

A woman with long dark hair is shown from the chest down, wearing a black lace corset and high black boots. She is sitting or kneeling on a dark, textured surface. The text is overlaid on the image.

DOMINATED BY A DEMONESS

John Dylena

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Dominated by a Demoness

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This story contains adult material and was not suitable for readers under the age of 18. It also contains strong language and sexual situations. Most are of erotic nature and contain graphic and detailed descriptions of sex and/or masturbation.

If you, the reader, are of legal age (18+) and are fine with the previously mentioned themed story, then continue.

Enjoy.

As much as Chris hated it, he couldn't say no to Amy.

The blonde-haired, blue-eyed woman stood in the doorway to his apartment, leaning on the door frame as she gripped her substitute purse. She stared at him with half-open eyes and her disinterested sigh reeked of alcohol. Even without the short blue dress and platform pumps that matched her cerulean eyes, Amy was a stunner. Her long hair fell in waves, well maintained and recently styled.

In the back of his mind, Chris wondered if Amy purposefully said no to the countless suitors at the bar tonight just so she could come back and relieve her sexual frustrations with her neighbor. He hoped it was so, because the alternative would mean that to her, he was nothing more than a sex toy.

He looked back over his shoulder at his computer and the game that he'd paused to answer the door. It was calling out to him, longing to be played. It had just come out that day to glowing reviews, all of them correct. Chris hadn't been able to step away from his computer from the moment he'd started playing it, and that was six hours ago.

It didn't matter that he didn't answer her question on whether she could come in. The second he diverted his attention from her, Amy took a step forward, her platform heel clicking on the hardwood floor.

Chris turned back toward his guest, who pushed him aside as she strolled in like she owned the place.

"Hey, what are you—?"

"Oh cram it, nerd," Amy said, dropping her purse on the accent table by the door. "Got anything to drink in this virgin cave of yours?"

Chris rubbed his face as he closed and locked the door. "How can it be a virgin cave if the occupant isn't a virgin?" He rolled his eyes.

"If it weren't for me and my generous nature," Amy began as she busied herself digging through his liquor cabinet. "You'd still be a virgin."

"Yes, help yourself," he said, waving her off. "I bought that just so you could drink it."

Chris sat back down in his chair and returned to the game he was playing, trying to ignore the out-of-tune singing coming from his neighbor.

"Whatcha playing?" she asked him, resting her arms and chin on the back of his chair. "Oh, some stupid R-P-whatever you call 'em."

"It's called an RPG. It's short for role-playing... oh, never mind. Like you'd care."

"You know what I want?" Amy said, taking a long sip of whiskey. "Your cock."

"Damn it, Amy!" Chris shouted as he jumped out of his chair. Amy's hand fell out of his lap, where a moment ago she'd squeezed his dick through his flannel pants.

"What's the matter, Chris? Are you gay now? Is that why you don't want to have sex with me?" Amy sat in his chair and spread her legs, forcing the hem of her short dress up to her hips.

Chris opened his mouth to speak, but his gaze fell to the front of Amy's black G-string.

"So you *are* still attracted to women," she laughed. "Does that make you bisexual?"

He shook his head, regaining control of his body. "No, I'm not gay or bisexual. I just... don't like being sexually used by you!"

He finally said it. Chris exhaled as the weight of his confession was removed from his shoulders.

For four months, Amy had been coming by his apartment for nothing but sex. The first time happened right after she was dumped by her boyfriend. She'd gone to the local bar, gotten plastered, and returned to her apartment, only to realize that she'd forgotten her purse.

Chris had let her into his apartment so she could sleep, but instead, she started kissing him. Being nothing more than a lonely, socially awkward nerd—not to mention a virgin—he hadn't known what to do.

Amy had kept kissing him, and Chris had been too sexually frustrated to pass up on the opportunity. That night, he lost his virginity.

He'd felt terrible for three days following that night, until Amy showed up at his doorstep once more, only this time, she as sober as could be. She told him not to worry about having sex with her, and that she was glad it was only him and not some random stranger. Not only that, but she'd really enjoyed it and wanted to go at it again.

