

KAIZER WOLF



*Innocent Devil's
Harem 3*



Innocent Devil's Harem 3

Innocent Devil's Harem Book 3

K AIZER W OLF

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NOTICE

This story contains adult content that may not be suitable for all audiences, including explicit sexual relations, as well as unconventional social dynamics (including a harem).

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(1) CHAPTER 31: CLAIMED

I'd been in love with my older housemate, Serenity, for a long time now, always believing there was no chance we could be anything other than friends. And not just because I was never planning on telling her my darkest secret, that I wasn't human.

It was also because, even without my devilish transformed appearance, she was still a whopping five years older than me, already twenty-three years old by the time I turned eighteen, and she'd played a huge role in my overall care after all our parents passed away.

So yeah, dating her always felt like a pure fantasy and nothing more.

But a series of unfortunate events, especially when Serenity got kidnapped by the heinous serial killer who was orchestrating all the other attacks, forced my secret out and made my deepest fear a reality.

Serenity now knew the truth.

And I was forced to deal with her possible rejection.

A rejection I was sincerely terrified of, because losing her would be worse than losing my own life.

I felt like I couldn't go on without her...

However, she didn't reject me.

And her acceptance made me a little less careful with guarding my other big secret, the fact that I was deeply in love with her. I later realized it might be the effect of my somewhat alluring gold eyes, when transformed, but she kissed me.

She kissed me, and I pulled her into my lap, only for it to end just as fast as it started, her immediately feeling guilty about the situation.

But the line was crossed, and even though she was reluctant to do anything physical, I made her admit that she bought a set of purple silk pajamas -- at the same time that she bought my birthday present -- because she thought I might like to see her in them. It also helped that my busty redhead girlfriend, technically fiancé, was likewise determined to make Serenity a part of our relationship, feeling a little guilty herself about 'stealing me' away from my housemate, who I also considered to be my best friend.

Even though the three of us didn't have time to really discuss how it was going to work out, Gabriella made sure that Serenity at least agreed to 'share me,' before we left to make a trip to the bank to retrieve the contents of the mysterious lockbox my parents had left me.

A lot happened that day, including that fateful encounter with my hot blonde classmate, Avery, and her equally attractive mother, Michelle. They were now all going to be a part of my life, after I saved them from their injuries incurred from a horrible car accident. And a small part of me hoped that they might also be a part of our relationship, including the hot blonde MILF, though I knew it might take some time for that kind of fantasy to develop, if at all.

I even made an eventful trip to meet Gabriella's mom, in an effort to learn more about what it meant for me to be part-incubus, and to learn more about the mysterious black stone I'd been left, only for the meeting to turn into more of an educational lesson, with Mrs. Rebecca's top priority that night being to just make sure that I was safe to be around her daughter.

When I came back home past midnight, after spending hours at Mrs. Rebecca's place, Gabriella went to bed with Avery, and Michelle took the couch. Alternatively, I made a trip to Serenity's room, and gently woke her up to share

everything that happened while she had been undergoing her own transformation to become like me.

She handled everything well, but our conversation resulted in her begging me to truly cross the line with her, to take her virginity even if we had to avoid orgasms to ensure I didn't accidentally hurt her.

So that's exactly what we did.

We had possibly the most passionate, intimate, and slow sex I'd ever experienced, all while avoiding cumming, allowing the intimacy to be the focus instead of having our own orgasms. It was actually very nice, though I had to admit I felt exhausted after so little sleep in the last couple days.

When I did finally fall asleep, after fucking Serenity without getting there myself, I slept as hard as a rock, not even dreaming at all until suddenly my nose was filled with the scent of bacon and eggs.

When my eyes popped open a few seconds later, I almost forgot where I was, unexpectedly registering that I had a warm soft body in my arms wrapped up in seductively smooth silk -- an additional piece of lingerie Serenity had gotten when she purchased my birthday present, thereby being even more proof that she'd been torn all along about her feelings for me.

Serenity was facing me now, having twisted herself around in my arms at some point in time, with me likely pulling her tightly against me while I was unconscious.

Her skin and hair were their normal color now, her full pink lips parted slightly as she slept peacefully, her tits squished together, creating a wonderful sight of her deep cleavage, all framed by shiny silver.

Oh fuck, my cock was hard as a rock, Serenity's thigh on my naked hip, my throbbing head actually shoved between her thighs, actually in her crack, as if I'd been trying to gain entry in my sleep. It felt so amazing, and yet I knew I had to chill out before I got carried away, knowing that angling my

shaft an inch or two toward me would allow me to slip inside her pussy, but also remembering that I couldn't afford to cum inside her at this point.

Not when I could risk her health doing so, as a half-incubus, being unable to sense the kind of sexual energy I was absorbing even a little.

Taking a deep breath, I focused on the noises coming from downstairs, realizing from the soft breathing in my bedroom that Avery and Gabriella were still snuggling in bed, leaving Michelle as the one who was awake and seemingly making breakfast for everyone.

Sighing, I slowly tried to ease away from Serenity, only to sit on the edge of the bed, unsure of what to do about my throbbing erection.

I mean, part of me wanted to just go into the bathroom and jerk one out, but I had no way of knowing if it might be possible for me to actually absorb someone's energy even if they were in the other room. Thankfully, most of the times I'd masturbated when it was just me and Serenity, I'd done it when she wasn't home, often watching porn or rummaging through her underwear.

But that also meant I didn't know what would happen exactly if I masturbated with four women in the house.

In the end, I knew I just needed to get my mind off sex, and try to distract myself so I could calm down. Standing up, I walked around the bed and grabbed my phone off the bedside table, surprised to see that I had a new message.

Opening it up, I was then even more shocked to realize it was Mrs. Rebecca, all the amazing memories from the previous night suddenly at the forefront of my mind. That, and I recalled that I'd saved my number as '*Best Fuck You've Ever Had*', taunting her to find it when she woke up.

Well, she obviously found it.

Her message sounded amused.

'Baby boy, you are adorable. I am going to leave your number like that. You have definitely earned that title.'

Oh fuck yes.

I quickly saved her number, deciding to just put it as '*Gabriella's mom*', so their numbers were next to each other in my contacts, and then typed a message back.

'I can honestly say that last night was the best sex of my life. I hope you don't mind that I like you probably more than I should.'

After sending my message, I reread it, only to feel a little anxious about her response.

Without waiting for a reply, I typed out another.

'Sorry if that crosses a line. I understand this is supposed to be educational. And I hope you will still teach me, even if I can't help but be too attached.'

I sent the message before I really thought it through, only to groan.

Fuck, I felt like that message was still too clingy. Maybe even worse. Why couldn't I just say something normal?

I tried again, only to stop myself, realizing I couldn't do it. I was about to say something *again* that wouldn't come off right, and I felt like I'd just keep digging myself a deeper hole if I didn't stop now. Better to just wait for her response and then apologize if needed.

Maybe beg at her feet if I had to.

Fuck, this MILF had me whipped for sure.

I wanted her *so bad*.

Realizing I'd drive myself crazy if I waited around for her response, I decided to slip on my clothes from last night, only to head to the bathroom to take a much-needed shower. Technically, I'd fucked Serenity when I already had dried fluids from fucking Mrs. Watson, and I could definitely tell I'd experienced messy sex at least once.

However, my clothes were actually still clean, minus my boxers, so after dropping my phone off next to the sink, I slipped into my bedroom for a fresh pair of underwear, trying not to wake Gabriella and Avery, and then headed to the bathroom to rinse off.

My phone vibrated while I was cleaning up, and my anxiety only grew as I began to take my time, now wanting to put off seeing whatever her response was.

Would she chastise me for feeling this way?

Would she want to stop teaching me because I was too attached?

Would last night be the only time I got to fuck her, simply because I couldn't keep my thoughts to myself?

Shit.

Finally climbing out of the shower, I dried off and then got dressed in my black dress pants and blue Polo shirt, brushing my teeth and combing my hair, putting on deodorant this time, before finally grabbing my phone to see what Gabriella's mom had to say.

'Baby boy, I am the one who likes you more than I probably should. Last night was perfect. We will do it again soon.'

Fuck yes!

I wanted to jump for joy, I was so excited.

She liked me! Mrs. Rebecca liked me, and was eager to fuck again too!

I stuffed my phone in my pocket, a huge grin on my face as I stepped out of the bathroom to head downstairs, only to be surprised when my phone vibrated again. Reaching the bottom, I pulled it out, seeing that I had another message from her.

'Since fucking you is also one of Gabby's deepest fantasies, I do not think I am going to stop with only teaching you. I spoke with my husband this morning to explain the situation, and he has agreed to let me continue this as long as I wish. And I wish to fuck you indefinitely.'

My cock began stiffening in response to her message, only to grow concerned when I recalled that Mr. Watson was a part of all this.

I began typing out a message hesitantly.

'How will that affect what you do with him?'

I paused to read it, wondering if it was too rude for me to even ask, only to send it ‘as is’ when Michelle spoke up from the kitchen.

“Good morning, sweetie,” she greeted, walking a little closer to catch my attention as she tucked some of her blonde hair behind her ear, that line of freckles on her face making her look much more like a woman in her late twenties, rather than forties. “I made you breakfast.”

“Oh, thank you,” I replied sincerely, shoving my phone in my pocket, hoping my semi-hard cock wasn’t noticeable. Thankfully, the black pants helped a ton to hide a slight bulge. “It’s actually what woke me up,” I admitted. “I’m looking forward to eating whatever you’ve made.”

She smiled warmly. “I’m glad to hear that,” she replied. “It’s been a while since I fixed a big breakfast like this. Shall we eat together, or do you want to wait for everyone else?”

I shook my head. “No, let’s eat together,” I replied, not at all ashamed to admit I was very interested in spending time alone with her.

She gave me another warm smile, only to gesture to the table for me to sit while she prepared a plate. My mouth was watering by the time she was setting it down in front of me, but I waited for her to have a seat directly across the table before digging in, trying to control my pace so I could enjoy her company as well.

“How did you sleep?” I wondered.

“Very well, actually,” she replied, taking a bite of eggs on a piece of butter toast. “Actually, some of the deepest sleep I’ve had in a while,” she admitted.

I nodded. “Me too,” I agreed, only to pause as I watched her chew. “You know, I don’t think I’ve really had anyone fix me breakfast in a long time. Normally, I do most of the cooking.”

Michelle looked at me in surprise, only for her expression to turn somber as she swallowed, likely recalling that my

mother had passed away. "Well, maybe I can help fix that, dear."

"I wouldn't mind if you did," I replied honestly. "I mean, I'm always happy to cook, but this is also very nice."

She nodded. "I think I will then, if you don't mind. Certainly, while I'm here at least."

I smirked at her, prompting her to smile as well, the line of freckles across her nose and cheeks looking adorable. When my phone vibrated, I ignored it, partially because I wanted to give Michelle my full attention right now, but also because I was again anxious about what Gabriella's mom would say.

Michelle cleared her throat when I didn't respond. "So anyway, I figured we could leave my daughter here when you take me to my house. I can grab extra clothes for her, and I think it might be good if she has a chance to spend some time alone with Gabriella and Serenity. I'd imagine it would give them a chance to talk about things, since communication is really important in all types of relationships."

I looked at her in surprise, for a variety of reasons, kind of actually feeling touched that she felt comfortable being alone with me like that, even though that was sort of the original plan, but also stunned that she seemed really eager to give my three women a chance to try to iron out the details for how things would work among us.

Like, Michelle wanted this to work out for her daughter, and she appeared to be aiming to ensure this attempt at a four-way relationship was successful.

However, when my phone vibrated a second time, I felt like I was going to start sweating bullets I was so anxious now. Fuck, I loved it that Mrs. Watson was sending me two lengthy messages in a row -- it meant she wanted to talk.

She *wanted* to socialize.

But damn, I was so nervous about what she was going to say.

"Do you need to get that?" Michelle wondered, having heard the vibration.

I wasn't sure if her hearing had improved much yet, but felt confident it was loud enough that any normal person would have heard.

I shook my head. "It can wait. I'm enjoying breakfast with you."

"Oh honey," she exclaimed. "You're too sweet."

"Just being honest," I replied, feeling a little jittery to be socializing with one MILF over breakfast while I had another sticking little digital messages in my pocket. Fuck, I felt like the luckiest guy in the world right now, even despite my anxiety.

Michelle smiled, but didn't respond, glancing toward the window.

I cleared my throat, wondering if her gaze meant anything. "You can't feel the black stone, or anything, right?" I asked hesitantly.

She looked at me in surprise, only to shake her head. "Oh, no. It's far enough away right now."

I nodded, wondering why she could sense it in the first place, but doubting she had any idea. "Well, that's good." I then sighed. "Honestly, I can't even begin to thank you enough about that. Like, I don't know what it does, but I feel like you helped me dodge a bullet there."

Her tone was suddenly serious. "Honey, you literally saved my life. You gave me CPR for half an hour, even after the doctors gave up. I'll give up my *own life*, before I let any harm come to you."

I gulped at her intensity, focusing down on my food, unable to meet her intense azure gaze. "Well, thank you," I whispered simply.

"You're very welcome, dear," she said warmly. "How's your breakfast?"

I grinned up at her. "Delicious. Even more so because you made it."

Her freckled cheeks flushed at that, her skin graying just slightly, causing a surge of accomplishment to rush through me.

Damn, all my ass-kissing was finally getting me somewhere, even if I was just being honest.

"So when do you want to leave?" I wondered. "I'd like to at least see everyone before we do," I clarified. "But I'm obviously ready to go whenever you are."

She frowned, glancing down at the soft pink pajamas she was wearing from Serenity's wardrobe. "Well, I suppose I'll change back into those scrubs, and then I'll be ready too," she replied. "Might also go ahead and take a shower at my place, if you don't mind."

I tried not to gulp, knowing she was just talking about a very routine thing to do. It's just that she'd be doing it while we were alone at her place. "Umm, yeah, that's definitely fine," I agreed, shoveling some more food in my mouth.

She smirked at me, taking another bite as well.

Shit, please tell me she didn't notice my reaction.

We continued to eat in silence for a few minutes, before I glanced up at the clock, realizing it was actually a little past 7 AM. It was Sunday morning, and everyone had a long day yesterday, so no doubt they would want to sleep in for another couple of hours at least.

I cleared my throat, only having a couple of bites of food left. "Oh, actually, I might go ahead upstairs and just say goodbye to them now. Everyone was up late last night and probably needs the rest. We will likely be back before they even get up."

Michelle frowned at that, possibly because it meant not giving the other three time to talk by themselves, but then nodded in agreement.

"Alright, sweetie. We can do that. Although..." She hesitated, glancing toward the window again. "I'd really like to avoid getting too close to that disturbing stone."

My eyes widened. "Oh, of course," I agreed, shoveling in my last two bites and then standing up. "I'll go put it in the shed out back for now, and I'll be sure to walk really far from the house as I head back there. Okay?"

She hesitated, almost looking as if she was going to suggest all that wasn't necessary, before sighing. "Thank you, honey."

I grinned at her and then headed straight for the door to put on my shoes.

Running outside and grabbing the black chest from my car was a quick chore, and within a minute I already had it stashed in the shed in the backyard next to the woods, which was about as far from the house as my car had been parked. That should mean that it wouldn't bother Avery's mom while she was inside the house.

I then made my way inside through the backdoor, kicked off my shoes, and headed upstairs to say goodbye to everyone. In the meantime, Michelle collected our dishes and then came upstairs to step into the bathroom while I was in Serenity's room, I assumed to change back into the scrubs from the hospital.

Serenity was groggy when I woke her up, so I just let her know what I was doing, kissed her and thanked her for last night, and then let her sleep. I then was about to let Gabriella and Avery know too, but decided against it, since I at least knew Serenity would have no problem going back to sleep, whereas I wasn't sure how either of the other two would react to me waking them up.

And I really wanted them to be well rested, in case we were up late tonight hanging out.

Heading back downstairs instead, I put my shoes back on and waited for Michelle to be ready. She was out of the bathroom about a minute later, and was shouldering her purse after grabbing her phone from the kitchen, putting both it and a charger inside her leather bag.

"Ready," she said once she met my gaze.

I opened the door for her, locking it behind me, and then followed her out to my silver car. I thought about opening the passenger's door for her as well, but didn't want to push my luck by seeming too eager to please her. Because, as much as I wanted this woman to like me, I also didn't want to push her away by being too enthusiastic too soon.

Once we were on the road, we socialized a little about random things, with her asking 'mom stuff' like what subjects I enjoyed in school, as well as if I had any plans after I graduated. Unfortunately, I didn't really have plans at the moment, and I was thankful when she didn't chastise me for not being prepared.

But the truth was, I didn't need to work or go to college right away, if at all, and I had plenty of time to try to figure stuff out. Still, I actually loved being peppered with questions from her, feeling like she was taking a sincere interest in my life and, most importantly, *in me*.

Michelle and Avery lived in a high-class subdivision about fifteen minutes away from where I lived, and while their house wasn't nearly as nice as Mrs. Watson's place, it was still really fancy-looking. I was actually really glad that Michelle could keep the house if she wanted, due to the prenuptial agreement she'd signed with her husband, since it felt like it would be such a shame to have to sell it as part of the eventual divorce.

However, when I pulled up to their house, I was a little confused when I noticed that there were two cars in the driveway, instead of just one. A nice black one, as well as Avery's beige car.

Unfortunately, I wasn't the only one who was a little alarmed.

"Dammit," Michelle hissed, her blonde eyebrows furrowed in obvious annoyance. "I told him not to come over."

"What's wrong?" I wondered. "Is it your husband?"

She nodded, taking a deep breath. "Yes. He called me this morning, because he just found out from his brother, Avery's uncle, that we were in a car accident yesterday. I told him we were fine, but he insisted he check on us."

"So you knew he'd be here?" I asked seriously.

She looked at me in surprise. "What? No, of course not. I told him we weren't even home right now and were staying with a friend."

I nodded. "Okay, so then, what do you want to do?"

She took a deep breath. "Well, we're already here. I'll just tell him I'm fine, and ask him to leave."

"Do you want me to stay here?" I wondered hesitantly.

She looked at me in shock again. "Of course not, honey. You're more than welcome to come in *my* house. He's not. And if I have to, I'll threaten a restraining order. He has no right to be here, and I don't want him here."

I nodded, popping open my door. "Well, if it really comes down to it, I'll escort him off the property myself."

She gave me an affectionate look. "Oh honey, you really are so sweet. But don't worry about it. I'll make him leave."

I smiled with a nod, closing my door and then locking my car as we walked up the short set of steps leading to the nice concrete porch. Michelle fished her keys out of her purse and unlocked the door, which only had the bottom handle locked. She then proceeded to step in and wait for me, before slamming it closed behind me.

Mr. Copeland came rushing down the stairs barely five seconds later, seeming overly eager to greet his wife, before he laid eyes on me. The man was actually taller than I was expecting, and well built, as if he'd spent a decent amount of time in the gym at one point in his life. However, he also had a decent sized gut, and appeared to be balding prematurely.

Nevertheless, he definitely wasn't some IT nerd dude, like I'd kind of assumed. It was obvious he'd been truly

handsome at one point in time in his life, and still retained some of his younger looks even now.

Mr. Copeland stopped in his tracks, looking confused to find a stranger with his wife, even if I was a younger stranger, which gave Avery's mom enough time to speak up.

"What in the hell are you doing here?" Michelle demanded. "Do I really need to change the locks? Has it come to this?"

He focused on her, seeming flustered to have her speaking like that in front of someone else. "Babe, I'm not here to fight with you. I was really worried when I found out you and Avery were in an accident. Why didn't anyone call me?"

"Because we haven't seen you in nearly a month!" she snapped. "Why would we call you when you've clearly moved on with your life?"

"Babe," he replied, placing his hand on his hip and gesturing toward her. "I still care about you both. You were the one who asked me to stop coming around."

"*Because* you and I are done," she snapped. "Now, I want you out of *my* house. I told you not to come, and I want you gone."

Shit, I was honestly impressed that Michelle seemed sincerely pissed and yet wasn't even showing a hint of transforming. Like, damn she had just as good control as Gabriella.

Mr. Copeland finally glared at her, seeming truly annoyed now. He then focused on me. "And who is this young man?" he wondered, a hint of venom in his tone.

Michelle was careful not to touch me, but she did take a step closer. "This is my very good friend, Kai, and he was there for me and Avery both yesterday at the hospital."

Mr. Copeland glared at me again, speaking to her. "Seriously, Michelle? Friends with a kid? *Seriously*, what in the hell do you think you're doing?"

"I think it's none of your business who I'm friends with," she snapped, only to reach in her purse to pull out her phone. "Now, I want you out of my house *now*, or else I will call the police and have them remove you. Don't think I won't."

"Sure, I'll leave. As soon as this boy does too," he scoffed.

Despite the obvious fact of what was being implied here, I decided it might be better to defuse the situation, before the police really got involved.

"Dude," I said seriously, acting like he was being dumb. Because he was. "What's your problem? I go to school with Avery, and my family invited the two of them to stay at our place for a couple of days while they recover. I just brought Avery's mom over so she could grab some stuff. Why are you acting so weird about it?"

I tried not to grin when Mr. Copeland looked flustered, quickly realizing that he'd just made an ass out of himself by assuming that I was hanging out specifically with his wife.

"Oh, umm...you mean..." His voice trailed off.

"I mean what?" I said seriously. "That my family is putting them up for a couple of nights after they were in a car accident? Or that I brought Avery's mom over, since she doesn't have her own transportation right now and needed to pick up Avery's car? Like, what's your hang-up here? Why do you have a problem with me being here right now?"

Fuck, he was so flustered. And embarrassed as hell.

It was great.

"Umm, sorry, I didn't mean..."

"Just leave," Michelle said firmly. "Avery and I are just fine, so just get the hell out. Or do I need to call the police?" she asked seriously, holding her phone up.

He scoffed. "Whatever," he snapped, aggressively approaching us, prompting us to separate so he could leave. "Not sure why I even bother trying to care, when it's clear

you couldn't even take the time to give me a call to let me know you were alright."

"How about you give me your girlfriend's number, and I'll call her next time?" Michelle snapped.

Mr. Copeland opened the door aggressively. "Oh fuck off, Michelle." He then slammed it behind himself before she could respond.

She sighed heavily. "Sorry about that, honey. I didn't think he'd make that big of a scene."

"It's fine," I replied. "And honestly, it was kind of fun to make him think you and I might be together, but I also knew it was just going to escalate if we let him believe that."

Michelle's face instantly turned red, only to begin shifting to light gray, as she cleared her throat and looked away. "Umm, sorry to put you in that position, sweetie."

"Its fine," I replied, loving her reaction. "He's dating someone about my age, so why not make him think you are too? It would be good payback."

She cleared her throat again. "I wouldn't mind getting some revenge on him," she admitted. "But it doesn't matter now. He's gone. Let me go grab a quick shower, and then I'll pack some stuff."

"Sure," I agreed. "And mind if I use the bathroom really fast?" I added, kind of having to pee and knowing that if I ended up getting an erection for some reason, it would be much harder to make it go away if I had that urge tickling me.

"Oh, of course. Although, the only available bathroom right now is in the master bedroom." She gave me an apologetic look. "The downstairs toilet is broken, and I was remodeling the upstairs bathroom a few months ago, before all this nonsense started."

"Oh, that's fine," I replied, gesturing with my hand. "Lead the way, and I'll be in and out."

She gave me a small smile and then did as I asked, taking her purse with her as we headed up the stairs. She

was definitely right about remodeling the upstairs bathroom, with it looking gutted, missing both the sink and shower, though it looked like the toilet might be functional. Still, I could see how she might consider it rude to send me in there, even if I didn't really mind.

Thus, I followed her into her bedroom, surprised by how cozy it was, with most everything being pleasant shades of gray, including the walls, carpet, and blankets on the bed. The door to the master bathroom was obvious, so I headed straight there, closing the door behind me. Of course, I didn't bother locking it, since I felt confident she wouldn't barge in, having no trouble locating the toilet and emptying my bladder with her just in the other room.

However, when I heard Michelle's phone vibrate in her purse, I unexpectedly recalled that it had been a while since I got two messages from Gabriella's mom.

Shit, the last thing I wanted was for her to think I was ignoring her.

Zipping up my pants, I quickly fished out my phone to see what she said, only for Michelle to knock on the bathroom door.

"Hey sweetie, I think I'm going to just change really quick and worry about a shower later at your place. I don't really feel like hanging around here that long."

"Oh, umm, sure," I agreed. "I'm still going to be a second, so go ahead. Just let me know when you're done."

"Thanks dear," she replied, walking away from the door.

Focusing back on my messages, I recalled that the last thing I sent was a simple question, asking Mrs. Rebecca how her decision to continue fucking me would affect what she did with her husband. And that was after she said she was going to continue fucking me indefinitely.

I tried to control my breathing as I began reading what she said, hoping I didn't hate her response.

'Don't let it go to your head, baby boy, but I am postponing sexual relations with anyone else indefinitely. I

am afraid you might have ruined me for other men, as nothing else I have ever experienced even comes close to what we shared last night.'

Holy fuck. Was she serious?

I knew sex with her was absolutely mind-blowing, almost as if we'd been in a nonstop cycle of her generating lust in me while I generated passion in her, but was it really *that* amazing?

She really wasn't going to have sex with anyone else?

Did that include her husband?

Surely not!

That would be too good to be true.

I quickly read her next message.

'My husband and I have a dom-sub relationship, even though he is quite masculine otherwise. He has gone a year without me fucking him before, and nearly six months without being able to watch me fuck either. I did it originally as an experiment to see if I could achieve a level of lust similar to what we experienced last night. It worked well back then, and my husband has accepted that I will do it again.'

Holy fuck.

Was she serious right now?

She was going to stop fucking all other men, *including her husband*?

She was only going to fuck me from now on, while he went without?

I was seriously going to get to fuck this man's wife, and he just had to put up with it?

This couldn't be real. Was she truly being serious?

My heart was racing as I quickly typed a response, hoping she didn't take too long to answer, unlike how I'd just done to her for the last twenty or so minutes.

'What exactly did you tell him?'

I didn't know what else to ask, unable to believe she was being serious right now. However, without a doubt, her

words had given me a raging hardon at this point, and I wasn't sure if I was going to be able to make it go away anytime soon.

Shit!

Unexpectedly, I heard the front door open, only for Mr. Copeland's voice to call out into the house. "Michelle! Hey, you got a minute?"

I heard Avery's mom run to the open bedroom door, knowing from passively listening that she was half naked right now. "Fucking bastard!" she yelled at him. "Get out of my house!"

She then slammed the bedroom door shut, locking it and rushing back to her closet to get dressed. Unfortunately, Mr. Copeland didn't listen, suddenly hurrying up the stairs and down the hallway to what used to be *their* bedroom. He tried the handle first thing, but it was obviously locked.

The fact that he was in the house again did nothing to reduce my erection, because all I could think about was Mrs. Rebecca's words and remember how amazing fucking her had been last night. I read her message a second time, still unable to believe she was being real.

'My husband and I have a dom-sub relationship, even though he is quite masculine otherwise. He has gone a year without me fucking him before, and nearly six months without being able to watch me fuck either. I did it originally as an experiment to see if I could achieve a level of lust similar to what we experienced last night. It worked well back then, and my husband has accepted that I will do it again.'

In the meantime, Mr. Copeland spoke through the door, his tone mockingly sweet. "Honey, why is that boy in our bedroom?" he asked seriously. "And why is the door locked?"

Michelle was dressed now, but didn't go further than the bed as she responded. "It's locked because I'm changing," she said firmly. "And he's using the bathroom right now,

since the one downstairs is broken and the other one up here is trashed.”

“Do you think I’m stupid?” he snapped.

“I think it doesn’t matter either way,” she snapped right back. “You’re not my husband anymore, as far as I’m concerned. So you can just walk your cheating ass right on out of here, and go back to your little *hussy*, before I have the police escort you out of the house. Do you want to go to jail for trespassing?” she added seriously.

“Like hell am I going to leave,” he snapped again. “I’m staying right here until either he, or you, comes out.”

“Until either one of us *cums*?” she repeated with mock sweetness.

Holy fuck, Michelle really did want to make him jealous and get revenge.

And shit was he pissed. “You know what I mean!” he yelled.

My phone vibrated again in my hand, prompting me to ignore them as I focused on Mrs. Rebecca’s latest message, enthusiastic to find out what she told her husband.

‘Honestly? I told him I fucked our daughter’s boy-toy, and that it was the best sex I have ever had. I admitted that I think I am in love with you, and have decided that I won’t fuck him anymore until I decide how to handle this situation. I also asked him to agree to leave our bed, and possibly even leave the house, if I decide I want to fuck you and he also happens to be home. He has no problem with me having my fun, so it won’t be an issue.’

Holy hell.

Holy fucking hell.

My cock felt like it was going to explode. No way she was playing me. She was being completely honest. My hormones were definitely talking as I typed my next message.

‘So that makes you my woman then?’

Oh shit, the anxiety of waiting! And I had no idea how this was really going to work out. I had no idea how

Gabriella would feel about me messing with her parents' relationship, or if I even really was messing with it, since this was how they did things, right? Because they had a dom-sub relationship?

Because Mr. Watson regularly shared his wife with other men?

But if that was the case, how long would this go on? Would it be permanent?

Would her being my woman be a temporary thing?

Fuck, I really didn't know. But I also didn't really care right now.

Because I wanted her so bad.

Avery's parents were still arguing through the door, but I wasn't even listening at this point. Because I just didn't care. All of this felt so surreal, and it was definitely affecting my thinking. My *cock* was affecting my thinking.

I felt like I'd just claimed this sexy older woman as my own, and I actually liked it.

Fuck, I loved it.

In the back of my mind, I knew this was dangerously close to the kind of thing I feared from another incubus, and yet in this exact moment, I couldn't bring myself to care. Like, I didn't want to be the kind of person who stole women from others, even if that wasn't exactly what was going on here, and yet I felt overwhelmed with the sense of power it gave me.

Because it felt so wrong, and yet I loved how it made me feel, like I was high on a drug. I loved that Mrs. Rebecca was going to ask Mr. Watson to leave if I came over to fuck, and that he would even willingly do it.

Granted, I wasn't sure how I felt about that, having this guy who I hadn't even met just willingly allowing me to have my way with his wife, but I just couldn't bring myself to care right now.

Because this was amazing.

I got to have this sexy MILF, and it was *fucking amazing*!

I had no idea how this was going to work long-term, since I ironically wanted to keep Mrs. Rebecca for myself, but for now I was more than happy to be in an arrangement where she taught me to fuck safely, while also abstaining from sleeping with anyone else.

I focused on my phone again when it vibrated in my hand.

'Oh baby, you are so adorable. I suppose it does make me your woman. For now. Like I said, don't let it go to your head...but yes. I am not sure how I am going to go back to fucking normal men.'

Oh hell yes.

This was really happening.

This was *fucking* happening.

I stuck my phone in my pocket, feeling in a daze as I turned toward the door, everything just feeling surreal as I twisted the knob and stepped into the bedroom. Michelle immediately looked at me in surprise, likely shocked to see that I was fully transformed, only for her face to flush when she looked down at my raging hardon.

Without hesitation, I walked over to her and wrapped my arms around her body, causing her to gasp in surprise, her entire body shifting like mine. Suddenly, her hair was white, her face was gray, her eyes were star-eclipsed, and her lips and eyelids were frosted.

"Let's make your cheating husband jealous," I whispered, grinding my cock into her thigh. "Let's get you some revenge."

She stared at me in shock for half a second, before she melted in my arms, nodding adamantly as an adorable little whimper escaped her pale lips.

I leaned forward and pressed my mouth firmly into hers, moaning loudly as we began making-out passionately, her tongue eagerly slipping into my mouth, the noises loud enough to shut the bastard up on the other side of the locked door.

He seemed sincerely stunned.

And shit, I knew I'd allowed things to go to my head, but I just didn't care right now.

Because this sexy mom was also *my* woman.

My MILF.

And I was going to make that fact crystal clear right here and now.

I pulled away just long enough to speak, my tone thick with passion.

"I love you," I whispered, only to press my mouth into her frosted lips again.

She whimpered a second time in my grasp, her arousal thick in the air.

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(2) CHAPTER 32: DESIRE

It took all of ten seconds of passionately kissing Michelle, before her cheating husband recovered from the shock of the sounds we were making and spoke up from the other side of the door. Unsurprisingly, at first he couldn't believe what he was hearing and said that plainly, only to tell us to stop.

And when that didn't work, he became more aggressive, pounding on the door.

"Stop!" he nearly shrieked. "Stop before I kick down this door! What in the hell do you think you're doing, Michelle?! Is that boy even legal?! Are you seriously screwing with a kid?!"

Michelle finally pulled away, his words snapping her out of our lustful exchange.

"Like you're one to talk!" she yelled, her light gray face growing a little darker as her face flushed in anger, her dark gray freckles becoming a little less noticeable. "And how old is your little twit? *Nineteen*?! She can't even drink yet!"

"She's almost twenty!" he roared back, as if he was somehow countering her point.

"And you're more than twice her age!" she retorted aggressively, only for her tone to become more flat, even if it was still firm. "Now, I've actually never kissed this young man until just now. But you've pushed me to do it! You made me decide to give you a dose of your own medicine, and he's the closest thing available!"

Ouch. That stung a little.

Michelle immediately gave me an apologetic look, realizing what it sounded like she was saying. However, when her husband began stuttering as he tried to respond, she focused on the door again, her thin white eyebrows knitted together, the ring of white light in her azure and midnight eyes looking extra bright around her pupil.

“Now, you have one of two options. Either you leave, and I don’t call the police. Or you stay, and I’ll make you listen to me fuck this young man while the police are on their way!”

“The hell, Michelle?! You can’t be serious!”

“Don’t tempt me, bastard,” she hissed. “I’d like nothing more than to make you listen to a nice young man fuck me like you never could!”

“You’ll fuck him anyway if I leave!” he retorted.

“Actually, no, I won’t,” she said seriously. “I’m not in the mood at all,” she lied. “But I am very interested in making you feel like shit.”

Silence.

He was completely silent.

Honestly, I couldn’t imagine him leaving on his own, and started wondering how we might get out of this situation without it becoming a physical altercation. Or without actually getting the police involved, neither of which were ideal situations. Certainly, I could just manhandle the guy, but again that would mean it became a physical altercation.

Mr. Copeland cleared his throat. “Fine!” he snapped. “I’ll be sitting in my car on the curb down the street! Then we’ll see who is making up shit!”

“You go right ahead,” she hissed back. “We’ll be leaving in a couple of minutes either way. Now get the hell out. And if you follow us, I swear I’ll get a restraining order on you! The last thing I need is you harassing this boy’s sweet family that has been helping take care of us while you’ve been off fucking a barely legal girl!”

“Fucking bitch!” he yelled, surprising me when he stomped away and down the stairs.

Wow, was he really leaving?

I supposed he had no reason to believe she was lying about making him listen to her have sex with me, if for no other reason than revenge, and he'd be foolish to tempt her by hanging around longer. Not to mention, he also probably realized he sincerely had no right to be in this house and could really get arrested if she called the police on him.

That was assuming the house was only in her name, but I suspected it was after our conversation about the prenup and the way she spoke about this place.

Sighing, I decided to let Michelle go, knowing I'd really overstepped some major boundaries here. I'd been almost in a daze just a minute ago, thanks to the messages I'd received from Mrs. Rebecca, but now I was feeling more sober about the situation, realizing things could really get out of hand if this guy tried to show up at my home.

I mean, how far would I have to go to keep him away? Because killing Avery's dad wasn't exactly an option, nor should I even really be thinking in those kinds of terms, and he might actually get *me* arrested if I beat the shit out of him.

However, even as I released my grip on Michelle, I was surprised when she continued to hold on tightly.

"I'm so sorry, dear," she whispered, her star-eclipsed eyes looking ashamed. "I didn't mean anything offensive by what I said."

I shook my head. "You're fine," I replied gently. "But then, are we really going to leave in a couple of minutes, or are you wanting to do more stuff?" I paused. "Because I'd be more than happy to climb into bed with you," I added.

Of course, I knew we'd have to probably try to avoid actual orgasms, like I'd done with Serenity, but I was open to burning with passion up until that point.

Michelle grimaced. "I...I don't know, dear. There's my daughter to consider, and..." Her voice trailed off.

Knowing my hormones were beginning to speak, I cleared my throat.

"Umm, it's actually her fantasy," I blurted out, prompting the woman to look up at me in shock and confusion. I quickly elaborated. "Her deepest fantasy is having her mom sort of 'borrow her man' and show him how things are done in the bedroom, or something like that. I promise you I'm not making that up," I added.

She stared at me in disbelief, her star-eclipsed eyes mesmerizing, before sighing heavily. "I...I would need to speak with her first," she said quietly, obviously reluctant to hurt my feelings.

"That's okay," I agreed adamantly, shocked we were even having this discussion. It made me more bold, causing me to wrap my arms around her again. "But please, really do talk to her. Because I want you, Michelle, and I feel confident Avery would be okay with that too. As well as Gabriella and Serenity. In fact, Gabriella actually spoke with Avery about it, because my fiancé wants to share me with you too."

"Oh honey," she whispered, averting her gaze. "I...I think I want this," she admitted. "And I want to try working this out with you. But please let me talk to Avery first. My relationship with her is very important to me."

"Definitely," I agreed, suspecting I was being too intense now. I decided to let go again and take a step back, unsurprised when she allowed me to put some distance between us. "Really, that's fine. And thank you," I added.

"Thank you?" she said in surprise, focusing on me, her eyes slowly shifting back to their normal blue, even as her face and hair also transitioned to their usual colors. "For what?"

I shrugged, really wanting to reach out and stroke my fingers through her gorgeous blonde hair, but holding myself back. "For wanting me, I guess."

"Oh honey, how could I not want you?" she asked seriously. "You're perfect. You're kind and sweet and considerate. And also handsome and strong, and you stick up for those you love. You're also responsible and helpful, and you have your head on straight. And then there's the fact you worked so hard to save my life. So really, there's nothing to hate, dear."

I grinned at that.

Not that I was necessarily concerned that her willingness came from a passive influence I was having on her, having stopped caring about it at this point, but her listing off objective reasons why she liked me was kind of reassuring. Because it meant she did at least have some natural incentive to be interested in me, beyond the fact that I was half-incubus and capable of making women sincerely want me.

And for all I knew, maybe she had her own fantasies too - - the type of fantasy that I could fulfill.

"Oh, and I know we haven't known each other for long, but was it okay that I said, 'I love you,' just now?" I asked seriously. "Because I really feel that way, and I actually love that you're basically twice my age."

Instantly, her entire body shifted, looking embarrassed as hell.

I laughed. "I'll take that as a yes," I said playfully, enjoying it when she looked like she was in physical pain, she was so mortified at the mention of the age difference. But I could tell from her scent that that was part of what aroused her. I then took a deep breath, knowing I probably shouldn't tease her any further. "But anyway, I guess I'll go downstairs and try to cool off, and then I'll wait for you in the car, so your husband doesn't freak out and think we're doing stuff."

"T-Thank you, h-honey," Michelle stammered, unable to meet my gaze. "I'll be down in just a few minutes. Just need to pack a bag and then grab some of Avery's clothes too."

"Sure," I agreed, deciding to leave it at that. Because I kind of wanted to ask her to bring something sexy back with her, but decided that might be going too far.

Besides, I was also perfectly fine with naked.

Especially since I was confident Michelle was physically phenomenal without clothing. Really, all my women were, though I also certainly didn't mind having their bodies covered in something shiny, whether that be silk, leather, latex, vinyl, or anything similar.

Either way, I knew that I was going to have to take things slow with everyone at this point, since there was going to be a risk from having sex with me until I could learn how to sense the type of energy I absorbed. Or at least until Gabriella could learn to sense it.

Heading out the bedroom door, and downstairs, I realized Mr. Copeland hadn't gone as far as he claimed. Certainly, he was outside on the sidewalk, but he'd stopped after walking only a single house down, appearing as if he'd decided to wait to see if his wife was telling the truth.

I still had an erection, but figured I'd walk over to the front door to see how he'd react to me cracking it open.

Sure enough, the moment I opened it a couple of inches, he abruptly turned around and continued walking down the sidewalk, almost as if he was afraid of getting caught. When he finally reached his car, all of which I was only hearing, my cock had calmed down enough to be able to make it to my own car.

Stepping outside the house, my expression neutral, I didn't bother looking in his direction to see if he was watching now, opening my car noisily and then slamming my door shut. I then waited patiently for Michelle to finish gathering what she needed, wondering if she still planned on driving Avery's car back to my house.

