH, I'm supposed to be the *ultimate* succubus. A living example of success--something she should aspire. That dork couldn't seduce a man if you gave her a thousand years and an infinite supply of URrrrRP, skimpy lingerie! And sooner or later, we've gotta fix that."

"So you're the 'ultimate' succubus, huh?" Jack smirked as she struggled to stuff her side-rolls into the skimpy top. "Is the 'ultimate' succubus supposed to have a mustard stain on her third chin?"

"Aw, fuck off," grumbled Kakia, wiping ineffectually at her chins with a chubby hand. "Mmf... Did I get it?"

"Most of it."

She had, in fact, missed it entirely, but he decided not to press the issue. Kakia had long ago put a spell on him to convince him her slovenly behavior was "erotic," and in her own words, the spell had worked a little *too* well. Despite their push-and-pull relationship, he often found himself supporting her depraved lifestyle.

"Eh, whatever. I'll be eating more mustard anyway, I'll just cover it with more of the same..." Kakia sighed as she stared at the size-48 miniskirt Jack had procured for her, which was sitting on the coffee table. "Damn it, Jack... Human clothes are the *worst*. Why do you make your females wear these?"

"Honestly? I'm not sure."

Jack tugged the bottom of the skirt up over her tubby 'cankles,' lifting each one in turn--Kakia was far too lazy to dress herself, at least the half of herself involving the same toes she hadn't seen in years.

"Alright. Ready? We need to get at your waistline with these... That means I need you to lift... You know. All of that."

"Jaaack!" Kakia pouted. "Can't I just magic all the humans in town into thinking I'm wearing clothes?"

"Absolutely not. You *know* that using too much magic tends to... contaminate people a little. Like it did with me. I don't want to come out to pick you up, and find you in the middle of an orgy."

He smirked, unzipping the skirt to give it maximum diameter. "As... interesting as it would be to watch a bunch of people run a train on you, we should probably avoid that. In the interest of public safety, and not traumatizing everyone when the aphrodesiac magic wears off."

"Spoilsport..." She pouted at him. "Fine, no orgies. Just get these 'clothes' on me. Ready?"

"Ready." He nodded. "*Lift!*"

Kakia tucked her palms under her belly... and *heaved*, hauling the titanic mass of blubber off her lap. Even with her demonic strength, it was quite a task, and she huffed and gasped as he quickly worked the skirt up her chunky, ham-like legs.

"J-Jack... Hurry... Huff... It's even bigger than... The last time I did this..."

"If you weren't eating constantly, it might not be so huge..." But his teasing reminder was overshadowed by the huge dome of her gut as it hovered above him. "Nnngh... Just a little further..."

"I can't get it any **URRP**, further Jack! Just *put them on!!*"

"One second..."

Jack was taking his time admiring the view. Normally, when he was this close to Kacia's loins, he was probing them with a greased-up dildo. It was rare that he got to see the fuzzy tuft of her 'FUPA' in its natural habitat: jiggling madly, decked with a small streak of flaming succubus-hair, and very, very sweaty. The warm, vaguely brimstone-scented whiff of her loins reached his nostrils, and against his will, he found himself getting hard again. Stupid spell...

"Jaaaack!"

The great, vast belly trembled above him...

"Alright, alright. Keep your skirt on... heh."

He hauled the thing upwards until finally, at long last, Kacia was properly clothed. Sort of. An extremely skimpy skirt tugged over bloated thighs, crammed over a flabby ass and colossal hips, was hardly "proper dress." But Kacia had enough residual persuasive magic around her that she wouldn't turn too many heads... at least, not until she burst out of the skirt during one of her eating binges. That might get some curious eyes turned her way.

"Okay. You're suited up." He stood, knees cracking. "Now... Time for the big finale. The walk to the car. You ready?"

Kacia groaned. Jack knew she was perfectly capable of moving--but his bossy, selfish blob of a demon spouse hated moving, or exerting herself in any way.

"Fine... Just... Maybe pull on my arms? I might need a head start..."

"Oh, for God's sake... Don't you have magic for this kind of thing?"

She blushed a furious purple under her glowing-blue, flabby cheeks. "You *know* I majored in Seduction Arts, not Telekinetic Techniques..."

"Dammit... I'll help you, since you're such a fat load and can't do it yourself."

