

Devious Influences

For Waaaghan

By TheSPiralledEye

It's funny how easily people adjust to a new status quo; when portals from the Nine Hells began opening all over the world several years ago religious leaders had called it the end of days. Really, it was just...another day. It turned out demons were not that different from humans; yes, there were a few extra limbs here and there sometimes; a tail, some horns, fiendishly red skin and such but really, they just wanted to get on with their lives. After being separated in a different dimension for several thousand years they were eager to reintegrate into regular society and live like 'normal' people again, after being sealed in a world of hellfire for millennia. It turns out, Hell was just another dimension; the souls of the dead didn't go there and demons were not the arbiters of justice they were just...people.

So, after a few years the fuss died down, the portals were solidified and both humans and demons settled into life together. Some groups were more trusting than others, naturally, many of the more religious states of the world were still not safe for demons to walk alone in but for most people, it was simply something they had to get used to. That's what Farah had told herself when she enrolled in university and saw her dorm mate's name on the room documentation; Jezzabella Fyre, a demoness name if ever there was one. Her mother had been horrified, insisting that there was no way a good girl such as herself could live with a demon but Farah had insisted. She was part of the new modern wave of more liberal Muslim women; she could follow Allah while being accepting of others and so when she had walked into her dorm and been met with a bodacious, scantily clad woman with dark pink skin and shiny black eyes she had offered out a hand in friendship despite her slight discomfort.

Jezzabella was, in fact, a wonderful roommate who was serious about her studies. She was extroverted and loud, but ultimately a nice person who invited Farah to join her on every single social outing, which was many. There was just one, small issue. Demons did not feed on food the same way humans did, oh they could eat and many enjoyed it, including Jezzabella but what they needed to live was to feed on the emotions of others. After living with her for a while Farah learned that what each demon fed on was depended on their personality; the infamous succubi fed on lust, others anger, for Jezzabella it was both of those but also embarrassment. So, the first night the demon had come home, drained and hungry asking for Farah to help her out, she had reluctantly agreed. She had no idea agreeing to 'feed' her roommate would involve being transformed into a bra and worn around for several hours while Jezzabella drank up her utter embarrassment. Farah had been completely overwhelmed by the soft feeling of those red skinned breasts; feeling lust for other women was sinful, she knew this but she could not help it. It had felt so nice pressed up against those soft, pink nipples she had whimpered with the loss when it was over. When she had turned her back the demon had been apologetic.

"But if I make it too gentle, your emotions won't be real," She'd explained, "I need you to actually feel embarrassed or it is no good to me."

It was true, Farah was correct in her assessment, Jezebella was a good person and a good friend. But there were some...cultural differences that simply did not mix together. Still, what was she to do? Let her friend starve when she was perfectly capable of sustaining her? She was at least semi-willing after all, without Farah her friend would be forced to go out and find other less willing people to feed on like many of her fellows and that would just reinforce all those nasty stereotypes demons were fighting so hard to rebuke. So, with a blushing face she had agreed and they two made an arrangement.

“You can use me to...feed.” She had whispered, trying to quash down her shame and arousal, “I want to be friends just...try to give me some warning?”

“Of course.” Jezebella had gushed, holding Farah’s hands in both of her, leaning forward so that her breasts almost rested atop them. “You are such a good friend Farah, you know that?”

“It is the moral thing to do.” Farah had coughed awkwardly, “I do not enjoy it very much but I am willing to help you. It is wrong to let others suffer when you can help.”

The demon had smirked but simply nodded.

“I understand.”

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It was finals week; in just a few days the exam period would begin and that meant the campus was split in half. Those students like Farah who were holed up in their rooms studying their brains out in preparation; and the other half of the student body who either didn’t care or were too stressed out to who were using it as an excuse to get royally drunk and party. Jezebella was of the latter group and had spent each night out partying while somehow, inexplicably getting all her studying and practice tests done at the same time. She had invited Farah out many a time and each time been rebuffed, it was just not her scene.