When I heard her grab a different set of keys, I suspected that was still her intention, which I was perfectly fine with, minus the issue with Mr. Copeland still hanging out in his

own vehicle down the street. Because no way in hell was I going to let this asshole find out where I lived.

Wondering how I might handle the situation if he tried to follow us, I attempted to think of various solutions, only for Michelle to step out of the house...

Followed immediately by her cheating husband pulling off the curb and heading in our direction.

When she stopped at my window to remind me about taking her daughter's car, Mr. Copeland pulled to a stop in front of the driveway, effectively blocking us in.

"Michelle," he said firmly through his open window. "I have a right to know where my daughter is staying."

Avery's mom immediately straightened up as she glared at him. "No, you don't," she retorted. "Do you really think our eighteen-year-old daughter wants anything to do with you right now?" she demanded. "Not only are you dating someone her age, but you've all but abandoned us for a month now. Don't come crawling back thinking either of us wants anything to do with you. There's a reason why Avery didn't give the hospital staff your phone number."

He grimaced. "Michelle, don't be like this. I was really worried about you."

"Fuck off!" she snapped. "We want nothing to do with you, so go back to your whore! And I think I *will* get a restraining order against you, since you seem determined to continue harassing me."

"You fuck off," he snapped back, putting his car back in gear. "I don't even know why I bother trying to care," he added, only to speed off down the road.

Michelle sighed heavily.

"Let's just go," I whispered to her, grabbing her attention. "Don't worry about him right now. I'll follow you back to my place..." I paused. "Assuming you remember the way, from our trip here," I added.

She nodded. "I do, honey. And that sounds good. I have more things to worry about than him right now." She smiled

warmly. "Like figuring out how you and I are going to work," she said quietly.

Oh hell yes.

She really did want this to work out.

"Okay," I replied with a huge grin. "I guess I'll back up into the street and wait for you to pull in front of me."

"Okay, dear," she agreed, carrying her bag around to Avery's vehicle. She then climbed in after I'd pulled out, and we were on our way.

As might be expected, our trip back home was quiet since we were driving separately, but it wasn't too bad considering Avery and her mom only lived about fifteen minutes away. Like, the whole trip had been probably about forty-five minutes, with much of our time spent at Michelle's house being caused by Mr. Copeland wanting to argue with his wife.

However, when we finally pulled into my driveway, I knew it was long enough for Serenity to at least fully wake up, because I could hear her clicking open her shampoo in the shower. Alternatively, Gabriella and Avery were still sound asleep, cuddling in my bed.

And I wasn't sure I could be happier.

Especially now that my second MILF was hopefully going to talk to her daughter soon about sharing me with the two of them. Like, shit, was this even real? I knew it was, but damn it was almost too good to be true. And was it because I was half-incubus? Or would this have been possible if I was simply supernatural and nothing more?

Honestly, while having sex with random women probably wouldn't have been on the table, without it being something that I might truly need, I was actually inclined to believe that Gabriella and Serenity would have agreed to share me either way. And I was similarly inclined to believe that Avery and even her mom might both be willing to be a part of the relationship too, under the vital conditions that I was able to

save them after that car accident, since I was sure that had an influence on things.

But also especially because Avery secretly thought it would be hot for her mom to fuck the guy she'd been crushing on, and it seemed as if Michelle was also aroused by the idea of fucking a hot young stud. More than that, Michelle seemed to be into the idea of me roleplaying as her cub, even if she hadn't used that terminology herself, possibly being turned on by the taboo nature of a relationship involving a young man with a much older woman.

Granted, it also probably helped that she didn't have other adult male children my age, which might have otherwise made such a fantasy seem too real to want to roleplay it. But technically I could be considered her son-in-law if I married Avery one day, and even if I didn't legally marry her, I was sure this MILF would be happy to treat me as such either way.

Likewise, I was equally just as happy to treat her the same.

Granted, I knew I had to be patient for now. All in due time.

I focused on Michelle after we both climbed out of our respective cars. "Looks like Serenity is awake taking a shower, but Gabriella and Avery are still asleep," I explained, just to give her a heads up.

Michelle nodded. "I'll probably take a shower after Serenity is done, and then I'll see if I can speak with Avery once she gets up." She paused. "Might wake her up, if she doesn't on her own in the next hour or so, since talking about all this is kind of important."

I tried not to grin. "Just know that what I told you is really true, and that she's anxious about you thinking she's messed up in the head. You'll probably have to make it clear right away that it's your fantasy too, so she doesn't feel so bad."

Michelle's cheeks flushed at my assumption, clearing her throat as she began hurrying toward the house. "Umm, of course," she agreed quietly, looking super embarrassed.

However, once we got inside, she realized there wasn't really anywhere for her to go, other than the living room or kitchen. Thus, she just set her bag and purse down by the door, and then went into the kitchen to begin warming up breakfast again, since Serenity was at least up.

Not wanting Michelle to feel awkward with me just standing around, I decided to step into the living room to respond to Mrs. Rebecca's message, rereading her last message after I asked her if the decision to not sleep with her husband indefinitely meant she was my woman now.

'Oh baby, you are so adorable. I suppose it does make me your woman. For now. Like I said, don't let it go to your head...but yes. I am not sure how I am going to go back to fucking normal men.'

Her words sincerely put a grin on my face, even though I wasn't sure how this was going to work out long-term, in practice. Still, while I definitely loved both Serenity and Gabriella, I wasn't sure that my sexual experiences with them were ever going to compare to Mrs. Rebecca Watson.

Not that the amount of pleasure was the most important thing, nor did that imply that having sex with anyone else wouldn't feel good.

No, as much as it felt good, Mrs. Rebecca could never take Serenity's place in my heart, or even the place of Gabriella.

But the level of raw passion and lust I experienced with this sexy mature woman felt like it was an entirely different level of ecstasy from anything I'd ever experienced before. Like, I honestly wasn't sure I would ever experience it again with another person.

At the very least, while I didn't feel like I was ruined for other women, I could certainly understand how she might feel like she couldn't go back to sleeping with normal men. I

hoped she didn't end up resenting me for that one day, but for now I couldn't deny it made me probably more happy than I should be.

More *accomplished* than I should be, as well.

Deciding to plop down on the couch, hearing that it sounded like Serenity might be almost done with rinsing off in the shower, I decided to send Mrs. Watson a response.

'Not to sound like a selfish idiot, but that makes me really happy. Like, I'm kind of worried how your daughter will feel about that, since we're talking about her dad, even if he's okay with it for now. But at the same time, I want you so bad.'

I then took a deep breath as I focused on the empty fireplace, my mind beginning to wander as I thought about last night and today, unable to believe so many amazing things had happened in such a short amount of time. However, when I heard Michelle sigh heavily in the kitchen, sounding like she was typing a message on her phone, I again recalled the black stone due to her previous reaction to it.

Shit, we never did ask Gabriella's mom about it, and I still felt like that was a major priority.

More than that.

As amazing as sex with Mrs. Rebecca had been, I kind of felt dumb all of a sudden, especially recalling how severely Michelle reacted to the stone. Like, we might be dealing with something really dangerous here, and I'd chosen to have sex, instead of dealing with a potentially life-threatening issue.

Dammit, I needed to get my priorities straight.

Granted, I felt like what happened last night was sincerely important as well, since I myself could possibly be dangerous to those I slept with, but still...

Lifting up my phone again, about to mention the subject to Gabriella's mom, I was surprised when it vibrated in my hand, indicating she'd already gotten back to me.

'Baby boy, you are fine. Don't trouble yourself with those thoughts. And...well, I want you bad too. So don't worry about it. Let me and my husband figure out how we'll handle this long-term.'

Frowning slightly, feeling much more sober about the situation, now that I was thinking about the mystery rock again, I began responding with a more serious message.

'Thank you, Mrs. Rebecca. For wanting me. Also, I need to talk to you about something a bit more serious. My birth parents left me something strange in a lockbox, and we wanted to ask you about it. Kind of forgot about it last night. But if possible, I was wondering if we could come over again today, so I can show you.'

I sent it and then looked over my shoulder when I heard Michelle walking out of the kitchen.

"Hey, everything alright?" I wondered, seeing her expression was a little reserved.

She hesitated briefly, probably realizing I'd heard her heavy sigh just a moment ago, only to continue on into the living room, walking around the couch to stand to my side. "Umm, yeah. That was just my husband messaging me again. Wanted to argue more, so I just told him I wasn't in the mood right now."

I nodded, not really sure what to say about that. "Serenity is almost done in the bathroom, by the way," I commented.

Surprisingly, she didn't seem surprised. "Umm, yeah. I can actually kind of hear her."

"Oh," I replied. "Makes sense. All of your senses should be improving."

She nodded, not responding, but seeming like she wanted to say something.

"What's up?" I finally prompted when she just held my gaze hesitantly.

Michelle finally sighed heavily, glancing away. "Well, it's about my husband. Are you...are you okay with me talking

to him?" she asked, only to abruptly focus on me. "Because I kind of have to," she quickly clarified. "At least until the divorce happens."

I shrugged, really not having a problem with that, especially after seeing them argue. "You do what you need to do," I replied simply, only to continue. "Like, I'm not about to try controlling your life," I added, only to pause when she visibly relaxed. "Of course, if you decide you want to be more involved in my life, like what we talked about a little bit ago, then I'd really want you to be committed to the relationship."

She looked stunned. "Oh, of course, honey. I would never..." She sighed heavily, glancing away. "I've *always* been faithful to my husband, dear. And if you and I..." She hesitated as she focused back on me, seeming embarrassed. "Well, I promise that I'll be just as serious. I won't ever do anything that you might perceive as cheating."

"Thank you," I replied warmly, deciding not to apologize for the fact that the rules wouldn't exactly be fair, since I might theoretically sleep around, even while I expected them to be faithful to me. But thankfully, she didn't seem bothered by that.

Although, I knew I probably shouldn't be sleeping around, assuming it wasn't truly necessary...

I should be faithful to them...

I shouldn't cheat on my women...

Michelle gave me a small smile, in response to my appreciation. "You're very welcome, sweetie. Anything for you."

I gave her another small smile, only to check my phone when I felt it vibrate again, eager to find out what Mrs. Watson had to say.

'Of course you can come over, sweetie. My home is always open to you. Even if it's in the middle of the night and unannounced, you are welcome here. Doesn't matter if

I'm asleep. Doesn't matter if my husband is home. Our home is open to you. Come when you want.'

Oh shit, that made me way happier than I expected, doing my best to not grin too much, since I didn't want to have to explain all this to Michelle at the moment.

However, thankfully, I had an excuse to direct my attention elsewhere when Serenity stepped out of the bathroom and began heading down fully dressed in jeans and a white dress shirt she might wear to work, prompting us both to glance toward the stairs. She paused when she focused on us in the living room, giving me a hesitant look.

"Everything okay?" I asked seriously, uncertain about her expression.

She sighed, and then made her way the rest of the way down, walking just to the entrance of the living room.

"Sorry, it's just weird being able to hear things I'm not used to hearing."

"You heard our conversation," I assumed.

She nodded. "Sort of. Like, I don't think it's even close to your hearing yet, because normally I would have at least heard murmurs from the bathroom. But now, I was able to make out the words," she said, only to focus on Michelle. "And I'm fine with you being a part of all this. We kind of talked about it already. Avery included."

"Oh." Michelle paused, looking embarrassed. "Umm, yeah. Kai did mention that."

Serenity nodded, glancing at me again. "So..." she said hesitantly. "What's the plan for today?

I took a deep breath. "We kind of need to visit Gabriella's mom again to discuss the black stone. She didn't get a chance to look much into it, and I'm hoping that maybe she might be a bit more helpful today." Of course, I'd sort of told Avery's mom a little white-lie, since I didn't want to admit I'd fucked Mrs. Rebecca, so I didn't want to flat out admit that the sexy mature woman didn't look at it at all.

However, I realized I needed to make more of an effort to start being honest with everyone, knowing that respect was going to be fundamental to this polygamous relationship working out. That, and lying could be a slippery slope if I wasn't careful.

Serenity nodded hesitantly. "Okay, so then..." She paused. "Is it okay if I come along too?"

I looked at her in surprise, wondering if how she was acting was due to what I'd admitted to her last night, about the sexual experience I shared with Mrs. Watson. I really hoped she wasn't jealous. Although, even if she was truly doing fine right now, I suspected that trying to avoid her meeting Mrs. Rebecca would probably push her over that edge.

However, I didn't answer her right away, because I was about to suggest that I would need to ask Gabriella's mom, only to stop myself.

No. That was the wrong approach.

Considering everything that Mrs. Rebecca just told me about coming over whenever I wanted, I realized that she was giving me a very clear signal that my role in her life was a dominant one. Sure, it was obvious she liked to be dominant sexually, and I was perfectly fine with that, but she had basically told me that I didn't need permission from her. For anything.

I could do what I wanted.

I could come over when I wanted, I could fuck her when I wanted, and I suspected I was more than welcome to invite anyone over that I wanted.

I mean, shit, she'd made it pretty clear that even her husband was fine with me coming over whenever I wanted, even if it was in the middle of the night. Not to mention, the very fact that she was putting off fucking other men, including her husband, kind of made a very clear statement about her willingness to submit to my desires.

Because I hadn't even asked her to stop screwing anyone else, and yet she was going to, simply because she probably suspected that's what I wanted. Like, I doubted that having sex with me truly made it so she couldn't enjoy it with someone else.

No, I suspected the real issue was that she didn't want to risk me denying her sex, simply because I wasn't thrilled she was sleeping with other people.

Or maybe not?

I wasn't sure, honestly, but I felt like I had permission to do what I wanted for now.

Focusing on my phone again, I quickly typed out a message, knowing Serenity was patiently waiting for a response from me.

'Okay. I will be over maybe in about an hour, with Gabriella and Serenity.'

I then focused on Serenity. "Yes, I want you to come with us," I replied warmly, watching her visibly relax. "And that should give time for Michelle and Avery to talk about things," I added, glancing over at the person in question.

Michelle only nodded, seeming nervous about the entire idea of it -- having that kind of discussion with her daughter.

"In the meantime," I continued. "Do you want to grab something to eat while I wake Gabriella up?"

Serenity gave me a warm smile. "Sure. Just please don't get too carried away without me. If you're going to end up doing something, I'd like to be there too."

I smirked at her, loving it when Michelle abruptly shifted entirely, her hair white, her skin a supple light gray, her eyes star-eclipsed while her lips and eyelids were frosted.

"We won't get carried away," I reassured Serenity, both of us graciously ignoring the sexy MILF's abrupt transformation. "There are too many other important things to focus on right now."

She nodded, continuing to give me a warm smile as she turned around to head to the kitchen. I got up as well, and

made my way upstairs, briefly surprised when I heard a soft kiss coming from my bedroom.

"Good morning, sleepyhead," I heard Gabriella say affectionately.

Avery yawned loudly. "Wow, I haven't slept that well in forever."

My fiancé giggled, planting another kiss on the sexy blonde, before speaking again. "I hear someone. Maybe our man is coming to wake us up?"

I cracked open the door then, prompting both women to focus on me, a grin on Gabriella's face while Avery just looked a little embarrassed for some reason.

"Good morning, baby," my fiancé said warmly.

"Good morning, cuties," I replied, loving it when Avery's skin began tanning at the implied compliment. I'd actually forgotten that Gabriella was wearing those purple silk pajamas again, a bunch of fun memories suddenly at the forefront of my thoughts. "Michelle made breakfast for everyone, and then I was actually talking to your mom this morning, Gabriella, and I'd like to go over there to discuss the stone more."

"More?" Gabriella repeated in confusion, knowing very well that we'd completely forgotten about it.

I quickly stepped into the room, turning the lights on before I closed the door behind me. Neither of them seemed affected by the abrupt brightness.

"Sorry," I said quietly, having both of their attentions now. "I didn't want to admit to Avery's mom that we didn't talk about the stone at all. And now I feel horrible for lying about it, but I don't know what else to do."

The two girls exchanged a glance, only for Gabriella to sit up. "I wouldn't stress to much about it right now," she replied reassuringly. "And technically, I did mention the stone and letter to my mom, so it's not exactly a lie. Besides we're kind of in an awkward situation right now, and it'll

probably remain that way unless you and Michelle become more intimate.”

Instantly, Avery shifted, her hair turning white like her mom’s, while her skin tanned, her eyes becoming black and icy blue, while her lips and eyelids became frosted.

“So about that,” I commented, trying not to grin at my classmate’s reaction, still speaking to Gabriella. “I figured you and I could go over to your mom’s house, and bring Serenity along with us, so they can meet. And then that will give Avery and her mom a chance to talk about things.”

Gabriella’s brow furrowed. “Are you sure Michelle’s ready to discuss that?”

I nodded. “Yeah, we were both up earlier and ended up talking about it.”

“R-Really?” Avery finally chimed in, looking shocked. “What did she say?”

I smiled warmly at her. “She basically said she was interested, but that her relationship with you is very important, and she wanted to make sure you were okay with it first.” I paused when she stared at me in disbelief. “She also doesn’t think you’re messed up in the head, and from what I can tell, she has similar interests as you. Or rather, her interests *compliment* yours.”

“Oh shit,” Avery hissed, abruptly covering her tan transformed face with her hands. “This is so embarrassing.”

“It’s embarrassing for her too,” I said gently. “Like, it’s not just you that feels weird about admitting what you really want.”

Avery sighed heavily, finally dropping her hands and nodding.

“So,” Gabriella continued, focusing on me. “I guess that means we won’t be having fun at my mom’s house, will we?”

I shrugged. “I mean, the black stone thing is pretty important. We probably should have made that a priority

last night, though I do admit I'm not sure I would have done anything different if given a second chance."

"Me either!" Gabriella said cheerfully with a satisfied grin. "I never really understood what my mom was saying about the sexual energy thing, but *wow*, do I notice a difference now. Like, I felt energized the first few times we did stuff, but this is entirely different. I feel really good. Best I've ever felt."

"W-Wait," Avery stammered, her tan cheeks flushed. "A-Are you saying that y-you..."

"Yep!" Gabriella said playfully. "It was the best. The two of them were so hot together."

Avery covered her eyes again, looking embarrassed as hell. I paused briefly when I heard Michelle making her way upstairs, sounding as if she might be heading to the bathroom for the shower.

"Be happy to do that with your mom too," I added more quietly, just to mess with my classmate a little. "Although," I said more seriously. "Gabriella kind of needs to learn how to sense the energy I absorb first, whenever I have sex."

My fiancé frowned at that.

"Not that I'm putting the burden on you," I quickly clarified to my busty redhead, concerned she took it the wrong way. "It's just I feel like you're going to sense it long before I do, and the alternative is me not being able to sleep with anyone until I figure it out."

Her green eyes widened in surprise. "Oh. No, that's fine, baby. I completely understand, and I'm more than happy to do that for you, since it means I get to watch every time," she said with a grin, elbowing Avery gently in the shoulder.

My classmate just shook her face into her hands, looking as embarrassed as ever.

"Anyway," I continued. "I really want to make this stone thing a priority, so if we could leave in the next half hour, that would be preferable."

“Sure,” Gabriella agreed, slipping out of bed and standing up, the heavy purple silk clinging to her sexy curves and busty chest. “I’ll go grab something to eat downstairs and then get changed. I’ll worry about a shower later, since it sounds like someone is already in it.” She then glanced down at Avery. “You coming?”

My hot classmate shook her head, still covering her face. “I can’t see my mom right now. I can’t handle the embarrassment.”

I sighed. “Your mom is actually the one who just got in the shower, so you should be fine.” I paused when she tentatively looked up at me, her eyes still black and icy blue. “But I’d really like you to talk to her about this,” I said gently. “I know it’s hard, but if we’re going to get past this awkward part, then it needs to happen.”

Avery sighed heavily, before dropping her hands entirely and focusing down on the floor. She then took a deep breath. “I guess if it’s for you, then I’ll force myself to do it.” She sighed. “I mean, I *want* to do it. I want to share you with her. But it’s just...well, hard. Hard to talk about.”

“Thank you,” I replied simply.

She focused up at me again, and then smiled warmly.

“You’re welcome, Kai. And thank *you*. For making me better after the accident, and for wanting me.”

I returned the smile. “You’re welcome,” I echoed. “Now, how about we all head to the kitchen for breakfast. I ate a bit earlier, but I could definitely eat some more.”

They both nodded eagerly in sync, Gabriella dashing over to wrap her arms around mine, and Avery climbing out of bed to join us.

Shit, I had to admit, I felt like I couldn’t have been happier.

(3) CHAPTER 33: TEST

After a quick breakfast with Serenity, Gabriella, and Avery, my first two women then proceeded to thank Michelle for the meal now that she was out of the shower, only for us to make haste in piling into the car so we could head over to Mrs. Watson's house to discuss the midnight stone.

I was the first outside, since I had to retrieve the black wooden chest from the back shed, making sure I walked far away from the house on my way to the car, so that Michelle didn't get sick being around the smooth shiny rock.

Then, once we were actually saying our goodbyes, I gave Avery and Michelle a big hug at the same time, both of them fully transformed already from the anticipation of discussing the topic of sharing me with each other.

Seeing Avery's mom transformed was actually kind of interesting, because I'd seen Michelle seem sincerely pissed and not even show a hint of shifting, whereas it appeared that the emotion of 'embarrassment' did it to both of them.

Granted, it did it to me too, but so did sincere anger.

I also suspected they'd end up discussing what to do tomorrow about Avery going to her classes, as well as the rest of the school year. We only had a few more weeks left before we both graduated high school, but if my classmate couldn't keep her emotions under control at school, then we were going to run into a big problem, since it was vital our secret *remain* a secret.

Personally, as I thought about it a little on the way to Mrs. Watson's house, I wasn't sure how I felt about the situation. I mean, sure it was risky to have Avery go to

school when she wasn't used to her new supernatural body yet, but I also felt like making that decision for her would communicate that I didn't trust her.

Besides, I personally managed to keep it under control day-after-day, and I suspected Avery could learn just fine too. Which meant she might take the week off, at most, just so she could practice, with the biggest skill she needed to develop being that she learned how to control *where* the transformation occurred.

If she could just keep the transformation underneath her clothes while she collected herself, or was able to keep it in her eyes and close those, then she'd be just fine.

On the way, Serenity and Gabriella socialized a little bit, including discussing the situation with Mrs. Watson -- specifically the sex part. Serenity reassured Gabriella that she understood and was fine with it, and also admitted she was kind of glad there was someone to teach us in the first place, so we didn't accidentally hurt anyone.

Serenity also disclosed that she and I had finally gotten a bit more intimate too, but that we were really careful, considering the risks...

To which Gabriella playfully complained, wishing she could have watched, only to set off Serenity's transformation, which prompted a slew of apologies from my fiancé. However, once Serenity collected herself, being curled over in her seat so no one saw, she then admitted she wouldn't mind that either, but really wanted to share her first time with me alone.

Gabriella ended up apologizing about that as well, saying she completely understood and didn't mean to sound selfish. To which Serenity reassured her again that she didn't view it that way...

Honestly, it was kind of fun listening to them go through cycles of apologizing and reassuring each other, because it was a very clear indication that they truly liked each other

and wanted all this to work out. Neither of them wanted to accidentally step on the other's toes and cause discord.

They wanted to get along.

They wanted this to work.

And I couldn't be happier.

When we finally arrived at Mrs. Watson's house, the busty redhead MILF answered the door wearing normal attire, including regular faded jeans, coupled with a vibrant green blouse that really made her emerald eyes and curly crimson hair pop.

Shit, how was she so hot even in normal clothing?

She really did have almost the same proportions as Gabriella, except that she was noticeably thicker, while still being as thin as hell in the waist and other noticeable areas like her arms.

Fuck, she was hot.

And I wasn't the only one who took notice.

"Oh my God, you're so beautiful," Serenity blurted out with wide brown eyes, readjusting her grip on the black wooden chest in her hands.

Mrs. Rebecca just gave her a warm smile. "Well, thank you very much, sweetie," she said sincerely. "You must be--"

She quickly interjected. "Serenity, ma'am. It's nice to meet you. And sorry, Gabriella just told me you were in your fifties, so I wasn't expecting you to look so young."

Mrs. Watson only grinned wider. "It's a succubus thing," she replied sincerely. "My own mother, Gabriella's grandmother, still looked fairly young right up until the day she passed of old age." She paused when Serenity and I both gave her sympathetic expressions at that news. "Oh, don't look like that," she said gently. "She lived a full life, much longer than a normal person. She gave birth to me when she was older than I am now, which is why she's no longer with us. There was quite a gap in age between us, since it is difficult for descendants of succubi to have

children,” she explained patiently. “Now, why don’t you all come inside, so I can see what it is you have to show me.”

I nodded, following the mature woman through the door, while Serenity and Gabriella were hot on my heels, with the latter closing the door behind us so that we were all in the main foyer area. I then turned toward Serenity just inside, to request the black box from her.

“Just please don’t touch the stone,” Serenity said seriously, obvious concern in her tone.

“Of course,” I replied, taking the chest from her and turning toward Mrs. Watson.

Gabriella’s mom looked between us briefly, before gesturing for us to follow her in the living room. “Come, let’s sit down,” she suggested.

I nodded, with Gabriella taking the lead this time as she followed her mom, Serenity and I close behind. Of course, I couldn’t help but focus on the nearest of the two L-shaped leather couches, specifically the one we’d fucked on the previous night, but I quickly averted my gaze when Mrs. Rebecca sat on the other one, knowing I needed to keep my thoughts focused.

Since Mrs. Watson had sat at the inside corner, I sat down adjacent from her, our knees only inches apart, while Serenity plopped down right beside me, and Gabriella sat next to her.

Again, our host looked between me and Serenity a second time, before focusing on the black wooden box.

“So what is this?” she prompted the moment everyone was seated.

“Well, we honestly don’t know exactly,” I explained, beginning to open the lid carefully. “There is a letter inside from my biological father that says it’s a catalyst containing a message for me.” I paused when she nodded like she knew what I was talking about, only to feel like an idiot when I recalled that Gabriella had told me twice now she mentioned it to her mom. I quickly continued. “However, my

classmate's mother, Michelle, senses something very bad coming from this 'catalyst thing,' and we didn't know who we could ask."

Mrs. Rebecca nodded again, focusing back down into the chest. "I don't have a lot of experience with magical items, but I can definitely take a look," she offered. "Do you mind if I touch it?"

"Oh, of course," I quickly agreed. "And feel free to read the note too. I just promised Michelle I wouldn't touch it myself."

Mrs. Watson nodded again, reaching her delicate hand inside and gently grasping the note first. She then carefully unfolded it, commenting on all the wrinkles. "Seems like maybe someone took out a bit of frustration on this piece of parchment."

I cleared my throat uncomfortably. "Umm, yeah, I sort of did," I admitted. "I just got a little upset about what it says about Serenity."

Mrs. Rebecca immediately focused on me again, eyeing me carefully, before glancing at Serenity and holding her gaze for a second too. She then looked back down without another word.

I had no idea what was on the woman's mind, seeing Serenity shift her weight in the corner of my eye, but decided not to bring it up right now.

Recalling what was written in the letter, I was surprised that Mrs. Watson didn't react much to it, seeming to have a perfect poker face as she learned about my origins, learned the role of Serenity as being a gift to me, read about the issue with there being a delay in my living with them, the implications of my father's power to compel others, the fact that he was allowing me to live as I pleased, and then finally the part about the stone.

Her eyes finally narrowed just slightly, learning how it was a catalyst with a message from my mother, as well as

how it was activated, and also that the person in question couldn't be compelled by him for an unknown reason.

However, once I was sure Mrs. Rebecca had reached the bottom, she remained silent for a long few seconds, only to finally focus up at me, her expression impassive.

"Can you do this? Make another person do what you want?"

Suddenly alarmed, I immediately looked away, unexpectedly feeling ashamed, and extremely nervous about how she was going to react to that. Shit, I hadn't really thought too much about that aspect prior to her reading, with me only now realizing that single revelation was probably a tiny little *nuclear bomb* of information that stuck out to her above all else.

Fuck, I knew Gabriella had shared a lot, but obviously that wasn't something she mentioned, and I could imagine why -- her mom wouldn't have dared meet me then. But then, that made me wonder what else my fiancé had neglected to mention...

"I'm assuming that's a yes," Mrs. Rebecca said quietly, in response to my reaction.

"I would never do that to you, or anyone else I cared about," I replied somberly. "I only did it to Serenity once accidentally."

Serenity immediately spoke up. "Yeah, but you didn't really make me do anything, aside from when we practiced. You just lowered my inhibitions for me to do what I already wanted deep down."

Mrs. Rebecca's tone was reserved, speaking to Serenity. "And what did you do?" she wondered seriously.

Serenity looked at her in surprise. "Oh, well the first time I just kissed him. But that's all. And then when we practiced, he just had me do pushups," she added with a grimace.

Unexpectedly, a small smile touched Mrs. Rebecca's full lips as she glanced at me. "You were hoping he'd make you

do something more fun," she said bluntly in obvious amusement.

Serenity focused on her in surprise, her face flushing red just slightly, some of her brown hair darkening in the back, only to quickly return to normal. "Umm, sort of," she admitted, glancing away.

Dang, Serenity handled that 'almost-transformation' pretty well, although I knew it might just be because she wasn't as embarrassed as she might be otherwise, since it was obvious Mrs. Watson knew about our relationship.

However, that suddenly made a particular thought jump to the forefront of my thoughts...

Did Mrs. Rebecca know about that? The fact I could change people?

Obviously, she knew I could transform, but did she know her daughter could too? Did she know I'd changed her daughter permanently?

I mean, surely she must!

Especially considering my fiancé was likely transformed last night...

But suddenly all I could think about was the fact that Gabriella still looked normal when shifted. She looked normal!

Which meant, while I felt as if it was unlikely, it was very possible Mrs. Rebecca either hadn't noticed the more tan skin, or else possibly my fiancé gave a totally different excuse to explain it. Fuck, I needed to ask Gabriella as soon as I got a chance, since I knew that might be another aspect of my existence that her mom might want to know about.

Dammit, for all I knew, Serenity shifting right now might have given this woman a figurative heart-attack from the shock.

Gabriella's mom unexpectedly frowned then, as she focused back on me, meeting and holding my gaze...

Remaining completely silent.

Awkwardly silent.

I cleared my throat, suspecting she was probably still focused on the compulsion thing. "That doesn't, like, bother you a bunch, does it?" I asked hesitantly.

Her brow furrowed slightly. "I looked into your gold eyes last night without fear. But now..." She took a deep breath, still holding my normal colored gaze. "After the experience we shared, I want to trust you. After learning about how Gabby feels about you, I want to trust you. But if you can really do such a thing, then...well, it's a tough pill to swallow."

I grimaced, wondering if this was a nice way to tell me that we wouldn't be fucking anymore.

"I understand," I said simply, glancing away again, trying to hide my grief.

"Mom," Gabriella said hesitantly, seeming to pick up on the same thing as I was. Or at least picking up on my reaction.

However, Mrs. Watson just shook her head, immediately silencing her. She then sighed. "So, do you mind if I take a look at the stone now?"

I nodded, still averting my gaze, the opened box in my lap. "Umm, yeah. Sure, go ahead."

She nodded as well, neatly folding the piece of paper, only to replace it and carefully grasp the smooth midnight rock in the same motion. She then held it in her open palm, slowly drawing it closer to her face, as if she were peering beyond the smooth black surface. At the same time, she appeared to be working her mouth a little, as if she was chewing on her tongue.

She then unexpectedly spat on the rock.

Instantly, her entire body went rigid, her green eyes flying open wide, even as her spit loudly sizzled and rapidly disappeared, as if the rock was a piece of hard lava.

"Mom!" Gabriella nearly shrieked, jumping up from her seat next to Serenity.

I jumped up too, reaching out to grab her shoulder, only for her to thaw out the moment I made contact.

"Calm down," she chastised us both immediately. "I'm alright."

I quickly let go, not wanting to overstep her boundaries, when I suddenly wasn't even sure I was welcome to touch her anymore. However, she didn't seem to react to my touch either way, still focusing on the rock.

"Shit, mom," Gabriella said in relief. "Warn us next time."

She shook her head, glancing up at her daughter and then focusing down at the stone again. "I wouldn't have been able to warn you, as this is the first time I've come into contact with such a powerful object."

Gabriella and I exchanged a glance across from Serenity, both of us deciding to sit back down, before my fiancé spoke up again. "And what does it do?"

Mrs. Watson frowned, glancing up at me. "This *is* definitely a message, but I can also confirm there is something else here too. Something that's not a message. However, I am not magically adept enough to determine what it is, or if it's even bad." She paused. "I would assume it's bad, considering how the woman you spoke of, Michelle, reacted to it."

Shit, did that mean that Michelle was someone more magically adept? Was that why she could sense that there was something bad here? Or did that even have anything to do with it?

"But you know it's a message?" I tried clarifying.

Mrs. Rebecca nodded. "Yes, since I saw the 'greeting.' A greeting that is only revealed to those who are not meant to listen to the message."

I stared at her in shock. "You did? How? In your head?"

She nodded. "Yes. A rather appealing female voice said..." She paused. "Well, it was short enough, so I'll just quote her. She said, '*Hello, this contains a message for my precious little boy. Please ensure he receives it.*'"

I just stared at her in shock, feeling stunned at the idea of that being what Mrs. Rebecca really heard, as well as the possible implications, assuming the woman speaking was truly sincere.

It was really from my mom, and it didn't sound like the message was meant to be a bad thing.

But then, that could only mean someone added a bad thing to it.

My father? Would he do that?

Or was it possible a third unknown party was responsible?

After a few seconds, Mrs. Rebecca continued. "No doubt, that particular greeting was meant for your biological father, or whoever she initially gave the stone to. Otherwise, if she expected a stranger to come across this, then she might have given more specific details of where either you or she might be located, in order to deliver or return the stone."

I felt like my head was spinning as I tried to wrap my thoughts around this.

"So then, there really is a message. But something else possibly bad is there too," I said, just repeating the obvious out loud.

She nodded, her brow furrowing as she focused on the rock in her hand again. "Yes, it appears that is the case..." She paused, only to sigh. "I know someone I might be able to ask, but getting a favor from her can be problematic. Especially if it's a favor for you."

I focused on her in surprise. "Why is that? Because I'm part-incubus?"

She nodded slowly. "That is exactly the reason why." She frowned. "Unfortunately, the few people I know who have any kind of supernatural lineage all have a distaste for incubi in particular."

I frowned as well. "Yeah, I can imagine why. Hard to blame them."

Mrs. Watson looked at me in surprise, only to frown again as she reached over to return the stone to the black wooden chest. "Hey, can I speak to you in private for a moment?" she asked seriously.

I was shocked, seeing in the corner of my eye that both Serenity and Gabriella were shocked too, the two of them glancing at each other and then me. And then I began feeling nervous, wondering if she planned on telling me plainly that she wouldn't be able to teach me anymore, especially since I couldn't imagine what else she might want to share in private.

Fuck.

Fuck, fuck, *fuck*.

I sighed heavily. "Umm, yeah, that's fine."

She nodded, standing up and focusing on her daughter. "We'll be right back. There's just something I want to ask him really quick."

"Oh, umm, okay," Gabriella replied hesitantly, exchanging another glance with Serenity. "No problem. We'll just make ourselves comfortable."

"Please do," she agreed warmly, only to motion to me to follow her.

Due to the nearest low coffee table being in the way, we ended up going the long way around the couch, toward the humungous widescreen TV on the wall, and then back toward my two women as we made our way to the stairs. I tried not to look at them, simply because I didn't want to exchange an awkward glance and reveal I was really uncomfortable right now.

When we reached the stairs, I could see the well-kept kitchen just beyond them, quickly focusing up at Mrs. Rebecca as she began climbing, trying not to lust over her juicy ass in those tight jeans, never mind her thick thighs, especially when I knew the thing she wanted to talk to me about might not be pleasant.

There were still a few rooms I hadn't investigated in the house, so I had to admit my curiosity piqued just a little when she headed to our right in the nice foyer area, where there was a bar setup and pool table, heading toward one of the other doors.

When she opened it up, and turned on the light, I was surprised to find a cozy little TV room, that had two three-seater leather couches lining the sides, as well as a center coffee table and a widescreen TV on the wall, significantly smaller than the one downstairs. The walls were also carpeted, much like a movie theater, as if an effort was made to make this room more soundproof than the others.

"You have a lot of TV spaces," I commented, just trying to say anything to help ease the tension, walking past her as she ushered me in.

She smiled slightly as she paused in the doorway. "Yes, well, this is one of the main rooms my husband and I use when we have company over," she admitted.

I looked at her in surprise as I turned to face her, glancing over my shoulder at the couches. "You mean..." My voice trailed off.

She nodded, garnering my attention again. "Yes, usually my husband takes one couch, while I take the other with whatever hot stud I've brought home. Lots of fun happens in here. And it's pretty soundproof, so we can speak freely without being heard."

Damn, I didn't know how to respond to that. "I...I see," I managed after a second.

She continued. "Now, if you'll just wait a moment, I actually need to pee really fast, and will be right back."

All I could do was nod again, feeling awkward about being in this room when she closed the door, leaving me alone. I could hear just fine though, listening to her slip off to her bedroom, only to enter into the master bathroom and pee just like she said. She then opened a few drawers, with

it sounding like she was brushing some of her red curly hair a little, before returning.

When she opened the door, I realized she'd put her thick red hair up in a high ponytail, which shockingly emphasized her gorgeous angular face even more, making her seem as if she'd changed outfits, even though her clothing was the same.

Dammit, she was so fucking hot.

However, as she stepped inside the room, and closed the door behind her, she then leaned against the exit, instead of continuing on further.

She didn't say anything at all, just examining me quietly while I stood there, looking like the bustiest and hottest fucking model on the planet.

After a second, I cleared my throat, averting my gaze when I recalled what she might want to discuss. "So, umm, what did you want to talk about?" I asked hesitantly, glancing at her briefly and then looking away again.

She frowned at that, remaining silent for what quickly became a *painful* handful of seconds. After what felt like forever, she spoke. "On a scale of one to ten, how much do you care about that girl downstairs? Serenity."

I looked at her in surprise, completely shocked that she was asking me this, of all things. "Oh, umm, ten," I replied hesitantly.

She inclined her chin slowly, seeming to stare me down like she was peering into my very soul. "And on a scale of one to ten, how much did you enjoy fucking me last night?"

I gawked at her, again totally shocked. "Ten," I replied confidently, after having paused for only a second. "Well, probably eleven," I then added, doubting I'd ever experience sex that amazing ever again. At least, not if it wasn't with her.

She nodded again. "So then, if you had to choose between me and her, who would it be?"

The fuck?

I stared at her in complete shock.
Why was she asking me this right now?
Shit, I was so confused!
Was this not about her refusing to have sex with me
anymore?

“Wait,” I said in complete disbelief. “So are you saying
you still plan on teaching me?”

Her eyes narrowed slightly. “Is that what I just asked
you?”

Shit.

Shit, no it was not what she just asked me. She asked me
if I’d give up Serenity for her.

Fuck.

FUCK!

I grimaced as I looked away. “Sorry,” I said quietly,
suddenly feeling miserable. “But it would have to be her.
She means everything to me.”

Mrs. Watson’s tone was sharp. “Even though she’s only a
ten, and fucking me is an eleven?” she asked firmly,
sounding incredulous.

I couldn’t meet her gaze. All I could do was nod.

Fuck.

“Then we’re done here,” she said firmly. “You can leave.”

Holy shit! Why was this happening?!

Fuck!

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, FUCK!

I sighed heavily, feeling the most miserable I’d ever felt
in my entire life. I couldn’t even look up at her as I nodded
again, feeling confused as hell, overwhelmed by her
unexpected rejection, wondering what it was that pushed
her in this direction. Like, was it because she felt like her
daughter deserved better or something? Did she feel as if
Gabriella should get me to herself?

Or did Mrs. Rebecca actually want me to *herself*?

Fuck, I didn’t know.

And I knew it wasn't exactly fair that I got to have practically whoever I wanted, while they all had to share, but still...

Dammit!

Keeping my head lowered, I slowly walked toward her, unsurprised when she finally moved to the side so I could leave the room. However, I stopped when I was only a foot away, seeing her staring at me in the corner of my eye. Shit, why was she acting like this?

Fuck.

"Umm, thank you for last night. And if you can't help with the stone, I understand."

She didn't respond, so I reached out for the handle and began turning it.