She smirked; even as he gripped her wrists and struggled to heave her off the couch, she could see him getting hard under his slim-fit jeans.

"You love it, though. Don't lie."

"Only because you... hnngh, *made* me love it with that stupid seduction spell. Fatass."

Grunting and heaving ensued, with Kacia rocking back and forth on her colossal rear... until finally, by some miracle of physics, she managed to roll onto her feet. Arms pinwheeling, Kacia struggled to adjust to a view she hadn't had in months.

"Huh... So this is what the other side of the coffee table looks like."

Jack tapped his watch. "Alright, big girl. Get that ass moving--you've got an appointment at Le Grosse Hogge at eight."

"Mmm... I've got a better idea...."

All that physical activity had, for the first time in ages, worked Kakia up into a sweat. Even though her chunky knees were quaking with the effort of keeping her enormous body upright, she couldn't help but try and use the situation to her advantage. After all, she usually saw her lover from below--it was a distinct and unexpected pleasure to see him eye-to-eye, off the dominion of her precious couch.

"Maybe we should... Be tactfully late..."

She reached down to caress his groin with one flabby hand. "Just a few minutes. Come on--you haven't done me up against the wall, since the day you first summoned me..."

Jack bit his lip as he watched the fires of lust literally burst into brightness behind his wife's eyes. Normally, he'd be sorely tempted to capitulate... but Emily, Kakia's sister, was likely to panic and hurry back to the safety of her hotel room if they didn't show up. She wasn't exactly a social butterfly, and sitting in a crowded restaurant all alone might frighten her.

"Maybe later. There'll still be walls to use, when you get home tonight."

Kakia groaned. "Why you gotta cockblock me, Jack? *Ugh...*"

She turned, swivelling her colossal belly towards the garage door. As she did, she glimpsed the wreckage of the couch--its entire middle section had been crushed to the floor by her mammoth weight.

Maybe it was the old spell at work, but she felt kind of aroused by the sight of the annihilated furniture. This destroyed couch--the latest of many--was a testament to her staying power in the house, a physical presence that made her feel comfortable and powerful. No other succubus had ever retained a mate for so long... though, admittedly, her tactics were 'unconventional.'

She supposed she could wait to have sex until later... although she still planned to masturbate in the car. A girl could only take so much of her own pent-up succubus instincts, after all.

The process of getting Kakia to the restaurant was fraught with frequent stops. The gluttonous demoness demanded they stop at no less than *four* fast-food places as they rolled along, and finally Jack was forced to cut her off when he realized she was using a "suggestion" spell on him again. It would've been irritating, if it weren't so damn arousing.

"No more burgers! Time for *actual* dinner!"

"But *Jaaack...*"

Finally, he managed to get her bloated, crumb-spattered body to Le Grosse Pygge, and assisted her in heaving her obese mass out of the car. The waddle to the front door took a while... but Kakia was determined. There was, after all, more food inside that building. Food and sex were the only things in the universe Kakia would actually *work* for... not that she preferred to.

Once they got inside, Jack saw Kakia's sister sitting in the back. Le Grosse Pygge was, of course, an open-buffet style restaurant--Sow's Bend seemed to have a lot of those, for some reason. There was a sizeable bar and stools at the front, for the inevitable point of the evening when buffet-munching turned into Friday night binge drinking.

Emily was seated by the revolving buffet wheel, occasionally sneaking a Swedish meatball off the structure when no one was looking. Jack couldn't help but smile at the sight of her: she was a cutie, if not quite as... openly *sensual* as her sister.

Where Kakia was aggressive, loud and rude, Emily was sweet, withdrawn and almost dangerously polite unless she was losing at videogames. Her skin was a luminescent hot-pink, with long vertical, round-tipped horns poking through her auburn hair in a similar style to Kakia's.

And that was where the similarities ended... well, except for the fat. Emily was quite plump indeed, well over three hundred pounds, although her rolls of flab seemed more rosy and "healthy" than Kakia's.

Kakia herself took a moment at the door to recover from the exhausting waddle through the parking lot. On seeing Emily, she nodded with satisfaction.

"Alright, tiger... This is the place. Now go home and *edge for me* until I get back, okay?"

