



Raethiana

John Dylena



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by John Dylena

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

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

Enjoy.

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Foreword

by Lana Hart

Demons have been a source of fascination for humankind for thousands of years. They come in many shapes, sizes, and even species. They are an idea that transcends geographical boundaries and exist, in one form or another, in almost every culture on Earth.

The Greeks, as they did with most things, gave birth to the common name for these unholy creatures: δαίμων, or daimōn. It was a term used to denote spirits or divine power and most likely came from the Greek verb daiesthai, which meant “to divide” or “to distribute.” Plato used the term in many of his works, particularly in his description of Socrates’ supposed divine inspiration.

Although the original concept contained no connotations of evil or malevolence, the Septuagint translation of the Hebrew Bible, which drew on the mythology of ancient Semitic religions, gave way to what would eventually become the best-known interpretation of demons: the medieval European depiction of a conniving, otherworldly spirit forged in the fires of Hell.

Now, over five-hundred years later, demons are still a feared and popular superstition, most notably due to their alleged power to possess living creatures. From William Peter Blatty’s *The Exorcist* to CW’s *Supernatural* and *The Vampire Diaries* TV series, demons have infiltrated pop culture all the way down to children’s literature.

With so many interpretations and retellings, what should make John Dylena’s *Raethiana* trilogy anything special?

I wondered the exact same thing myself when I first picked up *The Demon at my Door*. In my opinion, succubi had been done to death, particularly in the erotica universe. But something about his blurb intrigued me: a succubus as a roommate? Sounded like the makings of a sitcom!

I read the first few pages, learning about the hapless main character whose journey I would be tagging along on, and immediately after his first encounter with the titular succubus, I was stopped dead in my tracks by a sneaky little reveal that I hadn't expected. I blinked, sat back, and thought about it for a moment, wondering how such a thing might be possible. And then I turned the page to find out.

And I didn't stop turning until I had burned through the whole damn thing.

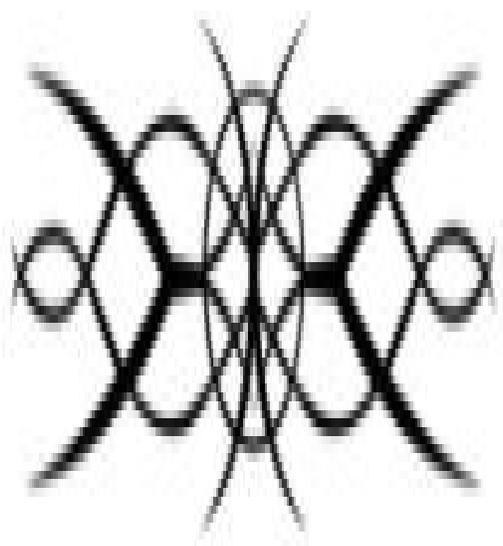
Two additional books and a friendship later, I am astounded by a fresh interpretation on an archetype that has been repeated ad nauseum throughout the centuries. John was able to flip every conceivable notion I had about demons on its head. I never thought I'd enjoy a demonic protagonist—much like John's character Awina, I see them as the bad guys pretty much no matter what—but John was able to even thwart my preconceptions in that regard, giving me a character I fell in love with and was cheering on by the end of the series.

It is a rare story that sticks with us for so long after we've finished it. Much like the demons he writes about, John possesses that rare gift.

Or is it the other way around?

Part One:

The Demon at my Door



Chapter One: Ella

Saturday night at the bar and the place was at max capacity. Every seat was taken and the drink was flowing. Single men and women chatted amongst themselves, hoping to make a connection and possibly score. There was a group of male friends, all cheering each other on as they tried to out-drink each other and women on a night out, looking to escape from their busy lives and relax.

And then there was John.

Lonely and quiet, he sat at the end of the bar, huddled over his warm beer. The only one he'd had all night, still only half full despite purchasing it close to an hour ago. He kept his eyes forward, not looking around. An average man, he'd never had any luck with the ladies. His shy and introverted personality had kept him not only single his entire life, but at the age of 27, he was still a virgin. Even with the lack of romance and sexual satisfaction, his life was anything but terrible.

An artist and programmer, his self-made mobile games were hot on the mobile marketplaces and because of their successes, he had lived a comfortable life. He had a three bedroom apartment all to himself, where he spent most of his day working and relaxing.

Every Saturday night he forced himself to visit the bar across the street, hoping that a miracle will happen and an attractive woman will show interest in him. But every Saturday night he bailed after little more than an hour. Looking down at his watch, he figured it was about that time to head back to his apartment. He was so lost in thought, that he didn't notice the blonde in a short black mini dress sitting down on the stool next to his. He turned to leave and seeing her in all her beauty, he quickly turned back toward the bar, and decided to stay just a little bit longer.

The blonde turned toward him and smiled. "Hey," she said. John panicked. He stared down at his beer, his mind running a million different simulations on how this would go.

“Hello,” he said. It took all his strength to say the words, and yet they came out of his mouth like molasses on a winter’s night. After uttering the greeting, he turned back to his drink, hoping that the drop-dead gorgeous blonde would leave him alone.

She remained next to him, smiling playfully at his shyness. In the corner of his eye he could see her extending her hand out for a handshake. The lights of the bar reflected off of her shiny gold bracelet. “I’m Ella,” she said to him.

“John,” he replied, shaking her hand. I can’t believe this chick is still here and talking to me. What, does she have a group of friends betting her to talk to me? She chuckled, her interest in him obvious, yet he was oblivious to it.

“This place is loud and too crowded. Want to get out of here? Maybe somewhere private?”

Her bluntness startled John and he almost knocked over his lukewarm beer. Never before has a woman talked to him this way. He’d somehow navigated into uncharted territory. “I beg your pardon?”

“Let’s get out of here; head back to your place?”

He stared at her, his mouth dry and hands shaking nervously. Come on John! This is your chance!

They stood in the hallway and John fumbled for his keys as Ella looked around. She was calm and patient, and waited for him to unlock his door. Key in hand, he unlocked and opened the door for her. “Sorry, tricky lock.” She smiled and walked in first.

His apartment was large and spacious: three bedrooms and two bathrooms. The smallest of the three bedrooms was converted into an office. In it, John had a massive desk where he housed his custom-built PC and three monitors. The front door led to a small entryway which opened up to the living room. Large, comfortable furniture filled the room and classic movie posters and framed art prints hung on the wall. A large entertainment center was at one end of the room. In it sat a flatscreen TV with several

different game consoles hooked up to it. Next to the TV was a bookshelf filled with DVDs and video games.

“You have a very nice apartment. What do you do for a living?”

“Thank you. I made a couple mobile games which sold pretty well.”

Ella set her purse down on the small side table next to the couch and walked up to him. John had his eyes on her ever since they left the bar. Her body was perfect and the dress was tight and left nothing to the imagination. She could've walked out of the bar with any man there, single or not, yet she chose him.

He turned to face her. His nervousness and inexperience was written all over his face, but it didn't seem to bother her in the slightest.

“I bet an apartment this big has a big old bed,” Ella whispered into his ear.

John's heart raced and his face turned bright red. In his pants, his dick hardened. She walked away from him, her hips swaying. John's eyes went from her beautiful ass to her legs and down toward her feet. Five-inch, black stiletto heels, yet she practically floated in them. Her stride was graceful and her movement was fluid.

When he opened the door to his bedroom, she stood with her back to him and unzipped her dress. His eyes widened as the garment dropped to the floor. She wore nothing but a black thong and the high heels. Looking at him with her head turned, she crawled onto his bed, her ass in the air.

Sweat poured down his face in buckets, and his dick was about ready to burst from his pants. He quickly dropped his jeans and climbed onto the bed and on top of her. Her hands rubbed his back as they kissed and their tongues danced. She pulled him close and her breasts pressed against his chest.

As they kissed, they rolled over. John laid on his back and Ella straightened up. Her legs straddled his and nothing but the thin material of her thong guarded the entrance to her warm and moist pussy. She pulled the fabric aside and slid down on his pole, moaning softly.

John, having never had sex with a woman, had no idea what to do. Everything he remembered from the porn he'd watched vanished from his mind. He looked up at her from his prone position and watched as she took the lead, moving and rocking her hips back and forth.

She looked down at him, her loose blonde hair moving with her as she swayed back and forth. Their bodies glistened with sweat as the love making continued, John still in disbelief. This has to be a dream.

Ella's moans and cries grew louder as the sex intensified. As she neared her climax, Ella's form shifted. Her blonde hair turned jet black, two large wings grew out of her back, and a pair of horns sprouted out of her forehead. Her fair skin changed its hue, becoming dark red and John's mind came out of its erotic fog in time to discover his lover's new demonic form.

"Holy shit!" he yelled, his arms and legs flailing. He tried to escape from her grasp, but she had him pinned to the bed. Her demonic strength overpowering his own.

"Quiet, lover-boy. It will all be over soon," she said, pressing a finger to his lips. Using her succubus powers, she continued riding him and brought him to climax. He screamed as he ejaculated into her, his sperm filling her womb. She held her head up and waited for the transfer of energy and the sapping of his lifeforce to empower her.

It never came.

The event drained John of all his energy and he passed out. Ella sat atop of him, his limp dick in her vagina. She stared down at him, confused and bewildered. John was still alive and sleeping peacefully.

"What the hell! How did you resist my spell?! You should be dead!"

All she got from him was a snore.

The sun was bright and it hurt his eyes. Rolling over, his blurred vision managed to make out the time on the clock: 2:43 p.m. His head hurt and his

memory was foggy. He climbed out of bed and groggily rubbed his eyes as he wandered into the kitchen to find something to eat.

Ella sat on one of his couches in her human form, reading the newspaper. Her blonde hair was tied back in a ponytail and she was wearing a t-shirt and jeans. Even with no makeup, her face was still beautiful.

The fog lifted as he ate a bowl of cereal and he finally noticed his guest. The memories from that night fill his mind all at once. He stood up out of the chair, nearly falling over at his realization.

“It’s...it’s...it’s...” he pointed at her, unable to finish his sentence.

Ella stood up from the couch and walked toward him. “Yes, it is I, the succubus.”

John stepped back as she continued moving toward him.

“What do you want from me?! Wait...why am I not dead?”

“That is precisely why I am still here.” She walked past him and poured herself a cup of coffee. “First things first: my name is not actually Ella; it’s Raethiana. Yes, I really am a succubus. Last night, you were supposed to be my prey. However, when the moment came, nothing happened—well, nothing happened for me.” She grinned.

“But why are you still here?” He almost said nothing, afraid that if he somehow insulted the supernatural creature it would be the end of him

“Why? Because I am curious. You, a silly human—a virgin human—resisted my power! That has never happened before, and I’m hundreds of years old! You’ve been asleep for most of the day and in that time I’ve moved my belongings into the spare bedroom.”

“Does that mean...?”

“Yes,” she smirked, “I’m you’re new roommate.”

Chapter Two: The Assistant

“John, can you come in here for a second?”

John looked away from his laptop toward her door and waited. If it’s urgent, she’ll call out again. What has she been doing in there?

Ever since she moved into the other bedroom two days ago, the succubus known as Raethiana had been keeping to herself. John would see her pop out of her room every now and then, and every time she was in her human form, much to his disappointment. It was not the fact that her human form wasn’t attractive, it’s just not every day you see a demon in the flesh. Several times he’d tried to look into her room, but her door was always locked.

He turned back to his computer and continued typing. He hadn’t finished the sentence before she called out to him again, but this time, she opened her door and yelled.

“John! I need you in here now.”

“Okay, I’m coming.” She may be a woman, but she had the strength of the world’s greatest bodybuilder. A sharp pain in his shoulder reminded him of what happened the last time he pissed her off.

He walked up to her bedroom door and knocked. The knob turned and the door opened before he could land the third tap. He stepped inside and a powerful stench hit his nostrils like a freight train. “What the hell is that smell?!” he said as he walked further into her room.

John forgot about the smell when he finally saw the interior of her room. Before, it was a plain room; queen-size bed, empty bookshelf, and a dresser. The room had its own bathroom, a small square room covered in tiles and porcelain with a shower/bath combo. What John saw when he stepped into that room was something all together different.

The room which Raethiana moved into was smaller than John’s as he had

the master bedroom. However, the room he stood in was bigger than his. Obviously it was the work of her magic, but now having the smaller room bothered him. There were several bookshelves that lined the walls, all filled to the brim with leather bound books. She had two desks, one small with her laptop, a notebook, and some books piled on it. The other was a standing desk and looked exactly like what John imagined an alchemist's table to look like.

It had to be. There were vials and beakers filled with colored fluids and glowing runes inscribed into the ancient wood. Books written in an unknown language were open and bookmarked with notes scribbled in the margins. The bed was still queen-sized, but it was housed in an ornate four-post frame with privacy curtains. Etched in the wood were spiraling decorations that were painted gold. Small, evenly-spaced gemstones were embedded in the wood alongside the gold trim.

At the foot of her bed was a large trunk, and instead of the dresser, there was a walk-in closet. The window that used to be there was gone.

Raethiana stood at the large desk, looking back and forth at her notes and the boiling flask in front of her. She was wearing a white lab coat and her blonde hair was pulled back into a ponytail.

“Don't touch anything. Just wait. It's almost ready.”

“What's almost ready?” he asked. She said nothing, but turned toward him and produced a thin vial filled with a dark green liquid. She walked over and handed it to him.

“Drink.” He looked at the bubbling liquid and back at her.

“You can't expect me to—”

“Drink,” she said a second time and in a more authoritative tone. She stared at him and tapped her foot while he hesitated.

“All right, all right.” He plugged his nose and drank the concoction, coughing after swallowing the last drop. The contents of the vial reminded him of drinking the last bit of soup straight from the bowl instead of a spoon. It had a sour taste, not a citrus sour but a ‘this is probably expired’

sour. “What the hell did you make me drink?”

“Concentrated newt, asparagus and a dash of pig liver.” She took the beaker out of his hands and watched him.

“You’re not going to turn me into an animal are you? I’m not going to grow fur or anything?” He inspected every inch of his body, but nothing happened.

“You can go,” Raethiana said, sighing. “Back to the drawing board.”

“What are you—”

“I’m trying to figure out what you are, as no normal human is able to resist my spell,” she said. Then she pushed him out of the room and closed the door behind him.

The rest of the week was filled with similar trials. She had him drink an assortment of potions, speak various incantations, look at different images – one morning, he even woke up naked with runes and glyphs painted on his skin. Apparently, had they worked, he would’ve turned into some kind of half-bear.

But that was the last of it. Following the black ink glyphs, Raethiana had exhausted all her theories.

Later that day, he found her sitting on the couch topless. Her hair was let down and in her hands was a bottle of demonic liquor. The image of her bare breasts burned into his mind as he stood in the kitchen with a sandwich in his hands. He looked down at his pants and saw the rock hard erection and after setting the sandwich down on the counter, he quietly snuck back into his room, hoping she didn’t catch him staring.

With a box of tissues handy, he rubbed his dick, closed his eyes and imagined her breasts. “Raethiana...” he mumbled, his hand moving faster.

“Blonde hair, green eyes, big bouncy breasts...” A voice said. He opened his eyes and turned around and saw her leaning on the door frame. “What am I wearing in that head of yours?”

“Oh, come on! Can’t a man get a little privacy?!” He pulled the sheets over her exposed lower half. His dick went flaccid and the moment was gone.

“You know, all you have to do was ask.”

“What?”

**“I am a succubus after all. A creature of sex?” He stared blankly at her.
“John, if you want to have sex with me, just ask. Hell, do I have to be that obvious?”**

He stood up from behind the bed. “Will you? I mean, you won’t kill me or anything?”

**“No. I only feed when I want to. I can have sex without killing my mate.”
She uncrossed her arms and he caught a glimpse of her bare breasts again.**

“Will you have sex with me?” he asked again.

She smiled and pointed at the bed.

“Holy hell, that was terrible,” she said as she rolled away from him. “I must’ve done something to you that night, because you are a terrible lay.”

“Did you forget I was a virgin up until that night? This was only the second time I’ve ever had sex. What did you expect? Cassanova?” he sighed, his self esteem still barely clinging to life.

Raethiana looked over at him. He stared at his feet, a look of defeat on his face. For once, she pitied a human.

“Tell you what John. I have an offer for you. I’ll help you improve your ‘technique’ if you act as my assistant.”

“Is that a fancy word for slave? Are you trying to get me to sell you my soul or something?”

“Just because I’m a demon doesn’t mean all I want are human souls. When

I say assistant, I mean it. Like an intern or TA.”

“What do I have to do for you?” He was cautious, still not sure whether he could trust a demon who tried to kill him not too long ago.

“Well for starters, I need you to help me with my shopping in the underground.”

“Underground? You don’t mean...”

“No, not Hell. I mean the shadow world, where demons and other supernatural beings exist. There are doorways and entrances all over the place. Rarely does a human actually make it in. So do we have a deal?”

“Okay. But my soul is my own, you hear?”

“Sure. I don’t deal in souls anyway.” They shook hands and Raethiana snapped her fingers. In the blink of an eye they teleported outside his apartment and arrived in an underground parking structure. He wore a robe with a hood and she had on the same black dress when he first met her in the bar.

Raethiana walked up to the handle-less door and summoned a brass knob. It appeared in her hands with a burst of flame and she placed the knob on the door. She let go and it twisted, and the door opened on its own. The succubus stepped into the blackness first and John followed as the door closed behind him.

“Just keep walking,” he heard her voice say. He was in complete blackness but after taking a couple steps forward he found himself in an alleyway and waiting for him was Raethiana in her demon form.

“Where are we?”

“The bazaar. Now, stick close to me and don’t talk to anyone without me around. Humans are only allowed in if they are enslaved, so you must call me ‘Mistress’ and address me as if you were my slave, okay?”

“Yes, Mistress,” he replied. She squinted at him, catching the sarcastic emphasis he added.

“Just keep your eyes low and don’t stare.”

He did as she ordered and walked next to her. It was hard matching her stride, as she was now a foot taller than him. She had normal human legs instead of hooves and she wore black leather high-heeled boots. Her legs were covered in fishnet stockings and her outfit was a collection of thin leather straps. A creature of sex indeed, John thought.

Her wings remained folded at her back and her hair flowed as if moved by a breeze. John kept his head low, but he still tried to look around. The place was full of all sorts of different creatures that spoke all kinds of different languages.

John stayed by her side as she approached various vendors. Each one tried to sell her something, then waved her off. With each merchant she got more and more frustrated and he wondered what it was that she was looking for.

It was when she stopped at each of the stalls that John was able to get a good look at the strange world he was in. Raethiana wasn’t the only succubus shopping that day. Each one John saw was different from the last, from skin colors to horn styles and even legs. There was one succubus with the goat legs, but no matter what they looked like, they all had slaves. All were collared and followed their demonic master, some of them connected by a chain leash.

In the corner of his eye he spotted a brunette, then did a double take. He thought that she was just a regular human woman, but upon further inspection, John realized that she wasn’t just flat-chested – she was a man. His hair went past his shoulders in a feminine style and had makeup applied to this face, his red lips the focal point. The slave wore long, ivory-colored gloves that went past his elbows and matching stretch high-heeled boots that went up past his thighs. He had gold hoop earrings that dangled from his ear lobes and surrounding his belly button was the mark of his mistress. It wasn’t branded on him. It looked more of a tattoo.

The slave followed closely behind a two-paired succubus, attached to her by a metal chain clipped to his black collar. Other than the gloves and boots, he was completely naked. His nipples and chest looked bigger than normal, as if he was under the influence of female hormones. He kept his eyes on the

ground and his hands together in front, trying but failing to cover his erect penis as he walked past John and Raethiana. John's eyes went wide and his mouth hung open when he noticed the bright red toy. Jutting out from the slave's smooth ass was a demon tail, connected to the slave via butt plug.

"This is pointless," Raethiana said to him. John took his eyes off of the slave and faced her. "Everyone I talk to points me in a different direction. Apparently, this vendor that I'm looking for either closed up shop or is going by a different name now."

"What is it that you're looking for?"

Raethiana looked around, studying all the storefronts and stalls. "A rare ingredients shop. I heard about it years ago, but I haven't had the need to visit it. You see, John, there is a cold war of sorts going on down here." She waved for him to follow her. "My kind's queen died thirty years ago, and since then, there has been a power vacuum. The Succubus Queen sits at the council table which rules this world. The Queen has always been one of the most powerful members, and with her death, other races are trying to fill the empty seat. Not only that, but it has caused a division in my race. There are several candidates for the next Queen, and each one has a legion of supporters."

"So that's why everyone seems so tense."

"Don't get me wrong, a lot of the races get along well. It's just that the more powerful ones have the most enemies."

They turned a corner and John had to move quickly to avoid walking into an incubus. The massive demon shot John a mean look, but that intimidation vanished when the demon turned to Raethiana. She stared back at the demon and the incubus shied away, apologetic.

Following behind the demon was a woman with long brown hair. Her pale skin glowed in the light of the bazaar. She was completely naked, except for the leather collar around her neck and cuffs around her wrists and ankles. Her nipples were both pierced with a gold ring, and hanging down from each ring was a ruby gemstone. A similar gemstone hung from the piercing in her belly button. As she walked past him, she kept her eyes on the ground and her hands together in front of her. Seared into her left butt cheek was a

brand.

“She got off easy,” Raethiana said. “Some slaves are mutilated. Their bodies covered in piercings, brands and scars; eyes torn out, limbs removed, breasts the size of basketballs... I’ve seen it all. Men with dicks as big as your arm. Women with dicks and men with vaginas. Every demon and monster has their kink and they can do whatever they want to their slave.”

She turned around and stopped.

“Is everything okay?” he asked her.

“I found it,” she said. She grabbed John by his robe and pulled him into the small, back-alley store. It was dimly lit and had no sign out in front. “This place was hard to find,” she said to the store owner.

“Some of my items are very rare,” the woman behind the counter said. Her voice was hard to listen to; raspy, coupled with a strange, almost Eastern European accent. Even worse was her appearance. Like the stereotypical witch from tales of old, the lady had a long pointed nose and uneven skin. Her eyes were dull and faded and her gray hair was straw-like. She wore a long purple robe with sleeves that covered her hands.

John turned his attention away from the owner as she stared at him. It was an unsettling stare and he felt a chill run down his spine. He looked away from her and watched Raethiana browse through the store. He had never seen her so excited before. She was like a child at a candy store. Most of the items she said in her rambling made no sense to him. Some things he recognized and laughed at the fact that they actually existed.

“How much for all of this?” She set the items down on the table in front of the old lady who calculated the cost in her head.

“What do you have on you?”

“I have lots of human currency—”

“Bah! I have no use for that.”

Raethiana pouted and snapped her fingers. Appearing in a burst of flame

was a designer purse. She opened the flap and dug around inside. “I have dragon scales, gemstones, vials of blood, souls...a mammoth tusk?”

How could she have a mammoth tusk? John wondered. And souls? I knew it.

“Him,” the owner said, pointing to John.

“My slave is not for sale,” Raethiana replied.

“No, no, no, I do not want slave. I want slave cum. Two bottles.”

“Deal.” Raethiana and the owner shook hands and she produced two small glass bottles with cork lids.

“But Mistress...” John had masturbated plenty of times and not once had he produced that much ejaculate. Unless their plan was to keep him there until he produced that much.

“Do not question me, slave.” He saw a fire in her eyes. She spoke down to him with true authority and he feared what she would do to him if he disobeyed.

“Yes Mistress,” he said, lifting up his robe.

“No, no, not here. Back room.” The owner walked out from behind the counter and unlocked the wooden door. John entered with Raethiana following right behind. “Take your time. It’s a slow day today, no rush.” The owner closed the door behind them and Raethiana turned toward John, her hand digging into her purse.

“How am I supposed to produce that much cum?”

“Easy, with this.” Raethiana produced a small vial containing a milky white liquid. There was enough to fill a shot glass. “Some male slaves are magically altered to a point to where they produce lots of cum. Most of those slaves are milked for a living. Of course, that would mean that they walk around with balls the size of grapefruits which ache if they aren’t milked often. You, on the other hand, are lucky. This potion will temporarily increase your sperm production.”

He stared at the vial as she handed it to him. "I heard you say you have souls in that purse of yours."

Raethiana sighed, rubbing her face with her hand. She sat down on the only chair in the room and crossed her legs.

"I didn't take those. I sold some goods and they were offered as payment. Some shop owners only deal in souls, so it's nice to have a few handy, okay? Now please, get on with it so we can go home."

"Is this what you had in mind when you made me your assistant?" He pulled the cork out and swallowed the potion, wrinkling his nose at the taste.

She smiled. "Would you like me to help you with that?"

"No, I can do it myself."

"Fine!" She crossed her arms, pouting as John turned away and pulled out his dick. He stroked it and his mind channeled thoughts of Raethiana naked.

The potion took into effect and he felt his testicles swell up, tripling in size. His dick also grew larger than normal, the extra girth to help with the channeling of the fluid. He paid no attention to it, his mind focused solely on the beautiful demoness and her plump breasts... her long blonde hair... her emerald green eyes...

A warmth filled his body as he closed his eyes and moved faster and faster. He could feel it building inside him, like a volcano ready to erupt.

Raethiana could sense the impending climax and moved in front of him. She knelt down and readied the bottles.

"Go ahead John. Cum for me. Cum for your mistress," she whispered playfully.

Right on cue, John climaxed and the white fluid shot out of his throbbing shaft, filling the bottles. The warm ejaculate kept flowing, coming in waves as the second of the two bottles was filled to the brim.

“I... I can’t stop it,” he whimpered.

With both bottles completely filled, Raethiana wrapped her black lips around his member as he blew the final load. It flowed down her throat and she swallowed it with ease, pulling off as the last bit seeped out of the head. She licked the remaining off his head and smacked her lips, savoring the taste.

“Nicely done John,” she said as she stood up. She put the corks in the bottles and held them up, inspecting the milky white contents. “Never heard of a merchant dealing in cum before. Come on, let’s go.”

John inched forward, his groin sore. “I feel like I just went horseback riding for days.”

“Don’t worry, that’ll go away in a couple of hours.” She opened the door and the two of them walked into the store.

The lady was helping another customer but when she saw them, she stopped what she was doing to help Raethiana. The succubus set the two bottles of cum on the table and the owner looked at them. She smiled and her face lit up at the sight of the two full bottles.

“Yes, these will do nicely.” She put the two bottles on a shelf below the counter and Raethiana put the items in her purse. “Come back any time!” she said as they walked out of the store.

“Can we go home now?” John asked, rubbing his crotch.

“You did nicely today John. Are you sure you don’t want to become my slave? It comes with a lot of perks.” She laughed as he grumbled. It brought a smile to her face as she looked down at the human walking next to her. Never before has she felt such a connection with another being, let alone a human.

The rest of the walk was quiet. John kept his eyes low as she led them back to the exit. They turned down the alley and walked into the blackness. A doorway full of white light appeared and they stepped through it, and came out into the concrete parking structure. Hours passed while they were in the underground. John’s clothes reappeared on him and Raethiana was back in

her human form with that tight black dress.

“You thirsty? I could use a drink.” she said to him.

“Yeah, I could go for a drink.”

She smiled as she snapped her fingers and the two of them vanished into thin air.

Chapter Three: Uninvited Guests

Another weekend has arrived. John stood in front of the mirror in his bathroom as he double and triple-checked his appearance. His hair was combed, his teeth brushed, and his body clean and smelling good. It had only been a week since Raethiana moved in, and he felt like a whole new man. This time last week, he dreaded going to the bar, as he was forcing himself to go. He had to go and at least try to mingle.

John looked away from his reflection down at the sink. He almost didn't go to the bar that fateful night. He had gotten himself into such a nervous fit that he was on the verge of vomiting. If he hadn't gone, he would've never met her: the beautiful blonde demon that now shared his apartment. The woman who turned his life around and after a handful lessons made him into a competent lover. While still shy and introverted, he had far more confidence now. Enough to approach a woman.

"Where are you headed?"

John looked over and saw Raethiana sitting on the couch. She wasn't wearing her usual black dress. Instead, she had on a longer, flowing dark green dress with knee-high boots.

"I'm going to the bar across the street. You look rather nice tonight."

"Feeling lucky? And thanks, I am also going out."

"You're not going to feed, are you?" John frowned at the thought of some young guy dying.

"I haven't killed someone for quite some time, John. If a succubus feeds often enough, then her mate just sleeps for awhile. The longer you go in between, the more you need to draw out. You, on the other hand, were supposed to die. Virgins have so much raw power to them and they are so hard to come by these days that if you find one, you gotta suck 'em dry."

“Well that’s reassuring.”

“Good luck tonight,” she said as she turned her attention back to the book she was reading.

John lingered for awhile longer and watched her read. There was something about her, something that was making him feel jealous for her mate tonight. He wanted it to be him. The sex they’ve had since her offer to teach him was never real sex in her eyes. It was just lessons and nothing more. It was always quick and when it was over she returned to what she was doing. He wanted what he had that first night with her – something real and passionate. He looked away from her and moved toward the door, his mind full of “what ifs?” as he turned the knob and left.

The bar across the street was popular and always full of people John’s age. It had great food and good beer. There were always people there, whether it was in the middle of the day or at closing. The weekends were when it got the most packed, and there was always a day crowd to watch the sports games. John was never much of a drinker, even waiting to have his first drink at 21. He never went to parties, but he still had fun. He may have graduated a virgin, but he graduated with some great friends.

He walked into the bar with his head held high. It was all about the confidence. A lady was more likely to talk to a confident man than a shy and withdrawn one. But he couldn’t be too confident, as bravado was as much a turn off as shyness.

John moved through the crowd and his eyes scanned for women seated alone. Finding a seat at the bar, he ordered a drink and turned to the lady next to him. A brunette, the lady constantly looked at her watch and checked her phone.

“Hello,” he said to her.

She turned toward him and smiled a fake smile. “I’m waiting for someone, sorry.” She looked back at her phone and shifted in her seat, turning her back toward John.

It wouldn’t be the last time he struck out.

In fact, it wasn't until the fifth turn-down that he decided to call it a night. Three beers and five rejections later, John walked out the door. On the inside he was depressed and his confidence shattered, but he held his head high as he crossed the street and disappeared into his apartment building. He slouched and dropped his shoulders as he went up the elevator to his floor. His feet dragged on the carpet in the hallway as he walked.

His apartment was dark and Raethiana was gone. He turned on some lights and fell onto his couch and stared off into space. While proud of himself for managing to talk to that many women, he was still utterly saddened by the fact that he left without a date. He didn't even get a girl's number.

His phone lit up on the table.

John reached out and brought it up to his face. It was a text from two of his friends. They were in town and wondered if they could stop by his place and chill.

Why not, he thought. I got nothing else to do tonight. His fingers typed away at the digital keyboard. Half an hour later, he heard the doorbell.

Mick and Greg were two of his best friends back in college. They met freshman year in their English Writing class and bonded over video games and movies. After graduation, they moved back upstate and John remained. When he saw them, the depression from his failure of a night vanished and they sat down on the couch and started drinking as they chatted and played video games.

A couple hours later, John saw his door open and Raethiana walked in. His two friends stopped what they were doing and froze, their eyes glued to the blonde that just appeared.

"J-John... is she your...?"

"She is my roommate." John kept playing as she walked up and introduced herself.

"My name is Ella. Pleasure to meet you."

Noticing the blank stares from his two friends, John went ahead and

introduced his two friends. “Ella, this is Greg and Mick, two friends of mine from college.” Their eyes remained on her as she walked away from them and disappeared into her room.

Mick quickly looked at John. His eyes constantly went back to the bedroom where he hoped to get another glance at the blonde beauty. “John, are you two...?”

John grunted. “We’re not a couple, if that’s what you’re asking.”

His two friends smiled. Their grins disappeared when they looked at each other. John knew that look. It was the look of a rivalry. Greg and Mick, despite being huge geeks, were very successful in the world of women. However, neither of them could hold onto a girlfriend, and each man always fought after the same girl. The fact that they remained best friends even after the many women that got in between them was something else.

John’s attention remained on the TV screen, until he heard the sound of something hitting the floor. He looked over at his two friends. Their hands were out in front of them, but they had dropped their controllers. Their jaws hung so low that they nearly touched the ground. He turned to see what they were looking at.

Walking over toward the couches was Raethiana, wearing nothing but black lace panties and a tight t-shirt. She had no bra on and her nipples poked through the fabric. She could see him glaring at her and she smirked.

I know you’re doing this to torment me, his eyes said. She looked away from him back at his two friends.

“I’m surprised you two aren’t with someone special tonight.”

John watched as she flirted with both of them. The game remained paused on the screen as the two of them fell under her spell. Raethiana had them eating out of the palm of her hand in seconds. Despite his best efforts to ruin the mood, it fell on deaf ears. His two friends were entranced by her and he was filled with a mixture of anger and jealousy.

It only got worse when she got up off the couch and the two men followed her into her bedroom.

“We’re just going to have a bit of fun,” she said. “It’s been a long time since I’ve had a threesome. Don’t worry about your friends – they’ll be unharmed.” They followed her to her room like sexual zombies. “You can always join us.” She closed her door and left John alone, fuming. How could she do that to him – seduce his friends like that in front of his own eyes?

The sounds of sex filled the apartment and John covered his ears, trying not to listen. He tried to ignore them, but they only got louder and he got angrier. Having had enough, he got off the couch and stormed into her room. The door was unlocked and he threw it open.

Her room had completely changed. Instead of the room he walked into when she experimented on him, it was back to the way it was before she moved in. It was decorated as if a normal human girl lived there, not a centuries-old succubus.

John stood in the doorway. He opened his mouth to yell and scream, but the sight of the threesome stopped him.

All three were naked on the bed. Mick was lying his back and Raethiana was riding him reverse cowgirl. Greg was kneeling behind her and while Mick was thrusting into her vagina, Greg was penetrating her ass. Raethiana spotted John in the door way and with a quick wave of her hand, the two men stopped and pulled out of her. They remained rock hard as she climbed off the bed and walked toward John.

Her body was glowing. Sweat covered her and the heat that filled the room was making John sweat. It was a sexual sauna and the two men on the bed stared, waiting for her return.

“Come to join us, John?” she asked, a little out of breath.

John looked past her to his two friends on the bed. “What did you do to them?”

She looked back at them. “Nothing, really. It’s a simple spell I put on my lovers. Takes away all their inhibitions making them great in bed. It’s what I did to you when we first met. They’re in a trance of sorts. They see you, but they don’t recognize you. All they care about is me.”

“Why are you doing this?”