As time went on, Amy's polite requests turned into demands. She became more aggressive and dominant during sex. In Chris' mind, he had become nothing more than a sex toy for Amy to use—a living, breathing dildo. His dreams of asking her out on a date and her becoming his girlfriend faded away.

But no matter what, he couldn't say no whenever she showed up, whether she was drunk or stone-cold sober.

Tonight was going to change everything.

"Here, hang on a sec. I'll be right back," she said, ignoring his comment about being used.

Chris sighed as he watched her stumble out his door, hoping and praying that she would just go to her apartment, lie down on the couch, and fall asleep. Then he could get back to his game without any further distractions.

He was wrong.

Not even five minutes passed before Amy returned. She closed the door behind her and locked it.

"Did you come back to tell me that you decided against this and instead will be going to bed?"

"Nope. But I have a proposition for you."

"What do you have in mind?" Chris said, rolling his eyes. He kept playing his game, hoping that Amy would just leave him alone. He stopped only when he heard what she had to offer.

"I'll leave you alone to your woman-less life if you have sex with me one more time. Just tonight. You play along, and I'll never bother you again without you asking first."

Chris paused the game and turned toward Amy.

"No! Don't look. Keep your eyes on the screen. This is a surprise."

"Tell me what it is," he said, begrudgingly looking forward.

"Nope. Either accept or deny the terms."

Chris sighed. She was probably wearing some sexy lingerie or something, which was why she didn't want him to see her. If it meant not having her show up and use him whenever she liked, why not have one more night of aggressive sex?

"Okay, fine. I accept."

"Good. Now exit out of that game so we can have some fun," Amy said as she reached around from behind his chair and massaged his shoulders. After a moment's hesitation, Chris saved his progressed and turned off his system.

Then everything went dark.

"A blindfold? Really?" Chris said as Amy helped him out of the chair. She took his hand and led him to the bedroom, where she kept the blindfold on him as she stripped him of his clothes.

"Give me a second to get ready," she whispered.

She took a couple steps back and Chris could hear her fumbling around with something. He raised his hand to his blindfold, hoping to sneak a peek at whatever she was she was putting on.

Or taking off.

"No peeking!" she said, slapping his hand away. "All right. I'm ready."

"Can I—"

"Yes. Surprise!" she shouted as he removed his blindfold.

Chris stared at her, confused as to what the surprise was. Sure, she was dressed in a very sexy leather outfit, but what was the...

Oh.

His eyes moved south, and that's when he spotted it: a bright purple strap-on.

The toy was about six inches long and had the same thickness as his own cock. He watched as Amy grabbed the base and stroked it slowly.

"What the fuck is that?" he asked, finally tearing his eyes away from her purple dick.

"It's a strap-on, Chris. Duh. I'm going to fuck you with it."

"You didn't say anything—"

"I know. I didn't say *anything* and you still agreed to my terms. So, hands and knees!"

Chris stood defiant as Amy squeezed out the clear lube onto her hand.

“Chris, you agreed to our deal. If you back out now, then I’ll just keep coming back here and bothering you. Who knows, you might just like it. One of my exes liked it, and he was straight as they come.”

Amy sighed as Chris refused to budge.

“All right, if that’s what it takes...” She stepped toward him and pushed him onto the bed. A scrawny man, Chris never put up much of a fight when it came to Amy.

She had an athletic body, one that she maintained with frequent trips to the gym. Because of it, she always got her way in the bed. She out-muscled Chris, easily bending him to her will and keeping him submissive.

Before he could react, she was on top of him, rolling him onto his belly and pinning his thin arms and legs down while she positioned the head over her cock against his virgin asshole.

“If you relax, Chris,” she whispered into his ear, “it’ll be a lot more enjoyable for the both of us. It’s not just you that’s getting penetrated.”

“No, don’t!”

Chris’ protests turned to moans when Amy pushed her hips forward, burying the head of her cock into his ass. Her movements were slow and delicate. Despite his verbal objections, Chris’ body showed different intentions.

