



The Kiss of the Succubus

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By Isaac Byrne

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First Edition, 2017

Being a warlock can be pretty lonely. Trust me, I can attest firsthand – between long hours in occult libraries, evenings spent in study and ritual, a tendency to begin speaking in tongues... let's just say it's not easy meeting people.

For a while, I'd thought I'd made my peace with it. Small trade-off, I'd told myself, giving up on bar crawls with my buddies in exchange for the power to penetrate the darkness between the stars. Only, my neighbors and family kept making new friends and having more experiences, but me? Just... more darkness.

I tried branching out a bit. I joined a gym for a while, but I guess the people in my yoga group were put off by the profane Abyssal symbols decorating almost every inch of my skin. I signed up for pottery classes at the adult learning annex, and for a while I thought I was making break-throughs, only to be asked not to return when my stoneware jug started spewing sulfurous fumes. Or maybe it was when it echoed the screams of the damned? I don't know, but I didn't get my tuition check refunded.

I even gave serious thought to moving into a nicer area, try my hand with a fresh batch of neighbors, but... there was Tabitha.

She was amazing, in the way only girls-next-door can be. Gorgeous, interesting, dynamite in bed. To clarify, I'd never actually been in her bed myself; I'd just made a deal with a quasit to let me see through the wall between my bedroom and hers. I knew she was the sort of girl who only slept with someone when she was in love; I'd seen her sleep with her now-ex "Giuseppe" (I can't even think of his name non-sarcastically) tons of times, and she was a wildcat. Dirty-talking, rough-playing, cock-loving wildcat, through and through. Then Tabitha caught her Italian beau browsing Tinder, and no amount of excuses could mend her broken trust. That had been two months ago; Tabitha had been sleeping alone ever since.

I couldn't seem to find any common ground with her. I'd said hi a few times in passing, and she was always polite, if not friendly. It was a non-starter. I'd even started doing some small-scale botany on my deck just as an excuse to smile and wave at her when she was out sipping wine and reading on hers. (She was a big fan of secular spirituality books.)

Which I guess brings me back to the present. Today's ritual was a massive undertaking – incredibly intricate, physically and mentally exhausting, requiring not only immense foreplanning but also the ability to respond to spontaneous developments. It was by a wide margin the most involved such ritual I'd ever attempted. It required reagents that were both scarce and expensive, including multiple trips around the world to acquire them all in preparation for tonight. At least one of such ingredient was, as far as my research had concluded, unique, and if I blew this, all of my sweat and coin would be for naught. I was almost twelve hours in, having begun at the sun's zenith, with the affair set to conclude at the moment of True Midnight.

Then it was there. I chanted the final paean once, twice, twelve times. In a sudden explosion of red and purple dust... there she was.

Beautiful. That was my first thought. Beauty beyond compare. Beauty to shame any other form I had ever beheld. The word itself, "beauty," was wretched in its inadequacy. It couldn't encompass what she represented, fell short in the way that a hopping toad fell short of straddling the sun. Flawless ivory skin, a mane of long, thick hair that radiated with its own inner light, eyes I couldn't quite peg as malevolent rubies

or tender amethysts as she turned her head – and all that was to say nothing of the impossible amalgam of every dream and fantasy I'd ever had.

I wanted to fuck every single inch of her. It was only knowing what she was the held me back – and even then, just barely.

She stretched her wings, rising up on her toes with her arms above her head. I knew full well she was just testing the solvency of the binding circle, but I didn't mind getting a show in the process. It held, her wingtips brushing against the invisible barrier created by the enchanted iron circle surrounding her. It was welded to the floor and wasn't going anywhere without moving the whole apartment. I'd made damn sure of that.

Succubi were not to be trusted. Even this one. Perhaps especially this one.

She looked around the room, taking note of the tomes of esoteric arcana, the symbols burned into the drywall that assured her I was a practitioner of the Dark Arts, the dirty laundry hastily kicked into the corner to make space for the ritual. Having taken stock of her surroundings, she at last turned to face me.

"Well, hello there." Her voice oozed sensuality; if I hadn't been already, it would've made me rock hard just hearing her speak.

"Hello, Nymyra."

A smile split her face. Even though it revealed her fangs, I had to concede it was an improvement over conventional flat teeth. "You already came up with a name for me? That's so sweet." She had an unplaceable accent, almost British, but softer.

"Don't pretend. I know exactly who you are. You weren't summoned at random – I called for you by name. Of all the succubi in all the layers of the Abyss, I sought you out specifically."

Her smile faded somewhat. "My, but aren't you a flatterer."

"Hardly. I did my homework, succubus, and I know your true nature. You can dispense with the games, Fallen One."

After a moment, her expression of bemusement evaporated, replaced by one of mixed confusion and suspicion. "All right, you got me. What in the Abyss would you want me for? A fallen demon isn't exactly a high-in-demand commodity."

This was putting it mildly. Demons by their very definition were beings of raw evil and chaos – only the very gullible or the very stupid trusted them a whit. Still, they could at least fairly reliably be counted upon for those two traits. However, a demon who had betrayed its nature in either regard was, in the writings of Toth Garush the Half-Mad, "the most mercurial force in the known multiverse."

