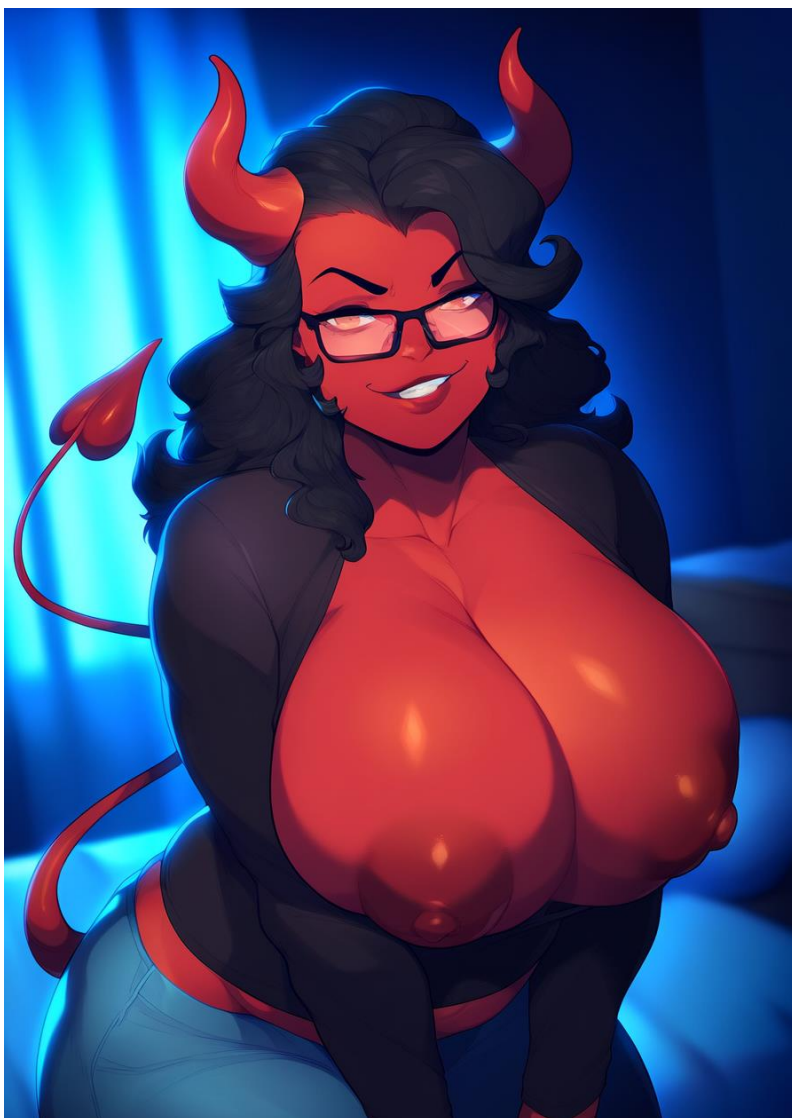




Sid squinted through the windshield at what could generously be called a road. Damn thing was more rut than gravel, and the trees were so overgrown he could hear them scraping at the roof and sides of his old Chevy like groping hands. All of which made the midnight drive a risky thing

“Chris, are you sure there’s a house out here?” he asked as he tried to peer through the blackness. “We’re well outside town.”

“Sure, man,” Chris said affably from the passenger seat. “Just keep on a little further.”

Sid glanced over at his friend. He did like Chris, no question of that. They’d met in Folklore 102, and surprisingly hit it off. Where Sid was more withdrawn, Chris had been a party animal, embracing college life like a typical frat boy. Recently, he’d been going to some special parties. He’d been a bit vague on details, but had been badgering Sid to come with him for over a week. Sid had finally agreed just to shut him up.

That said, Sid was curious about those late-night parties. Because Chris had changed since he'd started going to them. For one, he started wearing those stupid sunglasses all the time like he was perpetually hung over. And he'd also become...

Well, stupider, to be honest.

Not that Chris had been terribly brilliant before. There was a reason he was taking folklore 102, which was notoriously easy. Well, one of two reasons. The other was that the female to male ratio was three to one. Sid stole a glance at Chris again, who was grinning, leaning back in the seat, those strange tinted glasses masking his eyes, lumberjack-style plaid jacket undone.

Chris suddenly jerked forward, grabbing the dash and pointing. "There! There it is!"

Sid jumped and swung his attention back to the road, peering ahead.

It took him a moment, but then he saw it. Jutting out of the tangled forest was a large house. Classically Victorian, it crouched among trees stripped to skeletal limbs by autumn's chill. Tiled roofs rose in minarets and bay windows pushed forward, spilling out a brilliant yellow glow. Shadows flickered against the panes, and he could faintly hear the thud of music beating through the night.

Yet something felt... off about the house. Out of place. Sid had a hard time believing a building like that would be out in the middle of the boonies. Especially with the road in this condition. Yet, the evidence was before his eyes.

