

The Corporate Succubus

Part I

“There you go.” Anemica purred as her long hair coiled around the director of the company, holding him in a tight embrace. “Doesn’t obedience feel so much better?”

“Yesssss...” He wheezed whilst the hair continued to coil around his body, wrapping up everything but his cock and legs. By now he could not move a single inch and all he was capable of was kneeling upon the ground, tightly bound and await his next orgasm, whilst staring up at his captor. And what a sight she was. Clad in a dark latex skirt and pumps, with shiny pantyhose and a crimson top which matched her lipstick perfectly. Long nails of polished silver which was the same color as her flowing, silky hair which, even next to her arousing attire and heart shaped face, was by far the most beautiful thing about her.

Anemica was rapturous, a beauty unlike anyone at Capitalism & Co had ever seen. In no time the men of the office were wrapped around her finger, which did not sit quite well with the rest of the female employees. By the end of the first week she was reported for sexual abuse to the director which was exactly what she had planned. On Monday, 8 a.m. sharp, she was in front of his office. It wasn’t even 8:05 when he was falling to his knees in front of her.

The silky, soft hair had him utterly immobile and drooling. It was like thousands of feelers were sending him into a haze of pure bliss and weakness. This was her favorite part. Having a person of power lust after her, turned from an alpha to a pathetic mewling pet.

She was sitting over him in high chair, legs crossed and his lap top upon the table just next to her. With a smug expression she peered down upon her latest, and most important, victim. Well, in this company at least. Actually, he wasn’t that different than any other man of power she had seduced before. Anemica knew she needed to have him subdued and docile as soon as she could. Feeding freely upon the rest of the employees was impossible before she finished that goal. The women of the office reporting her was a useful shortcut.

The demoness smiled knowingly as she continued to drain him.

By now, it wasn’t a game even, but an easy feast for her. Her snake like tail bit down upon his erect cock and drank freely, draining both his sanity and his vitality. His spirit and life would come at the end. She dangled her heel a mere inch from his face as the first drips of drool fell upon the floor.

She admired her prize, a handsome businessman, a family man. Now, just a mewling pup. Which is the way she preferred him. Love struck, hypnotized and weak for her.

“And...” Anemica continued with her amused tones. “You want to help me feed, don’t you?”

She placed the tip of her heel upon the forefront of his nose, making him orgasm once again. His mouth turned into a slutty O-shaped form as he followed the silky shine of her pantyhose clad leg.

“Yes.” He blurted a shaky whimper.

“You must feel ashamed, being on your knees like this?” She asked smugly.

“N-n-n-n-no I-I-I...” He gurgled, trying to respond to his owner as orgasms kept lapping up that IQ of his.

“Wasn’t it mean of you, to try and stop me? You were a very bad boy Mr. Director. What am I to do with you?” She pondered with a playful, mocking, pout. “So silly to try and resist Anemica. When all men simply want to worship me. But now you have learned your lesson, haven’t you?”

“Y-yes... I was... was... a foo... forgive... f-f-forgive me...” He tried speaking but, as she continued to slurp up his smarts it was becoming increasingly difficult to even think. It was much easier to just sit back and cum his silly little brains out. Coiled in her hair as submission became his world.

Anemica beamed in triumph and patted his nose with her heel playfully.

“Now I want you to do something very important for me my pet. Do you think you have enough brain power to do so?” She teased.

“Y-y-“

“Just nod, plaything, I don’t need to hear your words.” The demoness said coolly.

It pained him, to hear her be so indifferent to him, but he had no brainpower left to do anything about it. Crestfallen, he nodded and buckled as another orgasm washed over him.

“I will be downloading all of your company secrets, everything that you have spent your life building. And you will kneel there, worship my heels and surrender to the oblivion that is the pleasure I am bestowing upon you.” Anemica smiled and licked her lips.

Tears ran down his cheeks but, still, her pet just nodded.

“Don’t worry pet. I seldom kill my victims. I just prefer to leave you an empty husk, void of reason or sanity. With the only beacon of light being the hope of seeing me again.” She explained smugly. “You may begin worshiping my heels. Quietly.”

