

How he spent his free time was his own damn business, Nico reminded himself for what felt like the hundredth time that day. If other people wanted to stick their noses where they didn't belong, that was their prerogative, but he had every right to do whatever he pleased when he had time off.

It wasn't as if he'd be going around *bragging* that he'd spend the day cavorting about in a brothel, but he had the right at least to seek some female company when he was so inclined. He had absolutely no reason to be ashamed of it. Besides, it wasn't as if any of the other patrons seemed altogether embarrassed. Far from it, the richly-furnished lounge was practically packed with laughing noblemen and some recently-successful sellswords pissing away their latest earnings. If their cheeks were red, it was from drink, but try as Nico might, he couldn't tap into that same shamelessness.

After all, he couldn't be *nearly* as indulgent as some of the other patrons here in the Serpent's Kiss. He was hardly destitute: playing bodyguard for nobility left him comfortably accounted for. That being said, he wasn't about to empty his coffers for one night's pleasure. Not when there were other ways to pay for a woman's company. Only problem was that his preferred payment didn't quite cover the merrymaking his fellows were keenly enjoying.

So there he was, sitting on his lonesome off to the side of the room and scanning the room for a girl with the telltale horns he was after. It was proving surprisingly difficult, all things considered. The Serpent's Kiss was known for its extensive selection of bedmates, but Nico couldn't spot a single succubus in the room. Had he chosen the one night out of the month where they were all accounted for? There were a few humans, a pair of goblins, an elf, *three* lamiae giving some poor sap the time of his life, and...not a single succubus in sight.

He'd already spent a half hour keeping an eye out for one — and doing his best to avoid getting tangled up with anyone he couldn't afford — but it seemed like the hunt was more of a wild goose chase. That is...until a particularly buxom blonde excused herself from a table and shook her head with a sigh. She filled out her dress like a goddess, but Nico's eyes were locked on the pointy nubs beginning to grow from her scalp.

Of course. Glamour.

He rose from his seat without a second thought, navigating the room to make his way to her as fast as he could, before she spotted another prospective client...or another one spotted her. As luck would have it, no one seemed terribly interested in her. Why, Nico couldn't imagine. Even ignoring the possibilities a succubus presented, she was divine by default! A perfect, voluptuous hourglass that was admittedly the norm for succubi, beestung lips, peaches-and-cream skin begging to be kissed, licked, tasted and *felt*-

Nico was getting ahead of himself. He reached out and grabbed her wrist. He grinned when she instinctively retracted her horns, turning to look at

him with a similarly reflexive smile. "Well! Eager, are we?" She had a voice like honey, smooth and rich and undoubtedly affected.

"Something like that," he laughed as she closed the distance between them. Her features subtly lost the uncanny beauty they'd had a moment prior, and Nico almost missed their absence. He certainly didn't mind the sensation of her body pressed up against his, though. "Ah, before we go any further-" He kept his hands off her body — an exercise in self-restraint, to be sure — and found himself blushing harder. "You're...you know. Right?"

She cocked her head to the side. Her confusion was adorably feigned.

"Working?"

"No, no. Well, yes, but-"

"Love, that all depends on *you* here," she purred, draping her arms around his shoulders. "I'm all on my lonesome unless some *strapping* young man like you decides to drag me away and *ravish* me! C'mon, don't keep a girl *waiting!*"

It was hard to tell if she was actually doing anything unusual to him, but it wouldn't have been too surprising if she were. Gods, but he was having a hard time caring, too! The blue of her eyes gave way to gold-speckled green. His jaw dropped as his gaze sank into hers, but when green turned to bottomless amber, Nico found the strength to refocus. "I-"

"I'm a bit short on cash," he mumbled, blinking the fuzzy-headedness away, "and I was wondering if you were a suh- *A succubus.*"

He gulped.

"Because I'm willing to pay in. You know. *Other* ways."

Her expression had shifted from surprise to unamused irritation...to wide-eyed delight. "Why didn't you say so *earlier?*" She cooed, patting Nico on the chest playfully as her horns peeked once more from her honey-blonde tresses. Her already beautiful face shifted back towards uncanny perfection, and amber eyes turned blood-red as she smiled wide. "Yeah, I'm a succubus. Sorry to make things *confusing*, dear, but..."

