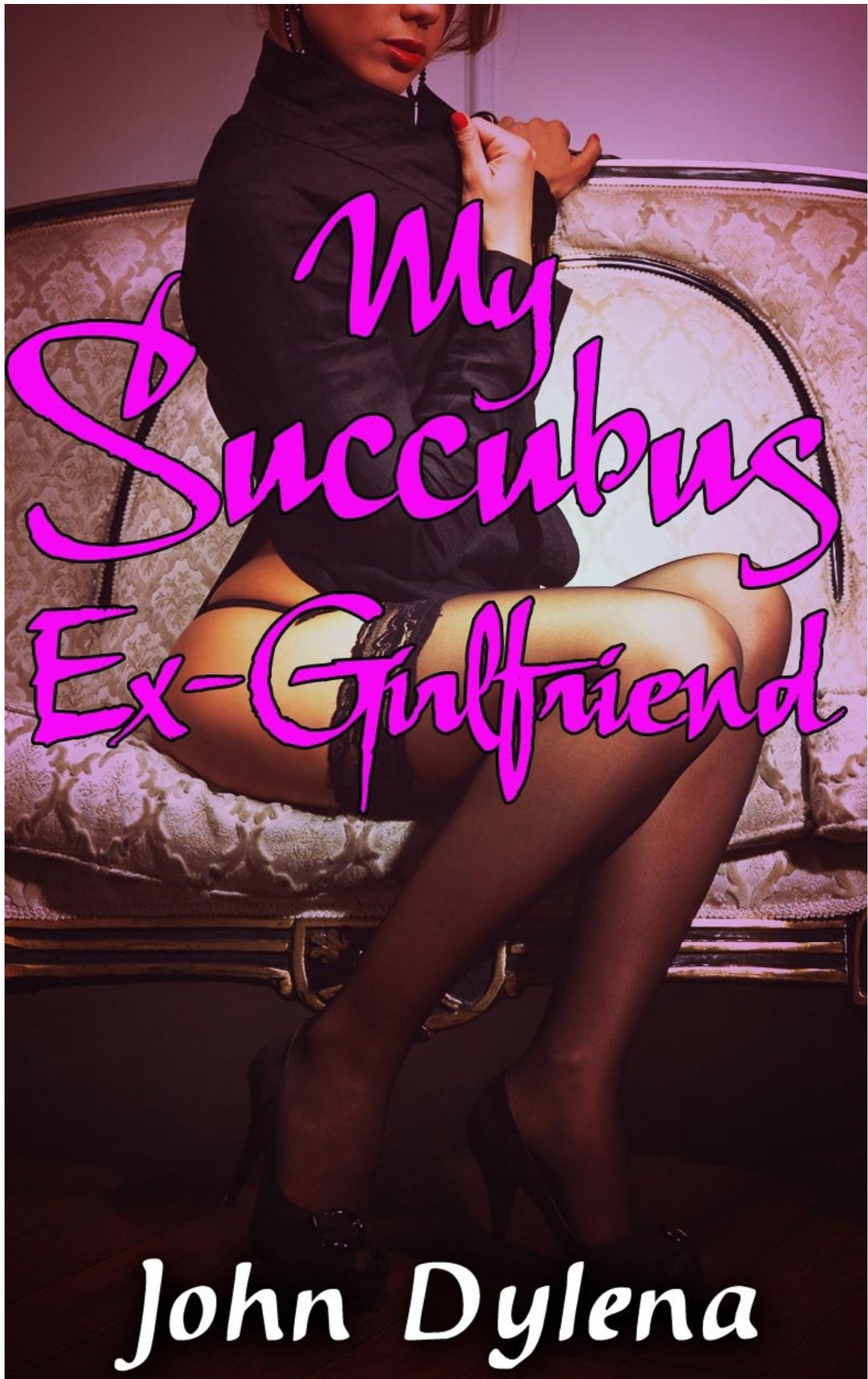


*My
Succubus
Ex-Girlfriend*

John Dylena



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My Succubus Ex-Girlfriend

by John Dylena

Wyrnwood Publishing and Editing

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Smashwords Edition

a Pink Skirt Press story

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

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

Enjoy.

For Solar,

A talented writer. A fun, naughty woman.

The demon on my shoulder.

It's been an honor knowing you.

Mike stood in front of the mini bar in the mostly dark living room. He wore nothing but his boxers as he helped himself to a glass of whiskey. It was his alcohol, after all. His hard-earned money had paid for it, so why not drink it?

He took a long sip and stared straight ahead at the other bottles stacked up neatly nearby. Then he refilled the glass as the sound of a woman sobbing filled his ears.

Mike frowned before taking another gulp. He was afraid this would happen, and from the sounds of it, his bullshit lie didn't convince the woman on the bed.

They had been dating for close to a year. Their anniversary was in just two weeks. Mike had come home with a big bonus check and a promotion, and he was going to surprise his girlfriend with the diamond earrings she had wanted for the past two months when he got back from his business trip.

His girlfriend was a beautiful woman. She had long amber-brown hair that reminded Mike of the color of leaves in the fall. She had brown eyes and soft, pouty lips with a killer body; curvy with great breasts, flat tummy, and a nice round ass. She was a kind woman who loved to laugh and cook, but despite her innocent appearance, she could make a man melt.

Mike loved that about her. She skillfully wielded her body and knew exactly how to tease him. He had called her right after he got the promotion and the bonus, and when he came home, his heart started to pound.

The smell of food filled his nostrils and his mouth watered. He had walked toward the kitchen in a zombie-like lurch and his jaw dropped when he'd laid eyes on her.

She had her hair up in a bun and wore a short cherry-red dress. She winked at him as she walked past and his eyes followed the curves of her body down to her long slender legs. He bit onto his fist when he spotted the seams of her stockings and the matching platform heels that she effortlessly strolled around in.

As delicious as the home-cooked meal smelled and looked, Mike wanted

nothing more than to unwrap the woman in red and see what she had on underneath. The meal was as good as it looked, and after several glasses of wine Mike was ready for his dessert.

He followed her into the bedroom and grinned as she turned her back to him and slowly unzipped her dress. He slid the straps down off of her shoulders and kissed her neck as he helped her shimmy out of it.

Mike groaned. It was a low, deep sound of utter satisfaction and approval. He had guessed right. Underneath the dress his girlfriend wore red lace lingerie: a bra, panties, and garter belt combo in addition to the stockings. Her gold necklace shone brightly in the lights of the bedroom and he brushed his thumb across her ruby lips.

She undid her bun and let her hair cascade down her shoulders before kissing him. Her fingernails coated with matching red polish undid the buttons of his shirt and loosened his tie. Her lips moved south, and he grunted with approval as she knelt down in front of him and freed his engorged cock from his black pants.

Sex followed the amazing blowjob she gave him, and it was then that everything came crashing down.

Mike was on top of her, thrusting his long, thick cock deep into her pussy. Her breasts, freed from the bra, bounced as the bed rocked from their movements and her moans kept his fire burning hot. Mike stroked her creamy thighs as he edged closer and closer to erotic bliss.

“Oh, Kristy!”

The color from Mike’s face vanished. He looked down at his girlfriend and hoped she was too swept up in the moment to hear what he’d said. She stared at him with a fire in her eyes and scooted out from underneath him.

She’d heard what he said.

Kristy wasn’t the name of Mike’s girlfriend. Her name was Ashley.