“Because I want to. Why, are you jealous?” John hesitated. She’s right, I am jealous. “I’m not your girlfriend John. I’m just your roommate.” The way she said it sounded like she took offense to it. Was she mad at him for what he said?

“Look, Rae—”

“John, now is not the time. It’s not too late to join us. However, if you just want to talk, save it to the morning and leave me to my fun.” She put her arms on his shoulders and started pushing him toward the door.

“Wait...wait,” he sighed. She stopped and he turned toward her. This is your chance, John. “I want to join you.”

“Really now?” The succubus raised an eyebrow.

“Yes. Are you sure they won’t remember any of this?”

Raethiana nodded as she snapped her fingers and the door closed behind him. She pulled his shirt off of him and tossed it aside. He swallowed as she knelt down and unzipped his pants, pulling them and his underwear off at the same time. He stepped out of them and she stood back up. She held his hand and led him toward the bed. He laid down on his back and she crawled on top of him. Her breasts pressed against his chest as their lips connected. Their tongues danced as they locked lips. John could taste her lipstick as her hands moved around his body.

“Time to get you ready,” she said, sitting up straight. She straddled his body and traced a line down from his face to his belly button with her finger nail. The nail moved back up and made circles around his chest.

As she moved her finger about his body, John felt his insides warm. It was a sensation he had never felt before. A small shock traveled throughout his body as energy coursed through his veins. He grew hotter and hotter as she slowly raised and lowered her hips on his cock.

John gripped the sheets as she mumbled something, her finger still dancing on his skin. He felt a pressure on his chest and he raised his head off the bed

and watched as his chest expanded and breasts grew. The swelling continued until the mounds on his chest reached a full C-cup. But the changes didn't stop. He arched his back as he climaxed. Raethiana moved her hips away, revealing John's missing dick. After climaxing, it shrunk away into this body, turning into a vagina. She gripped his soft breasts, gently squeezing them and playing with the sensitive nipples as his body continued to change.

Brown hair tickled his ears as it pooled next to his head, growing to where it would reach his breasts if he stood up. His hips widened and his waist narrowed. His facial features became delicate and soft. He pursed his luscious lips, letting out a loud moan as the transformation finished. He released the death grip he had on the sheets and breathed heavily. John looked up at her and she back down to him.

“What did you do to me?” he asked her, his voice soft and feminine.

“You look beautiful John.” Raethiana reached down and rubbed his female face.

“Why... why did you turn me into a woman?” He was upset, but he couldn't express his anger. His frustration came out as meek protests.

“I wanted to have fun and you needed a break. I saw the look of defeat in your eyes tonight when I came back and I wanted to cheer you up. Sex as a woman is something very few men get to experience.”

John was torn. Being turned into a woman was not something he had in mind. He wanted to be with her. However, the feelings and pleasure that coursed through his body during the transformation were amazing. This body of his felt everything. Every touch sent jolts throughout.

He looked past his breasts to the slit between his legs. The succubus reached down and played with the opening to his womanhood. Her fingers rubbed the clit and John bit his lips, holding back the moan of pure pleasure. This is too much. It feels too good.

He opened his mouth and a loud moan filled the room. It bounced off the walls and filled his ears. He heard his female voice cry out and he looked up at the demon. “I... I'm still pissed at you,” he said, in between groans.

“Shhh,” Raethiana put a finger to his mouth. “Let’s just have fun. We have guests, remember?”

John turned his head away from her toward his two friends on the bed. They hadn’t moved from their kneeling position since John first entered the room. Their dicks were still solid as rocks and for some strange reason, they looked bigger than when he first saw them. He stared at the two erect rods and his mouth salivated as if he was staring at two juicy steaks.

His body longed for them, but his mind withdrew. As he stared, Raethiana slid back and the two men moved toward John. He sat up as they crawled toward him, the weight of his breasts pulling him forward. They said nothing as they put him into position. John laid back down as Mick straddled him and cried out as his shaft slid into his pussy.

There was no pain, only pleasure.

The two men remained emotionless as they pleased John. Mick slid his dick in and out, picking up speed with each thrust until he was moving at a breakneck pace.

“Oh! Oh!” John moaned, his mouth opened as his body squirmed, filled with desire and lust. Mick grabbed John’s leg and lifted, turning him onto his side. Greg moved to John’s head, stopping with his dick inches from John’s face. John could smell it and Greg’s musk filled John with lustful hunger. He moved his head forward and wrapped his supple lips around Greg’s cock, sliding down the throbbing shaft. John bobbed up and down on Greg while Mick continued to fuck him.

His body grew feverishly hot as Greg face-fucked him, eventually pulling out and blowing his load all over John’s feminine face. He held his tongue out, catching some of the spray. He felt the pressure in his body grow until he screamed and experienced his first female orgasm. Chemicals flooded his body as the sexual high came. She was right, this is wonderful. Mick laid John on his back and lifted him off of the bed.

John’s light female body was picked up with ease as Mick held him close. John’s breasts pressed against Mick’s body as he continued fucking him. John looked over Mick’s shoulder at Raethiana.

She could see a fire in his eyes, a mixture of lust and anger. I'm going to get an earful from him tomorrow, she thought, grinning. But it will be so worth it.

Greg moved in close and John felt the head at his asshole. His sphincter opened and the dick slid in and John moaned louder than ever before. His eyes rolled into the back of his head as the pleasure overwhelmed him in the form of a tidal wave.

He bounced on the two dicks, their bloated girth rubbing John's insides. He felt another orgasm coming and the three of them climaxed in unison. John's insides were filled with warm, sticky cum as he cried out once more.

But the orgy didn't end there. The men backed off of John as Raethiana came back onto the bed. She moved on top of John's body and she kissed his quivering lips. Their breasts pressed against each as they made out. She pulled away and turned around, her moist pussy hovering above John's face. He yelped as her tongue moved around inside his pussy. He returned the favor and played with her, and the two women ate each other out until they both came and John tasted her fluids.

She pulled John up and they sat up, kissing and the two men moved behind them. Mick tugged at John's hips and he went down onto his hands and knees. Greg did the same to Raethiana and the two women kissed as the men penetrated their pussies. John's breasts rocked back and forth as Mick fucked him. John and Raethiana stared into each other's eyes as both women climaxed.

The male sex puppets had reached their physical limits and they collapsed. John breathed heavily. He was exhausted. Never before had he had a sexual experience like that. But in spite of any gratitude he felt toward Raethiana for giving him that opportunity, he was still very upset for what she did to him and his friends. Before he could confront her, John's body gave out and he fell fast asleep.

The succubus watched as the female John slept soundly. Raethiana put his head on her lap as she looked down at him. There was something happening to her. She was developing feelings for him – something that had never happened to her before. She'd had lovers in the past, but all of them were

demons. Never once had she felt this strongly for a human.

Getting up from the bed, she dragged the bodies of the men out of her room and onto the couch. A quick snap of her fingers and their clothes were back on their bodies. She emptied a bottle of whiskey and set it on the table and returned to her bedroom.

The room shifted and the demonic decorations reappeared. She smiled as she crawled onto the large bed with the silk sheets and curled up next to John. She wrapped her arms around him and fell asleep, still smiling.

John woke up the following morning still in his female body. Raethiana's arm was draped over him and he sat up.

"Morning, sunshine," she mumbled.

John looked down at his body, perturbed. "Why am I still a chick?"

"Because I haven't turned you back yet. Maybe we can have some fun before your friends wake up." She moved her hands toward John's pussy.

"No, Raethiana. Turn me back," he said as he swatted her hand away from his groin.

"Oh, you're no fun."

She sat up and stroked his belly and chest with her finger in the same fashion as the night before. His body reverted back into its male form and he was overjoyed at the sight of his package between his legs.

"There. You happy?" She turned away from him, pouting.

"Thank you, Raethiana." His voice was calm and his thanks sincere.

He climbed up off the bed and picked his clothes up off the floor, looking back at the still naked goddess that is his demonic roommate. Pulling the slightly odorous shirt down past his chest, John stopped when he noticed the more defined muscle tone on his stomach. Huh, that's new. How did

that...oh. John smiled as he stepped out into the kitchen.

Armed with a cup of coffee, John sat down on the couch next to his Mick and Greg, who woke up shortly after.

“Oh, God, my head hurts,” Mick said.

Greg sat up and rubbed his face. “What happened last night?”

John was about to open his mouth when Raethiana came out of her room wearing sweatpants and a t-shirt.

“You boys passed out from playing drinking games. It was hilarious watching you three play Mario Kart drunk.” She looked pointedly at John and went back to her room.

“I think it’s about time we left,” Greg said, looking at his phone. The bright white light of the screen was blinding.

“Yeah, it’s a shame neither of us scored with your hot roommate, John,” Mick said, straightening his shirt.

John took a sip of the coffee. “I’m glad too, ‘cause I want her all to myself.”

His two friends left and John closed the door behind them. He staggered back to the couch and laid back down, his eyes focused on the ceiling.

Raethiana pulled her ear away from her door and smiled warmly at John’s words.

Chapter Four: A Hunter and a Slave

Four days had quietly passed, and the roommates had said nothing to each other since the orgy.

John was still upset at Raethiana for taking advantage of him and putting him in that awkward situation, while she was mad at him for being such a downer. The tension only grew stronger when she put a hold on his lessons and secluded herself to her room. There, she continued her research into John's immunity. He, in turn, locked himself in his office and surrounded himself with his work, hoping it would take his mind off of her and that night.

Every night since the sleepover, John's dreams had consisted of nothing but him having sex as a woman. Every bit of stimulation, every ounce of pleasure came rushing back to him as soon as he closed his eyes. The dreams were so vivid that they felt real. He would wake up drenched in sweat, breathing heavily and exhausted. He threw off the covers and patted his body, searching in the dark for any sign of the transformation. Relief would come in the form of a flat chest and his package under his fingers, but with each night, he felt less and less relieved.

I feel like I'm going through withdrawals, he thought. And with withdrawals, the only thing that will make them better is to ride them out.

Friday night was the first night that week that he hadn't dreamt of being a woman. Raethiana had since left the apartment, and the first words spoken between the two of them were of her leaving.

"I'm going down to the underground for a couple of days," she said as she flung a leather messenger bag over her shoulder. "There's a library down there and I plan on spending most of my time researching."

John replied with a simple okay and she left. When she closed the door, he felt like he would never see her again – like they just went through a bad breakup which left both parties depressed instead of angry. He was attracted to her. No, he was in love with her: the centuries-old demoness; a

succubus that two weeks ago had tried to kill him. John, a simple human, was in love with a demon.

He had so many questions. Could she love him back? Could a demon fall in love with a human? Was that kind of thing even allowed?

It didn't matter. She was gone, and he was alone again.

The apartment was even quieter with her absence, and no amount of music or the TV at full volume could fix it. John locked himself in his office and stared at his computer. He put all his attention into his next mobile game.

Then Saturday came. He had not showered for a couple days, and the scent of his own body odor hit him like a truck as soon as he awoke. As he showered, he couldn't help but to feel that he needed to get out and go somewhere. He needed human interaction.

John decided to go out again, but not to the usual bar across the street. There was a dive bar down the road that he had driven by many times but had never actually set foot in. There would be a different crowd there than at the hip place across the street, and maybe a single lady who would welcome his presence instead of outright rejecting it.

The place was seedy, all right. John stood in front of the doorway and looked at the building that housed the dive bar. Brick wall covered with stucco and most of the stucco was peeling away. The walls were covered with random blotches of paint and graffiti with a barred window and a broken neon sign. A couple of people stood nearby, huddled together and smoking cigarettes as they quietly conversed.

John sighed as he reached out for the handle and pulled the door open. Its weight caught him off guard. If opening the door was that awkward for him, he could only imagine how the rest of his night would go.

He showed his ID to the bouncer sitting on the chair near the entrance. The heavy man with a tattoo on his face took the ID from John's hands and studied it before handing it back to him with a nod. John slid the card back into his wallet and entered the bar proper.

The place was dimly lit, and even though smoking wasn't allowed inside, the

air was still hazy. It was a popular place. Most of the tables were filled, but there were plenty of open seats at the bar itself.

The patrons looked up at John as he walked past, but returned to their conversations after a brief stare. There were men and women his age, but it was a more mature crowd. There weren't rowdy frat guys or sorority girls getting plastered front and center – just a bunch of people having quiet conversations.

John sidled up to the bar and ordered his drink. While he waited to be served, he noticed a woman with black hair next to him. Their eyes met. He smiled at her, but she didn't smile back. The bartender set his pint down on the wooden surface and John paid with cash. He took his eyes off the woman as he turned away and headed for a small, vacant booth, but her gaze followed him as he walked away.

He slid across the maroon leather and slowly sipped his drink. A few minutes later, the charcoal-haired woman walked up and asked if she could sit. John looked up at her from his drink. Her hair was pulled back in ponytail with some of her hair hanging loose on the right side of her face. She had bright, sapphire eyes and wore a gray tank top with jeans.

“Sure,” he replied, taking another sip of his drink.

She smiled as she sat down across from him. “My name's Awina. What's yours?”

“John. Pleasure to meet you.” He held up his glass and she did the same. Okay, John, don't blow this.

He somehow managed to strike up a conversation with her and was surprised to find that the words flowed so easily between them. She was obviously into him, and she helped to keep the conversation going on her end with questions, jokes, and even a few personal details. John was happy that he wasn't the one doing all the work, and when she finished her drink, he offered to buy her another one.

“No thanks, I'm good for the night. I was actually about ready to leave.” She checked her watch and John instinctively checked the clock on his phone. It had been several hours since she sat down across from him.

“Oh, okay,” he said and stood up. She threw her purse over her shoulder and stared at him.

“Well, aren’t you coming along? I figured we could continue this conversation back at my place.” She smiled at him and John grew warm. Holy shit. This is actually happening!

“Sure,” he said. “I’d love to.”

He followed her out of the bar and they walked close to one another in the darkness. The night had grown cold and she wrapped her arms around one of his in an effort to share in his warmth. He put his arm around her as they continued chatting. She led him down the street, and after about twenty minutes of walking, they arrived at her apartment building.

The hallway was lavishly decorated. It was obvious that she had a fair amount of wealth, as John remembered looking at this building when he first moved to the area. A two-bedroom apartment there cost the same as a three-bedroom in the building he lived in.

The door opened and John walked in first. He took a couple steps in and then paused to take in the beauty of the apartment.

It only lasted a couple of seconds.

A rag was placed on his mouth and the strong chemical smell filled his nostrils. In only a few seconds he was on the floor, unconscious.

Awina closed and locked the door and stood over his body, the playful look on her face gone, replaced with an expression of dark intent.

John awakened in utter darkness. I’m blind! he thought, a cold bead of sweat running down his spine. But how?

His mind raced, trying to remember what had happened to him. He was disoriented, dizzy without his sight, but as he made his first feeble movements, he felt it: a strip of cloth across his face. He wasn’t blind at all. There was a blindfold covering his eyes. In some ways, that seemed so much

worse.

His fear turned to outright panic when he discovered that his arms and legs were bound, as well. Helpless, he called out:

“Hello?! Can anyone help me?!”

“Help you? No one can even hear you.” He recognized the voice. It was Awina’s. **“This room you’re in is soundproof.”**

“What do you want from me?!” John shouted at her. Was it all a lie? Was I just her mark and that whole conversation a ploy? Is she a demon? That last question seemed worth asking aloud. **“Are you a demon?!”**

Awina hesitated, her curiosity piqued. **“Funny, I was just about to ask you the same question.”**

“Well, I’m not.” John said as he looked around, trying to find the source of her voice.

“Don’t lie to me. I can smell your demonic taint.” She opened a flask and splashed the liquid on him. He recoiled, the ice cold water startling him. Her smile vanished at the lack of skin burning.

“Was... was that holy water?! Jesus lady I’m not a demon! I’m human!” John had seen his fair share of paranormal-themed shows, everything from Buffy to Supernatural. He knew where this was going.

“Well then, John, explain to me why you have the scent of a demon all over you.”

“I, uh... well... I’ve had sex with a succubus,” he admitted. **“Multiple times. She’s my roommate.”**

“Liar,” Awina sneered. **“Succubi kill their mates.”** She moved in closer and pulled off his blindfold.

John cringed and squinted against the sudden light. **“Not always,”** he argued. **“She said that if succubi feed often enough, then they can drain a smaller amount of energy so as to not kill their mates, only put them out for**

half a day or so.”

Awina raised an eyebrow. She seemed intrigued. “Really now?” she asked, but John wasn’t listening. His attention was focused on other matters.

With his blindfold off, he was able to see his prison. He was in a spare bedroom, much like the one in his own apartment. All the furniture had been replaced. The window was boarded up and various runes and glyphs were painted on the walls, ceiling, and floor. There was one table and a bookshelf. On the table were various instruments, most of them obviously torture devices. His gaze shifted back to her and stuck on the small dagger she held in her hands. His stomach turned. What was she planning on doing with that?

“You’re going to take me to her,” Awina said, tapping the blade against her palm.

“No I’m not,” he spat back at her. That woman has turned my life around. The last thing I’m going to do was hand her over to a demon hunter.

“Yes, you are.” Awina pushed John’s chair over and he landed hard on his back. She knelt down on his chest and pressed the dagger against his throat.

“Why are you protecting her, John? She’s a murderer. A killer. A demon. Their kind has been feeding off ours since the dawn of civilization. It’s only a matter of time before she kills you – or worse, sells you off to another one of her kind.”

John held strong against his captor. No, he thought. Raethiana would never do that to me. She had the chance to do it when we visited the demon underground. He set his jaw defiantly. “I’m not taking you to her.”

Awina grinned. She pushed herself up off of John’s chest and pulled the knife away.

“So, you’re a demon-lover, is that it? Don’t want me to kill your precious girlfriend? You know, the only thing lower than a demon is a human who sympathizes with them.” She kicked him in the side and grinned as he cried out in pain. “I’m going to enjoy forcing the information out of you,” she said, and kicked him once more before walking toward her table.

Doubled over against his restraints, John watched her pick up various items and study them before putting them back down on the table. She laughed as she turned toward him, having found the right tool for the job.

“Let’s see how long you last with this.”

“What... what is that?” John asked, his voice quavering.

Awina didn’t answer. She turned the device back and forth between her fingers, admiring the fiendish glint it gave off in the dim light.

“John, how attached are you to your manhood?” she asked, raising her eyes to his. John grimaced, and she continued: “Because if you keep holding out on me, you just might lose it.”

She reached out with her left arm and tried to forcefully pull his pants off. John kicked and screamed, trying to put the legs of his chair between himself and the woman assaulting him. It was no use; Awina was stronger than he was, and faster. As she swung his chair toward her, he caught the look of dark determination in her eyes. She was willing to do whatever it took to get what she wanted – even if it meant dismembering John bit-by-bit, starting with the good parts.

His resolve faltered. I’m sorry Raethiana.

“Okay! Okay! Please, stop,” he sobbed. Awina froze and stared at him, waiting for his reply. “I’ll take you...”

“What?” she asked, gleefully cupping her hand to her ear. Damn her!

“I’ll take you to her,” John repeated, his voice cracking in defeat.

Awina smiled. “That’s a good boy.” She pulled him up off the ground, but before he could say anything, her fist struck his face, and for the second time that night, his world went dark.

When he finally came to, he was tied up in the passenger seat of a car. Awina was fiddling with her phone in the driver’s seat. She was wearing a

completely new set of clothes: a dark shirt and pants. Over her shirt was body armor and covering that was a leather trench coat. Her hair was still pulled back into a ponytail. She turned toward him and saw that he was awake.

“Where to, demon-lover?” she quipped through a smug grin.

John scowled and quietly gave her his address. She nodded and pressed a button on her phone. Music came blasting through the speakers as she turned the engine and gunned it out of the underground parking lot.

It was still dark outside and the streets were empty, a reflection of how John felt inside. She sped down the streets, running red lights and stop signs before pulling into the underground parking for his building.

The car skidded to a stop and she pulled him out of the passenger seat. She stood behind him, her right hand on his shoulder and her left holding a shotgun. Awina was armed to the teeth with everything from guns to knives, to even a sword.

John stared at her. “You know there are security cameras, right?”

She smirked, opening her jacket and pulling out a small device.

“This is a scrambler. When we get in range of a camera – any camera – it turns the feed into static.” She put the small device back into her pocket and pushed him into the elevator.

They arrived at his floor and he opened the door to his apartment. She went in first, gun drawn and ready to kill. The apartment was dark.

“Which is her room?” she whispered. He pointed to the bedroom door and she silently moved toward it. With her back to the wall she reached out and turned the knob. It was locked.

“She always locks her door,” he said, seeing her unable to open it. Awina moved away from the door. She ran over and grabbed John and pushed him over to her door.

“Call out to her,” she said, the gun on his back.

“You here, Raethiana?” Silence. “She’s probably not back yet.”

“Back from where?”

“She went down to the demon world to do some research a few days ago. She said that she’d be gone for a couple of days.”

“Perfect, so we’ll ambush her.”

The scenario played out in John’s head. In his mind’s eye, he watched as the door to the apartment opened and Raethiana stepped in. She had a smile on her face and greeted John warmly. After taking a couple of steps in the trap was sprung and Awina subdued her and forced John to watch her kill his demon roommate.

Raethiana’s eyes looked up at John, filled with sadness and betrayal. How could you? she would say before the killing blow was struck.

John brought his knees to his chest as he curled up into a ball on the couch. Tears streamed down his cheeks as he wept, hating himself for betraying her.

Awina readied her traps and waited by the door. She didn’t know how long it would be until the demon returned, nor did it matter. She would be ready and waiting.

They didn’t have to wait long. As the clock neared five-a.m., John looked up at the door. The knob jiggled as whoever it was on the other end turned their key in the lock. The knob turned slowly and the door opened. Awina gripped her weapon, ready to pounce on the demon from the shadows.

John opened his mouth to scream, to yell, to say anything – anything that would alert Raethiana of the attacker. But nothing came. Words refused to leave his mouth as he watched the scene unfold with red eyes and dried tears.

Raethiana stepped into the doorway and greeted John warmly with a smile. It vanished when she saw his distraught face.

Awina pounced from her hiding spot, landing on the unsuspecting demon.

The scene was playing out exactly how he imagined it. He wanted to look away, to not see that look in her eyes before her death, but he couldn't turn his head. It was as though invisible hands were holding his head in place and he was forced to watch. Instead he closed his eyes and waited.

It was anything but quiet.

The sounds of the two women fighting filled the apartment. John opened his eyes again. Raethiana stood in the entryway in her demon form. Her wings were spread in a show of dominance. The demon hunter lunged, sword drawn, and she caught Awina mid-air and threw her aside. The hunter crashed into the wall and fell onto the small wooden table below it, knocking it over.

She quickly climbed to her feet and reached behind her back, pulling out throwing knives. They flew through the air across the apartment, the light flickering off their shiny metal surfaces. Raethiana knocked them aside with her wing without moving from her position.

Why, why aren't you going after her?! John thought frantically. He looked down at her feet and saw the painted rune beneath them. It must be trapping her. All at once, he knew what he had to do.

He lunged off the couch and sprinted toward the entryway, diving onto the hard wood floor.

"No!" Awina yelled as John broke the painted circle and freed the succubus from the trap. Raethiana looked down at John and he looked up at her. Primal fury coursed through her veins and John hoped she would recognize him in the haze.

"You and I need to have a chat," she hissed, her voice deep. Then she grinned, raised her gaze to Awina, and stepped out of the trap toward the hunter.

Awina sprinted across the apartment and dove for her compact crossbow, twisting as she hit the ground and firing an already-loaded dart. It whistled through the air and penetrated deep into Raethiana's shoulder, but the demon only continued walking toward her. She didn't even flinch.

The hunter picked up her sword and once again lunged at the succubus. Raethiana swatted her out of the way like a fly and she crashed into the back of the couch and knocked it over. Awina rolled across the floor and barely managed to stand. Blood flowed from her nose and the corner of her mouth and her left arm hung limp. Blood dripped from her fingertips.

Refusing to give up, she sprinted at Raethiana once more. The demon made a fist and clocked the hunter, sending her reeling to the ground. Awina coughed up blood, her body broken and bloodied. She did not rise again.

The succubus reached down and picked her up by the neck and held her in the air in front of her. Awina summoned what little strength she had left and swung at the demon. Her blows proved weak and ineffective, the knife in her hand barely breaking the demon's skin. Raethiana laughed at the tiny burn the knife brought.

“Foolish hunter. Did you really think you could beat me? I have slain many of your kind in my lifetime!”

During the skirmish, John hid in the corner of the apartment, hoping to get as far out of the way as he could. Never before had he felt so helpless and useless. His eyes turned to the door.

“John,” Raethiana said, “why don't you come over here? I need to have a word with you.”

John gulped. Standing up, he moved away from his corner and slowly walked across the apartment. The destruction from the duel finally sunk in. His TV was broken, there were several holes in the wall, tables lay smashed, and the couch was torn. His eyes spotted the shining silver blade laying on the floor.

“The sword, John... Use it...” Awina said, gasping for air. The succubus tightened her grip on the hunter's neck, cutting off her words.

John stepped over the sword and walked up next to the hunter. Raethiana looked down at him, the fury in her eyes gone.

“John, what is this piece of shit doing here in our apartment?”

Flinching, he lowered his eyes to the ground. “I met her at a bar. We went back to her place and she knocked me out. She thought I was a demon. She started torturing me for information. I didn’t want to tell her, but she forced it out of me.”

Raethiana looked away from him back at the hunter in her grasp. “How dare you? You hunters have fallen so far. You were once honorable. Now all you care about is the money.”

“Hurry up and kill me, you demonic bitch,” Awina snarled. Blood and spittle rained onto Raethiana’s cheek and she wiped it away with her free hand.

“You’re not going to kill her, are you?” John asked.

Raethiana stared at him. “You want me to spare her? For what she did to you – for what she was about to do to me?”

“Well, I...” John trailed off. He had no argument. Awina had played him from the start. She probably got the demonic scent from him after he picked up his beer and left.

“Hunters nowadays don’t care about fighting for humanity. They’re in it for the sport. Their kind is no better than mine. Don’t worry John, I won’t kill her. I have something better in mind.”

Awina’s eyes widened. “No... no! Kill me, kill me you fucking cunt! Demonic bitch!”

John watched as courage and confidence vanished from the hunter. Gone was the tough killer of demons. Awina reached up with her one functioning arm and tried to pry the demon’s hand from her neck. She kicked and squirmed, fighting to break free. Raethiana laughed at her feeble attempts. What’s she so afraid of that she’d rather die?

What came next caught him off guard.

Raethiana leaned forward and kissed the hunter. Awina fought and resisted, pulling her head back and trying to push her away, but the demon was stronger than her. The succubus continued the relentless assault, their lips

locking and her tongue slithering inside Awina's mouth.

John stood and watched, unsure of what to feel. His body grew warm as the two women made out in front of him and his dick hardened in his pants.

Though she had been struggling valiantly only moments before, Awina's resolve began to fade. Her will to resist Raethiana's advancements dwindled and she reluctantly succumbed. Raethiana's free hand went down the hunter's pants and she fingered her. The hunter moaned and memories of when John had sex as a woman filled his mind. He knew what that felt like, as did Raethiana, and she was only too pleased to use it to her advantage.

"Give your soul to me, huntress," she whispered into Awina's ear. "Become my slave."

"No... I won't," Awina protested weakly.

Raethiana grinned and continued the sexual assault. She ripped off the huntress's armor and shirt, exposing her breasts. The succubus lifted her higher off the ground and she played with Awina's breasts with her tongue. The huntress moaned loudly.

John's dick continued to stiffen in his pants, the material of his jeans barely containing the monster within. It longed for release, but he was too focused on the women to cater to his own needs.

"Give in to me... pledge yourself to me." The succubus slid a third finger into Awina's now sopping wet pussy and she cried out.

"No... stop...!"

The succubus picked up the pace and slid a fourth finger into the huntress's pussy. Raethiana's tongue moved to her nipple and she cried out once more, cumming all over the demon's fingers. But she didn't stop.

"Pledge your loyalty to me," Raethiana moved off of her breasts and whispered into her ear.

"I... I submit." Awina's spirit was broken; her walls came crashing down.

“Say it.”

Awina couldn't even meet her eyes. “I am yours. I am... your slave.”

“You are mine until the day you die,” the succubus purred, and sealed the deal with a kiss. Then she pulled her head away and opened her mouth.

John watched as she sucked the soul out of the huntress. The transfer came in the form of a purple flame that Raethiana breathed in. She continued inhaling until the very last bit entered her mouth. The demon swallowed the huntress's soul and Awina's head fell back and her body went limp. With the transfer complete, the succubus let go of her neck and she fell to the ground like a rag doll.

John stood there speechless and the demoness turned toward him. “Enjoyed that did you?”

He looked down to see the massive stain on the front of his pants. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and walked toward John. His feet refused to move, not sure what to do.

“I don't know what to say,” he finally admitted.

“I do,” she said, looking into his eyes. “Thank you, John. Thank you for freeing me from her trap. If it wasn't for you, she would've killed me. I believe you when you say that she forced it out of you. I can see it in your eyes.”

“This was all my fault,” he said.

“No, it's mine. I should've warned you about them. I owe you my life.” Raethiana wrapped her arms around him and hugged him. He looked up at her and she looked back down at him. They stared into each other's eyes. He lifted his head up to kiss her and she brought hers down and they kissed passionately.

Their embrace was cut short by a pounding on the door.

“John! This is Isaac!” The voice called out from the other side of the door.

John's heart nearly stopped. "Oh shit. It's my landlord!"

"I've gotten several noise complaints. If you don't open the door I'm coming in!"

"I've got an idea," Raethiana said to him.

The knob turned and the door opened. Isaac the landlord stood in the doorway with a cop behind him. "John! Are you in here?"

"Right here, boss!" John stood up from behind the toppled over couch. He was naked with a blanket around his waist. Isaac took a step inside and the cop poked his head in, remaining in the doorway. John prayed they wouldn't look down at the ground.

"I've gotten some noi – oh..." he trailed off.

Raethiana stood up next to John. She was back in her human form. Her blonde hair was disheveled and she covered herself with the rest of the blanket.

"Yeah, sorry, boss. I guess we were getting carried away."

"I, uh, think we've seen enough," Isaac said, backing out of the apartment. "You two kids keep it down, okay?"

"Sure, boss!" John said with a shit-eating grin as Isaac closed and locked the door.

"That was close," Raethiana laughed.

"How are we—I mean, how are you going to fix this?" John asked her.

"Easy. I know of some very handy demons. They'll fix this place up in a jiffy. They'll even replace your TV. They owe me a favor."

John raised an eyebrow. He wondered exactly what kind of favors these other demons might owe a succubus. "Oh. Well, okay."

"Yeah, don't worry about it. Besides, fighting that hunter got me all worked

up, if you know what I mean.” She leaned forward and pushed John to the ground and climbed on top of him. “How about I pay you back for saving me.”

John smiled. “All right. Just... don’t take my soul.”

“No promises,” she said, kissing him passionately.

Chapter Five: Revelations

John woke up hours later still on the ground of his apartment, the blanket wrapped around him like a sleeping bag. He sat up, his hand moving to his neck to massage the knot that had formed there overnight. Serves me right for sleeping on the hard wood floor.

That was when he realized that he was alone. The succubus that had fallen asleep next to him was gone.

Unable to fall back asleep, John stood up, wrapping the blanket around his waist like a towel. He frowned. Where had she run off to now?

A soft voice derailed his train of thought. “Would you like some coffee?”

John turned toward the voice and standing behind him was Awina.

“Shit!” He dove over the back of the couch to get away from the demon hunter. “Raethiana!”

“Relax, John,” the succubus said. He looked past the demon hunter to the kitchen. Raethiana was sitting at the table reading the newspaper.

“But...”

“But what? She’s not going to harm you.”

“My Mistress is correct, Master John,” Awina bowed. “Though I retain all knowledge of who I once was, I cannot do her or you harm. I am her slave.” When she straightened up from the bow, John saw the collar around her neck. Made of black leather, it shined with a glossy finish. There were no studs or spikes, nor were there any gemstones embedded in the leather. There was only a simple metal ring on the front. She kept her hands together in front of her.

“Is she wearing a...?”

“Like that, don’t you?” Raethiana smiled, but her eyes remained on the paper while John took another look at the demon’s new slave.

In addition to the collar, the once-demon-hunter-turned-slave wore a French maid costume. It consisted of a skin tight black dress with a white apron. She had on dark stockings and the hem of the dress was short enough to where he could see the lacy, scalloped tops. Awina also had on thigh-high black leather boots with heels that rivaled Raethiana’s when she was in demon form. Her hair was pulled back into a ponytail in the exact same fashion as when he first met her at the bar. She wore subtle makeup and looked up at him with those crystal-blue eyes, now devoid of malice or hate.

“Coffee, Master John?”

“Yes, but please, just call me John. Raethiana is your mistress, not me.”

“As you wish,” she said, bowing once more before returning to the kitchen.

“How did you sleep?” Raethiana asked him from behind her newspaper.

John touched his nape reflexively. “I have a knot in my neck, but other than that, pretty soundly. You?”

“Best sleep I’ve had in years.” She smirked at him and looked down at the blanket around his waist. She flicked her finger and the blanket dropped, and John stood naked in the kitchen.

“Seriously?!” he squeaked. The demon laughed and John turned to see Awina staring at his groin. His face grew red with embarrassment and he sprinted into his room and returned a couple minutes later with clothes on. He sat down at the table next to the succubus and Awina served him his coffee.

“This is going to take some getting used to,” he muttered. “Where will she stay?”

Raethiana chuckled. “In my room, of course. This isn’t my first rodeo.”

John eyed the new maid. “Do we have to worry about other hunters? Won’t they come looking for her?”

“My kind is very solitary,” Awina replied. “Rarely do we work together.”

“In the past they used to, back when they did it to protect humanity.” Raethiana narrowed her eyes as though the subject left a bad taste in her mouth. “Now that it is a sport to them, they see each other as rivals.”

John frowned and looked to Awina again. “You don’t have any family or friends?”

“My parents were killed in a plane crash,” she said tonelessly. “I was adopted, and my new family were hunters.”

John shifted uncomfortably at her deadpan recitation. “Ah.” He looked back to the demon. “So we don’t have to worry about her killing you or I in our sleep?”

“Nope. Watch.” Raethiana handed Awina one of the knives on the table. “Stab me,” she ordered.

Awina wrapped her hand around the handle of the knife. “Yes, Mistress.”