She glanced to the side, and her smile went crooked. "Lotta men around here seem to prefer their women a bit more mundane. But!" She winked. "Can't exactly pay the way *you're* hoping without *talents* like mine, can you? Here." She took his hand in hers and tugged insistently. "No point talking things over 'round here. The plebeians're liable to piss themselves if they hear us hammering out the details."

"That wouldn't surprise me, I don't think," Nico muttered, casting a glance at the revelry that surrounded them. For all their enthusiasm — and apparent interest in exotic experiences — the men groping at the first pair of tits they could find didn't strike Nico as particularly daring. Hell, he wouldn't even consider *himself* the adventurous sort, but when he'd heard that succubi here would bed you for *experience*, he was willing to at least give it a try.

He hadn't believed it when he'd first heard it, honestly. Sure, he knew there were some tricks that a succubus could pull that other types couldn't, but the notion that they could siphon away a man's natural talent at something was...unbelievable! More than unbelievable, it was *absurd!* At least, that's what Nico had thought until his friend Vince slowly began to lose any and all skill he'd once had at using a bow. Once upon a time, he'd been able to skewer a pair of rabbits together with but one arrow. Now he could barely aim a crossbow without the bolt veering off-course.

For a hunter like Vince, the misstep was disastrous. Nico, however, was far from a one-trick pony.

"So, what's on the menu today, dear?"

Nico blinked, pulled back to the present. "Beg your pardon?"

It was a bit quieter once they'd ducked down the hall leading to the "temporary accommodations," and the relative solitude let the succubus be a bit more daring. Openly so, at least. She abruptly pressed one hand to Nico's shoulder and pushed him up against the wall. Her sumptuously feminine figure belied impressive strength, but Nico had to admit: it was kind of thrilling.

"Now, hun," she purred, her eyes flashing a sinister red. "Don't play dumb. You're handsome, but you're not so handsome that you can afford to be *dull*. And you're *definitely* not rich enough." She stared into his eyes, and Nico stared back. "You've got talents to spare. Everyone does, really. The question here is..."

Her mouth opened with a gentle exhale, and her breath was as hot as steam against his skin. "Which ones are you willing to *part* with?"

Nico was stiff in his pants already, and though this was *hardly* an ideal position to negotiate from, he had come prepared.

To begin, he wasn't going to make the same mistake that Vince had. Nothing that would affect his duties to his employer, nor his ability to provide for himself. Lucky for him, he had a few talents he wasn't making use of. With a wink and a grin, Nico placed his hands on the sizable swell of her hips and let his voice dip to a daring growl.

"C'mon, darling," he murmured. "No need to put *business* before *pleasure*. " He leaned in and pressed his lips to hers, preemptively silencing any protests she might have. "How about this," he rumbled when he finally pulled away. "You and I can have our fun first, then we'll work out a fair price. I'm sure you can tell already I'm good for it."

The unimpressed look on her face turned to almost begrudging delight as Nico's kisses traced to the nape of her neck. "Mm, well, you're definitely showing off *some* of your talents right now," she murmured, her detached amusement giving way to giggling as Nico began to undress her. "Oh, stop it, you beast! We're not even in a bedroom yet! Here."

She hopped back, her dress dissolving to reveal lacy, black lingerie...as well as a pair of leathery wings and a tail. With a wink, she nudged a door

open with the spaded tip of her tail and beckoned him to follow. Nico happily obliged. After all, even a *normal* woman dressed like that would be enough to turn heads, but when she had the figure of a goddess and the raw sex appeal of a lust demon, there was no resisting her.

Of course, Nico wasn't worried of her taking advantage of him. One of the things he prided himself on was the ability to keep a cool head in the face of...adversity. This definitely counted.

He walked in after her and shut the door behind him, but there was no taking his eyes off his lover for the evening. She'd since laid back on the sole piece of furniture in the room: a luxurious king-size bed, its sheets vividly red and the down pillows looking softer than clouds...even if they paled in comparison to the heft of the succubus' breasts.