“Damon is holding a house party at his parents place,” Jezebella announced, flopping down Farah’s bed to chat. “We should go.”

“I have an English exam first thing Monday.” Farah argued, eyes not leaving the page, “I need to be ready.”

“Faaaaarah!” Jezzabella groaned, hopping up and flopping across her shoulders so that her palms covered the book on the desk, “You work too hard. You need to loosen up, have a little fun. It’ll do you good.”

Farah felt her cheeks turn pink; she could feel the demon’s breasts resting on her shoulders, so soft and round. She had dreamed of those breasts many times, what it felt like to touch them as a bra or other piece of clothing but also what it might feel like to touch them with her bare hands. It was sinful, these lustful thoughts but she could not help herself. Not for the first time she was thankful for the shayla that covered her hair and neck; Jezzabella always wore low cut shirts, if that bare skin touched Farah’s neck her mind may just short circuit.

“I need to study...” Farah mumbled, unable to bring herself to ask the demon to move.

Jezzabella wrapped her arms around Farah’s neck in a warm hug, breasts now resting against her back.

“Oh Farah, I really think you ought to let loose, let you hair down, eh?”

“I never show my hair, it’s not proper.” She argued feebly, there was a certain edge of Jezzabella’s voice, she knew what that meant.

It had been several days since the demon had fed and Farah could hear the hunger in her voice; she knew what was coming and was filled with a familiar mix of dread and anticipation. She couldn’t help but say a little prayer that the demon would turn her into panties this time so she could experience an even more intimate part of her. A thought which immediately filled her with shame. Shame that Jezzabella found delicious no doubt as she lowered her nose into her headwrap and breathed deeply.

“Oh, you are tasty tonight.” She mumbled, “I have an idea that will serve us both.”

Here it comes. Farah squeezed her eyes closed and held her breath waiting for the inevitable relaxing feeling of muscle turning to fabric; but it never came. Instead, she felt a strange burn, like that of a stretching muscle, in her chest and back and her eyes flew open. Jezzabella had taken a step back and was watching with bright, wild eyes. Farah’s clothing was falling apart before her eyes, reknitting itself back into a new shape. Her conservative pants and long-sleeved blouse vanishing only to be replaced with a bright red mini dress with no sleeves or even shoulder straps! Never in her life had Farah worn something so revealing, she gasped, trying desperately to cover her nakedness with her arms but it was useless, the dress was so short leaning down to try and cover her thighs only further exposed her bust. Her rapidly *increasing* bust. Her breasts were swelling,

becoming perky and round just like Jezzabellas and with no bra to support them, they bounced and jiggled with every nervous movement she made.

“Oh, this is-this is new?” She gasped, feeling that same stretch now in her rump.

“You’re going to be fabulous!” Jezzabella squealed, her body now also changing to match Farah’s with even bigger breasts.

Farah’s butt was expanding; her mother had always told her, her bottom was her most secret curve, a thing to only ever been seen by her future husband, but in this tight dress the whole world could see it in all its shapely glory. The dress was so tight it even sunk into her cleft at the top a little and Farah blushed profusely at the realisation. Finally, her head covering vanished, allowing her long dark hair to fall down her back in rivulets. For some reason, it was this that made her most embarrassed of all, she never showed her hair to anybody by her family. She felt so naughty and being naughty felt...good.

Jezzabella had made herself a stylish black dress to match Farah’s and she threw an arm around her shoulders.

“Ready for a party?” She grinned, “We’re going to spend the night relaxing and having fun, a couple of bimbo friends.”

“B-bimbo?” Farah gasped.

“Oh yes, here, I’ll help you more.” Jezzabella purred, tapping Farah on the forehead.

Farah felt something in her mind unlock; the most secret part of her filled with all those hidden wants and desires. The jealousy she had for other women who could dance and be seen by men, her secret desire to dress up and act on all the lust she had repressed over the years. She wanted to dance and drink, to let men and women touch her and enjoy the feelings that came from it; all her high learning and wit slowly melting away. It felt so wrong and yet so very right.