He stopped struggling and his sphincter relaxed, allowing Amy full access. She pushed in deeper, still going slow, until she was in all the way to the base.

“Please...” Chris whimpered as Amy’s hands held onto his shoulders. She ignored his pleas as she pulled out and pushed back in.

With each cycle of penetration, Amy increased the speed and force of her thrusts. She pushed harder, faster, deeper into Chris, and with each push, he moaned louder.

“Oh god, yes!” she screamed, squeezing his shoulders as she fucked him relentlessly.

The bed rocked as she pounded his asshole. Chris' rebellious outbursts had all but vanished, replaced with lust-filled moans.

Amy backed up off of his shoulders, pulling his hips off of the bed until he was on his hands and knees. She fucked him like a raging bull, his dick hardening between his legs. She leaned forward and reached around his narrow hips, grabbing onto his rock hard cock and stroking it furiously.

She grunted as her thrusts became uneven, pushing as deep as she could go until she cried out, coating the cock buried deep inside her cunt with her fluids.

Moments later, Chris couldn't fight it any longer and submitted to the pleasure. He moaned loudly as cum erupted out of his cock onto the sheets below.

When the last of his hot, sticky jizz dripped out of his softening prick, Amy released him from her grip and he fell forward onto the bed, exhausted.

She grinned as she backed up and climbed off of the bed. "Thanks for the fun times, Chris. I'll be going now, keeping my end of the bargain."

He said nothing as she walked toward his bedroom door. He stared off into nothingness as she left his apartment.

"Oh, and if you ever want to go at it again, just ask. Maybe next time I could dress you up in some sexy lingerie and makeup."

The last thing he heard before drifting off to sleep was her laughter and the door to his apartment slamming shut.

It was three in the afternoon when Chris finally climbed out of bed. His mind was racing as he slumped off of the cum-soaked bedding. He remained quiet and withdrawn as he stripped his bed and loaded the soiled sheets into his washing machine.

Still naked, he grabbed an ice-cold beer from the fridge and lowered himself into the hot water filling his tub and soaked away the memories from the night before away. He stared up at his bathroom's tiled ceiling and allowed his mind to wander.

Four days passed by without a word from Amy, and it was only when Chris ventured into the vintage bookstore down the street from

his apartment that he finally figured out how he was going to get revenge on her.

He stood on the cracked sidewalk and stared at the dilapidated old building. The storefront was made of wood way past its prime, as evident by the rot and mold throughout. The dark brown paint was peeling and cracked, and the brass embellishments were in dire need of polishing; the windows were cloudy and dusty.

Inside the door, an open sign hung slanted. He turned away from the building and looked around. The street was empty except for a couple of parked cars near the restaurant across the street.

The sky was dark and full of stars and the streetlight next to him cast an off-yellow glow on the building and the sidewalk. The time on his watch read ten-p.m. He had never been in this store before—in fact, he never knew that it was actually a store. Whenever he walked passed, it was too dark inside to see if anything was actually there.

Sighing, he walked up to the door. He grabbed the brass handle and pulled his hand back, looking at the layer of dust that now caked his palm. Grimacing, he wiped the dust on his pants and reached out for the handle once more. He pulled back on the door, and after a moment of resistance, it broke free of its frame, opening with a loud *creak* and the ring of a small bell mounted just above his head.

The lights were on inside—at least, the few that were still intact. Several of the modest chandeliers had broken or burnt-out bulbs, but the store was still surprisingly well-lit. Spooky, considering that from outside the place looked rather dark and empty.

The smell of old wood and leather filled Chris' nose as he maneuvered through the labyrinth of shelves, boxes, tables, and random piles of books. The air was still, and everywhere he looked, clouds of dust floated in the lights.

He walked up to a stack of books and picked up the first one he set his eyes on. The thick, leatherbound volume was heavy, and the binding was stiff. The spine cracked noisily as he opened it. The paper inside was no longer white, but rather yellow with age, and had a musty smell.

He flipped through the book, trying to identify it, but he quickly lost interest and eventually set it back on its shelf.