Kakia kissed him on the cheek, and Jack's loins burned with a desire to throw her over one of the nearby buffet tables and fuck her right there. She'd cast another spell on him with the "edge" command--a spell he was painfully familiar with.

The suggestion she'd laced into her sentence wormed its way into his mind, entering his subconscious and deploying an irresistible urge to do as she said. He was quite intimate with these commands by now: if it weren't for his own potent magical defenses, Kakia would have turned his brain into mush long ago, as she'd done with countless men before him.

Luckily, he'd built up enough magical sigils in his mind to make the effect mostly harmless... if quite *enticing*. It was an arms race between them, one that he never intended to really "win," but one that kept their relationship oddly strong with its contentious, fiery battles.

"You slutty bitch," he cooed fondly, squeezing her ass in full view of the restaurant's bartender. "Go have fun. I'll see you later."

"Fun? With my big nerd of a sister? *Pssh*... Not likely."

Jack departed, and Kakia waddled over to her sister. Emily rose, smiling shyly, and hugged Kakia--the process of their fat-rolls mashing together made for a jiggling, eye-opening spectacle. Kakia proceeded to mash her body into the booth across from Emily... with ample difficulty. Her belly bulged over the top, her tank-top riding up and exposing some underboob.

"Hey there, lil' sis! How you been?"

Emily swallowed as she sat down, looking around at all the curious glances they were getting. "I'm... I'm fine... C-couldn't we have met somewhere more, um, *private*?"

"Private? No way. Gotta show these humans who's boss... My tattoos have enough suggestion laced into them that no one will question why we're here. Or how much we eat. And Emily honey, I plan to eat. Probably just food... but you never know. Other stuff might also be on the menu... Mmm..."

Kakia winked at a nearby older man who was having dinner with his wife, and he turned away in horror. With Kakia's persuasion spells active, he viewed them both as human--but morbidly obese humans, one of which he found himself oddly attracted to.

Across the table, Emily adjusted her glasses and fretted as Kakia snickered. She had no such magical precautions in place, and looked like a rather overweight demon cosplayer, a vibe that would get her *plenty* of looks in a backwater town like Sow's End.

"C-can't you give that a rest, while we hang out? Won't Jack be..."

"Upset? Nah. I've fucked a few thousand guys before him, and I'll probably fuck more after he dies of old age in sixty years or so. He's fine with it."

Kakia sighed wistfully. "But I'll miss *him* in particular, that's for sure. Most mortal men don't that way with words that he does. This morning, he called me a fat cum-dumpster, and I nearly creamed my couch right there! Mmm, it was so *cruel* and *decadent*. He'd make a great demon, I've always said so."

Emily's blush was reaching critical mass, the heat of demonic blood under her cheeks making her glasses steam up.

"G-gosh... Can we talk about something else, Kakia? Sorry, I'm just... not used to being out in public so long, and this isn't helping..."

Kakia found herself taking pity on her sister--an emotion she rarely experienced. Normally, she was annoyed by Emily's shyness: they were supposed to be *succubi*, after all, and such a demure and retiring attitude didn't fit the Demonic Codes of Conduct.

But Emily was also a very sweet, well-meaning girl, a genuinely kind person--and a loving, overly affectionate sibling. Kakia reigned in her crueller instincts, rolling her eyes.

"Ugh, if you say so... Don't know why anyone would want to talk about things other than sex, but hey, whatever floats your clitoris, Em."

She waved over a waiter and ordered one of everything on the menu; his look of shock quickly faded, as Kakia's tattoos did their work. "Yes, thank you, also we'd like some bread... yes, three baskets, why would I want *less* than three? That's barely a snack... Thanks..."

She turned her attention to Emily as the waiter departed. "So. You know why we're here."

Emily frowned... well, it was more of a pout than a frown. Kakia hadn't seen Emily genuinely angry in at least a few decades. She was positively allergic to conflict.

"Yes. And I still think it's ridiculous. I *know* how to flirt, Kakia. And go outside. I'm not a total shut-in, you know..."

"Sure, sure." Kakia waved her complaints away. "When was the last time you went on a date, though, Emily? A real honest-to-Satan, kind of date?"

Emily sputtered. "I... Well... That stuff is... You know how I feel about, about casual flings... They're immoral..."

"I'm not even talking one-night stands." Kakia looked her in the eye. "When was the last time you asked someone out for a *drink*, or coffee, or a fucking sandwich? We both know it's been a very long time."

