



Betty Beetlegeus pulled on the frumpy sweater over her curly ram horns, adjusted the big round glasses that she'd been assured made her look nerdy, and finally refused to admit that her big, plush, kissable lips looked just as tantalizing without lipstick.

Thus armed, she pouted at her reflection in the mirror, pointed a finger at it, and said, "You, Betty, will not be cute. You will not be pretty. And you will absolutely not get all the guys hopelessly in love with your big tits."

She gave a firm nod, hands on her wide hips. But even as she did so, her sweater somehow managed to subtly tighten, emphasizing the plush roundness of her chest. Betty groaned aloud. Ugh! It was so hard not being sexy.

But it wasn't her fault! She just had to remember that. She was a succubus of Lust. Asking her not to be gorgeously hot and fuckable was like telling a Sloth demon to stop being drowsy. Like telling a Greed demon there was such a thing as too much gold. Like telling a Wrath demon that there were other qualities in men besides being strong.

It was impossible!

And yet, Betty had resolved herself to try. When she finally managed to come to the mortal plane, she promised herself that she would be a good girl. That she wouldn't go around brainwashing hot guys and cute girls into being dummies for her. That she wouldn't let her sexiness turn poor mortals into her eager bimbos. And that she would definitely not be entrancing boys with her ass and tits.

No matter how cute her button nose was. How pretty the pink hearts in her eyes could be. No! She had better self-control than that. But just in case, she had tried to dress in the nerdiest, least sexy costume she could imagine.

She tightened her hands into fists, soft, pink lips pursing, eyes afire with purpose. She could do this! She could get through her first day at her new job!

Spinning on her high heel, she marched towards the door, opened it, and set off to work.

Once outside, it didn't take long for her resolve to change to bubbly excitement. Betty smiled giddily, soon bouncing down the sidewalk from her apartment and towards the *Honeyed Scone* coffee shop. She could do this! She would be the unsexiest succubus ever. She could already tell it was working! All the people she passed were staring at her, no doubt thinking about how normal she was, and not paying any attention to how bouncy her tits were in her sweater.

Beaming, she pushed into the coffee shop with a ring of a bell and made her way towards the counter.

Miss Honeysuckle smiled fondly as Betty came up to her. Betty still couldn't believe her luck. It was hard getting a job in the city. Especially as a demon. People had all sorts of ideas of what she would be like. And to be fair, they had a point. So the only job that she'd been able to get had been with a Gluttony demon.

Oh, but Honeysuckle wasn't like those Gluttony demons you'd read about. The sorts whose pastries and muffins and cakes turned mortals into dumb, doughy addicts who can't help but sink into the love of their succubi mistress. Of course, Honeysuckle still had those urges, just like Betty, but Honeysuckle cleverly dispersed her power through all her sweets, which meant that no one got a large enough dose of her demonic cooking to become her well-fed slave. But she never lacked for customers. Which also meant she could use some help around the store, and fortunately, she was good friends with Betty's mother. So it had all worked out!

"Betty," Honeysuckle said, leaning on the counter, the pillowy orbs of her breasts straining her apron, her blonde hair bouncing around her soft, sweet purple face. Motherly curves from the tips of her pointy horns to the dainty feet in her slippers, the soft succubus smiled with matronly indulgence down on the bespectacled Lust succubus. "Right on time."

"Wouldn't be late, Miss Honeysuckle!" Betty chimed happily. "I'm ready to do a totally normal job!"

"Mmm. I'm sure you are, dear. Why don't you help the next customer. I need to take care of some scones in the back."

"Of course!" Betty said as she grabbed an apron and tied it around her waist, not noticing that as she cinched the ties her breasts bulged against the fabric tantalisingly.

Honeysuckle chuckled softly at the sight of the eager young succubus and ambled into the back, letting Betty slide into place behind the counter. Just in time for the door's bell to chime, and her first customer to come in.

Betty beamed as the blonde man made his way towards her, distracted by the phone in his hands. Oh gosh, he was a hottie. Probably going to the local college. Nice, strong build and mussy hair. Handsome face. And she could practically smell the vitality on him.