He grumbled, scratching his head. “What am I even doing here?”

“You’re obviously looking for a book.” A voice echoed from behind him. He turned and jumped at the sudden appearance of an old lady. “Did I scare you, lad?” She laughed. It was a dry, creaky sound, like rusted gears struggling to turn inside a machine long-abandoned by its creator.

The lady was old and gray, hunched over a small cane that looked to be hand-carved. Etched into the stained wood were long, curving patterns with a brass cap at the base.

Chris looked away from the ornate cane to the old woman that wobbled around in front of him. Her hair was pulled back into a bun and had a pencil stabbed into it. She was half his height and looked to be almost a century old.

She turned and walked away, disappearing into one of the rows of shelves.

“Wait, miss!” he called out. *For an old lady, she’s pretty quick.*

“Over here, laddie!” He followed the voice down one of the tall rows and found her standing on a ladder, putting away some books. “What can I help you find?”

Chris rubbed his chin, unsure of whether this lady would be able to help him or not. “I don’t know, really. I had nothing else to do on my way home, so I stopped in here.”

“Four aisles down, middle shelf, section B32. You’ll know when you see it.” She smiled at him and nodded. He opened his mouth to reply, but the woman nodded her head again and pointed down the aisle.

He shrugged his shoulders and backed out of the aisle, navigating his way to the appropriate shelf.

“Middle shelf, B32!” Her voice was distant—incorporeal—and echoed throughout the empty store.

Chris sighed and wandered down the innumerable rows of books, looking for B32. His fingers stroked the old leather spines until he stopped at the correct area.

“What am I even looking—” He stopped mid-sentence as his eyes spotted the book the old lady recommended. “No way,” he said as he pulled it down off of the shelf.

The title of the book was written in gold letters in a language he didn't recognize. It was wrapped in a thick leather cover, and much like the rest of the tomes in the store, it was old and stained. The paper inside was jaundiced and brittle, like it might crumble to dust if he dared to turn a page.

"I see you found it," the old lady said, appearing next to him. Chris jumped, almost dropping the book.

"What is this book?" he asked, gingerly flipping through the pages. Much like the cover, the text in the book was written in the foreign language, but there were also glyphs, inscriptions, and drawings, all of it handwritten and drawn.

The old lady laughed, tapping her finger on her forehead. "It's written in a long forgotten language, used by some of the Germanic tribes back in the early days of the Roman Empire. I have a guide on how to read the text somewhere. Just wait by the register and I'll return when I find it."

He exited the maze of shelves and walked up to the large wooden desk. He laughed to himself when he saw the modern retail equipment resting on the stained wood.

"What, did you think I would have a register from the early 1900s?" she said, walking up behind him with the tiny book in her hand.

"No ma'am. But technology seems out of place in an old store like this," he replied, handing her his credit card.

She smiled as she put both the books in a plastic bag and handed it to him, waving goodbye as he walked out of the store.

The night had turned cold, and his thin jacket wasn't keeping him warm enough. Holding the books close, Chris crossed the street and looked back at the store. There were no lights on and the place looked abandoned once more. The streetlight outside flickered and went out. Not paying it any heed, he turned and headed back to his apartment.

Once inside, Chris ignored his computer and sat down at his kitchen table. With a glass of whiskey on the rocks and a pen and pad of paper handy, he started translating, starting with the title.

"This cannot be real," he said, staring at the spine of the book with wide, curious eyes. He looked down at the pad where he'd

scrawled the rough translation: *Summoning Demons and Other Citizens of the Underground*.

He sat back in his chair and took a long sip of the whiskey, his mind full of ideas. Finally, he settled on one: to summon an incubus and use the demon's magic to make him strong, sexy, and incredibly attractive. Then *he* would be the one to dominate Amy in bed—give her a taste of her own medicine with his soon-to-be magically enlarged cock.

All he had to do was find the right spell that summoned the demon and kept him bound to Chris' will.

"Easier said than done," he said to himself as he flipped through the pages.

