

The Succubus' Sub



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The Succubus' Sub

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Enjoy.

for you,
the readers

and for the kinky folk far and wide

thank you for all your support

One: The Offer

The hallway lights flickered as Brett walked toward his apartment door, his thin jacket, shirt, and pants were all dripping wet. It was pouring rain outside, and that was where he just happened to be when the heavens had opened up. It had been cloudy all day, but he'd decided to chance a trip to the grocery store anyway. On the way back to his car, the rain had started to fall, soaking him through to the bone.

He grumbled to himself as he carried the two heavy bags across the concrete floor to the elevator. As soft rock trickled out of the elevator speakers, Brett kept his eyes on the illuminated numbers marking each floor he passed. He hoped and prayed that the power would stay on long enough to get out of the metal box.

The elevator doors opened with a low *ding* and he power-walked across the hallway to his door. The narrow walkway was modest; paintings often found in thrift stores hung on the walls, and yellow lights spaced evenly apart lit up the passage. There was no one else in the hallway, and no sound leached through any of the doors. It was evening sure, but it wasn't that late to where his neighbors would be turning in.

Brett turned and faced the wooden door to his apartment, then set his grocery bags on the ground. Concentration contorted his face as his eyes wandered, searching for his keys. Just as he gripped them in his hand, a bright flash of lighting and a vicious crack of thunder startled him. He dropped them to the floor.

"Holy shit," he said, heart racing. Even at twenty-six years old, he still held tight to his childhood fear of thunder and lightning. A second blinding flash split the sky, and though he was ready for the thunder this time, his body still shook with nervous energy. He closed his eyes and steadied his breathing, and felt his heart rate slow from a hummingbirds to a much more relaxed beat.

The door unlocked easily despite his trembling hands, and on the other side, a dark apartment greeted him. For a moment, Brett was fearful that he'd lost power. But then he flipped the switch, and to his relief, the room before him illuminated brilliantly.

His apartment was small, but it was perfect. It had one bedroom and bathroom with a spacious living room and a kitchen with plenty of room to maneuver. The building itself was in a great part of the city; clean and friendly with little crime, as evidenced by the barless windows and the lack of sirens that echoed through all hours of the night in some of the other places Brett had lived.

He wandered into his kitchen and set the bags down on the counter, his

eyes focused on view outside his rain-soaked windows. The city was brightly lit and even with the rain falling the streets below were crowded with cars. It was a Friday night after all, rain won't stop folks from celebrating the weekend. He wandered if he should head back outside and visit one of the handful of bars located within walking distance.

A chill slithered through his body, taking his mind off of the fleeting notion of going out. *I gotta get out of these wet clothes*, he thought, and stripped on his way down the small hallway that led to his bathroom.

Once inside, Brett hung his sopping clothes over the frosted glass sliding door of his shower and stepped inside, letting the hot water warm his body. He walked into his bedroom as he finished drying off, trying to ignore the overflowing hamper in the corner of his room and changed into a pair of flannel pajama pants, a t-shirt, and a sweatshirt to keep out the cold.

But it wasn't enough, and after turning on the heater, Brett headed into the kitchen for some hot cocoa.

Brett whistled a familiar tune as his mug whirled around on the cooking plate in the microwave. Once its bell had sounded, Brett pulled the mug out carefully by its handle, letting it warm his fingers as he brought the drink up close to his face. He sniffed the cocoa as he gently blew across its surface, oblivious to the intruder that hid in the shadows of his apartment.

But as he turned toward the living room to have a seat on the comfy, grayish couch there, he saw her.

She was sitting on the back of his couch, her legs crossed, wearing black high heels, dark stockings, and a short, sleeveless red dress. A gold bracelet shimmered on her right hand as her long painted nails tapped on the back of his couch. She stared straight into his eyes, and he froze under the intensity of her gaze.

Brett remained still, unsure if it was because there was an intruder in his apartment, or because she was one of the most beautiful women he had ever seen.

Maybe it's both, he thought as he watched her ocean-blue eyes stare at him from the shadows. He could've sworn that they glowed.

The woman smirked, the coat of gloss on her ruby red lips reflecting the white lights from his kitchen.

"So, uh, may I help you?" he asked, scratching the back of his head.

Wait a minute—that's not what I should've said!

"Why yes, Brett, you can help me," the woman replied. She slid down from the couch in a single serpentine movement. "My name is Myserra, and I have an offer for you."

Instead of calling the cops, Brett chose to indulge the mysterious woman, partially because he wanted to know how her presence in his apartment was possible. His door had been locked when he'd arrived and there was no sign of a break-in. Even weirder, when he'd first walked into his apartment, she was nowhere to be seen. His windows were closed and bolted shut and he'd locked the door behind him when he came in. It seemed that the strange blonde somehow *appeared* in his living room.

He was an avid fan of science fiction and fantasy, and while he may have accepted the fact that magic and monsters weren't real, he couldn't help but wonder if this woman didn't have a little of both in her.

Brett squinted at her. "How did you get in here?"

The woman walked toward him slowly, her movements sensual and hypnotic. Her hips swayed with each stride she took in her black stiletto heels, their *clicks* against the hardwood echoing in his head like the strokes of a metronome. His eyes moved over her, unsure of which part of her flawless body he should ogle first.

"I'm a demon," she said plainly. Her eyes flashed in a way no mortal's should. "Not only that, but I'm a succubus; the *best* kind of demon."

Brett backed away from the sexual creature right into the fridge.

"Get away from me! I don't want to die!"

Myserra burst into laughter. Brett wasn't sure if it was because of his reaction, or the fact that somehow during his panic attack, he'd started brandishing a wooden spoon like a knife.

Nice going, idiot, he thought as he tossed the worthless spoon onto the counter. *Maybe if she was a vampire, you could stab her with it.*

"Silly human." She wiped away a tear as her laughter subsided. "I rarely kill my partners. It'd be a waste. Besides, if the sex is good, I might come back for seconds." She licked her lips.

Brett blinked. "Wait. You want to have sex with—"

"It's not as simple as that, Brett," Myserra interrupted. "What I want from you is something more." She placed her hands on the granite counter top and leaned forward, pushing her breasts between her arms. He caught himself staring at her bosom, silently praying that they'd pop out of the low neckline. She was easily a D-cup, and her skin was silky smooth.

"What do you want, then?"

"*You*. I've been looking for a sub for quite a wh—"

"Did you say *sub*?" he blurted out right in the middle of her explanation. "You mean *slave*. I may be sexually inexperienced, but I'm not an idiot."

Myserra slid forward and rested on her elbows. "When I say sub, I mean

sub. Enslaving you would take all the joy out of it. Your free will would be gone and you'd stay with me only because you had to. I want you to be mine because you *want* to. Because you *need* me. See the difference?" She clasped her hands together and interlocked her fingers.

Brett shook his head, unconvinced. "I'd still be a slave."

"No," Myserra sighed. "At the end of the day, you could return to your everyday life. You could go to parties; hang out with friends; watch a movie. If you were my slave, you would be with me at all times with no freedom whatsoever. You could only go places if I ordered you to."

Brett folded his arms. "First things first: how do I know you're actually a succubus and not just messing with me?"

"I'd thought you'd never ask," Myserra said with a wicked grin.

She backed away from the counter and flicked her wrist. A small yellow candle appeared in the palm of her hand. She held it with her right hand and snapped the fingers of her left hand near the wick. The candle lit up.

"A magician could probably do that," he said with a shrug.

"Fine," she pouted. "Usually, that's enough."

Brett's smug look vanished as she transformed. Her skin turned red and two pairs of horns grew out of her head; a small, pointy pair above her eyes, and two others that twisted out to the sides from just behind her pointed ears.

Her lips and hair turned black and her sapphire blue eyes became pink. The dress and heels that she wore gave way to thigh-high boots, black boyshorts, and a tube top. A tail slithered of its own accord behind her and a pair of leathery wings stretched out past her sides with a span that was wider than she was tall.

Brett gulped when he eyed the skimpy top. If she was to have a wardrobe malfunction and have one of her plump melons pop out, now would be the time.

"Convinced?" she asked him.

"Yep, that'll do it. Although..." He reached for the mug of now-cold hot chocolate and sniffed it, then tasted it with the tip of his tongue. "Nope, nothing in there."

By the time he set the cup back down on the counter, Myserra was back in her human form.

"So, how about that offer?"

"I still don't get why you want me, of all people. Wouldn't you rather have sex with some big burly guy with an eight-inch dick instead of little old me?" He moved away from the fridge and leaned against the granite counter, his arms still folded.

"Well, if you're ashamed of your tiny dick, that could be easily fixed with a flick of the wrist and some good old demon magic."

“Whoa there, missy,” he said covering his groin. “I like my junk just the way it is. It’s not the size that matters; it’s how you use it.”

Myserra chuckled. “Which for you would be alone in your bedroom with something erotic on your computer screen.”

“Ouch.”

“And that’s why I’m here,” she continued. “I’ve come to save you from your sexual solitude.” She flashed another smile in his direction, revealing her sharp white teeth. “Tell you what—why don’t you try before you buy?”

Brett frowned. “Pardon?”

The succubus appeared right in front of him. He jumped when she slammed her hands onto the wooden cabinets behind his head and leaned in close. He stared into her sparking, lust-filled eyes as she spoke to him in a low, husky tone.

“Before you commit to anything, how about you try out this body of mine?” She pushed her hips forward and rubbed her crotch against his, arching her back and limiting his view to her ample bust. The temptress pulled her body away when she felt his member harden in his pants and heard a soft moan escape his lips.

He unfolded his arms and tried to inconspicuously cover the growing erection. “But what’s stopping you from casting a spell on me?” he asked her. “You could be lying.” He tried to mask the nervousness in his voice and the succubus smirked when she got a whiff of the lust growing inside of him.

“What? Me? Nah, I would never.” She extended her hand toward him. “Brett, I solemnly swear that I will not use any tricks or mind-altering spells on you. Your decision will be yours alone, and should you say no—though I doubt you will—I will leave, and you’ll never see me again.”

He stared at her hand for a moment, then slowly extended his. She grabbed it and they shook.

“Ready for the best sex in your life?”

“What did I get myself into?” he sighed.

“Come on, let’s take this to the bedroom.” She grabbed his shoulders and pushed him out of the kitchen and down the hallway. He put his hands on the door frame to stop himself from entering.

“Wait.” The succubus took her hands off of his shoulders and he turned toward her. “I’m—”

“I know what you are, Brett: a virgin.” She placed her hand under his chin and gently rubbed his cheek with her thumb. “I know what fills your dreams at night; what your body yearns for. I know what you think about during the countless nights when you’re home alone. I sense what your young body craves;

what urges lurk within you. I can give you what you desire, and *more*.”

He opened his mouth to respond but nothing came. Then he hung his head and walked through the doors into the bedroom.

Myserra closed the door behind her and smiled. Brett took off his shirt and tossed it aside. With his back to her, he didn't see her walk up to him.

She wrapped her arms around him and his face turned bright red when he felt her naked breasts press against his back. His eager dick sprung to life in his boxers and it only got harder when she slid her hands slowly down his stomach. He looked down and watched her undo his belt and jeans.

Brett's freed penis shot out straight as she pulled his pants and boxers down to his knees. The clothing dropped to the floor and he stepped out of it. He stood naked in his room, his stomach in a knot.

He knew his first time would be memorable, but he always figured he would lose it to some chick that he picked up at a bar after drinking too much. Never in a million years did he think he would lose it to a woman as beautiful as the one standing naked behind him. Not only that, but it would be to a succubus, the incarnation of sex and erotic bliss. He hoped that he would survive the night and that his heart wouldn't give out.

She grabbed his shoulders and turned him toward her.

“Well, well, someone's eager,” Myserra said with a smirk. She towered over him and his eyes took in her naked splendor. He stared at her round breasts, wanting so much to reach out and grab them. He felt his dick twitch and his eyes moved south, away from the perfection of her tits to her warm, moist vagina.

“Shall we begin?” she asked, softly pushing down on his shoulders.

Brett knelt down carefully and placed his head between her thighs. He had never performed cunnilingus before, but her smell filled his nostrils and it made him hunger for her. Her aroma was strong and his mouth watered. She moaned softly when his tongue entered her.

He placed his hands on her legs and held onto her firm hamstrings as she suddenly squeezed his head with her thighs. *I must've hit the right spot*, he thought as a high-pitched squeal flowed from her mouth as her devilish smile vanished.

Her lips came together in an O-shape as the playful noise deepened into a long and rolling moan. The succubus' cries grew louder as his tongue buried itself further into her fleshy tunnel. He dug deeper and she placed her hands on his head, pushing him closer and urging him to continue on.

Brett's efforts were rewarded with a loud wail as Myserra orgasmed, her warm, sweet juices coating his tongue. She backed away from him and her legs wobbled as if her climax had been more powerful than she anticipated.

“Oh, Brett,” she breathed as she leaned back against the wall. “I just might have to make you mine.” She tilted her head back as she stroked her body with her hands. Her movements were hypnotic and she looked at him from behind her half-open eyelids. “I think it’s time I repaid the favor.”

He backed away from her as she peeled her body from the wall. The succubus put her hand on his chest and gently pushed him back until he bumped into the edge of his bed. Another playful shove and he sat down. He gulped, and his throat clenched up as she knelt down and pushed his knees apart.

Myserra looked up at him as she wrapped her black lips around his throbbing shaft. He could feel her tongue massaging his swelling dick as she slid up and down, coating him in her saliva. In between bobbing up and down on him, she would lick the underside of his shaft and suck on his balls. He squealed, his body twitching as she pleased him with her tongue.

“I... I’m going to cum!”

The succubus immediately stopped what she was doing and backed off of him. Brett whimpered as the erotic bliss faded before he could climax.

“Can’t have any of that yet,” Myserra cooed. “Save it for the main event.”

Edging. Brett had read about it before on the internet: stopping sexual stimulation in order to delay the climax, thus making the inevitable orgasm even stronger. His eyes remained glued to her demonic body as she sauntered past and looked at him over her shoulder.

Myserra climbed onto his bed and crawled on her hands and knees into the center, her thin tail moved sided to side as her hips rocked. Brett swallowed. Her ripe pussy was in full view, and beads of moisture from its lips dripped onto his bed as she crawled. The succubus rolled onto her back and spread her legs as she lightly touched her stomach.

Brett’s movements were trancelike. His heart raced in his chest as he slowly walked toward the succubus willingly offering herself to him. Sweat poured down his brow as nervous energy coursed through his veins. His fingers twitched and he dragged his feet on the carpet.

Don’t fuck this up, Brett, he thought. *Heh, ‘fuck this up.’*

Myserra shot him a confused glance as he laughed to himself. Looking down at his crotch, he watched his manhood shy away.

“Stage fright?” the succubus teased. “Not to worry, I know just the thing.”

Brett’s eyes followed her hands as they gracefully moved down her thighs until they arrived at the valley between her legs. Her fingers fondled her pretty pink folds.

Myserra’s plan worked and Brett’s nervousness vanished. His groin sprung to life and his dick hardened as he filled with lust. He climbed onto the bed and

she put her back to the soft sheets as he moved on top of her. The human couldn't help but smile as he looked down at the succubus' face. Her pink eyes sparkled in the dim light of his room and she playfully bit her lip.

"Come on, Brett," she purred, her voice soft and innocent. "Don't you want to take advantage of me?"

The irony of her statement was lost on him as he lowered himself onto her and planted his lips on hers. She wrapped her arms around him and held him close as they kissed. Her lips were intoxicating and he wanted his first kiss to last forever, but the throbbing in his groin reminded him of greater treasure ready for the taking. He pulled away from her and looked deep into her eyes.

Their gaze was broken when she closed her eyes as he eased himself into her. Brett guided himself in slowly, one inch at a time. She held him by the shoulders and squeezed as he delicately buried his virgin prick into her. Her warmth surrounded him as he went deeper until their bodies became one.

It was the single best thing he'd felt in his entire life.

Myserra moaned loudly as his hands moved up off of the bed onto her body, taking the opportunity to fondle her plump breasts. Her wine-colored nubs grew rigid as he rubbed them with his thumbs. The succubus let go of his shoulders and her hands dropped onto the bed. She grabbed the sheets as he moved back and forth, slowly sliding his dick in and out of her moist sheath.

She arched her back and cried out as she brought her heels to her butt and lifted her hips off of the bed.

"Oh, Brett! I... I..."

He increased his tempo and she rocked her hips to match his movements. He finally had the opportunity to vent his long years as a virgin and the sexual frustration bottled up inside of him. Myserra had unknowingly freed the caged beast within, and he ravaged her.

The succubus' cries came faster and faster as she writhed underneath him. The two lovers went over the edge together as Brett squeezed her hips. The succubus' pleasure-filled screams were like honey to his ears as he unleashed a torrent inside of her. His milky-white cum flowed out of his dick and filled her insides as he jerked, his hips recoiling from the force of the eruption.

Myserra's screams died down and she panted quietly. Neither of them spoke.

She looked up at him and cracked a smile. He let go of her waist and his arms fell to his sides as he relaxed his shoulders and looked up at the ceiling. Brett felt like he just ran a marathon.

The succubus pulled herself free from his flaccid dick. A combination of their fluids dripped out of her when he vacated her.

“So... did you like it?”

Brett brought his head down and looked at her. His breathing was heavy and his heart still pounded in chest. “You told me that being your slave and your sub were two different things. That at the end of the day, I still had my freedom.”

“Yes, that’s correct,” she replied, lifting her chest off the bed with her elbows.

“Then what would you do if I begged you to enslave me?”

The succubus raised her eyebrow and she sat up on the bed. “I’ve had slaves in the past, and there are perks to having a loyal helper at your beck and call, willing to give their life for you and do whatever it is you ask of them without hesitation. But there’s no passion in the sex between a demon and their slave. They do it because they have to, not because they want to.”

“And that’s why you want a sub.”

“The relationship between a domme and her sub is passionate. The domme looks out for and cares for her sub. I’ve seen plenty of demons who treat their slaves like garbage and dispose of them once they’ve fulfilled their purpose. Trust is the foundation of the domme-sub relationship. A sub needs to trust that the domme will care for him and stop when things get out of control.”

Myserra leaned forward and crawled up to Brett, changing back into her human form. The fingers on her right hand danced around his belly button, and though her touch was welcome, it did nothing to distract him.

“You didn’t answer my question,” he reminded her, and Myserra sighed.

“If you begged me to enslave you, I wouldn’t. If I saw that I had pushed you too far and there was no way for you to recover, then I would erase your memories of me and return you to your old life. If I bring you the point where you beg for enslavement, then I have failed.”

Brett reached out and grabbed her hand away from his belly and held it.

“Okay, Myserra. I’ll do it. I’ll be your sub.”

The succubus smiled as she climbed on top of him. “Then sleep well, Brett, for you’ll need all your energy tomorrow. And from now on, it’s *Mistress* to you, my human pet.”

“Yes, Mistress,” he said with a smirk.

Two: Dressing for the Occasion

It was the sound of the rain rapping on his window that woke Brett in the morning. The torrent that descended upon him at dusk the day before had passed, but rain continued to fall steadily. The world outside his window was gray and wet; a lazy day. Brett tossed his sheet, comforter, and blanket aside and swung his legs off the side of the bed.

A chill traveled down his spine as the cold winter air greeted him like a slap to the face. He wrapped himself in his arms as he shivered in nothing but his boxers.

“Holy hell, it’s cold in here,” he said to himself as he quickly moved toward the flannel pants and long sleeved shirt draped over his office chair.

Brett’s desk was to the right of his tall window. Countless times he’d stared out of it at the world going by, only to return to what he was doing at his computer minutes later. Whether it was a teammate screaming orders into his headset for the video game he was playing or the music blaring through his speakers, he always got back to what he was doing.

Until last night.

He reached down and grabbed his phone on the desk next to his keyboard. The white backlight blinded him momentarily as he scrolled through the unanswered texts and voicemails.

They were all from his *World of Warcraft* guildmates, wondering where he was. *That’s right, the raid was last night.* He chuckled as he recalled the events from the night before.

He booted up his computer, and in mere seconds, his two monitors displayed his wallpaper of the week: a scenic photo of an old growth forest. Brett slouched in his chair, his elbow on the arm rest and his head rested on his fist. Using his foot, he rocked his chair back and forth as he stared at the screens, his mind running through a myriad of possibilities.

Was it all a dream? Did he really have sex with a succubus, or was that just his subconscious venting his untapped sexual energy? He felt the warmth in his body shift to his groin as the memories from the night before filled his mind’s eye. The fragrance of *her* ripe pussy, the touch of *her* tongue on his cock; his eyes glazed over as his dick grew hard in his flannel pajamas.

He leaned back in his desk chair and the fear of toppling over snapped him back to reality. Brett sat upright and rubbed his forehead with his hand.

What am I thinking? Of course I didn’t have sex with a demoness. Like that would ever happen.

The rumbling in his stomach pulled him away from his computer and he

headed into the kitchen. He opened the fridge to see it restocked and pulled out the carton of eggs. He froze midstride when his eyes spotted the mug of once-hot chocolate still on his counter top.

No, it can't be. I must've just forgotten about it. That's happened before.

Any validity to his theory that it was all just a dream vanished when he saw the gold bracelet on the granite countertop. He set the eggs down and kept his gaze on the shiny accessory, slowly moving toward it like it was the golden idol in the beginning of *Raiders of the Lost Ark* and he was Indiana Jones himself.

His mind was full of references, and he had to fight to keep himself from hissing, "My precious!" as he picked up the shiny bracelet in his hands and held it up to the light. It was real, and the fact that it was there on the counter meant one thing. last night, he *really did have sex with a succubus*.

The gravity of the situation hit him like a truck. Not only had he lost his virginity the night before, but he agreed to be her sub.

"Holy shit!" he cried. "I can't be some plaything to a succubus! I... I have a job... friends... a life!"

The last words were the hardest to say. He didn't have a life. All he did every day was sit around at his computer or in front of his television screen. When he wasn't working, he was home playing video games or watching a movie. A couple of times a week he would go to the gym, but that was the extent of his social interactions.

But he did have a job; a stereotypical nine-to-five office job in a building down the street. It paid well, his boss and coworkers were nice—one was smoking hot—and the commute was only a couple of minutes.

How would he fit *that* into his schedule? Would she show up when he got home from work? Was it a weekend-only deal? Do succubi even keep schedules? He pictured Myserra sitting behind a large desk penciling in appointments like a receptionist at a doctor's office.

Brett was tearing his hair out as he tried to figure out how to close the can of worms he just opened. The reflection off of the gold surface caught his eye and his attention returned to the sleek piece of metal.

Curiosity took over.

I wonder if it fits, he thought as it stared at it. Then he shrugged his shoulders. *Well, what's the worst that could happen?*

His tongue poked out of the corner of his mouth as he slowly slid the bracelet onto his left hand. He half expected himself to turn invisible when the bracelet went past his fingers, but nothing changed.

Brett moved his arm around and watched the accessory dangle on his wrist. Satisfied after only a couple of seconds, he tilted his arm upside down and held

his right hand out to catch the bracelet once it fell.

But instead of sliding off of his arm, it snagged on his wrist.

That's odd. It should've just slid right off.

He tugged at the gold band with his right hand and pulled back suddenly when it glowed. Just like in *The Lord of the Rings*, a bright red inscription appeared as it *tightened* on his wrist. It clamped down onto his joint so tightly that if he wanted to get it off now, he'd have to break his wrist.

Oh, shit.

Try as he might, the bracelet wouldn't come off. Panic set in, but some solace came when he remembered that it was only Sunday. He had the entire day to get it off. If it came down to it, he would head over to the local hardware store and rent some tools to cut it off.

"What's the matter, Brett? Something troubling you?"

His blood turned to ice and the color vanished from his face. He turned around slowly and saw Myserra sitting on one of the stools next to the counter, her posture impeccable and her demeanor calm and professional. He quickly put his hands behind him and prayed that she didn't see her bracelet on his wrist.

"No, nothing's wrong."

She raised an eyebrow. "Nothing's wrong... *Mistress*," she said to him. "I'll let that one slip, as you probably woke up this morning believing last night to be a dream."

"Right. Sorry... *Mistress*." It was awkward for him to say. "It's nothing really, I was just... trying to figure out what to have for breakfast."

"Have you seen my bracelet? I left it here last night and I can't seem to find it." When he didn't answer, she rose from the stool and walked over to him.

"Brett? Do you know where it is?"

He was trapped in the corner of his kitchen, unable to stall her approach. She looked down at him, her hands on her hips, and he shriveled up under the pressure of her imposing presence.

The succubus was in her human form, dressed in business attire: a red button-down blouse, black skirt and high heels. Her hair was pulled tight in a bun and her lips were the same color as her top.

"Are you hiding something from me?" she questioned. He said nothing as he showed her his left arm, her gold bracelet around his wrist. "I see. Fancy women's jewelry, eh? Would you like some lingerie and high heels to go with that accessory? Maybe some hoop earrings?"

"No, please! I'm sorry!" He looked away from her, his face red with embarrassment.

She grabbed his chin and made him face her. "Brett, have you already

forgotten what I told you? That's twice now that you've improperly addressed me. One more time and there'll be punishment."

She grabbed his wrist and held it in front of her, letting go of his chin to touch the gold bracelet. The glowing letters appeared once again and right before his very eyes Brett watched it expand.

Myserra effortlessly slid it off of his arm and put it back onto her own. "Eat your breakfast. Afterward, we'll talk about the details of our arrangement."

"Yes, Mistress."

The succubus sat at the small square table nestled underneath the window in Brett's combined dining and living room. There were only two chairs, and Myserra sat with her back against the wall. She crossed her legs as she used the natural light coming in from the window to read her newspaper.

Brett quietly ate his scrambled eggs, occasionally looking up from his small breakfast to watch her read. Not once did she look at him; her eyes were all over the paper. Only when he finished eating and put his plate in the sink did she end the silence.

"I'm sure your mind is full of questions," she said to him as he sat back down. He said nothing as he nodded his head. "It is a simple matter, really. A *domme* is nothing without her *sub*, but a *sub* without a *domme* is just like any other person. You wake up in the morning, eat your breakfast, and go to work. Then you come home and do whatever it is you do before going to bed."

"I've only glanced into the world of BDSM, so I know very little about it, Mistress."

"Then you should know that I would never do anything to harm you. There are boundaries and limits, but know that it is also my job to push those boundaries. You have to trust me, but I have to earn that trust. If I wanted blind obedience, I would just enslave you and be done with it. But that's not what I want. I want something more; something *real*."

"If I may, Mistress?"

"Go ahead." She turned in her chair and faced him.

"I'm still iffy about the whole thing," he admitted. "But, it would be a lie if I told you I wasn't the least bit... *curious*. I frequent the internet, and while I know very little about the world of bondage and domination, I have found some of the images I've come across rather... *hot*."

Myserra watched him speak with interest. Her eyes moved about his body like she was a therapist reading his body language for clues as he went on about his personal discoveries and curiosities. Lesbian porn was his favorite, and every now and then, he'd stumble upon female domination video: scenes of women

dominating other women, or dressing men up as women and dominating them that way.

As he spoke, he found himself opening up to her. The succubus learned what his turn-ons were; how he was a fan of women in high heels, stockings, and short skirts; that for some strange reason, he found bows and accents on shoes and lingerie unattractive. She learned that he found rim jobs or any form of ass-to-mouth sex act vile and disgusting. He blamed it on the microbiology class he took while in college.

“Absolutely no cock and ball torture, or any kind of mutilation for that matter. I apologize for the bluntness, Mistress, but that is something I will never agree to. I’d like my genitals to remain intact and unharmed.”

“What about chastity and spanking?”

“As long as no damage is done to my privates, then I’ll be fine with it,” he sighed. “I grew up in a traditional household, Mistress. When I was out of line, I was spanked. I never derived pleasure from it, but if I ever do something to earn a punishment, then I will understand being spanked.” He drifted off and stared at the table.

“Something the matter, Brett?” Myserra asked as she leaned forward.

“I... it’s weird, Mistress. I’ve never been so open about my sexuality. I’ve never told anyone about my kinks and what I find hot. I mean, sure I’ve posted about it on the internet, but I was anonymous and protected behind a username. No one knew who I was. They only knew me as a guy with similar fetishes.”

“Communication is key. This has been very helpful and informative. The more I know what pleases you, the better—and more pleasurable—it will be for both of us.” She smiled at him earnestly. “You’ve been very open with me, Brett, and that is a good sign. You trust me, and as I’ve mentioned before, trust is the key to our relationship.

“Now let’s get on to the fun bits. Stand up and take off your shirt.”

Myserra stood up out of her chair and hovered by the table. Brett hesitated, but a silent wave of her finger and the stern look on her face reminded him of the punishment he would receive for disobeying her.

He said nothing as he stood before her and removed his shirt. The cold air of his apartment greeted his exposed torso and he felt the tickle of goose bumps.

“Don’t worry, Brett. This is just a formality,” She smiled as she placed her palm on his stomach. He looked down and saw her hand glow as she whispered a spell in a language he didn’t recognize. His eyes went wide when he saw the mark on his skin.

“What is that, Mistress?”

“It is my mark, Brett. Any who see you will know that you are mine. Not

to worry, my pet, for it is invisible to most humans. Just like your collar, the only beings that could see this mark are other demons, their slaves, and the various races in the underground.”

“Did you say col—”

His question was cut off when he felt the tightness around his neck. He reached up and tugged at the studded black leather collar that had appeared there. His fingers felt the smooth leather as he traced it and found no sign of a seam or buckle.

On the front of a collar was triangular piece of metal. Myserra reached forward and slid her finger into the clip and pulled down.

“I’m sorry, but did I not hear correctly? I could’ve sworn that you forgot address me properly.” He looked up at her and she couldn’t help but laugh at the look on his face. A deer in the headlights, Brett realized that it was the third time he forgot to call her by her title, which only meant one thing: punishment.

Still holding onto his collar, he watched her transform into a succubus. Myserra changed out of the business attire into something more fitting for a *domme*. She wore a black leather corset, fishnet stockings, and knee-length high heeled boots. Her breasts and vagina were fully exposed.

The succubus walked away from his kitchen down the hallway into his bedroom with him in tow. It was when she dragged him along that he realized that she never gave him a safe word.

Myserra let go of his collar as she stood in the middle of his room. “I’m afraid this won’t do. Not enough room to maneuver. What would you say to a change of scenery?”

She didn’t even wait for him to respond before snapping her fingers. In the blink of an eye, the room around him changed. He was no longer in his modest apartment, but in a much bigger bedroom, one with a king-sized bed.

Brett was too distracted by the fact that he just teleported to notice not only the succubus digging through her wooden armoire, but the fact that he was completely naked. Her mark on his stomach swirled.

“On the bed, hands and knees,” she barked. She was holding a paddle in her hands. “Now!”

Without hesitation, he crawled onto the bed and looked back at her. “Umm, Mistress, you never gave me a safeword.”

“I’m sorry, Brett, but there is no get out of jail free card. The safeword will come *after* your punishment.” She placed her hand on his bare ass and gently stroked it. “Shame, really.”

“What is, Mist—OH!”

Brett cried out as the smooth wooden paddle made contact with his skin.

The sting lingered like a sour aftertaste and his left cheek turned pink.

That wasn't so bad, he began, but his train of thought was cut off by a second strike, this time on his right cheek.

The second hit was harder, but it wasn't the last. He yelped loudly and squeezed the dark purple sheets when the paddle hit his flesh. The *smack* bounced off of the walls as he readied himself for a fourth hit.

"What is my name?" Myserra asked him.

"Mistress," he grunted.

Another whack.

"No, that is my *title*. What is my *name*?"

Brett cursed her under his breath. "Myserra."

Another slap. His ass was on fire.

"Your name is Myserra, *Mistress*."

The succubus smirked. "Good. Now, what are you supposed to address me as?"

Another slap. Amidst the burning pain coming from his backside, he couldn't help but notice the arousal that filled his body. As she punished him, his dick grew harder and harder.

"Mistress."

Another slap. His dick was rock hard and he cried out.

"Once more."

Another slap. He was on the verge of climaxing.

"Mistress!"

The next blow never came.

Brett's knuckles were white from how hard he gripped the sheets. He waited to relax his body in case she was just switching hands, but instead of the paddle, he felt her hand rub his sore cheeks.

"Aurora," she said as she sat down on the edge of the bed.

"What is that, Mistress?"

Myserra looked at him from over her shoulder. He was laying on his side and breathing heavily.

"Aurora," she repeated. "It is the safeword you wanted. Actually, I have two safewords. If there comes a time when you want me to hit the emergency stop, say 'aurora.' However, if you want me to continue, but at a slower pace or maybe with less intensity, say 'northern lights.' Say them back to me."

"Yes, Mistress. 'Aurora' to stop everything and 'northern lights' to slow down."

"You opened up to me earlier and I am grateful for it. You trusted me with your kinks, and now you must trust me to use them. I don't want you crying

wolf. I want you to come out of your shell and experience things you never dreamed of.

“But like I said earlier, my goal is not to force you to do anything. How does that line go? I can only show you the door. You’re the one that has to walk through it.”

“Mistress, did you just quote *The Matrix*?”

The succubus laughed. “I guess I did. There will be a lot of doorways, and behind them will be pleasure and release beyond comprehension. Some will leave a bad taste in your mouth, and others will be as sweet as honey. But in order to reap the rewards, you have take that first step. I may nudge you a little, but all it takes is the code word to end it.”

“I’m ready, Mistress.”

“Then let’s get you dressed. I have something very special in mind for you today; something I’m sure you’ll enjoy. Up off of the bed.”

The tingling in his cheeks had all but faded when he slid off of the silk sheets. She motioned for him to stand in front of her. The succubus remained seated on the edge of her bed, her legs crossed as she stroked her chin.

A devilish grin appeared on Myserra’s face and she got up and stood in front of him. She flicked her wrist and he felt something tickle his ears and neck. He reached back and tugged at the wavy, shoulder-length locks of brown hair that a minute ago were no more than an inch or two in length.

He opened his mouth to protest, but she interrupted him.

“Shhhh,” she said, pressing a finger to his lips. It lingered there for a moment before slowly pulling away, leaving behind a dark red application of lipstick. Feeling a slight pinch on his ears and added weight, his fingers froze when they discovered the gold hoop earrings hanging from his lobes.

“There are some things on the bed I would like for you to wear,” Myserra said.

Brett looked behind her. His eyes went wide when he saw the items spread across the violet sheets on her king-sized bed.

There was a crimson-colored corset with a lace pattern and boning to create the perfect hourglass curves, and a pair of dark stockings to go along with the garters attached to it. He slowly walked over to her bedside and stared down at the mystical items.

His fingers lightly touched the delicate fabric of the wine-colored shapewear and he bit his lip as his mind played tug-o-war. Never once had the thought of wearing women’s clothes crossed his mind, yet now the desire was there, calling out to him. His hand jittered slightly with nervous energy, not sure if he should continue down the path or end it now.

Myserra walked up to him and hugged him from behind, whispering softly into his ear.

“Come on, Brett, I know you want to wear them. You did put on my bracelet earlier.”

He looked away from the corset at the pair of platform pumps that resided next to the sensual unmentionables. The patent heels reflected the dim lights of her bedroom and he spotted a thin ankle strap with a metallic gold buckle. The heel itself had to be at least five inches, and in the back of his mind he wondered if he could ever walk in those.

Should I? I'm not sure if I could do this.

He opened his mouth to utter the magic word, but then he stopped. There was a curiosity building up inside of him. Remembering how good the spankings felt, and what she said to him earlier about the rewards being sweet as honey, he cast aside his doubts and nagging reluctance and closed his mouth.

I'll never know if I don't try it.

“Good boy,” she said. The succubus’ eyes watched him reach out and grab the corset. “Would you like some help putting it on?” Her hands moved away from his stomach and slid down his sides where they rested on his hips.

“I... I’ve never wore one of these before, Mistress.” He looked away as his face turned red from embarrassment.

She walked out from behind him and grabbed the red corset, wrapping it around him. The back was already laced up and he watched her clip the hook-and-eye closures together at the front. His eyes moved away from her fingers to the flower pattern embroidered with a slightly darker thread into the lingerie. She fastened the last hook and moved behind him, tugging at the laces.

With each pull, the corset became tighter and his curves more defined. Following her command, he held his breath while she finished with the back, then slowly exhaled once she’d finished. The matching garters hung down from the bottom of the corset and between his legs. His dick grew hard.

“We’ll have none of that, yet,” she said, tapping the head of his prick. Brett watched his inflated manhood shrink back to its original, flaccid size.

The succubus led him to her bed and he sat down. He gulped as watched her roll the first stocking into a donut before she knelt down in front of him.

The nylon fabric fondled his legs, accentuating the curve of his muscles, and he couldn’t help but notice how sexy they looked. Brett had always been a legs guy and a huge fan of women who wore stockings with short skirts. He now found himself lusting after his own stocking-clad legs.

His heart raced in his chest and his body temperature rose. The arousal was building up inside of him and he longed to release it. But the spell she put on his

manhood kept him from getting hard and the invisible cage tormented him.

It was when she was sliding the stockings up his legs that he realized that all his body hair was gone. Not that it mattered, as the dark stockings would've hid any hairs he had, but he was still awestruck at how soft and smooth his skin was without it. It shone beneath the silk stockings as if he had just applied moisturizer to it, and briefly, he wondered how far she planned to go.

Another, perhaps more important question struck him: *How far am I willing to go?*

"You... you're not going to turn me into a woman, are you, Mistress?" His voice was weak and quiet, and he spoke with a submissive tone.

"No, silly," she said as she clipped the garters to the tops of his stockings. "It's much more enjoyable this way. Turning you into a woman and experiencing that powerful of an orgasm this early would be like skipping to the end of a movie or going straight to dessert. *This* is just the appetizer; a taste of greater things to come. Although, maybe sometime in the future I can make that happen."

She winked at him and the invisible cage tormented him further. Without that spell, he would've already climaxed. His release had been delayed artificially, which made him want it even more.

Just say it, Brett. Say 'aurora' before she finishes dressing you like a woman! You're a man—you don't want this!

No, I... I do want this. I don't want to live my life in a shell.

In addition to the lipstick, Myserra magically applied an assortment of cosmetics to his face, from foundation to blush and neutral brown eye shadow with black mascara, all designed to draw attention to his luscious red lips.

She stepped away from him momentarily and then returned with the high heels. Brett eyed them curiously as she slipped the shoe onto his stocking-clad feet. They were comfortably tight, enough to where they wouldn't slip out when he walked.

Myserra tightened the thin ankle strap before moving onto the next foot. With the high heels on, she helped him to his feet. Her hands hovered beside him as he balanced in the five-inch heels.

She held onto his hands and he watched as red satin opera gloves appeared on his fingers, snaked their way up his arms, and stopped just past his elbows. Much like the stockings on his legs, the gloves made his hands and arms dainty and feminine and his fingers thin.

He stood upright and in the corner of his eye he spotted his reflection in the full-length mirror. Mystified, Brett stepped away from his mistress and moved toward the baroque, gold-trimmed mirror reflecting his femininity back at him.

He marveled that the curves his corset gave him, the way the stockings caressed his legs, and how the high heels accentuated the swell of his ass. The dull throb from his imprisoned groin showed just how sexy he looked. His own appearance was turning him on.

Myserra walked up behind him and looked at his reflection over his shoulder. Her hands stroked his waist and rested on his hips. The succubus turned him away from the mirror toward her.

“You look beautiful, Brett. You could make a room full of men hard and women wet just by walking in.” Her fingers walked up his chest and she held his chin in her hand. He bit his lip and looked away from her, ashamed by the fact that he felt so sexy and turned on just from wearing women’s clothes. She leaned forward and planted her lips on his.

He closed his eyes as he kissed her and she pulled away and sat down behind him. Wondering why she stopped kissing him, he opened his eyes and faced her.

The succubus sat on the edge of the bed, her legs spread wide and her pussy fully exposed to him. Believing it to be a silent invitation for him to penetrate her, he positioned himself in between her legs.

Myserra silently wagged her finger and pointed downward. Brett whimpered as he obediently knelt down, careful not to ruin his stockings, and readied his tongue.

He leaned forward, but then halted when she covered her crotch with her hand. He pulled back and opened his mouth to speak, but his confusion turned to fear when he saw her clit turn into a full-grown penis right before his very eyes.

She gripped the seven-inch pole in her hand and pointed it at his mouth.

“No... I can’t, Mistress.” He backed away from her, but she grabbed his collar and held him close.

“Remember what I said. Trust me, Brett. Don’t give in to your fear. Give it a chance.”

He turned his head to the side and her meaty dick pressed against his cheek. It was warm, and it smelled different than her pussy. In his head, *aurora* was on repeat. Yet no matter how hard he tried, he couldn’t bring himself to say the word and end the session.

I... Do I really want this?

Yes you do, Brett. You could’ve said no when she first made you the offer. You could’ve said no when she showed you the lingerie.

He pulled his head away and stared at her. His dick throbbed in its invisible cage. The meaty appendage wasn’t attached to some burly dude; it was connected to the most beautiful creature he’d ever laid his eyes on: a succubus.

In his mind, that made it all right.

I want her, he decided. Then he straightened his head and wrapped his ruby red lips around her cock.

“Play with it some,” Myserra commanded as she urged him further down the rabbit hole. “Lick it and kiss the head.”

He stuck out his tongue and licked the underside of her meaty shaft. Starting at the base, he made his way up to her tip and lapped at it greedily. The succubus giggled when he tickled the urethra of her demonic cock with the tip of his tongue. Putting it back in his mouth, he planted a quick kiss on her bulbous head and his dick throbbed when he saw the lipstick left behind.

Those are my lips, he thought. He recalled all the videos he’d seen of women giving blow jobs and did his best to mimic their movements. As time went on, his resistance and opposition to the sexual act waned and he found himself enjoying it.

The more pleasure he got from it, the deeper he went.

Brett bobbed up and down on Myserra’s demonic dick, taking her full shaft into his mouth, occasionally pulling off to breathe and stroke her with his satin gloves. Her moans and groans urged him on as she neared her climax. His own dick cried out from within its cage and a little dribble of cum seeped out and pooled between his knees. There was no release, and it only made it worse.

I want her... I want my mistress to let me cum.

The succubus cried out as she pulled her dick out of his mouth. Her white-hot cum erupted from her penis and landed on his makeup-covered face. His mouth was still open, and some of her ejaculate landed inside. He swallowed the salty treat and opened his mouth up for more. The final bit oozed out and he licked her clean.

“Oh Brett, you look like such a slut,” she said when she took in his cum-covered face.

Myserra leaned forward and wiped some of the sticky goo off with her finger and held it in front of him. He wrapped his lips around it and eagerly sucked the icing off of her finger.

“Hands and knees on the bed,” she said once he was done. “Time I fucked you like the whore you are.”

He obeyed and climbed on to her bed and stuck his ass in the air. *She was right. I want it. I want my mistress inside of me.*

Brett stared down at the sheets as he waited for her. Myserra lined herself up behind him and pressed her still-hard dick against his virgin asshole. She rubbed his smooth, girly ass as she slid her dick between his cheeks.

“Please fuck me, Mistress,” he said softly.

“How bad do you want it, Brett?”

“I want it so much, Mistress.” He lifted his head up and screamed when she slid it in and pulled out slowly.

“Oh Brett, you’re so tight.” She slid her dick in again, thrusting halfway in before pulling back and slamming her rock hard shaft all the way up to the base inside of him. Myserra picked up the pace, moving faster and faster until she pounded his virgin ass at full speed.

Brett’s body rocked back and forth as she filled him with her demonic prick. He could feel the heat from her seed on his face and the salty taste lingered on his lips and tongue. His jaw hung loose and his lips pursed in pleasure.

“Oh! OH!” Brett yelled, his voice high-pitched and feminine. With each thrust he slipped further into erotic bliss. *Some might leave a bad taste in your mouth, but others will be as sweet as honey*, he remembered her saying.

“You like that, slut?” the succubus shouted as she slapped his ass.

“Yes, Mistress! Fuck me harder, Mistress!”

“I think it’s time we removed that cage.” She reached around and grabbed his dick. His manhood sprung to life, hardening instantly. Brett replied with another girlish moan as the succubus gave him a reach-around.

“Please, Mistress; let me cum!”

The succubus pounded his ass so hard that the bed shook. She grinned at his submission and without breaking stride, she flipped him onto his back. Installed in the ceiling of her bedroom just above her spacious bed was an ornate mirror.

He gaped at his reflection; his body shaped with a corset, legs covered in dark nylon stockings, red platform heels on his feet; his long brown hair pooled beside his head and his dark, cum-stained red lips. He could see the light glinting off of his gold earrings.

That’s me in the reflection. Me, dressed like a woman being fucked by a succubus.

Any other night, he would be sitting at his computer. He would be playing a game, surfing the internet, or perhaps watching porn. His phone would sit idly by on his desk, the only texts from his online friends asking him where he was. Other than his boss and coworkers, the only woman’s number programmed into his phone was his mom’s. He hadn’t talked to her in a while. She was probably off on some vacation with his father.

How can I go into work tomorrow after a day like today? How can I sit at my desk and work when the only thing on my mind is my mistress?

“You should see your face,” Myserra said as she fucked him. “I didn’t

realize you were such a slut.” She played with his hard nipples while she held his dick in her hand. “Maybe I should take you to the underground and whore you out to some incubi.”

“Please, Mistress... I want to cum,” he moaned. He twisted and turned as his body reached its breaking point.

“As you wish, my pet.”

Myserra grinned as she released his dick and watched the white-hot fluid burst forth from his tip. His feminine wails bounced off the walls as he blew his load all over himself.

Brett felt his body deflate as the sticky substance squirted out of his dick. Myserra continued to fuck him until the very last drop seeped out. Only when his dick became flaccid did she relent and remove herself from him.

She laid down beside him and twirled his long brown hair as he stared up at the ceiling. Myserra could hear his heart pounding and her eyes watched his chest rise and fall. She wondered if she went too quickly for him—if their first real session together was so overwhelming that he wouldn’t want to repeat the experience.

But once he opened his mouth, all her doubts vanished.

“Mistress, I’m sorry I ever doubted you. I’m glad I made the decision to be yours.”

The succubus smiled warmly. “Let’s get you cleaned up. I’m sure you’ve had enough for today.”

She sat up and moved her hand over his body. The cum that had dried on his belly and face vanished.

“Can I lay here beside you, Mistress?”

“Sure you can, Brett.” She laid back down and held him close to her. The exhaustion from the session caught up to him and he drifted off into sleep in her arms.

The alarm clock on his bedside table roused him from his sleep. Brett quickly sat up on his bed and looked around. After rubbing his eyes, his clearer vision showed him that he was back in his apartment. The rain outside had stopped, but the storm clouds were still overhead.

He reached over and slapped the top of his digital clock. The ear-piercing alarm vanished and he climbed out of bed. With his eyes half opened, he staggered to his bathroom and stood in the center of his two-square-foot shower, the hot water turning his skin red.

Once he was clean, he stepped out of the shower with the towel around his waist. The steam from the shower fogged up the mirror.

Brett smiled when he wiped the condensation off the mirror and saw his reflection. His collar was wrapped around his neck, and Myserra's mark swirled around his navel. The morning grogginess vanished instantly and he returned to his bedroom to get ready for work.

Out of the corner of his eye, he spotted his cell phone with a note right next to it.

I added my number to your phone. Signed, Myserra, your Mistress.

PS. I left a present for you in your closet.

He picked up his phone, and sure enough, listed right under "Mom" was "Myserra."

He set his phone down and opened his closet door. Hanging on the far end next to his sweatshirts was the rose-colored corset and dark stockings. Beneath them, the red platform heels from the night before had been neatly arranged.

Oh, god. I can't believe I actually wore those!

The rest of the morning was routine. Brett got dressed, ate breakfast, and went to work. He sat in his car in the parking lot for a few minutes and played with his collar. *What if she lied to me about it being invisible?*

Taking a deep breath and trusting that she wouldn't lie to him, he eventually climbed out of his car and entered the elevator.

He was only a couple minutes early when the doors opened to his floor. Brett tried to be inconspicuous, but his worries vanished when everyone around him greeted him normally. The only person to give him a strange look was Heather. The beautiful brunette shot a quick glance at his neck, but he was too distracted by the crowd of people by his cubicle to notice her eying him.

"What's going on?" he asked a coworker.

"New girl. Just transferred in today. Oh, there she is."

Brett turned to greet the new addition and froze when she walked up to him.

"Hello, I'm Mya." The blonde extended her hand. He reached out and shook hers and the woman went on to greet his coworkers.

Brett retreated to his cubicle and buried his head in his hands. That was no ordinary blonde who just started working at the same company as him.

It was Myserra, his succubus mistress.

Three: Shiny New Toy

Brett eyed the dark clouds through the windshield. His eyes went back and forth between the ominous weather and the traffic light above him. The bright red signal glared at him until it gave way to green and he put his foot on the gas.

As he drove, his index finger tugged at the black leather collar around his neck. The sign of his submission to the succubus felt like a tie that had been pulled just a little too tight. He made an effort not to show any signs of discomfort while in the office; only when he was alone did he try to adjust the collar.

There was no doubt in his mind that the new girl in the office was Myserra, only she acted as if they'd never met. It drove him crazy as he debated back and forth on whether he should try to confront her about it when they were alone, or if he should try to subtly pry it out of her during a conversation, instead. At the end of the day, he had just gone along with his original plan to just treat her like any other coworker.

It was when he was driving down the street that he realized that Heather had been acting differently around him. In the year that he'd been working at that company, Brett had yet to muster the courage to directly ask her out. She was already an employee when he was hired—not to mention his boss, and at first he avoided making any advances because he would hear her mention her boyfriend in passing. He asked around the office, and much to his surprise, no one had ever met her boyfriend, nor did she have any pictures of him.

Brett just accepted the fact that she made up this imaginary boyfriend to prevent any coworkers from asking her out, but it had been a couple months since she had said anything about this guy in her life. Whenever Brett tried to talk to her, she would be cold and professional. She brushed off his compliments and ignored his very indirect and vague attempts to ask her out. Not once did she show any interest in him.

Until today.

It was like any other day of the week. He sat at his desk and typed away at his computer, occasionally standing when he got tired of sitting around.

Brett didn't have to look at the clock to know when it was lunch. Everybody would leave within ten or fifteen minutes of each other and the place would get very quiet. Today, he decided to go to lunch a little bit later than usual as he wanted to finish up the report he was working on. His stomach disagreed with his choice; the endless rumbling urged him to leave for sustenance.

Brett leaned back in his chair as he stared at the report and almost toppled over when Heather decided to sneak up on him.

“Hey Brett, surprised you’re not at lunch already.”

After regaining his balance in his black leather chair, he turned to see her leaning on the six-foot wall of his cubicle. Heather was one of the reasons why he didn’t mind going to work. She was kind, intelligent and funny, with one killer body to match. One of the senior managers, she was only a year or two older than him.

The brunette leaned on the cubicle wall, her hair in a pony tail with one hand resting on her hip and the other tapping on the gray fabric that served as a wall. Brett had to work extra hard to keep his eyes on her face and not on her steel-colored blouse. The top buttons were undone and her ample cleavage was in plain sight.

He noticed the designer purse on her shoulder. She had obviously been on her way out to lunch when she decided to stop by his cubicle.

“Yeah, I was going to go to lunch when I finished with this report. I was just about done.”

Before she replied, Heather lifted herself up with her toes and scanned the office. Everyone had left. It was just the two of them.

“You look different today, Brett. Have you been losing weight? Maybe it’s that shirt. Is it new? New haircut, perhaps?”

Brett froze. *Is she hitting on me?*

“I have been trying to eat better.” He scratched his head, averting his eyes as his face flushed.

“Well, keep it up,” she said with a smile. “I’m off to lunch.”

She didn’t even give him a second to reply before darting off for the elevators. He leaned out of his cubicle and watched her walk away, his eyes glued to her long legs encased in black hose and stiletto heels to top it off.

As she walked away, Heather couldn’t help but smirk at the fact that Brett didn’t know that she could see his collar.

“This is going to be so much fun,” she said to herself as the elevator doors closed.

The rain fell on his car as he pulled into the underground parking lot for his apartment building. Thankful that he was already in his car when the sky opened, he strolled up to his apartment. His door unlocked without a hitch and he almost had a heart attack when he flicked on the lights.

“Holy hell! You scared the crap out of me... Mistress!”

Brett remained still as he waited for the reply from Myserra. The succubus sat on one of the stools next to his kitchen counter, her legs crossed, wearing the same face as the new girl from work. It was then he knew for sure who the new

addition to the company was.

She raised an eyebrow and nodded slightly. "I'll let that one slide." She swung her legs out from underneath the counter and leaned back on the granite surface.

"So, Mya—"

"Mya and I are the same. We demons are one of the few of races that can walk among humans. Mya is the name I chose for my human form. I wanted to keep an eye on my pet, so I made arrangements to work at that company. It's easy to get hired when you know the right person and do the right things." She winked.

"Well, I look forward to working with you, Mistress."

Myserra got up off of the stool and stood before him. Her layered blonde hair hung loose. She was wearing a black, long-sleeved turtleneck sweater with skinny jeans and black leather boots, but she quickly changed to her succubus formed as she walked up to him.

The outfit she had on now was more fitting: a short black dress made up of leather straps and black platform hooker heels. She held his chin in her hand and he looked up into her pink eyes.

"I spent most of the day figuring out what I am going to do to my toy today. I imagined you in all kinds of outfits and costumes, all of them sexy, and some incredibly slutty. You would like that, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, Mistress," he said. He felt warmth rush into his cheeks, and she smiled as she flicked her wrist. Brett could hear the sounds of the locks on his door engaging.

The succubus snapped her fingers and he felt the cold air on his naked body. He looked down at his belly and spotted the swirling tattoo. She said nothing as she snapped her fingers a second time.

The world around them changed, and in the blink of an eye, they were back in her bedroom. Brett eyed the massive bed where she'd relentlessly fucked him in the ass while he wore women's lingerie and makeup. He gulped and wondered what it was that she had planned for him today.

Remember, Brett, the safewords are aurora and northern lights.

Myserra moved away from him toward the dark wooden dresser. It looked ancient, much like the rest of the furniture in her bedroom. Every piece looked like it belonged in Versailles during the 1700s.