"I, well... believe it or not, I have need of one such as you."

"What, need me to rip apart the fabric of an organization through fear, paranoia, and envy? I don't really do that kind of thing any more. Maybe try one of my ten thousand sisters."

"No. I mean... I need someone who knows something about... love."

She cocked her head to the side. "You're having me on."

"No. I've read about you. Is it true? About you and Dandariel?"

It was an ancient and obscure story, that of Dandariel and Nymyra, denied by both the upper and lower planes, and with good reason. It was written that Nymyra had undertaken a great risk, pretending to be a cherubim in the suburbs of the heavens,

trying to pick off a few especially holy souls with her seductions. (And no, not all cherubim are little babies. Urban legend.) The guardian angel Dandariel discovered her, however, and channeled his Celestial powers to pose as a demon to her, claiming to be a friend in order to get close enough to unmask her scheme.

Whether she seduced him, or he her, is unknown, but it was said that the two fell deeply in love, each forsaking their base nature for this most prurient longing. There were multiple versions of the tale – in one, it was a cautionary tale to the aspiring divine, warning against gazing long into the Abyss and all that. In others it was more romanticized, portraying Dandariel as one who lost his wings in redeeming the unsaveable. I preferred the latter, but was not deaf to the lesson of the former.

At that name, a ghost of a smile touched Nymyra's lips, but in the next moment they became pinched. "That's some pretty ancient history, Summoner. But yes, I once... knew such a being. I don't know what your histories recorded, though from the look of you, I wonder if you're old enough to be reading them. NSFW, I believe your people say nowadays?"

"Driscoll."

"I'm sorry?"

"You called me Summoner. My name is Driscoll. You can just call me that, if you want."

"All right, then, Driscoll. So did you call me up just to help you write a book report on mating rituals in the time of Babylon, or what?"

"No, of course not. I don't want to pry into your affairs – I need your help, and I'll respect your boundaries." If anything, that only made her look more suspicious. "You see... there's this girl..."

Her laughter should have shamed me, and may well have been meant to, but it only heightened my desire to hear her speak again. A desire she instantly gratified. "Oh, you're one of those. You think that just because I know how to please a man, a woman, and a lot of other types you'd probably prefer not to hear about, that I can teach you to make some mortal girl's knees weaken at the sight of your dingus?"

"No, it's not like that at all."

"Pretend to be you, seduce her, make a swap when her back is turned, then?"

"What? No!"

"If you want me to just whack her over the head with a rolling pin and let you do your thing, you'd have done well to summon a different demonic subtype – maybe a nice vrock."

"Would you just listen?!" I shouted. She was still smirking, but she did finally shut up. "Look, there's this girl. She's beautiful, and she's just, I dunno, one-of-a-kind, and I just really really need some help getting her to give me a shot. I don't want to use Abyssal energies to coerce her or charm her or god forbid whack her over the head. I just want you to help me get her to fall for me. Nothing dishonest or mean-spirited. I just want her to love me."

I knew full well how pitiful I sounded, but then, I was summoning a demon to help teach me the arts of love. My established baseline was already pathetic, so I may as well own it.

“I shouldn’t say this, but... I’m a sucker for a romantic, I guess.” She sighed. “But love isn’t something you can just make happen. With however many million you mortals have bred up to by now—”

“Billion, actually. Seven and counting.”

“Yikes, seriously?” She shuddered. “Anyway, the odds that your one and only someone has actually even crossed your path are... well, how many times have you been struck by lightning?”

“I don’t care. I just... I have all this love in me, and I need someone to give it to. I’m tired of being alone, and not having anyone to talk to about my life, and their life, and just keep each other warm at night. I can’t think of anyone more deserving.”

She stared at me for a long time. “All right,” she said at last. “You got a pact. I help make you find your true love, then I get to go back to my business. Deal?”

I nodded. “Bargain struck.” There was a percussive blast in the air, like thunder without the sound. Such an agreement was magically binding, for both of us.

I walked over and put a foot across the binding circle; this broke the plane long enough to allow her to step out, which she did with a curt nod. In fact, she walked right out of the summoning chamber (meant to be a living room in the apartment’s floor plan) and into my bedroom. “Come on,” she said, waving for me to follow. With her hips and tail swaying, I couldn’t have resisted the impulse.

Though it seemed Nymyra was only a few steps in front of me, when I entered the bedroom she was already curled up on my bed one knee bent. The posture looked utterly casual, yet simultaneously an open invitation to fuck. I wondered if she’d let me if I asked, but I reminded myself that wasn’t why I’d called her here. It was often joked that succumbing to the temptations of a succubus was the best way to die, but those of us who’d actually done our homework knew better.

Nymyra patted the space beside her, and aware that I was crawling into bed with a succubus – literally one of the most suicidal acts in the summoning world – I accepted her invitation. She looked a little surprised I did so, but pleased in spite of herself. “So tell me about this girl.”

“Her name is Tabitha...”

