



It was weird loading a modern game with a CD drive, and especially a game that used a VR headset. But nothing about *Luxuria's Dungeon* felt ordinary.

Jonas looked over the disc speculatively. Even the underside seemed off. Instead of the silvery sheen he expected, it seemed to have something like a spiral pattern to it. He pursed his lips as he turned the disc this way and that, scrutinising the shimmer like a jeweler looking for flaws.

He still wasn't sure what to make of it. He'd seen no reviews for it, but Clyde had raved about the thing.

"The best game I've ever played. It's like a dating sim, but better!"

"I'm not really a dating sim kind of guy," Jonas had said.

“That’s the thing though. It’s so much more! You gotta try it.”

So here he was, the disc shoved into his hands now before him, his computer illuminating his bare room with its glow. Jonas shrugged. Well, Clyde had never steered him wrong before. Still, a dating sim? Clyde had never struck him as that kind of guy.

“Guess everyone’s full of surprises,” Jonas murmured as he ejected the disc tray and slotted in *Luxuria’s Dungeon*.

With a soft whirr the computer swallowed the disc, and almost at once the download began. It didn’t take long, which surprised Jonas somewhat. “Must be a small game,” he mused as the screen darkened and elegant, golden lettering wrote itself before his eyes.

[For the Best Gaming Experience, Please Ensure Your Room is Dark and Headphones On]

“Is this a dating sim or a horror game?” Jonas chuckled to himself, but still got up and turned off the lights, leaving only his screen to illuminate his room. Again he took a seat in his chair, getting comfortable as he slid on his VR headset, his curiosity roused. He slipped on the gloves of the controllers, his vision filled with the golden letters. He pressed enter and the words before his eyes faded. Flickered.

[Madame Luxuria is Eager to Meet her New Servant] the screen said in the same flowing, golden script. [She Has Been Waiting for You.]

“Has she now?” Jonas said.

[She Has. Most Eagerly.]

Jonas’s eyebrows flicked. Did the game access his mic? Interesting. He wasn’t sure how he felt about that, but shrugged it off. He was curious to see where it was going...

The screen cleared, revealing a sumptuous room. Decadently decorated, it made him think of some aristocrat’s personal boudoir. Great rendering, Jonas thought. It looked almost photo real, but there was a certain stylization to it. Something subtly unreal, yet attractive. Everything looked almost more... well, everything. The curtains hanging from the walls seemed softer and flutterier than the real thing. The glow from the candelabras was so sensual he could easily imagine the gentle warmth of their glow playing across his skin.

In the corner of his screen, he spotted not a health bar, but something else. [Willpower: 100] was displayed. Interesting. Lotta games tried new things for health. He wondered what the mechanic could be?

But he didn’t linger on that long. His eyes were drawn instead to the bed. Ah. A point and click. Interesting. He moved the controllers and pressed his ghostly hands against the curtains.

[Curtains. They Feel Soft as Silk and Smooth as Sin.]

He chuckled. “Smooth as sin, huh?” he said, but strangely, the description felt accurate. The texturing was so good it was like he could feel the supple cloth. He turned his controller, his character moving towards the candelabras. He touched the metal.

[Candelabras. The Scent of Hazy Spices and Incense Rise from the Tongues of Flame.]

Jonas inhaled deeply, imagining he was smelling those sweet aromas. Something heady and heavy that made his skin tingle. Very nice. But enough playing around. He turned back towards the curtains of the bed, where he could faintly hear the gentle sound of breathing. He moved slowly towards it, his eyes drawn to the wood of the bed's frame. Strange, intricate carvings like faces warped in rapturous pleasure. The sight made him tingle in excitement.

"Whoever modeled this thing wasn't paid enough," he murmured, then chuckled at himself for talking so low. What? Was he afraid of waking the character in the game? But then, his mic was clearly connected. Maybe he could.

Despite himself, Jonas found himself being drawn into the experience. He moved his controller, his ingame hand touching the curtains and easing them back.

