

Curse of the Cubi

Joshiah Warbaum

Joshiah's Written Works

2017

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First Printing: 2017

Joshiah's Written Works

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Dedications

For our first ever crowd-sourced project, I believe that this book was a rousing success, and naturally, I've got quite a few people to thank for taking things this far!

To be fair, however, I've got to pony up to those who paid for their part in this book, so, without further delay, I'd like to officially recognize Serinthia Kelberry, Arcturus Chusky, AC Coyote, CatsithX, Jon Sanders, Mistdog and Lycantiger for their direct contributions to the publishing process.

The chapters that you purchased helped to create a book that has a unique feel, with a character that is able to live in a world where his sexual preferences don't define him as much as his struggle, and I think that's a truly beautiful thing.

A special thanks also goes out to my friends, fans, followers and family for their undying support of my work.

Foreword

I never was a big fan of Kickstarter, Indiegogo, or any of the other popular crowd-funding websites, when they first launched. Something felt wrong about asking for money for something up front, without any of the work being done.

That being said, when I decided to publish another book after moving into a more expensive place, and commissions were a little slow, it seemed that I wasn't going to be able to afford the publishing costs, and I was about to have to take a big ol' bite of humble pie.

Instead, I went a slightly different route, auctioning off chapters for a book, instead of writing a book all by itself, with just one protagonist and antagonist. Yet again, I thank everyone who purchased a chapter and supported the process. You've helped to create something truly original here, and I think you should all be proud of that.

It's certainly unique in that there is still only one main protagonist, but the

antagonist isn't a person or an object...it's a concept; the idea of time itself.

Darien, our incubus protagonist, is going to lose the battle with time, not because of finite mortality, but because he chooses a life of faithfulness, rather than a life of feeding his sinful needs.

It seems a noble cause, but before we can make our decision and wrap up his story, we hear about some of his greatest sexual conquests, exploring a variety of different fetishes.

What's fun is that we allow you, as the readers, to make your own decision about whether or not Darien is worthy of staying alive. Were his deeds over history so terrible that he isn't actually a nice guy? Is his sacrifice for one person noble enough to justify years of sexual misconduct and damning other souls to a tainted afterlife?

Though the answer lies somewhere within the pages, I ask and challenge you, as a reader, to think about his decisions, and what you would have done in the same

position. There are certainly some moments that Darien might have been able to approach with a different mindset, but while any of us could point that out, it's fun to wonder if we would have done it any differently.

Of course, deeper themes aren't always the most important thing in a book, and there is plenty of erotica within this tome to suit a variety of different tastes. If that's what you came here for, you're in luck! I just hope you enjoy the story that lies underneath the smut and erotica above.

A man living with a curse will give you plenty to think about as you carouse the pages ahead, and I thank you dearly for taking part in his journey.

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CURSE OF THE CUBI

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An entire life could easily be spent in raising a family, having children, working toward having the perfect house and a retirement plan to fall back on, when one's body finally gave in to the hands of old age.

Darien didn't know anything about that life, and he wasn't in any kind of a hurry to find out about it.

"Another, please."

His voice was soft, but entirely cold. Ethers of frost rode his words, all the way to the waiting ears of the bartender, who was already well aware of what Darien wanted to drink; the man was a regular at "The Cellar," to the point that it was his absence, not his presence that stirred a commotion.

"You sure, Darien? I know you can put drinks away with the best of 'em, but you've **really** been pounding the brews hard tonight."

“I’ll be fine, Mitch. I just need one more.”

Everyone in the bar knew Darien by name, and anyone who’d ever been through the establishment had shared a drink with him, at least once. Soft fur was always kept perfectly clean, and no drop of beer was ever allowed to stain the proud, white undertone that ran up from his underbelly and ended at his chin. An overcoat of warm and welcoming tan made him the kind of coyote that most people were quick to trust, or at least sit next to, and thanks to that, Darien had dirt on everyone in the quaint, quiet town of Lake Afton.

He was also born before the town was ever built, and before he made up his mind that night, he likely would have outlived it.

“All right, all right, but you’d better take it easy tomorrow. I’ll be watching you!” Mitch assured the rather youthful looking coyote. An older, worn down and rather musty canine, and a mutt to boot, Mitch was happy that he could keep a

younger crowd coming into what was a **very** old fashioned bar. Wood grain and pool tables were the very essence of the place, and it was only in recent years that television sets were finally mounted in the corners of the one room tavern, so that sports fans could actually keep up with their games while they enjoyed a tasty beverage.

Of all of the younger crowd that made their way through the doors over the years, however, it seemed that Darien was the one who most preferred The Cellar, and for that reason alone, Mitch made sure to take good care of his best customer. Their conversation was always friendly: Mitch never pried too much into Darien's personal life, and in return, Darien only ever brought his good tidings to Mitch, instead of drowning him in the stereotypical problems that people were wont to unload on bartenders.

"I don't think I'll be drinking tomorrow, Mitch. I want to take a day off and see if

the collective hangover will actually **kill** me.”

“You get hangovers, at your age?”

Darien snickered, and as he shook his head, the locks of raven atop his head swayed, allowing Mitch to see a set of crystalline, blue eyes. They were as striking as any that Mitch had ever seen in his twenty years as a bartender, and managed to pin the canine mutt between a feeling of comfort and dismay every time that he looked into them.

“Just how young do you think I am, Mitch?”

“I see your driver’s license every time you come in here. You don’t look a day over twenty, but I happen to know that you’re twenty-three. You’ve been coming in here *constantly* over the last two years, remember?”

“Does the average twenty-three year old get hangovers, then?”

“Back in my day, they didn’t!” Mitch boasted, letting out a full, hearty chuckle.

“I’d say you kids are getting soft, but every generation has their flaws.”

“Perhaps the alcohol just wasn’t as strong in your time, Mitch.”

Though he wouldn’t share such information, Darien knew Mitch when the mutt was just a puppy, and it was only through years of close surveillance that he knew Mitch was not only trustworthy, but a man deserving of his business. One day, perhaps that night, he thought he might tell Mitch the truth, but even when he spilled the information, he was sure that his old friend wouldn’t believe him.

“**Ha!** You must be joking! These days you’ve got all kinds of purity laws and filtration systems...when I started drinking, sometimes you got a can of paint thinner with cola, and you were **happy** for it!”

Darien chuckled quietly into his beer and rested his forehead in the palm of his

paw. “Okay, now I **know** you’re exaggerating, Mitch.”

Mitch paused for a moment. A simple man with simple dress of a thick, hearty flannel and jeans, he adjusted his collar, as he knew he’d been called out. “W-well, y’know. Maybe it wasn’t quite that bad, but things are definitely more civilized, these days.”

“If the history books are right, it would seem that they certainly are.”

Darien always did his best to try and hide his knowledge. He didn’t consider himself to be the brightest flower in the bouquet, but after living for such a long time, there was no way that he could avoid picking up on a few things, and while he could quote history books all day, it was hard for him to feign a lack of intelligence when he was actually there for a lot of the things he had the chance to read about.

“They call it history for a reason, Darien. It’s ‘his’ story.”

“Can’t argue with that. I’m sure there’s a lot of things that historians have gotten wrong in the past.”

I know for a fact that they’ll get my story wrong, when they retell it...but it’s not their fault. How could they possibly know? Will they even believe me when I tell them?

“If you’ve got a problem with history professors, maybe I should have sat somewhere else.”

As they often did, Mitch and Darien were so absorbed in a conversation that they shut out the rest of the bar, and as usual, the seat to Darien’s right was wide open, just waiting for someone to take it. It seemed to be an unspoken rule that the seat should remain open for newcomers to meet with the bar’s best regular, and now, a mouse was sitting in it with a perturbed look in his eyes, and a frown upon his muzzle.

“Even if I did, I don’t have a problem with you. You’re still a student,” Darien

claimed, as if he could tell the exact age of the mouse just by looking at him.

“Easy, Darien. This guy looks like he’s probably a whole week older than you!” Mitch joked, making sure to laugh thoroughly at his own jest, before shaking his head dismissively. “I’m kiddin’, pal. Welcome to The Cellar. What can I get for ya?”

A pair of thick-framed glasses were adjusted on the bridge of a muzzle, as the mouse narrowed his eyes slightly at Mitch. He was looking for a name tag, and when he found none, he gazed up at the menu board above the head of the mutt. “I...I don’t see any drink specials...”

“We’ve got beer, scotch, whiskey, wine, gin, rum, vodka, soda, and whatever I can make out of that.”

“O-oh. Well then,” the mouse replied timidly, put off by the lack of a sophisticated drink menu. “Can you make a Cosmopolitan?”

“I’m sure I’ve got a lime lying around somewhere back here,” Mitch talked to himself as he took the order without actually saying so. The mouse looked terribly dismayed at the way Mitch carried himself, and even more so at the way that he carelessly handled a set of glasses as he went to work on the counter.

The attire of the mouse was perhaps the greatest cause for alarm, as a once proud and fanciful business suit of navy blue was stained with large, deep spots of rotten brown and streaks of yellow grass, with small, ripped trails in the fabric, no doubt made by claws.

It took Darien only a moment to notice it. “Put it on my tab, Mitch. I think this guy has had enough trouble for one night.”

“That’s...that’s very thoughtful of you, sir, but it’s really not-

“Buddy. You’ve been looking like death’s best friend since you walked in the door. Lemme buy you a drink.”

Even as he was mixing drinks in front of the mouse, Mitch chuckled and gave Darien a knowing look. “Just let him buy your drink, stranger. You ain’t gonna win this one.”

Though it wasn’t his heaviest of the night, the mouse let out a sigh and set his paws on the counter of the bar. “V-very well. Thank you, mister.”

“Call me Darien.”

“Thank you, Darien. I’m Scott.”

Darien offered an open paw to the smaller creature, and a wide, bright smile. “Nice to meet you, Scott. What the hell is a dressed up guy like you doing in a dive like this?”

“Well, I...I don’t drink very often,” Scott admitted, as he took the offered paw, only to have his wrist nearly bruised by the vigorous shake of Darien, “And I d-didn’t know w-w-where else to go!”

Giggling at his own antics and slowly succumbing to his impressive consumption that evening, Darien released Scott's paw, and the forearm of the mouse still shook just a little bit from the rough gesture. "No shit. Anyone here could have guessed that a guy like you doesn't drink often. You lose a fight or something?"

"Wh-...how did you-

"You're covered in mud, you're pissed off, and you clearly don't know how to deal with the frustration."

In another life, Darien might have made an excellent social worker, but instead, he was nothing more than a counter confidant. He'd welcomed in the problems of all kinds of strangers before, making the mouse just another passerby, to him.

"If you must know," Scott paused, expecting Darien to cut him off again, "My...my wife and I had a bit of a falling out. She's been yelling at me for weeks to

spend more time with my family, and I keep trying to explain to her that we're not going to have a place to live soon if I don't finish up my degree and start working as an aggregate instructor. She doesn't seem to understand the concept of hours in a day," he paused again as the finished 'Cosmopolitan' was set down in front of him, and without a thought, he took a long, heavy sip of the reddish liquid, finding it to be his liking for the alcoholic burn alone.

"So...a woman did that to you? Your wife must be a saber-toothed tiger or something!"

Darien's sense of humor wasn't helping much, but Scott was on a roll, and he wasn't going to stop venting there. "She is a cat...yes, yes, I know. Opposites attract and whatnot, but she really **is** too much a free spirit. I loved her for it when we first met, and I told her to never change, but now...even if it's just for a little bit, I really **need** her to change. I need to her understand that I'll go back

to being a family man when my classes are done for the semester!”

“That doesn’t seem like a big enough argument for her to rough you up and toss you out into the yard.”

“I...I may have implied that I thought she was more of a canine female than a feline.”

“So you called her a bitch.”

“I didn’t exactly *stop* at bitch.”

Darien shook his head and managed to suppress his snicker as Mitch moved down the bar, wanting to avoid getting sucked too far into the story. “Well, long as you did the gentlemanly thing and took your lumps, maybe she’ll forgive you.”

“Well I certainly didn’t **strike** her!” Scott immediately protested. “I was just trying to create some separation, and I pushed her into a wall by accident. She started clawing at me and I fell back into the yard...g-gosh...I really fucked up this

time, didn't I? M-my life is going to be **ruined!**"

"Your life is fine."

Scott turned to Darien with tears welling up in the corners of his tired, bloodshot eyes and slammed a tiny fist down on the counter of the bar. "How on earth can you be so stupid? My life is **over** without Elaine!"

You don't know a damn thing about life, stranger...

"Did she call the police?"

"No."

"Did she say she was done with you?"

"Well, n-no, but-

"Then you're fine. Trust me."

Scott was in a state of shock, both from the reality of his fight with his wife, and at just how calm Darien could be, when a man was throwing a tantrum literally into his face.

“Have a drink or two here, calm your nerves, and call her back when you’re able to talk to her with a level head. Even if it was your fault, apologize, and say that you’re willing to do whatever it takes to work things out.”

Clenching the thin stem of a tall glass in one paw, Scott turned his focus on the drink itself, almost fearful to look at Darien. His calm in the panicked moment was ironic, and even somewhat unnerving.

“For such a young guy, you sound like you’ve been a relationship counselor...probably for longer than you’ve actually been alive.”

“I’m a professional drinker. There isn’t much of a difference.”

Scott took another sip of his surprisingly powerful Cosmopolitan and let out a low, heated breath from the burn of liquor in his throat. “*Ahhh*...come on. That can’t be all you do for a living. You sure don’t look homeless.”

“Never said that I was.”

“Then what **is** your story?”

Darien was nearing the bottom of his pint of beer, and as he pondered the question, he wished that he could order another, thinking he might need it to tell the whole thing.

“You sure you want to know? It’s an awfully long story.”

“I’ve got nothing else going on this evening.”

“Heh,” Darien chuckled, before taking the very last gulp of his current pint.

“Buy me a beer, and perhaps, I’ll tell you the last chapter.”

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It took a little convincing on the part of Scott, but the mouse managed to sneak Darien a fresh beer. The coyote knew that Mitch would have never served him another if he had the choice, and of course, he'd hear about it the next day when he came in, but with just one more sip of that final pint, Darien felt comfortable enough to let his guard down, even if the shield was only lowered an inch.

"Let me start by asking you a question, Scott. How drunk do you think I am?"

"...What?"

"Just answer honestly. How drunk do you think I am?"

"Well, you're not slurring your words," Scott reasoned, "And your eyes aren't too badly bloodshot, so I can't imagine that you're really drunk at all."

"This is my seventeenth beer tonight."

“You...you’re joking, right?”

“Not even a little bit,” Darien assured him. “I’ve got a lot of practice, keeping my emotions in check and not slurring my words. You can’t see how warm my face is because of my fur, and since I’m leaning on the bar, you can’t see how much my body wants to wobble.”

Scott didn’t quite understand the point of the question, but before he could ask one of his own, Darien was rolling right into another. “Second question. How old do you think I am?”

“Just barely old enough to be in this bar. Maybe twenty-two?”

It was at that moment that Darien couldn’t help a telltale grin spreading across the corner of his muzzle. “Trying adding a couple zeroes onto that number.”

“Okay. **Now** I believe that you’re drunk.”

“You’re a history major. Try me.”

“Quizzing you on historical facts doesn’t prove that you were alive for them!”

“Unless I had an identic memory, what’s the likelihood of me being able to answer all of your questions without looking at a smartphone or a book?”

“If you’re a history major, as well, I’d say you have a fairly good chance.”

Taking the second sip of his beer, Darien chuckled again and rolled his eyes, uncaring if Scott saw the gesture. “You’re just no fun at all, are you?” he asked, before setting the beer on the counter again. “Okay, okay. Let’s just *pretend* that I’m actually over a thousand years old right now, and that you believe me.”

“Great story, Darien. What’s the point of it?”

“I’m about to die.”

“...A...are you sick? Do you need me to call an ambulance?!”

“Shh! Shh...calm down,” Darien quickly hushed his new companion. “Relax. It’s

not like that. Don't cause a fuss for the regulars. They like things peaceful here."

"Fuck peaceful!" Scott shouted back. "If you're dying, then we need to get you to a hospital!"

"Scott...I'm **choosing** to die."

Scott was already halfway out of his bar stool when Darien finally admitted something that was entirely the truth. He was ready to yell again, but seeing the attention that he was drawing, and just how calm Darien remained the entire time, he sunk back into his seat and wrapped a paw around his glass again.

"So...you're dying of something, and you're giving up the fight?"

"You could say that," Darien suggested.

"Though the reality is that I need something to live, and I'm tired of taking it. I've been doing it for almost two thousand years. I'm **tired**."

Thinking that Darien was just exaggerating the effects of a long term medicine, Scott pondered just what kind

of ailment Darien could be suffering from. “Don’t you have anything left in this life that’s worth living for, Darien? It’s pretty rare that someone would be so good at giving advice to troubled souls without a positive influence in their own life.”

“Oh, I’ve got someone.”

“And won’t they miss you?”

“Terribly, I’m sure...but...If I take another dose, it’ll break her heart.”

“What the hell kind of medicine are you taking, Darien?”

“Souls.”

“I...don’t quite follow.”

“What kind of a creature lives for thousands of years and survives only on the life force of other creatures, Scott?”

“A vampire?”

Shuddering and thumping his forehead on the counter, Darien rolled his head from side to side to shake it ‘no.’ “Not. Even. Close.”

“Thank goodness! I was starting to think you were another one of those ‘Moonbeam’ fanboys...although...that doesn’t leave me with a lot of other choices, and still leaves me thinking that you’re a couple arrows short of a quiver, if you catch my drift.”

“Perhaps if you hear the rest of the story, you’ll start to believe that I’m telling the truth.”

“Why don’t you tell me what you are, first? You know, besides a coyote.”

“I’m an incubus.”

