

Mini-Story: Sharing a Succubus Body (Man to Succubus Merge TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

Bryce goes to Morgan the Witch to ask her to summon a succubus to help him get over his fear of women. Unfortunately for him, Morgan is a little mischievous, and so she summons the succubus into him, turning his body into that of a sexy embodiment of lust and forcing the two to share this hot and hellish bod. This should help Bryce overcome his fear, right?

Sharing a Succubus Body

'That one. The muscly guy with the blonde hair sitting on the stool at the bar. He's the one we should totally fuck tonight.'

'What? No! We can't. That's Harold Tanner. He literally bullied me in high school and college. Fuck that guy!'

'Mhmm, that's exactly what I had in mind.'

'No, no way! If we have to, why can't we get some lesbian action tonight? We almost always do men, and the only reason we're stuck sharing this body together is because I wanted to lose my fear of interacting with women, right?'

'Darling, I am a woman, and you're sharing my body. That's enough to qualify. No, we're doing cock tonight, and in every orifice too. You made our hot body squirm a little too much during anal last time, so it's time I taught you how to put this body to good use. Besides, I haven't taught you the tailjob technique yet - who needs hands to pump a cock when we've got our tail, hmm?'

Bryce groaned mentally, but knew that he couldn't resist what Darla was suggesting. Technically, they both shared control of the same body, but it was *her* body, just as she'd said, and she knew it a lot better. Besides, it was the red-skinned, busty, curvy, sensitive-as-all-hell body of a succubus, horns and tail and all, and so it came with all the crazy lusty instincts that neither of them could resist anyway. Of course, Darla *celebrated* that lack of inhibition, while Bryce struggled against it constantly. Struggled, and failed.

The pair strode across the room, wearing the guise of a pretty redhead in a dynamite black dress that showed more than a little hint of cleavage. It even had a necklace that descended between their proud breasts, just to draw the eye further. Nothing could stop them from having red eyes, but most men didn't care about that, and assumed they were contact lenses. Darla had told Bryce that men think with their penises first and their brains second, and he'd come to realise how right that was.

"Hey there, stranger," Darla said to a tall, silver-haired man who looked to be in his early forties. "You look lonely."

"I was," he said. "But it seems my date just arrived, if she'll take me."

'Oh, this guy is smooth, don't you think?' Darla communicated mentally.

Bryce made their body bite its lip, and sensed Darla relinquishing control.

'Fuck, you're right. He is.'

'So go on, sit us down! That dumb witch made us share a body, so let's be twice as good at what I - sorry, we - do.'

Bryce sat down on the seat, and performed the trick that Darla had taught him, the one where you lean forward a bit as a woman to allow a man to look down your dress and appreciate your big, sensitive boobs. He pushed some hair behind his ear as the man ordered a drink for him, and then adjusted his necklace to look like he was nervous.

'Very good! A man like this wants his women to be confident and sexy, but not too confident. He wants control, so let's pretend to give it to him.'

'God, I just want to sleep with him already. Fuck, this body has too much libido.'

'Give it a few more months. You'll come to love it. We're stuck with each other, remember? So you and I have to be one hell of a succubus together.'

It was true. They were stuck together, and seemingly for good. It was all Bryce's fault too, he knew. He hadn't always been sharing a body with a lustful succubus. Once, he'd just been a nervous and quiet man who had a perpetual fear of women, despite desperately wanting to talk to them and eventually find a girlfriend. He'd always been anxious, but by the time he'd reached the age of twenty five and *still* didn't have a woman in his life, he was practically having panic attacks after the most mild interactions with a pretty lady. Once, he'd even gotten a little bit tipsy in a desperate attempt to ask a woman out at a bar. He'd ended up vomiting all over her dress and down her cleavage. He'd never really recovered from that.

Nothing had helped. Not the Manosphere, not talk shows, not free therapy or paid therapy or online whacko therapy. Supplements did nothing, and alcohol was clearly a nonstarter. In the end, his desperation led him to the Occult. His readings were about fertility, virility, and the power of lust itself from the underworld. A powerful succubus, properly chained, could be summoned and forced to imbue a man with muscles, charisma, and the power of a strong libido, enough to pleasure any woman. Well, that sounded good to Bryce. He just needed someone to conduct the ritual, and that person was Morgan Faye, who was apparently a powerful witch. The internet was full of gossip about the woman, but Bryce had always been good with computers, so he tracked her down and asked for her help. To his surprise, she provided an enthusiastic response, and the very next day appeared at his doorstep.

That was the start of everything going wrong.

Looking back, Bryce knew that he should not have ignored Morgan's mischievous side. The internet was full of stories of her changing people in odd ways, or switching wishes, or simply changing people for small offences. Bryce was courteous with her, but she clearly found his nervousness amusing. So when it came time to summon the succubus, she grinned and made a final declaration before beginning.

"You know, I owe my friend Darla a little favour. She's a succubus who's been wanting to get back to the surface world for a long time. Do you mind if I use an unorthodox technique to summon her? It will *really* help you get over your fear of women, Bryce."