Nothing so far could have prepared him for the sight of Luxuria. Even the level of detail in the room couldn't compare to her. She didn't look real. She looked more than real. It was like comparing an apple to polygons. She was near naked, only a filmy, thin nightie clothing her, but that was far from enough. She was shapely, curvy, yet well proportioned. Her breasts were full and heavy. Her thighs teased by the shortness of her nightie. Her eyes were closed, her lips made to be kissed: soft, red and plump. Her hair was thick and luxurious, shining like an onyx river, just begging for him to run his fingers through. She had a pair of horns. Curling things like a ram, and around her neck and collarbone was a fluff of soft, dark wool.

Jonas stared at her, his jaw actually falling open. Holy fuck. No wonder Clyde was raving about this game. Just the sight of her was well worth giving it a shot.

As if his attention stirred her, Luxuria moaned softly, her eyes sliding half-open. A languid smile slowly painted her plush, red lips and she sat up, stretching lazily.

Jonas felt his character move backwards as her nightie rode up higher, nearly revealing what lay between her legs, but never quite. Her plump breasts rose with the motion of her shoulders, her teats wobbling teasingly as she lowered her arms, planting them on the bedding, letting her lounge in a sitting position, looking up at him coyly.

"Hello," she said, and Jonas sucked in a breath as her voice oozed into his ears like molten chocolate. "Are you my new servant?"

"Uh," Jonas stammered. "I um, mean, yeah. Yes. I am."

Her smile deepened, and Jonas felt himself blushing under his headset. Damn but they did an amazing job on her. He was tempted to reach out and touch her skin. See if it felt as good as it looked. But then he remembered this was a game, and had to chuckle at his own absurdity.

"Something funny, slave?"

"No ma'am," he said, barely rankling at being called slave. Hey! If that's what the game's character was, then it worked for him. A small price to pay to look at this beauty.

Again Luxuria laughed, her head tilting coyly at him, looking up at him teasingly. "Mmm. Good. Though I do find some silliness cute in my slaves."

"I aim to please, ma'am," he said.

"Please," she said, her voice a throaty purr that seemed to vibrate deep in his groin. "Call me mistress."

There was a flash in the corner of his eye, and Jonas saw an update near his Willpower bar. [Luxuria Uses Seduce.]

Huh. He wondered what that would do? But damn, her programming was really good. He couldn't help but feel drawn further into the game. "Of course, mistress," he said.

There was a ding and he glanced at the corner of the screen. [Status Effect: Seduced. Your Willpower Has Begun to Wane.]

"And, what should I call you, slave?" Luxuria asked, instantly pulling his attention back to her. "What's your name?"

"Hm? Oh, Jonas, mistress."

"Jonas," she said her tongue teasing along her lips as if tasting the name. "Mmm. What a cute name."

Jonas was still smiling, but now he shifted nervously in his seat, feeling his manhood pressing against his pants. Fuck he was hard. His blood hot and making him flush.

[Status Effect: Aroused. Your Attraction to the Demon Weakens You Further.]

"Something wrong, slave?" she crooned.

"No, mistress."

Her eyes drifted down and her smile widened. "Mmm. Slave? It seems you're a little... distracted, aren't you?"

Jonas felt a flush of humiliation. How had she known that? But then again, who wouldn't be hard at the sight of her? The programmers probably just assumed it. And damn, but they'd be right.

"I ah..."

"It's okay, slave. I know I'm... overwhelming," Luxuria crooned, her hands touching her hips, running up her sides. "I'm soooo beautiful. Soooo lovely. Sooo... soft..."

[Luxuria Uses Temptation]

Jonas swallowed hard as her hands reached her breasts. Moving over those soft orbs. Outlining them. Hefting them. Letting them bounce.

"I..."

"But it would be... so very hard to serve me, slave, while you're all... distracted..."

"Uh..."

Her smirk deepened. "We must take care of it, slave."

"How would we..."

"Touch yourself."

Jonas hesitated. "I..."