I must've talked to her for hours. I started with the broad strokes, but Nymyra seemed to want every last detail. Either I knew less than I thought I did, or she just asked a ton of hyper-detailed questions. We wound up needing to conduct some additional fact-gathering via the internet. Since we weren't friends on social media, there were plenty of limits to what I could find. Nevertheless I was surprised by how much I didn't know – that her dad was an unabashed racist; that she was a vegan; that she claimed she'd graduated from Penn State but that they had no such records. Quite a bold lie to be telling, but I'm sure she had her reasons.

“What's wrong?” Nymyra pressed.

“What? Nothing's wrong. Just... learning stuff. Not quite what I expected.”

“I'm not putting you off your game with all this, am I? Put anybody under the... oh, what's that thing you guys invented a couple centuries back. Like a spyglass, but for up close.”

“Microscope?”

“Right. Put anybody under the microscope and all you'll see are imperfections.”

I allowed myself a quick once over of her body; in all the time we'd been hanging out this past week, I hadn't seen a single wrinkle, fat roll, blemish, not even a pore. Not anywhere. “Right – says the world's most perfect woman.”

Nymyra rolled her eyes, but she did so with a smile. “Don't go working too hard on that crush, lover-boy. I may not be tight with the archdemons these days, but my kiss would still suck the life right out of you – *after* it rendered you my helpless love slave. Besides, I'm not a woman, technically.”

“But there are incubi and succubi, with gender-normative physicalities that match up with their respective human physiologies, albeit... well, with certain improvements.” Her eyes sparkled – ruby or amethyst, I still wasn't sure – at my ham-fisted compliment. “Which is to say, you might not be born of humans, but you're woman enough for me.”

She tapped my nose with her index finger. “If that's your standard, I promise you I'm more woman than you could possibly handle.”

“Here's me wishing our pact had included a clause on handling you.” I couldn't help but blush.

She paused for a moment, I thought to bask in my discomfort, only... “You can touch me, if you like.” Nymyra gracefully elevated one one leg, giving me my first unobstructed view of her pussy. Even that was perfection, pink and glistening like the dawn-misted petals of some exotic flower in the soft light of my bedside lamp.

I think if I were still a teenager, just the sight of it would've had me spraying my shorts. As it was, I had to adjust my erection so it wasn't painfully cramped in its confines. Damn, she was sexy. I didn't partake in much pornography – like I said, I keep busy – but I'd seen enough in my younger days to know that real women couldn't compare to this, and that I would be passing up on an opportunity to partake of beauty the likes of which could be found nowhere else in the multiverse.

I reached out one hand; Nymyra held perfectly still, patient and willing. Suddenly, the wall showed the light turning on in the bedroom next door, and Tabitha walked into the room in her towel. (She liked to shower at night rather than morning; this I'd know for a long time.)

“I shouldn’t,” I said, withdrawing my hand. “I summoned you here for love, not to just use you like an object.”

Nymyra turned to observe. The enchantment was one that basically rendered our shared wall a one-way mirror, only without the mirror. My succubus and I watched as my neighbor shed her robe, looked through her closet for tomorrow’s outfits, and eventually changed into pajamas and crawled into bed.

Was it uncharitable of me to compare her to Nymyra? Sure. Still, even looking at Tabitha over the curve of Nymyra’s hip, I had to say she was damned attractive. Trying to rate her by this demonic temptress’s scale was like judging a high school talent show by the standards of American Idol. Tabitha didn’t need to be perfect – she made me smile, and that was more than enough.

“She’s pretty, for a mortal girl,” Nymyra conceded as Tabitha cracked open the book on her nightstand.

“Told you so,” I said, grinning. “She’ll fall asleep pretty soon, then turn off the light after she wakes up in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom.”

“You’ve been watching her for a while then, hmm?”

“Almost two years.”

“And in all that time, you never just... walked up to her and asked her out?”

“Oh hell no. She was with this guy, ‘Giuseppe,’ and... I mean, I wouldn’t even know how.”

“You’re using air quotes for his name?”

“What kind of a name is Giuseppe?”

“What kind of a name is Driscoll?”

My frown only heightened her amusement. “Anyway, my point is that it’s not that simple.”

She put a hand on my arm. “Sure it is. You just walked up to her, give her a sincere compliment, then suggest a way to spend time together. At least, that’s how most mortals do it. Not exactly my style, but it seems to work for most of you.”

“And what’s your style?”

“I just walk up and whisper in their ear, let human nature take its course.”

“Whisper? What do you whisper?” If it was that simple...

Nymyra leaned in close to me. Her breath was cinnamon candy. Ruby red lips brushed up against my ear. “Fuck me.”

My robe was off before I even realized it. Naked and mere inches from consummating her suggestion, she put a restraining hand on my chest, and like that, her enchantment faded. My head cleared – at least, I went back to just being unable to avoid thinking of fucking her, rather than unable to avoid acting on those thoughts.

“Is that how you seduced Dandariel?” I demanded.

I saw her wince at the mention of his name, and I instantly regretted it. “I’m sorry,” she said softly. “That was unkind of me.”

The rest of my anger melted against her downcast eyes. “I’m sorry, too. You were just playing – I shouldn’t have...”

“It’s all right, Driscoll.”

“I, um, I think maybe I need to get some sleep.”