“...That’s a good one, Darien.”

All of the parts of his story would have added up to that being the truth, but Scott was sure that he was just sitting next to the town drunk at his bar of preference.

He would never have guessed that Darien was telling the truth, and with every second that passed, the coyote became weaker. His every breath passed with such effort that it felt as if he’d just

run a marathon, and his heart, though still beating, had a terribly slow pace that struggled to rush blood to the rest of his body.

“It doesn’t really matter if you believe me or not, Scott. Tomorrow, you’ll have all the proof you need, if you check the obituaries.”

“If all of this is true,” Scott prefaced, “Then why wouldn’t you tell one of the regulars, or the bartender? Why tell **me?**”

“Because you’re a stranger.”

“And...?”

“And strangers make the best listeners,” Darien pointed out. “They’re the perfect person to tell your life story to, because to them, it really is just a story. They don’t know you. They don’t know how many of yours words are a beautiful, truthful prose, and how many of them are just a fat, disgusting lie. They only know as much as you tell them, and not a word more...they can take away the very

best parts of the story of your life, and leave your tragedies behind for you.”

“So you’re really going to tell me the entirety of your supposed, two-thousand year history?”

“No,” Darien said. “Just the last chapter...it’s the only one that really matters...and it starts with a girl named Tristyn.”

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Like any incubus, Darien had the privilege of an extremely long life, so long as he was always on the hunt for fresh souls.

His story to Scott was no sort of an exaggeration. Though he'd forgotten the exact year that he came into existence, Darien lived through at least the period of one millennium, and somehow, throughout that entire time period, fortune smiled upon him, allowing him to survive the myriad of wars and different sorts of bloodshed that lead into the uneasy peace of the 21st century.

Survival was no easy task; though he had a finite immortality, he wasn't invulnerable. Being of demonic birth, mortal diseases couldn't harm him, and his body would never age past the prime of his youth, but if he were mortally wounded, Darien would still die. To have existed for such a long time, all while

outliving other cubi who existed in the same time period gave Darien something of an appreciation for the world that he lived in, even if his sole purpose was to corrupt the very lives around him.

Everyone matures at a different pace, of course, and it took Darien almost the entirety of a millennium to figure out what the world could really be worth to him. Like many males, it took finding the right person to realize the value of his own life, and the value of the lives he'd stolen.

What Darien wasn't ready for was the gravity of it all, when fortune smiled upon him to prey upon Tristyn for the first time.

"We've been taking it slow for longer than I've even **dated** most guys," Tristyn murmured, as her body sunk into the soft, plentiful sheets upon her bed. The mattress was like their own private cloud in Heaven, and Darien, a being who could never see such a place due to his birthright, couldn't imagine it being any

better than the moment he was sharing with her. “If you don’t make a move, Romeo, this Juliet might end up getting bored of you!”

She was the prime of what a female body could be; feminine curves given life in a way that displayed a proud, inner strength, while allowing beauty to have her share of the form. Fur that was a calming blend of orange and red covered the whole of her body, save for a slim, pristine strip of white that carried along from the edge of her collarbone, and ran down to the birth of her crotch, until it crossed the breach of her pubic mound. That same flesh was coated with fur that was barely more than peach fuzz, allowing her womanhood to stand out and away from her body with shades of delicate, subtle pink, and labia that were tight with patience, but slightly pouted with desire.

Nude to Darien and offering her body to him without a single reservation left, Tristyn didn’t know why the coyote she’d

been seeing for almost two months wouldn't satiate the lust she felt for him.

Her breasts, full, but fit to her body with all of the balance and symmetry of a master sculptor, were dotted with cute, erect nipples. The smooth, black fur upon her paws covered them as she tickled and teased her own body, and her tail, tipped with just a flair of white, was swishing about the best that it could under the smooth, full curve of a supple rump.

She was a feast for the visual senses, and any other male would have long succumb to the sweet, pheromone-riddled aroma of natural moisture and subtle, earthy sweetness that drifted away from her sex.

It wasn't the literal centuries of preying upon souls, or the fact that he'd seen such beauty before that allowed Darien to resist, in perhaps the greatest moment of temptation in all of his years of life.

It was the fact that if he gave in, he'd be ruining perhaps the most perfect specimen he'd ever had the pleasure of knowing.

"Tristyn...I...I just **can't!**" Darien cried out. His body hovered just over her own, and his manhood throbbed with anticipation in the moment, but no matter how close it came to finally sharing in the sexual warmth of her own petals, he kept his hips back, refusing to take that plunge. He cursed himself for ever allowing things to go so far, and in her eyes, perfect little stones of jade that were cut only for him, he couldn't see the thousands of souls that he'd damned to hell over the years.

He could only see the girl lying before him. She made him forget all of the terrible things he'd done. She made him see that there was a chance to salvage his life, even if it would take him twice as long as he'd already lived to undo the pain that he'd caused.

Taking her in that moment and damning her soul wouldn't just be one toe over the line. In his heart of hearts, no matter how black and twisted it had become over the years, Darien knew that if he joined Tristyn in that moment of sexual union, there would be no going back for him. There wouldn't be even a **sliver** of a chance at redemption.

Eyes that could see right through Darien's weak excuses gazed into the pit of his being as Tristyn waited beneath him, hoping that he might still change his mind if she was patient enough.

She was all but trembling with excitement as she waited, but the shaking bed settled little by little, as the minutes passed.

"I've **always** told you that it was okay, Darien. If there was some reason, some *actual* reason that you couldn't make love to me...that I'd still love you, all the same. I've been patient. I've listened to excuse after excuse...your dick is stiff as a board and your eyes are glazed...I **know**

that you want this! Why the hell won't you just fuck me already?!"

When they first met outside of an ice cream booth in the park and had lovely conversation, Darien just couldn't tell her the truth.

When they went on their third date and she first invited him into her home, Darien didn't dare to ruin the moment with the truth.

When their first month as an official item passed and Tristyn tried to celebrate with a positively lewd gesture, Darien couldn't let her be corrupted by the truth.

Now, on the precipice of their first time, Darien couldn't fathom telling her the truth.

"If I do that, Tristyn...you-

"What? Do you have a disease or something?"

"No! Nothing like that!"

"Are you a virgin?"

“Not even close!”

Tristyn was so frustrated that she finally rolled out from under Darien’s arms and sat upright on the edge of her own bed, covering her breasts gazing down into her thighs. The lack of honesty from her boyfriend made her feel terribly vulnerable, and the thought of sharing a bed with him was becoming less and less appealing by the moment.

“I do love you, Darien, but...I’ve seen through your excuses from the start. I know that something’s up, and that’s fine, but you need to **tell** me what the problem is if I’m ever going to trust you again!”

The vixen could already feel warm moisture building up in the corners of her eyes when a paw came to rest on her shoulder. She wanted to shake away from it, but she held still, hoping that perhaps, the comforting touch would lead to an honest confession.

“If I make love to you, Tristyn...you’ll be condemned. I can’t do that to you.”

It certainly didn’t sound honest, at first.

“Condemned? What the hell is that supposed to mean?”

Already sniffing quietly, Tristyn kept an ear cocked to her lover. His words sounded ridiculous, but his tone of voice was so honest that it actually concerned her. “I’m...I’m an incubus, Tristyn. If you have sex with me, you’re going to hell. It’s as simple as that.”

“Y-you...you really think I’m stupid, don’t you?”

“No! Tris, I’m being serious!”

“Oh, don’t you **dare** Tris me, you lying sack of...of...s-shit...”

Tristyn was ready to look back with her angriest glare. Her fangs were gritted tight together in a gleaming, jagged show of white, but they came unglued the moment that she turned around.

Darien was quite the display in the nude to begin with, sporting the kind of body that most men only wished that they could achieve. Musculature was evident in every inch of his being, but it was never overbearing. He had the kind of arms that simply looked wide in a tight t-shirt, and his chest was broad without being impractical. A healthy diet and superior abilities thanks to his demonic birthright meant that his stomach was flat, and through his fur, muscles were just visible enough to be enjoyed by the naked eye.

That entire display was marred in the moment by the presence of thick, black wings sprouting out of his back, just inside of his shoulder blades, and from the lower half of his back, just around his spine, a set of tentacles was squirming into existence, right before Tristyn's very eyes.

"I knew you'd never believe me if I didn't show you, Tristyn. I'm sorry that it had to come to this."

There was no struggle in Darien's eyes as he transformed, and his body didn't seem to show any strain from the act. Somehow, that made his change even more impressive to Tristyn, who fell back and off of her bed, as jade eyes shrunk to tiny dots in wide pools of panicked white. She brushed her bangs out of the way, casting goldenrod locks to the side as she tried to convince herself that she was just seeing things, but she knew that she couldn't be dreaming.

Even after the telltale pinch on her right arm to confirm that she was awake, she still felt like she was seeing an illusion.

"Darien, w-what...what the hell is this? What **are** you?"

It wasn't easy for the coyote to speak any longer. He felt like anything he said would only make the situation worse, and he was already cursing himself for his honesty. Tristyn, the girl he loved more than any other he'd ever met, was trembling and sniffing in front of him

like a frightened child, and he had no one to blame but himself.

“I’m an incubus, Tristyn...and I’m not going to share this curse with you.”

~~-4-~~

Those days, Darien was already a regular at The Cellar, but in the weeks after the event, he was spending more and more time in the bar, and even in the evenings leading up to his meeting with Scott, Mitch was doing everything that he could to keep Darien from getting overserved.

It was a terrible struggle, with the incubus being able to drink a simply unbelievable amount of alcohol before he was actually drunk.

“So, you showed her what you were, and she ran off?” Scott asked, as Darien reached the halfway point of his beer.

“No...she *didn't* run off, and that was the problem. I had to sit there and tell her everything, from my birth, through the thousands of years of sexual corruption, all the way until I finally met her and had a change of heart.”

“One woman was able to do that to you after a couple thousand years of being able to bed whatever you wanted?”

“It doesn’t quite work that way. You don’t want to fuck me right now, do you?”

Scott felt a flush creep into his cheeks as he tightly gripped his drink. “W-well, no, of course not! I’m married!”

“Hasn’t stopped many people in the past,” Darien admitted. “I figured the fact that you were straight was the more important thing, really.”

“Are all of the old wives’ tales true, then? Can an incubus or a succubus really infect someone with a sexual need, and then feed off of that energy?”

“The second half is true; we do need sexual energy to stay alive, and we get that from having sex with a person, but because we’re demonic, that ends up corrupting their soul, and...yeah. It’s not a pretty sight when they get to hell.

That's really all you need to know about that."

"And even though she actually loves you for you, it'll corrupt Tristyn if you make love to her."

"Basically."

"Well, what did she do when you told her that?"

"She tried to anyway. She said she didn't care...that she thought our love was pure, and out of the reach of hell's agencies. She's still convinced that a world exists where our love can be, but...I can't do that to her. The greatest act of love I can give her is to remain faithful to her, while forbidding that we ever end up in the sack together."

"But if you remain faithful to her without having sex with her..."

"Yes. I'll die...and very soon, at that. I was still seeing people on the side before we got serious, but since I started dating her exclusively, I've been good. I haven't

slept with anyone, and, go figure, it's **literally** killing me."

Though it was a dark moment to, Scott couldn't help snickering at the thought. "If only all men had that excuse in their back pocket, we'd be getting laid a lot more often."

"I never needed that excuse to get laid. I've still had plenty of people in bed with me willingly, even after they knew that it would corrupt their souls."

"Are you serious?!" Scott exclaimed, nearly spilling what little sips were left of his drink. "There's honestly people out there who would have sex with you, even after you told them what the consequences were?"

Darien would normally have chuckled at Scott's panic, but meeting a soul as beautiful and loving as Tristyn made him realize how terrible he was for damning all of the people he had. He could never rebuild the lives that he'd ruined, and though he didn't want to put a damper

on the moment, he couldn't laugh at the idea, anymore.

"Tons of them. I think it was a turn-on, for the majority of them."

"That's crazy...how desperate do you have to be for sex to end up screwing someone who ruins your afterlife, in turn?"

"It's not always desperation," Darien explained. "An incubus can gain sexual energy from a variety of different acts, and there are a lot of people who are into messed up stuff who see us as a beacon of comfort."

"And here, I've always just been a married man with a pretty standard sex life," Scott reminisced. He and his wife thought switching it up from the missionary position was a spicy night in the bedroom. "But I'm sure you've done the kind of stuff that most people can only dream of. Must have been a fascinating couple of lifetimes for you, Darien."

What the hell...if tonight is going to be my last night on earth, what's so wrong with retelling a couple of my greatest hits?

"If you're really that curious, I'd be more than happy to tell you about them, Scott."

"To hell with being modest on a night like this...if my wife is gonna be a bitch and throw me out of the house, I might as well spend it sharing stories of all of the naughty stuff we've ever done!" Scott cheered, but his excitement was almost immediately dashed as his memories of his sex life brought little more than disappointment to the surface.

"But...since you've supposedly got two millennia of experience more than I do...maybe you start?"

Finally letting out the heavy chuckle he'd been holding in, Darien drowned the sound out with a gulp of beer and nodded. "Sure, Scott. Just keep it down...I don't need this whole bar knowing what I'm into."

-5-

“Can you...can you really make me do that? I swear, I’m not a freak or anything, it’s just...I’ve always wanted to be able to lactate, but I’ve never wanted to have kids, so, i-if you can help me do it, I wouldn’t even *begin* to know how to repay you!”

It was a prompt that Darien heard so many times before, he actually had to pause before responding, so that he wouldn’t give a canned answer. “It’s really no trouble at all,” he would finally reply, “As long as you let me share the moment and the spoils with you, of course.”

The magical abilities than a cubi contained weren’t so well known to the average person, and mostly, it was only through myth and legend that people were able to guess what they were able to do. Most depictions of an incubus weren’t remotely flattering, and Darien

was glad to have been born looking nothing like what his birthright was supposed to be.

His control over his magical abilities was somewhat limited, as he never had to learn how to use his wings or tentacles for combat purposes, and beyond that, it was rare that he tried using magic for anything other than trying to get into the sack. Generally, for that purpose, it worked, and he found that he could adapt the bodies of others, as well, so long as they didn't expend all of the sexual energy that he was currently living off of.

Allowing a pair of breasts to lactate was fairly easy for him, after having been asked to grant such an ability a few times in the past. He barely even had to focus on the task to make it happen, which was convenient, since he was hoping to focus on the person who was asking for the ability, instead.

“What’s the point of being able to make milk if you don’t have someone to drink

it?” Iris asked. A gorgeous young wolfess with a fur pattern every bit as unique as any Darien had ever seen, she was already a handful for him that night when they met at a bar in downtown Chicago, and now that they were back at her apartment, things were moving along every bit as rapidly as both of them hoped.

For Iris, it was the moment of her dreams coming to fruition. For Darien, it was getting dangerously close to time for him to feed on sexual energy again, and he didn’t want to risk getting too weak to be able to perform the deed.

“I couldn’t agree more,” Darien replied with a simple cliché. His words were a bit empty, but neither one of the pair seemed to care too much about words, at that point. Iris had a look of impatience in her aquamarine eyes, and though she was already stripped bare of her shirt and bra, just as Darien had instructed, no milk came forth from her nipples.

“Should I get started, then? I know it isn’t polite to keep a lady waiting.”

“I never would have thought that a demon could be chivalrous!” Iris exclaimed. She exposed just how far the sandy tan fur upon her tummy really went, as she began unbuttoning her jeans, and with a quick tug, her panties slipped down far enough to reveal a small, pubic tuft of the same colored fur, just above the clitoral hood. It was the only preview she offered, but it was more than enough motivation for Darien, who was already stripping his own shirt away so the tentacles on his back wouldn’t tear it. “But I’m starting to think you just wanted to see me topless, and you’re stalling for time.”

Tossing his shirt to the floor of an already messy, cramped apartment and taking a couple steps closer to Iris, Darien took a moment to appreciate the series of three dots on each side of her torso, leading up the underside of her breasts. Her body was toned, and though

her chest reflected that, her breasts were still sizable and soft, with nipples that just began to perk through soft fur as Darien approached.

“I’m a lot of things, Iris, but I’m a man of my word, above all else.”

She wasn’t moved by his statement, thinking it a bluff. “Now would be a good time to prove that, then.”

Schlup! Darien responded as if he was working on her command, as a pair of tentacles slipped out from the small of his back, and the ends opened up before latching onto Iris’ nipples with a quiet, sticky sound. An aura of energy that radiated with brilliant, emerald hues encompassed both of her breasts, and before the tentacles even had a chance to fully pull away, small drops of milk were spilling into the fur of the wolfess, trickling down the front of her breasts until gravity pulled them into the mess of clothes on the floor.

“D-Darien! What...what the hell did you **do?**” Iris gasped at the tight, powerful suction around her sensitive, erect nipples, and while the moment truly was that and nothing more, she could still feel the suction on her chest as the tentacles slipped back away. “I’m...l-lactating...”

“Well, of course you are! It’s just what you wanted, isn’t it?”

Twisting her face up in a joy that was unholy in nature, Iris squealed with delight and bounced up and down in place, flinging errant drops of fresh milk across her own room and soaking a little bit in Darien’s fur, as well. She cupped her breasts with open, eager palms and gave each one a squeeze just around the nipple, able to feel a tingling inside of her mammary glands, just behind the areola.

Even with just a loose, gentle squeeze, she could see trails of milk spilling down over the fur of her pawtips, and at the sight, her eyes lit up like the first waves

on an ocean shore, bathed in the coming of the morning sun.

“I can’t believe it...I can see it, I can **feel** it, but I don’t believe it! Darien, you’re a miracle worker!” Iris praised him, smiling brightly at the coyote as she worked a little more milk from the plentiful ducts within her breasts. She was so absorbed in the triumph of the moment that she almost felt rude, and with a more bashful grin, she looked to Darien and gave her breasts a quick shake. “I’m s-sorry...did you...did you want to try a little?”