Kristy was the name of the busty blonde that Mike had fucked two weeks ago in a hotel room after meeting her just hours earlier at a strip club and

later at a bar after her shift.

But she wasn't alone. In the almost-year that he had been dating Ashley, Mike had slept with two other women, not including Kristy. He had kept those successfully under wraps, but Kristy had managed to snake her way back into his mind and out his mouth when he should have screamed Ashley's name.

It wasn't that Ashley wasn't attractive or good at sex, nor was it that she was unavailable or emotionally distant. She was a good girlfriend—the perfect girlfriend, if there was such a thing. Mike was just a terrible boyfriend who couldn't keep himself in check and let his desires and temptation often get the better of him.

His previous girlfriend broke up with him because she caught him cheating on her. Unlike Ashley, his ex was terrible at sex and their relationship didn't make it to two months.

Ashley crawled away from him and covered her breasts with her hands as she screamed at him, asking him who this “Kristy” was and why did he call out her name during sex.

Mike said nothing and her outbursts became muffled as he fell into deep thought, wondering if there was anything he could do to salvage this relationship. He leaned back onto his heels and dropped his head. He couldn't even feel guilty for what he did.

All he could do was lie and say that Kristy was his previous girlfriend and that it wasn't a blonde stripper that he had a one night stand with. He muttered his horrible excuse and climbed off of the bed, pulling his boxers up as he went to pour himself a drink.

The sobbing stopped and Mike heard the sound of a zipper. Minutes later Ashley came out of his bedroom, clothed with her purse in hand. Her makeup ran down her cheeks and her eyes were red. She fumbled with her key ring and a second later threw the key to Mike's condo at him along with a fair amount of obscenities before slamming the door shut and walking out of his life.

Or so he thought.

Mike stared at the door for a long while, hoping that Ashley would come back. He frowned and set the glass down on the bar. Why would she come back to him? He'd cheated on her several times, and it was only the most recent affair that ruined a year-long relationship. The worst part was that he felt nothing—no guilt or remorse, no sadness or depression.

Nothing.

The lights in the kitchen were still on. The plates were still on the table and the candles were dark and cold. There were two empty bottles of wine and little food remained—not enough for leftovers.

Mike remained silent as he cleared the table, throwing everything into the sink and deciding to do the dishes in the morning. She always liked doing the dishes, he thought as he scraped the remnants of food into the trash can. He returned to the living room with the unopened bottle of wine, replacing it with the rest of his wine collection and poured himself one last drink for the night.

His car came for him earlier than he anticipated the following morning, and Mike was still fighting a mild hangover as he lurched out of his condo and down to the sleek black sedan waiting for him out on the street. He slouched in the shiny leather seat and loosened his tie as he stared out of the tinted window and watched the world pass by.

Mike's mind wandered, often coming back to Ashley in that sexy red dress. The guilt was finally hitting him, and he cursed the lack of a mini bar under his breath. He'd just have to charm the hopefully attractive stewardesses in hopes of getting extra bottles of whiskey on the flight.

The flight was long, but reclining in first class made it pass by quickly. Security was a breeze and he only had to wait a few minutes for his luggage to arrive. It was late in the evening when he finally arrived at his hotel, and he had to fight the urge to stop by the bar.

Sleep was what he needed, not booze. A visit to the hotel's bar would come after sitting through hours of meetings and presentations the next day.

Despite how tired his body was, Mike's brain kept him up. He stared up at the dark ceiling above his queen-sized bed, tossing and turning as memories

of Ashley's tear-filled departure played over and over again in his head.

He debated what he should do until the exhaustion finally kicked in and he fell asleep, only to wake up a couple hours later. She plagued him in his waking hours, tormenting him as if a spell—no, a curse was put upon him. Mike just barely made it through the endless meetings and as he crossed the polished marble floors of the hotel. He didn't hesitate to sit down at the old wood bar on one of dark leather stools.

The bartender smiled as he sat down, but her silent, cheerful greeting vanished as Mike rested his head in his arms and let out a heavy sigh.

"Rough day?" she asked, cleaning a short glass.

He looked up at her with tired eyes. The woman behind the counter was young, probably in her mid-twenties. Her brown hair was pulled into a tight bun and she wore a black long-sleeved button-down shirt. She was thin and pretty, with green eyes and full lips. She could have easily been a model, or a stripper if she wanted to.

A quick glance from the neck down was enough for Mike. He didn't need to stare long to know that underneath the uniform was a thin, curvy woman with good breasts and a nice ass.

He scratched his cheek as she waited for him to reply. Only then did he realize that he hadn't shaved in several days and that his scruff was turning into a beard. Mike recalled Ashley's distaste for facial hair and how she always wanted him to keep his handsome face smooth.

God damn it, there she is again.

"Sir?"

Mike sat up and straightened his tie. "Jack and Coke."

The cute bartender nodded and Mike looked back over his shoulder as she got his drink ready. It was still early, but there were others at the bar: businessmen and women having quiet discussions, an obviously European couple having drinks while looking over a map speaking in what sounded like German, and several exhausted-looking individuals with matching

badges around their necks.

He recognized them instantly, as a couple of his coworkers joked with Mike saying they were sending him to the comic convention instead of the business meeting. After a day like today, Mike would've rather wandered a crowded convention hall, looking at the men and women in cosplay and all the expensive memorabilia than attend long and boring meetings.

Ashley would've come with him just to attend the con. When she wasn't making him dinner in a short red dress and stiletto heels, she was in jeans and a t-shirt, her hair in a ponytail as she shouted into a headset microphone. Even when she was in an intense gaming session she was attractive. Many times she'd dragged him along to a midnight showing of some comic book movie, even convincing him to sit down and play Dungeons & Dragons with her not-surprisingly more nerdy friends.

The cute bartender had long since placed his drink behind him as he stared at the crowd, and when he turned around to thank her, she was already at the other end of the bar chatting with one of the con-goers, his stuffed backpack and poster tube next to him on a stool.

Mike lifted the drink and smiled. She'd made it extra strong. He kept his gaze on her until she looked his way and he silently raised the glass and smiled. She smiled back and returned to her conversation with the man wearing a Deadpool shirt.

He thought about asking her for her number, maybe get her to go on a short date with him that would end with a night in his hotel room several floors above the bar where she worked. Then they silently part ways with her sneaking out of his room in the morning to get back to wherever she lived and he would shower then go to the airport.

Instead, he slowly sipped his drink and kept his mind on business and not on the woman whose heart he'd broken days ago. Tonight he would get lots of sleep and he reinforced that plan with another Jack and Coke.

The rest of the trip was as uneventful as the first day, and Mike was eager to get back home. His condo was dark and empty and he frowned as he stood in the center of the living room. If he hadn't destroyed his relationship with the woman he very much loved, she'd probably be waiting for him here,

wearing some sexy lingerie in a candle-lit room.

I'll call her tomorrow. Try to apologize. I doubt she'll forgive me. What woman in her right mind would?

It was two months before Mike finally got a reply from Ashley. When he first called her, it went straight to voice mail. He didn't bother leaving a lengthy, excuse-ridden message. Mike simply said that he fucked up, that he was sorry, and while he knew she wouldn't take him back, that he'd do anything to make amends.

Mike was in a meeting when she called. He had to double-check the caller ID to make sure it was her. He listened to the short message several times in disbelief.