In a flash, she shot out her hand and covered mine, causing me to freeze solid when her warm touch hit me. The wave of relief I experienced from her physical touch, like she was a drug and I was getting a hit from this, sent me over the edge and I had to close my eyes.

"Why are you so upset?" she asked quietly, her tone surprisingly gentle. "You look like you're about to cry. Or like you might explode."

"Because I feel addicted to you," I blurted out.

"You *are* addicted to me," she agreed. "Every man I sleep with becomes addicted to me. A few have even given up their drug of choice to be with me for a time, since the pleasure I give them is comparable."

Fuck.

"I...I could see that," I admitted, even though I'd never done drugs before in my life.

Her hand tightened slightly around mine. "But you're leaving," she stated firmly, sounding very much like a demand -- *not* a question.

"I...I guess I am," I whispered, my eyes still closed.

"Because you won't give her up for me," she said flatly.

I grimaced, unable to think straight, *feeling like her touch* wouldn't let me think straight, not understanding why she even wanted that.

"I can't," was all I could manage.

She didn't respond right away, only to pose a question. "Any reason why you're not going to just take what you want?" she asked seriously.

I finally looked over at her in shock, completely stunned all over again. "What? Because I'm not a fucking monster!" I snapped, suddenly feeling angry. "Why would you even ask me that?" I demanded, straightening up to look down at her, not realizing I'd slouched so much. "Is that what you want? For me to *make you* do what I want? Fuck, why would you even ask that?" I repeated in disbelief. "Is this some kind of sick test?"

She didn't even flinch, holding my gaze evenly, remaining silent for a long few seconds.

Suddenly, my eyes widened as I realized what I'd just said. "Wait...this isn't a test, is it?" I said in disbelief, suddenly hoping it was -- suddenly desperate that she wasn't truly rejecting me. But her expression didn't change, and she didn't respond. Her cold green eyes were impassive. "O-Or, do you really want me to leave?" I whispered, my heart sinking all over again.

"I want you to leave," she said evenly.

"Fuck," I hissed, tightening my grip on the door.

She immediately tightened *her grip* on my hand.

Shit!

I knew I was stronger than her, far stronger, but I didn't want to hurt her by being rough.

"Just stop," I snapped, closing my eyes again, beginning to feel sincerely overwhelmed by the sharp contrast between the coldness of her words and the warmth of her touch. "Stop with the mixed signals. I'm never going to be able to trust you again if you keep messing with me like this."

"I was afraid of that," she admitted quietly.

"Then stop," I hissed, trying not to sound like I was begging. Because I kind of was.

Fuck, what in the hell was she doing to me? Why was this affecting me so much?

Her tone was firm. "Do you know what you get when you squeeze an orange?" she unexpectedly asked.

I looked at her in surprise again, embarrassed and pissed at myself for feeling like I was about to snap, and not in an angry way, but in a tearful way. Because her rejection really hurt. Bad.

She answered her own question. "Orange juice," she said flatly.

"Fuck," I hissed. "Do you want me to leave or not? Stop playing games."

Her tone became taunting. "You can have me, right here and now, *if you make me*. Otherwise you *can't* have me. Ever."

Shit!

It was too much.

She'd pushed me over the edge.

Because I knew most women didn't sincerely want that. Especially not when I could do it literally, not just physically. It was one thing to be a little dominant and even aggressive, but that was only when it was truly desired. But actually controlling someone?

That was something else entirely.

Using my free hand, I quickly, *but carefully*, grabbed her hand that was firmly gripping mine on the handle, only to gently, *but firmly*, shove her aside as I opened the door and forced my way out, reaching up to wipe my eyes, so that hopefully it didn't look like I'd begun to get misty-eyed.

Fuck, I felt like such a pussy right now. Had she really almost pushed me to tears?

She raised her voice. "And do you know what you get when you squeeze a lemon?" she called after me.

"I don't fucking care," I snapped, rushing down the stairs, ready to be out of this place. Ready to go anywhere else but here.

Shit, why did I feel so fucking miserable?

Both Gabriella and Serenity immediately jumped to their feet when they heard me coming down, both of them alarmed when they saw me.

"Kai," Serenity blurted out. "Wha--"

"We're leaving," I snapped, only to immediately grimace as I felt the weight of Mrs. Watson's words hanging over me. "I'm leaving," I corrected. "You can come if you want."

They both looked at each other in complete confusion, with Gabriella speaking up. "Of course we're coming, Kai. But what happened up there? Why are you so upset?"

"Doesn't matter," I hissed, making haste toward the front door.

It took them a second to begin following, Serenity holding the wooden chest, but then they were both running after me.

"Fuck, mom!" Gabriella called out over her shoulder, even as she ran after me. "What the fuck did you say to him?!" She didn't wait for a response though, because I was already opening the door, and it was obvious she didn't want me to leave her behind.

Less than fifteen seconds later and I had the car started, both of them barely slamming their doors shut before I put it in gear and pulled out.

"Kai, talk to me," Serenity whispered urgently, reaching over to grip my arm, the black chest she was carrying having dropped on the floor between her feet.

I just shook my head, trying to focus on driving instead of letting my thoughts wander, knowing why I was really so upset.

It was because Mrs. Rebecca was right.

I truly was addicted to her, just like a hardcore drug, and giving that up was making me feel like absolute shit. I felt

like the world was gray, and like I could never be happy ever again, and yet her suggestion that I just take what I want only made it *worse* .

Because she was right.

I could technically take what I wanted, whenever I wanted...

If I wanted to be a monster...

A true monster.

Fuck.

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(4) CHAPTER 34: RECONCILIATION

When we got back home after my bizarre and extremely upsetting confrontation with Mrs. Watson, even if it was brief, I headed straight up to my room and locked the door, shutting everyone else out as I climbed into my bed and tried to shut my brain off.

Shit, I honestly wasn't trying to be dramatic, but I was sincerely upset to an extreme I hadn't been in a long time, and I didn't even understand why.

And that was the problem. I knew I wouldn't be able to think straight until I calmed down some, and had a chance to try to process the situation. Until I had a chance to replay what I just experienced and tried to break it down.

Fuck, I knew I already had a message sitting on my phone, most likely from Mrs. Watson, but I wasn't even willing to look at it right now.

However, I didn't get a chance to be by myself like I was hoping, since I had both Gabriella and Serenity at my door, begging for me to talk to them. Not to mention Michelle and Avery were both alarmed, having greeted the door cheerfully, likely with good news that they'd figured things out, only to find me rushing inside in a sour mood.

Fuck.

I felt so dumb and miserable, the two feelings creating a self-feeding downward spiral.

I actually felt even worse now than I did before.

At first, I didn't respond to them for a solid minute, but then I realized that I was just making everything worse.

Sighing, I finally spoke up, attempting to keep the depression out of my tone.

"I'm fine," I tried reassuring them. "I just need to be alone for a little bit."

Serenity and Gabriella were both quiet for a few seconds after that, before one of them walked away without a word. I wasn't sure what was going on until that person came back a second later, sounding and smelling like Serenity, only for a tiny metal sound to clink in my doorknob as it unlocked.

I flipped over in bed to look at Serenity in shock, seeing her slip a key in her pocket, only to not say anything when I met her somber gaze. She shook her head once, as if silently telling me not to say anything, and then walked over to my bed, climbing directly on top of me.

Automatically, I wrapped her in my arms and twisted over to my other side again, pulling her with me and wrapping my leg around hers. Gabriella then stepped into the room as well, closing the door behind her and walking over to climb into my bed too, squishing herself against my back, carefully slipping her hand between me and Serenity to rest her fingers on my chest as she pressed her hot lips against the back of my neck.

I shivered from the heated touch, her hot breath on my skin, only to sigh heavily as it felt like the entire world regained its color all at once, even though it was pitch-black in my room, thanks to my thick curtains over the window.

"I'm sorry," I whispered simply.

"Shh," Serenity whispered. "You can have your alone time in your head. We just don't want you to be alone outside of your head."

I took a shaky breath, feeling like I was going to cry again, prompting them both to tighten their embraces on me. I wanted to thank them, feeling like a tight ball of wire was unwinding in my chest, but decided to instead take another deep breath and focus on their warmth and love.

"I'm so sorry," Gabriella finally whispered after a long few minutes. "I don't know what she said to you, but I'm really sorry."

I simply shook my head, not wanting to talk about it yet, still feeling like I couldn't process what happened, which caused my fiancé to fall silent again.

Shit, the more I thought about it, the more I couldn't understand what Mrs. Rebecca was trying to do. And I suspected that primary issue was because I didn't understand her motivations.

Was she really trying to get me to give Serenity up, or was it a test? Did she want me to herself, or was she trying to see if I had anything in my life that would allow me to resist her? Did she feel like it was unfair that she and her daughter had to share me with other women, or was she intentionally pushing me away for Serenity's sake?

Had Serenity seemed jealous and she picked up on it?

And what was the whole deal with telling me I'd have to 'make her' want me, if I wanted to have her?

Because honestly, that alone felt like a huge risk to take, assuming she didn't really want that. Like, what if I *had* made her? It's not like she could have resisted, no more than Gabriella could resist, so then what was the deal?

Did she want me to claim her as my own? Was that what she was after?

Dammit, it didn't make any sense.

At the very least, I couldn't imagine her wanting me to 'take her' like that, because I felt like that was a rare kink, and if anything she preferred to be dominant -- not *dominated*. Not that I had any intention on ever being fully submissive, but I *did* feel like respect was vital to any relationship lasting long-term.

Dammit, I knew there had to be something I was missing. Something I was overlooking that would help me understand.

Probably something ridiculously obvious, that someone else might think I was an idiot for not realizing, but I was so close to this situation, and felt so horrible, that I just couldn't figure it out.

When my phone vibrated again, Gabriella was the first one with her hand in my pocket, yanking out my phone before I could even protest to see who was messaging me. It was obvious her reflexes were improving, based on the speed of the gesture.

She was then silent for a few seconds as she read it, before sighing heavily.

"Hey, you should read this," she said simply, holding the phone against Serenity's side so I could grab it.

Taking a deep breath, I decided to do so, focusing on the first message Mrs. Rebecca had sent me while I was still driving.

'You don't get lemon juice from an orange, and you don't get orange juice from a lemon. When you squeeze, the juice can tell you what kind of fruit it is.'

I stared at it for a long few seconds, knowing it was a continuation of what she was trying to say before when I left, feeling like this made perfect sense, but unsure of how that applied to me. Fuck, I knew once I figured it out, I'd probably feel like an idiot for not grasping her meaning, but I just didn't get her point.

I focused on the second message.

'You are an orange, baby boy. Sweet, innocent, and most importantly, GOOD. After finding out what you're capable of, I think I can trust you now, but I can understand if you find it difficult to trust me. Losing your trust was a sacrifice, but one I was willing to make, if for no other reason than for my daughter's sake.'

Taking a deep breath, still feeling bitter about how horrible she made me feel, I decided to respond.

'Why did you mess with me?'

I then turned the phone to Serenity when she requested to read it, causing her to frown as she examined it, looking like she wanted to say something, but was choosing not to at the moment.

Mrs. Watson's next message came soon after.

'Because I truly am like a drug to men. I knew what I was doing to you when I touched you and asked you to leave. Believe it or not, I've made grown men break down and cry, and would have thought no less of you, if you had done the same. You aren't the first grown man I've made feel miserable. My husband cried when I did this to him, even though he is very masculine. But he also left when I told him to, which is why I married him, instead of remaining friends.'

I just stared at her words in disbelief, again not understanding what she was trying to say. I mean, obviously, it was a test at this point. That part was at least clear, but *why*? Why would she do that to people?

That's all I could think to ask.

'Why?'

We were then all silent as we waited for her response, neither of them seeming interested in volunteering their opinions at this point.

It took longer for her to respond, but that was only because the message was longer.

'A man who can't leave when I tell him to, is incapable of being a true lover or partner, just like a man strung out on drugs can't pay his bills, go to work, or even take care of his family, because his sole focus is his current high and next high. I needed to know you were someone who could do what needed to be done, even if it wasn't what you wanted to do. And...I needed to know you weren't a monster, as you put it...like most are, who can do what you can. I needed to know there wasn't a monster lurking inside of you.'

I scoffed, handing over the phone so Serenity could read it, considering I was pretty sure Gabriella saw over my

shoulder. I again wasn't sure what to say to that, but Mrs. Rebecca soon sent me more of an explanation.

'I have met plenty of sweet young men who became aggressive and demanding when they experienced rejection from me, or when they got upset. Plenty of nice guys who became assholes when they were angry. You are not one of those men. You are good, through and through.'

I sent my next question before I really thought it through, realizing a second after the fact that I probably knew the answer.

'But why now?'

Still, I waited patiently for her response.

'Because there was less risk before. Or rather, I wasn't aware of the risk that already existed. Yelling or even hitting because you're pissed, or feel rejected, significantly pales in comparison to being able to straight-up control another person... I would say more, but I will leave my explanation at that, since I don't like discussing these kinds of things over the phone, in any form.'

I took a deep breath, already knowing what I wanted to say, suspecting that her finding out what I could do probably affected her more than she let on. And I also suspected that confronting me, like how she did, might have made her a bit more scared than she revealed.

'I guess I'm sorry for freaking out at you.'

Her message came so quickly, it made me think she'd already been typing it out by the time I sent mine.

'I'm sorry for making you feel like shit, baby boy. And I'm sorry for breaking your trust. I understand if you can never forgive me, but I promise you that I will never do such a thing again. For what it's worth.'

I didn't respond this time, uncertain of what to say.

Because 'trust' was in fact my biggest issue. It was why I didn't really have any friends, because I could remember the hateful bullying from middle school after my parents passed away. And I usually didn't forgive people after giving

them a single chance. I didn't normally give *second* chances. Especially when breaking my trust was intentional.

That would be like someone slamming my hand in a door, *on purpose*, and then expecting me to put it back and 'trust them' that they wouldn't do it a second time. Certainly, I could forgive them without a problem, and in fact I usually didn't hold grudges, but that didn't mean I was going to put my hand back in the door.

Because trust and forgiveness were two entirely separate things.

And forgiving someone absolutely did not mean you had to trust them ever again, or even speak to them again.

I might not hold a grudge against a man who punched me in the face, but no way in hell was I going to invite him over for dinner or otherwise include him in my life. And even if I was dealing with family, if they did something bad enough, I'd have no problem kicking them out of my life forever, family or not, even though I might not hold a grudge long-term.

Kicking someone out of your life didn't mean you were lacking in forgiveness, and there were some situations where such an action was just consequential to the situation. Like, if a friend of the family, or even a family member, had ever sexually assaulted Serenity, there was no doubt that her parents wouldn't have blinked an eye at excommunicating them from our lives, as a natural consequence and necessity, to keep her safe, even if her mom was otherwise quite religious.

Granted, despite my reluctance to trust a second time, I also found it difficult to imagine that I would never be willing to trust Mrs. Rebecca again, but at the same time I couldn't just automatically forget how I felt right now and say 'no big deal.' She was going to have to earn back my trust, which was already something I rarely offered.

But...I knew I would offer it...because I was addicted.

In theory, I *could* let her go, but knowing that what she did was for both her and her daughter's sake -- to ensure I wasn't dangerous to them -- made what she did feel less bad. More understandable. And ultimately gave me less reservations that might otherwise cause me to stay away.

Still...

'Don't do that again.'

It was a warning. Not of something bad to come, but of me shutting my heart off forever. I supposed I might elaborate when I next spoke to her in person, so she'd understand how significant this issue truly was to me, but for now that was all I would say.

'I won't. I promise.'

Taking a deep breath, I stuck my phone back in my pocket.

"So," Serenity began hesitantly. "Let me get this straight. She touched you and then asked you to leave?"

I sighed heavily, wrapping my arms more snuggly around Serenity in my embrace, which prompted her to bury her face against my chest more, her head underneath my chin. "Well, she first asked me to give you up for her," I admitted.

"What?!" Serenity said in alarm, pulling away to look up at me.

"I said no," I quickly replied. "But she then basically said that she was through with me, and told me to leave." I took a deep breath. "She waited until I had my hand on the doorknob before touching me, and it just made everything worse."

"So basically," Gabriella chimed in. "She rejected you when you wouldn't give Serenity up, but then she made it confusing."

"Yeah," I agreed. "Sounds even dumber when I say it out loud, but that's basically what happened. And then she tried to get me to compel her into making her be with me, since she wouldn't do it willingly." I sighed. "I guess she was

seeing if I'd really do it when I was upset, but I can't imagine why she'd take that risk."

"Unless she had a way to prevent it from happening," Serenity suggested.

I froze solid, wondering if that was the case. "I don't know what it would have been though," I replied. "Unless she put in special contacts or something? But I know she didn't," I quickly added, shaking my head at the idea.

All she did was put her hair up and the idea of a magical hair-tie just sounded ridiculous. Maybe she grabbed something and put it in her pocket? Or was she able to do actual magic, which would be invisible to the naked eye?

But without saying anything? No incantation or anything? I had zero idea.

I didn't even know what was real and what was myth. And I certainly had no idea how magic worked.

Certainly, I'd read about stuff before, but most of it was pure fantasy. Just random stuff people made up, like sparkling vampires or magic that didn't require a sacrifice or even an energy source to work. Even the supposedly more 'real stuff' seemed fake, often focusing on spiritual healing nonsense.

Or at least, I personally felt like it was nonsense.

Nothing about magic to prevent compulsion though.

But Mrs. Rebecca's reckless actions did make a little more sense if she had something up her sleeve to prevent me from compelling her. Not that I would have ever done it in the first place, since I strongly doubted I could avoid karma biting me in the ass, never mind the fact that she might one day resent me for it somehow.

However, I supposed that was the scariest part of the power incubi held. Such creatures could actually make a woman want them, rather than just controlling their actions. Or at least, it appeared I might be capable of that, actually affecting the heart, instead of just the mind.

At the very least, when I practiced on Serenity, she found herself *wanting* to please me, even though we'd discussed her refusing what I asked beforehand. And the result was the same with the nurse in the hospital.

From Mrs. Rebecca's perspective, she didn't really know me, and I was just a boy to her who had the capacity to make any woman do what I wanted. If anything, she probably realized for the first time why her mother had warned her repeatedly about incubi, assuming her mom had never actually explained what the specific danger was for some reason.

Because incubi sincerely could be dangerous.

With just a look, they could enslave any female they wanted.

Sighing, I decided I should apologize for being so dramatic about the whole thing, feeling dumb for almost crying for real.

"Sorry for being a wimp," I whispered.

"You're not a wimp," Gabriella nearly snapped, sounding angry that I would even suggest it. "Not at all. You've literally killed people for me and protected me. Rejection is hard on anyone, and while I don't agree with what my mom did, I am not surprised by how you reacted to it."

"Besides," Serenity added, snuggling against my chest again, her head underneath my chin. "As much as I hate how she made you feel, I also feel *needed* right now. And that's the very thing that has kept me going after mom and dad died. When it happened, the fact that you needed me, more than ever, gave me the motivation to push forward. It gave me strength, when otherwise I would have had none."

I didn't know what to say to that.

"Women want to feel needed," Gabriella quickly agreed, kissing me tenderly on the back of the neck. "Remember? We sort of already had this conversation a couple days ago. About how I was glad I was older than you and more mature. That I already had a job and my own place. Because

I felt like I'd never measure up to you otherwise. I'd never be your equal."

"Well, you're definitely both my equal now," I finally replied. "Only thing you both are lacking is wings. And maybe just stronger senses."

Serenity made an amused noise, while Gabriella was silent for a few seconds.

"You know..." my fiancé began hesitantly. "My back has been feeling a little itchy since I woke up this morning."

Serenity abruptly untucked her head from my chin and looked up at me, only for us both to glance at her, me twisting slightly to look at her in the corner of my eye.

"What?" she said seriously. "Why are you both looking at me like I said something weird?"

I took a deep breath. "I guess I just wasn't sure how much like me everyone was really going to become. But I suppose this is expected."

"Well yeah," Gabriella agreed. "I pretty much assumed it would probably happen eventually."

"I didn't," Serenity replied sincerely. "But then again, the idea of wings probably seems so bizarre because I already feel like it's beyond strange that I can look so different. And dang, my eyes are super creepy. I saw them in the mirror this morning after I showered."

"I think they're beautiful," I replied warmly.

She focused up at me in surprise. "Really?" she said hopefully.

"Really," I reaffirmed, only to recall something I'd thought about earlier, regarding Serenity almost transforming in embarrassment back at Mrs. Rebecca's house. Sighing, I decided to carefully sit up, prompting them both to give me confused looks in the dark as they did the same. I continued before they could ask what was wrong. "Gabriella," I began. "Just wondering, but did you tell your mom that I changed you?"

She immediately grimaced. "Umm, not exactly. I did tell her about you, obviously. And, I mean, I probably would have mentioned me too, but she didn't seem to notice when I shifted."

I nodded, realizing my suspicions were correct.

"Well that would have been a big problem," Serenity blurted out, seeming dumbfounded. "Shit, I almost transformed while we were there. Your mom probably would have lost her shit if she suddenly had a red-eyed demon sitting in front of her."

"Oh!" Gabriella exclaimed, looking apologetic. "I am so sorry. I...I realize I probably should have told her, it's just..."

"You're worried about what she'd think," I assumed. "About me changing you permanently into something else."

She grimaced again. "Well, I mean, obviously I'm still part-succubus. And I still look mostly normal, so..." Her voice trailed off.

I sighed. "It's understandable. But she does need to know."

"Are you sure, Kai?" Serenity asked seriously, reaching up to scratch her head. "Maybe it's better if she doesn't know. I mean, what if she asks you to change her too? Are you ready to deny her that?"

I frowned at that.

"And that is also part of it," Gabriella quickly added. "I didn't want to tell her that aspect of your secret, especially when you said that you didn't want to change anyone else. Like, you specifically brought up my parents, remember? And I wouldn't put it past my mom for her to ask you to change both her *and* my dad. Or to even pressure me into doing it, assuming my blood can have the same effect."

I took a deep breath as I considered it, trying to think it through. "I guess..." I sighed, glancing at Serenity as I continued. "I guess it depends on whether or not this thing we're doing with her ends up being long-term. If it's just temporary, then no, I really don't want to change her."

"What do you mean by long-term?" Gabriella asked hesitantly, seeming to know what I was implying, but wanting me to clarify anyway.

Instead, I took a slightly different approach. "You saw what she said in her messages," I replied simply. "And while I feel a little hesitant to get close to her again after what she did, there is a part of me that really does want her. But I also don't want to mess with your parents' relationship," I added.

Gabriella took a deep breath. "Dammit," she mumbled, only to sigh. "Honestly, I don't know that it would necessarily be a bitter separation if they did split."

"Shit," I hissed underneath my breath, concerned that her opinion was being supernaturally influenced by my abilities. "You aren't seriously okay with them getting a divorce, are you?"

She immediately shook her head. "No, of course not. At least, not like most people do it. But I don't think it would be like a normal divorce if they did." She then sighed again, realizing she needed to elaborate. "See, I've grown up with both of my parents emphasizing how great of friends they are. And when I finally asked my mom about their kinky lifestyle, she kind of made it sound like my dad was fine with sharing, because he understood that he was her best friend...as opposed to being a true lover," she added with a grimace.

I frowned at that, recalling that Mrs. Watson had just called him a friend in at least one of her most recent messages. He left when she told him to, like how I'd done, so she decided to marry him, instead of remaining only friends...

"Wait," Serenity interjected, reaching back to scratch her lower back briefly. "So you mean your parents are basically friends with benefits? Who ended up getting married, because it was convenient, or something?"

Gabriella shrugged. "I don't know. But I sincerely doubt they would stop being friendly, even if they both started

seeing other people.” She grimaced. “I actually remember them joking about it once when I was a teenager. My mom teased him by saying she’d find a very nice young woman for him, if *she* ever decided to move on.”

“Shit,” I repeated, unable to believe she was serious.

My fiancé shrugged. “Like I said, they’ve made comments like that all my life. Remember how I told you that it felt like most of their playful banter kind of seemed like foreplay? That’s some of the stuff they said to each other. My mom was always making comments that could only be described as dominating in some form. And my dad always played right into it, not seeming bothered by her teasing at all.”

I didn’t respond, uncertain of what to say.

“Look,” Gabriella continued. “It’s true I’m not super thrilled about the idea of them separating, but I also really enjoyed it when you and my mom fucked last night, and I’m not sure how that’s going to go on long-term. Especially not with the way my mom seems to feel about you.”

I frowned, ignoring Serenity’s abrupt transformation, realizing that us discussing this was kind of pointless right now. Especially since it would be a decision on their end. “Well, I’m at least glad to know that you wouldn’t end up hating me if I was the cause of their divorce, but that’s also not a decision I plan on getting involved in. Like, your mom and dad are going to have to work that out on their own.”

She nodded in agreement. “Not going to lie, I might have felt differently if I thought my dad might end up hating you, or if knowing you’re having sex with my mom wasn’t so ridiculously amazing. But if my mom decides not to sleep with him anymore, then it’s basically the same thing, whether they legally separate or not.”

I sighed, realizing she had a point. After all, Mrs. Rebecca had mentioned several times she wasn’t sure how she was going to go back to fucking normal men, and while her husband seemed to be fine with that arrangement for now,

it wouldn't be fair for him to get no sex at all while his wife essentially moved on.

No, it would make much more sense for him to move on too.

But would he really be okay with this? Would he really view it as his best friend finally finding someone she truly loved? Or would he feel bitter like a normal person might? And was it arrogant of me to even think Mrs. Rebecca liked me more than as a great fuck? Was me having her really even something that could happen without discord?

Hard to say, especially considering this guy was someone who regularly and willingly shared his wife with random men.

Dammit, this whole situation was so bizarre. But I knew it would ultimately depend on how Mrs. Rebecca wanted to handle it.

For now, I just needed to focus on the important part, which was having her educate me on sensing sexual energy, especially the kind that I was absorbing. However, what we did after that, once I fully understood, was up in the air at this point.

Taking another deep breath, I let it out slowly. "Well, I guess we should probably go downstairs. I'm sure both Avery and her mom are really worried."

"Hopefully they have good news," Serenity commented. "Maybe something that will cheer you up."

I focused on her in the dark in surprise, her glowing red eyes beginning to dim after transforming a minute ago, with her finally starting to transition back, for me only to smirk slightly when I recalled that the good news was regarding the fact that Avery and Michelle were supposed to be discussing how they would handle sharing me between themselves. "I love you so much, Ren."

"I love you too, baby," she replied sincerely. "Thank you for needing me."

"Thank you for comforting me."

She smiled warmly, reaching up to scratch her forehead, only to brush some of her dark brown hair out of her face. "You're very welcome."

"Okay you two," Gabriella blurted out. "You're both making me horny with all this lovey-dovey shit, and we can't have sex right now."

Instantly, Serenity shifted again, her eyes suddenly glowing red in the dark.

I laughed. "Oh, how I wish," I said playfully, only to climb out of bed before my stiffening cock got too out of control. However, just as I stood up, my phone started vibrating in my pocket, indicating I was getting a call.

Pulling it out, I was surprised to see it was Gabriella's mom, wondering if she was calling to make sure I at least wasn't pissed at her. It had been a good ten minutes since she'd last messaged me, and I hadn't responded to her most recent one.

Sighing, I flashed the screen briefly to the two of them, before answering it. "Hey Mrs. Rebecca," I replied simply, my voice sounding emotionally drained. "Sorry if I sounded rude in my messages, but 'trust' is kind of a big deal to me, so..."

"Baby, it's not that," she quickly interjected. "I just got off the phone with the person I mentioned, and she wants to meet you."

"Oh," I said in surprise, my eyes wide, realizing both my two women could hear too, since they reacted the same as me. "When does she want to meet?"

"Today," Mrs. Rebecca said quickly. "But she wants to meet you alone, and also will have some stipulations."

"What kind of stipulations?" I asked seriously.

"Look, I promise that I didn't tell her anything," she quickly responded, sounding ashamed now. "Shit. You can even...fuck...you can even 'make me' tell you the truth, if you don't believe me, but when I told her some of the vague details of the situation, she jumped to her own conclusions,

and..." She took an uneasy breath. "And I didn't admit anything, but I also can't lie to her."

Gabriella finally spoke up, her tone loud so she would be heard. "Mom," she began seriously. "What do you mean you can't lie to her? Who is this person?"

"Dammit," Mrs. Rebecca hissed to herself, seeming frustrated, only to speak up. "Sweetie, I can't say much on the phone, but..." Her voice trailed off, only to sigh. "It's the person I usually am speaking of when I talk about my mother."

"Mom?!" Gabriella said in alarm. "I thought you said grandma was gone."

"She is gone," Mrs. Watson admitted. "This is...well, this is your great-great-grandmother that I'm speaking about."

Wait...

Oh fuck.

Gabriella and I immediately stared at each other in disbelief, with me counting the numbers in my head, knowing Gabriella's mom was one-eighth, her grandma was one-fourth, the great-grandma was one-half, and then the great-great-grandmother...

Fuck.

"Don't say anything over the phone," Mrs. Rebecca blurted out. "If you realize who I'm talking about, don't say it."

"But is it even safe?" Gabriella asked seriously, concern in her expression now. "She's not going to try to hurt him, is she?"

"No, of course not," Mrs. Rebecca said confidently. "Your great-great-grandmother is a good person, though a bit paranoid, and I'm confident she's just curious about the situation. On the contrary, she just wants to meet him, but also wants to take the appropriate precautions to ensure *he* doesn't hurt *her*."

"What kind of precautions?" I repeated seriously.

"Look, baby boy, I'll tell you when you get here, but she's the only person who I know that can help you with this mystery stone issue. And I know you don't have any reason to trust me right now, but that's what I'm asking for. Your trust. Because I trust her, I know her, and I promise you she means you no harm."

Fuck.

I took a deep breath, deciding to take her up on her offer. "I might really have to make sure you're being honest with me this one time," I admitted, not at all thrilled to take this risk she was presenting. "Because I'm not too keen on someone trying to kill me."

Mrs. Rebecca took a noisy deep breath. "I...I understand. As an apology for making you feel like shit and losing your trust, I'll allow it."

I frowned at that. "How were you going to prevent it in the first place?"

There was a long pause. "Can I trust you, baby boy?" she asked seriously, almost sounding like she was giving me the same kind of warning I'd given her, about me not being able to trust her anymore if she broke it again. Except, she was posing her own warning as a question.

I took a deep breath, my tone becoming more sincere. "Yeah, you can absolutely trust me. Because, if I have anything to offer you, it's respect."

She was quiet for a few seconds. "Very well," she agreed. "Then come over, just you, and I'll show you how I would have protected myself." She paused. "I'll also explain more in person about the situation. Okay? Oh, and bring the stone, of course."

I focused on Serenity and Gabriella, both of them examining me hesitantly, only for my fiancé to speak up. "I don't like this, mom."

"Me either," Serenity chimed in. "I really don't like this. We're talking about Kai here. He's my everything."

"I know, and I understand," Mrs. Rebecca agreed. "But I'll be with him, and I won't let anything bad happen to him. She just wants to meet him, and is only worried about her own safety. That is all." She then paused again. "Look," she continued. "My actual mother didn't raise me. She was too busy enjoying the last few decades of her life. It's why I call this person my mom, because she *is* my mom. She raised me when my own mother was too preoccupied to be a good mother herself. So I've spent a lot of time with her and I know for a fact she's a good person. She'd never hurt anyone just to do it."

Gabriella's eyes were wide at that little nuclear bomb of a revelation, obviously having no idea that all this time her own mom wasn't always referring to her grandma whenever she said 'mom.' However, she didn't say anything, seeming lost for words.

Assuming Mrs. Rebecca was being honest, which I felt like she was, then I could understand this other woman's perspective. Because as far as I was aware, succubi couldn't straight-up control other people, whereas incubi *did* have that capacity. So yeah, it made perfect sense that this stranger wouldn't be thrilled to speak to a half-blooded incubus without some precautions in place.

"Okay," I finally agreed. "I guess I'll head back over there. See you soon. Lov--" My voice caught in my throat, when I realized what I was about to say, feeling like it was a betrayal of my addiction to her.

Mrs. Rebecca made an amused noise. "Baby boy, I love you too. See you soon." And with that, she hung up.

I sighed as I stuck the phone back in my pocket.

"I really don't like this," Serenity blurted out again, running her fingers through her hair.

"I know," I agreed. "But this is the only person we can ask, and we're never going to get anywhere if we refuse to trust anyone. Besides, what if my biological father does show up one day, parading around as a good guy, when

he's actually bad? I don't think we can just sit on this and hope no issues come up down the road. We need to be proactive here, not reactive."

She frowned at that, knowing very well I was repeating something she herself had said a few times before, about being proactive instead of reactive, only to nod in agreement.

"Okay," she finally said with a grimace. "Just...please be careful."

"I will," I promised. "And I'll do whatever I need to do to ensure she doesn't feel threatened." I sighed. "And hopefully we can start getting some real answers."

Unexpectedly, Gabriella slipped off the bed and threw herself at me. "I love you," she whispered, sounding desperate now, as if I was going off to war or something. "Please keep us updated if you can." She sighed. "Or maybe I can at least have my mom keep us updated, in case 'no phones' is a stipulation."

I nodded in agreement. "Sounds good. I guess let me go touch base with Avery and Michelle, make sure they are okay, and then I'll head over to your mom's place."

Serenity chimed in again. "We can fill them in on everything while you're gone, so don't worry about getting into too many details."

"Sure," I agreed warmly. "Thanks, Ren. Love you."

"Love you too," she whispered, climbing out of bed too when I began heading for my bedroom door, only to pause to scratch her lower back, before continuing.

Unsurprisingly, Avery and Michelle both were downstairs at the kitchen table, both of them seeming really worried, but patiently letting us figure things out. It was obvious they looked relieved when I came back downstairs seeming in a much better mood.

First thing I did was apologize for not even greeting them when we got home, explaining that Gabriella's mom made me really upset, but that she did it because she found out I

could compel people and wanted to see how I handled her essentially rejecting me.

That of course made Michelle realize that she wasn't the only MILF I was interested in, which she didn't seem to mind, but also sincerely came to her as a shock. However, when I started explaining that it probably wasn't safe for me to be physical with anyone until Mrs. Rebecca taught me how to sense the kind of sexual energy I was absorbing, Serenity interrupted to tell me they'd explain it all on my behalf.

She also told me that she'd left the black wooden chest in the car, so I should have everything I needed.

I thanked her, knowing it probably was best to not delay, and gave everyone hugs before heading out the front door and climbing in my car to head back over to Mrs. Rebecca's house.

I was glad everything she'd done to make me so upset truly was a test. And glad that she'd still taken it upon herself to help me out.

However, one thing was for sure.

There was no way in hell I wasn't going to truly compel the truth out of her, to ensure everything she said was honest, because I couldn't handle feeling like she was betraying me a second time.

Especially not if it was a true betrayal, instead of her just rejecting me...

My heart was really starting to pound in my chest as I pulled out of our driveway and onto the road, my skin graying slightly underneath my clothing, knowing my anxiety was increasing at the idea that I'd be finally meeting someone who was fully supernatural.

But I'd much rather meet this person, someone who Gabriella's mom trusted, rather than meet someone who had no one to vouch for them.

Still, I felt like this was going to be a big deal.

No, I had no doubt it would be.

I was about to meet a full-blooded succubus.
An immortal, just like my biological father.

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(5) CHAPTER 35: MEETING

When I pulled into the paved driveway of Mrs. Rebecca's very nice house, which was fenced in along the borders of their property to separate they're large green yard from the closest neighbor about a tenth of a mile away, I was surprised when she opened the fancy white door before I even parked.

The gesture made me...uncomfortable, considering the situation.

"Hey," I said hesitantly, grabbing the black chest, uncertain if I wanted to point out the overly eager gesture.

"Hey," she echoed warmly, seeming really happy to see me, but also acting urgent. "Come on inside. We have a lot to talk about in a short amount of time, and then we need to go."

I hesitated briefly, deciding to just be blunt. "You are kind of making me uneasy with how you're acting," I admitted.

She frowned at that, only to sigh heavily. "I'm sorry, baby boy. It's just, I don't want my mom to get impatient, and we have an hour drive ahead of us."

"And that's why you were waiting on me by the door?" I wondered seriously, readjusting the wooden chest in my hands.

She grimaced at that. "Well, umm, no. Not exactly." She paused, only to sigh. "I just feel horrible that I lost your trust, and while I still would have done it, I'm a little anxious about you never forgiving me, and..." She took a deep breath. "I was just really looking forward to you coming over

again," she admitted. "And I kind of hoped maybe I could make it up to you before we left."

My eyes widened in surprise, suddenly realizing why she was in such a rush...

She wanted to fuck.

She wanted to hurry up and spend some time with me in bed before we headed over to take care of this other stuff.

"I-If you want," she added hesitantly, reaching up to her vibrant red hair, wrapping one of her heavy curls anxiously around her finger. The gesture was really adorable, and made her look even younger than a woman in her thirties.

I sighed heavily, trying to ignore the escalating rush of warmth I felt in my gut. "I think I'd like to focus on this first," I said quietly.

"O-Oh," she replied, her expression dropping, suddenly looking sincerely dejected. "I...I understand." She then angled herself toward the open door. "Let's sit on the couch, and I'll explain what you want to know."

I nodded, walking up the fancy concrete steps, only to pause when I was closer, feeling the tension rise as I neared her. "Umm, Mrs. Rebecca?"

"What is it, honey?" she wondered, her gaze longing.

"I really like you," I whispered. "And, umm, sorry I can't give up Serenity for you," I added.

She shook her head. "Don't be sorry. You having someone in your life who is more important than me actually makes me like you more."

"It does?" I said in surprise.

She nodded. "I'm used to men not being able to resist me. Even my husband doesn't have anyone who is more important to him. But you can truly resist me if you want, and that makes how you feel about me seem more... genuine."

"You mean, like it's more real?" I wondered.

She nodded with a grimace. "Basically, yes. Being part-succubus, and being able to seduce almost anyone, male or

female, makes it very much feel like real love isn't a possibility. Like I could never have what most normal women have. Someone who sincerely loves them, and isn't just enthralled by a supernatural magic that defines their existence."

"Is your seduction magic?" I said in surprise.

She frowned. "Not exactly, but incubi and succubi are inherently magical creatures. We both have such energy intertwined into our very being, and it defines our supernatural traits. It's why I can so powerfully seduce without effort, and it's likely why you can actually transform, even if the actual process is biological."

I nodded.

"Now, let's go inside and have a seat," she said warmly.

Following her through the door, and then continuing to the living room as she closed it, I sat down on the other couch where I'd sat last time I was here, trying not to focus on the sectional sofa that we fucked on the previous night.

Mrs. Rebecca took my cue and walked around the low coffee table to have a seat in her previous spot too, our knees nearly touching. I took the opportunity to distract myself by placing the wooden chest on the coffee table.

"First," she said, pulling something out of her back pocket. "I want to show you this."

I focused down on what appeared to be a small antique ornamental hair comb made of gold, the kind that would be worn in hair as an accessory, with an amethyst stone embedded in it, looking like a diamond shape that was stretched into a teardrop, the ends pointy with the upper portion elongated.

I focused back up at her in surprise, realizing this must be the magical object she'd used previously.

"It's called a mind stone," she explained, her expression apologetic, as if holding this out for me to see was another act of sincerity, to show she trusted me and was asking for my forgiveness. "I actually don't know much about it, other

than the fact that it needs to be close to the head to work, hence it's embedded in this, and that it can protect the wearer from all kinds of magic that affects the mind, including compulsion, seduction, illusions, and more."

"Illusions?" I repeated in surprise.

She nodded. "Yes. As you might imagine, it's a form of magic used to hide things in plain sight. A camera would actually see the object, but a person nearby wouldn't. Not unless they were using something like this."

I frowned. "And do you use illusion magic?"

She looked at me in surprise. "Oh, no. I can't use magic at all. I can only sense it, as well as the energy that exists in others." She paused. "Or rather, it would be more accurate to say I can't *manipulate* magic."

"What do you mean?" I asked seriously.

She sighed, placing her hands in her lap, the hair comb between them. "Honestly, magic isn't what you're probably thinking it is. It's not some kind of separate energy that exists out there in some kind of supernatural realm. The lifeforce in a normal person is essentially what real magic is. And the lust a person generates during sex can be turned into magical energy, as can passion, and even anger. In a sense, most creatures are natural generators of magic. And that's sort of what succubi do. They turn lust into magic, though it's an instinctual process. I can't actively manipulate it to do something like create an illusion spell."

"So humans are magical then?" I said in surprise.