For Darien, it wasn’t a matter of desire. If he didn’t absorb some of Iris’ sexual energy, he likely wouldn’t make it out of the city that day. Really, getting to enjoy the fruits of his own labor was just a fringe benefit for the incubus, who gave Iris an almost sinister grin as he leaned forward and ran a long, flat tongue across the right breast of the excited wolffess.

Her entire body shuddered with a pleasure that she’d never known from

such gentle stimulation. “Oooh, goodness! Darien, t-that...that feels *really* good!”

“You sound surprised,” Darien teased, looking up at Iris with one eye closed as he went back to his work, allowing his tongue to curl around one nipple and suckle at it as plentiful streams of white, creamy milk poured down his tongue and right into his muzzle. As his lips sealed around the sensitive bud, Iris trembled in place, only able to hope that her legs would hold out long enough for her to thoroughly enjoy the moment.

“Y-yeah...it’s just so sensitive...I...I wasn’t expecting that!” Iris cried out the moment that Darien sealed his lips, and her whole body shuddered as an unnatural amount of milk poured right into Darien’s waiting maw.

“Nnnyeah...Darien, that’s incredible!”

The quiet sound of wet, slick suckling on her breast made Iris flatten her ears bashfully as Darien enjoyed his treat. Having manipulated the milk himself, he

was able to control just how sweet the flavor was, and a rumble of delight escaped his throat as he took a final, selfish gulp of the delightful liquid.

“It’s nothing really special. Just an old parlor trick, more than anything,” Darien teased, acting rather coy about his abilities, given Iris’ reaction to the same.

The wolffess snickered and rolled her eyes at her lover for the evening. “You **know** I meant the pleasure, Darien. You didn’t warn me about that.”

“Of course I didn’t. I didn’t want to ruin the surprise!”

“It was an awfully...*pleasant* surprise,” Iris admitted, as she finally, but regretfully released her breasts. They were swelling up in an amount that she couldn’t quite see, but she could feel the added weight of the milk within them, and already, the idea of releasing it was just as much a physical relief as it was a sexual activity. “I don’t suppose you’d be up for a little surprise, yourself?”

Darien raised a brow, shooting a smoldering, teasing glare at Iris, meant only to entice her. "I'm an awfully difficult guy to surprise, Iris. I've been around the block a few times."

"Well, there's something I've always wanted to do," Iris began to explain, as she gave her trembling legs a break, sinking down to her knees. Her diligent paws went right to work, grabbing the button on the tight, black jeans that Darien was wont to wear and immediately, she yanked it away. "But I haven't been able to, because I couldn't lactate. Only feels fitting that I share it with you, since I have you to thank for this!"

After so many years on Earth, Darien didn't think there was any sexual activity he hadn't tried, but as Iris fished the full, thick, and deliciously throbbing canine cock out of his jeans and pushed them down just a little bit, he found that Iris really was a crafty one, and certainly, she

had a surprise up her proverbial sleeve, after all.

“I’ve had plenty of titjobs, Iris...can’t you do a little better than that?”

The challenge didn’t faze Iris, who looked up at Darien with a determined smirk. “What’s wrong with putting a new spin on an old classic?”

Pulsing at the air in front of her, Iris stared down Darien’s cock and squeezed her breasts in time, letting the plentiful milk they offered spill over the bright, reddish flesh of his manhood. Drops of thin, white cream spilled from the tip to the base of the shaft, until the whole of his rod was coated with milk.

“It was nice of you to buy me dinner, Darien, but I’m ready for *dessert*.”

Cupping her breasts once again and making a perfect path out of her cleavage, Iris allowed some of her own saliva to drip down into the valley and add a little extra lubrication. Darien was quiet to get the idea, and took a step

forward to settle his cock in that same spot, before Iris wrapped the soft, squishable flesh of her breasts around his pulsing tool and squeezed it. Eager to know her own taste, her tongue slipped from her muzzle and slurped the tip of the offered member, and the sweet, delightful flavor sent her tail into a frenzied wag.

She had no idea that the mere touch was enough to empower Darien, and in the same breath, damn her soul.

She also wouldn't have cared, as she happily wrapped her lips around the tip of his manhood and suckled at it with all of the intensity that he milked her nipples before.

"Nnnn...f-fuck, Iris! That's a p-pretty fucking good spin!" Darien threw his head back and groaned with renewed delight as his hips began to pump, and the moist fur around his cock brushed back and forth over the sensitive skin, drawing drops of precum out of his length in seconds and giving Iris a little

something extra to enjoy. “Damn, girl...y-you’re so fuckin’ eager!”

“*Mmmnnhmm...*” a low, rumbled response came out around Darien’s cock as Iris gently bobbed her head back and forth, only ever tickling the almost painfully sensitive head of his member, while her breasts cushioned and rubbed against the shaft, stained with the milk that she was only able to produce thanks to his magic. The lubrication lasted just long enough for Darien to build up speed with his hips, and as Iris felt a near orgasmic sensation in her chest from how sensitive her breasts had become, she knew how amazing it felt for Darien when the incubus spilled his seed inside of her muzzle, and without hesitation, she began to swallow around his cock.

“C-cumming...I’m fucking cumming, Iris! Y-yes! **YES!**” Darien shouted, but Iris was unflappable. She kept her focus and squeezed her breasts as tight as she could around the bulk of his flesh, until his hips finally came to a stop, and as he

pulled back, a thorough helping of his cum spilled from her mouth, dropping from her tongue and spilling into her cleavage with a thick, heated sheen of white. “Goodness, Iris...y-you sure were thirsty, hm?”

The pink of her tongue disappeared into her muzzle, and after a ***gulp***, it emerged again, completely clear of any ejaculate.

“Still am, Darien...if you’ve got a little more *milk* for me.”

-6-

Most nights, a flirty silver vixen by the name of Serinthia could be found at the Gryphon's Den, dancing away the stress of her daily life and finding whatever man or woman was suitable for her tastes, that evening.

On the evening in question, she was feeling something a little bit harder than the typical nightlife, and found herself at The Occult, a bar with a more twisted reputation, and a weekend special that attracted more than a few naughty customers.

It was her first time attending "Strip-Down Saturday," and as she read online, the dress code was fairly simple, even if some people might have had trouble with it: Lingerie and bondage gear was acceptable, but you couldn't wear anything to cover it up, and nudity wasn't just welcome, but **encouraged**.

Just walking in the door, she could feel her jaw dropping of its own will; there was no shortage of eye candy to look at, and if she turned around and left in the next breath, she'd have plenty enough inspiration to do the deed herself that evening...but it would have been a waste of her efforts to come so far, only to go home emptyhanded.

"I might have to start coming here more often," she murmured to herself, as she slipped past the front door. Naturally, entry to such an illicit event carried heavy security, and it wasn't an easy task getting inside. She slipped her photo ID into the hip of her panties, finding that she had little room for anything else, and with a quiet giggle, she wondered where most the patrons were keeping their money.

Before she let the thought get *too* carried away, she walked over to the bar, finding that the whole tavern was actually rather small, for how large it looked on the outside. Black was the theme, and the

entire existence of the establishment: Black floors of laminate were polished to reflect the glowing red of lights overhead, and the chairs, counter and tables all carried some shade of onyx within them.

The bartenders nearly blended in with their surroundings, as they were forced to dress for the occasion, and that meant a fair share of them were wearing little more than black leather and spandex, and a black coat of fur meant that there was nothing to distinguish them from the décor.

“I’ll...I’ll have a gin and tonic,” Serinthia ordered, as she was lucky enough to slip through the crowd of people mostly untouched, and even luckier still to find a bartender that was free.

She wanted to seem eccentric enough to fit in with the unusual crowd; tattoos, piercings and bondage gear seemed to be the normal attire in the place, and she had a feeling that such was the case, even on most ordinary nights. She was hopeful

that her drink of choice might make her seem a bit more *distinguished*.

“Basic, but if you’re looking to relax,” the bartender paused, as they immediately lifted a glass and began scanning the wall for bottles of gin, “I suppose it’ll get the job done. You look tense.”

“Beer, please. Whatever’s cheap.”

Before Serinthia could thank the bartender for making her drink, a male strolled right up next to her and placed his own order, and in a place that was full of unique personalities, the order couldn’t have been more ordinary. The person making it didn’t seem to care, and in fact, he was grinning the moment that he felt Serinthia’s glare on his fur.

Darien had a certain way with mortal emotions, and he knew that Serinthia was annoyed, and yet, enticed by his presence.

“And a Spud Light, coming up,” the bartender carried on. A short, buxom squirrel wrapped up tightly in different

layers of black leather and lace, she was clearly experienced enough to take two drink orders at the same time, and her paws were a blur of brown and tan fur as she mixed up the gin and tonic, while a long, fluffy, and surprisingly prehensile tail swooped under the counter and wrapped around a beer.

Even Darien cocked his brow, impressed with the display. “Where did you learn to do that?”

“This isn’t my first rodeo,” she replied, offering a half-hearted smirk to Darien before she set both of the drinks on the counter. “You two together, or separate?”

“**Separate**,” Serinthia finally cut back in, as she cast another cold, but curious glare in Darien’s direction. “And keep it.”

She set down a generous bill on the counter and picked up her drink, before taking an experimental sip. Unfamiliar with gin and the way it should taste, her muzzle twisted up in a mixture of

enjoyment and disgust, as she tried to decide if she liked the flavor.

Darien followed suit, overpaying for his beer and turning around so that he could gaze into the crowd, but still admire Serinthia with his peripheral vision. She was a good bit shorter than he was, but her fur was a gorgeous shade of gray that bordered on truly being silver, and her eyes sparkled with a tone of mischief as she brushed tresses of white away from them. She wore nothing more than the light, violet colored lingerie that cupped tightly around her breasts and held close to her womanhood, and for his part, Darien loved being able to see everything that she was in such a relaxed environment.

Of course, for them to be so relaxed in such a place meant that they were likely in the bar for the same reason, and Darien, eager to feast on the sexual energy of another soul, wasn't going to pass up someone that seemed like such an excellent match.

“So...I’m guessing you think that everyone here is a hipster that orders ridiculous drinks that no one actually enjoys?” Darien asked. Even if he wanted to, he couldn’t wipe the smirk from his muzzle; Serinthia’s reaction to the first sip was cute, if not *darling* to watch.

The silver vixen rolled her eyes and tried to take another sip from her glass, but if the first sip gave her an idea that she didn’t like gin, the second confirmed it. She kept her face a little less twisted, but her body still shuddered in place as the alcohol spilled into her tummy. “Is it so bad for me to try and fit in? I’m new here...though you certainly don’t seem to be.”

Darien was wearing nothing more than tight, black pants of leather that evening, and even that was enough to get him stopped at the door, until he ensured security that they were tear-away.

“I only come here every now and again. There’s better bars to find someone to

chat with,” Darien admitted, “But I like this one when I’m trying to score.”

“Awfully blunt of you to say,” Serinthia pointed out, “But I guess there’s no point in sugar coating it...I mean, *good hell*, there’s a guy being whipped on the ass over there!”

Darien snickered. “Took you this long to notice? There’s sex acts going on **all over** the bar.”

It was hard to see over the ocean of bodies around her, but Darien was right: People were stripping each other naked in the open area between the bar counter and the tables on the wall to the right, and on the back wall of the building, racks and harnesses waited for the next creature lucky enough to be trapped within them. It seemed that nothing was off limits in The Occult that evening, and for anyone who had fetish for exhibitionism, there was no better place to be.

Serinthia could recall the last time she took part in such an act at The Gryphon's Den, and how enjoyable it was, but that evening, she didn't know if she wanted to put herself on display again.

She just wanted to figure out why she couldn't stop staring at Darien, and why his overly smug attitude wasn't annoying her more.

"So, you just play the sidelines, then?" Serinthia asked him, deciding to put his arrogant personality to the test. "You're not willing to get out on the floor and really expose yourself?"

"Sure I am...I just don't like showing the public *everything* that I have to offer. I prefer to keep that kind of stuff behind closed doors."

This time, it was Serinthia who offered a quick smirk, and a nearly quizzical look as she took another sip of her drink, just to keep pace with Darien. "And what can you do that's so special?"

"You into bondage?"

“That’s...kinda personal...” Serinthia replied.

“Says the girl who’s standing around in a sex club, surrounded by strangers.”

She hated to admit it, but Darien had a good point. “If I **was** into bondage, it looks like I came to the right place,” she finally answered, though she did so in the most roundabout way possible. “Are you some kind of leather-clad ‘Daddy’ type?”

Darien was mid sip through his beer when he began coughing. He nearly spit out the golden liquid as he tried not to laugh, and even so, he had to cover the end of his muzzle. “*Kff...kaff!*”

“What? What’s so funny?” Serinthia asked, not even bothering to see if he was actually okay; she knew that he was just snickering at her.

“D-do I **look** like a Daddy type to you?” Darien asked, as he wiped the end of his muzzle with the back of a paw. “I’m not here for all of that...I just like taking part

in the act, really. I end up where I end up, and sometimes, I show a lucky person one of my special talents.”

Serinthia was beginning to accept the cockiness as a part of Darien’s personality, and a tall, handsome coyote with a good sense of humor was hard to come by. In a way, she felt like she was the one using him, as she almost considered him someone to check off of a list of sexual conquests.

She didn’t know how much the opposite was actually true, as Darien heard the words he was hoping to hear from the beginning: “And am I lucky enough to see what they are?”

The vixen cast a less perturbed, and far dreamier gaze at the coyote, deciding that they were on an even playing field, at least, for the moment. “On looks alone, you’d pass the test, but I actually like *talking* to you, too, so I guess that’s just a bonus for me.”

“Unless you plan on being the dom, I wouldn’t count my chickens too soon, bud.”

“Who says there has to be a dom? Maybe I just like tying people up in a different way.”

“What...you mean using fishing wire instead of ropes or chains? Something like that?”

Again, Darien snickered, but this time, he sipped his beer afterwards, and put the empty bottle back on the counter behind him. “Promise not to freak out?”

Serinthia cocked a brow and crossed her arms over her chest. “And just what could you do that would make me freak out in a place like this?”

“Here? Nothing. At your place...? **Maybe** I’ll show you.”

**

Inviting over a random stranger for sex was nothing that Serinthia hadn’t done before. She was lucky enough in her life

to always have respectful partners, and in the morning, as was the expectation, they were usually gone. In the rare case that a one night stand hung around, it was always for a little civil discussion and coffee.

Of course, she'd never welcomed a demon into her apartment, and her lower lip was trembling with fear as she watched thick, black wings emerging from between his shoulder blades, and just below that, four little nubs began to grow from the small of his back, wiggling to life in a way that was somehow terrifying and enticing in the same moment.

"You...uh...you didn't dose my drink, did you?" Serinthia asked, realizing that she never even asked the name of the coyote, even on the walk back to her apartment. "Cause...I feel like I'm seeing some messed up shit here."

"I wouldn't dream of it," Darien replied casually, even as his wings spread out behind him, and the small nubs of his

tentacles grew further out and away from his back, until the rounded ends were creeping out from behind his torso to complete the look. “But I asked if you’d promise not to freak out, remember?”

Serinthia nodded. “And I never made that promise, so...I might start freaking out now, if you don’t mind?”

“Kinda kills the mood,” Darien said, allowing a casual chuckle to pass his muzzle, in the hopes that Serinthia might calm down. “Besides, it’s no different than being tied up with **really** thick ropes.”

The vixen really was looking for something unique and special that evening, but she’d gotten more than she bargained for, and despite the moisture that was budding on her womanhood on the walk home, she was beside herself with doubt as one of the tentacles extended forth to greet her paw, as if it were his own paw to shake.

“Listen...you...”

“Darien. And I’m an incubus.”

Serinthia’s heart dropped into her stomach at the word. This was *real*, and she wasn’t sure how to process such an opportunity.

“It’s Serinthia, by the way...will this...will this kill me?”

“Of course not.”

“And you can really pin me down with these things?”

“The tentacles? They can do a lot more than that, if you want. They’re really quite friendly.”

The extending, black-gray appendage curled around Serinthia’s wrist gently and tugged, pulling her a little closer to the coyote incubus. “I guess so!” she exclaimed, nearly losing her balance as she stumbled forward. “Is it...**safe** for them to be inside of me?”

“No different than a dick, at that point.”

Darien’s nature was so blunt that Serinthia couldn’t help chuckling with

him, that time. She was shocked at herself, but the natural, amorous aura that an incubus carried with it was difficult to resist, and she'd started that night looking for an experience she'd never forget.

She had a golden opportunity literally right in front of her, and she wasn't going to pass it up.

“...Ravage me.”

The words were quiet, but Darien, despite hearing them, wanted to tease her. “What was that, Serinthia?”

The vixen reached down with her free paw and tugged harshly, ripping away the leather pants; there was nothing underneath, and they tore just as easily as advertised, much to her delight.

“Throw me on the bed with those tentacles, pin me with them, and stuff my fucking pussy to the brim with them...understand?”

Though Darien would be the one tying Serinthia down, it felt as though the

vixen was in control of their sexual destinies. Gulping a fake, nervous lump in his throat, Darien nodded silently as each tentacle sprung to life: one was already around her wrist, and the other two took her ankles and locked in tightly around her. The appendages showed an inhuman strength, and with ease, Serinthia was tossed to the bed, but the tentacles didn't give her a break there, as her arms, falling back naturally with the rest of her, were quickly wrapped together by a tentacle, and with a forceful wiggle, she could feel that she was sincerely trapped.

"Just remember that you asked for this," Darien reminded her, but the lustful glaze over icy blue orbs made it clear that she knew what she was in for. She wanted it more than anything in the world, trapped as she was by the spell of the incubus, and her only regret was not stripping herself nude before her body hit the bed.