Betty realized she was licking her lips and hastily shook it off. Nope! Not gonna happen. She wasn't just some sex-starved bimbo. And she was going to prove it!

"Hiya!" Betty said as the man got up to the counter. "How can I help you?"

"Yeah," the guy (and oh gosh, that voice was sooo smooth and sexy) said as he tucked away his phone and looked up. "Can I get uhhhh..."

He trailed off, staring at Betty in wonder. She giggled, her breasts bouncing in her shirt. "You gotta order something, silly."

The man jolted. "What?"

"Food! Or drinks. Come on! Tell me what you want. I can make it all. I trained super hard to make totally normal drinks."

"N-normal?"

"Normal! See? I'm pretty normal looking, right?"

"Uh-"

"Totally not sexy at all. I bet I could even bounce my big breasts and you wouldn't even stare."

"O-of course not!"

"Right! See?" Betty said, cradling her chest, lifting the plump firmness teasingly. "Totally not a pair of sexy, bounceable tits you'd love to bury your face in."

"Y-yeah."

"Exactly!" Betty giggled as she released her tits, never noticing how the man's eyes widened and followed the plump bounce they made. "So what would you like?"

"Uh... I would er..."

Betty rolled her eyes. Gosh, some guys could be so dumb when they had to make a decision. So silly! "Maybe a latte?"

"Y-yeah! That."

“Great!” Betty chimed, then pouted. “Oh, but um, I need your name, right?” Betty said, moving her arms from under her chest, which gave a tantalizing jiggle.

The man’s head bobbed as he watched her bounce. “Yeah. Um, name. Yeah. I-Isaac.”

“Great! And see, if I was trying to be cute, I’d totally tell you what a sexy name that was. And when I wrote it down on your cup, I’d even put a little heart on the top of the i instead of just a dot.”

“You would?”

“Totally! And maybe even my number so you could call me later, and then pick me up, and we’d go to your apartment and I’d just, like, totally fuck your silly brains out.”

Isaac’s adam’s apple bobbed as he swallowed. “Y-you would?” he squeaked.

“Absolutely!” Betty cheered, plump lips smirking in satisfaction. “But I’m not. Because I’m being a good girl!”

Isaac blinked slowly. “You are?”

“For sure! I mean,” she giggled. “Normally, I’d be such a baaaad girl. But I’m gonna be good! Which is tough, because you’re, like, super hot, so I would really want to usually do all sorts of naughty things to you. And make you feel all cute and bubbly and sweet that I’d just have to kiss you!

“But I totally won’t!” Betty continued, proudly straightening, her breasts again bouncing in the tightness of her apron and sweater. “Because I’m just normal!”

Isaac stared at her, slack jawed. “Uh... uh huh?”

“Totes! Just a sec while I get your latte done.”

Humming to herself, Betty spun around and began to steam the cream for the latte, so pleased with herself that her ass swayed side to side, tail flicking above the heart-shaped bow that tied the back of her apron.

Isaac stared, utterly enraptured at the sight of that rear. How it swung side to side. Her spaded tail swirling in happy little patterns. Gods. Such a soft ass. Plump. Curvy. He could almost imagine what it would feel like to have it on his face. Pressing down on him. Betty giggling as she ground him under her, his tongue plunging upwards into her pussy as she moaned, grinding, his cock throbbing as her feet played with him...

“Oh!” Betty said, turning sideways to look at him. “I forgot to ask! Do you want extra cream?”

“S-sorry? Cream?” Isaac said.

“Yeah! You know. Cream. Like a cow. Mooo,” Betty said, giggling.

“Er, yeah. Cream,” Isaac said, his eyes drawn back down to her chest. Her big, soft, bouncy chest... “Lots of cream...”

“Totes! Just a sec,” Betty said and turned back to the machine, a sudden burst of steam breathing around her.

“Uh huh,” Isaac said, his mind suddenly filled with an image of Betty in nothing but a cowprint bra and panties. Cradling her big, soft breasts. Bouncing them. Massaging them.

Mooing while her lashes fluttered up at him...

He jolted back to reality as Betty spun back to face him and triumphantly placed the steaming cup in front of him.

“Here you go!”

