

MOM TURNS SUCCUBUS



by KLRXO

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Gregory's cock-strokes quickened, his fist pumping faster as his eyes hungrily devoured the huge glistening MILF tits on his cracked iPhone screen.

White-hot pressure built at the base of his throbbing shaft, his hairless, cum-bloated balls drawing up tight against his sweat-slicked body. He could feel the surge rising like mercury in a thermometer, electric tingles of pleasure radiating outward from his groin to the tips of his trembling toes.

“Fuck! Yesss!” the lanky teen grunted, carefully aiming his purple-headed member at the off-white wall across from him. His friends had meticulously marked it with blue painter's tape at precise one-foot increments, creating a crude distance chart.

The current record was Brad's impressive 8-foot money shot. But Gregory, with his jaw clenched and bicep burning, was absolutely determined to beat it.

"Come on, come on!" he growled through gritted teeth, his voice strained with exertion as he jackhammered his fist over his pulsing cock. The pre-cum drooling from his piss-slit provided the perfect amount of slippery lubrication.

Sweat beaded on his forehead and trickled down his temples. His arm burned from the frenzied pace, muscles quivering beneath flushed skin.

The big tits jiggled hypnotically on his phone screen. His balls pulled up even tighter against his body, pressure peaking like a volcano ready to blow. He was right on the edge, teetering on that exquisite precipice between agony and ecstasy.

With a deep, guttural groan that rumbled from the depths of his chest, he felt the dam burst. The semen surged up from deep within his body - powerful muscles, anchored to his pubic bone, squeezed in rapid, rhythmic pulses, forcibly expelling the thick ropes of pearly cum from his swollen, purple-headed shaft.

“UNNNGH!” he grunted, pulse after pulse wracking his body as the seemingly endless stream of hot, viscous semen jetted out with impressive velocity, arcing through the air before painting the far wall.

His teenage cock kicked violently in his white-knuckled grip with each mighty throb - spurt after thick, ropey spurt of creamy jizz splattered against the eggshell-colored drywall as Gregory milked out a massive load, his entire body shuddering with each explosive contraction.

When the eruptions finally ceased, he staggered back on wobbly legs, gasping for breath like a marathon runner.

Squinting through the haze of post-orgasmic bliss, he examined the results - his farthest blast had clearly surpassed the blue 9-foot line by several inches.

"Fuck yeah!" Gregory exclaimed, still panting, his chest heaving. "Suck on that, boys!" He snapped a picture of his record-breaking cumshot with trembling fingers to send to the group chat. Looked like he was the new king of their jerk-off contests... for this week, at least.

No sooner had Gregory snapped the photo than he heard his bedroom door swing open with a heart-stopping creak. He barely had time to yank on a pair of navy blue boxers before his mom Sylvia stepped in, her enormous double-H tits bobbling hypnotically beneath a skintight, cherry-red dress that hugged every curve of her voluptuous MILF body.

Her dainty size-six feet with freshly-painted ruby red toenails were showcased on delicate 4-inch black patent leather stilettos that made her shapely calves flex with each step.

"Gregory, honey, I'm heading out to my women's weekend retreat," she announced breathlessly, her plump glossy lips parting to reveal perfect white teeth. "You stay out of trouble while I'm gone, you hear me?"

Gregory nodded dumbly, his heart pounding against his ribs like a jackhammer. He prayed desperately she wouldn't notice the massive load he'd just sprayed all over the wall. But Sylvia paused, her pert button nose wrinkling as she sniffed the unmistakable musky scent hanging in the air.

Her piercing blue eyes flicked to the sticky, pearlescent streaks dripping down the eggshell-white drywall like slow-motion raindrops.

"Gregory Jameson Thompson!" she shrieked, her pretty heart-shaped face contorting with shock and revulsion. "Is that... did you... all over your wall? Oh my god!"

Gregory's face burned with shame, his stomach churning violently like a washing machine on spin cycle as he watched the emotions play across his mother's flawlessly made-up face - the initial wide-eyed disbelief melting into raw disgust and finally hardening into stone-cold maternal disapproval.

He wanted to sink through the polished oak floorboards and disappear into the crawlspace beneath the house.

"I can't BELIEVE you!" Sylvia scolded, storming over to examine the obscene mess, her hips swaying hypnotically with each furious step. Her stilettos clicked like angry typewriter keys against the hardwood. "Didn't I teach you to clean up after yourself, young man? This is DISGUSTING!"

She whirled to face him like a hurricane changing direction, perfectly manicured hands planted firmly on her hourglass hips, her creamy cleavage straining against the fabric of her plunging neckline with each angry breath, threatening to spill out completely.

Gregory cowered under her withering emerald-green glare, his face glowing like hot coals in a summer barbecue. Cold sweat trickled down his bony teenage spine, soaking into the elastic waistband of his navy blue boxers.

"You march your skinny butt to the bathroom and get some toilet paper **RIGHT NOW**," she commanded, one manicured fingernail with a tiny rhinestone accent stabbing the air in the direction of the door like a heat-seeking missile. "And don't you **DARE** come out until every last sticky drop of your teenage spunk is cleaned off your bedroom wall! And take that stupid tape off too! Honestly, Gregory..."

Sylvia shook her head in exasperation, her glossy crimson lips pursed into a perfect bow. With a dramatic huff that made her nostrils flare, she spun on her stiletto heel and click-clacked out of the room, muttering under her breath about horny teenage boys and their disgusting habits.

Gregory let out the breath he'd been holding, his tense muscles uncoiling like springs.

The teen spent much of his weekend holed up in his bedroom, hunched over his laptop and frantically clicking away at his mouse and keyboard. The blinds stayed drawn, blocking out the warm spring sunshine as he lost himself in marathon sessions of Call of Duty and Fortnite with his online buddies.

His bloodshot eyes hardly left the glowing screen, except for the frequent breaks he took to rub out yet another quick one, inspired by the seemingly endless stream of busty MILF porn he consumed.

His cock was rubbed raw and his wrist ached, but he couldn't help himself - with his mom gone for the weekend, he finally had the privacy and freedom to indulge his every horny whim without fear of getting caught again.

The hours blurred together in a haze of pixelated explosions, trash talk over his gaming headset, and muted grunts of pleasure as he repeatedly spilled his seed into a crumpled wad of Kleenex. Empty cans of Monster energy drink and bags of Doritos littered his desk, evidence of his self-imposed isolation.

He knew he should probably shower, or at least put on a clean shirt, but he couldn't be bothered. Not when there were more terrorists to headshot and more big titty moms to salivate over. Besides, it wasn't like he had anyone to impress. His pale, scrawny body and awkward social skills ensured his virginity was safe for the foreseeable future.

The only time he emerged from his cave was when his dad dragged him and his little brother Timmy to a Saturday matinee showing of the latest Marvel movie.

Gregory slouched in his seat, hood pulled up, wishing he was back in his room the whole time. He barely noticed the eye-popping CGI superhero spectacle unfolding on the big screen - his attention was focused solely on the cute blonde with fat tits in the row ahead of them.

He watched, transfixed, as she whispered in her friend's ear and they both giggled, probably gossiping about boys and the dicks they'd recently sucked. He was both aroused and intimidated by her, his stomach twisting itself into knots at the thought of actually talking to such a girl.

As the credits rolled and the lights came up, he caught a glimpse of her bobbling titties and heart-shaped ass in tight denim cutoffs as she stood to leave. It was an image he filed away for later, when he was

once again alone with a bottle of Jergens, Pornhub, and his wildly overactive teenage imagination.

He spent the rest of the weekend alternating between video games, rubbing out loads to stacked mom fantasies, and eating junk food - his version of pure bliss.

When Sunday evening rolled around, he finally dragged himself to the shower to wash off the funk of 48 hours of nonstop gaming and wanking before his mom got home. He had to admit, it had been a pretty awesome weekend, even without scoring any female action.

Gregory blinked blearily at his alarm clock - 3:47 AM glowed in stark crimson digits that burned into his bloodshot, sandpaper-dry eyes like miniature laser beams. He'd lost track of time again, too caught up in his adrenaline-fueled online death-matches to notice the midnight hours evaporating like morning dew under a scorching summer sun.

"Shit," he mumbled, his voice a gravelly rasp from too many hours of screaming tactical commands through his sweat-stained gaming headset. He had school in exactly four hours and thirteen minutes, another mind-numbing day of fighting to keep his heavy eyelids from slamming shut over his incomprehensible textbooks.

With an exhausted groan that seemed to originate from the very marrow of his bones, he hauled his lanky frame out of his worn-out gaming chair, his stiff joints crackling like bubble wrap being mercilessly twisted.

Just as he was about to collapse face-first into his unmade bed with its rumpled Batman sheets and flattened pillows, Gregory heard the unmistakable purr of his mom's pearl-white Chrysler Pacifica minivan pulling into the concrete driveway.

He frowned, his thick eyebrows knitting together like angry caterpillars. The weekend of unrestricted self-pleasure had officially screeched to a halt.

Curiosity propelled his leaden, sock-covered feet down the carpeted stairs, each step requiring the herculean effort of an exhausted mountain climber on the final push to Everest's peak. He found his mom standing motionless in the marble-tiled foyer, her normally immaculate honey-blonde hair tangled and matted against her scalp, her sexy dress wrinkled and twisted like she'd been rolling around in it for days.

She looked utterly drained, her usually straight shoulders slumped forward like wilting flowers, her mascara-smudged eyes vacant and unfocused as if staring through the walls into another dimension.

"Mom?" Gregory asked hesitantly, his Adam's apple bobbing nervously in his throat. "You okay?"

Sylvia managed a weak, trembling smile that didn't come within a mile of reaching her glassy, bloodshot eyes. "I'm fine, honey. Just tired from the long drive. I think I'm going to head straight to bed."

A weird, unsettled feeling knotted in his gut as he watched her trudge up the carpeted stairs, her red stilettos dangling limply from her manicured fingers. He was ashamed to admit that the sight of her bodacious bubble butt jiggling and undulating beneath the stretched fabric of her dress made him think of all the MILF ass-meat he'd watched online over the weekend, beating rhythmically against lucky male midsections like fleshy metronomes.

Disgusted with himself, he stumbled back to his room, the Monster energy drinks sloshing in his bladder, and collapsed face-first into his bed. Within seconds, he was out cold, snoring wetly into his flattened pillow.

Little did he know, as he slipped into dreams filled with pixelated explosions and fat MILF titties, that his mom was changing. Transforming. The three-day women's empowerment retreat had cracked open something dark and ravenous inside her, an ancient,

primal force that writhed and slithered beneath her skin like a nest of vipers.

In her bedroom, Sylvia stood before her gold-rimmed full-length mirror, transfixed by her reflection. Her husband's snores punctuated the silence from the king-sized bed, where his flaccid body lay sprawled across cotton sheets.

Her irises, once hazel, now smoldered like fresh coals doused in blood, pulsing with hypnotic crimson light that cast eerie shadows across her high cheekbones. When she parted her glossy lips in a slow, deliberate smile, her teeth gleamed unnaturally white and pointed, like polished ivory daggers designed for tearing flesh.

She ran her long, manicured fingers over the curves of her body, from the hollow of her throat down to the swell of her hips, shivering with dark delight as electric tingles raced beneath her skin like lightning through storm clouds.

Every nerve ending felt alight with unholy fire, every brush of fabric against flesh magnified a hundredfold until even the whisper of her silk nightgown felt like exquisite torture. The petty concerns of her human life—PTA meetings, her husband's job, her children's school—already felt distant and meaningless, fading like morning mist burned away by a blood-red sun.

Later that morning, Gregory stumbled down the stairs, his heavy footsteps echoing through the quiet house. He shuffled into the kitchen, blinking against the harsh morning light streaming through the windows.

His dad and little brother Timmy were already at the table, shoveling spoonfuls of Cheerios into their mouths.

"Where's Mom?" Gregory mumbled, his voice thick with sleep. He pulled out a chair and collapsed into it, reaching for the box of sugary cereal.

His dad glanced up from his phone, his brow furrowed. "Still in bed, I think. She must be wiped out from her trip."

Gregory nodded, pouring a mound of colorful marshmallow bits into his bowl. As he mechanically scooped cereal into his mouth, his mind drifted to the strange, unsettling feeling that had knotted his gut when he saw his mom last night. The vacant look in her bloodshot eyes, the uncharacteristic tangles in her usually flawless hair...

He shook his head, trying to dislodge the uneasy thoughts. She was probably just exhausted from the long drive. Nothing to worry about.

Before he knew it, his dad and Timmy were heading out the door, off to work and school. Gregory glanced at the microwave clock - 7:43 AM glared back at him in glowing green digits. Shit, he was gonna be late again.

He chugged the sugary dregs of his cereal, the milk dribbling down his chin, and hauled himself to his feet with a groan. Just as he was reaching for his backpack, a voice drifted down the stairs, sweet and thick as honey:

"Gregory... come here, honey."

He froze, his hand hovering inches from his ratty Jansport. That was his mom's voice, but it sounded... different. Richer. Deeper. Like velvet dipped in molasses.

Swallowing hard, he turned and climbed the stairs, his heart thudding against his ribs. He paused outside his parents' bedroom door, his knuckles poised to knock.

"Mom? You okay?"

Silence. Then, her voice again, drifting from down the hall:

"In here, sweetie. Your room."

Ice trickled down his spine. Why would she be in his room? He crept down the hallway, the carpet muffling his footsteps. His bedroom door stood ajar, a sliver of shadows peeking through the crack.

With a trembling hand, he pushed it open. The hinges creaked with agonizing slowness, ratcheting up the tension knotting his gut. His eyes flicked around the room - rumpled bedsheets, piles of dirty laundry, his laptop still open to PornHub. No sign of his mom.

"Mom?" he called again, his voice nervous at this point.

The door slammed shut with a deafening bang that made Gregory jump out of his skin. Before he could even suck in a startled breath, an unearthly shriek pierced the air above him, the otherworldly feminine wail raking icy claws down his spine.

His wide eyes shot upward and bulged in abject horror at the nightmarish sight hovering near the ceiling.

It was his mother. At least, some twisted, demonic version of her, but eerily beautiful in it's own way. She was completely naked, her voluptuous body was splayed obscenely in midair, impossibly suspended by two enormous, leathery wings that flapped lazily, stirring the stale bedroom air. The bat-like appendages sprouted grotesquely from her shoulder blades. Her gigantic breasts, capped with wide, darkened areolas, slapped together with each flap, the fleshy smacks obscenely loud in the confines of the room.

But it was her face that made his bladder suddenly feel like a water balloon squeezed in a vise grip. Gone was the perfectly coiffed, bottle-blond hair, replaced by a wild, tangled mane of shockingly bright pinkish-purple that whipped around her head as if charged with static electricity.

Her eyes, once a warm, inviting hazel, now glowed a malevolent red, the irises pulsing like fresh blood. When her plump lips peeled back in a fang-baring snarl, a long, serpentine tongue lolled out, flicking obscenely like some kind of hellish sex organ.

Gregory stood rooted to the spot, his muscles seized with pure, unadulterated terror. His heart jackhammered against his ribs and his stomach churned like a cement mixer. This couldn't be real. It had to be some kind of fucked-up nightmare, a sick byproduct of all the Monster energy drinks and late-night Pornhub binges.

"M-Mom?" he managed to choke out, his voice cracking like a prepubescent boy's. "What the hell?!"

The demonic creature that had once been his mother threw her head back and let out a guttural, unhinged cackle that made every hair on Gregory's body stand at attention. When she snapped her head forward again to stare directly at him, her eyes blazed with an ancient, ravenous hunger, searing into him like twin lasers.

Just as Gregory was certain the demonic creature would launch herself at him, she slowly descended to the floor, her leathery wings folding and retracting into the creamy skin of her back with a series of sickening crunches and squelches that turned his stomach.

He watched, frozen in morbid fascination, as her wild mane of fluorescent hair faded to its usual honey-blonde and the crimson fires in her eyes cooled to familiar hazel.

She reached for his Batman comforter, tugging it free from the rumpled sheets to wrap around her voluptuous naked body. Gregory swallowed hard, his heart still galloping in his chest like a spooked racehorse.

"Gregory, honey," his mom said, her voice returned to its normal dulcet tones, "I know this is a lot to take in. But something... happened to me at that retreat."

She perched on the edge of his bed, patting the space beside her. Gregory remained rooted to the spot, eyeing her warily, half-expecting her to sprout fangs and pounce at any second.

When she simply watched him with soft, imploring eyes, he finally forced his leaden feet to shuffle forward until his knees bumped the mattress.

"Remember how I said it was a women's empowerment thing?" she asked, worrying the edge of the blanket between perfectly manicured fingers. At Gregory's jerky nod, she continued. "Well, it was, in a way. But not the kind of empowerment I expected."

She took a deep, shuddering breath, her enormous breasts straining against the confines of the comforter. Gregory tried valiantly to keep his eyes on her face, but his gaze kept flicking down of its own accord, drawn like a magnet to those heavy, barely-concealed globes.

"I'm a succubus now, Gregory," his mom said, her voice barely above a whisper. "A demon of lust and desire."

Gregory's stomach dropped to his shoes. His mouth worked soundlessly, his brain struggling to form a coherent response. A succubus? Like from those Japanese hentai videos he sometimes jerked it to? This had to be some kind of prank, a hidden camera trick orchestrated by his asshole friends.

But deep down, in the primal, reptilian part of his brain, he knew it was real. He'd seen her wings, her glowing eyes, her serpentine tongue. That was no costume or special effect.

"I... I don't understand," he finally croaked, his mouth desert-dry. "How?"

His mom shook her head, a rueful smile playing at the corners of her glossy lips. "The retreat leader, she... she wasn't human. She was a

succubi, Gregory. An ancient, powerful demon who feed on male sexual energy."

Gregory repeated the unfamiliar phrase under his breath. "Male sexual energy?" The words felt clumsy and foreign on his tongue.

His mom nodded, her fingers twisting anxiously in the Batman comforter. "Succubi feed on the vital essence of virile young men. Semen, to put it bluntly. It sustains them, keeps them young and powerful."

Gregory felt his face ignite like a Fourth of July sparkler. He couldn't believe he was hearing the word "semen" come out of his own mother's mouth. This had to be the most surreal, fucked-up conversation of his life.

"So... what, they turned you into one of them? At this retreat thing?" His voice emerged strangled, his throat constricting around the words.

"In a way, yes." His mom's eyes, still hazel but with an unsettling reddish glint, met his. "I'm not a full succubus. More of a... a hybrid, I guess you could say. Apparently, I'm able to switch back and forth like they are."

She leaned forward, and Gregory caught a dizzying whiff of her perfume, the familiar floral scent now undercut with something headier, muskier. It made his head swim and his dick twitch traitorously in his jeans.

"I need male essence to survive now, Gregory. But I don't wanna just go out and stalk random, unsuspecting men like some kind of seductress. And I certainly don't wanna cheat on your father with complete strangers."

Her eyes, shining with unshed tears, bored into his. Gregory's stomach clenched, a sickening sense of understanding beginning to coalesce in his sluggish, shocked brain.

His mom's gaze held his, her eyes shimmering with unshed tears. Gregory's heart thudded against his ribs as a sickening realization began to dawn, his stomach twisting into knots.

"I need your help, sweetie," she whispered, her voice cracking with emotion. "Until I can figure out how to reverse this, how to go back to normal... I need to feed on male sexual energy to survive. And I want that energy to come from someone I trust. Someone I love."

Gregory's heart seized in his chest as his mother's nails lengthened into wicked crimson talons right before his bulging eyes. They scraped with agonizing slowness up his inner thigh, the razor-sharp points snagging on the denim of his jeans, drawing closer and closer to his crotch with each ragged breath that sawed in and out of his lungs.

His wide-eyed gaze flicked up to meet hers and he found himself instantly snared, paralyzed by the otherworldly glow radiating from her eyes. Pulsing rings of neon pink and electric blue swirled hypnotically in her irises, blotting out the familiar blue and pulling him in like a moth to a flame.

He felt his muscles go slack, his mind fogging over as if stuffed with cotton. A soothing, seductive voice that sounded like his mother's but magnified a hundredfold, echoed in his head:

"The sexual ecstasy I'll unleash on your body will shatter your very concept of pleasure, making every orgasm you've ever had feel like a child's sparkler compared to the supernova I'm about to detonate inside you."

The words wrapped around him like warm honey harvested from some forbidden hive, coating his mind with a golden sweetness so thick and cloying he couldn't form a single coherent thought of resistance.

He was drowning in her succubus stare, every rational impulse in his brain swirling down a crimson-tinged vortex, replaced by an all-

consuming need to obey, to please, to surrender completely to her demonic will.

Her razor-sharp talons, each one gleaming like polished rubies under his bedroom's flickering light, tickled the prominent bulge rapidly swelling beneath his threadbare jeans.