Myserra hummed to herself as she opened each one of the drawers and stared down at the contents they held. She tapped her heeled foot as she thought to herself.

Curious, Brett stood on his tiptoes, hoping to see what was inside the

shelves. But before he could sneak a peek, she closed the drawer and moved onto the next one.

“Ah ha!” she crowed triumphantly. “There it is.”

The succubus reached down and pulled out a snow-white latex corset. Unlike the red one she had him wear the other day, this corset was sleek and glossy with no decorative embroidery. The strings on the back were white, and instead of hook-and-eye closures, the front of the shapewear had a zipper.

She smiled as she tossed it onto the silk sheets, then returned to the drawer. He watched as she pulled more garments out of the drawer and threw them onto the bed behind her.

With each item, Brett grew more and more tense, until she finally closed the drawer and clapped her hands together. He took his gaze off of the eager succubus and eyed the pieces on the bed.

“Corset, thigh-high boots, elbow gloves, *neck* corset, hood, and panties,” she said with a devious grin. “All in shiny, smooth, *innocently white* latex.”

Brett’s blood turned cold when saw the twisted smile on her black lips. Her pink eyes sparkled and he could’ve sworn that the room around him became darker.

She folded her arms and beckoned him to come to her with the slow, deliberate wag of her finger. He felt his body tense under the summoning and his body jerked forward like a rusty piece of machinery. He swallowed, the sound of the gulp echoed in his head as he felt beads of sweat form on his brow. His fingers danced with nervous anticipation as his mind went back to the many times where he sat and stared at the pictures of women clad in skin-tight, shiny latex on his computer screen.

With each step forward, he grew closer to the chance to finally don the rubbery garments. Brett’s mouth was dry, and even though the assortment of clothes on the bed contained items meant for women, he was filled to the brim with anticipation.

Myserra must’ve seen the eager look in his eyes as she watched him obediently move toward her. The smile on her face grew more twisted until it rivaled the Grinch’s. His excitement manifested itself between his legs as his limp dick hardened.

“You really need to control that,” she whispered softly into his ear.

The succubus pressed her body against his and he felt her warm, delicate hands grip his throbbing shaft. Brett whimpered submissively as she playfully squeezed his cock. He could feel her warm breath on his nape, and he shuddered from the teasing touch of her hand sliding down his back. She squeezed his firm ass as she stroked the underside of his cock with the black, claw-like nail of her

index finger.

He bit his lip in order to halt the pleasure-filled moaned from escaping his lips as he stared deeply into her eyes. Myserra looked away, and he followed her gaze down to his groin. Brett felt the familiar tightness encasing his dick and balls and he watched as his rigid manhood shrink back to its flaccid form.

“Next time, I might just make it disappear and have a warm, eager slit replace it,” she warned.

He looked up from his magically-caged manhood to see her staring at him once more. The hand that she locked his groin away with slid up his flat belly until her palm rested on his chest.

Brett winced, and he couldn’t help but squeal when she pinched his chocolate brown nipples. The sting lingered like a crisp aftertaste, and he took his eyes off of her scheming smile, looking down at his chest as he felt a pinch on his other nipple. His look of confusion turned to panic when his areolae grew in size and the skin on his chest swelled up. Two perky breasts just shy of an A-cup clung to his chest.

“I considered giving you a full C, or even D cup, but I decided to save that gift for a more *appropriate* occasion.”

“If I may, Mistress—why did you give me breasts?”

Myserra smirked. “Because of *this*.”

She placed her hands on his feminine chest and fondled his skimpy breasts. Her tantalizing touch made him gasp as his sensitive mounds sent jolts of pleasurable electricity throughout his body. He squeezed his hands into fists as he fought to suppress the overwhelming sensations, but they were too intense. He closed his eyes and let out a passionate moan as he succumbed to the bliss she so expertly inflicted upon him.

Myserra pressed a finger to his lips and silenced his pleasure-filled cries.

“Shhh,” she whispered. “Now, be a good boy and put on that corset.”

His heart pounded in his chest and his body shook as he recovered from her touch. “Yes, Mistress.”

Brett’s fingers trembled as he picked up the white latex corset. The slick fabric squeaked as he rubbed his fingers across the smooth surface. He watched his body shake with anticipation as he wrapped it around his waist and zipped up the front. It was tighter than the corset he wore the other day, and his breaths were limited. Myserra said nothing as she walked up behind him and tightened the laces. The sounds of the rubber material compressing filled his ears as he quietly grunted.

“Now the panties.”

Brett hesitated, then jumped when he felt a pinch on his bare backside. He

tore his eyes away from her and looked behind him. Hovering a foot away from his ass was the tip of her tail, and his right cheek was red where the spade-shaped tip made contact. It stung, much like getting whipped with the corner of a damp towel.

“Sorry, Mistress,” he murmured sheepishly, rubbing his cheek.

He bent down and picked up the panties and slid them up his legs. They were tight, much like the Speedos he’d worn when he swam in high school, only the latex panties were much less forgiving as they tightly crushed his ass.

“Boots,” Myserra ordered next, and Brett turned and reached for the first one of the pair. Made of the same material as the corset, the boots had a five-inch heel. He slid his feet into the boots and carefully zipped them up, hoping and praying that the zipper on the inside of the boots didn’t catch his skin. *Once again, she removed all my body hair*, he noticed.

He straightened his knee as the zipper reached the top. The boots stopped mid-thigh, and he rubbed the latex that hugged his legs like a second skin. Much like the corset around his waist, the tightness brought on by the unforgiving fabric limited his range of motion. When he climbed onto his feet from the side of the bed, he was forced to make small, deliberate steps. The thigh-high boots were much harder to walk in, yet somehow, it seemed to come naturally to him.

“Stick your arms out,” Myserra said as she approached him.

“Yes, Mistress,” he replied, extending his arms.

He held them out straight and watched as she pulled the more stretchy latex down past his elbows. Brett examined the glove on his left arm while his mistress put the glove on his right. He watched his fingers move, testing the fabric by making fists and opening up his hands.

While the panties felt like a Speedo, the gloves on his hands reminded him of the caps that swimmers wore to cover the hair on their heads. Just like the other latex items on his body, the gloves were a bright white, the color of fresh snow on a winter’s morning.

A snap of her fingers was all it took to free his neck from his collar. Brett smiled and rubbed his neck, tending to the flesh that was hidden behind the black leather collar.

The relief lasted only for a moment as Myserra wrapped the neck corset around his throat. More uncomfortable than its smaller cousin, the neck corset completely covered Brett’s throat and forced him to extend his head upward. He heard the sound of the zipper behind him and he played with the metal ring that dangled on the front.

Myserra said nothing as she gently pushed him toward the bed. He lifted his leg to climb up onto it, but the succubus pulled back on the collar.

“Bend over,” she whispered into his ear as she put her hand on his back.

With the neck corset forcing his eyes forward, Brett could only guess what was coming next. He felt a tug on the latex panties as she pulled them down off of his ass.

Oh, shit.

He heard sounds like someone was sucking on a lollipop and seconds later, he understood what those sounds meant.

Myserra pressed the cold and wet tip of the rubber butt plug against his asshole. His sphincter instinctively closed and Brett grunted as the succubus urged the rubber toy in.

“Relax Brett,” she cooed seductively. The succubus gently rubbed his backside with her left hand as she pushed the toy into his unwilling asshole with her right. After some initial resistance, his muscles relaxed and the toy slid all the way in, much to his dismay.

Her pet grunted as his face contorted. The full feeling from the toy now securely lodged inside his rectum was unsettling, but what was even more disturbing was the excited throb that came from his caged cock.

“That’s a good boy,” Myserra praised as she pulled his panties back over his cheeks. She gave him a playful slap as she walked around from behind him.

She stuck out her hand and motioned for him to climb onto the bed. He obeyed with a nod, and when he reached the middle of the bed, he felt invisible arms pulling his hands behind his back.

It all happened so fast.

Before he could react, his arms were bound. He rolled onto his back and looked up at Myserra with fear-filled eyes, watching as she rubbed the inside of his thigh and her hand moved down past his knees to his ankles. Brett lifted his legs off of the bed using what little ab muscles he had and saw the cuffs that held his ankles together. The succubus moved her hand back up his legs and as she did, more restraints appeared.

Myserra lifted her legs over him and straddled his waist. Her perfect ass rested on his caged groin and she rocked her hips back and forth. She wore no panties and he could feel her hot, wet cunt on his lower abdomen. Inside its invisible cage, Brett’s dick screamed and cried out for release as his mistress dry humped him.

“Please, Mistress,” he whimpered. His bound body twisted and turned as she continued to rub her body against his.

She stopped the slow, rhythmic movements and leaned forward, grabbing the ring on his collar and pulling him up to her face.

“Tell me, Brett: have you ever heard the stories of blind people who claim

that after losing their eyesight, all their other senses increased?”

“I have, Mistress.”

“Then you, my pet, will get to experience it firsthand.” She reached over, grabbed the white hood, and pulled it over his head.

The world went black as Brett’s hearing and vision were cut off. The latex hood covered all but his mouth and nose; any and all sounds became nothing but barely audible muffles.

Brett’s heart raced. *This is... I can’t believe this is finally happening to me. I’m her prisoner, bound and helpless, completely at her mercy.*

He felt her finger slide in underneath the hood and pull away at it.

“Everything okay in there, Brett?” His mistress’ voice came in loud and clear when she pulled the latex away from his ears.

“Yes, Mistress. I’m okay, just a little anxious, that’s all.”

“Say the safewords back to me.”

“Aurora and northern lights,” he replied, the evidence of his excitement present in his voice. “Mistress...”

“What is it, Brett?”

“...thank you.”

Myserra said nothing. She pulled her finger out from under his hood, and the world became quiet once more.

In the blackness that surrounded him, Brett’s sense of touch increased tenfold. He could feel every inch of the latex that covered his skin, the tension from his bindings, and the weight of his demonic mistress on his abdomen.

He felt her weight shift, then her lips pressed against his. The kiss lasted only a few brief moments, and when she pulled away, her lips were replaced with a smooth, round object. His tongue examined the strange item. *A ball gag.*

She fastened the buckle behind his head. Once more, he felt her finger worm its way under his hood.

“One more time, my pet.”

“Yes, Mistress. Aurora and northern lights.” His words were muffled thanks to the gag in his mouth, but any keen listener could understand the garbled message. He felt the tickle of a small stream of drool seep from the corner of his mouth. It lingered on his chin then fell onto the dark sheets. Her finger retreated, its disappearance signaling the official start of the session.

In the blackness that engulfed his vision, Brett tried to imagine the beautiful demoness that pinned him to the bed. Her hands moved slowly across his body and lingered on his minuscule breasts. The amount of pleasure that flooded his mind proved delightfully disproportionate to their size.

Myserra’s thumbs rubbed his perky nipples, rock hard from the fondling—

as hard as his dick would be, if it weren't for the invisible cage. Dull throbs constantly reminded him of his imprisonment, both literally and figuratively. He was at the mercy of Myserra, and she could do whatever she liked to him.

Brett moaned loudly as he twisted and turned underneath the succubus, her assault on his nipples unending. His cries reached a crescendo when, after a brief pause, he felt the sharp sting of her bite. He arched his back and moaned as Myserra nibbled on his areolae. He didn't want her to stop.

Another stream of drool flowed from the corner of his mouth as he swam in the sea of erotic bliss. Brett felt his groin tense up and spurt a small dollop of cum into his latex panties. There was no relief from the ejaculation; it only made him want it more.

Myserra pulled her mouth away from his raw nipples. The marks from her teeth lingered, but his skin remained unbroken. His pleasure-filled moans were as sweet as honey to her ears, and as much as she wanted to hear them loud and clear, she couldn't help but grin at the ball gag in his mouth.

Her weight shifted and she climbed off of him. He turned his head and whimpered when he felt her presence vanish. Brett couldn't hear her crawling away on the bed sheets, nor could he hear the clicks of her heels on her wooden floors as she walked away from the bed toward her closet of toys.

It felt like she was gone for hours, but it was really only a couple of minutes. *Mistress, come back*, his mind whimpered plaintively. *Don't leave me*.

He wriggled like a worm on hot cement as the butt plug inside of him massaged his prostate. Brett realized that the more he moved, the more it rubbed his male g-spot, but he didn't stop.

Until he felt his mistress on top of him again.

Myserra straddled him, and once again, she began to slowly rock her hips back and forth. Her moist cunt was now sopping wet, and he felt her warm fluids coat the exposed part of his stomach.

Please Mistress, let me cum. I want to be inside you...

He felt something cold and smooth pressed to his nipples and the sticky application of what he assumed to be tape. Two small, round, and hard objects were attached to his chest, and he searched his mind to figure out what they were.

Brett's concentration was cut off by the swelling of the toy in his ass. He moaned as the rubber plug stretched the lining of his rectum.

Myserra moved off of him and left behind a shiny coat of her juices. She hovered above him and he felt the bed move as she slid backwards.

The ball gag that filled his mouth prevented him from grinning like an idiot when he felt the front of his latex panties pulled down, exposing his soaking wet

and imprisoned cock. He felt her hand rub the smooth, hairless skin of his pelvis and fondle his swollen balls. He wanted so much to release the pressure that had been building up inside for him for so long.

She grabbed his flaccid penis, and in his mind he danced, knowing that his sweet release was near.

He groaned as his dick hardened instantly in her hands. Her hands gently stroked his throbbing pole and he cried out and begged for release from behind his ball gag.

Myserra made a ring with her thumb and index finger and slid down to the hilt of his cock. Her fingers lingered there for a moment, and even after she let go, he felt a tightness around his base. The succubus rested her crotch on his abdomen and slid his pulsating shaft between her cheeks.

Her teasing movements were unbearable, but despite the cruel mockery, Brett didn't want her to stop.

I want to cum so badly. Please Mistress, let me cum!

His low moans turned to high-pitched cries when the bullet vibrators taped to his modest breasts came alive. His squirming intensified tenfold as the vibrations traveled throughout his latex-clad body.

His arms and legs fought against the restraints as he writhed around on the black silk sheets. The plug in his ass stroked his prostrate, his balls were about ready to explode, and to make matters worse, Myserra lowered herself onto him, her dripping wet pussy hungrily swallowing his cock.

She bounced up and down on his rock hard pole, her moans loud enough to make it past the latex hood that dulled his senses. Brett could hear her muffled cries, and her outbursts encouraged him to spend what little energy he had left to lift his hips off of her bed and plough into her from below.

Myserra leaned forward, her hands sliding up his corset to his breasts where the vibrators continued their assault on his sensitive flesh. They moved to either side of his head, and he could feel her hot breath on his chest, her rapid exhalations and screams reminding him of the cries of old steam-powered locomotives.

He felt her finger slide in under his hood and pull away at the latex. The sounds of their bodies colliding filled his ears. Her soft whispers were enough to send him into overdrive.

"Don't stop, Brett. Keep going!" Her words flowed through his mind like a river as she pulled her finger out from underneath his hood. The world around him reduced to barely audible muffles again as her hand gently held his neck and her thumb rubbed the smooth latex that covered it. She could feel his pulse vibrating through the elaborate collar, his heart pounding in his chest like a

subwoofer at a rock concert.

Her breasts pressed against his and he felt the rough texture of her slippery tongue slide up his cheek and across his drool-covered lips. She bit his lower lip and playfully tugged on it.

Brett replied by pounding her harder as he ignored the burning pain in his muscles. Myserra let go of his lip when she opened her mouth to scream.

The succubus pulled the ball out of his mouth and rested it against his neck. Even with his jaw freed, he kept his mouth open as throaty groans filled her ears.

“Please, Mistress, let me—”

She cut off his plea with her mouth as she planted her lips on his. The succubus kissed him passionately, pulling away to moan as her hips bounced up and down on his groin.

He opened his mouth to speak, but she put a finger to his lips and he remained silent. With the bullet vibrators nestled between their chests, the vibrations moved throughout her body as well as his. She slid her finger under his hood and spoke softly to her submissive toy.

“Would you like to cum, Brett?”

“Please, Mistress. I do.”

“You’ve been a good boy today, so I’ll reward you.” Myserra removed her finger from his hood and straightened up. She had been riding dangerously close to her orgasm for long enough. Any longer and Brett’s body would succumb to exhaustion, and she couldn’t have that—not when she had one last treat in store.

The succubus threw her head back as she rubbed her clit with her right hand. She snapped her fingers and the plug in his ass came alive. The vibrations finally pushed him over the edge and he broke the spell that bound his cock. The dam burst, and Brett moaned loudly as he climaxed, his white-hot cum pouring out and flooding her womb.

Her moans reverberated off the walls as she climaxed, her juices mixed with his. The sexual concoction oozed out of her cunt onto Brett’s swollen cock and the sheets below, darkening the inky sheets.

The flow of his sperm eventually declined until he had nothing left. With his swollen balls now empty, his dick grew limp. Myserra turned off the vibrating toys with a snap of her fingers and Brett was finally allowed to relax.

She leaned forward and pulled her slick pussy off of his flaccid dick. Residual fluid flowed out of her onto his groin, but neither one complained.

The succubus pulled the hood up off of his head and freed him from his pitch black prison. The light from the room blinded him temporarily, and when his vision returned to him, he looked up to see her smiling down at him. Myserra

brought her head down to his and kissed him.

“I might have to call in sick tomorrow, Mistress.”

“Why is that?” she asked as she moved her fingers through his hair.

“I think I’ll be too sore to get out of bed.”

Myserra laughed as she planted one more peck on his lips before climbing off of him. The succubus hummed to herself as she pulled the latex panties back over his cock. She licked the mixture of their fluids off of her fingers and ripped the tape off of his chest.

Brett grimaced as he bit down, stifling the pain-filled groan. The succubus tossed aside the small pink bullet vibrators.

“Who said anything about getting out of bed?” she purred as crawled away from him.

Brett’s eyes were glued to her soaking wet cunt. He remained silent as she returned to her toy closet, and then climbed back onto the bed with her hands behind her back.

She straddled him once more and his eyes went wide when she showed him what she was hiding. Myserra attached the first of the rubber-tipped clips to his nipples, the pinch much like the one he felt when she first gave him the breasts. Attached to the clip was a small metal chain, which she fed through the metal ring on the front of his neck corset.

Brett felt the pinch on his other nipple as she attached the other clip to his sensitive tips. The chain between the two clips was just short enough to where they tugged on his nipples no matter what he did.

She leaned forward and kissed him. “Good night, Brett. I’ll see you in the morning.”

“Mistress, wait. What are you—” His words were cut off by her hand. She held a finger to her lips.

“Sleep tight, my pet,” she whispered into his ear and snapped her fingers. The world around Brett blurred, and less than a second later, he reappeared in his apartment.

All the lights were off, and he felt the sharp kiss of the winter air. He laid on his back on his bed, his eyes on the dark ceiling of his apartment.

After a couple of tries, he managed to roll onto his side. The red numbers of the digital clock on his nightstand read 11:24 p.m. He sighed and rolled onto his back again.

He was still dressed in all white latex and his arms, legs, and neck were still bound. The plug still filled his ass, and now he had to endure the constant pull on his feminine nipples, too.

“I doubt I’ll get any sleep, even though my body is tired,” he muttered,

though despite the condition she left him in, he couldn't make himself angry at her. "Thank you, Mistress," he whispered in the darkness. "Thank you for everything."

Back in her room, Myserra curled up on her bed. She laid on her side, her hand rubbing the sheets where Brett had been. His warmth lingered and she smiled.

"You're welcome, Brett," she murmured sleepily. Then she closed her eyes and drifted off to sleep.

Four: Temptation

Brett staggered into the office looking very much like a zombie.

It was close to three in the morning when he'd finally fallen asleep. The multiple orgasms brought about by the vibrators strapped to his overly sensitive nipples and the plug quivering against his prostate had taken their toll in the form of dark, puffy bags beneath his eyes. By the time that he'd finally managed to keep his eyes closed, his latex panties had been soaked through with sticky white cum.

When the deafening blare of his alarm woke him up hours later, his body was free from bondage and the latex, and the mess was gone.

His body was incredibly sore, as if instead of being helplessly bound in glossy latex, he was at the gym for the entire day working every muscle in his body.

Yeah, I'll just say I'm sore from the gym. He tugged at his collar as he stood in the elevator, not ready for another day at work.

When he got off the elevator, he noticed the overhead lights were already on and the smell of coffee filled his nose. He breathed in deep. The aroma of the miracle morning drink was one of his favorite scents. A tiny burst of energy filled him, as if the very scent of coffee contained caffeine. It was gone by the time he reached his desk, spent propelling him forward across the gray carpet of the office.

Brett leaned forward on his chair and planted his face on his desk.

"Morning, Brett. You look exhausted," Heather chirped.

He sat up instantly at his boss' greeting, the red oval on his forehead generating a snicker from her.

"Had trouble sleeping last ni—" He trailed off when he noticed what she was holding in her hands.

Heather was leaning on wall of his cubicle much like the day before, only now, each hand held a cup of coffee. Steam rose from the piping hot liquid in the porcelain mugs like a translucent fire.

Her long brown hair fell loose onto her shoulders and she looked down at him with her jade-green eyes. She wore a sleeveless black dress that clung to her body, highlighting her hourglass curves and prominent bust. She had on knee-length high-heeled boots made of a glistening black patent leather.

"Everything okay, Brett?" she asked him as he stared.

"Yes, sorry, still a bit foggy." He scratched his head.

"Coffee?" she offered, extending her hand toward him.

"Thank you," he replied, taking the hot mug from her silky smooth hands.

She stared at him as she brought her cup to her lips and slowly sipped the black liquid within. Brett jerked his head back when the still-too-hot drink touched his mouth. Heather smirked from behind the white mug, her lips and tongue unaffected from the scalding temperature.

“So, you haven’t been sleeping well?”

Brett blew on his drink. “Yeah. Ever have one of those nights where your mind keeps you up?”

“I do. But you know what helps?”

“What?” He blew on it again.

“Sex.”

Brett fumbled his coffee mug and dropped it onto his desk. Drops of the blistering hot liquid landed on his hands; it was a miracle he didn’t drop it. Heather burst into laughter when she saw his reaction.

“Umm, Brett, you got a little on your pants.” She waved her finger at his crotch.

He looked away from her to the small dark stain on his trousers and searched his desk for a napkin. “Well, I guess it’s a good thing I wore dark pants today,” he grumbled.

“If you want, you can take them off right now so you can rinse that stain out.”

“No, no, it’s okay, Heather. I’ll just go to the bathroom and try to wash it out.” He got up off of his chair and bolted toward the men’s bathroom, silently praying she didn’t see the erection growing in his pants. She remained by his cubicle and watched him disappear into the bathroom.

Heather looked at the clock. It would be another half an hour before people started arriving.

She set her cup down on his desk and sat in his chair, reveling in the lingering warmth from his body. Heather squeezed the arm rests and squirmed uncomfortably, his smell filling her nostrils.

“I don’t know who you belong to,” she muttered to herself. “But I’m going to make you mine.”

Heather shot up out of his chair and made a beeline for the men’s restroom. She held her breath and pressed her ear to the door. Hearing the sounds of water flowing from the faucet, she slowly pushed it open and poked her head in.

Brett stood by the sink, his pants off and in his hands. He scrubbed the spot where the coffee landed with a wet paper towel, trying to get the stain out.

Her heels clicking on the hard tile alerted him to her presence.

“Heather!” he yelped. “What are you doing—”

She pressed her body against his, digging the corner of the marble counter

top into his ass.

Brett froze. His *very* attractive boss was throwing her body at him when just last week she'd been practically ignoring him. His heart pounded in his chest and his dick stirred in his boxers. He could feel the warmth of her body as she pushed against him, her stocking-clad leg rubbing the inside of his thigh as her fingers hooked into the elastic band of his boxers. She playfully bit his ear, her hot breath tickling his nape.

No, stop. You can't do this. What will happen if Myserra catches you cheating on her?

"I can't," Brett said firmly as he slid his body out from under hers. He stepped behind her, still clinging to his pants. "I have a girlfriend."

Heather looked back at him over her shoulder and turned toward him. "Oh? Is that so?" She sat up on the counter and crossed her legs, and the hem of her dress slid up her thighs and exposed the tops of her stockings. Brett's eyes moved from her face to her legs where he spotted the garters that held up her dark nylons.

He peeled his eyes off of her perfect legs and looked down at the ground. "Yes," he gulped. "She's a wonderful woman. I won't cheat on her."

Heather raised an eyebrow and leaned forward. "I've seen the way you look at me, Brett. Your mouth says *no*, but your eyes say *yes*."

"I'm sorry Heather, but the answer is *no*." He walked away from her and opened the door the bathroom, motioning for her to leave.

Heather hopped down from the counter and walked out of the bathroom, her hand sliding across his chest and her eyes fixed on his as she passed by. She had a pleased look on her face despite losing the battle.

When his all-too-eager boss exited, he closed and locked the door.

Holy fucking shit. He put his back to the door and his composure crumbled. Sweat beaded up on his forehead and his heart raced.

Brett returned to the sink and placed his hands on the smooth white counter top. He leaned forward and stared at his reflection in the mirror, focusing on the collar given to him.

Straightening up, he lifted the bottom of his shirt and watched the mark on his belly swirl. The design reminded him of a tribal pattern, only in addition to the circulating markings, there were also letters spiraling around them. Brett didn't recognize the characters and assumed it was some kind of demonic language.

He sighed heavily. A week ago, he would've said yes to Heather in a heartbeat. The two of them would be having sex right now if it weren't for his collar and what it signified.

But as great as Heather *might* be, the only woman for him was his mistress; the succubus that came to him one night and offered him a treasure trove of carnal pleasure; whose supernatural mystique and perfect body lured him into women's lingerie and a role-reversal where he was the one with the cock in his mouth, and later, in his ass. Subsequently, she'd bound in latex and subjected him to not only sensory deprivation, but also the most exhilarating sexual adventure he had ever experienced.

But it was overwhelming. As good as it was, it left him drained, weak, and lazy. He barely had the strength to resist Heather's advancements. She was a pro who knew how to use her body to her advantage. If it wasn't for Myserra's superior form, he would've succumbed to Heather's offer.

"Today is going to be a long day," Brett mumbled as he splashed some water on his face and put his pants back on. The stain was barely noticeable now. He would just have to be careful around Heather.

When he opened the doors to the bathroom, several of his coworkers had already arrived. They greeted him with a smile and a wave and he returned the gesture as he made his way back to his desk. He didn't see Heather or Myserra on his way there.

He was startled to find Myserra standing in his cubicle when he arrived. She was examining the pictures and items that decorated his space. Her blonde hair was pulled back into a ponytail and she wore a long-sleeved gray top with black pants and heels. His mistress' back was to him as she leaned in to look at the picture of him with mountains in the background.

"May I help you, Mya?"

She straightened up and turned toward him. "I didn't know you'd been to Japan. I've been there myself. Nice people, good food."

Brett slid by her and sat in his chair. "How did you know it was Japan?"

"The rain jacket you're wearing has Kanji symbols on it." She pointed to the picture.

Brett picked up the coffee mug. It was still hot, but a much more tolerable temperature than before. He still couldn't figure out how Heather had been able to drink it so easily.

"Ah," he said to Myserra. "Was there something you needed?"

"Nope, just looking at your cubicle. Don't mind me," she said as she winked.

Myserra left, and as if Brett didn't have enough problems as it was, Heather happened to be walking by at the same exact moment his mistress stepped out. The two women almost bumped into each other.

Heather managed to avoid Myserra, and she shot Brett a look when the

blonde turned a corner and disappeared. Brett quickly turned away when he witnessed the near miss and kept his eyes on his computer screen as his boss lingered.

Heather opened her mouth to say something, but she closed it and her lips curled into a devious smile instead. When she finally returned to whatever she was doing, Brett let out a sigh of relief. He rubbed his face with his hands and got back to work.

I wonder if Myserra will give me a day off if I ask her for one? he thought, then jumped in his chair when he felt the all-too-familiar smack on his ass. It was the same pinch that he felt when she'd whipped him with the tip of her tail the night before.

Brett shifted in his chair and rubbed his sore cheek as he looked around. *No way. Mistress can't read my mind... Can she?*

He stood up out of his chair and raised his eyes above the gray cloth walls that surrounded him. He heard her voice and saw Myserra standing by the printer with another coworker. The two of them were chatting while reading through some documents. Brett kept his eyes on her and Myserra lifted her head slightly.

His mistress winked at him and he quickly ducked back into his cubicle. *She's just messing with me. Don't let her play mind games with you, Brett!* His eyes darted around his office as his paranoia steadily rose.

The rumbling in his stomach signaled lunch. Eager for a break, Brett grabbed his jacket quickly stood up out of his chair, sending it rolling backwards into the wall behind him. He threw the heavy coat on and turned to leave, then stopped mid-stride.

Heather stood in the entrance to his cubicle.

"Hey Brett, I was wondering if you wanted to get some lunch with me?" She smiled at him as he gazed at her, her tone suggesting that she had completely forgotten about throwing herself at him this morning.

He looked away from her. "Thanks for the offer, but I already made plans."

She raised an eyebrow. "I see. Well, some other time, then."

"Sorry," he said as she slid by her, refusing to meet her eyes.

Heather remained by his desk and watched him leave. She folded her arms and squinted as he disappeared from view.

Brett power-walked to the elevator, his head down and his eyes focused on the metal doors. He extended his finger and pushed the button multiple times. He could feel the weight of Heather's stare on his back, and he feared he might wither beneath it if he had to endure it any longer.

The doors opened with a loud *ding*, and he squeezed his body in between

them before they had even finished opening.

“Come on, come on... Close already,” he said under his breath as he repeatedly pressed the *close* button. He watched them inch together anxiously, his breath stagnating in his chest. He sighed and relaxed when they finally sealed shut.

“I felt the walls expand with that one,” Myserra said.

Brett threw his hands in the air and jumped at the wall of the elevator, causing the metal box to shake. He cowered in the corner and stared at his mistress, who had magically appeared out of thin air.

She turned toward him, her hands on her hips. “You seem a little tense. Something bothering you?”

Brett said nothing as he slumped onto the floor of the elevator, his hands rubbing his face. Myserra walked up to him and nudged his leg with her foot.

“Answer me Brett.”

She extended her index finger and magically lifted him up off of the ground onto his feet. With her blue eyes locked onto his, she pushed the *stop* button, halting their descent into the parking structure. The succubus’ finger slid into the ring on his collar and pulled him close to her.

Brett looked away. “It’s nothing, Mistress. I didn’t sleep well last night, that’s all. And today has been... stressful.”

The succubus tilted her head back. “I’ve been too hard on you, haven’t I? Be honest with me.”

She let go of his collar and relaxed her posture. Brett leaned back against the wall of the elevator and put his hands in his pockets.

“I... A lot has happened in the past couple of days. Once I get work and play balanced, then all will be good. Don’t get me wrong, Mistress, I *love* our sessions and I look forward to them every day, only...”

“Too much of a good thing? I understand Brett.” She leaned forward and rubbed his shoulders. “If you need a break, all you have to do is ask. I’ll understand.” The succubus smiled and released the hold on the elevator.

The rest of the trip to the ground floor was quiet.

The storm had all but passed. Dark clouds lingered in the sky, but looking up, Brett saw stars in between the patchy cloud cover. Myserra wasn’t there to greet him when he returned to his apartment after a long and stressful day. He didn’t even bother to turn the lights on; the pale light from the full moon illuminated his apartment and he followed the light to the sliding glass door.

He sat in his small lawn chair. The front legs hovered above the hard ground and its back was against the stucco wall. Brett’s feet rested on the small

round table next to the cactus plant in the painted ceramic pot—the extent of his garden.

The cold winter air was refreshing. Its crispness cleared his mind and he felt his body reenergize. He exhaled slowly, deliberately, and his breath fogged up in front of his face, capturing the light of the moon. Brett remained motionless, his eyes switching between his cloudy breath and the night sky.

The breeze was gentle, but the wall behind him sheltered him from the wind. He closed his eyes and let his mind wander. It was late at night, and the half-drunk bottle of scotch remained on the table where he rested his feet. Every now and then he would lean forward and take a swig, but for now, he was content with the stillness around him.

He breathed slowly and reached a meditative state. In his moment of Zen, the stress from the day melted away. The world around him vanished and he was left adrift in the cosmos.

For a few minutes, nothing mattered.

In the darkness of his apartment, a figure watched him. Myserra hid in the shadows, her keen eyes focused on Brett. He had lied to her in the elevator. She could feel it—hell, she could see it in his eyes. The fact that her sub—her human plaything—kept something hidden from her was unnerving. The succubus went back and forth in her mind, debating a further plan of action.

She could always tap into his mind while he slept and eavesdrop on his dreams. No, she couldn't go digging around into his mind like that. He trusted her, and if he caught her snooping around, all the hard work she put into their relationship would be for naught. He would feel violated, and he'd never want to see her again. She'd have to wait and see. He'd tell her in due time, and she knew that choice must be his alone.

Myserra smirked, and the pale light of the moon reflected off of the clear coat of gloss on her midnight-black lips. Her pink eyes sparkled and she disappeared in a wisp of smoke, silent as the angel of death.

Brett opened his eyes and looked around. The last remnants of the smoke lingered for a millisecond, but his mind registered it as nothing more than a trick his eyes were playing on him.

The cold snaked its way past his thick jacket, and he decided to head back inside. Brett took one last swig of the glass bottle before returning it to the liquor cabinet.

The heater had done its job, and he removed his coat, beanie and gloves to bask in the artificial warmth. His eyelids grew heavy as he stumbled into his bedroom and quickly fell asleep under the warmth of his sheets, plunging into a dreamless sleep.

The winter sun greeted him in the morning, and if it wasn't for the insistent beeping from his alarm clock and the fact that he *had* to go into work, Brett would've just laid in bed and watched the sun continue to rise.

His phone was silent. There were no texts or messages. Everything was quiet and calm, and Brett did nothing to disturb it as he got dressed and left for work.

Myserra appeared in the elevator in the very same fashion as she had the day before. Brett didn't jump or yelp this time. Instead, he just turned his head and bowed slightly when the succubus made her presence known.

"Morning, Brett. You look rather refreshed." She smiled, happy to see her pet revitalized.

He smiled back. "Morning, Mistress. I slept well last night, so I feel great."

"Good, busy day ahead of you."

The doors opened and Brett's smile vanished. The sounds of phones ringing, people typing, and endless chatter filled his ears and that quiet stillness that had been with him since the night before disappeared. It was almost the weekend. He just had to hold out another day.

Myserra never even stepped out of the elevator. He turned his head to speak to her, but she was already gone.

When he faced forward, Heather was standing in the small room that the elevator opened up to.

"Ah, good morning, Brett," she said, waving to him.

"Morning, Heather," he coolly replied.

"I was hoping you'd come into work early again today. But you look well-rested."

"I slept like a rock last night."

"Good, long day ahead of you," she said, echoing Myserra's words almost exactly as she turned and walked away, but not before winking playfully.

Brett lingered in the room, his eyes on the retreating form of his boss. Heather's skirt was a little shorter than normal, and her blouse was tighter. Her plan to go after him had failed, and now she was changing tactics, bringing him to her like a fish to a baited hook.

His body grew warm and he tugged at his shirt collar.

The day was anything but uneventful, and following lunch, Brett thought he was as good as dead.

He decided to take a short lunch so that he could clock out early, as tomorrow was a national holiday and he wanted to get right into his extended

weekend.

But seconds after sitting down, a new email showed up in his mailbox. It was an invitation to a meeting, which was nothing new. The fact that it was from Heather was also unsurprising, as she was the manager who ran most, if not all of the meetings.

Brett accepted the invite, not thinking twice to check who else was invited or when the meeting was. Immediately after clicking the *accept* button, a pop-up on his computer told him that his meeting was starting right now.

He moved quickly to the conference room, as it was never a good idea to be late to a meeting. Everyone else had yet to come back from lunch, and it wasn't until he entered the room that he realized it was too late; the trap had been sprung, and there was no way out.

Heather closed the door behind him and locked it. The blinds were closed and the soundproof glass isolated the two of them completely.

"Heather, wha—" He froze when he faced her.

The top buttons of her blouse were unbuttoned, and her lacy red bra and her ample breasts were in full view. Heather pulled the pin out of her hair, allowing her chestnut-brown locks to fall past her shoulders.

Brett backed away from her as she sauntered toward him, biting her lip as she unbuttoned the last of her buttons and tossed her blouse aside.

"I want you, Brett. I'm tired of this cat-and-mouse game of ours." Her hands glided down her bare midriff, her polished nails gently scratching her tanned skin. They were a crimson red, the same color of her lipstick.

The same lips that Brett couldn't tear his eyes away from.

Backing into the long conference table, he managed to break free of her spell and sprint around to the other side.

"Running only delays the inevitable," Heather said, licking her lips.

"Everyone will be coming back from lunch soon," Brett reminded her with a grin. He knew that if he held her off long enough, she'd be forced to let him go, lest the rest of the office see her trying to seduce him.

Heather threw her head back and laughed. "Oh? You didn't hear?"

"Hear what?" His grin started to fade.

"You left in such a hurry that you missed the announcement. I sent everyone home early. It's just you and me here now. No one will be coming back. Not unless you think you can evade me until Monday." A devilish smile appeared on her lips, one very similar to Myserra's the night she dressed him up as a woman.

The color from Brett's face vanished and his blood turned cold. The only way out was through that door, which meant going through her. If he got within

arm's reach of her, there would be no way he could resist her skilled touch.

"You're lying," he accused in an effort to stall.

"If you don't believe me, check your email." Heather relaxed her body and straightened up, the grin still on her lips.

Keeping his eyes on her as much as possible, Brett pulled his phone out of his pocket and brought up his email. His arm fell to his side.

He called her bluff, and it turned out that she had a straight flush.

"Give up, Brett—you're mine," she whispered into his ear.

He looked up from the table at the door. Heather was no longer leaning against the only exit. She was right next to him, inches away from his body.

He was defeated and helpless. She turned him toward her and pushed him up against the table. He did nothing to refuse her as her hands snaked up underneath his shirt and down the front of his pants.

Brett tried to look away from her emerald-green eyes, but he couldn't. They were spellbinding, and the longer he stared at them, the stronger her control over him became.

"Look into my eyes, Brett, and tell me you're mine."

He opened his mouth to speak, but no words came. Brett gazed deeply into her eyes and marveled at their color and beauty.

They sparkle just like Myserra's. Myserra... my mistress...

"Tell me you're mine, Brett," Heather said again. She leaned forward and licked his cheek, her tongue moving up to his ear. "Say you belong to me."

Myserra... Mistress... Help me...

Heather bit his ear as her hand gripped his swollen dick. It hardened against her palm and grew hot—very hot.

So hot that it burned her.

"What the fuck!" she screamed, recoiling from Brett. The smell of seared flesh filled his nostrils. The powerful stench and Heather's scream freed him from her spell.

He moved away from her, backpedaling as Heather doubled over in pain, gripping her wrist. She looked up at him and bared her teeth.

"I'm going to get you for this," she snarled.

She took a step forward, but then stopped. Both her and Brett's attention shifted to the door, where someone had just knocked.

Heather stood up and quickly composed herself. *Don't you fucking move*, she mouthed to him.

She walked over to the door and opened it.

Brett's face lit up when he recognized the voice.

"Oh, hello, Mya," Heather said through the crack in the door. "I thought

you went home already.”

“Hi, Heather,” Brett heard her say. “I was just on my way out, but I couldn’t leave without my belongings.”

Myserra pushed the door open and stepped into the conference room. She closed the door behind her and glared at Brett. His smile vanished and he looked away from his mistress.

“Sorry, Mya, but your precious little boyfriend is breaking up with you,” Heather said, stepping in between Myserra and Brett. “He’s *my* boyfriend now.”

“Is this true, Brett?” Myserra asked, looking around Heather.

Brett opened his mouth to speak, but his throat clenched tight, cutting off his words.

Heather smirked. “Poor little thing is all choked up. Besides, he was already cheating on you with someone else.”

Myserra’s jaw dropped. “I... I don’t know what to say!”

Heather walked up to Myserra. “You know,” she said, putting her hand on her cheek. “You could still be with him, only you’d also belong to me.”

Myserra bit her lip. “What do you mean?”

“Simple. I make you my slave. Then when I make Brett my bitch, I use him to lure out his master and slay him. Then his soul belongs to me, and you two can be my slaves together.”

She wrapped her arms around Myserra and kissed her, and Brett watched as the two women tasted each other’s lips. His mouth hung open as he stared blankly at them.

Heather’s hands slid down Myserra’s back and squeezed her ass. Myserra whimpered, her cries turning to moans as Heather sucked on her neck.

“What makes you think he belongs to a man?” Myserra asked in between gasps.

Heather pulled back and smiled. “Brett? He’s timid and weak-willed, and must be gay for saying *no* to someone like me. I’m sure his demon master dresses him up like a slut and fucks him with a giant cock.” She turned toward him. “Am I right? Does your master make you put on sexy lingerie and suck his dick?”

Brett looked at Myserra. She winked while Heather had her gaze set on him.

He smiled. “He does. Just the other night, he had me wear a red corset, stockings, and high heels. He made my hair long and put makeup on his face, then I swallowed his juicy dick.”

Heather looked back at Myserra and laughed. “See? I’ll bet you two never even had sex. Now, why don’t you pledge yourself to me so the fun can really

begin?”

Heather took a couple of steps back, and both Brett and Myserra watched while she transformed. Her eyes changed to a tangerine-orange while her brown hair became platinum-blond and her tan skin shifted to a faded purple.

Her lips and nails changed hues from ruby red to metallic silver as a pair of curved horns sprouted from her forehead. A long tail with a diamond-shaped tip coiled at her feet as she grew another foot taller.

“Ah, much better,” Heather said, stretching out her hands. “Now, Mya, are you ready to pledge yourself to me and give up on this pathetic excuse for a man?”

“I’m afraid I’ll have to decline your offer,” Myserra said as she grinned.

Though she seemed surprised, Heather only shrugged. “No matter. I’ve had plenty of female slaves before. I can easily break you.”

“You were right about one thing,” Myserra said, moving in between Heather and Brett. “His owner did dress him up in *incredibly* sexy lingerie and fuck him with their cock. Only his master isn’t an incubus; it’s a succubus.”

Heather’s sly grin vanished as she watched Myserra transform in front of her, changing into a succubus with not one, but *two* pairs of horns.

“I was telling the truth when I said I came back here for my belongings. Brett can’t be yours because he already belongs to *me*. Oh, and my name’s not Mya. It’s Myserra.”

“How did you...? Why couldn’t I smell your demon blood?”

Myserra laughed. “That’s the difference between having one pair of horns and two. Brett!”

“Yes, Mistress?” he said, moving next to her.

“I need you to step outside the conference room for a minute. Heather and I need to have a conversation. Some... girl talk, if you will. It’ll get messy, so for your own protection, please wait outside.”

“Yes, Mistress.” He walked past Heather, who didn’t even try to stop him. Her attention was on the much more powerful demon she had angered.

Brett lingered by the door. “There’s no way I can wa—”

“Out, Brett! Or would you like me to punish you until your ass is the color of my skin?”

“Yes, Mistress!” He slammed the door behind him, leaving the two succubi alone.

Myserra grinned. “Now, where were we? Oh yes, you were telling me how you were going to make Brett your *bitch* so you could lure out his master and kill *him*, making Brett your slave. Well, here she is.”

The succubus took a couple steps forward, her wings partially outstretched.

Heather was in way over her head. Myserra was a far more powerful demon than her, whose name carried notoriety. She was cunning, clever, and very skilled in magic.

"I... I'm sorry," Heather whimpered. Her confidence had all but vanished and her composure went with it. Myserra could snap her like a twig if she wanted to, and from the look in her eyes, it was obvious that was her plan.

Heather blinked and Myserra moved right in front of her. Before she could scream, Myserra wrapped her hand around her throat and lifted her off of the ground against the wall. She kicked and flailed, but Myserra was far too strong.

"I was trying to decide what I should do to you, but then you apologized and I realized: it's not me you should be apologizing to, it's Brett."

"I... I'm sorry," Heather gasped.

Myserra slammed her against the wall. "I said do not apologize to me!"

"W-What must I do?"

"Oh, I've got something special planned for you." Myserra grinned, her smile stretching all the way across her face. She held up her free hand, and in a puff of black smoke, a collar appeared. It was different from the one that Brett wore, made of pure metal with demonic runes etched into the polished surface and a large metal ring attached to the front.

"Do you know what this is?" Myserra asked, holding the collar up. Heather's eyes widened with fear as her flailing increased. "I take it you do. Good."

Myserra shifted her grip from Heather's neck to her face, still pinning her against the wall and exposing her soon-to-be collared neck. The succubus was filled with anticipation as the metal collar snapped shut around it. There was a *click*, and then the demonic lettering glowed.

She released Heather, and the imprisoned succubus fell to the ground, her form shifting back into the green-eyed brunette dressed in business attire. Myserra snapped her fingers, summoning a metal chain leash which she clipped into the round ring that dangled on the front.

Brett pulled his ear away from the door when he heard footsteps approaching. He backed away and stared blankly at his demonic mistress and the human Heather.

"What happened to her?" he asked.

"Lovely invention, this collar is," Myserra beamed. "You see, Brett, handcuffs don't really work in the demon underground—well, they work in the bedroom, but not for detaining criminals. Even with your hands bound, you could still cast spells and whatnot, so we needed an alternative: this collar."

His mistress flicked the chrome collar around Heather's neck. Brett's boss

hung her head, her eyes on the ground and her hands together in front of her. She looked so submissive, as if she was Myserra's slave.

"This collar seals away the wearer's magic, effectively turning them into nothing more than a human. They cannot transform, use magic, nor have the superhuman strength and speed that demons have. Heather here, while this collar is around her neck, is as human as you are."

Myserra nudged her forward. Heather looked back at her captor, and then raised her eyes to Brett.

"I'm sorry, Brett. I'm sorry that I took advantage of you and tried to steal you away from your mistress. That was wrong of me."

She tugged on the leash, pulling Heather back to her. "I think she needs to get punished, don't you think? And you need to be rewarded for your loyalty to me. So, how about a threesome? You, me, and this slut right here."

Myserra whispered into Heather's ear, and Brett watched as her face turned bright red and her knees buckled. Heather bit her lip and moved her hands up slightly, now directly over her crotch. She looked away from him as the succubus continued to whisper into her ear.

Brett was astonished. "I... I don't know what to say."

"I do," Myserra replied, her focus still on Heather. She licked her face, her fiery tongue leaving behind a trail of red skin. Heather moaned quietly, her legs trembling. "If you wait too long, Heather here might collapse before the fun can begin. You want it, don't you, slut?"

Her lips were quivering. "I-I do want it. I want your cock inside of me, Brett."

"In this state, she is as malleable as a human. It's a form of torture, you see. Demons who wear this collar are oftentimes broken at the hands of their captors. It keeps them subdued until their time is served and they are released. Their shattered minds and crushed wills are mended, but the memories of their time spent as submissive fuck toys will linger with them for the rest of their lives."

"She won't try to harm us?" Brett asked, staring at the captive succubus.

"No, she won't," Myserra answered. "Isn't that right, Heather?"

"No... I can't harm my capto—OH!"

Myserra's hand reached under Heather's skirt, eliciting moan from the subdued succubus. Brett's mistress brought her hands out from underneath, and in the bright-white lights of the office, he could see Heather's fluids coating Myserra's fingers.

Brett started to tremble, his own body falling apart at the scene. His cock hardened instantly when he watched Myserra lick Heather's juices off of her fingers, reveling in the taste.

“Oh, she is ripe for the picking.”

Brett couldn't hold out for much longer. As good as Heather was, Myserra was far more skilled—so skilled that Brett was nearing a hands-free orgasm just from watching and listening.

“Yes. Yes, Mistress, I would like that threesome.”

“Good boy, Brett.” Myserra said, taking her hands off of Heather. “But you failed to specify the terms of your reward.”

Myserra grinned wide as she snapped her fingers. The office they were in vanished and when Brett opened his eyes, they were in Myserra's room. Feeling a tightness in his groin and a weight on his chest, Brett looked down at his body.

Wrapped around his waist was a pink corset, the cups filled with Brett's modest B-cup breasts. Long brown hair fell down past his shoulders and creamy white stockings covered his legs. On his feet were matching pink pumps, and locked up a chastity cage inside a pair of lacy pink panties was his dick.

Out of the corner of his eye, Brett spotted Myserra's full-length mirror, and he took in his appearance. He had makeup on his face, his eyes enhanced with dusky eye shadow and mascara. His lips were the same color pink as his ensemble, and his once-black leather color now matched his lingerie.

He turned toward his mistress and opened his mouth to protest, but he felt his throat clench up and words failed to come.

Myserra held up her finger to Brett and turned to Heather. Brett watched as the succubus pulled a hood over Heather's head and set her on the bed.

“I needed her to be deaf for this conversation that you and I are about to have.” Myserra sighed and stepped toward him. “Brett, you lied to me in the elevator and told me that nothing was bothering you. This could've been disastrous for the two of us. You see, I don't actually *own* your soul; you still have it. If I hadn't shown up when I did, you would've given yourself up to her. She would've taken your soul and I would've had to kill her to get it back.”

Brett felt his throat loosen. “I... I'm sorry, Mistress. I didn't know that she was a succubus. I just thought that she was a human like me. I didn't know—”

Myserra pressed her finger to his mouth. “Shhh. It's okay, Brett. She did a good job hiding her identity, and since I wasn't looking for any signs, she slid under my radar. But I need to know: do you trust me?”

She put her hand on his cheek and he looked away from her.

“Brett?”

He stepped forward and hugged her. “It's not that I didn't trust you; it's that I didn't trust myself. I'm sorry, Mistress, I never meant for this to happen.”

“It's okay, Brett,” she said, rubbing his head.

“But Mistress, must I wear this?” he asked, looking up at her.

The succubus giggled. “After what she said back at the office, I just *had* to see you in sexy lingerie again. You understand, right?”

“I do. It’s just...”

“You want to be the one doing the thrusting?” Myserra took a step back and grabbed his caged dick through his panties. “I’ll tell you what—I’ll let you have your dick, but in return, we have to act out a certain scene that I’ve always wanted to.”

Brett cocked his head to the side. “What is it, Mistress?”

She leaned forward and whispered into his ear. “While you’re plowing Heather in her hot, wet cunt, I get to fuck your boy-pussy.”

Brett’s eyes widened when he felt Myserra’s throbbing cock press against his abdomen. Her hand rubbed his shaft through his panties, and he bit his lip as it hardened instantly.

“I’ll take that as a yes,” she replied, her breath sweltering against his neck. She pulled her hand away from his hot, swollen flesh and hooked her finger into the ring of his collar, leading him to her bed where Heather squirmed impatiently.

I am forever yours, Mistress. I am sorry I ever doubted you.

Five: Doubt & Discovery

Brett woke up sandwiched between two of the most beautiful women he had ever laid his honey-brown eyes on.

He lifted his head off of the silk sheets and looked back at Myserra. She was fast asleep, her arm draped over his side and her hand on his belly. He could feel her warmth through the thin fabric of the corset he still wore. She was completely naked, and the dick that she fucked him with the night before gone. The succubus' legs rubbed against his and he felt the friction through his stockings.

Brett moaned quietly as his mistress' tail gently stroked his cock. His subdued cry caused the woman in front of him to stir.

Heather was also completely naked, not counting the collar around her neck or the clamps on her nipples. At her feet was the vibrator that Myserra expertly used not only on the subdued demoness, but also on her loyal pet.

He bit his lip when he recalled how she slid the toy into his ass, making him squirm on the bed while Heather wrapped her lips around his cock and his mistress played with his nipples.

Even though she allowed his dick to be free of a chastity cage, she magically sealed off his firm flesh, delaying his orgasm until the very end. Myserra had kept him hard the entire time, her hot hands flooding his body with pure, erotic bliss.

Brett coughed. His throat was sore and his voice was gone. He had lost count of how many times he moaned and cried out his mistress' name during the night. And when he wasn't wailing from the attention of the two women, his throat was filled with Myserra's throbbing cock. The salty, bitter taste of her demonic seed still lingered on his pouty pink lips.

He sat up and rubbed his face, his movements awakening the two women who shared the bed with him.

"Morning already?" Myserra asked, yawning.

"I don't know," Brett said, looking down at his mistress. "There aren't any windows in this room, and I don't see a clock anywhere."

Heather rolled over toward him. Her brown hair was disheveled and sprawled unevenly across the sheets. Brett glanced at her, his eyes following the curves of her body from her shoulders to her round ass and down her long, slender legs. He wondered what it would be like if he was her slave, but recalling what she said to him in the conference room the day before, he decided not to pursue that hypothetical scenario.

She opened her eyes and looked at him, smiling playfully.

“You were wonderful last night, Brett,” she said. Her hand slid across the sheets to his crotch. “I’m sorry I treated you so poorly.”

“Hands off him, Heather.” Myserra’s tail slapped the back of her hand and she recoiled, whimpering. “You need to earn his company.”

“Yes, Mistress,” Heather replied timidly.

Brett turned his head toward Myserra. “Mistress? What does she mean?”

Myserra rolled onto her back and stared up at the ceiling. “I’ll fill you in later. I’m still wiped and need some sleep. I’m sending you home. I need less distractions. Take a shower while you’re at it.”

“Wait, Mistress—”

Myserra snapped her fingers and Brett vanished into thin air. With her sub gone, the succubus turned to Heather.

“You and I are going to have a nice chat about Brett,” Myserra said, flicking Heather’s rosy nipple.

Brett blinked. He was back in his apartment, standing in the center of his living room. His hand was out in front of him, still reaching for the succubus that had sent him away. The sun was low on the horizon, its pale-yellow light shining through the cracks in the blinds. On the nightstand by his bed, the clock read 6:40a.m.

He dropped his hand and sighed. *Mistress, I want to be there with you.*

His pocket vibrated and looking down, Brett discovered that he was back in his work clothes from the day before. He pulled his phone out and smiled.

It was a text message from Myserra. *Brett, I’ll stop by later. Relax a little. I just needed to get this taken care of before we can resume.*

Wrinkling his nose, he grimaced when his body odor filled his nostrils. “I guess she was right,” he said, unbuttoning his shirt. “I do need a shower.”