"To better serve me, slave," Luxuria crooned. "Poor boy. So pent up. So horny for me. I know how hard it is to be that needy. That aroused by me. But if you want to serve me, you need some release. So go on, slave. Wrap those fingers around your cock and give yourself a... stroke."

Hooooo fuck this was getting intense. Jonas wasn't sure he should. He wasn't sure why he shouldn't either. Clearly this was an ero game. Should have known.

But what was wrong with that?

Jonas licked his lips, but then slipped the controller off his right hand. Why not? Why shouldn't he? He pulled open his pants, drawing out his cock. He sucked in a breath as his fingers wrapped around his length, the sensation shooting into his balls like a jolt of electricity. Oh fuck he was sensitive tonight.

"That's it," Luxuria crooned, tucking her legs under her, shifting so she sat on her knees, her eyes lidded, smoky, watching him intently. "Stroke yourself, slave. Stroke yourself for me."

Fuck. Jonas had never done anything like this. But he couldn't stop himself. "O-ohhhh," he groaned, tingling with sensitive pleasure as he began to slowly pump his cock. His hand running up and down his manhood. Slowly at first. He had to go slow. If he went too fast, he knew he'd cum without hesitation. And somehow, he knew that would be wrong. That this was a thing to be savoured. Relished.

[Willpower -3]

The tick in the corner of his eye distracted him for a moment. Ah, so that was the game. Resist the demon, hm? Well, he had a lot of Willpower left. He could handle that...

"Mmm. That's it," Luxuria crooned, and fuck but the graphics for her eyes were something else. They seemed to burn with an emotion he'd never seen the like before. Something between hunger and lust. A swirl of crimson and gold. A look that made him flush hotter, his balls throb and ache as he stroked himself. He sucked in a breath as her hands gently rose to the straps of her nightie and teased them off her shoulders.

[Luxuria Uses Hypnotize]

"Oh slave," she purred, her voice tickling in his ears as her arms crossed under her breasts, all that was keeping the nightie from fully falling and revealing those plump, pale orbs. "Are you going slow because it feels so good?"

"I... I'm not mistress."

Luxuria smirked, lifting off her nightie. Jonas took a shuddering breath at the sight of her breasts. Oh fuck. They were even better than he dreamed. Full. Heavy. Plump without a hint of sag yet nearly as big as his head. Her nipples dark mounds.

[Willpower -3]

Luxuria giggled, crawling towards him, her eyes molten, hot, sparking with infernal lust. "It's so cute when you try to lie to me, slave. So silly to think you can hide anything from me."

He gasped as she stopped before him. He didn't know who had modelled his appearance, but he was shocked to see his cock rendered. Now that was photo real. He swore he could even feel her fingers as they took his hand from his shaft.

But he definitely felt it when she leaned forward, and pressed his cock between her tits.

"Oh f-fuck!" Jonas groaned, jolting at the heavenly softness squeezing around his manhood. Warm and tight, if he wasn't sitting down, he knew he'd fall from the sheer intensity of sensation that shot through his wobbly legs. He almost didn't even notice the ding in the corner. [Status Effect: Besotted. Your Willpower Weakens Faster.]

"So much better than your hand, isn't it?" Luxuria crooned as she began to lazily bounce her breasts, squeezing his cock between her flawless titflesh.

[Luxuria uses Titjob]

[It's Super Effective Against Brainless Boytoy's]

"I... Oh... This... this c-can't be... how..." Jonas gasped.

"Shhhh," Luxuria cooed, her eyes teasing, lashes fluttering as she bounced her breasts around his shaft. "Don't talk. Don't think. Just feel. Just feel mistress's perfect tits..."

He knew there was something bad about that. But compared to the good, he was willing to ignore it. Hell, he was willing to ignore a lot of things. Focusing on anything other than the sensations aching through his cock was such a waste of time.

Far better to just feel.

[Willpower -5]

[Willpower -5]

"Oh fuck yes," he gasped, barely watching the ticker in the corner of his screen. Counting down with every stroke of her breasts.

"Do my breasts feel good, slave?" Luxuria crooned.