Transfixed by the awesome power of dominance that the demoness radiated with, he began sliding his dry tongue over the cool material of her latex heel. His orgasms, though, increased to such an intensity that he would have fallen had she not held him still with her smooth hair.

The world seemed to shatter around him with each wave of blissful, masochistic, pleasure. His mind raced, all the memories that she was draining flashed one more time in his mind’s eye before falling into oblivion. He gasped between licks, shuddering, shivering, mewling, breaking down into nothing but a shoe licking pet.

Her vanilla-scented perfume tortured his sense of smell while every other sense was broken down into dust by the orgasms. His eyelids were sinking before rising quickly with each lick and orgasm, his stare fixed upon the nylon pantyhose. Of course, tears continued to drop along with his drool, combining into a small puddle at her feet. Just another example of his complete surrender to this glorious being.

All the while, she spared not a glance for him. Anemica was just casually scrolling through the lap top, finding what she needed, deleting the rest. By the time she was finished with his company she would, of course, delete every trace of her being there. She didn't want pesky demon hunters catching her trail. The only trace she liked leaving was a heap of brain dead, drained, victims.

Without a word, Anemica shifted her heel in a swift motion, placing the tip just beneath his chin. He knew that he was to stop and admire her foot. She didn't need to give him orders anymore. He squeaked pathetically as another orgasm was drained through her tail.

"I think I have everything I needed pet." She said triumphantly. Anemica looked down at him. He was still obediently staring at her foot as drool continued to run down his chin and into the puddle. The demoness moved her other foot and placed it right in front of the puddle before lowering his body with her hair.

"Lick." She ordered coolly. Without a trace of hesitation he obeyed as the warmth of fulfilling an order so briskly spread through his body. Yet even that warmth was quickly sucked out of him with that final orgasm before his brain functions stopped and he was nothing more but another husk. "Gooooood booyy."

Anemica cooed confidently before placing her heel upon his head. She posed like that for a few moments savoring another victory. With a fleeting smile, she uncrossed her legs, removed her foot from his head and walked out of the office.

It was feeding time.

Part II

Low moans and quick panting echoed around the office doors. Dozens of workers were confined into slimy walls of liquid latex, captured in endless ecstasy. Slurping sounds escaped from each of the latex pods, like hungry tongues that licked up the last of the food upon the plate.

Some pods were empty, having a barely moving husk upon the floor in front of them, their jobs were finished. Having stored enough mind energy, IQ and human soul for their mistress and her friends to feast over the weeks to come.

Speaking of which, Anemica was casually strolling through the corridors and between offices checking up on her victims. Those that have fallen out of the sacks and pods she simply stepped over, barely giving them a single glance. Not one victim took her fancy, not one of them looked like he would be a fun toy to break down. They had all given up mere minutes after being trapped. Even the women that reported her to HR had anything fun to say but plead for their mistress to notice them.

That is, until, stepping out of an office that belonged to the upper chairmen, she noticed a glaze being shot at her from across the entire room. Anemica was sure she did not imagine it and, casually strolling her way towards that challenging glare, she stepped over a few more of her victims. They all shuddered in pleasure as they felt the presence of their mistress, however fleeting. Some even tried speaking but they had been too thoroughly drained, too broken, to even comprehend speech.

Swaying her hips she stood in front of the person who had been eying her so challengingly. Who dared to become her toy for the day.

“And who might you be handsome?” She purred hungrily. Her words made his ears tingle and his soul yearn, but he disregarded those feelings as something alien to him. No way was he falling for some other worldly demon, no matter how hot she was.

“Jonathan Woodgate.” He answered in a gallant, Scottish accent. “PR.”

“I like the accent. You Scott’s always had a flare within you that I liked. Too bad you were captured so easily.” She said, amused.

“Captured, aye, but not broken. I know a hoonter or two. I know this magic lasts for a certain period of time. As long as I ken last and I remember yer face, I can help them hount you down.” Jonathan even permitted himself a cheeky, confident grin.

A shiver ran across Anemica’s spine. Finally! A toy she could have some fun with. A challenge.

