

Mini-Story: My Girlfriend is a Succubus and I'm Okay With That (Woman to Succubus TF)

By FoxFaceStories

Meghan just wants to dump her loving boyfriend Peter, but he simply refuses to leave her. This is despite the fact that a demonic family curse has turned her into a highly aroused succubus who cannot restrict herself to monogamy. Can they work things out?

My Girlfriend is a Succubus and I'm Okay With That

It was the family curse that did it. Peter had been dating Meghan for just a year. They'd hit it off pretty much immediately when they sat together in a psychology lecture on campus and started helping one another with the notes. She was a shy, cute nerd with frizzy black hair and round glasses. A real adorable nerd vibe. He was more conventionally handsome, but despite the fact that other women had approached him, he only had eyes for Meghan. Something just *shined* about her, from the way she got far, far too much into her studies and tuned the whole world out, to the way she lit up when he got her little gifts or when she started talking about a subject she was passionate about. She often expressed that she didn't know why he chose *her* of all people, being such a nerdy type, but he always told her the same thing.

"Because I find you endlessly fascinating."

And then she would smile so brightly it could outshine the full moon in a clear night sky, because Meghan knew he was speaking the truth. It didn't take long for them to express their love for one another, or for them to be intimate. She hadn't had many partners at all, so he went slow with her, and soon they found a rhythm. She wasn't the most active sexual partner, but they made it work, and she knew when Peter was a little frustrated at the lack of recent contact, and would do something special for him when she came over. By the time they were living together, just six months after they started dating, they were in a good rhythm.

The only odd thing was that Meghan never let him visit her family. She always went alone, always came back and reported that her mother and older sister were 'fine.' That's it. No more detail. Just 'fine.' Peter found this curious, but his girlfriend could be cagey on some things, so he chose not to pry.

Until one night she came back in a strange agitation, even more anxious than her usual self. Meghan was wearing a funny-looking hat and touching it every few seconds,

hiding her forehead from him. She kept looking away, clutching herself, burying her body in a loose sweater.

"Babe, you've got to tell me what's going on!" Peter finally exclaimed.

"It's the curse!" she blurted out. "The family curse! It's finally come for me. I'm going to turn into a succubus and there's nothing I can do to stop it!"

"You - what? Is this a prank?"

But then she removed her hat, and Peter saw that she had horns - actual *horns* - growing from the top of her forehead. They were dark red and boney, and the skin around them was turning red. She removed her sweater, and he was shocked to see that her normally flat chest had grown seemingly in the last few hours, developing into full B-cups that were too large for her current bra.

Peter was taken aback, especially when she showed him that she was starting to develop a tail out of her backside as well, one that pushed against the lip of her trousers. She explained to him that a family ancestor had summoned a demon over a hundred years ago, and made a pact for power in exchange for a favour. But when it came time to pay the piper, the ancestor had reneged and repented. As punishment, the demon punished the man's daughter, cursing her to become a deeply sexual succubus, one who would literally need to have sex numerous times just to survive, and therefore bring scandal upon the family.

"And this curse goes down the family line!" Meghan squeaked, even her voice sounding a little more sultry. "It skips some generations, or only infects a few in a generation. It's always women, but I thought it had missed me. I mean, my mother got it! And my elder sister Samantha. She's always partying and going out in human form and having sex with men and women. But - but there were no signs it was me, until tonight when my mother and Samantha sat me down and told me that the change was happening. They could *smell* it on me. And sure enough, this started to happen! Oh God, we can't be together anymore, Peter. You can't have me, and I won't have you. I'll turn into some nympho succubus and I won't be able to help myself. I'm sorry! I'm so, so, so sorry I never told you this!"

Peter was shocked, but he did not leave Meghan as she expected. Instead, he took her hands, the fingernails of which were already starting to look a little sharper, and squeezed them lovingly.

"Meghan, I love you. We'll get through this. I promise."

She wanted to believe him, but over the following days, her body continued to change. Her horns grew out further until they were six inches long each. Her skin became smooth and turned a warm pink colour. Her lips expanded until they were luscious and full, her cheekbones lifted to give her a supermodel's face. Her breasts continued to grow until she could no longer fit into even her succubus sister's bras; she was a whopping EE-cup in

size, and they jiggled visibly, because all of a sudden she struggled to wear more than the bare minimum of clothing, usually just a tube top and short shorts that allowed her new devil tail to hang over the top and flicker around her ankles. Around the apartment, she found wearing anything more than sexy black lingerie to just be all kinds of wrong, though she delighted in wearing more jewellery. Try as she did to fight it, there was no stopping her advancement to full succubi-hood. Her body developed killer curves and longer legs, and she became so easily aroused that she and Peter were having far more sex than they'd ever had. She was hungry for him, and his love sustained her, even as her thoughts and needs grew hornier and dirtier, as her ass became juicy and smackable, as her hair became long dark curls that fell down her pink-skinned back.

