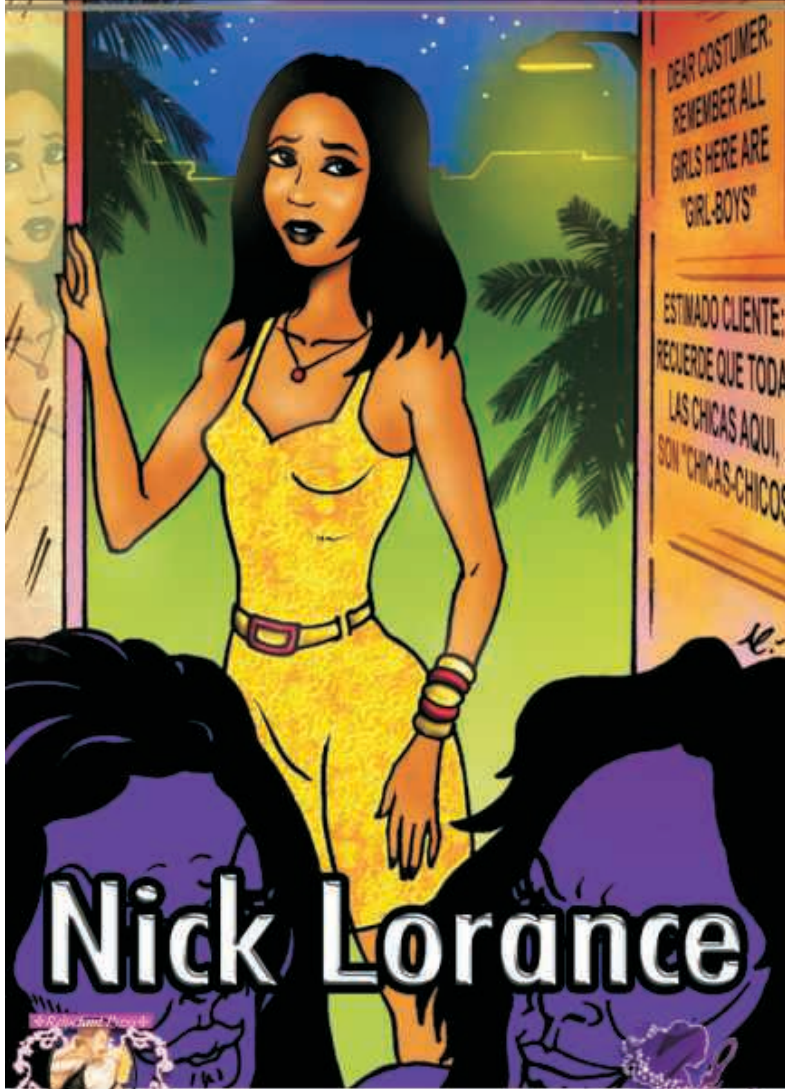


A Self-Made Woman



Nick Lorance



A "New Woman" Novel



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A Self-made Woman

By Nick Lorance

She was hungry.

Humans did not understand the term; even a famine victim was more easily fed than she was. She needed a very special diet, especially at this time of her cycle.

The bar was packed and the name, the Meet Market, was only vaguely amusing. She had come here for the same reason as the humans had, sort of. They had an appetite just as she did, and they came to feed it.

Her diet was just more... comprehensive.

She had considered different looks. The business woman ready to spread her legs long enough to take care of a craving she refused to admit to. The soccer mom not getting her needs met. The nymphomaniac who would take anyone with a penis and a pulse.

She had gone mildly goth; her hair was now mid-length unrelieved black, her makeup pale and her lips almost the color of blood. She sipped her overly sweet drink and licked them, wishing the lipstick was real blood, rich and warm, satisfying in so many ways.

A man jostled her and she reached out mentally, judging his thoughts. There were few, mainly inchoate. Too much to drink already. Taking him would be like kissing an ashtray.

There. She sensed a man farther down the bar. He was nondescript. He could come here every night and no one who would recognize that he was here unless he sat in the same waitress' section. But no. He had so little of life, it would be a shame to take it; and she needed so much.

There, just past the one she had just looked at. One of those men who thought he was God's gift to the females of the species. She could sense how the women were reacting; obviously this was his favorite hang out. It would also be his last hangout.

She stood, stalking down the bar. To a viewer from behind, there was a feline grace to her stride. Her hips rolled seductively, and she knew there were those behind her who wished she had gone their way instead.

The man she had discarded stood, bumping into her, throwing her pace off slightly. He caught her,

instinctively, looking into her eyes, then away, nodding his head. "Sorry."

"No harm done, she husked. "Perhaps one night you and I..." The phrase ended on a questioning note, and he smiled sadly.

"No, you'd be wasting your time with me."

Maybe not, she considered. She reached into the cup of her bra and handed him a card. "Perhaps you just need to find the right woman. Call me." She pushed gently past him, headed for her quarry.

Behind her she could feel a small wave of regret. She smiled, though it was for the man she had spoken to, not for the one before her.

Jeremy MacDonald watched the woman walk away and he wished he were different. He'd always been shy, and there is nothing more debilitating for a sexual relationship than that. He watched the woman walk over to her target like a cat stalking a terrified mouse. The man just sat there as she wove one long leg around his hip, pulling him from the bar stool. She kissed him, mouth open, tongue forcing itself down his throat for a moment. Then she ran a hand gently down his face, nails grazing his flesh. She stood, tugging him toward the rear parking lot door. Jeremy tipped his glass toward the pair, then turned back to the bar.

She was out of that stifling place, looking for the perfect place to feed. Since humanity had begun overpopulating the planet, places like this were more common. Fewer places to dine quietly. She finally looked into his mind. His car was over there, not the fine vehicle he intended to boast about; rather an older car. At least it had a large enough back seat for what she needed to do. She took his

arm as if they were lovers, pushing him toward the car. He fumbled with the keys, his mind running through taking her to his place, a dingy little apartment across town. She didn't want to wait. She was hungry now.

He opened the door, motioning, and she reached inside, unlocking the back door. Then she opened it. She pulled him to her, then turned, shoving him ahead. She leopard-crawled in after him, pulling the door closed. Then her hands fell to his belt, ripping his pants open.

"Hey, there's no rush!" He whined. She caught him in her hand, looking up.

"I am hungry now. And I *will* feed." His retort died in his throat as she sucked him deep into her mouth. She could feel her teeth sharpening and angrily controlled herself. She was hungry, she spent too much of her time hungry these days. These modern men were a pallid meal compared to latter days.

She could not feed as she once had to repletion over days or even weeks. People moved too quickly and there were enough of them that noticed when a long-term victim would get ill. Worse yet, medical science had grown wise enough to be confused by a healthy body that just wasn't alive any more.

So she was reduced to the equivalent of bolting down junk food. Even there she could not merely gorge in one location. These days, two or three bodies in a single night would draw too much attention, especially when she had to do in minutes what should be savored over a much longer period. He was firm in her mouth, and she rose, pushing him

back until he sat on the back seat, and she straddled him.

“Oh, that is great.” He gasped as she plunged down, taking his length into her. She wriggled her hips, making sure he was fully seated. There was little finesse involved in what she was about to do, but she had always been fastidious in her dining. She rose from his lap until he was almost out of her body, then came back down, drawing a moan from him. Then she began moving, faster and faster. He tried to get her blouse open, but she merely kept moving, forcing him to hold on for dear life.

“Yes, it is great,” she whispered in his ear. She could feel his climax approaching, and her teeth elongated. “But it gets better...for me.”

Jeremy walked out of the bar, sighing into the late evening sky. He only went to the blasted bar because it was the closest to his home. It had started as just a local place, like Cheers from the TV show, and had gone through many incarnations since. A country-western hangout, a sports bar, a yuppie bar, then an Irish pub, (his personal favorite iteration), and now a pick-up joint. Stolidly, he had kept coming, even though only one of those incarnations had been something he liked.

He started walking, heading across the parking lot. He lived a block away but never drank enough to make such a short walk dangerous. He walked toward the street, then heard something odd, a moaning gasp as if someone were slowly bleeding to death. His feet moved him further toward one of the cars in the lot. He leaned forward, a hand blocking outside light.

Not five feet away a man was dying. He had reached his peak a few seconds ago, but as his body tensed to deliver its load into the waiting vagina, everything had gone very, very wrong. Suddenly, the woman had locked her lips with his and started sucking in a way that no mortal woman could. He would have screamed but his very breath, along with his mind and essence, was inexorably pulled into the maw of the creature. A weak flail of his arms as ribbons of incalculable cold void penetrated his body was his final act as he died.

It was several long seconds before Jeremy's eyes shifted to accommodate the low light. Looking into the car he saw something out of a vampire movie. A form, which for an instant more was recognizable as a man, was locked in a death kiss with something that might have been mistaken for a mere woman. A final pulse of soft energy passed from the man and played on the ruby lips of the woman-thing. Then the empty husk of the man collapsed on his side. Jeremy's mind rebelled, refused to accept what he was seeing, and like a deer in headlights, for a crucial second he froze. His pause signed his doom.

The Succubus looked over to the newcomer and recognized the man who had witnessed the result of its feeding and smiled as if his discomfiture was a fine after-dinner chocolate mint. Jer's mind finally sent the command to get the hell out to his limbs, but he barely had time to even think about turning before he was compelled to freeze as the woman-thing looked on, its eyes burning an unholy crimson.

He watched, unable to flee, as her hand pushed the door open. The Succubus wasn't really hungry anymore as she watched the mentally dominated

man, licking her lips. She could have eaten again but another urge filled her with this one.

“Get in!” she ordered, and his mind screamed as he slid into the car. He could see razor teeth in her smile, and she seemed to enjoy the fear he was radiating. Jeremy could only watch helpless as this inhuman predator approached him with malicious intent. The creature leaned over him, her breasts rubbing his lips. “Suck them. I’ll help you find the right kind of woman.”

He bent forward, and her nipple slid between his lips. He sucked and his eyes widened as milk, rich and sweet, filled his mouth. She purred as he sucked deeper, swallowing the nectar.

“Yes my pet, drink deep, feel it in your mind. Feel it in your soul. You are mine, body and soul. And soon you will find a worthy feast.” He gasped as her hand closed on his member and he felt it like a cattle prod rammed into him.

“No, that you will not have. But you will know this feeling again. You will drink, you will grow strong, and only then will you feed.” She gasped as the milk ran out and pushed his face to the other breast. He took it, unthinking, and she felt the milk vanish into him, becoming him, making him what she wanted.

Her breasts drained, she leaned back, still cupping him in her hand. “This I will take. After all, you have taken my fluids, and I must replenish.” She lowered her mouth, sucking him into her mouth. He gasped, then came, and she drank it down with satisfaction. She lifted, up, lips brushing his. “You will call, I swear it. Now do up your pants and go before someone else comes.”

She stepped from the car, waiting until he staggered to his feet. She grasped the dead man, his body nothing more than bones bound together with desiccated flesh, tossing the refuse in the dumpster. “Go.” She closed the door as he staggered toward the street. Soon.

II

Jeremy went through the next day in a blur. He had gotten home, falling on his face on his bed. He remembered... No, he didn't remember. He thought it had been a dream, a woman sucking a man's essence from him like a vacuum cleaner even as she took his last burst of sperm.