“Huh?” Isaac said, staring at the latte in confusion. “O-oh! Right. Yeah. Thanks, um...”

“It’s Betty. See?” she said, pushing out her chest so her nametag could be better read. “Isn’t that just, like, a totally normal name?”

Isaac stared, his view utterly filled by the plump orbs of the breasts the nametag was pinned to. He bit his lower lip, pants unbearably tight.

“I uh... th-thank you. I’d better... um...”

“Whoops!” Betty giggled suddenly. “I totally forget to charge you! Just a sec. Um... Here we go. Let’s see...”

Betty’s tongue poked out the corner of her mouth as she leaned over the till and started to punch the numbers in. Which wasn’t helping Isaac at all, as this gave him an excellent view down her shirt and into the deep, pink valley of her breasts. Which rose.

And fell.

Rose.

And fell.

With every breath she took.

“Um... Okay! Seven fifty. And you totally don’t need to tip either. Because I’m not trying to make you feel so horny you do it anyway,” Betty said at last.

“Yeah... tip...” Isaac said as he blindly swiped his card on the reader. “Thanks...”

“No problem! Enjoy your latte!”

“Yeah. C-creamy...”

“What a nice guy,” Betty said as Isaac staggered out towards the door. See? She could totally do this! She was absolutely normal.

Totally, completely normal!

“Betty? Dear?”

“Ah!” Betty gasped, spinning around to find Honeysuckle behind her, the other succubus giving her a knowing smile.

"Lost in thought?" Honeysuckle said.

"Hehe," Betty giggled. "Was it obvious?"

"Only slightly, dear," Honeysuckle said. "But that's fine. Actually, I need your help in the back. Just had some stock come in, and I'd appreciate you showing the delivery man where they go."

"Of course! Right away, Miss Honeysuckle."

"Good girl," Honeysuckle murmured, watching with a lazy smile as Betty bounced into the back of the shop.

Betty got to the rear doors just in time to see a stack of boxes come in on a dolly, the man pushing it lost behind the tower of cardboard.

"Oh gosh! Um, right over here," Betty said.

"Thanks," grunted the loader who swivelled his burden towards her voice.

Gosh, that was an awfully big load.

Betty found herself licking her lips at the sight. Such strong arms. But no. No! She shook her head quickly. Don't think about it. Don't think about how good it would feel for those big, muscly arms to wrap around her. Those strong hands gripping her ass as a thick, fat cock plunged into her aching pussy.

What was she doing again?

Oh! Right. Deliveries.

"Um, the store room is just this way!" Betty said.

"Thanks," grunted the man behind the boxes as he swung the dolly after her.

Betty led the way into the store room, holding the door for the delivery man as he trundled by. She sucked in a breath as he passed her.

Oh no.

He was hot.

Betty bit her lip at the sight of the man maneuvering the dolly into the narrow space. A short-sleeved shirt strained across his chest and bared arms firm with muscle. His face was tight with concentration as he worked the dolly in, his hair short, brown and with plenty of bounce even under his ballcap. And before he passed, Betty got a great look at what could only be an impressive bulge in the front of his pants.

Oh.

Oh gosh.

Betty felt her face warming, her eyes glued to the firm shape of his ass as he went by, those jeans looking so wonderfully easy to pull down. Her lips tingled, begging to wrap around his thick cock and just suck him dry of all that thick cum.

Oh gosh.

She must have gotten more turned on by Isaac than she expected. But she could do this! Betty Beetlegeuse wasn't just some dumb bimbo ready to fuck any man who came into the shop. She shook her head. No. No! She wouldn't use her succubus powers to seduce him. No matter how yummy his cum probably was. No matter how good it would feel to get bent over a box while he absolutely railed her, pounding her pussy until she was a drooling mess of moaning pleasure and helpless sluttiness. And she most certainly wouldn't let him do so while corrupting his mind to only think about fucking her.

Because that was... um, totally wrong and stuff.

Yeah.

Totally.