She shook her head. "Well, no. Or at least, that's not how it's perceived by those who are more magically inclined. For normal people, the energy that exists in them gives them life, and nothing else. For the rest of us, who are not human, that same energy often gives us what might seem to humans as a miraculous gift. It also often gives us an extended life, and some can even manipulate the energy to do some very amazing, and sometimes very dangerous, things."

I nodded as I considered that. "So I guess human sacrifices were really a thing then?" I randomly realized.

She grimaced. "I'm sure it was, at least at one point in time. After all, if a supernatural creature is able to sense and manipulate lifeforce energy, but cannot generate enough on their own to actually do anything with it, then those seeking power might have killed humans to extract the energy in their moment of death."

I cleared my throat, visibly seeing that the subject was kind of making her depressed. "Sorry to get so dark on you," I apologized.

She shook her head. "No, it's fine. This is a topic that is not all sunshine and roses, although I'm afraid I've told you about the extent of what I know. My mother wouldn't teach me much about it, largely because I didn't have any capacity to manipulate it." She grimaced. "Honestly, I didn't even know incubi could control people, but I realize now why she gave me the mind stone while neglecting to explain the danger."

"And why is that?" I wondered, knowing that when she said 'mom,' she was actually talking about her great-grandmother, Gabriella's great-great-grandmother, the full-blooded succubus.

"Because it's honestly terrifying, and I probably would have lived my life in fear, always looking over my shoulder for an existence that I'll probably never meet."

"I don't count?" I said playfully.

She gave me a small smile. "No, baby boy. You aren't evil."

I grimaced, only to nod as I glanced away.

She moved her hands then, setting the gold ornamental hair comb to the side.

I focused up at her in surprise, knowing what she was silently saying, but uncertain if I really wanted to compel her now, in order to make sure she was being honest with me --

simply because I didn't want her to feel bitter about it later, thinking I didn't trust her.

So instead, I just held her gaze.

After a few long seconds, she gave me a small smile, and continued. "Okay, so I guess let me tell you the plan. I have some equipment upstairs that I occasionally use for foreplay, but I'm going to use it on you instead, so my mom feels safer. First, I'll cover your eyes with a leather blindfold." She paused to gauge my expression briefly. "And then, I also need to put a bag over your head, and then I'll handcuff your hands behind your back, and I'll put you in the trunk of my car, and--"

"*Fuck*," I hissed in disbelief, having gone from '*This is fine*' to '*What the fuck?*' in half a second. "Are you serious right now?"

"I know it's extreme," she agreed, her expression sympathetic. "But she doesn't want you to know where she lives, *absolutely* doesn't want you to be able to see, and let's be honest, you're probably stronger than her, which is why she would like your hands to be bound."

I took a deep breath, realizing all that made sincere sense. From this woman's perspective, I was the threat here, and she was only meeting me under the terms that the threat I posed was neutralized.

Still...

I focused on her sympathetic green eyes. "Okay, look. I get it. I understand why she wants this to happen. But I'm also not going to just blindly place my life in this person's hands, so..." I grimaced. "I'm going to have to do it. I'm going to have to make sure you're being fully honest with me."

Mrs. Rebecca immediately reached over for the mind stone...

Only to push it further away on the leather couch, her gaze firmly set on mine. "I understand."

I sighed, feeling my body transform.

I then hesitated briefly, before focusing on her intently, unsurprised when her expression unexpectedly changed to one of awe, her pupils visibly dilating.

"Mrs. Rebecca," I said firmly.

"Yes?" she whispered.

"This woman I'm about to see, is she controlling you somehow?"

She immediately shook her head. "No, but she's also not someone I can lie to."

I frowned at that, knowing she'd said as much before. "Is it because of magic?" I asked seriously.

She shook her head again. "It's because she's my mother, the woman who raised me."

"Genetic control?" I said in disbelief.

"Respect," she replied. "The highest form of respect I can offer. For me to lie to her would feel like lying to God, straight to his face. I'd never dare do it, no matter what."

"So then, how did she figure out my secret?"

She sighed, still holding my gaze. "When I told her you were someone she might be hesitant to meet, she guessed right on her own, and I couldn't respond." She grimaced then, her green eyes looking pained. "I didn't want to admit to any of your secrets, but I also couldn't deny them either. Not to her. I'd lie to anyone else for you, but not her."

I nodded. "And you truly believe she doesn't want to hurt me?"

"Yes, I truly believe that," she agreed. "More than that. I know it. She's a very curious person by nature, and really the reason why she's taking these precautions is only because I wouldn't admit to her what you are."

I frowned at that. "What do you mean?" I asked seriously.

She grimaced again. "Well, I've always told her what she wanted to know. *Always*. So the fact that I wouldn't admit what you are has led her to believe you might be controlling me."

"Oh shit," I hissed.

She quickly continued. "I promised her you aren't controlling me. And I even recounted the test I did, and how I used the mind stone to protect myself, but that you refused to try to manipulate me and left."

"So you did confirm her suspicions then," I realized.
"That it's something I can do."

She was immediately apologetic. "I'm sorry, but she was already convinced at that point. I was doing my best to mitigate the situation before she came to incorrect assumptions."

I nodded, taking a deep breath, only to focus on her again hesitantly. "And what about you?" I wondered. "After having done this to you just now, are you going to be able to forgive me? Are you going to trust me after this?"

She glanced away, seeming to really consider her response. "If it's just this one time, and if you never do it without my permission, then yes." She focused back on me. "I'll hold no ill will toward you for this. I just hope you'll be able to trust me from now on, without using this ability."

"I want to trust you," I replied gently, no longer using my compulsion, even though I was still transformed. "But it might take me some time." I glanced away. "I kind of have trust issues to begin with, so my heart feels reluctant to trust you like I did before."

"I understand," she said sincerely, reaching out to rest her hand on my knee.

Instantly, it felt like a warmth was flowing up my leg and into the pit of my stomach, loosening my tension as my cock began to stiffen slightly.

"Are you doing that on purpose?" I whispered, suddenly not feeling like I was so opposed to taking a short break in her room before we left.

She gave me a confused look briefly, only to glance down at my lap, abruptly taking her hand back. "Oh! I'm sorry," she replied, suddenly looking ashamed. "No, I wasn't

doing anything intentionally. I was just trying to show you some affection is all," she added with a grimace.

I sighed. "Sorry. I think I'm starting to overthink everything. I just don't want to be manipulated again."

She focused on me with a nod. "Same," she agreed. "I don't like feeling as if someone's manipulating me either."

"Do you feel that way?" I wondered hesitantly.

She paused, her red eyebrows knitting together slightly as she thought about it. "Last night was...well, breathtaking. But with that, I also realize you did things to me, even if unintentionally. You made me feel passionate, beyond what I've ever felt before."

I frowned, uncertain if that was something I should be apologizing for.

"So then?" I prompted hesitantly.

She sighed. "I think that as long as I can trust you, then I'm okay with a little bit of manipulation, since I have the same kind of problem, and it's not exactly something you can control to begin with, and..." She sighed. "Well, I very much want to experience it again."

"Me too," I whispered. "And I wasn't trying to make you feel bad. I'm okay with you making me feel so much lust, although I'm not sure if I want to feel it right now. Like, kinda do, and kinda don't."

She nodded, giving me another sympathetic expression. "I understand, and honestly I trust and respect you even more for it." She then smirked, seeming to lighten up some. "Like, I really kind of want to just jump you and get that wonderful cock in me again, but it also makes me happy that your life doesn't now revolve around having sex with me, as it has done for so many men."

I cleared my throat. "Umm, right," I agreed, ready to change the subject. "So, I guess are you ready to tie me up?" I said playfully.

She grinned even wider. "Oh, I've *been* ready, baby boy. Let me grab the stuff, and then we'll go to the garage to do

it. The neighbors don't live close enough that they'd see, but I don't want to chance someone asking questions."

I smirked. "No witnesses, huh? Dang, I definitely feel better now."

She laughed, knowing I was teasing her, beginning to stand back up.

"Oh," I quickly said. "And obviously both your daughter and Serenity are really worried. Can you send them messages to kind of keep them up to date?"

She frowned at that. "Yeah, Gabby requested the same earlier, while you were on your way. I'll have to keep it vague, but yeah, I can do that."

"And you definitely aren't leading me to my death, right?" I added, my tone still lighthearted, but still feeling nervous.

She laughed again. "Oh, baby boy, I want to *keep you* too much to let that happen." She sighed. "And I'll be honest with you. As much as I love the woman who raised me, I'd fight her to the death if she tried harming you."

Dang.

"Wow, umm, thank you," I replied in surprise. "That actually makes me feel a lot better."

"Good," she said warmly, reaching down to grab the golden antique comb with the amethyst mind stone. "Now, you wait right here while I grab the stuff, and then we can be on our way shortly."

I nodded, leaning back more into the couch as I watched her walk around and begin heading upstairs. Taking a deep breath, I shifted back to my normal coloring and attempted to relax, realizing I did at least have one ace up my sleeve in the event that I had to defend myself.

Well, technically two aces.

First, I had my strength, which I knew for a fact Mrs. Rebecca didn't fully comprehend, considering she sincerely believed that I wouldn't be able to break out of handcuffs. Because I could, without a doubt. However, more

importantly, I had an even bigger secret that Gabriella's mom obviously didn't know about...

I had wings.

And I could grow them very rapidly, allowing me to have an extra set of arms to stretch significantly further than my normal reach, in the event I needed to take action quickly.

Still, I couldn't help but be nervous, especially when the unknown element of magic was involved. I just hoped this person was truly as good-intentioned as Mrs. Watson seemed to believe.

Taking another deep breath, I stood up when she came back downstairs about five minutes later, carrying a black leather bag, looking like it didn't have much in it. I then grabbed the wooden chest, containing the letter and stone, and followed her through the kitchen for the first time, surprised by how nice and cozy it looked with all the gentle shades of mostly light browns and blacks, only to follow her out a glass side-door that led out into the warm April air.

At least it was a really nice day out, the sun high in the bright blue sky, with lush vegetation and fancy landscaping making the already nice space look even more enriched.

She then proceeded on a stone walkway leading to the garage's side-door, holding it open for me, before turning on the lights once I'd stepped inside.

Holy fuck.

My jaw dropped.

"You have a Corvette?" I said in complete disbelief, staring at the cherry-red two-seater luxury car from heaven. There was also a very fancy four-door black sedan beside it, but it took backstage even though it was closer. And then there was an empty space beyond that, since this was a three-car garage.

Mrs. Rebecca chuckled. "Yeah, she's pretty, isn't she? I haven't taken her out recently, but she's fun to ride."

Damn, that sure sounded sexual.

But wait...

"Is this your car?" I said in surprise, focusing on her over my shoulder as she began pulling a leather blindfold out of her bag, already having a pair of real metal handcuffs hooked on two of her fingers.

"Yep," she replied warmly, glancing up at me. "My husband's car is at the airport. I saw him off for his flight, but we drove separately, since he wanted to make sure he had transportation in the event his plans changed and he came back at an odd time." She then grinned. "Maybe I'll be your sugar momma and take you on a nice date sometime."

Holy fuck!

I cleared my throat. "Umm, yeah, I'd actually really like that a lot," I admitted, kind of starting to wonder how Gabriella's parents were so well off financially.

"Me too," she agreed with an affectionate smile. "Now, let me get this blindfold on you, and start getting you ready to stuff in my trunk. We're taking the black car."

I laughed. "You're having way too much fun with this," I said playfully.

She grinned. "I'd be lying if this wasn't a little fun for me. Kind of wish we were doing this in my bedroom instead, but oh well. Now, turn around, young man."

I did so as she approached and reached up to secure the leather blindfold over my eyes, feeling a lot like a comfy sleep mask, that was buckled and pulled tight in the back. And then, she took the black chest from me to put in her bag, having me put my arms behind my back, so she could get the handcuffs on as well, ensuring they were pretty tight, while checking with me to make sure they weren't too bad.

She made a comment about us waiting a few minutes to make sure my hands didn't start falling asleep, all while she put a silky bag over my head that she then proceeded to strap into place with a built-in buckle.

Shit, she really did have some kinky stuff, because even the bag was obviously made for foreplay.

After that, she stood in front of me, just lingering there for a long few seconds, her overwhelming maple syrup-like scent beginning to have a twinge of guilt and regret.

"I really wish we could socialize on the way there," she said quietly, reaching out to gently touch my arm. "But obviously conversation will be a little difficult with you in the trunk." She sighed. "But I'll be thinking about you the whole time."

I frowned, though I knew she couldn't see, kind of wishing she had above average hearing, so that it would be possible. "Do the back seats fold down or anything?" I wondered.

She sighed. "They do, actually," she admitted. "But my mom doesn't want you to know where she lives, so I'm afraid I'll have to leave you completely in the dark."

I nodded. "Okay, well my hands feel fine, so I guess let's go."

She didn't respond at first, possibly nodding as well and not remembering I couldn't see her, only to lean forward and tug down on my Polo shirt a little. She then gently placed her lips on my collar bone, sending a wave of warmth up and down my body.

"Okay," she agreed, pulling away and grabbing my arm to lead me. "Let's go."

I allowed her to walk me to the back of the black sedan, hearing the trunk pop open, and then awkwardly climbed in with only my legs currently having free motion. Thankfully, the soft interior was actually pretty comfortable, with it almost feeling as if this was a brand-new car with how potent it smelt.

Indicating I was ready, she closed the trunk and then grabbed her bag, followed by climbing into the driver's seat as the garage door began to open. We were then on our way a handful of seconds later, the sound of the garage door closing again growing more distant as we headed down the paved driveway.

Then once we were on the road, I focused entirely on my sense of hearing and strong spatial perception, doing what few normal people were capable of -- I laid out a map for where we were going, doing my best to pay attention to the slight turns and angles of the road to maintain an idea of which way we were heading.

It helped occupy my time as the trip slowly passed, but I had to admit that it was boring as hell. At one point, toward the beginning of the trip, Mrs. Rebecca turned on the radio briefly, only to turn it back off, almost seeming as if she was determined to not enjoy herself while I obviously didn't have anything to do to occupy my time.

Thankfully, she kept me up to date though, letting me know when fifteen minutes had passed, calling out loudly in hopes I'd hear her, and then also telling me when we were halfway there. However, it became obvious she started feeling bad about the situation as we got a lot closer.

"We're almost there, baby boy," she reassured me.
"Another ten minutes and I can get you out of there."

Of course, I didn't bother responding, since I doubted she'd be able to hear me anyway.

But finally we were pulling up to an unknown location, the sounds of birds chirping in the trees, leaves flowing in the breeze, the noise of metal creaking as she pulled up to a gate, which opened automatically as if there were motion sensors controlling it.

I also heard the gurgling noise of a fountain as we began slowly driving down a paved lane, wondering if this was some kind of mansion, or a different kind of place entirely. Either way, from the sounds, I imagined it to be very fancy, and possibly old looking, while also clearly being well-kempt.

After we pulled to a stop, Mrs. Rebecca turned off the car and climbed out, beginning to speak on her phone as she walked around to the back, the trunk having just popped open, likely from a button she pushed.

"Yes, we're here," she said simply, only to rush to help me when I started climbing out of the trunk myself.

"Very well," a surprisingly youthful voice responded. "I'll send Gwen out to get him. In the meantime, I'd like to see you in the East Drawing Room, if you please."

"Of course," Mrs. Rebecca replied. "Do you want me to wait for Gwen to get here, or--"

"She will be out shortly," the young voice cut her off firmly. "Please come see me now."

"Okay," she replied uneasily. "Be right there."

She then hung up and moved to stand in front of me. "You doing alright?" she asked gently.

"Umm, yeah," I replied, sitting on the edge of the trunk now with my feet on the ground, my hands still handcuffed behind my back. "Was that her? She sounded really young, like my age. And she didn't seem like she was in a very good mood," I added, starting to feel anxious again.

Mrs. Rebecca sighed, reaching out to gently touch my arm. "She's just stressed, even though I reassured her you were safe. She usually gets a little snippy when she's stressed, but that's about the worst of it."

I nodded. "Okay, well, I should be fine here," I replied. "Better go before she gets any more irritated. You have the black chest with you right?"

"Yep, I do, baby boy," she replied quietly, sounding almost as if she wanted to say more. "Umm, if you need to use the bathroom or anything, just let Gwen know, and she'll help you out."

I tried not to scoff at the idea of trying to use the bathroom in handcuffs, wondering if Mrs. Rebecca was being literal when she said this person would help. As in, she'd pull my cock out for me and hold it while I took a piss.

However, thankfully I didn't need to use the bathroom right now, even despite my anxiety.

Oddly enough, unlike what seemed to be normal for most people, anxiousness didn't make me have to pee. Instead, it

made most normal sensations vanish entirely, to the point that even things like sleep and hunger became almost unnecessary the more anxious I grew.

"I'm good," I said simply. "Oh, but can I ask what her name is?"

Mrs. Rebecca hesitated briefly before sighing. "It's Miriam, and that's all I should tell you. I'll leave it up to her if she wants to share her last name."

Dang, such a normal sounding name. But then again, I supposed technically Miriam was a really old name too, since it had been around for like a couple of millennia or something. Granted, it was also possible she'd changed her name several times to fit with the current era.

"Thank you," I replied simply.

She didn't respond verbally, gently rubbing my arm again and then sounding like she was tapping her phone as she began walking away, I assumed to maybe give her daughter an update. Listening carefully to her as she moved, I heard her walk up a set of concrete stairs, only to open a door that made almost no noise at all, followed by her tapping on a hard floor, maybe marble or something, as she made her way to the right to another room.

Oddly enough, the sound of her steps began to feel significantly quieter as she walked.

In the meantime, I caught a couple of other people talking all the way at the back right of the house, immediately paying closer attention when I heard Gwen's name.

It was a man's voice.

"Ms. Gwen, I'm about to leave early, as requested. Did you need anything else before I go?"

"No," a surprisingly sexy female voice said, sounding a little deeper than average while also very feminine. Kind of reminded me of the voice coming from a chick in a screamo band, who perpetually sounded a little hoarse due to her career choice, yet also sounded enticing as hell. "You may

leave," she continued. "And take the rear exit. Under no circumstances are you to leave through the front gate."

"I understand, Ms. Gwen," he replied. "I'll be here early in the morning to finish trimming the north hedges. You have a nice day."

"You as well," she replied simply, sounding aloof, despite what should be kind words.

I could then hear her walking through a doorway, this one creaking just barely, before she made her way toward the front of the building, sounding as if she might be wearing high heels with how her feet clicked on the flooring. Her clothing kind of sounded odd as she walked, almost swooshing like silk, though I couldn't imagine she was wearing something silky, unless it was something like a silk maid outfit.

Hard to say, but I really began picturing her in a black and white silk maid outfit as she walked, feeling like that fit well enough with what I was hearing.

Having followed her with my ears through the house, I couldn't help but turn my head in her direction when she opened the front door, listening to her pause briefly when she likely focused on me, before making her way down the stone steps.

"Umm, hello," I greeted when she was close enough, wanting to start on the right foot, if possible. "Are you Gwen? It's nice to meet you."

"Don't talk to me," she snapped, sounding irritated now. "In fact, don't talk to anyone," she added. "You are only to speak if asked a direct question by me, or my mistress. Understand?"

"Umm, yeah, I get it," I replied, trying to not get frustrated myself. "No need to be rude about it."

She abruptly grabbed me roughly by the arm then, yanking me to my feet with surprising force, her thin fingers feeling really warm. I only then realized that she was almost as tall as me -- being able to perceive where her head was

due to the spot where her voice was coming from -- her grip somehow delicate yet shockingly powerful on my bicep.

"Don't make me repeat myself," she snapped, in response to my free speech. "Now walk."

Deciding not to get into a fight over nothing, I obeyed, a little surprised when she began telling me when to step, so as to avoid me tripping, although I couldn't be sure if she was actually being hospitable, or just didn't want to have me inconveniencing her by falling.

However, what she didn't know was that I'd listened to two people take these steps at this point, and been able to get a pretty decent picture of their general spacing, thanks to the distance of the sound origin combined with the length of time it took to take them.

Meaning, I would have been perfectly fine on my own, but I wasn't about to tell her that.

Because I felt like the less they knew about what I was capable of, the better.

Gwen then proceeded to walk me through an echoing space, possibly a grand foyer if this was truly a mansion, only to take me down a hallway underneath the potential staircases, leading me to a doorway that opened into a really tight space.

"Stand still," Gwen muttered as she slipped past me in the cramped area, unexpectedly telling me two qualities about her when she brushed against me.

One, she was really skinny, including in her chest area, her breasts feeling like they couldn't be larger than B-cups as they brushed against my arm. And two, she was definitely wearing something silky, but also poofy, which only reinforced my maid outfit idea. I also began to suspect that her hair might be shoulder length, because I could occasionally hear a different kind of swooshing when she would turn her head quickly, like hair brushing over shoulders, or possibly just brushing over the collar of her outfit if her hair was actually more chin-length.

I then heard her press a button and the back wall unexpectedly began rising, revealing an echoey space beyond.

"Look," I blurted out seriously, feeling nervous again. "I just came because I need help. I didn't come so you guys could lock me in your dungeon and keep me as your prisoner."

Surprisingly, Gwen made an amused noise at that, only to speak firmly. "Just shut up, and come on," she hissed. "We have more stairs, this time down, so watch your step."

"Umm, sure," I agreed as she grabbed me firmly by the arm again, tugging me forward as the heat in her fingers seeped into my skin, with me beginning to wonder if I could speak more freely now that I'd amused her a little. "So, just wondering, but are you a normal person?" I asked hesitantly.

She scoffed. "Just shut up, and step," she snapped. "Step," she repeated. "Step."

"Okay, I've got it," I snapped back. "These feel like normal stairs."

Although, they were again concrete steps.

She was quiet then, her thin fingers still tight on my arm as we continued down, going quite a bit further than I was expecting for a normal basement. When we reached the bottom, she then stopped, holding onto me as we stood there in silence.

Confused, I finally spoke up. "Something wrong?"

"Why did you come here?" she asked firmly, the heat from her body beginning to feel like a radiator, in a really good way.

Surprised, I cleared my throat. "I thought Mrs. Rebecca told you guys. My parents left me a weird stone, and we think there's something bad going on with it, and I don't really have anyone else I can ask."

"This isn't a trick?" she asked seriously.

I scoffed. "Of course not. I didn't even know Miriam--"

“*Mistress*,” she snapped firmly. “You will not call her by her name, unless she gives you permission to do so.”

I sighed. “I didn’t even know *your mistress* was alive, until Mrs. Rebecca mentioned it.” I paused. “And she didn’t even tell me that right away. She just said that she knew someone who might be able to help, and only after she spoke with *your mistress* did she mention who it was.”

“Are you trying to get me to believe that you didn’t know succubi are immortal?” she demanded, sounding skeptical now.

I paused as I considered that, kind of surprised she was being so open about what her mistress was, knowing she was skeptical that I didn’t automatically assume that Miriam was alive.

“I mean, yeah,” I agreed. “No one has ever actually told me they’re truly immortal. I just kind of assumed that based on something I read, but never really thought that this particular woman that I’m here to meet was still around.” I then paused again, suspecting she still didn’t believe me. “Look, I’ve never met my real parents, okay? I have no one who I can ask about this stuff. That’s it. I’m just here because I need help, and if she doesn’t think she can help me, then I’d be happy to leave without even meeting her.”

Gwen didn’t respond, but after a few seconds she began tugging on my arm again, leading me around a sharp corner to my right and then down another hallway, this one sounding echoey even if it wasn’t very large. I suspected the bare concrete walls were the cause for the ricocheting noise.

I cleared my throat. “You aren’t really going to put me in a dungeon, are you?” I finally asked, trying to sound lighthearted.

“No,” she replied simply. “But I am putting you in a room that might feel like one. My mistress is not thrilled to be meeting with the scion of an incubus, and is taking every precaution she can.”

"Not thrilled?" I repeated in surprise. "Then why does she even want to meet me?"

"Because she loves her children," she said firmly. "And she will not tolerate you harming them."

Oh fuck.

"I would never," I said quietly, feeling really uneasy now, wondering if I should just make a run for it while I still could, or wait and see how this played out.

Gwen didn't respond, but oddly enough, her fingers squeezed slightly on my arm as if she'd heard my thoughts and was preparing to stop me from escaping. And then, even more strange, when I decided I'd just wait it out, her grip loosened just a little.

I knew I had to be imagining it, but still it felt very coincidental.

Although something as crazy as mind-reading could explain why she was being a bit more social and nicer now.

Finally stopping to open a noisy metal door, she tugged me inside, proceeding to instruct me to sit, while guiding me a little, almost as if she wanted to continue touching me, only to readjust my arms behind the back of the metal chair I'd found myself in, beginning to secure the handcuffs to a chain.

A chain that was undoubtedly attached to a bolt in the floor.

"Hey," I said seriously, just as she finished and began standing up. "She's not going to try to hurt me, is she?"

Gwen hesitated briefly, before resting her hand on my shoulder, and leaning down a little. Her tone was surprisingly friendly. "I cannot speak on behalf of my mistress's intentions...but I will admit she does have a soft spot for the orphaned."

I turned my head slightly toward her, though of course I couldn't see anything with the bag over my head and blindfold over my eyes. Still, I felt an increased warmth coming from her, even if it was only brief.

"I didn't know my parents either," she said quietly, giving my shoulder a gentle squeeze, only to speak more firmly again, raising her voice. "However, I can promise you that her family is very important to her. Make her feel even a little threatened, and it might be the last thing you do."

"Fuck," I hissed as she let go and began walking away. "Hey, I'm not a threat to anyone," I said seriously. "I would never--" I stopped talking when the door slammed shut, an audible clicking sound occurring as it locked, suddenly finding myself completely alone in a concrete space.

Fuck.

'Okay, deep breath,' I told myself, still feeling confident I could escape if I needed.

I just needed to give this some time, wait to have this meeting with the woman who raised Mrs. Rebecca, and hopefully walk out of here peacefully...instead of fighting for my life.

But shit, what kind of situation had I found myself in? Dammit, this was bad.

(6) CHAPTER 36: TENSION

As I sat alone in a metal chair in the middle of an empty concrete room, my arms tethered to the floor by handcuffs and a chain, I began really contemplating if finding out what was so bad about that little black stone was really worth all this effort.

Because clearly, I'd opened myself up to a very unpleasant experience if I couldn't convince Gabriella's great-great-grandmother, the full-blooded succubus who spawned their mixed lineage, that I wasn't a threat to her family.

And I already felt like I was at a disadvantage, since I was half-incubus and felt like I was starting with a guilty verdict right off the bat.

Meaning, I'd have to prove my innocence, already making it an uphill battle.

Fuck.

And to make it worse, I couldn't hear anything outside of this room, which was bizarre enough on its own, and the person I was meeting was taking her sweet time to come by to chat.

Dammit, how long was Miriam going to make me wait?

Deciding to try to occupy my mind, so I didn't start freaking out and abandon ship prematurely, I began counting, trying to pace myself so I was counting about once a normal second, in order to give me some semblance of time while I waited.

The door didn't creak open for nearly fifty minutes, though I had to admit it passed pretty quick thanks to my focus being on the numbers themselves, resulting in me falling into a bit of a trance, rather than focusing on what those numbers *meant*.

"Hello?" I called out when no one said anything.

There was no response, though I was able to pick up on someone breathing softly, coupled with a slightly elevated heartbeat, only to be hit with a wave of her overpowering scent, suddenly feeling as if someone had dunked my head in a bucket of maple syrup.

Oh shit, she smelled so amazing that Mrs. Rebecca and Gabriella smelt *bad* by comparison.

Oh fuck, this was not good.

I needed to be able to think straight, and my mind was already feeling drunk from the intoxicating aroma assaulting my orifices.

"Look," I continued when I didn't get a response, knowing I needed to focus. "I didn't come here to have an issue with you, Ms. Miriam." Was 'miss' the right word to use? She wasn't married, right? I cleared my throat. "I just have reason to believe the black stone my parents left me might be dangerous, and wanted help figuring out what it was. If you can't help, I'd be happy to leave and not bother you ever again."

Finally, a youthful voice responded...*sounding pissed as hell*.

"You've used your compulsion on my daughter Rebecca," she hissed.

"What?" I gasped in surprise. "No, I..." I grimaced. "Well, I sort of did just before we left, but only because she said it was okay!" I exclaimed. "I was anxious about meeting you, especially when you wanted me tied up and blinded, so she *let me* verify that she was being honest!" I paused when she didn't respond. "But I've never done it before that! And I only did it because she gave me permission first!"

"Repulsive," she finally snapped. "Absolutely repulsive and disgusting. She said you were different, but now I can see she was wrong."

"You're not even giving me a chance!" I retorted in disbelief. "You're just making assumptions! Why would I put myself in this vulnerable position if I wanted to harm anyone? Seriously! I did everything you asked, and I'm more than happy to leave, if that's what you want!"

"And what about what my daughters want?" she demanded, still clearly in the doorway. "You've forced your will on both Rebecca and Gabriella too, and now they'll never be the same!"

I didn't know what to say, feeling like she'd just punched me in the gut even though I was across the room.

"B-But Gabriella was the one who pursued *me*, not the other way around! I tried to avoid her when I first met her, and even after that I was reluctant to get to know her!"

"Lies," she snapped. "Everything out of your mouth is a lie."

Okay, that made me pissed.

"*Seriously?*" I hissed, feeling enraged now. "If you think I'm lying, then don't you have some kind of way to prove it? Instead of making these empty accusations?" I scoffed, my tone cold now. "Surely, if you can use magic then there must be some kind of spell to divulge the truth."

"Oh, I have a way," she retorted. "I'm just not sure I have any interest in bothering to use it."

"That doesn't even make sense!" I snapped, my muscles tensing, my skin graying. "Is it just because you hate incubi and all their children? Is that what it is?! I didn't choose to be born the way I am! And even despite what I can do, I've avoided using my abilities! Do you really think I want to live an empty life where I have no idea if anyone even loves me for real?!"

"You're angry," she said in a cool tone.

"Well yeah, I'm angry," I snapped back, trying to calm myself down. "Because I came here hoping you could help me, doing everything you asked so I could get your help, and now you're basically holding me here as prisoner and accusing me of things based on who my *father* was, not on who I am!"

"*Was*?" she repeated in a cold tone, not elaborating at all.

Which only left me confused, the abrupt unexpected question cooling me off some.

"I don't understand what you're asking," I finally said, sincerely at a loss.

She sounded irritated, as if she was explaining to a five-year-old. "You said, 'who your father *was*,'" she elaborated impatiently.

"Oh." I paused. "Who my father *is*? I don't know. I'm not used to people being immortal, okay? And I've never met the guy. Fuck, what in the hell does it even matter!?"

"You're angry again," she pointed out.

"Fuck! You'd be angry too," I snapped. "If you were in my position, being accused of things with no basis, you'd be pissed too! If I knew you were going to be such a bitch, then I wouldn't have bothered coming!"

"Why *did* you come here?" she demanded, not seeming at all bothered by my words.

I gritted my teeth at the ridiculous question, and decided to take a second before responding, knowing I needed to calm down before I just up and left, chain or not, handcuffs or not.

"You know what?" I finally said. "Why don't you tell me why I came here, since it sounds like you're only going to believe whatever you want to believe."

She made a weird hissing noise between her teeth. "I haven't lived this long by offering trust to random strangers," she said firmly. "Certainly not *little boys* who can make people do whatever the fuck they want."

“Except that I can’t do that right now, since I willingly came blindfolded, and I wouldn’t do it even if I wasn’t blindfolded! And fuck, don’t you have a mind stone or something to protect yourself? This is fucking ridiculous.”

She didn’t respond to that, falling silent.

“Shit, you do have a mind stone, don’t you? Of course you would, since Mrs. Rebecca had one! Fuck, can we just have a normal conversation already? We’re wasting time. If you can’t help me, then I could already be out of your hair already.”

“And heading home with one of my daughters,” she snapped.

I sighed heavily, completely at a loss now. “Dammit, what do you want from me? How can I prove that I’m not a danger to them? How can I prove that I sincerely care about them?”

She didn’t respond.

I took a deep breath, my frustration having turned to sorrow for some reason. “You know what? I didn’t want to come here, because I was afraid of something like this happening,” I admitted quietly. *But Mrs. Rebecca spoke highly of you, and promised me that you wouldn’t hurt me. She said you’re a nice person and were only curious. She told me I could trust her, and that I could trust you. She vouched for you.*” I sighed. “And so I did everything you asked, because I don’t even know if I can trust my own parents, and I worry about them finding me one day, afraid I won’t know if they truly have my best interest in mind. Or the best interest of those I love.”

She sighed heavily. “Well, someone certainly wants you dead,” she admitted.

The fuck?

“Wait, are you serious?” I said in disbelief. “You mean the black stone? It would have killed me if I used it to see my mother’s message?”

"Yes," she replied evenly. "That's what I just spent the last hour doing -- analyzing it. There is a very powerful blood magic curse on it. You would have suffered a very painful death."

Holy fuck.

Holy fuck!

I couldn't believe this. Suddenly, being tied to a chair didn't matter anymore, because I realized I had much bigger problems on my hands. Someone was sincerely trying to kill me.

"But who?" I finally said in disbelief. "Would my father do it? And if so, then why? I mean, he put me with a family and gave me a support system, and..." My voice trailed off.

"I know, I read the letter," she replied coldly.

"But why would he do that if he wanted me dead? Or was it someone else? Certainly it couldn't be my mother, right? I mean, if she gave birth to me, then she could have just killed me right then and there."

"It doesn't make sense," she agreed simply.

"Fuck," I hissed, sitting back more in my seat, unable to wrap my head around what she was telling me.

We were both silent for a long few seconds.

Miriam spoke again, her voice still reserved. "I can remove the curse, so you can see the message, but it will take some time."

I perked up at that, suddenly doubting my own hearing. "Wait, are you offering to do that?" I said hopefully.

"I haven't decided yet," she said coldly.

"Dammit, seriously? Can you please stop playing games already? If you have a way to determine if I'm telling the truth, then please just do it already. I'm not a bad person, and I'm not trying to hurt anyone. I just want to protect my family, and as far as I'm concerned, that includes Gabriella and her mom, okay? I care about them, and want to protect them."

"They'd be much safer if they just left you," she snapped.

I sighed heavily. "Yeah, maybe you're right," I agreed, seeing no point in trying to argue with her. "But then you'd be making them prisoners too, if you forced that on them. Like, I know you think I've made them want me, but I haven't. I'm just as addicted to them as they are to me, and I sincerely care about them. Are you really going to put them in a room like this to keep them alive? Because maybe Mrs. Rebecca might do what you want, but I don't think Gabriella would. She'd pick *me* over you, and not because I compelled her. It's because she knows me and loves me, whereas it sounds like she doesn't know you at all."

Miriam was quiet, not responding for a long few seconds.

"Your aura," she unexpectedly said. "It's very different from what I've seen before."

"My lifeforce?" I tried clarifying, recalling Mrs. Watson say something similar when I first met her.

"Yes, that too," she agreed. "But I'm speaking in a more general sense. Even when your anger spikes, your aura is still...different. Especially for your kind."

"Different how?" I wondered seriously. "I don't know if my mother was human, or something else," I added. "So maybe that's it?"

"No, your aura is not determined by genetics. It's determined by everything that makes you, who you are."

"I don't understand," I admitted. "Maybe if you explain how mine is different?"

She hesitated for a long few seconds. "Gentle," she finally said.

"Meaning?" I prompted.

She sighed. "Gentle, as if, when you're sincerely pissed, you'd hug me before hitting me, even though you don't know me."

I frowned at that, though I knew she couldn't see it, thanks to the bag on my head. "Yeah, well, I certainly don't

really feel like hugging you right now, but I am very interested in leaving if you keep up with this nonsense.”

“But you’re chained to the floor,” she pointed out.

I scoffed. “Seriously, can you please just use your truth magic, or whatever?”

“I’d have to come much closer to do that,” Miriam said flatly.

I scoffed again. “Well, I’m tied to the floor, as you just pointed out,” I snapped. “And my aura is gentle, even when you’re pissing me off,” I added. “So I don’t see what the problem is.”

“I’d have to touch you,” she admitted.

I shrugged. “Okay? It’s not like I’m going to try biting you. I have a bag on my head.”

“Your lips,” she clarified.

I froze solid. “My lips?” I repeated in disbelief. “Like, with your hand, or...” My voice trailed off, knowing what she must mean. “Umm, okay...well, if you need to kiss me or something, that’s fine.”

She scoffed. “Do you really think I want to kiss such a repulsive creature?”

“*Seriously ?*” I said in disbelief. “You’re a succubus, aren’t you? Does it even matter what your victim looks like? And shouldn’t I be the one who is more worried about you trying to suck out my lifeforce? I mean, fuck! You’re way more dangerous to me than I am to you, because you know exactly what the fuck you’re doing! For all I know, you could kill me from there without even budging an inch!”

She sounded amused now. “Well, I certainly could with the gun I’m holding,” she replied with a soft giggle...which would have been absolutely fucking adorable *in any other circumstance*.

Any other circumstance.

“Fuck,” I hissed, unable to believe she’d had a gun on me this whole time.

She sighed. "Okay, I'm going to offer you something I rarely give anyone else, and that's only because everything you've said, everything my daughter Rebecca has said, and everything I feel from you is all congruent."

"And what's that?" I asked hesitantly.

"I'm going to extend to you a little bit of trust," she replied flatly. "Although, with some additional stipulations."

"And what's *that*?" I repeated, not sure if this was a good or bad thing.

She didn't respond to me, instead calling down the hallway. "Gwen, I need you."

Holy fuck, that chick could run, and in high heels no less.

She was at the doorway in what felt like barely a second's time.

"Yes, mistress," she said simply, not at all out of breath, her tone sounding very much like that Rockstar chick with a very feminine, but also low and hoarse voice from her screamo performances.

"I'm going to divulge his secrets." She paused. "I need you to ensure he doesn't do anything funny while I do so."

"Understood, mistress," she replied, immediately turning into the room and walking toward me.

I couldn't help but stiffen as she walked past me, only for her to stand behind the chair and gently place her thin fingers on my shoulders, the heat from her palms immediately seeping through my shirt and into my body.

It felt amazing, but also made me suspicious.

"Please tell me you're not using magic on me," I hissed in disbelief, feeling like the warmth wasn't normal.

Miriam had just *very noticeably* set down a metal object and taken a step into the room, only to stop in her tracks as well, a certain hesitation in her last step. It was then silent for a few seconds, before Gwen spoke tentatively.

"No. I am not using magic on you," she replied in confusion.

I sighed, deciding to believe her. "Okay, your hands are just hot then."

Neither of them responded. Or moved.

"What's wrong?" I asked seriously.

The succubus spoke up. "You think her hands are hot?"

"Umm, yeah. Why? Are they normally cold?"

"No," she replied hesitantly. "But I do use a spell to keep her temperature at a more normal level." She paused.

"Gwen, come here."

The woman immediately let go of my shoulders and walked over to her.

There was a short pause.

"No, your temperature is fine," Miriam commented, only to speak to me. "Are you messing with us right now?" she asked seriously.

"What?" I said in disbelief. "Why would I? I just want you to do your thing, so you can know I'm trustworthy, and we can move on with all this. If I'd known you were going to flip out over me saying her hands were a little hot, then I wouldn't have said anything." I sighed. "I just thought maybe she was using magic or something, and would prefer to know what magic is being used on me, if it's being done."

Miriam was quiet briefly. "Gwen, how did it feel to touch him?"

The woman was silent.

"Gwen, answer the question."

"Yes, mistress. Sorry, mistress..." She paused. "It was... not an unfavorable experience. Touching him was... comforting, unlike others."

Suddenly, Miriam was speaking to me again. "Did *you* use magic?" she asked seriously.

"I don't even know how," I scoffed. "And if I was trying to, then why would I tip you off? Shit, I'm only eighteen. I don't know shit about shit, especially when it comes to this stuff."

Gwen unexpectedly laughed only to abruptly stop, probably from Miriam glaring at her.

"Sorry mistress," she whispered.

"Okay," Miriam continued, speaking to her. "Well, do as I asked previously, so we can get this over with."

Gwen silently obeyed, slipping behind me and carefully resting her hands on my shoulders again, only for me to immediately duck my head at the overwhelming sensation bombarding me.

Her hands felt even hotter than before!

And it was filling my core like someone was bathing my insides in warm water, sending a wave of comforting heat all throughout my limbs.

Miriam immediately spoke. "Gwen?" she said in confusion.