And the milk. He had never tasted such a sweet drink in his life, and he wanted more of it. Too bad it was a dream.

He worked, but he didn't remember much of what he did. His cubicle looked barren and part of him wanted to spruce it up somehow. But he couldn't think of what to do with it. His hand brushed the pocket where the card he had been given rested. It was for a dairy, of all things.

But the last line caught in his mind. “Truly unique milk, available for home delivery. Samples upon request.”

He reached his last break before his resistance crumpled. He picked up the outside line and dialed.

“Leeanan Milk, home delivery,” a bright chirpy voice picked up the phone.

“Yes, I was given a card last night. It says you give samples upon request?”

“Of course. I have your file in front of me. Will a quart do?”

“Wait, how do you have a file on me?”

“Our sales people are wizards.” She replied. “Will a quart do? Or perhaps a half-gallon?”

“I don’t know. How much is the home delivery service?”

She quoted a price that was ridiculous, not because it was so high, but because it was so cheap. Milk at a store was about three bucks a gallon, but she was quoting 75 cents for the same amount.

“I don’t know.”

“How about our free welcome assortment?” she pressed. “A quart of milk, four yogurts in flavors you choose, and a one-pound pot of Sakura soft cheese?”

“All right.” He considered. He chose four flavors of yogurt that were usually not too bland. She hung up before getting his address, and he looked at the phone, confused.

The last hours dragged past, and he walked out of the office to catch the bus. It was the usual drag that settled his life down. He jumped out at his stop, walking the two blocks to his apartment. He walked up the steps, pausing at the small refrigerated crate that sat before his door. The milk that had been promised was already delivered. He knelt, lifting the old-fashioned glass milk bottle. There was a POG that looked like a Celtic demon sitting on a man’s lap while sipping a glass of milk. Under the figure was the slogan, ‘Demoniacally Delicious’. The yogurts were in small glass containers, and the cheese in a small ceramic pot. He picked up the crate, mov-

ing it into his apartment. There was a small folding card, and he opened it idly.

‘Our milk is unique in the world, coming from a perfect source. Our yogurt is flavored with all natural ingredients, and our cheese selection is from around the world. By selecting by name, you can have one or simply check “Variety” and a different cheese can be delivered by the day or week. All are excellent with crackers, and a packet of them have been included.’ The card went on to list the different yogurts, and cheeses, with a little teaser of which were best with what foods.

Shrugging, he took out a glass, pouring a tumbler of the milk. He took half a dozen crackers, spread the soft white cheese, and moved to the couch. He bit into the cheese, tasting a rush of cherry flavor. Sakura was named after that fruit. The milk cut the taste, and was exactly like the milk he’d had the night before.

He found the quart empty, and had already opened a blueberry yogurt as he finished the last cracker. He had already pulled a loaf of bread out, spreading the cheese thick on it. He alternated with bite of the cheese sandwich, then yogurt. He found himself sitting there with four empty yogurt cups, an empty quart bottle, and only crumbs of the cheese. He dug the last out, sucking it from the knife as he finished it.

Wonderful! He picked up the card, filling it out. A quart had not been enough; he needed at least half a gallon! Yogurts, four was not enough; he needed at least eight. Cheese; he looked them over, selecting an Egyptian Sordo to try.

He felt tired. High lactic acid from all of the dairy he had just stuffed down his throat in the last hour. He yawned, stretching. He left the crate on the table and found himself in bed. He usually slept in the nude, but something swaddled him softly. He faded out.

He found himself walking down a street he didn't recognize. A sign ahead was written in, his forehead wrinkled. Cyrillic? He shouldn't have been able to read the language, but it had the same tired old name; The Meet Market. Honestly, were people that limited in their language? It was almost as bad as the Dew Drop Inn.

The place was rocking, though hearing someone belting out the Beatles' Shake It Up Baby in Russian was amusing. He found himself wandering through it, looking for something. There was a man against the bar, and Jer's mind seemed to reach out. He could feel so much vitality and a thrumming sense of sexual energy. He found himself walking toward the man.

The man looked up and smiled. Jeremy thought that was odd, he knew the man wasn't gay. He'd heard him boasting about his prowess often enough. Wait; he mentally paused. He had never been in this bar, never even been to Belarus, so how did he know anything about this man? For that matter, how did he know he was in Belarus?

A hand, soft, feminine, reached out, and the man took it. But the point of view was that it was Jeremy's hand. The man drew them closer, his mouth locking on Jeremy's lips hungrily. They kissed. The kiss had everything but sex in it. But there was a darkness in his soul. If a woman refused, him he would brutalize her, and since he was

a member of the Mafiya, Russian organized crime, he was untouchable. Jeremy pulled himself back and caught a look in the mirror behind the bar. An oriental woman looked back. Her eyes met his, her lips grinning as she winked. Then she drew the man back into the embrace.

Jer found himself walking, an arm around his waist. A sense of urgency made him push, shoving the man toward the concrete block enclosure that held the dumpsters. The man complained until a hand drew down a zipper, clutching his member. Then Jeremy found himself on his knees, his mouth suckling desperately. His eyes went up, seeing the man leaning back, hands clutching Jeremy's head. He felt his teeth elongate. Then, in the dream, he bit down.

The man spasmed in agony and Jeremy felt the part in his mouth come free, a rich red torrent of blood spurting out. It was sweeter than the milk, and he sucked greedily. The flow slowed and he found himself rising, spitting out the part he had sliced free, hands catching the man's terrified face as Jeremy kissed him. He sucked; this made both the milk and the blood he had drunk taste bland. It was not a liquid, it was an essence, and he sucked greedily. He felt the man's face spasm beneath his hands and the tide of sweet liquor vanished. He pulled back, watching the husk of a man collapse at his feet.

"So sweet," a voice whispered, and he spun around. The woman from his dream stood there. She smiled, hands upon his shoulders. "You will grow to be one of the greats." She motioned toward the body on the ground. "But remember to clean up after yourself." She knelt and a blade flashed. Then

she picked up the part Jeremy had excised, sliding it between the man's slack lips. Then she stripped off his watch, rings, and necklaces.

"In the old Soviet Union, go for the gold." She dumped the jewelry into Jeremy's hands. "The currency is almost worthless."

"Why take this?" he asked plaintively.

"Living expenses, eventually. Until tomorrow-"

He snapped awake, turning to stare blearily at the clock. It was an hour before he usually awoke. There was an odd taste in his mouth and he wanted to spit. His bladder clamored; he went to the bathroom. He sat, feeling his urine run free. Then, as it stopped, he found himself holding some toilet paper. Why was he holding that? He stood, confused by the mirror over the sink. He looked like he was wearing a wig. He reached behind him, and the overhead light flicked on.

A woman that looked like his dream woman's Japanese sister, with wide doe-like eyes, and long auburn hair, looked back. He shook his head, part of his mind finding a blue spaghetti strap running up to his shoulder. His eyes wandered down, widening as he saw the cerulean baby doll he was wearing. He looked up, meeting the now terrified woman's eyes.

"It's all a dream," she told him. "Go to bed. It will be better tomorrow. You'll feel more comfortable with who you are becoming then."

He staggered out of bed an hour later. It was as if he had not slept all night. His ankles hurt as if he'd been standing on tiptoe all night.

III

The crate was outside the door again. He looked at the kitchen table but the card he had filled out and the crate that had been on the table was gone. What did they do? Break in and check his list? Shrugging, he brought it in, setting the yogurts in the refrigerator as he sipped a glass of the milk. He started to dip into the cheese, but held himself back. Something told him he should wait on it until tonight. He popped a blueberry yogurt instead. But he brightened. If they delivered more than once a day, he could try something different tonight along with the Sordo and two other different selections tomorrow on his day off. He looked at the card that had come with this assortment.

‘With the weekend coming on, why not be more adventurous? Try cheeses from different countries or continents, even mix and match them. Try a South Korean Imsil mixed with a Brie de Meaux or, for a unique twist, Dutch Maasdam cheese with Philippine Kesong Puti.’

He’d never heard of these cheeses but the taste of last night’s Sakura had sold him on experimenting. He marked the French cheese, then after some thought, the Philippine one. He showered, getting dressed for work. He caught the bus, his ankles finally feeling more normal as he made the long ride to the office. He went in, sat at his desk, and began to work.

The day seemed to drag. All he could think about was the rich milk he had drunk last night, the smooth yogurts, the sweet yet tart cheese. He’d never been much on drinking milk, but just one day of this had sold him on it as a steady diet.

Sandy the officer supervisor stood behind Jeremy for a long moment. "Jeremy, your hair is a bit long."

"Sorry, Ma'am, I'll get a haircut over the weekend."

"No, I was just wondering." He flinched as she took a handful of the flowing hair, looking at it. "When did you get it dyed?"

"Dyed?" He was puzzled. "I have never dyed my hair."

She chuckled. "Then you must have gotten blind drunk with some hairdresser last night." She patted him on the shoulder and laughed at his confused look. "The makeup is just right for it."

He watched her walk away, confused. He knew he needed a haircut, but that was a couple of weeks off. and dying his hair? Makeup? He logged out of his computer, walking across the room to the bathrooms. He turned the corner, looked in the mirror, and froze.

It was still his face, but the eyes looked vaguely oriental, though he couldn't see any trace of makeup. His hair was long enough to brush his collar and was a deep rich auburn that had never come from a bottle.

He started to brush the hair back and stared at his hand. He had always had blunt hands, almost like spades, but his fingers were longer and delicate-looking. Now he noticed the polo shirt and slacks he wore felt... baggy, as if he had lost a lot of weight.

He went back to work, wondering what was happening.

He had never realized how much his life had become going to and coming from work, and working. He'd expected more from life. His ass was dragging when he reached his room. There was another crate outside the door and the one he had emptied inside, was gone along with his card.

He opened the refrigerator and the cheese beckoned. He opened the pot, hands already cupping the cracker as he spread the heavy cheese. It was sweet and salty, and he moaned in satisfaction, chewing as his hands spread more. The milk drained into him, and he hadn't even realized it was all gone, both bottles, until he found himself licking the open end of the bottle like a kitten trying for that last drop. He had to go for a gallon next time. The yogurt containers were scattered all around him like dead soldiers, empty. Only some of the other cheese, Brie de Meaux, remained, enough for maybe one taste. He spread what remained on a slice of bread, folded it, and stuffed it in his mouth.

He stood, taking all of the glassware to the sink, and rinsed them out. The cheese pots he scrubbed clean. Again he felt the lassitude he had before, as if he'd run a marathon. He collapsed onto his bed, flicking on the TV. His weekends always started with a movie marathon of some kind, and he chose an anime series named Maburaho from his collection.

As the story began, he felt his eyes sag closed, and then...

He bit into the piece of Pita bread, the distinct taste of Kitfo lacing his tongue. He had never had the Ethiopian dish; raw ground beef marinated in a very spicy chili powder but somehow his palate recognized it.

He was alone at a table in a restaurant he had never been in. Above the door was a flowing script. Even as he recognized Arabic, he found himself reading it. The Spirit of the Nile.