“Now that idea I like.” She said confidently and snapped her fingers. The pod opened its large maw and he fell out. But not meekly, not like the others. No, he landed upon his palms and with a skip was up in a moment, starring at Anemica’s eyes intently.

“Do yer worst creature.” He said with assured tones. Anemica bit her lower, blood red lip, before answering.

“I won’t even have to do my best.” She took a casual step back and admired him. “My, but you are handsome.”

And that he was. In his late thirties, chiseled with a daring smile never leaving his lip. Blonde hair tied into a ponytail with mesmerizing green eyes that would have made any woman weak at the knees. He even had a tattoo of a Germanic rune upon his well built chest.

“I can see why you were in PR.” Anemica said hungrily.

“Aye. And you’ll also know why I was the reason of yer downfall.” He answered, still not lacking confidence.

“Then shall our game begin?” She asked, no less confident than him.

“Get on with it.” Jonathan answered simply but almost bit his tongue as her hungry, snake looking tail, suddenly uncoiled from her nylon clad leg and bit down at his rigid member.

He wheezed for a second before straightening himself and peering into her eye with a shine of challenge.

“Perhaps something a wee bit more challenging?” Jonathan said cockily.

“And exhaust you too soon?” She giggled. “Not a chance. Come, follow along pet.”

Anemica strode along the corridors of his office, her tail sucking on his cock, the tongue massaging over and around its head. Her hips swayed as she walked, confident that his look was hooked to her ass. Jonathan gritted his teeth and held on. While the feeling of the sucking motions was pleasurable, overwhelming almost, his strength of will would not allow him to falter now.

“You succubi always need tricks and magic’s te fight.” He taunted her yet she did not turn to meet his glare. Which stung his ego a bit.

“I only need my looks to win, pet. And a good struggle to have fun.” She giggled and stopped before a latex pod. “Kneel.”

She Anemica ordered casually, again without looking at him and yet despite another sting at his ego, he fell upon his knees instinctively.

“What... what sorcery is-“ He began but she stopped him mid-sentence with one finger coolly lifting his chin.

“I did not allow you to speak, did I?” The beautiful creature spoke down at him as more of his ego crumpled. “I said we would play a game, not that I would be giving you any more attention than you deserve. You might be a fun pet, but you are a pet none the less. Now, be quite and let me enjoy my work.♥”

Without another glance she returned her attention to a simple intern who was being tortured from within and from without by the latex. It poured into his nose, mouth and ears whilst his ass was pounded by what seemed like a large, glossy, cock. Of course, he was cumming non stop, like a fountain.

Yet, upon his cock, Jonathan felt a thousand different sensations as the tongue of her tail slithered into his urethra. The silky, smooth feeling of bliss spread from inside of his cock and into the rest of his body. If the feeling was bordering on overwhelming before, now it was a full blown flood.

But, that wasn't the worst part.

The more pleasure he gained, the better and warmer he felt, the more his soul yearned for her attention. So simply swim in those lovely, sadistic eyes and bathe in submission. Jonathan shook his head, attempting to cast off the shame he felt.

“Ye shall not kill me, demon.” He growled. But Anemica said nothing. Instead she started walking toward another part of the office with a simple order which he obeyed diligently.

“Crawl.”

It was when she started walking that his first orgasm hit. The raw tingling of bliss almost made him stumble, and he would have fallen just to annoy her, but his obedience to the demoness didn't allow him such a slight. As he moved one hand then the other, as the orgasm faded in the instant that another began building up, Jonathan noticed the muscles of his arms begin to wither and shrink. Actually, his skin color began to change as well to a pale, weak, gray.

This time Anemica stood in front of a whole office of pods. Each draining and ruining another one of his colleagues in a deprived, fetishized manner. All he could see of them were their faces, opened mouths and drooling saliva across dry lips. Eyes stuck to the backs of their heads. And their skin... even paler than his.

Rage and jealousy twirled within him, combining into one mass of pleasure which exploded into the hungry mouth of the tail. He faltered for a moment, from the sheer yearning from another and fell upon the floor, his head resting at her feet.