In his hopeful naivete, Bryce had agreed, and in doing so, Morgan had asked him to scrub the section of the magical summoning circle that he was standing in. Before he could think twice about such an action, the beautiful brunette witch started changing the magic words and sprinkling the sulfur into the circle. A great pink flame erupted, and rising up in the centre of it was an incredibly beautiful - and very naked - succubus. Her skin was red, her horns a slightly darker crimson. Her curves were perfect, her breasts the size of ripe cantaloupes. Her long black hair shook against her ass as she writhed, an ass that was perfectly rounded and bouncy. Her face was beautiful, her lips full, her eyes red but with the most 'come get me' expression imaginable.

"Morgan!" the succubus shouted, her sexy expression suddenly shifting. "You bitch! You imprisoned me down there in-"

"Worry not, Darla dear. I'm giving you an opportunity to escape. Do you trust me?"

"Absolutely not! I swore if I'd ever see you again that-"

"Well, what a shame. This man needs to get over his fear of women. I think it's high time you taught him. But that requires merging your essences so you can be a very, very direct teacher, and he can get over his fear of women by being one!"

The succubus and Bryce both gaped.

"What?" they said together.

Morgan clicked her fingers, and suddenly Darla *rocketed* towards Bryce, her form turning smoke like. Bryce screamed, and the smoke poured into his mouth, his nostrils, into every orifice. It left him squirming and moaning and writhing. The succubus was *inside* of him, but not for long.

"What d-did you just do!?" he cried.

Morgan just cackled. "Wait for it . . ."

Suddenly, Bryce doubled over. He grabbed his head as two bony spikes suddenly burst through his scalp. His skin itched, turning hotter as it shifted to a reddish tone, his body

hair literally burning away. The man's hips widened, and his waist pulled in. His ass pushed out, his nipples flared, swelled, and then expanded upon large fleshy hills. A red tail with a spade-shaped end burst from above his backside, causing an ecstatic moan. But it wasn't just Bryce moaning. A second voice moaned inside of his head.

'That bitch! She's merged us together! Ghrr, I am NOT being stuck in a pathetic male body. I am definitely taking control here and making it MINE!'

Bryce was helpless. His clothes burned away, replaced by sexy black lingerie, garters and straps and all. His hair grew out long and black, his breasts were proud and delectable, while his member slid back into his skin, leaving a sensitive and already hungry pussy behind.

"Ohhhhhh!" he moaned. "Why do I f-feel - oh God! What have you done to me?"

"What have you done to us, you mean!" his mouth suddenly shouted, this time in a more acrid tone. His body shifted against his will, moving according to the succubus' orders. "Morgan, what the fuck? I will seriously fuck all your boyfriends for this!"

Morgan laughed. "Darla, I freed you, so show some respect. You know I'm more powerful than you. Besides, you can remain on the surface for good now; you have a human soul inside of you that will keep you tethered."

Bryce felt a strange glow of realisation in his form - one that wasn't his.

"That's . . . not a bad point. But I can feel his thoughts! He's trying to seize - damn it!"

Bryce got control. "What have you done to me!?" he cried, but his voice sounded like a sultry purr, an invitation to take someone to bed.

Morgan shrugged. "Just what you wanted. You'll be in a woman's body now, Bryce, so you'll never have to fear women again, or the feelings of one. And I've also freed someone I sorta let down in the past, so that's two birds killed with one stone."

"But - but -"

"No need to thank me. You two can figure out how to share that body, I'm sure. Enjoy being a living embodiment of lust, Bryce! I'm sure it's going to be hot . . . *as hell.*"

And then she disappeared in a flash, leaving the pair fighting over control of their incredibly curvaceous, unbelievably smoking hot, and deeply aroused body.

'But I - I don't want to be a succubus!' Bryce whined in their shared mine.

'And I don't want a hanger-on, so how do you think I feel? Great, now I need to teach you how to be a proper succubus. You feel that arousal?'

'Y-yes.'

'That means we need to go seduce someone, and fuck their brains out.'

'No! I don't want that! Change me back! Separate!'

'Sorry, Bryce. I can't. We're stuck together. Fucking Morgan, I swear. Now I have to play teacher to a stupid human male. C'mon, I'll get us started on your education. First

lesson: a succubus literally needs to have sex to survive. We feed on it, and it feels fucking great. So get ready, human, because you're going to have front row seats to what it feels like to go wild as a succubus tonight.'

Bryce lost control of their body immediately, too stunned to even fight for control of it.

'Oh God,' he moaned.

'Ha! Not God. Furthest thing from it. I don't like this either, but maybe having a partner along for the ride might actually make it all the hotter. I do love breaking in a new lover, and I guess that's you now.'