With a sight like that in front of him, Nico was all too eager to strip down and dive into bed with her. His clothes were discarded in seconds, tossed aside in favor of silk sheets and her soft, smooth arms around him. As soon as he laid beside her, the succubus wrapped her arms around Nico and pulled him into a hot, passionate kiss, her tongue pressing past his lips and her body vibrating against his with a moan.

But just as suddenly as she'd kissed him, the succubus pulled away. "I'm sorry," she gasped, her voice a smoky purr. "But I haven't had a meal like this in *ages*. I hope you don't mind." She pressed another kiss to his lips, and Nico couldn't help but swoon into it. He'd heard of just how good succubi were in bed, but he'd never known they were *this* good.

Even the feeling of her lips to his was bliss, warmth blooming in his chest and spreading with every gentle kiss. It almost felt better when she simply pecked at his lips, his cheek, his neck. Tender, doting, she made him feel like a king in the arms of his queen, her fingertip tracing circles on his bare chest.

She giggled and pressed her bare body up against his side, her breasts mashed up against his arm. "You must be popular with the ladies, mm? A strapping stud like you *surely* has his pick of the litter. C'mon, no need to be shy, darling." She pressed a kiss to his neck and took his hand, placing it on the pert swell of her ass. "I want to hear *all* about your *conquests*."

If the quickest way to a man's heart was his stomach, the second fastest must've been by his ego. Nico's lazy grin turned smug at her coaxing, and as he groped a handful of her derriere, he rested his free hand behind his head. "Where to begin?"

She giggled, wiggling her hips.

"There was a party once, some nobleman holding a salon to talk about whatever nonsense the upper crust concerns itself with. Not much to worry about when it's a bunch of fops talking about this and that, so I had some free time to mingle. And wouldn't you know it, there were some pretty young things rather taken with me."

The succubus purred, nibbling on his earlobe...before she slowly climbed on top of him. "Mm? Is that so?"

Nico nodded, moving both hands to her hips now. "Bet your life on it. Two gorgeous girls, packed into their corsets, tits two inches from bouncing out of their bodices. Barely took ten minutes before they were snuggling up beside me in an empty bedroom, mewling like kittens." He gave her ass a smack, and the succubus moaned. "Ladies like a firm hand," he said, basking in the heat pouring off of her sex. His cock was stiff, of course, but it was throbbing harder still as his bedmate ground her dripping slit up against it.

"Mm, I don't doubt it," she moaned, eyes drifting shut. The succubus rolled her hips against his, grinding down on his thick, rigid rod and savoring the sensation. From Nico's perspective, though, it looked like she could have used a little...encouragement. Encouragement that he was happy to provide.

He used his grip on her flanks to *force* her onto his manhood, and it was with a sharp squeal of surprise that the succubus sank down on his prick. Her eyes fluttered open, and her lips parted in a lurid O of shock. Her jaw dropped a moment later, though, when he began to forcibly bounce her on his rod, almost using her as a tool to pleasure himself. And what pleasure it was! She was the best he'd ever had: hot, wet, greedily suckling at his cock with her cunt.

"Mmf!" She squeaked, hands pressed down on his chest to brace her. "You brute! Goddess, I can only *imagine* how many girls you've dragged into bed and had your *way* with. Look at you." She pressed a fingertip to his lips, smiling down at him. "You're a *beast*. A mad, rutting *bull*. I can only *imagine* how many hearts you've broken."

The succubus definitely seemed a bit more enthusiastic now. Nico couldn't imagine why she was so enticed by the idea that he was some kind of philanderer, but he wasn't about to dissuade the notion. Besides. He wasn't *unpopular* with the fairer sex. As she bounced on his lap, Nico laid back and continued. "What can I say? Practice makes perfect, and I've had *plenty* of practice."

"Ooh, tell me *more!* I bet you *love* to take the reins."

He smirked, giving her flank a smack. "Guilty," he growled to her giggling approval. "Something about the way they *shiver* once I push 'em down and *take* them. You know, there are *plenty* of girls who give you a chase, but once you *catch* them, they're nice and *obedient*. No doubt about it." He pushed up into her, heart pounding that much faster when she cooed in delight. "I've got something of a *talent* for taking charge in bed."

She leaned in, tits mashed up against his chest, eyes staring into his.