"I'm fine," she said simply. "I feel nothing too strange. Nor am I doing anything strange. It just feels...nice."

"I'm fine too," I added, sitting up straight again, Gwen's heated hands moving with my shoulder. I doubted my captor even cared that I was okay, but wanted to move this along. "Sorry, go ahead."

It was obvious Miriam was hesitant, but after a few long seconds, she began approaching me again. It wasn't until she reached me, pausing in front of me for another few seconds and then finally began lifting up her leg to start climbing into my lap, that I became alarmed.

And not just because she was climbing into my lap in the first place.

"Holy fuck," I hissed in shock. "Why are you so small? Please tell me you look like an adult."

She scoffed, having paused again, before continuing to straddle my thighs. "Of course I look like an adult," she snapped. "I'm just short."

"How short?" I asked seriously. "And how old do you look?"

She sighed, sounded exasperated. "Eighteen or nineteen. Sometimes twenty. Depends on who you're asking. And I'm four-eleven. Happy now?"

"I guess," I sighed, feeling uneasy about the fact that her shifting her weight was starting to get me hard. "It's just you already sound young, and then when I finally felt you touch me, it made me think--"

She abruptly grabbed a fistful of my shirt. "*Don't* finish that sentence," she snapped. "Or I won't hesitate to slap you in the face."

I tried to lighten the mood. "Well, that's better than shooting me with a gun, I guess."

Gwen laughed again, only to instantly stop when Miriam stiffened in my lap.

"Sorry mistress," she repeated.

The short succubus in my lap didn't respond, continuing to shift her weight like she couldn't get comfortable, her hands moving to my chest and beginning to feel my muscles. For a second, I was hoping she was just taking her time working her way up to undo the belt securing the bag over my head, but now I wasn't so sure...

And fuck, why did she keep shifting her weight in my lap?

Why was she touching me like this?

I cleared my throat, trying to distract myself from my rapidly enlarging member. "Umm, so are all succubi short?" I wondered hesitantly.

She shocked me by laughing for the first time, suddenly sounding like a completely different person, as if we were magically best friends, her tone much more relaxed and easygoing. "Are all humans short?" she asked playfully, only to giggle. "No, of course not," she then continued in the same amused tone, her thin index finger suddenly seeming very interested in my left nipple, giving it way too much attention. "I'm just short. The reason why all my children are of normal height is because the man who spawned my first daughter was very tall."

I cleared my throat. "Oh, umm--"

She abruptly pinched my nipple, *hard*, sending a wave of unexpected pleasure throughout my body, even as my

cock pulsed beneath her tiny little ass, with Gwen's strong hands keeping me firmly in place.

"Fuck, can you not do that?" I hissed in disbelief, confused as hell about what was happening right now. Why was she taking so much time to kiss me?

"What?" she said playfully, reaching down to lift my shirt up a little, only to slip both of her small warm hands against my bare skin. "You want me to stop making you aroused?"

"I mean...I thought you said I was disgusting," I managed, feeling even more uneasy when Gwen's hands gently rubbed my shoulders reassuringly, only to return to their original position, her radiating heat still seeping into my core.

Fuck, I had no idea what either of these women looked like, only having a general idea of body shape, and yet they were both turning me on so much.

The succubus in my lap sighed, beginning to play with both of my nipples now, gripping and pinching *and tugging*, not having the shirt in the way to hinder her anymore.

"*Seduction* is a vital part of a succubus's existence," she explained, sounding very educational now. "And seduction is also how a lot of our magic fundamentally works. Your arousal will be the catalyst and fuel for what I need to do." She paused. "Unless you want me to try tapping into your lifeforce instead?" she wondered, sounding almost mocking as she gripped both of my nipples firmly and twisted.

"Fuck," I hissed, unable to believe how powerful the waves of pleasure running through my body were. "Umm, no. Arousal is fine," I finally managed, my head swimming now, knowing I was starting to create a wet spot in my pants as she continued to shift her weight, even as she felt my bare chest and played with my nipples more.

"Well, you're definitely a sex demon," she said, sounding amused. "Seems like you don't have a particular erogenous zone, with it being more like your whole body likes being touched." She paused. "I'm the same, so it's normal."

"H-How do you know that about me?" I gasped, finding myself starting to wish she'd do a little more than this single kiss we were working up toward. Fuck, I didn't even care if she was ugly at this point, though I was certain she was probably gorgeous, desperately wishing she'd change her mind about my pants still being on and decide to sit in my lap *with my cock buried inside her*.

"It's a succubus thing," Miriam said simply, only to reach over and begin rubbing my forearm. "Although, this transformation phenomenon is a little weird. None of my daughters could do anything like that. But then again, we don't look much like demons, unlike most incubi."

"M-Might have to do with my mother," I gasped, my body beginning to tremble as it yearned for release.

"*Hmm*," she purred, finally reaching up to the belt holding the bag in place. "You're just about ready," she whispered, beginning to slowly undo it. "Now, you'll be a good boy for me and behave, right?"

"Of course," I gasped, feeling her delicate hands gently rub my neck once it was loose. "I'd do as you asked either way."

"Oh?" she replied, sounding amused. "And why is that?" she wondered.

I tried to focus on my breathing as she seemed to get heavier, like she was somehow forcing more of her weight on my cock. Honestly, despite her size, she *was* actually heavier than I would have anticipated.

"B-Because I need your h-help," I stammered.

"*Hmm*, I suppose that's true," she agreed, only to speak to her maid. "Gwen, carefully lift the bag up just past his nose, but don't take it off."

"Yes, mistress," she replied, letting go of my shoulders to do as she asked.

"You know the signal if I don't like what I see," Miriam continued. "And if what I see is harmless, then we can take the bag off."

"Mistress," she whispered in surprise. "Are you sure?"

Miriam actually hesitated, seeming to become preoccupied with tugging on my nipples again as she considered her response. "Yeah, I'm sure," she finally said.

"Very well, mistress," she replied, having folded the bag up to my nose.

I then felt the short succubus lean forward, her hot breath suddenly on my neck, only for her soft lips to follow.

And instantly, I was on the verge of exploding.

Miriam tensed briefly, only to giggle softly. "Wow, you just went from 'almost ready' to *overflowing* with lust. Damn, this is way more than I need for this spell. I might have to feed a little on this after I determine if I can really trust you."

"Y-You're m-more than w-welcome to," I stammered, my entire body trembling as I tried to hold still even as she continued to plant gentle tender kisses along my neck. Fuck, I knew sex wasn't anything special for her, since I was sure she did it all the time, and I knew I certainly wasn't anything special to her either, but holy shit was she making me feel special right now.

Really special.

She touched me like an intimate lover.

"Hmm, yeah, I think I will," she finally said, abruptly sitting up and grabbing my face. "Now, show me who you really are," she said seductively, leaning in closer.

My breath caught in my throat when I suddenly felt her lips mere millimeters from mine, her hot breath entering my mouth, as if she was trying to get as close as possible without touching, her entire face radiating passion into my skin.

I couldn't take it anymore.

I closed the gap, what little there was, desperate to kiss her...

Only to freeze solid the moment our lips touched, unexpectedly feeling dizzy, my mind feeling disoriented as I

suddenly couldn't remember where I was.

"I love you, baby Kai," she whispered to me, holding me in her arms, looking so small, even while I was so much smaller.

A baby.

I was a baby, only two, and she was seven.

Holding me in her arms.

"My little angel," Serenity whispered. "I love you so much."

So much...

No...no, I was too late. I killed the man who was hurting her, but...

Her heart wasn't beating anymore.

I stared down at my small blood-covered hands, unexpectedly recalling that I was nine years old, my fingers trembling. My whole body trembling.

Sirens were blaring in the distance, growing closer, so much closer, and yet I couldn't move.

All I could do was stare at her vacant expression, her dark skin starting to look dark gray...

Like mine...

"I'm so sorry," I whimpered, my vision blurry. "I'm so sorry I couldn't save you."

I couldn't save you...

They were laughing at me. My mom and dad died, and they were calling me names.

Calling Serenity names.

Unforgivable.

I hate them.

I HATE them.

I'll never trust them again.

Never...

"Serenity!" I exclaimed, knowing the dinner she was preparing was already starting to burn.

"What?" she retorted, clearly stressed from attending the police academy while holding a fulltime job on top of it, all so she could prove to the courts that she could take care of me. "I'm following the recipe!"

"Just let me do it," I replied. "You do enough. I can do it."

"You're still a kid," she snapped. "I should be the one to cook your meals."

"No," I said firmly. "From this moment onward, I am banning you from the kitchen. You can boil water, if you really need to. Otherwise, I'm cooking."

"Kai..." she whispered uncertainly, only to sigh heavily. "I love you," she added quietly.

"I love you too, Ren. It's fine. I'll do it from now on."

From now on...

"Kai?" she asked urgently. "Kai, what's wrong?"

"I'm fine," I snapped, not wanting to talk about it.

"Kai, talk to me," she pleaded. "Please. Don't shut me out like this. Not like last time."

I grimaced, knowing what she was talking about.

Knowing how I'd become depressed when I was nine and wouldn't talk to anyone about it.

But what could I say?

I had to keep my secret.

I sighed. "I'm sorry, Ren," I said sincerely. "Just some guys fighting at school."

"Fighting with you?" she said in alarm.

I paused. "No," I admitted. "They were fighting each other."

"Then?" Her confusion was obvious.

I sighed. "I broke it up. Stopped it."

"Oh Kai," she whispered. "Are you hurt?"

I shook my head. "No, just upset."

"And why are you upset?"

*"Because they hurt each other. And it was stupid.
Pointless. It makes me angry."*

She sighed heavily. "I love you, Kai. Don't ever stop being good."

Don't ever stop being good...

I caught a glimpse of why this bastard was aroused by torturing his victims. It was everything that excited a predator, and I felt ashamed that her vulnerability even excited me a little...minus the panic and terror.

It was time to end this. Now.

The knife was in his chest, his body lifeless on the ground.

I then focused on the vulnerable girl lying before me, her short red hair strewn against the dirt in chaotic strands.

The attack happened fast enough that I watched as her emerald eyes visibly registered that the monster who had been torturing her had unexpectedly been replaced with another.

However, instead of screaming, she began crying in devastation.

I could smell it.

I could smell the brief hope she experienced leave her body as she accepted that she was going to die one way or another. She closed her eyes and turned her head away, her beautiful face twisted in grief as she sobbed.

Without even realizing it, I knew I was in love.

I knew I was in love...

His blood was pooling on the ground from his neck, the life draining from his eyes, as she stood behind me, having witnessed it happen.

I was a monster.

And she saw it.

Suddenly, she was in my arms, her expression firm.

"You see that man? Look at him," she demanded. She waited for me to comply before continuing, once I was grimacing at what I'd done. "That is a monster. A real monster, in human skin." She then paused to let that sink in. "What you look like, or even what you need to eat, isn't what makes you a monster. It's what is in your heart...and you have a good heart."

You have a good heart...

Kai, you have a good heart...

I gasped as Miriam unexpectedly slid off my lap, sounding like she was walking away.

"Uncover his eyes, and release him," she instructed, her tone apathetic. "Bring him up to the dining hall while I go get my daughter. I'd like to offer them a meal before they leave."

"O-Oh, umm, okay, mistress," Gwen stammered, still having the bag bunched at my nose, only to clear her throat. "But all the kitchen staff were sent home, and I haven't prepared anything in advance."

"Don't worry," she replied, pausing in the doorway. "I'll help you cook something simple up. It's been a while since I made my own food anyway."

"Y-Yes, mistress. Understood, mistress."

It was then silent as her footsteps echoed in the hallway, only to unexpectedly disappear entirely, as if she'd crossed a point at which sound wouldn't travel, like an invisible barrier...

"What in the hell just happened?" I whispered, trying to understand what I just experienced.

Gwen didn't respond or budge at all for a long few seconds, before carefully slipping the bag off my head.

She then began working on the straps holding the blindfold in place, her fingers noticeably trembling.

"Umm, hey," I said hesitantly, causing her to freeze in place. "If...if you want me to avoid looking at you, I don't

have a problem doing so. I don't want you to feel uncomfortable around me."

She was silent for a few seconds, before sighing and resuming undoing the blindfold.

"I trust my mistress," she whispered. "I'm more worried about what you'll think of my appearance," she added quietly.

"Oh," I said in sincere surprise. "What do you look like?" I asked hesitantly.

She sighed again, already finished undoing the blindfold, but holding it in place now. "I'm a familiar. An indebted servant in the service of a higher being. Most incubi and succubi have such servants, though the word is intentionally vague, since a familiar can be all kinds of things." She hesitated. "More specifically, I'm a magic-wielding demon referred to as an imp."

I laughed. "An imp?" I repeated in disbelief, imagining a tiny little creature. "But you're so tall! Almost as tall as me!"

She didn't respond, her grip tightening on the blindfold.

"Sorry," I whispered. "Wasn't trying to offend you."

She took a deep breath. "Words, and their meaning, change over time, as does manner of speech. Unfortunately, I'm not aware of a more modern word that most accurately describes what I am. Devil is close, but not nearly as accurate as what imp used to mean."

I sighed. "Well, I look like a devil myself when I'm transformed, so I don't think I'll be too shocked to see what you look like."

She paused. "Okay," she finally whispered, sounding almost vulnerable for some reason, as if she actually cared about my opinion. She then released the blindfold, letting it fall into my lap, only to hesitate, before bending down to release my hands from their restraints, apparently already having a key to the handcuffs.

I figured I wouldn't look until she was ready, but unexpected movement in the corner of my eye caught my

attention, prompting me to glance over in shock when I realized there was a black furry tail waving slowly in the air, almost like a large cat's tail. Or the tail of a panther, only much longer.

Holy fuck.

She had a tail?!

Looking straight ahead again when she stood up, I waited as she slowly stepped around, inching further and further until she was directly to my left side, now waiting patiently for me to look up at her. I took a deep breath and then finally did, surprised that she...

Well, she looked mostly normal.

Beautiful, in fact, appearing as if she was wearing purple lipstick and eyeshadow, which was a gorgeous contrast to her pale skin and pitch-black hair.

Except that she had...

Horns...pitch-black horns, with vibrant red cracks, rising from the sides of her forehead and curling back across her head, only to curl up and outwards in the back, making it look as if she had cat ears from a distance, with the glowing lines making it seem as if there was an inferno residing just below the surface of those horns, about to erupt...

And then...

Unnatural eyes.

Slitted, like a cat's, and vibrant *red*.

The exact same shade of crimson as Serenity's transformed eyes.

The exact *same* shade.

Holy shit.

Suddenly I wasn't so sure that the purple on her face was cosmetic.

And suddenly, I wasn't so sure Serenity had been entirely human before I injected her with my blood...

Holy...

Holy shit.

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(7) CHAPTER 37: SUCCUBUS

Not wanting to ruin the trust I'd apparently earned after the succubus Miriam used her magic on me, still feeling confused about what exactly she did, I kept my eyes mostly averted as the sexy devil maid began leading me back down the concrete hallway in their makeshift basement...which sincerely felt like a modern dungeon, considering the design.

And considering the potential invisible barrier that prevented sound from entering or escaping this space, the bare walls unfortunately not giving me much to look at.

Which meant, I found myself trying to ignore Gwen's shapely hips and skinny waist, instead choosing to stare down at her midnight furry tail, looking like a long panther tail, watching it sway behind her as she clacked along in her high-heels, wearing a silk black-and-white maid outfit that was very similar to what I'd imagined while blindfolded, though a bit more risqué than I anticipated.

At the very least, I felt like it was designed to look much more like it was meant for a porn video, instead of regular everyday life.

The shoulders of the outfit were a little poofy, with nonexistence sleeves, exposing virtually all of her smooth pale arms, the front dipping down to the point that it pretty much exposed all of her delicate chest, including her swelling cleavage, almost revealing the nipples of her B-cup sized breasts.

And it was obvious she wasn't wearing a bra, simply because her shockingly huge nipples were poking through the black silk fabric, with the support for her tits appearing to come from the fitted material itself, the already snug waist being bound even tighter with a white silk apron that was far too small to be functional.

Focusing on the lowcut back, her delicate shoulder blades in plain sight thanks to her chin-length hair, I could see that it had a black zipper that went all the way down to the skirt portion, which was also poofy and short as hell, to the point that I felt like I'd see her tight ass if she bent over even a little...or if she tensed her furry tail and lifted the skirt with it.

Either way, all of her legs were pretty much exposed, revealing what I initially thought were thigh-high silk stockings, only to realize her legs were covered in the same shiny black fur, stopping just before the middle of her thick thighs.

Fuck, her thighs were *thick*, looking muscular as she walked, instead of fluffy from fat.

Honestly, just considering her lower half, I would have thought she was some kind of cat demon, but everything else about her screamed *devil* demon, including the midnight horns coming out of her forehead, curving backward over her short black hair and then curving back up slightly and outwards, coupled with her slitted crimson eyes.

Glancing up at her horns, I sincerely began to wonder why they had glowing red cracks in them, only to focus down at the frilly silk collar on her neck, which was pretty much the only thing making it feel like she wasn't half naked, considering how much of her back and chest were exposed.

I averted my gaze again when we rounded the corner to begin ascending the steps, only to abruptly turn my head back toward her when she took her first step.

Holy shit!

She *wasn't* wearing stilettos!

Fuck, she wasn't wearing shoes at all!

The heel of her foot was slightly elevated off the ground, with it appearing as if she was perfectly balanced on massive hooves where I'd normally expect to see a person's toes!

Fuck, how did I not notice that sooner?!

I supposed between the sound and the fact that her legs look mostly normal, not to mention her posture, I just assumed she was wearing high heels. Plus, her hooves were pitch-black so they kind of blended in with the fur.

But shit, I supposed she was a bit more exotic than I even realized at first, never mind her purple lips and the purple eyelids.

Unexpectedly, Gwen stopped midstep, and glanced back at me, causing me to quickly avert my gaze.

"You've realized I don't have humanoid feet," she stated bluntly.

I looked up at her in shock. "You can read my mind?" I asked in disbelief, only to avert my eyes again.

"No," she replied simply. "But I can grasp hints of your thoughts, like shadows in the moonlight." She paused. "And you're concerned about meeting my gaze." She frowned. "You can look at me. I trust my mistress. Look me in the eyes."

I did so, still feeling a little uncomfortable as I met her slitted crimson gaze, not wanting to lose what little trust I'd just gained.

"I like it when you look me in the eyes," she continued quietly. "You aren't afraid of how I look naturally, without an illusion spell. You..." She tilted her head slightly in confusion, her jet-black hair shifting as well. "Think I'm beautiful?" she said in surprise, only for her cheeks to abruptly flush, the vibrant red cracks in her horns growing bright as she abruptly turned her head away. She then

cleared her throat, beginning to climb the concrete stairs again. "Umm, this way please."

I couldn't help but hesitate, feeling disoriented by her so easily perceiving what was in my thoughts, wondering if she was being dishonest by saying she couldn't flat out read my mind.

However, at the very least, it did make me realize why she might have been friendly with me earlier, after her initial rude greeting. More than likely, she began with the preconception that I was a threat to them, only to quickly begin picking up on my nonthreatening thoughts, or shadows of those thoughts, feeling a bit more comfortable with me by the time we reached the basement.

Focusing up on her midnight tail, I was about to continue after her, only to freeze solid when her tail lifted up just incrementally, which *wouldn't* have been enough to reveal anything underneath her skirt if we were standing on level ground.

But from this angle, I unexpectedly caught sight of a vibrant icy-blue jewel right in the middle of her tight ass cheeks, no panties in sight.

Holy fuck!

Instantly, she froze solid, abruptly slamming her hand over her ass, shoving her tail down in the process like she was fighting it, her pale skin actively flushing red all along her arms and exposed back.

She didn't look back at me, sounding embarrassed as hell. "I-It's not a butt-plug!" she exclaimed, the cracks on her horns growing even more vibrant red. "It's h-how my mistress keeps my t-temperature under control!"

I didn't respond, but I couldn't help but feel skeptical, wondering if it *had* to be a butt-plug.

"T-This is a *humane* alternative!" she snapped, as if I'd voiced my thoughts out loud, seeming even more flustered. "The more traditional way, of essentially *neutering* my kind, would be much more permanent! And cruel!"

I realized that my amusement and shock at the ridiculousness of all this was sincerely bothering her, so I tried to dial it down and get more serious.

"Sorry," I said sincerely. "It's just between your mistress being a succubus, and then the silk maid outfit, coupled with this, I sort of let my thoughts get carried away. I didn't mean anything by it."

She finally turned toward me, crossing her arms over her chest, looking as if she was attempting to appear firm, while her crimson eyes just continued to give away her embarrassment and vulnerability. "I'll have you know that silk is a self-extinguishing fabric, which means if it starts burning, it won't catch fire on its own. It'll go out the moment the flame is gone."

"Sorry," I repeated sincerely. "And honestly, you having that in you is really hot, so no need to be embarrassed."

Her face flushed again, seeming speechless now.

"So," I quickly continued. "Does that mean your normal temperature is hot enough to catch stuff on fire?" I asked hesitantly. "Without the, umm, magical device...in your butt..."

She grimaced. "N-Not necessarily," she replied, shifting her weight uneasily. "I'm actually an *inferno imp*, so it depends on my mood, but my skin would be h-hot enough to scald a human without it. My normal temperature, when I'm in a good mood, is close to a hundred fifty. Just a touch would be enough to burn someone, like touching the inside of an oven."

"Huh," I replied simply, not realizing there were actually different types of imps. "Well, if it makes you feel any better, you don't have to worry about burning me. I'm not very sensitive to temperatures. I can stick my hand in boiling water and feel just fine."

Her slitted crimson eyes widened in shock. "T-That's not possible. Even if you *are* half-incubus."

Wait. What?

I froze solid as I considered that, looking up and holding her gaze as I tried to process what she was implying. My brow then furrowed.

"Is it possible my mother is an imp like you?" I wondered hesitantly.

"No," she replied definitively. "My kind cannot breed with other demons, which is why we've grown so rare, since we aren't as prolific in our procreation. And besides, you shouldn't have a human form if both your parents were demons."

I nodded slowly as I considered that. "So, that means my father also couldn't be half-imp, right?"

She shook her head. "It's impossible. And he wouldn't be immortal if he was anything less than a true incubus."

"What does that mean?" I said in surprise.

Her brow furrowed slightly as she seemingly tried to grasp why I was confused. "Oh!" she then said. "Do you not realize that it is impossible for a true succubus to spawn another true succubus?"

"What?" I whispered in disbelief, feeling like that didn't make any sense at all.

"Succubi were not created through normal procreation," she explained. "Nor were incubi. And those who exist currently have done so since the beginning. In truth, their immortality is the only reason why they persist. And when one of their kind dies, that is permanently one less that exists in the world."

Well shit, no wonder Miriam was so cautious.

From a race standpoint, her kind could one day stop existing altogether if they were all killed off. And in fact, it almost made me wonder if that was actually the true reason for her paranoia and distrust, since I could imagine there being groups out there who desired that -- to eliminate their immortal races from the world.

Fuck, Miriam might be living her whole life in fear, feeling like she always had to watch over her shoulder to ensure

she wasn't being stalked in the middle of the night, simply because of what she was.

I was about to probe for more information, but Gwen unexpectedly shook her head.

"I am sorry, but I've spoken too freely. My mistress may be upset for me sharing so much. I must request that you resume your inquiries with her, if you desire to know more."

"Umm, sure," I agreed hesitantly, taking another step up. "And sorry again about seeing too much," I added, wondering why she didn't just wear panties in the first place.

Because then, I wouldn't have seen anything strange, aside from a really nice firm ass.

Gwen's face flushed all over again, another wave of obvious embarrassment hitting her. "I actually *was* wearing panties when you arrived!" she snapped, looking as if her emotions were shifting to anger again. "But my mistress needed energy to analyze your *stupid* rock, and I wasn't afforded the time to attend to myself afterward!"

I just stared at her in complete and total shock, wondering if she was implying what I *thought* she was implying.

When her face became even more flushed, her brief anger shifting back to her being completely mortified, I suspected I knew exactly what she meant.

"Oh." I cleared my throat. "Umm, but that was a good thing for you, right?" I asked hesitantly, being completely serious, since her calling the stone 'stupid' made me wonder if she actually had reason to be angry. "Or did you truly sacrifice to help with this?" I added, sincerely concerned.

Her tense shoulders slowly loosened as she held my gaze, before she relaxed altogether. "It's stupid because it would have killed you," she whispered, glancing away. "And no, it was not a sacrifice for me to devote my lust to my mistress."

Welp! That just about pushed me over the edge!

Unexpectedly realizing that during the hour I was waiting in the dungeon, Miriam and Gwen were fucking it up in order to generate the energy to analyze the stone, suddenly made my cock feel like it was burning up, with the entire situation being somehow hotter than if they were just fucking for pure fun.

Because this way, it felt as if they were fucking *for me*.

And in an instant, I was horny as hell and ready to get out of this narrow stairwell before I made a really stupid decision.

“We should get to the dining hall,” I said firmly, averting my gaze as I started hurrying up toward her. “Come on,” I urged when she didn’t react. “Don’t want to make the mistress wait. She’s probably irritated that she has to start on the meal by herself.”

“Oh!” Gwen said in surprise, doing a complete one-eighty, both in attitude *and physically*, as she spun around. “I hope she hasn’t started yet,” she added, bolting up the stairs with surprising grace.

I tried *so hard* to not touch her ass as she escaped my reach, wondering what in the hell I was even thinking to even consider it, since the merciful mistress might be sincerely pissed I’d touched her maid.

But damn, no wonder Gwen found it so easy to move in her outfit. She basically had nothing restraining her lower half from the hips down, and that butt-plug didn’t look like it was going to come out unless someone gave it a *really* good tug.

Shit, I needed to focus on something else.

Anything else.

Finally escaping the stairwell, and then following Gwen out of the tiny closet that concealed the entrance to the basement, we soon found ourselves in the front entrance, my eyes widening in shock at just how grandiose it was.

Fancy paintings of beautiful landscapes, twin staircases with elaborate handrails, seating areas with plush couches and coffee tables...and this was only the grand foyer! Damn, I wondered how amazing the rest of this place looked, knowing it must be huge.

However, Gwen wasn't waiting on me anymore, seeming urgent to get to the kitchen, so I followed her down another hallway furnished with potted plants, continuing on through a back entrance, only to find myself in what kind of seemed like a modern breakroom for the hired help.

But Gwen passed right through it, continuing on through another set of doors into a kitchen that would put most restaurants to shame.

Shit, it was full of shiny metal appliances, looking spotless as if no one had ever cooked here even once, with her abruptly stopping as she focused on her right.

"Oh mistress," she said apologetically, ignoring me as I stepped up next to her. "I'm sorry for making you wait. What would you like me to do?"

I barely heard Miriam's response as I stopped dead in my tracks, my softened erection beginning to stiffen all over again at the sight before me, finding the succubus who'd been on my lap not long ago almost completely naked as she bent over in search for a skillet, revealing almost all of her tan skin.

Fuck, she was so skinny!

Thin arms, thin thighs, tiny plump ass, toned back revealing dimples at the bottom, thin shoulders, A-cup breasts, and a slim tummy, all of it only covered in what looked like a black latex bikini, with the thong straps pulled up high on her bony hips, the back strap tight between her ass cheeks.

Holy fuck!

Her outfit seemed so cliché to me, and yet I felt like I shouldn't have expected anything less.

Or rather, I shouldn't have expected anything *more*.

Vibrant red hair, seeming perfectly straight and cut as short as Gwen's, only reaching down to about her chin, did little to hide her exposed frame, the gorgeous color adorned with a silver tiara on her head, coupled with a familiar looking amethyst stone right in the center.

I shouldn't have been surprised about that either.

Of course she'd be wearing a mind stone around me, even after using her magic to verify I could be trusted.

And yet none of that was the most unexpected aspect of her appearance.

She had a tail!

And wings!

Both of which were initially her normal tan coloring, only to rapidly shift to pitch-black, the skin of her unique appendages looking just as shiny and smooth as the latex bikini she was wearing. Honestly, she looked very much like depictions of succubi I'd seen before, only missing the heart-shaped spade at the end of her slim tail, but witnessing the real thing in person was very different than seeing a fake image.

And fuck, she was so hot!

But *why* was she so hot?

I'd never really had a preference for women with such a thin figure and short stature, and yet I felt like all I desperately wanted to do right now was to walk up behind her and shove my cock in her tight pussy, so easily accessed with so little covering it.

Fuck!

Having grabbed what she wanted, Miriam stood up then, revealing to me her gorgeous, youthful, chiseled, adorable face, her eyes such a vibrant green that they almost looked as if they were glowing as she acted like she'd only just now noticed me.

And for half a second, I unexpectedly could picture her wearing jeans and a normal t-shirt, standing in a classroom back at my school, looking so fucking adorable as she

greeted me like we were best friends, with her being excited that we were getting ready to graduate in a handful of weeks.

However, the vivid image in my head vanished the moment she spoke.

“Oh hey!” she said cheerfully, making an exaggerated gesture as she held the pan up, her wrists bent sideways, her elbow against her side, while placing her other thin hand on her tan bony hip. “You actually *are* kind of handsome, aren’t you?” she giggled, only to grin widely as she glanced down. “And clearly very happy right now,” she teased, only to laugh at my grimace, her tone making her sound like my buddy. “Man, I tell you what, my immortal life would be *sooo* boring if this kind of thing got old. But I can promise you that seeing a young man succumb to my seduction never ceases to excite me.”

“You...umm, you’re being really friendly,” I commented randomly, just trying to grasp onto anything at this point, struggling to focus on anything other than my desire to pick this hot chick up and impale her on my cock.

She grinned even wider, her tone playful, with a hint of sarcasm. “Now, what poor excuse for a succubus would I be if I wasn’t an expert at making my victims feel welcome?” She laughed again, only for her tone to become lusty as it dropped lower. “Or making them feel *special*, like they’re the most important person in the world to me.”

“Okay, please stop,” I said seriously, reaching over to grab the metal countertop for support, my cock beginning to hurt it was so hard now.

She laughed even harder. “Oh, poor baby,” she teased. “Did this little old hag make you almost pop prematurely?” She pouted, definitely looking like a teenager putting on a show. “Maybe I’ll let you jerk one out in front of me, *if* you let me have a little taste of that delicious lust you’re exuding. There’s just *so much* of it.”

I scoffed. "Do you really even need my permission?" I asked seriously.

Unexpectedly she frowned, her tone suddenly serious. "No. But with what you're capable of, I'd be a fool to not give you my deepest respect." Instantly, her expression and tone were cheerful again. "And *you'd* be a fool to not likewise offer *me* your deepest respect."

I sighed. "Yeah, well you should know that I'm more than happy to respect you, right?" I replied, only to shake my head as I stood up straight. "Honestly, I'm still not sure what just happened down there in that room. Like, did you see my memories or something?"

She sighed, abruptly holding out the skillet to the woman next to me, her thin arm perfectly straight as if it weighed nothing. "Gwen, would you fry up some of the cold rice they made yesterday. I'll go grab the frozen spring rolls to heat up." She paused, focusing on me. "Any requests?" she wondered. "Chinese is on the menu for lunch. No meat though."

"Chinese food?" I said in surprise.

Her thin red eyebrows shot up as she handed the skillet off to Gwen. "Umm, yeah. Duh. You think I'm going to waste my five-star chef on *normal* food?" She scoffed. "It's 'fine dining' here every day of the week, though I occasionally have cravings for the basics, like grilled cheese, and peanut butter banana sandwiches."

I frowned at that.

"What?" she asked with a grin. "Am I convincing you that I'm only about your age?"

I cleared my throat. "Umm, yeah. Hard to believe you're so old."

She scoffed, reaching back to grab her shiny whip-like tail. "Careful now, young man. I know how to pull out my old lady belt for spankings." She laughed. "Gwen would certainly know."

Surprisingly, the person in question didn't even react, as if she was used to this kind of playful banter, busying herself with pulling a big bowl of rice out of one-of-two massive silver fridges.

"Anyway," Miriam continued, letting go of her tail and gesturing with both hands dramatically to the side, seeming to overly exaggerate as if she was introducing someone on a stage. "If you have no requests, then I should tell you that your date is impatiently waiting for your arrival, if you'd be so kind as to have a seat in the dining hall."

"Oh," I said in surprise, focusing on the door where she was indicating. "Is Mrs. Rebecca okay?" I asked seriously, beginning to walk in that direction.

Miriam's expression dropped, as did her hands and cheer, now looking serious. "Yeah, she's fine. A little upset is all. I'm sure that her seeing you're okay will help alleviate her symptoms."

Fuck.

I turned my head fully toward the door then, forgetting all about the pair of sexy women behind me as I made haste through the set of double doors, only to find myself in a small room with carts, quickly moving through the next set of doors.

When I popped out at the edge of a massive space with a long table and fancy chandeliers, it took all of half a second for Mrs. Rebecca to spot me.

It was obvious she'd been crying.

"Oh Kai!" she exclaimed, running over to me, her huge tits bouncing around with her green blouse as she did so. "You're okay," she sobbed, throwing herself at my chest and wrapping her arms tightly around me, burying her face against my shoulder. "I am *so* sorry," she whimpered. "So *so* sorry. Please forgive me. I had no idea she would..." She sobbed again. "I tried to stop her, but I..." Another sob.

"Hey," I said gently, returning the embrace and tenderly rubbing her slim back. "I'm okay. And I don't blame you," I

added. "Seems like she approached things a bit differently than either of us were expecting."

"I'm so sorry," she repeated. "She...she kind of flipped out when she sensed traces of your compulsion on me, and I tried to explain but she wouldn't have it." She squeezed me even tighter. "I tried to make her listen, but she was convinced you had control of me. So she tied me up and used her Soul Scrying on me."

"Soul Scrying?" I repeated in surprise. "Is that what she did to me too?"

Mrs. Rebecca finally looked up at me, her cheeks wet with tears as she sniffled, her green eyes somber, her heavy red curls hiding her shoulders. "Umm, yeah probably. It's a divination magic that uses one's soul as a catalyst to divulge the nature of its essence. Much like using a crystal ball or mirror, except that what she does is significantly more potent."

"And it's safe?" I said hopefully.

She sniffled again. "Yeah, it's not dangerous. It was just uncomfortable to have my own mom trying to seduce me and use my lust for the spell."

Oh fuck.

I tried not to react.

"Did she have to use Gwen instead?" I wondered hesitantly, knowing I was focusing on the wrong things here.

Mrs. Rebecca grimaced. "Umm, no. I had enough lust." Her expression pained then. "I'm so sorry," she repeated. "I felt horrible, knowing I was feeling so good when you were all alone in the basement, but she knows all my sweet spots, and it's pretty much impossible to resist her influence."

"Umm, yeah," I agreed, knowing I'd just had a raging hard-on only moments ago when she was apparently working her charm on me. "I couldn't really help it either," I admitted.

Mrs. Rebecca nodded, her expression lightening up some when she pressed her thigh more into my cock. She then sighed. "Well, at least it seems like you're both physically and emotionally unscathed," she commented, reaching down to gently touch me. "Or at least, this big guy is still working just fine."

"Sorry," I whispered, feeling a little embarrassed that the idea of her mom seducing her was so fucking hot. "I know this is all serious, and I'm taking it serious. It's just..."

She nodded, giving me a small smile. "You're very much still a teenage boy," she mused. "Being horny seems to make everything else take the back seat. But at least you're not mad at me. I'll be sure to treat you to something special before I take you back home, okay? It's the least I can do after putting you through all this. I really am sorry."

I couldn't help but grin at her, sincerely feeling my mood lifted from that promise. Dammit, I really needed to grow up. Although, I knew that there might be unseen influences going on that I couldn't control, like a certain little succubus in the other room, who seemed to be more potent in her capacity to seduce than I would have anticipated. "Sounds good," I agreed, only to nearly jump when I heard something close behind me.

Fuck, no one snuck up on me.

No one.

Why in the hell couldn't I hear anything in this house?

I should be able to hear Miriam and Gwen in the kitchen, especially since I'd been able to pick up on Gwen's footsteps when we first arrived, despite the fact that I was much further away.

And more than that. I should be able to hear the birds in the trees outside, as well as the leaves flowing in the warm wind, and even the smaller sounds like squirrels rustling and scratching as they climbed along the bark.

Glancing over my shoulder, I was surprised to see it was Gwen.

She spoke the moment I met her gaze. "My mistress instructed me to sit with both of you while she finishes up. She's decided she wants to cook the rest herself."

"Oh, umm, okay," I agreed, glancing at Mrs. Rebecca and moving toward the long table, figuring I'd sit on the other side so I could keep an eye on the kitchen doors. "Oh," I added. "Can I ask you a question, Gwen? Why can't I hear anything?" I wondered seriously.

She paused just as she pulled back a tall chair, focusing on me. "I'm not sure if my mistress would want me to share," she replied, obvious regret in her expression.

Mrs. Rebecca had already sat down, patting the seat next to her. "Oh, I'll tell you," she retorted. "It's not that big of a deal. It's basically a spell that prevents eavesdropping, using energy from the ground to sustain itself indefinitely. The strength of the effect varies quite a bit though, depending on your location in the house."

"Oh," I said simply, having a seat beside her as I glanced at Gwen across the table. "Makes sense."

The sexy devil maid decided to sit down then, her cheeks beginning to flush slightly as she did so, her very large nipples growing visibly harder against her tight silk holding her tits in place, with her noticeably taking a deep breath once she was settled.

Oh fuck, she still had that butt-plug in her ass, something that I was sure rarely came out.

And suddenly, I couldn't help but have only one thing on my mind.

I desperately wanted to ask her an obvious and totally inappropriate question. '*Does that feel good?*'

Unexpectedly, Gwen inclined her chin just slightly, her cheeks flushing even more as she cleared her throat and glanced away.

Oh fuck, this was making me so horny. I almost wanted to ask if I could eat *her* for lunch instead, easily visualizing

myself slipping underneath this table and wiggling my way through her thick muscular thighs.

Gwen's face turned bright red as she cleared her throat again, parting her shiny purple lips like she was searching for something to say, anything to end the awkward silence.

Miriam suddenly walked through the double doors then, coming much sooner than I was expecting, carrying a surprisingly large tray in her tiny arms, having bowls of hastily fried rice, spring rolls, and a bottle of soy sauce, with no sign of meat, as mentioned.

I recalled that Gabriella had grown up a vegetarian, knowing her mom was as well, and suddenly I began to wonder if it truly ran in the family, since everything Miriam was bringing out was aligned with a meatless diet. There wasn't even the scent of eggs, indicating that the rice had been likely fried only using soy sauce, and the spring rolls were probably fried with vegetable oil, though I had no idea if eggs were truly something she wouldn't eat.

But damn, it all still looked and smelled amazing.

It was only as she set the platter down that she noticed her maid's flushed expression. She then smirked, beginning to slide dishes across the table toward us, only to focus up at me as she placed both hands on her bony hips, seeming to display all of her tan bikini-clad body for me to see.

"Oh," she said casually, her grin widening. "And as restitution for how you were treated while you were here, would you be of preference to fuck my maid before you go?"

My jaw literally dropped.

"Whoa, hold on," I said in shock, glancing at Gwen and then back at her, feeling absolutely dumbfounded at this point. "I am so confused right now. First, you don't trust me and even threaten my life, and now things are not only great, but you're also offering me..." My voice trailed off.

Shit, how could this be so night and day?

It was like she did her Soul Scrying on me, and then *boom*, I was her family now.

Or at least a respected guest.

Miriam exaggerated a heavy sigh, only to throw her hands up like she was acting for a play. "Truly, you were raised by humans," she said almost mockingly. "Oh, how I'll never understand why your lot perceives sex as such a sacred act." She shook her head. "Perhaps, let me rephrase, little boy. Would you, my esteemed guest, be interested in *shaking hands* with my maid? In a guest bedroom?" She paused. "Using your cock," she added flatly, as if I needed the extra clarification.

When I didn't respond right away, she sighed heavily and continued.

"Aside from me, and my few descendants, Gwen here can't partake in such acts with most others, simply due to the nature of her existence, even with the measures I've taken to reduce her temperature. Unfortunately, there is only so much a magical item can do to bottle up the effects of her lust, which really gets her heated up. However, she's just recently informed me that you claim to not be burned easily, and I admit I am very curious to find out if that's true, since I've never heard of an incubus being heat resistant like succubi are."

I sighed, only to focus on the demoness in question, since I wanted to make something clear...before I rejected the offer.