He went on eating. The arms of his suit didn't feel right. He had a suit, a simple deep blue gabardine one which, like the ubiquitous little black dress of a woman, was usable for all occasions from parties to weddings, even funerals. But now he was wearing a tight female-cut satin vermilion suit with buttoned sleeves and a poof of lace at his hands and throat.

Again he had little control of what was happening, but he could look down to see a creamy expanse of white silk and lace toward his lap, where it looked like he was wearing a flowing satin skirt rather than slacks. His legs felt smooth and there was the slight catch of silk stockings, and on his thighs, the draw of garters flowed with his every movement. The food was excellent, and the coffee that followed bitter and strong as it should be.

There was a movement, and the woman from his dream sat across from him. "Oh, you are turning out so well," she husked. A predatory grin played on her lips. "Are you ready for the next step?"

"The next step in what?" Jeremy asked. He gasped because it wasn't a man's voice that emanated from his throat, it was a soft mezzo-soprano.

"In your becoming," she replied. "Come with me." He found himself standing, following the woman. His feet felt strange, and he looked down at four-inch stiletto heels and a tiny foot lifting forward, pushing the skirt ahead. They went into the

ladies room, and the woman stood, pointing. “See only one of those you will be.”



He looked into the mirror. The face looked like Patricia Velasquez in her role as Anck Su Namun in the movie *The Mummy*, but dressed in a smart suit. The same narrow aquiline face, the same piercing hawk's eyes. The look was almost daring some man to capture and force her to submit. His eyes moved to the side. "You... You're not in the mirror."

"Of course not, little one." He turned and she was still there, an impish smile on her face. "I have already become, so I have no need for such things. If I wish to look beautiful, all I need to do is wish it, or use some man's mind to create it."

Her body and face changed, and the perfect twin of his own body stood there. "Such infantile fantasies you had when you saw her in the opening scenes of that movie. Wanting to smear the ink with your body.

"There are some things I can tell you now that I could not until you took this step. First, if someone sucks your nipples, you will give milk. If they drink it, they will become as well. But you are still too young; too near the beginning of your transformation. They will drain you and kill you."

"Why is this happening?" he wailed.

"We are always looking for those to become new sisters," the woman told him. "Humans are so stupid in what they imagine. Even at our most prolific, there have never been as many as they might have imagined."

"As many what?"

"Succubi," she replied.

"You're a Succubus?"

“Yes, my pet, as you will be when the becoming is done.”

“But Succubi are mythological creatures. There is no such thing.”

She crossed her arms, toe tapping. “Humans say that so often, even though they are what created us.”

“No, Succubi are demons created by the Devil.”

“And who created the Devil?”

“Why, God did, though he had not anticipated that he would become evil.”

“Odd. You are what might be called a Christian. Your ‘God The Father’ is supposed to be all-seeing, all-knowing, and all-powerful, correct?” Jeremy nodded. “Then explain how someone so all pervasive could miss that His creation was evil. Or how an all-powerful being could not merely wave his hand and correct the problem.”

Jeremy had no answer for that. The only time he had asked a Sunday school teacher that, he had come away wishing he had merely been Catholic where a Nun would have only boxed his ears. He admitted the lack.

“The neo-pagans know what has caused this, so they at least have learned to cause less harm. All life in this world creates energy, a sea of it greater than all the oceans of the world. It is like water in that it can be fluid, or like clay in that it can be formed and made permanent in that form. Long ago, humans believed in all sorts of creatures, so all sorts of gods were formed. Even beings such as myself were formed, for some fear their own body’s desires, and feel it is something inflicted upon them.

“Then your religions, Those that believed in one possessive God came to be, and they forced more and more into their ranks. By persuasion, by torture, by murder, by law, they became the dominant religions of the world. They also taught that every natural impulse of the body was something caused by some demon with nothing better to do. In the paltry time since their creation, those religions have created more of us than you might imagine.”

“So we created you?”

“Yes. Beings of sexuality and lust who feed on the lusts of the humans around us over a period of days, draining them to death. It is the only way we could feed, for such is what those medieval men believed. But in the last few centuries, men have changed. Nocturnal emissions became merely a normal bodily reaction to sensual dreams, and therefore accepted. They stopped worrying as much about such things. Yet we could not return to the energy field. We were stuck in this state of being, with no hope of freedom from it except to die if a zealot found us and used the proper tools to kill us.

“But we can no longer feed as readily, because in those early Christians it was the guilt of those desires that whetted our appetites. Now we must find those with unwavering or unreasoning lust.”

Jeremy felt uncomfortable. He knew he had just had an excellent meal, but he wanted... something.

The Succubus sighed. “I’m sorry, you feel the Hunger. If you do not feed soon, it will grow unmanageable. But I must tell you some things anyway. First, as I have already said, do not let a human suckle your breasts.

“Second, while you look to be a woman, you are not in the most important way and will not be for about a month. Until you are, you are weak and can be killed as easily as any human, though you will live until you are killed. So do not let a human see that part of you.” She grinned, “unless you sense that they might be intrigued by all of you and enjoy that.

“Third, clean up after yourself. If the bodies look normal, you can leave them to be found, but science is finding more ways to discover us. If you leave a body unexplained, they will eventually discover us. That is why you strip the valuables as well. Spending money.

“Last, you do not have that orifice yet, so there are only two ways you can feed. By taking a man here.” She touched his lips, “Or here.” Touching his bottom.

“But I don’t want to take a man anywhere!”

“You will when you feed, and you need to feed,” she replied with a cruel grin. “It is more a part of you every moment, and when it comes time, you will feed, and feed well.” She wrapped her arms around Jeremy, their twin faces mere inches apart. “For to not feed is to waste away. Now go, and good hunting.”

Suddenly, Jeremy staggered, looking about wildly. The woman had disappeared as if she had never been. Somehow he made it back to his table, waving off the offer of more coffee or a dessert. He could feel an urge to eat, but the thought of any kind of food or drink caused his stomach to roil.

He paid and left. The city was dark and for the first time in his life, it felt dangerous. Of course,

when he was a man, he had noticed it but shrugged it off. Unless a man is flashing enough wealth to attract them, most muggers left them alone. A couple, even if one was a man, were in more danger; the predator knows he can threaten the weaker of the two. But a woman by herself, as he appeared right now, was the most luscious target. He shivered, looking around to get his bearings. The apartment was... Over a thousand miles away. He was in Houston, Texas. Not Las Vegas

He walked purposefully, but that didn't help. First the tap of the heels as he walked was a signal to all predators, and if they were in sight, the rolling of his ass would be as attractive as blood in the water to them.

There was a scratching and a flare of light. His head snapped around, taking in the man standing in the alley to her right. He lit his cigarette, then looked up, catching Jeremy's eye. There was no pity in that face; he would kill him or watch him die without reacting either way. The match died and he was in darkness, but as Jeremy hurried just a little bit, he could feel the man's eyes on him.

He crossed the street in a terrified rush, turning to walk up the block to the next intersection. There was an alley ahead, and he sped up.

A man stepped from the alley, blocking his progress. He was huge, Hispanic, and gave him a grin that would have looked better on a Great White. Jeremy stumbled to a halt, starting to back away slowly, but felt someone behind him.

Before he could turn, an arm snapped around him like a steel band. He felt himself being lifted. He opened his mouth to scream, but something was

shoved in his mouth. It was a rag, like a gas station attendant would use, and he could taste the oil and gasoline on it.

Struggling frantically, he was carried deeper into the alley, and saw a pair of dumpsters. The men passed the first, and Jeremy was dropped between them unceremoniously. He fell to his knees, feeling the debris rip at his knees, turning to look up at them in horror. The men were alike enough to be brothers, and that new part of him sensed they were. He/she sensed that they did this when they could, dragging a woman off to do what they wanted. If she was compliant, the women would live, but the brothers would rifle their purses, showing them the ID cards they would take. If the women reported it, one or the other would visit her one night, taking what they wanted one last time before assuring that she would never talk again.

“You have a choice, *Putá*,” the large one said. He unzipped his chinos, flipping himself out. “You take this into you,” there was a snapping sound and a switchblade knife blossomed in the other hand. “Or I put this in you. No other choices.”

Jeremy stared at the two objects. Even as he cringed in fear, that new part of him purred. It knew what it wanted, even if he wasn't willing to accept it. The man stepped forward, hand closing in his hair, and jerked Jeremy's face up even with the erection. “Well?”

Jeremy licked his lips, and the younger man chortled. “Hey, bro, just like you said. Put a bitch on her knees and she's hungry for it.” Jeremy didn't notice that he was speaking in gutter Spanish, only that he could understand them. The larger man

smiled cruelly. “Open wide, bitch. And if you bite, I cut.” Then he shoved forward.

Jeremy opened his mouth to protest and the cock filled it. It tasted rancid, as if the man knew what soap and water were, but had never had close contact with them. There was old sperm still behind the head, and it flaked off in his mouth as the man fucked his face. The younger man came around behind Jeremy, flipping up the skirt. Jeremy moaned, trying to tell him to stop, but he felt his panties ripped away.

“Son of a bitch. It’s a fucking drag queen!” the younger man snarled.

“Don’t matter,” the older man said, his hands holding Jeremy’s head as he kept slamming forward. “If it dresses like a bitch, it gets treated like a bitch. Besides, don’t knock it if you haven’t tried it.” They both laughed.

Jeremy desperately wished he could talk. He wanted to tell him no, to wear a rubber, let him go so he could help them find someone else, or at least use lubricant!

He felt the padded tip probing, then slamming forward like a piston. Even as he screamed silently around what was in his mouth, his body seemed to open accepting;

Hungering.

As the man’s balls hit him, that part of him which was becoming stronger seemed to carol with delight. They were trapped as surely as bugs in a spider web, only waiting to be drained.

At this moment, it was not about that growing hunger, it was a matter of style.

His own body took control at that moment. Like a spider wrapping a paralyzed fly for later, his hips, his mouth and his hands, worked their magic. Instead of two men brutally taking what they wanted, it became three bodies moving in synch for maximum enjoyment. The men noticed it only because it became smoother, but Jeremy wanted to laugh as they synched as he wanted.

Their climax was approaching rapidly, and Jeremy grasped the joint before him, pulling his mouth back even as the other kept pummeling him from behind, totally oblivious to anything else.

“Hey *puta...*” The big guy slowed down, his eyes blank as Jeremy smiled.

“I like the music, but let’s just kick it up a notch, shall we?” His hand went back, grasping the member behind him in the same way. The protest from that man was just as clipped, the look just as blank.

Jeremy turned, still on his knees, both hands full. He pulled the one kneeling and sidled forward, eyes vacant, mouth slack. Jeremy pulled until he had taken the place of the rape victim. With infinite care, Jeremy lifted a bit with the one hand, then shoved the man forward, his own brother now in his mouth. With a hand behind head and ass, he shoved, and the younger man began fellating his brother as if he had been doing it his whole life.

“Aw, so sweet,” Jeremy purred. He leaned up, catching the larger man by the throat. “Now it is time for you return the favor, while I introduce you to anal sex.”

“*Madre de Dios,*” he whimpered.

“Oh really, why does your kind always visit evil on others, but expect God to answer your prayer?”

Does God love you because you rape women?” Jeremy asked. “On your knees.”