“Sure. Want me to...?”

“Yeah, the apartment’s yours – make yourself at home.”

Nymyra laughed. “I meant, ‘want me to stay.’ But I get it. Good night, Driscoll the Summoner.”

I wanted to kick myself for my assumption, even if nothing good could come from sharing a bed with her. “Night, Nymyra the Fallen.”

We spent a week teaching and learning the fine art of seduction. The demonic expatriate taught me how to dress, how to smile, how to hold myself, where to look, what to say, and – as she was apparently quite the optimist regarding her pupil – how to fuck.

That isn't to say I fucked Nymyra. That much should be obvious. While the kiss of a succubus was a thing of legend, I wasn't some rube who thought the torments ended there. Basically any act of passion – scholars wrote that it extended to any placement of her mouth on a victim or insertion of a victim's dick in her, as well as any contact that ended in getting the victim off – and said victim would be shipping the fragmented pieces of their soul straight to the Abyss.

Still, that actually left a lot of wiggle room. She showed me the right and wrong ways to please a woman, outside of straight-up sex (which, she said, "had better be a reciprocal bliss if you're really in it for love"). I spent hours learning the proper techniques to fondle a woman's breasts, how to finger a pussy (and even an asshole, if she seemed into it), how and when to try a little spanking, the right way to talk dirty and how to watch for signs that it was or wasn't working... she was a walking wikipedia of fucking.

Of course, we talked about sex. How to prep for sex, how to initiate sex, what sexual positions we could use, how to make sex more pleasurable for me, how to make sex more pleasurable for her, how to prolong sex, how long to prolong sex, anal sex, oral sex, good old-fashioned sex sex... and when we weren't talking about it, we were practicing it, everything right up to the point of penetrating her hot demonic pussy. I was straining muscles I hadn't known I'd had practicing the moves she gave me.

My balls had never been bluer.

I kept telling myself – and her, when she joined my subconscious in demanding I indulge in a little self-induced release – that I hadn't summoned her as a masturbatory aid, but to be a resource and a teacher. It always made her smile to hear me say it, for whatever reason, and before I knew it she'd be back at another tutorial, some piece of her incredible flesh thrust into my face, hands, mouth, or crotch.

Nymyra even volunteered to ditch her wings and tail, since she knew they could be off-putting to some mortals. She even had a forked tongue, but rather than a skinny snake-like thing, it was like a human tongue with a cleft sized just right for... best not to think about it. I just told her I thought her look suited her, and that I wanted her to be herself. So help me, I liked her. Even when we weren't instructing, she liked to sit around and talk, catch up on world history and new gadgets (she called it "doodadamancy"), watch horror movies. We always laughed at the same parts.

Finally, she began to insist that I quit stalling and make my move.

"You're sure I'm ready?"

"Any 'readier' and I think your balls really might explode, Dris." (She called me Dris now. I'd never had a nickname before.)

"I don't mean that, I mean..."

"I know what you mean. You're as ready as I can make you. If she's stupid enough to turn away a kind-hearted guy like you – with, I might add, a cock that has got some serious potency – then it's her loss." It sure didn't feel that way, but I had to concede she

was right about needing to shit or get off the pot. I couldn't just keep taking advantage of Nymyra's generosity forever.

The opportunity presented itself later that day. I was out tending the plants on my balcony when Tabitha stepped out onto hers, wineglass, bottle, and book in hand. Usually, this is where she would smile at me, nod, and sit down with her back to me and read.

Today, however, she broke her cycle. She actually spoke to me. Maybe it was the chic outfit, or maybe she was just in a good mood. I didn't know, and I didn't care.

"Hey, neighbor." It suddenly dawned on me she probably didn't know my name.

"Hey, Tabitha." Smooth, I know.

I could see she was about to let it end there; from inside my apartment, Nymyra gestured for me to keep going. "Say, is that *Tiny Beautiful Things*?" I asked, pointing to the book in her hand. I knew it was, of course; she'd been reading it all week, and it had been on the nightstand.

"It sure is," she said.

"I just love her columns," I lied. (I'd done a little background reading, and I actually found her advice cloying and preachy. But that wasn't good pick-up conversation.)

"Yeah, she's the best. Something in it really speaks to me." She kept easing toward her chair; if she sat down, her back would be to me and it'd all be over.

"Oh hey, is that a Sauvignon blanc? Man, I just love a little citrusy wine when I'm reading."

She looked down at the bottle (which was, of course, a Sauvignon blanc – Nymyra had teleported into her apartment and briefed me on her wine collection). "Oh. Yeah, I guess it is. I just grab 'em at random, really. I can't tell the difference."

"Ha, yeah – me too," I said, also a lie. I was meticulous in any and all shopping. Why spend money for something other than exactly what you want? "You know, I realized the other day that you and I have never even sat down to dinner after all this time as neighbors, and a woman with your kind of taste in books and wine... well, I've been kicking myself for not asking sooner."

"Oh. Um, yeah, I'm not really looking to date right now... but thanks, that was sweet." And with that, she plopped down in her chair, back to me, and cracked open the book.