Brett stood under the hot water cascading from his showerhead, staring into space as it trickled down his back. His mind was adrift, pondering recent events and making plans for the future.

He thought about the hours he’d spend with Myserra; all the pleasure and joy that she brought him; how fulfilled and satisfied he felt when he was at her side. For once in his life, he had something real—a relationship that made him feel whole and happy.

He didn’t want it to end.

It was the weekend, which meant that in a couple of days, everything would reset and he’d go back to work. He’d get up early, get dressed, and drive to the office. Then he’d sit down at his desk and watch the clock as each tedious hour passed by, until he could finally race home to be with her; the woman who

brought him joy and satisfaction.

Myserra. The succubus domme who promised him an end to his solitude. She not only gave him what he wanted most—the love of a woman—but she provided something much more than that.

She gave him hope.

Being at work wasn't all that bad, now that she was in his life. Sure, the succubus had become his coworker, but she was a different woman during the hours of nine-to-five. She was a human, not his demon mistress—someone who chatted in the break room; who attended meetings and wrote reports. It was as if she had two different identities that had no idea that the other existed.

Now that's going to be awkward, Brett thought, remembering that Heather had been subdued by Myserra. What's it going to be like working under her now? Would she avoid him, lest she unknowingly angered his mistress? Or would she go back to the way she was before she'd tried to sleep with him?

Do I even want to go to work anymore? Can't I just quit and stay by her side? I go crazy when I'm not with her.

He reached up and gently touched his collar, his finger playing with the metal ring that dangled on the front. Pulling his gaze away from the tile wall of his shower, he looked down at his stomach and watched the mark swirl on his abdomen.

Should I quit my job and ask her to enslave me? No, Brett, you can't just quit like that. He looked up at the ceiling. *But I can't stand not being with her.*

He took a deep breath and made his decision.

I'm going to ask her to enslave me.

It was late in the afternoon when Myserra returned to Brett's apartment. He had taken her advice, and after showering, he fell asleep on his bed and napped well into the afternoon.

When he opened his eyes, she was sitting at his computer desk, typing away at his keyboard and endlessly clicking the buttons on his mouse. When his vision cleared, he saw that she was playing one of his video games. It was a first-person shooter from the looks of it, one that she was terrible at.

"What's your k/d?" he grumbled through the pillow.

She looked at him over his shoulder. "My what?"

He rolled onto his back and stretched his arms. "Your kill to death ratio," he yawned.

"Oh. Terrible. I've never been good at video games, but you were asleep and your computer was on so I figured I'd try it out. It's exciting!"

He smiled watching the succubus try to play the game. She had no plan of

attack; she just picked the biggest, baddest looking gun and fired aimlessly, occasionally shouting obscenities at the other players.

Myserra was in her human form. Her blonde hair was pulled back into the ponytail that she liked. Yet even with the casual appearance, she still looked incredibly beautiful. If it wasn't for the fact that underneath the human guise she was in fact a centuries old demon, she could be the girlfriend or wife he'd always wanted.

"Well, that was fun," she said sliding away from the desk.

"Did you win?" Brett asked, sitting up in the bed.

"Last place." Myserra stood up out of the chair and crawled onto his bed. She rubbed his stomach, smiling.

"Mistress, there's something I need to ask of you."

"Before you do, let me fill you in on the situation with Heather. That collar is going to remain on her until such a time when I feel as though she is no longer a threat to you. Much like your collar, no ordinary human will be able to see it. She knows that I'll be keeping an eye on her. In a couple days, work will be back to normal."

Brett stared down at his feet, silent.

"Something the matter, Brett?" she asked, gently rubbing his leg. "What was it you wanted to ask me?"

"It's about work. About Heather. About you and I," he said after a moment's hesitation. He looked away from his feet back at her. She gazed back at him. Somehow, her kind face and comforting eyes made it harder to talk to her.

"What is it?"

"I want to quit my job. I want to be at your side always. I don't want to risk some other demon stealing me away from you. I want you to enslave me."

Silence filled the apartment. Myserra's eyes focused on his for over a minute before looking away from him. She slid off of the bed and stood by the window.

"Is this what you truly want?" she asked, her back to him as she stared through the glass.

"I remember you telling me that if I asked you to enslave me, that you failed—that you broke me. But you didn't. This wasn't your doing. It's mine. I'm not addicted to the pleasure from our time together, it's just..." He paused before adding: "I don't want to be alone anymore."

Myserra turned toward him. "I understand, Brett, but this is permanent. Once you do this, there is no going back. I cannot return your soul to you once I remove it from your body. And if someone were to slay me, you would have no

choice but become theirs. You'd forget about me in an instant—that is, of course, *if* your new master decided to keep your mind intact.”

Brett opened his mouth to speak, but words failed him. He wanted to tell her yes, that he wanted to belong to her, but something was holding him back. Deep within the recesses of his mind, his subconscious was keeping him silent.

Doubt spread throughout his body as the gravity of his decision set it. But as illogical and irrational as giving up his soul seemed, he still wanted to be by her side for every hour of the day. Part of him wanted to cast aside this life of his; to quit his job and say goodbye to his friends and family.

And the other part of him wanted to say no.

Myserra watched him closely. She could sense the doubt in his words. If she had truly broken his will, there wouldn't be any hesitation. He would be begging for her to enslave him; kneeling at her feet like an addict without the means to buy his next hit.

Brett was just confused. He was lost and needed guidance. He needed to see what it truly meant to become a slave and to have one's free will totally swept away. Brett, the human she deeply cared for, who willingly decided to become her plaything, needed to visit the underground.

“Brett.”

“Yes, Mistress?”

“You are not ready to make this decision. You're jumping into something without doing any research or planning. You can't marry a woman you just met; you have to go on dates with her; get to know her; live with her.”

“I—”

“So I'm going to make you an offer. Come with me on a trip to the demon underground. You'll spend the rest of the weekend learning what it's like to truly be a slave, while seeing it with your very own eyes. Telling you what it's like does very little for you. You must experience it for yourself. Come Sunday evening, and if you still truly want to become my slave, then I will take your soul from you and you'll become mine. Do you agree to the terms of my offer?”

He hesitated, and she crossed her arms and looked down at him, tapping her foot impatiently.

“Answer me!”

“Yes, I accept,” he quickly replied.

“Good. Wait here a moment.”

Brett watched as she stepped out of his bedroom into his living room, summoning a phone out of the air and making a call. He couldn't hear what she was saying, but from the looks of it, she was very pleased with the outcome of the conversation.

Myserra hung up and walked toward him, her eyes locked on his. He watched her slowly transform, her blonde hair and casual attire giving way to her succubus form. She had on a black corset and thong, with thigh-high, high-heeled boots and a fishnet dress.

“Stand before me, slave.”

Brett hesitated.

“I said, *stand before me, slave!*”

Feeling the room shake, Brett quickly climbed out the bed and sprinted to her. Myserra’s tail rose up behind him and slapped him firmly on the ass. He jumped, screaming in pain from the sting of her tail. “No hesitation, Brett. You must do what I say, when I say it.”

“I’m sorry, Mistress,” he replied, rubbing his ass.

Myserra crossed her arms. “Slaves have no free will, no doubts in their minds. They do what they’re told, no questions asked. The only order they are allowed to disobey is to end their life or do anything that will bring harm to them. Everything else must be obeyed. I tell you to dance, you dance. If I say jump, you jump. If I demand that you suck the twelve-inch cock of an incubus, you get on your knees.”

She watched the color in his skin vanish and his eyes gloss over with fear.

“Y-You won’t have me do that, will you, Mistress?”

Myserra held his chin in her hands. “Anything is possible. If you disobey me, or fail to instantly do what you’re told, then the demons of my realm will see that you still retain your soul and will do anything to take it from you. There are those of my race that do things that make me want to puke.

“I’ve seen it all: slaves with their eyes gouged out or their teeth removed; slaves with scars, brands, or markings all over their body; human women with breasts as big as your head and cunts gaping wide from the thick cocks of their masters; men changed into women and women with multiple dicks; brainless fuck toys who can’t even remember their names, whose eyes are blank and empty.

“That is what it means to be a slave, Brett. A slave is just a canvas for their master. Every slave is different because every demon is different. Some slaves are left wholly intact. No scars, no brands, just a collar and maybe a couple piercings. Some are so deformed they don’t even look human.”

Brett couldn’t speak. His mouth was shut tight and his body started to shake.

“But do not worry, my pet, for that is just a small fraction of the world that I come from. Most slaves are just servants to their demon masters, nothing more. Property, like how it was in your country before the civil war. It is not my goal to

scare you, only to enlighten you. This is not a horror show—it's a documentary."

Myserra said nothing more as Brett regained his composure. She snapped her fingers, and they vanished from his apartment and appeared inside an abandoned factory. They faced a large rusted door, the handle of which was missing.

Brett squirmed and his eyes went wide when he felt the strangely familiar fullness in his ass. Looking over his shoulder, his mouth hung slack when he saw the red demon tail curving out of the plug buried deep in his hole. The weight on his chest and the cool air on his body drew his attention away from the toy and to his appearance.

On his feet was a pair of high-heeled boots, which stretched up to his thigh like stockings. Other than the boots and the collar, the only other items of clothing he had on were elbow-length gloves. Both the gloves and the boots were ivory-colored. Long brown hair fell past his shoulders and gold hoop earrings dangled from his lobes. He wore no panties, and bulging from his chest was a pair of modest A-cup breasts with firm, rosy nipples.

"Mistress, is this what I am to wear?" Brett asked, covering his crotch.

"Yes, Brett. Oh, wait—I forgot something."

The succubus smiled as she summoned a chain leash and clipped it to the ring on his collar. Brett's stomach sank when the possibility of underwear of any kind vanished. *Hell, I'll even wear panties if it means not walking around naked.*

"Come on, slave, let's get going. Got to check into to the hotel right away. We don't want to be late for the orgy."

"What?!"

The succubus laughed as the doorknob appeared in her hand in a puff of smoke. She inserted it into the slot and the door opened. Brett watched his mistress disappear into the blackness, a firm tug on his leash pulling him in as well.

The darkness enveloped him and he kept walking forward following the pull on his leash. After a couple of seconds, the blackness disappeared, and Brett found himself standing in an alleyway in a world vastly different from his own.

"Welcome, Brett, to the demon underground," Myserra said, waving her hand like a tour guide. "Home to my race, as well as many others; a wretched hive of scum and villainy, to quote Obi-Wan Kenobi."

She tugged on his leash and Brett followed closely behind her.

"Keep your eyes down and your mouth shut, and do not react to what you see. If someone grabs your ass, smile and bow."

Brett gulped and walked closely behind his mistress as they emerged out of the alleyway and into the main street. It took everything he had to keep his

emotions in check. He wanted so badly to drop his jaw and stare at all the creatures that inhabited the demon world.

Keeping his eyes to himself was easy compared to trying to keep his body in check. With every step he took, the toy in his ass rubbed his insides. He was thankful that it wasn't pressed up against his prostrate, but with each step, it inched closer and closer.

He could feel the weight of the stares from the citizens of the underworld; a million little feelers touching every inch of his exposed flesh. Brett grew flushed as his hands covered his crotch, trying but failing to cover his firm erection.

The tail that was attached to the plug swung back and forth like the tail of a cat. He kept his head down as he was told, but that didn't stop his eyes from wandering.

Most of the time, they were on his mistress' ass or her sculpted legs. He loved the boots that she wore, and part of him wanted so badly to wear an outfit like hers—anything to cover himself up. Never in his life had he felt so exposed. He was out in the open for all to see, like a model walking down a runway.

As crowded as the street was, walking through it was simple. The mob parted for his mistress, incubi and succubi even bowing to her as she walked. Those that bowed all had one pair of horns like Heather, and many even knew his mistress' name.

They addressed her as if she was royalty.

Occasionally they would pass by another demon with two pairs of horns and Brett would bow his head at them. Several times, Myserra stopped and chatted with her kind, and each time she would show him off to them. The demons would eye Brett like he was a brand new car, and look closer at him as if he was for sale.

They would move their hands across his hairless body and give his ass a squeeze or a playful slap, cup his flat breasts, or gently rub his rigid nipples. Every time they touched him he would squirm, and Myserra and whomever it was that she was talking to couldn't get enough of how helpless and exposed he was.

There was one succubus that Myserra talked to longer than most, as if the two knew each other. While most of the succubi Brett noticed had red skin like his mistress or a purplish hue, this demon had fiery orange-red skin with wavy blonde hair and jade-green eyes. Nestled in her honey-colored locks were streaks of black that shined like obsidian.

As the two demons conversed, the woman kept shooting Brett glances. He would look away the moment she caught him staring at her. She had two pairs of

horns, the smaller curving out and up and the second growing out of the side of the sides of her head and curving forward.

“Tell me about your slave, Mya,” she said, turning toward Brett.

“Oh, him?” Myserra grinned. “I ran into him at a comic convention.”

The demoness raised an eyebrow. “Really now? I went to one of those a year or so ago. I was a wolf in sheep’s clothing. So many virgins ripe for the picking!”

“I saw him hanging out in one of the hallways looking at a schedule. When I walked by, he asked for a photo then we started chatting. I love quirky guys, so I was smitten by him—so much so that I had to make him mine.”

“He’s such a cutie,” the succubus said, holding his chin in her hands. Brett looked away from his admirer to his mistress. Myserra stood there and smirked. *She’s enjoying this.*

He whimpered as his face grew bright red. The golden-haired demoness stroked the underside of his rock hard cock with the long, sharp nail of her finger. She licked her lips as her finger traced the crown of his dick.

“You like that, don’t you, Brett?” Myserra asked.

“Y-Yes, mistress,” he replied, shaking from the arousal.

From the moment he stepped onto the main street, Brett had been erect. Myserra cast a spell on his groin as she had done before, preventing him from ejaculating. The pressure had been building since then, and she did nothing to relieve him of the torment brought about by the combination of the plug in his ass, the outfit that he wore, and the lustful stares from the denizens of this realm.

“Ooh, he’s about ready to burst, aren’t you, darlin’?” Brett moaned loudly as the succubus flicked the diamond-hard tips on his chest. The two women laughed and Brett lurched forward, Myserra tugging him along. “You going to be there tonight?”

“I am,” Myserra replied. “And so will he.”

“I’ll see you then,” the demoness said, bowing. “And I’ll keep my eye out for you,” she added with a wink at Brett.

“Good seeing you, Leti.” Myserra waved. Brett bowed to the succubus, who vanished into the crowd in the blink of an eye. “Come along, Brett.”

“Who was that, Mistress?” Brett asked, looking back over his shoulder as he followed closely behind Myserra.

“An old friend of mine. Notice her skin color? She’s a rare breed among demons. You think my touch is arousing, wait until her fingers dance on your skin. You felt it, didn’t you?”

“I did, Mistress.” Brett looked down at the ground and bit his lip when the sensation returned to him. The demoness’ fingers were blazing; they radiated

heat like a kettle full of boiling water. It was as if she held a lighter under his cock when she stroked it with her talon. But it wasn't a painful heat—it was an erotic one; the kind of warmth that makes your muscles relax and your inhibitions loosen; hard liquor on a cold winter's night, but without the hangover.

Brett looked back to the world around him. They had left the marketplace and the packed street widened. The crowd had thinned as well, but there were still a fair amount of creatures walking about them.

The first thing he noticed was that they were walking down the center of the street, but there were no cars. The only form of transportation Brett saw were rickshaws and the occasional palanquin. Both were powered by slaves.

Myserra was right about the slaves. Every one he saw made him feel terrible. Men and women his own age and older had been reduced to the property of the demon they walked with. Most were leashed, and all wore collars. Some were simple and modest like the one he wore, while others were lavish and extravagant. One of them was made of gold and embedded with precious stones.

The humans themselves varied in appearance, as well. Some were clothed, yet others were stark naked. He spotted several that were blindfolded and gagged, but one stood out among the rest.

This slave was a man—or at least, he used to be a man. His hair was long, blonde, and curly, and went down to the middle of his back. He was fair-skinned with breasts the size of melons. His nipples were pierced—Brett could see the outline of the studs through the bikini top that the slave wore.

But what really stood out in Brett's mind was how the slave moved. It was obvious that the slave was a man, as his dick swung freely from under the hot pink micro skirt that he wore. On his legs were fishnet stockings, and he moved effortlessly in the six-inch platform heels upon his feet. The slave had a blank look on his face and an awfully cheery smile.

In front of him was his master, a seven-and-a-half-foot incubus with a dick that would probably tear a woman in half. The slave's mind was broken, reduced to nothing more than a bubbly, air-headed bimbo. Brett shook the image of the slave out of his head, not wanting to think about what led the man to this ill fate.

With his eyes off of his mistress, he failed to see that she had stopped walking, and he clumsily bumped into her. She shot him a glance over her shoulder, then smiled. "You're going to pay for that later."

"I'm sorry, Mistress," Brett replied, cowering.

"We've arrived, Brett. Feast your eyes on pure luxury."

Brett was speechless at the scale of the hotel before them. It was many

stories tall and more lavish than any hotel he had ever seen, even those that billionaires liked to visit. Two grand pillars marked the entrance and the dark stone walkway that led to the two large, wooden double doors.

Myserra led him through the gateway, and Brett marveled at the decorations that littered the entrance. Fountains and pools, exotic plants and statues, and benches occupied by demons resting their legs were all sprawled across the entryway.

They walked up to the front doors and were greeted by two large incubi. The demons both only had one pair of horns, and they bowed when Myserra approached. Both wielded large swords. They opened the doors and waved the two of them in.

Brett's heels clicked on the marble floors of the lobby, occasionally dulled by thick carpets. The interior of the hotel made the exterior look paltry. Gold-plated decorations, wooden furniture carved with intricate embellishments, and other opulent accessories lined the walls.

"Good evening, Lady Myserra."

Brett turned around and spotted a petite succubus bowing to his mistress. The demon had a small pair of horns and was dressed in a uniform.

"Good evening," his mistress replied.

"Your room is as you requested. Will your slave be joining you?"

She nodded. "Yes, he will. About my request?"

"You and your slave have been added to the VIP guest list for tonight. Check in is in one hour. If that is all?"

"Yes, that is all," Myserra said, waving the attendant off. The demon bowed once more and scurried behind the counter. "Come along, Brett."

Feeling the tug on his leash, he followed Myserra out of the lobby and to the elevators.

"I'm afraid, Mistress."

"Don't be, Brett," Myserra said, circling around him. "Think of it as a very sexy party where everyone is enjoying themselves."

"But that's the thing... I've never been to a party. And must I wear this?"

Brett looked at his reflection in the full-length mirror. When they'd arrived at their room, Myserra had removed the leash from his neck and given him the chance to nap. He'd opened his eyes to see her in a different outfit. It was a long black dress, sleeveless with a long slit in the thigh.

Instead of the stretch boots and gloves, Brett actually had clothes on, but they were not what he had in mind. His boots were replaced with stockings and pumps, the tops of his nylons clipped to the garters that hung from the corset

around his waist.

On top of it all was a fishnet dress, with sleeves that stretched all the way to his wrists and were kept there by a hook around his middle finger. The thin material ticked his perky nipples and he was thankful that the plug was gone.

"If you want, I could put the toy back in, though it did its job," she said, holding his chin in her hand.

"What job, Mistress?"

"Why, to stretch your ass, of course!" she replied with a grin. "We need to warm you up for tonight."

"But—"

Myserra stepped toward him. "But what? Are you second-guessing my commands? Do you forget who you are? *What* you are? You are my slave; my obedient human-pet. You have no free will."

She hooked her finger into the ring of his collar and pulled him against her. He looked up at her as she stared down at him.

"You do what I tell you, when I tell you. Now lick my boots. I need them spotless and shiny for tonight."

She sat down on the edge of the bed and waited for him, her foot stuck out close to his face. Brett said nothing as he knelt down in front of her and held her boot in his hands.

He remained on his knees when he'd finished polishing her shoes. She stood up and clipped his leash back on.

"Come on, slave. We're heading down to the casino floor for a short bit of gambling, then to the show afterward."

Myserra tugged on his metal leash, and Brett climbed onto his feet and followed her out of the room and down the hallway.

He stood behind her in the elevator, his eyes down and his hands in front of him. Next to him was another demon, an incubus in a suit who had to duck to step into the elevator.

The single-horned demon bowed to Myserra as he stood next to her, and quickly inspected Brett.

The elevator lurched to a halt and the doors opened to the lights and sounds of the casino floor. It seemed very similar to the casino that Brett bet away all of the cash he set aside for gambling the last time he visited Las Vegas.

Seated at the machines and at the tables were a multitude of creatures, from demons like his mistress, to the pig-faced Borethax, and the ethereal Shadowians, all of which Myserra had spoken about at length before they'd arrived. Manning the tables were the cat-like Chatharal, whose quick hands moved the games along faster and expediently drained the patrons of their hard-

earned money.

Myserra moved through the sea of tables and machines, the crowd parting for her and two large incubi forming in on her sides.

Brett could feel the weight of the stares from those that stood by and watched his mistress pass. His ears could barely pick up the hushed whispers of the onlookers. Even though he couldn't understand the language they were speaking, his face became flushed as if they were talking about him.

He clenched up and moved in closer to Myserra who paid him no heed. She walked with determination, her head held high and her strides powerful.

The bodyguards split off as she approached the closed doors of what Brett could only assume was the VIP section of the floor. The two guards bowed to her as they opened the doors and Brett's face lit up as they entered.

There were a handful of demons at the machines, all of them two-paired. But it wasn't their horns or their outfits that drew the strongest reaction from Brett; it was their slaves.

He spotted a succubus sitting happily at a machine, a smug grin on her face and a beverage in her hand. She sat cross-legged on top of one of her slaves, a man on his hands and knees with her ass on the flat of his back. She placed her drink on the tray that her other slave was holding.

The slave wasn't holding it in her hands. Instead, it was connected to her chest through thin wires on the tray attached to the piercings on the slave's nipples. The female slave was gagged and blindfolded, her arms bound behind her.

Feeling the tug on his collar, Brett followed his mistress to a table and he stood behind her as she played what looked like poker.

She said nothing to him as she played hand after hand, chatting away with her fellow VIPs, her collection of chips growing steadily.

Brett looked away from the dark green felt table to the other guests and their slaves. To Myserra's right was another succubus, and behind her, a man who couldn't be much older than Brett.

The man's eyes were empty, devoid of emotion. He looked depressed, staring off into nothing as if remembering his life before he became the property of the demon who had just lost another hand to Myserra.

The slave winced as his owner slammed her fists on the table and stormed off, dragging the man behind her. Brett frowned when he saw the scars on the man's back as he walked away. Countless lines crisscrossed over his flesh; the remnants of his time spent under the crack of a whip.

Brett's attention shifted back to the conversation at the table when he heard his mistress' voice.

“My slave is not for sale, nor will I throw him into the pot.”

“Oh come on, Mya,” the bug-eyed creature said, leaning closer and shooting Brett a glance. “It’s not like you haven’t bet your slaves before. What makes that one special?”

The color from Brett’s face vanished. *She’s had other slaves? We’re they like me, or did they give their souls to her?*

“Him? He’s nothing special. But I haven’t broken him in yet, so I’m not quite ready to part with him.”

“He is a pretty little thing,” the succubus to Myserra’s left said. “How many times have you fucked him?”

“Not enough,” Myserra laughed, “I only just got him. I’ll tell you what, Rexnor. If you beat me in this next hand, I’ll let you have twenty minutes with him in the bathroom.”

Brett froze, his mouth half-open as he failed to string together a single word. The only thing that came out of his mouth were barely audible groans and mumbles. Sweat beaded up on his brow as he watched the cards get dealt.

He bit his lip, his body shaking. He refused to take his eyes off of his mistress, for he knew that the being known as Rexnor had his eyes on him the entire game.

Brett’s heart pounded in his chest as Rexnor threw his cards down triumphantly. He started to wobble in his heels as the world started to spin.

Then Myserra laid down her hand, and the cheers came to a screeching halt.

“Damn you to hell,” Rexnor spat.

Myserra laughed as she stood up. “Cash me out,” she said to the dealer.

“Yes, my lady.” The cat creature gathered all of Myserra’s winnings into a pile and Brett watched as the chips transformed into a single gold coin.

The succubus kissed the coin and it vanished in her hand. “Always a pleasure taking your money,” she said as she waved goodbye to those seated.

Brett looked away from the creature known as Rexnor and followed his mistress out of the VIP lounge and back into the main casino.

“Mistress,” he said.

“What is it, Brett?”

“Were you... were you really offering me up to that guy?”

“I was. Why? It’s not like you have a choice in the matter. You’re my slave, after all. I can do whatever I want to you.”

“Did you have slaves before me?” he asked, looking around as they walked down the empty hallway.

“Yes. I’ve been alive for close to a thousand years. You’re not my first

slave, and you won't be the last," Myserra replied coldly. She didn't even look back at him as she swatted away his question.

Brett looked down at the ground as he walked. He sighed quietly to himself as he obediently followed her.

Somewhere at the end of this hallway was a room, and in that room would be an unknown number of demons and their slaves. There would be sex, and Brett would be thrown into the middle of it to get swallowed up into the frenzy.

He gulped as he tried not to picture it, but it was difficult. There would be men and women, and everything in between, making love to one another. His ass would be filled and so would his mouth, and his dick would be in someone else's body.

All of this to please his mistress; the demoness who had become so cold and heartless since he asked her to enslave him; who cared nothing for how he felt and responded to his questions with a tone full of annoyance.

Is this what it is like to be enslaved? I... I don't like this. I want my mistress to smile warmly again, not as she does now with a cruel sparkle in her eye.

He looked up from the ground. They had come to a stop, and in front of them was a pair of large doors. Beside the entrance was a succubus in a long, cherry-red dress. She had a tiny pair of horns, and her long white hair was pulled back into a pony tail.

Brett looked at her from behind his mistress. The demon standing behind the little podium reminded him of a hostess at a restaurant. *In this case, she's the hostess for an orgy.*

"Lady Myserra," the hostess said as she bowed. "I have your private seat ready for you."

The succubus backed away from the podium and knocked on the door. It opened moments later, and Brett followed Myserra into the darkness beyond the doorway.

"I hope you have a wonderful evening," the hostess added as the door closed behind them.

"This way, my lady," the incubus usher said. Brett looked back at the doors one last time before they disappeared as they walked down the narrow hallway.

They passed by several doors until they stopped at the apex of the curved hallway where another incubus guarded the single, windowless door that Brett could only assume opened to the orgy.

But when the usher opened that door, he was greeted by something else entirely. The door opened to a private box where two other succubi sat facing the stage.

"Mistress," Brett whispered.

“Yes, what is it?”

“Where are we? I thought you were taking me to an orgy.”

Myserra laughed, her outburst drawing the attention of the two other demons seated in the box.

“An orgy? Nonsense, I’m not some prude. This is something much better. This, my pet, is a show—an exhibition of the bond between a slave and their master.”

“Ah, Mya, so glad you could join us.”

Brett looked away from his mistress to the other demons in the box. He recognized one of them from earlier in the day. *Leti—that’s what Myserra called her.*

The other succubus looked much older than his mistress. She had faded purple skin and snow-white hair. Her yellow eyes moved about Brett’s body and she smiled.

“What a gorgeous slave you have there, Myserra, I would love to get my hands on him.”

“For the right amount, I could give you an hour with him, Norrana.” Myserra said with a smirk.

“I’m not going to shell out half of my fortune for a slave, not even one as delicious as yours.”

Brett sighed internally. It was bad enough that the demon who couldn’t keep her eyes off of him was there, but now there was another succubus who wanted him for herself.

What is it about me that every demon wants? Is it something to do with Myserra?

Myserra tugged on his leash, and Brett followed his mistress to her seat. He sat down next to her, placing her in between him and the other demons.

He faced forward and looked down upon the crowd that gathered in the small theater.

They were seated in the very center of the audience above the general population filling the sea of chairs below. He leaned forward and surveyed the other box seats at their level.

Before he could take in the other guests, the lights dimmed and the show started.

And what a show it was. *It’s not a show, it’s a demonstration,* Brett thought as he watched the exhibition.

He was restless. His eyes refused to leave the stage as he watched slaves perform for their masters like animals at a circus. Even when he wanted to tear his gaze away from the sights, he couldn’t do it.

An eternity passed by as all aspects of BDSM were discussed and demonstrated. To his left, Myserra and the other succubi discussed the techniques used by the demonic masters. Brett felt like an activist being forced to watch a forest get torn down before his very eyes, and there was nothing he could do to stop it.

To make matters worse, there wasn't a set list of performers. Demons would come out of the audience and step up on stage with their slaves. Some were repeat performers with specialties that wowed the crowd.

Brett finally managed to look away from the events, and he stared down at his feet and everything made sense. The outfit; the slowly inflating plug; the meet-and-greet; she was going to bring him on stage.

He froze, his eyes wide as his skin turned white. What was she going to do to him in front of all these demons and their slaves? Was she going to fuck him like she'd already done on several occasions? Was she going to bind him up and torture him with vibrators?

Sweat poured down his face as his heart pounded in his head. The playful chatter of the three succubi became muffled as panic set in.

Brett was never one for the crowds. It wasn't that he was claustrophobic, but that he was introverted. Even back in college when he had to present to his small classroom of twenty students that he'd spent a semester with, his throat would clench and his mouth would be as dry as the Sahara.

How would he be able to bring himself to stand in front of all of these creatures and do what Myserra asked of him?

Brett still retained his soul—his free will. He could choose not to obey her. All of the slaves tonight had no choice in the matter. They had to do what was told of them.

But not Brett. No there was nothing stopping him from denying her. She no longer held his leash in her hands. He could get up right now and run for the door and escape.

And yet, why? Why could he not bring himself to move? Why were his legs refusing to budge?

Am I afraid? he wondered. *Am I scared of what will happen if I leave her side and disobey my mistress?*

"Mistress," Brett whispered, as if saying her name empowered him. He exhaled slowly and closed his eyes, remembering that night she came to him in his apartment and how she promised him a world of pleasure and excitement; an end to his solitude and silent suffering. She took it all away in one night. One hot, sex-filled night.

And he would do it all again in a heartbeat.

He opened his eyes and breathed deep. *I'll do it for her. I'll go up on stage and obey her every command. Not because I have to, but because I want to. She freed me from my lackluster life. She took away my pain.*

"Mistress, I—"

"Hush Brett, I know," she whispered, smiling as she moved her fingers through his hair.

She looked down at him and he looked deep into her eyes. They sparked like gems in the dim lights of the auditorium.

Then the bright spotlight turned toward him and they were caught in its beam. Raucous applause filled the theater.

"I guess it's our turn," she whispered.

"I will do as you command," he answered.

The roar of the crowd died as she stood up from her chair, approached the balcony, and bowed. She turned back and Brett watched her leave the booth without him. He sat silent, his mouth half-open and confusion filling his mind.

The door closed and Brett looked away to see the elder succubus sit down next to him.

"She's the star of the show," Norrana said to him, her eyes on the stage. Brett followed her gaze to the front where Myserra appeared seconds later.

"I thought—"

"That she was going to bring you on stage with her? No, Brett. You are too precious to her to be abused like some circus animal." She looked down at him and smiled smugly, enjoying his confused state. "Did she not tell you?"

"Tell me what?"

"Who she really is. She's what is known by my kind as a *matris imperium*. It's a far more elegant title when spoken in my native demonic tongue. She is a master enslaver, the only one for more than a millennia who could enslave a fellow demon."

Brett watched silently as Myserra took control of the very room itself, making the demons who performed earlier look like the most unskilled of amateurs.

When she finished, she left the stage to a standing ovation. The crowd continued to clap as she exited and made her way back up to the balcony where she bowed one last time before the lights turned back on and the show ended.

Brett said nothing as she took him by the leash and led him out of the theater back to their hotel room.

She closed the door behind him and dropped his leash, the metal chain vanishing in a puff of smoke. Brett watched as she sighed heavily and collapsed onto the bed.

“You’re awfully quiet,” she said, looking up at the ceiling. “Is everything all right?”

“Mistress,” he finally spoke. He walked up to her and knelt before her. “I’m sorry. Please don’t enslave me. I don’t want to be a slave.”

“Oh, Brett,” she said rubbing his cheek. “It’s too late. You’re already my slave. Your soul is gone.

“W-What?!” he screamed.

His look of sheer panic faded as Myserra rolled around on the bed in a fit of laughter.

“Oh... oh god, that was perfect. You should’ve seen the look on your face. You were as white as a ghost.” She sat up on the bed and wiped away the tears in her eyes. “Don’t worry, you silly human, you still have your soul... for now, at least.”

“That was... so cruel.” Brett said as he hung his head in shame and fell onto the bed beside her.

“I couldn’t resist. I’m glad you changed your mind, Brett.”

“Is it true?”

“Is what?”

“That succubus... she called you a *matris imperium*.”

Myserra looked up at the ceiling. “It’s an old title, Brett. And it’s just that: a title. I was good at manipulation and enslavement came easy. That collar that I put on Heather? I created that.”

“That’s impressive.”

“Is it? Because of that creation, I was appointed to the Queen’s council, and during a civil war many years ago, it was my job to coerce information out of the enemy. One day things got out of hand, and I ended up enslaving an enemy succubus. That’s how I earned my second pair of horns: by ruining the life of another because of my ambition. That was the last time I enslaved someone.”

“I... I didn’t know.”

“Eh, don’t worry about it. Having slaves is overrated, anyway. Nowadays it’s just a way that demons go about proving their worth. It’s just a tool to them; nothing more. But really, it’s an art, and a dying one at that. That’s why I go to those shows—to remind my race what real control is, and that it’s more than just telling them what to do.”

“Myserra, thank you for everything.” Brett said, looking up at her.

“Umm, Brett? Did you just fail to properly address me? You know what means I have to punish you.” She grinned.

“Oops, I must’ve forgot.” Brett winked.

“Come here, you!” she said, pulling him across her lap. “Show me those cheeks of yours so I can spank them.”

“Yes, mistress.”

“One!” she shouted, and the sound of her palm making contact with his bare skin reverberated throughout the room.

Six: In Plain Sight

“No... I don’t want to go into work today,” Brett grumbled as he tossed and turned on his bed. His alarm clock beeped incessantly, piercing the thin fabric of the pillowcase as it dove into his ears, preventing him from getting another minute of sleep.

But it wasn’t the relentless alarm clock that finally riled Brett from his bed; it was his mistress. A quick snap of her fingers and the clock went silent.

Brett pulled his head out from under his pillow. She was sitting on the edge of his bed in her human form, all dressed and ready to go to work.

“Brett, wake up. We have some things we need to discuss.”

“Yes, Mistress,” he muttered as he sat up on the bed and rubbed his face. He yawned. It sounded more like the cry of a Wookiee than a human. “What is it?”

“Two things. One is the topic of Heather, and the other is your outfit for today.”

Brett cocked his head. “My outfit? Is today special or something, Mistress?”

“It is, but we’ll get to that later,” Myserra said with a smirk. She stood up and paced at the foot of his bed. “If you recall, the last you saw of Heather, she was bound and collared in my bedroom.”

How could I forget? He rolled his eyes.

“I saw that,” she snapped and Brett sat upright. “Now, that collar will remain on Heather until such a time when I believe she has learned her lesson and is no longer a threat. She is still under the impression that I own your soul, so you must not tell her. Understand?”

He nodded. “Yes, Mistress.”

“Good. I have had several discussions with her and she is not to lay a hand on you unless I give her permission. Which will happen often, as I have taken her under my wing as my apprentice.”

Brett blinked. It took a moment for her words to penetrate the morning fog in his head, but when they did, they pierced it like a hot knife through butter.

“What?! You made her your apprentice? Why would you do that after what she tried to do to me?” He threw the blankets off of him and stormed up to her. She towered over him, even in her human form, but for the first time since the start of their relationship, Brett didn’t back down.

Myserra folded her arms as she looked down at him. The corner of her mouth curled up into a smirk as he verbally unloaded on her. She remained quiet and calm throughout his rant.

“Why? Why would you do that, Mistress?” He dropped his arms to his sides and looked up at her. His breathing slowed, but his heart jumped into this throat when he realized what he just did. “Oh, shit.”

“You done?” Myserra asked, tapping her fingers on her arm.

Brett remained silent.

“Good.” She uncrossed her arms and clasped her hands together behind her back. “Now, I can see why you’re upset, but there is a reason for my actions. Heather is a rookie demon. I’ve seen succubi like her many times in my long lifetime.

“You see Brett, every demon is born with a pair of horns. You probably noticed this when you visited the underground with me, but until demons reach—and cross—that threshold of power, their horns remain small. Some demons prefer to live happy, simple lives and forgo the untapped power within. However, they still can perform basic magic.

“It’s like graduation, getting your first full pair of horns. Every demon is different because there are so many varieties of magic. When a demon finds his or her specialty, they train for many years until they reach that point and unlock the power inside of them. Their horns grow out and they are accepted as initiates.”

“I was wondering what having tiny horns meant,” Brett said as he sat down on his bed.

Myserra returned to pacing. “Demons with one pair of horns are initiates, two pairs are veterans, and three pairs... well, very few reach three pairs. Those that do become the leader of my race. Our most recent monarch, a powerful, beautiful succubus by the name of Ryiah, was assassinated almost thirty years ago.

“Anyway, back to the point of the story. Heather is a fledgling demon. She just earned her full pair of horns, and with a boost in power comes a boost in ego. I’ve seen it before. Demons like her think they’re hot shit and get in way over their heads. Some die at the hands of hunters, and others get into serious trouble.

“It’s like when a human turns twenty-one in your country. They drink more than they should, and the morning after, they swear to never drink that much again. That’s what occurs most of the time. Demons get their horns, they act all tough, get knocked down a few pegs, and all’s well. Heather, on the other hand—she was walking down a very dark path that would not and could not end well. Not just for her, but for the rest of the underground.

“At one time in my life, I was just like her. If it wasn’t for the guidance I received, I might have become another Gvene.”

“Who, Mistress?”

“Gvene. She was the Queen before Ryiah—a tyrant and psychopath.”

“Oh.”

“See what I’m getting at? I made Heather my apprentice to stop her from going down that dark path—to do for her what someone did for me many centuries ago.”

Brett hung his head. “I see. I’m sorry for yelling at you like that, Mistress.”

“Brett,” she said, lifting his chin up with her hand. She smiled warmly as he looked into her eyes. “My little human pet. Do you not trust me?”

“I... I do trust you, Mistress.”

“Then show me. I will let that little outburst of yours slide today, but if you ever talk to me like that again... Well, your coworkers will wonder what happened to you when you fail to show up to work after a week.”

She let go of his chin and backed away from him, grinning.

“I’m sorry, Mistress, it won’t happen again.”

“I do hope that for your sake it won’t, because I will very much enjoy the punishment that I would put you through. Stand up and strip.”

Brett silently obeyed. He stood naked in front of her, shuddering in the cold morning air.

“I have a special treat for you today. A gift,” she said, placing her hand on his chest.

Brett twitched as a current of energy passed through him. He looked up at his mistress as his body grew warm. Her mouth moved and words poured forth from her lips, but he couldn’t understand them.

He looked away from her to his own body, his attention now on his chest. He watched wide-eyed as his skin stretched and swelled, the flat muscles on his chest transforming into plump, bouncy breasts that jiggled with every movement of his body.

A dense fog filled his mind and he moaned softly. His skin tickled as his sparse body hair vanished from his form, reappearing on his head. Brett’s short brown hair grew down past his ears and shoulders, stopping just above his breasts. The straight locks curved, forming a feminine layered style.

He tossed his head back and bunched his hands into fists as the heat gathered at his groin. Brett moaned once more, louder than the first as his manhood disappeared inside his body, a moist, virgin slit replacing what was there before.

His honey-sweet voice filled his ears and he covered his mouth, but his hands couldn’t stop another lust-filled moan from escaping his lips as his body went through the final changes.

Myserra smiled as she watched his body change from flat and masculine to curvy and feminine. His hips widened as his waist narrowed. His arms and legs thinned and his face softened.

The succubus pulled her hand away and the feeling vanished. Brett blinked, momentarily stunned. His hands grabbed at his chest as he looked down at his new body.

“This is your gift, Mistress? Turning me into a woman?” He looked up at her and Myserra laughed.

“Oh, Brett. You’re so cute when you’re confused. And those pouty lips of yours are just begging to be kissed.”

She bent down and wrapped her arms around him as she kissed him passionately. His eyes remained closed and his lips stayed puckered even after she pulled away.

“Mistress, I have work today.”

“I know, Brooke. In addition to transforming your gender, I also put a camouflage spell on you. It works the same way as your collar. Any human who sees you will see your old male self, but you and I will see your new sexy body.”

“Oh, okay.” He turned away, only to quickly look back. “Wait, Mistress. Did you just call me Brooke?”

“I did. What of it?” she replied, folding her arms. “You’re a woman now, and I can’t call you Brett when you have a body like that. So you’re Brooke until I change you back.”

“How long, Mistress?”

Myserra smirked. “I don’t know. A day, maybe a week? Or perhaps for a month. What’s the matter, Brooke? Don’t like your new body?”

“I didn’t say that,” he replied, looking away. “It’s just... so strange.”

“Tell me your name.”

“Brett, Mistress.” Before he could blink, Myserra’s hand reached out and squeezed his nipple.

“What is your name?”

“Brooke!” he replied in between screams. “My name is Brooke, Mistress!”

“Good girl. Now, your outfit is on your bed and we’ll do your makeup after you get dressed. We leave in ten minutes.” She snapped her fingers.

“Yes, Mistress,” Brett replied, rubbing his sore nipple.

He stared at the clothes laid out on his sheets. It wasn’t the outfit that gave him pause; it was the erotic sensation that still lingered from the pinch.

Brett’s mind flashed back to when she’d given him sensitive nipples and dressed him in latex. The pleasure that had filled his body from that night came back to him in an instant. He shivered and focused at the task at hand as he tried

to ignore the tiny burst of energy surging through the cleft between his legs.

Several items were strewn out across bed, but the one that caught his eye was the lingerie set comprised of a bra, a pair of panties, and a garter belt, all of them ruby red and decorated with floral lace patterns. Next to the lingerie were dark stockings and a pair of matching red pumps.

The actual outfit he was supposed to wear was only slightly less seductive: a black skirt with a steel-gray top.

“Time’s a-wastin’, Brooke. Don’t want to be late for work, now do you? Your boss wouldn’t like that.”

Brett froze. *Heather... Oh god, she’ll be able to see me in this form!*

He looked back at Myserra, who had changed back into her human form. She looked at Brett and tapped on her watch.

“Heather?” Brett asked.

Myserra said nothing. Her reply was a simple grin and a nod. It was enough to drain the color from his face.

Brett’s hand shook nervously as he picked up the very first item: the bra. His mouth dried up in anticipation as he wrapped the straps behind his back, his twitchy fingers fumbling with the tiny metal hooks.

He cursed under his tongue as his delicate hands failed to hook the bra. Myserra giggled as she walked behind him.

“Here, let me help,” she said, taking the two ends in her hands. “What’s the matter, Brooke? Never put on a bra before?”

“No, Mistress,” Brett sighed. He cupped his breasts, in awe of the support the bra gave him. They were actual breasts, not like the ones she’d given him before, which were just puffy chests with large, feminine nipples—the chest of a man just starting hormone therapy.

“Stop playing with your breasts, Brooke,” Myserra whispered into his ear. “Only I can touch and squeeze them.”

Her hands reached around his body and playfully squeezed his plump tits. Brett bit his lip, silencing the moan clamoring to escape. Myserra smiled as her fingers pulled down the front of his bra, exposing his perky nipples. She thumbed them, rubbing them in circles as she watched Brett go weak in the knees.

He leaned back onto his mistress, cooing as her breasts pressed against his back. Her right hand slowly slid down his chest and across his flat stomach until her palm rested on his pubic mound.

Brett’s heart raced as heat filled his body. His lips quivered and he closed his eyes, his breathing short and fast.

“How does that feel, Brooke?” she whispered to him. “It’s a wonderful

feeling, isn't it? That pressure building inside of you?"

"Y-yes, M-Mistress," Brett stuttered.

Her fingers inched closer until they parted, his dripping cunt in between them. "You want to feel it, don't you?" she asked. "What it's like to orgasm as woman?"

Brett moaned. "Yes, Mistress! Please let me cum!"

"It's so close, isn't it?" she purred, biting on his ear lobe.

"Oh god, yes!" he cried, his body nearing the edge.

"Well too bad," she said, pulling her hands away. She walked out from behind him and sat on the edge of his bed, smiling. "The day is only just beginning. Why spoil the fun so early?"

"Not fair, Mistress," Brett mumbled, recovering from the halted orgasm.

"Life isn't fair, Brooke. Now hurry and get dressed, or else there will be punishment. If you're a good girl, then maybe you'll get that orgasm tonight."

"Yes, Mistress," he replied, picking up the panties.

Myserra watched silently as Brett finished getting dressed. He stepped into the panties, and she couldn't help but smirk when he twitched from the delicate fabric tickling his legs. That smirk evolved into a wicked grin as a dark spot appeared on the front of them when he pulled them up.

He remained quiet as he put on the rest of the clothing, from the garter belt and stockings to the skirt and blouse, and finally finishing with the shiny red pumps, all without a moment's hesitation.

"Finished, Mistress," he announced.

"Almost Brooke," she smiled. "You look wonderful. It's a shame your coworkers won't get to see the actual you. I'm sure the men wouldn't be able to keep their hands off of you. I know I won't."

Brett yelped as she squeezed his ass. "Thank you, Mistress." His face flushed.

"Now, let's get you all dolled up. You got dressed just in time. Close your eyes."

He obeyed, and Myserra waved her hand over his face and watched the makeup appear: dusky eye shadow, minimal foundation, and glossy lipstick. She took a couple steps back and flicked her wrist.

Even with his eyes closed, he knew what she gave him. The weight on his ears meant earrings, and the tightness on his fingers meant rings. He moved his hand and felt a bracelet slide down to his wrist.

"Okay," he heard Myserra say. "Open your eyes and gaze upon your new self."

Brett slowly obeyed. He stared at his reflection in the full-length mirror

that Myserra had summoned into his bedroom.

He was speechless, awestruck at his appearance. Looking back at him was a gorgeous brunette. She had wonderful, eye-catching breasts, a perfect figure, and a very sexy outfit to match. Her makeup was perfect and her jewelry sparked.

Brett turned to the side. His mouth hung slack when he took in the curves of the woman in the mirror. If he still had his dick, it would be as hard as a diamond. The woman was so sexy, so beautiful, and Brett found himself getting turned on by his own reflection.

He looked away from his body to Myserra. She eyed him like a predator, biting her lip as her gaze moved up and down his body.

“All right, show’s over. You’ll be carpooling with me today, Brooke.”

“Mistress, what will my coworkers see?”

Myserra flicked her wrist and Brett watched his reflection change. He saw his male self, dressed and ready for work.

“If I had three pairs of horns, I could put a spell on your entire office and make it so that you’ve always been a woman. But this’ll do for now. It’s also more fun, I think—like you’re undercover or something. You’ll even have to use the men’s restroom, since to them, you still look like Brett. But you’ll have to use a stall,” she added with a smirk.

Brett looked at his reflection some more. “There’s no way they can break the illusion, is there?”

“If someone hugs you, they’ll feel invisible breasts, so keep your distance. However, the spell comes with a built-in security precaution, so if someone *does* hug you and breaks the illusion, the spell triggers a short term memory wipe, and they’ll forget what just happened. Its effectiveness eventually wears off, though. You’ll have to be careful.”

“Understood, Mistress.”

“Good. Let’s get going then.”

Myserra snapped her fingers and the two of them vanished from the apartment.

“Don’t be so nervous,” Myserra whispered. “Act natural and no one will be suspicious.”

Brett couldn’t help but tremble anxiously. He stood in the elevator next to Myserra and stared down at his feet as the metal box slowly rose to their floor. He’d been transformed into a woman, dressed in very sexy business attire, and about to start another week at his job with his mistress next to him.

It was his first day back since the long weekend where he’d traveled down

to the demon underground as his mistress' slave. He had been chained to her, forced to endure the lustful stares and curiosity of the citizens of that realm.

But it wasn't the trip to the underground that bothered him; it was his boss, Heather, who went from showing no interest in him to aggressively trying to get into his pants, and had subsequently revealed that she was a succubus out for his soul.

She had been so very close to getting it, too. It had been well within her grasp, and she would've had it if it wasn't for Myserra showing up when she did. The situation was handled, and he ended up with the best—and only—threesome of his life.

How is she going to react when she sees me like this? Will she play along, or will I be—

The bell rang. The elevator doors opened.

"Come on, Brett," Myserra ordered, stepping outside.

"Yes, Mistress," he replied.

He winced with every click of his heels as he hurriedly exited the elevator lobby onto the soft carpet in his office. He kept his head low as he headed straight for his cubicle, thankful that there were no coworkers to greet him this morning.

Brett sat down on his chair and rested his head on his arms. He stared down at his legs. The hem of his skirt had risen up high on thighs, and now the tops of the stockings and the garters clipped to them were visible.

He grumbled as he quickly stood up to adjust the hem. Even though no one would see it, it was still awkward.

"Morning, Brett."

Brett froze. The voice behind him was none other than Heather's. He took a deep breath and turned to face her.

"Morning Heather..." He trailed off.

She was gone.

He slowly stood up and raised his eyes above the walls of his cubicle, looking around for his boss.

Panic set in when he spotted her talking with Myserra. The two demons laughed and smiled and Brett quickly ducked back into his cubicle when their gazes turned his way.

Oh shit. They saw me looking.

He quickly booted up his computer and got to work. He was barely one sentence into his report when Heather reappeared.

"Hello, Broo—sorry, *Brett*. You look rather good today. There's something different about you. Did you get your hair cut?"

“Morning, Heather,” he replied dryly, keeping his eyes on his computer screen.

“Can I see you in my office?” she continued. “There are some reports I need to go over with you from last week.”

“Sure,” he said, though he still didn’t turn to face her.

“Brett. Now.”

Brett sighed and looked away from his computer to his boss. She stood at the entrance to his cubicle, one arm resting on the partial wall. She was holding a steaming cup of coffee in the opposite hand.

She smiled at him as she brought the mug to her lips, and he couldn’t help but smile back when he saw the shiny metal collar around her neck.

“You all right, Heather? You look kinda stiff. Got a kink in your neck or something?” he asked, rubbing his collar.

Heather said nothing. Instead she squinted at him as she walked away from his desk.

“Now, Brett!”

She may have been a demon imprisoned by his mistress, but she was still his boss; he couldn’t just ignore her commands. He stood up and navigated through the maze of desks, surveying the office as he followed after Heather.

Everything was the same from when he left it on Thursday. His coworkers were no different; there was nothing strange or unsettling at all. Nothing but the fact that behind this magic shield, the man they all knew as Brett had been transformed into a woman earlier that morning.

“Hey, Brett! Have a good weekend?”

He recognized the voice.

“Hey Rick,” he said back. “It was nice, thanks!”

Well, that wasn’t so bad.

Heather was waiting for him outside her office. She smiled at him as he approached her.

“Go on in and take a seat, I’ll be just a second.”

He nodded as he opened the door. It wasn’t until he sat down on one of the chairs inside her office that panic set in. She knew that he had been changed into a woman, and even though her powers were locked away, she was still a succubus. The last time they were alone together, she nearly had him in her grasp.

He looked back at the door as it opened. Heather was talking to someone as she stepped inside, effectively ending the conversation as she closed the door.

Brett faced forward before she caught him looking at her.

“Well, well, well. What do we have here?” she said, walking around the

chair that he sat in. She moved her fingers through his brown hair and held his chin in her hand.

“You said you wanted to talk about some reports from last week?” Brett asked, hoping there was something that she actually needed to talk to him about and she hadn’t called him in there just to tease him.

He was wrong.

“Your reports from last week are fine,” she said, sitting on the edge of her desk. “So tell me, *Brooke*, how do you like being a woman? Are you lusting over all the men here in the office? Are you hungry for some man meat?”

“What?! No!” he blurted. “Just because my mistress turned me into a woman doesn’t mean I suddenly became attracted to men.”

“Oh?” She raised an eyebrow. “So you’re a lesbian, then?”

“No—”

“Bisexual?”

“No, I’m straight!”

“A heterosexual woman is attracted to men. So you must be craving some cock in that wet pussy of yours.”

“No...”

“What’s this?” Heather asked, sliding down off of her desk and walking up to Brett’s chair. She leaned forward and put her hands on the arm rests. “Is that hesitation I sense?”

“No, it isn’t,” he said, looking away from her.

“You know, *Brooke*, all it takes is one blowjob. Have you ever sucked on another man’s cock? Had his musk fill your nostrils as you swallowed his meat? Have you ever tasted another man’s cum? It’s salty and warm and strangely addictive. I can whisk you away right now, take you to some back alley where you can service men behind a dumpster.”

Heather moved closer, her lips next to his ear as she gently placed her hand on his thigh.

“Oh, stockings and a garter belt. What a naughty girl you are. What else do you have on underneath that outfit? Is there a toy rammed up there, waiting to be turned on?” she whispered into his ear as her hand slid up under his skirt toward his panties.

“Myserra... she said...”

“Oh my, you’re soaking wet! *Brooke*, you’re such a slut!” Heather backed away from him. “Have you been fingering your pussy? Does your mistress know that you’ve been enjoying your body without her permission?”

“What?! No...” Brett said, standing up out of the chair. He pulled the hem of his skirt down and watched as Heather walked behind her desk.

“Maybe I should give her a call, tell her that you’ve been naughty.”

“That won’t be necessary.” Myserra said, appearing from the shadows of the office. “Heather, I gave you a strict command to keep your hands off of him.”

“Myser—*Mistress*,” Heather coughed, “I was only having a bit of fun with him. I can’t really do anything with this collar on.”

“If you want to play with my toy, you have to *earn* it. If you can leave him alone, treat him as nothing more than an employee for the rest of today and tomorrow, then there might be a reward in it for you.”

“I can do that,” she said as she nodded.

“Good. Now, is there a reason for Brooke to be here, or can she return to her work?”

“No, she can go.”

“You heard her, Brooke. Back to work.”

