

# “THE EXPERIMENT,” PART 1

*By Zaftig Industries*

CW: Futa TF, belly play, morbidly obese demonesses, vaguely *tsundere* power dynamics.

*Starring: Jack Vance, official warlock of Sow’s Bend, and his Big Fat Demon Wife, Kakia the Succubus.*

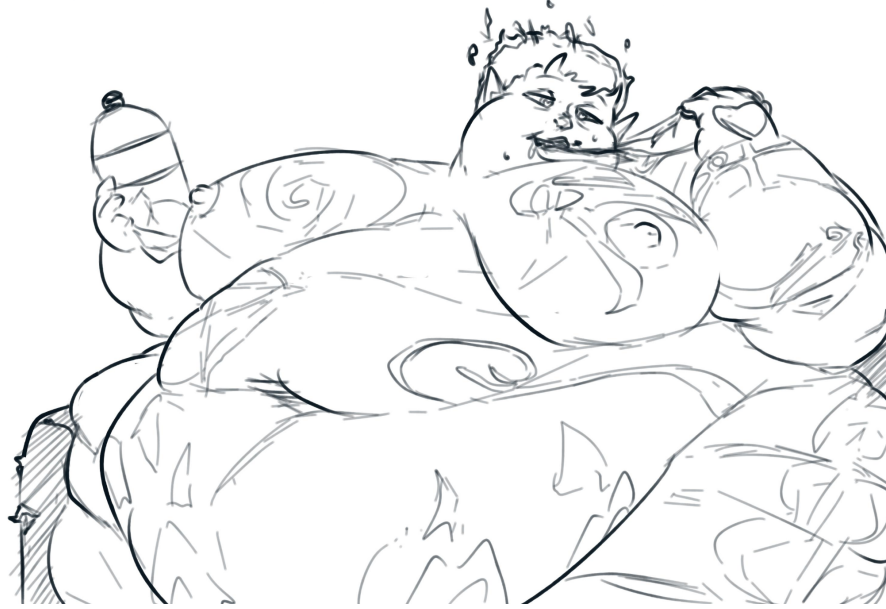
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After a few years of common-law marriage to a succubus, Jack Vance was accustomed to unusual demands. His wife was, after all, a spawn of Hell: she was prone to fits of pettiness, greed, and most of all, *passion*. She was, in fact, kind of a royal bitch--and he loved her for it. She was a huge, blubbery, blue-skinned, pink-haired spoiled brat, and he wouldn't have her any other way. The way she teased him for his goatee, pulled his hair when he kissed her, called him "little man," all of it--he loved her for it.

But lately she'd been even more... demanding, than usual. More needy, more gluttonous, and more... well, *demonic* than he'd ever known her to be. Even her horns seemed to have grown, along with her body, which at this point had reached nearly four hundred pounds of couch-bound, blubbery decadence. Jack sensed a change in the wind--and so, after a dozen runs to the grocery store for snacks in one day, he finally asked her about it.



“It’s all the *sin* around this town,” Kikia grumbled, rearranging her belly-rolls to try and reach a bag of chips on the coffee table. “All the gluttony. It’s really driving my succubus powers wild...”

“How so?”

“It’s like... a constant background energy I can sense, all the time. I have to really *urrrp*, restrain myself, not to just charm a bunch of people into an orgy. Mm... Are you sure we can’t *reconsider* having a giant orgy, sometime?”

Jack rolled his eyes. Kikia was normally a fairly reasonable partner--but when she got worked up into a frenzy like this, she was a little harder to deal with.

“We agreed that we’re not going to turn Sow’s Bend into a sexy mosh-pit, no matter *how* horny you get. It would draw Hell’s attention to you, maybe get you sent back to your old job... not to mention, it’d be a huge mess. I’m not doing cleanup on that.”

“But *Jaaack--*”

Hearing her desperate tone, he sat down beside her, squeezing into the last, tiny gap on the edge of the couch that her fat rolls hadn’t yet occupied.

“Hey. Talk to me. What do you need, to help you with this? I’m here for you.”

She squirmed awkwardly, her massive body wobbling. Running a plump hand through her short, pixie-cut hair, she averted her eyes, blushing slightly.