"How did you even find this place?" he asked.

"Got invited," Chris said, practically bouncing in his seat, grinning like an idiot. His hands slapped the dash in eager drumming. "Come on, man. Bring us in! They got started without us, and you don't wanna miss the fun!"

Still puzzled, Sid cruised closer, gravel crunching under the wheels as he brought them up. He parked among several other cars and got out, scanning the building. Again, he found the place odd. If felt like it should be more overgrown with the treeline so close. Instead, it looked like someone had just... plopped the house down in the middle of the woods.

"Let's go! Let's go!" Chris said, bounding out of the car and towards the porch. Sid followed more slowly, walking up the creaking steps and to the door, the sound of music growing. Weird stuff. Felt very instrumental and vibey. Flutes and horns with a pulsing beat that seemed to vibrate in his gut and throb in his groin.

Chris rang the bell, the chime nearly lost in the music. A moment later the door flew open, yellow light spilling out and illuminating a woman that made Sid stare.

She was simply gorgeous. Full figured and wearing a tight red dress that hugged every aching curve, her hair was a frizz of red whose style probably went out of date in the 70's. Those hoop earrings surely had, but her face and body made you forget about anything else. She radiated gleeful fun, and the way her breasts strained the red fabric with her every breath riveted Sid's attention.

"Beezie!" Chris cried, throwing his arms open.

“Baby!” Beezie replied in a sonorous, throaty voice that made Sid shiver and flush. Her arms enfolded Chris, pulling him in against her expansive chest, her lush red lips planting a kiss on his cheek. “Look at you. It’s so late! And this must be your friend!”

“Uh, hi,” Sid said, feeling hot just from her look. “Sid. Nice to-”

“How silly! We greet like this,” she said, and before Sid could respond her arms had enveloped him, tugged him in, and mashed him against her chest. The feel of her breasts made him flash hot, and that’s when her lips met his.

Sid jolted, sucking in a breath laden with her flowery perfume. He couldn’t quite suppress a soft moan as her tongue slid against his lips, barely asking permission before pushing into his mouth. He’d never had a kiss like that, which seemed to last forever yet end far too soon when she broke apart with an audible pop, leaning back and admiring him as he blinked, dazed.

“Mmm, lovely to meet you!” Beezie said merrily. “I just know you’re going to be a big hit. And thank you, Chris. We always need more boys at these things. Just can’t get enough!”

Chris grinned stupidly, nodding eagerly. “Yes, Beezie. I was a good boy.”

“You certainly are. Such a good boy,” Beezie cooed, patting his cheek fondly.

Chris bit his lip, practically quivering with delight, much to Sid’s amazement.

“But come in! Come in out of the cold,” Beezie exclaimed as she stepped aside, ushering the both of them into the foyer, giving Sid a slight pat on his ass that made him start. “It’s nice and warm in here.”

Warm was right. No sooner had Sid stepped over the threshold it felt like the temperature went up twenty degrees.

“Put your coat anywhere, sweetie. And go check out the party! Chris? I think I should give you your reward, shouldn’t I?”

“Yes Beezie,” Chris panted. “Good boy!”

“A very good boy,” Beezie cooed before giving Sid another pat to urge him into the house.

He found himself being shooed into the living room, where the party was certainly in full swing, and it quickly became apparent that they really did need more men around. The place was absolutely filled with women. Practically three to every man. He could tell because every guy in there had at least two beautiful, flirty girls hanging off him.

Sid hesitated, then sidled into the room, trying to avoid attention. He was surprised to see pretty much every guy from his folklore class, and definitely every girl too. But there were others he didn’t recognize, and no one he was friends with.

In search of something to do, he hit up a large table at the back of the room filled with beer kegs and solo cups. He filled one, then drifted through the room uncertainly, eventually making his way to an empty spot against the lacquered wood wall.

He sighed, leaning there, watching the party from a distance. He swirled the beer he'd nabbed and glanced at the suds. He was never good at socializing at these things. Too bland. Too boring. He'd hoped that Chris would at least have introduced him a bit, but clearly that wasn't happening. He grimaced. He shouldn't of come. Was it too early to just... go home?

"Mind if I join you?"

He looked up in surprise. A woman stood before him. Beautiful, in a tight white top and a pair of cut off jeans that showed off her thighs. Her hair was a rich, thick mane of black and her eyes sparkled green. A pair of large glasses sat on her lovely face. Glasses that stirred some memory he couldn't quite place.

"Uh, yeah. Sure."

She giggled. "You don't recognize me, do you?" she asked teasingly.

Sid flushed. "I uh..."

"It's Millie."

"Millie!"

She laughed, cocking a hip and resting her hand on it. "Surprised?" she asked.

He was. The Millie he knew was a mousey young woman from class, whose fashion tended towards bulky sweaters. Fairly popular, she'd often strike up conversations with him. He'd suspected she was interested in him, but never really believed it.