"Look, you are absolutely gorgeous," I said firmly to Gwen. "And I'd feel very lucky to have sex with you," I added, only to pause, glancing at Miriam. "However, after everything I just experienced, I'm hesitant to enjoy myself. I know you claim that you trust me now, but I was recently tested by someone else I care for..." I paused again when I noticed Mrs. Rebecca grimace in the corner of my vision. "And I'm just paranoid that everything is a test at this point."

Miriam abruptly clapped her hands, a smirk tugging on her cute perfect lips. "Congratulations, you passed the test."

"Are you fucking serious?" I hissed in disbelief.

She laughed. "No, not at all. But it was funny seeing your reaction." She chuckled again. "And please, do fuck my maid. She could really use it. And I could really use the unraveling of another mystery. Might even be able to siphon off some lust for myself while I'm at it."

I sighed, focusing on Gwen again. "If I decline now, will you be willing again in the future?" I asked seriously.

She looked up at me in surprise. "Oh, umm, yes," she replied quietly.

"Look," I continued, feeling like she was taking this too hard. "You can perceive my thoughts, right? Or my intentions, or whatever? What are they telling you right now?"

The sexy devil frowned then, her purple lips looking so plump and perfect, only to focus more intently on me, her slitted crimson eyes sharp. "You want my body. You perceive it as exotic and want to explore it. You want to pleasure me, and want to receive pleasure from me." She sighed. "But you are also hesitant, due to the nature of the situation, as well as due to your preestablished commitments with others."

Well shit.

I was about to say, '*exactly what I just said*' only for her to add a little something to it.

"Oh, umm, yeah," I agreed, feeling awkward that she'd taken it a step further than what I was saying out loud, by mentioning my preestablished commitments. Granted, I supposed I opened myself up to it in the first place, so I had no right to complain, and it wasn't like I was hiding the fact that I was sort of with other women, and wanted to respect them by avoiding fucking around with random people as much as possible.

Miriam sighed heavily again. "Well, how about me then?" she asked with a straight face. "Want to fuck me before you

leave? I'm curious to know what my daughter finds so amazing about you."

Holy fuck!

Fuck, fuck, fuck!

Was I going to get out of this place without fucking *someone*?

Shit!

"I...I thought you said I was disgusting," I repeated in disbelief, knowing I'd already made that statement already.

She laughed. "Oh honey, do you really think I care? You could be ugly as shit and I'd fuck you, so long as you give me that juicy lust you have within you. And not only are you quite handsome, but *ohhh*," she moaned, exaggerating the word. "You have so much lust just waiting to be eaten up."

When I didn't respond, she giggled again.

"Little boy, ever heard the phrase '*beauty is on the inside*?' Well, I believe that's quite true, as everyone's lust is quite beautiful to me. Doesn't matter what you look like, I perceive everyone as being quite special." She grinned. "And delicious."

I cleared my throat, my cock feeling like it was literally going to explode, and not the fun kind, but the '*too much blood flowing there*' kind. And yet, somehow it felt amazing, and I couldn't help but wonder how it might feel getting my engorged member in this short sexy woman's tight snatch.

I wondered if her pussy lips would be juicy and inviting like Mrs. Rebecca's were, even despite her otherwise thin frame.

"It's alright if you want to," my redhead MILF unexpectedly whispered next to me. "I don't mind at all."

I shook my head, taking a deep breath, trying to clear my thoughts as I changed the subject. "So, umm, about this stone. Not to put pressure on you or anything, but you said you can remove the curse? How long do you think that might take?"

Miriam frowned, finally crossing her arms over her scantily clad chest, her slim belly tensing slightly. "I don't know," she replied honestly. "The spell is very dangerous, and a bit complex. Picture it like unraveling a tangled ball of wires connected to a bomb. I have to untangle the mess while avoiding detonation."

"Fuck," I hissed, sincerely concerned now. "It's not dangerous for you, is it? Because if you could die from this, then just forget it. I don't need to know what the message is that bad."

Her emerald eyes narrowed slightly, arms still crossed.

"Why you care, I can hardly fathom," she mumbled, only to sigh. "How does someone as naïve and innocent as you come from an incubus?" she asked seriously, though it was obvious the question was rhetorical.

Still, I replied anyway, a hint of sarcasm in my tone.

"Umm, sorry that I don't want the mother, of two of the women I love, to die?"

She grinned, seeming to approve of the sass for some reason. "Is it dangerous for the idiotic? Certainly. But I'll be fine. I've dispelled a number of dangerous spells in my lifetime, and I always have a scapegoat in the event something goes wrong."

I immediately looked at Gwen uncomfortably, the word 'goat' reminding me of her hooved feet and horns.

"Oh please," Miriam said in exaggerated disbelief. "You really think I'd risk my precious sex pet?" She scoffed. "I'll usually pick up a random human for these types of experiments," she explained, shrugging her delicate shoulders. "Best case and they'll have the most amazing mind-blowing sexual experience of their life. Worst case and they'll also have the most amazing mind-blowing experience of their life...and then suffer an excruciating death, which they'll happily accept after I've literally pleasured them into their own mental paradise."

"Shit," I hissed.

She smirked at my reaction. "But don't worry," she reassured me. "I'm very good at dealing with these types of curses. I feel confident that whatever person I pick up will leave here alive and well, wishing they could stay forever."

I sighed heavily, knowing this really needed to be done. Because at this point, I either needed to look for clues in my mother's message, or possibly try to seek her out directly, so I could ask her who might have tried killing me.

Because it couldn't be her.

If she was the woman that gave birth to me, then she had ample time to end my life when I was at my most vulnerable, so I felt like it wouldn't make sense for it to be her.

And my father...

That didn't really make sense either, considering he basically put a house over my head, food in my stomach, and provided a family to raise me. He too could have killed me when I was much younger, which meant it had to be a third party who wanted me dead.

But why?

I had no idea.

However, what I did know was I had to find out, and soon, taking whatever measures necessary to ensure that the people I loved didn't end up just as dead as I would have been, if I'd used that stone.

Dammit.

I took a deep breath. "Thank you," I replied sincerely. "And if there's any way I can pay you back, please let me know."

Miriam grinned. "Oh, don't think I'm doing this for free. I fully expect you to owe me a favor," she replied warmly, just a hint of a mischievous glint in her sparkling emerald eyes.

Ah shit. I should have known.

(8) CHAPTER 38: SEAL

As we sat at the massive dining hall table, with me and Mrs. Rebecca sitting across from the succubus Miriam and her sexy demon maid Gwen, we began eating our rice and spring rolls that our seductive host had brought out while she began socializing with her daughter, seeming genuinely curious about how her life was going.

Well, technically Mrs. Rebecca was her great-granddaughter, but when Mrs. Rebecca's real mother didn't want to step up and raise a child, Miriam stepped in to take her place.

And it was obvious as they talked that the deceptively young-looking succubus was very much interested in the woman's overall wellbeing, and that Mrs. Rebecca likewise had a high amount of respect for the person who raised her.

However, I wasn't listening very closely because I had only about a million questions I still wanted to ask, and was really struggling to think straight in the presence of these three hot women. Especially since Miriam had just offered to let me fuck her maid, suggesting I'd be doing them a favor by doing so, and then even offered herself, wanting to personally fuck me before we left.

Under normal circumstances, dealing with normal people, I felt like the decision wouldn't be that hard to deny.

And yet, even though my cock wasn't hurting right now, it was still pretty stiff, with me feeling this intense sensation in my gut that was making my horniness go far beyond what I'd ever felt before. And it was making my whole body feel sensitive, to the point that something as simple as

holding a utensil and putting rice in my mouth felt pleasurable.

Fuck, I'd never done any drugs, but I knew enough about them to wonder if this was what ecstasy felt like.

Every little touch against my skin, even the way my shirt shifted over my shoulders, arms, and chest was making me hot and bothered.

I finally sighed heavily, dropping my silverware noisily on my plate as I focused on Miriam, not at all caring that I was interrupting them.

"Okay, seriously," I said firmly, trying to focus on her face without thinking about getting my cock in her mouth. Fuck, those lips looked so juicy, sweet, and inviting. "Did you slip me something?" I wondered. "This isn't normal."

Miriam set her utensil down too, carefully scooting her plate to the side as she leaned forward on her elbows, propping her delicate chin on her hands as she gave me all her attention, her vibrant emerald eyes nearly sparkly.

"What ever do you mean, dear?" she said warmly, her black wings unfolding just briefly and refolding, her lips tugging into the most adorable *fucking* grin in the whole *fucking* world.

Dammit.

"You know *what*," I replied seriously, trying to still keep my tone respectful, since it felt like she had all the power here. "Please, stop playing games with me."

"Oh, but little boy," she pouted. "I just want you to feel good, and I'd be such a terrible host if I didn't at least do that."

When I didn't respond, the pleasure in my gut beginning to feel like it was going to explode now, as if I was going to have some kind of strange orgasm without even cumming, she finally sighed.

"I have sex with *everyone*," she stated flatly. "And I'm very curious to have sex with someone like you." She

frowned. “Don’t make me waste the favor you owe me on something like that.”

Fuck, I was feeling so good, it was almost making me angry.

“Oh, that won’t be necessary,” I almost snarled in annoyance. “I’ll definitely fuck...” My voice trailed off, realizing what I was saying.

Committing to sleep with her one day, even if not now.

I mean, I really wasn’t opposed to the idea at all, instead just feeling like I needed to make the life-and-death situation, presented by the midnight stone, a priority over fucking around.

She laughed. “Now *that’s* what I want to hear,” she mused, seeming extremely cheerful again. “I’ll remember that promise, okay?” she added sweetly.

Instantly, the ball of intense pleasure in my gut began to diminish, until it was finally at a more manageable level, though still very much there.

She continued. “Honestly, I can’t even fathom why you wouldn’t want to experience the pleasure I can offer you. And it’s not like there’s any downside. I’m very careful and gentle.” She then got that mischievous glint in her eye again, her tone dropping. “Unless you don’t *want* me to be careful and gentle,” she added seductively. “I can be very rough, if you’re into that like Gwen here is.”

The sexy maid’s face finally flushed again.

I sighed heavily, thankful I could finally think about something beyond my desire to fuck like a wild animal, even if Miriam’s words were still making it difficult. “Honestly?” I began, deciding to answer her question truthfully. “I’d like to go home today, and I’m afraid if I let you have your way with me, then I might want to stay instead.”

Miriam laughed at that, leaning back in her seat, and reaching out with her thin fingers to pull her plate back in front of her. “Oh don’t worry,” she said playfully. “I’ll kick you out when it’s time to go.”

"I'm sure," I mumbled, watching her grasp her silverware and scoop a spoonful of caramelized rice into her delicate mouth.

Desperate to keep the conversation going, to keep my mind off her slim arms that I could see myself easily wrapping my whole hand around, or her shifting black tail that I could so easily hold onto as I fucked her tight pussy from behind, I grasped a hold of the first thing that popped into my head.

"Hey," I commented before Gwen or Mrs. Rebecca could start a conversation up again. "Is the reason why Gabriella and Mrs. Rebecca are vegetarian because you are?" I wondered.

Surprisingly, my companion chimed in. "Yes," she agreed beside me, her emerald gaze tender. "Mom doesn't eat anything that once had breath in it. She actually doesn't even need to eat at all, being able to sustain herself entirely on lust, but chooses to live a more normal life."

I nodded, focusing on Miriam. "And why is that?" I wondered casually. "The vegetarian part," I clarified. "Since I totally get the eating part."

Instantly, both she and Gwen froze solid for half a second, before the devil maid set her silverware down while Miriam took another bite, chewing as she glanced at me from the corner of her eye.

After she swallowed, she sighed heavily.

"I've lived for a long time, young man. A very long time." She sighed again, setting her utensil down as well. "And when you live this long, there are usually two paths people end up taking. Either you become less sensitive to death, or more sensitive. Heartless...or empathetic. Do you want to know why?"

I nodded hesitantly, surprised it was a sincere question.

Like, she was truly asking me if I really wanted to know, as if it might be better to stay in the dark.

She pursed her lips briefly. “Imagine that every creature you’ve eaten...” She paused to focus more intently on me. “Or every *person* you’ve killed, all have a trace of their ghost that lingers on you after death. A mark they’ve left behind. A stain on your otherwise white clothing that hides the nakedness of your soul. Now imagine that you could sense those stains. Imagine that you could sense that death. What do you think a person’s clothing would look like after a millennium? Or several millennia?”

“Probably pitch-black,” I admitted. “But then, is all that really true? Does killing things, or eating things, really leave a mark behind?”

“Maybe,” she hedged with a small shrug. “But I have long since decided that I will never again take another life, or eat something that once had breath in it, unless it is *absolutely* necessary. Unless there is no other choice.” She paused. “And considering I don’t need to consume food anyway, I view this as very much having a choice.”

I nodded in understanding, all of us falling silent briefly as I considered if I really wanted to ask my next question. “And what do you sense on me?” I wondered hesitantly. “Do you...do you sense death?”

Both Mrs. Rebecca and Gwen hesitated briefly, before focusing on Miriam as well, seeming a bit curious themselves.

The deceptively youthful succubus pursed her lips again. “You are very young,” she finally hedged. “You’d probably have to kill at least a dozen people before it would become noticeable, and even a lifetime of eating meat wouldn’t do much to the purity of your soul. I’m speaking about much longer timeframes. I’m speaking about living for hundreds of lifetimes.”

“Ten thousand years?” I said in sincere shock.

She sighed. “Ah, well, maybe that’s an exaggeration. But that’s not the point. You’re fine,” she said reassuringly.

I nodded slowly, surprised that she was being so...well, *empathetic* right now. Like she actually cared about my concern. But then again, wasn't that what she implied? That she was empathetic? Instead of cold-hearted and callous.

Gwen unexpectedly spoke up. "My mistress is very merciful," she agreed, having sensed the shadow of my thoughts, or whatever.

Unfortunately, the comment made me think about how the magical butt-plug in her ass to control her heat was also 'merciful,' compared to the alternative, and she picked up on that too.

The sexy maid's face flushed, and she focused down on her plate.

I suspected the issue was that she wasn't used to other people knowing about its presence. No doubt none of the other people who worked here were aware.

"So," Miriam commented, a big grin on her face. "How exactly did you two get involved with each other?" she wondered seriously, looking between me and Mrs. Rebecca.

Which completely shocked me.

"You don't know?" I said in surprise. "Even after that Soul Scrying you did?"

She frowned at that, sticking her spoon at me with a simple twist of her wrist. "First of all, it would be rude of me to not give you a chance to share on your own, even if I already know. And second, that's not how it works. You might see very vivid flashbacks of memories, but I only see vague details of those memories, sometimes whispers of what people said, along with the essence of what your soul contains. So while I might have managed to grasp a general idea of major events that happened in your life, it's not enough to piece together everything without an explanation."

"Oh," I said in surprise, suddenly finding myself uncertain of what she knew or didn't know about me.

It was like she read my thoughts.

"I'm aware you've killed someone to protect Gabriella," Miriam admitted bluntly. "Or perhaps two people...maybe three..." She frowned. "And I'm aware you had a very traumatizing experience when you were young, perhaps nine or ten years old. And that you also lost trust in most people around the age of twelve or thirteen. Sound about right?"

"Umm, yeah," I whispered, glancing down at my plate.

"So," she continued, her tone super chipper again, as if she was intentionally trying to offset my sudden somberness. "How did you two get involved?" she repeated.

Mrs. Rebecca glanced at me briefly, before reaching over and gently rubbing my back, the gesture very motherly, her heavy red curls shifting on her shoulders as she did so.

"Well, Gabby fell for him first," she explained. "But she apparently didn't take my warning seriously about talking to me when she became interested in a guy." She paused. "She seems very intent on only having one man."

"Oh really?" Miriam commented, her emerald eyes lighting up in curiosity. "Interesting."

Mrs. Rebecca nodded. "Yeah, and so when she finally told me about him, they'd already had sex a few times."

"*Oh ,*" Miriam replied flatly, glancing at me. "Well, that could have been disastrous. Even if she's only a sixteenth succubus."

Mrs. Rebecca nodded again, continuing to rub my back. "Yeah, and I explained that to her, and told her she really needs to practice first, but she was pretty adamant about only having this young man."

Miriam frowned at that, focusing on me, her gaze accusatory now. "You realize that's bad for both of you, right?" she said seriously. "It's not healthy for you to keep her to yourself. She could really hurt you if she doesn't fuck other men."

My eyes widened in surprise, glancing up at her silver tiara with the purple gem, realizing what she was assuming.

"Oh. No, I'm not making her do that. I'm not making her do anything."

Miriam looked confused, shifting her gaze. "So then?"

Mrs. Rebecca nodded. "Yes, my baby girl is very interested in women. More than average."

"Oh, okay. Well that's fine then." She then grinned at me. "Lucky you, young man. Any other of my descendants and your compulsion is literally the only way you'd get them to only fuck women."

Surprisingly, Mrs. Rebecca grimaced at my side, her hand falling still between my shoulders. "Umm, well, I've been considering only sleeping with him as well," she admitted quietly.

Miriam's eyes narrowed, as she looked between us. "And why would you do that?" she asked seriously. "What about your husband?"

Mrs. Rebecca grimaced again, seeming at a loss for words.

When she didn't respond, Miriam seemed to let it go for now.

"So, why did you end up fucking in the first place?" she wondered, sounding only curious again. "Just because he's yummy? Or was there an additional purpose behind it?"

Mrs. Rebecca cleared her throat. "Oh, well, I decided to begin educating Gabby on how to have sex safely. And in doing so, I discovered that he's absorbing something akin to lust, essentially a form of passion, but that he isn't able to sense it at all." She sighed, her tone growing more firm and determined. "So I've decided to educate him, and make sure he is fully aware of what he's doing."

Surprisingly, out of all that, Miriam didn't focus on what I was expecting.

Her emerald gaze met mine. "You can't sense what you're absorbing at all?" she said in sincere surprise. "Like, not even a little?"

I shook my head, wondering if I should be embarrassed about that. “Umm, no. Is that not normal?”

“You’re half-incubus!” she exclaimed. “Of course that’s not normal.” She then shook her head, abruptly standing up, her wings unfolding and refolding briefly, even as her tail moved lower behind her. “Okay, I realize you have reservations about letting me fuck you, but if your third-eye is completely closed then you’re never going to get anywhere. You need to at least let me get it open a little, and then Rebecca can help you out with the rest.”

“Third-eye?” I exclaimed in shock. “Please tell me that’s figurative.”

She laughed, moving next to Gwen, resting her hand briefly on the back of the maid’s tall chair. “Of course it’s figurative, silly. What? Do you really think you have a hidden eyeball in your skull?” She laughed again, crossing her arms over her slim chest as her stomach tensed slightly, seeming amused as she continued.

Fuck, why was her belly so adorable?

“However...” She paused, grinning as she noticed my gaze. “The ability is very much like an extra sight. And it *is* genetic. Either you have it, or you don’t. And right now, it sounds as if yours is completely shut, not even peeking a little, which means you might not ever be able to sense magical energy without someone priming the pump a little first.”

I gulped. “And you’re sure I have this third-eye thing, right?”

She frowned. “It would be impossible for you not to. Not with your father being an incubus, even if your mother was a normal human. Although, it is very strange that yours is shut completely. Bizarre even.” She paused, seeming to examine me as she considered her own thoughts. “Here, let me take you to a guest room and at least do an assessment. If it’s already open a little, then I won’t insist on fucking you.

"Okay?" She grinned. "Unless you change your mind of course."

Ah dammit.

"Fine," I begrudgingly agreed, rising from my seat as well. I then glanced down at Mrs. Rebecca. "If this is really necessary?" I added.

My sexy MILF nodded. "I'm afraid that if she's right, and your third-eye truly is closed, then I won't be able to help you until it's at least a little open. I just never imagined that would be the case, since even Gabriella's third-eye is open quite a bit, despite the fact she's only a sixteenth succubus."

I nodded, not bothering to ask her why she hadn't mentioned this yet, since she really hadn't been afforded the time to explain much to me at this point. Or rather, the educational portion of our relationship hadn't really begun yet, since sex the previous night was more about ensuring that I was safe to have sex with, along with teaching Gabriella a little on the side. And then this morning it had all been about the black stone.

When I turned back toward Miriam, I was surprised that she was gone, only to nearly jump when I realized she'd snuck up on me on my other side.

Fuck, she was short.

She could definitely make a great leaning post if she'd let me prop my arm up on her perfect little head.

Gwen unexpectedly burst out laughing at that, with Miriam not reacting at all for once.

Instead, she giggled at the fact that she'd startled me. "I wish I could say I was an expert at being a ninja, but I have my house to thank for my quiet steps."

"Yeah, but how did you get there so fast?" I wondered, trying not to freak out when she slipped her thin hand in mine and began tugging on me gently.

She laughed again, her glowing emerald eyes sparkling. "I slipped underneath the table," she said in amusement,

her wings folding more tightly against her back, as if to emphasize her point. "Now handsome, come let me explore your body a little." She giggled. "I might even let you explore a little of mine as well."

Feeling like I didn't have a choice anymore, as if making the initial decision made it feel like backing out now would be impossible, I willingly allowed her to lead me to another doorway, this one clearly the main entrance to the dining hall.

She then proceeded to lead me through the well-furnished hallway, seeming to be heading to the grand foyer again.

I was doing my best to focus on her pitch-black tail as it swayed behind her, seeming to move a little like it had a mind of its own, trying to avoid looking at the rest of her body, which was so scantily clad in her tiny latex bikini.

Unfortunately, she glanced back at me just as I focused on her tiny little tan ass, a big grin on her face when she noticed, prompting her to laugh. "Oh baby," she cooed cheerfully. "I don't dress like this to be ignored. Please, be my guest and drink it all in. I'll let your hands roam all over this sexy body as much as you want, though I hope you understand if I sip a little on your lust if you decide to do so."

Fuck.

All I could do was nod, easily imagining my hands slipping into her crack, finding my way under her tiny thong and slipping my fingers into her juicy pussy.

She giggled again, beginning to pick up the speed as she padded her way into the foyer and began tugging me up one of the twin staircases.

It wasn't difficult at all to keep up with her, but I felt a sense of urgency and desire welling up inside of me as she increased her pace.

And then she tipped me over the edge.

"Don't worry, baby," she whispered seductively, as if we were a couple of horny teenagers sneaking around. "We're almost there."

I tried to catch my breath when we reached one of the many closed doors on the second floor, her thrusting it open with ease, and turning toward me to grab both of my hands as she walked in backwards. Oh fuck, suddenly all I could focus on was her tan skin, her small plump tits, her smooth and slim belly, and her thin thighs so perfectly attached to her shapely bony hips.

"Come, undress and lay down on the bed for me," she whispered, her tone almost husky now, even as she stopped, her hand suddenly on my pants. "Let me help you feel better," she continued as she expertly shoved them down enough so that she could lift her knee and use her foot to do the rest. "There, now doesn't this feel so much better?" she wondered, gently doing the same with my boxers as she wrapped her fingers around my cock.

"Much better," I gasped, the pain I was feeling having been alleviated by her freeing my stiff member.

"Perfect," she cooed. "Now the shirt, please."

I had that sucker off in a second flat, kicking my shoes and socks off too, suddenly completely naked before this short sexy goddess.

She grinned widely up at me, leaning forward to unexpectedly suck my nipple between her lips, *hard*, before pulling away to laugh again. "So adorable and obedient," she praised, tugging on my hand again. "Come, make yourself comfortable on the bed."

Feeling dizzy as I did as she asked, I grabbed the two pillows on the bed and piled them on top of each other, laying down with my head propped up, unashamed of my cock already leaking as it stuck straight up into the air.

My gaze was then focused intently on the sexy succubus as she slipped off her latex thong, threads of clear fluid briefly remaining connected to her panties and wet snatch,

before she climbed onto the bed and stood above me, straddling my hips with her feet. I stared up at her with tunnel vision, not because I was feeling as if I was going to pass out, so much as feeling like there was nothing else in the room except her at this point.

Her tan skin and glowing emerald eyes were all I could see.

Which was why it took me half a second to realize she'd removed her silver tiara too.

My brow furrowed. "Are you sure you're okay doing that?" I asked hesitantly.

She frowned. "You noticed, did you?" She then sighed, carefully lowering herself to her knees, only to gently press her soaking wet pussy against my stomach as she fully sat down, gripping my chest firmly with her small hands like she was trying to hold on. "I hope you accept my offer of goodwill, and don't make me resort to extreme measures for breaking my trust."

"I would never," I promised. "And I'm more than happy to prove you can trust me."

She nodded, her wings unfolding entirely as she began lowering her upper body, until she was tucking her head underneath my chin, her shiny black appendages lying flat on either side.

"*Mmm*," she mumbled quietly, taking a deep breath of my neck. "I think I'm starting to understand why Rebecca and Gabriella find you so enticing. You feel much nicer than a human, and yet lack all the repulsion that comes with an incubus."

I tried to respond, completely overwhelmed by having her mostly naked body lying on top of mine, the latex bikini top her only garment, feeling weird about the fact that her hot slippery pussy was on my lower stomach now, and yet her head was barely high enough to kiss me.

"I, umm...you feel nice too," I finally managed, eliciting another soft giggle from her that sent a rush of euphoria

through my mind, as if making her laugh was like taking a shot of a drug.

It made me feel accomplished, even though I hadn't done anything, and I wanted to make her laugh more.

Her tone was suddenly more serious. "*Hmm*," she unexpectedly began. "Your third-eye truly is closed all the way, and it's almost as if..." Her voice trailed off.

"W-What is it?" I gasped, feeling her press her heated snatch firmly into my gut, her hot breath tickling my neck.

Oh fuck, I so desperately just wanted to grab her thin shoulders and shove her lower. I wanted her on my cock so bad.

"I think..." She paused. "No, that's really what it is. You have a seal on you." She paused again. "A really bizarre seal."

"Is that bad?" I asked seriously.

She frowned then, finally pushing up on her elbows to focus on me, our faces so close together. I couldn't help it. I leaned forward incrementally and pressed my lips to hers, again feeling like my head had been plunged in maple syrup.

And she let me, her lips tender, soft, and juicy, before they pulled into a grin.

"Okay, young man," she said playfully, leaning back her head just a tiny bit. "Let me answer your question first."

"Umm, sure," I agreed, having already forgotten what I'd asked, relaxing my neck so that my head was resting fully on the pillows again.

She grinned even wider, only to roll her emerald eyes. "Oh, okay," she sighed in amusement, as if she was agreeing to give into my desire, leaning forward again to slip her tongue in my mouth, passionately pressing her lips into mine.

I immediately sucked on her warm tongue, my hands carefully resting on her slim waist, feeling her heated smooth skin underneath my grasp, wanting so desperately

to be rough, and yet finding such intense arousal in being gentle.

She moaned then, carefully placing one hand on my gray chest as she shifted her weight slightly, only to pull her tongue away and suck hard on my bottom lip, her eyes rolling into the back of her head as she bit down gently.

“Oh fuck,” she whispered, planting another tender kiss. “Yeah, I could really enjoy spending a few long days with you. It’s like you don’t have a limit to the amount of lust inside of you.”

“Umm, w-what do you mean?” I wondered hesitantly.

She kissed me again, pulling away, only to peck me a second time with a grin on her face, seeming to enjoy our lips being together just as much as I was. “Well, see normal humans have a limit. Their capacity to feel lust and essentially ‘burn with passion’ fatigues, just like muscles fatigue. And during normal sexual intercourse with another human, they never reach even close to their maximum lust potential, even if they are having sex with that person for the first time. Which means that they could probably have sex several days in a row, possibly even multiple times a day, and be fine...if it’s with another human.”

I nodded, leaning up again to suck on her bottom lip, prompting her to giggle as she grinded her soaking pussy into my lower stomach, her grin growing as I released her lip and began planting soft kisses on the side of her mouth, followed by her jaw.

She abruptly jerked her head then, intercepting my lips with her own, only to pull away. “But with a succubus,” she continued. “We usually maximize the amount of lust they can produce, leaving them fatigued after just one time. Sure, they might be able to be horny again within a few hours, but their capacity to feel lust and ‘burn with passion’ is just *shot*, after such an intense experience. *However,*” she said emphatically, leaning down to peck me on the lips again. “Your lust is very...odd.”

"That good or bad?" I wondered, deciding to explore a little more with my hands, slowly easing my right hand down to cup her tight ass.

Instantly, the end of her slim tail wrapped around my wrist, squeezing gently, making me hesitate briefly before I saw encouragement in her excited green eyes. Squeezing her ass gently, I noted that the sensation of her tail against my skin was strange, because it didn't feel like normal skin at all. It was much more slick than I was expecting, even despite the shiny surface.

"I'm not sure," she finally admitted honestly. "Hard to say it's bad, but it is very strange. If I compared a normal person's lust to pouring water into a bucket, yours is more like a massive river pouring into the sea. Not only does it seem like it has the capacity to flow quicker, but it's as if there's no upper limit to how high it can climb."

"M-Maybe it's because my body heals so quickly," I considered out loud, feeling like my hand was on fire as I cupped and squeezed her ass.

However, the moment that little comment slipped out, her ass tensed, as did the rest of her.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked seriously.

I gave her a confused look, feeling like rapid regeneration shouldn't be that strange to her...

Right?

"How fast?" she prompted. "Like, if someone cut you, how fast would you heal?"

"Umm, does it matter?" I hedged hesitantly.

Unexpectedly, she bent down and sank her teeth into my jaw, attempting to break through my skin even as the sensation sent an overwhelming sense of pleasure throughout my entire body, causing my cock to begin tensing as it prematurely ejaculated precum.

"*Fuck*," I gasped, feeling my head spin.

And then it was over, and Miriam was gone.

Feeling stunned for a second, the warmth on my body having completely vanished, I just laid there in disbelief, before I abruptly sat up, urgently searching for my sexy lover.

The moment our gaze met, seeing that she was using a dresser to steady herself as she trembled slightly, her hand mere inches from the tiara she'd previously taken off, she spoke up.

"I just fucking *bit* you as hard as I could, and you didn't even bleed!" she accused, looking sincerely shaken and disturbed.

I was at a complete loss for words. I didn't know what to say.

"How fast do you heal?" she snapped.

"Fast," I admitted. "Although, usually I need to drink..." My voice trailed off.

She abruptly took a step back, crossing one arm over her chest defensively, as her other hand twisted in a weird way at her side, her fingers locked in a strange position.

"Drink *what*?" she hissed, her emerald gaze beginning to look a little wild.

My eyes widened in surprise, everything about her position making me feel like she was about to attack me. And I realized she must not have picked up on my occasional dietary need from performing her Soul Scrying on me, since that was the nature of one of the memories that came up.

"Fuck," I said under my breath. "Please calm down. I'm not a threat to you. I *promise* I'm not a threat to you." She didn't relax. "Look, here, I'll lay back down," I continued, slowly doing so, placing my palms upward at my sides as I focused my gaze up at the ceiling. "I'm completely helpless now," I added. "So please, calm down. I don't even understand why you're so worked up."

She didn't respond.

My tone was more pleading. "Please," I begged, suddenly realizing the implications her reaction might have on everything else, including her willingness to help with the stone. "I'm literally all alone in this world, and someone is trying to kill me. You're the only person I have. So please, don't turn on me too. You've seen I can be trusted. You've seen that I mean you no harm. So *please* ."

She didn't respond.

Fuck.

I wasn't even sure if she was gone, since I couldn't even trust my own hearing in this mansion.

Thus, I was surprised when I felt a weight settle on the bed, choosing to continue staring up, so she didn't feel threatened again by my eyes.

I then closed them entirely.

"Please," I repeated, my tone somber.

I flinched when I felt her delicate hand rest on my chest.

Her tone was surprisingly gentle. "Please forgive me," she whispered. "You may not be surprised to learn that I've barely escaped death on several occasions in my long existence, or that I've suffered unimaginable traumas on a *number* of occasions."

"I'm sorry," I whispered, my eyes still closed, my tone as sincere as it could possibly be.

My heart was racing.

She sighed. "The surprise of what you said, and the shock of me not being able to hurt you with even a bite, unfortunately dredged up some very unpleasant memories." She sighed again, gently rubbing my chest. "I overreacted."

"It's fine," I whispered, my body feeling tense. "And I understand if you're done."

She didn't respond to that at first, her hand growing still, before her fingers left my skin as I felt the bed shift again, feeling like she was standing over me like before, her feet next to my hips.

I then gasped when she abruptly lowered herself back on me, burying her face against my neck, her wet pussy returning to its spot on my lower stomach.

Her heart was pounding.

I could feel it through her chest, beating even faster than mine.

So I was silent, as was she, neither of us budging for what felt like forever.

It was quiet for a long time.

And slowly, her pounding heart slowed, her breathing becoming soft and even.

When she finally spoke again, her tone was soft.

“The purity of your heart is refreshing,” she unexpectedly whispered, finally breaking the silence. “Even for your age, your innocence is above average.”

I cleared my throat, not fully understanding what she was implying, but ready to address the main issue. “So I guess my regeneration isn’t normal.”

“No, it is not,” she said definitively. “If someone bit me and drew blood, I would have to use a spell to speed up recovery, but what you’re suggesting is something else entirely. The fact that I couldn’t even draw blood *is something else entirely*. And your ability to transform doesn’t explain it, because other creatures with a similar capacity to shift forms can still become injured.”

“Well,” I began hesitantly. “I can still get hurt. It’s just not super easy.”

She paused before responding. “Please believe me when I say I have no intention on harming you. But how?”

I cleared my throat. “The gun. I’m not sure what it would take to kill me, of course, but it would have definitely hurt me.” I sighed, feeling her entire body rise with my chest. “And please understand that I’m really trusting you by sharing that information with you.”

“Thank you,” she whispered.

"Well, you're not wearing your tiara with the mind stone, so it's the least I can do in exchange for that level of trust you're showing me."

She nodded, sucking in a deep breath as if she was inhaling the scent of my neck. "So, are there any other mysteries to solve, or is heat resistance and fast healing everything?"

I grimaced, deciding right away that I wasn't ready to share that I could transform people with my blood. However, I did feel like there was something else she should know. "I, umm...I sort of have wings," I admitted.

She immediately stiffened on top of me. "An illusion spell?" she whispered, almost sounding a bit panicked again.

"No, I can't do magic."

She nodded hesitantly, her face still buried against my throat. "Then?"

"Do...do you want me to show you?" I asked tentatively.

"You're making me nervous," she whispered.

"I promise I won't hurt you. And besides you were about to attack me with magic just a little bit ago, weren't you? I strongly doubt I would be any match for whatever you were going to do."

She didn't respond.

Then, she slowly lifted herself up, meeting my gaze as she placed her hands together on my chest, her elbows so close together that it made her small tits, still hidden by the latex bikini top, look much plumper from being squished together. "Okay, show me," she whispered.

I nodded, carefully moving my arms to get my elbows back far enough to start propping myself up fully. The motion caused her to slide down a little as I sat up, until she was sitting just above my cock, my shaft still quite hard and growing even harder when it found itself in her crack, her tail unexpectedly wrapping around the head like it had a mind of its own.

In the meantime, Miriam was now staring up at me, her lips a mere inch from mine, her chin tilted up as if she was ready for me to kiss her.

“Ready?” I asked quietly.

She nodded, her gaze finally shifting to my shoulder when she noticed my muscles were beginning to squirm as they restructured themselves. And then her emerald eyes widened as my coal-gray appendages began growing larger and larger, until I was fanning out my massive wings on either side.

She began trembling in my lap, her breathing picking up again, looking so much smaller than me now that I was fully transformed, simply because my wings alone made me look so much bigger -- so much *more* than just a humanoid body.

Wanting to ease her tension, I tried to keep my tone lighthearted as I spoke.

“I guess I look like a real incubus now, huh?” I whispered.

She immediately shook her head, her tail tensing on my cock harder as she met my gaze. “No,” she whispered, a slight tremble in her voice. “They do look much like the rest of your body, but...” She paused. “But Kai, incubi *don’t* have wings.”

“What?” I gasped in shock.

She quickly continued. “They don’t have wings,” she repeated, only to take a deep breath. “But Archdemons do.”

(9) CHAPTER 39: ENIGMA

Truly I was at a loss.

As was the succubus Miriam.

Comparing notes, of what I could do contrasted against her knowledge of the supernatural realm all around us, existing in plain sight in the normal world, we discovered some major inconsistencies regarding my physical traits.

First, incubi didn't have wings, whereas certain other types of demons, like succubi and archdemons -- the latter of which were very tall and powerful demons towering over ten feet -- all had wings. However, even despite that, there was no such thing as 'growing wings' as far as she was aware.

A demon either had the extra appendages, or they didn't, and while my slight transformation wasn't entirely bizarre on its own, which was why she didn't think much of my shifting skin, hair, and eye colors, the growing of entirely new limbs was very bizarre.

And then there was my regeneration and occasional need for blood.

Certainly, there were blood-drinkers in the world, all of whom drank *only* blood, but the list of such creatures did not include incubi.

Or succubi.

Or imps.

Or archdemons.

So I had the transformed body and compulsion of an incubus, wings akin to an archdemon, a form of

regeneration that was unheard of, and the occasional dietary needs of some truly cursed creatures.

Not to mention, there was the contradiction that was my parents, with my father pretty much being required to be a true incubus for me to have the strength of compulsion I wielded, whereas the only way I would have a human form was if my mother was also human, leaving the glaring question -- how did I end up like this?

"It's like you're a chimera," Miriam finally said in disbelief, still sitting just above my cock, her tail wrapped around the head, my shaft in her crack as she shook her head at what seemed to be an absurd idea.

I cleared my throat, still propped up on my elbows, enjoying her small hands on my chest. "And what does that mean, aside from the obvious lion-goat thing that's called that?"

She sighed. "Basically exactly what it sounds like. You have so many inconsistent traits that it just doesn't make sense, as if you're a demonic Frankenstein. Pieces of different races of demons sewn together. Except more on a genetic level." She paused when I gave her a look, only to roll her emerald eyes. "Yes, I know what Frankenstein is, silly. I'm old, not culturally illiterate." She smiled more warmly then, only for her green eyes to become unfocused slightly as she spoke softer. "I actually remember when the black-and-white film came out in theaters."

I nodded, my thoughts focused on the primary topic. "But you don't really think that's true, right?" I asked hesitantly. "That I'm some sort of Frankenstein?"

She gave me a small smile, unexpectedly leaning up to press her lips tenderly against mine. "From what I can tell," she whispered. "You have an incubus father, a mostly human mother, if not entirely human, and you were born normally. If there's an unknown element in all this, it must be magical. Though the kind of magic that could modify a person like this has long since been lost."

"What do you mean?" I wondered.

She took a deep breath, leaning forward and resting her cheek against my chest, seeming to get comfortable as she snuggled against me.

Hesitantly, I decided to lay back too, my wings shifting beneath me as I got more comfortable, the webbed bony fingers stretching out to either side, extending quite a bit past the edges of the large bed.

In response, Miriam shimmied her body a little higher on mine, her tail releasing my cock finally as she folded out her shiny black wings to rest them on mine, suddenly feeling like we were almost holding hands as our sets of ancillary appendages met and rested together on the bed.

She then finally spoke up. "Are you aware that succubi and incubi cannot produce full-blooded children of our kind?"

I cleared my throat, gently reaching up to rest my hands on her waist. "Umm, yeah, Gwen mentioned that to me earlier."

She nodded against my chest. "It's because we're cursed creatures," she admitted. "Believe it or not, I was once a human, long, long ago."

My eyes widened in shock. "You were?" I said in disbelief.

She nodded again, her cheek rubbing against my chest. "Yes," she whispered. "Feels like an eternity ago, but I was. As were all others of my kind, and your father's kind."

"So what happened?" I wondered. "Does it have to do with this magic you're referring to?"

"It does," she affirmed. "A very powerful being, who was soiled in the death of an uncountable number of souls and thus overflowing with a seeming endless supply of power, demanded all people worship him as a god." She sighed. "In reality, he really only terrorized a handful of cities, none of which even remotely compare to the metropolitans that exist today, but the curses he inflicted on the people who refused were very real."

"And immortality was a part of that curse?" I said in confusion, wondering why someone like that would give an ability that most would view as a blessing.

She shivered slightly in my arms. "No," she whispered. "This creature wanted unconditional devotion, and many of us who denied him were cursed to exist forever alone, and would remain that way until we finally agreed to his will. He..." Her voice trailed off, her muscles tensing. "He killed my entire family in front of my eyes, and then made me what I am now, damning me to exist forever without the capacity to truly love another person." She shivered again. "The process was agonizing, to the point that I begged for death. To the point that I can still remember how horrible it felt, even after all this time, as if it happened yesterday."