Unwillingly, the man collapsed downward, his brother’s head following. Jeremy had the younger man roll over, then the older brother went down until he was sucking his brother. Jeremy stepped behind the man, kneeling. “Now should I use lube? Or my fist?” he asked. The man shook his head frantically.

“Ah, but we have no lube. No help for it.” Jeremy lifted his skirt, tucking his erection in close. “Let me know if I am too rough. I will give it as much attention as you have given to others.”

Despite the threat in the words, Jeremy was gentle. Soon he was fully involved, feeling his thrusts translated into thrusts into the younger brother’s mouth, then into the elder. They were on simmer, and Jeremy was just glad it was almost over. Then the movements below him became more frantic. It was time and he felt his hunger burn, become a ball of fire in his belly above his crotch.

“Goodbye,” he said and sent that jolt of energy into the older man’s prostate. He flinched and Jeremy could feel his energy as he came in the younger man’s mouth. The jolt went on, riding the sperm and, suddenly, the younger was also coming. As they did, Jeremy felt a rush of energy up through his cock. He mewled in pleasure, feeling the young man’s heart beating faster and faster, faltering, then fading out. Then the older man’s heart started to fail as well. Soon the only heart that beat was Jeremy’s. He was drunk on the delicious energy.

Jeremy sighed, opening his eyes sluggishly. He looked at the sprawled bodies. They weren’t as

drained as the one yesterday, or the one he now remembered fully from the night before that when her own personal guide to hell had shown up.

“About time.” Jeremy whipped around, staring at the Succubus. “Didn’t you mother ever tell you not to play with your food?”

“Ha ha, very funny.” Jeremy pulled out, and stared down at the men. They had been bigots, rapists, and maybe were even mean to kids and animals, but they didn’t deserve this.

“Oh yes, they did,” the Succubus replied as if she had read his mind. She waved a hand. “Do you honestly think you’re the first one to become that hasn’t considered what we do morally repugnant? We find those who feed upon their own kind, and we eliminate them. We do it in such a way that even their spirit which could reincarnate is devoured and in doing so, we live to go on with our lives.”

“How is this happening?”

“Remember when we met? I fed you my milk and began the process. You are becoming as I am. Every drop of the milk you drink influences and speeds up the changes. The yogurts convert the cells of your body in an ever-increasing flood until in a few weeks’ time you will be one of us completely.”

“And the cheese?”

“You are the epitome of desirability to some men, but each man is attracted to a different body and racial type. Each cheese is from a different region of the planet, and each imbues you with the aspects considered sexually desirable for a woman of a region. Blending the cheeses, using, say, an oriental one and a European one, will make you able to shift

until you have the natural beauty of a hybrid of their sort.

“Shift.”

“Yes. Remember what you looked like that first night on your knees before that man.”

Unwillingly, Jeremy thought of the mirror. He seemed to shrink, breasts shrinking, hair running from the sable black to auburn, eyes slanting. He stopped, looking now like a Japanese schoolgirl. The suit had shifted with him, and he was now a more petite woman in the same clothes

“Part of what we had to do to continue living was adapt our sense of what is, and is not, prey. Have you ever heard the term ‘a waste of skin?’” He nodded. “Well, our friends here were a waste of skin. Their father should have gotten a vasectomy. Go through their pockets.” Numbly, he did as he was told.

Now, do you feel a little uncomfortable? Bra a little tight?”

Jeremy had not noticed until she mentioned it. But the bra he was filling now felt as if it were overfilling. He winced, reaching up, cupping them gently. He wasn’t used to having breasts, and this was a hell of a time to find out there was no owner’s manual!

“Come along, you’re due for your first milking.” The Succubus caught him by the hand and moved her free hand in midair. The air in front of them in the alley shimmered, and she nonchalantly stepped out of sight. Jeremy stared as he was dragged along. The alley vanished and he was in a stainless steel nightmare of a building.

Tables ran for as far as he could see and at each one, a woman sat. Some were reading, or waiting patiently. As he watched, one at the far end of the room began moaning as if she were making love. She leaned forward and he saw a pair of hoses were attached to cups over her breasts. She clung to them, whimpering, biting her lip.

“The longer you have been one of us, the more milk you will give, naturally. That is why all of the older women go first. That is Hannah, she is 4500 years old. On this end, we have the new becoming. Come, you can share a table with Megan.”

The Succubus led Jeremy to a table where a mousey little girl sat, nervous.

Megan is the most recent convert by Lissianna. About a week now, if I am not mistaken.”

“Michael,” the girl tried to growl. Some women just look cute when they are mad. She was one of them.

“Michael is what you were, Megan is what you are becoming,” the Succubus replied. “Will you behave? Or shall I punish you?”

“I’ll be good,” Megan answered frantically.

“This is Jennifer. She is only days into her becoming. Why don’t you two talk as the others are cycled through?”

Jeremy sat across from her. The Succubus walked down, talking with a few of the others, then all of them headed down toward the other end of the room. He noticed that she had gone to at least 15 tables; almost halfway, before she gathered her assistants.

“Hello, Michael.” Jeremy stressed the name. “I’m Jeremy.”

She smiled and it was like looking into the dawn. “Glad to meet you.” Her head cocked. “Nice look. Anck Su Namun from the Mummy?”

“Yes. I don’t know why, though.”

“Something about the cheese you select.” Megan said. “Lissianna noticed I was avoiding Irish cheeses. When you eat a certain cheese, you become what the locals want to fuck, if you catch my drift.” He didn’t but nodded anyway.

“She found out my ancestors came from County Wicklow on the east coast of the island and had them deliver some St. Kevin’s Brie from there.” She shuddered. “How many times have you done what they do?”

“Today was my second,” Jeremy snorted. “Ended up being double-teamed.”

“Just hope you don’t end up in a biker train party. That happened to Kendra this last week from what I heard.” She motioned. About four tables down, an attractive young woman was deep in her book. She didn’t even look up as another woman opened her blouse and settled the cups over her apple-sized breasts. Her eyes closed as the machine began to hum, then she opened her eyes and went back to her reading.

“A biker train party?” Jeremy asked. The Succubi hooking up the milking devices were only two tables away.

“A biker gang is in the mood to have a party, especially when it comes to sex. So they go out and snatch some girl, the younger the better. Then each

of them takes turns in whatever orifice the guys want. They call it pulling a train. They sometimes will fuck the girls to death.”

“Wait a minute, In California, right? Twenty guys found dead after a fire? The press called it a drug deal gone wrong?”

“Yeah.” The Succubi had reached their table. They were polite but firm, Megan and Jeremy turned, allowed their blouses to be opened, and bras removed. Jeremy could see the upper swell of what he still did not want to admit was his breast as it was fed into the device. The other cup was put on, then he was turned back toward the table. Megan had also been fitted; she had a resigned look on her face.

“What’s supposed to ha-” Like an electric milking machine, the devices on his breasts began suck like a pair of mouths. He could feel the insides of the cup shapes squeezing and sliding toward the nipple, could hear a spurting sound as they did. What he had never realized was exactly how enjoyable it was for the woman when it happened.

He flailed, and a hand caught her. Megan was looking at him with despair. “Every time we’re milked, we become more like them,” she moaned. “The more they milk you, the more you produce. Hannah gives almost a gallon every day.”

Megan was sighing, leaning into the table, rubbing the cups against it. “Jeremy, I’m sorry. I, oh.” She stood, leaning forward, and her lips pressed desperately on his.

He sighed, his mouth opened and their tongues dueled as the mechanical mouths kept drawing

milk. He felt Megan's hand on his neck, pulling him away.

"Stand up," she demanded, and he found herself standing. Megan's hand reached down under the skirt, and Jeremy was pulled against the table. Megan groaned as she found she couldn't reach. She slid up on the table, gasping, undulating as the milking device kept up its gentle demand for more. Megan opened her mouth and engulfed Jeremy.

Now it was like there were three mouths, all of them demanding. Jeremy rested his hands on Megan's shoulders as he was deep throated. Then Megan's index finger felt his still raw ass and he moaned as he came in her mouth. Like the milking machine, she was ruthless, draining that reservoir as well.

He was gasping, his mouth meshed with Megan as the lubricious pumping went on and on. Suddenly the pressure was gone. He gasped, eyes opening in slits. Megan's pumps had stopped at the same time, her own eyes looking back at him.

"Is, is that all?" he gasped.

"Barely a pint each." He looked up at his personal Succubus. "You look tired, Jen, can you get yourself home?"

"I don't even know where we are!" Jeremy whined.

"Just think of home, reach out to alter reality, and step through. Like this," she replied. She reached out. There was a shimmering in the air suddenly and the two were alone.

"This might be fun. Someday," Megan grumped. "Come on, let's get Kendra."

“Why?” Jeremy asked.

“Don’t you want to know what she did?”

“Oh, you mean the train.”

Megan walked saucily over to Kendra, who was busy ignoring the world and buttoning her blouse. “Hello, Kendra, I’m Michael.”

“You are Megan,” Kendra replied crossly, “just as she is Jennifer, and I am no longer Kenneth, but Kendra.”

“I am sorry, I did not mean to offend you.”

“You didn’t.” Kendra sighed. “Ever since that night, I have been on edge, expecting it every time I feed.”

“Hey, it can’t be that bad every night.” Jeremy leaned over, and instinctively hugged the girl. “I ran into my first double tonight. I was scared!”

Kendra chuckled. “When you end up with twenty of them trying to get into you at the same time, let me know.”

“I hope never in my life.” Jeremy replied. “Michael suggested we spend some time together, away from work as it were.” He motioned toward her body. “I’ve never really been a girl, but we could call it a Boy In Dresses Night Out.”

The other women looked at each other, then at Jeremy. “You’re sick and twisted,” Kendra decided. “I think we’ll be friends.”

Jeremy felt a flash of delight. “So, where do we go?”

“Well my home is in Dublin, Kendra’s is... Paris?”

“Yes. My father works for a multinational there.” Kendra sighed. “I wonder if he misses me.”

“And I live in Nevada,” Jeremy said. “So where first?”

“Nevada? How close to Vegas?” Megan pressed.

“A block away from what they call the Fremont Street Experience!” She took in the confused looks.

“Ever seen an old TV show named Vegas where they spelled it with a dollar sign for an S?” They still looked confused. “It ran during the seventies and eighties. My dad had copies of the episodes on VHS and the ending shows the main character driving down the old Fremont Street They also used it in the James Bond movie Diamonds Are Forever in a car chase.” Now they understood.

“Since then, they paved it over for pedestrians, and you can walk down the middle from the Plaza Hotel to Las Vegas Boulevard.

“Then why don’t we go to Paris first?” Kendra suggested. “It will be dawn there soon, and it is such a beautiful city.”

“Then Dublin,” Megan said. “An ancient city compared to Las Vegas.”

“Agreed,” Jeremy said. “Then the city where every sin is accepted. But over at the Strip.”

“Not tonight.” Kendra rubbed her forehead. “I understand you are both trying to cheer me up but I am not in the mood for frivolity. Besides, It is almost dawn in Paris, I need some sleep. Then I will let you sight-see.”

“So we get together when?” Jeremy asked.

Kendra looked at the slim watch on her wrist. “Two weeks from now. That way we can go from Paris to Dublin to Las Vegas all in one night. But eat the proper cheeses. We want to fit in.”

“Proper cheese?”