His hips bucked involuntarily, betraying him, seeking more of that dangerous, tantalizing friction that sent electric jolts up his spine. Distantly, as if through a mile-long tunnel lined with velvet, he heard himself let out a whimpering moan that vibrated with such naked desperation it made his cheeks burn with humiliation.

His mother's plump lips, now glossed with an iridescent sheen that shifted between violet and crimson like an oil slick from hell, curved upward in a predatory smile that made his balls tighten painfully and his stomach swoop as if he'd just plummeted from a great height.

She looked like a jungle cat toying with wounded prey, her hypnotic eyes alight with a feral hunger that sent simultaneous waves of ice-cold terror and molten arousal coursing through his trembling body.

Her voice, dripping with succubus allure, wrapped around his foggy mind like a velvet noose. "Give yourself to me, Gregory. Let me feast on your teenage essence, your virgin seed. I need it. We both do."

The words bypassed his brain entirely, burrowing straight into his hindbrain, the primal core of his being that knew only base instinct and animal need. His mouth, dry as a desert, worked soundlessly for a moment before he managed to croak out a single word:

"Yes."

That breathy, desperate syllable was all the consent his mother needed. Her crimson lips peeled back in a Cheshire cat grin, unveiling gleaming white fangs that seemed to elongate before his glazed eyes.

In a motion too swift for him to track, she shrugged off his comforter, letting it fly across the room.

Gregory's breath caught in his throat, trapped behind a blockade of shock and awe. His mother stood before him in all her naked, demonic glory, her alabaster skin almost luminous in the bedroom's low light.

Enormous, gravity-defying tits, capped with wide areolas and pale pink nipples rapidly tightening into stiff peaks, quivered with each heaving breath she took.

With an unearthly shriek that sent icicles of primal fear skittering down his spine, two massive, leathery wings exploded from his mother's shoulder blades, unfurling to their full 12-foot span. They flapped once, twice, stirring the stale air and making her massive tits wobble obscenely.

Heart hammering like a rabbit on meth, Gregory scabbled backwards on the bed, some deep-seated survival instinct screaming at him to flee, to escape this carnal nightmare. But his mother was on him in a flash, pouncing with supernatural speed and unnatural grace.

Her powerful thighs, corded with inhuman strength, straddled his hips, pinning him to the mattress as effectively as steel manacles. Razor-sharp claws, each one as long as his pinky finger, shredded through his ratty Metallica t-shirt and frayed jeans like they were made of tissue paper, leaving him as naked and exposed as the day he was born.

Gregory let out an unmanly yelp, frantically trying to cover his pale, scrawny body, his pasty skin almost translucent in the dimness. But his mother grabbed his wrists in an unbreakable grip, slamming them to the mattress on either side of his head.

She lowered herself onto him with excruciating deliberation, her scorching heat enveloping him like the maw of a blast furnace stoked

to melting point. The crushing weight of her voluptuous body—impossibly heavy, as if her demonic transformation had doubled her mass—pressed down on his skinny, underdeveloped teenage frame.

He felt smothered beneath an avalanche of silky alabaster skin and supple curves that seemed to conform perfectly to every angle of his bony physique. Her enormous breasts, veined with pulsing blue tributaries beneath translucent skin, mashed against his hairless chest. The engorged nipples, now a deep purple, bored into him like searing brands fresh from hellfire.

Gregory's breath left him in a desperate whoosh, his underdeveloped lungs compressed by the sheer mass of supernatural feminine flesh pinning him to the sweat-soaked mattress.

A garbled, strangled moan—part terror, part ecstasy—squeaked past his cracked lips as his mother's naked, glistening pussy ground against his painfully erect cock.

His member strained desperately against the threadbare cotton of his faded boxers, the last pathetic barrier between innocence and damnation. Viscous secretions, smelling of cinnamon and sulfur, soaked through the thin fabric, hotter than freshly spilled lava and slicker than synthetic motor oil on black ice.

His head spun violently, overwhelmed by a dizzying cocktail of conflicting sensations—blind, animal terror that froze his marrow; shocked, moral revulsion that churned his stomach acid; and to his eternal, damnable shame, a throbbing, aching arousal more powerful than any hormone-driven fantasy he'd ever conjured in the privacy of this very bed.

Every millimeter of his virgin skin felt electrified, buzzing with a diabolical current that intensified tenfold wherever it pressed against his mother's hot, silky flesh, now radiating an unnatural heat that seemed to sear his very soul.

Suddenly, she attacked his neck in a frenzy of licks and nips, her forked serpent tongue—glistening obsidian-black with a crimson tip—painting his feverish alabaster skin with viscous trails of iridescent saliva that shimmered like toxic pearls under the bedroom light.

“Mmm, succulent teenage flesh,” she purred, scrapping her sharp teeth across his throbbing jugular where the blue vein pulsed visibly beneath paper-thin skin.

He let out a terrified yelp, the sound high and reedy like a wounded rabbit, convinced she was about to rip out his throat in a fountain of arterial spray.

But she merely nibbled and sucked with calculated precision, worrying the hypersensitive skin between her razor-sharp teeth until Gregory was sure it would bloom with violent purple-black passion marks, branding him as her unholy property.

"Mom..." he whimpered, his voice high and thready with panic, cracking on the single syllable like brittle glass. "Please, I don't... I can't..."

But his feeble protests dissolved into a garbled, guttural moan as she rolled her hips in a hypnotic figure-eight motion, grinding the scorching heat of her dripping sex—slick with supernatural arousal—against his throbbing erection.

“Oh my pet...” She mewled, “feel my hot succubus cunt on your tender virgin cock.”

His narrow hips bucked of their own accord, his gangly teenage body betraying his mind's moral revulsion, seeking more of that delicious, unholy friction that sent electric jolts of forbidden pleasure crackling up his spine like lightning in a summer storm.

With a wicked but beautiful chuckle, she released his bony wrists and slithered down his trembling body with serpentine grace. Her

impossibly long tongue, at least eight inches of glistening wet muscle, unfurled to lick a molten trail over his prominent clavicle, between his pecs, dipping into the shallow depression of his navel where a single bead of sweat had pooled.

“Mmm, I could devour you,” the succubus hissed. “Every fucking inch of you.”

Gregory panted for breath, his milk-white skin flushed crimson and glowing with a sheen of fear-sweat that tasted of salt and innocence. He couldn't think, couldn't move, pinned like a butterfly under glass by his mother's overwhelming demonic power that pressed down on him like an invisible leaden blanket.

She hooked her crimson claws into the threadbare elastic waistband of his boxers and shredded the flimsy cotton like it was made of gossamer cobwebs. His virgin cock, painfully engorged and flushed an angry purple at the swollen mushroom tip, sprang free with an audible snap, slapping against his concave belly.

“Mom...we...I—”

Gregory's voiced was silenced as his mother let out an unearthly shriek at the sight of his massive, purple-veined member. The sound was even more primal and lust-filled than her earlier screams, ringing in his ears like a demonic mating call from the seventh circle of hell itself.

He watched, hypnotized with both horror and arousal, as her impossibly long obsidian tongue unfurled from her mouth like a muscular serpent awakening from ancient slumber.

It lashed against his trembling alabaster flesh with the precision of a bullwhip, the forked tips flicking rapidly over his goose bump-covered skin, leaving glistening trails of venomous saliva that hissed and steamed upon contact.

“So fucking scrumptious!” the succubus snarled, taking another long lick.

Gregory gasped, a strangled sound like a drowning man's last breath, as the slick, prehensile muscle coiled around his engorged shaft with the strength of an anaconda, squeezing and undulating along the thick, roopy veins that pulsed beneath the taut, paper-thin surface of his virgin skin.

The wet heat engulfing him was infernal, a thousand degrees of liquid pleasure searing his nerve endings like the flames of hell itself licking at the most sensitive part of his being.

“Oh wow...that's so...” he gasped, unable to find the right words.

His cock jumped and twitched like a live wire as her tongue slithered up to the weeping, plum-colored tip, the textured surface scraping against the hypersensitive glans until each nerve ending screamed in exquisite agony.

“Such a tasty teenage cunt-splitter,” the succubus whimpered, continuing to absorb his flavor and musk.

Her licker swiped across his leaking slit, collecting the glistening bead of pearly pre-cum that had gathered there like morning dew on a poisonous mushroom. Sylvia threw her head back at a neck-snapping angle and let out a guttural moan that reverberated through the room like the death cry of some primordial beast.

“Mmmmmm, fuck!”

Her crimson eyes rolled back in their sockets until only the scarlet whites remained visible, the hellish fires banking to glowing embers as her thick, sooty eyelashes fluttered against her cheekbones.

The single drop of his teenage essence seemed to affect her like the purest ambrosia distilled from the nectar of a thousand exotic flowers,

sending violent shudders rippling through her voluptuous body like seismic waves.

Her leathery bat-like wings, spanning 12- feet from tip to tip, flapped spasmodically making her massive breasts bounce and wobble obscenely like water balloons about to burst.

Gregory's heart hammered behind his ribs like a terrified rabbit trying to escape a snare as he watched his mother savor his pre-ejaculate with the reverence of a sommelier sampling a priceless vintage.

The sight of her coming undone from just a taste of him—her nostrils flaring to twice their normal size, her forked tongue darting out to capture every molecule of his flavor—was the most erotic thing he'd ever witnessed, stoking the flames of his arousal to a blistering inferno.

“I want more,” the succubus purred as she lowered her head again, her blazing eyes locking onto his as she wrapped her lips around his throbbing cockhead. The searing heat of her mouth enveloped him, her preternaturally long tongue coiling around his shaft like a python strangling its prey, each microscopic taste bud scraping against his hypersensitive skin.

“Oh-h-h,” Gregory's voice quivered, “your tongue!”

She suckled with such supernatural power that his narrow hips lifted completely from the sweat-soaked mattress—her hollow cheeks creating a vacuum-like suction around his erectile flesh that threatened to extract his very soul through his pulsing member, wringing another strangled moan from Gregory's parched throat.

Pleasure knifed through him, so intense it bordered on exquisite agony, setting every nerve ending in his gangly teenage body ablaze with hellfire. He'd never felt anything remotely like it—this unholy communion of pleasure and terror.

The wet, scorching pressure and demonic texture of her mouth on his most sensitive flesh overwhelming his virgin senses like a tsunami crashing against a sandcastle.

It was certainly nothing like his furtive cock-yanking sessions. Nothing even remotely close to those pathetic, mundane sensations.

“Mmm, let me devour you, sweet boy,” the succubus grumbled as her powerful claws clamped around his ankles like a vice, hoisting his lower half off the sweat-dampened mattress with inhuman strength.

“Mom, what—” Gregory yelped at the sudden shift in position, his head spinning at the dizzying rush of blood.

Before he could suck in a full breath, his mother swallowed the entire length of his steely cock in one fluid motion, her crimson-painted lips stretching obscenely to accommodate his girth as they sealed around the base of his shaft like a fleshy suction cup.

“Mmmnnn!” she hummed, sending vibrations through his meat as his leaky spend oozed onto her taste buds.

The tight, pulsing heat of her esophagus engulfed him completely, her convulsing muscles squeezing and rippling along every throbbing millimeter of his cock with the merciless strength of a twenty-foot Amazonian boa constrictor crushing its prey.

“That feels...” the boy gasped, “ugh, so amazing!”

His plum-sized balls, already drawn up tight against his body like overripe fruits ready for harvest, were violently sucked into her cavernous mouth. He felt her razor-sharp teeth scrape against the delicate, wrinkled skin of his scrotum.

“Ahhh!” Gregory whimpered as her wicked tongue coiled around his shaft like a muscular crimson serpent, undulating and constricting with each ragged, steam-like breath she took through flaring nostrils.

The teenager's narrow hips bucked involuntarily into the scorching, velvet vice of her mouth, his sweat-slicked body operating on pure animal instinct beyond all conscious control, seeking to bury itself deeper into that searing, demonic wetness that felt like molten lava encased in silk.

His frantic, jerking movements only seemed to spur her on to greater depravities, her taloned fingers sliding down onto the quivering meat of his ass cheeks, digging half-moon trenches against the pale, virgin skin as she held him suspended between heaven and hell.

Glistening pre-cum, pearlescent and thick as honey, pulsed from his weeping slit in increasing volume, painting the corrugated back of her crimson throat with his musky teenage essence.

Each viscous, salty spurt seemed to drive her into a bestial frenzy beyond all reason, her blood-red eyes rolling back in her skull until only the bloodshot whites were visible beneath half-closed lids fringed with impossibly long, spidery lashes.

Her powerful throat muscles worked rhythmically to gulp down every precious, life-giving drop like a desert wanderer who had crawled across burning sands for forty days before stumbling upon a miraculous oasis.

Gregory's entire body quaked like an aspen leaf as his mother's impossibly long tongue stroked his throbbing cock with rhythmic precision inside the scorching, wet cavern of her mouth. The muscular organ coiled serpent-like around his shaft, squeezing from thick root to weeping tip in undulating waves that seemed to milk the very essence from his core.

The barbed, forked tip of her tongue zeroed in on his frenulum with sadistic accuracy, flicking and digging mercilessly into that exquisitely sensitive bundle of nerves until white-hot sparks of agonized bliss crackled up his spine like lightning striking a metal rod.

“Ohhh! Oh, mom, that's so g-good,” the boy gasped, as wonderfully foreign sensations engulfed his virgin cock.

His member pulsed and kicked against the ridged roof of her palate, marinating in the liquid magma of her spit that bubbled and hissed against his hypersensitive flesh.

He felt the wicked sharp points of her fangs dimpling his paper-thin scrotal skin, a hair's breadth away from piercing through and skewering his overripe teenage testicles like ripe grapes. But the fear only seemed to heighten the electric currents of raw ecstasy sizzling through his nervous system.

His narrow, bony hips pistoned frantically, mindlessly fucking up into the slick, scorching hell of her mouth and throat. He'd never had a blowjob before, and certainly didn't expect his first to be from his mom turned succubus.

In a lightning-fast motion powered by supernatural strength, she released her vise-grip on his trembling ankles and surged upward to a sitting position, hauling Gregory's sweat-drenched body with her as if he weighed no more than a rag doll stuffed with cotton candy.

Her wickedly curved claws dug into the sweat-slicked skin of his back as she clutched him to her gigantic wobbling tits. She flipped him upside down so his flushed face was smashed between boobs. The silky hot flesh engulfed him like quicksand.

“Mmm, I wanna suck out your precious load of hot boy-nectar,” she groaned, salivating at the sight of his young cock balls hovering below her face.

With a banshee shriek, the succubus pummeled the entire purpled length of his boner between her greedy lips. Her mouth worked at a supernatural speed, far beyond anything humanly possible. The wet, obscene sounds of suctioning flesh and gurgling demonic hunger filled the room like a hellish orchestra.

Gregory let out a pleasurable whimper as his mom deep-throated him with savage abandon, her powerful esophageal muscles rippling along his shaft in hypnotic waves, squeezing and milking with the relentless rhythm of an industrial piston coated in liquid fire.

Her throat bulged obscenely around his girth, the cartilaginous ridges of her trachea massaging his cockhead through the thin, straining membrane that pulsed with an unholy blue light wherever his pre-cum touched it.

The teenager's entire virgin body seized up, his muscles locking rigid as an orgasm stirred to life at the base of his spine, unfurling through his nervous system.

His balls, high and tight against his body like overripe plums wrapped in tissue paper, quivered with the need for release, the sperm boiling in his ducts like magma about to erupt from a long-dormant volcano.

He could feel his mother's desperation, her all-consuming need to feast on his teenage seed radiating from her like heat from a furnace, her crimson eyes now completely black with hunger as she prepared to drain him of his very essence.

“Ungh,” he squealed, “Oh mom, I'm... I'm cumming!”

Gregory's entire body convulsed with the violence of a boy being electrocuted as the first massive spurt of cum—pearlescent and scalding hot as freshly forged steel—erupted from his purple-headed cock with the explosive force of a pressurized geyser.

His mother's powerful throat muscles clenched around his veiny shaft like a hydraulic vise, literally vacuum-extracting the seed from his contracting balls. Her kohl-rimmed eyes rolled back in her skull until only the whites showed, fluttering shut in demonic ecstasy as she gulped down the first ropey blast of his teenage spunk.

She swallowed frantically, her elongated throat bobbing obscenely, desperate to keep pace with the relentless cannon-like spurts jetting directly into her pulsating esophagus.

Gregory could feel his sperm being forcibly vacuumed from his balls, sucked up through his urethra like liquid metal through a drinking straw and straight down his mother's undulating throat with each powerful, gurgling swallow.

Her porcelain cheeks hollowed dramatically with the sheer force of her suction—creating deep concave pits in her otherwise flawless face—suctioning his twitching cock like an industrial-grade pump calibrated to extract every last pearlescent drop from his quivering, sweat-drenched body.

“Mom, I... Ungh!” Gregory gasped as his body convulsed with the force of the most cataclysmic orgasm of his 18 years.

Sylvia's alabaster flesh began to glow with an unholy crimson luminescence as she gorged herself, her skin taking on the hypnotic iridescence wherever Gregory's pearlescent seed made contact.

Her massive bat-like wings unfurled to their full 12-foot span with a sound like sails catching hurricane winds, flapping violently. Each greedy swallow of his viscous ejaculate visibly transformed her—her already-impressive tits and ass swelling obscenely with succubus vitality until they strained against her stretched skin like overripe fruit about to burst.

She wrenched her head back and screamed around his still-spurting phallus, a primal, glass-shattering shriek of feeding ecstasy that rattled windowpanes. Her throat worked in frenzied, animalistic gulps, determined to drain every last precious droplet of her son's virginal essence.

Gregory barely felt the soft mattress against his back as his mother lowered his limp, sweat-drenched body onto the rumpled sheets.

Every nerve ending felt flayed raw, his skin buzzing and twitching with the fading aftershocks of the most intense, cataclysmic orgasm of his young life.

“Oh mom,” he gasped, “that was... wow, so intense!”

Sylvia blanketed him with her larger, voluptuous form, her temperature unnaturally hot against his clammy flesh.

The teenager whimpered as her massive tit-melons—now even more obscenely swollen and tumescent from gorging on his essence, pressed against his face with the force of twin boulders, engulfing him in sweaty, pulsating tit-cleavage that still smelled of her sweet perfume.

Her lips maintained a vacuum-tight seal around the purpled base of his cock as her long tongue—forked at the tip like a serpent's—continued to lap and swirl around his glans with mechanical precision.

Each flick of that demonic appendage gathered every last pearlescent bead of cum from his urethral opening, which now gaped like a tiny, weeping eye. He shuddered violently, his spine arching off the mattress, as she suctioned his limp flesh so intensely it felt like she might tear his manhood from its very root, separating flesh from pelvis with demonic strength.

Muffled, urgent whimpers and guttural growls of succubus satisfaction vibrated against Gregory's hypersensitive groin as Sylvia nursed on his wilting member with the desperate fervor of a starving infant at its mother's teat.

The crushing weight on Gregory's chest gradually lessened as his mother's body seemed to deflate, her wings retracting into her back with a series of sickening pops and crunches. Her serpentine tongue, while still long, shrank to human size, taking one last leisurely curl around his spent member before retreating into her mouth.

Her plump, glossy lips—now a more natural pink shade instead of glistening obsidian—pressed a chaste, almost reverent kiss to the purple tip of his cock.

Sylvia flipped herself right-side up and engulfed her teenager in a tit-crushing hug, smashing his face between her twin flesh-pillows, muffling his ragged, wheezing gasps for life-sustaining air.

"Oh my God, thank you, sweetie," she murmured into his sweat-saturated hair. "Mommy really, really needed that special medicine only you can give her."

She pulled back slightly, staring down at his disheveled state. His hair, normally an unruly mop of sandy brown curls that gave him a boyish charm, now lay plastered to his skull in damp, limp tendrils like seaweed washed up on shore after a hurricane.

"Oh, my poor, sweet, delicious baby boy," Sylvia cooed with honeyed venom, her voice dripping with saccharine maternal concern even as an undercurrent of sated succubus satisfaction thrummed beneath the surface like the purr of a jungle cat that had just devoured its prey whole. "Mom took a lot out of you, didn't she? I can only imagine how overwhelming and earth-shattering the first feeding can be for such a tender, innocent vessel."

Sylvia pressed a tender, lingering kiss to Gregory's sweat-beaded forehead, her plush lips warm and soft against his clammy skin. "Just rest now, sweetie. Regain your strength. There won't be any school for you today."