Emily tucked her bangs behind the sides of her glasses, the lenses flashing as she grew more frustrated... and more embarrassed.

"I mean... It's true, I haven't exactly... Made myself available..."

Kakia grinned as the bread arrived and immediately began to eat, speaking through mouthfuls of buttered roll-chunks.

"You've been a complete homebody the last few... **omf, gllp**... decades. You just sit on the internet and write fanfiction. Succubi are technically demi-gods, you know. We're supposed to be spirits of air and fire? Seducers of men, destroyers of nations? If you don't exercise your lustful side a little bit... **BLLLLCH**... your demon powers will wither. You might even end up *mortal*. And being mortal sucks-- trust me, I've fucked enough of them to know."

Emily watched in mild annoyance as her gluttonous sister plowed through an entire basket of rolls in the space of a few minutes. She took a few herself, buttering them with patient precision, nibbling gently at them.

"Just because I... **mmf**, just because I'm not getting plowed like the town bicycle every night, doesn't mean I don't enjoy the company of attractive men... and women." She nudged Kakia's knee under the table. "And say what you want about me... but at least I haven't been *pinned to my couch* for a decade. Unlike you."

At last... some fighting spirit! Kakia was pleased.

"Ha! There's the sister I remember." The bigger demoness winked at her. "Sounds to me like you're a bit jealous of my more 'liberated' lifestyle, though..."

"What?! No! I just..." Emily shrugged. "I guess... it must be nice to be with the person you love, all the time. That's all."

"Love? Meh." Kakia belched, crumbs spraying from her mouth. "**HUORRRPff**. Love is fine, I guess. I suppose Jack loves me, a bit, genuinely, underneath all the spells I've put on him. And sure, I... sometimes get a bit mushy for him. But immortal life is all about pleasure, Emily. And mortals are all hedonists at heart--designed to burn out on pleasure, before their short lives end. *That's* why I stay with Jack--for pleasure. Why punch a clock for Hell, when you can strip-mine one stud for his semen, twenty-four hours a day?"

Emily gagged. "You said we weren't gonna talk about *sex!*!"

"Alright, alright, sorry. Jeez, you're such a prude... Mmm, *those* look pretty good, gimme."

Kakia glanced around to see if anyone was looking, and began to gobble down entire packets of butter, simply squeezing them into her mouth.

"Mmmgh... Gawd, I fucking love human food. I understand why Hell didn't let us have any. You know this greasy 'butter' stuff is made from dead animal fat?! Humans are **URRRP**, brilliant. Absolute geniuses at hedonism. It must be the short lifespan--they gotta get creative!"

Emily sighed. "Look, Kakia. I'm not like you. I can't just... Walk up to people, and make them attracted to me. What about the spark of love, you know? The fire between two people? The flames of romance being stoked by tiny moments... Hand-holding... Long walks in butterfly gardens... Stuff like that?"

Emily drifted in reverie, dreaming of such a pure moment.

Someday... Maybe when I'm a bit older, she thought, a few centuries from now... maybe I'll have the courage to... confess love to someone at last...

"*BOR-ING!*" Kikia pretended to yawn, showing off cheek-fulls of half-eaten food. "Boring, boring and dull! Romance is all about *chemistry*, Emm. You gotta get in there and give 'em a rock-hard boner! Or make their Niagara falls flow! Go ahead, pick someone at the bar. You can try it right now!"

"Right now?" Emily was mortified, her hot-pink cheeks going a few shades paler as she glanced around. "I can't just... How would I even... That's so *rude*, I would never--"

"You'll figure it out. Just be yourself, lay on a little charm, maybe a little magic..."

Emily huffed. "You know I don't use Seduction spells!"

Kikia groaned. "You're so... square. Fine--just buy someone a drink. Just one drink, okay? And then I promise I'll let this go. That's all you need to do--just one drink."

Fuming, Emily agreed. Her sister was relentlessly obnoxious, and if she didn't capitulate to these childish demands, Kikia would simply nag and torment her into submission. Better to just suck it up and take the plunge.