"So... so good," he panted. "So soft and... and g-good."

"That's so wonderful to hear," Luxuria purred, her lashes fluttering teasingly. "And so much better than your hand, right? So much more fun. So much softer... and tighter... and sexier."

"Oh y-yessss," Jonas moaned.

"And you want to cum, don't you?" she said, continuing to massage her ample tits around his cock. Squeezing. Bouncing. "You want to cum all that naughty tension out of you. You want to spurt and moan and feel so good and relaxed for mistress. To better serve mistress. You want her to milk all that pesky free will out of you, don't you?"

“Oh f-fuck yeah!” Jonas cried, gripping the arms of his chair, biting his lower lip in terrible ecstasy. Fuck, he was so close. So... so close...

“Then cum for me, Jonas. Cum for mistress Luxuria. Cum for your mistress right now!”

“Y-yessssss!” Jonas cried, throwing back his head, crying out as his body tensed, tightening, as his hips jerked up into the invisible softness of her breasts.

His orgasm hit him like a train. His cock throbbed, pulsing, spurting his seed in sharp bursts.

[Willpower -20]

[You have Cum for Mistress Luxuria]

[Luxuria Uses Brainwash]

[You Are Being Brainwashed]

Jonas groaned, sagging in his seat, his head spinning and vision swirling in the VR goggles.

“Did you like that, Jonas?” Luxuria whispered.

“Ohhhh yeaaaah,” he groaned.

“That’s good,” she whispered, and Jonas shivered in delight as he felt her hands tease up his shirt. Her breasts press against his naked chest. The heat of her breath tickling against his ear. “Because I have so much more to offer you. So much more pleasure for you...”

Jonas’s eyes fluttered open, beholding her face an inch from his. Feeling her hands stroke his chest. Her weight settling on his lap.

Only...

Only...

How... could he feel that?

“Ah... ah!” Jonas gasped, grabbing the headset and tearing it off.

His chest heaved as he looked around his room in a blind panic. But it was all the same. The same bed. The same computer desk. The same pile of laundry. Nothing was different. No silky curtains. No elaborate bed. And no... no Luxuria...

He felt another shiver of remembered sensation tease through him. Jonas looked back at the headset. Had he imagined it? He must have. There was no way a game could make him feel something. Maybe in twenty years the tech would be able to, but now? No. No, there was something off about this.

Something very... very off...

He found his finger stroking the curve of the headset’s visor. Again he felt the tingle of ghostly touches on his skin. Remembrances of sensations too strong to be forgotten so quickly.

Especially around his cock.

He looked back down at his shaft, and despite having just cum, he saw he was still hard. Sensitive ready for... for he wasn't sure what. There was something wrong about this whole thing. Incredibly wrong.

And yet.

And yet...

Would another touch be so bad? He remembered suddenly the heat in Luxuria's eyes. The promise. He remembered the feel of her hands on his chest and her breasts around his cock. He remembered the weight of her body and the softness of her lips.

Oh fuck.

He took a shuddering breath. No. No, he shouldn't. He had to... had to take the game out, break it, toss it, get rid of it. Especially with that counter. What had it said? Brainwashing? What did that mean? What would happen to him when it reached zero? Better not to find out. Better not to risk it. Nothing good could come of it.

But that was wrong. He knew it was wrong. One thing was sure to come of it. One wonderful, glorious thing he'd merely had a taste of so far.

"This is insane," he muttered. "It can't be."

So why not try it?

He felt the heat rise in his face again.. But... but it couldn't be real. It just couldn't be. It had to all be in his head.

So... was there any harm in just... trying it?

Seeing how it went?

If it was all in his head, then he'd be fine anyway. A game couldn't hurt him.

But it did make him feel good.

Jonas found his hands picking up the headset, the glow inside indistinct, yet beckoning like a doorway at the end of a long tunnel. But what waited beyond?

Luxuria waited.

Did anything else matter?

He felt another tingle. His hands flexed around the hard plastic of the visor.

He... he did have plenty of willpower left.

He could manage it.