Gregory's unfocused gaze drifted to the curves and valleys of her body as if magnetized. Her voluptuous form—even more lush and exaggerated after gorging on his teenage seed—swayed mesmerizingly as she padded toward the door on bare feet, her wide, womanly hips undulating hypnotically from side to side. The globular cheeks of her thick, heart-shaped ass—glistening with a sheen of perspiration—

jiggled and bounced with every step, the succulent flesh rippling like Jell-O in an earthquake.

Her overly-large tits, capped with thickened nipples the deep purple of an almost-healed bruise—swung pendulously from side to side, slapping rhythmically against her sweat-slicked rib cage like two bags of pudding engaged in Newton's cradle.

Sleep crashed over him like a black tidal wave, dragging him down into the depths of merciful oblivion. But even as he sank into the abyss of unconsciousness, he knew with a bone-deep certainty that this was only the beginning—that his mother's unholy hunger for his essence was far from sated. The succubus that now shared her skin would never be satisfied by a single feeding, no matter how massive the load he'd pumped into her ravenous mouth. He was to be her personal protein shake dispenser, her eternally renewable fountain of youth, the key to maintaining her supernatural MILF body.

Sylvia, honey, you look... absolutely radiant," her husband Peyton gasped, his briefcase slipping from suddenly fingers to thud against the marble foyer floor. "I mean, my God. What was in that retreat punch? Liquid youth serum?"

She let out a musical laugh—utterly incongruous with the ravenous succubus who had pinned their son down and drained his balls dry mere hours before. Her newly plumped lips curved into a smile that didn't quite reach her glittering eyes.

"Oh, you know," Sylvia replied breezily, "just some much-needed me time. Yoga, meditation, green juice cleanses... does a body good."

"I'll say," Peyton murmured, his gaze traveling hungrily over the taut fabric of her blouse where it strained across giant breasts. If only he knew the real reason for his wife's sudden youthful glow—that his son's adolescent essence now coursed through her veins like supernatural botox.

Peyton stepped forward to embrace his wife, his arms opening wide in anticipation of folding her soft, perfumed body against his rumpled suit. But to his surprise, Sylvia took a quick step back, hands flying up in a defensive gesture as if to ward off a leper's touch.

"Honey, I...I'm sorry," she said, her voice strained like overtightened violin strings about to snap. "I may look amazing, but I'm just feeling a little under the weather."

Her eyes flicked over his body with an expression that looked almost like...revulsion. Her nostrils flared delicately, as though she'd caught the scent of meat beginning to turn.

Gregory watched the exchange from the top of the stairs. His mother's predatory gaze lingered on his father's soft, middle-aged midsection—the slight paunch that strained against an expensive Brooks Brothers button-down—her delicate nostrils flaring like a thoroughbred scenting something putrid and decomposing.

"I think I picked up a nasty little bug at the retreat," Sylvia continued, "I'd absolutely hate for you to catch it, darling. You know how viciously these things spread through a household."

Gregory watched her take another deliberate step backward and the truth began to crystallize in his mind. The ravenous succubus possessing his mother's luscious form—the insatiable she-demon that had just gorged itself on his virginal teenage seed like a starving vampire at an all-you-can-drink blood buffet—was actively rejecting his father. The parasite had no appetite for the withering life force of a

middle-aged man when it had tasted the intoxicating ambrosia of youth.

Peyton's salt-and-pepper eyebrows knitted together in genuine concern, but he reluctantly lowered his outstretched arms. "Of course, sweetheart. I understand completely. You get some proper rest, okay? I'll handle dinner tonight—maybe that chicken piccata you love?"

Sylvia's voluptuous shoulders sagged with palpable relief, her enhanced breasts heaving beneath her silk blouse. "Thank you, honey. I think I'll just crawl into bed early. Sleep this nasty thing off, you know?"

She turned and ascended the stairs with feline grace, her rejuvenated hips swaying hypnotically as she brushed past Gregory with a smirk and a wink.

Later that evening, the doorbell's melodious chime shattered the suffocating silence. Gregory watched from the top of the stairs, as his father's Italian leather loafers squeaked across the marble foyer. The massive oak door swung open to reveal Grandmother Gertrude—a formidable septuagenarian with helmet-like silver hair and rhinestone-studded cat-eye glasses perched on her aquiline nose.

"I'm here for the little one," she announced, "Sylvia called, said the poor dear needed some quality grandma time."

"Yes, I thought it would be good for him," Sylvia purred, her voice dripping honeyed venom as she pressed her plumped, crimson lips against her youngest son's forehead, leaving behind a perfect lipstick imprint like a brand of ownership.

Gregory's heart jackhammered against his ribcage as understanding crashed over him like a tsunami of ice water. His mother was getting

his little brother out of the house. Removing an obstacle standing between her and her next feeding. But what about his father?

"You didn't tell me he was staying with your mother tonight," Peyton said, confusion etching deep lines around his downturned mouth.

Sylvia's glittering, inhuman gaze sliced through her husband as if he were as insignificant as the mahogany coat rack beside him—just another piece of furniture soon to be discarded.

"No, I didn't, did I?" she replied, then pointed one crimson-tipped middle finger at the antique wingback chair in the corner like a queen ordering a dog to heel.

"Sit," she commanded, her voice dripping with succubus venom that seemed to crystallize the very air between them.

Peyton slunk over to the chair and sank onto the cushion, thoroughly cowed by the supernatural authority radiating from his transformed wife like heat from summer asphalt.

Sylvia sauntered behind the wingback chair and loomed over his head like a seductive angel of death. Her crimson lips parted with a wet sound, revealing teeth that seemed just a fraction too sharp, and a shimmering puff of iridescent mist—opalescent and thick as morning fog over a graveyard—spilled forth, drifting down in lazy spirals to enshroud her husband's face in an otherworldly cloud.

Gregory watched from his perch on the stairs as his father's eyelids fluttered once, twice—like a moth's wings against a killing jar—before sliding shut as if weighted by lead fishing sinkers. His head lolled back against the cushion with a soft thump, mouth falling slack. Peyton was lost to the waking world, his mind dragged down into a deep, unnatural slumber by his wife's demonic exhalation, his chest rising and falling with the shallow rhythm of the bewitched.

Before Gregory could retreat to his room, the door swung shut with an echoing bang. He stumbled back, nearly losing his balance as his mother's honeyed voice filled the hallway.

"Aww, what's the matter, sweetie? Scared of little ol' Mommy?" Her mocking coo seemed to emanate from everywhere and nowhere at once, slithering into his ear canals like serpents made of sound. "After the way I drained your teenage flesh last time. I'm almost offended."

Gregory pressed his back against the wall, staring towards the top of the stairway. "I-it was just...really intense," he managed to choke out, his Adam's apple bobbing like a cork in a storm-tossed sea. The memory of his balls being literally sucked inside-out made his insides tingle like a thousand fire ants performing a conga line along his nerve endings.

A dark, liquid chuckle bubbled from the walls, the ceiling, the floor. "Oh, my sweet innocent boy. You have no idea what 'intense' even means." Her voice lowered to a smoky purr that tickled the most primitive parts of his hindbrain. "The pleasure I gave you last time? That was just an appetizer, a little amuse-bouche to wet my ferocious appetite."

Gregory's heart galloped against his sternum like a terrified rabbit. An appetizer? He'd felt like his soul was being sucked out through his dick, and she considered that a mere taste?

"This time..." Her disembodied voice dropped another octave, thrumming with succubus hunger. "This time, I'm gonna show you pleasures few mortals have ever experienced."

"What, um...types of pleasures?" he asked with a gulp, knowing this was what he agreed to.

"My glistening succubus cunt is gonna wring you completely dry, baby boy," she hissed through needle-sharp teeth. "Squeeze every last

pearly, protein-rich drop from your tender virgin balls until you're nothing but a desiccated, hollow-eyed husk.”

“Husk?” the teen asked with a nervous gulp.

"I'm gonna milk your teenage prostate like a farmer milks a prize heifer's swollen udders," she continued, her voice thick with demonic hunger, "massage it relentlessly with my pulsing demonic walls until hot seminal fluid gushes out of you in an endless, unstoppable stream, like a ruptured water main hemorrhaging gallons of pressurized liquid.”

Gregory's eyes bulged, his pupils blown wide. He'd never even heard of a prostate before, let alone considered the unspeakable things his mother apparently planned to do to it.

"And I won't stop," she continued, "until I've glugged myself on your precious adolescent nectar."

His body trembled like a dead leaf in a hurricane.

"So run and hide, little rabbit. Cower in whatever hole you think might provide a momentary illusion of safety. It only makes the inevitable sweeter for me, the succulent taste of your fear a decadent seasoning for the meal to come."

Gregory swallowed hard. "I...I won't run," he said nervously. "I said I would help you. I'm just...I've never really..." He trailed off, cheeks flushing crimson in concentrated shame and adolescent inadequacy. "I've never had sex with a girl before."

His mother's mocking laughter filled hallway "Oh, my sweet, virginal baby boy," she crooned, her voice dripping with venomous condescension that oozed like toxic honey from a demon's hive. "You won't have to do a thing except get that massive, purple-veined cock hard for Mommy. I'm gonna fuck the cum out of your tight little

quivering body with a primal savagery you can't even begin to conceptualize in your most depraved teenage fantasies."

Gregory's heart slammed against his ribcage like a wrecking ball at the thought of having his body ravaged that way.

"I'll suck you to painful stiffness with my ravenous demon mouth," she purred, her disembodied voice seeming to slither wetly over his exposed, goose bump-pebbled skin. "Massage your tender, peach-soft balls with my claws until they're throbbing and taut as overripe plums, positively bursting with creamy white seed for me to harvest drop by precious drop."

His entire body trembled uncontrollably as if he were standing naked in a howling Arctic blizzard.

"Then I'll impale myself on your rigid, purple-headed cock," she continued, her voice lowering to a guttural growl of pure, predatory hunger that vibrated the very molecules of air around him. "Spear my dripping, honey-slick cunt straight down to your root, burying you in my scorching succubus depths—until your pubic bone is grinding against my engorged clit with every brutal, bone-jarring thrust of my serpentine hips. I have some wicked little forked tongues that are waiting deep inside me, quivering with anticipation for that tender, sensitive knob of your boy-cock."

Gregory's trembling knees nearly buckled beneath him as he felt a phantom lick—wet, scorching hot, and impossibly long—slither across the column of his neck. He whipped his head around, his bulging eyes darting to every shadowed corner, but encountered nothing but vacant, mocking emptiness.

His mother's dark, throaty chuckle reverberated off the walls around him. "Mmm, I can practically taste your delicious adolescent fear, my darling boy," she purred, her disembodied voice dripping with

honeyed venom. "It's absolutely exquisite—tangy and sharp on my forked tongue!"

He gasped as an invisible hand suddenly squeezed his rapidly hardening cock through the thin, worn cotton of his gray sweatpants. The phantom grip tightened like a constricting python and his narrow hips bucked involuntarily into the unseen touch, his treacherous teenage body responding with shameful, primal eagerness that made his cheeks burn crimson with humiliation.

"Oh yes, I can feel your cock-meat plumping up so nicely for Mommy," she crooned, her voice thick with demonic hunger. "Growing thick and veiny against my palm, your virgin shaft pulsing with the desperate need to empty those swollen, aching balls deep in my greedy, scorching-hot succubus cunt."

Gregory bolted for the bathroom and slammed the antique oak door shut behind him with enough bone-jarring force to rattle the gilt-edged medicine cabinet mirror, then quickly locked it. But even in here he couldn't escape his mother's mocking laughter—high-pitched yet guttural.

"Silly rabbit, you can't hide from me. From the exquisite pleasures I'm gonna inflict upon your nubile young body until you're sobbing and pleading so prettily for me."

Her voice was everywhere and nowhere at once, seeming to emanate from the very grout between the cracked antique tiles. "Don't fight it, baby boy. Don't flee from the mind-shattering pleasure Mommy's scorching-hot succubus cunt is gonna wring out of your tender virgin cock."

His trembling hands groped blindly through the inky darkness, searching desperately for the cold metal of the doorknob - his flimsy lifeline to escape. But instead of unyielding brass, his fingertips

encountered impossibly soft, pliant flesh that yielded beneath his touch like fresh dough. He froze, his breath catching in his throat as the unmistakable shape of two enormous, gravity-defying tits filled his palms.

The spongy globes were scorching hot against his clammy skin. He felt the rapid thrum of a powerful heartbeat against his hand, pounding in time with his own terrified pulse.

"Mmm, Mommy's gonna smother you between these warm milk-laden globes," she purred, her voice thick as warm honey, "And nurse you with my giant, throbbing titties until you're gasping for breath against my scorching flesh."

Through the impenetrable blackness, gentle hands emerged to slowly lift the thin cotton of his t-shirt up his quivering torso with agonizing tenderness. The whisper-soft touch skimmed over his concave belly and protruding ribs like butterfly wings kissing alabaster marble, raising goosebumps in its electric wake.

"Shhh, sweet boy," his mother's voice purred from the void, honeyed and venomous. "See? Mommy can be gentle... when she wants to be."

The flimsy garment slipped over his head and fluttered to the floor, leaving his upper body bare and vulnerable to the hungry darkness. Those feather-light fingers danced teasingly along the waistband of his gray sweatpants, dipping just beneath the elastic to graze his pelvic bone before slowly, maddeningly dragging the soft cotton down his trembling legs. His breath emerged in ragged gasps as the cool air kissed his naked skin, his white cotton briefs the only remaining barrier between his innocence and her demonic lust.

But the reprieve was short-lived. With a single deft motion, his mother stripped away that final flimsy shield, baring him completely to her unseen, ravenous gaze. His young cock jutted from his cock, engorged to bursting with blood.

The inky void around him suddenly exploded with sound - the sickening crunch of elongating bones, the wet squelch of mutating flesh, the leathery unfurling of massive wings. The air itself vibrated with dark, ancient power as his mother completed her transformation from suburban housewife to succubus seductress.

Those mighty wings wrapped around his naked, shivering body like a cocoon of damnation. Gregory's feet dangled helplessly six inches above the hexagonal tiles as his mother's bat-like wings constricted around his frame with python-like strength.

Her voluptuous naked body engulfed him completely, his torso crushed between her enormous, gravity-defying tits. His sweat-slicked head emerged from the suffocating valley of her deep, silky cleavage, his quivering chin perched precariously on the soft, perfumed shelf of her collarbone.

Trapped in this cocoon of supernatural flesh, Gregory felt every inch of his virgin skin scorched by the blistering, preternatural heat radiating from her succubus epidermis.

Her forked obsidian tongue unfurled from her crimson lips to lick a scorching trail up the pale column of his neck, the barbed tip flicking mercilessly over his throbbing jugular. He shuddered violently in her inescapable embrace as she traced the delicate whorls of his ear with the point of her tongue, hot sweet breath washing over the hypersensitive flesh.

"Mmmm, fucking delicious, " she purred, her voice dripping with sadistic hunger. "I could just eat you right up, one quivering morsel at a time."

She punctuated her words with gentle nips along his jaw, her sharp fangs scraping teasingly over his rabbiting pulse, raising goosebumps on his sweat-drenched flesh.

“Mom, that feel so...so g-good,” Gregory whimpered as she traveled lower, painting blistering, open-mouthed kisses down his straining neck, leaving behind wet, shimmering trails of saliva that cooled instantly in the frigid bathroom air.

Her plush lips, swollen to twice their normal size, sucked mercilessly at his thin skin, and he knew she was marking him, branding him with violently purple passion marks for all the world to see, a collar of ownership that would encircle his throat like the bejeweled choker of a favorite pet.

“You're mine now, my sweet little fucktoy," she growled, her breath searing his cheek. “I'm gonna drain you dry, day after day, week after week.”

Sylvia's massive, pendulous breasts yielded like warm clay, simultaneously suffocating and molding to his frail ribcage. The aureolas, wide as teacup saucers and stippled with gooseflesh, framed her swollen, engorged nipples - now a deep, bruised purple, criss-crossed with pulsing obsidian veins that throbbed visibly with each thunderous beat of her demonic heart. These turgid peaks scraped against his pebbled flesh like rubbery gumdrops aching to be devoured.

“Ohhh!” the teenager gasped as he felt his mother's hand wrap around his throbbing teenage erection with vise-like precision. Her silky fingers, tipped with three-inch crimson claws, squeezed his purple-veined shaft with merciless determination, expertly milking out a thick, viscous bead of pearlescent pre-cum that glistened on his swollen cockhead.

"I want you to blast that hot, sticky teenage cum up into Mommy's ravenous succubus womb," she growled, her serpentine tongue flicking wetly over the delicate shell of his ear,. "Just like you did against your bedroom wall in that silly little contest with your acne-faced, virgin friends."

His heart nearly stopped dead in his chest. How could she possibly know about their silly contest? About his futile attempt to prove his adolescent virility?

As if reading the panicked thoughts, Sylvia let out a dark, throaty chuckle that reverberated through the bathroom. "Oh sweetie, I know absolutely everything," she purred like a jungle cat toying with wounded prey, slowly twisting her wrist in a corkscrew motion as she pumped his rigid flesh with hypnotic rhythm. "There's nothing—not one dirty little secret—you can ever hide from Mommy. Especially not this big, beautiful cock positively dripping for me like an overripe peach."

Gregory whimpered like a wounded pussy, his narrow hips bucking instinctively into her scorching grip as she expertly worked his shaft from root to tip with the precision of a concert pianist, her thumb swirling through the viscous pre-cum that oozed steadily from his slit like honey from a comb.

The sensation was unlike anything he'd ever experienced in his 18 years of life, his furtive solo masturbation sessions paling in comparison to the electric, mind-shattering ecstasy of his mother's supernatural touch.

"Remember that impressive nine-foot cumshot you sprayed on your bedroom wall?" Sylvia hissed, her crimson eyes flashing with cruel amusement. "Imagine that, but inside me. Your raging ejaculation power-washing my greedy succubus womb, flooding me with rope after rope of your creamy teenage seed until it's gushing back out, drenching us both."

With an unearthly shriek, Sylvia's massive wings unfurled with a mighty whoosh and began flapping with the rhythmic power of a steam engine, lifting their intertwined bodies off the bathroom tiles.

Her muscular legs clamped around his scrawny hips in an unbreakable vise, her enormous breasts sloshing obscenely with each powerful down-stroke of her obsidian wings.

Gregory's head lolled back, his toes dangled helplessly a foot off the ground as he was completely at the mercy of her supernatural strength. Sylvia loosed another glass-shattering shriek of sexual hunger, her forked obsidian tongue unfurling to lick a scorching stripe up his exposed jugular.

She guided his trembling cockhead to the steaming seam of her glistening sex. Her succubus folds were hairless and baby-smooth like polished marble warmed by hellfire. Secretions oozed steadily from her clenching opening, thick and viscous as fresh honey harvested from demon-possessed bees. The powerful, musky scent of her arousal invaded the boy's nostrils and made his eyes water until tears streamed down his hollowed cheeks.

"I'm gonna absolutely wreck this virgin cock," Sylvia sighed, feeling his erection pulse in her hand. "Slam my insatiable demon cunt down on it like a jackhammer until you're squealing and thrashing against me."

Sylvia rubbed the weeping, purpled tip of his cock up and down her slick, pulsating slit with agonizing slowness, coating his virgin flesh in her molten succubus secretions.

"Oh G-god that feels nice," Gregory gasped as his mother ground his sensitive glans against her massive, throbbing clit. The bud was unlike anything he'd seen in his furtive late-night journeys into the depraved recesses of Pornhub Premium - engorged to the size of a plump cherry, it protruded a full inch from its glistening, hooded flesh cave.

The surface was deeply ridged and textured, covered in undulating ribs like the underside of a death cap mushroom, each ridge adorned with pulsing obsidian veins that formed an intricate spiderweb

pattern. Each fold and crevice pulsed with its own miniature heartbeat, the rhythmic clenching almost like dozens of tiny lamprey mouths hungrily suckling at his weeping cockhead with insatiable demonic hunger.

"Oh, my sweet baby boy," Sylvia purred, her voice dripping with salacious hunger like poisoned honey from a dagger's edge. "Mommy succubus can see all your darkest, dirtiest fantasies swirling behind those innocent blue eyes. Like that naughty dream you had last Tuesday at precisely 3:17 AM... the one that made you wake up humping your Batman sheets like you were fucking a pussy, making sticky sweat that reeked of adolescent shame and forbidden desire."

Gregory's eyes flew wide. The dream in question had been so vividly depraved, he couldn't help but be embarrassed by it. His mom, naked and crawling towards him on all fours across his Star Wars bedsheets with her massive pendulous tits swinging like udders. She pinning him down and rode his virgin cock like a whore, squirting her hot juices all over his cock and balls."

"Oh yes, I saw it all, sweetness," she chuckled darkly, her forked tongue swiping across her plump crimson lips. "Watched you fuck mommy's tight pussy so hard in your dream, and squirt your sticky boy-juice into your sad little undies, while you whimpered into your pillow like the sweet little virgin you are."