Now though...

She giggled. "Didn't recognize me, did you?" she asked.

"No," he admitted, and that was true enough. He couldn't help but stare at her chest, her breasts absolutely straining her tight top. So that's what those frumpy sweaters had hid. God damn...

"I bet," she said, her hips cocking, the movement making her chest bounce. "In class I tend to go a bit more model student. Around here though?" she said, smiling as she tucked some black hair behind her ear, eying him through lidded lashes. "I can be a bit more... honest about myself."

"You can?" he said, swallowing thickly.

"Oh yeah," she whispered, stepping closer, her hand playing onto his thigh. "Very honest."

Sid's pulse jumped and his pants grew tight at that touch. How her fingers slid along his jeans, the heat of her palm radiating through the denim. Alright, so, looked like she had been interested in him after all. Very interested! More the fool him for fumbling that. Had to play it cool now though.

"You uh, come to these often?" he asked, and immediately mentally kicked himself.

"Sometimes," she murmured, sliding in closer. "Quite often, actually. I've been telling Chris to get you to come for ages. Finally had to ask Momma Beezie to make that magic happen..."

"Oh, well, it's... not really my scene," he admitted.

“True,” she murmured, pressing still closer, her breasts squishing against his chest. “Shall we change that?”

Sid sucked in a breath, his pulse pounding, his nostrils flaring as he inhaled the pungent perfume that surrounded her. Something thick. Spicy. Something that seemed to rush up his nose and into his head like a puff of pink smoke.

“Ch-change it?” he gasped.

She winked, her hand lacing with his. “This way.”

He didn’t resist as she pulled him out of the room and towards the stairs. He was honestly eager to get away from the living room with all the noise and sight of horny just-adults discovering each other’s bodies. Especially when it sounded a hell of a lot like he was about to make some fascinating discoveries about Millie’s body. He climbed the creaking wooden steps, eyes riveted to her ass. Rooms lined the hall up there, and Sid heard distinct sounds of thumping and... were those moans?

Oh.

Oh wow.

Sid felt his face warm again as he realized what was happening, and he tried to hide his excited expression as Millie dragged him to a particular door. Play it cool, Sid. Nice and cool. He took a deep breath and sucked in more of her perfume. He felt himself flush further, his eyes again trailing to her plush ass.

She glanced back at him, winked, her hand turning the doorknob. “Hope you’re ready for some real oh for fuck’s sake!”

Sid barely heard her. He was too busy staring at what was happening in the room. A man had been tied spreadeagle on the bed, a blindfold over his eyes and what looked like birthday candles semi-melted on his naked chest. A blonde was crouched in front of him, her head bobbing, her naked ass bared to them in a full and glorious moon.

At the sound of Millie’s voice the woman on the bed paused and raised her head with a slurping sound that made Sid’s legs wobble with sympathetic excitement. Turning, the naked blonde looked at them with innocent baby blues, a playful smile alighting her ruby lips before her tongue slid over them suggestively.

“Hey Millie,” she said.

“Jezebel, you fucking whore!” Millie growled. “I told everyone my room was off limits tonight.”

“Mmm,” Jezebel whined, arching a little, her plump breasts bouncing playfully on her chest, nipples jutting proudly. “But you have the biggest bed. And I needed a big bed for what I wanted to do.”

“That’s not... is that my organic honey?”

“Is it?” Jezebel said innocently, glancing at an empty squeeze bottle on the side table. “I found it in a drawer. I thought you were done with it.”

"You..." Millie seethed, and Sid stared at the livid anger of his fellow Folklore student. Even her hair seemed to be writhing in rage.

As he took a wary step back, Millie seemed to remember him and turned a sharply sweet smile on him.

"Sid. Could you wait out here for just a minute," she said with strained politeness. "Just need to have a quick chat with my... friend..."

"Uh, sure. No problem."

"Great," Millie cooed and shut the door on him.

No sooner had it closed than he heard Millie's muffled shouting as she chewed out Jezebel, who sounded like she was just laughing.

Bouncing on his heels, Sid uncertainly looked around the hallway. Awkward didn't begin to describe the situation, and he dearly didn't want to be a part of it further. But he couldn't drag himself away. His body still zinged from Millie's touch, and his pulse was warm and hot with lust. He looked around the hall for some distraction. There were a few pictures on the walls, but inevitably and unsurprisingly, his attention was drawn to the other rooms.

He stepped closer to the first one and heard whispered giggles and a man moaning. The one beside that had little more than the frantic creaking of bed springs.

His face grew warmer with every sound, yet he felt oddly compelled to continue. It wasn't doing his erection any favours, and just the thought of Millie's affection once she finished her little... argument more than kept him from wandering too far.