I've never handled rejection well – probably why I got into summoning in the first place. There, I could start things off with the upper hand, and if it didn't work out I could just banish them back where they came from. No such luck with people.

That night, I bawled on Nymyra's shoulder for hours. She patted my shoulder, murmured reassuring things like "you're way too good for her," and "she doesn't know what she's missing." It was sweet of her. I had to admit, it would've been a much harder night without her there.

"Can I ask you something?" I said later, sniffing. She was curled up in my lap, dabbing at my tears with her hair. Some might have found the fact that her demonic form was designed to drink in my misery to be upsetting. Me? I found it a comfort.

"Sure, Dris."

"How did Dandariel get you to fall in love with him?"

She stiffened for just a moment, and was quiet for many more. “I, um, usually don’t really talk about that.”

“Sure. Forget I asked.”

“Shh. I didn’t say I wouldn’t – I said I usually don’t.” She put a hand over mine, though from the far-off look in her eyes, I suspected Nymyra’s hand was really clasping that of her fallen angel.

“I was on assignment harvesting for the pit, like usual. Dandariel... he saw right through me. Not many can do that without my letting them. Watching me, he saw how unhappy I was, how bored and pointless I found it all. The tedium of corruption and salvation in endless, unendable competition. Drifting along with nothing and no one. But rather than do his job – blow the horn and unleash the choirs of vengeance on me – he did one hell of a disguise job, and knew just how to get me to pick him out of the crowd.

“He let me go right up until I had his phallus in my mouth – at that moment, I could taste the holy on him. First time I ever tasted angel, but I knew it for what it was right away. I knew he’d played me, and... I had to ask why. And he said–”

“He was lonely, too,” I interjected.

Her eyes flew from the ancient past and alighted on my face. “That’s right,” she said. “And we each of us knew just from the look in the other’s eyes, we were still victims of the same universal circumstance. That in all the eternity sprawled out behind and before us, the only thing that made it all worth continuing... was other people. It wasn’t about him, or about me. It was about what we both needed then and there, and letting that moment be so powerful that it redefined us forever.”

With our first efforts reaching a dead-end, Nymyra declared it was time for a bolder strategy. “I don’t know about this...”

“Well you can keep making balcony small talk for another six months and hope nobody snatches her up in the meantime. Or you can bend the rules just this once to get things started.”

After some deliberation, I conceded the point. It wasn’t actually forcing her, really – all I was going to do was have Nymyra turn herself invisible, go next door, and use her power of suggestion to get Tabitha to come spend some time getting to know me. It had worked on me when she’d whispered in my ear that first night, so I knew how influential she could be. With Tabitha, we just intended to soften her up for some get-to-know-you interaction.

I wiped the sweat from my palms time and again while I waited. Two minutes felt like two hours. At last my door buzzer rang, and there she was.

“Tabitha, hi,” I said. I jumped at a sudden pinch to my bottom that I recognized must be Nymyra, returning and still invisible. I felt oddly reassured by her presence. She made me feel confident.

“Hi, um, neighbor,” she said. “I was thinking about your offer yesterday, and I figured, may as well come get to know him, right? Maybe he’s not so bad. So... here I am.”

“Oh. Well sure, come on in. My name’s Driscoll, by the way.”

“Really? That’s kind of a weird name.”

“Yeah, I suppose so,” I said, trying to ignore her bluntness and letting her enter.

I gave her a tour of the apartment (except the bedroom, for obvious reasons). I showed her my books, my talisman collection, my fourth-generation china. I told her about my work, where I’d done my studying, my hopes and dreams for my warlock career. I asked her about herself; evidently the suggestion didn’t extend to opening up about herself. She said she was currently working at a low-level position in a law office. That was about as deep as she went.

So it wasn’t exactly a dream date, but I thought it went well enough. We got to know each other, or at least she got to know me. I figured once we got past that, we’d be ready to take the next step. From a distance I was kind of an odd bird, but familiarity would overcome that obstacle. Or so I hoped. After a full evening, I wished her a good night and saw her to the door.

“We’ll have to do this again sometime.”

“Um, yeah, maybe,” she said.

I closed the door behind her. “So how do you think it went?” Nymyra asked, appearing suddenly behind me.

“I dunno. Pretty well, I think? She’s a good listener.”

“We *made* her listen.”

“Still. She just has this way about her... I think you were right. This was a good first step. Thanks, Nymyra.”

Not half an hour later, Tabitha was in bed, her phone in hand. “You would not believe the night I just had,” she said. “On a whim, I decided to check out my neighbor’s apartment. Yeah, yeah, the one with the creepy tattoos. And man, you would not believe how much of a freak he really is.”

With rising nausea, I eavesdropped on her description of our evening:

“Hands down the biggest weirdo in the tri-city area.”

“Probably has a closet full of dead hookers’ heads in jars of preservatives in his closet.”

“Was pretty sure he was going to murder me at first. Still not sure.”

Lying in bed, I had my back to Nymyra but could still feel her breath on my neck. “Are you all right?” she asked after Tabitha finally, mercifully, hung up the phone, drifting off to sleep in moments.

“She’s...” I couldn’t finish even that simple thought.

“A shallow bitch?”