“Don’t worry,” Jezzabella cooed, “I’m just helping you let go of your inhibitions, now you wont hold back when you want to try something a little more...naughty.”

“Oh, okay.” She swallowed, “That’s...that is okay, but only for you. So you can eat.”

Jezzabella gave her a knowing look, seeing right though the excuse.

“Of course, just for my sake.” She nodded, “You are such a good friend, putting yourself through this for me.”

Farah just nodded. That’s right, this was all for Jezzabella; she did not actually want to look and act like a bimbo, no matter what that magic effect said. This was all so she could feed her demoness friend. Totally.

So, when she felt pleasure pool inside her gut as she walked, feeling those new curves move and bounce she told herself it was alright. That was exactly what Jezzabella needed to feed on but she did try to quash down her delight when a man wolf whistled her when skipping down the building. What would the people of her mosque think if they saw her dressed like some sinful whore? Even worse, what if they knew she was enjoying it secretly on some level; the pleasure that came from disobeying the rules was intoxicating. She felt like a walking contradiction; half enjoying herself, half ashamed that she was. Jezzabella needed her embarrassment after all, maybe she should be feeling it more.

Her friend seemed to read her mind.

“You’re doing wonderful, darling.” She whispered, sending a shiver down Farah’s spine. “Delicious.”

The words made a different sort of pleasure form between Farah’s legs and she felt a blush spread across her breasts and ass. She remained silent, stewing in the new emotions until they reached Damon’s house. Farah had never met the man, Jezzabella had so many friends it was hard to keep up with them all, but as they walked inside the house Farah felt her heart begin to race. The music was loud, bass vibrating up her legs and the air was hot. Not the sort of heat that came from the weather but that very specific, heady heat that came from so many bodies being pressed into a confined space; you could taste the lust in the air as young people danced, drank and writhed together. The house had turned into a place of debauchery, the sort of place a good girl like Farah should stay well away from. But that little voice that the demon had unlocked yelled for joy.

She watched as a young, busty blonde attempted to do three shots in a row without pausing, throwing the third over her shoulder drunkenly and laughing as the people surrounded her with cheers and boos. She shouldn’t be here; this was not her scene. She turned back to Jezzabella to say she’d changed her mind and that she wanted to be transformed back but the demoness was gone, half way across the room already animatedly chatting with a strange man.

With a sigh Farah set off to find a quiet corner to wait out the party; no matter how much her inhibitions had been lowered she was not going to drink or...party with any of these people. A stranger pushed a red plastic cup into her hand, it stank of vodka and she screwed up her nose at it. The man was looking at her expectantly and she shook her head, moving to pass it back only to stumble and spill the contents all down her front. The cold liquid spilling over her breasts and down into her cleavage leaving them shiny and wet. Before she could stop it a nervous giggle escape.

“Oopsie!”

Farah was horrified with herself, what was she, fifteen? Who the hell said ‘oopsie’? The man just laughed and gestured to his friend.

“We’ve got another ditz over here!”

“I’m not a ditz!” Farah cried, trying to push past only to trip again, sending her sprawling onto a couch, her legs spread and breasts wet and glistening under the low light. The men cheered and Farah blushed; what the hell was wrong with her!? She snapped her legs closed, stammering over her words trying to explain that she wasn’t normally like this. All this attention from men, it felt good but also very wrong.

“It’s just, um, y’know I...I...” The words weren’t coming, normally she was so well spoken but now all that was coming out of her mouth was dumb giggles and ditzy affectations.

“Hey, sweetheart, it’s all good. With a bod like that you don’t need brains!”