Then he reached a particular door. One that was unusually quiet. Surprised, he listened closer. There was... something. He pressed his ear to the wood. He heard a groan. Not one in pleasure though. It sounded a little like pain.

Sid looked around nervously. Was someone in trouble? It wouldn't surprise him. At a party like this, who would notice? Hell, he doubted someone screaming bloody murder could be heard with the music downstairs on so loud. He could practically feel the floor vibrate from the bass.

He looked again at the door. Considered getting someone, but who? And he didn't even know if something was wrong. How stupid would he look then?

He bit his lip. Well... he should at least take a look.

Grasping the knob, almost hoping to find it locked, he held his breath as it turned easily. He looked again around again. Then opened the door just a sliver and peered through.

The scent of booze was thick in the air. So heavy he felt a little light-headed just from the fumes. He squinted and saw a number of kegs all gathered about a mattress slumped in the corner. And sprawled among them, draped over some pillows like some empress with the worst hangover ever, was the bustiest woman he'd ever seen.

She was dressed in stockings and nothing else, her plump breasts bared, heaving with her slow breaths. Her head was thrown back against the slope of pillows arranged around the floor, her hair done up in a pair of pink pigtails.

"Ohhhh," she groaned again, shifting listlessly.

Sid hesitated a moment more, then eased the door open and tiptoed inside. "Hey?" he called.

No response.

He moved over her, the scent of alcohol so strong it made his head spin again. He found his eyes wandering once more to those impressive breasts. Huge. Soft. Squeezable...

He shook his head, which momentarily cleared it. "Excuse me?" he said, nudging her shoulder.

"Mrrrrr," she groaned, head lolling.

"Are... are you okay?" he asked.

"Mrph..." She blinked blearily and looked up at him. "Oh," she said, her voice slurred and lazy, but a smile lit up her face. "Ohhhh. You're... kinda cute..."

"Uh, thanks," Sid said. "I was just... are you okay?"

"Nooooo," she groaned, head tilting again, her feet kicking grumpily. "Ugh. My sisters are... are such bitches, you know?"

"Your sisters?"

"Yeeaaaaah. They said... they said I had to stay in here for the party. Right? Because I... because I always go after the boys too... too hard. And I mean, I mean it's not my fault, right? If you don't... you know, train 'em properly, of course you'll lose 'em. I mean... I mean look at these," she said, cupping her immense breasts. Hefting them. "Who wouldn't... wouldn't get addicted to these babies?"

Sid stared. Her breasts were truly massive. And they looked soaked with something. The smell implied liquor. But... but was it just him? Or did it look a bit like her nipples were... well, dripping?

"I uh..."

"Hey," she said, looking at him closer, a lazy smile turning her lips. "Did you come here because you were, like, worried about me?"

"...Kinda," he admitted. "You sounded... not good."

"Mmm. That's because I'm nooooot," she drawled, rolling forward and onto her hands and knees. "Not at all."

Sid wasn't sure he liked the look in her eyes. The gleam of wicked amusement. The hazy heat that burned in those dark orbs as she began to crawl towards him. "O-oh? Why uh, why is that?" he asked, retreating, though he wasn't sure why.

"Because I haven't eaten in just... daaaaays. I'm soooo hungry," she said, her lower lip pushed out in a pout. But still those eyes burned. Still they hungered.

"I uh, think there was a chip bowl downstairs," Sid stammered. Then his back hit the wall with a thump. "I could probably..."

"That's so sweeeeeeet," she cooed, stopping in front of him, pushing her plush bum onto her heels, her heavy breasts bouncing as she straightened, level with his crotch. "But I'm hungry for something special."

"S-special?" Sid squeaked, his mind understanding what was happening, yet unwilling to quite believe it.

"Oh yeaaaah," she breathed, her hand rising, finger sliding along the unsubtle bulging at the front of his jeans. "Mmm. And got a feast... fit for a queen right here."

"I... uh... miss, I don't..."

"Call me Brandy," she said, the tips of her fingers pinching his zipper.

"Brandy, I ah!"

He gasped as she tugged, his fly sliding down, his cock fairly bursting into the open, throbbing lewdly. Brandy gasped, her eyes lighting up and her tongue stroking her lips. "Oh fuck yeah," she breathed, leaning in, inhaling deeply as she lovingly nuzzled his cock. "Oh fuck yesssss. Soooo good."

Sid gasped, stiffening as her tongue slid from her lips, teasing the tip of his manhood. "B-Brandy! I uh, I don't think..."

"That's good," Brandy breathed, her tongue stroking his throbbing tip, teasing with every lap. "Men don't need to think. Just gotta fuck. Gotta cum. And Brandy's gonna get herself a good taste..."

Sid knew he should tell her no. Push her away. Especially with Millie around. What would she think? What would she say? What if someone walked in?

Then, Brandy's plush lips parted.

Slid over his head.

Down his length.

And every other thought just flew out of his mind.

"O-oh fuuuuuck!" Sid groaned, head falling back.