Ashley sounded completely different. Her voice was deep and sultry. She spoke slowly and with confidence and precision, saying exactly what she needed to say and ended without so much a goodbye. This was an entirely different woman than the one he'd dated. In the past, Ashley was scatterbrained on the phone, occasionally sounding like a ditz blonde—like Kristy—with lots of umms and giggles. Her voice was soft and cheerful, bubbly even.

This woman couldn't be Ashley, and it filled him with both worry and curiosity. She wanted to meet him, even giving him a set time and place without negotiation. If you're serious in your offer to make amends, come and meet me. If not, don't ever contact me again.

Mike listened to the message one last time then tossed his phone onto the desk. He paid little attention to work, his mind focused mainly on Ashley and the sound of her voice. Something had happened to her after she'd walked out on him. She sounded confident, demanding almost, and the thought of it sparked something inside of him he didn't know he had.

He shifted in his chair and frowned at the partial erection he had in his dark pants. Ashley had never been the dominant type. She tended to be shy and timid, except in the bedroom. It was like a switch. Ashley would go from a quiet, withdrawn woman to a jungle cat. She was a skilled lover who could prolong and build up Mike's orgasms, making them so powerful they were better than any drug.

But in the bedroom, Mike was the one on top. He called the shots and controlled the flow. As often as she pleased him, Mike only ever reciprocated with vaginal sex. Ashley never complained. She was always tired and seemed wholly satisfied at the end of sex. If she desired some oral pleasure from Mike, she never said a word about it.

Or she did, and I just ignored her. Mike frowned again, realizing how selfish he was in his relationship with Ashley. It only made the affair seem worse, and he slouched in his tall leather chair and made up his mind to meet her.

He had to drive quickly to get her arranged meeting spot. Ashley didn't give him much time to go from work to the small café a block away from her apartment. Her place was small and it looked more like a nerd bachelor pad than an apartment for a beautiful, seductive accountant. The vast majority of their time spent together was in his lavish, opulent condo.

Mike almost didn't recognize her.

She sat at the corner table on the outdoor patio. Her hair looked more brown than it used to, and the red was more pronounced. She wore a black dress with dark red pumps and her long red nails tapped on the metal table as she eyed the menu.

“Ashley?” Mike said as he slowly approached the table. Not only had she sounded different, but she looked different. It wasn't that she'd gained or lost weight, or had cosmetic surgery—it was the air around her that Mike noticed. She exuded confidence and turned heads wherever she walked. It was likely the cleavage she showed off with her low neckline or the gold and diamond necklace that glittered in the sunlight.

Ashley tilted her head forward, and looking over her sunglasses, she smiled. It was a pleased smile, the look of a predator whose prey had just fallen into their trap. She didn't even say “hello” or stand up to greet him. She motioned to the chair across from her and returned to her surveying of the menu.

For the first time in as far back as Mike could remember, he was feeling meek and awkward, unsure of what to do or say. He opened his mouth to speak, but Ashley spoke first.

“You know, I’ve been to this café many times. The food is good, the staff is friendly and it’s cheap as well. Yet every time I come here, I always stare at the menu for what feels like an hour trying to figure out what I want. I look over each item carefully, hoping my eyes catch something new or different.”

She let out a sigh and tugged her lip with her index finger. Her gold bracelet reflected the sunlight directly into his eye and he flinched.

“You brought me here just to—”

“The menu is the same now as it was when I first came here the day I moved into my apartment. Sure, they’ll throw in a seasonal special like pumpkin pie during the fall, but for the most part that is the only change they bring to the menu.” Ashley kept talking as if thinking aloud and not aware of his presence.

Mike looked around and picked up his menu. He wasn’t particularly hungry, but he was quite thirsty. The days were short and the air was cold. Fall was all around them. The trees in the park across the street were full of brown and orange leaves.

He motioned to the waiter and ordered a cup of coffee. Despite her ramblings about the menu, Ashley ordered a slice of pie and nothing else. When the waiter took their menus and left, Mike discovered that Ashley now stared at him intently.

Her gaze was unsettling, as if she knew every dark secret he had, including the two other women he slept with in the first half of the year they dated. Mike shifted uncomfortably in his seat and was overjoyed at the arrival of his coffee. He looked away from Ashley as he drank it, but he could still feel the weight of her stare.

She said nothing until she ate the last crumb of her pumpkin pie and Mike was on his third cup of coffee. “So, you’re serious about making amends, then?”

“I am.” He nodded, happy they were finally discussing what he came to talk to her about.

“I can’t just take your word for it. You know that, right? You have to prove

it to me.”

Worry overcame him as he wondered what she meant by it. “Like what?”

“That is a matter to discuss in private,” she said as she licked her lips. “Would you like to come up with me to my condo?”

“What happened to your apartment?” he said, waving his hand to the waiter holding a steaming coffee pot.

“I guess you could say I outgrew it.”

Mike flinched when he felt the foot rub the inside of his thigh. He looked down and saw Ashley’s stocking-clad toes inch closer to his cock. He raised his eyes and saw her staring at him over her sunglasses.

“So, Mike. How about we take this to a much more private location?”

It was strange. Never had Ashley been so aggressive in her advances. She was always playful and a tease, and Mike was the instigator. He would come onto her and she would submit.

But this... this was something completely different. It was backwards in his mind. Ashley shouldn’t be the one stringing him along, luring him into her clutches like this. Yet he was powerless against it.

His throat clenched up and his mouth went dry. He gripped the armrests of the metal chair as her foot stroked his growing erecting.

Mike turned red and looked about him. There were people sitting in the tables next to them. All they had to do was look and they’d see her leg disappear in between his. Anyone would instantly know what was going on.

What happened? What changed to make Ashley so extroverted and controlling? What made her throw her inhibitions to the wind? He had to know. He had to take her back to her new place and figure out why she was acting like this.

Because it’s so damn hot.

He gasped at the voice in his head. Never had he been so aroused at the thought of handing control over to someone else, to submit to a woman and do as she bid.

Ashley rubbed him a little harder, and Mike took his hand off of the armrest to cover his mouth. She leaned forward and tugged down the front of her dress.

He quickly slid back in his chair, moving out of reach of her foot. The sound that the chair made was loud and sudden, temporarily silencing the conversations going on at the other tables. Many folks turned toward Mike and stared at him for a moment before returning to their own business.

Ashley's foot was gone when he slid forward again. A quick glance under the table and he saw that it was back in her blood-red pumps. She laughed at his embarrassment.

If Mike hadn't moved away, he would've came in his pants. She'd brought him dangerously close. His heart raced and his head swam. Never before had it been so intense, so powerful. The woman sitting across from him couldn't be Ashley. It just wasn't possible.

Suddenly she stood up, left a fifty-dollar bill on the table and walked away without so much as a word of warning. She didn't even look back as she maneuvered through the other tables around her. At that moment Mike realized that he had no idea where her new condo was, and if he wanted to make amends with her, he had to get up and follow.

The only problem was that he was still rock-hard in his trousers.

It didn't help that his eyes focused on her ass and legs as she walked, and he did the best that he could to not draw attention to the tent in his pants as he stepped off of the patio after her. Mike knew that half of the people saw his hard-on, and he knew better than to look back.

"I see you've decided to join me," Ashley said as he caught up to her.

Not once on their trek across the street into the high-rise luxury condos did she look at him, nor did she speak another word to him until they arrived at her front door. Mike was anxious, nervous, and aroused all at the same time.

Did she bring him up here just to have sex? Or would they actually be discussing the matter at hand?

The living room alone was bigger than her old apartment. Mike stood in awe. There were no framed posters, no gaming memorabilia. She had a large flatscreen TV, but he saw no consoles.