“Yes, Mistress,” Brett said, leaving her office.

“Brooke,” Myserra said, waiting for him to face her. “If you want to suck on a nice male cock, I have a couple of incubi friends who you can service.” The two women laughed.

Brett smiled. “Sorry, Mistress, but the only cock I’ll suck is yours.” He closed the door behind him, leaving the two women alone, silenced by his comeback.

Hours later, Myserra poked her head into Brett’s cubicle. “Ready to head home?”

He didn’t answer her. His focus was on the computer screen and the report he was finalizing.

She stepped in behind him. “Brett!”

“How in the hell do women type with these things?” he replied, holding his hands up in front of him. His nails were long and manicured, their tips rounded and painted a dark red.

After staring at his feminine hands for a moment, he returned to his report and hammered out the closing sentence before turning in his chair toward his mistress.

His cheerful smile vanished when he faced her. Myserra stood, arms folded, scowling.

“Oh, sorry, Mistress. I was kinda in the zone. I was just wrapping up this report when you showed up. I’m all ready to go.”

“Good. Grab your things and meet me in the elevator lobby.” Her expression remained dour as she headed toward the exit.

Brett closed out of what he was doing and shut down his computer. He stood up to leave and manage to bump into Heather.

“Oh my, those are really cushiony,” she laughed. Heather looked around the office. Everyone’s eyes were elsewhere, including Brett’s.

She reached out and squeezed his breasts, and he had to quickly cover his mouth.

But he wasn’t fast enough and the moan managed to partially escape his lips. Heather laughed as she walked away, leaving Brett as red as a tomato and his arms folded tightly across his chest.

She was still snickering to herself as he entered the lobby. Brett refused to look at her, and Myserra smirked. The elevator chimed and Brett and his mistress stepped past the doors.

“I’ll catch the next one,” Heather said. “I’m sure you two have some private things you need to discuss. I’ll see you tomorrow, Brooke.” She grinned, sneaking the last sentence in before the doors closed.

Brett turned to Myserra. “What does she mean?”

“If I tell you, it’ll ruin the surprise. Now, are you ready for some fun?” She snapped her fingers, and the two of them vanished before he could answer.

When Brett opened his eyes, he was back in Myserra’s bedroom. Every time he stepped foot in here, all the memories from past sessions came flooding back to him, from being dressed for the first time in women’s lingerie to being sandwiched in between to succubi.

Once again, he was wearing lingerie, but this time he had the body to go with it.

It was a strange day. At times everything felt wrong. He was uncomfortable, agitated, distracted, yet sometimes an hour would pass by and the fact that he had the body of a woman never crossed his mind.

The strangest part of the day was when he had to use the bathroom. Drinking that extra cup of coffee was a mistake, and one that he instantly regretted.

He caught himself lingering in front of the men’s bathroom door, and there was a moment when he considered using the women’s bathroom. Brett had to remind himself that his coworkers still saw his male body.

The day passed by uneventfully. Except for Heather’s teasing, no one showed any indication of knowing that Brett wasn’t who he appeared to be—that underneath that slim, average male body of his was a sexy, beautiful woman dressed in risqué business attire.

Throughout the day, when his mind drifted back to his sexy body, it was because of the dampness between his legs. The wetness that Heather so eagerly

teased him about was all thanks to his mistress' skillful touch.

She had him melting in her arms almost instantly, even faster than when his body was male. Myserra had made him pliable, bendable, and highly suggestible, all within mere moments.

This new body of his was overly sensitive. Every little sensation sent a chill down his spine: when his stocking-clad legs rubbed against each other, or when he turned fast enough to make his breasts bounce and swing; how tight his blouse was when he sat up straight.

This can't be what women deal with every day, Brett thought as he shifted in his seat. *Myserra must've have done something to this body.*

"Brett," Myserra said.

"Sorry, Mistress." He lifted his head up, torn away from his thoughts.

"Thinking about the day, were you? Did you have fun being a woman?"

"It was strange. One moment I would be uncomfortable, and the other everything was natural."

She smiled. "Well, the rest of the night is going to be anything *but* natural. Now, strip out of those clothes so we can have some fun. I have a special outfit I would like you to put on."

"Yes, Mistress," he replied. Without hesitation, his feminine fingers worked the buttons of his blouse. It fell to the floor behind him and his skirt pooled at his feet.

Brett looked away from his mistress when he caught her staring. Her eyes were alight and she grinned devilishly. Her lust-filled stare made him uneasy. Warmth bloomed in his cheeks.

He was embarrassed, and it was silly. His fingers fumbled with the clips of the garters, and he felt like he was a prostitute undressing for her very first client.

The succubus moved behind him as he unhooked the belt from his hips. He looked back at her over his shoulder and watched her help him out of his bra. His shoulders rolled forward and his breasts tumbled forward as their support fell to the ground.

"They must be so happy to be free." Her hands cupped his breasts and squeezed them gently. "Do you see it? The outfit that I want you to wear is on the bed."

Brett bit his lip to stifle the moan and looked at the dark silk sheets of his mistress' bed.

"It's... What is it, Mistress?"

Myserra released his bosom from her grip and walked out from behind him toward the bed. He watched her a moment, then bent down and stepped out of

his panties, the front of which finally dried out.

If she kept up the groping, I would've been wet again, he thought, sliding the stockings off of his legs.

When he finally stood naked in her bedroom, he looked up at his mistress. She held up the garment in front of her and Brett froze.

The snow-white latex catsuit reflected the lights of her bedroom. Even empty, Brett noticed the built in curves of the outfit, designed for a woman in mind.

"It's a neck-entry catsuit." She said, stretching the only opening. "The only other opening is at the crotch, but it can be zipped closed."

Brett remained still. The latex she had him wear that one night was one thing. It was bits and pieces that left him partially exposed.

This was something else entirely.

"Say the safewords back to me."

He blinked. "Aurora and northern lights."

"Remember Brett, you don't have to do this if you don't want to. Same could be said about your new body. If at any point during the day that you wanted out of it, all you had to do was take me aside and say the word and I would've changed you back."

"I..." His mouth remained opened, but words failed to come.

"You're not my slave, Brett. You're here on your own free will. If this is too much, then just—"

"What do you have planned for me, Mistress?"

She smiled, ignoring the fact that he had interrupted her. "Just some bondage. In addition to the catsuit, there's a corset, hood, and heels. Then I tie you up, watch you squirm, engage in some vibrator play, and end it all with a good fucking."

Brett said nothing as he looked down at the floor. Myserra put the catsuit back onto the bed and walked up to him.

"Brett, what's the matter?" she asked him, lifting his chin with her finger.

"It's just... You remind me that this is all choice, that I can stop it whenever I want—that I could have my male body back in an instant. All I need to do is say the magic word."

"But?"

"But... what if I don't want it to end? It scares me that I accept whatever it is you do to me. I forget that I'm just your sub, not your slave; that I have free will of my own and I can choose to say no. Yet, here I am. Though fully aware of my situation, I still very much want to submit myself to whatever it is you planned."

Myserra smiled warmly as she embraced Brett. "Oh, you silly human. Only you could make a demon cry."

"Mistress..."

She rested her hands on his shoulders. Brett could see her eyes sparkling with unshed tears.

"Brett, this is why I didn't want a slave. A slave wouldn't think about these kind of things. They might for a moment, but they would never openly admit to it. Remember when I first met you, I told you that it was my job to help you break out of your little shell?"

He nodded.

"Well, this is it. You're on the cusp of breaking free. You have one foot out the door. There is still a part of you that wants to go back and hide away, to shun anything new and strange. And the other part wants to go out and explore. All you have to do is decide what you want."

"Great, now *I'm* crying, Mistress," he said, wiping away a tear. "It's this body, I'm so emotional."

Myserra leaned forward and kissed him softly. "I don't think it's the body."

"I'll do it, Mistress. I've always wanted to become a latex doll. I guess when the opportunity arose, I just got nervous."

"Everyone gets nervous, my pet. Now, let's get you dressed."

"This feels like a wetsuit," Brett said, looking down at the latex catsuit he wore. "I was very much afraid of tearing it. I can't believe the neck stretched out so much."

"So you're comfortable?" Myserra replied, inspecting the outfit.

"Strangely yes, Mistress. Though it is kinda tight on my boobs."

The succubus placed her hand on his chest and Brett felt the tightness vanish.

"I guess I gave you bigger breasts than I planned for when I got this suit. Oh well, it's an easy fix."

The heels he was told to wear were simple knee-high boots. They shined like the rest of the latex, and while he admired the way they accentuated every curve of his sexy body, Myserra handed him the corset.

"Recognize that?"

"I do," he said, taking it from her. "It's the same one you had me wear last time you bound me."

"Hurry up and put that on so we can begin."

"Yes, Mistress."

Following the corset, she gave him a pair of gloves and handed him the

hood. Brett held it in his glossy hands, his fingers rubbing the shiny material.

The mask completely covered his head, with two tiny holes for his nose and his mouth. He took a deep breath before pulling it on. Blackness filled his vision, and all the sounds of the room outside it became muffled.

He was once again engulfed in darkness.

“Are you ready, Brett?” Myserra asked, her lips brushing just past his ear.

“Yes, Mistress,” he replied.

“We won’t be using the bed tonight. I have something else I mind.” She grabbed his hand and Brett followed her, walking several feet.

“It’s a shame you can’t see where we are. So many fun toys that I’ve used over the years.”

She placed his hand onto a flat, cushioned surface, and after feeling the edge, he climbed into it and she guided him into position.

“This is a padded table, and my favorite piece of furniture in my dungeon.”

“*Dungeon*, Mistress?!”

“Silence, Brett,” she said, stuffing a ball gag into his mouth. She fastened the strap behind his head and guided it down to the mat.

His tongue played with the smooth metal ball and he whimpered as she fastened his wrists and ankles to the table. He fidgeted, pulling and jerking on the restraints.

“Are you okay, Brett? This is your last chance to back out,” she said, pulling the ball gag away from his lips.

“I... I’m fine, Mistress. Just nervous, that’s all. I’m ready.”

She put the gag back in and said nothing more.

Brett was helplessly bound and gagged, his entire body shrouded in latex. He couldn’t feel the air on his skin, see the room he was in—or his mistress, who had seemingly vanished after fastening the last buckle—or hear anything. All he could smell was the latex that covered every inch of his body.

It became his second skin, smooth and glossy with no sensitivity. It squeaked with every movement, and became a prison.

He was nothing more than a doll for his mistress to play with. And as frightening as it was, it was also very exciting.

The hand on his white skin startled him. A finger danced on his thigh and moved up to his crotch where it lingered.

Then it happened.

The vibrations from the zipper reverberated throughout his body, and Brett moaned from behind his gag as his ripe pussy breathed the free air once again.

It was cold, and a shiver went up his spine as the air kissed the soft flesh between his legs. The feeling was compounded by the touch of his mistress.

Myserra's fingers circled the delicate cleft and Brett grunted softly as she rubbed his outer lips with her index and middle finger, moving slowly up and down while her thumb traced the crown of his womanhood.

Brett thrashed violently in his bindings. His fingers gripped the end of the table as a stream of drool flowed down his cheek from the corner of his mouth.

This... this is amazing, he thought as she continued to play with his sopping wet cunt. *My body is on fire. Please, Mistress. Don't stop.*

As if sensing his thoughts, Myserra picked up the pace. She stroked his clit through the hood as her fingers moved inward, gently stretching apart his inner folds and exposing the hot pink flesh of his pussy.

Her fingers stopped their magical dance and disappeared. Brett whimpered, wondering why.

But before he could put another thought together, he felt Myserra's warm, pointed tongue lap at dripping cunt. He could barely hear her squeal of delight as she tasted him.

Instead of another lick of her tongue, Brett felt something cold and hard press against the delicate folds. A moment later, the toy came alive and he writhed on the table, the vibrations reaching his very core.

It hit him like a tidal wave and shook him like an earthquake.

It lasted for an eternity, and somewhere hidden in the cacophony of his moans, the rustling of his bonds, the squeaking of the latex, and the vibration of the toy sending his mind into a sea of erotic bliss, Brett could hear the soft laughter of his mistress.

The table shook, and seconds later, he felt her weight on him.

Myserra straddled him, her knees on either side of his waist. Her tail coiled itself around his leg as she leaned forward and squeezed his breasts.

She grinded her groin against his belly and her hands slid up from his chest to his neck.

"Tell me, my pet, how does it feel to be so helplessly bound and at my mercy?" She said, freeing his mouth from the gag. "I want to hear everything that comes out of that slutty mouth."

He could feel her breath on his lips.

"Its—oh god!—so... wonderful, Mis—" He could barely speak. The pleasure was so overwhelming. She bent down and kissed him passionately. She bit his lip and pulled away.

"Moan for me, my pet. Beg for it!"

"Oh! Oh god, yes! Please... please fuck me Mistress!"

"You want me to fuck you, Brett?"

"Yes! Please, Mistress!" He writhed uncontrollably underneath her.

“As you wish, my pet,” she murmured, her mouth right against his ear.

Myserra shifted her weight as she straightened up. The vibrating toy turned off, but Brett’s focus was on something else.

In the blackness that engulfed him, he felt something hard rub against his thigh as she scooted back away from him.

The table lurched backward as she thrust into him, her thick, demonic cock disappearing within his hot sheath. She pulled her shaft out and pushed it back into him, increasing her tempo until she pounded him relentlessly.

“This fuck-doll is so tight! She needs to be broken in,” Myserra said, plunging her throbbing cock further into Brett’s pussy. “Ain’t that right, slut?”

“Yes, Mistress! Your doll needs to be broken in!” he replied in between gasps. “Fuck me harder!”

Brett was on fire, his mind lost in a vast sea of rapture as she filled him again and again, until finally, he peaked.

He screamed, his feminine voice piercing the deafening latex hood. He arched his back as he came, coating Myserra’s cock with his juices. She continued to fuck him until she joined him in climaxing.

Brett moaned as her hot spunk filled his insides, spilling out of his pussy as she pulled out of him.

“Did you like that, my little latex dolly?” she said, rubbing his face with her hand.

“I did, Mistress. That was wonderful,” he panted.

“Good. I’m going to leave my little dolly here so I can use her as often as I want. Goodnight, my fuck-toy.”

“Mistress, wait!” he called out to her, but the clicks of her heels weakened until they were no more. “I don’t want to be alone.”

“You’re never alone, Brett,” she answered. “Not anymore.”

Seven: Changes

It was a miracle Brett was able to get any sleep.

Shortly after Myserra left him bound and encased in latex in her dungeon, Brett managed to close his eyes and drift off. The constant squeak of the latex and the limited range of motion filled his arms and legs with nervous energy and a dull ache from the compression.

Exhaustion finally kicked in and he fell asleep, only to find himself back in his bedroom the following morning.

His alarm bellowed its usual greeting and Brett sat up in his bed, silencing the alarm and staring blankly at the two mounds on his chest. He blinked, the morning fog cleared, and he tossed his sheets aside to discover that not only did he still have the body of a woman, but he was completely naked.

Several short buzzes drew his attention away from his body to his phone dancing on his nightstand. The caller ID read, "Myserra."

"Hello, Mistress," he grumbled into the receiver.

"Ah, good morning, Brooke," she replied cheerfully. "You're on your own today. You'll find an outfit hanging up on your door. Don't worry about makeup. I'd rather not see my pet looking like a drag queen."

"So I'm to be a woman again, Mistress?"

"Yes, Brooke. It's fun being a woman. You should enjoy it. See you at work!"

Click.

Brett sighed as he set his phone back on the nightstand. There was no point arguing with Myserra. If anything, it would just lead to punishment, and he didn't want to think about what it would be like to get punished in this body.

It would be pretty intense, he thought. There would be spankings and vibrator play...

As his mind drifted off into thoughts of sexual punishment despite his decision not to think of such things, Brett's hand slowly slid under the sheets until his fingers cradled the soft lips of his pussy.

The first shiver of pleasure snapped him out of it, and he climbed out of bed and hopped into the shower.

This body is pure temptation, he thought as he watched the hot water follow the curves of his body. It's as if Myserra wants me to succumb to it. Is that what's going on? Is this all a test?

The water got a little bit hotter and Brett pressed his back against the tile wall. His hand moved on its own back to the crevice between his legs.

He bit his lip as his fingers worked the pink folds. The hot water relaxed

his muscles and he closed his eyes, surrendering to the sensation his gentle fondling brought him.

If it wasn't for the secondary alarm he'd set, Brett would've remained in the shower for hours.

"Oh shit!" he yelled, his foot almost slipping out from under him. His personal time would have to wait.

Still soaking wet, he ran into his bedroom and dried himself off, trying to ignore the wonderful pleasure brought about by the soft towel rubbing against his more sensitive spots.

When he was mostly dry, he cast aside his towel and spotted the outfit he was to wear today. He froze, his eyes glued to the clothes hanging on the back of the door.

"You've got to be kidding me," he sighed.

Hanging up in a clear plastic bag was a one piece, pin-striped black dress with a low v-neck, upturned sleeves, and black garters hanging out from the hem. Placed neatly at the bottom of the door was a pair of crimson red platform pumps with black stockings rolled up inside of them and a matching red lace thong placed on top.

Brett sighed heavily and rubbed his face, looking at the clock on his phone. He had no time to sit around and wallow. If he wanted to get to work on time, he had to get dressed right now.

Yup, she's testing me, all right. But you know what? With this body, I'm going to rock that costume. Smiling, Brett picked up the lace thong and stepped into it.

"Right on time," he said looking at the dashboard clock. He took a deep breath, opened up his car door, and swung his feet out, slipping his platform heel back onto his foot before standing up.

The dress was beyond ridiculous. Skin-tight, the hem was just inches below his ass and split to allow for maneuverability. *If by maneuverability, you mean easier to spread your legs without it riding up your ass,* Brett thought, pulling it down.

He walked toward the elevator, hips swaying and heels clicking on the concrete. He let himself smile at how easily he moved in the high heels, pleased that he didn't snap his ankle on the short walk to the elevator.

The ride up was quiet, and Brett frowned when Myserra failed to appear next to him in her usual fashion. The doors opened and she wasn't there to greet him.

In fact, Myserra wasn't in the office at all that day.

Shrugging his shoulders, Brett walked out of the lobby to his desk, where he sat and typed away undisturbed until his belly began to rumble. He leaned back in his chair, looked at the clock on the wall, and adjusted his dress and thong for the umpteenth time.

“Lunch? Already?” he said to himself.

Standing up, he lifted his eyes above the walls of his cubicle and surveyed the office. Everyone was going about the day as usual. There was nothing strange other than the fact that there was no sign of Myserra, and Heather hadn’t stopped by to tease him, either. According to a coworker, she was locked up in her office on a conference call.

He looked down at his phone. Zero notifications. Myserra had yet to return both his calls and his text messages.

Brett grabbed his keys and was about to step out of his cubicle for lunch when the *ding* from his computer grabbed his attention. He sat back down, opened up his emails, and spotted an invitation to a lunch meeting with Heather.

“Hey, Brett. You going to lunch?”

He turned toward the voice. One of his coworkers stood by the entrance to the cubicle.

“I just got a lunch meeting invite from Heather,” he replied, straightening up.

“That’s odd,” his coworker said. “Have you always been this tall?”

Brett looked away from his coworker and sat back down in the chair.

“Nah, I was just stretching. Makes me look taller. That’s what I get for slouching all the time, I guess.”

“Makes sense,” his coworker shrugged, “I’m out. Have fun in that meeting.”

Brett watched him leave before letting out the breath he’d been holding hostage in his chest. *That was close. I guess the camo doesn’t spell account for heel height.*

His computer beeped at him, reminding him of the lunch meeting. Brett stood back up, made sure no one else was close by, and then headed for Heather’s office.

He had just stepped up to the door and lifted his hand to knock when he caught a man’s voice coming from Heather’s office. He retracted his hand and backed away from the door, looking around the office. Everyone else was either gone or on their way out.

Maybe she has a cold? Or maybe it’s just someone on the conference call? Brett shrugged. He lightly tapped on the door and waited.

“It’s open,” the man’s voice said. Brett’s heart rate spiked as he reached for

the doorknob, hoping and praying that the situation wasn't what he imagined it to be.

"Hi, Heather, I got an email saying..." He trailed off, hands falling to his sides as his jaw hung slack.

"Hello, Brooke," Heather said. "You can call me Harry."

Brett blinked, unsure how to react. Heather sat on the edge of her desk, hands in her lap,. It was definitely Heather, as wrapped around her neck was the collar that imprisoned her.

But instead of the busty brunette, Heather had the body of man. She had short brown hair and her green eyes were set into a rugged face. Her body was sculpted; thin; ideal—like Don Draper from *Mad Men*.

"What?" Words finally came to Brett. "What's going on?"

"Isn't it obvious?" Heather replied, her voice smooth and deep. "My mistress has rewarded me."

"No, that's a lie." Brett backed away her.

"Is it? Myserra called in sick today, saying she had other work to do and that I am to prepare you."

"I don't believe you," he said, crossing his arms.

"You know I can't perform magic. This collar makes me nothing more than a human. Yet look at me and look at *you*."

Brett froze and the color vanished from his face as he looked down to his body and the outfit he wore. *She's right. Oh god, she's right!*

"No... I... why?"

"Like I said," Heather grinned, unzipping her pants. "My mistress is rewarding me. Now come to Daddy, you little slut."

Brett couldn't tear his eyes away from it. Heather's thick, long cock hardened in her hands as she pulled it out of her pants. She licked her lips as she slid down off of the desk.

"No..." Brett took a step forward, his body betraying him. He tried to look away, to stop himself from getting closer, but he had no control over his body. It moved on its own, stepping closer to Heather's handsome male form.

Then he said it.

"Yes sir, anything for Mr. Harry." The words came right out of Brett's mouth in the sluttiest tone imaginable.

"Thatta girl," Heather smirked. "Wrap those lips around it and suck it like the whore you are."

Brett screamed internally. He was trapped within his own body, forced to watch it sashay toward Heather and kneel down in front of her. His delicate hands rubbed the insides of Heather's muscular thighs and he leaned forward, his

tongue at the ready.

He was so close.

Heather's manly musk filled his nostrils; her smell clouded his mind. He wanted nothing more than to pleasure her—to wrap his lips around her cock and stroke it until she came.

Brett closed his eyes as he neared it. The bulbous head of her cock moved past his lips into his mouth and his tongue rubbed the underside of her shaft. It was so thick, so wonderful.

Nothing else mattered to him. His purpose was one of pleasure. He lived to serve; to obey. He was Heather's slutty secretary, and he loved it.

No!

Brett's eyes shot open as he screamed, sitting up in his bed. His heart pounded in his chest as he fought for breath, his body covered in sweat.

It was dark, the light of the moon partially illuminating his apartment. Brett shifted in his bed, pulling off his sheets only to see the stain in his boxers. He dropped his head in shame.

That was when he saw his body.

His chest was flat, his form was devoid of curves, and if the stain on the sheets wasn't evident enough, his manhood was back. He grimaced, disgusted with himself for getting so turned on by the idea of participating in a scene like that.

Brett rubbed his neck. The leather collar had become a part of him. He barely felt its presence anymore. Smiling, he played with metal ring as he fell back onto his pillows.

Why was I so turned on by that? I've never been attracted to men, yet when I saw Heather's form... I just... couldn't control myself. He sighed. *That's it. It was just a dream, that's all. Just a dream.*

He closed his eyes and drifted back to sleep. When he woke, there was no phone call from Myserra, no outfit for him to wear, and no special instructions whatsoever.

"Ah, morning, Brett," Heather said with a smile.

"Heather," he replied, nodding. He was relieved to see her standing there with her long brunette hair and killer body. The markings on her collar glowed slightly as she stepped past him.

"Where are you headed?"

Heather pushed the button for the ground floor. "I have some meetings," she said as she winked. The last thing he saw before the metal doors closed was her devious smile.

A chill went up his spine as he exited the lobby and walked across the office toward his cubicle. Just like in his dream, there was no sign of Myserra.

At least I'm not dressed in some slutty costume, he thought. He booted up his computer and leaned back in his chair. *Even though I looked damn good in that outfit.*

The day passed by quickly and quietly with no sign of Myserra. Brett looked at his phone as he stepped onto the elevator, frowning at the unanswered texts. There was still no word from her as he walked up to his apartment door, wondering if she was all right.

He got his answer the moment he opened the door.

"Uh, what's going on here, Mistress?" Brett said, walking into his bare apartment.

Myserra sat on the edge of the kitchen counter, blonde hair pulled back into a ponytail. She was dressed in a t-shirt and jeans and smiled at him when she saw him walk in.

His apartment was empty. All the furniture was gone and the decorations packed up. Dust covered parts of the living room floor, marking the spot where the couch once was.

"Simple, Brett: you're moving." She slid down off of the counter and walked up to him.

"But... I liked my apartment." He frowned. "And I can't afford a new one."

"You can now," she said, looping her finger into the metal ring on his collar. "You're moving in with me."

He blinked. "Beg your pardon?"

"I'm tired of going back and forth between my place and yours. So I found us a nice big condo in the building next to this one. Three bedrooms, two baths. It's quite nice." She walked past him, tugging on his collar. "Come along, Brett. It should be ready by now."

Brett's eyes remained on his apartment as she pulled him out the door. He had so many fond memories of that place. It had been his very first apartment; a symbol of his independence.

Okay, maybe I lived a rather boring and uneventful life in there, he admitted to himself. *I did meet her there, though, so I guess I do have at least one fond memory.*

They stepped out of the door and Myserra snapped her fingers. Brett's first apartment, where he had lived his solitary life until the fateful night that Myserra showed up, disappeared.

I'll miss you, buddy.

The succubus stopped walking. “We’re here!”

Brett faced forward and stared at the pristine white door adorned with a gold number. “Wow, even the front door is fancy. How am I going to be able to afford this, Mistress?”

“That won’t be a problem,” she said with a grin. “We aren’t paying for it.” Myserra opened the door to their new condo and walked in, leaving Brett in the hallway speechless. “Come along, Brett. If you linger in the hallway, I might just lock you out.”

He shook the befuddled look from his face and entered the condo, squeezing through the closing door. It locked behind him, and feeling the cold air on his skin, Brett discovered he was naked.

“Please tell me that this isn’t a house rule, Mistress,” Brett said, walking up to the couch with his hands over his crotch.

“Don’t sit,” she ordered. “You’re not allowed to sit on the couch yet.”

Brett quickly straightened up before his buttocks touched the fine fabric of the couch.

“Aw, but it looks so comfy, Mistress.”

“It is—very much so,” she replied, stretching out on the dark couch. “Did you notice anything about your apartment before we left?”

“No, Mistress,” he shook his head. “Other than the fact that it was empty.”

Myserra frowned as she sat up. “It was filthy, Brett. When was the last time you cleaned it?”

“I’m... not sure, Mistress.”

“Well then,” she said as she grinned. “Before you can enjoy this luxurious new dwelling, you must first learn how to clean. Follow me.”

Brett bowed his head as she got up off the couch and left the living room. She transformed into her demon form as she walked, and Brett’s eyes eagerly followed her bouncing hips and tail.

“This condo has three bedrooms and two-and-a-half bathrooms. The master bedroom and bathroom are mine, the second bedroom is my ‘office,’ and the third bedroom will be yours.” She winked at him, then opened the door, and Brett walked into the bedroom.

“It’s bigger than my old one.”

“Yes, it is. Hell, the bathrooms are bigger than your old bedroom. Your stuff is all in boxes, ready to be unpacked. I got you a new bed with plenty of places to tie you to, and your TV is here as well.”

“Wait, what did you say about my bed, Mistress?”

“Oh, nothing that you won’t learn soon enough,” she said, slapping his ass. “That door leads to the office, but you’re not allowed in there without me. And

that door leads to my bedroom. You won't have to worry about cleaning that one."

"What's in your office, Mistress?"

Myserra smirked. "You've been in there before, Brett."

"Oh..." His face turned bright red as the memories of being led through her dungeon came back to him.

"Now, onto the matter of proper cleaning," she said, nudging him into his bedroom. "To clean like a maid, you need to dress like one."

She snapped her fingers and several items of clothing appeared on his bed. Brett's eyes widened when he spotted the black dress and white apron. It was all that he needed to see to know what outfit she had in mind for him.

"So here is the million dollar question: do you want to keep your male form and wear that slutty outfit? Or shall Brooke be the one cleaning today?"

Brett silently stared at the clothing. His hands tried to cover his hardening cock but utterly failed. Myserra smiled, folding her arms, and patiently waited for her pet's answer.

"Brooke," he muttered. "Brooke will be the one cleaning."

"Damn. I wanted to see you dressed in that silly costume and watch you squirm from your raging boner."

Myserra reached down and slid her hand under his, gripping his firm cock.

"Is this why you want to be a woman again?" she whispered into his ear. "You don't have to be ashamed of being so turned on. I like seeing a man in uniform."

Brett moaned loudly as he jerked his hips forward.

But the release never came.

He looked down to see his cock missing. Instead, Myserra's hand rubbed his sopping wet cunt.

"Just because you're a woman now doesn't mean you get off easy." She pulled her hand away from his hungry pussy and placed it on his chest. Brett closed his eyes as the warmth filled his body, and seconds later, he opened them to see Brooke staring back at him in the mirror.

I just hope Heather doesn't show up looking like a man.

"I'll... get dressed now, Mistress," he said, turning away from her.

"Not yet, Brooke. There's still one more thing I need to give you."

"What is it, Mis—"

Brett froze when he faced her. The succubus' smile stretched from ear to ear as she palmed the hot pink vibrator in her hands.

"Like I said, Brooke, you don't get off that easy. Now plop that girly ass of yours onto the bed and spread your legs nice and wide."

“Y-y-yes, Mistress,” he stammered. Brett took his eyes off the pink toy and walked toward his bed. His hands shook and his body trembled. He bit his lip and looked away from her as he sat down and spread his legs.

“Good girl,” she purred. Brett’s face reddened as she rubbed the insides of his thighs and teased the entrance of his pussy with the head of the vibrator. She removed it from between his legs and slid it into her mouth, her black lips forming a seal she sucked it down her throat.

Brett licked his lips as he watched her deep throat it, shuddering as it came out of her mouth with a *pop*.

“Now it’s ready,” she told him

Myserra bent down, placed her hand on his thigh, and kissed him. Her tongue snaked its way into his mouth and Brett moaned as she slid the toy into his cunt.

“Not as good as the real thing,” she whispered, rubbing his cheek with her thumb. “But it’ll serve its purpose. Don’t worry about it slipping out, little bit of magic will fix that. Now get dressed. I’ll be waiting for you out in the living room. Don’t make me wait.”

“Y-yes, Mistress,” Brett whimpered.

“Thatta girl,” she kissed his cheek and walked out of his bedroom, disappearing into the hallway. He stood up off of the bed and picked up the lacy black panties and stepped into them.

Myserra lifted her head off the couch when she heard the familiar *click* of high heels on the wooden floors. She smiled when she saw Brett exit the hallway into the living room, dressed head-to-toe in the maid outfit.

The outfit consisted of black patent pumps, fishnet stockings, a lace thong, and a body-hugging black dress. Wrapped around his waist was a white apron, and the low neck of the dress barely contained his breasts. He wore white elbow-length gloves, and placed gently on the top of his head was the black and white headdress. His long brown hair fell past his shoulders and his face was devoid of makeup.

“That’s a quick fix,” she said, waving her hand over his face. Dusky eye shadow, blush, mascara, and a coat of crimson red lipstick manifested on his features.

“Thank you, Mistress,” Brett said as he bowed.

“No, Brooke. Maids curtsy.”

“Apologies, Mistress.” He grabbed the hem of his dress and curtsied, his eyes low.

“Now, there is a small closet in the hallway. Inside, you’ll find everything

you need to clean our new home. I expect it to be spotless when I return.”

Brett looked away from the ground. “Where are you going, Mistress?”

“I have some things I need to take care of. One of them is to finalize the payment on this place.”

“If I may... how is it that we aren’t paying for this condo?”

Myserra lifted Brett’s chin. He looked up into her bright pink eyes as her lips curled into a smile.

“Silly human, do you forget that I’m a succubus? I am centuries old and have accrued a wealth beyond that of human currency. That, and I know what the landlord likes.”

“Oh, I see.”

“Speak your mind, Brett.”

Brett looked away from her. “Did you... sleep with him?”

“I may have.” She raised an eyebrow. “Why? Is that jealousy I sense in your tone?”

“...yes, Mistress.”

“Don’t worry your pretty little head, Brett. I sleep with a lot of people. How else am I to recharge my batteries? But fret not, as none of them hold a place in my black heart but you. Now off you go Brooke! Get this place clean!”

“Yes, Mistress,” Brett said. He curtsied, smiling as a tear slid down his cheek.

She watched him exit the living room, then vanished in a puff of smoke.

Brett found the closet door Myserra pointed out to him and opened it.

The smile on his face vanished as the vibrator inside of him switched on. His knees buckled and his legs almost gave out under him. Brett grabbed onto the door frame to stop from falling and pulled himself back onto his feet.

“H-Holy s-shit,” he muttered, trying to regain control of his body. He reached out and grabbed the basket full of cleaning products and limped toward his bathroom, using the wall to carry his weight.

Brett covered his mouth with his hand, muffling the honey-sweet moan. Amidst the lust-filled cries, a phrase was spoken that could barely be heard over the toy and the outbursts:

Northern lights.

The pulsating toy instantly calmed down, its vibrations receding into a rhythm that was much more manageable, but still present. Brett wiped the sweat from his brow and straightened up, his legs still weak and his body recovering from the near orgasm.

Did I just...? I must’ve done it on instinct.

He lifted up the hem of his dress and looked down at his panties. The black

fabric was now darker, stained by his desires. Brett twitched and watched as a bead of his liquid lust slid down his inner thigh until it vanished into the fabric of his fishnets.

He breathed in deep, regained his focus, and picked up the basket of cleaners. He had a job to do, and the last thing he wanted was to upset his mistress.

The howling of the vacuum cleaner was deafening, and Brett just barely heard the knocking at the door over its wail. He straightened up quickly and looked at the front door.

He killed the vacuum cleaner and listened, biting his hand when the knocking returned. *Who in the hell could that be?*

He tiptoed in his heels, keeping his feet on the rugs as he made his way closer toward the door. The knocking continued. The person responsible for it showed no signs of leaving.

He got his answer as to who it was when he looked through the peephole. *Oh, shit.*

“Come on, Brett, I know you’re in there,” Heather yelled from the hallway outside his front door.

She’s never going to leave. She heard the vacuum cleaner.

Brett’s heart leaped into his throat as he opened the front door in such a way to keep himself hidden from any prying eyes in the hallway.

Heather walked into the condo, turning around when she heard the door close behind her. She remained still, her eyes locked on Brett before bursting into a fit of laughter.

“Oh... oh my god, that’s adorable. Look at you!” She walked up to Brett and took him in, circling behind him and inspecting his attire.

“Good evening, Heather,” he grumbled, leaving her in the entry way and returning to the vacuum cleaner.

“So this is what she meant by breaking in the new pad.” She winked as she walked past him and sat down on the couch. “What? Not going to offer me something to drink?”

“Why would I do that?” he said, grabbing the handle of the vacuum.

He waited for her to open her mouth to reply before turning it on, mouthing, “I can’t hear you” as he returned to his cleaning.

Heather’s smug look vanished as she got up off of the couch and unplugged the vacuum.

“Can you plug that back in? I have a job to do and need to get his place clean before Myserra returns.”

“Oh really?” Heather said, twirling the plug as she walked toward him. “Well too bad. I’m not going to let you finish cleaning until you get me my drink.”

Heather stepped in front of him and pulled him in closer with the cable. “You know, Brooke, you make one smoking hot maid. I hope Mistress keeps you like this. That way when I get my powers back, I can make you do all kinds of things for me. You can lick my boots, rub my shoulders, clean the cum out of my pussy...”

She stepped back and cocked her head to the side.

“What is that noise?” Heather looked around the condo and Brett’s face turned bright red when he realized that she was referring to the vibrator. She looked back at him and down at his hands, which slowly moved toward his crotch.

“No! It can’t be.” Heather knelt down and lifted up his dress. “Oh my god, look at you! Your panties are completely drenched! Brooke, you are one horny slut.”

“Heather! What are you doing?!” Brett yelled as he watched her grab his lace panties and pull them down to his knees, managing to grab onto them before she could pull them off.

“I’m sorry, am I interrupting something?”

Heather froze as the color vanished from her face. Brett looked past her to see Myserra standing by the front door. She released her grip on Brett’s panties and he backed away from her, pulling them back up.

Heather adjusted her posture as she straightened up and faced Myserra.

“Mistress, I caught Brooke slacking on the—”

“You’re a terrible liar, Heather,” she snarled, scowling at the lesser succubus. “What have I told you about playing with Brett?”

“I’m not allowed to touch him without your consent.”

“And did I give you it?”

Heather grimaced. “No, Mistress, you didn’t.”

“This is the second time I’ve caught you disobeying my order. There won’t be a third.”

Brett watched as Myserra stormed up to Heather and grabbed her by the ring on her collar.

“Hands and knees, bitch!” she commanded. Heather quickly obeyed and Myserra summoned a leash and attached it to her collar. “Wait right there, Brooke, I’ll be right back.”

Brett nodded silently and watched as Myserra tugged on the leash.

“My little bitch has misbehaved,” she said to Heather. “It’s time for her to

get punished.”

Myserra headed for the hallway with Heather crawling behind her. He heard a door open and shut, and then there was silence.

A minute or so later, Myserra reappeared without Heather.

“Mistress, I—”

“Quiet, Brooke,” she said with a wave of her hand. “You don’t have to say anything. I casted a spell on this condo, giving me visual access to everything that happens inside it, kind of like a security feed. I watched you clean like a good little maid every now and then while I was out. I knew Heather was coming—I invited her, after all—but she wasn’t supposed to be here for another two hours.

“The door opening triggered my silent alarm, and I tuned back into the feed and saw her harassing you. Now, since she is our guest, you were supposed to offer her a drink.”

“I’m sorry, Mistress.”

“It’s okay, Brooke. She was supposed to show up after I had returned and given you a rundown of proper maid etiquette. But she arrived early and I had to get back here and punish her.”

“I shall get back to cleaning then, Mistress.” He curtsied.

“Brooke, what goes on in that room is between Heather and me. Your job is to clean the condo. Understood?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“If you finish before I am done, knock three times on the door, then silently wait by the couch after putting away all of your cleaning tools.”

Brett curtsied once again. “Understood, Mistress.” He backed away from Myserra and plugged the vacuum cleaner back in.

She turned away from him and headed back to the hallway, cracking her knuckles and stretching her arms.

“Make it spotless, Brooke!” Myserra yelled as she closed the door.

Brett hummed to himself as he dusted the picture frames hanging in the hallway. He smiled as he looked the pictures inside them. Some were of Myserra in various parts of the world, while others were of her with who he assumed to be other demons in their human forms.

One picture he lingered at longer than the rest, even taking it down off of the wall to examine it more closely. It was of the two of them when they’d gotten back from their trip to the underground.

Myserra had asked him if he wanted anything specific to eat, and he’d been craving steak, so she took him out to a nice restaurant. Toward the end of their

meal, a waiter had come by and asked if they wanted a picture, and Myserra had said yes.

He hung it back on the wall, his attention quickly shifting from the photo to the sounds coming from his mistress' "office."

Brett could barely make out what was said, but what he could hear were loud screams, slaps, smacks, and moans.

He put his ear to the door, hoping to hear what was going on, but the noises stopped.

All at once, the vibrator inside his pussy switched back on, and Brett doubled over from the pleasure coursing through his body like a tidal wave.

He looked up to see the door opening and Myserra standing beneath the arch. She glared at him, her maroon skin covered in a glistening layer of sweat and her black hair pulled back into a ponytail.

Brett looked past her, hoping to see Heather and the punishment dealt to her, but the room was pitch black behind his mistress. He could only hear Heather's cries and moans and what sounded like a steam engine.

"You know, Brooke," Myserra said, her pink eyes sparkling. "If I catch you eavesdropping one more time, Heather is going to have a friend accompanying her. I don't think you're ready for that kind of punishment. I'd hate to see your mind snap, turning you into nothing more than a broken sex addict."

Right on cue, Heather moaned loudly.

"Well, Brooke? Shall I tell her that she has a plus one to her punishment party?"

"N-no, Mistress," he replied, trying to push through the pleasure humming between his legs.

"Shame. It would've been fun." Myserra smirked, watching Brett curl up from the insurmountable ecstasy that filled him. She laughed before flicking her wrist and silencing the toy lodged into him.

Brett gasped for air as he tried to stand up, but before he could say anything, the door closed and the sounds of sexual torture started up again.

He shook his head and returned to dusting.

Brett was mopping the kitchen floor when he heard the door open and close. He pretended like he did hear anything, continuing to hum to himself as Myserra entered the kitchen. She wore a black underbust corset, thong, and knee-high boots.

"Thirsty, Mistress?" Brett asked, setting aside the mop. "Shall I get you something to drink?"

"No, Brooke, but you can get me a glass with three ice cubes," she replied,

walking over to the bar.

Brett walked over to her and handed her glass as she pulled out a clear bottle with a bright green liquid sloshing around inside.

“Don’t drink this unless you want your insides to melt,” Myserra said, pouring the smoking liquor into the glass. “Heather has learned her lesson, but she’s a little tied up at the moment, not to mention incredibly sore.”

“Even through her strength, speed, and magic are locked away, she’s still as durable as a demon. But this leaves me in a conundrum.”

“What is that, Mistress?” Brett said, taking the bottle from her to replace it under the bar.

“If she had showed up on time, and behaved, we would’ve celebrated the move with a threesome. I would’ve given her a dick and everything,” she sighed, taking a long sip of her drink.

Brett fumbled the glass bottle, almost dropping it on the floor.

“If you drop that, Brooke, you’ll be stuck as my maid for the rest of the week. What did Heather say? Oh right, you’ll have to lick my boots, massage my back and feet, and lick the cum out of my pussy.”

He gently put the bottle back in the cabinet, jumping when he felt the pinch on his ass cheek.

“Now that I think about it, a foot massage sounds really good.” Myserra walked away from the bar and sat down on the couch, resting her boots on the table in front of her. “Come here, Brooke. Your mistress wants a foot rub!”

“Yes, Mistress,” he said, walking up to her obediently.

Brett knelt down beside her and unzipped her boots, pulling them off and setting them down on the ground beside the couch. He sat down on the opposite end and Myserra swung her feet onto his lap, smiling as she wiggled her toes and sipped her drink.

Brett silently massaged them, smiling as his mistress’ snickers filled his ears.

“I’m going to tell Heather that you’re taking tomorrow off. I want my maid all to myself. Would you like that, Brooke?”

“Yes, Mistress, I would,” he said, massaging her soles.

“Don’t stop. That feels good,” Myserra moaned, slouching further into the couch. “I like our new home.”

“So do I, Mistress,” he said. Then he smiled.

Mini Session One: Curiosity

Brett sighed as he vacuumed the living room rug. Dressed in his maid uniform and back in his female body, the routine was engraved in his brain. At first Myserra said that dressing him like this and making him clean the condo was because he did a poor job at cleaning his old apartment.

But now it seemed she just enjoyed watching him clean.

With the rug done, he turned off the vacuum and rested for a moment. He looked down at his breasts, frowning as he squeezed them, remembering the handful of times he'd had sex in this body with Myserra.

"No fun until the chores are done!" Myserra sang, entering the living room from the hallway.

Brett removed his hands from his breasts and clasped them together in his lap. "I'm sorry, Mistress." He bowed.

"I have a special task for you today," she said, walking up to him. "I will be in the underground for most of the day today, as I have a couple errands to run."

"Like what, Mistress?"

"Oh, I have to buy some ingredients, meet with a couple people, typical stuff," she said, digging through her purse. "So, today I need you to clean my room as well. Just the usual routine, like dusting and vacuuming."

"Understood, Mistress."

"However, you are to be very cautious when you go into my room. I have a lot of delicate items in there, so be careful when cleaning. Understand?"

"Yes, Mistress." Brett bowed again.

"Good. If you want, you can just go straight to my room and clean that. Then you can have the rest of the day off when you're done."

His face lit up. "Thank you, Mistress!"

She smiled and bowed her head slightly before vanishing into a puff of smoke.

Ever since they'd moved in, Myserra had kept her room—both her rooms—off-limits. In addition to her bedroom, she had converted the third room of the condo into her "dungeon", which Brett caught a glimpse of when Myserra locked Heather up inside it for disobeying her.

He had been in her bedroom before, but that was before they moved in together. *I wonder if she kept her room the same or changed it*, he thought as he wheeled the vacuum down the hallway toward the wide door at the end.

"What the...?" Brett said, pulling his hand back after getting a shock from the doorknob. He grabbed it a second time, turning the knob and slowly opening

the door.

“Oh you’ve got to be kidding me!”

Brett’s jaw dropped as he stared in awe at her bedroom. It was the size of his old apartment, a home within a home.

The room was fully furnished; her massive four-post bed was the same, but the room itself was bigger than the old one. On the far wall was a wide window allowing brilliant rays of light to permeate the room. There was a couch and some chairs, a recliner, and a low table. Along the walls was an array of bookshelves, all filled with heavy leatherbound books.

She had a cabinet full of glass tubes and beakers next to an old wooden table with markings carved into the stained wood. On another wall was a wide dresser and armoire, the same that she had in her old room.

“No wonder she said I could have the rest of the day off,” he said, rubbing his face. “It’ll take me hours to clean this!”

He hung his head and left the bedroom, returning minutes later with the rest of the cleaning supplies. “Better get started,” he sighed.

An hour passed by, and Brett barely scratched the surface. He was busy dusting one of the many bookshelves when his curiosity got the better of him.

He set the duster down and removed one of the books. He didn’t know what the tome was, as the few that had titles on their spines were written in what he assumed to be Demonic.

He flipped through the book, marveling at the handwritten text that filled the faded vellum pages. In addition to the handwriting, there were pictures and glyphs; runes and notes added after the fact.

Brett turned a page and stopped, stroking his chin as an idea filled his head. *From the looks of this, I think this is a clone spell*, he thought, trying to make sense of the images. He put his finger on the page and his eyes went wide as the text shifted into Latin.

“Maybe I should... no,” he said, backing away from the book on the desk. But as he turned around and faced the room, he was reminded of the daunting task of having to clean the massive space.

Ah, to hell with it! I’m going to use that spell to clone myself. Then I can clean the room twice as fast.

Nodding, he returned to the book and took a deep breath. He placed his finger on the text and followed it, saying the spell aloud. He kept reading as a breeze moved through the room and the black ink lettering glowed brightly.

“Son of a—!” he shouted, pulling his finger back.

The moment he spoke the last word of the spell, he felt a pinch on the finger he had pressed to the page. Looking at it closely, he watched a bead of

crimson blood appear on the tip. He sucked on his finger and applied pressure to the wound.

“Oh shit,” he said, noticing the blood on the page. “I’m in trouble.”

“Oh, you have no idea.”

Brett went ghostly pale when he heard the voice. The woman’s voice wasn’t Myserra’s, nor was Heather’s.

It was his own. Rather, it was Brooke’s, only it sounded deeper with a slight echo to it.

The drop of blood on the page vanished and his heart raced as he watched the book close on its own and fly back to its spot on the shelf.

“Hello, Brett,” the voice said.

He slowly turned around, and his jaw dropped when he laid eyes on the being he summoned.

Standing before him was a copy of his female form, only instead of fair skin and brown eyes and hair, the clone had ashen-gray skin with black hair and eyes the color of rubies.

“Who are you?” he said, his voice trembling.

“I’m you,” the shadowy figure said with a grin, “though you really should have read the notes before casting the spell.”

“Why is that?” Brett asked, taking a step back.

“Because then you would know that you can’t control me. You think I was going to help you clean this room? Nonsense!”

The figure laughed as her clothes changed. The maid uniform vanished, replaced by an outfit that looked like something Myserra would wear.

“No, I have something more fun planned for the two of us.”

Brett swallowed hard as she hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her thong panties, pulling them down and revealing a large cock with a dripping wet cunt just below the base.

Shit! Brett turned and ran for the door, sliding to a halt when the figure appeared in front of him in a wisp of smoke.

“Myserra... she’ll—”

“She’ll what?” the figure interrupted. “Dispose of me? Sure, but she’s not here at the moment. In fact, she won’t be here for hours. You know that that means?”

“No,” Brett replied, backing away from the clone. His body was trembling as he wiped the sweat from his brow.

“That means that *I’m* your mistress for the time being,” Evil Brooke laughed. “So why don’t you be a good slut and get on your knees for me.”

Brett blinked, and Brooke appeared directly in front of him. His shadowy

clone placed her hands on his shoulders and pushed him onto his knees.

“Go ahead, Brett,” she purred. “I know how bad you want to taste it. Aren’t you the least bit curious as to how your own cock tastes?”

He opened his mouth to protest, but she grabbed the sides of his head and slid the crown of her dick past his lips.

“Good girl,” she said, moving her hand to the back of his head.

A shiver went up his spine as his tongue rubbed the underside of her cock. *I... I can feel it.* He pulled up the hem of his skirt and looked down between his legs after letting the cock fall out of his mouth.

“You like that, don’t you?” she said, caressing his face. “I have complete control over your body. Everything I feel, you feel.” She watched him squirm on his knees as she stroked her cock, gently rubbing the tip.

She squeezed her breast and thumbed her nipple. Brett’s face turned bright red as he resisted the phantom sensations fondling his own body. She stroked harder and watched him bite his lip.

“Let it out, Brett. Moan for me and succumb to that lust burning inside of you!”

Brett couldn’t fight it anymore. He opened his mouth and moaned loudly before leaning forward and wrapping his lips around Brooke’s cock.

It feels so good! He bobbed up and down on the shadowy dick, feeling everything he was doing to the shadow clone. Every movement of his tongue, the wetness of his lips and the heat of his mouth, Brett felt it all.

He could feel his orgasm building up inside of him, but he kept going. He kept sucking and licking until rivers of cum burst out of him onto the floor and into this throat. Brooke held his head onto her cock until the very last drop oozed out of her throbbing tip.

She pulled out, laughing as Brett dropped his head in shame. He lifted up his skirt and saw the puddle of cum between his knees.

“Looks like another mess for you to clean up,” Brooke laughed. “I would make you lap it up with your tongue, but I’m still hard and itching to go.”

She reached down and hooked her finger into the ring on his collar and lifted him onto his feet, smiling as she led him over to Myserra’s oversized bed.

“No, please, I’ll get in trouble!” Brett whimpered.

“It’s too late for that,” she replied. “Might as well have fun before getting locked away in Myserra’s dungeon.”

She pulled him onto the black silk sheets and moved behind him, lifting up his skirt and playfully squeezing his butt. His cock twitched at her touch, and he moaned as she gently stroked it.

“Let’s put that away.”

She pulled his panties down and placed her finger on the head of his cock, making it shrink and transform back into his clit. She slid her finger across the surface of his womanhood, laughing as he quivered and moaned.

“You like that, don’t you?”

“Yes,” he whimpered, rocking back and forth to keep her finger rubbing the soft pink flesh.

“Yes what?” Brooke said, pulling her finger away.

“Yes, Mistress,” he said softly.

“Good girl.” She grabbed his hips and rubbed her rock hard cock against his tender flesh. “How bad do you want it?”

Brett pushed his hips back against her as he moaned. “Please... please put it in me.”

“You’re so horny, aren’t you?” she purred.

“Yes, Mistress. I am,” he said, looking back at her over his shoulder.

She said nothing as she pressed the head of her cock against his opening and pushed forward, penetrating him slowly. Brooke pulled back on his hips as she buried her dick deeper into his hot, wet sheath.

“Do you like that?” she said, pulling back slowly.

“Yes! Please fuck me!” he cried out, pushing his hips back to keep the cock inside him.

She smacked his ass, forcing him to cry out in pain before she thrust forward. Brett fell forward, his face pressed against the smooth sheets of his mistress’ bed.

“Oh god, yes!” he moaned through the fabric. Brooke was fucking him with reckless abandon, burying the full length of her dick in him with each plunge, occasionally smacking his smooth bottom.

The fire was burning brightly inside Brett, making his body glow with pure lust. Every nerve in his body was dancing, bringing him closer and closer to erotic bliss with each push of his clone’s cock.

She pulled out, effortlessly rolling him onto his back before inserting herself back in, squeezing his breasts and laughing at the silly look he had on his face.

“You should see yourself,” she said, pulling the neckline of his dress down and freeing his pillowy breasts. “Lost in the pleasure. Shame this can’t go on forever. You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

Brett was so close to the edge he couldn’t put two words together. All he could do was moan and groan as he stepped closer with each passing second.

Until he finally went over.

“Ohh!” he shouted as the release swept over him like a tidal wave. Brooke

grunted as she came, and Brett squirmed as her white-hot cum filled him, adding to the sensation. He could feel everything, not just his own body, but Brooke's as well. He felt the tightness of a woman's pussy enveloping his dick and the release that came with ejaculation.

He was double-dipping in orgasms and climaxes, and through the haze clouding his mind, he watched the pallid clone bend down and kiss him before vanishing in a puff of smoke. Brett continued to stare up at the bedroom ceiling until his vision finally cleared.

Sitting up, he heard footsteps, high heels clicking on the hardwood floor of the bedroom. He turned his head slowly, his heart leaping into his throat when he spotted Myserra standing over the puddle of cum on the floor.

"So, did you have a bit of fun with my book of spells? Thinking you can work twice as fast with a clone?"

"Mistress, I—"

"Silence. If you don't get up off that bed and back to your duties, I'll send you down to the underground and pimp you out like a real whore. How about that?"

He scrambled off of her bed and ran straight for the bucket of cleaning supplies, dropping to his knees in front of her and scrubbing the floor.

"I thought so. Next time you want to peek through my spell books, ask me first or else you might accidentally summon a tentacle beast." Myserra laughed as she walked out of the bedroom. "Wouldn't that be something to see?"

Eight: The Bond Between Them

Myserra smiled as she watched Brett dust the entertainment center. He held his free hand up in the air as he lifted himself onto his toes, reaching a little bit higher with the duster. Every day, his movements became more natural, more organically feminine. And today was no different.