She lunged forward, the blade heading straight for the demon’s shoulder. John jumped out of his chair but watched in awe as the knife stopped two inches from Raethiana’s flesh, halted by an invisible barrier that prevented it from going any further. He looked at Awina. She had put all her strength behind the stab, but the barrier didn’t budge.

“Enough,” Raethiana commanded. Awina pulled back, set the knife on the table, and returned to the sink. John was never good about doing the dishes right away and sometimes it was a few days before he got to them. He watched, grateful, as Raethiana’s new slave started working on the large pile.

“I could’ve broken her mind in addition to her will,” Raethiana added. “Some demons do that, you know – make their slaves mindless husks. But I like mine intelligent. I imagine that her particular skill set will come in handy.”

John looked at her. “You’ve never had a demon hunter as a slave?”

Raethiana shrugged. “I try to avoid them. Why pick fights with someone who could beat you?”

John was still mystified by the concept. “So, she’ll obey your every order?”

“Yes, except I cannot order her to end her own life. That is the only order a slave can refuse.” She gave John a sultry stare. “Perhaps you need another demonstration?”

Before John could answer, Raethiana snapped her head in Awina’s direction. “Slave!”

Awina immediately stopped with the dishes and faced her mistress.

“Yes, Mistress?”

“Pleasure me.”

“What?!” John watched as Awina knelt down in front of Raethiana and pulled down her panties. The slave placed her head between the succubus’s thighs and tongued her.

“Pretty cool, eh?” Raethiana said as she tilted her head back. The sounds of the slave pleasuring her mistress filled the apartment. John grabbed his coffee cup and walked away from the kitchen toward his office.

Ever since Raethiana moved into the apartment, she found it hilarious to tease John. He would find her topless on the couch or walking around in skimpy lingerie. She would be purposefully loud when she masturbated in her room. He even walked in on her showering in his own bathroom. It was in her nature to torment him sexually, and he found the best way to deal with it was to leave and try to ignore her.

“Don’t want to watch? I can have her give you a blowjob!” Raethiana called out to him. John said nothing as he closed the door to his bedroom.

Several days went by and John came out of his office after a long work session, his stomach growling. Raethiana was on her laptop on the couch

and Awina was busy cleaning the apartment. Ever since she became the succubus's slave, the former demon hunter had done nothing but clean the apartment. She'd dusted the entire place top to bottom, vacuumed everything, even scrubbed the bathrooms and did the laundry, yet she kept cleaning.

She traveled with her mistress when Raethiana visited the underground and John wished she would take him along with her. He didn't know what they did in her room when Raethiana called it a night, but John could only imagine.

He opened the door to the fridge to find it mostly empty and he remembered it had been a while since he last went shopping.

"I'm going to go to the grocery store," he announced. "Do you want anything?"

"Liquor," Raethiana replied.

John blinked. "No food?"

She gave him a look. "I don't need to eat human food to live."

John suddenly felt stupid. "Right, because you're a succubus." How did he almost forget?

Raethiana waved her hand dismissively. "Take Awina with you. She knows how to cook."

John made a face. "I can cook!"

Raethiana made one back. "Sandwiches and microwaveable dinners aren't cooking."

He shook his head and sighed. "Fine."

Raethiana brightened. She looked to her slave. "Awina, get changed. You're going with John to the store."

"Yes, Mistress." She bowed and ran into Raethiana's room, coming out a

few minutes later. She had changed out of the maid outfit into a t-shirt and jeans.

John frowned. “Where did you get those clothes?”

Raethiana trailed her eyes over Awina’s body. “We packed up her apartment and moved her out of it, that way no one would get suspicious of her absence.”

John took a step forward then stopped, looking back at Awina. “I’d rather not go into public with a girl with a collar around her neck.”

Awina beamed. “Do not worry, I will act as your girlfriend in public.”

John wasn’t sure he liked that idea. He turned back to Raethiana. “And the collar?”

“Only demons and other slaves can see the collar,” Raethiana said, looking away from her computer.

“I can see the collar, and I’m not a demon,” John argued, and Raethiana sighed as if greatly put upon by his line of questioning.

“You witnessed her giving herself up to me. You saw her become my slave. Therefore, you are privy to her being a slave and thus you can see it.”

“I see,” John said, even though he didn’t. He looked at Awina. She seemed so eager to please him. “Well, let’s get going, then.”

They returned an hour later carrying several large and heavy bags. John called out to Raethiana, but he got no reply. Shrugging, he and Awina put the groceries away.

John was relieved to be back at his apartment. The entire time he was out he was paranoid. Awina showed no inclination of being a slave, just John’s girlfriend. Everyone who saw them only saw a couple going shopping. No one knew the truth and it was awkward.

Raethiana eventually returned. She threw the door open and stormed into the apartment, panicking. John poked his head out of his office when he

heard her return and she looked visibly upset.

“What’s going on? Is everything okay?”

“I’m fucked.” She paced back and forth around the apartment rambling incoherently.

“Slow down. You’re not even speaking English!”

“It’s Demonic,” Awina said as she walked up to him. After the grocery trip, she had changed back into her maid outfit and continued cleaning the apartment. While never a messy person (aside from the matter of the dishes), John realized it had been a long time since he thoroughly cleaned the place. She had her work cut out for her. **“I don’t know any of the words themselves. I was only taught to recognize it, as humans cannot speak it.”**

John walked up to the frantic demon and grabbed her shoulders. She snapped out of the nervous frenzy and slowed her breathing.

“What’s wrong?” he asked her.

“My mistress is coming to visit me. Here. Tonight.”

“What?!” John cried. And then: **“Wait – you have a mistress?”**

“Different kind of mistress. She is my mentor – my superior. She taught me everything I know. She is one of the most powerful succubi alive and one of the heirs to the throne. Imagine her as your demonic mother-in-law.”

“Oh... shit. How long will she be here?”

“A couple of days. John, look, she doesn’t know about you and I. She thinks it’s just me here. I am obliged to give up my room to her, but I don’t know how she’ll react to the news that I’m living with a human who isn’t my slave, but my lover.”

Lover. Those words struck him the hardest. It was the first time Raethiana’s admitted having any feelings for John and it answered the question of

whether she truly cared about him. Awina had put doubts in his head when she imprisoned him, but all those doubts now vanished as she said the words.

“What do you need me to do?” he asked her. “I can crash at a hotel for a couple of days, get out of the apartment while she’s here...”

“No, it won’t work. Now that Awina is here, there two human imprints to this apartment. She’ll ask about the other human and find it suspicious that I only have one slave. There is only one way we can do this.” She looked at him intently.

He could see she was genuinely upset and afraid of what might happen. John knew the demon that lived with him was different from the rest. Awina bore no scars, no brands, no piercings—other than the ones she already had—and her mind remained intact. She was definitely different from the rest. How would her mistress take that?

“My superior, Norrana, is a very traditional succubus,” she continued. “She sees human males as nothing more than livestock. When she feeds, she kills them – every time. But that doesn’t mean she is evil.”

John put his hands on her shoulders. “Just tell me what you want me to do.”

Raethiana hesitated, looking into his eyes. Then she said: “I need you to become my slave – my female slave. Just while she stays here. Don’t worry, I won’t actually make you my slave, you just need to pretend to be, but I’ll have to give you a collar. Please, John. I need you to do this for me.”

He looked up at her. She was practically crying. He could tell that this was the last option; that she went through every other idea before she laid this on him. John smiled as he held her hands.

“Okay. But you owe me.”

“Deal. Thanks, John,” her voice was soft. He had never seen her act this way before. She always had a confidence about her. Raethiana could walk into a room full of strangers and take charge, organizing and leading them, but she looked so helpless right now. “We still have a couple of hours until she arrives. That should be enough time to prepare. After I turn you into a

woman, I'll give you a crash course in demon history, as I'm sure Awina knows enough already."

"I do, Mistress, but I am always willing to learn more."

"After that, I'll collar you and Awina will teach you how to walk, talk, and act like a slave."

"It will be my pleasure to instruct you," Awina said to him.

"You ready, John?"

"As I'll ever be," he warily answered.

Raethiana nodded and stepped forward. She lifted her finger and placed it on his chest, just like that night when his friends appeared. His body grew warm, his form shifted, and his clothes vanished. The succubus continued weaving her spell and Awina watched in awe as John transformed into a woman.

His brown hair grew down past his shoulders to his breasts. They swelled, engorging up to a full C-cup. His areolae expanded as his nipples grew hard, and his body began to float a whole foot off of the ground as he was enveloped in the whirlwind of Raethiana's arcane power.

As the last of the transformations took hold, a soft moan escaped from John's new, pouty lips. His body floated back down and he landed on his much smaller feet.

Raethiana produced a leather collar, exactly the same as Awina's, and wrapped it around John's neck. It sealed in the back and the seam vanished, becoming one whole piece.

"Awina, this is your fellow slave. Her name is Kressara." She turned to John. "Tell me your name, slave."

"My name is Kressara, Mistress," he obediently replied. He sighed internally, once more he found himself in a female body, just as he got over the lingering effects from his very first transformation. I do like the name though.

“Good. For the time being, you are no longer John. You are a woman and my slave. You answer to either your name or to ‘slave,’ and you must always call me Mistress. You will obey every command I give you and you must do so without hesitation. Understand?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

Raethiana turned away from him. “Awina, she is in your hands now. Teach her well. I will be in my room.”

Raethiana’s original slave nodded. “As you wish, Mistress.” She turned toward John, now Kressara, and said: “It’s okay, Kressara, our mistress will look out for us. I know she cares for you deeply.”

Kressara... that is my name now – at least for the time being, John thought as he played with the metal ring attached to his collar. Even though I am only pretending, it feels so real.

An hour passed by as John learned everything there was to know about being a slave.

“It was weird, at first,” Awina said as she instructed her fellow slave. “All of this knowledge just came to me when I pledged myself to her, and it felt strange to be putting it to use. But now it all comes naturally to me. I do miss my old life, but I gave that up and I am honored to serve her.”

Raethiana exited her room. She was in her demon form and wore a very ornate outfit, as if she was going to a fancy demon dinner. As beautiful as it was, it was still a very sensual outfit. The material clung to her skin, showing off her every curve. She wore lavish jewelry; earrings, necklaces, bracelets, even her horns had their own decorations. The succubus looked very regal, as if she was a princess or even a queen.

She paid no heed to the slaves as she dragged a chest out of her room into John’s. A minute or so later, she returned and walked up to the two women.

“How is she?” she asked Awina.

Awina beamed. “She is a quick learner, Mistress. She is doing quite well.”

“Perfect.” She turned to her new slave. “Kressara, hold still.”

“Yes Mistre—” John began, but his words were cut off as Raethiana reached out and put her hand on his forehead. The demon’s eyes glowed as she transferred the knowledge and rituals of servitude to her slave. His mind was filled with the knowledge of Norrana, the superior to his mistress. His mouth hung open as his eyes glowed and in less than a minute it was all over. The succubus pulled her hand away and John rocked back, his eyes blinking as if a camera flash had gone off.

“She’ll be here any moment,” Raethiana said. “Awina, there are two outfits in my new room. I want both of you in them stat.”

“Yes, Mistress,” they chorused together as Awina grabbed John’s hand and pulled him into his old room.

It seemed to have been magically altered since she last saw it and decorated in a similar fashion as Raethiana’s. Laid out across the bed were two identical leather outfits. Awina put hers on first, then helped John into his own.

The outfits consisted of two black dresses, stockings, and high heels. The dresses each had huge holes in the front, exposing the wearer’s entire stomach. The holes started just below the breasts and ended just below the navel. It was oval in shape, but it wasn’t the only piece missing. The dresses also had open backs, with a hole bigger than the one on front. The only thing holding the top and bottom pieces together was a piece of fabric three inches wide that went down the sides of the dress. John realized that they hadn’t been given any underwear to wear beneath it.

The stockings were dark, thigh-high nylons with lacy tops and the heels were simple black, five-inch pumps. Never in his entire life did John imagine he would be putting on women’s clothes. Then again, what were the odds of him not only being transformed into a woman, but changed by the hand of a demon?

As strange as it was, the clothes felt natural to him. He put them on without hesitation, and it was only when he stood in the high heels and saw his reflection in the mirror did it all sink in. He was nervous, excited, and even aroused. I’m doing this for her. What made the situation easier to swallow

was the fact that he had the body of a woman. If he was still a man, he would've put up some actual resistance to wearing the dress, stockings, and heels.

After getting dressed, Awina guided John into the bathroom where she did his makeup and styled his hair. I'm doing this for her. Though I do look rather sexy...wait am I getting turned on by my own reflection?!

The two slaves returned to the living room. Raethiana was sitting on the couch, her legs shaking with nervous energy. Her superior would be here any minute.

The doorbell rang and Awina sprinted toward the door and opened it. Raethiana motioned for John to get behind her and the succubus stood out of respect.

Two massive demons stepped through the door first and scoped out the place. Then they nodded to each other and left the apartment. A moment after their departure, Norrana stepped through the doorway.

Awina bowed her head as the archdemoness entered in her human form. She had long white hair and gray eyes and wore a two piece skirt-suit with knee-high boots. She showed no signs of her true age; she had the body of a forty-year-old woman who went to the gym every day. The minute the door closed behind her, she shifted into her demon form.

Norrana's hair remained that snow-white color as it extended down the length of her back. Her outfit remained the same, though her skin turned a desaturated purple and two sets of horns, one pair large and curved, the other small and straight, grew out of her head.

John watched as the two demons embraced, hugging as if it had been years since they last saw each other. The way the two of them chatted, it was almost as if they were mother and daughter. Curious, he tapped into the knowledge his mistress transferred to him.

Norrana was well over a millennia old, and one of the oldest living succubi. She was the right hand demon to the previous queen and the popular choice to replace the deceased monarch. There was also a rumor that the Hundred Years' War between England and France was her doing.

John remained behind the couch and Awina walked over and stood next to him as Norrana eyed them both.

“What a lovely pair of slaves, Rae,” she murmured in a smooth, silky tone. “Do introduce me.”

Awina and John walked out from behind the couch and stood in front of the two of them. They kept their heads hung low.

“This is Awina, and next to her is Kressara,” Raethiana said. Norrana stepped in front of Awina and lifted her head up.

“You were a demon hunter, yes?” the succubus said to her.

“That is correct. My mistress was to be my next kill, but she was stronger than I realized. In the end, I gave myself to her.”

“I would’ve sent you down to the dark underground and let my kind have their way with you. Yet here you are, with your mind intact.” She let go of Awina’s chin and stepped in front of John. His heart raced as the succubus looked down at him. Norrana leaned in closer and grabbed his chin, lifting his head up.

John looked away from the demon to Raethiana, but the succubus did nothing. She just sat and watched her superior inspect her new slave.

“You’ve got a fire in your eyes. This one is very loyal to you, isn’t she, Rae?”

Raethiana’s lips parted briefly before speaking. “Very much so.”

“They’re always so modest. No extra piercings or brands. Such beautiful specimens. I don’t like it when demons deface their slaves.” She let go of John’s chin and the slave looked back down at the ground. “The journey was long and I need my rest. Show me to my room.”

Raethiana stood up from the couch and led the way, opening the door to her bedroom. “I hope you are comfortable, Mistress.”

“Leave me and I will see you in the morning.” The elder succubus snapped her fingers and the door closed. Raethiana breathed a sigh of relief.

“I, too, am exhausted. Let’s call it a night.”

“Yes, Mistress,” the two slaves said in unison. They opened the door to John’s old room and followed her inside. Raethiana closed the door and painted a rune on the wood. It glowed a bright green when she finished.

“Okay John, you can drop the charade. No one, not even the most powerful demon in the world, can listen in on us.” She walked over and fell onto the bed. “Sorry for taking over your room. Don’t worry, though. I’ll return it to the way it was when this is all over.”

John exhaled, relaxing his posture. “That was tough. I don’t see how you can do it.”

Awina shrugged. “I have no other choice,” she said in an eerie, matter-of-fact sort of way.

Raethiana looked grim. “It’s not over yet, John. It only gets harder from here. I’m sure Norrana will demand things of you and no matter what, you mustn’t hesitate.” Then her expression brightened and she grinned slyly. “Now, why don’t you two lovely slave girls join me in bed?”

“Of course, Mistress,” they both said.

“Do I really have to wear this?” John asked, pulling uncomfortably at his French maid’s uniform.

Raethiana snorted. “Of course you do. This apartment is still filthy.”

“I think you look sexy,” Awina offered, her eyes lingering on his prominent bustline. Raethiana shot her a glare.

“Quiet Awina,” she snapped. “He’s off-limits.”

“I apologize, Mistress,” she said with the same placid smile she had worn ever since giving up her soul.

Raethiana approached the still-glowing green rune on the door. “It’s

showtime, ladies. Be on your best behavior.” She placed her hand over the rune. The glow faded and the marking vanished. She opened the door and stepped out. Dressed in matching outfits, John and Awina followed, with John once again wearing the disguise of Kressara.

They spent the rest of the day cleaning the apartment while the two succubi discussed everything from politics to gossip. What does a demon gossip over? John thought as he dusted the entertainment center.

As day turned to night, things started heating up. Norrana started making demands of Raethiana’s slaves, from hand-feeding her to pleasuring her. John watched Awina as she knelt between the elder succubus’ legs, and without a moment’s hesitation, buried her face in her warm, wet slit, eliciting a satisfied series of coos and sighs from the demoness.

“That was good,” Norrana said as Awina lapped up the last of her juices. “But you know what?” She grinned slyly at Raethiana. “I want to see your slaves go at it.”

Raethiana paused. She shot a glance at her two slaves and looked back at Norrana. “What would you like them to do?”

Norrana held out her hand, and in a burst of black flame, a double-ended dildo appeared within it. The black rubber toy flopped around in her palm like a fish out of water, reminding John of a slimy eel. She tossed it at the slaves’ feet.

“I want a show,” she said coolly. “Do me a favor and play with that.”

John gulped, staring wide-eyed at the massive toy coiled like a snake at his feet. No hesitation. You must do whatever is ordered of you – even if it means sharing a double-ended dildo while turned into a woman pretending to be a slave. He looked up to see Raethiana eyeing them tensely. He reached down and picked up the sex toy.

“As you wish,” he said, bowing before the elder demon. John turned to Awina and the slave grabbed the other end.

“Lube it up with your mouths first,” Norrana instructed. “I want to see you deepthroat it.”

“Yes, of course,” they said in unison. The two slaves looked each other in the eye as they opened their mouths, sliding the double-dong inside.

They took their time with the toy. It was massive, measuring just over a foot long. Awina and John slowly moved closer and closer together, the rubber phallus sliding deeper down their throats. And just like that scene from The Lady and the Tramp, the two slaves met in the middle and their lips pressed against each other.

They pulled away, the toy leaving their mouths with a slight pop. With the double-dong coated in their saliva, it was ready for penetration.

Still in their maid outfits, the two slave girls knelt down on the floor. Awina pulled the hem of her dress up and slid the wet toy into her pussy. She moaned as half of it disappeared into her cunt and looked up at her fellow slave with eyes full of lust. John knelt down and straddled Awina who put her back to the ground.

He looked down at Awina and took in her beauty. It was the first time he had ever seen her naked, and in all honesty the second woman he had ever seen naked. The former demon hunter had a smaller bust than the demon that enslaved her, but she lacked in cleavage, she made up with muscle tone.

There wasn't an ounce of fat on her and it would be no contest who would win in a fight between her and John. She wasn't ripped to the point where she became manly, but she definitely had the body of an athlete.

Norrana slid forward on her seat, watching the humans fuck. Raethiana sat still, observing her superior and studying her reaction.

John slid down on the toy and moaned as it penetrated him. Just like their mouths had done earlier, the women's pussies met in the middle and they rubbed their clits together, their bodies on fire with passion and desire. He put his back to the ground and lifting his body up with his arms, pushed against Awina. They squirmed against one another, the cacophony of their ecstatic cries beginning to crescendo as a deep, dark hunger overtook them both. John lost all self control and threw his inhibitions to the wind. Kressara took over his mind as the joy of sex as a female overpowered him.

He sat up and climbed on top of Awina and Raethiana's pets kissed as they

thrust their hips together, reveling in the sound their flesh made as it met over and over again. Raethiana watched from the sidelines as Norrana squirmed in her seat. The lust in the room was palpable and even Raethiana was having a hard time fighting the urge to finger herself while watching Awina and John disguised as Kressara engage in their lesbian tryst.

The cries of the slaves grew louder. Awina looked up at John, her eyes glossing over as the erotic fog filled her mind. She buckled her hips, thrusting upward into John making him bounce on the toy embedded deep within his cunt.

He lifted his head up and wailed, the waves of pleasure that emanated from the hot flesh between his legs was overwhelming. Awina's thrust harder and faster until both entered erotic oblivion. They screamed as synchronic waves of pleasure overtook them, coating the dick that they shared with their fluids.

John fell back off of Awina and they separated. Norrana leaned forward and picked up the used toy, marveling at the coating that covered it. It disappeared in flame and she looked down at the slaves. They lay prone at her feet, their bodies spent, gasping for air.

“Rae, please take a moment to clean your slaves up. It is about time I left.”

Raethiana's eyes settled coldly on the pair. “Of course, Mistress.”

She stood up from the couch and helped the two slaves to their feet. Their knees buckled and they swayed precariously, woozy from their encounter. Fluid dribbled down their legs as Raethiana helped them to her room and away from Norrana's hawkish gaze.

Once inside, she gave them a small vial to drink from. The potion reinvigorated them and energy coursed through their veins. They changed out of the maid costumes and back into the formal outfits she had them wear when Norrana first arrived.

“Raethi—” John muttered. The potion may have rejuvenated his body, but his mind was still exhausted.

Raethiana placed her hand on his cheek. “Shhh, not now John. I am not

happy about it either, but we can't talk about that now. My mistress is waiting for us, and she isn't the most patient demon."

Using her magic, Raethiana quickly touched up their makeup and the trio returned to the living room. Norrana stood up and met the three of them in the middle of the apartment.

"Rae, you have a wonderful apartment and I very much enjoyed visiting with you. You were always my favorite student. It was nice to get away from all the politics and craziness in the demon world. These two days felt like a week and they were very relaxing."

"Thank you, Mistress," Raethiana said as she bowed. The two slaves behind her followed suit.

"However, I am very upset that you thought you could hide this from me."

Raethiana's face remained a blank slate. "Hide wha—"

"Don't lie to me," Norrana sneered. She set her sights on John. "You, 'Kressara' – come here."

John and Raethiana shared a distinct look of oh shit. She nodded to him reluctantly and he obeyed, cautiously stepping out from behind her.

Norrana placed her hand on Kressara's chest and pulled back slowly. The slave girl cried out as her form shifted. Kressara turned back into John and he stood in front of them, still wearing the dress.

Norrana snickered, but her expression quickly turned serious and she snapped her fingers. The outfit vanished and his t-shirt and jeans returned and she looked hard at Raethiana.

"You were a fool to think you could hide him from me. I saw through the illusion the moment I laid my eyes on the woman you called Kressara," she said, smiling smugly as she turned again to John. "What is your name, human?"

"John," he replied shakily.

“Rae, tell me, why are you not only living with this human male, but going through all that effort just to hide him from me? Why is he so special?” Raethiana hesitated, and Norrana’s expression darkened. “Speak quickly before I suck him dry and kill him in front of you.”

In the blink of an eye, her hand shot out and grabbed his neck. She lifted him off of the ground and stared at Raethiana, still floundering for an excuse. “Explain this to me,” she commanded. “Now.”

Her eyes fixated on John’s helpless form, Raethiana finally spoke: “A couple of weeks ago, I was on the prowl. I was looking to feed, so I visited a bar. I scanned the area, looking for potential mates when I spotted a man sitting by his lonesome in the corner. As I got closer, the scent hit my nose: he was a virgin.”

Norrana looked at the man in her grip. “Is this true?”

John felt his cheeks flush scarlet. “Sadly... yes.”

She looked back at Raethiana. “Continue.”

“I knew at once he would be my meal for the night. A virgin at that age... so much raw power...” She trailed off briefly, as though lost in distant memories, then shook the nostalgic fog from her head. “Anyway, we went back to his place and did the deed. However, the transfer never came. I did everything right. The ritual was flawless, yet he lived. I took his virginity and I got nothing in return. So I packed up and moved in here to study him and find out why he was immune.”

“And Awina?”

“She is my true slave. John went to a bar and she smelled me on him, so she thought he was a demon. She took him back to her place and tortured him for information. She forced him to bring her to his apartment, and she trapped me. Fortunately, I was able to hold her off until John broke the trap and freed me, saving my life in the process. I quickly defeated the hunter and broke her, bending her to my will.”

Norrana released her grip and John fell to the floor. “The fact that the hunter could smell you on him...that meant you two had sex many times.”

“His technique was terrible, so to make up for all the experiments I conducted on him, I taught him some things to improve his chances with the ladies.” Here she paused uncertainly, but the flash of impatience in Norrana’s eyes spurred her on. “However, as time went on, and after Awina’s attack, I developed feelings for him.”

Norrana rewarded her honesty with a snort of disdain. “Silly girl, falling for a human.” She turned to John. “What I said about you wasn’t a lie. That fire in your eyes, you love her, don’t you, human?”

All eyes went to John. He wet his lips and nodded, clearing the tightness in his throat. “Yes, I do.” As he said the words, he cast a surreptitious glance in Raethiana’s direction. If it wasn’t for her already red skin, the blush upon her face would’ve been far more pronounced.

Norrana did not speak for a moment. When she did, it was to issue another foreboding command: “Stand up and hold out your hand.”

John stood and Norrana grabbed his wrist. Using the claw-like nail on her index finger, she cut the palm of his hand. Blood pooled within the lines and the elder succubus bent down and lapped it up like a kitten with a saucer of milk. Then she paused, her face contorting into an expression John wasn’t quite sure he recognized. She turned to Raethiana.

“No wonder he was immune. Come here and have a taste.”

Raethiana slowly crossed the room, grasped John’s wrist within the much gentler grip of her fingers, and bent her head to his palm. John watched her lick the fresh blood flowing to the surface until her eyes opened and a look of shock registered upon her face. Norrana released his wrist and the two succubi stared at him silently.

“What, what is it?” He looked at the two demons for answers.

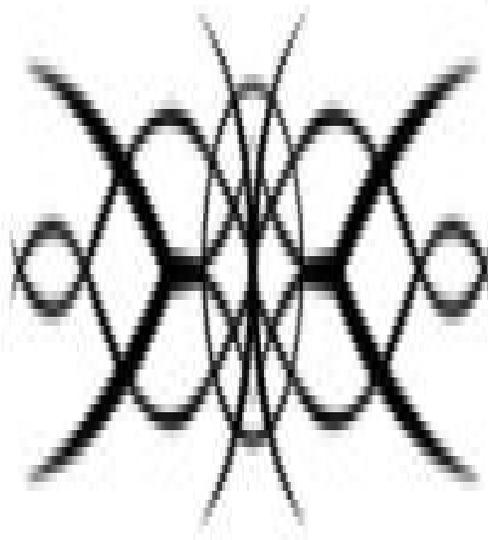
Norrana pursed her lips and narrowed her eyes, as if trying to choose her next words very carefully. Then she waved her hand dismissively, apparently unable to come up with a gentler alternative.

“The reason you were immune to Rae’s magic, and a possible explanation to why her scent lingered on you like that, was because you, John, aren’t fully

human. You have demon blood in you.”

Part Two:

The Demon in my Heart



Chapter Six: Changes

John blinked. “Come again?”

John stood in the center of the apartment and pressed his thumb on the cut on his palm. The warm blood oozed slowly out from under his finger while Raethiana and Norrana both looked down at him. With the help of their high heels, they were both a head taller than he was. The elder succubus smirked, pleased with herself and turned her head toward her former student.

“How many tests did you say you ran on him? And yet you didn’t think of the obvious. Foolish child.”

“I...I didn’t think it was possible,” Raethiana replied, still in shock from the discovery. The succubus kept looking at him as if his very existence was impossible. She grabbed his hand and rubbed the wound with her finger. The skin on his palm fizzled and the wound healed up instantly, although she did not let go of his hand.

John opened his mouth to speak, but hesitated. He was still wrapping his mind around the truth. “I don’t get it. Am I special or something?”

“Very special,” she replied, her eyes glistening. John’s heart trembled and cracked. Is she crying?

“Human-demon hybrids aren’t as common as you’d think, John,” Norrana said, walking back over to the couch. She sat down and looked up at him. “Sexual intercourse between humans and our kind is very common. Incubi and succubi are sexual creatures; it’s how we feed and how we get our strength. Speaking of which,” she looked at Raethiana, “you’re going to need to feed soon. I’m sure it’s been a while since your last meal. Now, where was I? Oh, right: there have been many successful pregnancies between a human and a demon, but very rarely—and I mean very rarely—do they go full term. You studied biology in college, didn’t you?”

John nodded and looked to Raethiana. She was focused on the ground, but

after a few moments, she lifted her head and set her eyes on him as if sensing his stare. She smiled and several tears slid down her face, the tiny streams glistened in the light of the apartment. Watching her cry made his own eyes water.

“Then you know a little about genetics and that one thing that separates a species is the inability to produce a living offspring,” Norrana continued. She was in educator mode and her speech reminded John of some of the professors he had back at the university. “Well, humans and demons are two different species. Ours is a magical one, however, and we can therefore occasionally trump Mother Nature.

“Still,” she sighed, “a human-demon hybrid is something that shouldn’t exist within the laws of nature. They are an anomaly; a genetic mutation. Ninety-five percent of all pregnancies between a human and a demon lead to a stillbirth, or sometimes, the mother dies of blood loss during labor. Of the five percent that make it, nine out of ten are severely deformed and don’t make it past the first few years. That means that you are a very rare individual.”

Norrana stood up off the couch and snapped her fingers. The door to the apartment opened and two demons stepped in. They moved with determination and there was no emotion in their faces.

In their human forms, the two men looked like stereotypical bodyguards—dark suits with dark sunglasses, shiny metallic watches, and muscular builds—but John remembered what they looked like when Raethiana’s mistress had arrived. Seven, maybe seven and a half feet tall, they were walking tanks with muscles that put the best bodybuilders in the world to shame. Both had two massive horns that reminded John of mountain goats. They had glared at him when they first arrived, but now they seemed to pay him no mind.

Norrana stretched her arms. “I’m going to leave you two alone. I’m sure that there is a discussion that needs to be had.”

“Thank you for visiting, Mistress,” Raethiana said, bowing at the waist. John walked up to Norrana and stuck out his hand.

“You treat her well, or else I will do unspeakable things to you.

Understand?” Norrana said as she grabbed his hand. She squeezed it tightly as she eyed him.

“You have my word Norrana,” John said, trying to hide the pain shooting up his arm from her death grip. The elder succubus smiled as she walked away, turning over her shoulder to call out to him: “Oh, and John—you put up a very good performance as a woman, even if it was only an act. Should you wish to experience that again, I can make some arrangements.”

John turned bright red. His mind flashed back to when he was sharing the double-ended dildo with Awina. Norrana knew the entire time that he was a man and she still made him do those things with that knowledge. Maybe she was testing my loyalty to Raethiana.

The elder succubus turned back into a human as she neared the door. She took on the appearance of an elderly woman with a skirt suit and high heels. To John, she looked like a CEO for a Fortune 500 company or a high ranking government official. The two guards opened the door and escorted her out of the apartment.

John, Raethiana and Awina waited for the door to close before they let out a joint sigh of relief. Raethiana shifted back into her human form, her elegant outfit changing into a t-shirt and sweatpants. Her high heels disappeared and she walked over to the couch barefoot. She fell onto the cushions and rolled onto her back.

“Awina, I need a foot massage.”

“Yes, Mistress,” Awina replied. The slave moved quickly from her spot behind the couch and sat down at Raethiana’s feet.

John walked over and sat across from the succubus. Her blonde hair fell down the front of the couch as she rested her hand on her forehead, her emerald green eyes staring off into the distance. Awina gently massaged her Raethiana’s feet and silence filled the apartment.

The silence broke the moment after John began to connect the dots in his mind.

He cocked his head to the side. “It makes sense.”

“What does?” the demon asked, her gaze fixated on the ceiling.

“I never knew my father. My mother raised me by herself all my life. I had asked her about him once or twice growing up, and she always said he ran out on her when he discovered she was pregnant. She wanted to keep the baby and he didn’t want to be a father. Every time I brought it up she got this look in her eyes, as if talking about it pained her. So I stopped asking.”

“It didn’t bother you not having a father?”

“After a while, I didn’t notice. My mother was always there for me. She was a very successful businesswoman and was able to work from home. I found father figures in the teachers I had or my friends’ dads.” He paused, and then: “Say, Raethiana, how were you, you know—”

“Born?” The succubus sat up on the couch and pulled her feet away from the masseuse. “Most demons are born demons. A succubus and an incubus are just the male and female versions of a demon. Since we are a long-lived species, our pregnancies last close to five years. I, on the other hand, was once human. I became a demon.”

She leaned forward and rested her arms on her knees. “In order to become a demon you must first become a slave. I was only twenty when I made the deal. It was 1684—and no, it was not in Salem.”

“Oh, but—” John opened his mouth to speak, but after a moment he sat back on the couch and listened. It was obvious that she had no intention of lecturing him about the occult.

“There are witches, but that’s a story for another time. I was a stupid girl. I was in a bad relationship and I wanted out. Divorces didn’t exist back in those days. Men were dying in my village, and I was curious as to why. So I started creeping around at night —and that’s when I saw her. A creature so elegant, yet so terrifying.

“I watched through the window as Norrana sucked a man dry. I was entranced by her beauty and the power she wielded. She spotted me as I peered through the glass and since she needed a slave, she thought I would do. So my mistress did the same thing to me that I did to Awina, and I became hers.”

Now that's something I'd like to see. John's face became flushed at the thought of the two succubi going at it.

“At first it was hard, but she treated me well and taught me a lot. I acted as bait to lure the men to her and I loved it. My mistress saw potential in me and told me I could become a demon like herself, but in order to do so, I'd have to give up my humanity.”

John squirmed. The thought of giving up one's humanity to become a demon was a sobering thought. “Well, that sounds ominous.”

Raethiana brushed aside his remark. Her memories were vivid and she stared straight ahead as she recalled them. “Norrana painted the runes on my body and I slaughtered the man who treated me like I was nothing. I was just a piece of property to him. As I watched the light in his eyes disappear, my body filled with power and the small cottage we were in burst into flames.