Ashley set her purse down on the small end table and let her hair down as she walked toward the ivory couch.

“Ashley, what happened to you? You’re not the same woman that—”

“That what, Mike?” She crossed her legs. “That was cheated on and left sobbing all the way back to her apartment, where she curled up on her tiny couch and cried herself to sleep wondering what she did wrong?”

She stood up and paced about the living room.

“It was in the morning when I stood in front of my stove watching my scrambled eggs cook that I realized I’d done nothing wrong. I looked back over the year we dated and I was nothing but attentive, loyal—submissive, even. I let you turn me into your little pleasure toy. I sucked your cock and let you ride me long and hard, fucking me in all kinds of positions and locations in that pompous man-cave of yours.”

Ashley took a deep breath and continued.

“And how many times did you tongue me? How many times did you bury your head in my crotch and make me moan and wail until I came? How many times did you finger me? Gently rub my body and adorn it with kisses? Massage my feet or rub my shoulders?”

She stared at him and crossed her arms. “Well?”

Mike said nothing. He’d tongued her once, and that was on her birthday. Even then it was rushed and half-assed. She probably faked the orgasm just to get it over with.

“That’s right. All we ever did was let you fuck me. I was nothing more than your living, breathing, organic fuck toy.”

She turned her back to him and drew in a long, deep breath, letting it out slowly and kept her back to him as she spoke.

“You wanted to know what happened to me?” Her voice was suddenly soft and quiet. “I met someone who changed my life. I went to a bar the night after you broke my heart. I wanted to get drunk and fall into the arms of some stranger and have a one-night stand. Instead I met a woman.”

Mike had to force himself not to smile. He always liked seeing two women kiss and make love, and had hoped one day to have a threesome with another woman.

“This woman made me laugh, smile, and forget all the troubles you brought onto me. She was beautiful, with long shiny blonde hair and green eyes. One time in college I slept with another woman, and we both realized the morning after that while fun, it just wasn’t our thing. I had been open to the idea of being bisexual, but I didn’t seek it out.

“The woman I met at the bar was beyond reckoning. She was tall, thin with perfect curves and large breasts. Her skin was soft and smooth and her touch was electrifying. She sat down next to me and talked and I opened up to her. She did nothing but listen, and when I spoke the last word of my tale, she took my hand and kissed me.

“It was a gentle, slow kiss, a loving kiss full of passion and interest. Her hand moved up my thigh under my dress as we kissed and I moaned softly when she pulled back. I’ll never forget what she asked me. She asked if I wanted to be reminded of what it was like to be truly loved and cared for. To have my needs taken care of.

“I said yes. I said yes many times, and before I knew what had happened, we were back in her place, on her bed with her warm, gentle fingers touching every inch of my flesh. It was... wonderful. I moaned, screamed, and cried out the entire night. I lost count of how many orgasms I had. In the morning I expected her to be gone. But when I opened my eyes, I realized that I had slept well into the afternoon and she was still there by my side.”

“Is that it, then? One light of lesbian sex changed y—” Mike’s eyes went wide as he felt his throat clench. He could still breathe, but no words came

out of his mouth. The feeling went away moments later, but Ashley had already continued her story with her back still turned toward him.

“For a week straight I stayed at her place. I had forgotten all about the outside world: my job, my friends... you. My text messages went unanswered, my calls ignored, and my emails unread. All because of this woman, Susana. Six of the seven days I spent with her, she did nothing but pleasure me. She cooked meals for me, scrubbed my tired and sore body in the shower, massaged me, even painted my fingers and toes.

“It was the last night of our time together that I paid her back. She didn’t even have to ask; I offered. In the end, I had some of the best sex I have ever had.

“Then everything changed that night after I pleased her. She revealed her true identity and made me an offer. At first I was in utter disbelief, but it quickly passed and in the end I eagerly accepted.”

Mike sat forward on the edge of his chair. For a while he was rolling his eyes and nodding off, until she got to the parts about her lesbian tryst.

“Well, who was she? What was this offer of hers?”

Ashley slowly turned and the color from Mike’s face vanished as her body began to transform before his very eyes.

“Susana was a succubus, and I accepted her offer to become like her.”

His body froze and he could do nothing but stare at her changing form. She grew half a foot taller and her creamy skin turned dark red. Her eyes became a bright, powerful blue that glinted like gemstones. Her hair and outfit remained the same and a long, slender tail with a spear tip coiled up at her feet.

“What’s the matter, Mike? Cat got your tongue?”

She took a step toward him and he scrambled backwards into the couch. Ashley laughed as he fell off of the ivory furniture and ran for the door. He pulled and twisted the knob, but the door refused to budge.

He froze when he felt her hot breath on his neck as she brought her lips to his ear.

“Why do you run from me? Are you afraid of my new form? Or are you running from the new desires welling up inside of you? I can see into your mind, Mike,” she said as she slid her hands down inside his pants and squeezed his cock through his boxers. “I know why you act so tough and dominant. You’re afraid of what it would be like to submit. You’re afraid of the pleasure that would come from being on your knees and serving the one you’re with. Protest all you like; your body speaks the truth.”

His cock grew hard in her hands and he fought the moan that built up in his throat. The more he struggled, the more she rubbed him and the harder it was to control himself.

Ashley chuckled when he moaned loudly. She took her hands out of his pants and turned him around.

“It all comes down to this, Mike,” Ashley said, taking a step back and returning to her human form. “You can either stay here with me and make amends for the three women you cheated on me with, as well as experience pleasures beyond comprehension, or you can turn around and go out that door and never know what true pleasure feels like.”

Mike’s quickly turned around and grabbed the knob, but his body refused to move any further. He stared down at his fingers and silently willed them to move.

But they didn’t budge.

The door remained closed and Mike was enveloped in Ashley’s growing, demonic shadow. God fucking damn it! Why won’t you turn! I... I don’t want to be here with this... this...

He turned back toward Ashley. “What the fuck did you do to me? Did you... cast some kind of spell?!” Those words were strange to him. He felt like he was stuck in a movie or some kind of weird, perverted dream.

Ashley smirked. “I did nothing of the sort.” She extended her fingers and looked at her nails. “I’m just standing here innocently. Why, Mike?” Her

eyes quickly moved from her nails to him and he took a step back. “Is something wrong?”

His throat clenched and his mouth became dry. He turned away and stared at the door. She put her hands on his shoulders and he flinched, but his eyes remained ahead.

He swallowed hard as she pressed her lips to his ear and whispered softly. “Is your body betraying you? Does it want you to stay here with me?”

Her hands massaged his neck. Her touch was warm and soothing. He felt his body relax.

“I know what it is you desire. I can see that curiosity building inside you. You want to know what it’s like to submit. You want to experience total surrender.”

Mike closed his eyes and groaned quietly. It was a satisfied groan, the kind he often made when Ashley would massage his neck and shoulders after a busy day at work. She had a skilled touch and always managed to hit the right spots.

No... that’s not true. It can’t be true. Right? Yes, I’m sure of it. I don’t want this. I don’t...

Mike’s cock throbbed and a vision filled his mind, interrupting his thoughts. He was on his knees in front of Ashley. She was smiling and moving her fingers through his hair as he buried his face in her crotch.

Another throb and another vision: his semi-erect cock pressed against the fabric of his pants. His arms were bound behind him. He had long brown hair and wore white stockings and panties with red heels. His lips were painted red and his eyes were blindfolded as Ashley rubbed his cock through the lacy fabric.