"Ooh, is that *so?*" She sucked in a deep breath and slammed her hips down, hilding him in her sex. Her eyes glinted sickly green, and her smile widened to show off the pointed tips of her canines. "Then I think I know *just* what you're going to be paying with."

Nico blinked. And gasped. And came.

But as he spurted...*something* up into her, it didn't feel quite the same as a normal orgasm. It felt good, but it didn't have that same eye-crossing

rush that his climaxes typically had. No, it was more relaxing than anything else. No, not even quite *relaxing*.

He felt *weaker*.

Not physically. He could still grab her by the hips, still bounce her on his throbbing rod. But he felt suddenly smaller before her, like she was this predatory *beast* ready to gobble him up. The succubus licked her lips, narrowed her eyes, and shook with silent laughter. Nico felt his face go hot.

"I don't know what kind of half-baked *nonsense* you were planning to foot the bill with, but let's face it. I'm a *whore*." She leaned back, looking downright imperious as she raised her hips up and brought them back down again and again. "I don't need to know how to nock an arrow or how to bake or how to ride a *horse*. But." She gave her hips a twist, and Nico's jaw dropped as her cunt clenched down around him again.

He came once more. What was she doing? It felt *incredible*.

"You'd be surprised at how many men come here looking to be ground beneath a woman's heel. Or to be pushed back and *taken* like a maiden on her wedding night. So you can keep your swordplay and knighthood." The succubus grabbed his wrists, wrenched them from her ass, and pinned them to the bed. "You'll still be a *good* little bodyguard for your precious nobility. Just don't expect to be taking the lead in *bed* anytime soon."

Nico's heart pounded harder in his chest, and he couldn't quite tell if it was in fear or exhilaration. "Hey, I don't-"

"You don't *what*?" She snickered, pushing her chest out for him to ogle. Nico spurted another shot of his essence into her sex, and his thoughts turned that much fuzzier. "You don't know how blessedly *good* it feels to just *submit* to a woman? Darling, you've denied yourself such *pleasure* by taking the lead. Just imagine."

Nico made the mistake of pulling his gaze from her fat, jiggling tits and glancing up into her eyes instead.

"Imagine being so *woefully* unable to resist a woman's charms that all she need do is sway her hips and crook a finger." They flashed red. They flashed green. Yellow. Blue. His jaw dropped, and Nico lost himself in the mesmerizing swirl of colors.

"Imagine being *used* by whichever noblewoman sees fit to pull you into her boudoir. You think it feels good to pin some giggling debutante down and *fuck* her, but rest assured." Nico's body began to go limp under the succubus as she wrung another rosy shot of his essence from him. "You're going to learn to *love* submission."

He blinked heavily. "I'm. Gonna learn to love submission," he slurred, staring into those beautiful, bottomless eyes.

She blinked, and for a moment, the smoldering femme fatale dropped her facade and quirked an eyebrow. "Oho, was my little submissive *overestimating* himself earlier?" She cupped one of his cheeks and

slowed her pace to a languid roll of her hips. "You poor thing, you're utterly *drained* of any dominance you once had, aren't you?"

Nico nodded, reduced to wordless mumbling as she took her pleasure of him. He wasn't completely mindless, but the instant she spoke, Nico *listened*. After all, she was so *sexy* when she was in control. And something about the way she carried herself compelled him to obey. Maybe it was the glint of her eyes, the subtle sheen of sweat on her skin, the bounce of her chest as she rose and fell on his cock again and again. Maybe it was just her place. Maybe this was just *his* place.

Maybe he loved this. Maybe this was what he'd always craved. The feeling of a strong woman above him, guiding him, *using* him, controlling him.

Nico's eyes shut, and his back arched at the sudden surge of pleasure that accompanied the thought. Gods, there was no telling just how many noblewomen would *use* him if they sensed his newfound desire to submit. He could see it now, a backdrop of luxury for his eager acquiescence. Imperious smirks as the pampered elite ground their heels down upon him. He- They-

Nico groaned, and it felt right to beg. "Please! Please, I'm so close, m-" The word felt foreign on his tongue, but not unwelcome. "*Mistress!*"

And apparently she liked the sound of it, too. The succubus giggled, a throaty chuckle in the back of her throat that bubbled up into giddy laughter. "Oh, you poor thing! You're *helpless!*" She didn't seem all *that* sympathetic, but as her nails dug gently into the skin of his wrists, the succubus hastened her bouncing.