Farah hissed under her breath, finally escaping the gaggle of men with her cheeks bright red; she had never been so humiliated in all her life. Desperately she searched for a witty come back of some kind but nothing came to mind. This stupid, bimbo persona Jezzabella had unlocked was robbing her of her smarts! She needed to get out of here, surely the demon must have had her fill by now. Thankfully, it was not hard to find her, as always Jezzabella was surrounded by people all admiring here. She ran, intending to grab her arm and pull her to the front door but once again, the bimbo side took over and she found her foot caught on a rug. Eyes wide she fell forward, face landing hard between the demon’s breasts, their whole bodies pressed together.

The humiliation she felt could have fed Jezzabella for a week as Farah hurriedly tried to scramble away, ending up on the floor while the crowd chuckled. Jezzabella gave her a sympathetic look, offering a hand and helping her friend to her feet.

“I’ll be right back folks; I think my friend here needs some help!”

“Oh, there’s a bedroom upstairs if you need it!” A man, who must have been Damon, yelled. The whole crowd oohed and wolf whistled.

“No, I’m not gay...” Farah whispered, not that anybody heard her as they walked away. “I think I need to go home.”

“No, no, we just got here.” Jezzabella insisted, dragging her into a quiet room. “Maybe this is just a bit much for you, I should take control.”

“T-take control? Oh, no I don’t think so.” A warm feeling bloomed between Farah’s legs and the demon simply smiled.

“It’s alright, honey.” She whispered, laying her hands across Farah’s shoulders, “I know what you need.”

A familiar sensation of relaxation flowed from the demon’s hands into Farah’s body, a breathy moan escaped her lips in realisation just before her vision blurred and her mouth disappeared. Her skin melted into a soft, silky fabric and Farah actually felt a stab of relief and desire; clothing was something she knew how to be. Her human form melted into an exact copy of Jezzabella’s skimpy black dress; complete with little lace edges. To her shock, Farah realised there was more to the outfit than met the eye, sewed underneath the skirt was a pair of built in panties, crotchless, made of an almost sheer lace.

She floated to the floor and looked up at the bodacious demon standing before her and lust bloomed in full as Farah watched her slowly strip. Those huge breasts jiggling as she slid her dress down the flat of her stomach.

“You were all wet and sticky, I’m guess you spilled punch on yourself, silly girl.” Jezzabella sighed, “And now my dress is all messed up too, at least now we can both enjoy the party again.”

The demon slowly peeled the dress down off her to stand naked before Farah, finally, she could see Jezzabella’s pussy in full, shaved and dark pink like the rest of her skin. How many times had she secretly imagined what it would look like; it was even more glorious than she imagined. The knowledge that soon she would be feeling that pussy’s heat in her new dress and pantie form filled her with desire and shame. She should not want a demon, or a woman, let alone both but Gods, she did.

“God, you’re lust in delicious,” She sighed, picking Farah up gentle and holding her against her naked form, “Knowing you want me so badly but are too ashamed to act on it, mmmhh, I don’t know what I want more, for you to get over it so we can fuck or to stay like this so I can keep tasting the feeling.”

The idea of Jezzabella taking her to bed, taking her virginity; fuck, it was a good thing she was a dress right now or she might just moan.

“How about...we do both.” She teased, lowering Farah to the ground, and slowly rising her up her body. Farah swivelled her vision to the panties so that she could see the pussy coming, Jezzabella was already wet, she could see the moisture gleaming there and as she made contact, pulled snugly against the damp mound Farah felt almost lightheaded from lust. Her tight fabric form squeezed around Jezzabella’s breasts, holding the dress in place without need of straps; Farah could not believe the level of debauchery; she was feeling not only those soft, wonderful breasts but her pussy as well. What’s more she could taste it, that tasty, female wetness between Jezzabella’s legs. Her whole world narrows to the taste and feel of the demon’s body and she felt her reservations melting away. She was simply too horny and stimulated to waste energy on shame.

“A perfect fit.” Jezzabella sighed, “Now, let’s go have some fun!”