Moments later, she found herself at the bar, generic hard-rock music blaring from the speakers, staring into a glass of white wine. Every hair on her neck seemed to be standing up. All around her, young twenty-somethings milled to and fro, the bar's younger crowd filtering in from all around to form a pastiche of handsomeness that she honestly found completely overwhelming. Several people glanced at her horns, but they didn't seem to make much of it. There was always a comics convention in town since the new Sow's Bend Convention Center went up, and the younger folks in town were a little less judgmental than the old guard.

But even that accommodation had its limits. Naturally, the gathering crowd was staying away from Kikia's table, which had acquired a halo of splattered, annihilated appetizer crumbs and sauces. As she waited for her sister to "make the kill," Kikia had gone for broke and ordered the lobster, which she was currently drenching in butter, an enormous bib covering her massive flabby breasts and upper stomach.

Emily looked over her shoulder at her sister, who winked at her, waving a silvery shell-cracking tool at her. Her mouth shaped out the words: *Just go for it!*

Emily rolled her eyes. "Yeah... S-sure... No problem..."

Nervous, she took another gulp of her wine, feeling the bubbly liquid slop into her stomach and make her a little looser, a little more courageous. Then she looked up and down the bar, analyzing her chances with the patrons there.

There was a young man in a rumpled suit... some kind of local attorney. And a rather tired-looking heavyset, freckled woman sipping an Old-Fashioned. Off to the side, a chubby Hispanic girl in a tight-fitting red dress was leading some kind of impromptu social-justice seminar--an odd place for it, but then, there were lots of students around town. It made sense a few of them would end up here, working on assignments.

But the person who caught Emily's attention wasn't a student, or any of the spry young men and women milling around *Le Grosse Pigge's* only billiards table. The object of her interest was a girl at the end of the bar--sitting far away from everyone else, isolated under the glare of the neon "**PIGGE**" sign on the wall.

The girl looked to be in her early twenties, with enormously puffy, curly dark hair corralled into a pair of afro-puffs. She was wearing a ratty sweatshirt and ripped jeans, through which soft bulges of pale-

brown flesh bulged. Emily could have sworn that she herself had worn that exact outfit on her rare journeys to the convenience store. She had on purple-rimmed glasses, and when she opened her mouth to nibble on a cherry, Emily saw a pair of large buck-teeth dominated her mouth. It was oddly cute, in its own way.

On top of all that, the girl was *also* quite heavy--not nearly as fat as Emily or Kakia, but still very plump, which suited Emily's tastes just fine. She was sipping morosely on what looked like a whiskey sour, nursing it with just the slightest grimace every time she sipped. Her soft, freckled cheeks were blushing from the effects of the alcohol, and a tiny silver piercing gleamed on her lower lip.

Emily swallowed. The girl was very cute. And she was very partial to those of a... larger size. But she couldn't bring herself to approach. What if the girl wanted to be alone? She didn't want to intrude on someone's personal space...

But then she reflected on all the things she'd told Kakia about. The hand-holding... the long walks in butterfly gardens. None of those things could happen, she realized, if she didn't at least try to talk to someone.

"Okay... Here goes..."

She heaved herself off her barstool, wincing as the metal creaked beneath her. As she slid into place next to the freckled girl, her new stool announced her presence with another ominous creak... and the pop of the cushion's seams splitting under her weight.

Mortified, the chunky succubus cleared her throat.

"Uh... Hey."

The girl looked up from her phone, where she appeared to be playing a mobile game about a large cat eating sushi.

"Oh... Hey there. How's it going?"

She sounded just as nervous as Emily felt. The demon-girl felt her throat closing up, her plump hand shaking as she brushed back her hair.

"You uh, you looked kinda lonely over here, so I thought... maybe I could... buy you a drink?"

The girl blinked, stifling a smile.

"I, um. I already have a drink..."

"Oh. Right. Of course you do..."

There was a long, awful, horrible silence.

Oh my God. Oh my God. Emily's thoughts were an avalanche of panic. She was completely tanking this--her one and possibly only opportunity to befriend a cute person at a bar. She'd certainly never have the courage to try this again, not after tonight.

"I'm sorry. I'll just... leave you alone... Nevermind..."

"No, it's fine!" The girl bit back a snort of laughter, but it didn't sound mean-spirited. "I can maybe... buy you a drink, instead? Since yours is empty and all..."

Her voice was soft, all awkward mumbles and hidden smiles. Emily's cheeks grew warm as she realized the girl was trying to rescue her from her terrible entry.