The tentacles wiped that regret away for her, as Darien stood back and watched them work, allowing them to press against her panties and wiggle them down from her body; her bra was allowed to stay, along with the matching arm warmers upon her wrists.

It was only her sex that truly needed to be teased, and with it, Darien would be able to feast one more night. Serinthia was just as bad of a tease, however, as she pulled her thighs together and winked at the incubus.

He was through playing games, as two free tentacles wrapped around her ankles again and forcefully spread them, along with a thin, dripping web of feminine arousal, splayed between the inside of her thighs. Her folds were full and pouting, and she actually began to pant with a vulpine lust as Darien approached the edge of the bed.

There was just one last tentacle left, and as Darien crawled into Serinthia's bed, he set his knees in the plush, soft fabric of

the violet comforter and guided the last tentacle, pressing it into the crest of her slit.

“Feels *awfully* wet,” he pointed out, as a grin spread across his muzzle once more. Fangs that were sharper than any normal coyote gleamed in the low lights of the bedroom as Darien allowed his paws to work on his own manhood, able to feel the warm, delicate throbs from the base of his length already.

For Serinthia, it was a fantasy being fulfilled, as the tentacle wiggled from side to side, trying to penetrate her tight, needy cunt.

For Darien, it was another night of feeding, as the tentacle finally squirmed inside of her body and elongated once more, filling her vaginal passage near to the brim with a single thrust.

“...G-gods...fuck...fuck me...” Serinthia gasped, barely able to manage a single word as her inner walls clenched around the end of the appendage. She struggled

with just how massive it actually was, but she could feel a natural lubricant spilling from the very tip of it, aiding in the ease of penetration.

It was pouring out in such a plentiful volume that Darien was easily able to adjust her hips up with the help of his tentacles, while the excess spilled into the path of her tailhole. He felt no shame in pressing the tip of his cock to the second entrance, and as his own member was covered in the especially slick liquids, he eased himself into Serinthia's ass, sending another wave of pleasure through the whole of her body.

She could already feel tiny tremors of orgasm spreading across her pubic mound, and shamelessly, she threw her head back in enjoyment, wanting to cry out in climactic delight.

She never got the chance, however, as one tentacle released her arms, only to drop into the suddenly open muzzle. Her eyes flew open with shock as she struggled to breathe, but more of the

mysterious fluids spilled into her throat, assisting the wiggling appendage in filling her third and final orifice.

There was no gentle, rhythmic humping to be had from Darien, but instead, a vigorous, errant pace of wildly thrusting hips and tentacles that pounded into Serinthia out of time with the rest of his body, never allowing the poor vixen to get used to even a single sensation. Her inner walls squeezed on the tentacle as his cock plowed deeper and deeper into her tailhole, and the usual pressure and pain she expected was completely erased by the sensation of unbelievable ecstasy and sexual fulfillment.

Darien released all of his sexual frustrations as he feasted on Serinthia's sexual energy, and before the night was over, the poor vulpine was a quivering, exhausted mess, laying a messy bedspread that was stained with a mixture of Darien's cum and her own.

She didn't even remember passing out, and wasn't sure where the terrible mess

of mysterious fluids had come from the next morning...she just knew that she hoped she'd see him again for a second round.

-7-

“Hey, man. How’s it hanging?”

There was always one man who felt that it was culturally acceptable to talk to another man while they were urinating. No matter how much privacy you thought you had when you walked into the glorious spaciousness that was an empty bathroom, it seemed that one other person was sure to come in only seconds after and ruin the moment for you by picking a urinal unnecessarily close to yours and trying to strike up a conversation.

With a sexual aura that attracted both males and females like bugs to a zapper, Darien was used to that being his lot in life, but he still wasn’t happy about it.

“A little to the left,” Darien replied, making sure that the other male could hear the frustration in his voice.

“You know, I never did get that. Why is that the standard response? It’s not like everyone hangs a little to the left,” the male replied. A tall, lithe otter, he began to unzip his shorts and let out a sigh of relief, and the sound of liquid splashing on the back of the urinal soon followed. “I mean, at least, that’s not likely to be the average.”

Darien rolled his eyes. *Another one of these types*, he thought, as he tried to keep his bladder from turning shy. “I wouldn’t know. I don’t go around asking guys how their dicks and balls are hanging. Seems a little too personal for casual conversation.”

“So...you’re a prude.”

“No, I’m just not interested in the genital workings of every male that I pass on the sidewalk.”

That afternoon, Darien found himself standing in the less than comforting walls of a fast food restaurant, so no matter how cozy the room might have

been before, it wasn't as if he was in a clean, pristine paradise of bodily movements. This was a typical, white-walled rest room with gray, tile floors, toilet paper left everywhere, and stalls that no one in their right mind would use, unless they were truly desperate.

For some reason, that seemed like the perfect place to talk about dicks for one Jon Sanders.

"Yeah...I guess that doesn't make you a prude. Maybe it just makes me weird," Jon admitted, as he stroked his chin with the same paw that was holding his member before. Now, it hung free, spilling waste into the urinal as Darien let out a heavy sigh to the right. "I mean, it's not like there's anything weird about looking at and thinking about dicks, but-
"No, but there's something **really** weird about having this conversation with a stranger at a urinal!" Darien finally yelled out and turned to face Jon, finding the moment was a little too strange for him

to continuing actually using the bathroom for its intended purpose.

Thankfully, no one was walking into or out of the bathroom at that time, but Jon still folded the small, round velvets of his ears back and frowned as he looked down at his own stall. “Yeesh...sorry dude. I guess a little small talk just helps me go, sometimes.”

“Doesn’t work for everyone, pal.”

“I suppose not,” Jon replied, as he pulled his junk back into his shorts and zipped them up. “Sorry for making your afternoon a little weirder.”

“It’s fine,” Darien replied in a hurried tone, as he zipped his own pants back up. “You just seem to have a really big fascination with talking about dicks...and urinals.”

“And how do you figure that?”

“You did nothing but talk about them to me for the last minute,” Darien explained, as he walked over to the sink to wash his paws “And you’re still

standing there, staring at your urinal basin instead of just *flushing* the damn thing.”

Jon blinked for a moment and rapidly threw his paw forward. “O-oh, yeah,” he stammered, as he flushed away the remains and jogged over to the sink. “Yeah, I...I was just s-spacing out, that’s all!”

Being so in tune with the sexual desires of those around him, Darien could already tell just how aroused Jon was, and it wasn’t just because he was in a private area with an attractive male.

“...Dude. Don’t try and hide things from me. You really think I don’t know why you were staring at it?”

“Excuse me?”

“You weren’t spacing out. I could see your lips starting to salivate a little bit.”

Panic filled Jon’s eyes as he squirmed and tried to rush his way through washing his own paws. “I was...I was just thinking about my order! Yeah! I’m just so

hungry, and I can't wait to get a burger, some fries, and an-

"Extra-large lemonade?" Darien cut in, shooting a playful snicker at the otter, who turned into a statue at the double entendre.

Ooooh shit. He's got me figured out, the otter thought, as he tried to focus on another topic. His fangs, a pair of long, unusual tusks with a small crack in the left one, were usually a good conversational piece, and with nothing else to turn to, he started to open his muzzle, only to feel a pawtip on the end of his nose.

"Here's two bucks. Go get me a large drink, stranger...you help me, and I'll help you."

As usual, Darien was being irresponsible about going too long between sexual acts, but he was confident enough in his ability to find a partner at the drop of a hat, and though Jon's lower lip hung open for a second, and trembling paws

were barely able to clutch the pair of dollar bills that he was given...

...The otter still nodded silently and slipped out of the bathroom, as Darien slipped into the larger, over-sized stall at the end of the bathroom.

In the restaurant, Jon realized that he didn't have a proper alibi to get the drink. He'd already ordered food, eaten, and was getting ready to leave before he met Darien, but now, the typical, chocolate brown otter was struggling with an excuse to order another drink, even if the person at the cash register couldn't have possibly known what he was about to use it for. He assumed that **everyone** knew his dirty little secret after the way that Darien figured him out so easily, and he could just feel a sense of judgment radiating from the cashier as he placed the two bills down on the counter.

"A...a large cola...f-for the road," he placed his order through shaky lips and nearly chattering teeth. His headfur was

growing damp with nervous sweat, and his brow furrowed in suspicious concern as the cashier took the money.

They were downright expressionless as they stuffed the pair of bills into the register and fished out a couple of coins. "That's \$1.85," they muttered, and handed Jon his change.

For no reason other than his own paranoia, Jon let out a sigh of relief, and as the drink poured, he tried not to bounce in place, as nerves turned over to twisted excitement. He nearly cheered as he felt the cold plastic in the palm of his paw, and he bit down on his lower lip to keep from saying something too friendly before he stepped away from the counter.

When he went back into the rest room, his hopes were dashed, at first, as the stranger seemed to be gone...but he could see a pair of legs in the furthest stall, and he stepped over to it with an eager gait, one that might have actually

been creepy, if he wasn't so absolutely sure about who was in the stall itself.

"Uh...is it...is it you?" he asked, realizing that for all of the talking they did, they never exchanged names.

"Of course it's me, you **dork**. Get in here, quick!"

The door flew open, and not an arm, but a tentacle wrapped around Jon's thin, toned bicep and yanked him into the stall. The door was closed behind Jon without a paw reaching around him to pull on it, and for a moment, the otter was too mystified by the experience to ask any questions.

The wide, pitch-black wings and squirming, writhing tentacles raised a few thoughts, however, and Darien was simply lucky that Jon's reaction was to whimper at **such** a high pitch, his voice was nearly silent.

"Before you throw yourself into a full blown panic, if you want this to happen,

there's gonna have to be some ground rules, pal."

Jon was raising a paw, as if he were a student in a classroom, about to ask a question, but Darien narrowed his eyes on the smaller creature, and his muzzle shut so tightly that it nearly turned in on itself.

"I didn't come to this restaurant for food...I came here to feast on something else, and you're just *radiating* sexual energy. I need some of that to stay alive, so...you like being pissed on, you little freak? You're gonna have to share a little of that power with me."

Jon couldn't find the words to articulate his thoughts into a proper response. He gave a silent nod and trembled, but with each fidgeting shake of his body, nerves faded little by little, replaced with an eager, lustful energy that made him even more enticing for Darien to feast on.

"Gimme the damned drink."

There was something rather low about going for a cheap, sexual thrill in the bathroom of a chain restaurant, but Darien was desperate: He could feel his vitality slipping, and with it, the ability to control and contain his appearance was slipping, little by little. His eyes normally enticed his victims in with a comforting shade of crystal blue, but an ichor energy of red was perverting his irises and giving his face a positively *haunting* glow.

Jon was able to look past all of that, however, for the sake of his own lust. He wasn't the type to pass up on the chance to fulfill a fantasy, and though he'd performed such acts with other people in the privacy of their own homes, there was something so positively *naughty* about the idea of doing something wet and messy in a public bathroom.

Someone could easily walk in at any time, and the thrill of getting caught only made things more exciting for the otter, who handed Darien the soda and waited patiently for the incubus to drink it.

If he really wanted, Darien could have used his magic to fill his bladder with something similar, but for the sake of the creature that he was about to damn, he felt it only fair if he kept up with his end of the deal and gave the otter an authentic experience. He didn't know that he'd be able to stop at that point, either, as he might drain the poor creature down to his bones, but he was sure to give Jon everything that he could handle, as the coyote chugged his way through the drink.

“Ahhhnn...should have asked for orange,” Darien paused and let out a sigh of satisfaction, regardless of his poor opinion of the drink. He could already feel the pressure on his bladder again, but he didn't want to go **too** early. He was letting the liquid build up inside of his body, and letting the tension of the moment build up around it, as Jon shook with anticipation in the corner of the stall. “Maybe I won't do this for you after all...”

The teasing and taunting was all part of the game, but Jon was plenty experienced at it, and knew how to beg to get what he wanted. "P-please...please let me have it!" he immediately begged, and for a moment, he sincerely believed that Darien was just going to leave him hanging in the stall.

"Have what?" Darien asked, cocking a brow and shooting a dark, tainted glare at the slim, wiggling blur of an otter.

Gulping at the words he was about to say, as if saying them in a public place made them so much worse, Jon felt a rush of warmth in his cheeks as his muzzle slipped open. "Your...y-your piss..."

For most people, it wasn't easy to admit a fetish to a total stranger, and Darien gave Jon the benefit of the doubt about his sexual nature. He wasn't sure that the otter was a deviant; he simply figured that Jon was pent up from having such unique tastes, and he was more than happy to fulfill a little fantasy for the

poor creature, if he was going to damn his soul in the process.

“That’s what I thought,” Darien shot back, as he allowed his tentacles to slam Jon up into the wall. A thick **WHUMP** echoed across the otherwise empty bathroom as Jon’s back thudded into the bricks, and immediately after, his body was pushed down to the ground, right down to his knees, despite the nasty mess that was partially caked onto the floor.

Jon could feel the same soaking into the fur on his knees as he offered almost no resistance to the treatment; Darien could even see the bulge of his manhood squirming and struggling against the crotch of his shorts, and at that, his sympathy for the otter fled.

Pent up? Maybe...but this little otter is a fucking freak, through and through, Darien realized. His smile carried a little sympathy before, but it turned to a sinister grin as he tossed the excess soda over the stall wall behind him, deciding

that he was going to make a terrible mess if he had to make one at all.

Shivering with delight at the thought of what was to come, Jon's thick, heavy tail swept back and forth, slapping against the wall and making a terrible mess of itself in the process. Saliva was building on his tongue once more as he looked up at the casually dressed coyote, able to see the creature's paws moving down over the zipper of his jeans once again.

Only partially erect from the sheer, lewd nature of the moment, Darien still carried an impressive length in his manhood, and as it fell out of the front of his boxers, it took all of Jon's self-control not to lunge forth and latch onto it like a starving parasite. In truth, that was more of Darien's role, and he'd already done the same to Jon, whether or not the otter realized it.

"Try not to spill any, you little piss slut...it'd be a shame to ruin that nice shirt with the stains."

Jon was dressed fairly nice, wearing light, tan cargo shorts and a polo shirt up above, looking every bit like the traditional 'bro' that he was, but all of that didn't seem to matter in the bathroom stall. He was still reduced to a quivering, desperate mess of sexual energy, and his lower lip trembled open as he closed his eyes and left his muzzle spread.

There was something a little extra satisfying about feeling the warmth of the liquid against his tongue, without being able to see it. That lack of predictability was just an added sexual thrill for Jon, who let out a low, rumbling growl of appreciation at the stream of urine opened across his wet, slick muscle and spilled right into the back of his maw. Tiny streams dripped over the sides and spilled from the corner of his muzzle, but Darien wouldn't allow him to get any closer; the tentacles kept the otter pinned, forcing him to drink and swallow as much as he could from the short distance between them.

“You’re getting *terribly* messy,” Darien taunted Jon the whole way through the act as his inner muscles clenched around his bladder, forcing a little extra strength into the stream. The incubus didn’t realize just how much he was going to love watching the forbidden mess spill upon Jon’s face, and as golden drops of urine stained into the otter’s face, the coyote incubus let out his own groan of delight, feeling a sense of relief from the movement that was more than a stereotype. “Mmm...nnnyes...drink it all up, bitch...”

Darien knew he couldn’t be too loud about the act, but he could still tease Jon every step of the way and chastise him for his fetish...

Creeeeeeeak...

Until someone came into the bathroom and heard fluid trickling to the floor.

Oh, shit. Gotta bail! Darien mentally cried, as he retracted his wings and tentacles into his body, but his shirt was

already tattered from the lack of control. Foolishly, he opened the door and walked away, whistling to himself as the cashier looked into the stall.

“H-hey! What the hell is going on here?” they yelled, as Darien just kept walking, leaving only Jon to look up at the infuriated employee.

Stains of piss were completely soaked into his shirt, his shorts were still bouncing as his cock throbbed with an unsatisfied desire, and urine was still dripping down to the floor from his muzzle as Jon tried, and failed to offer an innocent smile.

“...I...uh...I fell in?”

-8-

The idea that a creature of demonic descent was always on top was actually somewhat unfounded.

“Say my name, you little *worm...*”

Darien was actually a very middle-of-the-road type of person, for being so inclined to committing terrible acts. He was completely bisexual, finding that he didn't favor the physical qualities of either side of the playing field, and though he certainly had the personality about him to be dominant when the occasion called for it, he found just as often that his sexual aura attracted females who wanted more than a quick, easy romp.

Sometimes, it attracted females with something to prove, and Darien's body was often the chalkboard on which they taught their lessons.

“Sh...Shakarri...” he whimpered, as he tried to struggle free from a pair of handcuffs that were adhered to the headboard of a long, metal frame. Of course, Darien could have used magic to escape any time that he wanted, but there was something more authentic to the experience if he allowed someone to keep him in bondage, without the aid of magical abilities to escape it.

With just his physical body, even his extraordinary strength wasn't enough to wiggle free from the handcuffs, though his efforts bent the frame of the bed, just slightly. His struggling, writhing limbs were able to be taken down, and his body, already stripped nude by the lashing claws of the larger female, was soon to be immobilized completely.

He could see the spreader bar going into place between his ankles, as she adhered the first cuff to his right leg. He'd legitimately exhausted himself from his efforts to escape, and that made the whole experience a bit more sincere and

enjoyable, as she set the long, thin bar of cold steel across the gap of his legs.

No part of his body was off limits anymore, and the creature standing above him was certainly powerful enough in her own right to bend Darien to her whims.

Her name was Shakarri, and she was a Rotheri: A creature that existed somewhere between the realm of a familiar and a demon, she knew what Darien was before she tracked him down, and thanks to her own magical heritage, she didn't face the same consequences as a normal, mortal being for sharing a sexual moment with him.