And it wasn't real anyway.

It couldn't be real.

"This is such a bad idea," Jonas whispered to himself, even as he lifted the headset, slipped it back on, feeling the straps settle soothingly around his ears, and the visor before his eyes.

His vision was filled once more with the midnight chamber. Somehow, it seemed even more real. More distinct. He inhaled, filling himself with the scent of incense and that strange, cloying aroma he couldn't define, but that raced through his veins like wildfire. He blinked as his eyes adjusted, and he looked down.

He realized suddenly he was sitting on the edge of Luxuria's bed, and that she was straddling him. As he saw her, he felt her weight on his lap. Felt her skin against his own. She was naked. More importantly, he was naked. Nude. Had she undressed him while he'd been disconnected?

"Does it matter?" she said sweetly.

Jonas shivered. He didn't bother asking how she knew what he'd thought. Nothing about this seemed real. And yet, it all felt real. More real than reality.

[Willpower -5]

And it felt so good.

[Jonas is Being Brainwashed]

"Ohhhh," Jonas moaned as Luxuria lazily ground herself into his lap. Her pussy slid against his cock, rubbing him in ways that made his breath come short and his head whirl with lust.

"Still so distracted?" Luxuria crooned as she lazily teased herself against his cock. "Still can't think straight despite me making you feel so good? Naughty naughty, slave. A slave's thoughts should be only on his mistress. Only on how to serve. Only on how to obey."

[Luxuria uses Degrading Babytalk]

[Critical Hit]

"I... ah... m-mistress, I..."

"Do you want to serve me well, slave?" she crooned, her molten eyes gazing into his. "Don't you want to serve mistress Luxuria?"

[Willpower -5]

"Yes," he gasped, trembling, his hands on her rump, stroking her ass as she ground herself atop him. Gods but she felt so good. So perfect. Her ass flawless. Wonderful. The heat of her skin radiating into him as he trembled beneath her, heating his blood and body. "H-how? Mistress, please... ah... h-how?"

"Mmm. Well," she giggled, her perfect lips smirking as her arms looped around his neck. As her breasts pushed forward, mashing against his chest. Soft. So perfect and malleable, Jonas nearly came right there, but somehow managed to resist the instinct. "If my servant is having trouble... focusing. If his mind is so... full. So... stuffed. So... heavy with all those silly thoughts, then we should empty it. Shouldn't we?"

"H-how?" Jonas asked. "How do we... ah..."

[Willpower -5]

Luxuria giggled, and against her mound pressed against his cock, stroking him with her folds, making him whimper and his grip tighten reflexively on the soft globes of her ass. "Mmm," Luxuria purred. "For that, we just need to make you... cum. Just cum. And cum. And cum until those silly brains are all gone. All those useless thoughts just drained from my obedient slave, and making him so perfectly obedient. So perfectly enslaved. Just a brainless, silly bimbo for mistress. How does that sound, slave?" she asked cooly, her dark eyes fluttering. "Does slave want to become a good boy for mistress?"

[Luxuria Uses Temptation]

[Willpower -5]

"M-more than anything," Jonas gasped. Because it was only a game. Just a game. A game couldn't hurt him. A game couldn't change him. It was only a game.

And he wanted to keep playing more than anything.

Luxuria's eyelashes fluttered. Her smirk deepened as she lazily leaned up, her pussy sliding along his cock until she was practically perched atop his lap. Her lips were an inch from his face, the red loveliness of them shining before his eyes.

"Then let's do it," she purred.

And kissed him hard.

[Luxuria Uses Kiss of Damnation]

[Status Effect: Drain Soul. The Target's Soul is Being Drained by the Demon]

Jonas cried out, shuddering as he felt a sudden surge of pleasure shoot through him from head to toe. He groaned, eyes rolling back as he submitted eagerly to the press of her lips, his whole body trembling with the ecstasy of her lips.