“St. Kevin’s Bries for Ireland and Anneau du Vic-Bilh for France.”

“I already had Kesong Puti cheese and Brie de Meaux delivered last night.” Jeremy replied, worried. “Last night I had Sordo and the night before, Sakura.”

“So we have Egyptian, Japanese, and Filipino for you.” Kendra ticked them off on her fingers. “The Brie de Meaux is acceptable. But what will she be like when we reach Dublin?”

“I don’t know,” Megan admitted. “But there are Irish men attracted to all of them. Besides, one reason for the cheese is so we know the languages.”

“I have no idea either,” Jer said. “And why are you calling me ‘she’?”

“It’s only his second night,” Megan supplied.

“Ah,” Kendra sighed. “Jen, remember when you went to work the morning after your first feeding? Was there anything odd about it?”

He considered. “Yes, the office manager came over. I was looking like a girl, but she didn’t notice that. She did notice my hair and eyes, thinking I was wearing makeup.”

“As the older ones are fond of saying, humans are so stupid. Every night you become, every time you feed, the further you come from being a man. Your body morphs slowly, so slowly that two weeks from now, you will go to work as a woman and no one will notice that you used to be a man. Two weeks after that, you will be a woman, and after that you no longer exist.”

Kendra took his hand, lifting her skirt, and sliding it up. Jer was disturbed to feel a penis, though shrunken to barely larger than a finger. "The last time I went to work as a man was four days ago. No one remembers Kenneth. They all remember Kendra. My landlord who has known me for five years only remembers Kendra."

"Same with me," Megan commented glumly. "I've noticed over the last couple of days. Maybe a couple of people I know in my neighborhood remember me as Michael. None of them notice the way I look, beyond if I look thin or something like that."

"Every morning when you wake, you will look like the last form you took," Kendra said. "And no one will notice that fact." Her hand slid under Jeremy's skirt. "This will dwindle day by day until you are a woman in body and truth. When that is done, you will no longer be becoming, you will be Succubi."

"Then?" Jeremy asked in horror

"You will live, possibly until the human race itself dies," Kendra replied. "You will feed on men who use those about them and in doing so, you will grow stronger. You will save hundreds of women over the centuries from pain and degradation. You will remove the blight of such men." Kendra leaned forward, kissing Jeremy on the lips gently. "And I will be there to see you do it."

Going home was anticlimactic. He merely thought of home, twisted reality, and was there. The next order of milk, yogurt, and cheese was already there. He no longer wondered how they were picking up the cards.

Even knowing that it was changing him, he could not resist. Soon there was nothing but empty con-

tainers. He could feel herself changing even more. He staggered to the bathroom, flicking on the light. His face still looked like Anck Su Namun, but as he looked, it changed, becoming that of an Irish redhead.

IV

They had been right. If the real Patricia Velasquez had walked into the call center, she would have been mobbed by adoring fans. But except for comments about the women's suit he wore; mainly how nice it looked, no one paid him the slightest attention.

There was more milk, cheese, and yogurt at home when he arrived. He left the container on the stoop, but he found himself kneeling outside the door using his fingers to ladle in the yogurt, the cheese pots (South American and South African this time) already empty. His own body was betraying him, and he finally found himself holding the now empty yogurt containers one by one so every drop would slide down into his open mouth.

The stress drove him down and he went back to his bed. He was asleep the instant his head hit the pillow.

Suddenly he awoke, walking on a cracked sidewalk. That thing he could only define as a homing instinct like a damn pigeon told him he was in New York, in Manhattan. While he had never seen it, he knew he was in Spanish Harlem, just north of the Julliard School.

He looked down in dismay. He was a kid, maybe six or seven, not even close to womanhood. The

body was dressed in a Catholic grade school uniform. He felt the Hunger rising, and he resisted. Get off the street, find someplace to hide! He ran down the sidewalk, trying each door as he did. There had to be a way to escape this!

Something was coming, and he thought of the line from Macbeth; ‘something wicked, this way comes’. He was frantically shoving on a door as a limousine pulled around the corner, slowly approaching. The limo didn’t fit the neighborhood; it wasn’t some brightly-colored pimpmobile. Rather it was a simple black limo you see throughout the more prosperous areas. It slowed, and Jer frantically pulled on the door. Someone in that limo had seen him; he knew if he didn’t escape in the next few minutes, he would be brutalized yet again.

The rear door opened and an older man in a good English-cut suit climbed out. “Are you all right, young lady?”

The words were kind; if he didn’t have those new-found Succubus senses, Jer would have taken them at face value. But he could almost feel the lusts flowing from the man, feel everything he had done in a long, dissolute, life. Something about him ramped up the Hunger, yet there was more. Were there more than one in the back?

“Come along. I’ll see you to safety.” He extended his hand; Jer wanted to flinch from what he knew would be an icy cold touch. Suddenly he knew who the man was, of his failed Presidential bid a few years before, and his biggest secret, that something like a hundred girls between seven and fourteen had taken him at his kind gentle face, and fed the monster within before dying.



But wait... He had used them, but he hadn't killed any of them. Jer could localize with that knowledge. The *chauffeur* who had started two decades ago. The police had cataloged all of the deaths, all of them over the last twenty years, span-

ning fifteen states and assumed it was the rare 'paired' serial killers. One organized and the other disorganized.

She had stood paralyzed for too long. The man merely climbed back in, leaving the door open as he tapped a button. The driver's door opened. The Chauffeur was a spare man, barely in his early forties. Unlike his boss and partner, he didn't try to come across as a nice man. "Get in or I'll drag you," he snarled.

"I'll scream!" His voice was high, quavering. If anything, it amused the man.

"In this neighborhood, who'd do anything?" He moved, and Jer opened his mouth to scream. Before the first sound came out, he slapped Jer's face hard, stunning him. Then he picked the small body up by the upper arms, dragged him over, and threw him into the back of the car.

The man there merely smiled. "Drive around for a while, Max."

"Yes sir," the chauffeur replied, closing the door. The car shifted as the driver got in, and the limo began rolling.

Jer found himself frozen, staring at the man with him. The face looked kindly, gentle. He remembered that the monster had campaigned for things like the Amber Alerts, and always showcased his own wife and daughters as the perfect American family. Fat lot the world knew. He'd decided to train those two girls in exactly what he planned for Jeremy, except for killing them, of course. His wife was a totally clueless woman who fit the stereotype of the dumb blond.

The instant he touched him, Jer knew he wouldn't have to go through the act. It was like finding an apple that had fallen from the tree rather than having to reach up to pick it. The link formed when he caught the small body by the wrist; Jer moved in like a shark, slapping his hand over the man's mouth, and used that touch alone to drain him. He tried to struggle, tried to hit the small girl Jer had become. Like a martial artist in a Kung Fu movie, Jer knew where the punches would be, and merely moved to where they were not as the struggles became weaker and weaker. Finally the man was nothing but skin and bones.

Jer thought about how to get the chauffeur back here. She knew the Boss liked to watch this part, though he never participated. He reached up and disabled the overhead lights in the rear compartment. Then touched the button. "She's ready for you, Max."

The car pulled over. Jer knew they were now over the bridge into the Bronx; some sections of that city reminded those who knew the history of the bombed-out cities of Germany during the war. The car pulled over and the driver's side door opened. Max looked confused because the lights were out.

"Come on, Max, I have that meeting in the morning." The voice came from Jer, though how he was able to mimic the dead man so easily must have been a newfound Succubus power. The man shrugged, climbing in the back.

Jer wasn't going to let this one abuse this body. Oh, he knew somehow that he would not end up bleeding to death from the assault. He also knew the man's lusts were already focused, and could taste them like a fine wine aged just right. As soon as the

door closed, he leaped, hands locking on the larger man as they had on his first victim. For an instant, the man froze. None of the girls he had used over the years had been willing, and part of him hated that this one seemed to be. Then he realized that something was happening, and tried to struggle. But Jer was now much stronger than he had been. It was like a man trying to break the grip of an octopus.

Jer released his mouth halfway through. “For all of those lives you both cut short,” he whispered in that cute little girl voice. “You have earned this.” Then he was sucking away the man’s energy again. This actually had a better taste to it than the older man. Like Cafe Americano compared to Espresso. Finally the body fell limp, and Jer switched the bulbs back on. This one had ended up even more wasted away than his Boss.

Jer stepped from the car, straightening his clothes as if he really was the girl he appeared to be.

“Oh, well done! Most don’t learn that trick until they are much older.” His personal tour guide was back. She bent at the waist, looking into the back of the car. “But you seem to have made a mess of these two.”

“Why do some turn out like that, and some don’t?” Jer asked.

“The more of your life you put into abusing others, the less there is of you as a person remaining,” the Succubus replied. “These two, as you know from draining them, have spent two decades in their course.”

“Why didn’t one of you collect the bastards before this?” Jer shouted.

The Succubus motioned as if to tell him to tone it down. "There aren't that many of us and the human population has grown beyond any logical estimates in the last century. If you had told world leaders right before the First World War that the population would almost quadruple in a century, they would have thought you mad.

"We only add another Succubus every ten to twelve years, so we aren't even keeping up with the population. If it weren't for wars, plagues and famines, we'd be even further behind. Back when the Black Death spread across Europe, we were ahead in numbers, but not with modern medicine. So even today, there are only about seven thousand of us."

She tapped her lips, standing hipshot as she considered. "Now, how to clean this up?"

Jer went to the driver's compartment and popped the trunk. There was a five-gallon gas can there. The Succubus nodded, then stopped him before he could dump it into the car. "Remember, search the body for valuables. What are you going to do in a month's time when you disappear from society? Panhandle?"

Between them, there was almost a thousand dollars. Along with rings, watches and the gold money clip of the Boss, he was looking at a small fortune. He dumped the fuel into the passenger compartment, then soaked the Boss' handkerchief to insert in the gas tank. He used the lighter (also solid gold) and lit it. They backed away a good distance, then watched the car suddenly burst into flames.

"Milking time."

"But this body is too young to give milk!" Jer protested. But he could feel it forming in his body. He

changed form, now looking like the Japanese girl he had been that first night.

He arrived before either Kendra or Megan, and had been waiting for his turn at the milking machines when they arrived. They all sat together and ended up being hooked up to the cups almost at the same moment. Once the milking began, he felt the same rush of lust. Both of the other girls were already kissing, and he inserted his own smaller lips into it, making it a three-way kiss, all of their hands groping for body parts as he was drained.

V

That pattern continued for the next few days. Again, no one noticed that he was now two feet shorter and that he sat through the next day kicking his feet like a daughter sitting in her father's office chair. Every night he would be somewhere else, in another form. Short, tall, fat, thin, buxom, tiny-titted, blonde, brunette, Afro American, total white bread. He had not dealt with another pair in that time, thank God for small favors.

He had just finished a call when he felt himself being moved through space and time again. He staggered, then fell against another woman. "Megan?" he squeaked. While he knew who it was, it was like recognizing someone in a superhero costume, because 'Megan' was now a woman in her early forties with dyed hair. Jer looked down and saw that he was now a girl in her late teens, maybe eighteen or nineteen.

"We must move quickly." Her personal nightmare was there. She had changed until she was a boy maybe a year younger than Jer looked right now. "I

had to come because this is a special problem.” She motioned with her hand, and suddenly the room fell perfectly still. No, not a room. A cabin on a boat.