Darien would still benefit, however, making the act a symbiotic one, rather than the parasitic kind that Darien was used to.

"I can't hear you...speak up, you **whiny little bitch!**" Shakarri demanded. Gazing at Darien through muted eyes of emerald, she crawled across the massive

bed to reach his body and straddled across his bare lap, able to feel his cock growing right between her legs, but in his bondage, he couldn't thrust at her, and his paws were completely trapped, unable to reach the supple, soft flesh of her breasts, where the dark brown of her overcoat gave way to the light cream of her underbelly.

Horns that curled away from the sides of an almost feline head made her every bit as unique as Darien was, himself, and though he would have loved to sit and admire her strange body in a moment of wonder, he'd have to beg if he was going to get what he really **needed**.

"Nnngh...Shakarri!" he cried out louder, so much that he worried he might actually offend the ears of the female who pinned him. "P-please...stop torturing me like this! Stop making me wait!"

A crafty, devilish smirk crossed Shakarri's muzzle, as she stroked one of the long, thin tendrils that stretched out from the

sides of her nose. “What’s this? An incubus so desperate for energy that he’s willing to beg? How *dreadfully* sad...do I dare to take pity on someone as tainted as you are, Darien?”

Mere seconds felt like long, drawn out hours for the trapped coyote, and though he did everything he could to keep his composure, the scarlet shade was beginning to take over his irises, telling Shakarri that he needed to feast, even if he wouldn’t physically admit it. The terrifying gaze and a quick baring of his fangs told her in ways that Darien could never voice that if he didn’t feed soon, he might **actually** die from it.

Holding that kind of power in her paws was just the kind of trip that Shakarri needed to achieve her orgasm. Now, she just had to do the dirty work, and with a grinning flash of her own fangs, she bucked her hips down and slammed Darien’s cock all the way into her waiting, dripping sex.

Darien was so consumed with his own needs that he didn't notice the delightfully sweet aroma of feminine arousal swimming throughout the room. He never looked to see just how wet Shakarri actually was, and he practically **ignored** the look in her eyes...but she wouldn't let him ignore his body.

Inner walls clenched with a skill that only an absurdly long lifetime could create, and as she rocked her hips back and forth on the trapped incubus, she leaned in close, letting the tendrils on her muzzle wrap around Darien's to tie it shut.

"Don't tell me when it's coming, little cubi. Let me **feel** it. Spill every single fucking **drop** into me, or I'll make sure you don't feast again for *weeks*."

It was nearly a death threat from the Rotheri, who picked up the pace with her dexterous hips. Rolling forth and back, and bouncing up and down between, she rode Darien with the kind of skill that

would bring a less experienced man to climax in seconds.

Even then, Darien was struggling to reach the minute mark, and the transference of sexual energy into his body was making it that much **harder** to resist a climax.

Seeing it in his eyes, Shakarri narrowed her own on Darien and flashed a devilish grin, before clenching her inner walls with a combination of planned, masterful grips, and random flutters of orgasmic delight.

“Fill...me...**NOW!**”

Her voice was broken apart by the kind of desperate panting that Darien was used to hearing, but in this case, a body that was capable of so much more than any other mortal was giving the poor incubus everything that he could handle. There was no magic that could dull the sensation, as if multiple sets of the most skilled paws in the world were squeezing

Darien's shaft, while multiple, dripping wet tongues slurped across the tip of it.

Even with the greatest magic Darien could muster, he couldn't imagine replicating the experience, and he couldn't possibly fight back against it, as the first spray of his thick, heated cum spilled across Shakarri's insides and painted her vaginal passage, all the way up to her womb.

"Yeeees...f-fucking do it...m-more...**more!**" she growled, keeping the tendrils tight around his muzzle, as if she'd only give him the right to speak again when she was satisfied with the amount of seed in her stomach.

Without using any magic, Darien was filling her to the brim, and excess ejaculate was spilling back down, over his shaft and Shakarri's thighs as she bounced errantly on his length, uncaring of what kind of a mess her wild actions made.

The squeaking and thumping of the mattress below them finally came to a stop as Shakarri splashed down into a small, growing puddle of seed, and with a heavy, panting set of breaths, she gazed into Darien's eyes and offered a tiny, kindly smile.

"Y-you...you think...you've done good, boy?"

Unable to speak, Darien simply nodded...

...But in reply, he received little more than an angered glare.

"You're fucking joke, little cubi. We're just getting **started**."

“So...do you just surround yourself with nymphomaniacs?”

Darien snickered and took another long, deep gulp of what should have been his last beer of the night. “Not intentionally. I told you that being an incubus tends to attract people to you...I’m surprised at how well you’re resisting me, honestly.”

The stories were piling up fast in the bar, and the usually timid mouse, Scott, had to resort to lowering the wide, flat rounds of his velvety ears over his face to cover up his rather obvious blush from time to time.

“Does it not work as well when someone is dealing with matters of the heart?”

“No, I’ve had a ton of people cheat on their significant others with me...usually right after a fight, just like this.”

“And...you don’t feel bad for **any** of that.”

“Of course I do, but that’s kind of my lot in life, Scott. I’d do more about it if I could, but you’d be shocked at the number of relationships I’ve saved by screwing someone. Seems like a lot of people realize what they’re about to lose when they let an incubus damn their soul for all eternity...but it doesn’t usually *hit* them until they’re back with the person they were fighting.”

Scott was typically a very logical person, and didn’t have the kind of emotional context needed to come to such conclusions. He was still looking for a more logical path to Darien’s actions, and was actually drawing lines in the air with his pawtips as he tried to rationalize the statement.

“...Don’t overthink it, dude. I do what I do because I have to do it to live, and people do me because it makes them feel better for a little while, and they don’t often think of the ramifications.”

“I just don’t get that. If you’re real...”

“Yes.”

“So, Heaven and Hell are real.”

“Yes.”

“So if someone has sex with you and you take their energy, they’re **definitely** going to hell.”

“Assumedly.”

“If that’s really the case, then why would anyone in their right mind want to have sex with you?”

“Love takes someone out of their right of mind, Scott. It happened to you just this evening...”

Scott paused for a moment and stared into the last little sips of his drink, and felt a hint of regret about his choice of words. It was making a little more sense to him why Darien didn’t want to pursue his relationship with Tristyn; if any of his stories were true, and the stakes were really that high, he wouldn’t just be asking for her hand in marriage, but literally her soul.

In turn, he realized that Darien could never be faithful to her, if he needed to feed on the sexual energy of others to stay alive, and based on his stories, feeding wasn't something he had to do once in a while.

"You...you've been getting drunk at this bar all the time so you can ignore your need to feed on others sexual energy, haven't you?"

Darien finished his beer and set the bar down with a heavy *thock* on the counter. "And the last horse finally crosses the finish line..."

-10-

For Darien, size was no indication of whether or not he would be able to draw sexual energy from someone, and the size of the body didn't necessarily correlate to how much energy someone would be able to give.

The coyote incubus loved it, however, when a bigger body came along, with a healthy helping of energy to offer.

Being such a seedy creature, Darien wasn't always the type to find himself having sex in a lavish bedroom full of silk sheets, plush pillows and fancy décor. When he was desperate enough, he found someone to prey upon out in the open, and though he didn't like having to use his magic to force himself on someone, it just had to happen, every now and again.

In this case, things were a bit more the opposite.

“J-just...just put me down, okay?” Darien asked, as his back squirmed against the dirty, moist walls of a hidden alleyway. The bricks were still damp from rainfall earlier in the day, and rough stone rubbed and ground into the fabric of his shirt, leaving small scratches on the flesh underneath. “I’m really not looking for any trouble!”

“That’s what the last guy said when I found him rooting around in the alley back here, and he was just trying to find a way to sneak in the back of the building for a quick heist...so why should I trust you anymore than I trust him?”

“Because...” Darien tried to suck in a gasp of air, but it was a *terrible* struggle. An impressively strong young man had him pinned up to the wall of the alley, using just one paw to crush Darien’s neck and hold him in place, all at the same time. “I c-can’t move...can’t b-breathe!”

If things carried any further, Darien would be forced to bring his tentacles to life in the worst way that he could

imagine, but he was going to exhaust every possibility before he allowed it to come to that. He didn't relish in the idea of using his supernatural abilities against mortal beings, even if they were larger and stronger than he was.

His vision was growing dim as he struggled to breathe. It seemed that he was running out of options.

"That was kind of the point," the tall, large coyote suggested, as he took a curious gaze over Darien's expression. He could see that the smaller, assumedly weaker coyote was holding on by a thread, and feeling a mere flash of mercy, he released the incubus from the wall and pulled his paw back, letting Darien fall down into an alleyway stereotype of empty cardboard boxes. "But you'd better tell me what the hell you were doing back here, and you'd better tell me **fast**, pal."

WHUMP. Darien slammed down harshly on the boxes and felt a sharp pain shoot up through his tailbone and right into

the base of his spine. It was quickly replaced by the dull, obnoxious ache of pain moving through his flesh, but even then, he let out a sigh of relief, knowing that he'd avoided a far worse fate for his accoster.

Coming up with an alibi would be no easy task, however.

"I...I...uh..." Darien stammered, trying to look and sound as pathetic as he could, and truthfully, he was still having a little trouble catching his breath after being choked by such large, powerful paws. "I w-was...was looking for someone-

"To rape?" the taller beast cut in. On his size alone, someone might have mistaken him for a wolf, but the creature was actually a little different than that. He was a coywolf, a perfect blend of the sharper features of a common coyote, with the build, strength and pedigree of a much stronger beast; his body was thick with muscles from the base of his footpaws, all the way up to the slightly narrowed bridge of his neck. No ounce of

flesh was wasted on fat, and his eyes, despite carrying a comforting shade of brown, were narrowed right upon poor Darien, viewing him as nothing more than a target for his frustrations. “To rob? To **kill**?”

The accusations piled up on Darien as he fought not just with an unreasonable stranger, but the fear that he might lose control of the ability to contain his form if he didn’t feed soon. That would make it even *harder* to keep his tentacles from doing something regrettable, and his jaw was already beginning to tremble with desperation.

“None of that, r-really,” Darien tried to explain. “I promise, I didn’t have any darker intentions. You wouldn’t believe me if I told you the truth.”

Darien couldn’t count on all of his digits just how many times he’d uttered that line, but it was almost always the truth, and almost always enough to slow down an aggressive attacker, at least, to the point of pursuing curiosity.

The much taller, much **thicker** hybrid stared down at Darien with a cocked brow and crossed his arms. His tight, tucked in dress shirt strained around the pattern of his cream underbelly, allowing the brighter, dusty orange accents to peak right through and give Darien a glimpse at just what a unique creature he really was. He might have been worth getting to know, in a different situation.

“I don’t really feel like going back in to work just yet, so you’ve got five minutes. Unless you want a ride home in the paddy wagon, you’d better start talking, stranger.”

It seemed that Darien was safe, at least, for the moment. He tried not to sigh *too* heavily with relief as he sat upright against the wall, struggling to find anything to grip as his paws slipped on the moist, degrading cardboard beneath him. “The name’s Darien, and honestly, I’ve got a better idea.”

“I’d like to hear it, because I’m about all out of patience with you, Darien.”

“Are you closing the bar, this evening?”

By his attire alone, professionally pressed black slacks and a white dress shirt that was at least one size too small for the muscular hybrid, Darien could tell that he was working in one of the nicer taverns that lined the streets of the downtown area of Lake Afton.

“A question like that isn’t going to make me trust you, you know.”

“I didn’t figure it would,” Darien admitted, “But maybe a few drinks will help that stiff attitude of yours?”

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Small talk was something that Darien simply **had** to be skilled at. With sexual energy existing as the be-all-end-all for his life, he had to be able to access it anytime that he was feeling low; he was akin to a type one diabetic running out of insulin.

All told, there were just some times that small talk didn’t work out in his favor, and no matter how desperately he tried

to make a connection, it just didn't seem to be there.

"I never thought you would be so uptight, Zechariah. I know you were putting on the hardcore, badass front out there in the alley, but I was hoping you wouldn't be such a **stiff** when all was said and done!"

Darien's best efforts to get Zechariah, or Zech, as he preferred to be called, to loosen up were all falling short, and though he figured it might have just been the personality of the larger creature, he was starting to think that they got off a bit too far on the wrong foot to bring things back around.

A real shame, too. This guy is a real catch, I can feel it...

It wasn't often that Darien fell as hard for someone as they fell for him, with the advantage of his incubus nature, but thanks to that, when he really wanted to sleep with someone, he knew that his desires were authentic. He tried to avoid

building any sort of a real relationship or connection with ordinary people, but in this case...Zech was winning him over, merely by playing hard to get.

“Something tells me that you actually wouldn’t mind it too much if I was a stiff at the end of the night, Darien.”

Drinks were flowing over the course of the last two hours of the night, and last call was already passed in the nameless tavern. It was a bit more of an upscale place than Darien was used to, but he didn’t much care about the fancy decorations, marble floors, and the theme that was straight out of the 20’s.

He only cared about being able to make his move, now that the rest of the bar was empty. He’d made it this far with Zech, and as far as he was concerned, that meant he had one paw in the door.

“That’s the first little bit of humor you’ve given me all night,” Darien was quick to point out. He knew he was only a few drinks deep, but he still felt like he might

be swimming in the sauce, hearing any sort of joke from the otherwise stoic hybrid. “I was beginning to think that your sense of humor was as dead as the era you guys modeled this place after.”

“I happen to **like** the décor,” Zech admitted, “But I do happen to have a sense of humor, you know. I just tend to keep it reserved for those who I think can handle it.”

Darien cocked a brow. “A little too dark for most people?” he asked, as he tilted back his Manhattan cocktail and took the final swig from the glass.

“It...tends to scare them off, yes.”

“Well, there’s no one else here to scare off,” Darien suggested, “And I promise you that whatever you can come up with, I’ve heard worse.”

“If you’re already holding the trump card, what’s the point in trying?”

It was a rather interesting question.

“Sometimes it’s fun to try and win the game without it,” Darien replied,

wondering if Zech somehow knew Darien's secret just by looking at him.

"Being able to keep it in your back pocket the whole time and still coming out on top makes victory that much sweeter, doesn't it?"

"Depends on what the victory is, Darien."

"In my case, it's usually winning hearts."

"The card game?"

"No, I'm not as familiar with that."

"So you really mean dicks."

Darien was glad that he didn't have a drink left to spit out, or he was sure that he *would* have. "That's not a fair statement, Zech. I'm equal opportunity!"

"I don't doubt that," the hybrid replied, "But here you are, sitting at the bar with no one else around, chatting it up with some guy that you met in the alley behind the building. I don't doubt that we could be good friends someday, but honestly, you really want me to believe that you **aren't** here to get laid?"

“Was I really that transparent?”

“From the moment you asked me if I was closing down the bar.”

“So why didn’t you just lie? I never would have known.”

Zech was still busy rubbing the moisture away from a few glasses throughout their conversation, but he was able to complete almost all of his closing tasks while chatting with Darien, and as he set the clear pint glass down under the bar, he tossed the towel over his shoulder and leaned forth a bit.

“Did it ever occur to you that I might be interested?”

“You sure weren’t *acting* like you were interested.”

“I like to make sure that my partners are dedicated,” Zech explained. “Even if it just for one night; I want to get my money’s worth.”

Darien wished he had a glass to lift in a cheers. "I'd drink to that, if you had anything left for me."

"Sorry...I've already given you too much free booze, if I'm being honest with you."

"Was it free booze, or am I just a cheap date?" Darien asked, and no sooner than he did, did the coyote incubus begin tugging his shirt, still sullied with dirt from the bricks that it brushed. Eager paws hooked under the body of fabric and yanked it up over his head, and thanks to a mild buzz, he was able to keep his wings and tentacles in check.

That night, he just wanted to be another conquest, and as Zech began unbuttoning his dress shirt and peeling it away from his fur like a second skin, it seemed that the larger male was willing to comply.

"You sure that you can handle this? It's been a long day, Darien...I'm **not** gonna go easy on you."

Thanks to a little magic, I'm sure I can take whatever you're hiding over there, Darien thought. If everything was in proportion, he was in for a hell of a ride, but he just nodded in reply, keeping his thoughts private as he unbuckled his belt and began sliding away his tight, black jeans.

Neither male was treating it like a race, but they weren't exactly pacing themselves, either. Clothes were coming off just fast enough to give the other something to look at each time that they lifted their head, and though he'd just wiped it down, Zech climbed over the counter of the bar and stood before Darien completely nude, and against the delicate cream of his underbelly, a thin, bright red canine tip was emerging from a wide, heavy sheath.

Darien gulped in a mixture of hushed excitement and nerves, as he stepped out of his jeans and pulled his boxers away with them. Clothes were scattered in a thin pool on the floor of the empty,

locked down bar, and in the midst of it all, a hybrid and an incubus stood face to face...or as close as they could be. Zech was so much larger than the average person that it was difficult for him to find a proper sexual partner, but somehow, he believed that Darien could handle whatever he dished out.

At least three feet taller and thicker in every measure of the body, Darien shamelessly admired the hybrid before him, knowing that he was going to feel this romp the next day, no matter how much magic he used to prepare for it. Naturally, his eyes were drawn down over lightly furred muscles to the growing, crimson head of Zech's manhood, and as the deliciously canine length came to a full erection, Darien licked his lips and looked around, eager to get right into the act.

"Lube up and get ready," he murmured, allowing his gaze to smolder at Zech before he climbed up on a bar stool, finding that if he leaned over the bar and

stood on it, he was just the right height for a straight-on penetration. Zech quickly got the point, and he reached back over the bar, having saved a bottle of the same for just such occasions. “...You do this all the time, don’t you, Zech?”