“Yeah,” I said.

“I had her pegged on day two, but I didn’t want to spoil it for you. You guys, you just... you have nothing in common. Sad to say, the whole opposites attract thing is mostly bullshit. I’m sorry, Dris. ” She pressed herself behind me, arm wrapped over mine. She checked to see if I was hard, which of course I was. I pretty much always was when Nymyra was around.

“I wish you’d let me help you get off,” she said.

“I wish you could, too, but you know you can’t.”

“If I did it myself, sure.”

I rolled over to face her, perfect lips only inches away from mine. “What do you mean?”

“Well... Tabitha might not be your dream girl after all, but... do you still wanna fuck her?”

I'd like to boast that Nymyra had to wear me down, and maybe she would have if not for the "I wonder if he eats his victims or sells them to sex slavers" crack during Tabitha's candid recap of our evening. Instead, two minutes later Tabitha was back in my apartment, still in her PJs. Beside her was the target of the dopey smile on her face, Nymyra, masquerading as human in case of prying eyes in the hallway. Her wings and tail returned, however, the moment I shut the door behind them.

"Now, poppet, Driscoll here is my very good friend. Which makes him your friend, understand?"

She eyed me dubiously, but a glance at the succubus – whose true form didn't faze her in the least, confirming that magic was afoot – rendered her complacent. "All right."

"Now our friend thinks you're very pretty. I want you to show him how pretty you are. Understand?"

"Sure," she said, then pivoted side to side, posing for me like a fashion model. Or a shoddy approximation of one, anyway.

The succubus rolled her eyes. "I meant strip, Tabitha."

I knew full well that even a charmed person, as Tabitha obviously was, wouldn't do something she didn't want to do unless the charmer's force of personality of the charmer was a good deal stronger than that of the charmed. From how quickly Tabitha threw off her pajamas, there was clearly no contest. At least, not beyond the sense that a one-armed toddler could contest wills with the goristro.

She looked even better naked in person.

"Now Driscoll used to have kind of a crush on you, so tonight, I want you to be his dream girl."

"Aren't I already?" She shrugged.

Before I could stop her, Nymyra's lips were pressed to Tabitha's. It was the hottest fucking thing I'd ever seen in my life, hot enough that I didn't say a word to stop her despite knowing full well a minute or two of this would be fatal.

It lasted only seconds, but I could see on Tabitha's face – hungry, needful, desperate, horny – that she was well and truly under Nymyra's thrall now.

"More? Please, please don't stop. More. I'll do anything. Just kiss me, ravage me..."

"I'll think about it."

"Just tell me how I can convince you!" Tabitha whined.

"I tell you what – you play with our friend Driscoll here. Consider it an audition. You show him what an obedient little slut you can be, and when he's done with you, I'll let him decide if he'd like to have you play with me after."

"Oh, you wouldn't believe how obedient and slutty and I can be!" she cried, then whirled to face me as her path to Nymyra crystallized for her. "May I suck your cock, Driscoll? Please? I'm an amazing cock-sucker, all my boyfriends said so." She was on her knees before I could stammer out a yes. "Oh thank you thank you thank you thnnfmm—" Tabitha uttered, continuing to offer gratitude even after she'd locked her lips around my cock.

Nymyra settled back against the wall, spreading her thighs and beginning to tease her own pussy as she watched my neighbor blow me. My first blowjob, but even so I

knew this wasn't some tepid, mundane, get-it-over-with blowjob. No, Tabitha was sucking my dick like it was the birthday present she'd wanted since she was in grade school, and my balls were the birthday cake. Her tongue lapped at me like it was possessed, her lips puckering and sucking and twisting around my shaft as she bobbed up and down with her whole body. With the succubus masturbating in her peripheral, to the extent she had a peripheral, she was moaning in unrestrained lust at the taste of my cock.

She fondled those pert tits I'd been fantasizing over for years like she wished I could be fucking them at the same time. Or, more likely, like she wished Nymyra were fondling them. "Who's the freak now," said the demon, laughing as Tabitha deep-throated me, eyes watering as she gagged on the end of my dick.

"I can't believe this is really happening," I said, grunting.

"Oh, it's happening all right. Go ahead, pull out, give her a few slaps. Make her work for it."

I looked down at Tabitha, this girl I'd obsessed over for so long, and only now was realizing how ordinary she was. Hot, yes, but nothing special beyond that. Meanwhile, the demon across the room had given me more kindness and far more pleasure than any other woman I'd known.

For that alone, I decided she deserved at least a good show. If I couldn't fuck Nymyra, I could at least fuck Tabitha just the way Nymyra wanted me to.

I pushed Tabitha's face back with a palm on her forehead. She fought me on it, as if afraid to be seen not sucking cock in front of the true object of her lust. "What're you doing? C'mon, give it back!"

I waited until she stopped resisting, glaring at me for making her stop. Then, per my demon friend's suggestion... I waved my dick around, slapping her again, and again, and again, right in her pretty face. At first, she just tried to get it back in her mouth, but it was too fast and moving at the wrong angles. Nymyra giggled hysterically as my neighbor lunged, missed, and caught my tip right in the eye.