And fun it was; the demon danced, Farah feeling ever stretch and pull of her fabric as the demon’s body bounced and shifted to the music. She felt other bodies press against her, sandwiching her between two planes of warm skin and stroking her fabric folds in such a way that she would have cum, were she able. The demon drank, she laughed, even smoked once or twice before finally, some hours after Farah’s change the pair found themselves in the garden, behind some bushes with the host of the party himself.

“What happened to your friend?” asked Damon.

“Oh, she’s around.” Jezzabella replied with a smile, only Farah privy to the way her nipples hardened slightly beneath her. “Let’s not talk about her right now, shall we?”

Farah watched, like some sort of pervert as Jezzabella leaned forward and kissed the Damon, a gesture he reciprocated eagerly and soon, Farah found herself squashed between them. She lost herself to the sensations, the rubbing of her fabric form until a hand came between her and Jezzabella’s breasts, Damon was lowering her so that he could gain access and while she should have been relieved, all Farah could feel was jealousy as he tweaked those pretty nipples to full hardness. The sounds the demon was making were so sexy, the moans deep and lustful with nothing held back. How Farah wished she could be the one eliciting those sounds.

Another hand lifted Farah’s skirt form and a finger dipped between her panties. They were crotchless, allowing Damon access without needing to be removed, something Farah was instantly thankful for as wetness began to dribble from the demon’s hole, down into her material. She soaked up the moisture, feeling the taste permeate her very being. She knew, on some instinctual level that Jezzabella could feel her lust; how must it feel, Farah wondered, to be pleased so much by a man secretly knowing another was privy to the moment? Good was the answer, if Jezzabella’s moans were to be believed.

“The whole house will hear you.” Damon teased, only half serious.

“Let them.” Jezebella groaned, “Oh, let them, it’s so good. Please, I need you to fuck me now.”

“With pleasure.”

He made a move to remove the dress entirely but to both Farah’s relief and horror, Jezebella stopped him.

“I want you to fuck me in this.” She whispered, and Damon groaned, quickly shedding his own clothing to kneel naked before them.

Farah had never seen a naked man up close before; her vision was glued to the hard member currently sitting in his hand. She could see precum sitting on its tip and she wondered what it would feel like to have it penetrate her; to finally feel something other than her own fingers on her inner walls. In this form she would never know but she had the unique position of being able to watch it approach Jezebella’s pussy. Nobody needed to know how hot it made her, looking at a man. Sexual desire like this was naughty and immoral but it just felt so good, how could she fight it?

She watched from the pantie form as the demon laid back and Damon guided his length inside, as soon as the tip made contact Jezebella’s whole body quivered and Farah along with it. He rubbed the cock up and down her folds, spreading out her wetness and giving Farah the briefest of tastes of that male skin. Then finally, he pressed against Jezebella’s hole and began to push inside.

He moved fast, soon flush so that his hair and balls pressed against Farah’s fabric. She could smell him, the heady, masculine scent that was all too new to her. It was delicious, intoxicating; she wanted more and she hated that she did. Damon began to thrust, his balls slapping against her each time. The man had no idea he was pleasuring her with each move, that he really had two women in rapture right now. Unlike her roommate though, Farah could not moan or writhe, she could only exist and take the pleasure as it came, growing with each touch knowing she could never cum. It was torture, it was sinful...it was *so good*.

Jezebella began to rock her hips in tandem, grinding Farah into the ground with her ass and pressing her front even harder into Damon’s crotch. She could feel the scratch of his hair on her fabric, further stimulating her. She could taste so much of them both, her whole world reduced to the smell and taste of sex as both their bodies began to shake with exertion.

“Almost-ah, there! Oh!”

Jezebella's body shuddered, a flood of wetness leaking out between thrusts as she came and Farah drank it all up. Damon groaned as the demon's pussy clenched around him and with one final, hard thrust he too shuddered as a new, salty smell assaulted Farah's senses. The man collapsed atop Jezebella and for a few moments, Farah was trapped between their skin; female and soft on one side, male and hard on the other. Finally, with a shaky breath, Damon pulled out, a wave of sticky white seed coming with him. Farah had no choice but to let the substance sink into her; the flavour new and exciting. She wondered what it must feel like to have it pumped inside her hole like Jezebella.