Cool, thin streams of essential lubrication spilled over Zech’s cock, and he worked the mess into his flesh with a paw, before allowing the massive, throbbing rod to rest on Darien’s ass. The tip actually went all the way to the middle of his back, in their natural size difference. “You’re not my first *customer*,” Zech admitted, “And you certainly won’t be the last.”

Letting just a little magic relax the muscles inside of his anal passage, Darien snickered at the comment and reached back, spreading his asshole wide open with both paws and holding still for the massive hybrid above him. “Maybe not, but I promise, big guy...that I’ll be your **best**.”

The arrogance was a bit of a turn on for the pensive hybrid, and he allowed a tiny snicker to hide in the corner of his muzzle as he gripped the base of his massive, pulsing member and angled his hips. He could feel the tiny pucker between Darien's rump with a gentle poke, and his brow actually *furrowed* as he felt the very tip of his length beginning to penetrate the much smaller incubus.

"D...did you warm up or something?"

"Gimme what I w-want," Darien stammered out, as he felt Zech leaning further. Just the delicate budge of his body was enough to stuff the incubus with as much flesh as a normal being could offer, but Zech was just getting started, and his larger frame pressed down on Darien's smaller, willing form as he continued to press. "And I'll...*Nnnngh*...I'll tell you h-how I pulled this off..."

Even if Darien had been fooling around with a plug earlier in the evening, Zech

couldn't imagine how the much smaller coyote could possibly take him with such ease.

He also didn't dare to question it, as he felt skillful, experienced inner muscles clenching down around his manhood and squeezing it with the kind of practice that could only come from someone who had been used and abused **plenty** of times before.

"Don't worry about it," Zech replied, his voice gruff as he tried to subdue his own quiet moans. "J-just...just keep fucking back, little guy..."

Darien felt a powerful throb running through his own crotch as the tip of his cock began to emerge from the sheath, spurred on by the erotic atmosphere that had taken over the empty bar. He wanted to reach between his legs and stroke himself to an orgasm, but that release could wait: There was a greater need to be sated, and he could feel it fading by the second as Zech thrustured into him, transferring not just precum and

pleasure, but the sexual energy that Darien needed to stay alive.

In truth, the incubus wasn't sure what felt more plentiful, between the downright **impressive** shaft of the hybrid, and the flood of sexual energy that he passed into Darien, but both kept the coyote panting on the counter of the bar and struggling to keep his body upright as Zech grew shaky with his pace.

"Ge...getting close?" Darien managed to ask, though he found it a struggle to breathe, as an almost impossible amount of cock spread him open and pounded his insides. "Don't hold back, big guy..."

With or without encouragement from the smaller creature, Zech knew that he couldn't last long. It was rare that he was actually able to thrust with everything that he had, given how large his body was, and when he had the opportunity, he always allowed his own excitement to cut things a little bit short.

The finale his length could offer, however, was nothing short of a river, as Darien felt an immediate bulge against the back of his tummy. A flow of hot, thick cum spilled within his ass as he clenched down with everything that he had, but he was powerless to stop the rickety thrusts of the larger male above.

“Hope you d-don’t mind the mess...” Zech muttered, before gritting his fangs tight together and gripping Darien by the hips. His paws nearly crushed the poor coyote’s ribs as he held on tight and yanked his cock free, leaving Darien’s asshole gaping to a measure that he’d never known before, and as the thick, long rod slapped down on his back, he felt seed pouring over his shoulders and his upper back in heated spurts...and his eyes went wide as he saw more of the same soaking the back wall of the bar and some of the glasses across from him.

If I tried to keep all of that inside, I might have popped! Darien had a moment of mental panic, but he chuckled with

exhaustion thereafter, as he felt a plentiful flow of cum drooling out of his wide, well-fucked tailhole. He knew he'd be leaking for a couple days after, but he didn't have anywhere to be, now that he'd feasted on such a great sexual energy...and perhaps, an even greater cock.

"Y-you...you sure you don't w-want to know my secret?" Darien asked, surprised at how exhausted his body could be, when Zech was the one doing all of the work.

"I'd actually rather *not*," Zech admitted, "But...if you think you're getting out of here without helping me clean up the mess, you've got another thing coming, little guy."

-II-

“I want the works. Whatever those spells can do to me, I want to go through the **full** rigmarole.”

“And you don’t care that I’m an incubus?”

“Nope.”

“So you really don’t care that if I cast even one these spells in exchange for your sexual energy, your afterlife is pretty much ruined?”

“Not even a little bit. I want to see what you can do, Darien. I want **proof**.”

Sometimes, that was all anyone wanted from Darien, and though the stereotype was getting on his nerves after over a millennia of people questioning his abilities and what he could and couldn’t do with his capable magic, every now and again, he didn’t really much care what the cost of feeding was.

He'd deal with the typical question and answer session, if it meant that he would get to live for a few more weeks.

"I could just cast a spell on something in your quaint little sex dungeon, here. I think that would be proof enough, wouldn't it?"

Usually, when someone just wanted a dose of what his incubus magic could do, Darien would try every possible outlet to avoid taking someone who didn't understand the risks of what they were getting into. One night of thrills wasn't exactly the *best* trade-off when the cost was your soul, and judging by the attire of the room he'd been escorted to, his prey for the evening lived for thrills, whenever they could find them.

The room was decorated with bondage and torture in mind, though, that evening, Darien wasn't in the mood to be tied up, whipped and beaten. He just wanted to get his fix, the same as so many other people in the world, and if

this was the cost of doing business, he'd pay up and get it over with.

"Unless you plan to turn something in this room into a living sex object, I don't really see how you're going to wow me with your spells unless you turn them on **me.**"

"...Is that the only thing you want, Graith?"

"It's the thing I want most, and that's what an incubus is supposed to deliver on, right?"

"It...doesn't *quite* work like that, friend. I'm afraid you've bought a little too much into our mythology."

Graith allowed his shoulders to visibly slump, hoping that he might appeal to the sympathy of the demonic creature.

"So...letting you into my home was a fruitless endeavor? You're just going to suck me dry of my life force and be on your way?"

"Sexual energy, actually."

“Doesn’t answer my whole question.”

Darien was a **master** of patience. He had to go weeks between feedings at times, and when he did, sex was often a matter of life and death, not a matter of trivial desire. After repeating such a pattern for thousands of years, and at some times, during periods in time where sexuality was outright oppressed, it seemed that there was nothing that would push his patience to the limit.

His current customer was giving it his best effort, however.

“You seem to think I can just bend reality with my magical whims. I’m not **that** powerful.”

“Well...what *can* you do?”

It was clear that Darien wasn’t going to get to feed without pulling out all of the stops with his current sexual customer. It was a frustrating prospect, to say the least, but he looked at the only silver lining he could find: it was a rare opportunity for him to show off what his

magic could **really** do, when he was hard pressed to use it.

“Are you happy with your body?”

Graith slowly cocked a brow. “I...I’m sorry. I don’t understand why you’re asking me that.”

“Just answer the question. Are you happy with your body?”

“I mean, there are some things I wouldn’t mind being able to change, but...it’s not like anyone is *entirely* happy with their body, right?”

“If you want to be, just say the word, and I can make it happen.”

Graith was already a unique figure, and though his body was primed with thick, sinewy muscle and an interesting fur pattern of spots along the thighs, blending into stripes upon his wrists and forearms, the saber-toothed creature would be lying if he didn’t think that there was a change or two he could make to improve himself.

If nothing else, curiosity was getting the better of the large cat, and as he looked over the broad, thick muscles of his pectorals, he tapped his chin in thought, and decided to make Darien put his money where his mouth was.

“So...have you ever wondered what it would be like to be a woman, Darien?”

“I’ve been one before, thanks to my abilities. I suppose that’s what you’re looking for, with me?”

Darien’s legs were already beginning to slim when Graith rapidly shook his head.

“N-no, no! Not *that*! I...I was hoping that maybe you could do that for me, instead...but...I don’t want to lose my dick.”

“I’m sure that most guys would be lying if they said they never wondered what it would be like to be a female,” Darien agreed, “But I’m not surprised you want to keep your junk. It’d be scary to live without it.”

“Can you do it, then?”

“Are you absolutely sure about this? Being a hermaphrodite is a pretty big adjustment, Graith. I don’t know if you’ll be able to mentally handle the physical changes.”

At that point, Darien was just playing up his own abilities and trying to make his powers sound more dangerous than they really were. After finding him rather frustrating to deal with at first, Darien wanted to toy and tease with Graith before giving the large feline the kind of payoff that he was looking for.

“It’s...it’s not permanent, is it?”

“Only if I run out of energy before I finish the spell to change you back,” Darien replied calmly. “And as long as we end up bumping uglies before the end of the night, I imagine I’ll have plenty enough energy left to turn your body back to normal.”

Graith wasn’t one to be so shy in the bedroom, and especially not when he’d escorted Darien into a literal sex

dungeon in the first place, but he was still entirely hesitant about the process. It was *enticing*, no doubt, but the prospect of being stuck in a body that he might not like was somewhat terrifying.

Darien could nearly **feel** the worrisome attitude pouring off of the big cat, and with a snicker, he took a step closer to the nervous feline and rested a paw against his covered chest. "How about I just give you a dose of what I can do, and if you like it...*which I'm sure you will*...you can always ask for more."

A simple, black tee shirt was covering Graith's chest, and sharp, devious claws tickled along the fabric as the feline shuddered in place. It was as if the magical energy was resting at the very ends of Darien's claws and slipping into Graith by his teasing touch alone, but for the moment, Darien was still just buttering him up...he knew that the feline wasn't *quite* ready for the whole package just yet, but in seconds, he'd

have an idea of just how far things were going to go that evening.

“Th-that sounds good,” Graith stammered, but managed to complete his thought, as he felt a ticklish warmth building in the pit of his chest. His heart began to race so rapidly that he worried he might actually be suffering a traumatic event, but he tried to keep his cool, as the warmth spread out and across the rest of his torso. Small tears appeared in his shirt where Darien allowed his claws to roam, and though only narrow trails existed before, they spread wider as the flesh upon his chest literally began to rise, like a loaf of bread nearing perfection in the oven.

His ears perked, and Graith let out a giddy, energetic giggle as he heard a telltale *riiiiiip* of cloth bursting around the supple growth of his new breasts.

They started fairly small, but upon such a large frame already, they were already plenty enough to tear through weakened fabric, and they only continued to grow

as Darien took just the slightest step back so that he could look down shamelessly and admire his handiwork. Even before they came to a full bloom, they looked completely natural, and the nipples that were already present grew out to fit *perfectly* in the center of two small, rounding areolas.

Really outdid myself this time, Darien thought, as his tongue snaked out between his own lips and ran across them. *I could suck on those all night and still be thirsty...*

Darien was too busy thinking about his own sensual needs to worry about just how Graith was reacting, but thanks to a rare shy spell, the saber-toothed feline was trying to keep his voice subdued. There was a light, feathery pleasure spreading across his chest; something that he'd never been able to experience as a male...and he could nearly feel Darien gazing across his new, thicker nipples, as they perked up and stood erect for the first time.

“These...these are **real**, aren’t they?” Graith asked, allowing the bright, intense yellow orbs of his eyes to gaze down at his own chest for a moment. It was weird to be aroused at the sight of something on his own body, and yet, the feline could feel a stirring in his crotch as he reached up and cupped the underside of each settling mound of flesh. They were fully taking shape before his eyes, and each one was just the *perfect* pawful, not quite overflowing the grasp of his pawtips. “They’re so soft, but so *perky*! How...how did you...”

The poor cat trailed off as he became mesmerized with his own flesh. Eager pawtips began rubbing over his own nipples and teasing at the sensitive flesh, wishing to know just what a woman might feel in the same situation. It took him a few moments to get the pressure and the stroke just right, but when Graith found the sweet spot between too much force and too little, he finally let out a shrill gasp of delight and winced his eyes shut.

Darien, proud of himself for his impressive work, just stood with his arms crossed, enjoying the show and the sight of the new breasts quite a bit more than he thought he would. “Like I said, I can do anything to your body, if I really want to. I just can’t bend the world around it.”

In a self-fulfilling prophecy, Graith was already beginning to wonder what it would be like to stroke his breasts while he played in time with his own womanhood. He lacked half of that equation, but his eyes immediately shot up from his breasts to stare Darien down, hoping that the look would convey just how deep his curiosity was.

“Then you’ll go all the way with it, Darien? You’ll let me feel what it’s like to be the perfect blend of both sexes?”

Darien made up his mind about that decision long before, but he did his best to look contemplative. He stroked his chin, gazed up at the ceiling, and even tapped his footpaw against the floor, until he ran out of ways to look like he

was struggling with the decision. “I’ll do it,” he finally spoke, “But only on the condition that you let me enjoy your new body as much as you are...”

The question felt silly to Graith, who could feel the overwhelming rush of lust pouring into his body. Whether it was the natural miasma of the incubus, the transformation of his own body, or the fact that his nipples were so delightfully sensitive, he couldn’t be sure, and he certainly didn’t **care**.

He would need *someone* to take all of his sexual frustrations out on, and Darien was already there and waiting.

“I’d be a little insulted if you didn’t,” Graith admitted, as he regrettably pulled his paws down from his new breasts and began working at tight, black jeans that kept his thick, powerful thighs and taut calves in check. “After all, what kind of an artist doesn’t enjoy the fruits of their own labor?”

“Well said, Graith,” Darien complimented his target, as the feline stripped right out of his jeans and began yanking down a matching, jet black pair of briefs. “I understand if you didn’t want me tearing your clothes again, but it’s not like a pussy is going to jut outward and tear through your jeans, y’know.”

That little bit of dry humor was a trademark for Darien, who couldn’t keep from saying something of that nature before such an act. He was lucky that Graith shared his sense of humor, at least enough to giggle at the thought of a massive, bulging vagina going through denim.

“There’s this thing called ‘being eager,’ Darien, and in case you couldn’t tell, I’m **very** eager,” Graith needlessly explained. His body was speaking volumes for him, as his cock was pulled from a tight hiding place and allowed to grow a bit more fully; blood was rushing to it in the next instant, and the thick, bulging veins on the surface made Darien gulp with

nerves, at the thought of trying to fit the whole thing in his throat. The texture would have been *delightful* against his tongue...but that wouldn't be enough to fill the need of his sexual energy.

He'd have to take advantage of his own work, as he unbuckled his own belt and began lowering his jeans just enough to show off what he was working with. "If you think you're eager now, just wait until you find out what it feels like to be eager from both ends," Darien murmured. He reached out and gripped the base of Graith's cock tightly, but when the feline expected it to disappear, it didn't...it kept growing and filling with vital essence, but behind it, just at the base of his sack, he could feel a small spread in his flesh, like a papercut that was growing with every passing second.

It hurt just enough to be distracting to Graith, who twisted his face up in discomfort. "I'm sorry, t-this...this is **a lot** less enjoyable than the first part," he muttered, as the growing split between

the middle of his thighs turned from the tiniest sliver of parted flesh, to a passage just barely widely than his eye slits.

It wasn't going to stop there, however, and Darien, seeing that Graith was troubled by the moment, easily slipped around the back of the large, muscular creature and rested a paw in the middle of his lower back.

"Just try to relax, Graith," Darien suggested. The incubus knew that he was going to get belligerent if he didn't start feeding soon, and that meant that he couldn't coddle Graith every step of the way and be the comforting lover that someone might need in such a strange, twisted situation. He could only push the slowly transforming feline over and take advantage of the mild pain between his legs, even as it faded. "This will all be over soon, and you'll *never* forget just how wonderful it felt."

Softer features were beginning to spread all over Graith, who could feel his chest swelling **even further** than it was before.

Nipples went stiff again in an instant, and as the feline fell forward, he struggled between pressing his paws to the floor to try and get up, or wrapping his pawtips around his sensitive, tiny buds to manipulate them and milk the ecstasy right out of them. Pleasure was beginning to control his mind, no doubt at the behest of the incubus, and thanks to that fact alone, he stayed hunched over on the floor, his ass pushed up at the air as the firm muscles within it softened just slightly, giving more of a curve to the once rigid backside.

Tiny, trickling streams of arousal were building and spilling down as the narrow, thin slit of a budding womanhood refused to hide the excitement that Graith felt, and matching streaks of drool fell from the corners of his muzzle as he pressed his cheek into the floor. Both paws shamelessly groped and squeezed at his own breasts, and from behind, he could feel the very first touch upon what was technically a virgin womanhood.

He expected a sudden shock, but instead, he felt a budding warmth in his pubic mound, and just the slightest little thrill across his nethers as Darien drew a pawtip down, across the tight, thin lips of Graith's new sex. He was delicate with it to start, knowing that the feeling of a new passage would take quite the adjustment period, and he didn't dare to press down upon the clit that was still rising up and budding through the rest of the flesh around it.

"R-rub...rub my clit..."

...That was, until Graith allowed his brain to become the perfect blend of male and female urges. His voice was changing, as well, keeping a deep, thick smokiness to it, while an undertone of lighter, feminine sounds rounded out his new voice, allowing it to sit somewhere between the two expected ranges. His body was slightly thinner, as a whole, but an impressive musculature was allowed to remain in place.

With a glowing pawtip, Darien pressed down as lightly as he could upon the exposed, erect clitoris and gave it a quick, teasing swirl.

The saber-toothed feline stiffened up in place, and a small, healthy squirt of precum sprayed across the floor from his cock, as sensations unlike any he'd ever dreamed up began filling up every inch of his body.

“DARIEN! Oh...oooohgod...I’ve n-never felt anything l-like that!” Graith could barely manage a single word without panting or moaning, as a new source of pleasure took root in his body. The transformation was complete, and as far as Darien could tell, Graith was now a perfect blend of male and female components, with both sets of genitals still working in full.