Ever since they moved into the condo together, Brett had been tasked with keeping it clean until such a time that the habits were ingrained into him. She had him on a strict schedule. In the morning they'd carpool to work. Then when they got home, Myserra would transform him into Brooke, and he'd put on the maid outfit and begin his chores.

Myserra eventually released Heather from her dungeon, and the younger succubus took the rest of the week off from work to recover. Brett hadn't heard from her since the day she was imprisoned, and it was a welcomed relief.

"You know, Brooke, if you want, you can quit your job and live as my full-time maid. It's not like you have to pay rent or anything. Besides, you seem to be really enjoying yourself these past couple of days. It's almost as if you look forward to coming home and slipping into your uniform."

Brett stopped and looked back at her. "Tempting, Mistress, but I have to decline. As much as I've enjoyed being your maid, it's not something I can do full time. But yes, it strangely has been a lot fun."

Myserra closed the book she was reading and nodded. "I understand. As much as I would enjoy having sexy little Brooke at my beck and call, I would very much miss Brett. Besides, it's not like I can only have one and not the other. Maybe I should... oh yes, that's perfect."

"What are you saying, Mistress?" he asked, scratching his head.

"Oh, nothing, my little pet. Just get back to your chores," she said, lifting her book up to cover her sly grin.

Brett looked away from his mistress, unsure whether or not he should be worried about Myserra's scheming.

His attention was quickly pulled away by vibration of his phone.

Myserra eyed him as he lifted up the hem of his dress and pulled his phone out of the top of his stocking. He looked at her with panic in his eyes.

"It's my mom."

"So?" She shrugged. "Answer it."

"But Mistress... my voice." He looked back and forth between his phone and his mistress.

"All right," she said with a smirk.

She snapped her fingers and Brett felt his throat tighten, then loosen.

“Hello?” He rubbed his throat with his hand. It was weird hearing his male voice after being a woman for the past three days. “Oh hi, Mom. Yeah, I can talk. Why? ...Holy crap! I almost forgot. Okay, sure. Yeah, I can come. I’ll see you tomorrow, then. Bye.”

He hung up his phone and slid it back into his stocking.

“What was that about?”

“Tomorrow’s my dad’s sixtieth birthday,” he said, his voice switching back to female. “My mom is having a party and she wants me there.”

“That sounds like a lot of fun. Why do you sound like you don’t want to go?”

Brett sighed as he sat down on the couch. “I’m a disappointment to my parents. My dad was a renowned surgeon and my mom was a CEO. Both very successful and hard working. They made a crap-ton of money and since they retired, they’ve been going on all sorts of vacations.”

“You’re not a failure, Brett. You just have huge shoes to fill,” Myserra said, rubbing his cheek.

“Oh, I’m a failure,” he breathed. “I’m twenty-seven, and I’ve only had one promotion in my entire life. Not to mention that until I met you, I was a virgin. When they were my age, my dad was finishing med school and my mom was already halfway up the corporate ladder.”

“Do they know about me?” Myserra said, putting her hand on Brett’s thigh.

“No offense, Mistress, but I don’t want to tell my parents that I’m a submissive to a succubus.”

“Not Myserra. *Mya*.”

Brett turned to his mistress to see her back in her human form, sitting comfortably on the couch and reading a book.

“Ohh,” he said, hitting his forehead with the palm of his hand. “No, they don’t know about you. They think I’m still single and living alone.”

“Well then, I guess it’s time you broke the news. Congrats, Brett; you are now living with your *girlfriend*.”

“Does that mean I get to call you *Mya*?”

“Only in the company of your friends and family. Here you call me by my title and nothing else. Understood?”

“Yes, Mistress,” he said as he got up off the couch and curtsied.

“If you finish your chores early, I think it’s about time we christened this condo.”

“Thank you, Mistress,” Brett said as he quickly resumed his chores, smiling warmly.

“What’s the matter, Brett?” Myserra flipped the visor down and inspected her makeup in the small mirror. She puckered her lips and leaned in close before turning toward him.

Brett sat quietly in the driver’s seat, his eyes on the steering wheel and his hands in his lap. He sighed heavily as he looked up at his mistress.

She was in her human form, her blonde hair layered and wavy and her blue eyes sparkling in the noon sun. Underneath her dark coat was a long red dress—the same color as her lipstick—and on her feet were a pair of black patent heels. She looked at the time on her watch.

“Brett, we’re going to be late. What’s the matter?”

“I’m sorry,” he sighed. “I’m just worried. That’s all.”

“Worried about what?” Myserra said, looking out her window at the two-story house.

“Nevermind, Mistre—”

“Mya, Brett. The moment I took on this form and got in the car with you, I stopped being your mistress and became your girlfriend.”

“Right, sorry.” He rubbed his face. “Okay, let’s get this over with.”

He climbed out of his car and looked up at the house, at the luxury cars in the driveway, and then back at his own vehicle. His paled in comparison. He shook his head.

Myserra wrapped her arms around him, pulling his attention away from the cars. He turned his head toward her and smiled, looking up into her blue eyes.

“Hey, uh, Mya?”

“Yes, Brett?”

“Any chance you could, I don’t know... shrink?”

“What’s the matter? Do you feel like less of a man having a tall girlfriend? ‘Cause I could turn you into a woman right now, if that will make you more comfortable.”

“No, no, that’s... not necessary.” Brett scratched his head.

“Thought so. Now let’s hurry up and get inside. We’re late.”

Brett’s heart raced as he walked up the wide double doors and opened them, letting Myserra enter first. He closed the door behind them and opened his mouth to announce their arrival, but his parents’ dog beat him to the punch.

Samson, the nine-year-old German Shepherd, barked twice when he spotted Myserra standing in the entryway. As he neared her, his barks turned to growls. He folded his ears back and snarled.

“Mya, don’t!” Brett called out as she squatted down and extended her hand toward the dog.

“Quiet, Samson,” she said softly. “Come here and let me pet you. I’m not a

threat.”

Brett watched as his parents’ guard dog’s temperament quickly shifted, becoming docile. He sat down in front of her and his ears perked up as she scratched behind them.

“What a good doggie you are! Yes, and such a pretty dog, too.”

“Is everything all right?”

Brett looked up from his dog to see his mother walking toward him. Her worried look vanished when she saw Samson on his back and Myserra playfully rubbing his belly.

“Hey, Mom,” Brett said, walking around the dog to his mother. She looked away from the blonde woman to her son and hugged him. “This is Mya,” he said, motioning to Myserra. “She’s my girlfriend.”

“Did I hear that right? Does my little bro have a girlfriend?”

Brett looked away from his mother to source of the voice. Mitch, his older brother, wrapped his arms around Brett and slapped him on the back.

“Mom, Mitch, this is Mya.”

Myserra stood up and waved, laughing when Samson whined once she stopped petting him.

“Well, aren’t you pretty,” Brett’s mother said, hugging Myserra. “You can call me Susan. Here, let me give you a tour of the home.”

“It’s okay, Mom, I can show her around.”

“Nonsense, Brett! I’d love to. Gives me a chance to get to know her.”

“Yeah, and gives us a chance to have some guy talk.” Mitch wrapped his arm around Brett’s shoulder and led him away from the entryway toward the backyard. He looked back over his shoulder at Myserra. *Sorry*, he mouthed.

Myserra winked at Brett as his mother grabbed her hand and led him in the opposite direction, already telling her first story.

Mitch remained silent as he opened the sliding glass door. Outside, Brett spotted his father, a couple of his father’s friends, and Isaac, Mitch’s best friend since childhood.

There was no sign of Aera, Mitch’s wife of three years.

“Brett! I’m so glad you could make it.” Brett’s father, Walter, waved from his chair before getting up and hugging his younger son.

“Happy birthday, Dad,” Brett said.

“Guess what? Brett here has a girlfriend!” Mitch said, handing Brett a beer. “And she’s a babe, too!”

“You sure she’s not an escort?” Isaac teased.

“Oh shut up, Isaac,” a female voice said.

Brett looked back over his shoulder as Isaac’s laughter quickly subsided.

Walking toward the group of men was Aera, Mitch's wife.

She was a tall, beautiful woman with raven hair, olive skin, and amber eyes. Ever since his brother had started dating her, Brett had been jealous. She was the most beautiful woman he had ever laid eyes on until that fateful rainy night in his apartment; more attractive than Heather, as well.

She'd had a mysterious air about her when he first met her four and a half years ago. Even their story about how they'd met cast doubts in Brett's mind about her. For a long time, Brett couldn't decide on whether she was in witness protection, or if she was involved in organized crime and was lying about it. At one point, he even believed she was a spy. He quickly tossed that idea, blaming it on too many action movies.

He eventually stopped caring as to whether or not she was who she said she was—a high-ranking businesswoman at an international sales company—because it was obvious that she cared deeply about his brother, a man who, until he met Aera, couldn't hold a relationship for more than a month; Brett had lost count of how many drunken one-night stands Mitch had.

"How are you doing, Brett?" she asked as she walked over to the cooler and grabbed a drink.

"I'm fine, how are you?" he said, standing up and joining her. His brother had given him a drink, but he hadn't had the opportunity to open it.

He reached down and picked up the bottle opener tied to the cooler. He kept his eyes low as he opened it, not noticing Aera's furtive glance at his neck. She quickly looked back at the house for Brett's new girlfriend.

"Hey, um, Brett?" she said, grabbing his arm.

"Yeah? What is it?"

"Can I talk to you in private? It's um... about your brother's birthday gift."

Before Brett could reply, Aera pulled him away from the group. He took a sip of his beer as she led him into the house.

She looked all about as she pulled him down the hallway, making sure they were completely alone. Finding the back bedroom, she closed the door behind them.

"What's this about—"

"Brett, who is that woman that you came with?"

"Why?" he asked, taking another sip of his beer.

"Answer me. Who is she?"

Brett set his beer down and looked Aera. "Her name is Mya. She's my girl
—"

"Don't lie to me, Brett. I know *what* she is."

His heart leaped into his throat as he held his breath. "What do you mean?"

“Don’t play dumb,” she said. Then she sighed, rubbing her face as she walked up to Brett. “If you don’t know what she is, then how do you explain this?”

His eyes went wide as she hooked her finger through the ring on his collar and pulled him toward her.

“How did you...?”

“Let me ask you one more time. Who is she?”

She let go of his collar. Brett stepped backward and sat down on the edge of the bed. He rubbed the collar and remained silent for a few moments.

“Before I tell you,” he said, looking up at her, “tell me who you are.”

“No, Brett. This is more important. But I promise to tell you once you enlighten me as to how you became enslaved.”

Brett sighed as he fell back onto the bed. “Her name is Myserra, and she’s a succubus. One night a few weeks ago, I came home to my apartment to find her there sitting on my couch. She promised to end my solitude and sadness, and I accepted.”

He sat back up.

“My life has gotten a thousand times better since she arrived. I... I think I love her.”

“Love her? You are sadly mistaken,” Aera spat. “That’s not real, genuine love. The only reason you love her is because she owns your soul. You may ‘love’ her, but it is unrequited.”

“And what makes you say that?”

Brett and Aera turned their heads toward the sound of the voice. Out from the shadow in the corner of the bedroom, Myserra stepped forth. She walked past the stunned Aera and placed her hand on the door. A bright green glyph appeared and Myserra smiled.

“What is that?” Brett asked.

“It’ll keep this conversation between the three of us,” Aera answered.

“Brett answered your question. Now you must answer his,” Myserra said. “I know what *you* are, Aera. Something I haven’t seen in a long time.”

Brett looked back and forth between the two women.

“I’m human,” Aera said, “and that’s all that matters.”

“Sure. You’re human now. But you weren’t always.” Myserra sat down next to Brett and wrapped her arm around him.

“What does she mean?” he asked, looking at Aera.

“It means that I was once a succubus like your mistress. I was a demon until three years ago, when I married your brother.” Aera turned away from the couple.

“You see, Brett, humans can become demons. It’s not that difficult. Sure, you have to perform a dark ritual, during which you will shed your humanity, which will kill you if you aren’t strong enough. But the door opens both ways.”

“Demons can choose to give up everything and become human,” Myserra said as she stood and approached Aera. “But why would they? Humans have short life spans, can’t perform magic, or do any of the other things that makes being a demon great. Yet every now and then, some choose that path. If I recall correctly, though, more demons have had that path forced upon them rather than choose it.

“It’s the ultimate form of punishment. Imagine having everything stripped away and being forced to live your life with a reminder of who you once were, like a billionaire whose fortune is taken away from him and is forced to live as a pauper for the rest of his days.

“But this is the first time I’ve seen it done out of love.”

“It’s true,” Aera said, finally turning around. “I was born a succubus four centuries ago and achieved my first pair of horns at one hundred and fifty.”

“Nicely done,” Myserra added.

“Thank you. I was living the good life. I had power and beauty. Men gave their lives to sate my lust. I had slaves—like you, Brett—who lived only to please me. But after awhile it turned stale, and after a close call with a hunter, I found myself questioning everything.

“I, as many demons do, kept things fresh by living among humans. Working at a job, living a normal life. It was fun. And then I met Mitch. He made me feel whole. For once, everything felt right, and the longer I was with him, the more I found myself forgetting I was a succubus.

“Of course, even though I was living as a human, I was still a succubus. Every month or so I would leave, say it was a business trip, and find some lost soul who no one would miss and drain them of everything. I felt terrible each time because I knew I was cheating on Mitch, and I had to stop it. And after searching high and low in the underground, I found the spell to do it.”

There was a knock at the door, abruptly halting the conversation.

“Aera? Are you in here?” It was Mitch. “I saw you pull Brett away. I hope you’re not sleeping with him in here.”

Aera rolled her eyes as she opened the door. Mitch stood in the doorway with another beer in his hand.

“What if I am, Mitch?” Aera purred. “Would you be jealous?”

Mitch grinned. “I would if it involved you making out with Brett’s girl.”

Aera opened the door all the way and Mitch went pale when he saw Myserra standing in the bedroom next to Brett.

“Oh, fuck,” he said, putting his hand on his head. “I’m so sorry.”

“Chances of sex tonight have dropped significantly. You have until the end of the party to make up for this.” Aera closed the door and sighed. “As I was saying, I gave up my demonic life and chose Mitch. I may be a human now, but you can never fully shed the demonic shell.”

“How much magic can you do?”

“A little. Only trivial spells. I can move small things and slightly influence plastered men and women, though the best part about being a succubus is still around.”

“What’s that?” Brett asked.

“Sex,” Myserra and Aera said at the same time.

“But on the bright side, I can’t be enslaved,” Aera added.

“Why not?” Brett asked her.

“Because like you, I don’t have a soul. Demons don’t have them, so I stayed soulless when I became human.”

“Do you have the mark?”

She nodded. “I do. Right here.”

Aera turned around and lifted up the back of her shirt, revealing a circular tattoo on her left hip. Then she turned to Brett’s mistress.

“Myserra, Brett and I may not be related by blood, but he is family. I don’t care that he’s your slave now, and there’s nothing I could do to get his freedom back. But if you harm him or treat him how I know some demons treat their slaves, then I’ll do what I can to end you.”

“Is that a threat?” Myserra said, shifting into her demon form.

“So, you are the Myserra that I’ve heard about during my short time in the underground.” Aera said, unmoved by Myserra’s show of dominance. “And yes, it is a threat.”

“I can see the truth in your eyes. Know that no harm will come to Brett while I own his soul. And I’ll die before handing it over to some other demon,” Myserra said, extending her hand.

Aera smiled as she shook the succubus’ hand. “Come on, let’s get back to the party before the rumors get out of control.”

“Agreed,” Myserra said, switching back into her human form and opening the door. “You go first. I need to have a private chat with Brett.”

Aera nodded and left. Myserra closed the door behind her and turned toward Brett.

“You must never tell her the truth. No one is to know that your soul remains intact. She may be human now, and while she does truly love your brother as she claims, she is still connected to my world. Understand?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Mya, Brett. The woman you love is your girlfriend at the moment, not your mistress.” Myserra said, smiling as she opened the door to the bedroom. “We’ll talk about that when we get home.”

Brett’s face turned bright red as he stood up from the bed and walked out the door. Myserra stood in the doorway, lingering as Brett rushed out into the backyard.

“Love is a tricky thing.”

Myserra blinked, snapping out of her daze and turned toward the source of the voice. Brett’s mother walked toward her, holding a cup of hot tea. She handed it to Myserra and continued.

“I saw it in both your eyes when you walked into this house. You love my son, and he loves you. He may not have his brother’s looks or have the same successes that his father and I had, but he’s still a good kid and a kind soul. I’ve never seen him his happy before, and I guess I have you to thank for it.”

Myserra said nothing as Brett’s mother smiled and walked away from her out the door to the backyard. She lingered in the doorway for a few more moments and wiped a tear from her eye. She smiled as she looked at the tear drop on her index finger and joined the rest of the party outside.

The ride back to the condo was quiet. Brett wasn’t sure whether or not he was in trouble for what happened back at his parents’ with Aera. Whatever it was, Myserra kept it to herself.

She read the entire way back. Her eyes didn’t once move from the screen of the eReader. When they pulled into the underground parking garage, she got out of the car—not waiting for Brett to open the door for her—and walked up to the elevator door.

She’s acting as if I’m not even here, Brett thought as he stood beside her. When the doors opened, she remained outside in the lobby as he stepped into the elevator.

“Mistress...” Brett trailed off as he watched her vanish in a puff of smoke. The expression on her face remained in his mind’s eye as the doors closed. Myserra looked distant, like something was bothering her.

What did I do? What did I say? Was it the admission of my feelings for her? Brett hung his head and stared at the carpeted floor until the *ding* drew his attention. He stepped out into the hallway and stared at the wide window at the far end.

The sky had opened up and the rain was falling once more.

Brett slowed his pace until he stood still in the middle of the hallway, the

door to their condo to his left. He continued to stare out the window as the rain fell harder.

His mind flashed back to that first night. *It feels so long ago that I met her. Myserra, the succubus who freed me from my solitude and showed me a world that I never knew existed.*

The bright flash and the crack of thunder didn't faze him this time. Brett remained still as the storm passed by. The downpour receded, becoming a light rain and Brett unlocked the door, moving silently through the dark condo toward his bedroom.

There was still no sign of Myserra as he lounged about in condo all day Sunday. It was the first time he'd been able to enjoy the fine furniture Myserra chose for their new home. Ever since they moved in, he'd been doing nothing but cleaning and any other chores assigned to him by his mistress.

Brett thought he was going to spend another night alone. The condo felt large and empty without Myserra. There was no noise when the TV wasn't on. The silence was eerie and enveloping.

When he came out of the kitchen after dinner, Brett froze when he laid eyes on Myserra. She stood by the front door in her demon form looking tired and exhausted. When she spotted him standing in the kitchen, she smiled.

"I was getting worried, Mistress," Brett said, stepping toward her.

"I am sorry for my abrupt absence, Brett," she replied, sitting down on the couch. "There was... something I needed to look into. I had to devote my attention right away."

"What was it, if I may, Mistress?"

"Brett... Tonight, you are to speak freely to me. No need for titles or formalities."

"As you wish," he replied, sitting down on the couch across from her.

Myserra took a deep breath, then began.

"Our conversation with Aera at your father's party brought something to my attention that I haven't considered in a very long time. But that wasn't what sparked the fire; it was you, Brett."

"It's what I said, isn't it? About my feelings for you?"

She swung her legs onto the couch and laid on her back. "Brett, I am a *domme*, plain and simple. It's not a job or an occupation, it's who I am; it's how I got to be where I am. You have experienced wonderful pleasures in our time together, have you not?"

"I have. They have all been great."

"It goes both ways. The sub isn't the only one who gets the payoff. Watching my sub succumb to the lust that fills them brings me great joy.

“It is normal for a domme and their sub to develop a deep emotional connection. When the trust is strong and the communication is constant and clear, then the bond between becomes even stronger.

“I didn’t think it was possible, but it happened without me knowing, and I had to make sure that it was real.”

“What is?”

“My love for you,” Myserra said, sitting up. “Never before have I felt this way for one of my playthings. But that’s because none of them were like you, Brett. They were all enslaved to me, bound with no free will of their own. They loved me because they had to. You love me because you want to.

“It seems our bond has grown stronger than I could have ever imagined, and for that I thank you, Brett. Thank you for reminding me why I love being a domme, and for filling that void that has been there from as far back as I can remember.”

Myserra said nothing more.

She climbed off the couch and rounded the table, Brett watched her with confused eyes as she moved toward him. She lifted her leg over Brett, straddling him and putting her hands on his chest, gently pushing him onto his back.

“What are you—”

“Hush, Brett.” Myserra spoke softly as she put her finger to his lips. “Enough words have been spoken tonight. Let’s let our bodies do the talking, okay?”

Brett silently nodded as he looked up at her. Her black hair shifted to blonde as she bent down toward him. It fell on either side of her head like the leaves of a willow tree. Despite her human appearance, her touch was still warm.

The world around him melted away as she kissed him, and Brett never wanted it to end.

Nine: Lessons Learned

Brett thought he was going to have a heart attack.

“Shit! Shit! Shit!” he said, getting out of his bed so quickly he nearly fell onto the floor. “Oh god, why didn’t you go off?!” He fumbled for his phone and rubbed his face when he discovered that the alarm was turned off.

“That’s because I turned it off.”

He looked back over his shoulder and spotted Myserra standing in the doorway. Her black hair was disheveled and she was wearing a t-shirt and sweatpants.

Brett cocked his head to the side realizing that he had never before seen his mistress dressed so casually in her demon form.

“I’m late—we’re late for work!” he said, pulling off the shirt that he slept in. He stopped mid-undressing and slowly put his shirt back on. “Today is Monday right?”

“All day.”

“Then—”

“You and I are taking a personal day. So put your shirt back on and meet me in the kitchen. Breakfast is almost ready.”

She backed out of the doorway and disappeared into the hall. Moments after she left, the smell of bacon filled his nose and Brett’s mouth started to water.

“Will you be making me lunch as well, Mistress?” Brett said, sitting down at the other end of the rectangular table.

“In your dreams. No, this is a one-time deal. After this, it’s back to the old routine,” she said, biting into a strip of bacon.

Brett eyed the spread. “You went all out on this. I am very thankful, Mistress.” He filled his plate with French toast, bacon, and eggs.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Myserra said as Brett walked away from the kitchen.

“I was just—”

“No chores today, Brett. Instead, we’re going to have some fun.” Myserra stood up from the kitchen table and waved her hands over the dirty plates. Brett watched as they floated over to the counter, becoming clean in mid-air.

“Oh, that’s not fair. You made me do the dishes when you could’ve easily done them yourself with magic!” Brett whined.

“What’s that?” she said, finishing the spell. “Did you just forget to properly address me?”

“I, uh—” he said, taking a step back.

“Do you forget who you are, my human pet?”

“No, Mistress,” he said, shaking his head.

“Then you’ll remember that the next time you complain about doing chores. And don’t think you’re off the hook for failing to address me. Your punishment will come later.”

“What is it that you want me to do, Mistress?”

“I want you to answer the door,” Myserra said.

Brett opened his mouth to speak, but the doorbell kept him silent.

“We have a guest.”

He nodded as he walked over to the front door, his heart leaping into his throat when he answered it.

“Hello, Brett,” Heather said. “May I come in?”

“Let her in. She’s my guest today,” Myserra said, walking toward them.

Brett opened the door and moved out of the way, closing it after she stepped inside.

He turned back to see the two women hugging, Heather transforming into her demon form the moment the door was closed. After the embrace, Myserra cleaned up her own appearance, changing into what she called her “work clothes.”

“Now then, shall we begin the festivities?” Myserra asked.

Heather bowed. “Of course, Mistress.”

Before Brett could say anything, Myserra snapped her fingers and the three of them vanished.

When his eyes readjusted, he found himself in an empty classroom with a wide chalkboard. Heather’s giggling drew his attention, and when he laid eyes on her, his jaw dropped.

“I think he likes my outfit,” she said to Myserra.

Heather was no longer wearing her black leather ensemble. The blonde-haired, tangerine-eyed, purple-skinned succubus with a pair of fully developed horns wore a tied-off blouse, red plaid pleated mini-skirt, white stockings, and matching red pumps.

It was at that moment that Brett realized she no longer wore the collar that imprisoned her abilities. Instead she wore a collar much like Brett’s, only it was embellished with gemstones the color of Myserra’s eyes.

“You see, Brett, I learned my lesson. Myserra is a very good disciplinarian, and when I disobeyed her, I was in serious trouble.”

Brett swallowed, trying to hide his panic. “Yeah, I remember you getting locked up inside her dungeon.”

“I learned the error of my ways, and now I proudly serve her as her

protégé. She is my mistress, and I am her student.” Heather bowed to Myserra.

“This is a classroom, Brett. Where is your uniform?” Myserra said, sitting on one of the desks.

“I... I don’t have one, Mistress.” he replied, his voice trembling with nervous energy.

“Well then, I guess I shall provide one for you.” Myserra said, snapping her fingers.

Heather laughed as the articles of clothing appeared on the desk in front of Brett. They were identical to the parts of the uniform Heather wore, right down to the scalloped stockings and white thong.

Brett sighed and dropped his head as he pulled his shirt off over his head. He stripped naked in front of the two succubi, knowing any delay or insubordination would lead to punishment.

I already have punishment looming over me. I shouldn’t make it any worse, he thought, holding the thong in front of him.

Heather sat in one of the desks and watched Brett get dressed with enthusiasm. She giggled as he pulled the thong up to his waist and stepped into the tiny skirt.

“Wear it like Heather,” Myserra ordered.

“Yes, Mistress,” he said, sliding his arms into the blouse. He swallowed audibly as he buttoned two of the buttons, tying off the bottom half of the shirt and leaving the top ones undone.

He sat in the desk and pulled the stockings onto his legs, ignoring Heather’s laughter as he revealed his thong. After adjusting the lace tops of the stockings, he slid his feet into the pumps and stood up.

“Wow, Brett, you look really sexy in that get-up,” Heather laughed.

“What do you think, Heather? Shall we keep him male, or shall we bring out Brooke?”

“Actually, Mistress, I have a better idea.”

Brett watched with a bright red face as the two succubi whispered back and forth. He clenched the hem of his skirt, trying to eavesdrop on the conversation.

“Brilliant!” Myserra clapped. “You, my student, have earned quite a reward for that.”

“What? What did she suggest, Mistress?” Brett asked, moving in between the desks to the row where Myserra and Heather stood.

“Give me your right arm, Brett,” Myserra commanded. He silently obeyed, and she reached out and grabbed his forearm.

“There is a spell that only demons of my level or higher can perform,” Myserra said, slicing her own forearm with the sharp nail of her left index finger.

Dark purple blood slowly oozed out of the narrow slit and the color from Brett's face vanished as she placed her nail on his arm.

He instinctively pulled back, but Myserra's firm grip and superhuman strength kept him from pulling free. "Mistress... what are you—"

"Hush, Brett—it will be okay," she said slowly cutting his arm. "As I was saying, this spell creates a blood transfer between a human and a demon, temporarily giving the human magical abilities, as well as transforming them into a demon themselves."

With the cut in his arm made and the dark red blood starting to flow, Myserra spoke in a language he'd never heard. He watched with wide eyes as her purple blood snaked out of the cut in her arm until it disappeared into his cut.

He grunted and groaned as her fiery demonic blood coursed through his veins. It continued to infiltrate him until she spoke the last word of the spell and her wound healed. The last of the blood entered his arm and his wound healed up instantly, leaving behind a glowing rune.

Myserra released her grip and Brett doubled over, wrapping his arms around his body as his temperature rose.

"My body... it's on fire," he said, falling into the seat of one of the desks. He was dripping sweat and his body was flushed.

"Oh, I forgot to mention. The demon form the human gets is the same as the one who donated the blood." Myserra grinned and Heather laughed as his body began to change.

Brett stood back up and watched as two mounds on his chest appeared, filling up the blouse and becoming a pair of bouncy breasts. The rest of his body changed, too. Curves replaced angles and planes. His hips flared. His lips plumped. His hair tumbled down his shoulders until he once again became Brooke.

But the changes didn't stop there.

His body grew hotter and he watched his skin change hue, becoming a reddish pink. He stared at his hands in awe as the color changed; like a drop of dye in a clear liquid, the pink-red color moved away from the cut in his arm to the rest of his body.

His fingernails and hair turned black and he felt a tightness on his forehead as a pair of tiny, underdeveloped horns grew. He rubbed the rounded tips with his fingers before his eyes caught something moving down by his feet.

"Holy shit, I have a tail!" he said, looking at the heart-shaped tip.

"Not only that, but you have the most beautiful eyes," Myserra said, placing her hand on his cheek.

"What color are they, Mistress?"

“Pink, just like mine.”

“It’s adorable,” Heather said with a roll of her eyes.

Despite his female body, Brett felt something familiar between his legs. “Wait... is that? It can’t be...”

He lifted up the hem of his skirt and his jaw dropped at sight of his manhood nestled inside the thong.

“Well, well, it seems you are very special indeed, my little pet,” Myserra said, rubbing his cheek. “I’m going to have to perform this spell more often. I love your succubus form.”

“Very irresistible,” Heather agreed with a smile.

“Detention is officially in session,” Myserra shouted. She walked away from Brett and Heather toward the chalkboard at the front of the room. Her clothing changed as she strode, transforming into a skirt suit, and her hair pinned itself up into a bun on top of her head.

She moved behind the desk and faced the classroom, holding a yardstick in her hands.

“Front and center, ladies,” she commanded. Brett hesitated as Heather quickly moved to the front of the classroom and stood before Myserra. “Brooke! Why are you just sitting there?!”

Oh, shit. He ran down the aisle of desks to the front and stood next to Heather.

“You’re in trouble!” she teased, nudging Brett with her hip.

“Quiet, Heather. After all, why would you be here if you weren’t also in trouble?” Myserra played with the yard stick as she sat on the desk, eyeing the two succubi dressed in schoolgirl outfits.

“Sorry, Mistress,” she said.

“You two have been bad girls. You were caught sneaking around in the men’s locker room after practice. What do you have to say for yourselves?”

“It was Brooke’s idea!” Heather said, pointing a finger at her fellow detention mate. “She wanted to spy on them in the showers.”

Brett tensed up and his throat clenched.

Myserra leaned toward him. “Is this true, Brooke?”

“No, it’s a lie!” he protested.

“Then why were you in the locker room?”

“Heather left her bra in there from when she met up with her boyfriend during final period.” Brett tried not to laugh as he said it.

“You lying bitch!” Heather said, folding her arms.

“Silence, ladies. It doesn’t matter why you were there; what matters is that you were caught. Hands flat on the desk and stick your asses out!”

Myserra slid off of the desk and walked around to the front. Brett and Heather did as they were told and Myserra lifted up the hems of their skirts with her yardstick.

“Do you know that the punishment is for getting caught in the boy’s locker room?”

“No, Mistress,” they said in unison.

“Spankings.” Myserra brought the ruler back and made contact, striking both asses at the same time. She smiled as she brought the ruler back again and reveled in the sound it made when it connected with their bare skin.

When both their asses were nice and red, she relented, satisfied but far from finished. She walked behind Brett and Heather, tapping her finger on her cheek as she pondered what to do next.

“Heather.”

“Yes, Mistress?” the succubus said, looking back over her shoulder.

“I think it’s time I gave you your reward. Turn around and face me.”

“Yes, Mistress! Thank you, Mistress!”

Brett grimaced as Heather winked at him as she turned around. He looked down at his hands, then at his feet and at his tail that moved on its own.

“Despite the dominant personality you exude, I discovered something about you during our time together in my dungeon,” Myserra said, looking at her fingernails.

“What is that, Mistress?”

“You’re secretly a switch.” Myserra smiled as she snapped her fingers and Brett’s eyes went wide as invisible hands moved Heather’s arms behind her and cuffed them. Her protests were silenced by the appearance of a bright red ball gag between her teeth.

Myserra stroked the insides of Heather’s thighs as she talked. “I saw through the façade. It was only a brief glimpse, but it was enough to discover the truth.”

The succubus moaned through her gag.

“It’s okay, Heather. Not every demon is purely dominant. In fact, a lot of our kind are submissive. There’s nothing to be ashamed of.” Myserra looked over at Brett. “So how about it, Brooke? Ever wanted to try being a domme?”

“I... I’ve never thought about it, Mistress,” he said, staring at Heather.

The succubus laid on her back and squirmed on the desk. She moaned loudly through the ball gag as Myserra stood between her spread legs and ticked the insides of her thighs, gently rubbing her moist cunt through her white lace panties.

“Being a domme isn’t about aggression or dominance, nor is it about

shouting and giving commands. The domme's purpose is to guide the sub through their fantasy and bring about their desires and wishes.

"Heather acts tough and she puts on a dominant persona. At work, she's a manager, a person with authority and power. There are people under her and she can tell them what to do." Myserra looked back at Heather. "You enjoy that, don't you?"

Heather nodded, adding a muffled, "Yes, Mistress."

"Well, behind all that power and authority is a succubus who desires to have it taken away. She wants to become bound and helpless to the whims of her captor. She wants you, a lowly wage-slave, to take away her authority and make her nothing more than a helpless damsel in distress."

Myserra backed away from Heather and drew Brett's attention to the dark patch on her panties.

"So how about it, Brooke? Will you give her what she truly desires?"

Brett closed his eyes and nodded. "Yes, Mistress. I would very much like that."

"Good," Myserra purred. "Let's get you out of that outfit and into something more fitting."

She snapped her fingers and Brett watched as his micro skirt and blouse melted together into a black mini dress. With a top half resembling a bikini and large portions of the sides missing, barely any of Brett's body was covered by the garment. His navel was fully exposed, the mark of his mistress in full view.

His stockings and heels merged together, becoming a pair of black leather thigh-high boots. He reached up and felt his neck, frowning when his collar was still there.

"You'll always have that collar on." Myserra winked. "You look very good. Doesn't she, Heather?"

The succubus lifted her head up and nodded, only she was no longer in her demonic form. Heather looked up at him with green eyes full of lust. Her brown hair pooled beside her head and her skin was glowing.

Brett bit his lip as he glared at his boss. He remembered how she tempted him; how she tried to steal him away from Myserra. *Did she do all of that just so she could get punished? Was that her intent all along?*

Myserra walked up behind him and whispered into his ear. "Go ahead, Brooke. Show her who's boss."

He took a step forward, grinning as he lifted the hem of his dress and freed his erect cock. Stepping in between her spread legs, he stroked the insides of her thighs gently with the long black nails.

Wrapped around her neck was the collar that suppressed her demonic

powers. *She really is helpless*, he thought as she trembled from his fleeting touch.

Heather moaned through the gag and writhed around on the table, her body glistening with sweat as the wet patch on her panties grew larger.

He hooked his fingers into the waist band of her underwear and slowly pulled them down, sliding them off her legs.

He looked back at Myserra, who silently nodded. Swallowing hard, Brett stepped forward and placed the head of his cock against her ripe opening.

She was tighter than he'd ever imagined. Her walls tugged at his dick, urging it further inside, milking his tip for the drop of precum already budding at its apex. Brett groaned, gripping her thighs tightly as he pressed in all the way. Her pussy was so sweet.

But not as sweet as Myserra's.

She arched her back and cried out as he buried his prick inside her. There was a heat that Brett had never felt before. A fire sparked to life inside of him, one that burned hotter the more he fucked Heather.

His boss squirmed and squealed as he fucked her and his thumb rubbed the hood of her clit as he slid in and out. Myserra walked around the desk and bent down beside Heather, whispering into her ear.

Brett watched as she slid her hands into Heather's blouse and squeezed her breasts. His mistress continued to murmur into Heather's ear occasionally, biting her lobes and kissing her neck.

"Oh god yes, fuck me!" Heather screamed as Myserra pulled aside her gag. Heather's pleas fueled Brett's lust and he pounded her harder until they both went over the edge.

Myserra released Heather's binds as Brett backed away from her. He looked at his hands and at his body; rubbed the horns on his head and let his tail run through his fingers.

"It's a wonderful thing, isn't it?" Myserra asked, putting her hands on his shoulders. "Tell me, Brooke, did you feel the fire burning inside you?"

"I did, Mistress. It was like nothing I have ever felt before."

"Heather, I think it is time for you to head home," she said, caressing the other succubus' cheek.

"Yes, I couldn't agree more," Heather replied breathlessly. "Thank you for the lesson, Mistress."

"You're welcome." Myserra snapped her fingers and Heather disappeared in a puff of smoke.

"Am I done as well, Mistress?" Brett asked, pulling down the hem of his dress.

“Oh no, Brooke, we are far from finished. In fact, we are just getting started.”

Myserra snapped her fingers and the world around them changed. When his bearings returned to him, Brett went pale.

“Mistress, this is Heather’s office!”

“Oh I know, Brooke,” she said, walking up to the door. “Everyone is out for lunch and with Heather calling in sick today, no one would believe anyone is in here.”

She looked back at Brett as she locked the door and placed her hand on it. Moments later, a glowing green rune appeared—the same one that she put up on the door at his parents’ house.

“There. We can make all the noise we want and no one will hear us.”

Brett stood by one of the chairs and watched Myserra walk behind Heather’s desk and sit down. “Tell me, Brooke: have you ever dreamt about being a secretary?”

Oh shit. She can’t know about my dream, can she? Brett tugged at his collar as he looked away from her. “No—I uh, haven’t, Mistress.”

Myserra steepled her fingers and leaned forward onto the desk. She stared at Brett, the corner of her mouth curled into a smirk.

“You’re not lying to me, are you Brooke? You remember what the punishment is for lying. Besides, we can’t go any further if we can’t communicate properly.”

Brett paced back and forth. He bit his hand as he stared at the ground.

He froze when she wrapped her arms around him. He bit harder into his knuckles as her hands moved about his body. She pressed her breasts against his back and brought her lips to his ear and whispered:

“This is your last chance Brooke.”

“Yes, Mistress,” he whimpered. His knees buckled as her hands squeezed his breasts. “I... I had a dream.”

He felt her hot breath on the back of his neck as her hands continued to explore his body. “Tell me about this dream.”

“It... It was the morning of the move—” He covered his mouth to stop a moan from escaping his lips as Myserra lifted the front of his dress and gripped his hardening cock.

“Go on.”

“There was a m-m-message from you... I had to—oh, god!”

“Focus, Brooke,” she said, moving to his other ear.

“I had to wear this s-s-slutty secretary outfit... Heather...”

“Yes, what about Heather?” Myserra purred, slowly stroking his cock.

“She was disguised as a man—a human man, and I...”

“What did you do?” She stroked harder.

“I got on my knees and—oh god I’m cumming!”

Myserra made a ring with her index finger and thumb and slid it down to the base of his cock. “Not yet Brooke. Finish the story.”

Brett groaned as he teetered on the edge of climax. He was close, so very close. The dam was about to burst but Myserra had plugged the hole at the very last moment. It was agonizing, and he’d do just about anything for release.

“I knelt before her and sucked her cock!” he shouted.

“See, Brooke? That wasn’t so hard. But unfortunately, I’m not going to release you just yet. You did, after all, lie to me.” She let go of his throbbing cock and walked away from him.

“I’m sorry, Mistress,” he whimpered. He grabbed onto the back of a chair and recovered from the near orgasm; his cock turned flaccid.

“Why did you lie to me, Brett?” Myserra sat on the edge of the desk and folded her arms in front of her.

She called me by my real name. She must be really upset. He looked up at her and sighed.

“I... I was embarrassed by it. I had only been a woman for a day and yet, I was so willing—eager even—to get on my knees and pleasure Heather. What I said in that dream... it felt like it was someone else talking, but the words were coming out of my mouth.”

“That’s understandable, but you still should’ve told me. I am more than just a domme remember? Even so, dommes are more than what their name suggests. I am someone you can trust with your deepest, darkest secrets. Someone you can be open with about your kinks and fetishes, who won’t tell a soul about them.”

Brett felt like he was going to cry. “I... I’m so sorry, Mistress. I promise I’ll never lie to you again.”

“What can I say? No one’s perfect. Everyone makes mistakes. You’re only human, after all.” Myserra winked. “Well, not right now you aren’t. You’re actually my cute succubus secretary. Aren’t ya?”

“Yes, Mistress. I am.” Brett curtsied.

“Then let’s have you look the part.”

Myserra flicked her wrist and Brett watched as his clothes once again changed. His thigh-high boots and tight mini dress became a white button-down blouse, black pin-striped miniskirt, dark stockings, and red platform pumps.

Brett bit his lip as he looked down at his new outfit. The low v-neck of his blouse showed off his ample breasts and the hem of his skirt was high enough to

see the tops of his stockings.

His heels were a crimson red. The shiny patent material reflected the white lights of the office. Through the thin fabric of his blouse, Brett could see his bra—the same shade of crimson.

“Something’s missing from this.” Myserra tapped her finger on her lip as she circled Brett, her eyes scanning every inch of his new body. “Got it!”

She snapped her fingers and Brett felt something tug on his hair as it wrapped up on itself, forming a tight bun. He blinked as a pair of small, square-rimmed glasses appeared on his face, the frames the same shade of red as his shoes and underwear.

He lifted the frames away from his eyes and sighed with relief when he discovered the glasses were just for show.

“Much better, don’t you think?” Myserra grabbed his ass as she walked behind him.

“Yes, Mistress.”

“What’s on my calendar today, Brooke?” Myserra said, walking over to the front of the desk.

Nearly dropping the day planner that appeared in his hand, Brett opened it up to that day’s date and read off what was written there.

“The only thing scheduled for today, Mistress, is a…” He drifted off as he looked up at her.

“Is a what, Brooke?”

“Performance review, Mistress.”

“Shall we get started then?”

Brett fumbled the planner as she appeared behind him. Her hands squeezed his breasts as she grinded her hips against his ass.

“You have two options, Brooke: an oral exam, or a written one.” She grabbed onto Brett’s hips and pulled them back against hers. He bit onto his hand as he felt her cock brush up against his ass through her skirt.

“I’ll take the written exam, Mistress,” he mumbled. He could feel her hot breath on his neck and the unnatural warmth of her body as she pressed hers tight against his.

“Oh? Is that so?” she whispered into his ear as her fingers unbuttoned his blouse. Brett looked down and watched her open up his top, revealing his bra and bare midriff.

“Did I say written?” Myserra said, sliding her hand into the cup of his bra and squeezing his breast. “I meant to say ‘ridden.’” She took her hand out of his bra and lifted up his skirt, exposing his red lace panties.

Brett moaned as she pulled down his panties and rubbed his ass. His tail

wrapped itself around her leg as he looked back at her over his shoulder.

“You’re so cute when you’re all flushed. Even with your new skin color, I can see the red on your cheeks. How bad do you want this pay raise?”

“Very much, Mistress,” he breathed.

“Such a naughty girl, offering up your body like this to me. You’re such a slut, aren’t you, Brooke? Such a naughty secretary. I’m glad I have you all to myself—oh, it looks like we’re not alone.”

Brett turned his head to the door as the sounds people returning from their lunch filled the office. The color from his face vanished as he heard two people talking as they walked right by Heather’s door.

“What do you think, Brooke?” Myserra whispered into his ear. “Shall I remove the rune and let the office tune into our fun?”

“N-No, Mistress.” His voice trembled.

“Afraid of getting caught trying to seduce your boss?” Her finger hooked into the space between the cups of his bra and pulled it down, exposing his perky breasts.

He covered his mouth, silencing the loud moan as she rubbed his hard nipples between her thumb and forefinger. He moaned again into his hand as she continued to play with his breasts, kneading the soft, yet firm flesh in her palms.

“Should’ve thought about that before coming on to me like this,” she said, waving her hand and removing the rune. His heart pounded in his chest as he heard the door unlock.

Brett moaned into his hand as she pressed the head of her cock against his asshole. Myserra continued to fondle his breasts as she pushed her hips forward, burying her cock into his ass.

She kissed his neck as she fucked him, her hips gyrating as she pushed the full length of her dick inside him.

Brett’s own cock hardened as she pounded his ass. He took his hand off of his mouth and placed it on the desk, putting his weight on it as he leaned forward.

She pressed her tits to his back and brought her lips to his ear. “Come on, Brooke, I want to hear you moan. Let the rest of office know what’s happening in here.”

He bit his lip, trying to subdue the outbursts welling up inside of him. Myserra thrust harder, penetrating him deeper, hitting that sweet spot that always made his belly quiver and his balls tighten.

She gripped his cock, and his walls came crashing down.

Brett cried out as she stroked his cock, her hands matching the rhythm of her thrusts. He was once again on the brink, forcefully held back by Myserra’s

magic. The pressure was building up inside of him and he didn't know how much more he could take.

Heat coursed through him as every nerve-ending came alive. He had experienced a female orgasm before, but this was something else entirely.

Myserra's demonic blood coursing through his veins acted as a conduit, breaking the limits on what his formerly human body could feel.

For the first time in his life, Brett tasted erotic bliss in its purest form.

"Would you like to cum, my pet?" Myserra grunted, slapping his ass.

"Yes, Mistress. Please let me cum!" he groaned. Discretion didn't matter anymore. The damage was already done. Anyone that could hear the two of them having sex in Heather's office has had an earful.

But what never crossed Brett's mind until it was all over was why no one was barging in on them.

"Ladies first," she said. She squeezed his cock and released her grip.

Brett closed his eyes and arched his back as he climaxed. His head swam as white-hot cum erupted out of his cock and splattered all over Heather's desk.

His orgasm was multiplied a hundred-fold as Myserra came, filling his insides with her own demonic cum. He moaned one last time as the pressure subsided him.

Brett dropped his head and grunted as Myserra pulled out of him. The succubus sighed as she sat on the edge of the desk next to him.

He looked at her and she winked at him as she pointed to the door. Looking back over his shoulder, his eyes spotted the glowing green rune.

"I put it back up when you weren't looking. Same with locking the door."

"I hate you," he breathed. Brett straightened up and squirmed as Myserra's cum oozed out of his ass.

"Look at the mess you made. If I didn't know better, I say you rather enjoyed that." She laughed. "Shall we leave this for Heather?"

"She won't be mad that we soiled her office, Mistress?" Brett said, pulling his panties up and tidying up his outfit.

"She'll huff about it for an hour after effortlessly cleaning it up with her magic." she said, stretching. "Now, I think it's time we headed home."

She snapped her fingers and the two of them vanished from Heather's office.

The early morning sun shined brightly through the windows as Brett's alarm beeped at him. Groaning and mumbling, he silenced it and climbed out of bed.

Maybe I should just quit my job, he thought as he lurched into his

bathroom. The white fluorescent lights blinded him as he crossed the threshold.

He froze midstride when he caught something in the corner of his eye, and backing up, he glimpsed at his reflection in the mirror.

“Oh shit! Myserra!”

“What?” she shouted. Hearing the sound of footsteps, she put her newspaper down when Brett entered the kitchen. “What do you—oh.”

Brett stood before her in his t-shirt and flannel pants. His skin was a reddish-pink, his hair and lips black, and his eyes pink like Myserra’s. A tail slithered behind him and a pair of tiny horns protruded from his forehead.

“I’m still a succubus!”

Ten: Under Lock & Key

Myserra scratched her head as she stared at Brett.

Her sub stood in the kitchen, dressed in a short-sleeved shirt and flannel pants. His hair was long and black, the same color of his pouty lips and long nails. He bit his lip as his fingers rubbed the skin around his underdeveloped horns poking out from his forehead, an indicator that the demon they belonged to was still an initiate.

Either the demon had decided to forgo a formal education in the magical and martial arts and went down a simpler, yet necessary path, or they had yet to unlock their potential and find their niche.

For Myserra, she found her strength in magic and was particularly fond of transformation and manipulation. It was a demonstration of her transformative abilities that produced her first full pair of horns, and the second pair came when she famously enslaved a fellow demon, a feat believed to be impossible due to the lack of a soul.

That achievement immortalized her name and carved a deep wound that only she knew of. It left her empty, unfulfilled and hollow, and the demon she turned became forever etched into her memory. She lost all taste for enslavement, refusing to take another soul into her possession as she wandered the surface of the earth and the many roads of the underground.

Until one night not too long ago.

Brett had sat at the end of the long bar table, his coworkers swapping stories as he listened, occasionally laughing along with them. He wasn't being shy or awkward; he just didn't have any real stories to share with them. He got along fine with the men at the table, but he had no real connection with any of them.

None of them were genuine friends of his.

He'd lifted up his mug halfway before realizing that it was empty and frowned. One of his coworkers was in the middle of a story, and instead of interrupting, he silently excused himself from the table and maneuvered through the crowded floor to get to the bar proper.

As he leaned on the counter and waited, he failed to notice the crystal blue eyes locked on him. If he had looked back over his shoulder to the booth in the dark corner of the bar, he would've spotted a blonde woman in a red dress staring at him like a lion prowling through the Serengeti.

She pressed her back against the wall of the bar and followed him with an interested stare as he walked back to the long table with a new drink in hand. The woman smiled as she took a slow sip of her own drink, watching him over

the rim of her glass.

He stood out like a sore thumb to her despite his introverted and shy behavior. The bar was at full capacity, every seat taken and every booth filled. The air was filled with chatter and conversations, some loud and boisterous, others quiet and calm.

There were men and women hoping to find a date before the night was over. Some were looking for a serious connection, others just casual sex. Several times over the course of the night, Myserra had to cast aside would-be suitors.

Gorgeous men with chiseled jaws and rough features; smooth playboys with silver tongues; each one would have satisfied her physically, and she could smell the sex on them. The more experienced they were, the more refined the aroma.

The scent permeated the bar, but with a wink and a wave of her finger, the men left her alone. Their inebriation made it easier to deny them their lust, a spell Myserra had tweaked after she first saw *A New Hope*; her own version of the “Jedi Mind Trick.”

Why bother with the common rabble when she’d eyed something far sweeter and more satisfying—a treat that she would surely find more fulfilling and savory, not to mention rare in this day and age.

A virgin.

She smirked as she watched him from across the bar, and her legs rubbed together as she imagined all the things she would do to him, how she would rock his world before ending it. Virgins were a special treat to succubi as they contained the rawest of all energy, the most untapped potential that would weaken significantly once their cherry had been popped, and with each dirty deed that followed.

Myserra had licked her lips as she pictured the man writhing underneath her as she grinded her body against his, her breasts pressed against his chest as she thrust her hips forward and buried his cock deep inside her.

She moaned quietly in her seat as she gripped the table. *Yes, I must have you. I must make you mine.*

Myserra had become still as an idea crept into her mind and took hold. She bit her finger as her eyes widened at the realization. She looked up at her prey and frowned when she saw his seat empty and his scent gone.

You may have escaped this time, but I’ll make you mine. You deserve a far better fate than to be used and discarded, she thought as she finished her drink. *You will become my sub, little human. I’ll make sure of it.*

In the darkness of the corner booth, Myserra vanished in a wisp of smoke.

“So what? Am I stuck like this, Mistress?” Brett asked as he held his tail in his hand.

“Show me your right arm.” He held his arm out in front of her and she frowned when the demonic rune was nowhere to be seen. “Well, that could be a problem. This spell is not supposed to be permanent. This is... very strange.”

Myserra stood up from her chair and cracked her knuckles as her outfit changed.

“Heading out?”

“Yes we are,” she said, waving her hand over Brett and changing his clothes. “We’re heading to the underground.”

“I mean, is this outfit necessary, Mistress?” Brett sighed, pulling down the hem of his dress. The black, stretchy fabric hugged his body, showing off every curve. Several thin strips connected the front and the back of the dress, and his crimson thong was visible through the slits.

Attached to the dress were long sleeves with matching slits that went down the length of his arms, as well as thin garters that held up the matching black stockings enveloping his legs. On Brett’s feet were red patent pumps, the same color as his thong.

“What about my collar, Mistress?” He scratched his neck.

“What about it? There are submissive demons who wear collars, so you won’t draw attention, especially since you’ll be with me.”

Before Brett could say anything, Myserra snapped her fingers and the couple teleported out of the condo and appeared in an empty parking structure.

He rubbed his horns and she swatted his hands away with her right hand as she turned the doorknob with her left.

“Stop playing with those,” she sighed, coming off as a frustrated mother. Brett frowned as Myserra opened the door and shoved him into the blackness.

Brett blinked as his eyes adjusted to light beyond the darkness. Myserra wrapped her arm around him and led him out of the alleyway and into the main street of the underground.

“Welcome to the capital, Brett,” Myserra said. “I would give you a tour, but we have more important things to worry about.”

“Where are we going, Mistress?”

“I’m taking you to the library. As extensive as my book collection is, it’s nothing compared to the one here.” She pointed to the small, two-story building built into the rock wall. “There are some tomes there that will help me figure out why the spell has affected you like this.”

Brett looked around as they walked down the stone street. Just like the first time she took him to the underground when he learned what it was like to be a

slave, the demons and other citizens of this world bowed and moved aside for Myserra.

But what he also noticed was that the creatures treated him differently, as well. Before when he was a slave chained to Myserra, they looked down on and talked about him like property, gave opinions on his appearance and outfit.

Now, in the form of a succubus, he was relatively ignored.

Brett now walked alongside Myserra, his hands together in front of him and his head low, focusing all his attention on keeping his dick from getting hard.

“You know, Brett,” Myserra whispered into his ear, “if it wasn’t for me, these demons would be all over you.”

Damn it! Brett bit his lip as he placed his hands over his crotch to cover the growing erection stretching the front of his dress. *Just a few more feet and we’ll be off this crowded street into a small library.*

“Oh, you’ve got to be kidding me,” he said as he stepped through the glass doors. He stopped and stared at the massive library built into the rock wall.

From the outside, the building looked to be no bigger than two stories, but in actuality, it was closer to six. There were rows upon rows of books as far as the eye could see, lit by hanging torches that shined like ballroom chandeliers.

“Isn’t it wonderful?” Myserra sighed. “I once spent a week in here reading up on human physiology and biochemistry.”

“Why, Mistress?” he asked her, his eyes still scanning the ornate interior of the library.

“You don’t think you’re the first man whose gender I’ve altered, do you? I’ve turned many men into women, and vice versa. It’s so much fun watching them experience sex from the other side.”

“Good morning, Lady Myserra.”