No... no!

Another throb. He felt the cool, wet sensation of precum oozing out of his cock. It was fully hard.

Another vision assaulted him, this one much more vivid than the last. He was on his back. His hands bound behind him. He was naked except for black stockings and red heels. His hair was long and brown. His face soft and feminine. His lips were pouty and open. Two large breasts with erect rosy nipples bounced. His waist was narrow and his hips were wide. His legs spread open and in between them was Ashley. Her hand was rubbing his clit and she filled his pussy with her thick cock. High pitched moans flowed out of his mouth.

“Stop... stop.” Mike opened his eyes and fell forward against the door. His heart raced and sweat covered his brow. “I can’t take it anymore.”

At that moment, he realized that her hands were no long on him. He looked back over his shoulder to see her leaning against the back of the couch, her eyes on her phone. She paid no attention to him, only looking up when he finally spoke.

“What?”

“You’re right. I can’t deny it anymore.” He turned around and pressed his back against the door. The exhaustion left him and his heart returned to normal.

Ashley smiled. She walked up to Mike and placed her hand on his cheek. “Say it to me.”

Mike hesitated. His gaze fell.

“Mike.”

He looked up at her. He felt so weak, so powerless. He had never felt this way before with a woman. He was always the one in control. He was the one who put his hand on the woman’s cheek. She submitted to him.

Now the roles had been reversed, and as much as he wanted to deny it, Mike was incredibly aroused by the thought.

“I accept you offer.” His voice was quiet.

“Louder.”

“I accept your offer!”

“Oh, we’re going to have some fun, you and I,” Ashley said as her hand moved down off of Mike’s cheek to his chest. “But first I must come clean. I have been lying to you.”

“What?!”

“Quiet,” she said as she pressed a finger to his lips. “The Ashley that you knew and lied to is gone. She left this world when I accepted the offer from the demon who transformed me. Ashley is just a name now, a mask that I wear when I walk around in my human form. I am like Gandalf in Lord of the Rings. Ashley is what they used to call me. Now I am Solara.”

At the mention of her name, Ashley motioned herself and turned slowly in order to show off her body like a model at the end of the runway. Mike stared and took in her demon form. He grunted and looked down at his cock. It started to soften and he frowned. He had become so close to cumming yet Ash—Solara, stopped at the worst possible moment.

The moment passed and Mike cocked his head to the side and sighed. “Is that some kind of nerd reference?”

“I always hated that about you,” she said in a more husky voice. “You never appreciated any of my jokes. But that doesn’t matter anymore. What matters right now is that I get a much needed payback and you get some much deserved punishment.”

Mike scratched his head. “It’s not too late to back out of this, right?”

Ashley laughed. “There is no going back. You won’t walk out of that door until I’m done with you.” She motioned for him to follow and they sat down across from each other in her kitchen.

Ashley remained silent and stared at Mike across the table. He couldn’t sit still. Mike drummed his fingers on the table. Then he clasped his hands together under the polished wood. Every couple of seconds, he would change his position.

“Well?” He said ending the awkward silence.

“I’m thinking, Mike. I’m thinking of all the things I want to do—of all the things I want you to do to me. Ways I can punish you for cheating on me not once, not twice, but three times.”

She quickly sat up and snapped her fingers, startling Mike in the process. He had been so on edge from the very moment he sat down at the café, even more so now that Ashley revealed she was a demon.

I still can’t believe this is happening. This has to be a dream. Right? No, it’s been too long. I would’ve woke up by now.

“Mike!”

He looked at her and he realized she had been talking to him. “Sorry.”

Ashley shifted in her seat and leaned forward. Her long black nails tapped on the table and she gave him a stern look. “I said, what was the name of the first woman you cheated on me with?”

“I don’t know. It was a long time ago. I was drunk.”

“That’s it?”

“Yes. Nothing more happened with her.”

“What about the second woman?”

That woman Mike remembered.

He’d been sober when he met her. Ashley was out of town for a convention and Mike was extremely horny that weekend. He and Ashley had a rough patch. It had been a while since they had sex, and when she left for her extended weekend getaway, Mike had gone stir-crazy.

“Her name was Rebecca,” he said at length.

“Describe her to me.”

“She had long brown hair and was my height in heels. She had okay breasts, but she was thin and athletic.”

Mike found it strange that he was being so open about this. Yet here he was telling Ashley everything he could remember about Rebecca, right down to the lingerie she wore when they had sex.

“She had bright green eyes and tan skin, I wouldn’t say she was exotic, but she did have a little bit of that in her genes. We had sex in her place, and she got dressed up in this amazing lingerie set.”

Holy fuck, why am I saying all of this?

Mike kept going, not knowing what was happening to his body and clothes as he spoke. “It was an all-black ensemble, sheer lace with shiny gold studs.”

He stood up from the table and paced back and forth, going into intricate details about Rebecca and the lingerie she wore. As he described her, his body changed. His long-sleeved button-down shirt transformed into a black lace bra. His black pants shortened into a garter belt. His boxers became panties that nestled his flaccid cock and his black socks hiked up his now hairless legs and turned into stockings.

Mike’s muscular, sculpted body faded away into a thin, delicate frame and his strong hands became long and slender. His scruff vanished as his brown hair grew down past his shoulders.

“The way she walked in those heels—black patent with matching gold studs and a platform—goddamn, she was a beautiful woman.” As he said that sentence, his vantage point rose as his black business shoes transformed into the pumps he’d just described.

Makeup appeared on his face, smoky eye shadow and crimson lipstick that matched his painted nails. Gold chandelier earrings dangled from his lobes and once he finished the thorough description of the woman, Mike came out of his magically-induced oblivious state to take in his new form and outfit.

“What the fuck?!” He wobbled in his heels. The only traces of his masculinity were his voice, his flat chest, and the visible cock in the sheer lace panties.

“Look familiar?” Ashley said as she stood up. She walked toward him,

grinning and circling him. “You had such a strong memory of this woman and her outfit, I figured I’d give you a chance to wear it.”

She slapped his ass and moved her fingers across his soft, feminine body.

“So smooth, so soft. You like this, don’t you?”

“Of course not! Give me back my body!”

Ashley wagged her finger. “Remember what I said about punishment? Well, consider this part one.”

“Part one of how many?”

“That’s for me to know, and you to find out. Now, I can’t call you ‘Mike’ with a body and outfit such as that. Mike is no name for a woman. Tonight, you shall be Michelle. How’s that sound?”

“Fuck no—”

Mike cried out in pain and wobbled forward as Ashley’s hand came crashing down on his ass.

“You forget that you submitted yourself to me tonight. You forget that you must obey me. Continuing to disobey or talking back to me will lead to further punishments. Understand, Michelle?”

“Yes, Ashley.”

She wagged her finger again. “Not tonight. Ashley is no longer my name, remember? It’s Solara, and tonight, it’s Mistress Solara. Address me properly.”

“Yes, Mistress Solara,” Mike grumbled.

He had no choice. He cursed himself under his breath for being so stupid and falling into her trap. He should’ve summoned the willpower to fight and cast aside the stupid desire to submit to her. He should’ve remained strong and in control. A man is the alpha, and the woman submits to him.

“Not tonight,” she said as if reading his thoughts. “Tonight I am the alpha and you submit to me. Now, I think it’s time you paid me back for all those blowjobs I gave you.”