She felt lightheaded; so, turned on it was almost painful. Even slight brush of contact sent her mind whirring. She couldn't stand it, it was torture. Jezebella adjusted her once more, settling her dress form back over her breasts and standing. Farah felt her awareness dim; lost in a haze of pleasure as the night went on. It what she imagined being drunk was like, time seemed to pass strangely. Vaguely she was aware of Jezebella cleaning the cum and pussy juice off her in a bathroom with long, delicate strokes of tissue. Her voice soothing as she told Farah how good she was, how well she'd done. She soaked up the praise, it only added to her ecstasy. She must have fallen into some sort of strange sleep because the last thing she remembered was the gentle sway of Jezebella's curves as she walked back to their dorm. The soft motions lulling her into a state of blissful slumber.

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Farah woke slowly the next morning, she felt so relaxed and warm it was tempting to curl up and let sleep take her once more. Then the memories of last night returned and her eyes flew open. Instinctually she thrust her arms up into the air, delighted to see her normal dark brown skin again instead of fabric. She was human again and back to normal! She sighed in relief before taking note of the sticky sensation between her legs, far more than usual. She lifted the sheets, embarrassed to see an obvious stain there right where her crotch was. She must have cum in her sleep, unsurprising after all the stimulation she went through. A giggle caught her attention and she saw Jezebella laying in her own bed across the room, sleepy smile on her face.

"That happened as soon as I turned you back." She chuckled, "I didn't know you could moan so loudly in your sleep, or so...pornographically."

Farah flushed and looked away, hiding behind her hair and hastily grabbing for her shayla to hide that as well. As she looked down, she was shocked to see her bust was still large, she wiggled her hips, his rump still swollen; her bimbo mind may have left but her body had remained. She could not help but feel somewhat delighted, the knowledge that she had such a sinful body hidden beneath her usual conservative dress was exciting in a way, though she knew feeling that way was wrong.

"There is no shame in it." Jezebella shrugged, "I thought it was hot as hell. You did so well last night, I won't need to feed for a week after all that."

A strange stab of disappointment hit Farah at that though she knew she should be feeling relief. What happened last night was too much, she should never have allowed herself to be taken in by such wicked and immoral acts. She certainly should not have taken such pleasure in them or want to do them again. An ache formed between her legs at the memories and she hastily tried to squash the feelings down.

“I hope I didn’t go too far.” Jezzabella cooed, getting up and coming to sit at the edge of Farah’s bed.

Her nightgown was so skimpy, barely sleepwear at all, really only one step up from lingerie. Farah felt her heart begin to beat rapidly in her chest; this was just a side effect of the spell, yes, nothing more. It couldn’t be more.

“No, it was...hard but like I said, you need to eat so...” Farah felt like her tongue was made of wood, she couldn’t think straight with Jezzabella sitting so close. Not now that she knew what she tasted like, what she sounded like as she orgasmed.

Her ditzy, bimbo persona was gone but it seemed her wits were still eluding her.

“Farah,” Jezzabella whispered, “You did a good thing last night. You’re a good girl.”

Oh, those words made her shiver physically, a hand came to cup her cheek and she froze. Jezzabella’s face was so close, her lips were right there.

“Such a good girl.”

Farah could not stop herself; she moaned as Jezzabella’s lips pressed against hers. She tilted her head, allowing the demon’s tongue to press into her mouth. Her lips were so soft, the touch was electric, it was so wrong, so naughty to do this with another woman but she just could not stop herself. They broke apart and the demon smiled at her.

“You know, I think I was wrong, I am feeling a little peckish this morning.”

Farah swallowed.

“I could help with that.”