It was two in the morning when he finally found what he was looking for. Chris sat back in his chair as he tried to contain his excitement. He moved his small table aside and drew the symbol onto the floor, making sure it was exactly what it looked like in the book.

He took a deep breath before reading the spell aloud. The thought that this could all be fake had crossed his mind, but it didn't matter. If nothing happened when he said the last line of the spell, then no harm had been done.

Chris stared at the symbol on the ground and waited patiently for the something—*anything*—to happen. He set the book down on the table, the excitement leaving his body with each passing second.

Nothing happened during the spell. There was no smoke or lights or wind. After a couple of minutes, he fell back into his chair and rubbed his face with his hands.

Until he heard *her* voice.

"Oh, you've got to be kidding me."

Chris stared at the creature in his kitchen. The fact that she was a succubus and not an incubus didn't click until after he took in her beauty.

She had long, jet-black hair and wore a skin-tight black dress with matching leather boots. Her skin was the color of red wine, and poking out of her forehead was a pair of curvy horns. She stared at him with ocean-blue eyes. They were the same color as Amy's.

"Y-you're not an incubus," Chris muttered.

“Ya think? What gave it away?” she replied, crossing her arms. “Fool. You obviously mispronounced the word you were trying to summon me with. What language is that book, anyway?”

She flicked her wrist, and Chris watched as the book floated toward her. It remained in the air in front of her as she skimmed through the pages with curiosity.

“Funny, you don’t look like a Vandal.”

“A what?”

“This book was written in a very old form of Germanic used by the Vandal tribe back during the early days of the Roman Empire. How did you find this? No matter,” she said, not even giving him a moment to answer. She snapped her fingers and the book vanished in a puff of smoke.

“Hey, what did you—”

“Silence human. That book is dangerous in the hands of someone like you. Or it would be, if you could actually speak the language it was—”

“Hey!” Chris said, standing up out of his chair. “Silence, demon. I summoned you, now you must do as I say.”

“Oh really? And is this glyph supposed to keep me contained?”

Chris’ confident facade crumbled as the succubus effortlessly stepped outside of the rune he’d drawn on the floor of his kitchen.

“Well, it would’ve worked if—as I mentioned before—you knew what the hell you were doing. Not only did you fail to summon the correct demon, but you also completely botched the collaring spell.”

“I thought—”

“You thought wrong,” the demon said, standing in front of Chris. “Tell me why it was that you undertook this failed excuse for a summoning, and if I like your reason, I, the succubus known as lotonna, won’t kill you.”

“I... I...”

“I’m listening,” she said, leaning forward and cupping her ear.

He took a deep breath. “My plan was to summon an incubus and force him to use his magic to change my body—make me bigger, stronger, sexier. And give me a big dick. Then I would use that new body to get revenge on the woman who has been taking advantage of me.”

“Oh? She’s been taking advantage of you?”

“Yeah... she’s very aggressive and... dominant.”

“And you don’t like it when she gets rough?”

“No—”

“Liar.” Iotonna said, pushing his chair back with his foot.

“I’m not lying—”

“Do you forget what I am? I am a succubus, you stupid human. It is my job to know what you humans like. I know that you secretly love being dominated by this ‘Amy.’ You love how she pushes you around and tells you what to do. And what’s this? Oh, this is good.”

“What? What’s good?”

“You recently popped your anal cherry.”

“Oh, fuck you!” Chris shouted, standing up out of the chair.

“Silence, pig,” Iotonna commanded. Chris felt his throat tighten as invisible hands forced him back onto his chair. “You brought this on yourself when you failed to properly summon a demon. You know what would’ve happened if you summoned an incubus instead of little old me?”

Chris shook his head.

“Well, you would be bent over this table getting fucked by a ten-inch cock. Incubi don’t really care for conversation. They’re primitive creatures and extremely horny. The incubus would’ve fucked you until you broke, then he would’ve enslaved you and you’d be his bitch. Is that what you’d prefer?”

Chris shook his head again.

“Well, consider yourself lucky. I’m going to give you what you want and more. But first, let’s give that body of yours a tune up.” Iotonna cracked her knuckles before placing her hand on Chris’ chest.