But that was far from all. Oh yes. For as she pressed against him he toppled onto the bed, the mattress rippling around his body, the sheets stroking his bare skin with unnatural sensitivity. Sensations twinged down his nerves like plucked piano strings, and he moaned as her hands stroked his chest. His sides. Her hands pulling his grasp back onto her ass.

[Willpower -5]

"Yes," she breathed between kisses, her breath warm and scented wonderfully as she ground his cock between them. "That's it. Stroke mistress's ass. Admire it. Worship it. Oh slave. Would you... mmm... would you like me to sit on your face? Would that help you stop all that silly thinking?"

"Yes," Jonas whimpered. "Yes. It would. It would, m-mistress."

"Then so be it," she giggled.

She rose off his lap, rising above him. Jonas looked up at her, and for the first time truly saw her. Saw her as she was meant to be. Above him. Dominating him. Powerful. Perfect.

Beautiful.

[Willpower -10]

Luxuria smirked, and Jonas knew she understood the realization that had struck him. She relished the moment, but then turned about, baring the perfect curves of her ass before she knelt, burying him beneath those flawless orbs.

[Luxuria Uses Mating Press]

A moan escaped him as her ass engulfed him. Pressed down upon him. His hands grasped her hips, pulling her down harder atop his face, his tongue drawn from his mouth and into the crack of her ass.

He stroked the tight divot of her asshole, relishing the feeling of her weight pressing down on him. The humiliation and dominance of the gorgeous demoness. He knew that this was right. That this was his place. He belonged beneath her.

[Willpower -5]

[Willpower -5]

“Yessss,” Luxuria moaned, grinding her ass down on him. “Right where you belong, slave. Right where... ah... you should be! Under my perfect ass. Licking out my wonderful bottom! Oh slave... Ah... You’re quite... mmm... good at this. So good and obedient for mistress. Now keep... ha... keep going. Keep worshipping mistress. Ooooooh, I’m soooo pleaaaased.”

Her ass began to bounce atop his face. Every impact dazed him. He groaned in helpless pleasure, then cried out as he felt her hand grasp his cock and begin to stroke him.

The sensation was unlike anything he’d known before. Better than any sex he’d ever experienced. Better than any woman. She was right. She was perfect. Otherworldly. Wonderful. She deserved to be worshipped. He deserved to be under her.

[Willpower -5]

[Willpower -5]

“Oooh, I can feel you giving in totally,” Luxuria crooned, her voice muffled by the softness pressing down on Jonas’s face. “Silly mortal, coming all this way. Only to become my obedient slave boy. But we can go further, can’t we, handsome?”

“Mmmm?” Jonas moaned.

“Of course we can!” Luxuria crowed, rising off him. Jonas gasped, his head spinning, his eyes blinking dazedly at the low light as Luxuria turned around above him, her face flushed with cruel triumph, even more beautiful in her savage victory. Jonas stared, mouth agape as she hovered above his

cock, her hand holding it, aiming it directly at the gash of her pussy. He whimpered, feeling the heat of her arousal radiating against his tip.

“Do you want it, slave?” she purred wickedly, her smirk stamping itself on his very soul. “Tell mistress you want to be hers. Tell her you want me to drink up your dumb soul with my perfect pussy. Beg mistress to claim you! Do it, slave. Do it for mistress!”

“P-please!” Jonas gasped, uncaring how wrong this was. How strange. How absurd. He didn’t care. He only knew he wanted it. Needed it. Was desperate for it. He’d do anything for it. Because he had to obey.

Obey.

Obey!

Obey mistress.

Obey Luxuria.

Good slaves obey.

[Willpower -5]

[Jonas is Now Brainwashed]

“Please!” he cried again, this time with more certainty. More assurance. “Please. Please, mistress. F-fuck me! Drink my soul! Don’t... don’t care. Just want you. Want to serve mistress. Please. Please!”

She laughed gaily, tilting her head, looking down at him contemptuously. “Poor mortal. But since you begged so wonderfully...”

Still smirking down at him, she lowered herself onto his cock. Jonas groaned in ecstasy as her silken pussy swallowed his manhood. Devouring him inch by glorious inch. Slow enough he could relish every second. Feel every nerve as it came alive in her sinful clutch.