Her razor-sharp talon scraped deliberately up his throbbing shaft from root to weeping tip, making him shudder and whimper like a wounded fawn in a wolf's jaws. "But don't worry, angel. Mommy's about to give you everything you've ever dreamed of... and more."

Gregory's heart galloped against his ribs as his mother's powerful wings flapped, keeping their intertwined bodies suspended in midair above the bathroom tiles. Her muscular legs shifted around his narrow hips, angling his throbbing, purple-veined shaft to the searing entrance of her succubus sex.

Gregory felt the plum-sized head of his cock squeeze through her slick, swollen labia, the spongy glans splitting her glistening folds apart like the prow of a ship cleaving through ocean waves. Her succubus flesh seared his hypersensitive cockhead, hotter than molten lava, yet slick as oiled satin. He let out strangled yelp of excitement, as their joined juices aided her clenching channel in engulfing his bulbous tip.

“Mom!” The teen squealed as the ring of muscle at the entrance of her sex squeezed his shaft with supernatural strength, far beyond anything a human woman could exert, as if trying to sever his engorged knob from the rest of his trembling shaft. Electric tingles of pleasure crackled from the stretched, straining skin of his frenulum and radiated around the hypersensitive dome of his cunt-smothered helmet.

He felt her cunt lips stretch obscenely around his girth as she sank down another agonizing inch, the textured ridges lining her silken walls rippling along his shaft like a thousand undulating tongues. Her wicked demonic muscles fluttered and squeezed in a sinuous rhythm, massaging his teenage cock from all angles, making him gasp and writhe in her inescapable clutches.

“Ohh m-mom...Oh, G-god!” his voice trembled.

Sylvia sank down another excruciating inch, then another, the bulbous head of his cock kissing the quivering, ring-shaped opening of her cervix. Her scorching, velvety walls—textured with thousands of barbed ridges that glowed faintly crimson in the darkness of her demonic anatomy—squeezed and rippled along every throbbing vein and ridge of his virgin shaft.

"Mmm, such a big, perfect dick," she hissed as her cuntal flanges mashed against his cock-base with an audible squelch that echoed off the bathroom tiles.

Sylvia's began to move atop him, undulating her voluptuous hips in a hypnotic figure-eight that made his eyes roll back in their sockets.

Each downward plunge of her body sheathed him to the hilt in her infernal, clutching heat, her huge, engorged clit grinding mercilessly against his pubic bone with every brutal, jarring impact.

She rode him with the mechanical precision of a steam-powered piston, relentlessly milking his cock with rhythmic contractions. Gregory could only hang limply in her iron grasp, suspended in midair as she ravaged his body with demonic lust.

"Fuck yes, give Mommy that sweet teenage dick," Sylvia snarled, her voice guttural and distorted, bubbling with sadistic glee. Her serpentine tongue unfurled to lick a scorching stripe up his straining neck. "Make me soak your crotch in liquid fire."

Gregory threw his head back and howled like a wounded animal, tears of exquisite pleasure streaming from his eyes as his mother's ravenous cunt swallowed him whole, her velvet-soft walls stretching obscenely around his virgin girth like a python devouring a still-living piglet.

But that sensation paled to insignificance compared to the unholy torment that assaulted his pulsing glans when it butted up against the bulging, spongy ring of her cervix—a fleshy crimson donut that throbbed with its own heartbeat.

He felt something slick and muscular unfurl from deep within her womb, flicking wetly against the hypersensitive head of his cock like a demented sea anemone seeking prey. His eyes flew wide with shock as not one, not two, but three forked, serpentine tongues slithered out from the dilated os of her cervix. They were precisely two-inches long and much thinner than her external tongue, with flickering split tips that dripped in hot cervical slime.

"Oh mom, there's something..." he gasped as the writhing appendages immediately attacked his glans with the ravenous hunger of three

famished lampreys, lashing and swirling around the purple, flared head of his cock. "There's something licking me in there!"

The internal tongues fluttered and undulated against his weeping helmet with the precision of miniature whips. They dipped into the opening of his piss-slit to scoop out viscous pearls of pre-cum and smeared around his frenulum in intricate spiraling patterns.

Sylvia threw her head back and cackled with unhinged glee, her demonic face—now stretched into an inhuman rictus that split from ear to pointed ear—alight with sadistic ecstasy as she drank in his agonized whimpers like auditory ambrosia.

"I told you there was a surprise waiting for your knob in there, darling boy," she purred. "And look how enthusiastically they're welcoming your sweet virgin cock! They're absolutely ravenous for a taste of that precious, untapped cream you've been hoarding in those swollen teenage balls."

Gregory felt her muscular walls clench and ripple around his throbbing shaft as Sylvia angled her pelvis, grinding her hips in a circular motion. She seemed to be seeking a particular spot, a unique pleasure center deep within her molten succubus core. When the flared head of his cock scraped against a textured patch on her anterior wall—a cluster of spongy, undulating ridges inside her clenching channel and the size of a walnut shell—Sylvia let out a glass-shattering shriek of ecstasy that made Gregory's eardrums throb.

This had to be her demonic G-spot, an infernal erogenous zone that dwarfed its human counterpart in size and sensitivity. The fleshy protrusion quivered and pulsed against his cockhead like a mouthless creature seeking sustenance, the barbed tendrils studding its surface lashing and scraping at his most tender flesh with hunger that bordered on violence. Each brush against that hyper-sensitive cluster sent visible shockwaves rippling through Sylvia's voluptuous frame, her massive succubus titties jiggling like mounds of Jell-O in an

earthquake, obsidian talons sinking deeper into the meat of Gregory's back.

“Fuck that cock into me harder!” she snarled, locking her muscular legs around his slim waist in a vise grip as she furiously pumped her powerful hips, brutally impaling herself on his swollen shaft with jackhammer speed and force.

She rode him like no mortal woman possibly could, chasing her own pleasure with single-minded focus, slamming that fiery, ribbed sweet spot against his bludgeoned cockhead again and again and again until he saw stars burst behind his tightly clenched eyelids.

“YESSS, FUCK!!” she screamed as cataclysmic orgasm crashed like a tsunami, flooding outward from that throbbing, pulsing cluster of demonic nerves.

Her wings flared to their full span, quivering and flapping with seizure-like intensity, stirring up a scorching whirlwind around their sweat-drenched bodies. Her succubus cunt rippled and undulated around Gregory's pile-driving shaft with unrelenting fervor, barbed tendrils digging and pulling at his penile flesh.

An unearthly howl erupted from her gaping maw, a primal sound of release that sent cracks spiderwebbing through the bathroom mirror. Glowing, iridescent fluid gushed from her spasming slit with the force of a bursting dam, searing her son's cock and balls before splattering onto the floor below them. Her entire body convulsed as if electrocuted, head thrown back at an impossible angle, face frozen in a rictus of agonized ecstasy.

“Unnngh,” Gregory's groaned through clenched teeth as his entire body seized up, muscles locking rigid as the coiled serpent of orgasm stirred to life at the base of his spine. His balls, drawn up tight and throbbing, quivered with the need for release. The cataclysmic

sensations radiating from his mother's convulsing cunt were too much for his virgin nervous system to withstand.

"Unngh, I'm... I'm gonna...!" he gasped out, voice strangled and desperate.

Sylvia's curved talons slid down his sweaty back to dig into the meat of his clenching ass cheeks with bruising force. Her powerful legs, corded with inhuman strength, released their python grip on his waist and split obscenely wide, muscular thighs straining as she spread herself into a full split. Her pointed toes scraped against the tiled walls on either side of the bathroom, anchoring her body in an inverted Y shape.

With a guttural snarl of demonic hunger, she used her supernatural arm strength to yank Gregory's body forward, slamming him balls-deep into her ravenous succubus cunt. Her engorged labia, slick and pulsating, smashed against his pubic root with the obscene wet sound of a sledgehammer pulverizing an overripe watermelon. The force drove his cockhead straight through the clutching, spongy ring of her cervix, spearing him directly into her boiling womb.

A hoarse, guttural growl ripped from Gregory's raw throat as the first massive spurt of cum rocketed up his shaft and blasted from his slit directly into his mother's hellish womb. The thick, pearly ropes geysered out of him like pressurized magma, splattering against her undulating uterine walls.

Sylvia shrieked with unhinged glee, clenching down on his erupting shaft with every ounce of her supernatural strength, determined to milk him dry.

Gregory's eyes flew wide as an otherworldly luminescence suddenly pulsed from deep within his mother's core, radiating outward from her womb and illuminating their joined flesh for the first time. Her porcelain skin glowed from the inside like a paper lantern lit by an

infernal crimson flame, bathing the vaulted bathroom in a pulsating ruby light that made the whites of her rolling eyes gleam like twin moons.

The eerie incandescence painted their sweat-slicked skin the color of fresh blood, glistening on the taut heavy curves of her undulating tits and highlighting the jagged obsidian veins that throbbed beneath her translucent flesh.

As the demonic light surged in time with each mighty contraction of her pelvic floor muscles, Gregory marveled at the sight of his own cock impaling her—his long, veiny shaft stretching her clenching succubus lips obscenely wide around his girth, glistening with her molten juices. He watched in awe as her labia rippled and fluttered around him like the ravenous petals of some man-eating flower, barbed tendrils lashing possessively at his thrusting root.

Her massive wings continued to flap just enough to keep their intertwined bodies suspended in midair, stirring the muggy air currents. The beats were slower now, more languid—a gentle hover rather than a frenzied storm. Her mountainous breasts jiggled and sloshed against the boy's chest with each gentle undulation, the engorged nipples scraping against his hairless skin like diamond-tipped drill bits.

Those muscular legs, which had been splayed obscenely wide in an inhuman split just moments before, gracefully closed around his hips once more, clamping down on his narrow waist in a vise grip. He groaned at the sensation of her powerful thighs flexing against his sides, the heat of her smothering him, overwhelming him. Her elegant ankles locked together at the small of his back, anchoring his body to hers as if they were conjoined twins, never to be separated.

Gregory hung limp in her inescapable embrace, suspended in the eye of the hurricane as the last shattering pulses of his orgasm ripped through him, emptying the final drops of his essence into her greedy womb.

The tongues deep within her core continued to flog his cockhead with merciless precision, flicking and slithering against the hypersensitive flesh as if to suck out every last molecule of his teenage seed. He shuddered and twitched helplessly, whimpering as violent aftershocks wracked his nervous system, the pleasure so intense it bordered on agony.

After several minutes, Gregory felt the heat of his mother's body gradually lessen against his clammy skin as they slowly descended, her powerful wings flapping languidly to control their speed. His bare feet touched the cold tiles and he wobbled, his trembling knees threatening to buckle under the weight of his ravaged body. Sylvia's arms remained locked around him, holding him upright against the soft crush of her breasts.

The otherworldly crimson glow emanating from her core dimmed and faded like a guttering candle flame, plunging the bathroom back into shadowy darkness broken only by the weak hallway light peering in from under the door. As the illumination receded, her porcelain skin seemed to ripple and flow like molten wax, the obsidian veins and barbed protrusions smoothing out and sinking beneath the surface. Her taloned hands softened, razor-sharp claws retracting into perfectly manicured nails painted a demure pink. The leathery wings shuddered and folded in on themselves, shrinking and disappearing completely into her shoulder blades with a series of muffled crackles.

"I've got you, sweetie," she murmured, her voice returned to its familiar honeyed cadence, no trace of the guttural demonic snarl remaining.

Gregory blinked rapidly, his eyes adjusting to the sudden shift in lighting. He looked up into his mother's face, now free of its monstrous contortions, her features settling back into their usual soft prettiness. Her eyes, no longer blazing hellfire red, returned to their natural warm brown, gazing down at him with an expression of sated contentment.

"My sweet boy. You did so well. Gave Mommy exactly what she needed," said his mother.

She cupped his face in her hands, stroking his hollowed cheekbones with the pads of her thumbs. Bringing her lips to his, she kissed him with surprising gentleness, a soft press of flesh on flesh, a gesture of gratitude and reassurance.

Breaking the kiss, Sylvia carefully disentangled their sweat-slicked bodies, his softening cock slipping out of her with a wet pop. He winced at the loss, feeling empty, sore and bereft. She ran a soothing hand through his damp hair, pushing it back from his wide forehead in an achingly tender gesture.

"I know it's overwhelming right now, darling. But we'll get through this together, just you and me. Our special bond."

Her words barely penetrated the fog of shock settling heavily over his mind, but he found himself nodding dumbly anyway, too wrung out to do anything else.

The next day, Gregory trudged through the bustling high school hallways in a daze, his body aching from the supernatural fuck he'd enjoyed.

His limbs moved on autopilot, numb and heavy as lead as he drifted from class to class. Ms. Hargrove's nasal voice droned on about polynomials while Coach Benson's whistle pierced his eardrums during third-period gym. The fluorescent lights buzzed and flickered overhead, casting sickly green shadows that pulsed in rhythm with the throbbing behind his temples.

The final bell couldn't ring soon enough. He staggered out into the bright afternoon sunlight, the air crisp against his clammy skin. His skateboard—a battered Element deck with peeling grip tape—felt like an anvil under his trembling arm as he navigated cracked sidewalks to Jimmy's split-level ranch house three blocks away.

His friend Jimmy answered the door with a lopsided grin, clapping Gregory on the back hard enough to make him stumble. "Dude, you look like roadkill. Rough night?" His breath reeked of Cool Ranch Doritos and Mountain Dew.

Gregory followed him inside, collapsing onto the ratty basement couch with its cigarette burns and mysterious stains. His skateboard clattered against the concrete floor as he sank into the sagging cushions.

Gregory's pity for Jimmy ran deep beneath their friendship—the kid with the collection of rare Magic cards who'd never kissed a girl, now wasting away from some aggressive form of cancer. The doctors gave him maybe a year, eighteen months tops, before his body completely failed him. Neither of them brought up the terminal diagnosis much—just existing in the fragile present, and right now, Gregory had a pressing issue.

He forced the words up his parched throat. "I gotta tell you something, man. About my mom. But you can't freak out, okay?"

Jimmy plopped down beside him, the couch springs creaking under his weight. One bushy caterpillar of an eyebrow crawled up his forehead. "What, she doing porn or something?" His yellow-stained teeth flashed as he snickered at his own joke, a fleck of Dorito dust clinging to his lower lip.

Gregory shook his head. "I wish. No, it's..." He swallowed hard, Adam's apple bobbing, tongue darting out to wet his cracked lips. "She's a succubus. Like a sex demon."

The words hung in the musty air, heavy and surreal, mingling with the scent of Jimmy's unwashed hoodie. Jimmy blinked at him, a laugh sputtering out like a dying car engine. "Yeah, okay. Good one, bro."

Frustration flared in Gregory's chest. "I'm serious! She... changed. Grew wings like a bat, and fangs and..." He shuddered violently, phantom sensations rippling through his battered flesh like electric currents. "She did things to me. Said she needs to feed on me. On my... essence."

The mirth drained from Jimmy's face. "Hold up. You're not shitting me?" At Gregory's miserable head shake, he leaned forward, his voice dropping low and urgent. "Dude. I know about succubi. I mean, I've done research. For reasons." His eyes darted nervously to the stack of hentai manga peeking out from under his bed. "And this is bad news."

Gregory huffed out a humorless laugh that scraped his throat raw. "No shit."

"No, listen. They don't just feed on spunk. They drain life force. Your fucking soul, dude."

Icy claws raked down Gregory's spine, mouth going bone-dry. "W-what?"

"Yeah. I mean, the jizz is like an appetizer. But the more they feed, the more they take. Until there's nothing left."

Gregory's head swam, black spots swarming the edges of his vision. This couldn't be happening. His own mother couldn't be some soul-sucking sex demon hellbent on draining him dry.

"So what, I'm like an all-you-can-eat buffet for her? Fucking great."

Jimmy nodded. "This isn't a joke, man! She could legit kill you if she keeps feeding!" He leaned back, rubbing a hand over his stubbled jaw. "There's gotta be a way to stop her. To change her back."

Gregory slumped against the cushions, boneless and utterly spent. "How? I can't exactly look this shit up on WebMD."

Determination hardened Jimmy's features, his chin jutting forward. "We'll figure it out. I'll hit up some... special interest forums. See what we can find out." He clapped a hand on Gregory's knee. "Don't worry, bro. I got your back. We'll save you from that succubus MILF of yours. Your dick and your soul."

A ghost of a smile tugged at the corner of Gregory's mouth. He didn't have the heart to tell Jimmy that a twisted, treacherous part of him secretly craved his mother's demonic touch. That maybe he didn't want to be saved.

On the way home, Gregory stopped to shoot some hoops at the sun-bleached community court where a group of other friends had gathered.

Just as he bent his knees to spring into his shot, a flash of alabaster skin in his peripheral vision made him fumble the ball. It bounced off his fingertips with a hollow thud and rolled into the overgrown grass beyond the court's crumbling edge. His head whipped around so fast his neck cracked, and his jaw dropped open in shock, heart seizing mid-beat.

There, sauntering across the cracked blacktop in gleaming patent leather stilettos that showcased her perfectly pedicured feet was his mother. Completely naked except for those impossible six-inch heels that clicked like insect mandibles against the pavement, each step deliberate and predatory.

Gregory's eyes bulged out of their sockets as they involuntarily drank in the obscene display of her voluptuous body, bathed in the golden afternoon light that seemed to caress every forbidden curve. Her massive tits, the ones he'd just been smothered by last night, bobbed and swayed hypnotically with each hip-swinging step, casting shadows across her taut stomach.

Rosy nipples, engorged in the warm air, protruded like accusatory fingers from the centers of wide pebbled areola, seeming to fix him with the same knowing stare as the devil's own eyes. The lush globes of her ass rippled and undulated with each deliberate step, pale flesh jiggling like Jell-O.

"Mom?" he called out, then whipped his head around frantically, certain that his buddies must be seeing this brazen indecent exposure too. But they kept playing, laughing and trash-talking, utterly oblivious, as if Sylvia were a phantom visible only to his damned eyes.

"Hey there, baby boy," she purred, her voice dripping sin and sex. "Mommy's hungry for her special elixir. Why don't you come feed me? I promise to drain you oh-so-slowly this time."

His heart jackhammered against his ribs as her eyes flickered down to his crotch with laser-like precision. He could feel his treacherous teenage cock plumping in his gym shorts, swelling with traitorous need, the cotton fabric tenting obscenely.

Sylvia's lips peeled back in a predatory grin that revealed teeth now slightly too numerous, slightly too sharp. Her obsidian tongue, long and serpentine with a forked tip like a viper's, unfurled to lick a wet

stripe up her crimson lips, leaving behind a glistening trail that caught the sunlight like oil on water.

"I can smell you, darling," she crooned, nostrils flaring like a bloodhound's. "That hot, sticky cream churning in your balls, just begging to be slurped out. The sweet nectar of your youth, ripe and ready. Why deny yourself? Deny me?"

She cupped her heavy tits and squeezed them together until they mashed into taut, shiny spheres, fat nipples jutting outward like accusatory fingers. His eyes helplessly followed the movement, his higher brain functions offline, reptile hindbrain gibbering with base lust, drool pooling beneath his tongue.

"Dude, you okay?" his friend's voice, sharp with concern, sliced through the fog like a machete, jolting Gregory out of his trance. "You just froze up, bro. Your eyes went all weird and shit."

Gregory swallowed audibly, shaking his head. He risked a glance over his buddy's shoulder. His mother was gone, vanished like a mirage. Only the lingering scent of her perfume proved she'd ever been there at all.

"I... I'm fine," he croaked. "Just feeling a little off."

Gregory sank onto the weathered bench at the edge of the court, splintered wood digging into his thighs through sweat-soaked basketball shorts. His momentary solitude shattered when alabaster limbs—smooth as polished marble yet unnaturally warm—slithered around his torso from behind.

He was guided backward with deliberate slowness. His shoulder blades crushed against the yielding, gelatinous swell of his mother's enormous breasts. The fat, rubbery nipples dug into his back branding him with their depraved heat that seemed to sizzle through fabric to sear his very soul.

Her sultry voice dripped like warm honey into his ear, each word a forbidden promise. "I know how badly you wanna pound our juicy fuck-parts together again, baby boy," Sylvia purred, her crimson-painted lips brushing the shell of his ear. "Bathing our flesh in hot, sticky body fluids."

She tilted his head back so he could gaze up into her mesmerizing succubus eyes. "Just imagine, sweet boy," she purred. "All the delicious, unspeakable things I could do to this succulent young body..."

Her forked obsidian tongue unfurled to a length impossible for any human mouth to contain. It licked a blistering stripe up the throbbing blue jugular vein visibly pulsing in his neck. "...the ways I could make your teenage flesh sing with pleasure until your vocal cords shred from screaming."