Solara walked behind Mike and gave him a commanding pat on the ass. He looked back at her over his shoulder and scowled. She motioned to the couch and Mike took a cautious step forward. He had never walked in high heels before. He was diving into the deep end with the black stilettos with a one-inch platform, and Solara couldn’t help but snicker as he moved from the kitchen table to one of the couches in the living room.

She put her hands on his hips, helping him sway as he strut. Mike cursed her with every step, but what upset him the most was the arousal building upside of him. A combination of the outfit he wore and the body he now had stirred something strange and new. The way his stockings encased his legs and how his panties tickled his cock and balls; how his hair swayed and the soft chimes of the chandelier earrings.

He had seen many women in this kind of outfit. He had seen Ashley—back when she was Ashley—in a similar one. Mike recalled the effect high heels had on her legs and ass, and he vividly recalled Rebecca walking toward him that night in her apartment.

Now he was the one in the sexy, arousing attire, and he was incredibly turned on by it. Mike was having an out-of-body experience and he could see himself walking in Ash—Solara’s condo. He was sitting on the couch with his eyes glued to the very convincing man en femme. He had no idea what he actually looked like, but deep down Mike knew he looked damn good.

His body betrayed him and his cock hardened until the head poked out of the top of his panties. He could feel the heat of his throbbing member pressed against his lower stomach, and looking down at it, he could see the shiny coat of precum slowly oozing out.

No, why?! Why am I so turned on by all of this?!

He got no answer. Instead he stood in front of the couch and watched as Solara sat down in front of him. She was grinning from ear to ear and looked up at him pleased.

“Go on, Michelle. Give me a nice turn. Show off that body of yours.”

Mike said nothing. He glared at her for a moment before backing away and turning around for her. When he faced her again, she gave him another command.

Solara placed her hands on her thighs and spread her legs apart. “Let’s see how good your tongue is.”

Mike could count on one hand how many times he’d orally pleased a woman, and he’d lost count of how many blowjobs he’d received. He hesitated a moment, his eyes focusing on Solara’s dress hiked up to her ass.

He blinked when the hem revealed her pussy. She wore no panties and Mike bit his lip when he realized that this meant even when they were at the café, she was going commando. Underneath that short, tight black dress of hers was nothing but her smooth, creamy flesh.

Looking away from her pantiless nethers, Mike saw Solara wink. She said nothing as she pointed down to her crotch and he took a step forward and knelt down.

When he put his hands on her thighs he noticed his painted nails and girlish hands. He frowned and looked down once more at his body. Gone were his muscles. He was back to where he was ten years ago when he was thin and frail, back when he was a sophomore in college, when he was a shy kid who had only been with one woman. His roommate changed everything for him. A jock, frat guy, and a gym rat, Mike’s roommate transformed Mike from a skinny disappointment into a beefed up lady-killer who got what he wanted.

It was his roommate that gave him the confidence that led him to job at the company he now worked for and who helped him climb the corporate ladder. It was his roommate that made him into an alpha who the women served and submitted themselves to.

Now he was back in that thin body, lacking the confidence his frat roommate taught him and dressed in women’s lingerie, jewelry and makeup. He was on his knees in front of a woman and about to pleasure her, to submit to her.

Sorry, Tony. There's nothing I can do.

Mike closed his eyes, took a deep breath and leaned forward.

Solara let out a satisfied squeal as Mike's tongue snaked its way into her pussy. She watched him as he parted her pink lips with his left hand. She was dripping wet.

"Ooh!" she yelped as he buried his head in between her legs, wrapping his arm around her right leg and covering her tender flesh in countless kisses.

Mike parted her outer lips and lifted up her tiny clit hood with his fingers, giving his tongue access to the sensitive pearl beneath it. Solara responded to his exploration with a drawn out moan as she fell back onto couch.

He looked up at her from in between her legs, his tongue flicking back and forth. His fingers moved to her inner lips, tenderly pulling them apart and fully exposing Solara's pussy.

Her body was so warm, so unnaturally hot, like she had a fever—only instead of being sick, Solara was horny.

"Oh, God, yes!" she cried out, writhing on the cushions as Mike kept up his intrusion with his tongue. "D-Don't stop!" She squeezed his head with her thighs, holding it in place as he brought her closer and closer to sensual bliss.

Her strong legs muffled his hearing, but he could still make out the sound of her scream as she arched her back and filled his mouth with her juices. She relaxed her still-quivering legs, releasing him from her grip. He fell back onto his heels and wiped her sweet-smelling liquid from his face.

"Oh, that was wonderful," she said breathlessly. "Only it makes me even more upset that in the year we dated, you never once did that to me—or at least, not like that. I'm going to have to find a way to make you stay here so we can make up for lost time."

Mike said nothing. Instead he focused on himself and how turned on he was. He looked down at his fully erect cock and the shine of precum on his head and the dark patch on the panties below. He couldn't deny how good that

felt.

“Am I done?”

“No, you are far from finished. Tell me, Michelle, have you ever tried bondage?”

Mike shook his head. No, why would he ever try that? That was weird, perverted, Fifty Shades crap. No normal guy would like to be tied up or bound.

Solara leaned forward and raised Mike’s chin with her finger. “Would you like to?”

His jaw clenched shut and he swallowed hard. Mike looked up at her and she stared down at him. Her lips curled into a smirk and she rubbed his cheek with her hand.

“You’ve never wondered what it was like to be tied up and helpless? To be at the mercy of someone else? They say that bondage is the ultimate form of freedom. I’ve done it once. A friend of mine was into that kind of thing and she took me along with her to a club that she visited. Up on the stage were two women. One was dressed up in a mixture of black and red patent leather and the other was enveloped in shiny latex. Only her mouth was visible. We were close enough to the stage that I could see her lips tremble with every touch.”

Mike was suddenly curious. “Did you... you know?”

Solara raised an eyebrow. “Why, Michelle? Are you curious?”

Mike looked away, his face red. He was, and she knew it. She could see it in his eyes and in the blush on his feminine face. All it took was giving him his old body back. Solara just had to take away the outer shell he hid behind: the tough, macho, sculpted body that brimmed with confidence.

Now that he was once again weak and skinny, his whole personality had changed with it. Before he would just shoot down any idea of submitting to a woman and laugh as he took her. As he knelt down in front of the woman who was once human and his girlfriend, Mike could only think about how

good he looked in this outfit and makeup, what it felt like to kneel before his ex and pleasure her.

And now he was thinking about what it would be like to be bound and at her mercy.

He bit his lip as his cock twitched. If he only had his muscular body back, he could easily say no to all of this. But the body Solara gave him was weak and submissive. It was feminine, and above all else, it was incredibly horny.

“Come with me, Mike.”

He looked up at her. It was the first time she’d used his normal name since she gave him these clothes and body. Solara extended her hand and helped him onto his feet.

She led him away from the living room into her master bedroom through a narrow hallway. Mike walked behind her, his hand out in front holding onto hers. Her grip was firm but gentle, and just like the rest of her body, her touch was warm.

He turned his head and peered into an open room. Looking ahead, he smiled at his ex-turned-demon. The room that he gazed into was an office. In it was a large wooden desk that housed two widescreen computer monitors and a custom built PC. He saw a large flatscreen TV with a recliner and a bookshelf filled to the brim with DVDs and video games.

As much as she tried to hide it. Solara was still Ashley, the geeky, nerdy chick who played too many video games and spent countless hours on the internet.