"He... he won't let me get at his dick!" she whined, squinting in one eye.

"C'mon, that shouldn't stop an obedient little slut like you. What're you doing to convince him to give it back?"

Tabitha returned her attention to me. "Please, pretty pretty please can I have your cock, Driscoll?"

"So you guys are first name basis now? After all this guy did for you..."

"Pretty pretty please, may I please please have your cock, sir?" she amended. "I promise, you won't regret it. I'll suck your cock so good..."

"And what if I want to stick it somewhere else? Who says you get to decide that it's getting sucked, and not something else?"

I didn't know if I was more enjoying bringing my tattered fantasy down into the gutter more, or Nymyra; her delicate fingers were mauling her tits in a way that reminded me they could become talons on command. Tabitha gave her a pouty look as she moaned her enjoyment. "Do I have to? Like, do I have to let him do... other stuff?"

Nymyra snapped her fingers and pointed to the door. "That's it. I don't have time for little bitches who're too proud to be nice to my friends."

“No! No no no no no no, please, PLEASE don’t make me go. I’ll be so good. C’mon, I’m not proud. I’m SO not proud! C’mon, um, sir – come here!” Tabitha took my hand as she leapt to her feet and began dragging me toward the balcony, throwing open the door as she reached it. Tabitha bent herself over the railing, thrusting her ass back to me.

“I’M AN OBEDIENT LITTLE SLUT!” she shouted into the night. I blinked in disbelief, but then she did it again. As she took in air for a third salvo, I rushed out behind her and, with the confidence born of Nymyra’s training, swatted my pretty neighbor right on her tasty little ass.

“That’s enough, Tabby,” I said, pressing myself in behind her. “The goal isn’t to convince the world of it – it’s to convince *me*.”

“Tabitha,” she corrected. “I hate it when people call me Tabby.”

My jaw dropped at the obtuseness of this woman. “Hold still.” She was probably expecting me to stick it in her, but what she had apparently already forgotten from my telling her earlier that same evening, was that one of the abilities I’d picked up long ago was a means of applying a quick tattoo. A lot of my own were of a supernatural nature, and I sure wasn’t going to trust something like that to the guy at the parlor, however capable he may be. If I was to be able to get those hard-to-reach places with accuracy, this had been a must.

Presently, I put my index finger to Tabitha’s lower back, right at the area two thirds of her wardrobe left exposed. There, in only a few seconds’ time, bloomed in my closest approximation of rainbow-colored Comic Sans:

slap my ass and call me tabby

“Ow!” she cried. My method did have an unfortunate side effect of cramming in all the pain of a regular tat in a short burst.

I hadn’t even heard Nymyra coming up behind us. She admired my handiwork and gave a little laugh. She nuzzled her nose against my cheek – her safe alternative to a kiss, I supposed – and suddenly gave her plaything a hard smack on the ass. Those cheeks jiggled just like I’d imagined, a world class ass if ever there was one. Even if it couldn’t hold a candle to Nymyra’s.

“Looks like your name is Tabby now. Or would you rather be Bimbo #2?”

She looked over her shoulder at us, confused. “Who’s Bimbo #1?”

I wondered my own self. “Beats me,” replied Nymyra. “I just know you’ll never be number one at anything.”

Her face wilted at our laughter. “Tabby’s fine.”

I smacked her ass myself a few times just to watch those buttocks ripple. They really did not disappoint. “Now, you were in the process of convincing me, I believe?”

“Yes, of course, of course!” she said, returning to thoughts of pleasing me enough to get a good recommendation to the real target of her performance. “Please fuck me, sir. I’m so wet, so ready, such a little slut, sir. Please, please fuck me. I’ll be so good to your cock, I promise, you’ll never want another cunt again...”

“Oh, I don’t know about that, Tabby...” I put an arm around Nymyra’s hip, then slid my hand first back to cop a quick feel of her ass before probing between her legs to give her a quick fingering. She was wetter than I’d ever felt her; evidently helping me revenge-fuck my uppity neighbor was more arousing to her than being a sex tutor.

“I’ll try. I’ll try SO hard. You can do anything you want to my pussy. It’s yours. Take it, please. Please fuck me like a little slut.”

I turned to Nymyra, shifting to the Abyssal tongue. *She really deserves it in the ass. A shame we don’t own any lube.* (I didn’t know that last word, so like my language mimir had taught me, just speak Abysslish. I wasn’t the most fluent, but I knew enough to get by on the upper layers.)

“Did you say something about lube? I’m so fucking wet, I promise you won’t need it, sir.”

Nymyra squeezed my butt in one hand, and from the sound the girl made, must have given Tabby’s nipple a hell of a twist with the other. *Do you trust me, Dris?*

I considered a moment. The words from my old readings echoed back to me: “The most mercurial force in the known multiverse.” This was a terrible idea. I was letting my dick do my thinking. This was exactly how a succubus worked, making you crazy with lust and preying on you when you were too far gone to resist.

Only... it was Nymyra. She was my friend.

I trust you, Nymyra.