“When I awoke, I was lying naked in the ashes and Norrana was watching over me. She smiled as she welcomed me to the demonic race and taught me how to transform. My name was once Ella, but I became Raethiana. My mistress took me to the underground and taught me everything I know. I was fortunate to have a teacher as knowledgeable as her.”

“That's one hell of a story,” John replied, leaning back on the couch. Raethiana said nothing. She just sat and stared at her feet and the apartment once again grew silent. John looked at Awina who stared at her mistress with a look of concern on her face. He got up off the couch and sat down next to her. She leaned on him and he wrapped his arms around her.

“I've never told that to anyone. I've...forgotten what it is to be human.”

John decided to change the mood. “Human? It's nothing special. You're born, you live an imperfect life full of mistakes then you die. Some humans are worse than demons, and I'm sure there are demons who are better than humans. I'm jealous of you.”

“You're jealous of a demon?” Raethiana laughed as she pressed her head against his chest.

“Sure. You guys get to live for centuries, and you get to use magic. Humans are boring, delusional, corrupt, imperfect... some of us are saints, sure, but most are morally gray.”

Raethiana grew silent, her mind occupied. “John.”

John looked down at her and brushed aside some of her golden hair. “Yeah?”

“Would you move into my room with me?” She pulled her head away from his chest and looked up at him. She looked tired and weak. Her eyes were red and he could see the dry streaks on her cheeks were there were once tears. The demon in his arms looked more human than most humans did.

“Of course I will. Yours is bigger than mine, after all.”

Raethiana punched him in the shoulder and the two of them laughed. She stood up off the couch, but after taking a couple of steps, she wavered and lost her balance. John jumped up off the couch and caught her.

“Are you all right?” he asked her, a grimace of concern flashing across his face.

The demon smiled reassuringly. “Sorry to ruin the moment, but my mistress is right. I haven’t fed for some time.” Raethiana looked away from him. “John, I’m sorry, but I have to go out tonight. I have to...feed.”

She struggled with the last word and found it difficult to think about being with someone else other than him. There’s got to be a way that I can feed off of him alone, she thought.

John hugged her tightly. “I understand. If you don’t feed, then you die, and I don’t want my first girlfriend to die on my account. Go ahead. Go have a threesome or something—two for one deal, right?”

She punched him in the shoulder, in the exact same spot as before. “Damn it, John. Don’t joke about this.”

“Don’t worry, Raethiana. I’ll be right here waiting for you to get back.” He leaned in close and put his mouth right next to her ear. “Besides, consider it

a warm up for what's to come when you get back."

Raethiana's face grew bright red as he pulled away. She grabbed his head with her hands and planted her lips on his.

"Thanks John," she said, backing away from him. The succubus snapped her fingers and her outfit changed. In an instant, she was out of the comfortable clothes and back into that famous black mini-dress and heels. "You better be ready for me when I get back."

John grinned. "Oh, I will." She blew him a kiss as she walked out the front door.

Hearing a muffled voice behind him, John turned around. He had forgotten all about Awina. She was still in the formal outfit Raethiana had the two of them wear for Norrana. Her face was red and she was smiling.

"That was so romantic!" she said. John stared at her in disbelief. "What? I wasn't an emotionless demon hunter all the time. So what if some of my favorite movies are rom-coms?" The cheery look on her face disappeared and she glared at him, as if insulted. "You don't have a problem with that, do you?"

He withdrew as if Awina was armed. "No, no, I—"

"Cram it. I'm going to make some food. You hungry?"

John nodded meekly. "Starved."

It was well into the evening when Raethiana returned. John and Awina were on the couch watching TV. Even though she was Raethiana's slave, she only acted like it when the demon was around. They had argued several times over what to watch, but they eventually settled on a romantic comedy on one of the premium channels.

John looked up from the couch when he heard the door open and watched Raethiana stroll into the apartment. She had a spring to her step and a glow about her, as if she not only got the promotion of her dreams, but slept with

the most handsome man in the world on the same day.

She tossed her purse onto the table in the entryway and closed the door, fixing a lusty gaze on John as he approached her.

“John. My room. Now.”

“I thought you said it was our—” His words were cut off when Raethiana firmly placed her lips on his. She pulled his body close to hers, and he could feel the swells of her breasts crushed tightly against his chest. Her body was warm and she smelled of sex.

“I’m sorry, let’s retire to our room,” she said as she pulled her lips off of his. As he stared deep into her eyes, he saw the same look when she first seduced him. Ever since that first night he wanted to see that same fire in her eyes.

Raethiana grabbed his wrist and pulled him into their room. “Oh, and Awina,” she called out over her shoulder. “From now on, you sleep in John’s room. Imagine an invisible ‘do not disturb’ sign on this door.”

“Yes, Mistress. Sleep well!” the slave yelled back.

“I doubt I’ll get any sleep,” the succubus said as she slammed the door.

Once inside, Raethiana finally allowed her hunger to overtake her. John and Raethiana stripped out of their clothes and jumped onto the large four-post bed as if they were a newlywed couple on their honeymoon. They kissed, their tongues danced as their hands glided over one another’s bodies, clutching desperately at all the parts they knew would make the other gasp and moan.

John pulled away and looked down at his demon lover. She looked back at him with a longing in her eyes. He smiled as he moved south, kissing her body every inch of the way. She squirmed, biting her lip as he slid his hands down her back, playfully squeezing her round ass as he placed his head in between her thighs.

Raethiana moaned as his tongue flicked fast and rhythmically. “You must remember how good this feels,” she said in between gasps. He pulled his head away and looked up at her, narrowing his eyes. Raethiana pouted,

whining desperately: “Don’t stop... Please, John...” He grinned and dipped his head back in between her legs. She squealed loudly as he hit all the right spots.

He straightened up suddenly and Raethiana lifted her head off of the bed, eyeing him suspiciously. Why did you stop? The demon’s look told him. Her eyes moved down his body from his face to the throbbing dick in between his legs. John climbed on top of her and kissed her as he positioned the swollen head at her entrance. He lingered there, rubbing the meaty shaft on her vulva, teasing her.

“Put it in. Please, John. Give it to me!” she begged as she gripped the sheets. He leaned forward and kissed her again just as he moved his hips forward. His tip moved past her tight entrance and dove deeper into her warm, moist tunnel. She wrapped her legs around him as he slid all the way in. John pulled out slowly and watched her. Raethiana pulled him back in with her legs and he played with her breasts as he moved his dick in and out of her.

The fire inside of him blazed brightly as a strange energy filled him. The temperature in the room skyrocketed and sweat poured down their bodies. Raethiana’s body grew red as her body shifted and she changed into her demon form as John fucked her.

He didn’t stop as Raethiana changed. The transformation only heightened the pleasure for them both and he picked up the pace. As beautiful as her human form was, the succubus in her demon form was nothing short of a goddess in his eyes. He shivered, watching reverently as she writhed and squirmed beneath him, and as she arched her body into his own, John shuddered at her primal cries of divine ecstasy.

How... how is this possible? She thought through the haze of lust thickening inside her mind. Her body was on fire and every touch and sensation was amplified. John squeezed her hips and grunted, the telltale sign of his own impending orgasm. I’m so close... Don’t stop, John... I’m almost...

The succubus moaned as she climaxed, the walls of her vagina gripping John’s dick as he orgasmed in tandem with her and her womb filled with his seed. After the final burst of cum, John pulled and he collapsed on the bed next to her. Raethiana panted, exhausted.

“That was... incredible,” she said in between breaths.

John beamed. “I never felt so alive. I felt a surge of energy and I just kept going.”

“You did it, John; you unlocked the power inside of you.” She rolled onto her side and looked at him. “It’s settled.”

He wrinkled his nose, confused. “What’s settled?”

“I’m going to teach you to tap into your demon blood, because we definitely need to do that again.” She rolled onto her back again as she returned to her human form.

There’s got to be a way for me to live off of him alone, she thought, still basking in the afterglow of their lovemaking. I don’t want to have to resort to random strangers. I just want him.

Chapter Seven: Return to the Underground

“So, we’re going back to the underground?” John asked as he sat at the kitchen table. His eyes were on the succubus sitting across from him, but his attention quickly shifted to the hot breakfast Awina set down onto his placemat. His jaw dropped. Never before had he seen such a beautiful spread.

“Damn Awina,” he breathed, awestruck. “I feel like I’m about to destroy a work of art.”

“I told you she could cook,” Raethiana said, her eyes focused on her newspaper.

“Thank you, John, and thank you, Mistress,” Awina said, smiling. John lifted a fork and then hesitated, not wanting to ruin the omelet in front of him.

“I didn’t realize you cared so much about the news in the human world,” he said, shoving a fork full of egg into his mouth. The rumbling in his stomach made him reconsider not eating the work of art.

Raethiana smirked. “That’s because you don’t see what’s really written on it.”

She handed it to him and he stared at it. For a brief moment, it looked like any other newspaper reporting on local and international events. However, after he held it in his hand for a few moments, the words and pictures shifted. It became the newspaper of the demon underworld.

“Since you’re half demon, you can read it. Looks like I’m going to have to teach you Demonic. Awina can also see it, but since she is pure human, she cannot read the words on the page.”

“That’s pretty cool. I kept wondering why you were reading a human newspaper.”

“I do occasionally read about what’s going on in the human world, but I mainly get the news from the internet. It’s fun watching humans ruin things.” She took the newspaper back from him and folded it up. “We are going back to the underground so I can pick up some books for you. As extensive as my personal library is, I do not have a copy of Demonic 101, nor do I have So You’re a Demon, or Spells for Beginners.”

John blinked. “Do those actually exist?”

“Of course they do. A demon needs to learn that information of his or her own accord. They can’t just implant it into your head like I did the other day. Trivial knowledge can be shared, but everything else needs to be taught. Now both of you hurry up and eat so we can depart.”

She didn’t need to tell him twice. The breakfast that her slave had prepared for him was one of the best he’d ever had. Awina sat down next to him with a plate of food for herself and he had to fight to urge to steal it from her. He looked away from the tasty breakfast and at the sink. All the dishes were washed and everything was put away.

“Ready to leave, Mistress,” Awina said as she put her plate in the sink. The succubus snapped her fingers and the trio teleported out of the apartment. John shoved the remains of the egg in his mouth before the spell whisked them away.

When John’s body reoriented itself, he discovered that he was in the same parking structure as when they traveled to the market before. Awina stood next to him and they both had on long, brown, hooded cloaks. John felt a tightness around his neck and he tugged at it. It was a leather collar.

“I could turn you into my female slave, if that’s what you’d prefer,” the succubus smirked.

“I’m fine,” John assured her. “Are we going back into the bazaar?”

“Nope.” Raethiana held out her hand and a door handle appeared in a burst of flame. It was completely different from the knob she used when they visited the markets. “This is the same physical door, but it leads to many different destinations. All I have to do is think of the location I want to visit and the appropriate knob appears in my hand. Remember, John, until we

find out more about the demon blood inside of you, you are to be my slave once more. Just like the last time we were in here.”

“Yes, Mistress,” he said.

Awina giggled and Raethiana placed the handle on the door. The trio stepped into the doorway and darkness enveloped them. They continued walking and came out into an alleyway. Raethiana was in her demon form and she wore another intricate, yet sensual outfit. It consisted of a black leather bustier and thong. On top of the undergarments was a long-sleeved fishnet dress and she wore the same thigh-high boots as before. Instead of fishnets, however, she wore dark nylons that were clipped to garters dangling from her bustier.

John, Raethiana and Awina walked along what appeared to be a crowded downtown street. There were no cars or buses. The only vehicles were rickshaws or litters powered by slaves. Just like the bazaar, the entire area was underground. He looked up at the rock ceiling high above them and wondered if this entire world was built by dwarves. There was no sun, but the place was lit up with artificial daylight.

“Mistress, what is this place like at night time?” John asked.

“You mean since there is no sun?” the succubus said turning her head toward him. “The artificial daylight vanishes and the area is lit up by smokeless torches.” She faced the street in front of her again. “In case you were wondering, we are near the capital. There is a bookstore right outside the district, as we are not allowed to take books from the library out of the underground. If I try to, the book in my possession would vanish and return to the shelves, and a mark appears on my library card.”

“You have a library card... Mistress?” He quickly threw in the title and silenced the doubts of anyone within earshot. John kept his head low as he followed behind her. Awina walked right next to him, easily keeping up with her demon mistress. John looked at her as she walked and while her head also hung low, her eyes were constantly scanning the area around them. She saw him looking at her and she smiled then faced forward.

As they walked toward the store, the location reminded John of any major street in the big city. Demons and other creatures stood outside store fronts,

advertising their goods. They shuffled by several cafés and the smells that filled John's nose were completely foreign, yet wonderful.

As with any crowd, John and Awina had to be careful not to bump into anyone. They found it much easier if they walked right behind Raethiana, as the crowd parted in front of her as she walked. Only once or twice in the half hour that it took to get to the store did she have to step aside.

The succubus occasionally bowed her head at passers-by, and stopped altogether when she crossed paths with a high ranking demon. The succubi and incubi she bowed to all had two horns on their heads, much like Norrana.

“Powerful, mature demons have two sets of horns and should be regarded with much respect,” she explained as they moved on. “The Queen is the only demon with three pairs of horns, and when she walks by, you kneel before her.”

“What about a king, Mistress? Has there ever been an incubus king?” John was filled with curiosity and Raethiana was happy to answer his questions.

“Every now and then, yes, but they are rare. Incubi are creatures of power and strength. More often, they are generals, soldiers, and bodyguards. The last Incubus King died close to two millennia ago.”

Finding the bookstore was much easier than the back-alley rare ingredients shop. It was well marked and the storefront was lavish. Awina stepped in front and opened the door for Raethiana and the succubus entered. She held the door open for John and the small, round creature that exited the store. It bowed its head slightly to Awina and she returned the kind gesture.

When the door closed, all the noise from outside vanished.

Inside the bookstore, everyone was unsettlingly silent. The only noise was the occasional cough or hushed conversation. Demons and creatures of all sorts browsed the seemingly endless rows of books while John stood in wonder at the scale of the building.

Outside it looked like a small, one story building, but inside the store had several floors. The entrance was a large, open room with many tables and

desks. The ground was made of solid granite and Raethiana's heels clicked on the hard surface as she walked. The sounds bounced off the high walls. John and Awina were both barefoot, but not once did he step on a sharp stone or piece of debris. The floor was cool to the touch and the amount of detail in the decorations was breathtaking.

He followed Raethiana up the stairway and around the store. She navigated the warehouse with ease, not once looking lost. As she found the books she was looking for, she gave them to John and Awina to carry. They were heavy tomes with thick, leather covers, and after the fourth book was added to his pile, John found himself struggling. The smaller, thinner books were given to Awina, and she showed no signs of encumbrance.

"And that's the last one," Raethiana announced at last. She cast a sly look at John. "But you don't have to worry, John. This place doesn't deal in human cum. Could you imagine how many bottles would be required to pay for this?"

"I'd rather not think about it, Mistress." His groin ached as he recalled the events that had transpired back at the rare ingredients shop.

"I heard about that," Awina said. "Shame I wasn't there to watch." Blood rushed to John's face as his embarrassment reached critical levels.

Raethiana laughed and placed the book on Awina's pile. The succubus carefully guided them down the steps and they placed the books on the desk in front of the saleswoman. The demoness behind the counter was also a succubus. Her skin was similar in hue to Raethiana's, though her horns were considerably smaller. She eyed Raethiana as she marked up the books.

"A lot of introductory books for one as experienced and powerful as yourself, my lady," she remarked coolly, though it was clear she was fishing for information. The way she glanced between Awina and John made his stomach drop, but Raethiana only smiled at her patiently.

"My sister just had a baby, so I figured these would be a nice gift for her, as it is her first child."

The clerk smiled, her gaze returning to Raethiana's. She looked satisfied. "That's very nice of you," she said as she rang up the total cost.

Raethiana paid with gemstones and summoned her leather messenger bag. One by one, she stuffed the books inside of it, and John watched curiously as the bag remained the same size. When the last book had been put away, she threw the strap over her shoulder and called for her slaves to follow her.

“Thank you for your business, my lady,” the saleswoman called out to Raethiana as she walked away from the counter.

Once again, Awina ran in front and opened the door for her mistress and John. The sounds of the busy street once again filled his ears and he looked around. His eyes drifted between minor points of interest until he spotted someone watching them from around the corner of the building. The creature saw John watching him and it moved out of sight. He turned back around and had to jog to catch up to Raethiana and Awina as the succubus moved down the road toward the capitol.

“We’re going to visit Norrana. There are some things I would like to discuss with her,” she said as she turned off the busy road into one of the side streets. The crowd disappeared and after a couple of minutes, they walked alone.

Or so they thought.

The road they were walking down led away from the large building where John assumed the council met. The buildings became less and less clustered as they moved out of the busy downtown area and toward the outskirts of the city.

Hearing sounds of footsteps, John looked behind them, but there was nothing there. As he turned around, he bumped face-first into Raethiana. She had stopped in the middle of the street.

“We’re not alone,” the succubus said to her slaves. Then, in a much louder voice: “Come on out. I know you’re out there.”

After a brief moment of silence, their pursuers stepped out from the shadows. There were four of them, three in front and one lingering behind. All four of them were different, yet they all shared the same dark green skin. The one behind them was the largest, his body covered in battle scars. The goon carried a large metal axe, which rested on the ground. Ahead of

them, the other three were smaller and one was rather fat. They all carried some kind of weapon and they all looked liked experienced fighters.

John's breath caught in his throat. "Are those—"

"Orcs," Awina said.

"More like poachers," Raethiana added.

John shifted his gaze to her. "What are they after?"

"Slaves," Raethiana growled darkly. "Kill the demon master, win the slaves. Then they sell them for a nice chunk of change."

"Don't worry, John," Awina whispered to him. "They are only slightly faster and stronger than the ordinary human."

Raethiana's hands curled into fists. "Looks like we have another fight on our hands, Awina."

"Yes we do, Mistress," Awina agreed. "Though these goons look much less intimidating than the incubus we took out last time."

"Wait, what?!" John looked back and forth between Raethiana and her slave. "You mean you've been attacked before?"

"I'll tell you about it later," the succubus said. She stood in an aggressive pose, her wings fully outstretched in a display of dominance. Then, to Awina: "Think you can handle the big guy?"

"He doesn't look that tough, Mistress," Awina replied with a little shrug.

John was not only utterly lost, but also panicked. Sure, Awina used to be a demon hunter, but he hadn't once seen her with a weapon since Raethiana had transformed her into her slave. How on earth was she going to fight the monster unarmed?

His question was answered moments later when the slave threw off her hooded cloak. It was only now that he realized why Raethiana had the two of them wear long cloaks and why she brought Awina with her every time

she went to the underground. This was the reason the succubus kept her slave's mind intact. The slave girl stood next to him, fully armed, her weapons hidden underneath her cloak.

She unsheathed the sword from the scabbard across her back and stared at the orc behind them. Having had enough of the insults thrown at them by the succubus and her slave, the four orcs charged at them. Awina took her eyes off the six-and-a-half foot orc brandishing an axe and looked at John. She pulled the large knife from the sheath on her leg and tossed it to him.

"I got this guy. You protect my mistress."

John caught the knife and turned toward the succubus. She had her hands full fighting off the three other attackers. He ran toward her, looking back at Awina momentarily. He watched as she effortlessly dodged the slow swing of the large axe and sliced the orc's leg. Turning his attention back to the three Raethiana was fighting, he flanked the fat orc.

Its eyes were on the succubus and it never saw the knife plunge into its neck. The orc fell like a sack of bricks and black blood gushed out of the wound. The larger of the two remaining foes stabbed at Raethiana, his blade piercing deep into her side.

Her cry of pain turned John's vision red. He let out a fearsome roar that came from a place within him that he never knew existed. He felt his chest swell with the force of his rage, his ribs creaking with the effort, before the red turned to black and he remembered no more.

When he came to, he was lying on his back on the ground. Raethiana and Awina were huddled over him. Purplish-black blood seeped through the wounds on the succubus' body and Awina had a large gash above her eye. A thick stream of blood bubbled from it and flowed down the side of her face.

"What happened?" John asked, looking up at the two women.

"You hulked out," Raethiana said, trying not to laugh.

He frowned. **"I what?"**

"You transformed and beat the ever living shit out of the three remaining

orcs,” Raethiana explained, nodding to the area around him. “Look.”

John lifted his torso off the ground and looked around. He saw the fat orc lying face down and remembered killing that one, but the remaining three orcs were barely recognizable. Their bodies were severely broken. Their arms and legs were snapped, and their skulls had been smashed. There was blood everywhere, including all over John’s body.

Raethiana helped him to his feet. “You transformed into a monster. Your muscles got all huge and you were like, seven or eight feet tall.”

Awina wiped away a trickle of blood from her eye socket. “Mistress, I think we should get out of here before someone shows up.”

Raethiana nodded grimly. “Agreed. We need to get to Norrana’s. We’ll be safe at her compound.”

Awina threw her cloak back on and handed John his. The trio stepped over the corpses and sprinted toward Norrana’s compound.

The guards at the gate recognized Raethiana and they let her and her two slaves in, no questions asked. It was only when they stepped inside the large outer wall did they stop running.

The three of them relaxed and casually walked up the steps. John took in the sights and was in awe at the sheer size of the estate. The mansion sat atop a small hill and the grounds were decorated with fountains, statues, and other accoutrements of wealth. The house itself rivaled the mansions owned by A-list celebrities and the security was on par with a top-ranking government official.

“Wait,” Raethiana said. “We need to clean up before stepping inside.” She concentrated and shut her eyes as she mumbled something. She placed one hand on Awina and the other on John. The blood disappeared from their skin and their wounds sealed up. The succubus took her hands off of them and placed them on her own body as she continued the spell. The large wound in her side was the last to close.

With their injuries taken care of and the blood wiped away, Raethiana led her two slaves into Norrana’s mansion. The large double doors opened for

them as they walked up the steps, and standing in the doorway was a young succubus. Her horns were small, like the lady at the bookstore. Her skin was a grayish purple and she wore a simple dress with black pumps. The succubus's hair was pulled back and wrapped up in a bun.

“Lady Norrana is expecting you,” the demon said, bowing. “I will take you to her, my lady.”

“It's good to see you again Carmella,” Raethiana replied. Carmella smiled as she stepped aside. They entered the mansion and the doors closed after them.

Inside, on both sides of the door, two large incubi stood guard, their swords as long as John was tall. He wondered of the swords were ceremonial or decorative, or if the demons could actually fight with swords that big.

Carmella guided them down several hallways and through many large doors until they arrived at the room Norrana was waiting in. The young succubus stood by the door and knocked twice. She waited for the doors to unlock before opening them.

“My lady will see you now.”

Raethiana walked into the room with John and Awina right behind her. John turned around and saw that familiar glowing green rune on the door as it swung shut behind them.

They were in a large sitting room. There were many low tables and several large couches and chairs. In one corner, there was a fully stocked bar. Norrana stood with her back to them. She faced the large glass windows and looked out over the back of her estate.

“Please sit,” the elder succubus said. As John began to obey, she turned her head slightly. “Not you John, you remain right where you are.”

He fumbled and nearly lost his balance as he tried to shift his weight mid sit. Raethiana sat at the end of the couch and Awina stood right next to her.

“Tell me what happened,” Norrana said, finally turning to face her guests.

“We were ambushed, Mistress, by slave poachers,” Raethiana said. Norrana tilted her head back in disgust.

“Vile creatures, they are.”

Raethiana nodded. “It was four against two.” John shot her a look, his ego hurt by her exclusion of him, but the succubus ignored it and continued. “I have been reading about the increase in attacks in the underground, so I came prepared.”

Norrana shifted her gaze to Awina. “I see why you kept your slave’s mind intact. Having a trained fighter as a slave is very handy, indeed.”

“After her enslavement, I brought Awina to the underground with me every time I visited. I figured that her particular skill set would be useful to me down here. Each time, I had her arm herself and kept her weapons hidden under a cloak.” Raethiana paused, shifting uncomfortably.

“But this wasn’t the first time I’ve been attacked. An incubus tried to rape me a couple of days ago. The demon believed Awina to be a mindless husk and paid her no heed. His head fell from his shoulders before he laid a hand on me.”

Norrana’s eyes remained trained on the slave girl. “Very resourceful, Awina.”

“Thank you my lady,” she replied with a bow.

Raethiana gestured toward John. “When we were ambushed today, John managed to slay one of the orcs, a rather fat and slow one—”

“Hey, he was a big gu—” John stopped midsentence after catching Raethiana’s piercing glare. He let her continue.

“While I was fending off one of the remaining orcs, the other stabbed my side. I cried out in pain, and shortly after, I heard a yell coming from John. The orc that stabbed me turned toward him and the other orc that I grappled with took his eyes off of me. I was curious as to what could make it look away from me in the heat of battle, so I followed its gaze.”

Norrana frowned. "What happened, Rae?"

"John transformed Mistress. He grew in size and strength and obliterated the remaining orcs. He broke their bodies and smashed their limbs. The orcs cried out in terror as he slayed all three of them, saving both Awina and I."

"Do you remember any of this?" the older succubus asked him.

John shook his head. "No. The last thing I remember was the orc stabbing Raethiana. Then I woke up on the ground."

Norrana narrowed her eyes at him. "Was this the first time you used the power hidden in your blood?"

"No, Mistress," Raethiana interjected. "He used it before, when we were... well..."

"I see," Norrana said with a smirk. "You three will stay here for now. I'm calling in a specialist to examine John's blood. That's no ordinary blood you have inside you, human. I'm curious as to what you really are."

"Wait, there's more to me than just being a half-demon!?" His outburst was ignored. Norrana snapped her fingers and the large wooden doors opened. Moments later, Carmella stepped inside the room.

"Yes, my lady?"

"Carmella, these three will be my guests for the time being. Escort them to one of the guest rooms."

"As you wish," the assistant replied as she bowed.

Raethiana climbed up off the couch and led John and Awina out of the room. Carmella led them back through the maze of hallways and up several flights of stairs, then stopped in front of a door.

"Will your slaves be staying with you?" she asked.

"Yes they will," Raethiana replied. Carmella nodded and opened the door.

The guest room that was assigned to them was bigger than John's entire apartment. There was a large, four post king-sized bed against the wall. The room was lavishly decorated in a style that matched the rest of the house.

Carmella looked to Raethiana again. "Will your slaves be dining with you?"

"They will."

"Then I'll come get you when the meal is ready. Please come dressed accordingly." Carmella bowed once more as she closed the door.

Raethiana turned toward John. "Well, then, it'll be a couple of hours until dinner. How would you like to pass the time?"

John turned his attention away from the massive bedroom toward the succubus. She smiled and John knew exactly what to do. Raethiana kept her eyes on John as she called out to her slave. "Awina, wait outside until I call you."

"Yes, Mistress." The slave bowed and exited the room.

The following morning John, Raethiana and Awina returned to the sitting room where they met Norrana. John sat on one of the chairs, his legs shaking with nervous energy. Raethiana sat on the couch nearby, her eyes watching him with curiosity and concern. Awina said nothing, but she too worried for John. Norrana sat in one of the chairs sipping a bright green drink.

There was a knock on the doors to the sitting room. Norrana snapped her fingers and they opened. Despite the strangely delicious demonic cuisine and the physical exhaustion from both the fighting and the sex he and Raethiana had indulged in, John had barely slept. Raethiana, however, had slept soundly in her human form next to him on the large bed. It was large enough for a third and Awina quietly snored on the end opposite John. There was only the one bed and he didn't want Awina to sleep on the floor.

John's eyes turned toward the door as the 'specialist' walked in. The creature that entered could only be described as a humanoid dragon. It

walked on two legs, but its body was covered in reddish-brown scales. It had a long pointed snout and two horns that grew out of the back of its head. Its long tail moved back and forth across the ground as it approached them. It wore nothing but a long dark coat, its genitals tucked away inside its body.

“My name is Uro, Lady Norrana. I am the specialist you asked for.” The elder succubus greeted the dragon with a bow and closed the door behind him. He saw the glyph painted on it and looked toward his host.

“Whatever your tests bring to light today must never leave this room,” Norrana warned him. “Do you swear?”

Uro nodded somberly. “I do.”

“Should you divulge any information, you’ll be brought forth before the council and tried.”

“I understand,” he repeated. His eyes left the elder succubus’, scanning the room. “Who is the patient?” Norrana pointed at John. The creature’s hairless brows lifted. “A human? Interesting.”

The level of secrecy and security measures in place made John even more nervous. What does she think is inside of me? Maybe it’s nothing and she’s just being cautious.

The dragon grabbed his bag and sat down next to John. Raethiana bit on her nails as she watched with nervous anticipation. All eyes were on John and Uro.

“Do not worry, human,” the dragon said. “Give me your arm.”

John held out his right arm and Uro inspected it. He reached into his bag and pulled out a black marker. He drew many different glyphs on John’s arm, littering the expanse of flesh between his shoulder and his wrist. The last two were identical symbols drawn onto his palm and back of his hand.

Uro put the marker away and pulled out a straight-edged knife. The metal that formed the blade was a dark red color and etched with many small glyphs. The dragon held the blade to John’s shoulder and cut slowly as he muttered a spell in a language that wasn’t even Demonic. John bit his lip,

grunting and trying to mask the pain.

Raethiana flinched as the knife cut John's shoulder and the spectators watched in awe as the blood flowed unnaturally from the wound. It snaked around his arm and the glyphs glowed as his blood moved past them. The cut in his shoulder healed on its own and the blood changed color as it moved toward John's palm.

Uro kept chanting as he held his arm out, palm down. Hold your arm out like this, his expression told John.

He mimicked the dragon's posture and held out his arm so that his palm faced the ground. The glyphs on his palm and back of hand glowed the brightest as the blood pooled at his palm. It floated for a moment, defying the laws of gravity. Uro stopped chanting the spell then the last drop of the dark purple blood collected at his palm. The room grew silent as everyone waited to see what would happen next.

Raethiana leaned forward and sat at the edge of her seat. Norrana's curiosity had been piqued and she ignored the drink in her hand.

The blood moved from the palm of his hand to the marble floor, where it spread out and formed a pattern. The violet blood boiled and burned the marking into the ground and vanished.

The glass in Norrana's hand slipped from her fingers and shattered upon the ground. It was quickly followed by a gasp from Raethiana. John looked over at her. She had both her hands over her mouth and a look of disbelief on her face.

It was the same look she had worn when Norrana had told her that John had demon blood in him.

"That's impossible," Norrana said, frozen in shock.

Chapter Eight: Ryiah

“I shall take my leave, and as promised, I shall utter nothing outside of this room,” Uro said as he put away his knife and grabbed his bag.

“My assistant will see to your payment,” Norrana murmured numbly. She was still staring at the spot on the floor where the symbol had once been. “Close the door on your way out.”

The dragon stood up and nodded, bowing to the group before leaving. John’s eyes bounced around the room from Norrana to Raethiana, even to Awina. He hoped someone would fill him in on what the hell just happened and why everyone was so damn quiet.

“So... what am I?”

“I was wrong about you, John,” Norrana admitted, though it seemed to pain her to do so. “I had my doubts, but I didn’t expect this.”

John looked away from the elder succubus toward Raethiana for an explanation, but she was at a loss for words. She stared at him, her eyes once again watery.

“You watched what happened to the blood?” Norrana asked him.

“I did.”

“Did you notice the change in color?”

“Yeah.”

“The dark purple coloration signifies that the demon blood within you is succubus blood. I predicted that the blood to be that of an incubus, but if that were the case, then the color would’ve been more maroon.”

“So my father was a succubus? How is that possible?”

“That’s what I thought, too. However, the symbol the blood made on the

ground answered my question. The blood flowing inside if you isn't just any old succubus blood. John, your father was—”

“The Succubus Queen.” Raethiana finally spoke, interrupting her superior. In any other situation, Norrana would've chastised her subordinate for the outburst, but the recent discovery was an extraordinary circumstance.

“So then how is my father a succubus?” John asked.

“You know how Rae transformed you into a human woman for my visit?” Norrana asked.

“Yeah,” he said. How could I forget?

“The Queen—or King if it is an incubus—is the most powerful demon alive. At that level, gender change magic can become very real. Not only could a succubus transform into a man and impregnate a woman, but an incubus could transform into a woman and be impregnated. If an incubus-turned-succubus becomes impregnated, then he stays that way for the duration of the pregnancy. Our queen must've visited the surface in the form of a human male and impregnated your mother.”

John rubbed his face with his hands as he paced about the room. The reveal that he was half-demon was still taking its toll on him. Now the fact that his father was none other than a gender-bending succubus, but the deceased monarch? His mind was tying itself into knots trying to wrap itself around this truth. “Then that explains why I never knew my father.”

Raethiana stood up from the couch. “John, you don't get it. Remember how rare half demons are?”

“I do, we're pretty rare.” We're...it was the first time John acknowledged the fact that he wasn't fully human.

“Half demons, because they are a genetic anomaly, have the strengths of both species and the weaknesses of neither. Your demon blood gives you enhanced strength and speed, plus the ability to use magic, and it'll take a lot more to kill you. Your human blood gives you immunity to demon-specific weapons such as holy water, and magical traps don't affect you.”

“Oh, wow. Seriously? That is so cool!”

“Not only that, but combine those strengths with the blood of one of the most powerful succubi who ever lived and you, John, when fully realized, could become the most powerful demon who ever lived.”

Norrana stepped forward and knelt in front of John. “John, you are the true heir to the throne. Just as I swore loyalty to the Queen, so I swear unending loyalty to you.”

John looked over at Raethiana and watched as she knelt down beside Norrana. He was always a humble person. Never taking any credit for anything. He liked being the man who worked in the shadows, not in the spotlight. This went along with his introversion and shyness. The last thing he wanted was a position of authority, especially to be the king of the demon underworld—no matter how cool it sounded.

“Raethiana, please get up. Just because I have royal blood in me doesn’t make me the king. I’d be a horrible demon king. Besides, I can’t have the woman I love kneeling in front of me.”

Raethiana looked up at him with tears in her eyes. She watched as he looked around aimlessly and his body started to wobble. She jumped forward and caught him as he fell and held him in her arms, carrying him over to the couch and gently setting his body down on the cushions.

She sat down beside him and gingerly lifted his head, placing it upon her lap. Moments later, he opened his eyes and looked up at her.

“Did I just collapse?” he asked, his voice soft and weak.

“You did,” she replied, smiling.

“If it’s okay with you, I’m going to keep my head on your lap. Norrana, can you tell me about my ‘father’? It’s weird thinking of a succubus as a father.” His body and mind were exhausted. This was the first time he had ever fainted, but Raethiana’s soft touch took his worries away.