The thought left his mind when he passed through the doorway into her bedroom. Solara led him to the bed and he climbed onto it with her. Mike remained silent as she climbed off of the bed and walked up to an old wooden armoire. Minutes later she returned, and Mike’s eyes went wide when he saw what she held in her hands: red leather wrist and ankle cuffs and a blind fold.

The part of him that was still macho and alpha shouted and protested. The voice told him to stop, to say no and to tell Ashley that she and her Fifty

Shades pervert self could go to hell.

The voice went silent when Solara wrapped the first cuff around Mike's wrists and adjusted it until it was comfortably tight. He looked at the cuff on his right as she put the other onto his left. It was made of a thick red leather with a narrow, thin black leather band that had a triangular-shaped piece of metal attached to it.

When Solara adjusted the one on his left, a metal chain appeared before his very eyes, connecting the two. She grabbed onto the chain and led him to the metal bed frame at the head and attached it to the wrought iron.

Solara silently guided Mike onto his back and he lay down at the center of the bed. He looked up at his hands and tugged on the metal chain. He frowned and wondered if he would regret agreeing to this.

At that moment, he realized that he had neither agreed nor said no to Solara's offer to engage in some bondage play. She just took him by the hand and he followed her. He'd submitted to her without even realizing it.

Mike lifted his head and watched her bind his ankles. Unlike his wrists, they were kept together, and he squirmed on the silk sheets of her bed. Solara looked up at him and smiled as she slid her hand between the valley of his legs and up onto his hairless thigh.

He threw his head back against her pillows and moaned. Her warm touch lit a fire within him and gooseflesh appeared on his legs and arms. A chill slithered up his spine and he shivered.

The more he squirmed, the hotter he became. Mike felt himself grow lightheaded and dizzy as though drunk off of a bubbly liquor. His cheeks turned red and his skin glowed with a thin layer of sweat. Solara lifted her leg, straddled his waist and placed her hands on his chest. Her fingers slid under the band of his bra that held invisible breasts and her fingers rubbed his nipples.

"Holy... shit..." he grunted. His cock became impossibly hard, but the surprisingly strong waistband of his panties held his rigid dick against his abdomen. Solara slid her hips back until her ass rested on his cock.

She pulled her hands out from his bra and leaned off to the side. Mike opened his eyes long enough to see her leaning back toward him and his vision went dark moments later. She placed the blindfold on his head and traced his lips with her thumb.

His darkened vision was fuel to the fire inside him. Almost instantly the sensitivity of his skin increased tenfold and he felt everything: the delicate sheer fabric of his stockings hugging his legs, his long brown locks on his neck and shoulders, and the silky smooth sheets beneath him.

Solara's finger moved about his chest and stomach. Her long nail gently scratched his skin, the tiny bit of pain swallowed up by the pleasure that followed. She slowly grinded her hips forward and back as her finger continued its dance. He could feel her soaking wet cunt on his stomach, and it left traces of clear, shimmering lust like a mop on a tile floor.

He felt her climb up off of him and crawl around on the bed. For a moment, there was nothing. A stillness filled the room, and Mike felt utterly alone. He writhed on the bed and tugged on his restraints. Where? Where did she go? Did she leave him here all alone?

Mike got his answer in the form of a tongue. The long, hot appendage pressed itself against Mike's panties right at the base of his shaft. It traveled up slowly to his crown. His moan was long and rolled like distant thunder.

This... this is impossible. How can this feel so—

His cry was one of pure bliss as the tongue circled the dickhead. Mike was swimming in pure erotic bliss. Blowjobs felt good. Sex was great. For a long time he believed nothing could feel better than his dick in a woman's vagina or in her mouth. What he was feeling now made the best sex in his life feel like a half-assed wank.

And just when he thought he would explode, Solara stopped. Her tongue retreated into her mouth and Mike whimpered. He was so close to that heavenly orgasm. His dam was about ready to burst, but at the last second the walls were reinforced.

Solara let out a satisfied chuckle and she gripped his cock.

“Not yet, Michelle. You are not allowed to cum just yet. You have to be a good girl and earn your reward.”

“W-What must I d-do?” It was the worst kind of punishment. Whatever she did to him, Solara left Mike in a state of sexual limbo, like a sneeze that wouldn't come. It was agonizing and it made it hard to think. He could barely put together a sentence.

“You like this, don't you?” she purred. She lay down next to him, one hand rubbing his cheek and the other slowly stroking his dick. **“Tell me how good it feels.”**

It felt so good. So incredibly good. Mike couldn't believe how arrogant he was, how much he fought it. He didn't want to believe such pleasure could come from an act such as this. He was afraid of what would happen to him should he shed his controlling, bullish shell. He didn't want to see himself become weak and submissive. He was close-minded, intolerant, unwilling to see the truth.

“Y-Yes,” he said at length. His answer was followed by another long, drawn out moan.

“Good. You want your reward?”

“Yes!”

“Then tell me about Kristy.”

“W-What?”

Solara let go of his dick and the feeling started to fade. He was stepping back from the cliff, away from sexual release. He needed this. He wanted it so bad. He knew what he had to do.

“She was blonde,” he said quickly, like an addict waiting anxiously for his next fix. Solara wrapped her fingers back around his dick and the feeling returned.

“Keep going,” she said.

“Her hair was long. It fell down past her shoulders. She had blue eyes. Big breasts.”

Solara moved faster and Mike moaned. He was getting closer. His body burned hotter.

“Thin. Athletic. Hourglass curves.”

Faster. Hotter. Closer.

Mike raised his voice. He was practically shouting. “Big ass. Muscular legs. Thick, pouty lips. Bubbly voi—OH!”

His hips buckled. His legs kicked and he tugged on his restraints as the dam burst. White-hot cum shot out of his cock in thick ribbons and landed on his chest, stomach and face. He could taste the salty jizz on his lips when he licked them.

Solara released his flaccid cock and Mike gasped for air. His heart pounded in his chest and he was light in the head for a few moments as the arousal swept over him, though something else stirred inside of him as well.

The fire still burned hot within him, and he cried out when he felt a pinch on his nipples and a tightness on his chest. He squirmed in total darkness as he felt his chest grow and expand. He felt a weight pressing down on him as his growing flesh filled the cups of his bra.

His brown hair that pooled beside his head grew longer and thicker, and his lips felt swollen. Mike rubbed his legs together as best as he could to combat the tingling feeling that overcame him. He instantly knew what was happening to him when he felt a dampness between his legs and a vacancy in his panties.

Gone were his cock and balls. He cried out only to hear a different voice fill his ears. It was no longer deep and husky, nor was it silky and sultry. It was light and airy, bubbly and ditzzy.

Much like Kristy’s voice.

His ankle cuffs came off and Mike moved his legs around. The wrist cuffs

were removed soon after and he sat up as he pulled off the blindfold. His jaw hung slack at the sight that filled his vision. He saw not his skinny, androgynous body, but a well-endowed female one. Large, round breasts hung off of his chest, and below them were hourglass curves and a tight, toned stomach.

Hair fell in front of his eyes, and when he held the locks in front of him, he saw that they were golden-blond. It wasn't Kristy's body she gave him, but one very similar to it. He didn't need a mirror to know that he stared out at the world with bright blue eyes.

“Much better, don't you think?” Solara said, moving her fingers through Mike's hair.

“Why? Why did you turn me into a woman?” Mike couldn't believe the voice he was hearing. He refused to accept that the valley girl lilt was his own. But the more he spoke, the more the truth sank in.