The sudden spike of sensation coaxed Nico's eyes open, and as soon as it did, hers were there to hold his gaze. A kaleidoscope bloomed before his eyes, and Nico stared helplessly into its depths. More than colors, beautiful, glittering *lights* flashed in his eyes. She was captivating, and his mind slowed to a crawl in the wake of her mesmerizing stare.

The world dissolved around him, and the only things left were her cunt suckling at his cock, her eyes consuming his vision, and her voice, filling his head with all his new thoughts. He didn't climax just yet, but Nico couldn't help but surrender another cloudy spurt of his willpower into her, the last one he could sense inside. As she bore down upon him, the succubus grew stronger still...and Nico lost himself in the bliss of sexual submission.

"You love to obey women," she murmured. Her eyes flashed, and Nico grunted.

"You long to submit to strong, confident women." Her eyes flashed once more, and Nico gurgled with obedient lust. He was so hard. So stiff and ready for her to tell him to cum.

"You can think of no greater pleasure than that of serving your mistress, whomever she may be." Her eyes were dizzying normally, blending from one color to the next, but to Nico, there was-

It was more than just hypnotic, it was everything he could ever want. He did more than succumb to her powers, he handed himself over to her,

happily letting himself sink deeper, stilling his own thoughts before her powers further entrapped them in the mire of pleasure and sex and submission that he'd only just learned he craved. Grunting and drooling beneath her, Nico felt so utterly *right* that...that...!

"Cum!"

That he came as soon as the word left her lips. This was different from the way she'd milked him of his willpower before, this was raw, exquisite pleasure. This was the kind of climax he was used to, only stronger than he'd ever felt it before. He bucked his hips up, burying himself in her with something blending slavish devotion and blind, animal need, and every splurt of thick, hot seed that he pumped into her took him deeper and deeper.

Soon Nico couldn't even think, not even the thoughts she filled him with. He could only feel. He could only shudder and empty himself in her.

He could only sag back into the bed. He could only sigh, basking in the warmth of the afterglow. He could only drift off to sleep.

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"So, out of curiosity," the succubus hummed, crossing her legs, "what *were* you planning on offering up, *slave*?"

Nico shivered under her. It didn't make much of a difference to him normally, but he was glad that his constitution meant he could serve as a proper seat for his mistress. "I was going to suggest that you drain my ability to cook, Mistress." He bit his lower lip, a tiny thrill of pleasure filling him as he said that almost magic word.

She seemed amused by that, at least. "Cooking! Well, I suppose you wouldn't get much use out of that. You're a good cook, are you? Wonderful." She tapped her heel against the back of his head, giggling. "Anything else come to mind, pet?"

He was practically drunk off her voice, but she'd asked him a question. Nico had to focus. His pleasure was found in submission, but he couldn't let that pleasure distract him from the task of his obedience. "I'm. I can give massages!" Not inaccurate, but kneading tension out of one's own body wasn't quite the same as massaging someone else. Hopefully his clumsy groping would be to her satisfaction, should she deign to allow his hands to touch her.

It seemed as if she would, based off her intrigued hum. "A cook and a masseuse. And so *obedient*, too. Mm."

She hopped off of him onto her feet, and it was with a snap of her fingers that her wings, horn, and tail vanished. The succubus looked as commonplace as could be. Or at least as commonplace as a stunningly beautiful woman could be. She turned on her heel, beckoned Nico to his feet, and smirked when he scrambled to stand.

"Normally this is when I'd instill a certain...*loyalty* in you." She cupped his cheek, and Nico's eyelids fluttered. "But you're not exactly rich. And besides, you're already *devoted*." The succubus ran her thumb over his



mouth, thinking. Her eyes narrowed, and she clicked her tongue. "Not really cut out to be a repeat customer."

Nico's heart sank, only to soar when she smiled wider.

"But for a part-time servant..." Her eyes twinkled. "...I think you'll do *just* fine."