If he’d had control over his voice, Chris would’ve moaned loudly.

He tightly gripped his chair as a prickling heat surged through his body and the world went black.

“Oh god, what happened to me?” Chris said, sitting up on his bed.

"I don't think I've heard of a guy passing out during the transformation," Iotonna said. Chris looked over. She was sitting next to him.

"Transformation?" Feeling something tickle his neck and shoulders, Chris reached back and grabbed a clump of hair. He sat up straight, and the bounce on his chest tore his attention away from his long brown locks to the two mounds on his chest. "What the fuck?!"

"You like them? They're Cs. I thought about giving you nice big bouncy Ds, but that would be overkill."

"Oh my god, you turned me into a chick!"

"I figured a submissive slut like you needed the body to match. Now, how about we break that new body in?" Iotonna smiled as she stood up.

"What do you—oh god." Chris stared at the cock that swung between the succubus' legs. It was long and thick, bigger than the one he used to have.

"As good as anal is, a woman's orgasm is in a league of its own," she said, stroking her hardening dick. "So tell me, Chris—or should I say 'Christina'—have you ever sucked on a cock before?"

Chris swallowed as he empathically shook his head.

"Good. Then tonight will be one for the record books." Iotonna cracked her knuckles and did some quick stretches before climbing on to the bed. She put her hands on her hips as she knelt onto the mattress and looked down at Chris expectantly. "Well? It ain't going to suck itself."

"No..." Chris whimpered.

"No?" Iotonna said, raising an eyebrow. "Still defiant, are we? Well, I too like it rough."

She grabbed a handful of Chris' brown hair and pulled his face up close to the head of her throbbing cock. His pouty lips were inches away from the swollen crown and her smell filled his nostrils.

"Doesn't it look tasty? I know you want to. Go ahead, slut. Wrap those lips around it."

Why... why is this happening to me? he thought as he stared at the demon's cock. *And why am I so turned on by this?*

Chris closed his eyes. Iotonna pulled his face closer until he felt it brush up against his cheek and glide over his lips. The succubus' cock was hot and wet. Her whole body seemed to radiate heat.

"Come on, my little slut. Open wide." She pressed her crown against his lips until Chris finally succumbed to the curiosity burning inside of him. He opened his mouth and Iotonna's cock slid in. "Good girl."

The succubus let go of his hair and rubbed his cheek as he moved slowly up and down her massive dick. He finally opened his eyes and looked up at her. She flashed him a smug smirk as she pushed her hips forward.

"Faster now," she commanded. "I want to see you bob up and down on it like a whore."

Chris' body moved on its own, obeying the succubus' commands. As he swallowed her tasty rod, Chris' body grew hot. He gripped the sheets of the bed as the arousal flowed through him, and he shuddered as his virgin cunt dripped with liquid lust.

"Too slow," Iotonna said, grabbing the sides of his head. She held him firmly in place as she took over, thrusting her hips forward and back, pushing her cock deeper and deeper into Chris' throat until his nose pressed up against the skin below her navel.

He could feel it touch the back of his throat, but he didn't gag. In fact, his throat opened up to accommodate for the larger-than-average shaft.

"Oh yeah," Iotonna grunted. "Suck it, slut!"

She threw her head back and moaned, and using both hands, she pulled Chris' head in as close as she could. He felt her cock twitch, and his eyes went wide as molten-hot cum erupted out of her cock into the back of his throat.

Iotonna pulled out mid-ejaculation, covering his face and filling his mouth with the final bits of her sticky seed.

Chris coughed as air was finally allowed back into his lungs.

"You're in for a treat," the succubus purred as she moved her fingers through his brown hair. "Demon cum is a very powerful aphrodisiac—perfect for what I have planned for you tonight."

She snapped her fingers and Chris felt something tighten around his neck.

"Is... is this a collar?" he coughed.

"Yup. You're mine now. Or at least, you will be by the end of the night. Tell me, how do you feel?"

Chris grunted as he doubled over, curling up into a ball on the bed as he wrapped his arms around his stomach. "Oh god... my body... it's on fire."