Brett looked away from the tall vaulted ceiling toward the petite succubus shuffling up to them. She had brown hair pulled tight into a bun, yellow eyes, red skin, and a pair of small horns just like his own poked out of her forehead. She wore a long black dress with matching black pumps.

The succubus bowed in reverence to Myserra, and his mistress responded with a polite nod.

“My name is Ayha, Is there anything I can help you find?” she asked, straightening up.

“I need to find some books about blood magic and the varying effects it has on humans.”

“Oh,” Ayha said, shooting a quick glance at Brett. “I see. Well, any books we have on that subject will be on the fourth floor, rows three hundred and

twenty-six to fifty-two.”

“Thank you Ayha,” Myserra said with a nod.

“Yes, thanks,” Brett added meekly.

The succubus smiled and looked at Brett once more before walking away. Brett watched her, unsure if the succubus knew that he was actually a human.

When he looked back at Myserra, she was already several tables away. His mistress looked back at him over her shoulder and winked. He took off after her, not wanting to get left behind, or worse, lost.

He caught up to her as best as he could in his high heels and followed her up several flights of stairs. He looked down at the entrance as they climbed, marveling at the intricate detail of the carvings and architecture.

They reached the third floor and entered the labyrinth of book shelves. Each one was seven rows high and stuffed to the brim with leather-bound books of all sizes and colors. The musty aroma of dusty old leather and parchment filled his nose as they wandered up and down.

“Umm, Mistress?”

“What is it, Brett?” Myserra said, her eyes scanning the books.

“I can read the language written on the spines.”

Myserra stopped and turned back to Brett. “It seems my blood has had a much more powerful effect on you than I anticipated. We should’ve used Heather’s blood for the ritual.”

“Does this mean I’ve turned into a demon?”

Myserra turned away from him and continued her search for the section. “Yes, you have shed your humanity and have permanently become a succubus. Every night, you must go out and have sex with human men and suck their cocks or else you’ll die.”

She stopped and turned around when she heard the book fall to the ground. Brett stared at her with his mouth agape. His pink skin had turned pale.

“I was only kidding,” she laughed. She lifted his chin and rubbed his cheek with her thumb. He blinked and snapped out of his daze.

“That wasn’t funny,” he pouted.

“I only tease those I love,” she said softly as she turned away. “I see the first section up ahead. Since you can now read Demonic, you can help me find what I am looking for.”

Brett smiled. His pink cheeks turned red when he heard what she said. It was the first time she has admitted anything since the night she came back after the party.

I guess she really does care, he thought as his eyes scanned the text written on the spines of the books.

“If I can’t find an answer here, I’m going to take you to a blood specialist to see what’s up.”

“A blood specialist?”

“Yeah.” Myserra poked her head around the corner. “They analyze people’s blood. You can learn all kinds of things from someone’s blood. What race and gender they are, what kind of magical abilities they have, who their parents were...”

“Why I’m still a succubus?”

“Exactly. Any normal human would’ve turned back hours after the ritual. But it’s been almost a day now and you’ve transformed further than planned.”

Brett opened his mouth to reply, but he was cut off by another voice. It was smooth and deep, like the tongue of the mouth that it came from was silver.

“I might be of help,” the voice said.

Brett put the book back on the shelf and watched the figure come around the corner into the row he was in. The incubus walked slowly toward Brett, his hands in the pockets of his dark jacket, opened to show the demon’s red, toned body and chiseled abs. The lights above them reflected off of the metallic nipple piercings, shaped like barbells.

He wore heavy leather boots, his black pants tucked into them.

The incubus’ black horns were long and twisted into helices that curved back. Brett spotted dark sanguine mixed into the horns, but darker than that was his hair. It was slick black, cascading from the back of his head down to his shoulders like a waterfall.

Myserra approached him from behind and the sharp-faced incubus turned and bowed before her.

“Care to explain why you were eavesdropping on our conversation?” she said, folding her arms.

“I apologize, Lady Myserra. I mean you and your slave no harm. I am simply a demon who would like to help you in your time of need.”

She raised an eyebrow and watched the incubus curiously. “You know me?”

“A powerful and beautiful demoness such as yourself is a rare thing in this world.” The incubus straightened up and tucked some stray hairs behind his ear. “I am simply an admirer.”

“And what makes you think you can help us?” Myserra quickly glanced back at Brett.

“My name is Seth, and I consider myself an expert on blood magic.”

“Seth?” Myserra echoed, relaxing her pose, “Ah, yes, Tyuna’s protégé. You have quite a reputation. Such a naughty boy.”

“Yes, well, everyone has their weaknesses.” He looked back at Brett and winked before facing Myserra. “Your slave, you used an essence transfer on him, yes? Gave him a little bit of your blood and turned him into one of us?”

Myserra nodded. “I did.”

Seth turned toward Brett. “So you were once a man?”

“Yeah.”

“I see. Well, a demoness as powerful as Lady Myserra has some pretty potent blood. There is a way to reverse the effect, otherwise it could be a week before you return to your human form.” He looked back at Myserra. “I take it you tried various transformation spells?”

“I have.”

“Ten rows over in the middle row, there is a book that contains a spell which will draw your demonic blood out of him, a reversal of the spell that turned him into a succubus.”

Before he could say another word, Myserra nodded and walked away. Seth looked over at Brett and shrugged before walking up to him.

“So, aren’t you a cute little thing,” Seth murmured. The demon’s green eyes flashed as he smirked. Brett’s back was to the bookshelf. There was nowhere he could go.

Seth stood in front of him and placed his hand on the row of books above Brett’s head. The incubus was just as tall, if not taller than Myserra, and his mistress walked around in high heels.

Brett looked away from the imposing demon who looked down at him with a fire in his eyes. Seth’s long tail with a shark fin-shaped tip wrapped around Brett’s calf.

“What are you doing?” Brett whimpered, trying not to look up into Seth’s emerald green eyes. His attempts failed, and Brett’s pink cheeks turned red as he looked up at the sly incubus. “M-Myserra...”

“Oh, I have no desire to take you away from her,” Seth said, his voice low and penetrating. “She is a very powerful demon, and I would lose that fight in the blink of an eye. I would just like a taste.”

Brett moaned as Seth placed his hand on his cock, gently rubbing it through the thin, stretchy fabric of his dress.

“Tell me, Brett. Have you ever been with a man before? A real man, not your mistress when she summons a dick of her own.” He held Brett’s chin with his hand and rubbed his thumb across his black lips.

Even though Seth wore short, cut-off leather gloves, Brett could feel the heat of his touch through the material.

“N-No, I haven’t,” Brett mumbled. He tried to look away, but he couldn’t.

Seth wasn't casting some kind of spell on him; instead it was curiosity that kept his pink eyes locked on Seth.

Brett never thought of himself as gay, or even bisexual. He never found men to be sexually arousing or attractive. It was always women that did it for him. Yet now the thought was persistent and stuck in his mind like a thorn.

What would it be like?

The longer he stared at the incubus, the more vivid the thoughts became. He saw himself lying on a bed, his arms bound behind him and Seth lying beside him. The incubus leaned forward and kissed Brett's neck as he gently stroked his cock, his thumb rubbing the sensitive skin of Brett's dickhead.

"S-S-Stop... please," Brett whimpered as he pulled himself away from the erotic daydream.

"As you wish," Seth whispered into Brett's ear as he backed away from him. The incubus walked backward and leaned back against the opposite row of books, his eyes on Brett and a playful smile on his face.

Brett managed to tear his eyes away from Seth. He wrapped his arms around himself as he tried to recover from the incubus' nearly successful attempt at a sexual proposition.

Why? Why am I so turned on by the thought of sleeping with another man? Is it because of the succubus blood Myserra gave me?

"Am I interrupting something?"

Myserra's voice made Brett smile and he turned to face her.

"Mistress, you're back!" he said, hugging her.

"I haven't been gone that long Brett." She looked down at him with suspicion and then looked at Seth.

The incubus shrugged and put his hands back in his pockets. "Were you able to find the book?"

Myserra held up the leather bound tome. "Some interesting spells in this book. Going to take this one home with me."

"I thought—oh, right," Seth muttered. "Two-paired demons can get copies made of any book they want in here Another reason why I need to get to your level."

"You'll get there, Seth," Myserra said, wrapping her arm around Brett and walking away. "Just let it come naturally."

The incubus bowed as the couple left. "It's been a pleasure, Lady Myserra. Take care, Brett!"

Myserra hummed quietly as they walked down the endless rows of books toward the entrance.

"Mistress," Brett mumbled.

“Yes, Brett?”

“Seth... he... came onto me.”

“I know. It only took me a minute to find the book. I saw the whole thing.”

“Then why didn’t you stop him?” Brett raised his voice, letting his anger show. He stopped walking and folded his arms.

Myserra turned around and leaned against the bookshelf. “I wanted to see what you’d do. What you’d say. He was honest in his intentions. Remember what I said about his reputation when he introduced himself?”

“Only that he was naughty.”

“Seth isn’t a predator. He doesn’t go around stealing subs from their masters or mistresses—he is a *sampler*. I’ve heard from many different demons how he would approach their slaves and come onto them. Both men and women, but mostly men. He would make a deal with the owner. If he could successfully hook their slave, he was allowed one night with them.”

“So you knew he would come onto me?”

“I did and I wanted to see how you’d react. Tell me, did you feel anything for him? Any desire to be with another man?”

Brett looked down at his feet and fiddled with his dress. “I...”

Myserra stood in front of him and lifted his chin with her hand. “Don’t be ashamed, Brett. Be honest with me.” Her voice was soft and reassuring.

“Yes, Mistress. I... I imagined having sex with him... pleasuring him.”

“I see. Tell me, were you a man in your vision?”

“No,” he said as his eyes widened. “I was in this form. A succubus.”

Myserra let go of his chin. “You see, Brett, demons are beings of lust and desire. It is what drives us. Ever since you became my sub, you have been exploring a part of you that had been locked up and hidden for most of your life.

“Imagine your sexual desires are like a cave system. Every human and demon has one, and each is different; no two are identical. Some caves are short and narrow, meaning the person has very limited tastes. Others are deep with many offshoots that the person will only discover when they explore the depths of their desires.

“For you, Brett, your cave system is a lot more complex than you imagined. Some people board up a path out of fear of the unknown, or perhaps they tried it and didn’t like it. My demon blood is lighting up your own cave, making it easier to find the different tunnels and paths that lead to new fetishes and desires.

“Seth’s presence guided you to such an offshoot, one that is filled with the love between two men. But when you stood before the entrance, you were afraid of what you saw down that passageway and turned back. It remains dark and

unexplored. Any treasure hidden down there is yet to be discovered.

“But do not block that passageway out of the fear that you might like being with another man, for that goes against all that I’ve taught you. Should you try it and not like it, then you can choose not to visit that part of you again and continue on with your self exploration, discovering new and more exciting things.”

Myserra took a deep breath and let out a long, heavy sigh. She was smiling when she lifted her head up. Her eyes glistened with tears.

“Is something the matter, Mistress?” Brett said, stepping toward her.

“No, it’s nothing. It’s just... I’ve never felt this way before, for anyone.” She wrapped her arms around Brett and hugged him tightly. “I’ll always be there for you, Brett. I love you.”

“I love you too, Myserra.”

“I’ll let that one slide,” she said, squeezing him tightly. “Now let’s get out of here.”

Brett followed her down the flights of stairs and to the long wooden desk where Ayha, the succubus from before, helped them.

“I take it you found what you were looking for?” she said, placing the tome on top of a rune carved into the dark wood.

“I did,” Myserra said with a nod. She placed a small leather coin purse next to the tome and Brett’s jaw dropped when Ayha dumped out the contents: several solid gold coins the size of a silver dollar.

Ayha counted and inspected each coin carefully before nodding and placing her hand on the tome. Brett watched in awe as the succubus mouthed a spell and the rune underneath the book glowed. She lifted her hand, and with a low *thud*, an exact copy of the book appeared on top of the original.

She smiled politely as she handed the book to Myserra before bowing, and with a flick of the wrist, Brett watched as the original book lifted up off the shelf and onto the rack behind her.

“A pleasure doing business, Lady Myserra.”

“Farewell, Ayha,” Myserra said with a slight bow. Brett silently bowed his head alongside his mistress and followed her out the front door. He looked back at the massive library, expecting to see Seth looking down at him from the third floor.

With the incubus nowhere in sight, he sighed and followed Myserra out the glass doors and into the street.

Myserra tucked the book under her arm. “What do you say we head ho—”

A deafening explosion rocked the square. The bright lights of the blast blinded Brett and the shockwave knocked him off of his feet. He felt the heat of

the fire as he tumbled backward.

Debris came crashing down all around him as he lay on his back against the outer wall of the library. Everything hurt. His vision was blurry and the sounds that filled his ears were muffled.

Brett looked down at his feet that failed to move when he commanded them to. His pink skin was black with dust, dirt, and burns, and a shift of his weight brought a shooting pain up his side.

He groaned loudly and felt the warm trickle of blood go down his side. With his right arm as limp as his legs, he lifted his left to the source of the pain. His fingers trembled when he found it: a piece of metal lodged into his side.

Every breath was painful. Every inch of movement sent waves of agony throughout his body. "Myserra..." he mumbled. "Mistress..."

His eyelids grew heavy, and in his darkening vision, he saw a figure running toward him. A succubus.

She called out his name as the world went dark.

I've got you, Brett. Just hold on. You're safe now.

Brett opened his eyes to a dark room. He groaned quietly as he shifted his weight. His hand slid across the smooth silk sheets and he lifted his head up off of the pillow. His body was sore and tired, but the only pain he felt in his limbs was a dull throb.

His memories came flooding back to him and he sat up straight, his eyes darting around the darkened room as his left hand felt up his side.

No shrapnel. Not even a wound, he thought. Brett looked down at his body and eyed his plump breasts and curvy body. His tail slithered on the bed next to him, and he quickly pulled a sheet over his body when he discovered he was naked.

The door to the bedroom opened, the light from outside illuminating the room. Brett froze when he failed to recognize his surroundings.

"I see you're awake. You've been asleep for almost a week."

Brett squinted as his eyes adjusted to the lights. The shadowy figure waved her hand and the room lit up. Standing at the foot of the massive bed was a succubus. She wore a simple black dress and had her hair in a ponytail. She smiled and bowed.

"My name is Carmella. I am Lady Norrana's personal assistant. Your mistress, Lady Myserra, brought you here badly wounded. You were caught in the explosion, but our healer was able to patch you up. If it wasn't for the demonic blood that filled your veins, you would've been dead."

Norrana, the white-haired succubus from the show Myserra took me to the

last time we came to the underground. “Where is Myserra—my Mistress?” Brett said, pulling the sheet up higher.

Carmella walked around to the side of the bed and sat down. “She stayed at your side until only a moment ago. Even once you were stable and recovering, she remained. She cares deeply for you, Brett.”

“Where is she?”

“There is a war going on. Many years ago, there was a civil war among my kind. Gvene, the queen at the time, had descended into madness and tyranny. Her actions nearly ostracized the entire race.

“It sparked a revolution that ended with her death, and there was peace. Ryiah replaced her and brought a golden age to my kind. Until she was assassinated thirty years ago by those loyal to the old queen.

“The explosion you and your Mistress were caught in was the first in a series of attacks. The Gvene Loyalists have returned, and our mistresses have joined in the fight against them. Lady Myserra helped win the revolution centuries ago when intelligence she gathered led to Gvene’s whereabouts.”

Carmella stood up and walked over to the small bedside dresser. She pulled out a pile of folded clothes and set them on the bed.

“This is the outfit you were wearing at the time. It has been repaired. I’m sure you’re very hungry. My mistress has given you free reign of her compound, so get dressed and I will show you the way to the dining room.”

“Thank you, Carmella,” Brett said.

The succubus smiled and bowed after placing the clothes on the bed. “I’ll be right outside. Take your time. We weren’t expecting you to be awake so soon.”

Brett silently watched her leave and waited until she closed the door before sighing heavily. He tossed aside his sheet and sighed again, looking down at his naked body.

His mind flashed back to moments after the explosion, when he was on the ground against the wall, his body broken and unresponsive, his skin burnt, scraped, and cut open. He remembered the piece of metal sticking into side.

Brett slid his hand across his body. There were no traces of the wounds, not even the faintest scar. He bit his lip as his fingers delicately slid across his smooth pink skin.

But the rumbling in his stomach tore his attention away from how good his fingers felt to how hungry he was. *I wonder if Han Solo was this hungry after he got out of the carbonite*, Brett thought as he climbed off of the bed.

He sighed once more as he held up the outfit. *I really wish she would’ve given me some pants and a t-shirt. Does every succubus wear something sexy or*

slutty? Seth wore pants.

The image of the incubus with his open jacket and toned body filled Brett's mind. He shook the image from his head and got dressed. The stretchy dress that he wore had the dark stockings attached, making it difficult to slide into. Not to mention the fabric had shrunk to a much smaller size and had a million slits in it.

It took him five minutes just to find the front and make sure it wasn't inside out.

He slipped into the thong and pulled it up, the narrow waistband resting just below the base of his tail. He sat down on the edge of the bed and slid his legs through the dress and into the stockings.

Standing up, he shimmied the dress up his body before sliding his arms through the straps and into the long sleeves. After adjusting the dress and pulling down the hem, he slipped into the crimson heels and walked toward the bedroom door, grimacing.

Each step was awkward, his legs moving like rusted gears coming back to life. The muscles in his body ached, but it was a tolerable pain, and as he moved, it became less and less noticeable.

"Wait, Carmella," he said as he stood in the hallway next to the succubus. He looked around suspiciously.

"Lady Myserra informed me and my mistress about your... situation." She winked. "We know you're a human. Though if you ask me, I think you should stay like this. It's actually a lot easier to go from a slave to a full-fledged demon than it is to go from a normal human to one."

Brett frowned. "Were you?"

"I was born a succubus, Brett." She turned and started walking. "If I went through all the hassle of shedding my humanity, I sure as hell wouldn't live the life of a PA, even for one such as Lady Norrana."

Brett silently followed Carmella up and down the many hallways of the compound as she gave him a tour of Norrana's estate. The assistant introduced him to all of the incubi that stood guard, each one twice the size of Seth.

They all stood close to eight feet tall, with bodies full of muscle. Each one was stronger than the strongest human alive, but what frightened Brett the most was Carmella's comment about the size of their dicks.

"Have you ever been with an incubus?" she whispered as they walked down a hallway.

Brett shook his head no and once again pictured Seth.

"They're the size of your forearm." She nodded.

"I'm not hungry anymore," Brett groaned.

“Lady Myserra has arrived!” The voice echoed throughout the compound.

“She’s here!” Brett shouted, looking back in the direction of the front door. He took off running as best as he could in the high heels toward the entrance.

Carmella smiled at his enthusiasm and went down a shorter, quicker route. She was there opening the door when he arrived, and Brett stopped and stared as Myserra limped into the foyer.

Her left arm hung by her side and her right was pressed against a wound. Her body was covered in scrapes, cuts, bruises, gashes and burns, and dark purple blood trickled out the corner of her mouth.

Her outfit was torn to shreds and barely clung to her. She smiled weakly when she saw Brett standing there. His face was pale and his eyes were full of worry.

“I don’t look that bad, do I?” she coughed.

“Where’s Lady Norrana?” Carmella asked, waving an incubus over. The large demon lifted Myserra off her feet and carried her.

“I don’t know. We got separated hours ago. Just take me to a bed so I can rest. I’ll be fine.” She looked over at Brett. “Don’t worry, Brett. It takes more than this to kill me.”

Brett watched as she drifted off. Her eyes closed and her arm hung limply as the large demon carried her off to one of the bedrooms.

“Don’t worry, Brett. She’s only unconscious. Our healer is already waiting for her,” Carmella said, putting a hand on his shoulder. “She’ll be okay in no time.”

“Oh, don’t tell me you’re chickening out at the last minute!” Myserra folded her arms and smirked.

Brett bit his lip, looking at the large double doors behind her.

“Brett, we’re not leaving the underground without you attending your first VIP party. Especially when you’re dressed as sexy as you are now.”

“But Mistress!” He pouted, pulling down the hem of his black cocktail dress. For the first time since she’d transformed him, Brett had on an outfit that wasn’t something a stripper or a horny sorority girl at a Halloween party would wear.

The party was a formal occasion, yet even the black tie attire in the underground was nothing short of sensual. The dress he wore had a low V-neck, dipping down below his breasts. The back of the dress had a large oval cut out of it, the bottom of which sat just inches above his tail. On his feet was a pair of black, knee-high, high-heeled boots.

“No buts, Brett. Come on, it’ll be fun.”

Brett couldn't help but smile at her cheery demeanor. He had a hard time taking his eyes off of her, as the succubus wore a long, asymmetrical dress with a slit that showed off her entire leg.

He couldn't believe that only a day ago she was battered and bloodied, having survived a bloody revolution that despite lasting only a week had ended in a high body count.

She grabbed his hand and led him through the doors.

"Good evening and welcome, Lady Myserra," the incubus usher said. He stood behind a podium, a thin demon wearing a full tux. Next to him, an incubus three times Brett's size wielding a greatsword bowed his head.

"And who is your guest?"

Brett looked up at Myserra. She smiled.

"This is Brett, my sub and boyfriend."

"Oh, lucky boy." The incubus winked at Brett. "Please follow me."

The usher stepped out from behind the podium and led the couple down the hallway to the massive double doors. Brett eyed the lavish decorations as they walked, trying not to stare at the hulking guards lining the rising hallway.

Two guards posted at the doors opened them and the usher led the couple into the ballroom. Brett's jaw dropped when they entered. He was expecting a wild and sexual party, but what he got was something he'd only seen in movies.

Demons and the other races of the underground were dressed in formal attire, chatting amongst themselves. There were several tables with food and drink, and even music and dancing in the corner.

"Mistress, this can't be real," Brett whispered.

"What, were you expecting another orgy? Not tonight, Brett. This is a different kind of VIP party." She winked. "Maybe next time."

"Lady Myserra and her sub, Brett!"

The room grew silent for a moment after the usher's announcement as all eyes turned toward the new guests. Many of the demons bowed in respect for Myserra, though some just bowed their heads and returned to their conversations.

The usher turned and bowed before walking out of the ballroom, the doors closing behind him.

Myserra turned toward Brett and placed her hands on his shoulders. "Do not be afraid, Brett. No one will lay a finger on you while I am here by your side. Some will be in awe of you, jealous even that you are mine, but no one will try to steal you away from me. I have many friends here, and while they have never met you, they will protect you as if you were theirs."

"I'm not afraid, Mistress. I'm just... really nervous. Never been one for

large parties.”

Myserra threw her head back in laughter. “Come, let’s get you a drink and relax those nerves of yours. I see plenty of strangers here who I’d like to meet.”

He walked beside her as they walked outside of the main crowd. Brett had his eyes on the food the moment she pointed it out to him. Everything looked so delicious, despite him not being able to recognize most of it.

That looks like steak, and that could be sushi, he thought as he eyed the spread. His stomach rumbled loudly as the aroma filled his nostrils.

Myserra handed him a gold trimmed glass with a bright green liquid inside.

“I thought this would burn a hole in my stomach,” he said, looking closely at the liquid and recognizing it from the liquor cabinet in their condo.

“Well, since you’ve turned into a succubus, it’ll hit you like whiskey or scotch.”

“So this is the human I’ve heard so much about.” The woman’s voice came from behind them. “I see you’ve been having fun with him, Myserra.”

Brett turned around to see who was talking and came face to face with a succubus. She had long, wavy black hair, emerald green eyes, and fair skin with a small trace of red in it.

She wore a long, ruby red latex jacket that went down to the floor and tight black pants with matching black high-heeled boots.

But what threw Brett off the most about her appearance was the fact that she only had one pair of tiny red horns that looked like ones found in a costume shop.

“He’s cute.”

“Hello, Tera. Good to see you,” Myserra said, hugging the succubus.

Brett cocked his head to the side. “I thought...”

“Speak your mind, Brett,” Myserra said, hiding her amused smile behind her glass of demonic liquor.

“Your horns,” he said plainly.

“Wondering how I, a lowly succubus with one pair of baby horns, can walk around freely in this party without so much as a second glance?” Tera grinned.

She raised her right hand and pointed at her pair of small red horns and a second pair shimmered into existence right behind them, flowing back over the sides of her head sleekly.

“See the horns? Get the clue?” the succubus laughed.

Myserra shook her head. “She’s a mischievous one.”

Tera waved her hand idly and the second pair vanished once more. She winked at Brett before looking at Myserra. “You wouldn’t want me any other way, would you?”

“No, my friend.” Myserra held up her glass and took a sip. Tera bowed her head and winked once more at Brett before waving goodbye and disappearing into the crowd.

“Are all your friends like that, Mistress?” Brett said, slowly sipping the bright green drink. He grimaced as he swallowed the potent concoction.

“She’s a fun one. But I have many different friends. Some are more like enemies.”

Frenemies, Brett thought. He shrugged and followed Myserra into the crowd, trying to ignore the lustful or jealous stares from those around him.

Despite the formal atmosphere, the erotic undertones were everywhere. As they mingled with other demons and the strange creatures that lived in this world, Brett was waiting for the moment when the doors locked and the clothes came off.

Though some were practically nude, their outfits still had a formal appearance. Brett caught himself staring too often at other succubi in their low-cut, short-hemmed dresses. The strangest thing was that despite the sultry outfits worn by the other succubi, Myserra in her long dress was still the most attractive and eye pleasing of them all.

“Ah, yes, that is Brett, my sub. Brett, come here.”

He turned his head and realized that Myserra was ten feet from him. Brett’s face turned red when he realized he was caught staring off into nothing.

Squeezing through the crowd, he made his way back to his mistress’ side.

“Brett, I’d like to introduce you to some new friends of mine. This is Victoria, her slave Joani, and their friend Raven.” Myserra waved her hand toward the guests.

Victoria was a tall succubus, her hair pulled back into a ponytail. She had a large pair of horns curved out and up from the back of her head, with the smaller pair growing out the side of her head in a similar fashion.

She was dressed in a latex outfit, looking very much like a *domme*. Her slave stood next to her, a blonde-haired, blue-eyed girl with pointy ears just like her mistress.

“Well, go on. Say hi, Joani.” Victoria grinned.

“Hello,” Joani said awkwardly.

Brett couldn’t tell if it was nerves, but Joani whimpered as she talked, her skin flushed and looking uncomfortable. He quickly glanced at Victoria, who winked, and suddenly it all became clear.

Joani moaned quietly, quickly covering her mouth to silence any outbursts that followed.

“I’m Raven. Pleased to meet you, Brett.” The incubus who stood next to

Joani stuck out his hand.

His brown hair was slicked back and he wore small rectangular glasses. He had one pair of fully developed horns that curved upward, and he wore an outfit similar to Victoria's.

He shook Brett's hand firmly and looked at him from over the rim of his glasses. His green eyes sparkled in the light of the ballroom and he winked at Brett before laughing and releasing his grip.

"They're visiting from a far-off region of the underground," Myserra said.

"I thought the underground was just this city, Mistress?"

"No, Brett. The underground is far bigger than that. It's a whole continent hidden within your world. Come, I think it's about time we leave."

Myserra faced the trio and bowed. They returned the gesture and went their separate ways.

"We're leaving, Mistress?" Brett said as he walked beside her through the crowd.

"Yes, Brett." She smiled. "It has been a while since we had a formal party such as this, but as fun as they are, I have something else in mind for the rest of the night."

Brett's eyes went wide as he felt her hand slide down his back and squeeze his ass. He smiled as his face turned red and the rest of the world vanished. It was just him and Myserra. No one else.

She held him close, her arm wrapped around his waist as they walked toward the exit and silently left the party.

There was a breeze blowing outside. The air was cool and the sky was dark. The street was empty and lit by torches on the buildings. For a while they walked in silence, not saying a word to each other.

They turned a corner and Brett smiled when he saw the dark tunnel. He looked up at his mistress as they entered the blackness, but when they came out on the other side, they ended up in a far different place than where they entered.

Just like in the underground, it was night when they reappeared on the Earth's surface and they were far from their condo. In fact, there was no sign of civilization anywhere.

The couple stood in the middle of a vast, rocky desert, and Myserra finally broke the silence.

"This is the place," she said softly, looking down at Brett then up at the night sky.

"Where are..." Brett drifted off as he followed her gaze upward. His jaw dropped as he stared up at the sky, awestruck by the countless stars. "Oh, wow."

"Isn't it beautiful?" she said, her gaze still locked upward.

“Very much so, Mistress.”

“Brett.”

He looked away from the night sky and back to her. She looked down at him, her pink eyes sparking like the stars themselves. There was a sadness in her eyes; she looked distant, as if recalling the past.

“A long time ago, I was lost. I had fallen, strayed off the path. It was a dark time for me, and I didn’t know what to do. The revolution was over, the tyrant was dead, and peace had returned to the underground. Despite all the good that came from my... achievement, I felt empty.”

She sat down on a rock and leaned back, her eyes once again focused on the sky. “For years I wandered the earth, trying to regain my footing. I seduced many men—and women—but I could never enslave them. When the moment came, I just couldn’t follow through.

“As time went by, I got more and more depressed. Then I found myself out here. I needed to be alone, totally isolated from the world.”

“I take it this is where you found yourself?”

She smiled as she looked down at him. “Do you know where we are, Brett?”

“No, Mistress.”

“This is the Atacama Desert, one of the driest regions in the world. There’s no light pollution—no pollution of any kind—no cars, buildings, demons, monsters... just you, me, the plants and animals that call this place home, and the stars above us.

“I stayed out here for a month and did nothing but look up at the sky at night until the sun rose on the horizon. It was a kind of detox, and at the end of that month, I felt refreshed and alive. I returned to civilization, and not a week after coming back, I found myself in a bar. I sat in the corner booth and hunted, searching for whoever would satisfy my lust.

“It was you, Brett. I saw you that night, but you slipped away from me and I had to go after you. And when I did, I found exactly what I was looking for. *You.*”

Myserra wiped a tear from her eye as she summoned a tome.

“I realized something, Brett. Heather knew what was going to happen when she suggested this spell to me; the spell that turned you into that cute little succubus. She knew that you’d stay a succubus for quite a while. This tome isn’t the one that contains the spell that reverses the transformation.”

“Good, ‘cause I want to stay in this form for a while longer.” Brett smiled. “But what is that book for, then?”

“Norrana was very close friends with our deceased queen, Ryiah. Ryiah

was a succubus who cared not for power, but knowledge. She was also a collector of rare spellbooks. Norrana knew that you retained your soul. I don't know how, but she's good at that sort of thing. It's how she became so powerful and influential."

Myserra drifted off as she stared out into wilderness, coming back to the conversation a moment later.

"Anyway, she gave me this book. It contains a very unique spell, one that hasn't been used in a very long time."

"What does it do, Mistress?"

"Well, Brett, to put it simply, it locks the soul of a human within their body and gives the demon who casts it the only key. For as long as I live, no demon could take you away from me."

"I'm sensing a *but*."

"But..." Myserra sighed. "The spell isn't perfect. There's a chance it could backfire and the human would become enslaved to the demon. That's why I came out here to do this. Out here, in this desert, I can have total focus. There are no distractions. But if you don't—"

Brett wrapped his arms around Myserra and looked up at her. "I don't care about the risks. This time I have spent with you has been wonderful, and even if I risk losing my soul, then I would gladly take this chance. I love you, Myserra... Mistress. It doesn't matter if I have my soul or not. As long as I'm with you, I'm happy."

"When I was out there fighting, I kept picturing you. I fought hard and tough so that I could come back to you. I didn't want you to be alone. Not anymore. Are you ready?"

Brett released the hug. "I am."

"Then let's begin."

Myserra opened up the book and read the spell aloud as she placed her hand on his chest. The wind picked up around them as she spoke, and her hand glowed as he felt himself pulled toward her.

He groaned loudly as his insides threatened to burst out of his chest. A bolt of energy coursed through his body as he fought to keep standing.

I will not give in to the pain. I am her sub, her lover—not her slave.

Myserra's voice echoed across the empty desert as her eyes glowed brightly. She spoke the final words and an invisible fist punched Brett in the stomach, knocking the wind out of him.

He collapsed, falling backward onto the rocky ground, and looked up at the stars with empty eyes.

"Brett?"

Myserra dismissed the tome and ran over to him. He was unresponsive.

“Brett?!”

Nothing.

“Damn it, Brett! Come back to me! I don’t want to lose you!”

She bent down and kissed him.

“Brett... don’t...”

He coughed violently as light returned to his eyes. He blinked and lifted his head off of the ground.

“I’m here. I’m all right,” he groaned.

“Brett, what’s my name?” she said, putting her arm around him to support him.

“Myserra,” he said as he smiled.

She waved her hand over him, removing his dress. Tears rolled down her cheeks when she saw the mark on his chest, signifying the seal placed on his soul.

“Did it work?” he said softly.

“It did, Brett.” She smiled, waving her hand back over him and making the dress reappear. “Ready to go home?”

“Not yet,” he said. “I want to look at the stars some more.”

“As you wish.” She gently lowered him onto his back and laid down next to him, looking up and watching the night sky until the sun rose on the horizon.

Mini Session Two: Seth & Brett

Brett fiddled with his hands as he looked down at his feet. Myserra stood in front of him, her arms crossed.

She frowned. "What's the matter, Brett?"

"I... why am I doing this?" he said softly. He turned his head toward the closed double doors. His gaze lingered as if he could see through them to the incubus who waited for him beyond.

"Do you remember what I told you in the library?"

His eyes remained glued to the doors, shifting to the brass knobs. "I do, Mistress. You told me not to be afraid—to explore the depths of my sexuality with an open mind."

"Then you understand why I am doing this," she said, placing her hand on his cheek.

"I do," he sighed.

"Remember what I told you about Seth. He is honest in his intentions and desires. No harm will come to you and he will obey my safe words. Despite his prowess with blood magic, I am still far more powerful than he is." She smiled as she moved her fingers through his short brown hair.

"It's just... so strange."

"Is it, Brett? Did you forget what I did to you on our second night together, when I first dressed you in lingerie?"

Brett's face turned bright red. *She's right. I sucked her cock and she fucked me with it.* "No, Mistress."

"It won't be much different. Just don't be afraid of what you feel. Let it happen. You may not like it in the end, but at least you can say that you tried." She grabbed his shoulders and turned him toward the large doors. "He is waiting for you, Brett."

He looked back at her over his shoulder. "Are you getting something out of this, Mistress?"

She silently winked and pushed him toward the doors. They swung open slowly, the old decorated wood creaking noisily as they moved of their own accord. Brett looked at the ground as he walked, embarrassed by the outfit Myserra had him wear.

He was stark naked except for the small triangular underwear he wore. It reminded him of the Speedos worn by swimmers, but they felt more like panties.

He stopped walking when he lifted his gaze and laid his eyes on the incubus who would be his master for the night.

Seth sat on the edge of the bed, leaning forward with his elbows resting on

his knees. He smirked when he saw Brett standing before him and straightened up.

Brett glanced back over his shoulder, catching one last glimpse of his mistress before the doors shut. *Everything will be okay*, she mouthed. *Do not be afraid.*

The doors sealed shut with the sound of thunder. It echoed in his mind as he stared at them, wishing and willing them to open. But they wouldn't budge.

The sound of the mattress creaking and footsteps getting closer pulled his gaze away from the doorway. He was sealed in here, his fate in the hands of the incubus who'd made a deal with Myserra. Brett recoiled, taking a half-step back.

Seth stood directly in front of him, his tall, demonic body blocking out the light from the crystal chandelier hanging high above the four-post bed. His shadow fell onto Brett, who looked up at the incubus who stood more than a head taller than him.

His jade green eyes sparkled in the darkness of his face, his mouth curving into a pleased grin as he eyed his prize. Brett felt the blood rush to his cheeks as he covered his groin with his hands, looking away from Seth like he was a young woman who was about to prostitute herself for the very first time.

Brett flinched when Seth moved his fingers through his hair. He kept his eyes averted, not wanting to meet the incubus' gaze. He'd already made that mistake the first time he met Seth in the library in the underground.

"What's the matter, Brett?" he purred, moving his hand to Brett's chin. The demon's touch was electrifying. It was gentle, yet provocative. Brett could feel the hairs on the back of his neck stiffen as Seth's black nails grazed his fair skin.

He shot a quick glance upward at the demon. "I... I'm nervous."

"*Aurora... northern lights.*" Seth whispered the words as if saying them aloud would whisk Brett away from him. "I have the highest respect for your mistress—and significant other. Congrats, by the way. Yes, I hold Lady Myserra in the highest regard and I will treat her sub with the utmost care. You have nothing to fear, Brett."

He moved his hand down from Brett's chin, his palm sliding down his neck to his chest, to his navel. Seth grinned as he stroked Brett's semi-hard cock through the thin fabric of the black undies with his index finger, watching Brett squirm as he rubbed the dickhead until a tiny dark patch appeared.

Seth brought his finger to his mouth, savoring the taste of Brett's precum before taking a deep breath. He exhaled slowly as he placed his hands on Brett's shoulders.

"Let's begin," he said with a smile.

He moved his fingers through Brett's hair once more and it grew long,

cascading over down until it fell past Brett's shoulders in a layered, feminine style. He bit his lip as he watched as a pair of crimson heels appear on his feet and raise him up.

Brett moaned softly as snow-white stockings climbed up his legs, encasing them in soft, delicate silk. He covered his mouth with his hands as Seth placed his hand on his groin, gently squeezing and fondling his cock and balls as his plain black underwear turned into a red lace thong. The garment hugged his wide, girly hips as it slipped into the crack of his perky ass.

He opened his eyes and his hand fell from his mouth as he looked up at Seth. The incubus hooked him with his lustful gaze. Brett couldn't look away, even as a matching white corset wrapped itself around his waist, shaping his body into an hourglass figure.

His lips tickled, and as he stared at his reflection in Seth's eyes, he realized that his mouth was turning scarlet. Light and airy, the phantom lipstick spread across his pouty lips, turning them a shade of deep vermilion worthy of only the naughtiest soul.

Brett's face turned bright red as he whimpered, arousal and lust filling his body and spreading like a wildfire ignited by Seth's warm touch. His cock grew hard in his panties and Seth couldn't help but laugh as it poked up through the waistband.

He looked away from the incubus' gaze to his hands, watching as matching white gloves grew down to his elbows. His fingers poked out of the cut-off gloves. They were long and delicate topped with ruby red nails. The gloves enveloped his arms much like the stockings on his legs, the fabric soft and sensual. Brett let out a little yelp as Seth wrapped his arm around Brett's waist, pulling his body close.

"Much better, don't you think?" Seth's voice was smooth as it was deep.

"Y-Yes," Brett whimpered, looking away from the demon's piercing gaze. Only then did he realize his gloved hands were on Seth's chest. He pulled them away, but with the demon holding his body so close to his, there was no other place to put them.

"Brett," Seth said, lifting Brett's chin. "Are you forgetting something?"

Brett's cheeks turned red as he looked away. "Yes, *Master*."

Seth took a step back and to the side, motioning to the bed with his right hand as his left hand slid down Brett's back until it rested on his lace-covered ass. Brett hesitated as he stared at the large bed. Unlike Myserra's, the shiny silk sheets of Seth's bed were lavender.

A playful squeeze of his tush urged Brett out of his stillness and he walked toward the bed. Seth remained where he stood and watched Brett as he walked,

his eyes moving up and down Brett's body hungrily.

Brett lifted his leg to climb onto the bed, but stopped when Seth called out to him.

"Not yet, Brett," the incubus purred as he walked up behind him.

Brett's body tensed up as Seth stood behind him. The incubus placed his hands on his shoulders and gently rubbed them. He could feel the demon's hot breath on his neck, and his touch sent little bolts of erotic lightning across his body like a storm moving across the desert landscape.

He bit his lip when Seth pressed his hips against his back. The demon's cock fought to be free of his pants. It was big; bigger than Myserra's.

Holy shit, Brett thought. That has to be, like, ten inches!

"Bend over. Hands on the bed," Seth whispered. His hot breath made the hairs on Brett's neck stand up.

Brett obeyed, leaning forward. "Yes, Master."

Seth's hands slid down Brett's back and he gripped his hips, grinding his cock against Brett's ass. He hooked his fingers into the waistband of Brett's panties and pulled them down over his butt. Brett moaned as Seth slid his hand across his ass. He drew his hand back and playfully slapped it, watching as Brett winced.

"Oh!" Brett moaned loudly as two wet fingers slid into his asshole. He bit his lip as the two intruders squirmed around inside him, rubbing his inner walls. His knees buckled and he moaned again when they found what they were looking for.

Seth giggled as he rubbed Brett's prostate, watching as the human writhed at his touch.

"Do you like this, Brett?"

"Y-Y-Yes, Master," he moaned. His skin glowed as pleasure filled his body. He gripped the sheets as Seth continued to rub him. The demon had him exactly where he wanted. He could make Brett do anything he wanted to.

Brett's cock hardened in his lace panties, his head pushing up out of the waistband. He felt it grow as it pressed against his body, and looking down at it, he could see glistening drops of precum oozing out of the tip.

But the feeling vanished.

Brett whined as Seth pulled his fingers out, but before he could voice a complaint, something else filled the void. Brett recognized it instantly as Seth slid the plug in, filling his asshole to the point where it stretched. There was no pain.

"There, that'll get you warmed up." Seth said, stepping back. The demon held Brett's panties in his hands.

Brett looked back over his shoulder, his eyes going wide at the sight of the demon tail swinging behind him.

“Lady Myserra told me about this plug,” Seth said, playing with the tip of the tail. “She told me how much you enjoyed it, and I figured some familiarity would help make you comfortable.”

Brett remained silent and straightened up as Seth walked out from behind him. The incubus kicked off his boots and climbed onto the bed. He propped himself up against the headboard and spread his legs.

Grinning, he summoned Brett onto the bed with a curl of his finger.

Brett took a deep breath before he climbed onto the purple silk sheets. He crawled toward the incubus, who watched Brett come toward him in eager anticipation. It was as if Seth was a virgin, and Brett was the gorgeous babe who would make him a man.

Try as he might, Brett couldn’t look away from the massive erection filling Seth’s pants. The fabric was resisting the strong push of the cock, and it wouldn’t be long before the incubus freed the caged beast.

Brett’s own cock was still rock hard, and with the panties no longer holding it against his belly, it swung as he crawled toward his temporary master. Seth took another whiff of Brett’s panties before tossing them aside. His pleasure toy knelt obediently between his legs.

Seth smirked as he nodded toward his groin, his smile widening as Brett unbuckled his pants with his feminine hands. With the cage gone, the incubus’ cock was allowed to harden fully and Brett recoiled as the demonic dick sprang to life.

Brett stared at the monstrous beast, his mouth agape. *There’s no way I’m going to be able to take this.*

He looked past the ten-inch cock to Seth, who nodded with a sympathetic smile. Brett squirmed as he felt the plug inside him swell up. It rubbed his prostate as it grew, flooding his body with lust.

The sound of a *click* opened his eyes and Brett found himself staring at Seth’s cock hungrily. The incubus held in his hand a chain leash; Seth winked as he gave it a little tug. Brett’s own cock throbbed as he gripped Seth’s massive sheath, eyeing it with a mixture of jealousy and desire.

With cheeks red as Seth’s skin, Brett leaned forward and wrapped his lips around Seth’s dickhead. The demon groaned with approval as he slowly stroked the base of his cock. Using his tongue, Brett rubbed the frenulum, moving side to side. Seth squeezed the metal leash as he squirmed on the bed, urging Brett to continue.

He slid his hand up the shaft, letting his thumb rub the crown as he licked

the underside of Seth's cock. Brett was rewarded with another swell of the plug inside of him, and the vibrations increasing in energy forcing a low, lust-filled moan to escape his ruby red lips. His body quivered as precum oozed out of his cock in dewy drops.

The more attention he showed Seth's cock, the larger the plug got inside of him. Brett moaned through the cock that filled his mouth. His hands squeezed Seth's muscular thighs as he bobbed up and down.

"That's it, Brett." Seth purred, his left hand twirling the tips of Brett's brown locks as he wrapped the metal leash around his right, shortening it. "You like my cock, don't you?"

Brett let Seth's cock fall out of his mouth. It was covered in a mixture of saliva and precum. "Yes, Master," he said as he licked his lips. He opened his mouth and moved back toward Seth's throbbing cock, but the incubus stopped him.

Seth straightened up, grinning from ear to ear as Brett shied away from the imposing incubus. "Now the fun *really* begins."

Snap.

Invisible hands pulled Brett's arms behind him as leather cuffs appeared on his wrists. He opened his mouth to protest, but Seth placed his finger on Brett's red lips, silencing him with a soft *shhh*.

"Do you wish to stop?" the demon asked.

Brett bit his lip as he looked away from Seth's green eyes and slowly shook his head.

"Good, 'cause that would be a real shame." Seth tugged on the leash, pulling Brett's body up against his. The incubus's body radiated heat, and like a moth, Brett was drawn to the flame. He looked up into Seth's eyes, his skin flushed and his mouth open. Brett's tongue hung loose from the corner of his mouth as he panted like a dog.

He closed his eyes and moaned loudly as Seth's left hand slid down his belly. The demon lifted Brett's cock, rubbing the underside of it with his palm. Seth smirked as Brett's dick throbbed under his skillful touch. He knew Brett wasn't going to last much longer.

"Oh... I'm going to cum!"

Seth squeezed Brett's cock. "Did I give you permission to cum, Brett?"

"N-No, Master!" Brett whimpered.

"Then you must refrain from doing so until I give you the order."

Brett's eyes went wide when he felt the cool metal press against the base of his cock. He looked down and saw the cock ring reflecting the lights of the bedroom. It was metallic silver with glowing runes etched into the surface.

“Has Lady Myserra used this spell on you?” Seth asked, stroking the underside of Brett’s rock hard cock with the nail of his index finger.

“Y-Y-Yes, Master,” Brett whimpered. He was so close, so very close to climaxing, and at the last possible moment, Seth diverted the train. His lust remained inside him, trapped and building up. “Only... hers are—oh god!—invisible.”

“Interesting. Invisible cock rings do add an extra layer of tease. Very clever.” With his eyes still locked on Brett’s, Seth reached around behind him and gripped the still vibrating plug. Brett grimaced as the incubus slowly pulled it out and his jaw when slack when he saw how big the plug actually was.

Holy shit! It’s like, three times bigger than when he put it in me! Brett slowly turned his head back toward Seth, and the incubus smiled as he laid back against the pillows.

He pulled on Brett’s leash, and Brett followed his command to straddle him. Brett swallowed hard as Seth’s cock slid in between his ass cheeks, but his attention was soon drawn away from the monster cock prodding at his asshole.

Seth pulled down on Brett’s leash, closing the gap between the two lovers. Brett stared into Seth’s green eyes as the incubus drew him near until their lips touched. For the first time in his life, Brett kissed another man.

And he couldn’t stop kissing him.

Brett moaned as he locked lips with Seth, their tongues intertwining as the incubus continued to stroke his rigid cock. There was a difference, Brett realized later, between how Seth kissed him and how Myserra did. His mistress’ kisses were slower, more deliberate. Seth, on the other hand, kissed with raw passion. His lips were harder, faster, wetter; his tongue more aggressive in its exploration of Brett’s mouth.

He threw his head back and moaned as Seth’s kisses moved away from his lips to his ear and neck. The incubus rocked his hips back and forth, sliding his massive cock up and down between Brett’s ass cheeks. Brett soon found himself grinding against the demonic cock as Seth’s motions slowed down.

“You want it, don’t you?” Seth whispered into his ear as he continued the handjob.

Oh god, yes! I want it so fucking bad. “Yes, Master.” He sped up his grinding.

“Say it.” Seth slapped Brett’s ass.

“Please, Master! Fuck me with your cock! I want it in me!” Brett cried out as his eyes glazed over.

“As you wish.”

Seth grabbed Brett’s waist and lifted him up. He placed his dickhead

against Brett's opening and lowered him. Brett cried out in pure bliss as Seth's cock slid inside. It felt so good to be filled up. The incubus sat up on the bed as Brett took his entire dick all the way to the hilt.

The demon grinned as he laid Brett on his back, spreading his legs wide as he positioned himself on top. He kept his grip on Brett's feminine hips as he thrust in and out, burying the entirety of his ten-inch cock with each push.

Brett arched his back and cried out from the sensation of being filled. Seth pulled out momentarily and flipped Brett onto his knees, pushing his face into the silk sheets as he continued his furious fucking, occasionally slapping Brett's smooth ass.

"Please, Master! I want to cum from your cock inside me!" Brett shouted. "Please let me cum!"

Seth pulled on Brett's leash, lifting his body up off the bed until his arms pressed against the incubus' toned chest. He let go of the leash and held Brett's body against his with his left arm as his right gripped Brett's cock.

"One more time," Seth purred into Brett's ear.

"I want to cum, Master! Please let your slave cum!"

"Good boy."

Seth squeezed Brett's cock, removing the magical ring and stroking it furiously until Brett unleashed a torrent of jizz onto the silk sheets. His orgasmic screams were honey to Seth's ears, pushing him over the edge.

The demon's white-hot spunk filled Brett's ass, sending his climax into overdrive. Every nerve ending fired simultaneously and his head swam. Time slowed down as the two men orgasmed, and Seth's prick remained buried in Brett until the very last drop of cum oozed out.

So much of that sticky white cum had come out that it was dripping down Brett's thighs before Seth even removed his cock. Much more came out when he finally did pull out, and Brett fell face-first onto the bed, his eyes half-open and his body spent.

He mumbled incoherently as he drifted off into a sex-induced slumber.

Seth smiled warmly and watched Brett sleep for a moment. He bent down and moved his fingers through Brett's brown locks before whispering *thank you* and making his way off of the bed. He stood up and stretched, pulled his pants back on and stepped into his boots before grabbing his jacket and heading for the door.

Closing the door behind him, Seth spotted Myserra sitting on a chair, her eyes glued to a book.

"Lady Myserra." He bowed. "Were you here the entire time?"

"I was." She closed the book and looked up at him. "You enjoy yourself?"

“I did. It was an honor, my lady. I am worried—“

“Brett is resilient,” she said as she stood. “Despite what came out of his mouth, he is very far from broken. Besides, it’ll take a lot more than one hour of sex with a man to make him forget what pleasures I bring him. Thank you, Seth. I wanted Brett to experience sex with another man, but I had great difficulty finding one trustworthy.”

“I did my best, Lady Myserra. It was an honor to serve you. I shall hold up my end of the bargain.” He bowed once more before vanishing in a cloud of smoke.

Myserra took a deep breath before venturing into the bedroom. She stopped and smiled when she laid eyes on Brett. Climbing onto the bed, she lifted his head and placed it on her lap. He slowly opened his eyes as she moved her fingers through his hair.

“Mistress,” he said softly, weakly.

“Hush, Brett. Get some sleep.” She bent down and kissed his cheek. “I’m here for you.”

“I like your cock better,” he mumbled as he drifted off.

Myserra wiped a tear from her eye as they both vanished, returning to their home together.

Eleven: Masquerade

Myserra wanted a foot rub, and Brett was nowhere to be found.

She sat up on the couch and scratched her belly. It was a lazy Saturday, and she hadn't done anything since she and Brett had returned to their condo a week ago. She smiled as she recalled the events of that night.

The succubus and her sub curled up next to each other on top of a boulder pile in the Atacama Desert. The rocks that they laid on were smooth and cool to the touch, warmed by the heat of the couple's bodies. Brett had been wiped from the ritual that sealed his soul into his body, but he didn't feel the least bit tired. He laid next to Myserra, his head rested on her shoulder as she moved her fingers through his long black hair.

They rubbed their legs against each other and entwined their tails. The couple said nothing to each other for the remainder of the night. They embraced in complete silence, their eyes glued to the stars above them.

When the sun rose, turning the black sky to a pale orange, Brett's body returned to its original male form. His tail and horns receded and he became human. The first sound made between them was laughter, as Brett's sexy black dress and high-heeled boots remained on his body.

Myserra had dragged her finger across his flattened chest. "You ready to go home?"

"I am, Mistress," he'd said with a smile.

The week since had been quiet. The couple returned to work, but by the third day back, they both found themselves wondering why. The biggest surprise was that Heather had quit. Myserra hadn't heard from her since before the revolt, but she couldn't shake the thought of something terrible happening to her protégé.

It was her departure that ignited the fire of doubt in Brett and Myserra's minds. They had no need for the positions. The succubus could buy the building their condo was in, if she wanted to, and no matter how much she wracked her brain, the only reason to keep their jobs was for future role play sessions.

Brett was all too eager to quit. He had grown tired of the daily routine, and he found it difficult to keep his mind on the task at hand when so much had happened to him in the past months, though he wasn't sure whether to be excited or worried when Myserra said she'd find things for him to do.

His time spent as her maid had diminished, as her plan to instill clean living habits into him had worked. But she'd still made him clean the day before, as she loved seeing him in that outfit.

But today he had yet to come out of his room.

She swung her legs off of the couch and stretched, wiggling her toes as her tail wrapped around her calf.

“Brett,” she called out. She frowned at the lack of a response and sighed as she fought the urge to remain on the couch. “Brett,” she said again, her voice droning on.

You better be masturbating or something, she thought as she climbed up off of the couch and lurched toward his bedroom. His door was closed and she grinned as she silently opened it, hoping to catch him in the act.

He sat at his computer, his headphones and his clothes on. Myserra sighed and opened his door the remainder of the way, leaning on his door frame. Brett was oblivious to her presence. Whatever he was doing, he was very focused on it.

“Come on... come on...” he said. His fingers nervously drummed on the surface of his desk. Myserra watched him curiously. Brett was nervous, agitated, and excited all at the same time. From her position, she couldn’t really see what was on his main screen.

“Yes!” he shouted, throwing both hands into the air and catching Myserra off guard. He typed away furiously for a minute, then took his headphones off and stood up victoriously.

Myserra cleared her throat, and Brett froze. “Brett, I’ve been calling you for the past couple of minutes.”

He slowly turned to face her. Myserra stood in his doorway, her arms folded and scowling. She wore nothing but a black sports bra and boy shorts. Her hair fell loose down past her shoulders.

Brett scratched his head. “Sorry, Mistress, I was... busy.”

“Oh? What was so important you chose to disobey me?”