Betty let out a slow breath to try and calm the twitterpation of her heart and the heat blossoming within her. Gosh. If she wasn't careful, she'd start putting out pheromones too. And once she did that, it was game over. No guy could resist succubus pheromones. Then she'd have to fuck him, if only to get rid of the lust that would consume him. She firmed herself, pressing her plump, kissable lips together, drew herself up with a wobble of her breasts in her oh so tight sweater, and then moved up behind him.

"Right there's good," Betty said.

"Sure," he said, grunting as he eased the pile of boxes against the wall near some shelves, sliding the dolly out from under it. He turned around and stopped short when he actually saw Betty. Saw her blushing face. The way her breasts pressed out against her apron and sweater.

"Thanks... um..." Betty scooted nearer, peering at his nametag. "Jacob?"

"Huh? Oh! Uh, yeah. That's my name."

"Nice to meet you," Betty said, perking back up, her breasts wobbling in her sweater as she thrust out her hand. "I'm Betty! Here. Let me just put those up there. Oof!" she grunted as she tried to lift one of the boxes.

"Here, let me um..."

Jacob grabbed the box, easily lifting it from her arms. "Oh!" Betty said, beaming. "Thank you! That's so nice."

"N-no problem," Jacob said, flushing as he hastily turned and heaved the box onto one of the taller shelves. As he did so, his nostrils flared. Something smelled... smelled really good.

"Gosh! You are strong, aren't you?" Betty said admiringly.

"Thanks. I um, work out," Jacob said. What was that smell? It was tantalizing but sweet. Floral yet... yet something more.

"It shows!" Betty said. "I don't. I mean, I do yoga and stuff, but I don't like, lift weights or things. But I keep fit, you know? I'm suuuuper flexible."

"Uh huh," Jacob said as he lifted the next box.

"Really! Check it out."

Jacob's jaw fell slack as Betty demonstrated, the sweater growing tighter, conforming to her breasts as she moved, stretching side to side, her sweater hiking up, revealing her toned belly. Betty smiled, relaxing a bit at the sight of his expression. There! She wasn't flirting. Totally just normal conversation.

"W-wow," Jacob said as his hands mindlessly worked to lift the boxes, his eyes never straying from the scene being shown to him.

"Hoo! Right!" Betty said, straightening with a beaming smile. "Pretty great, huh? Hey! You're all done."

"Huh?"

Jacob looked down, and saw that he'd finished loading the boxes some time ago, his hands now moving with automated motions until he let them fall, staring at them in wonderment. But only for a moment, for in the next, his eyes were drawn magnetically back to Betty's breasts as the succubus hopped, clapping her hands in delight.

"Thanks soooo much! I really appreciate your help. Like, a ton! You save me sooo much time. Honest! Girls really do need a big, strong, studly guy around sometimes. Right?"

"S-studly?"

"Sure! With those big arms and big... um, well," Betty giggled. "I mean, you're so big and strong. Right? And lots of girls super like that. Like me!"

"Uh huh," Jacob said, watching the motions of her breasts.

"Totally! And oh gosh," Betty said, a finger to her pouty lips as another idea sparked from the two ricocheting braincells in her head. "I should totally give you a tip, right?"

"Oh, uh, we're not allowed to... to accept money," Jacob said, his voice sounding thick and listless to his own ears.

"Oh," Betty said. "But I really want to reward you. You've been so nice and cute. Oh gosh," she said, stepping in closer, gazing pleadingly into his eyes, her own shining, pulsing pink. "Isn't there, like, anything I can do for you?"

Jacob sucked in a breath as he felt her breasts press against his chest. His cock throbbed, so hard and thick it felt like it might rip through his pants to get at the gorgeous woman in front of him. His

hands seemed to move instinctively, arms wrapping around her, his palms filling themselves with the plushness of her ass and tugging her close.

Betty gasped as her mound pressed against Jacob's bulge. She looked up into his eyes, and saw the heat that simmered in them. The need to feel her.

"Oh," Betty breathed, and Jacob shivered as he felt her body instantly respond, her hips giving a lazy rock, rubbing her mound against his cock, her breasts squeezed to his chest and her soft, pink, lips parting, quivering, begging to be kissed.

Oh. Oh gosh, Betty just knew she shouldn't. She really shouldn't.