Believe me now, Graith? He wondered, as the feline stayed kneeling before him, still a shaky, dripping mess. He knew that he should have given some kind of a warning, but he wanted to hear another

shocked gasp from the hybridized voice of the herm, and his own cock was already dripping precum in anticipation, not just of the pleasure of the moment, but of the well of sexual energy that he was about to drain.

“It’s really quite a special sensation, isn’t it?” was what Darien actually said, deciding it would be best to keep his challenging thoughts in check. He could always taunt Graith for doubting him **after** the act was over, and he didn’t want to do anything to jeopardize what would likely be his greatest payoff in literal years. “And the best part is, if you find yourself in the middle of a climax, you can just keep going...I’m sure you’ll be taking advantage of that in a moment.”

Before Graith could ask what Darien meant, the coyote incubus grabbed his thick, fully erect member and pressed the drooling tip of it right to the tight, virgin passage of the hermaphrodite before him. He knew he couldn’t just go

in on a fast, hard thrust, so he lined up with a little bit of force and rubbed the tip of his slick, messy cock against virgin petals, teasing them with the kind of approach that would draw a little bit more natural lubricant out of the recently transformed feline.

Graith couldn't possibly know what his body was doing, and thankfully, lust was working faster than inexperience, as the small, short flesh of his tail stayed up and out of the way of Darien's process. Graith tried gritting his fangs together to dull the sensations just a little bit, but there was something almost painfully sensual about the feeling of precum spilling over his clit and soaking the rest of his womanhood in the process that he couldn't fight it off, any longer.

His mind was blended to perfection between the mental needs of each sex, and he found that his mind was settling in perfectly to the downright lewd nature of the act, allowing his body to relax

enough to enjoy its very first vaginal penetration.

A quiet, messy squelch came right along with the moment, as the tip of Darien's canine cock finally pressed through tight, clenching folds. Graith knew that the night was going to contain a lot of firsts for him, but he never would have dreamed in his whole life that he'd get to experience penetrating another person, **and** getting penetrated in a passage that wasn't even supposed to be there.

It was more than his body could handle, and as thick, sticky seed began to build up on the very end of his own manhood, Graith decided to put Darien's word to the test.

Elbows pressed into the floor and held his body as still as possible for Darien, who started in with a series of slow, delicate thrusts, allowing the virgin sex to adjust carefully to the impressive length and girth of his canine manhood. Pleasure was building from two separate sources, and because they didn't work in

tandem, Graith could feel cum bursting out from the tip of his cock, while a second sensation, like an orgasm from a separate body, was starting to build up in the pit of his stomach.

“Th...this feels so *weird*...I’m cumming...b-but I’m not?” he tried to rationalize through a series of deep, pleasurable shockwaves.

It was all music to the ears of Darien, who was already too busy soaking up fresh sexual energy and feeling that much better for it. There was something to be said for being able to appreciate a virgin passage after thousands of years of taking those who weren’t, and Darien took a certain pride in guiding someone to a pleasurable finish, rather than destroying their body and feeling like he was a bigger man for it.

After all, he had a feeling that Graith wasn’t going to ask to be changed back, and he wanted to make sure that the feline was able to experience vaginal pleasure in the future, as well.

“You’re *definitely* cumming,” Darien assured the herm, as his hips continued to slap gently against the smoother, curvier backside of Graith’s new body. “But you’ve never had two sources of orgasm before...and your body can’t adjust to the feeling.”

It sounded like Darien was describing a problem, but Graith’s face was twisted up with utter delight as it moved back and forth across the floor of the sex dungeon. The racks, ropes, crosses and chains all went to waste as the only sex toys needed were the powers that Darien naturally carried, and Graith couldn’t decide where to put his paws, as they slipped down from ticklish, sensitive breasts, only to come to rest on a thick, spraying member and the drooling slit of his fresh, new labia.

They were so silky and delicate that Graith was almost too nervous to tease them, but even the slightest touch was enough to leave him gasping, and only

then, he realized the differences in male and female pleasure.

His cock spewed the very last of the seed it could offer, staining the floor with a white puddle as those sensations rapidly faded, but they were replaced with something deeper and more powerful, leaving Graith to pant rapidly as he tried to accept the overwhelming feeling of a vaginal orgasm.

He couldn't quite pull it off.

“Ooooooh...oooh ***fuck!***” Graith panted so heavily that he became lightheaded, and his body shook violently against the floor as his eager hips bucked back on the working incubus. Darien's eyes went wide with surprise as Graith allowed his sex to literally control his every move, and his inner walls fluttered around a tapered, canine length as Darien continued to pump, wanting to give the saber-toothed feline every conceivable ounce of pleasure that he could. “C-cumming...I can't...stop...**cumming!**”

A violent, sudden shudder left Darien on the brink of his climax...and there he stayed, as the inner walls clenched around his manhood one last time, and Graith, in the fit of such a powerful release, fell forward and passed out in a puddle of his own sexual fluids, leaving Darien writhing with pleasure, stiff as a board...and mere seconds from orgasm.

“Aww...damn it, dude! Seriously?!”

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“...Wow.”

“Uh huh.”

“So you’ve really turned someone into a woman, just to have sex with them?”

“A bunch of times,” Darien confirmed, “But that was a hermaphrodite we were just talking about.”

Scott could hardly believe every detail that was being given to him, but thanks to his third cosmopolitan cocktail, he was giving further and further in to the possibility that Darien actually **was** an incubus, and that perhaps, all of the stories were a recollection of his best conquests, rather than things he was making up for fun.

“R-right, I forgot,” Scott admitted. “But if you can convince people to have sex with you so easily, and have sex with such a huge variety of partners...I mean...I guess I just don’t get it. Why settle for just one

person? What makes Tristyn so special to you?"

Darien's giggling, chuckling tales were cut off for a moment, as the incubus paused to cast a half glare over at his new drinking buddy. "What makes your wife so special to you?"

Scott paused in the middle of a sip. He knew that it **shouldn't** be a hard question to answer, but after the kind of fight that they had that evening, it was difficult for Scott to say even a single kind word about her.

"You're struggling a little bit, and I get that...but...that's my struggle, too. I can't tell you what one thing there is about Tristyn that I *need* to have in my life, but since meeting her, I feel like I can't live without her. I've been alive longer than most major civilizations, and even so, she's the only living thing to ever strike me with such a feeling...I guess it's a luxury that I've been able to live for such a long time and discern what's love and what isn't, but...if true love really only

comes around once in a lifetime, this is it, and I'd rather die than ruin it."

"You really don't think she'll accept you? If you two loved each other as much as you claim, wouldn't she be willing to overlook all of this and just be happy that you were finally honest with her?"

"Well..."

**

"If you've made your peace with it, then...do what you're going to do, Darien, but I can't just sit by, knowing that you're going to die for me."

Only days after his reveal, Darien was already looking a bit scruffier than he usually would. Months of dating Tristyn without proper sexual contact was taking a toll on his sinful body, and every day, he cursed the fact that he couldn't just share the ultimate expression of love with her, despite how terribly each of them wanted it.

Long before she knew his secret, Tristyn loved Darien with everything that she

had, and she didn't want to sleep with him to fulfill some kind of twisted desire or to try a new fetish that only someone with magical abilities could grant. She truly did love him for who he was as a person and nothing more, and after thousands of years of being used as a sexual object, she was the **first**, and the **only** one to give him more credit than that.

"And you can't force me to have sex with you, either. You have an afterlife to look forward to, Tristyn. I can't share that time with you if your soul is damned!"

It took the few days of silence between them for Tristyn to accept that the transformation Darien showed was, in fact, his real form. She didn't want to think that he was some kind of demon, bent on sucking the sexual life out of everyone he met; in truth, she knew that such wasn't his intention, but she still struggled to accept that he **needed** the energy to live.

She was foolishly trying to convince herself that there was another way to keep him alive.

“I guess that seventy years of happiness doesn’t quite equal out to an eternal afterlife of untold bliss,” Tristyn admitted, though it felt terribly odd to say out loud. “And there’s really no loopholes? No way around all of this?”

“If there was such a thing, I’d have told you by now and we’d already be past it...but...in the meantime, the best thing you can do is distance yourself from me as much as possible and try to forget about me. I’ll die off peacefully without sexual energy to feed on, and you can move on and find someone who can satisfy the urges that you feel...”

“It’s not just about the sex, Darien! Don’t you think I want to be close to you for who you are?”

“I know that you do, but...if I’m not absorbing that energy somehow, then

the rest of our relationship won't be too much longer, anyway."

She didn't like to hear it. She still hoped that this was all some kind of a big, elaborate prank, and that maybe Darien was just a nervous virgin who was going to all of this trouble so he wouldn't struggle in the sack.

She knew his touch, however...and what little things they'd gotten away with doing, he did with such a precision that she could easily believe that he had thousands of years of sexual experience.

"How long do you have, Darien?"

"I'm already getting weak. I'd be shocked if I make it past next Friday."

**

"So...instead of sitting next to her and talking out the rest of our lives, no matter how short they'd be, I'm sitting here talking to you, assuming that she's moved on."

Scott had trouble taking another sip of his drink, with such a heavy subject on his mind. His wrist instinctively raised the glass to his lips, but even the lightest taste was a bit of a struggle, as his throat became tight with emotion.

“That’s...that’s so *terribly* sad,” Scott murmured, as he did the best that he could to keep his emotions in check. He didn’t want to become the kind of person who sat at the end of the bar, nursing his drink while he cried right into it.

“Story of my life, buddy. We’ve all gotta play with the hand we’re dealt, though, and I’ve made a pretty good run of it, all told.”

It was shocking to Scott for Darien to be so nonchalant about his impending death, but he didn’t have the centuries of time to consider such options. Darien was able to avoid death for such a long time that his coming to terms with the fact made sense.

It was just hard for Scott to make sense of it, himself.

“I know she asked you herself, but...there’s really no other way, huh?”

“Only one that I can think of, and I really doubt that it would work. All kinds of legends and mythology mixed up in that, and I didn’t tell her about that option. I didn’t like the taste of it...it felt wrong, y’know?”

“And just what was that?”

“Well, to make sense of it, I’ll have to tell you about one more conquest...so you can understand just how persuasive a desperate incubus can really be.”

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Gotta be able to make this one last...gotta drain every last drop out of the poor bastard...

Early on in their relationship, before they officially considered themselves an item, Darien was willing to sleep around, knowing that Tristyn wouldn't have taken it personally that he was playing the field. He had a feeling that she was doing the same at the very beginning, but as the weeks went on, every time they met up, she was allowing her true feelings to shine through, and as he feared, he was reciprocating them in full.

He'd decided that this was going to be his last fill up before he started taking things seriously, and though the creature was simply **brimming** with sexual energy, he wasn't sure just how long he'd be able to make things last with it. He wanted to leave Tristyn's soul out of the equation, but he already had to stop her

eager paws from traveling too far south once before, and he didn't think he'd be able to stave off her advances forever.

"L...like this, Darien?"

In as much, he was looking at his latest hook up as not just a physical body, but a conquest of the greatest measure. He couldn't leave even the faintest hint of sexual energy about the poor man, and that meant taking things to an extreme he didn't like to employ.

A fantastically unique looking hybrid of a cheetah and a husky, Darien had the pleasure of meeting Arcturus in passing, as the latter was walking into a comic book store in downtown Lake Afton that Darien frequented every week. The eye contact that they shared was more than just a casual glance, even though Darien was already disheveled and ragged from the recent lack of a sexual conquest. It was the magical, natural charm of an incubus that kept him looking attractive enough for Arcturus to bid on, and what started as small, friendly conversation

took a dark turn, as they discussed which comic book characters they'd hook up with, if such a universe existed.

Darien was trying to be good, at first. He already felt at least the slightest sense of guilt about sleeping around anymore, knowing that he and Tristyn were starting to blossom into more than just good friends, but he knew that he needed the boost to survive long enough to enjoy the romantic interlude. He'd already made up his mind that he wouldn't give into Tristyn sexually, and at the end of that day, he'd have Arcturus to thank for the burst of sexual energy that would keep him away from her.

Tussled headfur of bright, cyan blue was tossed again as Darien ran a paw through it. The conversation at the comic book store was innocent compared to the questions that Darien was asking, now that the pair were back at his apartment.

"Just like that, Arc. Hold still, and let me take the lead on this one."

Normally, Arcturus was decorated with some style of blue from head to toe, and all of that unique coloration was on display as his clothes were left in the hallway leading up to the bedroom, a mere afterthought. Thin strips of blue ran down the sides of his muzzle as a pair of marks on gray fur, and where two tones of gray met, an overcoat of black sat around them, dotted with blue spots that ran over the course of his shoulders, and all the way down to the ends of his hips and thighs. Wider, more obvious rosettes ran down the length of his tail, completing the look of perhaps the most unique hybrid Darien had ever been in bed with, but the shades of blue didn't stop there.

Instead of a pink or red tone to his member, there was a softer tone of blue that allowed the thick, bulging veins along the underside of a full, erect cock to stick out.

“Y-yes, Darien...”

His voice wasn't riddled with passion, and his stammering wasn't because of panting, rapid breaths. Instead, they were the result of a cheap, dirty trick that Darien was able to pull off, and though he felt some guilt about it, he'd gone weeks since he last feasted, and knew that he was going to have to take everything that he could from Arcturus, and make it last.

The poor creature's eyes of blue weren't sitting still in his skull. They were glazed over with a thin film of confusion, and no amount of yelling at the poor hybrid would snap him out of it. Forced to use his magic to make sure that Arcturus would cooperate, Darien went right ahead and hypnotized the poor chusky, ensuring that he would bend to whatever whims Darien could come up with.

It was a terribly mean trick, to say the very least, but Darien was desperate, and it showed; tentacles were already flailing wildly out from his back, and his eyes were glowing with a dark, murderous

energy as he tried to keep it all together. As was often the case when he went too long without a boost, Darien reflected more of what the legends made an incubus out to be, and without the control of hypnosis to help out, he worried that Arcturus already would have picked up his clothes and run out the door.

Instead, with the assistance of the trick, Darien was standing face to face with the hybrid, and their cocks were even closer together, as Darien wrapped a paw around them and held them together near the base, allowing the underside of each warm, fleshy rod to press against the other. In his own body, Darien could feel every throb of Arc's cock against his own, and even though he **knew** that it was hypnosis causing Arcturus to have such a reaction, he felt some kind of twisted sense of pride in turning the hybrid on to such a degree.

He knew that he was being a monster, and he knew that the poor chusky

wouldn't be lucky enough to remember any of this. He felt bad enough doing it to a stranger; he couldn't **fathom** doing it to Tristyn, and without this sexual release, he wasn't sure that he'd be able to avoid it.

"I can feel your sexual energy...it's so f-fucking close to me, Arc! Don't you want to just share every last drop of it with me?" Darien asked, knowing that he didn't have to hide his true identity, or his true intentions when his partner was under a mind controlling spell. "Don't you want to just *unload* yourself on me?"

It would have been lucky for Arcturus if he *could* have remembered the moment. He had a bit of a hypnosis fetish, but the reality was playing out to be a little less fun than the dream. His body was able to feel all of the pleasure that it normally would in real time, but there was a disconnect between that, and the mental state of the chusky...everything was operating on a delay, and most of it, he wouldn't even know had occurred.

Darien's guilt about the subject was fading as he allowed his tired, twisted mind to sink into the sensuality of the moment. He could feel pleasure building in the base of his cock as he gently thrust against Arc's body, and the chusky pushed back with his own hips, acting entirely of Darien's accord.

Thanks to that, they had absolutely perfect timing, as shared precum spilled from the tip of each member and decorated them with a glistening, delicious shimmer of fluids.

"Yes, I...I do..." Arcturus replied after a long pause, still not entirely aware of his actions. Hypnotizing someone left them with a rather groggy appearance and voice, and though he knew that Arcturus was enjoying it more than he could properly express, there wasn't the kind of passion in his voice that Darien was used to, when he prey upon a victim.

His body and mind were already starting to return to form, however, as he felt that delightfully slick precum spilling from

the chusky and lubricating his paws so they could thrust their rods together without any excess friction. The beauty, and sometimes, the curse of sexual energy was the way that it was transferred, and an act such as this was more than enough for Darien to get a taste of what he really needed.

He could tell, as he shared a mind with Arcturus that the chusky could easily climax this way, and in his moment of mental weakness, Darien allowed some of his own fantasies to play into the moment. He bit down on his lower lip and fought back against his own orgasm, while stroking his palm openly against Arc's cock, trying to milk the seed right out of it as he got a terribly *devious* idea stuck in his mind.

"I know that you're close, Arc. Don't hold back on me, okay? I promise that this will feel a lot better if you just relax and let it **all** out."

Of course, Arcturus didn't have the choice to argue against the order. It was

a fairly calm and passive order, but all the same, Arcturus nodded mindlessly and his inner muscles relaxed all at once, allowing the orgasmic pleasure that built up in his stomach to be released. Bangs of raven shook down and blocked the crystalline globes of Darien's eyes as he nearly exhausted his wrist in the process, but he finally felt the warm, thin streaks of cum spilling out from the chusky's cock, soaking his own lap with ejaculate in the process, and leaving gushing helpings of the same on his own manhood.

"Y-yes...that's the way, Arc! Keep f-fucking cumming!" Darien commanded, and this time, his voice boiled over with a deep, nearly feral growl of delight as the hybrid shared his cum with Darien, but the incubus was too greedy to give his own seed to the chusky. Instead, he hoarded everything that he could get from Arcturus, before a mere tap on the shoulder of the other male was all it took to send him down to his knees.

The hypnosis was working to such a degree that Darien gained a mental thrill from it, and he watched with twisted delight as Arcturus, without even the quietest verbal order, began licking his own cum from the stiff, pulsing rod of the incubus in front of him.