Megan leading the way, they came into a nightmare scene. Three people who looked exactly like they appeared were tied to chairs, and an older man (the father, though how Jer knew that, he couldn't have said) was being systematically beaten by a group of thugs. But everything was still in that frozen state. “What is this?”

“The man is an American trying to make some money rapidly. So he has spent his vacation time in the last five or six years transporting cocaine, a hundred or so kilos a time. But on his last trip, someone on the receiving end claimed he had delivered only half. So the Drug Lord decided that both the receiver and this man acting as the ‘mule’ probably sold it elsewhere and split the money.” She looked at the man being beaten without pity.

“The problem is, that when a Colombian mob takes revenge, they don't just kill you. They kill you and every person in your family down to the youngest child. So on this trip, he was told to bring his family, because the Drug Lord wanted to give them gifts for his ‘loyal service’. That gift will be them watching him being beaten, then him having to watch as his family is raped, then murdered before his own death.

“This is the largest gathering of prey in almost a decade. There are seven of us working on it, four in Miami where they have already taken the entire family and are doing pretty much the same thing. Your friend Kendra suggested that we take the place of the victims, and not only devour these animals, but rescue them.”

“But why aren’t one of us the boy? And how can you appear to *be* a boy?”

“It is commonly believed that the Succubus and Incubus, the male version of them, are actually the same demon.” She grinned. “Neither of you are far enough along in your becoming to do this.” She shook her head.

“I told you that mankind made us what we are, so having to switch from one to the other is what we do at need. It’s just that there aren’t as many female sexual predators as there are men these days.” She motioned. “The Drug Lord’s senior man doesn’t really like girls, though he claims he just enjoys the humiliation of raping the young boys in front of their families.”

She led them up onto the deck. They were on a motor-sailor, the sails tightly wrapped around the boom. There was a small powerboat tied to her side. “We will put them in the boat, unconscious, and cut it loose. Then we will be assaulted, draining them as they do. Afterward, we will cause the engine to explode, destroying the evidence. They will wake up thinking the men let them live for some reason.”

They went back below, and one by one, took the victims they were saving up into the small boat alongside. “What about him?” Megan asked, motioning at the man.

“He has earned his death. Those others have not.” The woman in boy form sat in the chair, and the ropes lifted, tying him down. Megan and Jer took their places, and suddenly the scene came to life again. Fists struck flesh, feet kicked him when he was down. One of the men, dressed in a nice

suit, just watched until the victim lay mewling in pain.

While the man who had been tied to a chair didn't understand what was being said, all three of the victims did. The man in the nice suit untied the 'boy' and began to rape his mouth, boasting about how 'good' he was. But he did so in Spanish. After having sex with the boy in both orifices, he motioned languidly toward the two 'women'. Then he sat down. Jer noticed the same blank stare he had seen in the alley.

There were seven of them remaining, and each had their way with both Jer and Megan. Maybe they actually liked the idea that both of them were not completely women, or maybe they didn't care. But as the last man staggered aside, the 'boy' stood. "Now." They went to each violator, and drained them. A few merely fell over, looking like any other average dead body. But a couple including their leader were skin and bones by the end. Then the 'boy' went to the father, who was looking around, shocked.

"Tommy! Cut me loose!"

"Why, 'Father?'" the boy asked, then became the Succubus again. "So you can do the same? You have earned this." Their lips met, and the man died with his eyes shocked. The two began to hurriedly take money and valuables from the bodies.

"There was a siren and they all looked up. Megan ran up on deck, then down again. "A Coast Guard cutter! Coming fast!"

"Damn!" The Succubus snapped her fingers, and everything froze again. "Quick, the wasted bodies go over the side. We'll leave the others." She took a

knife from one of the bodies, cutting the throat of the father. Once the bodies that would need explanations were gone, time began again. The cutter had just come alongside when they were gone.

Jer came awake. He was still in the call center, in fact he was talking to a customer. He finished the call, looking at himself. He still looked like the girl they had rescued and no one seemed to notice that he was no longer three feet tall.

“That was one interesting call.” The girl sitting beside him had gone off queue to make her notes. “You seemed to know everything!”

Jer merely shrugged. “You do it long enough, you do know everything, at least everything the customer wants to know.” He went off queue as he was speaking, and looked back at the screen. The notes were clear and concise, as if he’d actually been there for the call.

VI

The Succubus was right, humans were stupid. Every day he would come in to work, every day he would look like someone else, and even when he had disappeared and come back, no one noticed. He had flinched the first time his supervisor had said he was one of her best ‘girls’ but as time went on, he became used to their selective blindness. More and more though, Jer was thinking of himself as ‘she’, which was even more disturbing.

The milk delivery came every day, sometimes twice or three times a day on his days off. He’d gone around the world twice in as many weeks when you took into account the cheeses.

She found herself standing in the darkness, looking around frantically. She didn't recognize the place, but she did recognize the woman stalking toward him.

The woman drew her into a hug, kissing her gently. "You will be a fine woman, and a fine Succubus."

"I don't *want* to be a Succubus, I don't want to be a *woman*." She pounded her fists on the woman's chest but even she felt they were the petulant blows of a little girl. "I'm a man, I had a life!"

"Did you," She ignored his blows. "Let us look at this life you had, past tense."

Suddenly Jeremy wanted to run, to cover her ears, to scream her outrage. But nothing came. "I do not have to look into your mind to see what you think you had. A life of quiet contemplation, of writing your stories, and interfering with those around you as little as possible. That is what you think you had. But think about it.

"You contemplate and by doing so you have cut yourself off from the human race. You did not look at relationships, or politics, or interaction, you looked at the underlying causes in human lives, and therefore missed what was before your eyes. You wrote your stories, but where do they go? They sat on your computer, clumps of data no one else ever saw.

"Since you never interact, of course you do not interfere. No more than the fill dirt in a hole interferes. Your job reflects this. By your own admission to a coworker, a trained chimpanzee could do it. When you are far enough along, you will have no

need to work, because you will gather what you need from your victims.” She crossed her arms.



“But you will not be able to sit back any more. You will be Succubus. You will cull the human herd. It is something you will be very good at.”

“I don’t-” She caught Jeremy’s hand, waved her hand and pulled. They were outside a bar. Jeremy could see the sign, in both English and Tagalog. He felt his body changing, and looked down. The tasteful suit he had been wearing had formed into a flowery summer dress. Beside her, the Succubus had also changed, looking like a female biker.

“I will show you what you will do so well.” She took his hand again, this time crushing it just before pain. She walked forward and with a yelp, Jeremy followed.

The bar was sprawling and he caught a look of his new face in the mirror where they entered. He looked like a Filipino woman. The sign inside the door admonished the customer in English, Spanish, Tagalog and Japanese that the girls were really ‘girl-boys’ and to remember that.

“An easy way to explain that maleness that remains,” the Succubus told him, dragging him past the entry. She stopped well inside the door. “There is someone to feed upon. Just close your eyes and find them.” She looked at Jeremy’s skeptical expression. “Do it.”

Jeremy sighed, leaning her head back and closing her eyes. The entire room was a roil of lust. Almost a smorgasbord; picking one person out of all of this would be like spotting the one color that was different on a paint wheel. Then she sniffed and the thought of impossibility vanished. There was one lust that felt unnatural. She found her head turning back and forth like an aircraft radar array; she was

turning in place just a little every turn of her head until she was facing exactly toward that person. She opened her eyes.

At the other end of the bar, a man was leaning over to talk to one of the girls. From here it looked intense, but Jeremy could feel the flood of rage. The woman, no, the lady boy, beside him was getting weary of the diatribe.

“How do I separate them?”

“Don’t worry, I will clear her away.” The Succubus let go of her hand and strode forward. She reached the couple, turning the woman on her bar stool. The woman started to speak, then the life seemed to ooze out of her eyes. The Succubus pulled her to her feet, ignoring the man, then her mouth dipped, kissing the woman. The woman’s hands came up, pulling the Succubus closer.

Jeremy began to walk forward, the way clearing as she did. The man was standing there, mouth hanging open at the display before him. Jeremy moved into his sight, getting between him and the women in their clinch.

“That whore!” he growled, the rant close to a shout.

“Calm,” Jeremy said softly, reaching out to touch his chest. “Anger not good for you.” The manner was of someone who did not speak English well.

“As if you know what would be,” the man snarled.

“I see in your mind what you need,” Jeremy demurred. “You have a secret lust for lady-boys.” She took the man’s hand, running it up under her dress where his erection could be felt. “But you hate that

others look and lust after the ones you desire.” He was watching Jeremy, and his face had grown calmer as he gently fondled.

“You want one just for you, only for you,” Jeremy continued, moving closer, pressing from breast to stomach. “One to take you within her body, to give herself to you, only you, forever.”

“But all of you girls work here, which means I can’t have what I want.” His hand clenched and Jeremy leaned back a bit at the pain.

“I do not work here. I can be what you wish for the rest of your life,” Jeremy gasped. The pain eased.

“That’s a big claim.”

“It is promise. Talk to other girls, to those who come here. Ask them if they have ever seen me, They will say they have not. I am for you alone.”

“Hey, is this bitch telling the truth?” he snarled. The Succubus released her prey’s lips, looking up. “I’ve been coming here for years and never seen her.”

The lady-boy looked at Jeremy. “No, I have never seen her before.” She turned around and slipped back into the kiss.

“Come, time to make your dream come true.” Jeremy led the man through the building and out.

“Why not take a room inside?” he balked.

“I told you, I never there before, do not work. I work, they expect you to pay, yes? We go, no pay.”

“My kinda woman!” He started pulling ahead, drawing Jeremy afterward. Part of the young changeling felt bad for the man. Everyone had

dreams they could never have. This man was angry because he couldn't have it. Jeremy wanted to let him live, but that newborn sense of hers dug deeper.

For most of humanity, the expense of becoming a woman when God had made you a man was fierce. Those who wished to do it needed hormone therapy, surgery, implants, and the list went on. By the time they looked as Jer did now, they had been indebted to the tune of tens of thousands of dollars. That was why so many that did became porn stars back home, or as they were here in what he now knew was Subic Bay, prostitutes and 'escorts'.

The man loved the lady boys, but was so violently jealous that he would be verbally, then physically, abusive. He had been banned from half of the lady boy bars here just from that.

The hotel was upscale and the concierge merely sighed as they walked in. The elevator shot up to the room and Jeremy found herself ushered into the room. The man grabbed Jer and she felt him slam his lips against her own. Even here, when his dream had come true, the man was too forceful. Jeremy caught the hand that was pawing at her dress. "Come on, love. Is like fine meal. You no stuff it into mouth, you eat slowly, savor it."

Jeremy took his hand, leading him toward the bed. It was different this time, in comparison to the others she had fed upon. It wasn't a dreamlike sequence like the first. She wasn't the bait in a trap as she had been with the previous prey. Now she was the predator cutting out her victim. She shook her head, She was thinking of herself as a female all the time now.

The man sat on the edge of the bed and Jeremy curled up in his lap like a kitten. In this position, Jeremy was able to control his kiss, his hands. His fingers plucked at the dress, and Jeremy caught his hand. "Let me."