"I'm sorry," I whispered sincerely, finally wrapping my arms fully around her thin waist, a few inches below her wings, and pulling her tight against me.

Her muscles relaxed a little in my embrace. "And it was the same for incubi. Many are men who had their wives and children slain in front of their eyes, only to go through a similar agonizing process that left them empty, powerless, and devoid of hope."

I frowned at that. "But what about the compulsion thing? That doesn't seem like it was meant to be a curse. And it's definitely not powerless. Just the opposite."

She sighed. "Because it's not a curse," she agreed. "Nor was a succubus like me meant to live a content life as I currently do."

"I don't understand," I admitted.

Her tone was suddenly sharp. Almost angry even. "We killed him," she said firmly. "Though not all at once. An unknown group worked together to curse this creature's existence and disperse it into a multitude of horrors that were more manageable to take down individually." She paused, her thin red eyebrows knitted together. "One monster became hundreds of weaker ones, a few of which I

personally helped defeat." She sighed. "However, in attempting to claim our revenge, what we didn't expect was for his complete destruction to bring unexpected blessings."

"Blessings like manipulating lust?" I assumed. "And I guess having the capacity to love *anyone*, no matter how they look?"

She made an amused noise. "And manipulating people," she agreed. "Succubi who were damned to an eternity without love found more than plenty, and incubi who were damned to be powerless and never have hope, discovered a sincerely disturbing level of power over others." She paused. "And with the monster's destruction, the magic that created us also disappeared from the world."

I nodded, trying to picture this short adorable woman fighting off some unspeakable horror, feeling like it was strange that all of these events happened in less than a normal lifetime...

A normal lifetime, thousands of years ago.

"So, does that mean you all know each other?" I wondered seriously.

She looked up at me in confusion, her cheek still against my chest. "Oh, no. Not at all." She then laughed. "You have to understand that transportation wasn't like it is today. What you can now travel in an hour, would have taken months back then. A city that was ten or twenty miles away back then would be almost equivalent to someone living on the other side of the world in modern days. Really, you could take a plane to the other side of the world in about a day, whereas back then it would take months to go even a fraction of that distance."

I nodded. "So then, you don't know my father," I assumed.

"Definitely not," she agreed. "That is one curse that remained. Succubi are repulsed by incubi, especially since we can sense the nature of a person's existence, and most of those cursed men have become monsters by anyone's

definition. Including your father, though it sounds as if he might be a bit more civil than most, based on what I read in his letter.”

I nodded. “So now what?”

She sighed. “As far as unraveling the mystery that is you? I need to start with dispelling that curse so you can hear your mother’s message.” She focused up at me. “It’s a message meant to only be heard by you, so I won’t be able to experience it myself, unless you’d be willing to allow me to do a complicated spell that’ll temporarily merge our souls.”

“Fuck,” I hissed in surprise.

“It would only be temporary,” she said reassuringly. “And when I say ‘merge,’ it’s more like our souls would touch briefly, enough that the spell containing the message wouldn’t be able to fully distinguish between us and allow me to experience the message as well.” She frowned. “I’d be hesitant to do it with most, but would be willing with you, considering how pure your soul is.”

I sighed. “I guess maybe,” I replied hesitantly. “Might be good if you hear it firsthand, rather than me trying to tell you what she said, since you might pick up on something significant that I would ignore.”

“Exactly,” she agreed with an affectionate grin. She then scooted up on my body and planted a passionate kiss on my lips. “So,” she then said, her tone becoming husky and seductive, even as a warmth began increasing in my gut beneath her wet snatch. “Since your third-eye truly is shut tight, are you ready for me to fuck you, so I can use the surge of lust to try to break the seal and force it open a tiny bit?”

Oh fuck.

“Umm,” I gasped as she leaned down to begin planting tender kisses on my neck. “I, umm, I guess if it’s necessary, then...”

She laughed, continuing to plant kisses. “*Ooo*, you’re so fucking cute, I could just eat you up.” She then giggled. “Maybe I *will* eat you up,” she added playfully. “I made sure not to overeat at lunch, so that I would have plenty of room to slurp up all your yummy cum, just in case.”

Oh fuck.

Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck.

She scooted up a little higher to bring her lips up to my ear. “So how about it, young man? Want me to milk your cock for you?” She paused to suck on my earlobe, her hot breath from her cute nose tickling my ear. “Want to fuck my throat and feed me dessert? I’m *really* hungry for some yummy dessert. You *will* cum in my mouth, won’t you? Pretty please?”

Instantly, everything changed as it felt like my lust exploded.

My whole body tensed, suddenly feeling like I couldn’t breathe, every fiber of my being washed in a euphoria unlike anything else I’d ever experienced. And with it, this short sexy succubus abruptly planted her succulent lips on mine, suddenly blowing into my mouth with surprising force, the harshness abruptly forcing my lungs to expand, and with it an entirely different sensation.

A heat.

A heat that quickly gripped the back of my skull, a sharp pain stabbing throughout my brain, only for it to abruptly vanish as an entirely different warmth trickled down my head, like someone was pouring hot water, flowing as thick and slow as molasses, beginning to engulf my entire head in a razor thin bubble.

Snap.

The bubble popped, and I forced out a shaky breath through my nose, my head beginning to spin wildly, until a soft tongue unexpectedly met mine, my out-of-control momentum halting all at once by an anchor of soft lips and a warm body residing tenderly on me.

I gasped for air, prompting those lips to separate from mine, an adorable nose instead touching my own.

The air in the room was suddenly thick with an...aura?
Gentle, yet sexual.

Compassionate, yet erotic.

I gasped for another breath of air, trying to focus on the emerald eyes holding my gaze from barely an inch away. I wanted to ask her what in the hell just happened, but found myself unable to get the question out, an entirely different comment escaping my mouth instead when she gently rubbed her nose against the tip of mine.

“Eskimo kisses,” I whispered.

Her thin red eyebrows shot up briefly, before she laughed, finally pulling away. “I break the seal and force your third-eye open a little, and that’s what you have to say?” she giggled, leaning down to plant another kiss on my lips. “Oh wow, forget about what I said about making people feel special. You *are* special, all on your own.”

“That doesn’t sound like a compliment,” I mumbled, slowly reaching up to rest my hand on my forehead, a strange new sensation inside my skull.

She giggled again. “Because it’s not!” she teased. “Now tell me, my young hot stud, notice anything different?”

“Your...I guess, aura?” I wondered.

She tensed just slightly, her smile suddenly frozen forcefully on her face. “Really now?” she said carefully. “You can sense my aura? And what’s that feel like?”

“Umm, really erotic and sexual, but also super gentle?” I replied, only to pause. “Is that bad?” I asked seriously.

She was looking at me strangely, her forced smile having slowly dropped into a frown. “That’s what you feel?” she wondered, seeming skeptical. “Nothing else?”

“Umm...I guess compassion. Tenderness. Love? And maybe a really intense desire? But not sexual desire, exactly. Sort of like an overwhelming sense of longing? Like, a longing for something you could never have before? I

don't know how to explain it, but that's about it. Should I feel anything else?"

She continued to frown. "I suppose maybe not," she said quietly, her thin red eyebrows knitted together, a certain hesitation to her tone. "And no, it's not bad. Just another puzzle that doesn't fit. Incubi don't sense auras like succubi do."

I simply nodded.

She sighed heavily, almost seeming a little somber now. "Well, the job is done. Rebecca can take it from here. Ready for me to show you to a shower before you leave? I'll allow you to take one on your own," she added, sounding as if she was trying to force her tone to be more playful.

My brow furrowed. "No sex?" I said hesitantly, surprised that our time together was suddenly over.

She didn't respond right away, her expression impassive. "Did...did you want to?" she asked hesitantly.

"I mean, I just thought..." My voice trailed off.

"Your lust did what happened last time, down in the basement. You went from '*almost there*' to *overflowing*. More than what I needed, even though this spell required much more energy than before." She sighed. "Normally, fucking you would be required to achieve that level, and I was even planning on tapping into my stored reserves of energy if needed, but it wasn't necessary." She paused. "You seemed a little reluctant to actually fuck, so I decided to get it done when the opportunity unexpectedly presented itself."

"Oh." I wasn't sure what to say to that. "Umm, thanks," I finally replied, feeling like an idiot.

She abruptly placed her small hands on my chest and pushed her upper body up. "My pleasure," she said flatly. "Let me show you to a shower," she added, shifting her weight like she was going to climb off me.

All at once, without thinking, I rapidly sat up and wrapped both my arms *and wings* around her before she

could get up, causing her to stiffen solid as I curled over so I could meet her lips with mine. Her hands were tense on my chest for two long seconds, feeling like she was stuck trying to push herself away in alarm, her emerald eyes wide, her arms extremely stiff...before she slowly relaxed and melted into me, sucking in a shaky breath.

It was obvious I'd sincerely scared her.

I could smell her fear, and now I could even sense her aura having become briefly tainted with that distress and anxiety.

However, I decided to not apologize for it as I pulled away, our lips still almost touching. "Really," I whispered sincerely. "Thank you very much, Ms. Miriam. It would be an honor to fuck you. I've just got so much going on right now, that it's hard to enjoy myself, especially finding out that someone truly has tried to kill me."

She held my gaze silently for a long few seconds, her cheeks flushed, her emerald gaze longing. "Your wings," she finally whispered, leaning up just enough to brush her lips on mine. "They feel...safe."

I was surprised she'd say that, after briefly terrifying her with my quick and possessive movement, but then realized that she'd quickly changed her opinion once she got over the reflexive sensation. So I squeezed a bit more, feeling her soft tummy press into mine, my cock throbbing in her crack.

"Because they *are* safe," I said quietly.

She held my gaze intently for a moment, before nodding and turning her face to the side, forcing her head underneath my chin as she pressed her cheek against my chest. "Can I stay here for a few more minutes?" she asked softly, sounding unexpectedly vulnerable.

"Yes," I said simply, enjoying her warm body in my embrace. Carefully, I decided to cross my legs underneath her and lean forward more, keeping her hot snatch against my pelvis as I did so, until I had her comfortably curled up

against me, her tail slowly winding around the head of my cock again, giving a gentle squeeze.

Now most of her weight was actually on my cock, my shaft squished into her crack, her pussy radiating heat into my skin.

We were then both quiet for a long time.

I could hear her soft heartbeat, slow breaths, and nothing else.

I could feel her chest gently swell against mine, her radiating warmth seeping into my skin, her gentle aura enveloping us both in an invisible blanket of contentment... and nothing else.

It was as if the world around us ceased to exist, almost as if *time itself* ceased to exist, my wings enveloping us both, with all thoughts leaving my mind except for the short succubus softly breathing against my chest.

It was...really nice.

When she finally broke the silence, it was with a content sigh, her hands finally beginning to explore my chest again, rubbing my nipples before moving to my sides, moving up and down slowly as she felt my toned torso.

Her voice was quiet when she finally spoke. "Oh, how I find myself longing to keep you now, though I am confident you would decline. Still, if you decided you wanted to stay, I would fill every moment of your existence with pleasure you can't even imagine. I would keep you at my side and fuck you day and night, never leaving you anything less than completely satisfied at all times. And I could even protect you from whatever dangers lurk in the shadows."

I cleared my throat, surprised that it sounded like she was serious. "Umm, is that even safe?" I asked hesitantly.

"So much sex? With humans, no." She sighed. "Worst case and I'd just have to fuck a random human every once in a while to ensure I don't need to sustain myself using only your lust," she admitted honestly. "However, I suspect I would only have to do that infrequently, since even now,

after consuming so much energy for that spell to break the seal on your third-eye, it is as if your lust continues to overflow. Like your body is incapable of fatiguing in its generation of the sexual energy I consume. Like the endless sea, I can't seem to even see the bottom to the depths of your desire."

I tried to clear my throat again, feeling uneasy that her offer sounded so enticing.

Trying to reduce the intensity of the mood, I forced out a laugh. "So, I guess that would make me another one of your sex pets, huh?"

Her delicate hands slid firmly around my waist and clasped behind my back, pulling herself more fully against me, her lips now on my chest. "Perhaps," she whispered, sounding very serious. "I could have you and my maid do some very fun things together." She sighed. "The three of us could enjoy each other almost ceaselessly, and I have plenty of human maids working here who could also be used occasionally to spice things up. You would never feel unsatisfied. I'd even be willing to drop everything I'm doing if you needed attention." She squeezed tighter. "Even if I'm fucking someone else, I'll leave them unsatisfied if you find yourself in want. You *will* be my priority, in everything."

"I...I see," I managed, beginning to tremble slightly, my eyes now closed tightly.

She gently pulled away then, reaching up with one delicate hand to place on the side of my face, only to reach up with the other and gently pull down on my chin with her thumb, prompting my face to angle more toward hers. "Look at me," she whispered.

I opened my eyes to focus on her, seeing her cheeks flushed in obvious passion and longing, her cute nose red at the tip, her full lips parted slightly as she held my gold gaze. "I will make you very happy," she whispered. "Will you allow me to show you just how happy you can be? You may stay for the rest of the day, and both my maid and I will give you

the rawest and most carnal of blisses to ever be experienced. Maybe even stay a few days, so that you fully grasp what I am offering you.”

I sucked in a ragged breath, trying to remember why I was hesitant before. Trying to understand why anyone would decline such an offer.

Miriam’s expression turned somber then, the intense ball of heat dissipating in my gut. “I will not pressure you into the decision though,” she unexpectedly said with surprising conviction. “I wish to keep you, but only if you are entirely willing.”

I nodded, closing the gap between our lips as I kissed her one last time. “I think I should go now,” I whispered, resting my nose on hers again. “Thank you for everything.”

Her emerald eyes pained just briefly, before she sighed against my lips. “Very well. I understand. I will let Rebecca know once I’ve dispelled the curse on the stone.”

“I look forward to seeing you again though,” I admitted sincerely.

She pulled away a little more, frowning at that. “I believe you,” she said quietly. “And yet I don’t fully understand. You are very interested, that is obvious, and yet you are not interested at the same time. Why would you decline my offer? I can bring your other women to live here as well, if that is what you truly desire. The offer doesn’t have to stop with only you.”

Well, shit.

I tried to keep my mind focused, knowing she was really attempting to eliminate all reservations I might have. I took a deep breath, glancing away. “What you offer sounds truly amazing,” I agreed, only to focus on her again. “However, what I long for, deep down, is more than just pleasure. I desire companionship and true intimacy, something that has me very interested in you, but takes time to grow.” I took a deep breath, sensing that same craving in her aura. “And I realize that’s what you want too, and I admit that

accepting your offer would likely only accelerate us bonding more deeply. But I think that's also the reason why my love for Serenity and Gabriella are so much more enticing right now. Because I already have that with them and don't want to jeopardize it. Or otherwise ruin it."

She pursed her perfect lips as she considered that. "Truly, you are an enigma, if I've ever met one." She then sighed heavily. "Well, I've found myself wanting you more than I would have anticipated, and for entirely different reasons than I would have predicted. However, I've waited much longer for less important things. Unfortunately, I am a bit impatient by nature, but I am willing to approach things in a more 'human' way."

I laughed. "You know, fucking first, and then getting to know each other later, is also very human," I said in amusement. "At least, people certainly do that kind of thing."

She smirked. "Perhaps you're right," she agreed. "So then, might I rephrase by suggesting that I am willing to approach things in a more noble, honorable, and moral way. Though I should clarify that I am more than willing to fuck, even if you ultimately decline my offer for now."

"Thank you," I replied sincerely, unable to think of a more appropriate response.

She sighed, only to nod at what I *didn't* say. She then reached between us to push on my chest gently, beginning to rise as she carefully got her feet positioned so she could stand up fully, her knees up, her ass pushing harder into my cock as she began lifting it.

Suddenly, *out of nowhere*, a deep rumble filled our ears, causing us both to freeze solid in confusion and alarm, only for the whole room to begin shaking violently like an earthquake had suddenly hit.

All at once, Miriam lost her balance, even as I tried to help steady her despite my own unsteadiness, with her falling back down on me, accidentally hitting my cock at the

perfect angle, the tip instantly burying itself fully in her tight pussy.

She gasped in alarm, her wide emerald eyes unexpectedly looking drunk with lust even as she squirmed, trying to stand back up despite the shaking bed. But it was all either of us could do to keep from falling over, and when she began lifting herself up, another violent tremble caused her to sink back down again.

"Oh fuck," she gasped, beginning to use her wings on the bed to try steadyng herself. "I have to get up."

I tried to help her as the shaking began to die down a second later, using my own wings as well, only for her muscles to go entirely limp, her eyes rolling in the back of her head as she whimpered, sinking back down fully on my cock, her breathing rapidly escalating as if she'd given up trying to escape the heat of my hard shaft.

Suddenly, the door flew open then, Gwen appearing initially alarmed, only to become totally shocked and even a little scared when she saw my wings starting to wrap around Miriam from the startle.

"M-Mistress?!" Gwen said urgently.

The interruption snapped Miriam out of it, and she grimaced as she forced herself to stand up fully, shoving her fingers into my white hair and grabbing roughly to try to steady herself, even as a trail of my precum tried to cling on, connecting her snatch to my cock.

"I'm fine," she snapped, shoving her belly in my face as she got her footing. "Something tried breaking the barrier?" she asked seriously.

"Yes, but it's quelled for now. Seems your defenses held just fine."

Miriam sighed, twisting away and gracefully stepping off the bed, bending over to grab her discarded latex thong. Her ass was covered in a clear fluid, I assumed all the precum I'd leaked, but she ignored it as she slipped the thong up, before turning toward her maid. "I assumed as

much, since we'd already know if my defenses had failed." She then grimaced. "Please retrieve my Moonstone Crown and Opals. I'll have to inspect the ward to verify it's not damaged."

Gwen nodded, quickly turning around to do as she was asked.

I jumped out of bed when Miriam began following after her, trying to ignore the slippery fluid still all over her ass, quickly speaking up.

"Hey," I blurted out. "I realize this is probably urgent, but what in the hell just happened? Did something attack the mansion?"

She paused then, focusing back on me, the dimples above her tail looking so fucking hot, her emerald eyes reserved for a few long seconds. Her aura felt a bit anxious again, but I was sure it was from the stress of the implications behind the earthquake. However, unexpectedly her expression softened a little, though her tone was still firm. "Not like you're thinking," she replied evenly, only to sigh. "Hurry and dress. I'll take you with me, so you can see for yourself."

Needless to say, I didn't hesitate to do as she asked, tugging on my clothing in record time, even as my wings reabsorbed into my back, feeling like her offer to show me was much more significant than I even realized.

However, apparently her curiosity got the better of her, because she actually turned back toward me as she focused on my wings vanishing, her thin red eyebrows high, seemingly in disbelief.

"Ready," I announced once I had my shirt on, taking a step toward her. "Sorry for the delay."

She shook her head. "No, you're fine. It's urgent that I check on the barrier, but not so urgent I can't wait for you." She gave me a warm smile then, holding out her small hand. "Come, let me show you why I choose to live here, out of all other possible locations in the world."

My eyes widened in surprise at that, before I reached out and took her hand, a heat creeping up my arm and warming my heart when she adjusted her hand to slip her thin fingers between mine. We then walked hand-in-hand into the hallway, yet another wave of brief surprise hitting me when I realized Mrs. Rebecca was standing just down the hall, waiting patiently for us.

She was still wearing her faded jeans and green blouse, but her red curly hair looked disheveled, her face a little flushed, though her emerald eyes looked anxious.

"Mother," she whispered. "The house never shook like that growing up. What in the world *was* that?"

"Hard to say," Ms. Miriam replied honestly. "Until about a month ago, it had been nearly a century since something that powerful attacked the barrier. Now this is the second time in barely four weeks."

I finally spoke up. "Are you in danger by living here?" I asked seriously. "What would even attack this place?"

Miriam patiently shook her head as she focused up on me. "No, you misunderstand, dear. It's not that something attacked this place, as if we were a target. Rather, it's that this place stands as an important line of defense between our world and a very hellish one." She sighed. "And, I suppose I must share with you that I am not simply a succubus living peacefully in my own private mansion. More than that, I am the guardian of this dimensional gate, though I will admit that the title and position are self-proclaimed. I took the initiative on my own to protect this location, thereby doing my part to protect this world."

"Oh," I said simply, trying to wrap my head around what she was saying. Trying to accept the idea that she was implying there was some kind of portal to a separate world. "So then, there's no one who told you to do this?" I finally tried clarifying, as she began pulling gently on my hand to lead me down the hall.

Mrs. Rebecca quickly stepped to my side and began walking with us.

"Yes," Miriam agreed. "I've selflessly defended this gate for several millennium, with my only incentive being the desire to not see this world bathed in fire and brimstone like it nearly was, long ago. Now, let's hurry. I'll answer your questions later."

"Wait," Mrs. Rebecca said in surprise. "Not that I oppose, but you're going to show him?" she said in disbelief.

"I am," Miriam replied simply.

"Oh. I see," she said in response, seeming sincerely bewildered.

Of course, I couldn't be entirely sure, but from what I gathered, this short succubus was actually extending to me much more trust than even Mrs. Rebecca was used to seeing. Thus, I decided not to say anything at all, not wanting to point out the fact that she was putting a lot of, possibly unmerited, faith in me, only for her to end up changing her mind.

Because I wanted to know what caused that shaking.

I wanted to know what this gate thing was that she'd been defending for so long.

We were all silent as Miriam led the way, with it being obvious that Mrs. Rebecca also knew exactly where she was going, the three of us traveling down the nearest twin staircase, reaching the grand foyer, and then making our way to the far right side of the house, which I felt pretty confident was southeast, though it appeared Miriam referred to it as the East Wing.

We then reached an extremely obscure narrow door, that opened up into a surprisingly spacious room, with a massive set of metal doors adorning the other side. And I was surprised to find Gwen already waiting for us, likely having beaten us by running when we only walked fast, looking sincerely shocked when I walked into the room too.

"Mistress?" she said in confusion, her slitted crimson eyes wide.

She was carrying a dark brown wooden chest under one arm, while she held a delicate silver crown in the other hand, the circlet looking very similar to the one Miriam had left back in the guest bedroom with the mind stone.

This one similarly had a jewel in the middle, an oval white rock that was smooth and opaque.

"Moonstone," Miriam ordered, holding out her hand for the crown, not addressing Gwen's obvious concern. However, it was clear that the maid quickly took the hint, her gaze shifting away from me.

Having the circlet in hand, Miriam proceeded to set it atop her red hair, only to take the wooden chest as well, with Gwen then proceeding to grab a massive drop-bar style lock and lifting it up to open one of the metal doors.

Instantly, a stagnant chill began drifting into the room, coupled with something I'd never sensed before.

Something I knew I was only sensing because my third-eye was now open a little.

Bloodlust.

Death.

A deep craving to slaughter and kill.

"Fuck," I hissed, my body shifting all over again, a reflexive reaction to what I sensed.

Miriam didn't respond or address my comment at all, beginning to slip into the darkness and head down into the depths of the makeshift cavern.

"Shit," I mumbled under my breath at how abruptly she left us behind, quickly darting through the door even before Gwen had a chance to follow. "Hey, can you even see in here?" I asked seriously, now seeing that she was nearly twenty steps down already.

"Yes," she said flatly. "I can see just fine."

I heard Mrs. Rebecca call out behind us. "Do you need my help at all? I'll have to grab a light if you do."

"I'm fine," Miriam replied simply, continuing on down into the darkness at her quick pace.

Oddly enough, I could finally hear without hindrance again, having no problem picking up on the soft breathing of the sexy devil maid not far behind me, including her slightly elevated heart rate, and clacking footsteps. However, I didn't bother looking back, very much interested in catching up to Miriam.

The pathway of hollowed rock was beginning to wind back around underneath the house, and when I finally caught up to her a handful of seconds later, I began to realize there was a soft orange glow coming from up ahead.

"What is that?" I asked quietly, uncertain if she was in the mood to talk.

She sighed then, her expression and tone even. "They're Carnelian Crystals, which create a powerful barrier when infused with magical energy. Long ago, I used a complicated spell to merge them with the surrounding rock, so that they could absorb most of their energy from the Earth. However, I have to manually add my own collected energy every few months, to ensure they don't run too low." She paused.

"Sort of like charging a battery."

"And are they running low now?" I asked hesitantly, wondering if that was why something was able to attack it.

She shook her head. "No, I actually charged the crystals just before you came over to visit. And I'm glad I did. No doubt they have been drained of quite a bit of energy after that kind of attack."

I nodded, glancing at the wooden box she was carrying. "Is that what the chest is for?" I wondered.

She nodded once. "Yes, I store the energy I collect into opals, and use them to transfer magic as necessary."

I hesitated, wondering if the primary way she gathered magical energy was from fucking a ton, since that seemed to be how succubi used magic in the first place.

I decided not to ask, suspecting it would be a dumb question. "And what's the crown for?"

She sighed again. "Moonstones infused with magic help to analyze many things magical. I'll likely be wearing this when I try to dispel the blood curse on that black stone of yours, and I wear it now to quickly assess which crystals need to be recharged first." She paused. "I could do all that on my own, but this is a tool that makes the process quicker and more efficient, like wearing a pair of eyeglasses for my third-eye."

"Sounds like you really know what you're doing," I commented.

She scoffed at that, her tone laced with a hint of sarcasm. "Young man, I've been doing this for a *very* long time. Don't insult me by suggesting that I am anything less than fully prepared."

I grinned at that, knowing she wasn't truly offended. Still, even with the somewhat playful banner, it was hard to be relaxed in this environment, the aura of bloodlust and death only growing more potent.

Of course, I could already see in the dark, especially when transformed, but my night vision was no longer necessary now that we approached the primary cavern, with the whole space lit up in a dim orange luminance coming from over twenty large crystals sticking out of the walls and high ceiling.

However, aside from that, I saw nothing.

No portal or dimensional gate.

Only the stone wall just beyond the orange glowing crystals.

"Ah, dammit," Miriam unexpectedly mumbled, focusing upward as we stepped off the last stone step.

"What's wrong?" I asked seriously.

She shook her head. "Of course the worst one would be at the top." She sighed. "Oh well."

My brow furrowed at that. "How are you going to reach it?" I asked seriously, knowing it was too high for even me to reach without a ladder.

She grinned then, handing off the chest to me. "Here, hold this and I'll show you." She then popped the lid open, grabbed a brilliantly shining opal, and marched right off toward the wall.

I then stared at her in shock when she abruptly spread out her shiny black wings and leapt upward, with me almost feeling dumb that I hadn't considered that sooner, her pounding the air twice before grabbing hold of a rock jutting out that made the perfect handhold.

I then watched in disbelief as she easily held herself up with one hand while reaching over with the opal, occasionally flapping her shiny midnight wings to steady herself, her thin legs separated and tense, her tail whipping out in a circular motion as she gently touched the orange crystal with the opal.

I actually hadn't noticed that there was precum on her midnight tail, since the appendage was so shiny anyway, but when I saw some of it get flicked off as she swung it around to steady herself, I recalled that she'd spent quite a bit of time with it wrapped around the head of my leaking cock. It didn't go too far though. Some of it landed on the wall from the quick motion, but the other little splatters just fell onto the cavern floor.

Surprisingly, as I watched her, nothing seemed to happen at all, not even a change in the brightness of the orange glow, nor the whitish multicolored glow of the opal, yet after a handful of seconds she let go and dropped back down, flapping her wings once to soften her landing.

I wondered if the fact that my third-eye was still mostly unused resulted in me not noticing whatever invisible process just happened.

"There," she announced cheerfully, glancing past me at Gwen just now stepping off the last step. "One down, eight

to go. That went faster than I was expecting, and thankfully the drain on the crystals wasn't as bad as I thought it might be."

I just stared at her in awe, prompting her thin red eyebrows to rise when I didn't respond right away.

"That was pretty impressive," I finally praised.

She laughed. "Think so? I suppose it is pretty impressive for such an old lady."

I rolled my eyes at that, prompting another giggle from the hot minx.

She then focused over my shoulder again at her maid. "However, I'd forgotten you made me all sticky," she mumbled, only to speak louder. "Gwen, my ass is cold. Please clean it for me, while I work on the next one."

"Yes mistress," the sexy maid replied, quickly slipping past me, even as Miriam turned her attention back to the next orange crystal, this one within arm's reach.

I wasn't sure what I was expecting, but it wasn't for Gwen to abruptly drop to her knees, carefully grab Miriam's tan bony hips, and then proceed to lean forward to begin licking my precum off her plump little butt, a surprisingly long tongue slipping through her purple lips.

Holy fuck!

I just stared in disbelief, shocked that Miriam was completely focused on what she was doing, as if someone *wasn't* licking her ass clean, all while Gwen unexpectedly shivered, becoming more urgent with her tongue as her breathing picked up.

"Fuck Gwen," Miriam finally said, pulling the opal away from the Carnelian crystal. "You'd think I hadn't fucked you in a year."

"S-Sorry mistress," she stammered. "It's just...this taste is making something happen inside me. And I..." Her voice trailed off as she moaned softly, her skin beginning to flush, only to grab Miriam's hips a bit more firmly as she buried

her face in the succubus's ass, licking long strokes through her thong-covered crack.

In the meantime, Miriam focused on me. "I thought I felt something strange when I fell on your cock. Rebecca mentioned that your cum made her feel really passionate, and that it seems as if you absorb that passion, but I'm surprised that description might be more accurate than I realized."

"Umm, sorry," I said uncomfortably, concerned she'd feel like it was manipulative. "That's not something I can help."

She nodded, reaching back to grab one of Gwen's black horns, cracked and glowing, actually pushing her ass harder into the maid's face. "I understand. You are a sex demon after all. But if you're going to get my maid all hot and bothered, then the least you could do is finish the job and fuck her."

I gawked at her brazenness. "Umm, w-what about the crystals?"

She sighed heavily, seeming to decide not to push it. "Gwen, please dry me off so I can finish the job down here."

"Y-Yes mistress," she whispered, appearing to struggle to pull herself away. She then gripped Miriam's tight ass roughly with both hands, a sudden wave of heat blasting through the cavern. There was no sound of the saliva evaporating away, but when she pulled her hands back, the succubus's ass looked red, toasty, and dry.

"Much better," Miriam praised. "Now, I'll have to ask you to be patient for a few more minutes, and then I'll take you to my room and fuck you."

"Y-Yes mistress," she repeated, sounding desperate and longing, still on her knees as she folded her hands in her lap. Her exposed back and chest were both flushed, and from this angle I could see her huge nipples poking through the black silk maid outfit.

It was obvious waiting was going to be difficult for her, because her entire body began trembling slightly as she

focused on Miriam's thin form, glancing at me as well from the corner of her crimson eye, looking like she wished I'd take them up on their offer to fuck a little before I left.

Ah dammit, why did this have to be so complicated?

I mean, it wasn't complicated if I didn't mind the possibility of fucking with these two sexy women and ending up wanting to stay here permanently, since I had no doubt Miriam would use the opportunity to show me what she was truly capable of in the bedroom, but since I did kind of want to go home soon, that made the decision a bit less simple.

Dammit.

Honestly, sensing Gwen's sexual aura, combined with the maple syrup scent and naturally erotic aura of the succubus, I almost would have been tempted to just walk over to her and demand she get on my cock. However, the aura of death and bloodlust was suppressing my hormones enough that it was fairly easy to stay where I was.

"So, umm, where exactly is this dimensional gate?" I asked hesitantly, wanting to break the silence.

"Oh, it's right here," Miriam said matter-of-factly. "It's mostly closed due to the barrier, but if you strain your third-eye, you might be able to sense it just beyond the crystals."

"In front of the wall?" I wondered, just trying to understand what she meant.

She was just pulling away the opal from another orange crystal, only to pause when she focused on me. "Look again. That might appear to be a stone wall, but it's not. Imagine if the gate was made of water, and there was magic that could force it into ice. That's essentially what is going on. What looks like rock is actually restructured energy that's formed a sort of crystalized solid. But without the barrier, it would be very much permeable, much like water would be." She paused. "If you don't see the difference, then try to identify the edges."

I nodded, beginning to focus on the sides, not really seeing any distinction between the rest of the cavern and

the wall just beyond the supposed barrier.

And even as I strained, I still couldn't seem to tell the difference.

Finally, Miriam gave me her attention. "Well, I'm done," she announced, now holding an opal that was significantly more dim than it had been previously. "Didn't even take a fully charged stone. Any luck?"

I shook my head, feeling a little embarrassed that I couldn't detect a difference.

She shrugged. "Ah, well that's to be expected. You've got some work ahead of you to learn how to open your eye more, as well as how to use it properly. More than likely, you're making the most common mistake of trying to look with your physical eyes too much, instead of *perceiving* with your third-eye."

My brow furrowed at that, glancing at the wall again. "So what should I do to avoid that mistake?"

She sighed. "Well, the easiest thing is to just close your eyes, but I'm afraid I can't offer you more time down here to practice. The dimensional gate works both ways, which means that the longer we stay down here, the more likely that whatever resides on the other side will sense our auras and be enticed to try breaking through again."

"Oh shit," I said in surprise, focusing back on the wall, even as she approached to drop the dull opal in the chest I was still holding. She then grabbed the wooden box and handed it off to the still-kneeling maid, who promptly rose to her feet, ready to follow her mistress back up the stairs.

"Go ahead," Miriam whispered to her, causing her slitted crimson eyes to widen again slightly before nodding and turning toward the steps.

The succubus then faced me, her thin hands on her tan bony hips. "Don't worry, your aura wouldn't be enticing to such creatures, nor would mine. It's humans that entice them, and you are different enough to not essentially 'smell' like one."

I nodded, uncertain of what to say.

Miriam abruptly held out her small hand then, offering it to me. "Ready to go?" she wondered, a hint of cheer in her tone.

I looked down at her in surprise, before stepping forward and reaching out to take it, her fingers intertwining in mine like before. "Thank you," I whispered, knowing the fact that I was even down here was a big deal. And I kind of suspected that this was her way to prove to me how it would be if I stayed with her, since she *did* promise to keep me at her side and make me a priority in all things...

Ms. Miriam gave me a small smile, before leading the way as she began ascending the stairs again.

However, we only made it about six steps before she abruptly stopped, her muscles tensing as she glanced over her shoulder, looking right past me at the glowing cavern.

I urgently looked back too, not seeing or sensing anything at all. "What's wrong?" I whispered, focusing on her again, our heads almost level since she was a step above me.

She shook her head, beginning to tug on my hand again as we continued to ascend. "Nothing. Just suddenly felt like someone was watching me."

"Shit," I hissed. "Well *that's* not creepy," I added sarcastically.

She giggled softly at that. "Don't worry. As far as I'm aware, there's nothing intelligent that lies beyond the gate. Only nightmarish beasts that resemble cursed creatures in our world. And even if there *are* intelligent creatures that exist there, there's nothing they can do to break through my barrier. It's several times more powerful than it really needs to be."

"Well that's good," I mumbled, glancing over my shoulder one last time before we climbed too high for me to see. I was still gray from earlier, so at least if something was

looking, then they would see *two* demons, not one demon with a human.

Or so I hoped, that it wouldn't be able to tell the difference.

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(10) CHAPTER 40: PROMISE

The trek back up the stairs, that led down to the orange glowing cavern with the practically invisible dimensional gate, actually felt longer than coming down, but before long we finally reached the top, stepping through the thick metal doors, only to find...

Mrs. Rebecca and Gwen kissing passionately, with the taller sexy maid having the busty redhead pressed against the wall, seeming really aggressive about making-out, even if it was obvious from my companion's flushed face that she was completely fine with it.

More than that, she seemed very much into the kiss as well, her chin tilted up as their lips and tongues moved together.

However, Mrs. Rebecca quickly noticed that we had returned before anyone could say anything, breaking away from the kiss, even as Gwen bent down more to begin planting her purple lips on the bustier woman's neck instead.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Mrs. Rebecca exclaimed, focusing on me apologetically. "Gwen sort of attacked me."

The sexy maid pulled away in shock. "Was it not okay that I kiss you?" she asked seriously, sounding genuinely stunned.

Mrs. Rebecca immediately turned her apologetic look toward her. "No, it's just..." Her voice trailed off as she glanced hesitantly at me again.

Which made it pretty obvious what was going on. Mrs. Rebecca had pretty much promised me that she wasn't going to fuck anyone for the unforeseeable future, and here she was lip-locked with this sexy demon maid.

Honestly, even if that's what I had wanted, this wouldn't be too surprising.

After all, when a person lives a certain way for a long time, it's not super easy to abruptly change old habits.

However, while it was definitely my preference for Mrs. Rebecca to stop fucking men, she did quite literally have a 'need' for sexual energy, even if that need wasn't at play right now, and I felt like it would be requesting too much to ask her to not fuck women too.

Or to refuse one such woman who she'd clearly been intimate with before.

"It's fine," I quickly replied, realizing from Gwen's comment that this wasn't even close to the first time they'd fucked each other. And honestly, now that I thought about it, when I saw Mrs. Rebecca after the mini-earthquake, her face looked flushed, her heavy red curls disheveled.

It made me wonder if they'd already been kissing a little while they waited for me and Miriam to finish having sex.

Needless to say, Gwen went right back to planting kisses on Mrs. Rebecca's neck, causing her to gasp, grabbing the back of the chick's pale neck, seeming to pull down more in encouragement.

Miriam scoffed, her small hand still in mine. "Well, I should hope it's fine," she mumbled, only to speak louder when I looked down at her. "It's like I said, if you're going to get my maid all 'hot and bothered,' then you need to take responsibility. And if you refuse to do that, then you shouldn't get upset with one of your women doing it on your behalf."

"M-My women?" I said in surprise, definitely interested in having Mrs. Rebecca for myself, but not having felt like we were at that point yet.

Especially when there was still the issue of how the situation with Gabriella's father was going to be handled long-term, even if I already liked to think of her as mine sometimes.

Unsurprisingly, Miriam didn't respond verbally, only rolling her green eyes, before speaking. "Hey Rebecca, I need you to fuck my maid for me. She really needs it, and I want to talk to your boy-toy a bit before you leave."

"O-Oh, o-okay," she stammered as Gwen became even more aggressive, only for the busty MILF to yelp when the sexy maid swiftly dropped down and scooped her up in her arms, heading straight for the door.

Miriam giggled next to me. "Wow, that's interesting. Normally Rebecca is the more dominant one, but you've really brought out a different side to Gwen. I've never seen her be so aggressive before, except when she's ordering humans around. She's normally such a sweet and submissive girl, even despite her height."

I cleared my throat. "So, umm, how old is she anyway?" I wondered randomly.

"Gwen?" Miriam clarified, only to continue. "That's actually sort of a complicated question. She's a hundred and twenty-seven, but she wasn't born a hundred and twenty-seven years ago."

"Wait, what?" I said in surprise, not feeling too stunned by the above-average age, or the coupled youthful appearance.

She smirked at me. "Yeah, she was actually born roughly the same time as my very first daughter, quite a long time ago, but found herself in an unusual situation." She paused. "I should let her share that with you though, if she so chooses. However, I will say that she's mentally in her mid-twenties. Or more specifically, her appearance and mental age truly match, if that makes sense, kind of like she's frozen in time. Like, even though Gwen looked older when

Rebecca was younger, it's very noticeable that the latter is now 'older' at this point, in every way."

I stared at her in sincere surprise, finding it difficult to believe she was serious. That my hot redhead MILF was mentally and physically older than Gwen, even though the sexy maid had been born first...

It made me wonder how their relationship worked. Did Mrs. Rebecca view Gwen simply as the household maid who eventually became a sex partner? Or something else?

I really wanted to press for more information, especially wanting Miriam to elaborate about how it was possible for Gwen to be chronically a hundred and twenty-seven, despite not being born that long ago, but I realized I probably shouldn't.

It was obvious that Ms. Miriam had already shared more than she normally did with others, and she was obviously declining to elaborate beyond what she'd already told me, even if that refusal was somewhat subtle, and I didn't want to seem like I was unappreciative of the fact that she'd already shared so much.

Thus, I simply nodded instead, my imagination kind of going wild as I began wondering if Mrs. Rebecca was sucking on Gwen's huge nipples right now. Or if maybe the roles had flipped, since the busty redhead was normally more dominant, and Gwen was sucking on Mrs. Rebecca's massive tits instead.

Miriam gave me another small smile, almost like a silent approval of my choice to be satisfied with what she'd freely offered.

"So," the short redhead continued. "Shall I show you to a shower, or do you mind if we chat for a few minutes?" She smirked again. "Or, we can both just chat a little in the shower together."

