

I Totally Didn't Want This, I Swear! (Man to Succubus TG)

By FoxFaceStories

Petyr rushes to save his fellow adventurer friend Davard from foul demons who have kidnapped him. But when he finds his friend transformed into an alluring succubus and loving it, he starts to realise that the transformation might have been more voluntary than Davard is letting on.

I Totally Didn't Want This, I Swear!

Petyr raced up the hill and smashed through the door of the decrepit castle. Davard was near, he just knew it. His fellow adventurer had been kidnapped three days ago by a pair of cruel demons, and it had taken that long for Petyr to track him down. He was worried for his friend: Petyr was a stalwart fighter, practiced in plate armour, but Davard was a far more fragile individual, able with a crossbow and minor magical enchantments, but not possessing the constitution of his friend.

"Don't worry, Davard," he said as he raced up the spiralling stone steps of the fortress. "I'll save you!"

To his surprise, there were no major defences in the way, no traps. He moved cautiously the closer he was to the top of the fortress, but again, no attacks came. Petyr's heart pounded in his chest as he reached the door to the top level of the large building. Inside, moans and groans and all sorts of unnatural sounds emanated, a clear sign of demonic cruelty.

"By the Gods," he gasped. "They're torturing him! Fear not, Davard, I'll slay these evil monsters!"

He readied his axe, activating its powerful flame thanks to the arcane runes along its blade, and then smashed the heavy boards of the wooden door to kindling, making a dramatic entrance.

"Your hour of doom has come, foul demons!" he announced in a booming voice. "Free my friend from his torture immediately, and I promise you a swift end to your horrid lives!"

Silence hung in the air as Petyr took in the sight before him. There were demons, alright, three of them, but they weren't exactly engaged in cruelty, far from it. In fact, they appeared to be a pair of voluptuous purple-skinned succubi twins pleasuring their third member, who appeared to be a rather amazonian red-skinned beauty of the same species. One was cradling her from behind, massaging her large and ripe breasts, while the other had her head between the red-skinned member's legs, clearly using her forked tongue for

more sensual purposes. They were atop an expanse of very comfortable cushions, and the smell of incense filled the air. There was even erotic art hanging upon the walls, and what appeared to be some rather suggestive 'toys' littered around the room. A hex circle stained the one part of the stone floor that Petyr could see, red in colour and slightly warm. He could tell it had been used only a day or two ago.

"Uhhh," Petyr said, suddenly not sure what was going on.

"Petyr!?" the red-skinned succubi said, suddenly sitting up and covering herself as quickly as she could, though there was a *lot* to cover when it came to her bountiful chest.

"What in the Nine Hells are you doing here?"

"Who are you, cruel demoness!?" he said, though in truth, she didn't look so dangerous as she did remarkably attractive, with a tall, muscular body and large bosom, a red tail with a spaded end, and tall horns that jutted out from her black, slightly messy hair. Her eyes were fully golden, without pupils or irises, but they didn't form an evil expression so much as one that was strangely humiliated.

"It's me, Petyr! It's Davard!"

Petyr's jaw dropped, but he held his axe firm. "You - you're joking. This is some kind of trick."

"It's not, I swear! I'm, er, a succubus now. These demonesses transformed me. Look, we were arguing about why you don't like eating wildberries before I was taken. I called you a snob."

Petyr gasped. "Davard? It's you?" He strode forward. "Change him back, foul demons!"

"By the Black Mountain, don't wave that thing in my direction!" she yelled, still struggling to cover herself. "Jez, Di, can you please get me my clothes!"

"Of course, just get him to put that down!"

"He better not hurt us!"

"He won't," she said. "Just manifest something for me!"

Petyr was about to tell them not to dare cast hell magic in his presence, but they only cast a minor manifestation spell that rendered the three of them no longer naked. The two purple-skinned sisters wore revealing black bras and underwear along with thigh-high boots, but Davard now had what appeared to be a white leotard of sorts with a pair of torn shorts that still showed her muscular red-skinned thighs. The leotard left her arms entirely bare, and had a low v-neck that showed off her magnificent and frankly *magnetic* cleavage.

"Thanks girls," she said, patting them on the shoulders. "Really appreciate that. I mean, er, if this is the best you can do, then fine! I'll accept your cruel torments!"

By this point, Petyr actually lowered his axe. He was utterly confused as to what was going on, but this clearly wasn't a combat situation.

“Davard, what the hell is happening? Why are you transformed? Did these demonesses force a transformation upon you?”

Davard, who was now easily 6'3 in height, taller than Petyr now, strode forward, her hips sashaying, her breasts jiggling just slightly in her low-necked white leotard, her golden eyes gorgeous to behold. Petyr had to mutter under his breath something about not being tempted by demonic desires because she was so alluring.

“Yes, yes!” she declared. “They forced me! These are the two succubus sisters Jezebel and Diablina. They kidnapped me, just like you saw! They took me here and, alas Petyr, I wasn’t strong like you. I succumbed to temptation, and became transformed by their foul magic. I’m a succubus now, and to my great misfortune, it is sadly permanent, and cannot be reversed!”

Petyr frowned. “But, surely if we see justice done to these monsters, then-”

“Hey, we’re not monsters!” Di called.

“Yeah, she contacted us!” Jez added.