But... but... Well, she wasn't using her powers. And she was totally unsexy. He couldn't be all hot and bothered about her because she was a Lust succubus.

So... so he must really want to fuck her. Just him. No extra enchantments required!

Betty felt a smile bubble up on her face. Gosh, she was so smart sometimes. And lucky! She knew that just by being a good, normal girl, she'd totally find that guys still found her cute and sexy. And it had happened so fast! Just went to show how great her personality was.

"Mmm. Hey," she breathed, wrapping her arms around Jacob's neck. "Wanna have some fun?"

"Y-yeah. Fun. I-"

Before he could say another word Betty had leaned up and pressed a kiss to his lips.

Jacob's eyes flew open, his body jolting like from an electric shock. He groaned, eyes rolling as Betty pulled herself harder against him, the softness of her breasts rubbing against him through her clothes, her leg twining with his, her mound rubbing against his crotch.

Betty's eyes glowed, stars fluttering in her mind. Oh. Ohhhh she had missed this. She was still a succubus of Lust, after all. And she so loved to embrace her inner demon. Not that she would drain the essence from the poor guy kissing her. No no. She was a good girl! She had terrific self-control.

And she was feeling so very warm.

Her breasts heaved as she felt Jacob's hands fumble with her sweater. She giggled. Well, since he obviously liked her already, she supposed she could go a bit further. But just a bit. She totally wasn't going to brainwash him, of course, but if he loved her this much, just a look at her big, bouncy boobs wouldn't hurt.

Lifting her arms, Betty let Jacob tug her sweater up and off her, her breasts bouncing into the open, no bra required to have them look as full and plump as could be. She gasped as Jacob's hands were instantly on them, cradling them, squeezing and admiring them. Gosh! If she didn't know he wasn't brainwashed, she would think he was hypnotised by her tits.

But of course that was ridiculous. He just wanted to fuck a totally normal girl.

Betty giggled, leaning in and kissing him again, her moan sending shockwaves through Jacob like dynamite bursting down his spine, finishing in his quivering cock. He groaned, so achingly hard he felt like he was about ready to tear straight out of his pants.

Betty could feel it. Feel how hard he was as her hips rubbed her against him, the steely girth of his cock making her ache with need. She barely seemed to move. As if she willed her clothes free, belt buckles undid and her pants slid down her shapely hips. Her hands brushed Jacob's clothes, and like magic his own pants and boxers fell away. His shirt tugged up and off, leaving him naked.

Pink hearts pulsed in Betty's eyes as she looked upon the firm, muscular build of the man before her. Likewise, Jacob stared in awe at the unspeakable loveliness of the shapely succubus, her firm, bouncy breasts heaving. Her hips perfect hourglass counterpoint. And the shaved, velvety slickness of her pussy glistening with desire for him.

"Pit yes," Betty breathed, her leg again wrapping around Jacob's waist, pulling him close again. "Give it to me!"

He did.

He didn't even seem to need to try. His hips simply glided forward, his cock finding her entrance seamlessly. Betty cried out in delight as his cock fed into the slick heat of her pussy, the tightness of her inner walls squeezing him, sucking him in down to the very root. Jacob groaned, his eyes rolling back, pink hearts quivering in his pupils as the pleasure of a Lust succubus devoured his consciousness.

Betty didn't notice. Enjoying the sensation almost as much as Jacob, she moaned, arching, her breasts pressing into his chest as the feeling of fullness fulfilled her. Pits below it had been too loooooong! Almost a whole day since she'd gotten some cock.

Fuck it was good to be normal.

Her hips rolled, riding her atop his cock, alone for a few beats, but almost at once Jacob began to move with her. Pumping into her. Fucking her against the wall of the stockroom. Betty's shaking arms wrapped around his neck, pulling him back in to another desperate kiss.

Jacob moaned as he acquiesced, his lips working against hers, his hips bucking, pumping, fucking the gorgeous demon girl with growing urgency. Passion. Desperation. Pleasure shot through him with every thrust of his cock.