He could feel the weight of her gaze on him. It was powerful, and with every slow step she took toward him, he felt smaller and smaller.

It was a chore just to open his mouth and speak. “T-Tickets, Mistress.”

“Tickets for what?” She was a few feet away from him. Her tail lashed behind her, moving quickly and restlessly.

“A comic convention.” He braced himself.

But nothing happened.

Myserra laughed. “Really? A convention is that important to you?”

He opened his eyes and saw her rubbing her face as she continued to laugh.

“Yeah, I’ve been going for years now. In fact, this would be my tenth year going. I, uh...”

“Yes? Spit it out.” She moved in front of him, putting her hands on her hips.

"I bought you a ticket, as well."

She smiled. "How sweet of you."

"Every year, I've gone by myself. I always see couples there, and I don't know if you've ever been to a con before."

"No, Brett. I've never been to one before, but I've heard of my kind attending. They say there are lots of shy, nervous guys who can't help but stare at the pretty ladies in sexy costumes."

Brett frowned. "Those poor nerds."

"But to answer your question, I would love to go with you. Though, all you had to do was ask and I could've just used my magic to create a pair of badges." Myserra winked.

"Umm, Mistress?"

"Yes, what is it?"

Brett's face turned bright red as he looked away from her. "I was wondering... would it be possible for you to cosplay?"

She smirked. "Why? Do you want to see me in some skimpy outfit? Dressed up like slave-Leia or some sexualized female superhero?" She bent down and hooked her finger through the ring of Brett's collar and pulled him toward her. "It is not I who will be cosplaying. It's *you*."

"M-Mistress?"

Myserra grinned. She turned around and walked out of his bedroom, stopping at his door. "Come out to the living room, Brett. I need a foot rub."

"Yes, Mistress," he said, putting his computer to sleep.

"I... I can't believe we're staying here for the weekend!" Brett said as he walked into the hotel room. "I figured we'd just teleport to and from the con."

"Nonsense! We should go all out for our first con together. Besides, teleporting that great of a distance that often would drain me quickly. My magic isn't unlimited, you know."

"Right. Sorry, Mistress." Brett set his suitcase down on the ground and stared at the king-sized bed.

"Something the matter, Brett?"

"It's just... we've never shared a bed for more than a night."

Myserra poked her head out into the hallway, then closed and bolted the door. She put her hand up and the glowing green rune appeared. She sighed and Brett watched as she changed into her demon form, but her clothes remained the same.

"Ah, much better." She smiled as she moved her fingers through her black hair. Brett stood by and watched her glide through the lavish hotel room. In

addition to the large four-post bed, the room had a killer view of the city and the countryside surrounding it.

“If you would like, I can get you your own room in the hotel, something small and Spartan. We *are* a couple, are we not?”

“Yes, of course we are! It’s just...”

“Brett,” she said, standing up from the bed. “Despite the whole mistress-sub thing we have going on, you and I are a couple. In that aspect, we are equals; two halves of something wonderful. Yes, you are still my sub and I your mistress, but when I am not ordering your cute little ass around, I am just like any other girlfriend.”

“Does that mean I can call you Myserra?”

“No.” She winked. “Unless you want to get punished.”

They laughed and Myserra fell back down onto the bed. Brett unpacked his suitcase and thumbed through the thick program that came with the badge.

“Mistress, I was wondering if you wanted to go through the schedule with me.”

She lifted herself up onto her elbows. “What for?”

“Well, it has a list of all the panels and whatnot. I was going to find the ones that I want to attend so I could plan ahead.”

“Well, I don’t watch TV or movies, read comic books, or play video games, so... yeah.”

Brett scratched his head. “So there’s nothing you want to see?”

“I’m fine just walking through the exhibit hall, browsing the vendors, looking at the cosplayers and teasing the nerds.”

Brett sighed. “It’s funny.”

“What is?”

“For most of my life, I wanted to date a geek just like me. A woman who would play video games with me and watch movies with me; someone to walk the con floor with. Yet here I am, in a relationship with a woman who is the total opposite of a geek.”

“Okay, I lied,” Myserra said with a smile. “I have done a little of the things I mentioned. There are many hours in the day, and there were times when I was bored enough to turn on the television.”

“Thought so. You mentioned cosplayers? Well, tomorrow night is the masquerade, so that’s when everyone will be in costume.”

“Even you.”

Brett froze. “What?”

Myserra stood up and walked toward him, grinning. “I said: even you.”

“B-But, Mistress, I didn’t pack a costume! I don’t have any—”

She put her finger on his lips. "I got it all taken care of. Picked out the outfit myself. I think it'll be a hit."

"Will you be?"

"Nope. Just you, my little sub."

"Can I ask—"

"It's a surprise. But here is a clue: you are the one who created it."

She kissed him on the cheek, leaving Brett in thought as she walked away from him. He looked at her and watched as she turned human, her outfit becoming a red bikini that matched the skin of her demon form. She threw a towel over her shoulder and tucked a pair of dark sunglasses into her blonde hair.

"I'm heading over to the pool. It's been a long time since I laid out by one. Would you care to join me? I'm going to need someone to apply some sunscreen."

Brett smiled and changed into his swimsuit.

The next morning, Myserra roused Brett from his sleep. He mumbled incoherently as his eyes focused on the digital clock on the nightstand. It was a little after seven a.m.

"But... the first panel I want to go to isn't until one," he said into his pillow.

"Yes, but we've got to have breakfast and get in line to register for the masquerade," Myserra said as she rubbed his shoulder. "I'll order some room service."

Thirty minutes later, Brett sat next to Myserra at the foot of the bed. In front of them was a large breakfast spread comprised of toast, various jams, coffee, eggs, hash browns, bacon, milk, juice, fruit, and more. Myserra hummed to herself as she spread some jam over a slice of toast while Brett slowly drank his coffee.

"So, you going to tell me what costume I'll be wearing?" he asked as he stared at the dark liquid in his cup.

"Nope. Not until you put it on." She took a bite of her toast and continued talking as she chewed. "If you're done eating, your costume is in the small black suitcase. The lock is gone, so you can open it up and get dressed."

Brett drank the last of his coffee and stood. "You want me to put it on in front of you?"

"Yes."

He sighed and walked over to the black suitcase. He looked back over his shoulder at her and saw her unsettling grin. Brett figured the outfit would be something embarrassing, but it wasn't until he opened it and pulled out one of

the pieces that he realized just how much.

His jaw hung slack as he stared at the outfit in his hand. He recognized it almost instantly. “No... I’m not wearing this.”

“No? Since when are you allowed to ignore a command?” She flicked her finger and the cart slid away from her. Myserra walked toward him, her eyes locked on his. “Do I need to remind you just who you are?”

She hooked her finger into his collar and pulled him toward her. “Well, Brett? How about instead of the convention, you spend the rest of the weekend in bondage? I could turn you back into a woman, tape some vibrators to your nipples and clit... How about it?”

Brett swallowed. His face turned bright red. “N-No, Mistress. I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to. I’ll put the costume on.”

“If I recall correctly, every time I’ve dressed you up as a woman, you’ve enjoyed it.”

“Yes, but... this is in public. Out in the open.”

“You’ve walked the streets of the underground dressed as a woman. You don’t have to worry about horny demons wanting to have their way with you at a comic convention, am I right?”

Brett said nothing. Myserra was right. The underground was a far more dangerous place than the convention. Sure, there would be some horny attendees—both male and female—but they were all just humans. Nothing more.

She was also right in the fact that he has enjoyed every single time she’s made him crossdress.

He looked back at the dress in his hands and bit his lip. The thought of wearing it in public, getting looked at by all the men and women in the crowd, was terribly arousing. His face turned bright red and Myserra smiled and released her grip on him.

“See? I can tell you’re already liking the idea,” she said, rubbing his groin with her hand.

“Oh, that’s not fair.” He twitched, his face turning redder.

Myserra smiled and sat back down on the bed. The cart wheeled itself back in front of her and she returned to her toast. “Chop, chop! We don’t have all day.”

Brett sighed and looked at the costume in the suitcase. There was a red dress with gold trim embellished with green gems, matching thigh-high, high-heeled boots, elbow-length gloves, shoulder pads, and a pair of red and gold panties.

The costume that Myserra picked out for Brett was of his character from *World of Warcraft*: a female Blood Elf mage.

Myserra snapped her fingers, and in the full-length mirror in the bedroom, Brett watched his face change. His eyes became a bright, luminescent green. His hair turned platinum blonde and pulled tight into a pony tail. His ears grew long and pointy, and his face became feminine. Ruby red lipstick and seductive makeup appeared on his face.

The transformation finished and he looked down at his still male body. “Um...”

Myserra winked.

“Oh, you’ve got to be kidding me,” Brett said in his feminine voice.

“Hurry up, Brett—or should I say: *Athawina*?”

“I hate you,” he said as he stripped out of his clothes and put on the panties.

Brett stepped into the boots, which were made of a soft leather material and tailored specifically for him. As he zipped up the backs, they conformed to legs and were comfortably snug. He stood for a moment in the spiked heeled, round-toe shoes before picking up the dress.

It was top quality and looked as if it came straight out of the game. Brett marveled at the craftsmanship for a moment before putting it on.

The scarlet and gold outfit was nothing more than a fancy bra connected to a long skirt which went down all the way to his ankles. The sides of the skirt were cut out, revealing his feminine hips and the panties he wore. The gold metal that adorned the outfit in an elven design was light and sturdy.

The belt was braided gold with a large ruby in the front. It rested on his round, girly hips, and looking over his shoulder in the mirror, he discovered that the belt pulled the dress against his backside, increasing the visibility of his bubble butt.

He bit his lip as his cheeks turned the color of the outfit. With his new elven features, Brett looked like the real deal. He was a real life Blood Elf, transported out of Azeroth onto Earth. Only this female elf was flat chested, but as Brett looked at his appearance from different angles, he realized that the bra-top very much concealed his missing boobs.

Considering his petite build, it wouldn’t be unusual for a woman his size to have small, firm breasts. The only problem was that a petite woman wouldn’t have an erection pushing out the front of her dress.

“A little turned on, are we?” Myserra’s smooth, dark voice whispered into his ear. She walked up behind him and wrapped her arms around his chest. Her touch was warm and Brett moaned quietly as her palms slid down his belly to his hips. They moved inward, disappearing under the dress as Brett pressed his body against Myserra’s. She rubbed the inside of his thigh with one hand and rubbed

his cock through the fabric of the panties with the other.

She gently bit his neck and Brett grabbed onto her arms. Her fingers slipped into his panties and he twitched. He was getting so close. So very close.

Don't stop, Mistress. Please don't stop.

She did.

Brett opened his eyes and whined when he felt her fingers slide down to the base of his throbbing cock and gently squeeze it. Moments later, she let go and brought her hand out of his panties, but not before teasing his cockhead with her finger and tucking the swollen member back under the waistband.

"Mistress..." he whined, his voice soft.

"My little elf slave has to earn her reward. Consider this punishment for mouthing off to me earlier. Now, be a good little sub and put your gloves on."

She rubbed his earlobes, and Brett felt the weight of earrings. In the mirror, he saw them: heavy, round, and gold with a circular ruby. Myserra attached the shoulder pads to his dress as he pulled the gloves on. In addition to the earrings, she gave him matching gold cuffs that rested on his biceps.

Brett looked at his appearance one last time in the mirror, checking all angles for any sign of his erection nestled snugly in his panties. In the reflection, he watched Myserra take on her human form. It was the first time in a very long time that he has seen her in comfortable clothes: jeans, a t-shirt, and leather boots.

She smiled as she put her badge around her neck and handed Brett his. He turned around to take it from her and frowned.

"Is that my shirt?"

Myserra tugged on the black shirt. "It is. I don't own any geek clothes, so I borrowed some of yours. If I went around dressed in my normal attire, people would think I confused the comic convention with a dominatrix one."

"Maybe, but you'd be stopped every five feet to take a picture."

The couple laughed.

Brett stopped and stared, smiling as he watched Myserra inspect her badge. She looked like the real deal: a normal, geeky woman—and a very attractive one at that. He had seen women like that every con, but they were all either journalists for some online news site, professional cosplayers, or models hired by the vendors to attract attendees.

The few that he had seen walking the floor were never alone. There was always some boyfriend or husband close by, or friends of hers to ward off the unsolicited attention of lonely men.

Every con, the topic of unwanted attention was brought up. That, and the sexualization of women. There were always complaints from the women of the

leering or the “accidental” butt grab or boob brush. Nine times out of ten, it came from the women dressed in the most sexualized costumes, from skin-tight latex to ample cleavage and impractical armor.

One side always said not to wear the skimpy costumes. The other said every female costume is in some way sexualized.

Brett had never had to deal with this. He had never cosplayed before, and being a man of average looks, he never got more than a quick passing glance from a woman. He couldn't claim to be innocent, however, as he would be lying if he said he never once held a gaze longer than he should have with a woman in a Power Girl or Black Widow costume.

Until now.

He looked convincingly feminine, despite the modest figure and the lack of breasts. The dress had long slits in the side that showed his legs all the way up to his thighs when he walked. He was thankful, though, that the dress was loose in the front and that the panties were tight.

Myserra wrapped her arms around Brett and kissed him on the cheek. “It’ll be fun. I won’t leave your side. I promise.”

She took his hand and led him out of the hotel room.

Brett was so nervous his body trembled. His heart pounded so hard he could feel the pulse in his ears. He kept his eyes low as he walked, his body pressed tightly against Myserra's. She kept her arm around him, her eyes looking every which way.

The convention was massive. It was the largest in the country and had outgrown even this brand new complex designed to house a gathering this big.

Underneath the nerves and fear, Brett was ecstatic. Every time he'd attended, he'd told himself that next year he'd stay at the luxury hotel directly across the street, a hotel that didn't require waiting half an hour for a shuttle bus, then to be on that bus for another half hour or more, depending on traffic.

If he wasn't so absorbed in the uncomfortable situation he was in, he might've noticed one of the three celebrities that he passed by on the way out of the hotel.

Brett grabbed Myserra's arm and pulled her off to the side before they could walk out the front doors.

She scowled. “What was that for?”

“I can't do this. I'm too nervous. I feel like—”

Myserra's hand moved faster than he could blink. She placed it over his mouth and pressed him against the wall. “Brett, listen to me right now. Are you listening?”

He nodded.

“Have I ever steered you wrong?”

After a moment, he shook his head.

“Have I ever hurt you?”

Again, he shook his head.

“Do you not trust me?” she asked as she pulled her hand off of his mouth.

“I trust you,” he whimpered.

“Then why are you so afraid? I would never do anything that would put you in harm’s way. I may push you out of your comfort zone, but I do that because I want you to experience things. I want you to have fun and really enjoy yourself. Now, how about you cast aside your fear and live a little?”

Myserra took a step back and extended her arm.

Brett looked at her and smiled. He took a deep breath and wrapped his arm around hers. She held onto him tightly as she led him through the wide glass doors and out of the hotel.

The sun shone brightly onto the plaza. Men, women, and children of all ages and nationalities were shuffling about. Buses were coming and going, dropping off dozens of attendees as if the convention center was a school. There were news vans and cops directing traffic as the convention officially opened.

Brett and Myserra followed a small group of people toward the center. They hadn’t even made it to the crosswalk before Brett was asked for his first photo.

“Sure!” he said with a nervous quavering in his voice. Even though Myserra kept his body male, she did give him a more feminine voice to go along with his feminine face.

Before he even realized what was happening, Myserra slipped away from him out of the picture. The photographer was a younger man, maybe a few years younger than Brett. He was thin and obviously a *World of Warcraft* fan from the shirt he was wearing.

“You look awesome!” the guy said as he snapped a couple pictures. “Nice job on the costume.”

“You want a picture with her?” Myserra asked.

Brett shot her a nervous look and the guy nearly dropped his phone as Myserra approached him. He handed her the phone and Brett watched as he nervously stood at his side. He put his arm around Brett’s back, barely pressing it against the fabric of his dress.

Myserra snapped the photo and handed the camera back to the guy.

“T-Thank you,” he said as he looked at the pictures. He waved goodbye and walked away, his face glued to his phone screen.

“Surprisingly not a virgin,” Myserra said as she walked up to Brett.

He glared at her.

“That wasn’t so bad, now, was it?” She patted him on the back.

“A heads up would’ve been nice, Mistress,” he replied, crossing his arms. The light changed and they crossed the street.

A little less than half of the attendees were in some form of cosplay, but it was closer to a third that were in full costume. Brett recognized most of them, and as usual, the characters represented were vastly skewed. Many of usual suspects were there: Batman, Superman, all the typical heroes and heroines. Many Jokers and Harley Quinns, all done to death.

There were variations and mashups, gender swaps—though all were female versions of male characters—and half-assed attempts. And of course, there were the sexy outfits and the men and women who cosplayed out of their body type.

Brett had lost count of how many times he was stopped and asked for a photo. On some occasions, he was in the same spot for close to ten minutes. A crowd would gather, and as photographers left, others would replace them. People would walk by and quickly snap a photo, and he was relieved that most were polite about it and thanked him afterward.

Myserra remained quiet the whole time. Without protest, she would step aside and watch as her sub got his picture taken by both amateurs and professionals, and even interviewed by a couple of web series. She always grinned when Brett answered the question about who made the costume.

“My girlfriend,” he would say.

Brett liked seeing the reactions, too, and only one interviewer realized that he was a guy. The rest just jumped to the conclusion that he was a woman and a lesbian.

He found relief in the exhibit hall, where big, loud security guards kept the crowds moving. He would still get picture requests, but they were few and far between. Most of the time, they were snapped without his consent, and he had quite a few compliments and even a cat-call.

The worst part of it all was that he was still fully erect. He was drunk off of lust. He couldn’t believe how turned on he was at the fact that no one knew just how hard he was, that yes, this female elf was in fact a man and under her dress, and that tucked in her panties was a throbbing cock kept erect by magic.

Myserra knew this, and she teased him constantly. She would grab his ass or brush her hand across his crotch, even slide it in under his dress when they were in the midst of a tightly-packed crowd.

They had only been in the convention for little more than an hour, and Brett was soaking wet.

“Wow, there are actually so few virgins here. Then again, I’m probably only successfully reading about a third of the population.”

Brett looked up at her. She was so very much into the convention, and he couldn’t help but smile. They stopped at almost every single one of the vendors and looked at the goods they offered. She bought some jewelry: a couple earrings, rings, and a necklace, all handcrafted.

As she browsed one of the vendors, Brett looked around. He spotted an artist that he wanted to check out, and looked back at his mistress. She was chatting up the vendor, who was trying to sell her on some black patent leather goods.

“I’m going to look over there real quick,” he said to her.

She looked over at him and nodded, and Brett made his way over toward the artist.

He looked away for a moment and walked into someone.

“Oh, shit. Sorry!”

“No, it’s my bad,” the woman replied.

Brett froze. The woman that he’d bumped into was beautiful. She was as tall as he was, with russet hair and brown eyes. The woman wasn’t in cosplay, and she was alone.

“Nice to meet you... Brett?” She smiled and laughed as she read the name on his badge. She stuck out her hand. “I’m Ashley.”

Brett scratched his head, his face bright red.

“Don’t worry.” She winked. “I can keep a secret. Good choice, by the way... for the Horde!”

Brett relaxed and laughed. There was something about this woman. She was beautiful and funny, and a true to life geek, too. He had forgotten all about the vendor that he wanted to visit. Instead, he just stood there chatting with Ashley.

They talked about *World of Warcraft*, about the upcoming expansion. They discussed the class changes and the new locations. They moved away from the game and just talked about whatever came to mind. She motioned for him to follow and they continued talking as they sat down at one of the empty tables.

Brett leaned back in his chair and laughed at the joke she told.

Then things got quiet, and Brett realized that he was falling for this chick. Ashley was much like Myserra, smart, witty, and confident, only Ashley was a hardcore geek, much like him.

He liked her.

“You here with someone?” Brett asked.

Ashley leaned forward and smiled. “No. It’s just me. Why? Are you also

single? Because let me tell you a little secret of mine.”

She leaned in closer.

“Crossdressing guys *really* turn me on.”

If Brett’s jaw wasn’t connected to his head, it would’ve hit the table. His cheeks were on fire. His cock throbbed and he twitched. He was so incredibly turned on by this chick.

There was only one major problem: Myserra.

Oh, shit! I totally forgot about her! She’s probably looking all over for me.

“I don’t think I’ve ever seen one as cute as you. I would love to have you all to myself. The things I would—”

Her phone beeped.

“Oh, crap. I gotta go! I need to get in line for a panel.”

Brett frowned, but he knew all too well how important it was to get in line early enough. He stood up, and Ashley stepped in front of him.

She tore a page out of her program and scribbled her phone number and the hotel where she was staying on it.

“I’ll be at the masquerade tonight, if you’re going—which I assume you are. Afterward, if you’re not exhausted, give me a call. I’d love to get a drink with you.”

Ashley handed him the paper, and her hand brushed his. She smiled and said goodbye before walking away from the table.

Brett watched her leave, and she looked back at him one more time before disappearing into the crowd. He stood and stared at the shifting crowd for another moment before looking down at the piece of paper in his hand.

She was staying in the same hotel as him.

“Is that the first woman’s number you’ve got?”

Brett quickly turned around and saw Myserra sitting at the table. She leaned back in the chair and played with her badge.

“Mistress, I—”

“You don’t have to explain. I saw the whole thing. She seems nice. Very beautiful, as well. You like her?”

Brett opened his mouth to speak, but he failed to find the right words. He did like this Ashley. She was funny, cute, smart, geeky... the exact woman he had always wanted for a girlfriend.

“I know that you do. It’s obvious, and I would know the truth whether or not you decided to tell it to me. Tell me, Brett, and be one hundred percent honest with me: would you like to go out with her?”

“But Mistress, I can’t. You and I—”

“Did you forget about Seth? I’ve only known of one—well, two, including

your sister-in-law—demon who has chosen a monogamous relationship with a human. We are sexual creatures. Polyamory is in our blood. It is only natural to us to have more than one relationship. If you want to get to know this Ashley better, you have my permission.”

Brett blinked. “I... I don’t know what to say, Mistress. I mean, sure, if you and I weren’t together, I would definitely call her. But—”

Myserra held up her hand, silencing him. She stood up and moved directly in front of him. She smiled as she moved her fingers through his golden-blond hair.

“Brett, you do not need to make this decision now. She said she would be free after the masquerade tonight, and that is hours away. Besides, if you don’t make a move on her, I just might. I’ve been itching for a lesbian tryst for a while. You in your female form is much different from a natural-born woman.”

“You’re not going to enslave her or anything?”

“No, of course not. Just one night of passionate lesbian sex. Maybe we could make it a threesome, if you’re a good little boy.”

Brett’s cheeks burned red-hot. He bit his lip as he dropped his eyes to the floor and his hands to his crotch. His dick throbbed and he felt the cold presence of precum.

“Mistress, can I please be free of this? I... I’ve learned my lesson.”

Myserra grinned. “Okay, Brett. let’s go back to the hotel.”

“I’ve been a bad girl!” Brett moaned. He writhed on the large, king-sized bed, his arms cuffed above his head and his eyes blindfolded. He remained in his costumed and Myserra laid next to him, her hand slowly stroking his cock as she whispered into his ear.

“Such a naughty elf-girl. I’ll bet you were hoping to attract some big, manly orcs. Weren’t you, Athawina?”

“Y-Y-Yes, Mistress!”

“But instead, you got captured by an Alliance patrol, and now you’re my personal slave. How does it feel to be owned by the superior elven race?”

Brett moaned loudly as he squirmed. When Myserra accepted his plea to be free from the chastity, he didn’t realize that he signed himself up for some serious role play.

He had entered the hotel room before her, and when he heard the door shut and lock behind him, he turned to see Myserra not in her human or her demon form. Instead, she wore the guise of a Night Elf, another race in *World of Warcraft*.

Instead of fair skin and gold hair, Myserra’s flesh was a deep purple and

her hair snow-white. Her eyes glowed as her leather domme attire returned to her body.

She called him by the name of his character and bound his wrists and blindfolded him. She stroked him off, calling him all sorts of things until his hips buckled and he sprayed cum all over himself.

“What a dirty elf. You were wasted as a mage.”

“Yes, Mistress,” he breathlessly replied.

Instead of returning to the convention, Brett and Myserra remained at the hotel and lounged at the pool until it was time to go back for the masquerade.

It was a long night full of dancing and mingling. Myserra decided to cosplay after all, coming dressed as the Night Elf from their role play. When the event finally concluded, Brett couldn’t help but frown. He looked everywhere, but he didn’t see Ashley. When they returned to their hotel, Myserra sat Brett down.

“Have you decided?” she asked plainly.

“Yes, Mistress. I... I’m going to call her. You have to realize that up until I met you, Ashley was the kind of woman that I always wanted to be with. But that changed. I love you, and you are my Mistress. No woman could ever replace you, not even another succubus.”

“Brett, it would be incredibly selfish for me to hog you all to myself. As strong as our bond is, I am not a monogamous creature. Many times during our relationship, I’ve been with others, and that is because like you consume food and drink for sustenance, I must feed off of the sexual energies of men. I chose not to feed off of you because of the love and respect I have for you.

“So go, call her, chat and have fun. Forget about being the sub to a succubus for a spell and enjoy being a normal human. Here, this should help.”

Brett’s eyes went wide as Myserra wrapped her hands around his neck. He heard a *click* and watched as she pulled the collar off of him. She held it in her hands and looked at it closely.

“Don’t worry, Brett. A collar is just an accessory, something tangible to remind you of who you are. What matters most is not the collar, but that you know in your heart who you are and that you accept it. Collars come in all shapes, sizes, and colors, but they all symbolize the same thing.”

“Mistress...”

“I’ll be here, Brett. If something were to happen, just mentally call my name and I’ll be there in an instant. Go. Have fun.”

She snapped her fingers, and Brett’s appearance changed. He returned to his normal form, with his short brown hair and dark eyes and his t-shirt and jeans.

"I'm going to take a bath."

Brett watched her enter the bathroom, and when he heard the water running, he nervously pulled out his phone and called Ashley's number.

"Hey, Ashley? It's Brett," he said when he heard her voice.

"Oh, hey, Brett! I was hoping you'd call. The bar in my hotel is pretty empty right now. How would you like to join me?"

He looked over at the bathroom door. Underneath the sound of rushing water, he could hear Myserra humming a tune.

"Sure, I'd love to. I'll see you there shortly."

He put his phone in his pocket and left the hotel room.

The bar was not empty. Nearly every table, booth and stool was occupied. Brett stood by the entrance and surveyed the crowd. He spotted Ashley sitting in the corner booth.

"Oh, bummer," she sighed.

Brett stopped. "What? It's me."

"Yeah, I know." Ashley winked. "I was hoping you'd still be dressed as the cute elf."

"Sorry to disappoint. May I sit?"

"But of course! I invited you, silly. So, tell me, was that the first time you've ever dressed up as a woman?"

"Wow, straight to the point!" Brett said as he sat across from her.

She leaned forward. "You didn't answer my question."

"Does it matter? I mean, these are some pretty personal questions you're asking."

"I'm not much of a small talk gal," she said as she took a sip of her drink and signaled for the waiter. "Whiskey for my friend here," she said.

Ashley fell silent. She stared at Brett for a long while. There was a shift in her demeanor and the tone of her voice when she spoke again. It was almost as if an entirely different woman sat across from him. She took another sip from her drink, and in the low light of the bar, Brett could've sworn her eyes changed color.

At length, she spoke. "Did you come to the convention alone?"

"No. I, uh, came with a... *friend*."

Ashley cocked an eyebrow and stirred her drink. "A friend? Is this friend a guy? Or perhaps a woman?"

Brett looked away as he spoke. He found it hard to talk about Myserra in this matter. "*She* is just a friend. She helped me with my costume."

"So you're single, then? This lady friend wouldn't mind if I take you up to my hotel room and devour you?"

Brett fumbled with his drink, spilling part of it on his shirt and shorts.

“Something the matter?”

“No, no. Just slipped, that’s all.”

“You seem on edge. Are you sure you’re okay?”

Brett looked across the table. Ashley was cool, reserved, confident. If it weren’t the differences in appearance, he could’ve mistaken her for Myserra.

“Brett, I was serious about what I told you when I chatted with you earlier.”

“Serious about what?”

“About how turned on crossdressers make me.”

Brett stiffened. He felt a foot brush up against his leg. A stockinged foot. It was at that moment that he realized what Ashley was wearing. She wasn’t in her t-shirt and jeans, nor was she in a costume. She wore a tight black dress with gold accents and red trim.

Her fingernails, the same dark red color of her lipstick, tapped on the short glass in front of her. She stared at him as she brought her drink to her lips and continued to gently tease him with her foot.

“Don’t you just love the feel of stockings? How they encase your legs and show off every curve?”

Brett said nothing. He just took a long sip of his drink.

“So, what panels did you go to today?”

She pulled her foot back and smiled. “I managed to get into two. One was for a TV show that I like, the other was for a video game. Ever worn high heels?”

“Yes—wait, no. No, I have not.”

“You wore them today. A really sexy pair of thigh-highs. They had… what, a five-inch heel? You moved in them very gracefully for someone who has never worn any.”

“I practiced. Yeah, I practiced walking around in them.”

He took another long sip of his drink. *Wait a minute, I thought it was almost empty? Did the waiter come by and refill it?*

“Pink.”

“Pardon?”

“I was imagining you in a pink lingerie set. With white fishnet stockings.” Brett blushed and he squirmed in his leather seat as his cock started to harden. “Yes, pink with a blonde wig,” Ashley continued. “Maybe one of those garter belts with a lace skirt attached to it.”

“Look, Ashley. This is creeping me out, okay? I thought you were a fun, geeky chick.”

She leaned back against her seat and frowned. "I apologize. Sometimes I get carried away. I'm sorry, Brett. You just bring something out in me. If you want to go, that's fine. I understand. I truly am sorry for bothering you like that."

"I mean, I like you. You seem like a really nice girl. It's just that part of me is just something I don't discuss openly with a stranger."

"Like I said earlier, I'm not really into small talk. That's just who I am. I find the interesting parts of a person and focus in on those. Take you, for example. You're a handsome dude who earlier today was a sexy elf chick. Sure, a little androgynous, but still very feminine. I could talk to you for hours if you'd like about how awesome the N64 was or how I could kick your ass in *Mario Kart*. Or we could go into some in-depth raiding strategies or speculation about the upcoming expansion.

"But as fun as that sounds, I'm a woman who knows what she wants. I've got one hell of a libido, and seeing cute guys dressed up as even cuter girls really gets me going. You're going to need a tank with a whole lot of threat to pull me off of you."

Brett swallowed hard and his cock became instantly erect. This chick had just dropped a *World of Warcraft* metaphor, and it was so incredibly hot. And as vocal as he was, he couldn't deny how hot it would be to get dressed up by her.

"I accept your party invite," he replied.

Ashley grinned. "Shall we make our way to the dungeon entrance?"

Brett followed Ashley out of the bar and up to her room. She was quiet the entire time, and when they were in the elevator, she just smiled and stared. She was one floor below him and Myserra, and her room was just as nice.

Ashley waved him in and closed the door behind him. She walked past him to the bar in her room. He couldn't peel his eyes away from her body.

She handed him a drink and they toasted.

"To the convention, and the awesome people that attend it," she said as she raised her glass.

"I'll drink to that."

Then things got complicated.

She sat down on the couch and crossed her legs. "So, tell me about your lady friend."

"Oh, well. Her name is Mya."

"Have you two done it?"

Brett choked on his drink.

"Don't die on me, Brett!" Ashley laughed.

"Sorry, went down the wrong pipe."

"Well?"

He hesitated. "Yes, we have."

"And you're not a couple?"

"It's... complicated."

"I see. Well, let's not discuss this further. She is not here. Tonight, it's just you and me."

Ashley climbed up off of the couch and moved on top of Brett. She brought her lips down onto his and kissed him. Her touch was electrifying. She took his hand, pulled him to his feet, and led him toward the bed.

She took his shirt off of him and tossed it aside. "How about we make this more fun for the both of us?" she said as she moved his hands across his chest.

"What did you have in mind?"

"You already know what I want."

She stepped back from him and turned around. She reached back and unzipped her dress as she looked over her shoulder at him. It was a slow, drawn-out process. She wanted him to hear every tooth in the zipper that went from neck to hem.

When it reached the bottom, the whole garment fell to the floor. Other than the stockings and heels, the only other item she wore was a red lace thong. Her eyes went down to his crotch and she giggled.

"Like what you see?" She walked away from him toward her massive suitcase. "Despite the convention lasting only a weekend, I packed enough clothes for over a week."

Brett knew what was coming, and he didn't fight it. Ashley was just so beautiful. If having sex with her meant letting her dress him up, so be it.

She pulled a pair of bright pink, glittery heels out of her suitcase, followed by white lace-top stockings, a pink thong, and a matching lace bustier. Ashley brought the items over to the bed and smiled.

"So, tell me, Brett: have you ever crossdressed before today?"

"Yes, I have," he replied.

Ashley clapped her hands together and squealed excitedly. Then she wrapped her arms around Brett and pressed her breasts against his chest.

"Oh, Brett, you have no idea how excited this makes me. Come on, let's get you dressed."

She lowered her hands and undid his pants, pulling them and his boxers down at the same time. When he stood naked in front of her, she helped him into the bustier and tied the back.

She handed him the thong panties and giggled as his erect cock poked out of the top of the waistband. He sat down on the bed and she knelt down in front of him and pulled the stockings up his legs and clipped them to the garter belt.

Then she slipped the pink pumps onto his feet and stood him up.

"I have a blonde wig in the bathroom that was part of my cosplay," she said as she took his hand and led him into the bathroom.

Ashley stood him up against the slick marble countertop and applied his makeup, finishing up with hot pink lipstick and a shiny coat of gloss. The hair of the wig fell down past his shoulders in waves, and she once again squealed with delight.

When they reached the bed, she wrapped her arms around him and kissed him. They fell onto the sheets and she rolled on top of him.

"It's a shame, really."

He smiled. "What is?"

"That collar that you wore today. It would go so hot with that outfit."

"My what?!" Brett slid out from underneath her.

"Your collar. I thought you looked so hot with it on. Wait, did you always have that tattoo?"

Brett looked down and saw Myserra's mark on his stomach through the sheer mesh fabric of the bustier.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"My name is Ashley," she said, a look of confusion on her face.

"No, who are you *really*? I know you're a succubus. Show yourself."

"Whoa, whoa, whoa!" Ashley threw her hands in the air. "How the fuck did you know about that? I should be asking who the fuck are you?"

"What? No, I asked you first."

"Enough."

Brett and Ashley turned toward the voice. Out of the shadows of Ashley's hotel room, Myserra appeared.

"Uh, who are you?" Ashley said.

"My name is Myserra. You know me as Mya. Brett here is my sub." She looked at Brett. "Pink looks good on you." She snapped her fingers and he felt a tightness around his neck.

She turned to Ashley. "And you need to drop the charade. I know you know who I am. You saw both of us walking around exhibit floor."

Ashley smiled. "You're right. I did see the two of you walking around the floor. Though I did really bump into him by accident. I was hoping you weren't a couple, because I wanted to play with him."

"Were you going to enslave him?"

"Enslave—wait, you can do that?"

Myserra blinked. She looked at Brett and back at Ashley. "Just how long have you been a succubus?"

“About four months.”

“The demon who turned you?”

“I never got her name.”

“Did she teach you anything?”

“Just how to turn a guy into a woman and back. I used that on my ex-boyfriend ‘cause he cheated on me.”

“Have you fed?”

“Only once.”

“Huh. Well.”

“Well what, Mistress?” Brett finally spoke.

“I’ve been keeping my eye on her. After you left the hotel room, I followed you to the bar and then back up here. Her intentions are pure. Well, pure in a sense. She really did only want to dress you up and have sex with you.”

“Yeah. Duh. I’m not a mons—oh.”

Myserra narrowed her eyes and took on her demon form. “What is your *real* name?”

“Solara.”

“I have an offer for you, Solara. You’re a fledgling succubus who knows very little about the world she almost certainly entered on a whim, correct?”

“Yep,” Solara said as she scratched her head.

“Well, then, how about you come live with us and I can teach you all that there is to know about being a succubus? And you can dress Brett up whenever you want.”

“What?!” Brett shouted.

“Deal!” Solara replied. She reached out and shook Myserra’s hand. Then both demons turned toward Brett and smiled.

Mini Session Three: In Trouble

Brett leaned forward in his chair, his fingers flying over the keyboard as he stared at the computer screen. Despite his intense concentration, his finger slipped, and his character moved into the virtual fire, dying almost instantly.

He dropped his head, sighing as a voice screamed into his headset.

“Come on, Brett! You’re supposed to move out of the fire!”

He lifted his head and watched as his character’s death started a chain reaction that ended with another failed attempt at the raid boss.

“All right, guys,” another voice said, “that’s it for tonight. We’ll go at it again tomorrow.”

Brett sighed as he slouched into his chair and took his headset off. It had been so long since he’d been on a raid with his guild that he was surprised to see his character was still a member. His inactivity came as a shock to his teammates, and what was even harder for them to swallow was his claim of having a girlfriend.

“I take it you didn’t kill the boss?”

Brett sat up and looked over his shoulder toward the bedroom door. Myserra leaned against the wooden frame, her arms crossed in front of her. She was dressed in her favorite outfit: a black corset, thigh-high boots, a fishnet shrug, and thong panties. Her long tail slithered behind her.

He turned his chair toward her. “Yep. People couldn’t get to their positions fast enough.”

Myserra smiled as she slowly walked toward him, her hips swaying hypnotically with every step. “Were you one of those people?”

“Unfortunately yes, Mistress,” Brett sighed.

“Well, then,” she said, moving in front of him, “I guess you need to be a taught a lesson.”

“Oh? What did you have in mind, Mistress?” he asked, looking up at her from his chair.

“You don’t look like the forgetful, air-headed type. Let’s fix that.” She cracked her knuckles and bent down toward him, the palm of her hand glowing as she placed it on his chest.

A surge of energy shot through him like a static shock, and a warmth filled his body. Brett closed his eyes and moaned as his body began to change. He threw his shoulders back as his chest swelled up, and his t-shirt stretched as a pair of breasts filled up his top.

He tightly squeezed the arm rests as his waist pinched in and hips widened, forming the perfect hourglass figure. Myserra’s grin widened as she watched

Brett squirm, his body brimming with lust and desire as it transformed further.

He opened his eyes and looked down at his bouncy breasts, adjusting himself as his butt filled in and rounded out. His brown hair grew long as his face became soft and feminine. His slender fingers rubbed the insides of his thighs and he whimpered as the bulge in his flannel pants vanished, sending another surge of energy through him as the transformation ended.

Slouching in his chair, Brett looked up at Myserra, his skin flushed and glowing. The succubus tapped her finger on her lips in a thoughtful manner, squinting down at her sub.

A devilish grin appeared on her face. “Stand up, Brooke. We’re not done yet.”

“Yes, Mistress,” he replied in a breathy female voice.

She snapped her fingers, and Brett watched as his clothes changed before his very eyes. His t-shirt became a tied-off, white button-down blouse, which seemed more like a bra than a top. It just barely contained his perky boobs and left his entire midriff bare.

The legs of his pants moved upward toward his waist, merging together into a pleated skirt. The hem continued to shorten until it reached a length that left the underside of his bubble butt exposed.

His socks hiked up his legs, hugging them tightly as they became snow-white stockings with scalloped, lacy tops.

He looked down at his feet as he grew taller. A pair of hot pink platform pumps lifted him close to six inches off the ground. He stuck his arms out to the sides to keep from toppling over in the heels.

When he’d attained his balance, Brett inspected the changes, lifting up the hem of the pleated microskirt and looking at the white lace panties underneath.

“A schoolgirl, Mistress?” he said, inspecting his outfit further.

“Not just any schoolgirl, Brooke—a *bimbo* schoolgirl.”

He looked up at her with wide eyes. “A wha—?”

Myserra snapped her fingers, cutting Brett off as a shiver traveled up his spine, ending with the mother of all brain freezes. He placed his head in his hands and groaned.

“Oh, god, my head... It, like, hurts!”

Feeling a tightness in his chest, he looked down and watched as his breasts filled up another two cup sizes, forcing one of the buttons on his blouse to pop off and fly across the bedroom. Instead of feeling embarrassed, he couldn’t help but giggle.

He puckered his lips, giggling some more as a pink haze filled his mind. With each passing moment, it became harder and harder for him to concentrate,

until the only thoughts in his head were about how horny he was.

Brett held the ends of his hair in his hands and smiled as the brown gave way to blonde, squealing with delight as the tips turned pink. His attention quickly shifted from his hair to his hands as his fingernails grew long and turned colors to match his new highlights.

Jewelry appeared on his body, from large hoop earrings to bracelets. He looked down at his feet and spotted a shiny gold anklet with the word "SLUT" engraved across it in big, bold letters.

"Oh my god, I like, totally am," he said, marveling at the pendant. Realizing what he just said, he looked up at his mistress and blinked. "Like, oh my god! You turned me into a bimbo!"

Myserra laughed. "Now the body matches the brain. You're so ditzy, Brooke."

"Like, totally, Mistress." Brett giggled, sliding his finger into the metal ring of his now pink and rhinestone-adorned collar as he licked his glossy lips.

Myserra stepped up to Brett and wrapped her arm around him, pulling him close against her body. He looked up at her with big, ocean blue eyes that sparkled despite the dim bulb in his brain.

He giggled and moaned softly as her hand moved down his lower back and onto his plump bottom. "You've been a bad girl, Brooke. You've made too many mistakes, and it's time for you to learn your lesson."

"Please punish me, Mistress," he said, sucking on his index finger.

"How bad do you want it?" she replied, hooking her finger into the waistband of his panties. "Tell me how naughty you've been."

Brett smiled as he backed away from his mistress. He kept his eyes locked on her as he turned around and sauntered over to his bed, exaggerating the sway of his hips as he walked. The staccato clicks of his high heels echoed in his bedroom.

Reaching the edge of his bed, he bent down, placed his hands on the comforter, and looked back at her over his shoulder.

"Please, Mistress. I've, like, been such a naughty girl," he purred. "I need to be punished."

Brett licked his lips as he wiggled his apple-shaped butt, spreading his legs wider and rocking back and forth slowly. Myserra nodded as she walked over and sat down beside him.

"Come here, slut. It's time to learn your lesson." She grabbed his wrist and pulled him across her lap, smiling as she lifted up his skirt and slowly pulled down his lace panties. "How many failed attempts did you have tonight in your raid?"

“Ten, Mistress,” Brett whimpered.

“And how many people in your group?”

“Twenty-five,” he replied.

“Well then,” Myserra said, cocking her hand back, “I guess we have a long night ahead of us.”

Her hand came down, swiftly striking Brett’s smooth backside. He yelped and kicked his legs as the sting lingered.

“One...”

Twelve: A Day in Pink

Brett sat on the couch, his arms folded and his legs up on the table in front of him. Standing on the other side of the table was Myserra, and next to her was Ashley. Both were in their succubus forms.

“How long are you going to be gone?” he asked, his eyes on Myserra.

“At least three days. No more than a week,” she replied.

“A week? Seriously?” He unfolded his arms and rubbed his face.

“Yes, Brett. A week. I need to take Ashley and run her through a brief, but very intensive demonic boot camp, pardon the metaphor. It is very dangerous for her to be ‘out in the wild’ without any training.”

Ashley said nothing. She just stared at Myserra.

Brett looked at her. He could see her anxiety written all over her face. She looked like someone who had signed up for the military, thinking nothing of it. Now the consequences of her actions are sinking in. She was no longer human. She had given all that up for revenge on the man who had cheated on her. As sweet as her vengeance was, there was no going back.

Myserra had taken it upon herself to train the fledgling succubus. She had spent more time with Ashley than she had with him, her own sub, and Brett’s attitude worsened until he started acting like a spoiled child starved for attention.

This did not please Myserra one bit.

“Brett, you’ve been acting rather selfish lately. I think it’s time you took a little time-out. Ash and I will be out of reach. They don’t get signal deep in the underground where we’ll be.”

Brett grumbled, but he knew better than to say anything.

“There’s food in the fridge. Stay out of trouble.” Myserra winked, then vanished in a cloud of smoke.

“I’m sorry.” Ashley said before vanishing too.

Brett let out a heavy sigh and slouched on the couch. He continued to huff, but stopped when he realized it was pointless.

It was early in the afternoon and he had nothing to do. Well, nothing besides play some video games and take his pick from what seemed like an endless movie collection. Shortly after moving into the condo, Myserra had cast a spell on the DVD cabinet that stood next to the flat screen TV. All Brett had to do was place his palm on the small black square and think of the movie he wanted, and seconds later a DVD box would appear in the slot below. It would only work for movies that had already been released, though.

Not wasting any time, Brett got dressed and headed for the door. He stopped midway through the living room and turned toward the low rectangular

table and stared.

Placed in the center of the smooth wood was a shiny rhinestone bracelet. Four rows of tiny, diamond-like gems sparkled in the lights of the condo.

Brett looked at the bracelet. It hadn't been there minutes ago when he'd sat on the couch. It hadn't been there when Myserra and Ashley told him that they'd be gone for several days. It had shown up *after* they left, when he went into his room to change.

He reached out and touched it. He picked it up and inspected it closely. He even thought about putting it on, but then he remembered what had happened the last time he'd put on a mysterious bracelet.

It was the morning after he'd met with Myserra. Her gold bracelet was on the kitchen counter of his old apartment, and when he'd put it on, it had shrunk around his wrist and prevented him from taking it off.

He smirked as he set it back down on the table, and just as he was letting go of it, he felt a sharp pain in his fingers like a static shock.

Brett jerked his hand back, but he didn't think too much of it. He was standing on the carpet, after all; it could've easily been a charge he'd built up while walking to the door. He zipped up his jacket and left the condo.

He couldn't sit still during the movie. He was glad the theater was mostly empty, as his rustling would've upset everyone around him. He had trouble paying attention to the film, not that it mattered—it was a brainless action film.

Even so, he had difficulty watching it. His mind kept flashing to the bracelet. *I knew I shouldn't have fucking touched it*, he thought as he polished off the rest of his popcorn.

He tried to not think about it, but the more he struggled, the harder the desire to wear it fought. By the time the movie was over, he decided to put on the damn thing just to rid himself of the compulsion. He'd put it on, take it off, and be done with it.

But when he returned to his condo and stood by the table, his resolve shattered. At the last moment, he decided against it. Instead he went into his room, closed the door behind him, and played video games until he couldn't keep his eyes open.

Brett woke up late in the morning, and as he staggered into the kitchen, he spotted the bracelet again. It hadn't moved, and he realized that he had totally forgotten about it. He sat and stared at it from the kitchen table as he ate a bowl of cereal and drank some coffee.

His curiosity had finally gotten the better of him.

When he finished eating, he walked up to the bracelet and put it on. He winced, waiting for it to shrink into his wrist like Myserra's gold bracelet had,

only nothing happened.

It dangled loosely on his wrist, and after a couple of seconds of wearing it, he slid it off and put it back on the table.

“Well, that was anti climatic,” he muttered. Then he shrugged and sat down on the couch, turning on the TV.

He browsed through the near endless selection of channels, and the strangest thing happened. Instead of watching an action movie he’d seen several times—and always enjoyed watching—he scrolled past it and put on a reality show about the “everyday life of a pop princess.”

He had no idea why he had decided to watch it. It had just sounded like a good idea at the time. It definitely wasn’t his usual fare, but even so, he couldn’t bring himself to change the channel.

Not even after watching four episodes back to back. In fact, by the third episode, Brett found himself entranced. The woman was very attractive. She was only a year or two younger than he was, and while he never listened to any of her music, he knew of her. But what he mostly paid attention to was her wardrobe.

He found himself admiring her assortment of body-hugging dresses and sparkly jewelry. He liked her platform heels and neon color palette, the primary color of which was pink.

When the fourth episode ended and some other show began, Brett felt as though he had just snapped out of a daze. He felt disgusted with himself for actually watching that crap.

That was when he realized that he was wearing the bracelet.

Sometime between turning on the TV and that moment, he had leaned forward and slipped on the rhinestone bracelet. He wasn’t sure how long he had been wearing it, but it could’ve easily been since the beginning of the second episode.

He took it off and put it back on the table before returning to the kitchen to make some lunch.

He opened the fridge with the intention to reheat some leftover pizza, but instead he reached for and took out a prepackaged salad. He didn’t even think twice about it.

As he sat and munched on the greens, his mind wandered back to the reality show. Brett placed himself in the show, not as the pop princess, but as one of her friends. He was blonde, with large breasts and a big bouncy ass. He wore a tight, form-fitting dress with strappy platform heels and shiny pink lipstick.

When he finished the salad, he snapped back to reality again and shook the image from his head. “Okay, something is definitely happening to me.”

He got up, and as he reached out to toss the salad into the trash can, he spotted the rhinestone bracelet on his wrist. His eyes darted to the table and saw that it was gone.

In a fit of panic, he took the bracelet off and threw it into the trash can along with his salad.

“Yep, I’m like, fucking cursed.” He covered his mouth when he heard himself speak. His voice was still masculine, but his accent was valley girl.

He slowly uncovered his mouth and took a long, deep breath to calm his nerves. Then, unconvinced, Brett closed his eyes and took another one.

After achieving some semblance of calm, he opened his eyes and walked over to the bar. He could use a drink right about now. Stepping behind the counter, he bent down and opened the mini fridge, and without looking, he grabbed the first bottle he could find. Myserra had recently stocked it up on the microbrew he liked. In one fluid motion, he removed the bottle, popped off the cap, and brought it to his lips and drank.

It wasn’t his microbrew. He swallowed the fruity drink and examined the bottle. It was clear with a bright pink liquid. His eyes darted from the bottle to his wrist, where he spotted the rhinestone bracelet once again.

He opened his mouth to grunt in frustration as he set the bottle down on the counter and reached for the bracelet with his other hand. But instead of a low, throaty growl, Brett hiccupped. Then he giggled.

It was a light, bubbly giggle, bubbly like the drink on the counter in front of him. Bubbly like the thoughts in his head. For a few brief moments, Brett couldn’t think straight. Everything was hazy.

He shook his head. “Okay, this damn thing is coming off once and for all.” He walked out from behind the counter and opened the sliding glass door to the condo’s spacious patio.

Standing on the ledge, he tugged at the bracelet—it was much tighter on his wrist this time—until it eventually slid off.

Behind Brett’s building was a large park, and after a brief glance downward, he chucked the bracket off the patio and watched as it vanished into the lush vegetation below.

Rubbing his wrist and cursing both the bracelet and himself for putting the damn thing on in the first place, Brett returned to the condo and stepped back behind the bar.

He opened the fridge and grabbed another bottle, again opening it in one quick motion and bringing it to his lips. He drank much more of it before he realized that it was once again, the fruity pink drink.

Only this time, he couldn’t stop himself from drinking it.

When the bottle was finally empty, he pulled it away from his lips and was filled with horror when he saw the bracelet was on his wrist again. He set the bottle down and tried to pull the bracelet off.

It didn't budge. It was stuck on his wrist. He tried several more times, but ultimately he had to give up. A sudden thirst overcame him.

Brett grabbed the unfinished bottle from earlier. He brought it to his lips and took a sip.

He once again hiccupped and giggled and his mind became cloudy. He took another bottle from the fridge, and after opening it, returned to the couch with both drinks in hand, not noticing the slight sway in his hips.

"Like, oh my God! This stuff tastes suuuuper good!" he said in his valley girl accent, his voice now more effervescent and feminine.

He licked his lips, spreading the sweet strawberry liquid upon them, and turned on the TV. The pop princess reality show was back on, and according to the channel guide, it was going to be on for several more hours.

During the marathon, Brett had several moments of clarity when he realized what was happening to him. The air-headed giggle, the valley girl accent, his sudden love of the color pink—he was slowly turning into a bimbo.

It was obviously a punishment from Myserra, and he had been stupid enough to fall into her trap.

Just as he was wondering how far she going to take this, drowsiness overcame him. He looked away from the TV to the *four* empty bottles of the sparkly pink drink. As his vision blurred and turned dark, he noticed his hands. They were thin and feminine with long acrylic nails that stuck out an inch or so past his fingertips.

He licked his lips one last time, noting how thick and swollen they felt, and as he savored that magical strawberry flavor, his body slumped onto the couch and he fell asleep, giggling softly.

Brett didn't know what time it was when he woke up. The TV had turned itself off. The built-in sleep time must have kicked in sometime during the night.

He squinted as he looked around the condo, his gaze passing over the empty bottles to eye the large clock on the wall. It was almost a half past two, and judging by the sunlight that filled the condo, it was two in the afternoon.

He groaned as he sat up on the couch. He stared blankly at the darkened television screen for a few moments before the gears in his head started turning. He had a splitting headache. Was he hung-over?

His mouth was dry, and licking his lips, he realized that they were definitely bigger than they should've been. Then he felt the strangely familiar tickling sensation on his ears, and when he reached for his head, he realized his

hair had grown in the middle of the night. It was no longer short. It was now past his shoulders and no longer brown. It was blonde.

He jerked back, and that was when he felt them. On his chest were a pair of small breasts.

As he eyed his new B-cups, Brett spotted the rhinestone bracelet and his neon-pink fingernails.

Suddenly, everything came back to him. He remembered the shock from initially touching the bracelet and how every time he took it off, it would reappear on his arm. He remembered throwing it off the balcony, then having it stuck on his wrist.

Then he remembered the pink drinks, the pop princess show, and the way he talked.

“Oh, fuck.” He reached down, slid his hands into his pants, and his eyes went wide. His cock and balls were still there, but they were much smaller.

Brett quickly got off the couch and grabbed his phone off of the kitchen table, ignoring the girly rocking of his hips as he speed-dialed Myserra.

It went to voicemail.

“Hey, like, what did you do to—”

He stopped when he heard his voice. It was more feminine than masculine. It was soft, smooth, and honey-sweet.

He hung up and set his phone on the counter, backing away from it with fear in his eyes.

Realizing it was silly to be afraid of a phone, he took a couple deep breaths and tried to focus.

It was difficult with this headache of his. When he woke up, it was a sharp, stinging pain, and now it was dull and throbbing.