"The heat feels good, doesn't it?"

He unfurled his limbs and squirmed, moaning as his fingers roamed his naked body. "Oh... oh, wow. I feel so... turned on." He let out a little squeal of delight as his fingers brushed up against his pussy.

"Bad slut!" Iotonna said, slapping his thigh. "You're not allow to touch yourself."

"But... but it feels sooooo good!"

"Too bad!" Iotonna said, snapping her fingers.

Chris' eyes widened as an invisible force moved his hands behind his back, where leather cuffs bound them together. Matching black leather cuffs appeared on his ankles and his moans were cut off by a bright red ball gag filling his mouth.

The knock on the door took his attention away from his pleasure-filled body.

"Looks like our guest has arrived," Iotonna said, smiling. "Guess I need to let her in."

The color from Chris' face vanished as the succubus changed form, transforming into none other than himself.

"Geez, no wonder you're such a pushover," she said. "This body is nothing but a twig!"

His own voice filled his ears, but the pleasure that burned inside of him drew him away from his twin. Chris moaned through the ball gag as he arched his back off his bed. The juices that seeped from his aching cunt tickled the insides of his thighs.

Iotonna closed the door behind her as she left his bedroom, and Chris tried his best to listen to the muffled conversation happening at his front door.

"I knew you'd come back for more. Though I figured you'd come back a lot sooner," Amy said.

“Yeah, I needed to think it over and stuff,” Iotonna said. Chris rolled his eyes at the sound of his own voice coming from the living room. Then there were footsteps. They were coming this way.

“I want to show you something in my bedroom.”

“Oh? What is it?” Amy said, her voice getting louder.

Chris’ heart raced as he watched the door handle turn and the door open slowly. Amy came in first, laughing and looking behind her at who she thought was Chris.

It was only after she and Iotonna entered the bedroom that she turned toward the bed and saw the bound and naked woman there.

“Holy shit! What the fuck is...” Amy trailed off. She turned toward Chris and watched, wide-eyed as his form shifted into something else entirely.

The succubus known as Iotonna.

“I am not Chris, silly girl. He’s right there.” She pointed to the bed.

Amy’s eyes slowly followed Iotonna’s hand until she stared at the woman on the bed. “C-Chris?” He looked away from her, his face crimson and his body still burning with erotic fire. “What did you do to him?”

“Easy. I turned him into a woman. I gave him what he wants,” Iotonna said, stepping up to Amy. The succubus wrapped her arms around the blonde, Amy’s eyes remained on Chris, watching as he squirmed and moaned.

“But...”

“But what?” Iotonna whispered, her hand slowly moving down toward Amy’s crotch. “I can see into your mind, Amy. I know what it is you desire.”

Amy moaned quietly as the succubus’ fingers slid in between her thighs, her thumb pulling down the waistband of her sweat pants.

“I can give you what you crave,” the demon murmured. Amy trembled under Iotonna’s touch, and she bit her lip as the succubus continued to whisper softly into her ear. “Just say yes and I’ll give everything and more.”

“Oh god...” Amy moaned. Her knees weakened and her legs buckled. She stumbled, but the succubus held onto her. Iotonna

pulled her up, turned her toward her, and stared deeply into her eyes.

Amy looked up at the succubus that stood almost a head taller than her. She smiled faintly, entranced by her glittering sapphire eyes. The succubus smiled back as she moved her fingers through Amy's blonde hair.

"Well? What do you say? Will you give yourself to me and be mine?"

"...yes," Amy whimpered. She had never felt so aroused; so incredibly turned on.

Never in her life had she questioned her sexuality. It was always men for her, but seeing Chris as he was, and after laying her eyes on the creature in front of her, she was willing to give up everything just to be with her.

"Louder," Iotonna commanded, lifting Amy's chin up. Behind her, Chris moaned again, the sheets beneath him darkening with his lust.

"Yes. I give myself to you."