Yet, again, she did not even notice him. She just smiled faintly, smugly, at the pods of helpless victims that provided food for her. Of course, she enjoyed the toy at her feet, fumbling with his sanity as he was drained dry of all he held dear. But that did not mean that she needed to take notice of him.

His mind oozed into her tail as he came again and again, upon the floor as well as drool lapped out of his mouth. More and more of his sanity, identity and sense of self was gulped down by the

beautiful predator and he simply lay there. Staring intently at her shiny heel and silky, dark, pantyhose clad feet.

His eyes fluttered as yet another orgasm ravaged him. Helpless, intoxicating sighs, escaped his lips, whimpers of a domesticated bitch. Despite of it all, he felt happy, content, to be at the feet of such a dominant woman. The cool, distant degradation, the casual dominance, it all boiled within the last dregs of his sanity.

With one last, faint, squirm, he blurted “Lemme... go...”

Finally, like a blessing of an all-powerful god, she shifted her amused gaze to him. He could feel it, her attention, at the back of his mind.

“I think it’s about time I broke you for good.”

Part 3

“Not so defiant now, are we?” She mused, casually sitting above him upon a high chair. Legs crossed, she was drinking one last cup of coffee before leaving this office for good. She had what was left of Jonathan braid her hair, upon his knees, as she taunted him for the last time.

“N-n-n-“ He stammered and shook whilst trying to speak, but to little success. Anemica laughed and took another sip.

“I would say you were fun to break, slave, but I barely noticed you, crawling behind me, so obedient and quite.” She giggled.

Every word and motion and intonation, was hypnotic dogma to him. He trembled as he came, the sound of her playful, sadistic taunts enough to send him over the edge. Jonathan was all but a husk now, with barely any muscles upon his thin, withering body.

He had never loved anyone so helplessly, so adoringly as he did her.

“There is nothing left for you but to turn even more melty inside of your head. Just accept what little pleasure I have decided to bestow upon you and turn your mind to mush.” She said.

“P-p-p-le...”

“Just focus on the pleasure, pet.” Anemica said. “And become anything that I need you to be.”

“Y-y-yes... I’ll be anything... anything..”

“Anything I wish?” She purred.

“Y-yes...puh... puh... puhlease...”

She turned upon the stool and he came like never before. Anemica was now directly sitting over him, giving him her full attention. The first time since their game began. *Her...* game. She punctuated her victory over him with a slight, faint tap of her heel upon his forehead.

Anemica smiled a sultry, victorious smile and his mind simply... melted away. As it did so did his muscles and his spirit. It was all slurped up by her hungry, greedy tail. The only thing Jonathan could do was tremble in delight, his heartbeat going into overdrive.

“You would remain a husk for me? For the remainder of your life?” She asked smugly.

“Y-y-y-e...”

“Just lick my heels if you accept. No need for words.” The demoness laughed. Jonathan, of course, obeyed like a slut. After every lick an almost feral scream of pleasure burst from his mouth as the final orgasms shattered his mind. He was drowning in bliss, no idea of who he was, what he was doing before. Nothing. Empty of a mind, empty of a soul... a husk.

Epilogue

Anemica smiled as he writhed. With a light push of her heel, he fell backwards upon the floor. Completely drained. By now, no sound came from her prey, nothing. He simply laid there, broken and defeated.

She could sense his lust though. It was feral, a burning hell from which he would never be freed. None of them would but his hell would be a special one. It took a special kind of man to oppose her, a brave one. And those, while fun, needed to be punished. The rest would simply live grey lives for as long as they lived. Hollowed.

His would be trapped in an endless hell of denied pleasure, where the only way he would ever feel the release of an orgasm, was for her to order him so. Of course, none of her victims were that lucky. She was ruthless.

She uncrossed her legs and stepped over Jonathan. With a victorious strut she made her way towards the elevator as the latex pods evaporated. She looked back one more time, at the empty office, save for almost mummified husks of her victims. Anemica smiled confidently and stepped into the elevator. The last sound that echoed inside of the empty office, was the click of her heels.