

Day One: Corruption

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Opening your camera, you scroll to that video for the hundredth time. Your pants are already growing tight around a monstrous erection as your heart pounds in anticipation.

As you hit play, you see yourself standing in a now-familiar landscape. You're standing at the base of a tree, rotten and black, tainted with demonic corruption. It should be dead, yet it bears an abundance of pearlescent white fruit.

You watch yourself strain to pick one of the corrupted tree's fruit – the biggest and plumpest of the bunch. As you present the specimen for the camera, turning it side to side, you can't help but notice the faint purple glow emitting from its squishy flesh.

You take a bite. Rich, violet juices spurt out, staining your shirt. But you pay that no mind as you devour the delicious, sweet fruit. Captured on video, the effects are almost immediate. Your soft, pleased moans grow deeper. Your formerly gentle eyes begin to change, irises turning purple as your sclera morph to a deep obsidian. Your pants are straining against a thick, veiny erection that's harder than it's ever been. You suck each finger clean as demonic horns begin to sprout from your skull.

As you watch your own transformation, you're already panting with arousal. You can't help but tear your pants off, exposing your oversized cock. It's already drooling slick, silvery precum as it pulses in need. Your camera drops to the ground, forgotten in favour of more carnal desires.

One hand strokes your throbbing, needy shaft while the other fondles your ivory horns, revelling in their fearsome, razor-sharp structure. Before long, your swollen cock tip bumps your mouth and you begin to lap the precum that so eagerly leaks from your slit.

Gulping down your precum, both hands roam down to your heavy balls. You feel their weight; they're so much heavier than before, sloshing with untold quantities of corrupted, demonic seed. Fondling your nuts and tonguing your slit, you're definitely getting more limber as you bob up and down, and a few more inches pass your lips. Soon, you've got about half your dick in your mouth, sucking and lipping, eagerly swallowing every drop of polluted precum your body can muster. Before long, you feel your body tensing up as you begin to cum. You swallow several spurts, but eventually admit defeat as you pull off to breathe. As your rock-hard shaft jerks and spasms, you continue stroking its glistening length, coaxing out rope after rope of thick, black, tar-like semen.

Wherever your corrupted seed lands, it eagerly soaks into the soil and withers the grass around it. Your shirt and pants are stained, ashen and polluted like your body. As your orgasm draws to a close, your cock slowly begins to soften, but you know it won't be long until it's ready for another release.

As you enjoy the afterglow, your eyes roam down to your forgotten camera. You wonder if you can watch the video to completion this time, or if you'll get distracted in the revelry of your own transformation yet again.

You glance up to the tree where you recorded the video, and this time, a devilish thought enters your mind. You may already be an incubus, but you know you can push your corrupted soul further. There's an entire tree's worth of fruit to enjoy, and you will eagerly embrace all the power it may bestow upon you.