Norrana bowed her head slightly and she sat down on the couch opposite John and Raethiana.

“Before Ryiah was the Succubus Queen, she was just an ordinary succubus who had the potential to be great. She was a close friend of mine in a dark time. The previous monarch was also a succubus, and her name was Gvene. Gvene was a radical leader and a tyrant. Her policies and views ostracized my kind. We weren’t universally hated, but none of the other races were fond of us. This was all thanks to one demon and her loyal followers.

“Tensions rose as Gvene inched closer and closer to insanity. The council was in the process of passing a law that removed the Succubus Queen from the council table and instead of trying to negotiate, she sought to end the council and single-handedly rule the entire underground.”

Norrana’s story continued on, and John learned everything. Not all of the succubi and incubi supported Gvene; in fact, her extremist views created a divide in the demonic race. Those opposed to the maniacal ruler fought back and the civil war escalated into an interspecies conflict that consumed the entire underground. It ravaged on for close to two hundred years until Gvene was slain by none other than Ryiah.

Following the death of the Queen, the war came to a close and those loyal to Gvene were either slain or imprisoned. Peace returned to the underground and the council favored Ryiah and welcomed her to the table.

“You see, John, Ryiah was a very quick learner. She also had a knack for magic, and because of it, her power level grew, and she earned her second pair of horns at a young age. I didn’t grow my second pair until maybe two hundred years after her, and that was just before the war started. My closest friend defeated the Queen with only two pairs. The third pair grew as Gvene’s lifeless body fell to the ground. It was my honor to serve as her chief adviser during her rule.”

“How long was she on the throne?” John asked. During Norrana’s story, his strength had returned to him and he sat up on the couch. He remained close to Raethiana and they both listened. The elder succubus was a wonderful storyteller, and she had her audience’s rapt attention.

“Three hundred years – short, compared to the average rule of six hundred. Gvene was on the throne for seven hundred, but she didn’t start as the crazed tyrant that she eventually became. It was in the second half of her

rule that her views changed. But during the three hundred that your 'father' sat on the throne, we experienced the most prosperous era that this world has seen in millennia."

"It is true," Raethiana added. "Gvene had gone into hiding at the very end of the war, and Ryiah was adamant on finding her. The three of us, plus a handful of others, fought our way through the compound. Ryiah challenged Gvene and the Queen accepted. In the end, it was Ryiah who was left standing. I have never seen someone fight like her."

Norrana nodded. "Ryiah was a very disciplined fighter and she moved through the battlefields with grace and precision. The way she slayed her enemies was beautiful. For three hundred years she ruled, and for three hundred years I served her with unquestioning loyalty. Even though she was my best friend, she was still my queen.

"In the early days of her rule, there were always assassination attempts. The Gvene Loyalists still operated in the shadows, but all their schemes were intercepted and foiled. As the years went by, the numbers dwindled until the Gvene Loyalists disappeared. There were no rumors or mention of them. That is, of course, until that fateful day thirty years ago."

"Mistress, shall I?" Raethiana asked, seeing the toll the tale was taking on Norrana.

"No, no, I'm fine," the elder succubus reassured her, waving her hand dismissively. "In the weeks leading up to Ryiah's death, there were whispers in the shadows and rumors of the Gvene Loyalists' return. We largely ignored them, but the whispers grew louder.

"I was in a meeting when I received the news. A guard threw open the doors, disrupting my council. I was about ready to have him whipped for the interruption when he told me of the attack. I followed the guard to the throne room. There was blood everywhere. Blood, and the corpses of many demons: guards, handmaidens, and the assassins; succubi and incubi bearing the mark of the Gvene Loyalists. The crown that Ryiah wore was on the ground, broken and covered in her blood. Her body was nowhere to be found."

"They searched everywhere in the underground for her," Raethiana said.

“They even looked for her on the surface.”

“I remember,” Awina said. “Word spread of the death of the Succubus Queen among my hunter brethren. There were celebrations. I wasn’t born yet, but the family who raised me told me about it.” John noticed the sad look on her face, as if because Awina was Raethiana’s slave, the death of her mistress’s queen brought up a similar emotional response as her mistress.”

Norrana looked out the long glass window. “The trail went cold. All leads came to a dead end, and Ryiah was officially pronounced dead. The seat on the council became vacant, and the search for her successor started.”

Time stood still in the sitting room while the two demons told the tale of the revolution and the coming to power of the queen who ended up being John’s father. It was only when the tale reached its sad end did those in the isolated room realized that hours had passed outside.

John thanked the two demons for everything before finally falling asleep. The physical and emotional toll of the past few days caught up to him as he drifted off. He leaned on Raethiana’s shoulder as he closed his eyes and she picked him up and held him in her arms.

She made a silent promise to him that she would figure out how the two of them could spend the rest of their lives together as she carried him up to the bedroom that they had slept in the night before.

Chapter Nine: Road Trip

John woke up in Raethiana's arms, still in her demon form. He could feel the black silk sheets beneath him as his vision came into focus on the roof above the four post bed. Her left arm was draped across his chest, the palm of her hand resting on his skin. She breathed quietly as she slept; she never snored. He turned his head toward her and moved his fingers through her black hair and she slowly opened her eyes.

He could lose himself in her eyes. Her irises were a deep red, darker than the color of her skin. Norrana's eyes were a bright yellow, but Raethiana's were like rubies. When the light hit them, they sparkled more brightly than the gems themselves. Some people said that the eyes were the gateway to the soul, and that if you were to look hard enough, you could see the true nature of the person.

"Whatcha looking at?" the demon asked him, her voice soft.

"Your eyes," he replied quietly, brushing her hair away from them with his fingertips. When she's in her human form, they're green. Green... the complementary color of red. I can't believe I just made that connection...

"It's a shame yours are brown. Brown eyes are so boring. Awina's, on the other hand, are for a human." John frowned and she couldn't help but laugh. She always enjoyed teasing him. "Shall we go home today?"

"I'd like that," he told her. "I miss the sun."

Raethiana sat up on the bed and the sheets that were covering her chest fell down, exposing the swells of her bare breasts.

"On second thought," John said, a lazy grin spreading across his face, "we can stay a little bit longer."

"You can put your shirt down now," Norrana said, pulling her finger away

from John's stomach. He looked down at the blood-red rune painted on his stomach. "I doubt anyone will think twice when they see you, but it doesn't hurt to be careful."

"So, this will hide any trace of the royal blood inside of me?"

"As long as a demon doesn't walk up to you, cut you, and taste your blood, then not a creature down here will know that you are a half-demon. Be quick, though. It is only temporary."

"Thank you, Mistress," Raethiana said, bowing her head.

"No, Rae, thank you." The elder succubus bowed before John and Raethiana. "Because of you, I know that some part of my best friend and queen lives on."

The trio turned to leave, but Norrana grabbed Awina's shoulder and stopped her.

"Yes, my lady?" the slave asked.

"I was wrong about you, Awina. I apologize for the harsh things I said when I first met you."

"Thank you, my lady," she said, bowing courteously at the waist.

Norrana smiled faintly. "Now go, and do not hesitate to contact me should you require aid. You three are always welcome here."

Raethiana followed John and Awina out the large double doors and down the entrance stairs. The two humans put on their cloaks and Raethiana led them out of the compound and back into the capitol.

They moved quickly through the crowded downtown area, constantly on the lookout for any pursuers. Despite getting a few odd looks for the pace at which they traveled, the trip back to the alleyway was a quiet and uneventful one, for which all three were thankful.

Raethiana walked first into the darkness, followed by John with Awina at the rear. It was the early afternoon when they arrived at the parking

structure. A quick snap of her fingers and they stood in the living room to John's apartment.

Raethiana turned back into her human form and all three let out a collective sigh of relief. The succubus plopped down on the couch and Awina joined her.

"Thirsty? I'm pouring myself a drink," John said, walking toward the liquor cabinet.

"Bring the bottle and..." Raethiana looked at Awina, who nodded. "Three glasses."

He grabbed the bottle of whiskey, hoping the booze would take his worries away. Half a bottle later, he was feeling no pain, but the thoughts lingered. He sat on the couch opposite Raethiana and Awina and stared at the table. Awina leaned in and whispered something into Raethiana's ear. The succubus's face lit up and she grinned.

"You've earned a gold star," she whispered back. Raethiana turned toward John and said nothing as she stood up and slowly walked away from the couch. As she moved toward her bedroom door, she took off her shirt and tossed it aside. The tossed shirt caught John's eye and he looked up at the precise moment when the succubus slid down her jeans, showing off her black thong. She looked back at him and opened the door to their room and disappeared. The door remained open.

He handed the bottle of whiskey to Awina as he stood up and moved toward his new room. "Thank you," he said to her.

"Don't thank me yet," she grinned. Her words never made it to John's ears. She heard the door close and she refilled her glass, smiling.

Raethiana was laying down on the bed wearing nothing but her thong and John stripped as he moved toward her. He kicked off his pants before climbing on to the bed and on top of her. He kissed her and he could smell the alcohol on her breath.

"What is your bidding, my queen?" she joked, playfully biting her lip as she waited for her orders. John let out a fake laugh and looked down at her and

her emerald green eyes.

“Raethiana, I was wondering if it would be okay if we had sex with you in your demon form.”

“I’ll do it, but you have to do something for me.”

“What is it?”

“I’m not telling you.”

“So—”

“So either agree to my terms, or I stay like this.”

As amazing as she was in that form, seeing her in her demon form for the past two days gave him an itch that he’d like to scratch. In the back of his mind, he believed the sex with her was better when she was in her demon form, but in actuality it was no different. Raethiana knew this, and she decided to see how far he’d go for it.

Had he been sober, he would’ve spent more time on the decision, but since he was borderline drunk, the choice came quickly.

“I accept.”

“Good.” The succubus grinned as they swapped positions. John’s back was to the bed and he looked up at her. She had him pinned with her legs. He smiled as her form shifted, but the smile vanished when she pressed her finger to his chest and made circles. The whiskey slowed the mental calculations and when he realized what was happening, it was too late.

John felt the heat course through his body as it changed, and in only a couple of seconds, he had the body of a woman.

“I should’ve seen this coming,” he said dryly, sighing in exasperation as his female voice filled his ears. It was soft and sexy, the kind that would make a man melt. **“But I’m okay with lesbian sex, I guess.”**

Raethiana grinned wickedly. **“Who said anything about lesbian sex, my**

queen?”

She moved her hand down to her crotch and John followed with his eyes. He stared as a bright light shone from her hand. His eyes widened with fear as her clit grew and became an eight-inch dick.

John gulped as he stared at the meaty shaft. It had a head similar to a human's, but the skin was bumpy and uneven. It was an organic dildo, modeled after the toys designed for maximum pleasure. She bent down and kissed him and he could feel her rock hard dick pressed against his lower stomach.

“This was Awina's idea. She is such a clever girl, isn't she?” the demon whispered into John's ear.

John opened his mouth to protest, but all that came out was a soft moan. Raethiana's right hand fondled his tender breast, and his nipple hardened as she played with it. He twisted his body as he fought the electricity that flowed through his feminine form. He felt a warmth between his legs as the succubus continued playing with his rigid nipples.

I know what she's trying to do... I must fight it.

The resistance weakened as he felt a finger slide into his warm, wet sheath. He cried out as she teased him, slipping another finger inside.

No, I mustn't... have to... fight....

Raethiana said nothing the entire time. Her fingers and tongue did all the talking as she silently coaxed him into giving in. John was anything but silent as he moaned in anticipation. His defenses were weakening; the walls crumbling.

It's too much... I want it!

“Please... please give it to me,” he begged, submitting to his body's desires.

“As you wish, my queen,” Raethiana answered triumphantly. She pulled her fingers out and pressed the head of her dick against the entrance to his womanhood. The succubus slid in slowly and John's inner walls gripped the

meaty shaft, pulling it in further.

“Ooh!” he gasped as she buried her dick inside of him.

Raethiana leaned forward as she pushed her hips against him. She looked down into John’s eyes, pressing close against his body. His face was bright red and his body glowed. She brought her head down and kissed him as she rocked her hips back and forth.

John wrapped his arms around her and kept her close as she fucked him. Her movements were rhythmic and his moans began to escape his lips more and more often. The demon put so much force into her thrusts that the entire bed was rocking and the headboard crashed recklessly into the wall.

The succubus bucked her hips at breakneck pace until John’s body felt like it was on fire and his form shifted. Raethiana looked down and watched him as he changed. His skin turned dark red and a pair of horns grew out of his forehead. A tail snaked out from underneath and it coiled around his thigh.

Raethiana continued penetrating him, watching his body change with curiosity as she ignored the orgasm building inside of her. The final change came with the spreading of his wings. The thin, leathery pair extended to their full span and his clawed nails dug in to her skin.

Seeing her lover transform into a succubus just like herself pushed her over the edge. Raethiana cried out as she climaxed, ejaculating into John’s demonic womb. John moaned as he followed suit, her warm cum filling his insides and sent a jolt throughout his body.

John’s body shifted back into his human female form as soon as the last bit of cum leaked out of Raethiana’s demonic dick. His wings, tail, and horns vanished and his skin turned back to its normal peachy color, though it shimmered with a glossy coat of sweat.

The succubus’ dick vanished as she pulled out. She turned back into her human form as she straddled John. Her arms hung by her sides as she breathed heavily, her heart racing in her chest.

She looked down at him and he looked back up at her, a look of confusion on his face. “Did I just—?”

“Nah,” she said, shaking her head.

“Liar,” he accused softly.

John felt his body grow weak and his eyelids heavy. Raethiana let herself fall down next to him and she planted a quick peck on his lips.

“I am here to serve you, my queen,” she said with a smile.

“Stop... calling me... that...” he yawned, trailing off into silence as sleep took him. Raethiana didn’t last much longer.

The couple slept through the night and into the next morning. Awina fell asleep shortly after her own private session. When she first became Raethiana’s slave, her mistress rewarded her by going into her demon form and growing a dick. She knew that John needed a little something special and she knew just the thing.

The following morning, John woke up to the smell of bacon. He sat up on the bed and breathed in deep through his nose. His movements roused Raethiana from her slumber and she followed John out into the kitchen, snickering.

Awina stood by the stove as she finished cooking breakfast. Do not say a word, her mistresses’ eyes told her. The slave nodded and finished cooking.

Raethiana snapped her fingers and a shirt and pants appeared on her just as she sat down at the table. John sat down next to her and a strange tug on his chest brought him out of his morning fog. He looked down to see two large breasts dangling from his body. He slid the chair away from the table and looked down between his legs. He still had the body of a woman and was completely naked.

“Damn it, Raethiana!”

“Oh, John, you’re hot when you’re angry!” The demon and her slave laughed and John glared at the two of them.

“Fix it.”

Raethiana sighed. “As you wish.”

The succubus snapped her fingers, but instead of changing John back into a man, she made a set of lingerie appear on his body. He stood up out of the chair and looked down. Raethiana had given him an all black ensemble consisting of a bustier, thong, stockings, and five inch heels. The laughter only got louder and Awina nearly dropped the pan full of bacon. John’s face grew red with anger and Raethiana held out her hand, telling him to wait a moment.

Tears flowed down her cheeks as she cried from laughter. She wiped away the salty streams and motioned for John to come closer. He stepped forward and she placed her finger on his chest. Seconds later, the lingerie was gone and he was back in his male form, fully clothed.

He sat down at the table and waited for his meal. “I was going to bring you along on my road trip, but I guess I’ll be going alone.”

The demon’s face lit up. “A road trip? I love road trips!”

“Well, too bad. I’m going to visit my mother without you.”

Raethiana’s happy expression vanished and she frowned. She hugged John.

“I’m sorry, John. You know how I love teasing you.”

Awina set a plate down in front of him and his attention shifted to the bacon, eggs, and French toast in front of him.

He took a bite of the bacon and looked up at the two women. “Awina can come.”

The former demon hunter cheered, then stopped abruptly. “I’m sorry, John, but I cannot go without my mistress.”

John heaved a sigh, ignoring Raethiana’s puppy dog eyes glistening in his peripheral vision. “...fine.”

“This is a pretty nice neighborhood,” Raethiana said as she stared out the car window. “We should move to a place like this. Oh my god, could you imagine? A demon, her half-human boyfriend, and her human slave moving into suburbia?”

“They’ll think I’m a polygamist,” John said as he navigated through the winding suburban streets.

“Not if I tell them that Awina is my sister and that she has some kind of vague and mysterious ‘condition’ to where she has to live with me.”

John shook his head. “All it takes is a passerby to look into the window and see her in her maid costume.”

Raethiana touched her fingers to her mouth pensively. “Maybe we can get one of those houses with the big lots and the high fences?”

“I don’t make enough to move to Beverly Hills or any of those celebrity neighborhoods,” he said as he made the final turn into the driveway of his childhood home.

The drive had taken only a couple of hours and John was glad that they were able to make it without having to stop for someone to use the restroom. Raethiana sat in the passenger seat and kept herself occupied with magazines and the newspaper. With the cooling temperatures, she wore jeans and a dark t-shirt, brown leather boots, and a matching brown leather jacket.

Awina sat in the backseat of John’s compact car. The entire ride, she rested her chin on her hand and she stared out the window. She watched the world go by with eyes full of wonder and curiosity. When he looked at her in the rearview mirror, he wondered what kind of life she’d had. Did she have a childhood? Did her adoptive family go on vacations? He felt bad for her when he remembered the trips that he and his mother had taken while he was growing up.

The car came to a stop in the sloped driveway. John grabbed the suitcases out of the trunk and wheeled them up to the two women waiting for him near the door.

He had called his mother when they had returned from their trip to the underground. He wanted to see her and talk to her in person. John wanted to hear the words come from her directly. It had been some time since he last visited, so she was eager to have him visit. Her excitement had skyrocketed when he mentioned bringing his girlfriend and her sister.

“Girlfriend?! John, you have a girlfriend! Why didn’t you tell me? Oh, I’m so happy for you. I can’t wait to meet her!”

She knew that he was a quiet and shy person, and she always tried to help him, whether it was by offering to set him up on a date with one of her coworker’s daughters, or by urging him to go onto dating websites.

“Will you two be sharing a room?” she had teased over the phone, and his face had turned bright red when she reacted to his yes. He’d told her that her sister would coming along, too, but they both knew that wasn’t going to be a problem.

Even though it was only the two of them, John and his mother lived in a two-story, four bedroom house. She converted the one bedroom without a bathroom into her office where she worked. The remaining upstairs bedroom belonged to John and the downstairs bedroom was the guest room.

“Damn, John, this is a big house,” Raethiana said, looking up at the front of the home.

“Well, my mother made good money. She once told me that when she was little, she had to share a tiny one bedroom home with her parents. She made a promise to herself to work hard so that when she became a mother, she could raise a family in a big house.”

They walked down the narrow concrete path that led them toward the front doors. John stopped when he felt a hand on his shoulder. He looked back and saw Raethiana staring past him at the entryway.

“Something the matter?” he asked.

“Did your mother sound... different when you talked to her on the phone?”

John frowned. “No. Why?”

“It’s just... oh, never mind. I think I’m just a little paranoid. That’s all.” She slowly pulled her hand off of his shoulder and he walked up to the front doors. The thought lingered in the back of his mind as he pressed the doorbell.

“Coming!” he heard the distant voice of his mother call out from inside the house. Her footsteps grew louder and he heard the sounds of the door unlocking. “John!” His mother stepped out of the house and hugged him, squeezing him tightly.

“Hi, Mom,” he said, returning her embrace. She released him and looked at the two women behind him. Raethiana had her sunglasses resting on her forehead and she smiled seeing the mother and son reunite. “Mom, this is Ella,” he said looking back at the blonde behind him.

“Are you? Oh, you are so beautiful!” She stepped past her son and hugged Ella just as enthusiastically. “He’s not paying you to be his girlfriend, is he?”

“Mom!”

“No, I am the real deal,” she replied, holding back her laughter.

His mother turned her attention to Awina. “And who are you?”

“This is my sister, Awina,” Ella said.

“Nice to meet you, ma’am,” Awina said bowing her head slightly.

“Just call me Rachel, you two. There’s no need to be so formal. Well, come on in. I’m sure you’re hungry from the trip. I just went to the store so there’s plenty to eat.” John’s mother turned and went back into the house. “Make yourselves at home. I just need to finish with some paperwork and then I’ll be right out.”

Raethiana watched her leave. There was something about her that bothered her, but she decided to keep it to herself. As John grabbed the bags and went into the house, she placed a hand on Awina’s shoulder and whispered into her ear.

“Keep an eye out. Something doesn’t seem right.”

“Will do, Mistress,” Awina whispered back.

John poked his head out the door. “You two coming? I want to give you a tour.”

“Yes, of course. We were just looking at the lovely garden,” Raethiana said as she moved toward the front door. Awina closed it as she entered and the two women followed John through the house.

The interior was beautifully decorated. Ornate rugs, antique furniture, paintings, and other decorations filled the various rooms, all so perfectly placed that they seemed to be the work of a professional interior decorator. Raethiana looked at the pictures of John and his mom. She was an older woman who just recently turned sixty and her brown hair had all but faded. There was color left the strands, but in a few years it would all be gone. The succubus noticed that she was barefoot when she greeted them, and the clothes she wore were comfortable everyday clothes. She did not look like the successful business woman John made her out to be.

“This is your room, Awina,” he said as he opened the door to the downstairs guest room. Compared to the rest of the house, the room was small and square with little furniture. There was a full-sized bed, dresser, a small closet, and a TV on top of the dresser. “That door leads to the bathroom, and that one is the closet door.”

“It’s very modest. I like it,” she said as she set her bag down on the bed. She followed them out of the room and upstairs.

“Is this your room, John?” Raethiana asked, pointing to the door.

There was a small plaque on the door that read “John’s Room.” He grinned at her. “How did you know?” He opened the door and the three of them entered.

It was a good sized room, much bigger than the one downstairs, but smaller than the one he had back at his apartment. There was a queen-sized bed with an old wooden desk, a dresser, and a closet. The door to his bathroom had a biohazard sign on it and a couple of movie posters were pinned to the

wall. He set his and Raethiana's bags on the bed.

"Now for the tour."

John led them around the two story home like a tour guide at the White House. He talked about all the pictures his mother had of them and the places they went. He told them the stories behind some of the more out-of-place looking objects and the sentimental value they held for him.

They left the house and went into the backyard. The neighborhood they were in was built on the hills outside the city and his backyard had a good view of the cityscape.

"The view is best after a rainy day when the air is clean," he said, looking out at the horizon. The backyard was tiered with the puddle-shaped pool on the same level as the house. There was a built-in barbecue and steps led down to his mother's private garden and gazebo.

"I hope you're hungry, because I made some sandwiches and some lemonade," John's mother said, leaning out of the glass door.

"Thanks, Mom," John replied.

The tour ended with the backyard and John led the two women back into his house and into the living room where his mother had the sandwiches and drinks ready. She poured herself a glass and drank from it while the John, Raethiana, and Awina sat down. John leaned forward and grabbed a sandwich, but his mother slapped his hand.

"John, ladies first."

"Sorry," he said to Raethiana and Awina. He sat at the end of the couch and Raethiana sat in the middle with Awina at the opposite end. Across from them on the other side of the table sat John's mother on another couch. The living room resembled Norrana's sitting room, but it was significantly smaller and not nearly as lavish. The elder succubus' compound made John's mother's house look modest.

"So, how did you two meet?" she asked in between bites of her sandwich.

“A bar,” John answered, swallowing a mouthful of bread.

Raethiana smiled. “I saw him sitting there all quiet and alone, so I walked up to him and decided to chat. He was distant and shy at first, but once you break through those barriers, he’s a lot of fun. We went out on a date later in the week, and then we became a couple.”

John’s mother beamed. “How sweet. I’m so glad my John has found someone like you, Ella. I was afraid I’d never become a grandmother.”

John coughed, choking on the lemonade. Instead of spitting it out, he forced it down his throat. His mother looked concerned.

“Are you okay, John? You look like you’ve got something on your mind.”

“I know the truth about my father,” he said plainly. His mother sat back on her couch. Her expression changed from cheerful to serious.

“Let’s not talk about him I want to—”

“I know what I am.”

His mother hardly batted an eye. “What, a half-demon?”

Raethiana jumped off of the couch. “Who are you, and what have you done to John’s mother?”

“Whatever could you mean?” the older woman asked, trying to look innocent.

“John’s mother is a human. You are a demon. Show yourself!”

John looked back and forth between Raethiana and the woman appearing to be his mother. The two women stared at each other, both waiting for the other to make the first move.

“I knew there was something off about you,” Raethiana growled. “You masked your scent well, but I know what you are.”

John’s mother smiled. “What gave me away?”

“For a woman supposedly in her sixties, you have quite a spring in your step. Did you torture the information out of her?”

The color from his face vanished. His confusion and panic gave way to anger. “No... you... why? Why did you kill my mother?!” John yelled.

Raethiana’s patience reached its end and she transformed into her demon form and spread her wings. Awina moved quickly and stood in front of John, getting between him and the demon impersonating his mother.

“Show yourself so that I might know the identity of the demon who killed my boyfriend’s mother.”

“All right all right,” the older woman sighed. She stood up slowly, raising her hands in the air, and looked at John. “Don’t worry, John. Your mother is very much alive and unharmed.”

They all watched as the demon revealed her true form. Her skin turned dark red and a pair of wings grew out of her back. The comfortable clothes she had on changed into a black dress and knee-high, high-heeled boots. Her short, almost gray hair grew down past her shoulders and her brown eyes became the color of amethysts.

“So you see,” the demon said, “alive an unharmed – though she is mad at you for not telling her more about your succubus girlfriend.” She turned her gaze on Raethiana. “If you really are his girlfriend.”

Raethiana’s show of dominance faded as she folded her wings. John stepped in front of Awina as the transformation ended with three pairs of horns growing out of the succubus’s forehead. She had a pair much like Raethiana’s, with a smaller pair twisting out to the side. The third and final pair of horns grew out from the sides of her head and curved forward.

“I should know. After all, I am your mother.”

John stared in shock as Raethiana dropped to the floor and bowed before the Succubus Queen.

Chapter Ten: Formalities

**“I... I am so sorry, my queen, please forgive my arrogance. I didn’t know.”
Raethiana kept her eyes low.**

John’s jaw hung slack. “You... you’re supposed to be—”

“Dead? Yes, and I very much want to keep it that way.” Ryiah turned to the prone succubus. “What is your name?”

“Raethiana, my queen,” she said, her face to the ground.

“Stand up, Raethiana. I am no longer the Queen. I’m just Ryiah, an ordinary succubus and John’s mother.” Raethiana hesitated, but she slowly stood up. “We don’t need formalities in this house. Just call me Ryiah, okay?”

“Yes, of course.”

Ryiah sat back down. “Good. Now, please sit back down and tell me how you really met.”

“It was really in a bar, my q—Ryiah. That part is very true.”

“And so is the fact that she came to me,” John added. The two of them went back and forth, telling John’s mother about how he survived the ritual and how she became his roommate.

Ryiah looked to Awina. “And your slave, tell me about her.”

“John and I had a fight and I left to visit the underground to do some research into his immunity for a couple days. When I came back, I was ambushed. During my time away, John visited a bar where he met Awina. She pretended to be attracted to him in order to lead him back to her place, where she ambushed him and tortured him for information.”

“Tortured him?” Ryiah slid forward in her seat, glaring at Awina. The slave

girl looked away in shame.

“She was a demon hunter—” John stopped midsentence. At the mention of Awina’s previous occupation, his mother sat up and moved very quickly in front of Awina. Before anyone could say anything, Ryiah raised her hand and hit the slave, sending her off of the couch onto the floor. She put her boot down on the slave’s throat and pressed down.

“Mom! Stop!” John stood up and grabbed his mother’s shoulders and tried to pull her off of Awina. She slapped his arms away effortlessly and he almost lost his balance.

“You wanted to know what happened to your father? Why don’t you ask her.”

Awina squirmed as she tried to remove the boot from her neck. Raethiana watched her slowly kill her slave. There was nothing she could do. Standing in front of her was the most powerful demon alive. Raethiana had yet to earn her second pair of horns, and the former queen was powerful enough to kill her predecessor with only two pairs. She’d be an ant to Ryiah’s boot.

“Please, Mom,” John begged. “Let her go.”

“I am sorry,” Awina said in between breaths. Ryiah gritted her teeth and fought the urge to kill the slave, but she pulled her foot back. Awina coughed, the air once again allowed into her lungs. John helped her up and she sat back down on the couch, her hand around her throat.

John’s mother sat back down on the couch opposite of them and took a deep breath. She exhaled slowly, letting the anger out and calming back down. “Please continue.”

John looked to Awina and she nodded her head. “I’ll be okay,” she said hoarsely.

“Awina brought me back to my apartment where she waited for Raethiana to return. As soon as the door opened, she sprung her trap and the two of them fought.”

“I would’ve been killed if he hadn’t freed me,” Raethiana said. “I defeated

her and broke her will and made her my slave.”

“Fitting end for their kind, to be the slaves of those they live to kill,” Ryiah spat.

“She’s no longer a demon hunter, Mom. Let it go.”

“Let it go?” Ryiah said, standing up. “You want to know who your father really is and why you never met him?”

“Yes, I do!” John yelled, matching her anger. “All my life, you’ve brushed off the question, changing the subject whenever I asked. It took a demon who tried to kill me to figure out what I am. Then there is the fact that my very own mother is the Succubus Queen? How do you think that makes me feel?”

Ryiah backed down. “I guess you’re right. I do owe you an explanation. I never wanted this life for you. I wanted you to live a normal human life.” She slouched on the couch, rubbing her face with her hand. “I never wanted to be the Queen. I just wanted to live my life as an ordinary succubus, but things got bad in the underworld and I fought in the rebellion. Everything was so chaotic, and there was so much war and death that it seeped out of the underground into the human world.

“But in the end, it came down to me. People turned to me and saw me as a leader, a general for the rebellion and those opposed to the so-called ‘Gvene Loyalists.’ I never imagined I’d ended up being so powerful. I just wanted to learn. I loved reading old tomes and learning from those long forgotten. My knowledge and natural abilities served me well and I was the one who held the head of the fallen queen in my hands as her corrupt blood pooled around her and the light disappeared from her eyes. In that moment, I earned my third pair of horns, and the war came to an end. But like I said, I never wanted to be the Queen.

“For three hundred years, I cleaned up the mess my predecessor made. I spent all my time and effort in politics when all I wanted to do was read and learn. Things quieted down and I became content with the life I had. Years passed by, and there was peace and quiet in the underground. My love of learning vanished as politics swallowed up my life. But then came the whispers.

“Rumors of the return of those loyal to the fallen tyrant grew louder. I paid them no mind; there were always rumors flying around in the underground. Then it happened. Thirty years ago, I sat on the throne like it was any other day. The crown felt unusually heavy that morning and I felt a pull, some invisible hand moving me in a direction I couldn’t discern. The doors to my chamber flew open and I saw them: men and women, demons and other monsters of the underground, all wearing the markings of the loyalists.

“I froze. My mind was telling my body to move, but I remained in the chair. I felt like a rusted piece of machinery trying to come back to life. I watched as my guards, my handmaidens, and other innocents were slaughtered by the revenge-seeking loyalists.

“Then it all came back to me. Energy coursed through my body and for the first time in a long time, I felt alive. I stepped down from the throne and faced the assailants. But I had been out of the game for too long, and my skills were slow to return. I was weak; my muscles had atrophied, and it took all my might to kill the last of them. Twenty. Twenty assassins, and I killed them all, but my body was beaten and bloodied.

“As I laid on the cold stone ground of the throne room, the only warmth came from the blood that flowed from my body. I turned my head to the side and I saw the crown that I had worn for three hundred years. It was a beautiful piece of jewelry: solid gold with precious stones of all shapes, sizes, and colors embedded into the metal. It was broken and bent, the metal was covered in my blood and the blood of those who had tried to kill me. In that moment, I had an epiphany. I could leave the underground forever and make the world believe I was dead. I could return to who I was before the war... before I became the Queen.

“I saw my opportunity and I took it. I summoned what little strength I had left and limped out of the throne room through a back door that I drew into the wall. I walked through the blackness and came out into the human world. I was outside a small town, far away from the city. It was night time and I was in my human form: a woman with long brown hair and brown eyes. Average looking, and not much older than you are now, John. I walked along the dirt road, limping, with my right arm useless. I was covered with blood. Then he found me and took care of me.

“Turns out, I had appeared on someone’s farm, and the man’s dogs alerted him to my presence. He found me lying on the ground, half dead. He didn’t know who I was or where I came from, but he took me into his home and I woke up bandaged. My arm and leg had a self-made splint and I was in a warm, lit room on a soft bed.

“An ordinary human man by the name of Jacob saved my life. He nursed me back to health and I stayed with him. It was just him, caring for the farm that had been in his family for generations. He was an only child and everything was left to him when his parents passed. Caring for the farm consumed his life and the only company he had were his dogs. He saw me and thought I was an angel sent from heaven. He was so far from the truth it pained me to tell him that I was no angel, but a demon.

“I played the amnesia card and I stayed with him until I was back to full health. The truth of the matter was I healed a lot quicker than he realized but I lied. I wanted to stay injured and in his care. I wanted to stay with him on his farm. It was at that moment that I realized I had fallen in love with him, an ordinary human. I’m sure you know the feeling Raethiana.”

Raethiana bowed her head. “I do, Ryiah. I know exactly how you feel.”

“I stayed on the farm with Jacob,” she continued, “and he eventually admitted his feelings for me. I could have the life I’d wanted. I could be an ordinary human woman and live a happy, simple life. Two years passed, and Jacob saved up all his money to buy me a ring. It was when he was in town purchasing it that he was abducted. Evidently, I wasn’t hiding my presence as well as I’d thought. I was lazy and I got complacent.

“He told me that he was just going into town to grab some ingredients and when he didn’t return for hours, I became worried. I had no car, so I used my magic to teleport to town. When I arrived, I asked around and a passerby told me saw some men grab him. They threatened the witnesses, telling them to be silent or else. The man saw the worry in my eyes. He knew Jacob was a good man so he told me everything.

“I followed the trail to an abandoned barn occupied by none other than a roaming band of demon hunters. I stormed the place and killed them all. In an instant, I was back to the demon I was when I killed Gvene. It all came

back to me in a blink of an eye and I butchered every last living thing inside.