Slowly, she knelt down in front of me, the tresses of her hair like a soft summer breeze on my bare thighs. I could feel her breath on my cock, cool and steady. This was it. I’d made myself vulnerable. In a moment I would be in her mouth, and my life force would drain away through my cock into her insatiable demonic maw. And I’d let her, every bit as helpless as the still-pleading slut bent over my balcony railing.

Her mouth opened. Her pink tongue extended – forked, per her true form – and she advanced on me. I closed my eyes, ready for oblivion...

And Nymyra licked me. Just licked. My cock nestled perfectly between the split in her tongue, and she bathed me up and down on all sides. She was slow, gentle, as always in perfect command of my cock. It felt so good I nearly lost it – another surefire way to lose myself forever – but she felt it, waited, then resumed when I’d calmed down.

Succubus spit, she said, suddenly standing beside me again. I had been too consumed by her tongue’s caresses to notice she’d stopped. *Better than anything you’ll find on the market.*

Our eyes locked, and more than ever before, I wanted to kiss those cherry-red lips. I leaned toward her, I would have gone the distance if she didn’t stop me. Our noses touched, and no more. Tabby’s voice was a susurrus, one more piece of the white noise of the city. Then Nymyra smiled at me, and I was finally sure.

Amethyst.

“I haven’t been allowed to make you come all week,” she murmured. “If you don’t make proper use of this bitch soon, I’ll take it as a slight to my generosity.”

“Your I-need-to-get-you-off is my command, Nymyra dear.”

Tabby was still babbling. “...fuck me, I’m ready and wet and I need it so bad, I’m just a little slut, a needy whore who does whatever she’s told. Change my name, smack my ass – I don’t care, just fucking fuck me, please sir, please use my cunt like it was meant to be used, fuck myEEEEEEEEEE!”

No one had ever fucked Tabby’s ass before – she said as much when she whined about it to Nymyra, then pivoted to acting like she was only pointing it the extent of her

obedience. “Little sluts like me love getting our butts fucked,” she claimed, but her groaning at my harder thrusts said otherwise.

Neither of us cared. Tabby was just the tight wet thing around my cock; in my heart, I was with Nymyra. As the succubus’ fingers in Tabby’s cunt accompanied my cock in her ass, the poor overstimulated girl wailed in a way that told me the succubus had well and truly broken her fragile human mind. Her play-acting at being my fuck toy suddenly became a pitiful stream of begging for more, to never stop, to use her until her body was consumed by it.

“Oops. Might’ve, um, energy-drained your lady love, Dris.”

“Will she live?”

“If you can call being my needful love slave for the rest of her days ‘living.’” She shrugged, but there was a touch of a smile at the corner of her lips.

“So you’re saying I’ll have competition.”

A full smile bloomed, this one all for me. “You close?” she whispered.

I nodded.

Nymyra took a step back, making certain no piece of her could even incidentally be touching me – protecting me from winding up just like Tabby, who was at that moment stretching out to touch even the tips of her fingers to her mistress, her mind hollowed out and refilled entirely with lust.

Perfect lips puckered. She blew me a kiss.

With a shout to rival anything Tabby had thus far cast out into the night, I came. And came, and came, and came. It triggered another orgasm in the fuck-thing still impaled on my cock, causing her ass to clench down in waves, milking me of every last drop. The vacant look in her eyes said she was well and truly corrupted now.

“Good butt slut, Tabby butt fuck, fuck, more, more fuck, good obedient slut, fuck Tabby butt, please, please good slut,” she mumbled, stopping not even when I pulled out of her and lowered her weakened body to the concrete, where she immediately crawled to Nymyra and commenced kissing and licking her feet.

“So much for making a girl fall in love with me,” I said.

“Looks like the magic of our pact think otherwise,” she said, the glimmer in her eye dulling. Nymyra only held up a hand to caress my cheek, her touch feather-light. Then I saw that somehow, it was... fading. Its solidity was giving way, mixing and dissipating into the ethers surrounding us. Already I could almost see through her – but... how!

There was a sadness in her eyes, even as her lips maintained their allure of smug satisfaction.

The release of a demon upon completion of its end of a pact was a thing I’d seen many times, but always before it had been nigh-instantaneous. Its task completed, the creature disappeared like so much vapor misting the air. Nymyra must be fighting to hold on with all her strength to resist it so, but nonetheless, in another moment, she would be gone, lost to me forever.

“No!” I cried. “Nymyra, this...” I pointed to the groveling girl before her. “This isn’t love! That’s not what I called you for – you can’t go yet!”

With each passing second, she was fading, more insubstantial. I could see Tabby’s balcony right through her, the chair with its back to me. “It’s not her,” was all she said.

I lunged for her, but even as our lips met for that first time, mine passed right through. In the next instant there was nothing but a shimmer in the air, a field of red and purple dust motes. "I love you!" I cried. She had to hear me. She had to.

Then I was alone. Again.

Well, almost. I helped poor, disconsolate Tabby to her feet, let her weep on my shoulder at being separated from her mistress. It was the least I could do. Nymyra the Fallen was gone, but I knew already that my neighbor would never be the same, pining forever for the touch, even the sight, of that which she loved most. Over the course of mere moments, she had been redefined.

We finally had something in common.