She stood, shrugging her shoulders, the dress falling in a pool around her feet. She wasn't wearing a bra and her nipples were tight as she looked down at the man. She caught the edges of her panties, pulling the ties, and felt them fall away.

She looked almost like a boy with tiny tits and such a small cock it looked like she would never have been a man. Her hands rested on his shoulders, looking down through the ebony sheet of her hair. He reached up, holding her hips, and she took a step closer. "Show me your love," she husked.

He looked up, then leaned forward, taking the tiny cock into his mouth. Jeremy hissed, head back. "Yes, you do well." She sighed. Her hips moved, sawing the member back and forth in his mouth. "You please me, then I please you, yes?"

He nodded as he continued. Jeremy hadn't felt this in a long time, and she felt a shiver run up her supple back. She gasped, cupping the man's face, then gave five delicate spurts into his mouth.

She knelt, kissing him deeply. "You gentle lover, but not all time, yes? Be gentle with me now." Her hand caught his belt, unbuckling it, then peeling the pants out of the way. Her hands dipped in, drawing him into the air. Gently, she kissed the head, hand holding him upright, then her lips parted and sank down on him.

“Oh God, that’s wonderful,” he gasped. Her mouth slid down until he bumped the back of her throat.

She sucked up, then down, then moved her hand, fondling him. “You want I do this? Or love me like you mean it?”

“Get up here,” he said. She slid back up his body, straddling him with her legs wrapped around him.

“Now, love me long time,” she whispered, lifting up. His hand fumbled and when she settled back down, he slid smoothly into her.

“Yes, so good,” she whispered in his ear, her feet dropping to the bed, sliding her body up and down on him. “Stay in me forever, for rest of life.”

As much as she hated what she was becoming, Jeremy had to admit she was beginning to enjoy this part. The final hunt, taking his seed and soul. The more she understood what they were like, the more she understood that they deserved this. Yet it was better than some vigilante running through the streets shooting people. That was why she had bitten the first man in half, why she had humiliated and raped the older brother the second night. Why she would show this one what he could have had and take it away at the same time.

“Yes, go deep, hard, make me love it,” she ordered. “Make me swear to touch no other man.”

He growled, rolling her over, pinning her hands to the bed as he began pounding into her harder. “Bitch.”

“No bitch. Make you think. You ask other girls to be with you forever? No one else? Tell them you

want them alone?” Her hips rolled, forcing him to maintain the pace. “If I not tell you I be the last ever woman, best ever woman in your life, would you be here?” She pulled him down, holding his face above hers as he kept thrusting. “You could have had love long ago instead.”

She kissed him and the connection was there as it had been before. She could see his eyes widen in sudden fear, his hips trying to pull back as she connected on that deep level. He fell forward, hands clawing at her as he felt his heart falter. He moaned and began to shrivel, but she held on. Finally he gasped and fell still. He had been a large man, around 250 pounds. Now he was a shriveled mummy-like thing.

She rolled him aside, then reached down for his pants. There was almost a thousand dollars in crisp twenties and hundreds. She slipped into her dress and put the money in her pocket. Then she carried his body over and threw it hard enough to fall into the bay.

She stood, the little Filipino woman vanishing as a tall Nordic blond replaced her. Jeremy reached out, stepping through, and was back in her room.

She took a shower, allowing the water to flow in runnels down her body. It was a sensuous feeling. She scrubbed herself, feeling the lassitude she had earlier vanish. She was energized as if she'd slept a full eight hours. She stepped out, drying herself. It was becoming normal to see her features change as she dried her hair. The hair shifting from long to short to medium, then to very long, which was a pain when trying to dry it. Her eyes went from a wide blue to hazel, her skin from black, to oriental, to Caucasian.

Her closet had lost most of the men's clothes, and those that remained were androgynous. They would have looked the same whether she had a woman's body or a man's.

She chose a smart blouse and skirt, slipping the ensemble on. Shoes, purse, ready.

She walked toward the door, then stopped herself. Now where in Paris? She reached out, then stepped through.

It was perhaps an hour after sunset and the City of Lights spread around her. Never in her short life had she ever expected to visit here.

"You made it!" She turned and caught Megan as she flung herself at Jeremy. As much as 'Michael' wanted to remain, there was too much of the flighty little girl in her make-up.

"I said I would." Jeremy disentangled herself, motioning. "Where is Kendra?"

"Feeding. As long as we don't have to feed, the night is ours; except for milking."

"I still don't understand a lot of things," Jeremy admitted. "Why are we giving milk?"

"Something about our structure as we become, and then be." Megan said. "It used to be that Succubi were regional phenomenon, only in Italy or Japan, say. But when men started to travel beyond their own homes, we went with them. But we didn't fit in and it was easy to spot us, or at least recognize when we were there. If a Native American Succubus was feeding on a European outpost, they began being wary of all native women. The same if a Japanese one fed on Portuguese men in Nagasaki back during the time when Japan had little or no contact.

But around 400 years ago, Lilith and the grand council got together, and came up with the milking.”

“Lilith?”

Megan’s eyes rounded. “You didn’t know? Wow, the original Succubus starts you on the path and you don’t even know her name? She is old, Garden of Eden old.”

“She doesn’t look a day over twenty-five,” Jeremy replied jokingly.

“Of course not. None of us look a day over twenty-five unless that is the kink the guy we’re feeding on is into. Let me tell you, ending up in an old woman’s body because some guy has a geriatric bent can be surprising. And don’t even get me started on pedophiles and asshole tranny chasers.”

“I had pair of those a few days ago,” Jeremy admitted. “As for chasers, I was in Subic Bay just a while ago; some asshole who wanted love but expected a tranny to be more loving than a normal woman.”

“Really assholes.” Megan nodded. They agreed on that at least.

“So what’s the plan?”

“If some guy doesn’t end up being a next course for dinner, we’re free for the rest of the evening. So where was I?”

“Lilith and the council.”

“Oh right. They had noticed that if they didn’t fit in, they were easier to spot and that meant easier to kill. A couple of the massacres during the Indian Wars were caused by Succubi that were of the wrong race feeding in the wrong place. So they

looked for something that is world-wide. That thing is cheese.”

“I noticed that. I had never known there were that many cheeses before this merry-go-round started.”

“Where ever man went, they made cheese. So the Succubi made themselves fertile enough to lactate, then they collected and processed the milk into milk, yogurt, and cheese. If a normal human who doesn’t have the catalyst drinks it, it makes them ill. But it makes us become.”

“So if I had not ordered the milk that first night, I would still be me.”

“Oh you would have changed, but more slowly. And you would have stayed regional. You would have been stuck in the U.S. They also made choices on how to not feed fully, you might say, make it a dessert or an aperitif. Say kissing a woman or cuddling a child.”

“She kissed the lady-boy in Subic,” Jeremy said. “I thought we fed on men.”

“Oh, she wasn’t feeding.” Megan said. “She was sipping.”

“Sipping?”

“Yes. You know how sometimes life just drags you down?” Jeremy nodded. “Well, we can feel that and you can take some of that pain away by sipping it. Here.” She motioned, walking toward the corner. In every city Jeremy had ever lived in, she had seen what was before her now. Women standing on corners as if waiting, and in a way they were. Prostitutes, *Putain* here, as her mind gave the word. “Look

at them and reach out with your feelings.” Megan grinned. “Use the Force, Luke.”

Jeremy scanned them, her eyes rested on one girl dressed in the clothing style called Apache by the French; striped shirt over a tight skirt and stockings. She was watching cars pass but after a moment, she felt Jeremy’s gaze. She turned, and Jeremy reached out.

The woman began walking toward her and Jeremy could feel the sense of degradation the woman experienced on a daily basis. The look of a whore who had seen and done everything. But her face became more tender, as if recognizing the understanding. She stopped and Jeremy’s hand came up, cupping her face, guiding it down so that their lips brushed.

It was a subtle taste, like a hint of spice in a cake, or a touch of almond or vanilla in a hot chocolate, and Jeremy sipped greedily. The woman’s arms came down around her body and Jeremy felt the woman’s hands grope her firm bottom.

The kiss deepened and Jeremy could see her past, the uncle that had introduced her to sex, the neighbor boys who had spread her legs for their own enjoyment, never her own. The attempt to become an artist, failing miserably and finally the years of being on the street, using the only commodity she had remaining to survive. She felt tears start from her eyes at all the pain this woman, younger than she was, had gone through, licking it up, making it fade until all she felt from her now was hunger.

Her face moved back and she dipped into her pocket, sliding a twenty into the woman’s bra cup. “*Je regret,*” she husked, pulling back. The woman

staggered a bit, then gave her a dazzling smile before going back to stand yet again with her coworkers.

“You see?” Megan asked, grinning. “It’s like a dish of ice cream after a full meal, or a delicate pastry.”

“Yes, that was sublime.”

“Come on, Kendra is waiting.”

“Why were you alone?” Jeremy asked.

“Some mark tagged onto Kendra and she decided to deal with him.” She turned into the park, Jeremy following.

It was worrisome in the park. There weren’t as many lights as most American parks would have had; there were vast gulfs of unlit forest around them now. Ahead, she could hear a girl moaning in protest, and a man’s voice demanding.

They stopped, watching. The girl was short, her long flowing hair brushed the ground as she sucked the man who stood before her. But Jeremy knew it was Kendra.

“Please stop,” she begged, pulling away from him, pushing to try to keep him away. His fists closed in her hair and she cried out in pain an instant before he stuffed her mouth again.

“Shut up and suck, bitch,” he snarled.

Jeremy could feel her resolve click into focus and could almost read her mind as she thought, *Fine, asshole. I gave you a chance.* Then her mouth moved down, deep throating the man. He gasped at the feel of her lips opening and closing on the root of him, then squealed in agony. He tried to pry her from him, but she bit down even harder.

His face went ashen, then began to shudder as he struggled to get away. His blows became weaker and weaker, pawing at her rather than pummeling, then he began to sag down the tree. He hit the ground, falling boneless and still.

The girl released him, spitting out the five-inch chunk she had severed, glaring at him. “Bastard,” she growled. She wiped the blood from her mouth, looking at it clinically, then delicately licked it from her hand. She turned and Jeremy had never seen such an icy cold look on anyone’s face. Then the body began to morph. The petite girl’s school uniform became a violet sheath dress.

“I loathe that kind,” Kendra hissed.

“I can tell,” Megan said. Kendra turned to look at them, and the face softened.

“Sorry, my dining slowed us down.”

“That’s all right.” Jeremy walked over, hugging the woman. “This is your city, where should we go?”

“After him, I’d like to get the taste out of my mouth in more ways than one. Would you mind if we did some sipping before we go to dinner?” She looked surprised as the others laughed.

The trio walked out of the park bound for Brasserie Bofinger. On the way, they sipped from many people. Kendra was so bold as to go up to a Gendarme and suck the liquor from his lips, earning ribald comments from passers-by. By the time they reached the upscale restaurant, all were sated.

They shared an appetizer plate, watching the crowd and the scenery beyond the windows. Paris was lovely by night, and according to Kendra, even

more so by day. They decided that they would have to get together again and tour each home city fully.