"Mmmm," Brandy replied, her lips gliding over his shaft, slow and gentle. Savouring it like he was a fine glass of wine. Her free hand came up, pulling more of him out into the open, her fingers cradling his balls, spoiling his manhood with affections he hadn't even dreamed were possible.

"Hoooooly fuck," Sid gasped, his hands groping for something to hold onto and finding her pigtails. He grabbed them like a pair of handlebars, and for an instant he thought again of pushing her away. Pushing her off.

But then her lips slid up him again.

Then down.

And instead he started to thrust.

"Mmmmm," Brandy moaned, letting him set the pace. Letting him fuck her face, her breasts slapping lewdly against her chest and his legs. Sid groaned, lost in the sensations consuming him as he fucked the gorgeous coed's mouth. Fucking hell! No wonder she kept stealing boyfriends. Lips that good were an utter sin!

"Fuck," Sid gasped, knowing it was wrong what he was doing, but knowing only made it all the sweeter. "Oh fuck yes. Take it... take it deep. Use your tongue more. I... nnnnn!"

He groaned, head falling back. Fuuuuuck. It was unreal how good it was! He was primed pretty much as soon as he'd walked into the house, and it only made the sensation that much sweeter. He was absolutely losing himself in those lips. In that mouth. The feeling of her hot tongue sliding around his shaft driving him towards the brink!

He was hammering her now, pounding into her mouth, and her exertions easily matched his. If anything, she seemed more desperate to make him cum. More eager to taste his seed. Her fingers stroked and massaged his balls. Tender. Encouraging. Insistent. Practically pumping them. Massaging them. Oh fuck. Oh fuck, he wasn't going to last. He just wasn't going to last! He... he was... he was...

"F-fuuuuuuuuck!" Sid cried, legs quivering, a cry of helpless surrender escaping his lips as he came, pumping into Brandy's mouth, feeling her adoringly guzzle his hot seed, moaning happily.

The pleasure was unlike anything he'd felt before. Strong. Heavy. He felt his head spin as he fell against the wall, weakness radiating through him as he basked in the afterglow, Brandy's lips caressing his cock, milking out the last few drops she could.

"Holy... holy shit," Sid breathed. Then he looked down and saw what was sprouting from Brandy's bare back. "Holy shit!"

He stared at the pair of leathery bat wings in dull incomprehension. For a moment he thought they were some strange cosplay or props. But then he saw them flutter. Flex.

And noticed too the spaded tail sprouting right above her luscious ass.

"Mmm?" Brandy hummed, lifting her head, revealing the pair of horns growing from her brow. Not to mention the slits of her pupils giving him bedroom eyes that sent his cock throbbing despite his horror.

He gaped at her, for a moment too shocked to do anything but stare. Then he saw her notice his cock, and a hungry grin lit up her face again.

"I... I g-gotta go," he gasped, cramming his shaft back into his pants, holding them shut with one hand as he staggered back to the door.

"Wha... hey! Waaaait!" Brandy wailed.

Sid didn't. Even though her plaintive cry pulled at him like a leash, he stumbled out the room and slammed the door shut behind him. His hands fumbled with his fly and zipper as he thudded down the stairs. Something was wrong in the house. Something was so very wrong!

He reached the landing and looked up, and had the second shock of his night.

The room was awash in a sea of red and blacks. The lamps had been turned down, their glow casting deep shadows over writhing bodies. He saw his entire class there, rutting like animals. The drunken making out had progressed much further. Not a man there had less than three women grinding on him.

But they were far more than women.

Everywhere he looked, bat-like wings were fluttered. Spaded tails lashed with delight and horns glistened in the glow of the lamps. Clothing had been abandoned, leaving curves of unearthly perfection and tantalizing seduction on full display as men were drowned in kisses of delight. As breasts were massaged and bodies arched, throats moaning in sultry pleasure. The slap of flesh thumped to the music. Fangs gleamed between ruby lips, and men moaned, their eyes lidded, but what looked like pink hearts throbbing in their pupils.

Sid staggered back a step. He looked across the room at the exit and knew that was a lost cause. He dared not cross that orgiastic trap. He retreated another and his back hit something with a hollow thunk.

A door!

He reflexively reached down, his searching hand finding a handle. He turned it, and fairly tumbled backwards into darkness.

Getting his feet back under him he shut the door quickly. Darkness enveloped him and he groped about the walls. A light switch. There had to be a light switch! He sighed in relief as his finger found one and he flicked it on.

The buzz of the bulb illuminated some sort of study. He looked around with bewilderment at the bookcases filled with rotting tomes. The scattered shelves filled with jars and strange artifacts.

"What in the..." he murmured, though really, he shouldn't be surprised. An occult side room was far from the strangest thing he'd seen tonight. And honestly, fit the whole thing pretty well. Especially given the rather large bed occupying a far corner, the sheets rumpled. Not much of a mystery what that had been used for lately.