“Jacob was tied to a chair, covered in blood. His fingers were broken and his body had been kept alive by injections of adrenaline. They told him what I was, and yet he kept his mouth shut to the very end. I freed him from the restraints and he died in my arms. ‘I don’t care that you came from under the earth instead of from above, you were an angel disguised as a demon.’ Those were his last words. He loved me until the very end.”

Ryiah fell silent as tears welled up in her eyes and flowed down her cheeks. John suddenly understood why his mother constantly avoided the question concerning his father and why she was so quick to kill Awina when she learned of her previous profession. His heart sank when he realized that he couldn’t live up to be the man his father was.

John had broken under torture. He had given Awina the address to his apartment and almost killed the love of his life. His father was just an ordinary man who held on until the very end and died not telling the hunters a single word.

“I’m sorry,” he said to Raethiana as he cried. The succubus embraced him.

“You don’t need to apologize to me, John. You’re only half human, remember? It’s obvious that the demon inside of you wanted to save your skin.” Her voice was soft and caring. “Besides, you saved my life not once, but twice. You one-upped him.”

Ryiah watched the lovers as they comforted one another. For a moment, she seemed wistful. Then she averted her eyes. “Shortly after Jacob’s death, I learned that I was pregnant. I knew the odds were against me, but that baby was the only thing that kept Jacob tied to this world. I moved out of the farm and used the money I had stored away to buy a house – this house. Nine months later, you were born: a healthy baby; a healthy half-human, half-demon baby.

“Jacob lives on through you, so I decided to raise you as he would’ve raised you. I wanted you to live a happy, ordinary human life. But alas, just as a demon appeared in Jacob’s life, so did Raethiana enter yours.”

The former Succubus Queen forced a smile. “You three are welcome to stay

here as long as you like. Raethiana, I'm sure you would like to take a gander at my private library."

Raethiana's face lit up like a Christmas tree. "Would I ever!"

"She's a bit of a bookworm," John said. "And since when did you have a private library?"

Ryiah chuckled. "I've always had one, John. I kept it hidden from you, just like I kept your demonic heritage from you. The less you knew, the better."

John got up off the couch and hugged his demon mother. "I love you, Mom. Thank you for everything you've ever done for me." He pulled away. "I'll be right back. I gotta go to the bathroom. I've been holding it in this entire time." They shared a laugh before he walked away.

Ryiah watched him go. Once he had disappeared around the corner, she shifted her gaze to Raethiana's slave. "Awina, come here."

Awina rose from the couch and warily approached the elder succubus. "Yes, my lady?"

"I am sorry for the outburst I had earlier," she said earnestly. "But now you understand why. I had forgotten that you were a slave. I see loyalty in those eyes of yours, and I am glad that things turned out the way they did."

"I am also glad, my lady. My mistress has opened my eyes to the errors of my kind. I'd much rather be here by her side than against her." She paused. Her tone softened. "I am truly sorry for what happened to John's father."

Ryiah responded with the barest of nods. Then she stood and turned to Raethiana. "Follow me, Raethiana. I'm sure you'd like to see that library."

She led Raethiana away from the living room and into a hallway that led to the other rooms on the first floor. They stopped in front of a bookshelf and she pressed a button hidden away on the very top.

Raethiana gasped. "No... really?"

Ryiah grinned. "It's so cliché that no one thinks to check it out."

“That’s genius!” Raethiana cackled.

The bookshelf slid aside to reveal a narrow walkway. Raethiana followed Ryiah down the short, curving stairway and into a large, rectangular room. Inside were several lounge chairs, a couch, and a desk. Every wall was covered with a bookshelf, and every bookshelf was brimming with books.

“Raethiana, before I let you use my private library, I realized that I don’t know anything about you. Tell me about yourself.”

“Well, what would you like to know?”

“As far back as you’d like.”

“In the human year 1684, I was just that: a human—”

“Once human? What was the name of the demon who enslaved and later transformed you?”

“Norrana, my lady.”

Ryiah nodded. “I’ve heard enough. You have my permission to use this library as much as you like. Have at it,” She said, patting the younger succubus on the back.

“Wait,” Raethiana said. “There is something in particular I was hoping you could help me with.”

Ryiah raised an eyebrow. “Oh? What is it?”

“I’ve been looking for a spell. Or a ritual. Something that will enable me to live off of John, and only him. As a fellow succubus, you know that our kind has to feed.”

“You were right to come to me.” Ryiah said, moving to the closest bookshelf.

Hope swelled in Raethiana’s chest. “I figured if anyone knew of a way, it would be you.”

Ryiah scanned the books on the shelves. “Because John is a human-demon

hybrid, there is a way to feed off of him exclusively, and because he is half demon, he will always walk away unharmed. Tired and physically exhausted, certainly, but otherwise unharmed.

“It is a ritual, not a spell. Marriage doesn’t exist in the demon world like it does in the human world. This is a very old ritual that acts in the same way that enslavement does. You can thank my love of books for this one. It was in a book written by an incubus over two thousand years ago that I found it buried in pagan tomb. The ritual binds your two souls together and creates a link that will enable you to feed off of John.

“However, much like marriage in the human world, it is a monogamous relationship. Once you bind your soul to his, you can never feed on any other human until he dies. You can have sex with whomever you please, but he will be the only creature that recharges your batteries. Lucky for you, John has unlocked his demon blood under your tutelage, prolonging his life.”

Raethiana followed Ryiah around the library. “Will he...?”

“Because it is my blood that flows through him, he should live as long as I have, in theory. I am well over a thousand years old, but John... If you take care of him, he might live six-hundred more years.”

Finally, some hope. “I’ll do it.”

Ryiah stared at her intently. “Are you sure?”

“Absolutely.” The succubus wanted nothing more than to be with John, even if it meant sacrificing her promiscuous lifestyle.

Ryiah smiled faintly. “Good. It will take me quite some time to prepare. To my knowledge, this ritual hasn’t been performed since the barbarian tribe was wiped out in the early days of the Roman Empire. I don’t even know if the ingredients still exist.” Ryiah stroked her chin with her hand, thinking.

“If they do exist,” Raethiana smirked, “I might know of a place that sells them.”

“Really?” Ryiah seemed intrigued. Perhaps the younger succubus was more

than just a pretty face. “Then it’s settled.” Seeing Raethiana’s determination enkindled a small flame of hope inside of Ryiah. She could see the love the succubus has for her son in her eyes. “Raethiana…”

Raethiana closed the book she held in her hands. “Yes?” she asked, waving away the cloud of dust.

“Thank you. Thank you for being there for John. For a long time, I worried that he would never find someone to care for him. I’m glad he has found you.” She smiled wryly. “He is something, isn’t he?”

Raethiana hugged the book. She squeezed it tightly as she thought about the man she has come to love. “He sure is, Ryiah. He sure is.”

“Raethiana! Mom!” The two succubi heard John call out for them. His voice grew louder until he came down the stairs into the library. “Oh, so this is where you had your library. I always knew there was something hidden behind that bookshelf.”

Ryiah snorted. “How?”

“You left the door open. I thought it was supposed to be a secret library.”

The former queen blinked. “Oh.”

John looked at his girlfriend. “Raethiana, your phone is ringing. Since when do you have a cell phone?”

“I’ve always had one.” She smirked. “Demons aren’t telepathic… well, most of them, anyway.”

John tossed Raethiana the phone. “Well, it’s been ringing nonstop.”

Just as her hands closed around the phone, it began to ring again.

“Hello?” Raethiana answered. She remained quiet as the person on the other end spoke. John and his mother watched as the expression on Raethiana’s face dissolved from curiosity to concern. She slowly pulled her ear away from her phone.

“Who was it?” John asked, crossing his arms.

“It was Carmella,” she said softly. “She says that there has been an attempt on Norrana’s life and war has broken out in the underworld. She also said that the Gvene Loyalists have returned.”

Silence filled the library. John looked at his mother for an answer. He remembered the name Gvene from Norrana’s story. Ryiah looked down at the ground, her chin resting on her hand as she was deep in thought. Raethiana fidgeted, not sure how what to make of the return of the old enemy. Anger at those who tried to kill her mistress, and fear for what the return of the Loyalists signified. Finally, Raethiana spoke.

“I... I have to go, John. I have to go to her.” The succubus walked past him. Her pace quickened as she ran up the stairs. John took a step forward to chase after her, but he felt a hand on his shoulder.

“Mom, I have to go. I need to be with her.”

“I know, John. But there is something I need to give you before you leave. Remain here.” She removed her hand from of his shoulder and walked toward her desk at the far end of the library. She opened the top shelf and emptied out the contents, revealing a false bottom. Ryiah put her palm to the wooden surface and a hidden rune glowed. The false bottom vanished.

There were two items underneath it: an old photograph of Ryiah and Jacob, and a dusty, dark red velvet case. She picked the case up with her right hand and held the photo with the other. She kept her eyes on the picture as she walked back to John.

“Is that...?” he asked, trailing off as she handed him the small case. He opened it up. There was a diamond engagement ring inside. The stone was tiny and the metal ring was thin.

“Jacob saved up for close to two years to pay for that ring. He spent all the money he had on it, yet even though it may have been very meager and modest compared to some, it was the most beautiful ring I’d ever seen. It was on him when he died. He handed me the velvet box as he said his final words.”

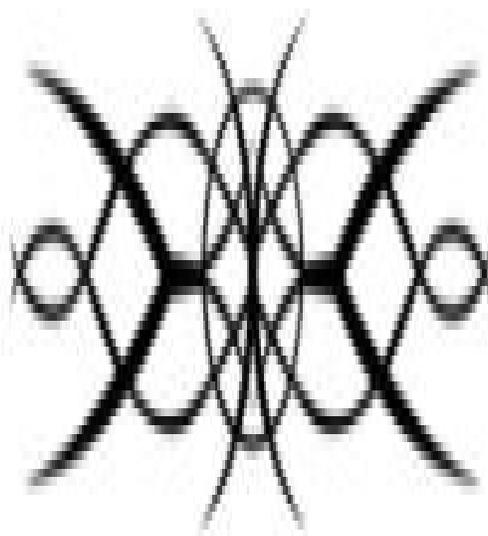
Ryiah reached forward and closed John's fingers around the lid, pressing the box into his palm as she met his eyes. "I want you to have it. Raethiana is a very rare demon, and I know that deep down, she truly loves you, and I can see the love you hold for her in your eyes. When the time is right, I want you to use this ring to propose to her."

John smiled warmly. He finally had the thing he wanted the most in his life, a woman who loved him as much as he loved her. "I will, Mom. I love you so much." He hugged her one last time, then ran up the stairs and joined Raethiana in the living room. Ryiah remained in the library and stared at the old photo.

"I wish you were here to see him now, Jacob," she said softly, caressing the image of his face with her thumb. "He takes after you, you know. His heart was taken by a succubus, just like yours."

Part Three:

The Demon in my Soul



Chapter Eleven: Awakening

John, Awina, and Raethiana stood in the living room of John's childhood home. Their bags were piled on the couch next to them and Raethiana was pacing back and forth. She was in her human form, but even so, she was just as intimidating as when she revealed her true nature.

John opened his mouth to speak, but he wasn't sure what to say. Awina also kept quiet and John looked to her for answers.

"I thought you three were leaving?" Ryiah asked. John's mother switched back to her human form as she emerged from the library. She held a book in one hand and her reading glasses in the other.

Raethiana finally stopped pacing. "We're not going to the underground. Not yet."

"Why not?" John asked.

"Because, John, you haven't trained a day in your life. If I took you down there in the middle of a war, you'd most likely die. Even though you managed to tap into your demon blood, what you did back in the underground wasn't a transformation. It was a sudden and overwhelming boost of strength. "

John nodded slightly, wishing he had the strength to defend not only himself, but the woman he loved.

Ryiah raised her glasses in the air. "I know the perfect place for you to train him," she said. "It's out in the middle of the desert. It won't be hot, since it's not summer, and you'll be very well isolated."

Raethiana nodded. "Sounds good."

Ryiah set her book and glasses down and ran into her office and returned with a pencil and paper. She wrote down the directions to the area she had in mind and handed them to John.

He quickly read them over. "Got it," he said. "It's not far away; a little more than an hour."

"Then let's get going!" Raethiana said. She grabbed her bag and effortlessly threw it over her shoulder. Awina grabbed hers and the two women headed for the door.

"Good luck, John. Do call and keep me informed. And be safe down there."

"Will do, Mom." He hugged her and she rubbed his head.

"My son, training and mastering his demon powers. You're all grown up."

He smiled and held onto her for a couple more seconds before grabbing his bag and loading it into the car along with Awina's and Raethiana's. A few moments later, they headed off into the desert.

In the passenger's seat, Raethiana rubbed her forehead with her fingers, as she mentally formulated a plan for not only training John, but also for when they enter the underground.

"What about Norrana?" John asked her, his eyes focused on the road.

"Working on that now," she murmured in reply. She took out her phone and typed away at the keyboard for a few seconds before pressing it to her ear.

"Hello, Carmella? This is Raethiana. May I speak with your mistress?" She paused a moment, and then: "Hi, Mistress. I was just calling to tell you that we won't be joining the party just yet. I need to train John some before I feel safe taking him to the underground." She paused again, waiting for a reply. "Thank you. I'll keep you posted." She hung up.

"Well?" John prompted.

"She says that things aren't as bad as Carmella told me earlier. While it's true that the Gvene Loyalists have returned, it was only one attack. She understands that I need to train you and she said that if she wasn't under lockdown, he'd love to be here to help."

John gripped the steering wheel and chuckled. “I don’t know if I could survive Norrana’s training.”

Raethiana grinned. “What makes you think I’ll be any easier? She did train me, after all.”

“Great. Demon boot camp in the desert. Sounds like fun.”

“The fun starts when I get my whip out. Ain’t that right, Awina?” John looked in the rear view mirror and saw Awina’s face turn red.

“Yes, Mistress,” the slave said, looking away.

Raethiana waved her hands in the air. “Can’t this thing go any faster?”

“It can, but I’d rather not get arrested. I can only imagine the look on the officer’s face if I told him that I was speeding so that I could get to the middle of the desert so that my demon girlfriend could train me. Oh yeah, and that we’re about to go fighting a war in the underground.”

“Tell him that and he’ll arrest you for possession of drugs and or driving under the influence,” the succubus laughed.

An hour or so later, they arrived at their destination. John’s car rolled to a stop at the end of the dirt road and he killed the engine. They were completely surrounded by desert and they hadn’t seen another soul for little over half an hour. The three of them looked at each other.

They all got out of the car to stare at the vast desert landscape before them.

“It’s beautiful,” Awina said.

“Quiet and isolated... perfect.” Raethiana stood with her hands on her hips. “Let’s get started.” She walked over to the trunk of John’s car and pulled out her bag. Awina and John followed suit, and armed with their luggage, they climbed down the slope into the valley.

After a ten minute hike, they reached the bottom and set up camp in the

shade of a rock wall.

“I guess it’s a good thing my mom still had these tents,” John said, setting his bag down.

The two women sat on a rock while John put together the ancient canvas tents. When he finished, Raethiana stood up off of the flat boulder and cracked her knuckles.

“Ready for your first lesson?” The succubus was visibly excited and smiled from ear to ear. She was bouncy and energetic, even though she had spent most of the ride reading her books. John couldn’t read the covers, but he assumed they were the ones that she’d bought at the bookstore the other day.

“I am,” he replied with a nod.

“Good. Before we start, you have to tap into your demon blood. For that to happen, you have to focus. Hold out your hand and fixate on it. Picture a small flame floating on your palm.”

John held out his hand. He pictured the floating flame and stared at his palm. His face tensed up as he concentrated.

At first, nothing happened, but he didn’t give up. Seconds passed, then a minute, and then two. Then finally, there was a flash. A bright light appeared and the flame came to life. He could feel its warmth on his skin as it flickered.

“Good,” Raethiana said. “Now, make it bigger. The size of a baseball.”

He kept his focus on the flame and willed it to become bigger. The growth was slow, but it was noticeable. After a couple of seconds, the fire went from the size of a lighter to that of a baseball. But even with its added size, the fire did not get any hotter.

Raethiana nodded. “Okay, now throw it.”

John blinked, trying not to take his eyes off the flame in his hand. “What?”

“Watch.”

He looked at Raethiana as she summoned her own flame. It was the size of a grapefruit. She cocked her hand back and threw the fireball. It left her hands and collided with the rock wall and exploded.

“Your turn,” she said, motioning to the wall with her head.

John slowly turned toward the wall and moved his hand behind his head. He moved very carefully, as if balancing an egg on a spoon. He hesitated and took a couple steps forward to build momentum, then threw the fire. It rocketed out of his hand and hit the rock wall, exploding in a fashion that was very similar to Raethiana’s display.

“Excellent,” the succubus praised. “Now, do that nine more times, then switch to your left hand.”

John tilted his head back and groaned.

“Quit wasting time!” she snapped. “Do I need to get my whip?”

Raethiana ordered John around like a drill sergeant. With each fireball, the process became easier. By the tenth summoning, the flame was already the size of the baseball when it appeared in the palm of his hand.

When he finished the twenty fireballs, she had him summon flames on his fingertips. She told him that this technique was designed to help the student hone in on the energy source inside their bodies. Following the flames, she had him smash rocks and try to punch through the rock wall.

“Focus on punching a hole in the wall,” she said, ignoring John’s look of incredulity. “The demon blood inside of you gives you superhuman strength. Use it.”

By the end of the exercise, John’s knuckles were bloody and the bones of his hands were bruised and aching. But despite his injuries, he was breaking rocks that even the strongest man alive would need a sledgehammer to break.

“Any chance you could repair these hands of mine?” he asked, breathing

heavily. His body was covered in sweat and dirt and the sun was starting to set on the horizon. John had only spent half a day training under Raethiana, yet he had still made significant progress. But even though the sun was setting, the first day of lessons wasn't over.

The succubus smiled as she held his hands. Hers began to glow, and John watched the cuts and scrapes on his flesh heal.

“Now comes the fun part,” she said.

“Oh? What's that?”

“John, what have I taught you so far?”

“Well, you taught me how to tap into my blood and use my demon powers.”

“Correct. Now, tell me: what good are demon powers if you aren't in your demon form?”

John's eyes lit up. When he learned he had demon blood in him, he figured that meant he would have a demon form. And from the consistency among incubi, he could only imagine what he'd look like. “I see where this is going,” he said, rubbing his hands together excitedly.

“Your human body can only do so much. It is when you take on your demon form that you are able to fully utilize your abilities. Are you ready?”

“Yes.”

Raethiana began to circle him. “Your first transformation will be very difficult. It's a lot harder than creating a flame in the palm of your hand. That is because you don't know what your demon form looks like. Unlike the flame, which can be easily pictured, your demon form could be anything. You could be tall with huge muscles and large horns, or you could be thin with small horns. Your hair and eye color might change, or they might stay the same.”

“So, then what am I supposed to do?”

“Concentrate. Use what I taught you today and grab a hold of the demon

blood inside of you and let it out. Free it, and let that energy and power take over you. Cast aside your human appearance and let the demon take hold!”

Raethiana slowly backed away from John. She could feel the energy surrounding his body grow as the ground beneath him began to tremble. Little pebbles danced around his feet as he concentrated.

The succubus remembered the first time she turned into a demon. It was liberating. She felt like she had been trapped in a box and then suddenly freed and allowed to stretch her limbs.

She stood by Awina and watched curiously, impressed and overwhelmed with the amount of energy he was channeling. His form... It will be something magnificent—something truly wonderful to behold.

Raethiana had seen many spectacular demons in her lifetime: incubi with sculpted bodies and chiseled jaws and succubi that made her question her own sexuality. Coursing through John’s veins was the blood of one of the most powerful demons there ever was. She could only imagine what he’d look like once he transformed.

Awina had watched John train all day. It brought back memories of her childhood. Her adoptive family were demon hunters, and they had likewise trained her to be one. Their methods were harsh and cruel, and she was punished severely whenever she failed. They turned her into an emotionless demon-killing machine. While other kids played and went to school and had birthday parties, she was learning how to spot demons and slay them. It was only years later, after being enslaved by the demon she failed to kill, that she saw how terrible her life was.

The two women watched in awe as John started to change.

It started slowly.

He bent forward and his wings were the first to appear. The thin, bat-like appendages tore through the back of his shirt and opened wide. They stretched all the way out, giving him a wingspan close to eight feet.

John grunted and groaned as the transformation continued. He could feel the bones in his body grow and shrink as the magic molded his body. There

was no pain in the transmogrification, the only thing he felt was power coursing through his veins. His skin shifted hues becoming red like Raethiana's and the torn clothes on his skin vanished into thin air.

In his mind he pictured it. Tall and strong, flexible and tough; a deceptively powerful demon. A demon fit for the succubus Raethiana. A demon with the blood of the Succubus Queen flowing through its body. John put all his focus on this perfect form.

A pair of horns grew out of his forehead. They were twisted and nearly the same size as the succubus who trained him. Raethiana gasped and Awina covered her mouth with her hands as his form continued to change into something they did not expect.

John uncurled his body and threw his arms out to the sides. His brown hair grew past his shoulders, his chest swelled, and a bouncy pair of round, perky breasts took shape. John's waist narrowed and his hips widened as his manhood shriveled up and disappeared inside of his body. A slit appeared where his dick and balls once were and his arms, legs, and hands thinned. His fingers became long and slender and his nails turned jet black and sharp.

John opened his eyes and cried out, his voice high and honeyed, velvety smooth. His brown irises turned the color of amethysts and the transformation was complete. He relaxed his body and took in his new appearance.

“What the hell?!” He shouted. His female voice was soft and smooth, exactly like the one he had when Raethiana transformed him into a human female. John looked over his entire body and turned to the two women.

Raethiana and Awina were speechless. They had expected his form to be something special, but they didn't expect it to be a succubus.

“Why am I a succubus?!” He called out to them.

Raethiana rubbed her forehead with her fingers as she walked up to John. She thoroughly inspected his body.

“You did everything right, John. I've never seen this before, but I guess

your demon form is a succubus. Might have something to do with your mother.”

“You look just like her,” Awina said, stepping forward. “You look rather beautiful.” John took his eyes off of the slave and pulled at his hair.

“Tell me you have a mirror handy.” Raethiana smiled and she snapped her fingers. A round mirror appeared in a burst of flame. John took it from her and he saw what he looked like.

“Holy crap, you’re right. I do look like my mom.”

“No John, what you look like is her daughter. While you inherited her eye, hair, and skin color, you look a lot like your human female form.” Raethiana snapped her fingers. “Wait, that’s it! I figured out why your demon form is a succubus.”

“Please explain this to me.”

“This is entirely my fault. Turns out this isn’t the first time you transformed.” John’s face lit up when he recalled the same events that Raethiana was talking about. That night when he asked if she could be in her demon form when they had sex, she agreed, but she turned him into a woman in the process.

“You... you did this to me! It’s because you turned me into a woman that night when we had sex!”

“That seems to be the only viable theory.”

She watched as John frantically paced around. He rambled on and on as he descended into madness. He was becoming paranoid and delusional and if she didn’t do something, he might snap.

Raethiana changed into her demon form and walked up to John. She grabbed his head with her hands and pulled her face to his. She kissed him passionately and he quieted down.

“I don’t care if your demon form is a succubus. You are still the most beautiful thing I have ever laid my eyes on.”

“Thank you, Raethiana. I guess this isn’t so bad. I mean, it’s not like I’m stuck like this. I could always change back into my human form.”

“True,” she said. She leaned in closer and whispered into his ear. “And I could always teach you that trick to grow a dick.” John’s red skin became redder and he grinned like an idiot. “Now, why don’t you summon some clothes or else I might lose control and ravage that incredibly sexy body of yours.”

“What will you do to me?” he replied playfully.

“That whip isn’t just for show, you know.”

John felt a heat surge through his body and gather at his saturated cunt. If he still had a dick, it would have been as hard as a diamond.

Raethiana stood in front of him, her hands gently rubbing his shoulders. “You know... I’ve been thinking.”

“About what?”

“I can’t go around calling you ‘John’ when you’re in that sexy demon form of yours. So, I’m going to call you Kressara.”

It was the same name she had given him when she had turned him into her female slave. Those days felt like they had happened so long ago, but it had only been about a month since Raethiana had first appeared in his life. In just one month, he had fallen in love with a succubus who had only wanted to use him and dispose of him like a battery that couldn’t be recharged. Not only had he fallen in love with her, but she had grown to love him, as well.

Hidden away in his bag was the velvet case that contained the ring his father had been planning on giving to his demon mother. Now it was up to him to slide the ring down a succubus’ finger. He just had to find the right time to give it to her.

But it was not yet that time.

Raethiana pulled her hands off of his shoulders and walked around behind him.

“Well Kressara, what do you think? Shall we test the limits of that new body of yours? I’ve always wanted to be a dominatrix.”

Before he could say anything, he felt the sting of a whip on his exposed ass. He yelped and looked back at her. His jaw slackened.

Raethiana was in her demon form, her breasts and vagina fully exposed. In addition to her thigh-high boots, she wore a black leather corset and fishnet gloves that extended all the way up to her elbows. She held a riding crop in her hands, which she bent and played with as she spoke.

“You see, Kressara, succubi are sexual creatures. Sexual energy is the source of our power. It’s what gives us purpose.”

John flinched when she struck him again with the crop and walked in front of him. “Okay, so what does this have to do with a riding crop?”

She grinned and extended the crop, using the leather tip to play with his nipple. “What better way to build up sexual energy than with a little bondage?”

John’s eyes widened. “What?!”

She snapped her fingers and a tall leather collar appeared around his neck. It was very similar to the one that Awina wore. John reached up and grabbed at it, but Raethiana snapped her fingers again. His hands moved away from the collar, guided by her will, and she cuffed them behind his back.

“What the hell are you—” John began, but his words turned into muffled grunts when she snapped her fingers a third time and a ball gag filled his mouth.

“We’re just going to have a bit of fun, Kressara. You’ll thank me later.”

She walked up to him and rubbed his cheek with her hand. You are so dead! His eyes screamed at her.

“Trust me, John. This will help. If you do this for me, I’ll do whatever you want.” He stopped struggling and relaxed. His anger dissipated and he

nodded slowly. Raethiana smirked. “That’s my girl.”

John squinted and waited to see what she had in store for him. There had been several occasions where she had put him in a situation and he resisted, only to find out that it was rather enjoyable. He had always been a close-minded person and fought and refused to try anything new, whether it was ethic food, a certain genre of movie, or a school of thought. But Raethiana always had a way of pushing him into uncharted territory, like it was her sole duty to break down those barriers that he had built up around himself. Saying that he wouldn’t like what she was about to do to him would probably end up being a lie.

“Awina,” Raethiana called out. “Bring me my other bag.”

John looked back at the slave. Awina disappeared into one of the tents and brought out a large red handbag. She ran over and set the bag down in front of Raethiana. She lingered a moment, staring at John’s succubus form.

“I would let her join you,” Raethiana said, noticing Awina’s hungry stare, “but her human body wouldn’t be able to take the same kind of stress that yours will.”

John rolled his eyes. What the hell have I gotten myself into?

He felt a pinch on his nipples and looked down to see Raethiana clipping a metal chain to each one. In the middle of the chain was a metal ring, and he watched in horror as the succubus dug through her bag and pulled out a heavy looking weight. He shook his head no as she attached it to the chain. She took her hands off it and it dropped and tugged at his wine-colored nipples.

He cried out, but the ball gag reduced his cries to stifled moans. What scared him the most wasn’t what else she had in that bag, but the fact that the pain felt good. He was so focused on trying to figure out what was going on in his head that he didn’t see the next item she pulled out of her magic bag of toys.

“I’ve been a succubus for quite a while, and sometimes it takes a little more than tits and ass to get a man going. Over the years, I’ve collected quite a

few toys. I could probably make a killing as a dominatrix.” She laughed, but John was busy staring at the toy to join her.

In her hands was a long rubber dildo with ridges along the shaft and a flared base. Raethiana walked around behind him and put her hands on his back.

“Go ahead, Kressara. Bend over.”

John slowly bent over and Raethiana rubbed his smooth, round ass. She effortlessly slid the rubber toy deep into her mouth and coated it with her saliva. Then she pulled it out and pressed the tip against his anus.

“Relax and let it in,” she purred.

After a little bit of resistance, the succubus was able to ease the toy inside of him. Muffled moans and groans came out of John’s mouth and he drooled around the ball gag as Raethiana slowly slid the dildo in and out of his tight asshole. The toy went in all the way to the base, and the flared design kept it from coming back out.

Raethiana put her hand on his stomach and lifted him and he straightened back up. He arched his back. The feeling of fullness that the toy in his ass gave him made an upright position feel awkward.

“Almost done,” she assured him.

Almost done?! he thought. What else could she do to me?

He got his answer seconds later when she pulled out a battery-powered vibrator. It was jet black and the same size as the toy in his ass. The succubus snapped her fingers and the ball gag vanished from his mouth. John started to protest, but his words were cut off by her kiss.

The succubus kissed him hungrily and she held him close with her left arm. Their breasts rubbed together as the two succubi embraced. When she was certain that his mind was otherwise occupied, Raethiana slid the vibrator inside of his sweltering pussy.

A soft moan escaped his inky, supple lips and his inner walls pulled the toy

all the way in. As they kissed, Raethiana guided John onto the ground on his back. She straddled him and gently tugged on the metal chain with her left hand while reaching down and turning on the vibrator with her right.

John gasped and his body twisted and turned, energy coursing through his veins. He could see past the erotic haze in his mind, but it grew thicker and thicker as wave after wave of pleasure filled his being. His body spasmed violently and every touch was electrifying.

“Focus!” Raethiana commanded. She tugged harder on the chain attached to his nipples and John twitched. Sweat beaded up on his belly and breasts. He screamed incoherently, the cloud in his head made it hard to think. John could barely focus on anything other than the pleasure. “John, focus!”

The succubus became clearer for a moment, but she was still blurry around the edges and he heard her words as if from beneath the surface of a warm, rippling pool. His legs kicked and flailed and his demonic heart raced in his chest.

It's too much, he thought, his head reeling. I can't... hold out... much longer...

Raethiana had known the risks going in. She knew that John could lose his mind to the pleasure; that he could snap and become nothing more than a crazed sex fiend. But she had faith in him and urged him on.

She'd had to go through the same thing, once upon a time. Every human that chose to become a demon had to undergo the same test. But not every demon passed. She had seen it happen with her very own eyes.

Two hundred years after becoming a succubus under Norrana, she had watched a woman snap. The poor girl broke under the pressure and she gave in to the pleasure. Like a rabid dog, her condition left them with no other choice but to put the sex-crazed demon down. But John was different; he was no ordinary human. And she knew how to guide him through the trials.

“Hear my voice, John,” she implored him. “Concentrate on the sound of my voice!”

He tried to hone in on her voice. She was the lighthouse shining through the squall of ecstasy he was trapped in. Energy filled his body and he sprinted toward the light. In his mind, he pictured her, the beautiful demonic goddess who had chosen to love him. Behind him, dark hands reached out, scrabbling at him in an effort to pull him back into carnal oblivion. But he fought them off and pushed forward, moving closer and closer toward the sound of her voice.

“Come back to me, John...”

He ripped himself free from the ethereal hands and cried out, leaping away from the darkness and reaching out for her. She stretched out her hand and he grabbed it just as his body erupted.

Raethiana was launched a few feet back by the ensuing shockwave. Awina ran up to her mistress and helped her up.

“What happened?! What’s going on?” the slave asked her.

“He did it,” Raethiana breathed. “He unlocked his full potential.”

The two women watched as John sprang to his feet. He broke the cuffs that held his hands behind his back and pulled the toys out of his ass and pussy. John spread his wings and stood before Raethiana and her slave, a fully realized demon.

Chapter Twelve: All Hell Breaks Loose

“How do you feel?” Raethiana asked as she climbed onto her feet. The force from the blast had knocked her clean on her ass. In the back of her mind she was embarrassed, but she was too worried about John to care about it.

She approached him, but he still didn’t reply. He was looking over his body.

“John?”

“I don’t know,” he said finally. “I just feel so...alive. Like I just woke up from the best sleep of my life.”

She put her hands on his shoulders and looked him in the eye. She was still taller than him, although if he wore the same high-heeled boots she had on, they’d be eye-to-eye. Her hands moved down from his shoulders to his arms and she rubbed his biceps.

“Good, because now the real training begins. I hope you’ll forgive me for what I put you through. It was the only way.”

“It’s all right,” he told her. “I understand.” He quirked a smile. “Though a little warning ahead of time would’ve been nice...”

In the days following the first attack, chaos descended on the underground. Norrana had lied to Raethiana about how bad it really was. She didn’t want her former student to worry and charge in head first.

When Raethiana contacted her and told her that she wasn’t going to come down right away, citing a need to train John in the ways of his demonic birthright, Norrana was relieved. As powerful as John theoretically was, bringing an untrained demon—or half-demon, for that matter—could be disastrous. The last thing Norrana wanted was to hear the news that John had been killed.

He was the child of Ryiah, the former queen and her best friend. When his blood revealed his heritage, she silently swore an oath to protect him. She knew that not only would the Gvene Loyalists target him if his identity became known, but other demons would see him as a threat to their claim to the throne. A blood relative to the last ruler would trump any other claim.

Norrana knew that some other demons would try to take advantage of him, or worse, try to assassinate him. Just like Ryiah. I will not let that happen. I failed to protect my best friend and queen, I will not fail again.

If anyone could train John, it was Raethiana. Norrana saw in her the same love of learning that Ryiah had once possessed, so she had trained Raethiana to the best of her abilities. She was her best student, better than any of the pure-blooded demons she had tutored in her long lifetime. There was no doubt in her mind that Raethiana could become the Succubus Queen, if she wanted it badly enough.

The elder succubus frowned. Raethiana, as talented as she was, had only one pair of horns. Not only that, but she wasn't even four hundred years old yet. Norrana's second pair of horns were older than her protégé was. If she ever does become Queen, I doubt I'll be alive to see it, she mused silently.

The oldest demon to ever live had died just shy of one-thousand-six-hundred years old. Norrana herself was one-thousand-two-hundred years and some change. In human years, she'd be about seventy-five. But even at her age, she still fought and moved like a demon half that.

The first attack had caught everyone by surprise. Norrana had been walking through the capital on her way to a meeting with the council when the bomb went off. She was far enough away from the explosion to where the shockwave only pushed her back a couple of feet. She managed not to lose her footing, but she felt like she had been punched in the chest.

In the chaos that followed, an assassin appeared in front of her. The cat-like Chatharal demon wielded an eight-inch knife, and without hesitation, it lunged at her.

Norrana, however, was ready for it.