“Okay, think. How do I, like, fight this?” He grimaced at the sound of his voice and his involuntary interjection of the word “like.” “I gotta... be manly and stuff. Do things that like, guys would do.”

He licked his lips and tasted strawberries. A small wave of pleasure rolled over him and he felt calm and at ease. His body was comfortably warm and he couldn’t focus.

He giggled. “Men. Manly men. Cocks. Yummy.”

Brett shook the thoughts from his head. “Fuck. Stop! Don’t like, lick your lips, dummy!” He scowled at the way he sounded.

He was hungry. *What wouldn’t a bimbo eat?* he thought to himself. *Cheeseburgers. Double bacon cheeseburgers.*

Salivating, he headed for his room to change out of his current outfit into jeans—which were strangely tighter—a t-shirt, and loose hoodie.

Before he left his room, he caught his reflection in the mirror. His ass was bigger. It wasn't huge, but it was definitely a woman's ass. Round and apple-shaped, his jeans framed it perfectly. Rolling his eyes and pulling the hood over his head, he exited the condo and walked several blocks to the nearest burger joint.

He ordered his food to-go, wanting to eat in the privacy of his condo in case any more unwanted changes should occur.

Brett walked quickly with his head down and his hand tightly gripping the bag. The bottom of the bag was stained with grease from the double bacon cheeseburger and large fries that he'd ordered. The man behind the counter had given him a puzzled look, as though he wasn't sure if the person under the hoodie jacket was a man or woman.

Brett practically ran the last couple of blocks back to the building that housed his condo. He sighed with relief as he crossed the empty lobby and furiously tapped the button to force close the elevator door.

He sighed again as he closed and locked the door behind him.

His stomach rumbled as he sat down and opened the bag, sticking his nose in and taking a deep whiff of the aroma.

"That smells wonderful."

He pulled back his sleeves, pausing for a moment when he uncovered the rhinestone bracelet. He grimaced at it, then reached in and grabbed the burger, its juices dripping out of the wrapper and onto the napkin he'd set on the table.

He wolfed down the burger and fries like a starved man just rescued from a desert island. He paused only to breathe and wipe the barbeque sauce from his face.

When the bag was empty, Brett sat back in his chair and grinned as he rubbed his stomach, reveling in the fullness from the hearty man-meal. He stayed there for a few minutes before standing up and heading for his bedroom.

As he crossed the living room, he became dizzy for a moment and stumbled, catching himself on the couch. His head grew light and his vision fogged.

He licked his lips and tasted strawberries. The effect was powerful, and Brett felt a chill slowly move through his body. His heart started to pound and sweat beaded on his forehead. He felt a tightness on his chest and he threw his head back and moaned as his breasts swelled from their petite B-cups to double Ds. He quickly removed his sweatshirt and watched his shirt stretch, almost ripping at the seams from the massive breasts that now hung from his chest.

"Oh, fuck!" he screamed, pulling the shirt over his head and freeing his massive breasts from the t-shirt.

At the same time, Brett felt a similar feeling in his ass as the jeans grew tighter and tighter. He bent down and quickly slid off the denim, allowing his ass cheeks to continue to swell unimpeded.

When the growth finally stopped, he had breasts and an ass that could only be achieved through plastic surgery. He stood in nothing but his boxers as he examined his narrow waist and wide hips. He took a breath and pulled down the front of his underwear. His manhood was gone, replaced with a ripe, pink cunt.

"I'm, like, totally a woman now!" he said, his voice now wholly female as well, not to mention very reminiscent of the bimbo he was becoming.

It dawned on him that he had yet to look at himself in the mirror since the transformation began.

A look of horror covered his face as he stepped in front of his bathroom mirror.

His hair was long and a golden blonde and his eyes were a bright ocean blue. His skin was no longer fair, but sun-kissed. His breasts were large and round, his ass big and bouncy. He had plump, full lips that were larger than normal, but nowhere near the extreme lips he'd seen on some porn stars.

"Oh. My. God," he said, turning side to side. He looked away from his reflection to the bracelet on his wrist, turning his arm over slowly and watching the bright lights of his bathroom reflect off the many crystals that adorned it in neat rows. He marveled at how shiny and pretty it was.

Then he found himself wishing for more like it.

When he looked back up at his reflection, he discovered he had a new article of rhinestone jewelry: his collar.

It was no longer plain black, patent leather with a silver ring. It had turned neon pink like his lips and nails, and on top of the leather in several neat rows were small rhinestones.

His eyes went wide, not out of fear, but delight. Brett opened his mouth and cheered, bouncing up and down and clapping his hands.

He was distracted by a rumbling in his stomach. His was hungry again. His plan to "eat like a man" had backfired, and the bracelet decided to put all that added mass to a much more appropriate area: his breasts and ass.

The only food in the fridge that was enough for a meal was another salad, and after munching on it like a cow in a pasture, Brett returned to his original plan: to spend the rest of the day playing video games.

"But first I, like, need some clothes. I can't just sit around naked and stuff. I'm not, like, that big of a slut." He giggled, then frowned. It was getting harder and harder to control it.

Brett had no desire to go to the mall. He really didn't want to browse

through the lingerie or try on dresses or shoes. He also had no interest in looking at earrings, bracelets, rings, and other jewelry.

But he really didn't have much say in the matter.

The "cursed" bracelet—which he was now particularly fond of—wasn't just affecting his body, but also his mind. It warped and twisted his thoughts into something more akin to what a bimbo would like. He had a stronger lust for men, finding his eyes lingering on them as he walked down the street. He still found women attractive, but instead of just looking at their bodies, he studied their outfits, hairstyles, and makeup.

Brett didn't want to go the mall. But that didn't stop him from going.

He found and put on an old shirt that he didn't care about stretching. By the time he pulled it over his massive, jiggly breasts, the hem stopped just above his belly button. He couldn't help but giggle when he looked at his reflection and saw how contorted the faded artwork had become.

Myserra didn't have a closet of her own, so Brett wouldn't be able to dig through her clothing collection for something to wear. All her clothes were summoned by magic. Instead of jeans, he put on a pair of sweatpants, slipped into his running shoes, and pulled on the hoodie he'd worn earlier, which was now tight around his chest.

He grabbed his wallet, phone, and keys. "I, like, hope I don't get pulled over. Unless..."

Brett opened his wallet. His picture ID had changed. Instead of his male self with short brown hair and chestnut eyes, there was a picture of a woman with long blonde hair and baby-blue eyes. She was even winking at the camera. Instead of "Brett," the name listed was "Brooke."

He giggled. "Well, that, like, solved that problem. But I can't go around with this man wallet. A bimbo needs a purse!"

Brett rolled his eyes internally, still in disbelief that this was happening to him. With what he could only imagine looked like a big, dumb grin on his face, he bounded out of the condo and headed to his car.

The trip to the mall was short and uneventful. There were also very few cars in the parking lot, and the five-floor department store was strangely empty. There were some folks about, but compared to the holiday shopping crowds, the mall was a ghost town.

Male Brett was pleased. Even though no one would recognize him in this ridiculous female form, he was relieved to not have to worry about getting unwanted looks from disturbed (or even jealous) women, and most of all: the lusty gazes of men.

Bimbo Brett—or Brooke—on the other hand, would have loved to have

been eye-fucked by the guys she walked past, especially if they were young, fit, and hopefully hung.

The first thing he bought was a purse. He couldn't stand carrying his phone, keys, and wallet in his pockets. The elderly lady rang up the purchase and Brett smiled as he removed the obsidian-black credit card from his wallet. It had been several months since he'd last worked. But one of the perks of having a magical creature, especially one as powerful as Myserra, as your mistress, lover, and roommate, was that you had access to her seemingly infinite wealth.

The old lady marveled at the card before swiping it through the card reader and completing the purchase. Brett took the card back with a smile and tossed his phone, wallet, and keys in his new purse. He slung it over his shoulder and plotted his next course of action: shoes.

He couldn't help but giggle as he stored his running shoes and socks in the pink box that his new patent platform heels came in.

"I take it you will wear the heels out, ma'am?" the young salesman said.

When he'd first approached, Brett had been bent over and staring at the pair of pink pumps like they were statues made of solid gold, and he'd spotted a small gold and on the salesman's left finger. He frowned for a moment, but realized that just because the guy was married didn't mean he couldn't flirt with him.

You're not seriously going to do that, are you? the remaining fragment of Brett's male self-interjected.

Of course, silly! Brooke giggled. Flirting is fun, and flirting with, like, taken guys is super fun!

Brett stood up in the pumps. They were hot pink patent leather with a one-inch platform and five-inch spiked heel. He approached the counter where the salesman rang up his order, and as he handed the shoe box to the salesman, Brett leaned forward and pulled his shoulders back, forcing his ample bust forward.

He rested on his elbows, sticking his ass out and rocking back and forth in his new footwear, his eyes on the salesman as he licked his lips.

The strawberry taste was still there, but it didn't have the arousing effect that it had before. He smiled at the salesman. It was obvious that the man was trying not to look at him, to focus on completing the sale without staring at the beautiful blonde and her huge breasts.

Brett only wished he had a low-cut dress on, a dress that his boobs could "accidentally" pop out of. The shirt and hoodie didn't help with that, and once the salesman bagged the shoe box and handed Brett his credit card, he said good day and left.

But as he turned and walked away, Brett spotted an erection in the man's

pants before he disappeared into the stock room.

He giggled, and after admiring his new footwear for a few moments, he headed up the escalator toward the lingerie department.

As much as he wanted to get out of his lame running shoes and into some high heels, Brett longed for the support of a bra. His massive breasts bounced with each step, and it didn't take long for the pain to kick in. He didn't even browse the racks of panties and bras for very long. He grabbed the first white lace bra and panty set that he could find in his 44DD size and disappeared into the changing room.

All the booths were vacant, and after choosing one at random, Brett set his bag and purse on the seat and stripped off his shirt and hoodie. He didn't even bother putting on the panties. He just put the bra on and sighed with relief as the cups perfectly supported his oversized tits.

Out of the corner of his eye, he caught his reflection in the changing room mirror. He turned and examined his body. He pushed his breasts together and blew a kiss to his reflection. An idea came to him and he dug his phone out of his purse—now sporting a neon pink and rhinestone-encrusted case—and snapped a couple selfies. He licked his lips as he leaned forward, pulling his bra down just enough for his nipples to appear.

The more he posed, the hotter he became. He took photo after photo, each one becoming more and more risqué until Brett sat on the small seat with his legs spread wide and his index and middle finger opening up his pussy for the camera.

Half a second after snapping the photo, the door to the changing room opened and he heard the sound of high heels on the tile floor. Brett peered through a crack in the door of his booth and spotted the woman, biting his lower lip as he looked her up and down.

She was tall and thin with brown hair pulled back into a messy bun. She had small, square-rimmed glasses over her beautiful green eyes. The woman wore a black blouse, black pinstriped skirt, nude pantyhose, and tan-colored patent heels. She hummed to herself as she took clothes out of the empty booths and folded them up.

When she stepped into the booth across from Brett, he silently snuck out and entered the one the attendant was in.

“Hey, what are you—”

“Shh!” Brett giggled, pressing a finger to her lips. They were bright red with a nice layer of shiny gloss over top them. A quick glance down at the badge on her chest revealed her name was Claire.

It took Claire a moment to realize that her unwanted guest was topless.

Brett watched her jade-green eyes glance down at his chest not once, but twice. Claire's cheeks turned bright red.

"Ma'am, last chance before I call sec—oh!"

Brett wrapped his hands around Claire and pulled her close as he squeezed her ass. Claire turned an even deeper shade of crimson and her protests turned to whimpers.

"Shh," Brett said again, more softly this time. He took off Claire's glasses and kissed her. Claire resisted for a moment, then relaxed and kissed back. She dropped the shirt she held in her hand and placed it on Brett's ass.

"Oh my God," Claire said in between kisses. "Your lipstick... tastes... like strawberries."

Brett giggled, "I know, right? I, like, totally love it!"

He pulled back and unbuttoned Claire's blouse. "I've... never kissed a woman before," she panted. "Oh, God. I feel so... warm?"

Claire closed her eyes and put her arms up in the air as she leaned back against the wall of the changing room. Brett finished unbuttoning her blouse—a task made more difficult with his long acrylics—and pulled her bra down to free her breasts. He gently rubbed and teased them, pressing his own against hers as he kissed her.

Then he moved lower, kissing and sucking on her breasts.

"Oh, God!" Claire moaned. Her eyes went wide and she covered her mouth a second later, silencing the moans that followed as Brett teased her hardening nipples.

He dropped to his knees and lifted up her skirt. He paused.

"Tear them. I don't care," Claire breathed. Her body was aglow and sweat beaded on her brow. Brett giggled as he tore a hole in her pantyhose, giving himself access to her red panties.

"You're, like, super wet!" he giggled. He looked up at her as he pressed a finger to the front of her underwear. He stood up and rubbed her crotch some more, making sure to coat his fingers with plenty of her fluids. He smeared it across her lips before sliding his fingers into her mouth.

Claire sucked on them for a moment before he pulled them out and kissed her, bringing his fingers back down and rubbing her through her underwear as he kissed her some more.

Brett felt her tremble. "Please," she whimpered.

He got down on his knees and pulled down the front of her panties. He kissed her ripe pink folds, then licked them, slowly dragging his tongue over her weeping chasm. She trembled and shook, her body tensing as she moaned into her hand. He brought his own hand up and rubbed Claire's clit with his thumb as

his tongue slithered further in.

Claire placed her free hand on the back of Brett's head and held him close as her legs threatened to give out from the pleasure.

"Oh, fuck! Oh, fuck! Oh, fuck!" she mouthed in a silent chant. He could barely hear her muffled voice. Brett rubbed harder, faster until Claire threw her body against the wall of the changing booth and came on his face. Her knees buckled as he pulled away from her, wiping the cum from his mouth with the back of his arm.

When Claire regained her composure, she helped Brett up onto the little seat, then silently got onto her knees and buried her head in between his legs.

Brett didn't cover his mouth like Claire had. He let his moans and cries flow unabated. He wanted people to hear what was going on in the changing room.

He wanted people to know that two sluts were getting it on in a public place.

In a public place, he thought. I'm having sex in public. I could get caught.

Instead of filling him with fear and worry, the thought filled Brett with lust. He wanted people to see him. He wanted an audience. He secretly hoped a security guard would barge in so he could dig the man's cock out of his pants and start sucking while Claire tongued his pussy.

But no one came. Well, that wasn't entirely true.

Brett spread his legs wide and leaned back against the wall as the tongue-induced orgasm flowed out of him and onto Claire's beautiful face and the floor of the changing room, where it mixed with the aftermath of Claire's own orgasm.

She slid onto the seat next to Brett. She was breathless and panting, staring off into nothingness. Some of her juices oozed down the sides of her legs and were absorbed by her pantyhose.

Her bun had come loose during the exchange and stray locks of hair fell down to her shoulders. She blinked, then sat up and put her glasses back on.

"That was... quite something," she said, buttoning her blouse. She looked up and smiled at Brett. "But I must be going. I..." She looked over in the direction of the store. "I have to get back to work."

Brett leaned forward and kissed her slowly, passionately. He held her chin in his hand.

"I, like, didn't just come here for a new bra." He winked and giggled.

"Well, then, Miss...?"

"Brooke."

"Well, then, Miss Brooke, how about I help you pick out a nice dress to go with those heels and that lingerie?"

“I would love that,” Brett answered.

He opened the door to the changing room and went back across to his own room. He removed the bra and put his shirt and jacket back on.

“Here, I’ll go ring those up for you real quick so you can put them on,” Claire said as she stepped out of the booth. She pulled down her skirt and quickly fixed her hair before taking the items from Brett.

“These are on me,” she added with a smile.

She returned a moment later with the panties and bra. Brett didn’t even close the door. He took off his shirt and sweatshirt and put the bra on while Claire watched from the doorway. Then he stepped out of his sweatpants, glad he had decided to go commando. He wondered what Claire would’ve thought if she’d seen him wearing boxers. After putting the panties and bra back on, as well as the rest of his clothes, he followed Claire out of the changing room.

“Here, you can put your bag behind the counter,” Claire said as she took the shopping bag from Brett and walked behind the register. “Now, what did you have in mind?”

Brett smiled. “Like, something short, something super tight, and it has to be pink.”

Claire pondered for a moment, then nodded. “Follow me, Miss Brooke.”

Brett followed Claire closely through the department store. She walked slowly, deliberately swaying her hips back and forth, constantly looking back over her shoulder at Brett. She would bite her lip when she did and her eyes would scan his body.

Brett would reach out and squeeze her ass when no one was watching, and he loved seeing her get all embarrassed. As the pink haze clouding his thoughts parted for an instant, he had a moment of clarity.

Would he have been able to score this chick if he was this confident and outgoing as a man? If he had bumped into Claire when he was shopping for a dress shirt, would he have been able to at least get her number?

The thought shifted to the back of his mind when the fog rolled back in. Claire had pulled a dress from a rack and held it out in front of her. It was a pink, body-hugging dress lined with rhinestones along the neck and hem. The right side of the dress cut in, revealing a fair amount of the wearer’s hip, and from the looks of it, barely covered the ass.

Brett eagerly took it out of Claire’s hands and rubbed the fabric with his fingers. It was smooth and light with plenty of stretch.

“It matches your heels,” Claire said, running her hand across the top. “Would you like to try it on?”

“Like, totally!”

“Follow me.”

Just like the other changing room, this one was completely empty. Claire led Brett to one at the end and opened the door for him. She entered after him and closed and locked the door. It was a larger, handicapped-only changing room.

“Let’s get you out of those clothes,” she said with a wink.

Brett bit his lip as Claire unzipped his sweatshirt. She looked into his eyes as he let it fall off of him and lifted his shirt over his large breasts and threw it onto the floor.

He kicked off his heels and turned around, sticking his butt out at her as he slowly took off his sweat pants. Claire lightly slapped his ass and he moaned as she squeezed it.

She handed him the dress and he shimmied into it, pulling it up past his wide hips, his ass, and over his massive breasts.

“I love it,” he said, looking at his reflection.

“You look so hot in it.” Claire turned Brett toward her, and just as they were about to kiss, an elderly lady’s voice rang out over the store-wide intercom.

“Claire, please report to the manager’s desk immediately.”

The voice repeated the command a second time before going silent. Claire dropped her head and sighed.

“I’m sorry, Brooke, but I gotta go. Don’t want to get fired.”

Brett nodded.

Claire gave him a quick kiss before slipping her business card in between his breasts. “Call me, okay?”

“Of course, silly! Talk to ya later!” Brett waved goodbye and Claire exited the changing room. After inspecting himself a couple more times, he changed back into his sweats and returned to the desk where he had left his belongings.

After paying for the dress, he quickly changed into it, glad to finally be out of his silly boy clothes and in a sexy, slutty outfit.

He looked around the department store for Claire as he headed for the jewelry section.

“Oh my God, I love your hair!” a big-breasted blonde said from behind the counter as Brett approached. “Such a beautiful shade of blonde, and I just *love* those pink highlights.”

Brett’s eyes went wide for a moment. *Pink? When did they become pink?* He looked at his reflection in one of the small, round mirrors on the counter. His blonde hair did, in fact, have neon pink tips.

He giggled. “Thank you! I just love pink.”

“I can tell,” the saleswoman replied. “Now, what can I help you with? I see

you have a lovely bracelet. Would you like some items to match?"

Brett nodded and the lady walked away, returning a minute or so later with a handful of items.

He walked away from the counter with a pair of large, gold hoop earrings, a couple rings, a necklace—nobody noticed his rhinestone collar—an anklet, and a thick gold cuff to offset his rhinestone bracelet.

Brett's clothes shopping was done, but his trip to the mall was only half-finished. He had one more stop to make. The transformation may have painted his nails and lips pink, but it gave him no other makeup. He sat down in one of the chairs at the makeup stores and let one of their "artists" give him a makeover.

When he finished there, he left the mall and returned to his condo a completely different person. He cooed as he set his bags down in the kitchen and walked behind the bar. He pulled out a couple of the sparkly pink drinks and the hours passed by as he watched the TV.

"You see, I told you he'd put it on."

Hearing the familiar voice, Brett sat up and looked back over the couch. Myserra stood there, arms folded and smiling. Ashley stood next to her looking really tired.

"I, like, totally learned my lesson, Mistress. Please take this stupid thing off," Brett said, extending his arm.

"I see there is a little bit of your male self still in there. I figured you would've gone totally bimbo by now." Myserra lifted his chin and brushed her thumb across his lips. "Good bimbos like the taste of strawberries."

Brett blinked, then stared at Myserra for a moment. He dropped his arm to his side and giggled.

"Who is a good bimbo slut?" Myserra asked.

"Like, me. Duh, Mistress!" Brett replied, smacking his lips and rolling his eyes.

Ashley laughed. "Oh my God, that is perfect."

"And what is your name?" Myserra asked.

"My name is Brooke."

"And Brooke is?"

"Brooke is, like, a dumb, giggly bimbo slut, Mistress."

"That's my girl," Myserra purred, tucking some of Brooke's hair behind her ear. "Brooke, do you know why I turned you into a bimbo?"

"No, Mistress. Why?"

"Because before I left with Ashley here, you were acting spoiled and childish. Selfish, even. You were mad and said that I stopped paying attention to you, so I turned you into the ultimate attention whore."

The doorbell rang and all three heads turned toward the door.

“Who is that?” Myserra asked.

Brett’s heart leapt into his throat and the color drained from his face.

“That’s like, Claire, Mistress.”

“And who is Claire?”

“She’s a girl I, like, met at the mall.”

Myserra looked Brooke up and down. She looked at her clothes, her shoes, her jewelry. She looked over at the kitchen and saw the shopping bags.

“Had some girly fun, did you?”

“I, like, had to get some girl clothes, Mistress. All I had were these gross boy clothes.”

The doorbell rang again.

Myserra turned to Ashley and nodded. They both took on their human forms and Ashley answered the door.

“Hi. Is, um, Brooke here?”

“You must be Claire!” Ashley said, opening the door. “Brooke told us all about you.”

“U-Us?” she whimpered.

Claire instinctively pulled her coat tighter. She wasn’t in her work attire. She wore a black coat over a cream-colored dress with dark hose and black patent heels. She’d let down her hair, too.

“Yes. Oh, I forgot my manners.” Ashley gently urged Claire inside and closed the door behind her. “My name is Ashley.”

“And I’m Mya.”

“We’re Brooke’s roommates,” Ashley finished.

“Hey, Claire!” Brooke said, appearing behind Myserra. “I, like, wasn’t planning on my roommates being home. So sorry ‘bout that!”

Myserra stepped up to Claire and shook her hand. Claire blinked, then collapsed into Myserra’s arms. The succubus easily picked her up and set her on the couch.

Then she turned to Brooke. “Story time,” she said.

“Well, like, I was in the changing room trying on a new bra and stuff and I heard someone enter. So I, like, peeked out of my booth and saw Claire. I was like, ‘oh my God, she is super cute!’”

Myserra rubbed her face as Brooke continued.

“So then I got, like, super horny, and when she went into the room across from me, I, like, totally snuck in and started making out with her. Then we, like, tongued each other and had *super* hot lesbian sex and stuff.”

Brooke twirled her hair and looked over at Claire passed out on the couch.

“Then you invited her over,” Ashley said.

“Yup!”

“What were you planning on doing?” Myserra asked.

“Like, have hot lesbian sex and stuff, Mistress.” Brooke smacked her lips like she was chewing invisible gum.

“Ah, I see.” Myserra turned to Ashley and the other succubus smiled. She walked over to the couch and woke Claire up. “You okay, Claire?”

“Oh... Oh, my. Did I... pass out?” she groaned. “I mean, I did have a long day at work today.” She flashed Brooke a glance and smiled.

“Have you had anything to eat? Or would you like something to drink?” Ashley asked as she walked over toward the bar.

“A drink would be nice,” Claire told her.

Moments later, Ashley returned with the drink. She handed it to Claire and sat down next to her. She fumbled the glass when Ashley put her hand on her thigh and gently rubbed.

“You have beautiful eyes,” Ashley said, leaning closer.

“Who... Who are you...?” She trailed off as Ashley closed the gap and kissed her.

Brooke’s jaw dropped as she watched Ashley climb on top of Claire. She felt a hand on her chin that forced her to look away and at Myserra.

“You can’t have her. Not yet, Brooke,” Myserra said. “She’s not ready.”

“Ready, Mistress?”

She heard a loud moan, and Brooke looked back at Claire. Her eyes went wide when she saw Ashley lift up the hem of Claire’s dress and spotted a cock growing out of her lace panties.

“Oh, my God! Is that a...?” Claire panted.

“Shh!” Ashley answered, putting a finger to Claire’s lips. “Doesn’t it feel good?” She moved her hand away from her lips and Ashley wrapped her hand around Claire’s new appendage.

Claire nodded and moaned, falling back onto the couch and squirming as Ashley gently stroked her.

“Come. Let’s move this to the bedroom,” Myserra said, taking Brooke’s hand and leading her away from the couch. Brooke kept looking back at Ashley and Claire. Ashley helped her up and the two women followed Brooke and Myserra back to the bedroom. Myserra opened the door and led them to her massive bed.

Ashley and Claire sat down on the edge. They both looked at Brooke, who stood by Myserra.

“Come, Brooke. Why don’t you break Claire’s new ‘toy’ in?”

Claire said nothing. She just looked at Brooke. Her cheeks were flushed and she bit her lip, longing in her eyes.

Brooke didn't need to be asked twice. She stepped forward and knelt between Claire's legs. She looked up at her, staring deep into her eyes as she wrapped her pink lips around her cock.

Claire threw her head back and moaned as Brooke bobbed up and down. She slid two fingers into Claire's pussy as she licked, sucked, and kissed her cock.

"Up onto the bed, you two!" Myserra commanded.

Brooke hesitantly removed her lips from Claire's cock, and Claire whimpered before climbing onto the middle of the bed. She laid down and Brooke returned to her blowjob.

Myserra crept up behind her, now also wielding a flesh-and-blood cock. She squeezed and kneaded Brooke's plump ass before lifting the hem of her dress and pulling aside the thin strap of the thong. Myserra rubbed her shaft in between Brooke's ass cheeks before Brooke took her lips off of Claire's cock.

"Please, please fuck me, Mistress," she begged.

Myserra slapped her ass.

"Please, like, fuck me, Mistress! I want your cock in my ass!"

"That's my slut," Myserra teased.

She lined the head of her cock up and gently pushed it all the way in.

Brooke let out a loud, drawn-out moan before putting her lips back around Claire's cock.

Myserra pulled Brooke back. "Go on, Claire. Stick it in this slut's cunt."

Claire smiled as she sat up and wiggled up to Brooke. Myserra held her against her body and Claire squeezed and played with Brooke's tits and kissed her before guiding her cock into her dripping wet pussy.

"Oh, fuck. That feels amazing!" Claire grunted, pushing her cock all the way in.

Brooke's brain swam with erotic ecstasy. She could feel both cocks deep inside her; both rubbing her insides. She felt so full.

But she wasn't *completely* filled.

Myserra guided the futa-bimbo sandwich back down onto the bed. Claire laid on her back with Brooke on top of her and Myserra behind. Brooke opened her eyes to see Ashley positioning herself in front of her, her thick, juicy cock pointed directly at the bimbo.

Brooke simply nodded, opened her mouth all the way, and Ashley slipped her dick in.

Now Brooke was totally stuffed. Her body was on fire. Pleasure coursed

through her veins like the most potent of drugs. The chemical cocktail flooded her brain and she lost all spacial awareness. The world around her melted away. All she knew, all she could feel, hear, taste, and smell, was sex. Every nerve ending was firing off at once.

She was a living and breathing sex machine.

“Oh, fuck!” she heard Claire scream before her white-hot cum filled Brooke’s pussy. Myserra came a few moments later and Ashley finished shortly after that.

Brooke was filled to the brim with cum. It oozed out of her cunt, ass, and mouth. She savored the taste, giggling as her orgasm overwhelmed her.

She saw stars. Time and space melted together and the only thing that she could sense was immeasurable bliss. After what felt like an eternity, her world went dark and she slipped into a deep, peaceful sleep.

Some time later, Brett rubbed his face and sat up on his bed. He was naked, save for his collar. The clock on his nightstand read a little after noon.

He heard the sounds of women’s laughter coming from another part of the condo. There were three voices. The color from his face drained, and after putting on some pants and a shirt, he crept out of his bedroom and into the hall.

He silently poked his head around the corner and spotted Myserra and Ashley in their succubus forms sitting on the couch. Across from them on the smaller loveseat was Claire.

She had a collar around her neck.

“Brett, come on out.” Myserra called out to him. “I know you’re there.”

After a couple moments, he left the safety of the hallway and walked over to the couch where the three women sat. He hung his head in shame, his cheeks as red as tomatoes.

“Why, hello, *Brett*,” Claire laughed.

“H-Hi, Claire,” he mumbled, scratching his head and looking away as he sat down next to Myserra. “So...”

“Are you wondering why she’s still here and wearing a collar?”

“You didn’t enslave her, did you?” Brett said, anger in his voice.

“No, of course not,” Myserra said. “I didn’t enslave her. Ashley did.”

“Well, I didn’t enslave her, either.” Ashley said. “Myserra forbid it. She says I’m too inexperienced to have a slave of my own, so Claire here is my submissive.”

“I figured she was ready,” Myserra said.

“Did you?”

“Ashley knows, Brett. With your soul sealed inside you, there’s really no threat. The only way someone can take you from me is to kill me, and I don’t see

that happening any time soon.”

“Don’t worry, Brett. You can trust me. I owe Myserra my life. I would never betray her.”

“Well, that’s a relief,” Brett sighed.

“I’m sorry, Mistress, but I must get back to work,” Claire said, standing up.

“I’ll take you there myself,” Ashely offered, also standing up.

“Say, Brett...” Claire began.

He looked up at her. “Yes?”

“Next time you’re in the mall, stop on by. I’d love to show you a couple sexy lingerie sets for you to try on.”

Brett’s blush darkened as the three women roared with laughter.

Ashley and Claire teleported out of the condo, leaving Brett and Myserra alone.

“Brett.”

“Yes, Mistress?”

“I want you to know something. You are the most important thing in the world to me. You are *my* sub. No one could ever replace you or be more important than you. Do you understand why I needed to spend time with Ashley?”

“Yes. Because she was untrained.”

“An untrained succubus is a very dangerous creature. Not just to the world, but to herself. She didn’t know how to feed. If I hadn’t taken her in, she would’ve been dead.”

“Oh. I see.”

“I don’t want you ever to act like that ever again. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Mistress. I am very sorry.”

“Good. Because next time, I’ll probably just suspend you from the ceiling, blindfold and gag you, then spank you until your ass is as red as your face was when you walked in here.”

“I... it won’t happen again.”

“I’m glad,” she said, wrapping her arms around him. “Because I don’t want to have to punish you. I want our sessions to be fun and enjoyable. Always.”

Brett smiled up at her. He understood now why she’d had to go away, and why the way he’d acted toward her and Ashley had been so wrong. He’d said it would never happen again, and he had meant it. His days of acting like a brat were well and truly over.

He laid his head on her shoulder. “I want that too, Mistress,” he said at last.

Finale: A Night To Remember

At this very moment, Myserra looked undeniably human. Her laughter was contagious, her smile heartwarming, and her eyes comforting. She reached forward and put her hand on Brett's wrist. She gently caressed the skin on his forearm with her fingers and he looked across the table at the blonde-haired, blue-eyed woman he had fallen so deeply in love with. He loved how the tongue of flame from the small candle in between them flickered in her eyes.

He watched her eyes shift to pink and back. The corner of her mouth curled up into a sly, satisfied smirk as her touch danced up and down his forearm and wrist. Her smile widened, showing her teeth, and Brett spotted one of Myserra's sharp canines.

She had her long, blonde hair cut in a layered style. She wore a strapless crimson dress with matching lipstick and nail polish. Around her neck was a gold and diamond necklace, and on her right arm was a solid gold bracelet—the very same bracelet that got him into trouble the morning after his first night with her.

The other patrons at the restaurant and the wait staff saw a young couple: a woman more beautiful than the Hollywood A-listers or models that covered the fashion magazines and an ordinary guy. A guy with short brown hair and a thin, almost scrawny build. A very unlikely couple—an impossible couple, but a couple still. A couple with the strongest bond of any of the other couples in the restaurant tonight. A bond that surpassed chemistry and physical attraction.

In the hushed conversations and the clacking of silverware on plates and bowls, the impossible couple vanish in a wisp of dark smoke—gone without anyone noticing, without anyone seeing the truth of the couple: that one wore a black leather collar with a shiny metal ring on the front, and the other wasn't human.

Brett woke up with a smile on his face, despite the little sleep he'd gotten the night before and the couple of nights before that—a game he had been waiting for for a long time finally was released, and he had clocked many hours playing it. Myserra wasn't too pleased with Brett's decision to play his game as opposed to giving her foot rubs, but Brett still retained his soul, and while he was her submissive, he still had free will.

That meant several long stretches spent playing the fantasy RPG he was so enjoying.

But not today. Not tonight. For the first time in his nearly thirty years of life, Brett wouldn't be spending Valentine's Day alone.

The woman he would be spending the holiday with wasn't some girlfriend of a couple months, someone he was only casually dating and just getting to know. No, Myserra was something else entirely. She wasn't even human.

The creature that Brett lived with and called his mistress, was a succubus. A succubus that was over a thousand years old, who probably had been with more men—and women—than Brett could count, and yet he was the one who had earned her love and affection. What had started off as nothing more than a business deal involving sex, BDSM, and sexual discovery became something so much more.

Brett hung his legs off the side of the bed and stretched as he yawned. Outside his bedroom door he could hear the unmistakable *click-clack* of Myserra's high heels on the wood floors of their luxury condo.

He climbed out of bed, and after doing his morning ritual in the bathroom, he wobbled out into the living room where Myserra lay on the couch. She flipped through her demonic newspaper and brought a piping-hot cup of black coffee to her dark lips with her tail.

"I didn't know your tail could do that," Brett said as he scratched his head and plopped down on the loveseat adjacent to her.

"It can do a lot of things." Myserra kept her eyes on the paper as she took another sip. "What time did you go to bed last night?"

Brett said nothing. Instead he got up and started for the kitchen.

Myserra lowered the paper. "Brett."

He rolled his eyes. "Around three. Closer to four, I think."

She gave him *the look*.

"Jeez, Mom, I'm sorry for staying up so late playing video games."

The look she gave him next made him instantly regret the outburst.

"Er, sorry, Mistress. I didn't mean to snap at you like that. I mean—"

"It's okay, Brett. I know how long you've been waiting to play that game. You have your hobbies, and I respect that." She sat up and winked at him. "Just remember that time spent killing dragons and doing quests is time spent *not* being dressed like a sexy little slut or bound in skin-tight latex and swimming in pleasure."

Brett frowned. She was right. Instead of having kinky sex, he was playing video games. Still, his personal hobby brought much satisfaction to his life. Video games gave him a different kind of pleasure, and ever since he'd moved in with Myserra, his time spent playing video games had diminished. He was even removed from his guild in *World of Warcraft* for falling behind and missing too many raids.

There was a growing void. As much fun as he was having exploring his

sexuality with his succubus mistress, Brett still felt empty. When he started playing games again, he felt whole. There was a balance. He told this to her and much to his surprise, Myserra had agreed. She told him she had no desire to completely control his life. He wasn't her slave. He had his free will and he could do what he liked.

Brett noticed a shift in his relationship with Myserra. In the beginning it was a twenty-four-seven domme/sub lifestyle. He would address her properly as "Mistress" and he would do as she commanded. He was her submissive, and it wasn't restricted to the bedroom.

But now Brett had more freedom. The dynamics had changed, and what they had was something different. It was something he had yet to experience in his life, but when he took a step back and examined it, he knew exactly what it was.

A real relationship.

Myserra was no longer just his mistress. She was no longer just a domme. She was his girlfriend. His partner. His significant other. When the time was right and the mood presented itself, the succubus he loved would show her authority. But now in the off-hours, she was lax with him.

Brett was glad to have this kind of relationship. He didn't mind that she treated him as something else other than a submissive. He smiled at her from his seat on the couch.

As if she sensed him staring at her, Myserra looked away from her newspaper and smiled at him.

"You know what I'd like right about now?" she said as she folded up the paper and set it on the low table next to her.

"Breakfast?"

Myserra grinned. "A foot rub."

And just like that, he was back to being her sub.

"Yes, Mistress," he said.

"That's a good boy," she teased as he sat down on the far end of the couch and placed her feet on his lap. He couldn't help but smile as he unzipped her knee-high, black leather boots.

He didn't mind rubbing her feet. Unlike humans, succubi feet didn't smell. Brett kept his eyes on them, ignoring the satisfied moans that filled his years. He kept rubbing until he felt her tail wrap around his calf and gently tug. He looked down at his leg and followed the long, red tail with his eyes until he saw her staring at him.

Myserra's eyes were partially closed. She was chewing on her lip and squirming as she stared at him. He could see it, hidden among the natural color

of her skin.

Myserra was blushing.

Embarrassment filled him and Brett quickly turned his head away and put his attention back to the feet on his lap. He pretended that he didn't see that look in her eye.

Myserra pulled her feet away and Brett turned to see her crawling toward him. He opened his mouth to speak, but she put her finger to his lips and kissed him.

She moved on top of him and he slunk beneath her as she continued kissing him. Her body radiated heat. A gentle, relaxing heat like that of a fire in the hearth on a cold winter's night.

Brett felt himself melting underneath her. He squirmed as she kissed him and pressed her body against his. He moaned as she reached back and placed her hand between his legs, gently squeezing and groping him through his thin, flannel pajamas. He placed his hands on her hips and slid them down over the curve of her perfect ass.

Myserra pulled back and squinted at him. "Naughty boy."

Brett said nothing. He just smiled.

They kissed once more and Brett returned his hands to Myserra's ass. This time, she didn't stop kissing him.

She slipped her hand into Brett's pants and underneath his boxers. He moaned and his eyes glazed over as she caressed his manhood. She focused her erotic heat onto her palm wrapped around his shaft, and Brett squirmed.

She stopped kissing him and watched his face contort from the pleasure that filled him. She felt him harden in her hands and she couldn't help but giggle when his eyes opened and he stared at her in shock.

There was a familiar tightness around the base of his cock, a tightness that could only come from one of Myserra's magical cock rings. But she didn't stop there.

She smiled as her hand moved past his manhood and she stroked the skin of his groin right behind his testicles. She gently scratched it with her fingernail and Brett felt her heat concentrate until it felt like a flame held a little too close to his skin.

Then her finger disappeared beneath the surface of his skin, and Brett moaned loudly as a second finger slipped into his new ripe, pink pussy.

"Oh... oh, fuck!" he yelped as he arched his back. He grabbed his head as he continued to writhe and squirm from her touch.

Myserra scooted back away from his head as her other hand and tail pulled his pajamas to his knees. His cock perked up as she freed it from his boxers.

He lifted his head for a moment and looked down at her. Myserra's shiny black lips hovered inches away from his cockhead, and he could feel the heat of her breath on it. At its base, he could see the ring.

It was silver with demonic runes etched into the surface that glowed neon pink. She shot him a quick glance before licking her lips and wrapping them around the head of his dick.

Myserra kept her gaze on him as she sucked, licked, and kissed his cockhead while she gently squeezed his balls and fingered his pussy. It went on like this for what felt like an eternity. Brett lost count of how many times he thought he would cum. But every time he got to that point, the ring around his cock would pulse and throb, and he was left in a state of sexual limbo—like a sneeze that wouldn't come.

"Please... please let me cum, Mistress!" he cried out.

"It's not going to be that easy, silly," she said as she slipped a third finger inside him. "But you are allowed play your video games."

She licked the entire underside of his cock and sucked on the head as she parted and played with his now sopping wet pussy.

"You're so wet, Brett. You like having a pussy, don't you? Do you like being a slutty girl, or do you prefer being a boy dressed like a woman? Or is it both—having the body of a woman with an extra package?"

Brett threw his head back and moaned. "All of it," he panted. "Whatever you desire. I just want... to be... with you!"

Myserra smiled. "Good answer."

The cock ring vanished and Brett orgasmed. He came several times as hot, sticky cum erupted out of his cock and sweet juices spurted out of his pussy. His body spasmed and his head swam as the pleasure overloaded his mind. He lay there in a daze, looking up at the ceiling with glazed-over eyes.

He felt the slit close up and his erect cock turn flaccid as Myserra pulled his pants back up and knelt on the ground next to him.

She moved her fingers through his short, brown hair and smiled. "It doesn't matter to me what form you're in. I'm just glad to have you in my life. Now, get up off of the couch so we can get some breakfast. I think it's time you take me to that café you really like."

Brett smiled. "I love you, Myserra."

Instead of teleporting to the café, Myserra went along with Brett's suggestion to walk. It was only a couple blocks away, and the morning air was clean, cold, and crisp.

After pulling on his jeans and a thick hoodie sweatshirt, Brett met Myserra

by the doorway to their condo. She was in her human form, something he rarely got to see.

Ever since they'd stopped working together at Brett's old job, Myserra rarely had a reason to go out into the world in her human guise. Everything she needed she got from the underground, where she could walk around in her normal succubus form.

Now the only times she ever went out in her human form were on the nights where she had to feed. For someone as powerful as she was, those nights came about once a month. The magic she used on Brett during their sessions together was but a drop in the bucket compared to the fathomless depths of her magical reservoir.

Those nights she kept secret from Brett. Even though she loved him dearly, this was something she had to do. She never drained a human so much that they died, only to the point where they'd be out of it for a couple days.

Brett was zipping up his jacket as he exited the hallway and saw her standing by the door. Her golden hair was pulled back in a ponytail and she wore a long-sleeved, turtleneck sweater that was the same color as the skin of her demon form. She wore dark denim jeans and the same black boots that she had on earlier. When she caught him staring, she smiled.

"Something the matter?"

"No, no. It's just..."

"Just what?" she said, putting her hands on her hips.

Brett blushed. "Seeing you there, looking like a normal human. It's as if..."

"Spit it out, Brett."

"I have a real girlfriend. Like, a real, human girlfriend."

"I am your girlfriend. Only I'm not human. Now come on, let's go. I could hear your stomach rumbling when you were getting dressed."

I am your girlfriend. Her words echoed in his head. Even though it was the truth, Brett still had a hard time believing that Myserra was his significant other. It was a combination of the fact that not only was she not human, but also that their relationship began as her wanting a human to play with, and he'd wanted to end his sexual solicitude so much that he had agreed.

He continued to think about it as they walked down the hallway to the elevator with their arms locked together. Myserra was over a thousand years old. She'd probably had more partners than he could fathom, and she would live on another couple hundred years after he got old and died.

It was like "Highlander" only he was the mortal one. He would age and she wouldn't change. He would become old and withered, much like his grandfather was when he passed just shy of a hundred. His hair would turn gray and fall out,

his skin would get all saggy and wrinkly and his sex drive will come to a halt before he even got really old.

All this, and Myserra would stay the same. She would still be as beautiful and lithe, and energetic as the first night he met her. She was pretty skilled with magic. Not only could she turn him into someone of the opposite gender, but for a short time, she could transform him into one of her own race—without the magical abilities, of course. Did that mean that somewhere in that vast collection of spells, there was one that reversed aging and could make him young again? Or one that would keep him young for many more years? Or was time the one natural force that magic could not influence?

“Brett? You okay? You haven’t said a word since we left the condo. Something on your mind?”

He looked up at her and her bright blue eyes. Even in her human form, she was taller than him. She tilted her head to the side and waited for his answer.

“It’s nothing. Just thinking about... stuff.”

She squinted. “You’re thinking about that video game, aren’t you?”

“Yeah,” he lied. He never liked lying to her. He rarely ever did it. He looked away from her and looked up at the sky and the early morning sunlight.

Myserra frowned. She knew he was lying. Something was bothering him, but she wouldn’t pry. Whatever it was that, she’d wait for him to bring it up.

They walked the rest of the way to the café in silence. There were very few people out and about, and the February air was especially chilly. Brett could see his breath fog in front of his face with every exhale.

He opened the door for her, and when he stepped into the small corner diner, Brett stopped and smiled as he breathed in deep through his nose. The aroma of fresh brewed coffee, bacon, and an assortment of breakfast foods filled his nostrils and made his stomach rumble.

When he opened his eyes, he found Myserra hovering by a booth and waving him over. He slid into the glossy, vinyl-coated seat.

“What?” he said when he caught Myserra staring at him from across the table.

“You’re grinning like a kid in a candy store,” she replied with a smirk.

Brett rolled his eyes. “You’ve never eaten here. This place is damn good.”

Myserra said nothing. She just winked and hid her face behind the large, laminated menu.

“What? Oh, come on—”

“Coffee?”

Brett squinted at Myserra for a moment before facing the perky waitress.

They both ordered and chatted until Brett's French toast arrived. Myserra just smiled as she sipped her coffee and slowly munched on her pancakes.

The air was slightly warmer on their walk back to the condo. There were also more people out and about, and the sunlight illuminated the city. Brett and Myserra walked, arms linked, back to their condo in silence. Brett was rarely this full, save for Thanksgiving and some of the other holiday dinners. The food was better than he'd remembered, and he wasn't sure if it was because of how hungry he was, or how long it had been since he ate there.

They spent the rest of the day at home. Myserra turned back into her demon form the second the door closed and locked behind them and the bright green rune flashed to life. She let out a heavy sigh as her skin turned red and her horns snaked out of her head, and she fell back down onto the couch and returned to her reading. Brett hovered by for a moment, trying to figure out what to say.

"You're not... *going* anywhere, are you?" he asked as he scratched his head.

Myserra sat up. "What do you mean?"

Brett was doing a terrible job at being subtle. His cheeks turned red and he looked away from her.

"Well, are you going to be around tonight, or are you, like, going to the underground, or something?"

She squinted and smiled. "Why? Do you have something planned? A session, perhaps?"

Brett stammered and nervousness swept over him like a wave from a storm swell. Myserra held his gaze as she slowly stood and moved toward Brett. He was a nervous wreck. He felt like he was back in high school when he'd tried to ask his crush out to the dance—Alexa, the brunette with bright green eyes, who'd sat next to him in a couple of his classes. His body had twitched and sweat had poured down his face in buckets as she stood in front of him by his locker, waiting for him to say whatever it was he was trying to say.

But his throat clenched up and his mouth went dry, making it near impossible to ask her to the dance. *I'm sorry, Brett, but I already have a date*, he remembered her saying before she put her hand on his shoulder and kissed him on the cheek.

Myserra stood in front of him and had her hands on his shoulders in a very similar fashion. Except instead Alexa's kind eyes, Brett had to deal with Myserra's piercing gaze.

"What is it, Brett?"

"I would, well... I, um, would like to..." He rubbed his face and took a deep

breath. “I want to take you out to dinner. Like, a real date.”

Myserra leaned forward and kissed him on the cheek. “Yes, Brett. I’ll be around. We can go wherever you’d like to go. I know what today is.”

“All my life, I’ve never had that special someone to spend Valentine’s Day with. This is a dream come true for me.” Brett felt a huge weight lift from his shoulders. His nervousness and fear vanished almost instantly and he was able to breathe freely again. But Alexa still filled his thoughts. He wondered what would’ve happened if she’d gone to the dance with him. He wondered if that would’ve led to a relationship.

But he took a step back from the hypothetical, parallel universe and realized if he had succeeded with Alexa, he probably would’ve never met Myserra. She would’ve found some other virgin to make her own.

He hadn’t talked to Alexa since high school, except for the very brief conversation they’d had online when they discovered each other on Facebook.

“I’m glad you said yes, because I put the reservation in, like, a week ago.”

Myserra smiled. “Even so, I could’ve always used a little magic to make a table appear.”

“No, no. I want to do this right. The normal, human way. I want this to be really special.”

She kissed him once more, this time on the lips. “Then I will help make it special. For I too have something ‘romantic’ planned for the two of us. Some... *after dinner delights*, if you will.”

Brett wasn’t quite sure what to make of Myserra’s cryptic hint. It wasn’t that he had no idea what she meant—it was that there were too many things that it could have been.

She had introduced him to many kinks and fetishes in the short time they’d been together. He’d had his body tied up and bound, transformed, and covered in smooth, shiny latex. He’d been dressed as a woman, transformed into a woman, and had even shed his humanity for a short while to become a succubus.

For the rest of the day, Myserra said nothing more about what she had planned for him. In fact, it was almost as if she had forgotten all about it.

Shortly after, Myserra left to “go run some errands,” as she put it. She didn’t give Brett much time to respond. She just smiled, waved goodbye, and winked before vanishing in a wisp of black smoke.

Brett dropped his hand and sighed heavily. He remained where he stood for a few minutes and stared at where Myserra had been before she’d teleported.

The condo grew very silent. Almost every day, Myserra left to visit the underground. Sometimes she took him down with her, when she felt like parading him around. Most of the time, he would be sparsely dressed—thigh

high boots or stockings with heels, gloves, and if he was lucky, a corset or dress. On rare occasions, she would transform him into a woman. As embarrassing and humiliating as it was to walk around as a man in women's clothes, Brett found it far worse when he had the body of a woman.

This was because Myserra had developed a liking to nipple claps, and when she gave Brett a female body, she would connect a thin metal chain from his collar to each of his nipples. His wrists would be bound behind him, and other than stockings and heels, the only other garment she would give him to wear was a thong that was barely even that.

Brett finally moved. He rubbed his face, checked his phone, and sat down on the couch. He decided now was probably the best time to call and check up on the reservation he had made at the restaurant.

When he had called a week earlier, the woman on the other end had informed him that he had booked the very last table available. Her pleasant tone sounded forced, and he could tell she was exhausted.

"Yes, your reservation for tonight is confirmed. Party of two under 'Brett' at seven. Please arrive ten to fifteen minutes early. If you are late without contacting us, your table will be given away." It was another woman's voice this time, and there wasn't even an attempt at a friendly tone. She was all business and reminded Brett of one of his elementary school teachers, an older lady and a military veteran.

"Thank you very much," he replied.

"Goodbye."

The woman didn't even give him a chance to reply before hanging up. He sighed as he set the phone down on his stomach and stared up at the ceiling. It was almost lunchtime, but he was still full from his breakfast.

He eventually decided to skip lunch entirely to make sure he had plenty of room for dinner. He had been to this restaurant only once before, a year or so ago when he went with his family for his father's birthday. The steak that he had was huge and so good, but it barely left him any room for dessert, which was one of the best chocolate cakes he'd ever tasted.

Tonight, he would be ready for the large meal. His wallet would also be ready. He wouldn't let Myserra pay for this. Even though she had what felt like an unlimited amount of wealth, he had to buy dinner with his own money. The fact that he was living in a luxury condo rent-free made it much easier to justify the hit his bank account would take.

Myserra arrived a little over half an hour before they were supposed to get to the restaurant. Brett was a nervous wreck, not only because this his first, real Valentine's date, but also because he never liked being late. He usually aimed to

get there a few minutes early.

Myserra didn't seem to care that they only had a short time before they were supposed to be there.

"I got caught up with stuff," she said, stretching her arms and moving her fingers through her hair. "I had a hard time finding the things I needed, and I wasn't going to leave without them."

"You could've at least texted me, or something."

She walked up to him and gave him a quick kiss. "Brett, I didn't forget. I wouldn't miss this for the world. I'm not some typical human woman who takes an hour to get dressed."

As she said those last words, she took a step back and spun slowly. Brett watched as she transformed back into her human form. His jaw dropped.

She had on a strapless red dress and heels. Around her neck was a shiny gold and diamond necklace, and hanging from her ears were diamond earrings. Her hair was styled and her makeup done. Her nails were painted the same red as her lipstick, and around her wrist was her gold band bracelet.

"See? All ready to go." She winked. "Now I'm waiting on you to get dressed."

Brett couldn't be mad at her. She was right. He had to get dressed. Fortunately, he didn't have to worry about driving to the restaurant. After taking a quick shower and putting on one of his best dress shirts, pants, and shoes, he stepped out into the living room to see Myserra waiting for him, sitting on the edge of the couch with her legs crossed and looking down at her heels.

"Ready?" she asked, standing up and walking toward him. "You look very handsome."

"You look very beautiful yourself," he replied.

She smiled and took his hand and they vanished, reappearing moments later by the restaurant in an inconspicuous location.

Brett checked the time on his watch: they were fifteen minutes early. *Perfect*, he thought.

With their arms locked together, they stepped through the large glass double doors held open by the staff.

"Ohh! Fancy place," she whispered into his ear. "Look at how crowded it is."

"Don't worry. I have a reservation," he whispered back before greeting the hostess.

"Thank you for arriving early," she said with a smile. "Your table will be ready in a few minutes. Would you like to wait at the bar?"

Myserra nodded and the hostess handed them a small buzzer and led them

to the bar. They ordered some drinks, and by the time they'd received them, the buzzer vibrated loudly and the hostess came to seat them.

Their table was away from the bulk of the crowd alongside a tall glass window that looked out over the park within the city. It was quiet in their part of the restaurant, with very little foot traffic. The lights were low, with almost all of the illumination coming from the small candles placed on the center of the table.

It was very romantic, and it worked perfectly. They chatted a little, but for the most part, they were quiet. Words didn't need to be spoken. They were conversing with their eyes, their body language, and the smiles and playful glances they gave each other. When the food was all eaten and the check paid, they wasted no time in getting back home.

They were already kissing when they reappeared in their condo.

"Wait, Myserra," Brett said, grabbing her hand.

"What is it?" she asked him as she ran her fingers through his hair.

"I want... I want you to remain human tonight. Just this once. Whatever you have planned for me, can you do it to me in this form?"

Myserra kissed him. "Of course. I was already planning on doing it as a special surprise."

"Thank you," he said in a whisper.

She lifted his chin and smiled. "Now, how about we change out of these clothes and move things to the bedroom? I'm incredibly horny, and I have a lot of fun things planned for tonight."

"Yes, Mistress."

"Good boy," she said, making a thin metal leash appear in her hands and clipping it to his collar. "Come with me, my pretty little pet."

Brett bowed his head, and after a gentle, but encouraging tug on his leash, he followed Myserra into her bedroom, ready for whatever she had planned.

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