As he surveyed the room, he suddenly heard the door creak. "Sid?"

He whipped around to find Millie standing in the doorway, peering down at him through her large glasses. "There you are," she sighed, stepping inside. "I told you not to wander off. Ah," she added, looking at his face, a pout pushing out her lips. "And you saw something you shouldn't have."

Sid retreated several steps. "S-stay back, demon!"

Millie's pout deepened. "Oh dammit," she growled. "Which of those dumb bitches told you? No, wait. It was Brandy, wasn't it? That stupid bimbo. Is it any wonder we lock her up when the party gets started?"

"I-I'm not kidding," Sid said, looking around. His eyes locked on a long knife carved with runes on a shelf. He snatched it up, brandishing it before him. "Seriously! Don't come any closer!"

Millie sighed, looking more exasperated than angry. "Honestly. Makes me wonder why I bother putting all this work into the disguises," she mused, and snapped her fingers.

Sid's eyes bugged as her clothes seemed to burn away in a flash of fire. Plump breasts bounced into the open. Dark horns curled from her brow and long legs climbed to sensual thighs. She stood at ease, one hand resting on a lush hip, her breasts giving a teasing bounce as she shifted her weight, her skin tinting a rich red before his eyes.

"Oh fuck," he gasped.

"There," Millie said with a smirk. "Now that's the look I was aiming for."

"S-stay away!" he yelped, taking another step back. "You won't... won't have my soul!"

Millie giggled. "Oh," she purred, taking a lazy step forward, her wings giving a beat, wafting the sweetness of her perfume into him again. "Is that what you think I'm after?"

"A-aren't you?" Sid demanded, retreating again, his body tingling as he inhaled her scent. His cock throbbing in his pants again.

She gave him a pitying look. "Poor Sid," she crooned. "Such a silly boy. Sure, maybe I'd eat the souls of the rest of those dummies in there. But not you. I wanted to save you for something extra... special..."

"What... what do you mean?"

"Do you like my breasts?" she asked suddenly.

"Huh?"

"It's not a hard question," Millie asked, cupping those plump crimson orbs, hefting them teasingly. "Not hard like you are. Do you like them? Most do. They're so big and soft and bouncy..."

Sid gaped, his eyes instantly riveted to those ample orbs as she gave them a teasing bounce. "I... I don't..."

"They're even bigger when I'm in my true form, aren't they?" Millie crooned, squeezing them together, squishing them with another bounce. "So big and soft and bouncy. So firm. That's the problem with playing human. You have to be more... realistic. More believable. But we all know what men really like, don't we? They like them big. And soft. And bouncy!"

Catching himself staring, Sid jerked his attention back to her face. "Y-you won't trick me!"

"Now Sid, don't be silly," Millie giggled, her eyes smoky, her smirk teasing. "I'm being more open with you than ever. I'm baring it all for you. My horns. My skin. My fat, bouncy tits."

His gaze wavered. He was breathing hot and fast. Breathing in that perfume. That heavy, spicy perfume... "You... I..."

"Now now. Don't pretend," Millie cooed. "I know how much you love staring at them. I could feel you fighting not to look at them whenever we talked in the halls. So naughty of you trying to resist like that, Sid. Why, every time I took a deep breath, your eyes would just... pop!"

She gave her chest a sudden bounce. Sid felt his breath catch. His thoughts swirl and froth. He tried to shake it off, but his head felt strangely light. His hands shaking as they gripped the knife, its tip wavering.

"I... I don't..."

"You were trying soooooo hard to be a good boy," Millie cooed, stepping nearer. Nearer. Every movement punctuated by a swing of her hips. A flap of her wings. A bounce of her chest. "Being soooo polite. Soooo sweet. Sooooo caring. Never thinking that I wanted you to stare. That I wanted you to drool. That I wanted you to ask me out so I could ride that cock of yours and bury you under the tits you loved so much."

Sid whimpered, his face burning hot. Flushed as she continued to lazily approach. Her wings fluttering, framing her, outlining her gorgeous figure, her hooves clicking on the floor.

Click.

Click.

Click.

"S-stay away," Sid whimpered, suddenly recalling he should say that, yet the command lacked conviction. His head pounded with his pulse. Throbbing like his cock. His cock begging him to abandon reason. Abandon everything. Just fuck her. Touch her. Adore her. "I m-mean it!"

Millie smirked, and he knew she sensed his hesitation. Her eyes lidding in tantalizing hunger.

"You're such a good boy," Millie purred. "Always so sweet and nice. I've had my eye on you for weeks. But you just never seemed to come around. Always so shy and nervous around pretty girls. So I decided I'd better take the initiative. But not to date you. No no. I couldn't stand that, Sid. Couldn't stand you doing something silly like trying to be a gentleman and waiting for the fourth or fifth or sixth date before holding hands. I don't have that kind of patience, Sid. I want you now. I want you to pound my pussy into pudding. To rut me like a fucking slut! To mold and squeeze my tits like dough and suck my nipples until I'm fucking putty!"