She leaned to the right and effortlessly dodged the blade. The Chatharal

must not have done its homework and assumed that at her age, she would be a slow and easy target. Norrana grabbed the assassin's arm and snapped it in half. The demon cried out in pain, but its wailing was cut short as she used its own weapon against it and plunged its knife deep into its skull.

The succubus' entourage arrived the moment the assassin hit the ground. "It's a damn good thing I've still got it, or else you three would be standing over my lifeless body," Norrana snapped, glaring at the three incubi before her. Even though they were twice—almost three times—her size, they shied away from her, fearful of her power.

"Are you all right, my lady?" one of her guards asked her.

Norrana waved her hand, dismissing the question. "The explosion was a distraction. I doubt that I was the only target. Has a group claimed responsibility for the attack yet?"

One of the incubi nodded grimly. "We just received word that it is the Loyalists."

"Damn them to hell!" she spat. "I'm going back to my estate. Markus, I need to know the status of the council members."

The tallest of the three bodyguards bowed and sprinted off. The other two formed up tight around the elder succubus and escorted her back to her estate.

When she arrived, Carmella ran down the steps and greeted her.

"My lady, I heard about the attack. Are you all right?"

"I'm fine, Carmella. Contact Raethiana and bring her up to speed."

"Yes, my lady." Carmella said as she bowed and ran back up the stairs.

Norrana called after her. "Carmella!" The assistant stopped and looked back at Norrana. "Easy on the details," she said. "I just want her to know what's going on. I don't want her rushing down here. She's got more important things to worry about."

“Of course,” Carmella said, bowing again before entering the house.

Norrana casually walked up the stairway, her mind occupied with recent events. The Chatharal were one of the species represented in the council. Even so, it was an assassin; a sword-for-hire. One individual doesn't represent the species. It wouldn't surprise me if one, or even two, of the council members are working with the Loyalists, she thought bitterly.

There was no one sitting on the throne in the Demon Palace; no individual representing the whole of the demonic races. Without seven members, the council was vulnerable.

Are they back for vengeance? she wondered. Are they really trying to break apart the council again?

“Okay, John, I think you're ready.” Raethiana said as she looked down at him.

“Do you really think so?” he replied, gasping for breath.

He fell onto this back and spread his arms. His body was exhausted. Four days of nonstop training with Raethiana acting as his own personal instructor had him spent in more ways than one.

John looked past the succubus at the clear blue sky above her. The sun had just started its descent, casting Raethiana's face and body in shadow.

It was strange. The bright orange ball of fire in the sky was relentless and the ground that John rested on was scorching hot. His smooth red skin was drenched in sweat and the black leather outfit he wore provided little coverage. Yet despite all of this, he wasn't the least bit uncomfortable. The heat from the ground actually served to soothe his aching muscles.

He lifted his head and his eyes spotted a small bead of sweat trickling down between his breasts. It tickled his sensitive skin, but there was more where that came from.

John balled his hands into fists and tried to get the blood to flow back to his

extremities. The half-demon had been sparring with his succubus trainer since dawn.

But Raethiana wasn't his only tutor. Awina had proven herself a formidable opponent, and even with the superhuman abilities that his demon form gave him, she was still a handful.

John's heart slowed and his breathing slowed with it. The fast, shallow breaths turned into deep, deliberate inhalations, and he soon found the strength to get back on his feet. Of course, it would have been easier if he didn't have to deal with the high-heeled boots he wore.

After Raethiana had helped him unlock his full potential with the sexual gauntlet, she'd showed him how to turn back into his human form. It was as simple as picturing his human body, including the desired outfit and mentally incanting the one-word spell. When he was once again a man, he repeated the transformation process several times to ensure he had gotten the hang of it.

With each shift, he pictured himself in a different form, everything from a bodybuilder with horns the size of his head to a scrawny twig of a demon with little one-inch horns. But no matter how hard he tried, when he opened his eyes at the end of the transformation, he was a succubus with long brown hair and purple eyes.

He wanted so much to be a big, buff demon, the kind that Raethiana would swoon over, the demon version of an A-list celebrity or male model that could turn women into jelly with just one look. All his life, he had been a thin man with no muscle. All the girls in high school and college would flock to the bodybuilder jocks or frat guys who wore shirts that were too small in order to show off their ripped bodies, leaving him in the dust.

When he finally did give up and accept the fact that he would never be man enough for her, he plopped down onto a nearby rock and burst into tears. How will I be able to compete with demons whose biceps are bigger than my head? he wondered miserably. I've got nothing to give her. My human form is boring, thin, and average and my demon form is a chick. Why should she spend the rest of her life with me when I'm not even man enough to have a male demon form?

He covered his face with his hands and sobbed, the tears streaming down to his elbows and falling onto the desert floor below. The salty droplets instantly evaporated when they came in contact with the sizzling, sandy ground.

Raethiana sat down next to him on the rock and wrapped her arms around him.

“John, what’s the matter?” Her voice was soft and comforting. She sounded motherly, like he was a child who just scrapped his knee.

“Why?” he sniffled. Raethiana looked confused.

“Why what?”

“Why are you still here with me?” he demanded. “Why aren’t you with some big badass incubus?” She did not reply, and he continued to cry into his hands. “Look at me. I wanted to impress you—to turn into something that would make you melt in those sexy boots of yours. Yet here I am, sitting here in my female demon form, crying like a baby.”

“John...”

“What’s stopping you from leaving me a month from now? I finally have a girlfriend, and I’m going to lose her!”

“John.” She sounded different. Her voice was weak and broken.

“What?” He pulled his face away from his hands and looked at her. She was looking at the ground, her eyes wet with tears. Raethiana turned her head slowly toward him and met his eyes.

“How could you think that way about me? I’m not some cheap slut. I don’t leave when things get tough, nor am I so shallow that I switch over to the next best thing or the upgraded model on a whim. After all that we’ve been through...”

“Raethiana...” He watched her cry. She was truly upset. His words had struck her hard. She was right. There were many times where she could’ve just left him behind.

But she hadn't.

She could have sold him when they first went to the underground. She could have left after Awina had tried to kill her. She could have easily enslaved him just like the former demon hunter, yet she had stayed by his side. Raethiana had professed her love for him before she even knew who his mother was, and she didn't hesitate to confront his mother when she had believed that she was an impostor.

"I don't care what you look like, John. I never have. So what if your demon form is a succubus? I didn't fall in love with the demon inside of you. I fell in love with the human."

She looked away from him and stared off into the distance. Her hands rested on her knees and she rocked back and forth as she talked.

"Ever since I became a demon, Norrana tried to set me up with an incubus. They were all impressive specimens at first, but I turned them all away, even the nerdy looking ones that she found when there were no more prime candidates. I just wasn't interested. Believing me to be a lesbian, she even tried to set me up with a couple succubi, but I turned them down, too. She eventually gave up on me."

She turned toward him. "You are the first person I have ever loved, John. Even when I was married, I didn't love my husband. I might've grown to love him, in time, but I was freed before that time came."

Raethiana leaned forward and kissed him. It was a slow, passionate kiss, and when their lips separated, he pressed his forehead against hers, doing his best to avoid tangling up their horns.

"I'm sorry, Raethiana. I should never have doubted you."

"I love you, John," she whispered to him. "No matter what form you're in. Human or demon, male or female, no matter what you are on the outside, nothing could change what you are on the inside. That is what's keeping me here with you." Her expression darkened. "But so help me God, if you ever cheat on me... Well, hell hath no fury like a succubus scorned."

"I would never cheat on you. The last thing I would want is to hurt you."

“Good. Because let’s just say that I’d do things to you that would make enslavement look like paradise.” She leaned forward and bit his lip playfully, then gave him a quick peck on his black lips. “Now, why don’t I show you how to summon some clothes? It’ll be easier for us to train if you aren’t naked—less distractions that way.” She got up off of the rock and stepped in front of him.

John looked up at her. “I thought you said you weren’t into succubi?”

Raethiana leaned forward and held his chin in her hand.

“For you, John, I could make an exception. Now, shall we begin?”

Several days later, John’s legs gave out and he collapsed onto his back. His batwings folded in and he summoned an outfit of knee-high black leather boots, matching black leather panties and bra, and a fishnet dress.

The dress was eventually torn in several places from a combination of landing hard on the rocky ground and the blows dealt by Raethiana’s magical attacks, as well as Awina’s melee strikes. The slave fought with an assortment of bladed weapons and didn’t hesitate to strike John. His succubus body was covered in scrapes, bruises, and gashes. Dark purple blood seeped out of his many wounds.

But damage was dealt to both parties. Raethiana looked down at him, her body covered with burn marks and a streak of blood that spanned from the side of her mouth to her chin.

“I’ve got to hand it to you, John, you’re pretty damn good with those magic attacks.”

“He’s also handy with a sword, Mistress,” Awina said as she came to Raethiana’s side. Both women bent down and looked at John on the ground. He couldn’t help but to smile.

“It’s been four days. I haven’t heard anything more from Norrana, but we shouldn’t delay much longer. I’m sorry, John, but we’re going to have to end your training for now.”

“That’s fine. We can always resume when the war is over.” He grinned. “I like studying under you.”

Raethiana returned his smile. “I’m sure Norrana and your mother would also like to show you some things. I, for one, would love to study under your mother.”

“Yeah, and I’m sure she’d love to have someone to teach.”

Raethiana and Awina held out their hands and the two women pulled John to his feet. They dusted the dirt and sand off of him.

“Actually, let’s head into the underworld in the morning. We should rest and recover before we enter the fray,” Raethiana said, looking up at the sky.

Norrana rocked back and forth in her swivel office chair. She rested her elbows on the arm rests and tapped her fingers together as she contemplated. Her mind was elsewhere, trying to pin together the events of the past four days. On the desk in front of her were several stacks of papers, a couple of newspapers, and a half-full bottle of her favorite demonic liquor.

The neon-green liquid swirled around inside the bottle and moved on its own. The elder succubus liked that particular bottle because of the smooth aftertaste it had following the crisp bite of the alcohol. As ugly as the pig-faced Borethax are, they sure know how to make damn good liquor, she thought as she leaned forward and refilled her glass with a finger of the emerald spirit.

Norrana picked up the lowball glass and swirled the contents. She slowly took a sip; her eyes staring blankly off into space. There was a knock on the door, and seconds later, Markus entered her office.

“What is it?” she asked, setting her glass down on her desk.

“My lady, there has been another attack outside the capital. Fighting has broken out.”

“So it finally happened. Open war has returned to the underground.”

“The council has organized a militia.”

Norrana waved her hand. “Leave me.” The incubus bowed and closed the door on his way out. “The council has organized a militia,” Norrana muttered to herself. “Only took them four days to figure it out...”

Following the attempt on her life, Norrana had looked into the state of the other council members. All six were still alive, though two had been seriously injured. All of them claimed to have been a target for assassination, though when she talked to them individually, only four of their stories lined up. The Chatharal and the Rhaskain councilman were the only two whose stories didn’t match.

But that didn’t matter. Things were deteriorating fast, and if she didn’t get involved soon, things would get a lot worse.

John, Raethiana, and Awina stood by the door to the underground. They weren’t back in the familiar concrete parking structure by their apartment. Instead, they stood at the back of an abandoned gas station out in the middle of the desert. Raethiana tossed a brown canvas cloth on top of John’s car to hide it and Raethiana magically sealed the doors and windows with a spell.

“If someone were to stumble upon this car, it would be impossible to steal,” she told him.

John looked at her. “What about a demon who uses this door?”

Raethiana snorted. “I doubt a demon would care. Humans can only enter these doors if a demon gives them a knob. And even then, a human wandering around in the underground is a pretty rare occurrence. Usually, it is because the human made a deal with someone, or vice-versa. In that case, they are escorted in and around the underground. A human walking around by himself is like a lone antelope in a lion’s den.”

John winced. “That sounds bad.”

Raethiana nodded and summoned the handle. She attached it to the rusted

metal door with a corroded 'No Admittance' sign on it.

"I have no idea what to expect when we step through this doorway," Raethiana said, her hand hovering over the knob. "It could be anarchy. Be ready for anything." She looked back over her shoulder at her two companions. Awina pulled her brown cloak tight and John nodded.

"Ready when you are," he said.

Raethiana's expression was grim. "John, when we step through that doorway, I want you to take on your demon form, okay? Should there be fighting, I want you to be prepared. When we walk into the blackness, just focus on your form as you walk. I'll be calling you Kressara, and since you're my apprentice, you'll call me Mistress."

"Just like you and Norrana?"

"Exactly." She leaned forward and grabbed the door handle.

John realized that stepping through the door was a point of no return. Lingering in the back of his mind was the possibility that he or Raethiana could die in the battle. This was the moment he had been waiting for, a chance to give her the ring. "Raethiana, wait!" John yelled. The succubus took her hand off and looked back at him, confused. "There's something I need to do first."

He jogged a couple steps away and unlocked his car. He lifted the trunk and dug through his bag. A minute later, he closed and locked the door and adjusted the covering. He walked up to Raethiana and took her hand in his.

"John, what are you—"

"Raethiana," he interrupted, "there is something I need to ask you. When I first met you, I thought you were the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. Then you tried to kill me. But even after that, I still had feelings for you. The past several weeks have been the best that I have ever had, and it's all thanks to you. I can't picture the rest of my life without you."

The succubus' eyes lit up and she covered her mouth with her hand when she saw him kneel before her. He reached into his pocket and pulled out the

velvet case that his mother had given him. She watched him open it and her eyes spotted the diamond ring inside.

“Raethiana,” he said softly. “Will you marry me?”

Silence was his reply.

John watched as tears flowed from Raethiana’s eyes down her cheeks. She was so choked up that she couldn’t speak, so she let her actions do the talking for her. She pulled John to his feet and kissed him passionately. As they separated, she was finally able to say:

“John, you are the first human that I ever failed to kill. You’ve changed my life forever, and I don’t want to be with anyone but you. So yes, I will marry you.”

Awina burst into tears as she watched John slide the diamond ring onto the succubus’ finger.

“Thank you, Raethiana,” he said softly.

“No, John – thank you.”

The couple separated and wiped away their tears. The succubus faced the door and reached out.

“Now, let’s end this war.”

She grabbed onto the door handle and the trio stepped into the dark passageway.

Raethiana went in first with John right behind her. As they walked, he closed his eyes and pictured the succubus he finally accepted as his form.

When they stepped foot into one of the many alleyways in the capital district, Raethiana and Awina were there waiting for him. The succubus was already in her demon form when they were back at the abandoned gas station and the bounce he felt on his chest as he walked meant that he too had transformed.

“I hope I don’t get hit on,” John said as he looked down at his breasts. The outfit he wore was different from the one that he had trained in. Instead of a leather bikini, he had on a sports bra and boy shorts made from a flexible and breathable material. Raethiana, on the other hand was more confident in her abilities and she donned a bustier, thigh-high boots and thong with the fishnet dress.

“Everyone is more focused on the war than getting a date, Kressara. But all the boys will come after you once the fighting stops.”

“Great,” he sighed.

“It’s those purple eyes. They’re so dreamy!” Raethiana teased, her voice mimicking a teenage girl thinking about some pop star. “But those boots are hideous.”

John looked down at the combat boots he had on his feet. “What, these? I’m not ready to fight a war in high heels. I went with something a little more logical.”

“Oh, really? then why not summon some armor to go with that gym outfit of yours? If I didn’t know any better, I’d say you were trying to get the boys’ attention.”

Raethiana and Awina laughed as John turned bright red, the embarrassment strong enough to manifest itself on his already crimson skin. The laughter was cut short by the sound of a far-off explosion and the slight tremor that followed.

“Come on,” Raethiana said. “Let’s go. Looks like things are as bad as I feared.”

Raethiana and Awina took off down the alleyway. After a moment’s hesitation, John followed. He wasn’t sure what to expect. He was still getting used to his new body, and while Raethiana’s training had proven long and arduous, it had been anything but thorough and complete.

He caught up to the succubus and her slave as they rounded the corner and entered the main street. John stopped dead in his tracks when he took in the scene. He felt like he had just stepped foot onto the demonic version of the

invasion at Normandy. This was World War II in the underground.

Chapter Thirteen: The Son of Gvene

“You’re sure about this?” the Shadowian councilman hissed.

Norrana looked at the wispy creature that stood opposite of her. She had never been a fan of the smoke-faced race. Their bodies were like shadows, yet the hand that clutched a rather important piece of paper was as solid as her own. They often wore long robes or other mystical garb, but this member of the council that had taken the report from her wore a black suit with dark gray accents.

The report that she had handed the councilman contained evidence of two of the council member’s illegal activities, the worst of which involved financially backing the Gvene Loyalists.

“It seems the Gravatorians and Rhaskains want all the power,” Norrana said plainly.

The Shadowian clenched its fist tightly. “Fat bastards, all of them.”

The Gravatorians were short and fat, with stubby legs and long arms. Before the arrival of the Shadowians, they had controlled the trade in the underground. As much as Norrana didn’t like the ghost-like Shadowians, they were honest tradesmen and highly incorruptible. Business was their livelihoods and they wouldn’t risk it by making shady deals. It was because of this that the Gravatorians were cast aside by the citizens of the underground.

“It’s not surprising that the Gravatorians would make a move like this,” the succubus said. “They’ve been losing power for many years.”

“The council was going to put their status to a vote, and if it passed, we would have replaced them with a Hawkian member. But what of the Rhaskain? What do they get out of their allegiance with the Loyalists?”

“Slaves. If the Loyalists win, then the rules concerning our interaction with the human race are gone. There will be no limits, no regulations, and the

surface will revert to pure chaos, plunging the human race into another Dark Age.”

The Shadowian seemed to be eyeing her. “You’ve shared your findings with the other council members?”

“All except the two mentioned in the reports.”

“Good. I’ll handle this from here. You are dismissed.”

Norrana bowed. “It is my honor to serve the council.”

The succubus turned and walked out of the Shadowian’s private chambers. She stopped at the doorway when it called out to her.

“Norrana. Should there ever be a vote for the next Queen, you have my endorsement.”

“Thank you, councilman.” She smiled. “Now, if you’ll excuse me, I have some Loyalist scum to deal with.”

John felt like he was in every war movie he had ever watched. There were bodies everywhere, some intact, others not so much.

Fighting in his demon form was vastly different than any fighting he had ever done when human. Right after they arrived in the underground, another explosion went off. He followed Raethiana and Awina through the crowd of people running away from the chaos. They moved through the stream of frightened innocents, eventually clearing the mob to arrive at the battleground.

“Here, use this,” Awina said, handing him one of her knives.

John watched as Raethiana sprinted toward a demon and rammed her shoulder into him. The incubus flew off his victim and rolled onto the ground. She helped the dragon on the ground up and it limped away after thanking her. She was on the incubus in the blink of an eye, and using her claw-like nails as daggers, she pierced the demon’s stomach. He collapsed,

blood gushing from his mortal wound.

John and Awina caught up to her and she looked back at them. “Take a good look, Kressara. This is your enemy.” She rolled the incubus onto its back with her heel. The demon was armored, not with a full suit of plate metal, but bits and pieces. His armor was accented with the orange color of the Gvene Loyalists. Painted on his face was the mark of Gvene. When asked what the mark signified, Raethiana told John that it was simply the letter “G” in the Demonic language.

“You see a demon, or any other race wearing those colors and carrying that mark, you slay them without mercy. Understand?”

“Yes, Mistress,” John replied.

“Well, look who finally showed up!”

John, Awina, and Raethiana turned to face the source of the voice. Norrana slid down a pile of debris and walked up to the trio, paying no mind to John.

“My lady,” Raethiana said as she bowed to the elder succubus. “Glad to see you’re okay.” Norrana and Raethiana hugged and she looked at John.

“No, it can’t be. Is that you, John?” she asked quietly.

“My name is Kressara, my lady,” John replied, bowing.

“Oh, that is too funny.” She held his face in her hands and inspected him. “You have your mother’s eyes.” She looked away from him and back at Raethiana.

“You’ll need to tell me how this happened later. There’s another wave of them coming.” Norrana let go of John and she walked away. He couldn’t help but notice tears in her eyes when she looked at him and saw the resemblance.

Moments later, a squad of Loyalists charged over the hill of debris and ran toward the group of demons, dragons, Hawkians, and other citizens of the underground fighting for their freedom.

“Remember what I taught you, John,” Raethiana said softly to him. “Keep your eyes open and don’t focus on just one adversary. There are no rules in this war. They’ll come at you from all directions, including above.” She stepped back from him and spread her wings. Several hard flaps was all it took to get her off of the ground.

John watched her fly off toward the incoming assault. A handful of Loyalists were in the air and several demons that fought with them joined her. Norrana kept her feet on the ground and John and Awina followed suit. The two sides collided and the cacophony of screams, weapons clashing and flesh-ripping filled the air.

He charged at a succubus and ducked, avoiding her swing as he stabbed her in the side with the knife Awina had given him. The demon screamed as blood poured out of her wound and she fell to his feet, quickly bleeding out.

John took his eyes off of the corpse and spotted a fire ball moving toward him. He rolled out of the way and the incubus that it came from landed in front of him.

The demon was almost two feet taller than John, but he felt no fear. Instead of panicking, he held out his left hand and summoned a fire ball and launched it. The incubus dodged it and sprinted toward him. John didn’t react fast enough and the demon’s fist connected with his face.

John spun around and the demon went in for another blow. Using the spinning to his advantage, he lifted his leg in the air and kicked the incubus, knocking him to the ground.

With his feet back under him, John jumped and landed on the demon’s chest, impaling him with the knife. The incubus had a little life left in him and he grabbed John’s neck with his massive hand.

Even with the knife in him, the demon’s grip was strong and John struggled to breathe. His body twitched as the world started to turn dark. Remembering the knife, he pulled it out of the demon and stabbed at him again, this time piercing the demon’s heart.

The incubus’ grip loosened and John freed his neck and sucked in some air. Norrana sprinted by him and fought and killed three Loyalists moving in on

the half-demon succubus.

He watched her kill them with ease, using a combination of melee strikes and powerful spells. A dead succubus landed on the ground between them, her sudden appearance startling John, and he yelped. Seconds later, Raethiana touched down and spat on the corpse.

“Where’s Awina?” she asked him.

They looked back and watched the human slave move in between groups, slashing and slicing at the Loyalists. Since she was just a simple human, she attacked enemies who had their focus elsewhere. Awina switched between her sword and her crossbow and killed far more than John.

No matter how many Loyalists they killed, the enemy kept coming. The resistance made progress, but it was slow. Just when they thought things were looking up, however, it all took a turn for the worst.

The Loyalists attacked as an organized unit, and the militia had no leadership to effectively direct them against it. And to make matters worse, their leader showed up. The massive incubus called himself Karnac. He had two pairs of horns and easily struck down any who opposed him.

Covered in a mixture of blood types, John watched Awina work. The only thing that stopped her was the bomb that went off. The smile on his face vanished and a look of pure dread replaced it as he saw her body fly through the air and land hard on the ground. She bounced as she rolled and slammed into a debris pile.

Raethiana and John both sprinted toward her, but another explosion threw them off of their feet. He opened his eyes and the world spun. John found himself on his back and there was a ringing in his ears. He heard the muffled cries of Raethiana calling out for her slave.

John climbed to his feet and staggered toward her. The succubus was covered in cuts and slashes, as well as burn marks. A piece of metal from one of the buildings destroyed by the bomb poked out of her back.

“Don’t you die on me, Awina!” John heard her say when he knelt down next to her.

Awina's body was broken and bloodied. Her arm was bent in the wrong direction and she had a hole in her stomach. Blood gushed out of the three-inch wound and her body was wracked by violent coughing fits.

"I'm sorry, Mistress," she said in between labored breaths. "I failed you..."

"No you didn't! You're not going to die on me!" Raethiana placed her hands on the human and did some emergency healing. The succubus wobbled as she gave up some of her own life force to stabilize the slave.

Awina closed her eyes and her breathing slowed. Raethiana pulled her hands away and looked down at her.

"She's stable, but still critical. We need a real healer if we are to save her."

John looked around. "What about Norrana?"

"No, she's not a healer. She doesn't specialize in healing magic."

It didn't matter. Norrana was nowhere to be seen. When Karnac presented himself, the elder succubus ran off to confront him, leaving John, Raethiana, and Awina back at the front line.

"John, I need to you go find a healer. I'll stay here and protect her."

He looked at her.

"Go, now!" she screamed.

He nodded and ran off back toward where they first arrived. He remembered seeing someone that looked like a healer back near where the first bomb went off.

The resistance was scattered and the Loyalists were getting stronger. He didn't want to leave her side, especially not when six or seven demons moved toward her. John took his eyes off of Raethiana and ran. Surely there was a medic around there somewhere, and he was going to find them.

He felt like he had been fighting for days as he maneuvered away from the front lines. John helped kill any Loyalists that made it that far and asked

everyone he could see where the medic was.

He finally found her several minutes later. The white-haired succubus was kneeling down next to a near-dead Chatharal. A white light emanated from her hands and John watched as the cat-creature's wounds sealed up. He stood next to her and waited for her to finish before talking to her.

“Are you a healer?”

The succubus turned toward him. Her eyes were as white as her hair. **“Yes, I am. Take me to your wounded.”**

John nodded and ran off, the succubus right behind him.

“I won't let you die, Awina. Not like this,” Raethiana said to the unconscious body of the slave she cared for. The former demon hunter had risked her life several times to protect and serve her mistress, and it was not a sacrifice Raethiana had forgotten or taken lightly.

It was when she'd been trapped by the hunter that Raethiana had realized what she would lose if she died. The succubus would have never seen John again and she couldn't let that happen. It was Awina who had cemented Raethiana's love for him.

“You're going to be there when Ryiah does the ritual. You're going to be my maid of honor!”

Raethiana looked away from her body. Awina breathed slowly and her heartbeat was just as slow. The succubus managed to slow the flow of blood from the massive wound in her stomach, but that was all she could do. Most demons could heal small wounds themselves. However, only the demons trained in the art of healing magic could bring back someone from the brink of death. The best that she could do was prolong Awina's inevitable death.

As she stood up, Raethiana could feel rage building up inside of her. She needed to protect Awina until John returned. She needed to protect Awina and herself.

If I am to marry John, I need to live through this.

One of the most powerful forces in the world was the will to survive. The succubus knew this, and if both of them were to pull through, then she needed to use all her strength and more. She clenched her fists and stepped over Awina and charged at the demons head on.

The first fell quickly.

Raethiana picked up Awina's sword before she attacked and the blade cut through the enemy succubus' body as she swung the sword down. She turned the blade up and swung at the next demon.

The incubus dodged the sword and he engulfed his hand in flame as he punched her. Raethiana screamed as the combination of the burn and the force of the punch struck her face. She fell to the ground, the sword flying free from her grip.

No, not like this.

The succubus coughed up blood. She ignored the pain from the seared flesh on her face and stood back up. She positioned herself between the five remaining demons and Awina.

Two of them lunged at her at once. Raethiana dodged both their blows and clawed at them, tearing their flesh with her nails. The demon with the claw marks on his chest reeled back and Raethiana created a fireball.

She compressed it and hit the chest of the demon in front of her with the palm of her hand. The fireball exploded and the demon flew back, its chest caved in and blackened by her flames.

The clawed demon lunged at her with a dagger and stabbed her in the shoulder. Raethiana grunted and grabbed the head of the demon and spun it. There was a loud crack and he fell down to the ground, his lifeless eyes looking at nothing.

Three down, three to go.

It was bad. She felt the warmth of her blood flowing down her side.

Wincing, she grabbed the handle of the knife and pulled it out.

Her legs wobbled. She barely had the energy to stand, let alone fight three more demons. One of them was the incubus who had burned half of her face.

No, I can't give up. I got to stay alive for Awina... for John...

Raethiana's head grew heavy and her arms hung at her sides. The incubus smiled as he stepped forward. His movements were deliberate and slow. He lifted his fist and clocked her in the face. She heard the sound of her jaw breaking and she fell to the ground. The three demons laughed at her as they stepped closer.

"I say we have some fun with her before we kill her."

"What a great idea!"

Raethiana summoned what little energy she had left. It was enough to get her onto her hands and knees and she crawled away from them. Blood dripped from the corner of her mouth and her eyesight was blurry. The world started to spin and all she could see was Awina's almost-dead body. She lifted her left hand and reached out toward the slave.

Then she saw it; the light reflecting off of the small diamond set into the ring on her finger.

"I'm sorry, Awina. I couldn't protect you," she coughed. "I'm sorry, John."

Her arms gave out and she fell onto her chest. The first of the three demons stepped up to her and grabbed at her thong.

"What a perfect ass," the incubus said as he whipped out his almost foot-long cock.

He would never get to use it.

The incubus knelt down and lined his meaty dick up with her asshole, but a sudden shockwave pushed him back onto his own ass. The blast was followed by a second, and then a third. All three originated from Raethiana.

“I-Impossible!” The demon said as he scooted away from the succubus.

Raethiana lifted her arm and put her hand on the ground and pushed herself up. She did the same with her left hand until her chest was off of the ground.

Energy coursed through her veins and power filled her body. The aura that surrounded her looked like fire as she slowly climbed to her feet with her back to her would-be rapists. The succubus expanded her wings to their full extent and turned toward them. The incubi watched in horror as a second pair of horns sprouted from her head and the wounds on her body healed.

She smirked, and just as the demons started to run, she attacked.

The demon with his ass on the ground was the first to go. In a fraction of a second, she was on top of him. Her boot pressed down on his groin and he squealed in agony. His scream turned into a garbled wail when her clawed hand slashed open his throat. Bright arterial blood sprayed all over his and Raethiana’s body as the demon writhed below her. She waited for his body to stop moving before lifting her boot and going after his two friends.

The succubus killed the incubus who torched half her face last. She made quick work of other, not toying or playing around with him.

“No, please! Spare me!” the incubus cried out as she walked slowly toward him. As he backed away from her, the demon tripped and fell onto the ground.

“Spare you? Why should I spare you when you were going to rape me then kill me?” She stomped on his legs and broke both knees, one right after the other. The incubus screamed and she grabbed his face with the palm of her hand. Raethiana lifted the demon off the ground and smiled. “Allow me to return the favor.”

The demon’s face grew warm as he felt the fire spark to life in her hand. He kicked and flailed as the fire swallowed his head. His arms dropped to his sides and his legs hung still as the smell of burning flesh filled her nose. She dropped the dead incubus onto the ground, his head charred to a crisp.

Raethiana heard the sounds of footsteps and she turned back to Awina. In

the distance, she could see John in his demon form running toward her, and right behind him, the white-haired succubus. The fury left her and she jogged over to Awina's body to check her vitals. The slave's chest moved up and down slowly. She was still alive.

She waved John and the healer over. The white-haired succubus cocked her head to the side when she saw that her patient was not only a human, but a slave. She kept her opinions to herself and got to work. It was only then that John noticed Raethiana.

“Raethiana! You got your second pair of horns!” John said excitedly. The joy on his face slowly vanished when the succubus stared at him. She looked at him as if she didn't recognize him.

“Raethiana? Who is this Raethiana?” John's heart sank and his eyes shifted to her left hand. The diamond ring was still there.

“It's me, J—Kressara,” he said. “Don't you remember me?”

Raethiana stared at him for several seconds and he watched as a smile slowly appeared on her face. The smile grew and the two-paired succubus erupted in laughter.

“Oh... Oh, that was so good! You should've seen the look on your face.” Raethiana slapped her leg with her hand.

“I. Hate. You,” John said, fuming. Raethiana stopped laughing and stepped up to him and kissed him. He kissed her back after letting go of his anger.

“How could I forget you—forget this?” She stepped back and lifted of her left hand, showing off the ring. “It's because of this ring that I'm standing here. Those demons back there almost killed me. As I lay dying the ground, I saw the ring on my finger and remembered what I was about to lose forever. I wouldn't let myself die. I had to live.

“And that's when I felt it—this surge of energy. All of a sudden, I could move. I had strength in my arms and legs again, and when I stood up, the second pair of horns appeared on my head and I beat the ever living shit of those demons.”

“It’s a good thing you held them off like you did,” the healer said as she stood up. “Your slave is in pretty bad shape. Any longer and she would be dead. She will need further healing. I will take her back to—”

“Please take her to Lady Norrana’s estate,” Raethiana said. “It’s not that I don’t trust you, it’s that I know she’ll be safe there.”

“As you wish, my lady,” the healer said. She reached down and scooped up Awina. The human’s eyes opened as she was lifted off of the ground.

“Mistress,” she said weakly. “I knew you could do it.”

“I would never let you die, Awina,” Raethiana said softly. “This demon is going to take you to Norrana’s where you’ll recover. Kressara and I have unfinished business.”

Awina said nothing. A weak smile appeared on her face before she lost consciousness.

The healer bowed before Raethiana and John and took off in the direction of the estate.

“Those horns look great on you,” John said.

Raethiana smiled at him. “Let’s end this war so we can get married, okay?”

John smiled back. “Okay.”

Chapter Fourteen: Ghosts of the Past

Karnac stood atop a mountain of debris and yelled battle cries to bolster his troops.

“Go and conquer! The underground is ours for the taking!”

His loyal followers eagerly gave their lives to fight for his cause.

It was his task to finish what his mother had started centuries ago. She kept his identity a secret and had raised him under another name to avoid suspicion, but when he grew strong enough, she trained him to support her, and he fought by her side during her coup. But when the tyrant fell, he disappeared into the shadows and waited.

The time had finally come, and with the financial backing of two of the council members, he converted many to his side and began his assault. Karnac was no ordinary incubus; he had earned his second pair of horns during the war his mother had started. Close to eight feet tall, he was one of the toughest demons alive. He practiced very little magic, instead putting all his time and effort into honing his body to perfection. Very few who faced him lived to tell the tale.

It was this demon that Norrana raced toward. She blew through his ranks with little effort, focused solely on him. Nothing else mattered.

Karnac saw her coming. He chuckled and called out to her: “I knew you’d find me eventually!”

He planted his feet on the ground. Norrana said nothing as she sped toward him like a bullet train. She raised her fist in the air and jumped, and the two demons collided. The impact created a shockwave that rocked the battlefield.

Elsewhere, John and Raethiana poked their heads up and the demons that

they fought did the same. All eyes went to the collision of the two archdemons. Raethiana easily killed her adversary and helped John with his.

“Come on, Kressara, we need to get over there. Time to fly.”

“Fly?! But I don’t know how!”

“It’s easy,” the succubus said, spreading her wings. “Just picture yourself flying, and your muscles will do the rest.” She flapped her wings and hovered. “There’s no time to lose!”