“Because, Mike, this is your punishment, remember? The ultimate torture for a macho man such as yourself is to become that which you desire most: a girly, submissive slut. You will return to your old body in due time. But for now, this is the form you must keep until I am wholly satisfied.”

Solara crawled over to the headboard and propped herself up with some pillows. She spread her legs and rubbed her clit.

“Now, why don't you be a good little slut and repay the many blowjobs I've given you?”

She moaned and Mike's heart sank into the lowest pit of his stomach. His tan skin turned pale and he gasped as Solara's clit transformed into a thick, meaty cock.

“How about we get started?” she said as she slowly stroked her new dick.

Mike's eyes darted between Solara's face—and her sly evil grin—and her cock. His heart pounded and beads of sweat gathered on his brow. He gripped the sheets and swallowed hard.

“Come on, Mike,” she purred. “Haven't you always wondered what it was

like to have a hot, thick cock slide in between your lips and place itself on your tongue? To hear the satisfied moans and groans of the man you're sucking and pleasuring?"

Solara squealed with delight as she played with her new dick.

"It's a wonderful feeling, and one of the ultimate forms of submission to be on your knees in front of a man and pleasure him. I can show you what it's like. All you have to do is wrap your lips around my cock."

Mike's body trembled. The fire inside of him was burning hot. This body... so full of lust. All it wants is pleasure.

He felt his mouth water. A hunger filled him and desire washed over him. There was a spark down between his legs and a chill up his spine. He wanted his. He had come so far already. What was the harm in going just a little bit further?

Mike leaned forward, his eyes glued to her cock. Solara grinned and widened her legs as he crawled up to her.

"Thatta girl," she said, lifting Mike's chin as he inched closer to her. "I want to hear you say it."

"Say what?"

"You know what."

His already red face became darker. "I... I want your cock."

"Again."

"I want to suck your cock."

"Once more, and address me properly."

Mike bit his lip. Each declaration made him hotter and hornier. He squeezed his legs together and moaned as a drop of liquid lust flowed down his inner thighs. The sensation stuck with him and all he could think about was how wet he was and how much his pussy hungered.

This... this can't be what all women feel? This is incredible. So powerful.

“I want your cock, Mistress Solara.”

She pulled her hand out from under his chin and his face fell forward. The tip of her dick was a few inches from his face, and he said nothing as he slowly wrapped his lips around it.

“It’s a wonder that only an hour or so ago you were a man’s man, an alpha dude with a great muscular body and the confidence to take what he wants.” She moved her fingers through Mike’s long blonde hair as he slowly bobbed up and down on her thick shaft. “Now look at you. You’re a weak-willed, submissive little slut. How does it feel to fall so far?”

Mike said nothing. Half of her cock was in his mouth and his tongue was busy caressing the underside of it. Any sounds that escaped his lips were moans. He was swept up in the sensation, and the deeper he went, the better it felt.

Solara grunted and groaned, often voicing how good it felt and how now she knew why men liked it so much. She squirmed on the bed as Mike took the full length into his mouth, occasionally letting it fall out so he could catch his breath.

His right hand snaked its way down past his breasts and his fingers found his cunt. He twitched and let out a squeal as his fingers parted and played with his wet pussy. Solara grabbed his chin and lifted his gaze up to her.

She smiled. “How about the real thing instead of those thin, girly fingers of yours?”

Mike bit his lip and silently nodded.

Solara crawled forward and Mike fell onto his back. His breasts heaved and bounced, and faster than he could blink, she was on top of him. She pinned his wrists to the bed and he looked up at her. Her black hair hung like the boughs of a willow tree and her blue eyes shone through the shadow cast on her face.

She released one of his wrists and brought her hand to his face. She brushed

her thumb across his lips and slid her hand down his throat to his breasts. Mike moaned and writhed beneath her as she fondled his heavy, aching tits.

Solara pushed her hips forward and slid her dick across the moist folds of his cunt. She teased him with her cock, rubbing it and coating it with the clear fluid that oozed out of him until he begged for it.

She brought her lips down to his ear and whispered. "Say it again."

"Fuck me!" he cried out. Mike was in agony. His body wanted it so badly and she wouldn't stop teasing him. It was all he wanted. It was all he desired. "Please fuck me, Mistress!"

Mike's eyes opened and he screamed as Solara buried her cock inside him. "Oh, fuck!"

"Feels good, doesn't it?" Solara said as she pulled out slowly.

Mike could only moan as she pushed back in and started fucking him rhythmically. Her hips gyrated and Mike found himself pushing his hips up against hers.

She pulled out, ordered him onto his hands and knees, and slid back into him. Mike dropped his head and watched his breasts bounce as she rocked back and forth. Solara gripped his hips, occasionally slapping his ass as she fucked him.

Mike gripped the sheets. He knew what was coming despite having never felt a woman's orgasm before. The buildup was intense, already surpassing the best sex of his life as a man. By now he would've cum and the deed would've been done. Instead he kept climbing higher and higher. The fire grew hotter and hotter. His skin tingled and he could feel the pressure building.

He was so close. So very close. His head grew light, he closed his eyes, his jaw hung loose and his moans got shorter and faster.

Then it happened.

Mike's eyes opened and rolled back into his head as he cried out in

unfathomable ecstasy. Every nerve in his body fired off at once. He was swept under the wave and was drowning in pure carnal bliss.

Solara pulled out, and globs of her demonic cum oozed out of his pussy. She fell back into her heels and Mike fell down onto his side. He stared off into nothingness as he rode out the remainder of the sexual high.

His brain cleared up and he was able to think straight again. That was... that was beyond anything I could have possibly imagined. This is what it's like for a woman? This body is so sensitive, so wonderfully horny. I... I can't go back to being a man. This is better than anything I could ever experience as a guy.

Solara lay down next to him and ran her fingers through his hair. He looked at her and suddenly felt very tired. His eyelids grew heavy and the world went dark.

Mike opened his eyes to pale light of dawn. It filled the room he was in and he sat up, rubbing his eyes. As his vision cleared he discovered that he was back in his own bedroom and almost immediately he realized he was back in his old body.

His hands went to his chest, and instead of large, heavy breasts he found firm pecs. He reached down between his legs and came upon his cock and balls.

Mike frowned and sighed heavily. When he laid eyes on the clothes he wore and the empty bottle of booze on his bed, he figured it was all a dream, that he had come home after work, got plastered and past out.

He scrolled through his voicemail and found Ashley's missing and wondered if that too was part of the illusion brought on by the alcohol. He fell back onto his bed and stared up at the ceiling.

"If it was a dream," he said aloud, "it felt so incredibly real."

A week later, Mike was in the backseat of a luxury town car with a coworker who busied himself with his phone. Every night since his dream encounter with Ashley, he'd dreamt about being a woman. Those dreams were so vivid, and every morning, he woke up sweating and breathless.

Mike stared out the window as the car drove down the busy street, and turning a corner he spotted the café he'd supposedly met Ashley in. He sighed, his eyes traveling listlessly over the patrons.

Then he saw her.

Sitting in the corner of the patio was a woman. She wore a black dress with red shoes. Her lips were the same color red and she wore dark sunglasses. Her brown hair was pulled up into a bun, and as the car drove pass, the woman tilted her head forward and Mike saw a pair of bright blue eyes.

He blinked, and the woman was gone.

AFTERWORD

Thank you for reading My Succubus Ex-Girlfriend, I hope you enjoyed it!

For updates and more, follow me on Twitter @SashaDylena