The fire in her eyes commanded Sid's attention. Mostly. He still found it so hard to look away from her crimson breasts. How hard her nipples had become. How her fingers teased and rolled those buds in desperate arousal.

"I don't just want your soul, Sid," she continued, her words silken. Hot. Wrapping around him like the coils of a snake. Squeezing so sweetly. So lovingly. "I want you. I want to make you mine. All mine. Your silly mind. Your hot fucking body. And yeah," she shrugged, her breasts again bouncing, "I want your soul too. But I want it all, Sid. I want you. I want to entrance you and love you and make you my adoring hunk of manmeat. I want to wrap you around my figure so we can make a whole new nest of hot succubi somewhere else.

"And I had the perfect evening set up for it," she sighed dreamily. "A sweet little thing in my bedroom. Just you and me. We'd make out, and by the time I had you stripped and on my bed, you wouldn't have noticed if I had two heads let alone wings and horns. But no," she growled. "My idiot sisters had to ruin my evening. As always. So here we are."

The back of his leg hit the bed frame, and Sid yelped as he toppled over and onto the sheets. The soft mattress bounced him, and he found Millie standing at the foot of the bed, smirking down at him, her golden eyes hungry and greedy.

“But then,” she purred. “There’s a certain appeal to this too.”

His hand flashed up belatedly, brandishing the knife. She glanced at it with amusement. “Oh Sid,” she hummed. “So defiant. So brave. But I have something I bet you’d much rather fill those hands with.”

His eyes returned to her breasts as she gave them another bounce. “I... I won’t,” he gasped.

“Just put it down, Sid,” she murmured, climbing onto the bed, straddling his legs, the heat of her body radiating through him and to his crotch. Her wings beat again, blasting his face with her perfume. His knife wavered as she loomed above him, smirking down, still cradling the plump orbs of her chest. “Just for a minute. Just to see if my big... soft... bouncy breasts are really as soft as they look. I promise,” she cooed, her hand stealing into his lap, opening his pants, “I’ll make it so... very... good...”

Sid wavered. Sweet fuck those breasts were so big. So soft. He inhaled deeply, and her perfume swam up his nose and into his head like pleasant pink clouds. Would it... would it really be so bad? Just for a bit? Those guys in the living room had seemed so happy.

Couldn’t he try?

Just for a moment?

“That’s it,” Millie murmured, her voice soothing, coaxing as the tip of the dagger dipped. “Just put it aside. Keep it close. You can snatch it up any time. I’m utterly at your mercy.”

That was a lie.

A bald faced lie.

But Sid slowly lowered his arm.

Set the knife down beside him.

“Such a good boy,” she said with a throaty, mocking note that made his cock twitch in his pants. Then she grabbed his belt, and hauled down both his pants and boxers.

His cock sprang up, twitching, thick and hard. Millie’s eyes flashed and a hungry smile worked onto her lips. “Finally,” she purred, sliding down him until her ass was lifted into the air, her tail winding above her bottom as she fairly drooled over his cock. She nuzzled his length, moaning, the feel of her tongue sliding up his manhood shooting through Sid like liquid lust.

“O-ohhhhh!” he groaned.

“Mmm. That’s... wait,” Millie said, a pout forming on her lips. “This tastes like... booze?” She gave him a sharp look. “Did that bitch Brandy already suck you off?”

“A... a bit” Sid whimpered.

Millie scowled. "Stupid slut," she growled, her fingers wrapping around his length, starting to stroke him. "She's always being such a brat! I swear, Beezie never should have brought her over."

Sid failed to answer, only panting gasps escaping his lips as her fingers pumped him, sending aching pleasure throbbing to his balls.

"Guess that only choice is to thoroughly mark my territory," Millie said with another playful smirk.

"Y-yeah?" Sid gasped.

"Oh yeah," Millie purred, lifting her head to his cock and letting her tongue glide along his length.

Sid cried out in delight as her lips reached his tip, kissing the twitching head, her tongue lapping up the first drops of pre. She moaned at the taste, positively lavishing him with her affections before she began to slide down, down. Millie's head dipping, taking more and more of him into her throat.

Sid's eyes rolled back. A moan of pure, undiluted ecstasy escaping him as the possessive succubi's head began to bob, those sinfully perfect lips gliding up and down his manhood, taking him deep into the warm tightness of her throat.

"Oh f-fuuuuuuck," Sid moaned, his hands clutching the rumpled sheets as Millie did her work, masterfully sucking him off, her fingers stroking the twitching orbs of his balls. It was a world of difference from Brandy's work. Soft, tender, adoring, he could feel her love for him in every movement of her lips. His whole body trembled with pleasure. Surged with ecstasy.