John imagined himself flying through the air, his demon form moving like a bird of prey. His wings extended outward and fluttered up and down. A couple of seconds later, he was off the ground. He opened his eyes and looked down.

“Holy crap! I’m flying!”

“Good. Now, just focus on a direction and you’ll go there.”

Raethiana turned and flew toward Norrana with John right behind her. He looked down at the ground below and watched the fighting. The Loyalists had scattered, and the resistance grew stronger by the minute.

“Over there!” She pointed.

He looked away from the wide battlefield and spotted the two demons brawling. They fought in a league of their own, not caring if they endangered the lives on their own side. Buildings collapsed around them as they threw each other around like bales of hay. Karnac moved away from the battlefield and fled. His plan was to trap her.

The tide began to turn. With their leader occupied, the Loyalists had no one to turn to for orders. Their army broke ranks while the militia put together by the council was gaining reinforcements.

The Loyalists’ numbers declined quickly.

Karnac lured Norrana to the front gates of the abandoned Demon Palace.

Waiting for him were some of his subordinates.

The tall stone structure was built like a medieval castle, with a circular throne room in the middle and many small wings that branched out. In those offshoots were meeting rooms and the private chambers of the monarch who sat on the throne.

“I’ll be waiting inside,” he grinned as he stepped through the front doors. Fifteen of Karnac’s strongest supporters, plus a twenty-foot ogre, stood between Norrana and the head of the Loyalists. The succubus stood by and waited patiently, sizing up her opponents.

The remaining Loyalists held their ground, none among them eager to take on the renowned succubus.

“My lady!” Norrana looked back and saw Raethiana and John, as well as several demons, a Hawkian, and two dragons heading toward her. The elder succubus smiled.

“Well, look at you,” Norrana said, noticing the second pair of horns on Raethiana as she touched down next to her. “I’m so proud of you, Rae.”

“Thank you, Mistress,” she said as she bowed.

Norrana looked at John. “Kressara, I see you have yet to get your second pair of horns. I know who’ll be wearing the pants in this relationship.” John pouted and the two succubi laughed. Then Norrana waved her hand dismissively. “Enough chatter. We have some trash to clear out.”

The remaining Loyalists stepped back as Norrana and her supporters moved toward them. The ogre charged at them and the two parties collided.

“I must go. Join me when you can!” Norrana said as she left the fighting and entered the palace.

It was sixteen against twelve, but in the end, all that remained were five. John and Raethiana worked together and took down the ogre after dealing with the other demons. As the hulking monster fell to the ground, all that was left was Karnac.

John put his hands on his knees in an effort to recover. Raethiana stood next to him, only slightly exhausted. Her body was covered in wounds, but they barely slowed her down.

If a two-paired demon is this strong, I can only imagine how powerful my mother must be, John thought. If she were here, the fighting would've been over before it ever really started.

Two succubi and incubi rested alongside John and Raethiana. Everyone else was either too wounded to continue or dead. They all nodded to each other and sprinted down the tunnel toward the throne room.

The passageway was dark and Karnac still had one dirty trick left up his sleeve. The roof collapsed following an explosion and giant pieces of the stone ceiling fell onto the resistance fighters. John and Raethiana narrowly missed being crushed. Two of the other demons weren't so lucky, and they be sure of the status of the other succubus who was further ahead.

With the passageway blocked, John and Raethiana were forced to dig at the rubble by themselves.

“Damn it!” Raethiana said, blasting away at the rocks. “Norrana is in there all by herself. She needs our help!”

Unbeknownst to them, the other succubus had made it past the rubble and was on her way to the throne room.

“This chair is rather comfortable, isn't it?”

Karnac was sitting upon the throne when Norrana walked into the large, oval-shaped room. The chair rested on a raised platform with many small steps that led up to it. She had been in this room many times in her long lifetime, and each time it took her breath away.

Shaped liked an egg, the throne room had a vaulted ceiling with tall, stained glass windows lining the walls. It bore a strong resemblance to a cathedral, but instead of an altar at the focal point, there was the golden throne.

It was a lavishly decorated high-back chair with black velvet cushions. The details were intricate and its design was flawless. Unlike the crown, there were no gemstones embedded into it. The only stone was a diamond the size of a grapefruit at the top of the chair above where the monarch sat.

Karnac toyed with the crown in his hands, his eyes watching it intently as it moved. No one was allowed to sit up there other than the king or queen, and for him to be sitting there now was a capital offense.

Norrana halted in the center of the room. “Son of Gvene, you are charged with treason, murder, conspiracy, and sacrilege. You have been found guilty by the council on all charges. Your sentence is death.”

The incubus laughed. It started as a chuckle and evolved into a roar that bounced off the high walls of the throne room. He continued his maniacal laughter as he stepped down from the throne. He tossed aside the crown and it bounced and rolled until it hit the wall. Norrana flinched and she gritted her teeth at the sight of the relic treated so poorly.

She turned her eyes back to the incubus only to see him moving toward her at breakneck pace. Norrana couldn't get her guard up in time and his punch sent her flying into the wall behind her. Before she could get up, the demon was on top of her, delivering another blow. Her face hit the stone floor and the tile cracked under the force of her impact.

Norrana knocked his feet out from under him and was able to regain her footing. The two demons locked into battle, but it was obvious who the stronger opponent was. The elder succubus was older than Karnac by several centuries, and the demon's goal of physical perfection gave him the advantage.

Despite wounding him, Norrana was losing the battle. His fist connected with her face once again and she fell to the ground. Her body twitched in unbearable pain.

Karnac laughed as he picked her up by the hair and dragged her body across the floor, leaving a long streak of her blood in their wake. He knelt down on the ground and wrapped his arm around her neck. He squeezed tight, slowly strangling her. All she could see was the lofty throne as the world slowly turned dark.

“I might’ve failed in taking over the underground, but at least I took out Ryiah’s number two,” he whispered in her ear.

Her legs kicked and she flailed her arms. She summoned every ounce of strength she had left to free herself, but it wasn’t enough.

But the two demons weren’t alone.

Karnac never saw the strike coming. He let go of Norrana as his body soared across the throne room. He hit the stairway and bounced off, crashing into the wall.

Norrana fell onto her hands and knees and coughed. She held her throat in her hand as she breathed in, her watering eyes following the high-heeled boots striding into the throne room.

When she looked up, she saw the succubus that stood next to her. The demon had long gray hair, sparkling purple eyes, and three pairs of horns.

“Ryiah? It's not possible... you're dead.” Norrana asked, her voice soft and weak. The former queen bent down and extended her hand. Norrana grabbed it and Ryiah pulled her to her feet.

“Norrana,” she said. “You mustn’t give up.” Norrana’s vision was blurry and Ryiah appeared to be glowing. Her voice was warm and comforting. “Don’t let them win.” She watched as Ryiah backed away into the shadows and disappeared.

“My queen... I won’t fail you again.”

Fury coursed through her veins and her blood boiled. It was Karnac who plotted the assassination. It was Karnac who killed you. Your death is on his hands, and for that, he must die.

Far off on the other end of the throne room, the incubus slowly rose to his feet. He shook his head and straightened up.

“I don’t know how you managed to pull that off, but you...”

The incubus trailed off when he spotted her. The demon froze and his blood

turned to ice. His eyes went wide as he watched the third pair of horns grow out of the sides of her head. The definitive pair went out sideways then curved up. Her wounds closed and she moved slowly toward him.

“No,” he cried. “Get away from me!”

“What’s the matter, Karnac?” Norrana sneered. “Are you afraid of me?”

The incubus turned to run, but Norrana appeared in front of him. She lifted her hand in the air and struck him. His body flew back toward the center of the throne room. He tried to climb to his feet, but Norrana pinned him down.

“This is for killing my best friend and queen,” she said. Then she grabbed his head and twisted sharply.

Raethiana and John could hear the crack as they ran toward the throne room. When they finally entered, they saw Norrana standing above the lifeless body of Karnac, his head in her hands.

Chapter Fifteen: The Succubus Queen

Following the death of Karnac, the few remaining Loyalists surrendered. All were either imprisoned or executed, and the two councilmen who backed Karnac and his minions were found dead in their bedrooms, assassinated by the hand of the council. Because of her efforts in exposing the conspiracy and slaying the leader of the Loyalists, not to mention earning her third pair of horns, Norrana was crowned the Succubus Queen.

John stood next to Raethiana during the ceremony. He wore a long sleeveless dress and high heels. Raethiana wore the same outfit she had when Norrana had first visited her. She let John borrow some of her jewelry, and the two succubi decorated their horns.

They held hands and bowed as Norrana walked down the center of the room. They watched her ascend the steps and sit at the throne. The golden crown was placed upon her head and everyone in the room dropped to their knees simultaneously.

The ceremony ended and a reception followed. All of the guests in attendance lined up to pay their respects to the new queen, including John and Raethiana. They walked up the stairway side-by-side and bowed before her.

“You look beautiful, my Queen,” Raethiana said as she bowed.

“What is that on your finger, Rae?” Norrana asked. She looked at John when Raethiana held up her left hand. “Well, I’ll be. You know you have to invite me to the ceremony.”

Raethiana grinned. “We will.”

Norrana drew her lips back in a gesture more resembled baring her teeth than it did a smile. “Kressara, know that if you break her heart, nothing will stop me from finding you.”

John was too afraid to reply. He forced a nervous laugh as he bowed and

backed away from her. Norrana's gaze followed him.

"Do come by and visit me."

Raethiana and John bowed one final time and they stepped down from the throne and left the underground. They returned to the surface world that they had left behind days ago. As Raethiana had promised, John's car remained untouched.

The two demons switched back to their human forms as they walked through the blackness and climbed into his car.

Raethiana looked at the back seat and frowned. Awina's condition was worse than they had imagined, and the healer that John found wasn't skilled enough to finish the job. In light of this, Norrana had taken it upon herself to care for Awina – which meant that they wouldn't be seeing her anytime soon.

They sped down the highway in silence until they reached John's childhood home. Raethiana spent the entire ride gazing at her ring and smiling.

Ryiah heard the sounds of the car pulling into the driveway and dropped what she was doing to greet them on the porch.

"You two look exhausted. I heard about what happened. Come in and rest."

John mumbled a "thank you" as they entered the house. Both had surpassed their physical, emotional, and mental limits, perhaps enough for a lifetime. John was worse off, as the combination of the training beforehand and the subsequent fighting had drained him of all his energy. Even with the temporary boost that Raethiana had received from the emergence of her second pair of horns, she was spent, as well.

They lurched up the staircase and fell onto his bed. Both drifted off into sleep as soon as their heads touched their pillows.

The couple slept for almost two days.

Raethiana woke up first, and when John finally opened his eyes, she was in the shower. He got up and stripped before entering into the foggy bathroom after her. The succubus turned when she saw the shower doors open, and smiled as he joined her.

The heat was soothing and he felt it flow down his body as he kissed her. Her body glistened from the hot water and he pressed against her needfully. She yelped when her skin touched the cold tile on the shower wall, but her yelp soon turned into a soft moan as he kissed her breasts and slid his hand down her backside.

He held her close as he slid his dick into her. Their movements were slow and deliberate; the goal to prolong their journey toward climax and be lost in their love for each other for as long as possible.

When the two lovers stepped out of the shower, the steam trapped in the bathroom was so thick that they couldn't see the door that was only a few feet away. Their bodies were red from the hot water and they laughed as they dried each other off.

While they slept, Ryiah cleaned their clothes. She sat on the couch and drank a tall glass of iced tea. When she saw them walk down the stairway, they had their arms wrapped around each other.

"I was wondering when you two would wake up," she said. "I've been reading up on the war. I'm glad it's Norrana on the throne." She looked away from the newspaper and saw the ring on Raethiana's finger when the couple sat down across from her. "I see he proposed."

"He did," Raethiana said with a smile. Her green eyes sparked like the diamond on the ring.

"Was it romantic?"

"Very much so."

"Good. You deserve it—you both do." Ryiah hesitated, then: "I've been meaning to ask you: where is Awina?"

John looked at Raethiana. Her warm, smiling face turned gloomy. He took

his eyes off of her and turned toward his mother.

“She was seriously injured during the fighting. I had to go find a medic while Raethiana looked over her body.”

“I almost died protecting her, and it was because of her I earned my pair of horns,” Raethiana added.

Ryiah tried to lighten the mood. “Well, congratulations! Raethiana, may I speak with you for a moment? In private,” she added.

John shrugged his shoulders and slouched on the couch. Raethiana got up and followed Ryiah to her private library.

“Have you told him?” She spoke softly as they went down the narrow stairs into the room.

“Not yet, but I will soon.”

“When was the last time you fed?”

“Before we first got here.”

Ryiah put her hands on Raethiana’s shoulders. “You need to feed tonight. Your body tapped into a new power state and you need to refuel. Leave the ring before you do.”

“I feel fine,” Raethiana protested.

“This ritual is very demanding. You told me you’d do anything to have this chance, right?”

“That’s right.”

“Then you’re going to need to kill one last—”

Raethiana held up her hand. “No, I won’t kill. There must be some other way to recharge.”

Ryiah sighed. “Killing your prey is the only way to get it all in one swoop. However, if truly don’t want to, then there is another way.”

“Which is?”

“An orgy,” John’s mother said plainly.

Raethiana blinked, and she remained silent for a moment. She was between a rock and a hard place. These were her only options and there was no third choice. The succubus could just not feed and risk losing herself in the ritual. No, she had to make a choice. Making this sacrifice meant being able to spend the rest of her life with the man she loved. It meant not having to feed off of anyone else but John. If he truly loves me, he’ll understand.

“I know what I must do and I accept that,” she said. The only thing Raethiana could do to stop herself from crying was thinking about the future she would have with John.

Ryiah nodded. “I managed to get some of the ingredients together, but you said you knew of a place to find the rest.”

“I do.”

“Then when you return, I’ll give you the list. Don’t worry about John, he’ll understand.”

Raethiana hung her head. “I know, but it’s still hard.”

“Just go and get it over with. Be quick, but don’t be messy.” Ryiah walked out of the library and Raethiana followed her back to the living room. John stared up at the ceiling.

“John, I have to go out tonight.”

He slowly shifted his gaze towards her. “You have to feed?”

“Yeah,” she said, averting her eyes. He just proposed to me, and I’m already cheating on him.

She heard him get up off of the couch, and when she lifted her eyes, he was standing in front of her.

“I understand. You’re a succubus. It’s what you gotta do.” He hugged her,

then sat back down. Raethiana sighed and walked out of the door.

It was late into the evening when she returned. John and his mother were watching TV. The succubus stepped in between them and John turned it off and looked at her.

“John, there is something I need to tell you.”

John raised an eyebrow. “Okay, shoot.”

Raethiana paced on the small rug that decorated the TV room. “There is a reason why I had to feed tonight. I did it for you.”

“What do you mean?” He sat forward, concerned.

“I found a ritual—or rather, it was your mom who found it.” John looked at his mother and she nodded her head. “This ritual will create a link between our two souls and it will allow me to feed off of you and you alone. I needed to recharge tonight, because with these new horns comes a bigger gas tank and I was driving on fumes. Tonight will be the last night that I ever feed off of a stranger. Will you join me in this ritual?”

“I understand. You did what you have to do. You don’t need to fill me in on the details, I’d rather not know what you had to do for me.”

Ryiah stood up. “Then it’s settled. Here is the list.”

John blinked. “List? What list?”

“A list of rare ingredients that your mom needs for the ritual,” Raethiana said as she looked over the list Ryiah had given her.

John looked back and forth between the two women. “Rare ingredients? Then that means…” His eyes went wide.

Raethiana grinned. “Back to the bazaar.” The succubus grabbed his hand and pulled him toward the front door.

“Raethiana, wait,” Ryiah said. “There is something else I want to give to you.” She summoned an envelope with a quick flick of her hand. “I want you to give this to Norrana. No one else can open it but her. Please give it to her when you go back down to the underground.”

“I will.” Raethiana took the letter and pocketed it. “Come on John, let’s go.”

John shook his head emphatically. “I don’t want to go back to that shop!”

“We’ll be back,” Raethiana said, rolling her eyes. “Say, where is the closest door?”

“The industrial complex on the corner of Main and First. John knows the streets.”

“I always knew there was something going on at that center,” he mumbled as he closed the front door behind him.

Security had increased since the last time John and Raethiana had been there.

Creatures of every race patrolled the streets and wore the uniform with the mark of the council. John followed closely behind Raethiana. He wanted to walk around as a human again, as he had been in his succubus form for the entirety of the training the fighting. and she had agreed, but only if she could pull him around by a chain.

He felt her tug on the metal leash and he lurched forward, sullen. It was hard to believe that the place had once been a warzone. Evidence of the battles waged there was still plain as day, but the citizens of the underground had already started rebuilding.

They neared the palace and Raethiana pulled John aside.

“It would be much easier if you turned into a demon. I’d say you’re my apprentice and no one would think twice. Slaves tend to get heckled and some demons let their slaves get harassed. Please, John?”

John sighed, exasperated. “Ugh, fine.” He moved out of sight, and seconds later, he walked toward her in his succubus form. His outfit was the same one he’d worn during his training. John tugged at the side of his leather panties as they walked up to the security guards in front of the palace.

“My lady,” the two demon guards said as they bowed. They eyed John suspiciously.

“This is my apprentice, Kressara.” John bowed his head as Raethiana spoke. “We seek an audience with the queen.”

“You and your apprentice are free to come and go as you please. The queen has given you special admittance.”

“Thank you.” Raethiana bowed her head slightly and John did the same as they walked into the palace. “It’s a lot different then you remember, isn’t it?”

“Yeah,” John said, gazing at his surroundings in awe. “It’s amazing what it looks like when it’s full of people and taken care of.”

A lot of the decorations from the crowning ceremony still remained. Following the death of Ryiah, the palace had stood mostly empty, just a stone building with a small group of demons that maintained the property. But when a monarch sat on the throne, it was bustling and full of life.

Many of the demons bowed to Raethiana as she strode through the corridors. Having earned her second pair of horns, the succubus was treated as a VIP in the underground and much reverence was shown. At the end of the hall, the guard opened the doors for her and she stepped into the throne room.

Close to thirty people filled the room. Norrana wasn’t on the throne, but moving about the crowd. She had an entourage of handmaidens and bodyguards that followed her closely as she talked to the various demons and creatures that hoped to earn her favor.

She had proposals to look over and matters to settle. There was an advisory committee that she needed to create and a second in command to act in her stead when she could not attend.

“Lady Raethiana and her apprentice,” the guard announced as the succubus walked into the room. Several heads turned toward her, but they all went back to their private conversations a moment later. Norrana lifted her head over the crowd and waved her over.

“Fancy,” John teased.

“Cram it,” she said, and elbowed him.

He followed her as she navigated through the crowd until they arrived at the clearing with the queen in the middle. Norrana hugged her and John when she saw them.

“It’s so good to see you two.”

Raethiana bowed. “My Queen, we need to speak to you in private.”

Norrana smiled. “Yes, let’s talk.”

John and Raethiana followed her out of the main throne room into her private quarters. The guards remained outside and the three of them entered. She placed a privacy rune on the door and relaxed.

“It’s terribly stressful out there. My ass is sore from all the kissing it’s been made to endure.”

John cocked his head to the side as the image of Norrana’s ass being kissed filled his mind. He shook the mental picture away and returned to the conversation. Norrana was looking him over.

“You know, John, I think you like being a succubus. I know of several nice big incubi that’ll keep you warm at night.” She laughed.

Raethiana reached out and pulled John close to her. “The only demon who gets to lay a hand on this cute piece of ass is me.”

“Rae... is that an order?” Norrana raised an eyebrow.

“Yes, it is. The only demon cock that penetrates his flesh is mine.”

“So you did use that spell on him.” Norrana laughed again. “How was it, John?”

He turned bright red. “Could we please change the subject?”

“Oh, we’re just having a bit of fun,” Raethiana said, patting him on the back.

“I assume you’d like to know about Awina?” Norrana said, noting the intrigue her words manifested upon her guests’ faces. “She is recovering, but it is a slow process. I’ll keep you informed on her progress.” She clasped her hands. “Was there another reason for your visit? Not that you need one.”

Raethiana nodded. “I have a message to give you.”

Norrana cocked her head curiously. “Oh? From whom?”

Raethiana didn’t answer. She silently summoned the envelope and handed it to the queen. Norrana’s eyes went wide when she recognized the signature.

“It’s from Ryiah,” she breathed. The elder succubus eagerly tore open the magical seal and pulled out the letter to read it aloud.

Norrana,

If you are reading this letter, then Raethiana and John are standing beside you. How do I know this? I am still alive.

“Ryiah...” Norrana said as tears filled her eyes. She continued reading the letter.

I am sorry for deceiving you for the past thirty years. You see, I never wanted

to be queen. When the assassins came for me, I nearly died. The long years I spent on the throne weakened my body and mind.

The day before the assassination attempt, I planned to make arrangements to step down from the throne and name you as my replacement. You were always good at politics. You should've been the queen instead of me. But I never finished the plans, and I saw an opportunity to escape when they failed to kill me.

There is a spell that I learned that allows me to create temporary doors in and out of the underground. The caveat is that one never knows where these doors might lead to. I found myself in a farm outside a city, and that's where I met John's father. An ordinary human gave me the life I always wanted; one that was quiet and simple.

But demon hunters found him and killed him for information about me. They believed me to be an ordinary demon, but even after he found out who I was, he stayed silent. I held him in my arms as he died.

On Raethiana's finger is the ring he was going to give to me. When I found out that I was pregnant with John, I knew it was my chance to live the life away from the world of demons and monsters. Years later, Raethiana appeared on my doorstep, and you know the rest.

I know how stressful the throne can be, and if you ever want to escape, I have attached my location to this letter. I'm sure you'll recognize the code it's written in.

Come find me,

Ryiah

Norrana shook her head in wonderment. "I can't believe it. She's alive after all this time."

"I hope you're not mad," John said.

“Mad? How can I be mad? My best friend is finally happy. For three hundred years, I watched her decline. She used to be so joyful, but the throne changed her. She stopped smiling and laughing as the years went by.”

“She is a remarkable demon,” Raethiana said. “She is just as you described her.”

Norrana folded the letter and held it to her chest. “Raethiana, there is something I would like to ask of you.”

Raethiana bowed her head. “What is it, my Queen?”

“I am in need of a chief adviser. I need someone who I can trust. Would you do me the honor?”

Raethiana looked shocked. “I... I would love to. Except...” She turned to John, “I can’t. Not yet.”

Norrana smiled. “I understand. The offer remains.”

Raethiana nodded to her. “Thank you. Now, if you’ll excuse us, we have some things we need to take care of.”

Chapter Sixteen: The Ritual of Souls

It was several hours before they reached the bazaar. John remained in his succubus form after they left the palace. Despite wanting to be back in his human form—no, back in his male form—he realized that his demon form was strangely comfortable. This seemed strange to him, because not once in his twenty-odd years on the planet had he ever questioned his sexuality or his gender. In his mind, he was always a man, and his sexual preference was always geared towards women.

But like most other aspects of his life, Raethiana had opened his eyes and broadened his horizons. He had experienced sex both as a woman and a succubus. When he finally accepted the fact that a succubus was his demon form, he figured it was a punishment from the universe for being so closed-minded for so much of his life.

His succubus form not only opened his mind to new pleasures and experiences, but he felt more powerful than he ever had. All his life, he had been weak. He wasn't a doormat, per se, but he never really had any muscle on his lanky body, nor did he ever feel that he had the power to change things or get something that he'd always wanted.

For the first time in a long time, John felt alive, and it was all thanks to that one succubus who tried to kill him. Thanks to her, he was actually living and not just existing.

That demon walked next to him and on her hand was the diamond engagement ring. He wanted to spend the rest of his life with her and she felt the same, so much so that she was willing to give up her promiscuous lifestyle to be with him. If that wasn't an indicator as to how much she loved him, then he wasn't sure what was.

They strolled down the main street and John learned just how big the underground really was. There was no way this world could exist in the same physical realm as the world he grew up in. And now he knew why the knob shortcut existed; he could walk for days and he'd only get to see a fraction of what the underground had to offer.

Many of the creatures that lived there could not survive on the surface like demons could. In fact, John learned from Raethiana that demons weren't the only races that lived among humans. The Borethax and Gravatorians had human forms and could travel between both worlds freely.

Raethiana and John stopped and ate at a café on their way to the bazaar. He had no idea what it was that she had him order, but it was delicious.

"Tastes like steak," he said as he wolfed down the meaty entree.

"That's because it is. Just because we're demons and monsters doesn't mean we can't enjoy human food."

"I guess I learn something new every day," he said through a mouth full of food.

They arrived at the bazaar an hour or so after eating. Raethiana took John into a back alley and had him turn back into his human form. Her destination was the same rare items shop they had visited once before, and she could only guess as to what the form of payment would be.

John's groin ached as he stared at the small building that housed the rare ingredients shop. Maybe this time she'll accept gems or that mammoth tusk.

He sighed as he followed Raethiana through the doorway into the weird smelling shop. There were no customers in the small store, and the owner's face lit up when she saw her favorite customer and her slave walk in.

"It's you! So good to see you!" the haggard old lady yelled as she moved out from behind the counter. "Buy something, yes?"

"I take it you want his cum as payment?" Raethiana asked as she looked down at the strange lady. The owner licked her lips as she nodded. "Tell me, why are you so eager to get his fluid? You're the only store I've ever been to that deals in human cum."

"Your slave. He's very... special."

Raethiana raised an eyebrow and looked at John. He put on his best poker face. “Oh?” she said. “How so?”

The owner looked around and whispered into Raethiana’s ear. “Did you not know? He is half dem—”

Raethiana’s hand shot out and grabbed the old woman by the throat, lifting her off of the ground.

“Who told you this? Speak quickly!”

“No one... no one told me,” the owner said in between strangled breaths. “I can smell it on him.”

John looked around and hoped that no one would walk in during the interrogation. Raethiana loosened her grip and dropped the owner.

“Explain.”

“I can smell it in his blood,” the creature explained. “I possess the gift of the last of my kind.”

The succubus tilted her head to the side. “No, that can’t be. You’re a—?”

“Xargathian.” The old lady’s form shifted into a creature that looked like a combination of a lizard and a wolf.

“A what?” John asked.

“A race thought to be extinct,” Raethiana clarified. “They were excellent trackers with a very powerful sense of smell.”

“I knew what he was when you came in last time.” She spoke with a lisp as she transformed back into her human disguise. “Half-demon cum is a very powerful aphrodisiac.”

Raethiana eyed her warily. “Can you keep this a secret?”

“I can,” the owner said, grinning. “For three bottles. You can have any item on shelf. You’ll also get access to my ‘special’ items in the back room.”

“Deal.” Raethiana cut the palm of her hand and extended it. The owner nodded her head and did the same. The two women sealed the deal and Raethiana handed the owner the list.

“Oh, these are very rare items indeed. You’re in luck, succubus. I have all of these items. Now it’s just a matter of payment.”

Both women grinned as they looked at John. He hung his head and walked toward the back room. A minute or so later, he returned with three full bottles.

John leaned against the door frame and rubbed his sore crotch. His eyes followed Raethiana and the Xargathian as they collected the items on her list and she put them away in her bag.

“Come by anytime!” The owner waved to them as they walked out of the store.

“Time to head home,” Raethiana said, gazing fondly at the ring on her finger. She smiled as she looked down at John. He mumbled to himself as he rubbed his groin.

They entered the dark alleyway and reappeared back behind the building in the industrial complex. The couple climbed into his car and sped back to his mother’s house.

“Did you get the remaining items?” Ryiah asked as they stepped through the front door.

“That we did,” Raethiana said. John walked in behind her, his groin still aching.

“What’s the matter, John?”

“I’d rather not tell you, if it’s all the same to you,” he grumbled as he walked past the women. Raethiana leaned in close and whispered into Ryiah’s ear the price of the items. John’s mother laughed and the two women returned to the library. John grabbed a bag of ice from the kitchen

and sat down on the couch, nursing his crotch.

In the privacy of the library, the two succubi changed into their demon forms. “Look at those horns!” Ryiah said, leaning in close to marvel at the two additions to her head. “They’re beautiful!”

“Thank you, Ryiah. I’m still getting used to them.” She opened her bag and grabbed the items and set them on the square table in front of them. Ryiah inspected each item closely and nodded as she spoke to herself.

“Very good. We have everything we’ll need for the ritual.”

“Hey, Mom!” John called out from upstairs. “Someone’s at the door.”

The two women looked at the stairway, then back at each other. They reverted to their human forms and Raethiana followed Ryiah out of the library and stood in the entryway. John’s mother looked through the peephole and back at John and Raethiana.

She opened the door and standing on the porch was Norrana in her human form. The queen was alone and wore a long dress with a jacket and boots. Ryiah slowly stepped out of the front door onto the porch

“Were you followed?” she asked.

Norrana shook her head. “No.”

After a moment’s hesitation, Ryiah extended her hand and Norrana shook it. John pulled his head back and looked at Raethiana, confused. The succubus looked at John with the same expression and they watched the two elder succubi speak in code and engage in a secret handshake.

The joyful screaming and hugging caught both of them by surprise. Ryiah and Norrana embraced as old friends.

“Let’s get inside,” Ryiah said, but Norrana shook her head again.

“Not yet,” she said. She took a couple steps back and waved to someone out of sight. A moment later, Awina appeared. The slave walked in front of Norrana and bowed. “Now let’s get inside.”

Raethiana's face lit up at the sight of her slave and she ran out and hugged her.

"Mistress... I can't... breathe," Awina said, tapping on Raethiana's arm. The succubus released her from her bear hug and the slave breathed freely.

Ryiah ushered everyone inside and she closed and locked the doors behind them. They all sat down in the living room.

"It is so good to see you, Norrana – or should I say, my Queen?" Ryiah stood up and gave an exaggerated bow to the elder succubus.

"Please, Ryiah, it is I who should be bowing to you. I didn't realize everyone would be here. What's the occasion?"

Raethiana sat forward. "My Queen—"

Norrana held up her hand. "Rae, and the rest of you, there is no need to call me by my title here. Please, we are all friends."

"Norrana," she continued. "Ryiah told me of a ritual that will bind my soul to John's so I can feed off of him alone."

"Is that so?" Norrana turned to Ryiah, who nodded. "A demon wedding! I love weddings. Rae, you know that as your mistress and Queen, it is my duty to give you away."

Raethiana beamed. "I wouldn't have it any other way."

"We were just about to get started," Ryiah said. "Please, follow me."

The entire party stood and followed her into her library. Norrana looked up and down at the bookshelves while Ryiah prepared the ritual. When she finished, the three succubi took on their demon forms.

"Oh Norrana, those horns look so good on you!" the former queen gushed.

"It's all thanks to you, Ryiah," she replied. "Karnac, the son of Gvene, almost killed me. Just as he was about to deal the final blow, he released me and his body flew across the room. I looked up and saw you standing there."

Ryiah had her back turned to Norrana as she continued setting up the ritual. John looked at his mother and she winked at him.

“You helped me to my feet and told me to not give up. Then it happened: I was empowered, my third pair grew, and I slayed Karnac.”

Ryiah smiled at her over her shoulder. “I was over in Romania looking into the ingredients for the ritual. But I wish I was there to watch you kill him. That would’ve been enjoyable.”

Norrana grinned. “Speaking of horns, have you seen John’s demon form?”

The three demons all turned to John. His mother’s face lit up.

“John! Why didn’t you tell me?”

“Well? Aren’t you going to show your mother?” Norrana asked. He turned to Raethiana, who shrugged her shoulders.

“No, I’m not going to transform.”

“Oh, come on John!” Norrana teased.

Ryiah raised an eyebrow. “John, if you don’t transform this instant, I’m going to make you.”

“No, I won’t!” He folded his arms.

“So be it.” Ryiah sighed as she walked up to her son. She put her palm on his forehead and mumbled a spell. Seconds later, John’s body shifted and he took on his succubus form.

“Well, I’ll be! John, you’re beautiful! And you have my eyes!”

“Thanks a lot, Mom,” he grumbled.

Ryiah smirked. “Maybe next time, you’ll wear something a little less revealing.”

Everyone in the room laughed as John looked down at his body. He had on his leather bikini and fishnet dress with thigh-high boots.

“Mom!” he yelled as he transformed back into his human form. “Can we please get on with the ritual?”

Raethiana coughed. “I would like it if you stopped teasing my fiancé. That’s my job.”

Ryiah laughed. “All right, let’s get this over with. Raethiana and John, please stand in the center of the glyph. Face each other and hold hands.”

The couple carefully stepped into the middle of the circular glyph. Ryiah grabbed the large clay bowl with all the ingredients mashed together into a powder. The markings on the floor were intricate, consisting of a large circle with many other shapes included in the design. In the center was a smaller circle, and in the center of that was a single, tiny glyph.

“Where should we stand?” Norrana asked.

“You two can stand behind Raethiana,” Ryiah said. The queen and the slave nodded and stood behind her outside of the glyph. Ryiah positioned herself so that she looked between John and Raethiana.

The lovers stared into each other’s eyes as Ryiah spoke the incantation from the ancient book that floated next to her. The pages turned on their own as she read from the long passage and the glyphs on the ground began to glow blue.

The light shifted, becoming white as it grew brighter and brighter. It swallowed John and Raethiana and those outside of the glyph had to shield their eyes.

Ryiah finished the spell and ignited the contents in the clay bowl. The flame was a blood red color and produced no smoke. She set the burning bowl onto the ground and slid it in between John and Raethiana.

The white light became red and a wind filled the library and swirled all about them. It picked up speed, and the gale blew out all the candles and was so loud that the witnesses had to yell in order to hear each other.

Inside the whirlwind, everything was calm and still. John and Raethiana were all alone, surrounded by the veil of light. They couldn’t hear anything

around them; the world could've ended, and they wouldn't have even noticed.

“You ready?” he asked her, his voice echoing in the void that they stood in.

“As I'll ever be,” she replied. Raethiana brought her head down to his and kissed him on the lips. The light grew blinding and the earth shook below their feet as they continued to kiss.

When John opened his eyes, he was back in the library and Raethiana stood in front of him. She looked at him with those ruby red eyes and smiled.

“I'm glad you lived, John,” she said softly.

“So am I, Raethiana,” he whispered to her. “So am I.”

The Ritual of Souls was a success, and the succubus and her half-demon lover were bound together for all eternity.

The End

John and Raethiana's story may have come to an end, but their world is alive and vast and full of characters whose stories want to be told. When one story ends, another begins.

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