"Yes," Betty gasped between kisses, her breath scented sweetly. Her eyes shining, misting over from the wonders of the sensations bubbling up within her. The ecstasy of feeling his girthy maleness within her. "Yes! F-fuck me! Fuck me hard! Oh pits yes. Yes! M-mate me! Make me c-cum! Oh baby. Yes. Oh baby yes! Don't stop! Keep going! F-fill me up! Stuff me! Breed me! Breed meeeee!"

Jacob's pace increased. Hammering her. Fucking her. His hands clutched her ass as he bounced her atop his cock. His breath coming in short, rapid gasps. His hips thrusting relentlessly. His cock aching. Throbbing. Pleasure building. He couldn't stop. He didn't want to. He needed to cum. Her command urged him towards that wonderful climax.

"Y-yes! Yes! Oh f-fuck yesssssss!" Jacob cried, head falling back as he hilted within the gorgeous succubus a final time, his moan of pleasure echoing in the tight confines of the store room as he came.

“Ohhhhhh!” Betty moaned, eyes rolling back, her soft lips a perfect O of pleasure as she felt the hot, virile burst of Jacob’s seed fill her in a rush of ecstasy. The exultant pleasure of a mortal soul surrendering to her filling her with a joy that mere words could never express.

She rode that high all the way down, Jacob sliding down the wall as the pleasure of his orgasm robbed the strength from his legs. Betty found herself nestled atop him, still working her hips, still riding him under her with eager, jerking motions, his head nestled between the plush pillows of her breasts.

Betty moaned, panting hot and fast as she finally slowed. “So... so good. Oh gosh, that was... that was good.”

“Ohhhhh...” Jacob could only moan, voice muffled by the firm, pink tits sandwiching him.

Betty giggled, leaning back and patting his cheek. “Hope you liked your um, tip.”

“Y-yesss,” Jacob gasped.

“Betty?” Honeysuckle’s voice called. “Are you about done in there?”

Betty squeaked and hastily got up. “Um, yes! Be right there!” She leaned back down and gave Jacob a quick kiss on his cheek, and couldn’t help but notice that even without lipstick, she left a mark. “Gotta go. But thanks again! I super appreciate it.”

“Y-yeah. Wel... come...”

Giggling to herself, Betty hastily dressed and returned to the front of the shop. But first she washed her hands, of course. She was on the clock, after all!

And what a first day it was! Betty was just worked to the bone. So many guys came in to get coffee, it was crazy! And of course she totally didn’t flirt with any of them. But they must have loved her service, because some came up to the counter a bunch of times. Wow.

She must make amazing coffee!

But at last the day ended, and while Honeysuckle scooted the last few clients out the door, Betty gave a little cheer as she swung off her apron and hooked it back into place on the rack of the staff room. Yes! She did it! She made it through the day without turning any poor boys into brainwashed bimbos. She scoffed. Gosh! What had she even been worried about? This was totally super easy!

“My my. Someone looks happy.”

Betty turned to find Miss Honeysuckle standing in the doorway, arms crossed under the heft of her bosom, a mild smile on her lovely face.

“I am!” Betty gushed. “Oh Miss Honeysuckle, it was great! I made it through the whole day without accidentally making any men dumb studs!”

“Oh my,” Honeysuckle said, resting a cheek in her palm, still smiling that gentle smile. “My my. That is quite the accomplishment. You didn’t seduce any of your customers? Didn’t turn any of them into brainless morons?”

“Nope!” Betty said. “Because I’m a good person.”

“That you are, sweetie. That you are,” the other succubus said, mussing Betty’s hair fondly.
“Now, you get back home now. We’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Will do. And thank you again.”

“Of course, dear. Be careful, it is raining,” Honeysuckle said sweetly, watching as Betty bounced outside. Honeysuckle made her way to the doors, looking through the glass and watching. Ah, and just as she thought. There was Betty speaking to a young man with an umbrella, who would certainly share it with a poor girl. Especially some poor girl whose big, soft breasts were so revealed by the wet shirt she was wearing.

Honeysuckle chuckled, shaking her head as Betty pressed in close to her new friend, the two of them heading back to her apartment. Where no doubt she would insist he come in to warm up. And of course would nuzzle up beside him on the couch. And of course, would let him share her bed to keep him... warm on such a cold night.

Because that’s what a good girl would do...