Her hand reached down, dipping below the elastic waistband of his sweat-dampened shorts. He gasped, back arching involuntarily as she wrapped a hand around his throbbing shaft at its base, squeezing its rigid meat.

"I could suck out your essence through this fat, veiny cock for hours," she purred. "Milk your precious balls, over and over, until they're shriveled husks. Drain you until the world goes gray at the edges and your soul leaks out through your piss-slit."

Gregory whimpered as his cock wept clear, viscous fluid that dribbled over her knuckles in thick, ropey strands as she worked him slowly and expertly, from balls to swollen tip.

Her free hand darted down to scoop up the slippery pre-ejaculate beading from his purplish, swollen slit, bringing the glistening essence to her crimson lips that parted to reveal the wet, cavernous maw behind them. The moment her forked tongue flicked out to taste his fluids, an unearthly shriek ripped from her throat, the sound

shattering against Gregory's eardrums like a thousand glass shards fired from a cannon.

Her body convulsed against his back with the violence of a grand mal seizure, massive breasts rippling and jiggling as if electrocuted, each undulation sending shockwaves through the gelatinous flesh crushing him deeper into her infernal bosom.

“Wow, my cum really does something to you, huh?” Gregory asked.

She gazed into his eyes and smiled. “You think?” she asked smugly.

"Baby, we could do this the easy way," she breathed, serpentine tongue flicking the shell of his ear. "You come home with Mommy like a good little meal, lay back while I feast on your nectar. Or..."

Her grip tightened viciously on his shaft, compressing the delicate network of veins until they bulged like nightcrawlers beneath his skin. His cock swelled to a deep pinkish-purple the knob ballooning until it looked like it might pop right off the end of his dick. "...I can take what I need. Rip it out of you in front of all your little friends. Show them what a mewling, weak-willed slut you are for Mommy's succubus cunt."

His heart thundered against his ribs as he imagined the abject horror and disgust on his friends' faces if they could see him like this - limbs akimbo, head thrown back, face contorted in agonized ecstasy as some invisible force molested him on a public bench. The shame would absolutely destroy him, a fate worse than death.

"Well?" she hissed, a cruel smile playing at the edges of her crimson lips. "What'll it be, sweetness?"

"I'll... I'll come with you," he whispered, voice cracking like brittle glass. "I gave you my word I'd help you."

"Good boy," she purred, releasing his throbbing shaft with a patronizing little pat. "You wouldn't dare go back on your word and watch your mother suffer."

Sylvia's arms unwound from his torso as she gracefully rose to her feet. Six-inch stiletto heels clicked against the cracked pavement, each step punctuated by the scrape of metal tips that left smoking divots in the concrete.

He watched her go, hips swaying hypnotically, ass cheeks jiggling like two perfectly rounded basketballs of flesh. With a final wink over her shoulder, she sauntered off into the shimmering afternoon haze, her silhouette wavering and distorting like a desert mirage.

A short time later, Gregory's bed had become a dome cocoon of semi-transparent succubus wings—gossamer-thin membranes blanketing a writhing knot of pounding, sweat-slicked flesh beneath as he and the succubus fucked with frantic intensity.

The flimsy metal frame of the bed—a relic from his childhood with chipped blue paint and cartoon rocket decals still visible—creaked and groaned in protest, rusted screws popping out and clattering across the linoleum floor like scattered BBs as Sylvia's powerful succubus body nearly drove her straight through his childhood mattress with each world-shattering thrust of her undulating hips.

“YESSS! YESS, FUCK ME!!” her beautiful succubus voice sang out from beneath the cocoon of her wings.

Unhinged demonic shrieks of feeding ecstasy tore from her throat and reverberated off the bedroom walls, harmonizing with the boy's hoarse, broken whimpers and the obscene wet slaps of flesh pounding against flesh.

Gregory couldn't imagine pleasure more intense than this. Her velvet-soft walls, blazing hot and textured with ridges that rippled and undulated around his shaft like thousands of hungry tongues, clenched and squeezed his throbbing cock with merciless force, determined to wring out every last pearlescent drop of his teenage essence. His cock was painfully hard—veins bulging like garden hoses beneath skin stretched taut as a drum. It flexed with stiff resistance, powerful teenage muscles and ligaments at its base sustaining the jackhammer force of his desperate counterpoint thrusts.

Sylvia devoured her son's face with sloppy abandon as she rode him, her serpentine tongue invading his mouth and overwhelming his own inexperienced licker as it whipped through his oral cavity, feeding on every choke and gasp he made.

Then she began to suck his tongue into her own succubus maw, tugging the slick muscle into her infernal depths as if it were a small cock she could fellate.

Gregory's eyes bulged in their sockets, rolling back to the whites—his sensitive tongue enveloped by the searing, pulsating wetness of her mouth, thousands of microscopic barbs lining the inside of her cheeks and wrapping around the wriggling organ like a thousand tiny hands. Her impossibly long, preternaturally powerful tongue then pushed past his own to invade his throat, the forked tip nearly triggering his gag reflex as it lashed his tonsils.

As she plundered his mouth with reckless ferocity, her lower body continued to piston up and down on his engorged shaft with supernatural speed and force. Her ass-cheeks bobbed up and down violently, fatty meat rippling beneath the skin. Her powerful thighs clamped around his narrow hips like a industrial vice, nearly crushing his pelvis.

Those undulating inner walls, hotter than molten magma and lined with barbed tendrils that lashed at his battered cockhead, rippled

along his length in peristaltic waves, sucking him deeper into her greedy depths with each downward plunge.

Agonized pleasure ripped through Gregory's nervous system as she used her body as a weapon, a succubus sex machine designed to harvest his very life force through his cock. His balls, high and tight against his body, quivered with the need for release, sperm boiling in his ducts like pressurized magma about to erupt from a volcano.

But she wouldn't let him come. Not yet. "No," her voice purred in his head. "The longer the fuck, the bigger the load. Let mommy ride you harder baby boy."

Every time she sensed his orgasm cresting, his teenage body about to explode in mind-shattering ecstasy, she would clench her cunt muscles with brutal force, trapping his cum inside him with a grip that bordered on castration. The pain was exquisite, his nerves overloaded to the point of short-circuiting as she edged him mercilessly, keeping him teetering on the knife's edge of climax.

"P-please," he managed to choke out around her invading tongue, his voice a desperate rasp. "I c-can't...I need to..."

"Aww, does the wittle boy need to make cummies for Mommy?" she crooned, her voice a mocking singsong that sent icy skitters of dread down his spine as she bounced her big butt even harder. "Mommy will let you know when baby can release."

Gregory's eyes bulged when he felt the wriggling tendril of her finger slither between his clenching ass cheeks, probing the puckered ring of his virgin sphincter.

"Oh, what a tight little virgin asshole," the succubus purred, rubbing her claw against the throbbing ring. "Mommy has a special trick that's gonna make you absolutely drown me in your precious cream," she purred, her voice dripping with sadistic glee. "Send me straight to nirvana on a tidal wave of your teenage spunk."

With a single thrust powered by demonic strength, she shoved the slick digit past the clenching resistance of his asshole, burying it knuckle-deep in his molten internal heat. Gregory howled as pleasure exploded through his nervous system, his back arching off the mattress like a drawn bow.

The succubus squealed in delight, holding the teen to her rippling tits as her finger wriggled and undulated inside him like a frenzied serpent, moaning as she felt his hammering dick engorge with even more blood.

"There it is," the mother hissed, her eyes flashing triumphantly as her probing fingertip found the fleshy bulb of his prostate, that mysterious organ he'd only ever heard about in passing, buried in his pulsing anal depths. "The magic button that's going to milk you dry."

She began to massage that swollen gland with merciless precision, rubbing tight circles into the nerve-rich flesh even as she continued to piston wildly on his shaft. The dual stimulation was more than Gregory's mortal body could take—a sensory overload that threatened to fry his cerebral cortex like a computer motherboard doused in water.

"Oh fuck yes!" the succubus exclaimed, sheer ecstasy washing across her face as she felt his cock swell to an impossible girth, the mushroom head flaring wide as a plum and turning a deep, angry purple as she stroked him from within, manipulating his most potent pleasure center like a virtuoso playing a violin.

Gregory felt the pressure building at the base of his spine, his balls drawing up so tight they nearly fused with his body, his shaft pulsing in time with his thundering heartbeat.

"I'm gonna... oh fuck, I'm gonna..." he babbled incoherently, language centers offline, rational thought drowned out by the supernova of ecstasy about to detonate in his groin.

CUM! FLOOD MY FUCKING WOMB!" she commanded, her voice booming through his skull like the voice of an angry goddess.

Sylvia's own tightly-wound orgasmic spring snapped inside of her and she screamed, an unearthly banshee wail that made her son's eardrums feel like they were rupturing.

Her voluptuous body bounced and convulsed on top of him, massive tits slapping against his face, smothering him in their fleshy embrace. She humped him with wild, frenzied abandon, slamming her pelvis down onto his with bruising force as she worked his pulsating knob through the vise-like grip of her cervix.

Inside her scorching succubus depths, Gregory felt their intermingled fluids - her molten demonic secretions and his own boiling teenage ejaculate - sloshing and churning together violently, frothing like a witch's cauldron. Her inner walls clenched and rippled around him with peristaltic undulations, determinedly milking every last drop from his spasming balls and twitching shaft.

"**UNGH, M-MOMMY**" the teenager howled, back arching into a perfect crescent as the most intense, cataclysmic ejaculation of his young life ripped through him with the force of a magnitude 10 earthquake. Rope after rope of thick, pearly cum geysered out of him, painting her crimson inner walls with his potent seed. His cock jerked and kicked inside her like a wild animal in its death throes, each spurt feeling like it was draining his very life essence.

Sylvia's succubus wings tightened around them with even greater force, cocooning their writhing bodies in a leathery, undulating embrace. The membranous appendages pulsed and throbbed, crimson veins glowing from within as she absorbed his sexual energy through her very skin.

She rode out her own earth-shattering climax, head thrown back in ecstasy, demonic face contorted into a rictus of agonized bliss.

The rusted metal bedframe finally gave out with a tortured shriek, collapsing beneath them. Trapped beneath his mother's much larger form, smothered by her heaving tits and rippling curves, Gregory could do nothing but shudder and twitch as the final, agonizing pulses of his orgasm were wrung out of him.

The sexual afterglow lasted for wonderful minutes. Sylvia purred with sated satisfaction, nuzzling his neck, lapping at the sweat and tears streaking his face with her forked obsidian tongue. Piercing him with her glowing crimson eyes, she whispered in his mind, "That's my good boy. Mommy's sweet little cream dispenser. We're going to have so much more fun together, you and I..."

Gregory could only whimper in response, his throat raw, his body utterly spent. He had no idea how he was going to survive this, being fed upon by the succubus wearing his mother's skin. But in that moment, basking in the fading afterglow, it didn't really matter.

The next day, after school, Gregory's head swiveled back and forth, scanning the quiet suburban street for any sign of his mother's looming presence. Beside him, Jimmy chattered on.

"...so I was thinking, there's gotta be some kind of ancient ritual or something, right? Like in the movies. Maybe if we can find the original succubus who turned her, get some of its blood..."

Gregory barely heard him, too focused on the prickling sensation at the back of his neck, the instinctual awareness of being watched by unseen, predatory eyes. He quickened his pace, ratty sneakers scuffing against the cracked sidewalk.

"I'm telling you, dude, I'm not gonna let you down," Jimmy assured him. "I'm gonna get this figured out."

Suddenly, an invisible force yanked Gregory off his feet as if he weighed no more than a rag doll. The breath whooshed out of his lungs as he felt himself being hauled straight up into the air by an unseen hand, rising ten, twenty, thirty feet in the space of a heartbeat. His stomach dropped like a stone as his legs flailed uselessly, toes barely brushing the top of Jimmy's oblivious head.

"...maybe we could find some old book of spells or something at the library..." Jimmy continued, then realized his friend was no where to be seen. "Greg?"

Gregory's heart leapt into his throat as he felt himself soar upward, carried by powerful succubus wings that flapped against the muggy afternoon air. Wind whistled past his ears as Sylvia clutched him to her voluptuous naked body, her crimson talons digging into his bony shoulders through his thin t-shirt. The suburban houses and tree-lined streets shrank beneath his dangling feet as they ascended into the cloudless blue sky.

She swooped down towards the old playground where she used to push him on the squeaky swing set when he was in kindergarten. The merry-go-round and monkey bars were deserted at this time of day, the wood chips empty of shrieking children.

Sylvia alighted on a thick tree branch near the top of a towering oak, its leaves rustling in the breeze. She pinned her against the rough bark with her larger frame, knocking the wind from his lungs. His head spun with vertigo as he took in the dizzying height, the ground at least thirty feet below. If he fell from this height, he'd splatter across the wood chips like an egg dropped on concrete.

"Wh-what are you doing, mom?" he gasped, voice cracking with terror.

"Shhh, sweetness," she purred, her voice dripping with succubus venom that made his head swim. "No one will bother us up here. It's just you and me."

Her crimson lips crashed against his in a brutal, dominating kiss, her serpentine tongue invading his mouth.

Gregory whimpered into the smooch, his fingers scrabbling uselessly against the tree bark as he tried to find purchase. But she held him fast, her supernatural strength making escape impossible.

Sylvia broke the kiss with a wet pop, leaving him gasping for air. Her molten eyes raked over his trembling body with ravenous hunger, like a predator sizing up a cornered rabbit.

"Mmmm your body is my playground now," she growled, succubus hunger dripping from every syllable. "And I'm gonna play on every inch of it."

With a single swipe of her talons, she shredded his jeans and boxers, exposing his most intimate parts to the warm breeze. The denim and cotton fluttered to the ground far below like sad confetti.

Gregory yelped, instinctively trying to cover himself, but she caught his wrists in an unbreakable grip, slamming them against the tree trunk above his head. Her hips pinned his naked lower half to the rough bark, the soft swell of her stomach pressing against his exposed genitals.

Gregory's gasps as his mom-succubus kissed her way down his trembling torso and began to worship his exposed cock and balls with long, sensuous licks. She started at the base of his shaft, dragging the glistening black muscle along the prominent vein on the underside with agonizing slowness, making him shudder and twitch against the rough tree bark.

When she reached the swollen, purple head already weeping with precum, she swirled her tongue around it like she was savoring a lollipop, gathering the viscous drops with a pleased hiss.

“Ohh, your fucking sweet dick,” she purred, whipping the forked tip of her tongue around on his purple helmet.

The moment his salty-sweet essence hit her tongue, Sylvia's voluptuous body convulsed as if electrocuted, her back arching at an impossible angle. A guttural moan ripped from her throat, sounding more animal than human, as she shivered with ecstasy. Her crimson eyes rolled back, long lashes fluttering against her high cheekbones as his flavor overwhelmed her senses.

"Ambrosia," she growled, voice thick and syrupy with desire. "The nectar of a teenage god, spilled just for me."

Gregory's head fell back against the tree trunk with a dull thud, his eyes squeezing shut as he tried to block out the dizzying height, the warm breeze caressing his most intimate parts, exposed and vulnerable thirty feet above the ground. But there was no escaping the electric sensations radiating from his groin as Sylvia continued her hungry ministrations.

She took one of his swollen balls into her mouth, suckling on it with obscene wet slurps. Her preternaturally long tongue coiled around the delicate orb like a python, squeezing rhythmically as if trying to milk the cum directly from the source.

Her son let out a strangled yelp, hips bucking instinctively into the searing heat of her mouth, seeking more of that mind-melting pleasure.

Sylvia released his testicle with a vulgar pop, chuckling darkly at his desperate squirming.

"Get ready, baby boy," she growled, her voice dripping with sadistic hunger. "Mommy's about to beat this bodacious ass back against your fat teenage cock. Gonna ride you in reverse, let you watch these cheeks swallow up your shaft."

Gregory's limbs remained frozen, immobilized by an invisible demonic force as Sylvia gracefully pivoted on the tree branch, presenting her big heart-shaped ass to his bulging, disbelieving eyes. Her succubus wings folded against her back as she gripped the rough bark, maintaining perfect balance thirty feet above the ground.

The globular cheeks, glistening with a sheen of supernatural perspiration that caught the dappled sunlight filtering through the leaves, jiggled and rippled with each movement. The shadowed cleft between them winked at him, pulsing in time with her elevated heartbeat.

She reached back with one hand, crimson nails sinking into the soft, pliant flesh, and pulled her cheeks apart. Her hairless, baby-smooth pussy lips unfurled like the petals of some obscene flower, slick and swollen, flushed the deep purple of an overripe plum. The engorged bundle of nerves at the apex—her demonic clit—protruded a full inch, throbbing visibly, glistening with her molten arousal that dripped like candle wax onto the bark below.

"God, mom," Gregory gasped, hardly believing what he was looking at, his heart slamming against his sternum as she began to back that impossible ass towards his straining erection with agonizing slowness. His cock stuck up from his loins, bobbing in time with his pulse, the mushroom head swelling to the size of a ripe plum.

"Don't fight it, angel," Sylvia hissed, her voice dripping with succubus venom that slithered into his ear canals and coiled around his hindbrain. "You know you want Mommy's sweet cunt. To feel these thick cheeks bouncing on your lap."

His breath came in ragged gasps as her ass finally made contact—scorching hot flesh kissing his cock head, searing his nerve endings like a cattle brand. She rubbed the weeping slit against her slick folds, painting her pussy lips with his pre-cum until they glistened obscenely in the afternoon light.

“Hold it still so I can sink onto it,” the succubus demanded.

Gregory did as she told him and with a downward push of her powerful thighs, she impaled herself on his rigid shaft, her molten walls parting like the Red Sea around his girth.

A whimper of pleasure ripped from Gregory's lungs as her supernatural tightness engulfed him. He felt the coronal ridge of his glans slip over all those wonderful speed bumps in her birthing canal as it snaked up her snug tube, his crown coming to rest against the puffy donut guarding her womb.

"Oh God..." he gasped out, eyes rolling back in his head. "S-So tight... and wet..."

Sylvia began with a slow, rhythmic backward beat of her butt cheeks against her son's pelvis, her supernatural muscles clenching and releasing around his throbbing shaft with each undulation.

SLAP... SLAP... SLAP... SLAP... SLAP... SLAP... The wet, meaty impacts of her bodacious ass against his trembling pelvis echoed through the deserted playground, each collision sending ripples across her glistening flesh and jolts of electric pleasure-pain up his spine.

The rhythm was relentless, precise—each thunderous clap of skin against skin arriving in perfect two-second intervals like the ticking of some infernal metronome.

The teenager whimpered and gasped, eyes rolling back in his skull as the pleasure of her tight, scorching heat engulfing him from root to tip threatened to short-circuit his nervous system.

Sylvia glanced back over her shoulder, crimson eyes glowing with demonic hunger as she drank in his wrecked expression - the slack mouth, the glazed eyes, the hectic flush painting his hollow cheeks. Her succubus wings fluttered, stirring the humid air.

"You ain't seen nothin' yet, baby boy," she purred, forked tongue swiping across her plump lower lip. "Mommy's just getting warmed up. Wait 'til I REALLY start slammin' this phat demon ass back on that teenage cock."

Gradually, the succubus increased the speed and intensity of her thrusts. SLAP-SLAP-SLAP-SLAP-SLAP! The sound hardly even paused now between impacts, becoming instead a continuous, violent percussion of mommy-ass-cheeks on teenage pelvis.

Her engorged pussy lips suctioned around his girth, fluttering and kissing his length with a thousand grasping tendrils that tugged him deeper into her greedy depths. Her giant tits whipped back and forth like pendulums gone mad. The pale veined globes of alabaster flesh swinging heavily from her chest in time with her relentless, ass-clapping thrusts.

"Oh w-wow, mom," the teen's voice shook.

Between her jiggling cheeks, her puckered back entrance winked at him salaciously with each powerful backward surge of her hips. The pink rosebud flexed and gaped, revealing a glimpse of glistening crimson inner walls before clenching shut again. Rivulets of her juices trickled from her spasming slit and over that forbidden orifice, leaving it slick and shiny.

"That's it, gimme that meat," Sylvia growled over her shoulder, flashing him a wicked grin as she pistoned up and down on his shaft with supernatural speed and force. "Give Mommy that sweet teenage dick. Fuck this hungry cunt like you mean it!"

Her filthy words slithered into Gregory's ears and coiled around his hindbrain, obliterating any last shreds of restraint or morality. A hoarse cry ripped from his throat as his body moved of its own accord, slamming up into her with a violence he didn't know he possessed. His pelvis smacked against her jiggling ass with bruising force, the lewd sounds of their coupling filling the humid air.