An hour before the bars would close, the three of them stepped through to Dublin. The local here, Megan led them to Bobo's, an honest-to-God burger shop. They had French fries, each causing the others to laugh as Megan sprayed them with malt vinegar, Jeremy with ketchup, and Kendra with mayonnaise. The beer was dark and heady, and they were pleasantly buzzed when last call came.

Now on to Las Vegas. Jeremy had bought tickets to the Phantom of the Opera, and they all sat entranced as it flowed around them. By the end of the play, they were pleasantly tired, standing before the Venetian. They considered walking the short distance to Wolfgang Puck's Chinois restaurant for a late dinner.

"Where do you live?" Kendra asked suddenly. Jeremy looked at her, confused.

"Well, up past downtown. But it's a pretty dismal place."

"Probably like mine," Megan said. "I live in a loft near the college."

"Oh." Kendra seemed to sink into herself.

Jeremy didn't like that. "Wait, we need a room, right?" The others nodded. "Hello! Big effing hotel right here! And I have a grand in my pocket!"

They looked at the Venetian behind her. "By God, she's right," Kendra said. She caught Jeremy's hand. "Come on, I'm going to show you how to do an Obi Wan."

“A what?” Jeremy asked as Megan followed, giggling. They moved through the hotel to the reception desk.

“You know.” Megan wriggled her fingers at Jeremy. “These aren’t the droids you’re looking for’.”

The woman behind the counter looked up. “May I help you... ladies?”

Kendra leaned forward, gazing soulfully into her eyes. “You can give us the key to our room.”

The woman blinked as if she wasn’t sure where she was. Then she turned to the computer, tapping in a query. She took a card key, slid it into the card scanner, and programmed it. She pulled it out, turning back to Kendra.

“Come over there,” Kendra commanded and the woman moved along the counter to a section where they could stand face-to-face, close enough to touch. Kendra touched her face gently, then pulled the woman into a kiss, sipping her down. The woman moaned, then her hands came up to clench in the back of Kendra’s dress. She mewed in excitement and Kendra rode the kiss until she finally pulled back. The woman stood there, face blissful. Then they opened.

“Enjoy the rest of the evening.”

“The woman started to talk, then giggled. ”I think that might have been the high point of my evening,” she whispered back.

Kendra took the key card, squeezing the hand that held it, then turned and led the others to the elevator. “Her girlfriend is in for one hell of a nights” she said, waiting for the elevator to open.

“Girlfriend?”

“Oh my, indeedy yes. A sweet sweet lesbian ready to jump in my pants if I had brought her along.”

“Oh my, oh my,” Megan said, getting on the elevator. “Will she follow us when her shift ends?”

“She might.” Kendra shrugged her shoulders. “We could always hope.”

The elevator deposited them on the 17th floor and Kendra opened the door. The room was a suite with two huge queen-sized beds. Kendra nodded in satisfaction, then turned. “Tonight is my last night as a man. I can feel it. So I ask you both, let me remember what that feels like even as you take my virginity.”

“Kendra?” Jeremy would have said more but Kendra moved into her, arms slipping around Jeremy’s neck.

“This you must do for me, Jennifer. Make me a woman as Megan takes the last sperm I will ever spray.” She kissed Jeremy and she found herself going with the motion, tongues dueling as their hands fondled what lay beneath the clothing. The button at Kendra’s neck came loose, and her sheath fell into a puddle around her feet. Megan was running her hands along Kendra’s back, then around to capture her nipples.

Kendra moaned into Jeremy’s mouth at the touch, then her own hands dropped, pawing at the buttons on Jeremy’s blouse. She pulled the cloth frantically, then suddenly Megan’s fingers captured both pair of nipples.

“Oh God, Megan,” Jeremy moaned. She looked past Kendra’s head, then her hand lifted, pulling up Megan’s sweater. Her own skirt joined the clothing

on the floor, followed first by the sweater, then the slacks Megan was wearing.

They turned. moving to the bed, hands still running with lazy regard over what was revealed. Kendra's member was only about as large as a thumb joint now, and Jeremy's fingers found a soaked slit behind it. They stumbled and Kendra landed on her back, then moaned as two mouths locked on her nipples. Her hands ran languidly down their backs as they sucked her until she was gasping.

"Jennifer, please." She rolled on her stomach, lifting up onto her hands and knees. Megan didn't ask; she rolled beneath Kendra and gasped as Megan's mouth latched on. "Oh, never again, never again." Kendra humped forward, then her voice died as she dipped forward, taking the small penis before her between her own lips.

Jeremy moved forward, prodding the newly-formed vagina. Kendra's body orbited, moving forward and back, non-verbally begging. Jeremy caught her hips, and slid inside. Kendra keened, her voice muffled by the mouthful she sucked.

The three of them moved, moaning and sighing as they slid deeper, then out. They didn't need the artifice Jeremy had used on the brothers; each knew what the others wished to feel, and fed the synergistic reaction with their bodies and hands.

Jeremy gasped, clutching the hips before her. "Oh God, Kendra, I'm going to come!"

"Please, the first one with me should love me, not use me. Please!" Kendra screamed.

They came, each woman gasping and sighing as they slowed, slumping in sheer delight.

Jeremy fell on her side, taking Kendra with her. None of them wanted to move, they were deep into the afterglow.

There was a hesitant knock and Jeremy looked toward the door. Picking up one of the house robes from the bathroom, she opened the door. The concierge that had given them the key card stood there, smiling hesitantly. She wore a badge marked with the name Jill.

“May I join you?” she asked softly.

Jeremy pulled her into the room, looking into Jill’s eyes as she opened the robe fully. She caught the woman’s hand, pulling it forward until it closed gently around her erection. “Are you sure, love?”

Jill looked down, her eyes scanning from the three and a half-inch member in her hand, up the creamy expanse of stomach to the strawberry nipples. Her head turned and Kendra rolled, her own only about 3/4th inch of meat, already hard. Megan was spooned to her back, and Kendra’s eyes slitted in pleasure. She held out her hand and Jill walked across the room as if hypnotized.

“I take that as a yes,” Jeremy said, smiling as she dropped the robe and joined them.

VII

2014

Jennifer moved onto the milking floor. She was still among the new girls; a Succubus wasn’t mature enough to make a new girl until they were at least a century old. And even with all of them across the globe, a new girl appeared maybe once a decade be-

cause you needed a mature Succubus and the right kind of man to Become.

What exactly was the ‘right’ man wasn’t explained. Lilith had not told her and the other older ones merely said, “You will know when you meet him.” They didn’t even pass the message to others if they spotted one. It wasn’t considered sporting. So having her, Megan, and Kendra all becoming at the same time was as rare as sextuplets were in the outside world.

She was up to a pint and a half now. Lilith had once taken her through the processing plant for the milk which was a floor down from the milking floor itself. Even with them all, it handled less than two thousand gallons. It was good that it would also not spoil.

She had just finished doing up her blouse when Lilith walked up. The woman held a paperback book in hand. “A Succubus Story?” She held up the cover where a large woman held a man in an embrace. By flipping back the partial cover, you could see inside it. There were two women in the same embrace, the smaller still wearing the clothes from the man on the cover. “What part of ‘we are *hidden*’ are you having a problem with?”

Jennifer sighed. “Paranormal Romance is the big thing right now. Vampires, elves, mermaids, you name it. So why not us?” Lilith’s face was cold. Jennifer took the book, opening it to the inside back cover showing a face not even remotely like her own. “The author, Patricia Daw, will write for a while, sell her books until the craze dies down, then settle into obscurity and eventually die.” She shrugged. “You might say this is my own little revolt against just disappearing into what I have Become.”

Lilith watched her coldly, then nodded. “Then you have one more thing to do.” She held out a pen. “Autograph it. One day I can sell it as a collector’s item.”

VIII

2151

It was the second train she had pulled and Jennifer, no longer Jeremy, reveled in the power she felt. There were nine little frat boys scattered across the room, all sitting or lying as if stunned. Their leader had gone out to pick up a party girl for some fun, never bothering to mention that the \$400 he was spending was to have her fuck not only him but his entire fraternity, by force if necessary. Unfortunately for them, he had picked her as she walked from a restaurant here in the New York segment of the the Eastern U.S. Megaplex. She had been a bleached blonde past the prime of her life when he saw her.

Force had not been needed, She had felt the energy like looking through a display window at the choice selections of a gourmet restaurant. She had arrived, pretended to cower. As each had entered her, she had taken just enough to make them collapse as they were now.

The last was humping into her mindlessly, and she decided enough was enough.

She pulled away, turning. Her hands caught his face and he whined in terror as she began to drink him down like a Long Island Iced Tea. He tried to pull away but over a century of experience had given her the strength to defeat even the largest man’s will.

He collapsed dead and she crawled toward the next. She found that leaving them enough will to witness their fate put some extra flavor into the meal. She could taste his despair and fear as she drained him as well. Then the next and the next until she was the only thing living in the room. So sad, they could have been something other than useless bags of skin. The door opened and her predatory gaze snapped around.

The man who came in was slight, glasses hanging on his nose, books in his hands. "You guys finished yet? I can't study with all this racket." He froze, looking around the room, then up at her in sudden terror. He started to turn and Jennifer stopped him with a thought. So that was what Lilith had felt all those years ago. The gentle spark within that had drawn her to that sad little man Jennifer had been. She stalked over, catching his chin, guiding him to one of the over-stuffed chairs that were back in vogue.

She pushed him down, straddling him, her fingers opening the blouse none of his later friends had even bothered to open, since it didn't cover a hole to fill. Her nipples tonight were as tiny as her tits were. Thin was back in, damn it. She leaned forward, brushing her nipples across his mouth. He was whining, protesting, but when a nipple drew milk across his lips, he froze. She leaned back, giving him a gentle yet evil smile as his tongue licked out to pick up that delicious flavor.

When she leaned forward again, he began to suckle, moaning as her essence and her curse flowed into him "Yes, my pet, drink deep, form it in your mind. Feel it in your soul. You are mine, body and soul. And soon you will find a worthy feast," she

repeated. He was adamant that he would get all of her milk and she was in the mood to oblige him. Her left breast was drained and she pulled away, presenting her right. She stayed curled up in his lap as he sealed his fate.

Then she fed upon him, taking his manly essence, to complete the transaction as it were. He sat there, limp and confused, as she drained the last of it, then she knelt in front of him.

“You didn’t come down because you don’t feel comfortable forcing yourself on anyone. That is why you get the chance,” she whispered, kissing him gently, like a mother kissing her baby’s forehead. “Go to the films, come back and report this later.” She reached into the cup of her bra and handed him a card. “Perhaps you just need to find the right kind of woman. Call me.” He left the room.

She straightened her clothes, then stepped to the door to the street. She paused, her hand reached into her purse and pulled out the white phosphorus grenade. She pulled the pin and tossed it into the room, closing the door as it exploded into smoke and flames. Her body morphed until she looked like any college girl.

Then she reached and stepped onto the milking floor. There were dozens of them there, all having the orgasm you can only have when you are being milked. She kissed Megan, then Kendra gently, watching as one of the newest, a girl named Lila, writhed in ecstasy. “You must be full tonight,” Megan said, motioning toward a table.

“No, I found a new one.”

Megan looked at her, then grinned. She leaned forward, looking into Lila’s wide eyes. “Hear that,

honey? Soon you'll have a little sister." She leaned forward, kissing the girl.

End