"Good," Iotonna said, bringing her lips to Amy's. The two women kissed passionately and Chris watched as Amy gave herself to Iotonna. Their lips separated, but the two women were still connected by a glowing stream of light flowing from Amy's mouth into Iotonna's.

The succubus breathed in deeply, taking it all in. When the last of it entered Iotonna, Amy fell forward into her new mistress. Moments later, she straightened up and backed away, rubbing her head.

"Oh, what happened?"

"You chose wisely," Iotonna said, snapping her fingers. A black leather collar appeared in a puff of smoke around Amy's neck, and the blonde tugged at the tight accessory. "From now on, you must address me as 'Mistress,' as you are my slave. Now, are you ready for your welcome gift, Amy?"

"Yes, Mistress," she said.

"Close your eyes."

Amy obeyed and Iotonna placed her hand on Amy's pubic mound. The slave trembled at the demon's fiery touch, and she

moaned as her mistress muttered something in a language Chris couldn't understand.

Her moans grew louder until Iotonna removed her hand from Amy's cunt and smiled.

"You may open them."

Amy opened her eyes as she looked down and screamed in delight when she saw the fleshy cock hanging there. She moaned as she wrapped her hands around the shaft, giggling, beside herself with glee as she stroked it.

"Amy, my slave; are you ready for your first task?"

"Yes, my mistress," she said, bowing her head.

Iotonna grinned as she turned Amy toward the bed. Chris, having spotted the now-rigid dick attached to Amy's mound, thrashed about on the bed in an effort to get away from her.

"Make him beg to be mine."

"As you wish, Mistress," Amy said. She smiled as she stepped toward the bed.

Chris felt the restraints vanish from his wrists and ankles and the ball gag disappear from his mouth, but it was too late. Amy was already on top of him, pinning him to the bed.

His cries of protest became moans of ecstasy as Amy thrust herself into him, burying her thick cock inside his virgin cunt.

"Oh god, yes!" Amy screamed as she pulled out and pushed back in. "Chris... your pussy feels so good!"

Iotonna walked up to the bed and sat down next to Chris, watching as Amy relentlessly fucked him. She was as horny as a beast with an insatiable appetite.

Chris moaned loudly as Amy penetrated him. Iotonna reached over and squeezed his breast, her thumb teasing his nipple as Amy pounded him like a machine.

"I'm offering you an escape. I know what it is you desire, Chris, and I can give it to you as easily as I gave it to Amy here." Iotonna's hand moved away from Chris' breast to his chin, her thumb gliding across his quivering lower lip.

He tried to look away from her to hide the embarrassment on his face. He didn't want her to know how happy he was getting

fucked by Amy; how much he enjoyed getting dominated by her; and how carefully he was considering her offer.

The idea clung to his mind like a thorn in his side. He couldn't believe that he was actually considering having Amy come back and peg him again while he was dressed in her lingerie.

"Oh!" he cried out as Amy picked up the pace, pushing her dick all the way into Chris.

"Well? It can be like this every day. All you have to do is say yes."

"...yes," he said, looking away.

"Good boy," Iotonna replied, kissing him. "Finish him, Amy."

"Yes, Mistress," Amy grunted. She leaned forward and placed her hand on Chris' crotch, rubbing his clit through its fleshy pink hood.

It was enough to push him over the edge.

Chris lifted his back off the bed and screamed as he orgasmed as a woman for the very first time. His silken fluids coated Amy's rigid cock as she came inside of him, filling his womb with her seed.

Iotonna kissed him once more, and he watched as she sucked his soul out of him very much like she had with Amy. Spent and satisfied, the slave pulled out of Chris and fell onto her back. Her limp cock receded back into her body, returning to its original form as her clit.

The succubus breathed in the last of Chris' essence and rubbed his face as he succumbed to the exhaustion. "Come, my new slaves. Let's go home."

She snapped her fingers, and the three of them vanished in a puff of smoke.

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About the Author

John Dylena is a young author with a passion for tales of crossdressing, feminization and gender change. When he's not writing stories full of stockings, high heels and magic, he is an avid gamer and movie lover. His other interests are science fiction and epic fantasy.

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