Sylvia shrieked with unhinged glee, her back arching as she took him to the hilt, impaling herself over and over on his throbbing cock. Her talons sank into the meat of her ass cheeks, spreading herself wide, giving him an unobstructed view of his glistening shaft disappearing into her ravenous depths.

"Yess, just like that! Gimme that fucking dick, my sweet puppet!" the succubus purred, her voice dripping with demonic hunger as she slammed her glistening, moon-pale ass cheeks against his sweat-slicked abdomen.

Gregory fed her a tiny smile, proud of the way his good-sized cock stayed hard as an iron bar. It was a weapon of sexual pleasure—a formidable pussy-splitter—carving the succubus fem-juice from the sheathing walls that surrounded it.

"Pound my greedy demon twat, you sweet little virgin cocktoy!" Sylvia snarled over her shoulder, her voice guttural yet feminine, bubbling with succubus venom. "Paint Mommy's insides with your potent teenage seed! Fill me with your life essence until I siphon your soul out through your quivering little piss-slit!"

Each syllable hit him like a physical blow, sledgehammering his psyche, warping his very grasp on reality. This couldn't be happening, his rational mind insisted. It had to be some kind of fever dream, a paranoid delusion brought on by hormonal overload and sleep deprivation. Surely that was more plausible than the alternative - that his own mother had transformed into a sex-crazed demoness hellbent on fucking him into a withered, desiccated husk.

But the tight, scorching heat engulfing his shaft felt undeniably real—a volcanic vice clamping down with supernatural pressure that threatened to crush his manhood into diamond. Her inner muscles rippled along his length like a thousand lashing tongues, each ridge catching and dragging against his hypersensitive nerve endings.

The wet, meaty SLAP-SLAP-SLAP of her jiggling ass cheeks against his sweat-slicked pelvis echoed obscenely across the deserted playground, each impact reverberating through the metal jungle gym bars like demonic wind chimes.

The heady aroma of her arousal—a cloying, musky perfume 100 times more potent than human female secretions—invaded his nostrils with the force of smelling salts, making his brain short-circuit and his eyes water as if he'd inhaled pure ammonia.

Gregory's hips bucked, his body operating on pure instinct beyond all rational control as he drove himself in and out of her ravenous cunt with the frantic desperation. He watched in fascination as his glistening shaft—now engorged to a monstrous purple-veined size he barely recognized as his own—disappeared again and again into the slick, pulsating crimson lips of her sex.

Each time his cock reemerged, it gleamed with a fresh coat of her viscous, pearlescent juices that steamed and hissed in the cool air like molten metal dropped into water.

Gregory's mouth fell open, his eyes rolling back as a strangled sound escaped his throat. "Oh-h-h God, it feels so g-good," he hissed through clenched teeth, his entire body quivering uncontrollably.

Electric jolts of pleasure radiated from where her supernatural heat engulfed him, his nerve endings aflame as if his skin had been peeled away, leaving only raw sensation where her demonic flesh gripped his throbbing, purple-veined shaft.

FUCK HARDER!" the succubus screamed, pounding her ass down against him in blur of motion.

Gregory's cockhead flared impossibly wider—swelling to the size of a ripe plum—as it scraped against the demonic textured landscape of her succubus cunt. The relentless, suctioning contractions of her inner muscles had transformed her slick channel into a constricting tube of purpled corrugations that undulated around his shaft like a thousand rippling tongues, each ridge catching and pulling at his frenulum and coronal rim with devastating precision.

Her viscous secretions, bubbling and hissing against his most sensitive flesh like acid honey, had become an iridescent slurry of magenta and cobalt blue, streaked with tendrils of his own pearlescent release—the precious teenage seed she had already wrung out of him over multiple feedings, leaving his prostate aching and his balls painfully contracted against the base of his shaft.

But the most shocking change lurked in her deepest reaches, coiled behind the muscular vise of her cervix like some primordial sea creature waiting in abyssal darkness. When his swollen, purple cockhead butted up against that final barrier, he felt not three but six slithering appendages unfurl from her os to attack his glans with renewed demonic hunger.

The nest of serpentine tongues—each one pencil-thin, obsidian-black, and preternaturally strong with the texture of wet velvet—whipped and fluttered against his spongy head. They dipped into his weeping slit with surgical precision, their forked tips lapping greedily at the fresh pre-cum beginning to pearl there, leaving behind a tingling sensation.

"Feel that, baby boy?" Sylvia growled, her voice guttural and distorted, bubbling up from the depths of some infernal pit. "Mommy's cunt is gonna milk you dry. Suck out every drop until your balls shrivel up like raisins."

Her taunts burrowed into his skull like the stings of a thousand wasps, as she impaled herself onto him with renewed ferocity, wielding his cock as if it were her personal plaything. The muscles of her ass and thighs flexed and rippled beneath her porcelain skin, her body contorting in a grotesque parody of human anatomy. With each downward thrust, her succubus cunt sucked and slurped around his shaft, the wet, hungry sounds of their coupling echoing through the grove of trees like the cries of damned souls.

Gregory's world narrowed to the relentless pounding between his legs, a symphony of lustful agony that drowned out all reason or restraint. He could only cling to the tree trunk for dear life, his body reduced to a limp ragdoll at the mercy of her demonic hunger. Her talons dug into the bark, scoring deep gouges as she pounded her ass against him with a primal urgency that bordered on maniacal.

"That's it," she snarled, her words dripping with sadistic glee. "Let Mommy have it all... every last drop... give it to me..."

The teenager's balls ached and drew up tight against his body, heavy with the weight of his building climax. The world around them seemed to blur and warp as she rode him relentlessly onwards—a whirlwind of twisted limbs and jagged shadows cast by the flickering firelight. His vision tunneled until all he could see was Sylvia's face—twisted in a mask of carnal ecstasy—and the hellish landscape of her transforming cunt, eagerly devouring him inch by agonizing inch.

With a savage thrust, Sylvia hilted Gregory fully inside her, impaling herself to the root of his shaft. Her voluptuous ass cheeks—quivering and rippling like mounds of Jell-O in an earthquake—slammed against his bony pelvis with a wet, meaty SMACK that seemed to shake the very tree they were perched in. The force drove his swollen cockhead straight through the muscular vise of her cervix, plunging him into the infernal depths of her womb.

Her cunt clamped down around him with crushing force, the undulating walls seeming to fuse with his flesh. The nest of ebony tentacles swarmed his glans, flicking and probing with renewed frenzy. They tugged his slit wide, dipping inside the gaping hole as if trying to crawl up his urethra and drag his cum out by force.

“I'm... I'm g-getting c-close!” the boy snarled.

Sylvia was already there. She shrieked, a glass-shattering banshee wail of release that sent birds scattering from the branches in a flurry of panicked wingbeats. Her body seized up, every sinew and fiber locking tight as a cataclysmic orgasm crashed through her like molten lava through fragile bedrock.

Her spine arched backward in a perfect crescent, vertebrae visibly rippling beneath her alabaster skin as her head snapped back at an impossible angle. Her giant tits jumped and slapped together wildly. Crimson eyes—now pulsing with hellfire from within—rolled upward until only the bloodshot whites remained visible.

Her second shriek, higher-pitched and more guttural than the first, vibrated through the air with such force that pedestrians across town clutched their ears in sudden, inexplicable pain. Supernatural mommy-cum-fluids splattered from between their pounding crotches as she bucked and writhed atop her son, impaled to the hilt on his teenage shaft.

Gregory felt her cervix clench tight around the neck of his cock like a miniature fist coated in burning velvet, trapping him inside her demonic heat. It flexed and rippled with inhuman strength, seeming to mold itself to his flesh like sentient clay, forming an airtight seal that no mortal engineering could match. His balls drew up against his body like overripe plums ready to burst, the slit of his cock flaring wide as a desperate mouth gasping for air, while his own climax

swelled at the base of his shaft like magma building beneath volcanic pressure.

But the suffocating grip of her womb—pulsating with unholy hunger—prevented his release, his precious teenage seed trapped in his aching, swollen balls as if clutched by the cruel hand of some sadistic deity.

Gregory's eyes bulged from their sockets, his pupils blown wide with desperate, animal need. "OH MOM, I...OH SHIT, PLEASE!" he gasped, his voice cracking between syllables as his adolescent vocal cords strained against the overwhelming sensation.

His entire body quivered like a plucked guitar string, teetering on the razor's edge of climax while being cruelly denied his release, his teenage seed trapped painfully behind the dam of her demonic anatomy.

More gushes of succubus fluid erupted from where they were joined—not a mere trickle but a volcanic deluge that painted his thighs and concave belly in sticky, viscous sheets. It drenched his sparse, adolescent pubic hair, transforming the wispy strands into glistening, crystalline filaments, before cascading over his cum-bloated sack then running in meandering rivulets down his trembling legs.

Sylvia rode out her climax with predatory deliberation—her massive tits heaved and swayed with pendulous momentum, slapping against each other with wet, meaty smacks that echoed through the forest clearing.

With a wet, obscene slurp, like a boot being yanked from knee-deep mud, Sylvia suddenly lifted herself off Gregory's throbbing shaft. His cock—angry purple-crimson, slipped out of her clenching, supernatural heat. Her succubus fluids clung to his twitching length in dripping onto the gnarled oak branch below in thick globs that sizzled against the ancient bark.

His swollen glans flared like a cobra's hood, the slit gaping and flexing like a gasping mouth of a landed fish as a long, gooey string of pearlescent fluid—thick as honey but white as moonlight—began to unspool from the tip like a spider spinning its deadly web.

"Ride me," she purred, wagging her thick ass invitingly. "Climb on Mommy's back, slide your throbbing meat into my ass and hold on for dear life."

Swallowing hard, Gregory awkwardly draped himself over the succubus's back like a trembling blanket of adolescent flesh. Her wings stretched out in full demonic glory as Sylvia reached back and grasped the veiny, purple-headed meat of his cock with fingers and slipped it inside her tight anal orifice.

The teen whimpered—a sound like a wounded fawn facing a wolf—as he felt his tender, mushroom-shaped knob split the round, rubbery ring of her asshole and sink into the molten, pulsating pit of her ass-tract, her sphincter muscles already chewing at his flesh with rippling, peristaltic contractions.

"Hold on to me, " she hissed. "Don't let go for anything."

With a mighty downward thrust of her leathery wings that sent a gale-force wind ripping through the branches, Sylvia launched them skyward, Gregory's naked body pressed tight against her back. His strangled cry of terror was lost to the rushing air as the ground fell away, the park receding to a patchwork of moonlit grass and trees below.

Higher and higher they soared, the chilled night air whipping across Gregory's exposed skin and raising goosebumps in its wake. Sylvia's powerful wings beat the air in steady rhythm, propelling them effortlessly through the sky.

Each downward thrust of her wings drove Gregory's cock deeper into her ass, his teenage pelvis smacking against the jiggling alabaster globes of her demonic ass with the wet, meaty sound of raw steaks being slapped together.

"Look, sweetness," the succubus purred as she extended one talon toward the horizon. "There's your father's office tower."

Gregory squinted against the wind as he spotted the familiar steel and glass monolith jutting into the sky, the electric-blue logo of his dad's accounting firm—Peyton & Associates. He imagined his father hunched like a gargoyle over columned spreadsheets, blissfully unaware that his oldest son's vein-ridged cock was currently buried to the hilt in his wife's ravenous asshole high above the city streets.

"Poor, foolish Peyton," Sylvia sneered, her voice dripping with contempt. "Can you imagine the look on his doughy, pathetic face if he could see us now? His precious baby boy balls-deep in Mommy's shitter while he wastes away under those buzzing fluorescent lights, counting other men's money."

She punctuated her words with a brutal, rippling clench of her supernatural ass muscles—like a python crushing a squealing piglet—wringing a strangled whimper from Gregory's bone-dry throat.

Gregory's gangly teenage legs slipped from Sylvia's back to dangle on either side of her undulating hips, his knees clamping around her waist like a jockey astride a hellish, winged mare. He was riding her now, straddling the jiggling globes of her ass cheeks as his rigid, purple-veined cock sank even deeper into the pulsating depths of her demonic asshole with each powerful downbeat of her leathery wings.

"That's it, my baby," Sylvia growled over her shoulder, "Fuck Mommy's shitter like you mean it. Pound my puckered rosebud with that fat teenage sausage until you pump me full of spunk!"

Gregory's narrow hips began to move of their own accord, awkwardly at first, then with increasing confidence as he found a rhythm. He bucked and writhed atop her like a rodeo cowboy riding a mechanical bull, slamming his concave pelvis against the rippling cheeks of her ass with meaty slaps that echoed through the night sky.

Each forceful thrust sent his sensitive cockhead carving through the walls of her rectum. He felt like he was fucking a boiling velvet glove studded with a thousand grasping, kneading fingers, her anal muscles clenching and rippling along his shaft with unrelenting fervor.

Sylvia snarled over her shoulder. "Harder! Fuck my ass like you mean it!"

Her claws seized his dangling legs, leaving crescent-moon indentations in his pallid flesh. With supernatural strength, she yanked his body downward in perfect synchronization with each powerful downbeat of her veiny wingspan, impaling her asshole on his engorged teenage meat over and over. His pelvis smacked against her rippling ass cheeks with bruising force, creating lewd, wet slaps.

"Yesss!" she cried. "That's better."

Gregory groaned as his boner jackhammered through her suctioning, rippling ass-tract. His shaft swelled even thicker, angry blue veins bulging like industrial cables about to snap under catastrophic pressure, stretching her supernaturally tight orifice.

"Fuckkkk yesss," Sylvia hissed, her multi-tonal voice warbling with sadistic glee. "Punish Mommy's greedy shithole with that big, beautiful boy-cock! Rearrange my fucking guts and paint them white!"

Each nasty syllable slithered into Gregory's brain and flipped some primal switch, making his balls tighten and his shaft flex against her chewing sphincter. He slammed into her with renewed vigor, grunting and gasping, a sheen of sweat coating his clammy skin despite the frigid wind whistling around them.

A combination of teenage pre-ejaculate and demonic anal secretions frothed around his quivering girth like toxic lava, sizzling against his most sensitive flesh with an audible hiss.

"I'm gonna suck your balls dry and leave you a withered husk," Sylvia growled, her voice bubbling with infernal hunger. "Milk out every drop of that precious teenage cream directly into Mommy's shitpipe."

Her filthy words burrowed into Gregory's hindbrain, obliterating any last vestige of rational thought. There was only the blinding, all-consuming need to cum, to empty his aching balls into the deepest recesses of her gluttonous ass.

With a sudden lurch that made Gregory's stomach plummet into his pelvis like an elevator with severed cables, Sylvia soared into a dense cloud bank that billowed around them like phantom cotton candy. Visibility reduced to zero as they were enveloped by swirling mist.

Sylvia hovered in place, her 12-foot leathery wings moving just enough to keep them suspended in the ethereal void, each powerful beat sending ripples through the cloud matter.

"Lay your chest on Mommy's back, sweetness," Sylvia purred over her shoulder. "Reach around and squeeze these big demon titties while you pound my tight asshole."

Gregory obeyed wordlessly, draping his concave torso over her undulating back. Tentatively, he snaked his trembling arms around to cup her pendulous breasts as they hung towards the earth—each one heavy as a bowling ball and thrumming with unnatural heat against his palms. As he gently kneaded the doughy flesh, he marveled at their impossible size and firmness, like two overinflated beach balls grafted onto her ribcage.

The succubus let out a guttural moan as her son's fingers found her thickened nipples—puckered and protruding a full inch from the wide, bumpy discs of her areola. He rolled the rubbery nubs between thumb and forefinger, tugging gently, and was rewarded with a burst of scalding fluid that coated his knuckles—a mixture of breastmilk and some glowing, bioluminescent liquid that hissed and steamed in cool air.

Gregory whimpered as his mother tightened her grip on his gangly legs with her talons. She began to work her voluptuous ass in slow, hypnotic circles, stirring his rigid, teenage cock in the molten depths of her supernatural asshole like a demonic ladle in a bubbling cauldron.

Each corkscrew grind of her hips drove him impossibly deeper into that pulsating orifice. Her muscular anal ring seemed to telescope outward with audible, wet squelching sounds, prolapsing to engulf the very root of his shaft and even the top inch of his wrinkled, sweat-slicked ball sack that now contracted against his perineum.

"Yessss," her voice quivering with demonic glee. Her rectal muscles pulsed and suctioned around his sturdy trapped cock with merciless undulations that seemed to pull at his very soul. "Your sweet virgin cock was made for Mommy's ass," she growled, "So fucking perfect... like a key sliding into its infernal lock."

"It feels amazing," the teen admitted, gliding his meat deep in her rectum.

"Fuck Mommy's ass harder," she snarled telepathically, her guttural voice echoing through his skull. "Rearrange my fucking demon guts with that teenage jackhammer cock!"

As if compelled by her infernal command, Gregory's bony hips began to piston of their own accord. He rutted into her like a dog in heat, his movements graceless and erratic but fueled by supernatural lust. Each

thrust made wet, squelching sounds as his engorged cock churned her molten bowels to froth, his bony pelvis smacking against her big rippling cheeks with meaty slaps that echoed through the cloud bank like thunderclaps.

"I'm... oh fuck, I'm getting close," he gasped out, his voice raw and strangled like a pubescent crow's caw.

"That's it, baby boy," Sylvia crooned, her tone suddenly shifting to sickly-sweet and maternal. "Give Mommy that precious teenage spunk. Spill your hot, pearlescent boy juice deep in my greedy ass."

The teen's cock flexed and throbbed against her rippling anal walls, each muscular contraction squeezing him like a fist in a velvet glove. The pulsing heat building in his groin felt like molten lead being poured into his scrotum.

"Mommy!" he whimpered helplessly, his voice cracking like thin ice on a winter pond, hips bucking wildly as he teetered on the razor's edge of orgasm. "Mommy, I'm gonna..."

Sylvia hissed in delight, her eyes widening as she watched his young ass bob up and down frantically like a cork in a storm-tossed sea. "Do it!" she hissed. "Paint my fucking guts white. Give me every drop, you sweet little cum pump!"

With a hoarse, guttural cry, Gregory exploded. His cock erupted like a geyser, hot jets of pearly fluid rocketing into the succubus' squeezing asshole. Ecstasy ripped through him like lightning, searing every nerve ending to cinders as he spasmed and jerked, spurting what felt like an endless stream of jizz into her gluttonous bowels.

Sylvia shrieked and convulsed with triumphant glee as she drank in his pleasure, his very life force evaporating into her like morning dew under a merciless sun. Her powerful anal muscles wrung him dry with pulsating contractions, milking out every last pearlescent drop with the ruthless efficiency of a medical-grade pump.

She rode him through the delicious aftershocks, grinding her voluptuous, quivering ass back against his still-twitching, purple-veined cock for long, agonizing minutes. She stirred his viscous seed into her bubbling rectal slime until it frothed around his twitching shaft like cappuccino foam.

Finally, with a vulgar, wet slurping sound, she lifted herself off him. Thick, pearly ropes of his spent semen dribbled obscenely from her gaping, angry-red prolapsed asshole, stretching like hot mozzarella before splattering onto the ground far below in steaming, hissing puddles.

"Such a good cum-puppet," Sylvia purred, her forked tongue flicking against his earlobe as she maneuvered wings so they sailed back down through the cloud bank in lazy, nauseating spirals.

Gregory was only vaguely aware of them plummeting through the air, his drained body limp as a discarded marionette, too weak to even react to the stomach-churning free-fall. The wind whipped through his sweat-matted hair and whistled past his cum-crusting thighs as his own backyard rushed up to greet them.

Peyton gazed at his wife in rapturous wonder, utterly mesmerized by the hypnotic glow that seemed to emanate from her very pores. Her voluptuous curves—always generous but now swollen to obscene, gravity-defying proportions—strained against the gossamer-thin fabric of her nightgown like overripe fruit about to split its taut, glistening skin. The delicate lace cups of the bodice struggled valiantly to contain her massive, quivering breasts that heaved and jiggled with each shallow breath, threatening to burst free and spill over the intricate embroidery at any moment.

Her nipples protruded through the delicate material like twin missiles, the wide dark outlines of her areolas clearly visible through the translucent white fabric.

A bead of sweat trickled down his temple as Peyton reached for her with trembling, eager fingers—desperate to sink them into that pliant, overflowing flesh, to confirm that such flawless beauty could be solid and real. But before he could make contact, Sylvia rose from the bed in one fluid, boneless motion, her swollen curves undulating mesmerizingly beneath her nightgown.

"Darling," she purred, her voice dripping with succubus honey, "could we perhaps take a short break from the physical affection? Just for a little while."

Peyton blinked rapidly, his lust-fogged brain struggling to process her words. A break? From touching his own wife?