"Oh... oh... Oh f-fuck yesssss!" Sid cried out, arching on the bed, his balls tightening as he surrendered his load at last.

"Mmmm," the succubus groaned as she gulped down his hot seed, her lips dragging off his cock with an audible pop. Millie arched up, smirking down at him with smoky, lidded eyes.

"Mmm. Delish," she purred.

"Holy... holy fuck," Sid gasped.

"See?" she said playfully as she crawled above him, her tail swirling above her, forming lazy hearts. "Told you it would be good, my sexy stud. And I'm going to make you so happy, my pretty boy. When I'm done, you are going to be so in love with me. So obsessed with me. You'll never stop thinking about my tits. My ass. Never stop wanting to taste my lips and kiss my pussy.

"And then," she purred, planting her hands on either side of his head, smirking down at him. "You and I are gonna go out there and make ourselves a love nest. We're going to summon up more succubi. Conjure up even more cuties like me to enthrall some hot boys. But not you," she cooed, kissing his cheek, the feel of her lips shooting through him like liquid fire. His mind squeezed in delight. "Not you, my pretty stud. Sure, I'll let some of the girls have a taste if they're very good. But you're all mine, Sid. My pretty thrall. My sexy dumb stud. And doesn't that sound nice?"

"I-"

Her hips rocked back, and Sid gasped as the soft heat and slickness of her pussy brushed his shaft, stirring him again to aching hardness.

"What's that? Didn't quite catch it," Millie cooed as she swung forward.

Her breasts bouncing.

Bouncing.

"I um... I..."

"You want to be mine?" Millie cooed, her rocking hips going a little lower, the tip of his cock rubbing her slit. Her perfume surrounding him in pink softness. Loving submission. "You wanna be my stud? My brainless boytoy? My hot, sexy plaything for me to corrupt and fuck and play with for ever and ever? Is that what you want? More of this?" she breathed, her breasts swaying above him, her pussy rubbing against his twitching cock. "More of me? More... of... my... tits?"

Sid panted, whimpering, almost whining in animalistic need for more of the beautiful succubus. More of her pussy. More of her breasts. He couldn't look away. They enthralled him. The bounce. The sway. He caught her eyes, glowing hot like fire. Her smile filled with lust and amusement and knowing exactly what he would decide. Exactly what he would admit. Exactly what he would do for her.

Anything.

Anything at all.

"Y-yeah," he gasped. "Y-yesss! Sounds... sounds goooood."

Millie giggled. "Sure does," she purred. "And that means you're mine!"

Her hips dropped, her velvety pussy devouring his cock in a single stroke. Sid cried out beneath her as her hips met his, Millie moaning in ecstasy as she began to bounce, riding his cock with slow, loving strokes.

"Ohhhhhh," she moaned. "Oh fuuuuck! My breasts. Oh fuck, Sid, grab my breasts. Grab your nnn... grab your biiiiiig priiiiiize!"

As if his hands were magnetized, they shot up and cupped those impressive orbs. He groaned in delight as he felt how soft they were. How plump. How absolutely perfect. Everything he'd dreamed they were. Even better than he could have imagined.

And his.

All his.

And he was all hers.

"Yes!" Millie cried, her pace increasing, the bed creaking under them as she fucked him. "Oh hells yes! Squeeze my tits. Kiss them. Lick them! Oh Sid. Oh hells, Sid, yes! Good boy. Oh goooood stud! Keep nnnn... keep going. I'm gonna cum. Ah. Yes. Yes! Gonna cum! And you're gonna... you're gonna gimme that mind. Make yourself mine. Give it all up to be mine! Oh fuck. Oh fuck, Sid! You can't... I won't I-let you cum until you say it! Until you beg me! Beg me to m-make you my stud!"

Sid didn't hesitate a second. Almost before she finished speaking he was moaning, "Please! Please, Millie!" he cried, voice muffled by her expansive titflesh. "N-need to be yours! Gotta be yours! Take it! Take anything! Just... just... just let me cuuuuum!"

A squeal of delight escaped Millie as her arms wrapped around his head, pulled him deep into her breasts, smothering him in her enthralling bosom. "Yes! Yes! Yesssss!" she wailed.

Sid felt her inner walls clamp around him, squeeze him in a shudder of rippling ecstasy. He groaned in pathetic pleasure as she came, her own orgasm milking his out of him. White light seemed to burst in his eyes as his balls tightened, cock pulsing as he gave her his seed in great, throbbing bursts. As he surrendered to the joy of her. To her breasts. To her pleasure.

The dagger was forgotten. His fear was forgotten. Everything was forgotten, sucked away in that moment of hedonistic bliss. Drained away like his seed. Sucked away by the gorgeous succubus above him. Taking his will. His soul.

Everything but her.

Everything but love for Millie.

Gorgeous Millie.

His perfect, beautiful mistress...