“Look, I love eating, and I love fucking, and we do plenty of that. But I’m a succubus, and sometimes I need things to get a bit... Weirder, than that. Thousands of years of deviance doesn’t just go away, you know?”

Jack considered this.

“What *kind* of weird”

“Uh... I dunno if you’d be down for it...”

Jack smirked, thinking of his internet search history.

“Try me. I’ve got a few notches on my pervert belt--I think I can handle it.”

“Okay... If you say so...”

Kakia took a deep breath... and to his surprise, she turned off the TV, the sudden silence shocking after so many months of her staring into its mind-numbing glow.

“Well, we can start small. How about if I grow...”

She coughed.

“Yes?”

“How about if I, um... if I shapeshifted a bit, and... *grew a dick.*”

She had barely even whispered the last part, seeming embarrassed. Jack pressed on, slightly amused at how shy his literal spawn of Hell had become, under questioning.

“A what?”

Kakia scowled, knowing perfectly well that he’d heard her clearly--he just enjoyed tormenting her, now and then.

“A *dick*, okay? I w-want to ride on your side of the fence for a while. Switch things up a bit. I haven’t done it in so long... decades, actually, and I miss it.”

Jack chuckled, pinching one of his wife’s many, many rolls. Leaning over, he kissed her neck tenderly, stopping to graze her earlobe with his teeth.

“And you thought this would be a problem... *why*, exactly?”

Kakia bit her lip, grunting in animal arousal as her husband teased her.

“I dunno, I just worried about... freaking you out. Scaring you off. I promise I’ve tried to be as normal and mortal-ish as possible, in our sex life--”

“Except for all the tentacles.”

“That was *one time*, and you know I lose control of my magic when I drink too much--”

“Easy! Easy. I was just teasing.”

Jack ruffled her hair, the succubus fuming with annoyance and swatting playfully at him.

“Ugh, you’re such a dick.”

“And you’re my perfect, flawless, queen fatass bitch.”

He kissed her cheek, eliciting a blush and a squirm.

“Now, let’s get weird. Go ahead and cast the spell.”

She blinked, looking flustered.

“W-wait, right now?”

“Why not? As a chaos sorcerer, I like it when you lean into your urges. It’s fun. Besides,” he added, squeezing her thigh, “I’m curious to see if you can even *reach* your new equipment, when you shapeshift it. You’ve really been putting on weight...”

“Sh-shut up!”

But her irritable tone barely covered the hot, panting breaths of excitement that were building in her chest, her nipples stiffening under her “PRINCESS” punk decal T-shirt as Jack fondled her, squeezing and kneading her rolls.

“Go ahead. I won’t judge.”

Kakia took a deep breath... and her neon-pink tattoos began glowing, pulsating with energy.

“Okay, but just a little one. At least, at first. We have to take it slow, I get... Carried away with this stuff, sometimes.”

She murmured a soft, undulating chant in Deep Latin, the old language of the succubi and incubi, and traced sigils in the air with her pudgy fingers. The glow in her tattoos raced through her body, pulsing towards her loins... and Kakia gave a satisfied groan as the spell was completed, the shimmer of magic flashing under her dangling belly.

“Mmf! Done.”

Jack bit his lip, struggling not to laugh.

“Uh... I can't see it. Your stomach--”

Kakia winced, struggling to heave her enormous gut up so that she, too, could see the results of her work.

“Yeah, I know... The last time I cast this spell was, uh. Several hundred pounds ago. Can you just...”

“Sure.”

Jack got on his hands and knees, pushing the coffee table aside, and heaved up Kakia's enormous wobbling gut--as he'd done many times, in preparation to dive into her FUPA. But now, the fat-pad below her belly contained a new surprise: a soft, plump little member, bright-blue like the rest of her, traced with little glowing pink veins.

“Aww! It's *adorable!*”

Kakia growled from above him, allowing her stomach to sag several inches onto the top of his head with a heavy *whumpf*.

“Millennia of seduction, and he calls me *adorable*... if I could get up off this couch, I'd smack you...”

Jack ignored her grumblings, shouldering most of her belly onto his upper back as he leaned in, inspecting the magically summoned member.

“Do you mind if I...”

Kakia gasped as his fingers grazed the edge of her new “equipment,” her voice cracking for a moment as she struggled to focus.

“I mean *yes*, that's kind of the whole point... mmf... Just be *gentle*, will you?”