But as he looked up into her face, he found himself nodding dumbly. "Of... of course, dear," he heard himself say, the words emerging from his numb lips without conscious thought. "Whatever you need."

Sylvia's smile widened, revealing teeth that seemed just a bit too white, too sharp. "Thank you for understanding," she cooed, "I'm just not feeling very sexual here lately."

Nothing could be further from the truth. While Sylvia played the frigid wife to her doting husband—all demure smiles and chaste kisses at the breakfast table—she ruthlessly fucked her son day and night in her demonic succubus form, her ravenous cunt and prehensile asshole draining him to the dregs like a spider emptying a fly's liquefied innards.

Gregory lost all sense of time, his sunken eyes rimmed with bruise-purple circles, his once-athletic frame now gaunt and trembling. His entire existence narrowed down to the endless cycle of feedings, each

more debauched than the last—a hellish carousel of orifices, fluids, and pleasure that blurred together in a kaleidoscope of perversion.

His mother's insatiable succubus hunger knew no bounds, her twisted imagination conjuring up new depraved acts to inflict upon his teenage body with each passing hour, leaving him coated in viscous fluids that glowed in the darkness of his bedroom.

She would pin him down with her supernatural strength, smothering him beneath her massive, suffocating tits that engulfed his entire face like twin flesh avalanches. He pulled and chewed on her glistening, rubbery teats like a starving newborn, each swallow of her intoxicating tit-milk—hot, viscous, and sweet—flooding his system with narcotic bliss that left him trembling and addicted.

Straddling his head, she'd grind her dripping snatch against his face, holding his sweat-matted locks possessively with her claw. She coated him from forehead to chin in her musky demonic essence until he was forced to breathe it in, the intoxicating scent short-circuiting his brain like an electrical surge frying delicate circuitry.

Her engorged, succubus clit—swollen to the size of the plumpest cherry and pulsing with an unholy crimson glow—throbbed against his trembling lips, demanding worship, as she hissed at him to suck like a good boy, her forked tongue flicking between needle-sharp teeth.

Gregory gladly did as she asked, his feverish arousal overriding any lingering sense of revulsion. He would close his bloodshot eyes and extend his parched, trembling tongue to its full length, lapping desperately at the slick, salty-sweet folds that glistened like raw oysters in moonlight.

He worked methodically from her puckered perineum up to her throbbing, engorged clit, slurping and suckling with the desperate intensity of a boy dying of thirst in a salt desert until she convulsed

violently and gushed like a ruptured fire hydrant, drenching his face in scalding, viscous fluids that tasted faintly of copper and burnt sugar.

Her banshee screams reached such glass-shattering pitch that the bedroom windows visibly vibrated in their frames, while her wildly flapping, wings knocked over his desk lamp, scattered his schoolbooks, and sent his participation trophies crashing to the carpet.

And then there were the marathon edging sessions that seemed to last for days, his swollen member purpling at the tip as she denied him release hour after excruciating hour. Sylvia would sprawl out on his narrow twin mattress, her lush curves nearly swallowing it whole, the sheets damp with perspiration beneath her scaled back. Her taloned finger—its nail gleaming like obsidian in the dim light—beckoned him with a slow, hypnotic curl. Her voice, thick with demonic hunger, rasped from between lips that glistened unnaturally: "Fuck Mommy's pussy like a good cum-puppy!"

Gregory obeyed wordlessly, the rational part of his brain long since atrophied from the endless cycle of supernatural sex. He climbed atop his mother's voluptuous form, his thin frame dwarfed by her otherworldly proportions. His body sank into her flesh like a pebble disappearing into quicksand, the heat radiating from her skin scorching his pale torso. He bracketed her impossibly wide hips as he positioned his weeping, engorged cockhead at the slick, pulsating entrance of her succubus cunt, which gaped open like a hungry maw rimmed with glistening folds.

With a flex of his thigh muscles, he pushed inside. Her molten walls parted for him eagerly, hot and impossibly tight, clenching around his shaft like a thousand tiny mouths. The moment he was fully sheathed, Sylvia's leathery wings unfurled to their full span with a mighty whoosh of displaced air. They folded inward again and wrapped around their intertwined bodies, cocooning them in a leathery,

undulating embrace that blocked out all light and sound from the outside world.

The space inside was hot and humid as a Turkish sauna in midsummer, their sweat-slicked skin fusing together like melted wax as Sylvia's powerful succubus legs fascined around his back with python-like strength, causing him to sink even deeper against her feverish flesh.

He rutted mindlessly into her heavenly heat, all thoughts of escape or resistance obliterated by the hypnotic ripple of her pendulous tits around his face and the exquisite drag of his purple-veined cock against her rippling walls that pulsed with unnatural musculature.

Each wet, meaty slap of his concave pelvis against her loamy mound—now frothing with their commingled fluids—reverberated in the enclosed space, the sound indistinguishable from his thundering heartbeat pounding in his ears like war drums.

Time lost all meaning in that fleshy prison, seconds bleeding into minutes bleeding into hours as he pounded her cunt into foamy cream around his blood-engorged battering ram. The air became a suffocating miasma, saturated with the musk of their exertions, the stench of sweat, sex and succubus womb-nectar coating the back of his throat until he gagged and saw stars.

Occasionally, Sylvia would let out a hellish shriek and seize beneath him, her cunt rippling as volcanic gushers of scalding demon-ejaculate power-washed his groin.

But she never let him stop, her supernatural stamina both a blessing and a curse. "More!" she commanded, her voice a guttural growl that reverberated through his skeleton. "Harder! Faster.!"

Gregory gasped as Sylvia's powerful succubus legs clamped around his sweat-slicked back, squeezing the breath from his lungs until stars burst behind his bulging eyelids. Her voluptuous curves undulated

beneath him, her claws sinking into the meat of his bony buttocks as she used the leverage to fuck up onto his blood-engorged cock with violent, pistoning thrusts.

Each jarring impact made his teeth rattle in his skull, her pelvis smashing against his with meaty slaps that echoed obscenely in the enclosed space of her leathery wings. He was suffocating, drowning in her heaving tits that engulfed his face like twin tidal waves of alabaster flesh, his nose and mouth smothered in the intoxicating musk of her cleavage.

"We're gonna release together, my sweet puppet," Sylvia hissed, her guttural voice dripping with sadistic glee as she pounded into him from below with supernatural force. "I'm gonna wring you dry and leave you a shriveled, cum-drunk husk!"

Gregory could only whimper in response, his higher brain functions offline, rational thought drowned out by the relentless assault on his senses. The coiling pleasure at the base of his spine wound tighter and tighter with each brutal thrust, his swollen balls drawing up painfully against his body as they prepared to unleash their viscous load.

Sylvia's cunt rippled and clenched around him with unrelenting fervor, her inner muscles seeming to pulse with a life of their own as they milked his shaft. The spongy, barbed ridges lining her walls scraped against his most sensitive spots, sending electric tingles racing from his groin to his brainstem. Her honey-slick juices frothed and sizzled around his girth, burning his flesh with their unnatural heat.

He felt like he was melting, dissolving, his very molecules being absorbed into her as she devoured him from within. The boundaries of his body blurred, his nerve endings raw and sparking as she wrang him out like a wet rag. His world narrowed to the pulsing heat between his legs, the wet squelch of her succubus cunt devouring his cock, the lightning pleasure building in his core.

With a guttural roar that sounded more beast than boy, Gregory exploded. His cock erupted like a geyser, painting her cervix white with ropey strands of teenage spunk. Sylvia shrieked in triumph, her voice shattering the remaining light bulbs in his bedside lamp, shards of glass raining down around them. Her body seized beneath him, back arching at an impossible angle, lifting him upward against her tightly clenched wings as she gushed around his spurting cock, a boiling deluge of succubus slime that splattered against his groin and thighs.

Gregory collapsed against his mom's heaving bosom, utterly spent, his rigid 18-year-old cock still twitching like a dying eel inside her volcanic depths.

Her massive leathery wings slowly unfurled with a sound like wet leather being stretched, releasing them from their sweltering cocoon. Her sweat-glazed legs extended outward in a wide spread, her crimson-painted toenails pointed towards opposite corners of his disheveled bedroom like compass needles. The sudden rush of cool midnight air against his sweat-slicked alabaster skin made him shiver violently, goosebumps prickling his flesh like a thousand tiny needles.

"Mmm, such a good hard-dicked boy," she purred, her voice a deep, satisfied rumble that vibrated through his chest. "Mommy's little cream dispenser, pumping me full of that sweet teenage nectar that makes my womb burn like hellfire."

Even though the pleasure was intense, Gregory knew she was draining him just as Jimmy had warned—literally sucking the vibrant life force from his marrow with each sweat-slicked coupling, leaving him a withered, desiccated husk while her supernatural beauty bloomed ever more lush and terrible with his stolen vitality.

"Dude, I think I found a way to switch your mom back," Jimmy said the next day, his eyes gleaming with manic intensity behind his thick-framed glasses. "But we gotta act fast, before she drains your soul completely and leaves you nothing but a desiccated teenage husk."

Gregory blinked slowly, his once-bright eyes now sunken into bruise-like hollows as he tried to process his friend's words through the viscous fog of bone-deep fatigue. "How?" he croaked, his throat raw and scratchy from hours of moaning.

Jimmy glanced around furtively before leaning in close, his breath reeking of Red Bull and Doritos. "That women's conference she went to? I did some digging online, on the dark web. It's not a normal conference at all. It's a gathering of succubi."

A chill raced down Gregory's spine at the word, goosebumps prickling his clammy skin.

"The queen succubus herself presides over it," Jimmy continued, his voice low and urgent. "And from what I've read, she has the power to turn a succubus back into a human. For a price."

Gregory swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing in his throat. "What kind of price?"

Jimmy's gaze darted away, a muscle ticking in his jaw. "Leave that to me," he muttered. "I've got something I think she'll want."

Before Gregory could press him further, the warning bell rang, signaling the start of first period. Students streamed around them, jostling backpacks and slamming lockers.

"Meet me behind the gym after school," Jimmy said, already backing away into the throng. "We've got a road trip ahead of us."

Gregory watched him disappear into the sea of bodies, his mind reeling. Could there really be a way to save his mother, to break the succubus curse that had transformed her into a ravenous sex demon? And what exactly was Jimmy planning to trade for this dark miracle?

He shook his head, trying to clear the cobwebs of exhaustion and doubt. All he knew was that he couldn't keep going like this, couldn't survive another night of soul-draining depravity at the hands of the creature wearing his mother's skin. If there was even a chance of getting her back, he had to take it. No matter the cost.

The two hour drive seemed to stretch into eternity as Gregory slumped in the passenger seat of Jimmy's mom's beat-up Honda Civic, his forehead pressed against the cool glass of the window. Trees and telephone poles whipped by in a smeary blur, but he barely registered them, his exhausted mind consumed by the sickening kaleidoscope of carnal images that played on repeat behind his eyelids - his mother's voluptuous form rippling and writhing beneath him as he pounded into her molten core, his cock enveloped by searing wet velvet; her crimson eyes boring into his very soul as she drained him to the dregs, fat drops of his life essence splattering across her heaving tits...

"We're here," Jimmy announced, snapping Gregory out of his fevered reverie. He blinked slowly, the fog of fatigue and depraved memories gradually receding as he took in their surroundings.

The Civic had rolled to a stop at the end of a long, winding gravel drive, tires crunching on weather-worn stones. Before them loomed a sprawling Victorian mansion, all faded grandeur and peeling paint the color of spoiled cream. Massive oak trees, their gnarled branches twisting toward the gunmetal sky like arthritic fingers, cast the building in dappled shadow.

Gregory shivered as he stepped out of the car. This was the place - the den of succubi where they would either find salvation or damnation. His heart thudded against his ribs as he followed Jimmy up the crooked steps, rotting wood groaning beneath their feet. The massive front door, painted a deep merlot red, seemed to pulse with its own malevolent energy, the brass knocker shaped like a snarling gargoyle.

Jimmy raised a trembling fist and pounded on the door, the heavy thuds echoing through the eaves. For a long moment, only silence answered. Then, with a low creak, the door swung inward. Gregory's breath caught in his throat.

Standing in the doorway was a MILF clad in little more than glistening straps of black leather that barely contained her generous curves. Her enormous tits, easily rivaling the size of his mother's, strained against the criss-crossing strips that bisected her jutting nipples. The thong between her muscular thighs was nothing more than a tiny scrap of fabric that left her hairless mound completely exposed, the plump lips of her sex peeking out obscenely.

"What brings two strapping young bucks like you to our little retreat?" she purred, her voice dripping with honey and sin.

Jimmy cleared his throat, his prominent Adam's apple bobbing like a cork in water. "We're here to see the, uh, the leader. It's about a succubus problem."

The woman's smirk widened into a Cheshire cat grin, revealing teeth too white and too sharp, like polished ivory daggers nestled in wet, scarlet gums. "Ahh, I see. Well then, right this way, boys."

She turned on her seven-inch stiletto heel—the spike thin enough to pierce a man's heart—and sauntered into the shadowy foyer, her meaty ass cheeks jiggling hypnotically beneath the leather straps like ripe fruit, the deep cleft between them visible with each exaggerated sway of her hourglass hips.

Gregory and Jimmy exchanged a nervous glance before following her inside, the massive oak door slamming shut behind them with a resounding thud. They trailed the leather-strapped MILF down a long, dimly-lit hallway where antique sconces cast flickering amber shadows across gilded portraits of stunningly beautiful women—redheads with cascading copper tresses, raven-haired temptresses with blood-red lips, blondes with honeyed skin—all in various states of undress. Their oil-painted eyes seeming to track the boys' every stumbling step with predatory hunger.

Soft, feminine laughter—high-pitched giggles—and breathy, desperate moans drifted from behind closed mahogany doors, mingling with the unmistakable wet slap-slap-slap of sweat-slicked flesh on flesh. Gregory's cock stirred and stiffened in his faded Levi's despite his bone-deep exhaustion, his teenage body betraying him, conditioned like Pavlov's dog to respond to even the suggestion of carnal pleasure.

Finally, they reached a set of massive mahogany doors carved with intricate designs of writhing, naked forms. The MILF rapped against the wood twice—tap-tap—before pushing them open with a theatrical flourish, revealing a lavish boudoir bathed in crimson light that pulsed like the inside of a living heart.

Velvet curtains the color of spilled wine draped the walls in suffocating folds, and plush Persian rugs woven with intricate patterns of peacocks and serpents muffled their footsteps as they entered the perfume-saturated chamber.

In the center of the room, lounging on a black velvet divan was the most breathtaking woman Gregory had ever seen. Blonde hair the shade of spun gold tumbled over her alabaster shoulders in loose curls that seemed to capture and reflect the crimson light. Her face possessed an unearthly beauty that made his throat constrict—high cheekbones, full crimson lips like overripe fruit ready to burst with

juice, and eyes that glittered like polished emeralds beneath heavy-lidded bedroom eyes framed by impossibly long lashes.

Her voluptuous body—all dangerous curves and soft valleys—was barely concealed by a sheer, gauzy robe the color of morning mist that clung to every mouthwatering curve like a desperate lover, her breasts—gigantic and ripe, strained against the delicate fabric that concealed nothing yet promised everything. This was no mere succubus—this was their queen, their goddess, their alpha and omega of carnal knowledge.

A sea of voluptuous, naked middle-aged women glided into the crimson-bathed chamber from hidden doors behind the velvet curtains, their movements as fluid and hypnotic as cobras being charmed from wicker baskets. They encircled Gregory and Jimmy, a undulating wall of jiggling, sun-kissed flesh and heaving bosoms, some adorned with gleaming piercings or intricate tattoos that seemed to writhe with a life of their own in the pulsing scarlet light.

The queen's emerald eyes, glittering with ancient knowledge and insatiable hunger, raked over Gregory and Jimmy like a physical caress, her gaze lingering on the trembling boys' crotches where their teenage arousal strained against the confining denim.

"My, my," she purred, her voice dripping with succubus honey, "have the goddesses above smiled upon me today? Such sweet, virile young bucks, ripe for the plucking."

She reached out with elegant fingers, tracing the quivering line of Gregory's jaw. "So much pent-up essence, positively thrumming with untapped potential. I could just eat you right up."

Gregory swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing convulsively as he fought to find his voice, painfully aware of all the ravenous succubi eyes boring into him. "P-please," he stammered, hating how weak and needy he sounded, "we're not here for...for that. It's my mom. She's

been turned into a succubus. It's destroying her...destroying me. I was hoping you could help change her back."

The queen arched one sculpted eyebrow, her smirk sharpening. "Ahh, I see. You require...a deal, then." She began to circle him with a predator's lazy grace, her sheer robe whispering against his skin, letting him feel the blistering heat radiating from her impossible curves. "I suppose that could be arranged, sweet boy. For the right price, of course."

Gregory shivered as her molten gaze flicked to Jimmy, a cruel smile playing at the corners of her lips. "And you, little man? What's your part in this tawdry drama?"

Jimmy locked eyes with the succubus queen, his jaw set with grim determination. "I wanna offer myself," he said, his voice quivering only slightly. "My body, my essence, my everything. Whenever you want me, for as long as you want me. In exchange for turning my friend's mom back."

Gregory's heart clenched, a chill racing down his spine. "No!" he blurted out, grabbing Jimmy's arm. "You can't do that, man. They'll drain the life from you until there's nothing left!"

But Jimmy shook him off, a sad smile playing at his thin lips. "That's the point, Greg. You know about my condition."

Gregory's throat constricted as realization dawned. Jimmy's chronic illness, the one he rarely spoke about, the one slowly eating him away from the inside out. "You...you want them to take you instead of wasting away in a hospital bed," he whispered, stomach churning.

Jimmy nodded, his eyes glistening behind his thick lenses. "If I'm gonna go out, I want it to be like this. In a blaze of pleasure instead of a morphine haze. Knowing I got some really good pussy before I died."

Tears pricked the corners of Gregory's eyes, his chest aching like it had been cleaved in two. This couldn't be happening. He couldn't let his best friend sacrifice himself, even if he was already dying. There had to be another way.

The succubus queen watched the exchange with a cruel, calculating smile. "Well, well," she purred, "how utterly delicious. The boy wants to martyr himself for his sickly friend. How...noble."

Suddenly, massive wings burst from the queen's back with a sickening rip, shredding her gauzy robe to ribbons as they unfurled to their full, fifteen-foot span. Mottled crimson and purple, the membranous appendages pulsed with bulging veins and blocked out the light like thunderclouds eclipsing the sun. Her eyes flashed from emerald to searing crimson, the vertical pupils narrowing to thin, reptilian slits.

A wet crunch like green branches snapping in a hurricane echoed through the velvet-draped chamber as her bones shifted and elongated with sickening pops and grinds, her already statuesque form swelling to eight feet of rippling obsidian muscle and straining, purple-veined alabaster skin that glistened with an oily sheen of sulfurous sweat.

Her manicured nails lengthened into curved obsidian talons, each razor-tipped claw as long as a master butcher's knife and twice as sharp. But most staggering of all were her mammoth breasts - inflating like fleshy beach balls filled with boiling mercury, each one 10 times bigger than Gregory's sweat-drenched head, the taut skin stretched to translucence revealing a network of throbbing blue veins beneath.

The jutting carnation-pink nipples thickened and engorged to the size of overripe Black Mission figs, surrounded by pebbled areolas as wide as competition-grade frisbees, beaded with droplets of pearlescent fluid.

She let out an unholy shriek that sent hairline cracks spiderwebbing through the Victorian crystal chandelier above, the sound like a banshee's midnight wail threaded with the agonized screams of a thousand tortured souls burning in the ninth circle of hell.

Jimmy stumbled back in abject terror, his knees buckling beneath him, but far too slow. Her gore-tipped talons shot out, quick as a death adder's strike, snatching him up by his denim-covered crotch and dangling him in the fetid air at eye level like a terrified field mouse in a famished eagle's blood-stained beak.

Jimmy groaned, his size 11 Converse high-tops kicking uselessly at the empty air. The queen's claws dug into the soft, vulnerable meat of his throbbing cock and egg-sized balls through his Levi's 501s, dimpling the stonewashed denim.

The succubus queen hauled him closer with a single flex of her twenty-inch bicep. Her forked tongue, eighteen inches long and glistening with saliva, unfurled from her mouth to lap at the salt-tinged sweat beading on his bobbing Adam's apple. She inhaled deeply through flared nostrils the size of shotgun barrels, her cavernous nasal passages drinking in his teenage pheromones.

"Mmm, I can smell the cum boiling in you, little rabbit," she hissed through sharp, glistening teeth, hot breath washing over his neck.