"That would be nice! Uh... Thanks!"

"No problem."

The girl waved down the bartender, and requested another white wine for Emily. Soon the two were amicably chatting, Emily's panic fading.

The girl's name was Jenni, and she was here "on business." Apparently she was in some kind of sales company, and her boss had sent her in here to learn to be more "personable," since she had social anxiety. Emily wasn't sure what kind of "sales company" had their employees dress in sweatshirts and ripped jeans, but she wasn't about to question her good fortune with this attractive young local.

Jenni was also a little tipsy, and she soon launched into a tirade about her boss, a rather chunky woman in pinstripes who sat in the corner, fussing with a tablet computer.

"Oh yeah, she's *always* trying to get me to be more social. 'You need to talk to people, Jenni, go on a date, Jenni, you watch too much porn, Jenni...' Like I never leave the house. I go to the *store*, isn't that enough?"

Jenni stuck out her tongue at the blonde woman in a very juvenile gesture. Emily couldn't help but snicker--it seemed she wasn't the only one being forced to be 'social' tonight.

"I know what you mean," she said, sipping her wine. "My sister brought me here to try and help me, um... Get better at talking to people." She didn't want to say 'get laid,' as that would have been rude... albeit more truthful.

"Is that her over there? With the... um, the lobster?"

Emily glanced over at Kakia, and winced. What had once been a perfectly beautiful arthropod dinner was now splattered all over the table, crushed shell scattered here and there, butter stains soaking the tablecloth. Kakia was wiping messily at her lips with a napkin, her chin smeared with fragments of shell and dribbles of liquid butter. Her throat bulging, she let fly a belch that turned almost every head in the bar.

"BRAAALLLCH!!!"

"Yeah," Emily confessed, biting her lip in vicarious embarrassment. "She's... uh, she doesn't care much about what other people think..."

"I wish I could be that way." Jenni was staring at Kakia with a strange hunger on her features. "I worry about what everyone thinks, all the time. My boss, my friends... It would be nice to be anxiety-free, for a change."

"Ugh, same here," said Emily. "I don't think I've enjoyed going outside in months."

Jenni shrugged. "Eh, going outside is overrated."

"Right?! I mean, who decided we should go outside anyway? It's much more comfortable inside... away from people. And near snacks... Lots of snacks."

Striking a mutual bond over their shared agoraphobia, the two girls chatted amiably about their favorite *hikkimori*-style "nesting" habits, and their preferred video-games of choice. As it turned out, Jenni was a big Switch fan... and a bit of a habitual snacker, just like Emily.

"Yeah, if I have a bag of chips next to me when I'm gaming, I am *inhale* to house those suckers." Jenni chuckled. "Hasn't done wonders for my figure, but hey, I try to rock what I got..."

"I think you have a GREAT figure," Emily blurted, and then immediately tried to backtrack. The wine had clearly gone to her head--she never would have just *announced* her attractions like that to someone, without all this drinking first. What a mess.

She swallowed. "I mean... You're... You look good, and... I didn't mean to be... so aggressive..."

"It's fine! Calm down." Jenni squeezed Emily's flabby shoulder, and an electric thrill coursed through the succubus. "You know, I didn't think I'd ever meet anyone *more* nervous than me in Sow's Bend... It's kind of cute. You seem to really 'get' me, y'know?"

Emily's brain nearly combusted as she processed those words. In the space of an instant, she came up with a dozen possible responses: laugh it off, return the compliment, or possibly waddle out the door as fast as possible, with her tail between her legs. Finally, she got her mouth working again, and babbled out a response.

"I... Uh... You too," she mumbled.

Son of a bitch! Is that really the best I can do?!

But Jenni didn't seem bothered. A beep on her wrist drew her attention, and she checked her smart-watch, frowning.

"Aw... My boss says time's up, we need to get back to work. I'm sorry--this has been really fun. I wish I could stay."

Work? thought Emily, raising an eyebrow. It's like, nine o'clock at night... Where could the two of them be going, at such an hour?

"Oh, that's fine," said the demoness, waving it off even as a tsunami of disappointment crashed over her. She'd almost made it somewhere with this girl... even if she wasn't sure where that 'somewhere' was. "I'll just... I mean, I probably won't see you around, but it was nice to... you know..."