One day, it all became too much. She'd already had sex with Peter three times, and he was totally spent. She was practically full succubus by that point. She didn't even need to eat food or drink; sex alone was enough to provide all that her body needed. She had ridden Peter, spread her legs for him, let him take her from behind, positioned for a sixty-nine, and gotten on her knees and sucked his cock; an act which was far too overstimulating for her previous self, but was now utterly intoxicating, especially when she drank his cum, which made her succubus body orgasm like wild.

"I'm trying to stay with you," she cried, holding onto Peter as they lay naked in bed. "But I'm s-so horny! I can't stop it! The stupid curse makes me just want to make myself appear like a hot human girl and go clubbing so any guy who dances up against me will fuck my horny brains out. It's not fair! I'm so s-sorry, Peter!"

"We'll figure this out, babe," he told her, masturbating so that he was hard again. "Look? See? I've got enough for you."

The hunger rose, and she practically leapt upon him, riding him and thrusting her glorious pink boobs, massive as they were, right into his face. It was ecstasy and wonder, but it would only serve for a short time. The moment he was busy, taking a phone call, off on an errand, or otherwise indisposed, she knew she would be unable to help herself.

Unfortunately, Meghan's mother and sister were no use.

"I'm sorry dear," her mother, a red-skinned MILF of a succubus said. "It's really not fair. I know this well. Your father couldn't handle it when he found out I was cheating, but a succubus can't really cheat. We're cursed. It's not our fault. We're meant to be human but we've got to make do."

She said this while putting on makeup and a tight black dress so she could go snare some young men who were into cougars. Her sister, Samantha, simply gave an exhausted sigh.

"Meghan, this will be the best thing that ever happened to you. Just get over it and go with the flow. I've fucked more men than I can count since becoming a succubus five years

ago. You went from having a lame bod to one that makes even me jealous, except I'm a little taller, at least, so I got that. Just go wild. Dump this boring Peter and have fun fucking your way across the world. Trust me, you get plenty of free drinks and holiday invitations."

But Meghan didn't want to leave Peter. She loved him. And yet with love also comes the knowledge that you must sacrifice yourself for your partner, in order for them to be happy. She made her way back home and dropped her glamour, the tears falling down her cheeks as she sashayed in. Her every movement was sexy, frustrating her further, particularly since she was getting horny again.

"We have to break up," she told Peter. "We just have to. I'm so sorry, but I can't stay monogamous. I just can't. I want to be, but this ridiculous succubus body won't let me."

Peter embraced her. He could see how distraught she was. He kissed her tenderly on the cheek and held her hands.

"Nope."

"What?"

"Nope. We're not breaking up."

"But - but didn't you just hear me? I won't be able to stay with you."

Peter smiled. "Babe, I love you too much to let you suffer like that, but I refuse to leave you just because of it either. If you have to have sex with other men and women, so be it."

"So . . . be it? What are you saying?"

"I'm saying we open up the relationship. You can see whoever you want for sex, but . . . you let me be your *boyfriend*. The one you come home to. The man that you actually love."

Meghan was shocked. "You'd do that for me? But - but I'd be cheating on you!"

"Nonsense. The relationship would be open. I love *you*, Meghan, and I want this to work. I want you to be happy. And besides, I won't lie, all the sex we have is already enough for me. If you need more, it's only fair."

The tears were now a lot happier. She gripped her boyfriend and kissed him passionately, pushing her ripe EE-cup boobs right up against him. Already, that need was rising, but she held it off to show her true love.

"You're incredible, you know that?"

Peter smirked. "I try."

"Well, you know, if you want to see other people . . . I mean, my sister is a succubus. It's only fair if-"

"Woah, I know you wouldn't be okay with *that*."

Her pink cheeks went a little redder. "Actually," she said, "It's sort of a succubus thing to not mind 'sharing' lovers, particularly between siblings. If you're going to be this amazing

to me, I wouldn't mind having Samantha along for the ride to give you the full succubus pleasure session."

Peter was taken aback, but his hardening member told Meghan all she needed to know. "I, uh . . . I mean, only if you're okay with me finally meeting the family."

"Of course!" she declared, kissing him again. "We're going to prove them wrong! I love you, Peter, and I'll never leave you. I'll always come home to you, and I promise you'll get more sex than anyone else. Because I love you."

He returned the kiss. "I love you too. You know, maybe this succubus thing will turn out alright? I mean, *I'm* okay with my succubus girlfriend."

"You just like what I can do with my *tail*. And you like that my boobs are so big and sensitive."

Peter licked his lips and looked down at her lovely, full chest. "Well, now that you say that, they do look like they need some attention."

"Mhmmm, sure do! Why don't we seal the deal with a little lovemaking? Or maybe a whole fucking lot of it?"

Peter pulled her up against him, lifting her off of the ground and pressing his face right into her chest, an act that left her giggling and moaning in equal measure. In moments, they were on the bed again, him feeding her with all the sex energy she'd need, at least for now. But that problem, at least, was taken care of.

For the first time, when she cried out in spectacular pleasure, Meghan didn't mind being a succubus at all. And Peter, just like he'd said, was more than okay with it.

The End