“Of course.”

Jack pulled up the fat-pad crowning Kakia's new member, exposing it completely. As his warm breath wafted over it, he saw it twitch... and begin to stiffen, even though he hadn't even touched it.

“Wow. It's a bit... Sensitive, isn't it?”

Kakia groaned with barely repressed sexual frustration as Jack cupped the extending phallus in his hand, gently stroking the shaft.

“F-fuck... stop *teasing* me like that...”

In moments, the “adorable” dangling organ had swelled to a sizeable eight inches long, its girthy mass heavy in Jack’s palm.

“Hmm, looks pretty functional... But did you shapeshift the *whole* package, I wonder?”

“Of course I did, I’m not an amateur--*woah!*”

Curiosity inflamed Jack’s passion as he lifted the shaft to find a heavy, pendulous sack of virility there, its vein-rope roundness glowing and pulsing with magical energy.

“Damn, they’re *big*... Did you make them this heavy on purpose?”

Kakia whimpered as he caressed them, biting her lip and beginning to sweat with the exertion of holding up her bloated stomach.

“You are such... *Huff*, such an asshole... *Hff*...”

“What’s the matter? You’ve never minded teasing *me*... Makes sense I should return the favor...”

“Jack... s-slow down... I told you, whenever I shapeshift this kind of thing, it’s a bit--”

“Yes, I know... Sensitive.”

And Jack gripped the length of her rod--not too tightly, just firmly. Possessively.

“Funny that you can be this pent up and needy, given your cock didn’t even exist five minutes ago...”

“*Jack*... oh Hell, d-don’t do that, I’m going to--”

He began pumping her shaft, jerking her off, the fat-pad riding atop her dick flopping and jiggling on top of his knuckles.

Immediately Kakia’s whole body trembled, and her eyes rolled back, mouth going slack. Jack barely had any warning--her cock twitched once, twice, and then--

“*Mmmfuuck--*”

***SPLRRT!!***

Thick ropes of hot, supernaturally glowing semen gushed out of her, deluging his entire arm, spurting and splattering over half his chest.

Jack slowly withdrew his hand, astonished, as Kacia panted heavily, her newfound “toy” still dripping semen onto their hardwood floor. Jack hoped it wouldn’t leave too much of a stain.

“Jack... I *told* you... N-not to tease me...”

She sounded humiliated... embarrassed, even. Jack realized he had never heard that tone before--his wife was bossy most times, submissive occasionally, but he’d never once heard her sound so *vulnerable*. He rose, wiping his seed-soaked arm on her belly.

“Wow. That was... Fast. What happened to your legendary Succubus stamina?”

She glowered at him, her pudgy face full of childish sulkiness... but still panting in the aftershocks of her sudden afternoon delight.

“I told you... It’s been... **HUFF**, a long time. Whew. Guess I’ll... shapeshift it... Away, now.”

She wearily raised her arms to cast the spell... but Jack stopped her, gently easing her hands down.

“Why don’t we just... leave it, for a while?”

Kacia’s eyes wandered to the semen coating Jack’s sweatshirt.

“Uh... I don’t know about that... You don’t know how I get, when I leave a shapeshift active for too long...”

“I know. But you said you wanted to get *weird*, right?”

He flopped down beside her again, caressing her belly, which was rising and falling with her labored, post-coitus breathing.

“So... Let’s get weird. Keep it for a while--I want to see where this goes.”

Kacia swallowed, feeling the wiped-off jizz trickle down her belly rolls... and feeling an ominous nudge on the underside of her stomach, as she started to get hard again.

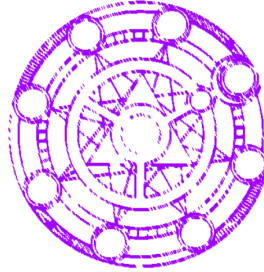
“Fine, you *pervert*. But don’t say I didn’t warn you... Oh, and Jack?”

“Yes?”

“If I’m gonna cum *that* hard every day... I’ll be needing more snacks.”

Jack leaned down to kiss her on her sweat-shiny cheek, his wife’s musky odor enveloping as he teasingly tweaked one dark-blue nipple.

“Of course... Right away, dear.”



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- TO BE CONTINUED -