"Here. Take this."

Jenni scribbled something on a napkin, and handed it to Emily.

It was a phone number.

Emily's heart hammered inside her chest. Her whole body began to sweat against her will. A cute girl had *willingly* handed her a phone number! She had no idea how to react. She thought she might pass out... or explode. Or melt, or something.

Luckily, Jenni didn't give her time to do any of those things. Standing up--with some difficulty, seeming a bit tipsy--she blew a clumsy kiss at Emily.

"Text me sometime. You seem pretty cool--and I really dig the horns. Later, cute stuff..."

She winked at Emily, and jiggled off towards the door, the woman in pinstripes following her out.

Emily clutched the napkin to her chest, her eyes shining with delight, confusion and panic all at once.

"Oh my god. Oh my *god!* Wh-what just happened?!"

When she returned to the table, Kakia was literally neck-deep in the result of her feasting. Lobster chunks were scattered everywhere, empty bread-baskets lay around her, and a distinct funk of flatulence filled the booth. Emily's sister had always had a touch of... indigestion, and it seemed human food didn't sit well with her. No matter how much she enjoyed it.

"Kakia! Kakia, I got somebody's phone number!"

"That's... **BrrRRRALCH**, that's great, sis."

Her eyelids drooped, further belches bubbling from her throat. It seemed even the insatiable Kakia was succumbing to the food-coma she'd entered by loading up on carbs and seafood. Bleary-eyed and drooling slightly, she blinked at the napkin as Emily held it up, triumphant.

"Oh hey, you shot your shot. And it... **URrrrP**, worked. What'd I tell ya?"

Emily sighed. She hated to admit when Kakia was right... which, admittedly, didn't happen often.

"Fine... You were right. It wasn't that hard. But... Can we go home now? People are staring... I think maybe your Jedi-mind-trick magic might be wearing off..."

Kakia grunted, and waved her hand. Emily felt a wave of enchantment magic wash over her, completely bypassing her due to her succubus nature, and enter the patrons of the bar.

Instantly the hushed whispers, stares and disgusted glances died away. The customers turned back to their drinks, paying no attention to the bloated, tattooed, glowing mound of lard in the corner booth.

Emily blinked as she brushed the latent magic off her shoulders. Kakia, despite her obesity and laziness, was an *insanely* powerful succubus. Maybe even more so, after practicing her charms on Jack for so long. In some peculiar way, being an indolent lardass had made her stronger than ever.

Kakia leaned back, preparing to exit the booth. Her enormous mass heaved with labored, gravy-tinged breaths.

"Alright... **HUFF**, let's do this thing... **Urrrp...**"

But further complications were in store before they could make their escape. Through her rampant gluttony, Kakia had actually managed to wedge herself into the booth. Emily groaned and grumbled, but in the end she was forced to physically pull her short-haired, obese sister from her position, demon-flab squeaking against the edge of the table as Kakia was pried loose from her imprisonment.

When the morbidly overweight demoness was finally free, she let loose a thick burst of flatulence, which luckily nobody noticed due to the enchantments.

FRPPPPTTfff...

"Whew! Man, I needed that..."

Kakia reached for another bread roll... and Emily slapped her hand away, frowning. She herself loved a good feast, but Kakia was just out of control these days.

"Come on, you big lardo--we've got to pay and get out of here before the spell wears off."

"Psh... Phone number or not, you're still such an **urrRRrp**, a nerd. Learn to party sometime..."

Eventually they made their exit, Kakia's flabby sides grazing the edges of the doorway. Jack picked them up in an SUV limo, fully aware that his regular car wouldn't be able to carry a post-food-binge Kakia without the tires exploding.

Inside the limo, Kakia snored off her food coma, covered in the detritus of her vast meal, her belly taking up most of the space of the limo's seats. Emily, by contrast, was wide awake, staring at the phone number.

It wasn't much... but it was a start. And while it would be a long time before she "made some sweet fuckin' animal-style love," as Kakia put it, she was simply happy to have someone like her for her, without the aid of magic or any succubus trickery. Emily's cheeks remained warm and blushing all the way home. She swelled with previously unknown confidence, her heart thudding with joy inside her plump bosom.

A new chapter of her life had begun... changes were happening to her. Big ones.

And for once, she was okay with that.