“I never knew you were such a kinky little fucker!” Darien exclaimed, playing into the moment with all of the same energy that he would if Arcturus were actually in control of his own sexual destiny. “And you’re so...s-so fucking *good* with that tongue...damn, boy!”

A mental suggestion to Arcturus left the hybrid to look up at Darien with wide, assumedly innocent eyes, and no matter what the chusky had done in the past, he was innocent, at least, in this act. His tongue happily swirled around the tip of Darien’s canine flesh, and trailed further down the length as it grew thicker near the base, and though his taste buds could process the sensation of his own cum staining his tongue and leaving him with

a strangely sweet flavor on his mind, he couldn't properly enjoy the moment, even if it was something that would have thoroughly enjoyed.

In the midst of it all, Darien didn't feel even a hint of remorse or regret. He could do little more than stand against the wall and shudder with delight, as he felt a plethora of sexual energy filling his very being.

After such a long dry spell, Darien was like an addict who'd just been given a fresh hit, and though he had everything he needed to survive, he wasn't going to stop there; he had a wealth of resources kneeling right in front of him, and he wasn't going to waste a single drop.

He would, however, at least give the poor chusky some kind of a break, as he allowed Arcturus the slightest hint of mental freedom.

"L-listen to me, Arc...you're doing so *fucking good* sucking that cock...nnngh...but, I want you to tell the

t-truth...do you want to swallow my cum...o-or fucking take it in your ass?"

There was a pause in Arc's bobbing, as his head came to settle near the base of Darien's cock. His eyes fluttered as the glaze of confusion left them for a moment, and all of the physical lust that his body **should** have felt was allowed to hit him, all at once.

It was as if Arc was dosed with any and every aphrodisiac he'd ever heard of, and his mind began to race, though this time, for an entirely different reason. He didn't know where he was, how he'd gotten there, or why he was on his knees and slurping cum off of a man he'd only just met.

The only thing he was sure of was a terrible, almost *painful* sexual fire building up in the pit of his crotch, and the buzzing sensation of a recently finished orgasm only added to the same, as he tried to decide which result he would have enjoyed more.

“Can...can I have both?” he asked, and for the moment, his eyes were genuinely thoughtful. It wasn’t Darien’s influence, but Arc’s own mind that was trying to decide which of the outcomes would be better, and if he wasn’t allowed to enjoy his own climax, he wasn’t sure which part of the finale he would actually enjoy more. He already knew that Darien had a unique and tasty flavor about his cock, but the feeling of cum oozing out of his tailhole and staining the back of his thighs was **always** something that he enjoyed.

Darien allowed for another moment of patience, but when Arcturus made his decision, or rather, announced his indecision, the incubus snickered and tapped Arcturus on the forehead, just like he’d done before they left the comic book store. The chusky wasn’t at all aware that this was the way he’d been put under mental control, so he allowed it to happen a second time, with the last thoughts on his mind floating around the idea of being forced to take the whole of

Darien's cock...and being lucky enough to taste his seed, when all was said and done.

Knowing that he had Arcturus to thank for the few months of happiness that he would share with Tristyn, Darien took a few deep breaths and tried to slow the coming of his climax, wanting to deliver for the last sexual customer that he'd **ever** have.

"I could tell from the moment I met you that you were a greedy little hybrid slut," Darien suggested, knowing that he could get away with saying whatever he wanted in that moment. "I knew that it would be easy to have you gagging on my cock for a few hours if I wanted you to...and that does sound **pretty great**, but it won't have quite the same effect as going all the way will, and I **need** all of the energy you've been hiding, Arc. I want your body to be fully relaxed this time...I don't want any of that energy passing by me!"

Perhaps in his last moment of controlled consciousness, Arcturus leaned forth and

pressed a quick, tiny kiss on the tip of Darien's member, allowing the beads of precum there to stick to his muzzle and lips for a sneaky taste. The tail of the hybrid began to wag slowly as he leaned toward the floor and rolled onto his back, leaving Darien to wonder just how much mental control he had over the chusky...but as long as he was abiding the incubus, that was the most important thing.

Darien had never encountered such a bundle of sexual energy, and he was about to loot the very last of it, as he mentally instructed Arcturus to grip his own thighs and spread them up and back.

"Such a tight little tailhole...so perfect...so ready for the taking!" Darien cheered, as he began to slip once again, knowing that he couldn't keep his own emotions and excitement in check. It was entirely unprofessional of him, but this was going to be his big send off, and he wasn't going to allow himself to worry about

acting a certain way. Arcturus was following his every mental order, and Darien, for his part, was going to pound the poor hybrid into the kind of sexual submission that others could only dream about. “Real shame that it’s gonna be gaping and drooling in a few minutes...”

Arcturus didn’t seem to mind the thought, whether or not he was hypnotized. His cock was already emptied once that evening, but it was growing once again as his body anticipated the grand finale, and he looked like a perfect target to be painted with cum, if Darien had enough to give.

A small wad of spit was the only lubrication Darien offered to Arcturus, as he spat onto the hybrid’s asshole and gently rubbed the fluid in with his thumb. The mixture of seed and spittle on his thick, pulsing member would be just enough to penetrate the chusky without too much effort, and though he was indeed tight, Arcturus didn’t look

even the least bit concerned about his fate.

The hypnosis was in full control once again, as he tilted his body back, and his muscles trembled from the ticklish sensation of his tailhole being rubbed.

“G-gonna...gonna fuck me?” Arcturus asked, and that time, the lack of passion worked in his favor. The hypnosis left him to sound nervous about his fate, and his trembling words only added to the illusion.

Darien was able to see right through the façade that he helped to create...but he was also happy to abide it, as he knelt down to the floor and dragged the tip of his cock over Arc’s sack, staining it with the same precum that stained the hybrid’s lips before. Allowing a couple more beads to build on his cock, Darien pressed the very tip into Arc’s tight, spread pucker and jabbed delicately at it, not wanting to push beyond what his fellow male could handle.

Thanks to the hypnosis, Arcturus didn't budge in the slightest. His body stayed leaned back and primed for the taking, and with a gentle wiggle and a careful push, the tapered tip of Darien's delightfully canine member slipped inside of the chusky, followed by a couple lucky inches.

"Once you're all loose," Darien paused, allowing a gasp to break up his otherwise forceful words, "I'm not just gonna f-fuck you, Arc. I'm gonna **destroy** you."

Such a line might have sounded silly to someone who was fully conscious, but the hypnotized Arcturus could only grin at the thought and keep his legs back to allow for easier penetration. His tail stayed flat to the floor, save for the occasional bouncing wag, and his toes curled at the end of his footpaws as Darien leaned a little further in, spreading the hybrid around his impressive, canine length and allowing precum to drip inside of the passage almost immediately.

It was tough for Darien not to give something a little extra to the chusky, after the impressively skillful blowjob that came moments earlier, but Darien kept his fangs together in a tight grit and clenched up his tummy, wanting to draw out what easily could have been the final penetration of his life. The hybrid was every bit as tight as he looked, and though hypnosis helped his flesh to relax a little bit, his inner muscles still clenched around Darien, keeping him from thrusting too hard or too fast.

For all of his big talk, it was a rather modest and peaceful pace from Darien, who was too busy enjoying the deep, slow fuck to worry about backing up his words.

“That’s...th-that’s incredible,” Arcturus could just barely reply, and it occurred to Darien that, in the moment, he was beginning to lose control of the hybrid. The act of thoroughly plowing into someone and keeping them under total mental control was a difficult one at the

very least, and Darien was beginning to worry that he might completely lose control of the chusky if he wasn't careful.

Amazing as he felt inside, it was difficult for Darien to worry too much about being *careful*.

"Had a feeling you'd l-like it," Darien shot back at Arcturus, who began to bounce gently back against Darien's advancing hips. It was the result of another mental order, and it put the fears to bed for the lustful incubus, as he felt his sack gently slapping against the back of Arc's own from the depth of his thrusts. He was nearly fully buried inside of the unique hybrid, and he could feel his sack tensing up around swollen orbs once again.

If he picked up the pace from there, he knew that he would only last a few more seconds.

If he slowed down, he might be able to draw another minute out of the act, but he was already beginning to sweat with

his efforts, and the pleasure was difficult enough to pace through as it was.

Supposedly innocent, and yet, sensual looking eyes gazed up to Darien, as Arcturus leaned up a little bit. He was still completely under the mental control of the incubus, and at that point, it was to such an extent that Darien's own fantasies were imprinting on Arc's mind, forcing them to be voiced by the chusky even as he was fucked silly.

"Go on, Darien...cum inside of me...I **know** you want to fill my cunt..."

The voice sounded entirely too feminine, and worse still, too *familiar*. Darien's own desires were reflected by Arc's voice, and his eyes went wide as the spoken words were too much for him to resist.

"D-damn...can't fucking hold out a-any longer..."

"**Do it...**"

Fangs came apart from their tight, defiant grit as Darien threw his head back and pounded his hips forth, losing

regard for the physical safety of the creature below him. A small trickle of precum was spilling from Arc's cock and drizzling down over his own tummy, and the whole arrangement began to bounce as Darien slammed his hips forth, fucking Arcturus with a passion that was meant for somebody else entirely. The hypnosis began to tear at the seams, before it came apart entirely, and Darien lost control of the situation.

"I've never cum so hard...f-fuck...I can't stop it! It feels s-so fucking **good!**"

Darien shouted, his voice thundering against the walls of the apartment as he pounded into Arcturus with such force that the chusky nearly banged his head on the bottom of the nightstand behind him. "Yeeeeees...fucking yes, **Arcturus!**"

The chusky was still dazed by being under hypnosis for such a long time, and it was an odd thing to wake up to, as he felt a forceful burst of cum spilling across his insides and heating them. Seed painted his inner walls, and just like he'd

promised he would before, Darien fulfilled both orgasmic obligations, even if Arcturus wasn't technically the one who made them. He could only lay back and watch as a gorgeous coyote crawled over his body and stuffed his cum-coated member right up against his lips.

Still confused, Arcturus opened wide and began cleaning the copious amount of seed from the rod of the incubus, and his tail wagged anew with the surprisingly sweet flavor of the same. It was oozing out of his wide, stretched asshole, and spilling over the sides of his cheeks as he tried to keep up with the flow, but with each tight, deep clench around his orbs, Darien offered an amount of cum that Arcturus, even in his greatest struggle, couldn't keep up with. The fluff upon his cheeks and neck was a terrible mess before Darien finally pulled his cock free and leaned back, slumping over the body of the hybrid and giving his bright, blue cock a few quick, thankful tugs for being such a good sport about the hypnotized act.

“So...” Arcturus began to speak, as he took a deep, full gulp of the cum that filled his maw, “Is that how they say hello where you’re from? Cause...I’ll be sure to visit, some time!”

Darien only then realized what a terrible mistake he’d made, but judging by the healthy amount of precum that stained his paw as he stroked Arc’s cock, he was going to get away with it.

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“And that was the last time I had sex...almost three months ago. The last time I went on that kind of a dry spell, I almost died...I was saved by some weirdo sucking me off while I was passed out in a nightclub. I don't think they had any idea what they were getting into.”

The fascinating stories were enough to keep Scott at the bar until it was almost closing time. He wasn't worried about who overheard the stories anymore, and at that point, even if Darien was making the whole thing up, it was enjoyable enough to listen to, and it kept him from thinking about the second round of the fight that was sure to happen when he made his way home.

He hoped that his wife would have calmed down enough by then, but then again, they'd been together that long, and he knew she was masterful at holding onto a grudge.

“You must really feel terrible right now. I wish there was something I could do to alleviate that stress for you, Darien, but I guess this is a battle you’re gonna have to face on your own.”

“Nothing new for me, really. I’ve been dealing with this on my own for a couple thousand years...what’s a couple more minutes, right?”

In such a weakened state, Darien couldn’t perform his magic, anymore. The strength of the alcohol was the only thing keeping his tentacles and wings at bay, and his appetite for sexual energy was almost completely dried up, thanks to the terrible pain of passing away so slowly.

Even if the opportunity came along to have sex once more and prevent his death, it seemed that Darien really wasn’t up to the task.

“You’re sure that it’s going to work? I mean...what if you end up surviving this, somehow? What if you’re just suffering

from hunger pangs for the next few years?”

“An incubus doesn’t know what kind of a timeline they’re living on, Scott. I’m not sure *exactly* how much time I’ve got left, but...I’ve been in terrible pain for the last few weeks, and these last couple days have been like trying to push a car up a hill with no arms or legs, and a migraine to boot.”

“So...horrible?”

“An effort that isn’t worth dealing with,” Darien clarified. “At this point, I’m just waiting for the tow truck to come and toss my ass into the scrap heap so I can be compressed and forgotten about.”

Though they’d only just met that evening, Scott could tell that Darien was the type to leave a lasting impression on people, even if the incubus didn’t realize it, himself. His emotions were palpable, and they infected Scott, even just from a few hours of sitting and chatting.

"I don't think you'd ever be forgotten, Scott. Even if you end up dying tonight and I never see you again, I can promise that I'll remember you."

"That's awfully sweet of you to say, pal. If I didn't know any better, I'd think you wanted to be my last conquest."

"Have I shown any real interest, yet?"

"No, but there's always time for someone to change their mind about something."

"I'm not going to."

There was just one last sip of beer left in his glass, and with a heavy, shaky sigh, Darien downed the last of the golden liquid.

"I'm glad to hear that, Scott. You know what really matters in life...and I know you love your wife, even if you're struggling to admit it, right now. You should really go home and talk to her. I'm sure that you two can work things out if you just give it a try."

Scott pulled a wallet from his pocket, knowing that they'd been drinking for a good portion of the night without paying for anything. Leaving a few twenties on the counter, he stood up from his bar stool, stumbling just a little bit as he tried to make his way for the door. "You should really try to listen to your own advice, Darien. I know your situation seems hopeless, but Tristyn sounds like a wonderful young woman...one who really might be worth dying over-

"That's the plan."

Snickering at being cut off, Scott shook his head. "Or...she's one who's worth **living for**. Good talking with you, Darien. That was a hell of a story."

Clearly not the type to have a drink too often, Scott made it as far as the first stair to the back door exit of the bar before he stumbled and nearly fell, face first into the staircase.

It was a common sight for Mitch, however, who was just within earshot of

the majority of the stories. His bar was predictable, and gave him the opportunity to glean more of Darien's private life that the incubus probably realized.

“...Just relax over there, Scott. I'll call you guys a ride...don't think you need to be walking anywhere in that kind of condition.”

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Darien could remember passing out, and the unforgiving feeling of tired, rough wood against his face whenever Mitch woke him up and sent him on his way. He felt like death when he woke up, and everything was already a terrible, gray blur.

Whether it was from the alcohol, or whether he was finally passing on, he was sure that he was dead, as he looked up and saw nothing but white, and all around him was more of the same.

“...Didn’t think someone like me would make it into Heaven. That’s a pretty sweet deal...keeping Tristyn from my curse was really worth all of this?”

Darien felt some kind of a relief that he couldn’t properly describe to himself. He felt lighter, as if the weight of choosing between a sinful life or an honorable death had been lifted from his mind, and

wondered if he really was sleeping on a bed of clouds in the endless sky above.

In truth, he was sleeping on a large bed with a soft, white comforter and fluffy pillows that had been recently cleaned, while looking at a white ceiling that carried no other features, allowing his exhausted eyes to believe that he was actually floating around in the afterlife.

“No, Darien...it wasn’t worth it. I told you that it wasn’t.”

Memories were always slow to come back around after such a long night of drinking, but Darien was starting to remember feeling some sense of relief when he was taken from the bar, the night before. It wasn’t the feeling he got from losing his dinner on the side of the road, or the fact that he was able to feel a comforting touch on his cheek when he first woke up.

She...she really came to get me, after everything I put her through...

Standing in a thin, white sundress that acted as little more than a veil for her modesty was Tristyn, the girl he'd been hoping to see one last time before he passed. Sunlight was pouring through the open window of her bedroom, and enveloping her with such a powerful energy that Darien couldn't be sure that he was on Earth any longer. Perhaps, this was his own version of Heaven, complete with the girl that he wanted to share his assumed eternity with.

"Sparing your soul was the best thing I did in over 2,000 years, Tristyn. I couldn't force that kind of a punishment on someone like you."

"But you forced it on so many other people, willing and otherwise, just to be alive long enough to meet me...if sharing in the gift of one act of sensual love with you was all it took to keep you alive, how could I pass up such an opportunity?"

In his state, Darien knew that he couldn't have *possibly* made love to Tristyn the night before, but, as he looked up at the

ceiling once more, feeling dizzy and nauseous from all of the alcohol, he had to admit that he felt **amazing**, otherwise, as if there had been some kind of a sexual release that he didn't recall.

"Tristyn..."

"Yes, my love?"

"Could you...could you hand me a mirror?"

Turning to look back over her fate, Tristyn nodded to her incubus with a warm smile and walked over to her dresser, picking up a hand-held mirror for him to gaze into.

Darien knew that his appearance was fading rapidly, thanks to the loss of his sexual energy. He was dying in the weeks leading up to his fateful chat with Scott, and he knew that his outward appearance reflected the same. He felt some kind of relief, just being back in the presence of the woman that he loved, but he couldn't confirm what she'd done to

him, or **hadn't** done to him, until he looked in the mirror.

He gripped the handle as tightly as he could and held it up in front of his face, allowing the glass to reflect his features into his eyes for the first time in months.

With a trembling lower lip, his paw went weak around the mirror.

"T...Tristyn...did you-

"You've got a second chance to do the right thing, Darien. Will you take it?"

Thanks a ton to everyone who contributed to this novel, as usual. If you enjoyed reading this book, I hope you'll consider getting a commission from me in the future, or picking up a copy of one of my other novels! They can all be found easily at the following links!

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