The queen squeezed Jimmy's now rigid cock-meat in her taloned hand, assessing its girth and tumescence like a farmer appraising a prize bull at a State Fair's livestock pavilion. It wasn't the largest slab of throbbing flesh she had ever impaled herself upon—barely seven inches of quivering, purple-headed manhood with a pronounced rightward curve—but it was enough to stimulate her cavernous, honey-slick inner walls and make her demonic womb gush.

She locked eyes with Jimmy, her burning crimson irises boring into his watery, terror-dilated blue ones, and a cruel smirk played across her glistening blood-red lips. "I could fuck you into a drooling, dick-drunk puddle, little man," she purred, her voice dripping with sadistic hunger. "Ride you straight into my mattress and drown you in a tsunami of my boiling girl-jizz, until it comes spurting out your nose and weeping from your bloodshot eye sockets. Is that what you want, sweetness?"

Jimmy nodded so vigorously it looked like his head might bobble right off, his coke-bottle glasses slipping down his sweat-slick nose. "Yes!" he gasped out, drool leaking from the corner of his slack mouth. "Do your worst, you succubitch!

Jimmy's word of submission ignited an inferno of ravenous excitement within the succubus queen. She threw back her head and let out an ear-splitting shriek of demonic glee, baring her rows of needle-sharp teeth in a terrifying rictus grin. Her crimson eyes blazed with insatiable hunger as she fixed Jimmy with a stare that promised untold agonies of ecstasy, already envisioning the myriad depraved ways she would violate his nubile young body until he was reduced to a whimpering, cum-drunk shell.

She whirled to face Gregory, her shimmering raven tresses whipping around her head like a tempest. "You have yourself a deal, sweet boy," she purred, her voice honeyed poison. "For your little friend's noble sacrifice, I shall restore your mother to her original form. But wait, there's more..."

She slinked towards Gregory with a predator's grace, his heart jackhammered against his ribs as she pressed her massive, heaving tits against his chest, the heat radiating from her body threatening to melt his very bones.

"I'm feeling generous, so I'll sweeten the pot just for you," she breathed against the shell of his ear.

Gregory's stomach roiled with confusion and dread. "What do you mean, sweeten the pot?" he stammered, his voice cracking like thin ice. The heady, heated aroma wafting up from her succubus cunt what utterly intoxicating.

The succubus queen's full crimson lips curled in a wicked smile, revealing the tips of gleaming white fangs that glistened with a film of iridescent saliva. "Oh, you'll see soon enough, sweet boy," she purred. "NOW GET THE FUCK OUT!" she screamed, the force of her hellish bellow sending Gregory's sweat-dampened hair whipping back from his forehead.

With that, she hefted a squirming Jimmy over her broad shoulder like a sack of potatoes, her talons digging crescents into the soft flesh of his thighs. Jimmy's glasses slid askew on his flushed face as he fumbled in the pocket of his cum-stained jeans and tossed his car keys at Gregory. They hit his heaving chest with a metallic jangle and clattered to the marble floor, leaving a thin scratch in the blood-red veining.

"I'll see you at school tomorrow, bro!" Jimmy called out with an anxious grin that didn't quite reach his dilated pupils, a thin rivulet of drool escaping the corner of his mouth.

Gregory's heart thudded against his ribcage as he watched the 8-foot-tall succubus queen carry his friend off like a lioness that had just seized a baby gazelle with a broken leg, to some hidden boudoir of unspeakable depravity.

Her massive ass cheeks jiggled and flexed atop her powerful, hurried legs with each long-legged stride, the undulating globes of porcelain flesh rippling like fleshy tidal waves crashing against a beach of sin. Her colossal succubus tits, bobbed and swayed wildly, slapping together with meaty smacks that echoed off the walls.

As she quickly disappeared through a dark doorway, the sea of naked MILFs began to change before Gregory's bulging eyes, his pupils dilating to pinpricks of terror.

Their voluptuous MILF forms distorted and stretched with wet, meaty sounds, bones popping and cracking like kindling in a campfire as they shifted into their true succubus shapes. Membranous wings in every shade from bruise-purple to gangrene-green unfurled from shoulder blades with sickening rips that sprayed hot droplets of black ichor across the marble floor.

French-manicured nails lengthened into eight-inch razor-sharp obsidian talons that gleamed like oil-slick daggers under the flickering chandelier. Perfect white teeth elongated into yellowed, dripping fangs that jutted past plump bottom lips, drizzling viscous venom that sizzled when it hit the ground.

Eyes flashed from blue and brown and green to glowing crimson like molten lava, pupils narrowing to thin, reptilian slits that tracked his every trembling movement with predatory hunger.

They closed in around him, a undulating wall of rippling demon-flesh, forked tongues flicking hungrily as they scented his pheromone-laden fear-sweat. Clawed hands grabbed at him from all sides, palming his ass, raking down his back, twisting his sensitive nipples through his t-shirt.

Wet, serpentine tongues lashed at every inch of his exposed skin, painting him with stinging succubus saliva. Gigantic, pendulous tits smothered his skinny body, suffocating him in jiggling, hard-nippled demonflesh. Someone's talons seized his crotch in a crushing grip, razor-sharp claws sinking into the meat of his throbbing prick and cum-swollen balls through his jeans.

The horde of she-demons cackled and screamed, their gargantuan tits flopping violently against their rib cages like water balloons filled with warm pudding as they pursued Gregory down the long, twisting hallway.

Their taloned feet clacked against the marble floor, echoing like machine-gun fire as their cruel laughter pursued him like a physical force. He burst through the ornate double doors of the mansion and rushed to Jimmy's car anxious to get back home.

Gregory pulled into the driveway of his family's suburban home, his stomach churning with equal parts dread and desperate hope. Would his mother truly be herself again, purged of the demonic succubus taint that had twisted her into an insatiable, life-draining nightmare? Or had it all been a cruel trick, a false promise from the sneering crimson lips of the succubus queen?

He found his mother sprawled on the living room couch, her curves barely contained by a pale blue sundress, the neckline drooping to reveal an expanse of creamy cleavage that made his mouth go dry with hunger, his cock twitching traitorously in his jeans.

At the sound of his arrival, her eyes fluttered open, warm brown instead of blazing hellfire red. She sat up and blinked at him, her expression soft and confused.

"Gregory, honey? Is that you?" Her voice was the familiar honeyed cadence he remembered from before the nightmare began, not the multi-tonal succubus rasp dripping with demonic venom.

She stood on unsteady legs and stumbled towards him, arms outstretched. "It feels like forever since I've seen you! The last few days since the women's conference are so hazy..."

She enveloped him in a crushing hug, her gigantic mommy-tits—still far too large to be fully natural but no longer the physics-defying planetoids they had swollen to in her demon form—pillowing his face. He breathed in her scent, searching for any lingering traces of cinnamon and brimstone, but found only the familiar orange blossom and vanilla of her favorite perfume. Tears of relief pricked his eyes and he sagged against her, his knees threatening to buckle.

"I'm just glad you're back, Mom," he choked out, voice muffled by her cleavage. "Really back."

She pulled away and looked at him quizzically, smoothing his sweat-matted hair back from his forehead with a cool palm. "Back? Did I go somewhere, sweetie?"

He shook his head, swallowing around the lump in his throat. "It doesn't matter now. You're here."

Sylvia smiled, all traces of her succubus cruelty wiped away like a chalk drawing in the rain, leaving only the warm, caring mother he'd always known. The mother he'd fought so hard to save.

"I'm here, but your father's not. He called earlier and said he had to work tonight—something about a last-minute emergency at the office. Your little brother's having a sleepover with the Martinez boy down the street. Are you hungry? I can whip up some of my famous three-cheese lasagna with the garlic bread you love." She turned towards the kitchen, the floral-patterned skirt of her powder-blue sundress swishing around her smooth, tanned thighs like ocean waves.

Gregory nodded eagerly. "That sounds amazing, thanks Mom."

He watched as Sylvia turned and sauntered towards the kitchen on bare feet, mesmerized by the hypnotic sway of her childbearing hips and the way her sundress stretched taut across the generous globes of her bubble butt, the thin cotton fabric clinging to every dimple and contour.

Each rolling step made the plump cheeks jiggle and bounce atop her shapely thighs like two ripe melons in a silk handkerchief. His cock stirred in his jeans, already fully erect from their embrace, the thick shaft swelling further at the mouthwatering sight until it strained painfully against his zipper.

Sylvia paused in the kitchen doorway and glanced back over her shoulder, a mischievous smile playing at the corners of her glossy cherry-red lips. "And maybe for dessert..." She ran her pink tongue slowly along her perfect white upper teeth, leaving a glistening trail of saliva that caught the light. "...I can give you some of Mommy's hot, wet, pussy. Would you like that, baby boy?"

Gregory's jaw dropped, his eyes bulging from their sockets. A strangled choking sound escaped his bone-dry throat as his lungs seized. The casual, brazen way she offered up her most private parts, after everything that had happened—it didn't compute in his fried neural circuits. This couldn't be his real mother, not with that lewd, lascivious purr in her voice that made his cock throb painfully against his zipper.

Sylvia popped one tanned, toned leg out from the slit in her sundress, arching her foot on pointed toes like a ballerina. The floral fabric rode up her smooth thigh, nearly to her camel-toed crotch. Her massive titties shimmied and swayed beneath the thin cotton, the jutting peaks of her nipples clearly visible, straining against the material like twin missiles seeking heat.

"What's the matter, sweetie?" she purred, cocking her head to the side. Her chestnut curls tumbled over one shoulder, exposing the elegant column of her neck. "Don't you wanna fuck Mommy like an animal? Pound my dripping cunt until I scream?"

Then the succubus queen's final words echoed through Gregory's mind like a funeral bell's toll, each syllable reverberating against his skull: "I'm feeling generous, so I'll sweeten the pot just for you." A sense of sheer excitement rushed through the boy's body like liquid

lightning, making his toes curl inside his sneakers and his spine tingle with electric anticipation. Oh god. The crimson-lipped demon bitch had restored his mother to human form, but left her with the insatiable, depraved lust of a succubus. The pot truly was sweetened!

Sylvia giggled, the girlish sound tinkling like wind chimes— raw hunger smoldering in her half-lidded amber eyes. "Don't look so shocked, sweetie. We both know how much you love driving your thick, veiny cock through Mommy's dripping pussy."

She sauntered over to him, big boobs swaying heavily with each exaggerated hip-rolling step. Gregory's heart jackhammered against his ribs as she pressed those warm, squishy mommy-mammaries against his chest.

Sylvia's plump, glossy lips curled into a wicked Cheshire cat grin as her long, manicured nails danced teasingly along the worn leather waistband of Gregory's faded Levi's jeans. "Maybe we should skip right to dessert," she purred like a tigress in heat, her honeyed voice dripping with sinful promise. "Mommy's absolutely ravenous for some hard, throbbing teenage cock inside her cunt."

Gregory's head spun, his heart slamming against his sternum as he struggled to process her lewd words. This couldn't be real. After all the torment and depravity he'd endured at the hands of her succubus form, she couldn't possibly be offering herself to him now, fully human but still consumed by unnatural lust. It had to be some kind of fever dream, a final cruel trick of his exhausted mind.

But then Sylvia was sinking to her knees on the polished oak hardwood floor with feline grace, her nimble fingers making quick brass belt buckle. The metallic rasp of his zipper being tugged down tooth by agonizing tooth was thunderous in the charged silence, like the slow-motion countdown to an explosion.

She peeled his faded Levi's jeans and cotton briefs down his trembling alabaster legs in one smooth predatory motion, letting them puddle around his ankles like discarded snake skin. His cock sprang free, already engorged to its full eight inches and pulsing with each frantic heartbeat, the swollen plum-purple head weeping pearlescent pre-cum that caught the afternoon light streaming through the venetian blinds.

"Mmm, there's my big, beautiful boy," Sylvia cooed appreciatively, her pretty eyes glazing with primal hunger as she wrapped her long, elegant fingers around his throbbing veiny shaft.

Her hand was soft and cool as satin against his fevered flesh, her nails lightly scraping his delicate cock skin. "Mommy's gonna suck you dry with her hot, wet mouth, then bury you to your root inside her dripping cunt."

Gregory's breath hitched, catching in his constricting throat as she stroked him root to tip with a touch both gentle and authoritative. He was putty in her hands, his body conditioned to surrender to her every whim after days of relentless succubus feedings.

Sylvia leaned in, her warm breath puffing against his pulsing cockhead as her tongue—pink and glistening like wet coral—snaked out to lap up the pearly beads of pre-cum that had gathered at his slit.

His eyes rolled back until only the whites showed as her plush lips wrapped around his bulbous purple tip and suckled with the gentle persistence of a hummingbird at a flower. Her lively pink tongue swirled around the swollen crown in perfect figure-eight patterns, leaving no nerve ending untouched.

Humming with satisfaction, Sylvia took him deeper, her pillowy lips stretching obscenely around his thick girth as his cock slid over her writhing tongue to nudge the soft, ridged palate at the back of her throat. Her moan vibrated around his sensitive flesh like the bass line

of some sinful symphony played on instruments made of human bone, making his balls tighten against his body.

She worked him with single-minded focus, her pretty head bobbing up and down with metronomic precision—her cascading curls with their honey-gold highlights tickling his quivering thighs like silken whips.

After tenderly kissing his cock-head, Sylvia rose to her feet in one fluid motion, her HH-cup breasts swaying pendulously beneath the powder-blue sundress. Gregory watched, mouth agape, as she hooked her thumbs into the scalloped lacy waistband of her dainty Victoria's Secret thong and slid them down her dolphin-smooth, Coppertone-tanned thighs. Bending at the waist to step out of them gave him a breathtaking look at her long gaping tit-cleavage, his cock flexing on his loins.

Sylvia kicked the damp scrap of fabric aside with her cute painted toes, then turned back to her teen with a mischievous grin. In two quick gazelle-like strides, she closed the 4-foot distance between them and leapt into his arms with gymnastic precision, her powerful yoga-toned thighs clamping around his narrow waist like a velvet-lined steel trap.

He staggered back three steps, catching her gravity-defying bubble-round ass in his trembling palms, fingers sinking 2 inches into the butter-soft pliant flesh as he struggled to support her weight. She clung to him like a sex-crazed kudzu vine, her lush tits flattening against his heaving chest as she dove in for a searing open-mouthed kiss that made his knees buckle.

Their tongues tangled in a slick, writhing dance—hers bold and demanding, his timid and yielding. She licked into his mouth with the ferocity of a lioness devouring her kill, tracing his straight white teeth, tickling the ridged roof of his palate until he whimpered into the liplock.

Lost in the whirlpool of sensation, Gregory barely registered his mom reaching between their sweat-slicked bodies to grasp his throbbing cock, angling it towards the molten heat radiating from her dripping core.

With a roll of her supple hips, she impaled herself on his thick shaft, his swollen plum-purple mushroom parting her glistening coral-pink folds like a battering ram breaching the gates of heaven. He gasped into her plundering mouth as tight, scorching velvet engulfed him to the root, her slick inner muscles rippling along his length in a sinuous welcome home.

“Oh fuck, your dick!” the mother squealed as she broke the kiss with a vulgar smack.

She leaned back in his trembling arms, tipping her head towards the ceiling until her cascading blonde tresses tickled the dimples of her lower back. A throaty moan tore from her kiss-swollen lips as she began to bounce on his cock in earnest, each downward plunge of her wide hips driving him deeper into her succulent heat. The lewd wet slaps of flesh-on-flesh echoed obscenely through the house.

“Oh my God, mom,” Gregory panted, staggered backwards until the backs of his calves hit the couch cushions. He collapsed onto the sofa, and Sylvia followed him down, never breaking their intimate connection.

She straddled his lap, knees sinking into the plush upholstery on either side of his narrow hips as she continued to grind on his throbbing shaft with skillful rolls of her wide pelvis.

Her elegant hands flew to the spaghetti straps of her powder-blue sundress, tugging the flimsy fabric down to bare the expansive slopes of her heaving breasts. The stretchy bodice caught under the heavy globes for a moment before she yanked it further, and her massive

mammaries sprang free, wobbling and jiggling like two fleshy wrecking balls.

Gregory gaped at the breathtaking sight, his heart pounding against his ribs. He'd seen his mother's tits countless times over the past hellish days, but never like this - so naturally full and heavy, capped by gumdrop-pink nipples that strained towards him like ripe berries, begging to be sucked and chewed o. No brimstone-reeking fluids leaking from the engorged teats, no pulsing demonic veins marbling the creamy skin. Just glorious, mouthwatering tits, finally freed from their lacy prison.

Sylvia reached behind her back and unclasped her white lace bra with deft fingers, shrugging out of the delicate garment and tossing it aside. Her gigantic breasts swayed with the movement, huge areolas tightening into crinkled pink bullseyes as the cool air kissed her fevered skin.

Gregory swallowed hard, throat clicking audibly as he drank in the sight of her naked torso, a Renaissance sculpture come to vivid life. The blood-dark material of her sundress pooled around her undulating hips, framing the shadowed junction of their straining bodies where his engorged cock disappeared into her slick, pulsing heat again and again.

He watched, transfixed, as her immense milkers bounced and quivered with each skillful grind of her pelvis, his hands flying up to cup the heavy globes, thumbs brushing reverently over the pebbled peaks.

Sylvia threw her head back and keened, a throaty sound of rapture, as he kneaded the pliant flesh, fingers sinking into the warm, giving skin. Her nipples seemed to swell further under his touch, flushing a deeper rosy-red and jutting out over half an inch, just begging to be sucked.

"That's it, sweetheart," Sylvia purred, her voice husky with need as she rode him with increasing fervor. "Worship Mommy's big titties while she milks your sweet cock with her hungry cunt."

Gregory buried his face between her massive, jiggling breasts, motorboating the pliant flesh with sloppy abandon. Sylvia's skin was hot and slick with perspiration against his flushed cheeks, the intoxicating musk of her arousal filling his flaring nostrils.

Her fat nipples scraped against his lips like sun-warmed raspberries begging to be plucked. He captured one straining peak between his teeth and suckled hard, rolling the sensitive nub with his tongue as he plunged into her velvet heat with increasing desperation.

Sylvia threw her head back and keened, a guttural sound of raw ecstasy that reverberated in Gregory's very bones. Her powerful thighs clamped around his bucking hips as she met him thrust for frantic thrust, the wet slaps of their colliding flesh echoing obscenely off the vaulted ceiling.

He could feel the pressure building at the base of his spine, his balls drawing up tight and tingling as his climax swelled like a tsunami gathering destructive force.

"That's it baby, suck Mommy's titties!" Sylvia growled, fisting his sweat-matted hair and pressing his face harder into her heaving cleavage until he saw stars bursting behind his clenched eyelids. "Gonna... unnghhh... gonna cum all over your big fat cock!"

Her words, dripping with lust, slithered directly into the most primal part of Gregory's brain, detonating like a grenade. With a hoarse groan, he slammed up into her as deep as he could go, the purple head of his cock pummeling her quivering cervix with the force of a battering ram. The first volcanic jet of his thick semen erupted from

his pulsating slit, painting her velvet walls white as his testicles contracted violently against his perineum.

Sylvia let out a beautiful girlish shriek. her spine arching like a drawn bow as her orgasm detonated through her core with the force of a nuclear blast. Her honey-slick cunt clamped down on her boy's sturdy, spurting dick like a molten velvet fist, each internal muscle contracting in rhythmic waves from her entrance to her cervix, rippling along his throbbing purple length as she milked him of every last pearly drop.

"Fuck yes, mom!" the boy exclaimed and he pumped his hips mindlessly, eyes rolling back to expose the bloodshot whites, lost in the throes of the most intense climax of his young life. His balls contracted violently against his sweat-slicked perineum as he filled her pulsating, silk-lined sheath to overflowing with his potent teenage seed. The excess cream bubbled out with her fem-cum around his cunt-spearing shaft and dripped down to soak the couch cushions beneath them.

They collapsed together in a sweaty tangle of trembling limbs, Sylvia's voluptuous form draped bonelessly across Gregory's heaving chest as violent aftershocks rippled through her quivering body like seismic waves. His softening, purple-veined cock slipped from her glistening coral folds with an obscene wet squelch, releasing a torrent of his pearlescent spunk that oozed like warm honey down the creamy expanse of her inner thighs and pooled on the upholstery beneath them.

"Mmmm, such a good, obedient boy," Sylvia purred, her voice thick and languid with post-orgasmic satisfaction, breath hot against his ear. She nuzzled the sensitive hollow of his neck, her plump tongue flicking out to lap the salty perspiration from his flushed skin like a contented feline. "Mommy's perfect little cream dispenser."

Gregory's lips curved into a lazy smile. The pet name no longer carried the dread of demonic extraction—now it was just another delicious part of this new reality where his body belonged to her in the most human way possible. His manhood stirred to life once more at the very thought.

THE END