And my, was Bryce broken in. That very night alone, Darla took their body out to a local nightclub and made out with men and women alike. Bryce had gone from not even knowing how to talk to women, to suddenly being in a sexy female body that was being puppeteered by a sex master. Or mistress, perhaps. Bryce moaned in pleasure as his new body was railed, as he rode cowgirl, bucking his hips upon a man's cock as it plunged into him. He spread his legs while a hot college woman licked his clit, and whimpered in delight as orgasm after orgasm hit him while sandwiched between two lovers. Darla continued to let him take control, teaching him that night and ever since how to move their muscles just right, how to squeeze with their vagina to extract yet more cum from an ejaculating man, and the best ways to use one's tongue while kissing. She relinquished that control, and while Bryce initially desired to get free, the truth was that their succubus needs were doubly powerful thanks to two minds inhabiting one body; their orgasms sent each other to ever higher throws like a climaxing feedback loop.

It took less than a week for Bryce to accept that this was his new life now, as embarrassing as it could be. His body - *their* body - was passionate and lustful as could be. So whether they were fucking in their real form (whether with demon cultists or anyone who was into that), or wearing a glamour that concealed the truth, his hunger was her hunger, and the pair lived to seduce, to make out, and to have their lovely form penetrated again and again.

Still, despite all that, Bryce had never taken full control for an entire 'session' before. He was deeply aware of that as Peter, the silver-haired man they had successfully seduced, drove them home. The former man was licking the lips of their body and rubbing their thighs together, their pussy juices already leaking from the anticipation of the event to come. But Bryce was nervous, as usual.

'I can take over for this next bit,' Darla said, her voice a little more sympathetic. 'I know the starting bit is still hard for you. If you want, we can switch controls when we get to fucking and I'll even drop the advice; see how you do and all.'

Peter pulled to a stop outside a rather nice house. "Here we are," he said with a charismatic grin that made Bryce take a deep breath, his big breasts rising and falling. "You know, I'm still not sure you're a succubus like you claim, but I want you either way."

"We want you too," Bryce said, and the words were honest.

They exited the car, and he took them into his expansive home, which was richly furnished. The bedroom was upstairs, but they were already making out.

"Just wait," Bryce said. "You want me to prove I'm a perfect succubus, right?"

The man grinned. "I thought that was just the whiskey - holy hell!"

Fire surrounded Bryce and Darla's shared body, and suddenly their full succubus form was on display, wearing that same sexy black lingerie they'd first found themselves in.

"Ta-da," they said together, a shared little tradition they'd established over the last few weeks. "What do you think?"

Peter gulped, and then, slowly, a smile crept over his features. "Hellishly good."

'God, what a dork,' Darla said. 'Props to him for adapting, though. Did you hear what I said before? I can take over, Bryce. We have to share this bod, but I can start us off.'

Normally, Bryce was okay with such an offer. But this time, he knew things would be different. He strode towards Peter and clenched his buttocks, before moving his red arms up and around the man's neck so that their big tits could press against his form.

"Take me upstairs," she said. "And I'll fuck you so well that you'll never, ever forget how amazing it was."

The man kissed her, and soon she was moaning, the pair of them moving upstairs moments later. God, she needed this.

'You're thinking of yourself as female again,' Darla noted.

'Yeah, I just realised that too,' Bryce said. 'Maybe it's time for a name change.'

'You're keeping control?'

'If that's okay with you. I . . . I think I'm over my fear of being a woman. Besides, this is us now, right? I want to start enjoying it. Together.'

With that, a warmth was exchanged between them, and Bryce found herself even more enthusiastic.

'Go ahead then,' Darla said. 'I'm looking forward to enjoying it all from the backseat for once.'

Bryce pushed Peter back onto the bed and mounted him, the pleasure starting. She straddled his waist, lowering their big, heavy tits right into his face.

“Now suck on them,” she purred, drawing upon what Darla had taught her. “Do that and I’ll make you *very* happy.”

She snaked a hand down to his loins and began stroking his cock. No, she wanted to do better than that. Her tail shifted between her thighs and wrapped around his mast. Peter groaned with pleasure as she milked him with it, sliding up and down on his rod and redirecting the attention of her hands to his chest, which she scratched playfully.

“You’re - you’re incredible!” Peter exclaimed. “So experienced. It’s like you’re reading my mind!”

She pressed her bosom upon his face as they shifted positions, him sitting upright against the bedhead. Bryce writhed against him, sliding her soft form against his cock while her tail continued to do its work. The silver-haired man sucked on her left nipple, and she in turn pinched the other one, drawing out sensations of pleasure. Her aura extended, part of the succubus power that her partner had taught her; it increased his arousal and furthered their own, and it would mean their sex would go hard and long . . . just like the cock she was about to mount.

‘I’ve taught you well,’ Darla purred in her mind, still leaving Bryce in control. *‘Now show me how it’s done, hot stuff.’*

Slowly, Bryce lowered herself onto Peter’s hard penis, and all three individuals moaned, two voices rising in ecstasy as she began to slide up and down upon him, all while pressing her breasts in his face.

Bryce smiled even as she gasped. She had no fear now. Not of her body, or her shared situation, or of having sex with men.

She proceeded to show them *both* how it was done.

The End