Davard shushed them, her tail flickering anxiously. “Hey, private conversation here! Look, you can’t fight them. They, uh, put a blackmail spell on me, didn’t you, girls? If anything happens to them, then I turn into, uh . . . a rat. Yeah, a feral rat.”

Di rolled her eyes. “That’s believable. Like we’d be in a room with a rat.”

“Just tell him, Divani.”

“Shh!” Davard snapped. She folded her arms beneath her red-skinned chest, biting her lip awkwardly. “Look, thanks for rescuing me, Petyr! Looks like we can’t win this one so we’ll just have to go!”

She began to walk away, moving as if she’d always had this strong, amazonian succubus body, but Petyr was having trouble figuring this all out.

“Wait, surely you’re not giving up?”

“Of course I am! There’s nothing to be done. Guess this is just me, now.”

“But - but they’re right there! Did they torture you?”

“Yes, lots of torture, but I forgive them!”

“But I’m pretty sure I can reverse the transformation if I bind one of them.”

Both sister succubi protested at this:

“Not happening! We’re free agents!”

“Yeah, she asked for this!”

By this point, Petyr felt like he was going mad. “Davard-”

“She goes by Divani now,” Jez added.

“Davard, Divani, whatever! What’s going on here? You’re being far too blase about this, and something’s not adding up. You say these women forcibly transformed you?”

Divani swallowed nervously, placing her hands behind her back. Her tail curled a little behind her, adding to the suspiciousness of the whole situation.

"Yep, you got it right! A cruel few days I've had! And they transformed me when I gave in. Turned me into a succubus. Which I hate, by the way. I totally didn't want this, I swear!"

The sisters groaned. "Just tell him, already!" Di said. "Pull the fucking bandage off."

Petyr crossed his arms, having put his axe away. "Davard . . . did you actually *consent* to this change? Did you *want* to become a succubus?"

The woman gave a heavy sigh, which did wonders for her bustline, which rose and fell dramatically. It was hard for Petyr not to peek.

"Oh shit," Davard/Divani said. "Fuck. You weren't meant to see me like this straight away. I was meant to reintroduce myself with a whole story prepared, and you weren't meant to meet Di and Jez."

"Gods, it's true. You *wanted* this."

She bit her lip. "I, uh, *organised* this. You know how I wanted to adventure to discover more of my origins? Well, turns out I've got infernal blood in my lineage. From a succubus great-grandmother, actually, who married into my family. Unaligned to the hells, just like these girls. They reached out and told me about my, well, my *options* if I ever wanted to embrace my heritage. But the thing is, I'd become a succubus if I chose to do so."

Petyr was having trouble keeping his jaw from falling further. "Then why on earth would you choose that!?"

"Because I was a total frail little twig of a man, Petyr! Because I always felt ordinary and unimpressive! Because I liked the idea of being a sexually confident person, and being unique and beautiful, not to mention taller and more powerful in my magic. And . . . well, it's embarrassing to admit, but I rather liked the idea of becoming a succubus. And look at me! You can't tell me you're not impressed with the results, right? I'm a freakin' titan of a woman with all the curves to match! Even you, paladin that you are, can't stop looking at my new tits."

Petyr blushed. "I wasn't looking."

She raised an eyebrow, her golden eyes fixed upon him. "Yes, you were."

"I - damn it all. This is humiliating."

"How do you think I feel?"

Petyr looked to Di and Jez. "I'm very sorry, uh, ladies. I shouldn't have called you cruel monsters and all the other things. I thought . . ."

Jez shrugged. "Lava under the molten bridge."

"Yeah, all good. Not the worst barge-in we've had. Once, a priest rocked up at an orgy his own bishop had organised. *That* was more awkward."

Divani grinned sheepishly. "Sorry about all the deception. I just thought if I made it look like a kidnapping and then I got stuck back, I could just pretend I, well, didn't want this all along."

Petyr put a hand on her shoulder. She felt wonderfully warm. "Davard - Divani - I respect your choices. I won't pretend I fully understand them, but you're my friend. My best friend."

"Thank the Gods. I should have trusted you. So . . . where do we go from here?"

"That depends. Do you still want to be an adventurer, or was this the end goal?"

At this, she raised her hand, and a powerful flaming sword to match his own flaming axe appeared in her hand. It melted part of the stone ceiling above her.

"Oh, I'm *all* about adventuring still, partner, if you'll take me!"

"Of course!" Petyr said. "I wouldn't have it any other way!"

The two demon sisters gave an "awww" as the two hugged one another. It was a good thing, Petyr thought, that he was wearing armour, or he might be a bit too distracted by the rather voluptuous and amazonian form pressed up against him. The Gods knew that beneath all his armour, he was starting to get a little . . . hard.

"You're the best, Petyr," she said. "Trust me, I'm gonna be a way better adventurer now thanks to these two amazing succubi. I've got fire powers, I'm stronger, I can see in the dark, and I'm way more confident, too."

Petyr nodded, still a bit distracted. "That does sound excellent."

"Oh, and one other thing," she said, lowering her voice to a sensual whisper and placing her lips closer to his ear. "As a succubus, I can *a/ways* sense when someone is aroused by me, and I've got some *strong* appetites of my own now."

The paladin stood ramrod straight, absorbing her words as she moved to thank the giggling succubi who had transformed her and bid them goodbye. Slowly, a wide smile formed across his features.

He had a feeling that their adventuring partnership was about to level up.

The End