“Oh fuuuuuuuuck!” Jonas groaned, head lolling back at the sheer power of sensations surging through him. No longer caring that such things were impossible. Only knowing he loved it. Wanted it. That it was beyond perfect. Beyond belief.

“Mmmmm yesssss,” Luxuria purred, her voice trilling in pleasure as she hilted atop him, holding him tight within her. Jonas whimpered as he felt her inner walls squeeze his cock. “Good slave. Was it everything you dreamed?”

“Uh... uh huh,” Jonas gasped.

Luxuria giggled, her glowing eyes hot as fire. “Good. Because it’s about to get soooo much better.”

[Luxuria Uses Tease and Denial. Her Target Cannot Cum Unless She Allows It.]

Luxuria began to roll her hips. At first slowly. Agonizingly. Drawing herself along his cock and squeezing him in glorious ecstasy. Dropping down, loosening, only to tighten again. Dragging herself along his cock.

“Oh! Ohhhh f-fuck!” Jonas cried, trembling in pleasure beneath the gorgeous demoness, his hands clutching her hips, unable to set the pace, only able to cling to her as she began to bounce atop him. Faster. Faster! His cock squeezed and massaged. His mind whirling as every ripple of pleasure sent his thoughts spinning away. Stirred to a lather.

“That’s... ah... it,” Luxuria panted, her grin wild and smirking. “Give it to me! Gimme that... ah... cock. Fuck me, slave. Give me your seed! Give me your soul! Surrender to mistress. Surrender to your goddess!”

“Y-yes!” Jonas cried out, nearly mad with the sensations that throbbed down his manhood. “Anything! Ah! P-please! God yes! Yes! Let me... let me c-cum! Please, mistress! Pleeeeease!”

Luxuria’s eyes grew lidded, her smirk lifting the corners of her lips as she listened to his desperate pleas. His frantic prayers to her. For she decided his release. She owned his pleasure. It was all hers, and Jonas knew it. Knew he belonged to her. Was owned by her. And he loved it.

“Mmmm. Then... ha... cum for me, slave. Cum for mistress!”

Like those words had unlocked some seal within his soul, Jonas felt pleasure surge up within him. Rush through him like fire. He cried out, shuddering beneath her, his cock throbbing as he released, cumming in a sudden rush of helpless pleasure.

[Willpower -20]

“Oh f-fuuuuuck!” Jonas cried.

His body floated.

His mind swam.

[Failed to Resist Drain Soul]

[Soul Has Been Drained]

[Willpower: 0/100]

“Oh yessssss,” Luxuria groaned, her lashes fluttering in pleasure, her teeth biting her lower lip as Jonas came within her, the surge of pleasure rushing through her in a burst of glorious ecstasy. She arched atop his lap, her breasts quivering as his cock throbbed, his balls tightening, surrendering his cum to the hunger of her pussy, milked by her rippling inner walls.

The succubus cooed astride Jonas, settling atop him, her pussy still gently taking him, riding him, stretching out his orgasm into a blissful eternity. She smirked down at him and leaned in closer.

“Good slave,” she purred.

Jonas moaned in happiness as the words [GAME OVER] spread before his eyes. He wasn't sure how long he stared at those words, whimpering in pleasure as feather-light touches danced over his skin. As a sinful tongue whispered into his willing ear.

But at last, slowly, he felt strength return to his limbs, and he lifted the visor off. The dullness of reality returned, pressing around him. The pathetic meanness of his room and the harsh, edged corners of existence. So lacking the dream-like softness of the demon's boudoir.

But he had a mission now. A task in reality. He smiled at the visor, because he knew what he had to do. He had to make a copy of the game. A copy of the disc and give it to his friends. Share it to everyone he knew so they too could know the love of Luxuria.

And when he was done... Oh. He shivered, biting his lower lip in delight. Oh, when he was done, he would play again. And mistress would reward her good slave. Reward him for a good job.

And let him play Level 2...