I laughed uncomfortably, feeling a warmth creeping from her delicate hand into my arm, rekindling that ball of pleasure in my gut. "Umm, I'm good. I don't mind having

your stuff on me. I actually..." I cleared my throat, realizing what I was about to say, but then deciding she probably already knew. "I kind of like it. A lot. Especially the smell."

She laughed as well, hers much more cheerful. "Well of course you do," she agreed playfully, glancing over her shoulder. "Now, if you wouldn't mind closing the door for me, then we can get more comfortable."

I nodded, letting go of her hand as I turned around to close the heavy metal door. I then lowered the drop bar like before, glancing at her to make sure I'd done everything, and then stepped up to her again. Almost unsurprisingly at this point, she snagged my hand again, after taking off the Moonstone tiara and setting it next to the box of opals on the floor, beginning to tug on me toward the exit.

"So," I asked hesitantly as we stepped through the more normal door, with it appearing as if she was going to leave the chest of opals where Gwen had set them. "What would happen if someone accidentally closed the door on you?" I asked seriously, obvious concern in my voice.

She shrugged. "I guess I'd have to break it down then," she commented, only to smirk at me when I gave her a surprised look. "You have to understand, despite how sturdy it looks, that door isn't doing much to stop what lies beyond the gate. That's what the barrier is for."

"Oh, makes sense," I agreed, only to pause as I glanced around as we stepped into one of the well-furnished hallways. Honestly, it was kind of crazy how nice everything looked, even little stuff like there being a fancy corner table at one end of the hall that had a potted plant and painting on the wall. I couldn't even imagine how many 'moving trucks' it would take to empty this place if Miriam ever decided to move.

I continued after a second. "And, umm, what would happen if something *did* break through that barrier?" I wondered seriously.

She didn't respond to my comment right away, instead seeming content to hold my hand as we strolled through the hall.

However, when she *did* respond after a few seconds, her tone was a bit somber. "Depends on the level of the threat," she admitted quietly. "Although, if something truly did break through, then the threat would be pretty high."

I waited for her to continue, but then prompted her when she didn't right away. "Just how high? And what would you do?"

She sighed then, stopping in front of a doorless entryway to another room, focusing up at me, looking so short and adorable. "Well, I don't want to alarm you, but I actually can use a little blood magic myself," she admitted. "And if something truly broke through, then it would be a life and death situation. And not just for me, but possibly for the whole world." She paused to let me absorb just how serious she was. She then sighed. "I'd have to use one of the most dangerous spells I know to try to trap whatever came through. A blood magic spell that would hopefully hold it long enough for me to kill it."

"How dangerous is the spell?" I asked seriously. "And how would it work? Like, how would you use it?"

She frowned then, only to smile warmly. "So many questions," she said in a lighthearted tone. "There's really no reason for you to worry about any of that. Ever since I installed those crystals, nothing has been able to break through. Not in thousands of years. Like, there have been over a dozen 'houses' built and torn down on this location, and yet my barrier has remained perfectly stable and intact. It's been the one thing that hasn't changed in all this time."

"Sorry," I replied sincerely, feeling like she was a little annoyed now and not trying to let it show. "I was just curious."

She nodded, giving my hand an affectionate squeeze. "And that's alright, but we're talking about a worst-case

scenario here. An extremely rare *hypothetical* situation, and I don't want to worry that cute little head of yours about something that will probably never happen. And if it did happen, I do have preparations to deal with it."

"Dangerous preparations, by the sound of it," I commented.

She shrugged. "When your options are 'be killed,' or use a spell that *might* kill you, the choice isn't too hard to make."

"Fuck," I hissed.

She gave me a little tug into the room we were standing outside of. "Don't trouble yourself with the thought," she said reassuringly. "I've been doing this for a *very* long time."

I knew she was right, but I also couldn't help but recall her mentioning that an attack hadn't happened in something like a hundred years...yet there had been two attempts in only the last month.

Coincidence?

Or was something truly trying to get through?

Then again, it seemed like the barrier held just fine, so maybe I was overthinking it. Especially since there had probably been hundreds of attacks in however long the barrier had existed, even if they were rare.

Focusing on the room we were entering, I realized the space was an extremely fancy living room, with no TV in sight, but plenty of paintings to look at and enough plush couches to host a small party, all of them appearing to have white leather upholstery.

Leading me to one of the white leather couches, with a low coffee table in front of it, she twisted and gestured for me to have a seat, only to climb on the furniture right next to me, except facing my direction on her knees, so that she had nothing to support her back, sitting her tight little ass on her heels. She then shifted her weight to her side slightly, leaning more heavily into my thigh as she got comfortable.

Fuck, I wanted to lean in and kiss her so bad, our previous conversation practically forgotten.

It would be so easy to pull her into my lap in this position, sitting backward like that to face me.

And she looked so damn sexy only wearing the latex bikini, all of her tan skin pretty much exposed for me to see, with her swaying tail and folded black wings making her exotic and enticing, on top of everything else.

When she finally smiled at me, I averted my gaze downward, finding myself looking at her slightly plump thighs and adorable belly, the latex thong hiding so little that she almost seemed naked in her current position.

"Like what you see?" she giggled, reaching up to gently run her fingertips across my forehead. "As I said before, I don't dress this way to be ignored, so feel free to stare all you want."

I cleared my throat. "Umm, yeah," I replied simply to her question, a chill running down my spine, my cock already straining against my black pants again. "So you wanted to talk?" I prompted.

She sighed then, her fingers growing still just as she was brushing some of my hair, only for her to drop her arm and look away.

"What's wrong?" I asked hesitantly.

She took a deep breath, tentatively meeting my gaze -- a simple act that reminded me she was trusting me to not use my compulsion on her every single time we made eye-contact -- only to reach out for my hand, clasping it in her own on her thighs. "I've grown bitter over the many years of my eternal life," she began quietly, a small grimace touching her lips. "Cynical even. I expect the worst in people, and I'm almost always right." She then frowned. "I'm not saying there aren't good people in the world, because there certainly are. But good people *with power*? That kind of person is difficult to find, if not nearly

impossible, especially for those who are supernatural, because power *corrupts*. Always.”

“Oh. Umm...so...” I paused. Because I wanted to ask what she was trying to say, but wasn’t sure if I could get it out without sounding rude.

She continued on her own. “Your naivety is temporary. Your innocence too.” She focused more intently on me then, her emerald eyes almost pained. “But please don’t ever stop being *good*.”

I frowned at that. “What do you mean by good?” I wondered, since she knew I’d killed several people to protect Gabriella.

She gently rubbed my hand in her own. “You care about others at least as much as yourself,” she explained. “Don’t ever lose that, because I could see it slipping away without you noticing. In fact, it might have already begun to slip away without you realizing. *Selfishness* is like a thief in the night, sneaking up on you without your knowledge. And selfishness is the thing that makes otherwise good people, turn bad.” She paused. “And as much as I’d like you to stay, I’m trying really hard not to be ‘bad’ myself, by using everything in my power to keep you. And likewise, I’m also very happy you’re choosing to leave. It means those waiting for you are still important. More important than your own desires.”

“Well, yeah, of course they’re important,” I agreed.

“But you’ve seriously considered my offer, haven’t you?” she countered. “And not because you love me, but because you love yourself and know I could give you unimaginable pleasure.”

I grimaced, glancing away, only to sigh. “Well, I’d say that my hesitation to have sex with you should be indicative of that,” I hedged, not necessarily telling a lie, but not wanting to bluntly admit she was right.

“Such a shame,” she whispered, a playful pout on her adorable face, as if she knew my intentions. “But I really am

glad," she added more seriously. "And if I do eventually get to keep you for myself, then I'll make sure that everyone you care about is included. Okay?"

I sighed again, my voice quiet. "Umm, yeah, that would definitely be preferable," I agreed.

She grinned, looking like she'd already won her prize. "Perfect."

I flinched when she reached up then and grabbed my nipple firmly, uncertain if the spark of pleasure that erupted throughout my body was because it sincerely felt good, or because she was working her seductive magic.

She giggled at my response, continuing to hold on my nipple tightly.

Fuck.

I tried to clear my throat, glancing away. "Umm, so is that why you showed me the gate?" I asked unexpectedly, the thought just popping into my head randomly. "To kind of show me how it would be if I stayed here?"

She let go of my nipple, her hand moving down to begin stroking my forearm. "Yes," she agreed quietly. "I promised to keep you by my side, didn't I? That's how it'll be whenever you visit. And it's how it'll be if you stay." She paused. "And of course, you are welcome to visit at any time, whenever you like. Just ring the bell at the front gate, so we can see it's you on the security camera first." She smirked, her tone lighthearted. "Don't want to accidentally attack you, thinking you're a threat."

I nodded, afraid to look at her now, concerned about how it would affect me.

"You *will* be mine, right?" she then wondered innocently, her head tilting slightly to the side. "You'll only make me wait for a little while, *right?*" she added with a pout.

I sighed again. "I...I guess," I whispered, feeling like fully denying her was impossible.

She grinned, definitely looking like she'd won her prize now. "Good. Then, in that case, I'll be right back," she

added, abruptly leaning forward to press her lips to my forehead, the heat coming from her thin body feeling so amazing, before slipping off the couch and darting out the entrance we'd come through, only to go down the hall the other way.

I glanced over my shoulder as I watched her go, feeling a little frustrated again that I couldn't track her movements, even though there was no door, but then resigned myself to just patiently waiting. Looking around the room, I focused on the low coffee table in front of me a couple feet away, along with the other little seating areas, three in total, all the couches and chairs white leather, the whole room organized as if the 'main event' was meant to be in the center of the room beneath a fancy chandelier high in the ceiling.

There were also several potted plants and magnificent paintings all around the room.

Honestly, I was super horny right now and kind of wanted to jerk one out really quick in one of those pots, just to try to keep my thoughts clear, but I was confident it wouldn't help.

Given any other situation, and it might have made a world of difference to have some relief, but being around Ms. Miriam was *truly* intoxicating, to an extreme I wouldn't have imagined possible.

And here, I thought being around Gabriella was potent, followed by being stunned by how overwhelming it was to be around Mrs. Rebecca.

And yet, Ms. Miriam's erotic presence was a world of difference.

Honestly, I was confident she could probably get me to agree to anything, if she really wanted to.

And I meant *anything*.

Which kind of made me uncomfortable -- really uncomfortable -- even though I felt like she wouldn't do that. Like, I felt as if she *would* be respectful, just like she expected me to be respectful of her and not use my compulsion.

But where was the line between ‘making me,’ and me ‘wanting’ it?

For example, watching Miriam have sex with another guy.

After having been influenced by her sexual presence for so long, I realized that if she walked into the room with some random dude and started fucking him, I wouldn’t immediately try to put a stop to it, or even walk out. And what was worse -- I felt confident that she might even be able to make me ‘want’ to do more than just watch, even though I absolutely found the idea revolting right now.

But that was the thing.

I normally would have found the idea of her fucking another guy revolting, to begin with, and I likewise had no doubt that when I walked out of this place, and had a chance to clear my head, I definitely would find the idea repulsive.

And yet, just the opposite was true right now.

In this moment, I honestly wouldn’t mind watching her fuck. Granted, I didn’t feel the same way about Mrs. Rebecca, but the fact that I felt that way at all, even with Ms. Miriam, was really disturbing.

And a bit scary.

Because my inhibitions were significantly lower compared to normal.

Fuck.

But, I supposed my own compulsion ability was similar.

Where was the line between making people do what I want, and them wanting to? Especially when me ‘making them’ involved them sincerely ‘wanting to.’ At the very least, I felt like Serenity and Gabriella’s attraction to each other didn’t involve my influence, but there was still Gabriella’s influence to consider, especially with Avery.

So honestly, I wasn’t sure. However, I could see how Ms. Miriam might be sincerely disgusted by what I could do, even if she ironically was capable of having a similar effect, just via different means.

Either way, I couldn't help but feel as if I was on the edge of a cliff, teetering between self-control and unimaginable self-indulgence. A self-indulgence that would be so amazing that I honestly might find myself not feeling any regret for leaving my old life behind.

Which...was scary.

I didn't want to leave Serenity behind. And even if she was invited here too, I didn't want to leave my old life behind.

I supposed when Miriam came back, I might bring the subject up, just so we could both be on the same page about how I felt about the situation, even though she'd indicated she wouldn't pressure me into anything...right now, at least.

Unfortunately, it was obvious she *did* want to pressure me into being with her eventually. And obvious that she *did* want to keep me, badly enough that she wanted me to commit to it now.

Dammit.

Surprisingly, and thankfully, I was able to hear Miriam's soft footsteps a few seconds before she entered the room again, even though I'd previously lost track of her the moment she stepped into the hallway before, making me wonder if the actual field of magic that prevented eavesdropping wavered and oscillated a bit in its strength.

However, I didn't think about it for long when I realized she had my phone in her hand.

"Here you go," she said cheerfully, handing it to me. "You'll obviously be leaving soon anyway, but I wanted you to get the chance to let that young woman, Serenity, and my daughter Gabriella know you're okay. Figured you'd appreciate talking to them," she added a bit more quietly, her tone sincere.

"Oh," I said in surprise, keeping my eyes on her as I rested my hand, with the phone in my grasp, in my lap.

"Thank you," I said sincerely, a little stunned by just how much I really did appreciate the gesture.

She nodded, giving me a warm and affectionate smile. "In the meantime, I'm going to go check on Rebecca and my maid, so you can have some privacy for a few minutes. Be back in a little bit, okay?"

I could only nod, my eyes falling to her black wings as she turned around, only to focus on her tight ass between them as she made her way gracefully out of the room, wondering if she'd look even smaller without the extra appendages, given her sub-five-foot stature.

I then sighed heavily and leaned back into the comfy white-leather cushions, finally focusing on my phone to unlock it.

I had Serenity on the line barely a handful of seconds later.

"Hey Ren," I began simply, my tone almost sounding somber. "How's everything going back home?"

"Oh, Kai. It's so good to hear your voice. Gabriella's mom let us know a little bit ago that you were alright, but I still couldn't help but worry. We've all been really worried, Michelle and Avery included."

I took a deep breath. "Thanks, Ren," I said sincerely. "I'm okay. And the person we met is actually going to help. We should be heading back home in a little bit. I'll be leaving the stone here, since it'll probably take some time to figure things out. And of course, I'll elaborate more when I get home about the situation."

Serenity sighed. "That's really good to hear. I love you so--"

Her voice cut off as the back door opened up, with Gabriella speaking up in the background. "I caught one!" she announced cheerfully, her voice sounding like it was coming closer to Serenity's location in the house, probably having entered from the backdoor and now walking down the hallway. "I was able to sneak up on it close enough to hit

it in the head with a rock. Didn't even have to shoot it! And I broke its neck so it shouldn't be able to get away if it wakes up." She took a deep breath, sounding like she was stepping into the same room now, likely the living room. "Although, you'd be really surprised how much force it took to break its neck..." Her voice trailed off.

"Hey," I said before she could respond. "What is she talking about? What did she catch?"

"I assume a deer," Serenity quickly admitted, sounding apologetic. "I, umm, I've gotten really thirsty," she admitted quietly, sounding almost ashamed now. "It was starting to hurt," she added. "But sounds like Gabriella was able to catch a deer for me!" she quickly said, trying to sound cheerful.

Fuck.

Fuck!

What in the hell was wrong with me?

Why hadn't I thought of that? Why hadn't I taken her hunting and insisted she drink blood, even if she didn't feel like it right then?

Dammit!

Suddenly, all I could hear in my head -- *all I could focus on* -- was the words Miriam had just spoken to me not long ago.

'You care about others at least as much as yourself. Don't ever lose that, because I could see it slipping away without you noticing. In fact, it might have already begun to slip away without you realizing. Selfishness is like a thief in the night, sneaking up on you without your knowledge. And selfishness is the thing that makes otherwise good people, turn bad.'

Shit, it was already happening! It *had already* happened!

And with that realization, it suddenly occurred to me that I'd left Serenity all alone when she was transforming, using the time to meet Mrs. Rebecca and fuck her brains out while the person I cared about most was going through a very

uncertain process! One in which she might need me the moment she woke up!

Fuck, that *wasn't* me!

I wasn't the guy who abandoned the person I loved most in her moment of need!

And yet, I had done just that.

And sure, the black stone was really important. And *sure*, I had both Avery and Michelle's transformations to go on, to both give me a reference of time to complete the transformation, as well as give me confidence she'd be okay while I was gone. Never mind the fact the two newly transformed women would be able to watch over her while Gabriella and I were out of the house...

But still...

The version of me who fucked Mrs. Rebecca for two hours wasn't the same version of me that hugged Serenity when she came home on Thursday night, sobbing and falling apart because her best friend had been kidnapped by a serial killer.

Fuck, it had already begun.

Like a thief in the night, my own selfishness was changing who I was.

And just like Ms. Miriam had implied, it had started without me realizing it.

Dammit.

I sucked in a deep breath. "I am so sorry. I should have taken you hunting this morning. Honestly, I should have done it last night."

Her tone was surprisingly gentle. "It's alright, Kai. I should have told you I was thirsty in the first place. And honestly, I didn't realize 'what' it was right away, since the sensation is different than I'm used to." She paused. "Like, to be completely honest, it wasn't until I explained what I was feeling to Gabriella and Michelle that they identified what I was experiencing. My fault for not speaking up sooner."

"No, it's *my* fault," I disagreed. "I should have just assumed it was what you needed. And while I'm thinking about it, I'm really sorry for leaving the house while you were transforming. I should have stayed with you."

She sighed. "Kai, I love you so much. But it's really okay. Michelle and Avery were both here with me, and..." Her voice trailed off briefly. "Well, I really enjoyed last night. A lot. And I feel like the reason why it didn't turn out bad was because you'd spent some time with Mrs. Rebecca."

I sucked in a deep breath, knowing what she meant.

Had I not spent time with the sexy older woman, and learned more about the potential dangers of having sex with others, then I might have accidentally hurt Serenity, the person I cared about most. Instead, we were able to share in the intimacy of sex, to experience the bliss of lovers, without the dangers that might have arisen from cumming.

And sure, sex with orgasms would have been better in most ways, but at the same time it almost felt more pure and innocent, in a strange way, by experiencing intimacy without the orgasms. By having my cock in her pussy, without the eruption of semen.

Granted, I was still going to make her cum, *hard*, and I was still going to blow my load in her pussy.

But first, I had to make sure it was safe for us to fuck like that.

And both the sex I shared with Mrs. Rebecca, as well as having Ms. Miriam open my metaphysical third-eye, were important steps to reaching that point. But still...

I couldn't lose sight of what was most important to me.

"Anyway, Kai," Serenity continued when I didn't respond. "I hate to let you go, but I really do need to...I guess, feed? Before my meal gets cold, or whatever," she added. "Or before it's heart stops beating, I guess."

"Of course," I agreed, unexpectedly looking up when Miriam abruptly walked around the corner, now dressed in a fitted silk robe, wrapped tightly around her thin frame,

making her entire gorgeous body all shiny and vibrant red -- my absolute favorite color. And it was truly a unique article of clothing too, aside from it being the perfect length for her despite her shortness, because I could tell that the back dipped down just enough to allow the 'arms' of her wings to go through, even though the sides still reached up to cover her slim shoulders like a normal robe.

It was almost the opposite of a V-neck shirt, a normal opening in the front, coupled with a deep V in the back.

"Did you want to talk to Avery or Michelle real quick?" Serenity wondered quietly, as if she was trying to avoid the people in question from overhearing. "I hate to get off so quickly," she added.

I grimaced at that, my hand beginning to tremble slightly, having no idea why Ms. Miriam was dressed this way, but suddenly finding it really difficult to focus on anything else.

"Umm," I began hesitantly, knowing I wasn't going to be able to do it -- talk to either one of them, with Ms. Miriam standing before me. "I really wouldn't mind," I admitted. "But we still have a few things to take care of, regarding the stone, before Mrs. Rebecca and I leave, and I don't want to waste anyone's time."

"Of course," Serenity agreed at a normal volume. "That's understandable. I love you, baby. See you soon, okay?"

"Love you too, Ren," I replied. "Sorry again about the deer thing, and I'll see you probably in a couple hours."

"It's really okay. See you soon."

And with that she hung up, prompting me to lower the phone to my lap, feeling that intense ball of pleasure resurface in my gut.

Ms. Miriam tilted her head slightly, looking so short and adorable as fuck. "Deer?" she repeated in confusion.

Oh shit!

She didn't know about the fact that my blood could transform people, or at least 'mostly human' people, into

something similar to me!

I tried to keep my cool, really not wanting to lie, but not ready to admit that to her at this point. "Umm, yeah," I said hesitantly. "It's kind of a long story, and I don't want to bore you..." My voice trailed off as I gulped, focusing on her phenomenal body. "Umm, so you changed your clothes?" I added hesitantly, wondering if she was still wearing the latex bikini underneath.

Thankfully, she seemed to believe me when I said the deer thing would be boring.

No doubt any possibility she'd normally think of would be truly uninteresting.

Instead, she smirked at me, fanning her shiny wings out a little, before pulling them back in tight against her silk covered back. "Well," she began, her tone unexpectedly sexy and seductive as hell, her black whip-like tail swaying close to the floor. "Rebecca and my maid are still going at it, pretty passionately too, I might add," she explained, taking a small step closer. "Lots of grinding, sucking, and kissing," she continued, inching a little bit more. "So I thought we could spend a little bit of time together while we waited for them to finish."

I tried to swallow the lump in my throat, truly knowing I wasn't going to be able to refuse her. All I could do was hope she'd keep her own promises, which only prompted me to bring the subject up, while I had it on my mind.

"A-About that," I stammered, trying to breathe evenly. "I, umm, I really would like it if you could let me make my own decisions," I gasped, feeling like her scent was becoming beyond overwhelming again.

She tilted her head to the side in confusion. "What ever could you possibly mean?" she wondered seriously.

I tried to collect my thoughts, my eyes focusing on just how tightly the silk robe was wrapped around her thin waist, how shapely her bony hips looked beneath the shiny red fabric. "Well, you obviously expect me to not compel you,

and I promise I won't!" I quickly added, looking up to meet her gaze. "But I feel like you have the same power over me. Like you could make me do anything, even stuff I normally wouldn't want to do."

She nodded, suddenly seeming to get what I was trying to say. "Oh, of course," she agreed, reaching down to pinch some of the silky fabric along her thin juicy thigh, only to tug on the robe slightly. "I promised I wouldn't make you do anything. And that's why I'm wearing this," she added.

I just looked at her in complete confusion.

She smirked. "Well, I'll be honest. I really want to feel your cock in me again, *however* ..." She paused to hold up her other delicate finger, as if she was counting out the points she wanted to make. "I can't have you cumming in me, or else we might end up fucking forever. At least, assuming that the passionate fuck-fest going on in my maid's room is indicative of anything. Never mind what Rebecca shared about your sex with her last night."

I nodded, though I still didn't understand. "And the robe is for?" I prompted.

She smirked again. "Well, it would hardly be fair if I didn't let you cum at all, now would it? So, once I've had my fill of experiencing that nice cock inside me, I'll let you cum. The robe is to keep it contained. To keep you from shooting your semen all over the room."

Suddenly I couldn't breathe.

"H-How?" I managed, just grasping at anything at this point, realizing this was definitely going to happen. Because when she said that she wasn't going to make me do anything I didn't want, what she meant was she wasn't going to fuck me for endless hours, until I found myself begging her to stay here forever.

And a big part of her exerting that self-control, for herself, was not letting me cum inside her.

She tilted her head again, looking so fucking adorable that it should have been a crime. "How will you cum?" she

wondered, only to shrug. “I can use my robe to jerk you off. I should be able to use my magic to prevent you from cumming prematurely, before I want you to, but worst case and you can just cum all over my body. I’ll sit on your cock and then pull off when I feel you getting there, and I’ll sit forward to let you blow your load all over my back. And my robe will keep it from going far in the event your aim is off.”

I was trembling as she drew closer then, with her not waiting for a response this time, gently reaching down to grab the phone from my hands. She then turned around to carefully place it on the low coffee table, her right wing suddenly reaching out behind her to gently caress my knee, her tail briefly wrapping around my ankle, only for the wings to fold back into place as she faced me again.

“Now,” she said affectionately, glancing down at the bulge straining against my black pants. “Will you please undress for me? I’d really like to have you naked again. To feel your perfect naked body against mine.”

I tried to control my movement as I reached down to pull my shirt over my head, depositing it on the floor, only to suck in a sharp breath when she abruptly reached out to grab my, now dark gray, right nipple, even as I attempted to carefully get the rest of my clothes off.

And she continued to tug on my nipple, even as my bare ass sat on the white leather couch, seeming to enjoy me visibly trying to restrain myself from reacting to her torment.

“You know,” she finally said quietly, a hint of amusement in her tone, even as she reached out to gently grasp my other nipple, angling herself more fully before my knees. “I did mention that your entire body seems to enjoy being touched...” Her voice trailed off. “Because you’re a sex demon...just like me.” She paused again as I tried to look up at her, attempting to meet her emerald gaze, despite the waves of intense pleasure washing over me. “Was that too vague of a hint?” she wondered innocently. “Do I need to

ask you directly? To grab my nipples like you own them?
Like how I grab yours?"

I abruptly focused on her slim chest, realizing her nipples were hard, poking through the red silk, suddenly realizing the obvious.

Realizing what she was implying.

If this felt so amazing for me, then of course it would feel amazing for her too.

And that's what she wanted.

She wanted me to grab her nipples. To tug on them like she was doing to me, using the perfect amount of pressure, the perfect amount of twisting and squeezing, so that it felt amazing instead of hurting.

Almost feeling as if I was blind from my body swimming with so much euphoria, my eyes were now closed as I reached out with both hands in an attempt to grasp her hips, hoping to stabilize myself, but instead grabbing her waist due to her shorter stature. It was actually briefly disorienting, even though I knew she was quite a bit shorter than all the other women in my life.

However, I pushed the sensation aside as I slowly began feeling my way up her toned body, the smooth silk beneath my fingertips, before finding the extremely hard mounds atop her A-cup breasts.

The silk was far too slippery to grab them though, so my initial attempt only resulted in me rubbing against them, but that alone prompted her to abruptly let out a very loud moan.

"There we go," she gasped in obvious pleasure, prompting me to peek up at her. "While I certainly don't mind rocking your world, I wouldn't mind if you rocked mine a little bit too," she added, her expression finally affectionate as she focused on me. "Now, don't unwrap me completely, but you can at least get to my nipples."

I could only nod, gently reaching over to tug on the opening in the top of her crimson robe, only to insert my

hand beneath the fabric slowly to cup her warm tit, feeling her bare skin in this spot for the first time, before doing the same with my other hand, spreading the opening more so I could place my hands over both her small tits.

"Good boy," she whispered. "Give me a little squeeze, and then I want you to tug on my nipples while I climb into your lap."

My cock was standing straight up, an excessive amount of clear precum leaking down it, enough to provide all the lube we'd need even if she was dry. But as I began pulling on her nipples while she let go of mine to carefully lift her robe -- one knee slipping onto the white leather couch, followed by the other -- I knew she was far from dry, her pussy visibly dripping a clear fluid on my thighs as she angled herself carefully into place, the intoxicating maple syrup scent growing even more potent.

And then she sat down, her aim perfect as if she'd mounted herself on a cock a million times, pausing the moment my head filled the entrance of her snatch, moaning even louder as I tugged her cute nipples while she slowly finished sliding on down.

Her face was flushed as she impaled herself on me, her emerald eyes looking drunk with lust and passion.

Then, her face was suddenly tilting back, her chin up, grasping my cheeks in both hands to pull my mouth onto hers, her lips abruptly on mine. I sucked in a sharp breath through my nose as her warm tongue probed between my lips, my own tongue eagerly greeting hers and following into her mouth, which she withdrew briefly, before slipping right over mine again, her tongue dancing back into my mouth while mine was in hers.

It felt like we passionately kissed for barely half a minute before she was pulling away, looking up at me with a mixture of surprise and passion. "Wow, I'm not sure if I can hold your orgasm back," she said quietly, only to speak

more definitively. “Truly, it was as if you were perfectly designed for someone like me.”

“W-What do you mean?” I whispered, knowing I really was about to blow, continuing to play with her cute tits so close to my body. Yet, I couldn’t understand how me almost cumming meant I was perfect for her.

She gave me a small smile, beginning to slowly ease herself off my cock, taking her time doing so, almost as if she didn’t want me to notice. Her tone had a hint of sarcasm as she began with rhetorical questions. “You have cum that would make a succubus want to fuck you forever? Stamina to actually be able to keep up with my own sexual appetite? Enough lust to fill all my needs and then some?” She finally slipped off, carefully climbing to my right side to sit as she had been previously, facing me on the white leather couch. “Obviously, that might be what an incubus is to a human woman, but not to a succubus. I can’t fathom how you came to be this way, but you are truly a creature I’ve never encountered before. And it’s not because of your innocence. Succubi are truly repulsed by incubi. It’s part of the curse. And yet, just the opposite is true with you, despite your obvious paternal origins.”

I tried to listen to her explain herself, but all I could focus on was the sexy sound of her voice itself, along with how she carefully wrapped the bottom of her red silky robe around my cock, her right hand gently squeezing me as she slowly glided the unbelievably smooth material down my shaft.

“Oh fuck,” I gasped my hips already tensing.

She giggled. “I *really* like you,” she whispered, continuing to slowly jerk me with her silk robe. “So many humans I’ve played with, and yet you are truly something special. I wish I could pin it down on one thing, but there are just so many little things that make my time with you so enjoyable. Your presence alone makes me feel like I could truly love again. Like I could truly have a partner, something I’ve thought

impossible for many millennia now." She sighed, leaning forward to kiss me tenderly on the lips, continuing to slowly glide the silk on my shaft as if she'd done this motion millions of times.

I found my hand on her left hip then, which was on my right due to her position, only to begin rubbing her left thigh urgently as she continued to slowly jerk my cock.

Her tone was seductive and quiet as she leaned forward more, like she was about to kiss me again. "Who knew that I'd find my soulmate one day?" she whispered against my skin, her hot breath entering my mouth and caressing my face.

My voice was barely audible. "Soulmate?" I whispered, closing my eyes as I truly started climbing toward my peak, building up so much stronger than I was used to, likely because of her magical attempt to hold it back, my hand squeezing her thin juicy thigh.

She rubbed her lips softly against mine, her hand picking up speed just a little, as if she knew precisely the right amount of stimulation to make my climax perfect. "Just a human myth," she mused quietly. "But you're the first man, in all my existence, who I might apply such a potent word to. A true partner, who can feed me, who can pleasure me, who can give me the same level of ecstasy as I give all others. An equal, to share in everything with me. To sustain all my needs and then some." She giggled, lowering her voice. "And I really love that I've met you while you're still so young. So innocent. My own little cute pet to play with," she mused.

I gasped, her words finally shoving me to the top, shocked when the intense pleasure I was feeling didn't explode right away like normal. Oh shit, it just kept building! I had never ridden this high for longer than a couple of seconds, but it was like the perfect orgasm was filling my body indefinitely.

"My perfect lover," she finally whispered, gently rubbing her lips against mine, her hand squeezing my cock even tighter.

"Fuck!" I finally hissed, erupting with a force unlike anything I'd ever experienced before, cum hitting the red silk so hard that it instantly permeated the fabric, a little bit nearly shooting through, causing her to immediately glide the fabric away from herself, having loosened the robe, angling my cock toward her right side just in time for cum to shoot against her still-hidden bare waist.

"Mmm," she moaned, leaning a little closer as I shot again, and again, and *again*. "That feels so good," she mused. "Nice and warm, and so gooey." She smirked as I shot one last time. "And the perfect amount too. About triple what I get from a normal man. Or double compared to the guys that cum above average." She sighed. "Oh, I absolutely can't wait to have a juicy load like this in my pussy." She sighed again. "But I'll be good. For now," she added with a small smirk.

All I could do was tilt my head back as she gently ran a dry part of the silk over my cock, another wave of pleasure hitting me from the sensation, rather than finding myself too sensitive. I then glanced down at her when she gently smoothed the shiny crimson fabric against her side, causing my cum to soak right into the fabric, making it stick to her like she'd glued it to her skin.

"*Mmm*," she repeated, shivering slightly. "Even the smell is making me wet. So bizarre that a normal incubus could be so repulsive, and yet you are so ridiculously enticing." She sucked in another deep breath through her nose, gently resting her hand against the massive wet spot all over her side from the cum-soaked silk. "Oh, wow. I don't mean to be a creep, but I don't think I'm going to wash this for a while. I want to sleep in this robe, even after your cum dries."

I cleared my throat, knowing Gabriella's scent, and even some of her fluids, were on my blankets back home, and yet I was very much not interested in washing my bedding anytime soon. And fuck, I felt like a sicko and creep when I realized that I probably wouldn't be washing my current clothes either, since Ms. Miriam's intoxicating scent had soaked into both my shirt and pants.

Shit, that was so messed up, and yet...

"I, umm, probably will do something similar," I admitted quietly.

Her emerald eyes lit up at that. "That makes me very happy," she stated bluntly. "In fact, let me do something like that for you," she added, abruptly slipping backward off the white leather cushion, and grabbing my pants.

I stared at her in shock when she quickly slipped in one leg, followed by the other, bunching the legs up so she could get her feet through the bottom, only to pull the crotch tightly between her thighs, moving to sit back down next to me.

All I could do was just gawk down at her, my briefly softening cock beginning to strain again, rapidly growing stiff as a brick the moment she looked up at me expectantly.

"Well?" she said, as if I was supposed to know what she wanted. "You know how to pleasure a girl, right? You *are* a sex demon after all, so it should come naturally. Make me cum in your pants."

Oh fuck.

Oh holy fuck!

(11) CHAPTER 41: LUST

I couldn't help it.

After making me cum against her side, the succubus Miriam decided to grab my nice black pants from the floor, putting them on and sitting down next to me, still also wearing her vibrant red silk robe. All while requesting I pleasure her to the point of cumming in my pants, so that I could have a more potent version of her scent in them, just like she'd have from my cum soaked into her silk robe...

Her request made me so aroused, that I just couldn't help it.

I immediately attacked her, my hand slipping inside the unzipped pants and under the silk between her thighs in a heartbeat, my lips smashing passionately into hers, my free arm wrapping around both her wings and shoulders as I nearly enveloped her entire body with mine.

Ms. Miriam gasped into my mouth as I shoved two of my fingers into her hot wet snatch while pressing my thumb against her clit, surprised by just how swollen her little pleasure button was.

"Oh shit!" she exclaimed, arching her head back, her chin jutting up in ecstasy. "Oh fuck, if I had any doubts that..." She gasped, moaning loudly, her hips jerking uncontrollably as I hit her G-spot and clit simultaneously. She tried speaking again. "Oh fuck, if I had any doubts about you truly being a sex demon, then..." She sucked in another sharp breath, her lips against mine again as she moaned loudly. "You're going to make me cum!" she abruptly exclaimed. "Oh fuck! You're going to make me cum so hard! And you just started! Oh shit, oh shit!"

Miriam screamed in unbridled ecstasy, grabbing my forearm roughly as she continued to grind her hips, trying to fuck my fingers even as I continued to rub her, the white leather couch squeaking slightly from her unrestrained jerking.

And with her orgasm, I unexpectedly sensed a small stream of energy trickling out of my body, flowing gently into hers...

“Oh shit!” she then said, her tone completely different, her head flipping to the side away from me like she was still riding the high. “I’m sorry! I’m taking some of your lust! I’m sorry! I lost control! I’m so sorry!”

“It’s not hurting me, right?” I quickly asked, not wanting to ruin her climax, especially since it surprisingly seemed to still be going.

She finally tried to look at me, only for her emerald eyes to flutter shut and her head to drop back, my hand still at work, her mouth hanging open briefly as I continued to rub, my fingers still hitting her G-spot in her soaking snatch. “No, it’s not hurting you, but you didn’t say it was okay! I told you I wouldn’t unless -- *uhh!*”

“You can have it,” I quickly whispered. “If it’s just my lust, then go ahead.”

The invisible flow of energy abruptly increased *dramatically*, the difference night and day, as if the trickle before was a crack in a dam, which had now burst open, an entire ocean of energy rushing out and into her body.

And I knew immediately it was more than she was expecting, because her eyes flew open wide, her vibrant irises suddenly *glowing*, the intensity of the emerald light rapidly increasing to an almost *blinding* level.

And with it, she screamed again, this time to the point that it sounded like her throat was going to rupture, as if she was in pain now.

“*FUUUCCCCKKKKK!*” she shrieked, suddenly cumming so hard that she literally sprayed my pants like she’d pissed

herself, only for her eyes to roll into the back of her head, her body instantly going completely limp.

"Miriam?!" I said in alarm. "Ms. Miriam!" I repeated, panic abruptly gripping my chest.

But then her arm twitched, a low groan escaping her lips.

"Shit," I hissed, focusing on her racing pulse. "You almost gave me a heart attack."

She only groaned again, her entire body twitching this time.

I pulled my hand out from underneath her robe, wiping the clear slimy fluid on my pants covering her thigh, before gently reaching up to carefully grab her delicate chin, turning her head more toward me.

"Are you okay?" I asked seriously. "What happened? Did I do something wrong? Did I hurt you?"

She finally peeked at me then, her eyes still glowing vibrantly, though not as bright as they were -- not to the point of almost being blinding, but still very much glowing. She then sucked in a slow deep breath, closing her eyes again. I wasn't sure if she was going to respond, but her perfect lips finally parted.

"It...was...my..." She took a deep breath. "Fault..."

"It was?" I said in surprise.

She sighed again. "Yeah." She then shook her head a little, only for a small grin to tug at her lips. "I wanted your lust so badly that I just kind of opened the floodgates, forgetting how much there was. You almost fried my circuits," she mused.

"I really don't think it's funny," I said seriously. "I thought I hurt you."

She shook her head. "No, I'm fine. Thank you for being sincerely concerned. I really appreciate that. But the flow of lust stopped the moment I reached my max capacity." She sighed. "Never actually been this full before, but the worst that could have happened, did happen. And yet I'm fine. Just..." She took another deep breath, finally making an

effort to sit up straight again. "I'm fine," she repeated, slowly focusing up at me. "It's like when you eat too much. I almost feel like vomiting, but not physically. More like..." Her voice trailed off then, her brow furrowing.

Ms. Miriam then abruptly reached up to her right shoulder, tugging down her robe a little and then tracing a quick circle on her perfect tan skin, the trail of her fingertip instantly revealing a blue glow.

My eyes widened in surprise, my newly opened third-eye sensing a spark of magical energy fly away from the brief circle on her arm, as if she'd shot a dart out of her skin.

"What was that?" I said in surprise.

She didn't respond, instead focusing over at the entrance to the hallway.

Recalling that this room didn't even have a door, I had the urge to cover up, but remained were I was, only for my face to immediately flush when her sexy demon maid, Gwen, abruptly rounded the corner...

Completely naked.

My eyes widened as I focused on her wide hips first, a midnight patch of short 'fur' hiding her pussy, the rest of her pale skin completely smooth down to the middle of her muscular thighs, where the black fur continued to her hooved feet. And then her stomach was so ridiculously toned, her waist so narrow compared to her hips, her B-cup tits perky and sporting those massive nipples that always seemed to be hard enough to poke through her silk maid outfit.

Surprisingly, her nipples were very dark, looking an overall normal color, unlike her purple lips and the skin around her eyes, but a huge contrast to her otherwise pale skin.

"Yes, mistress," Gwen said urgently, completely ignoring me, visibly looking like she thought she was in trouble, her furry black tail hanging straight to the ground, the end almost curling between her hooves. "Sorry, mistress."

Ms. Miriam ignored her behavior. “Please grab one of the chests of drained opals.”

“Yes, mistress,” she repeated, only to turn right around and run at full speed down the hallway, affording me only a brief glance at her surprisingly juicy muscular ass for barely a second.

Fuck.

I wouldn’t think that a muscular ass would be hot, but just like Gwen’s tits, it was as if she had the perfect amount of fluff over that muscle to make her plump ass as hot as hell. And my cock was acting like it had a mind of its own despite everything, twitching as if it was trying to ejaculate again, just from the sight alone.

I focused back down on Ms. Miriam when she leaned more heavily into me.

“Hold me?” she asked hopefully.

My eyes widened in surprise, having no idea what was going on, but knowing I’d probably find out in just a moment.

“Oh, of course,” I replied, wrapping my arms more fully around her and pulling her tight. Thankfully, the cum-soaked part of her robe was on the other side, though I wasn’t sure I would have cared either way at this point, my concern for her well-being overriding everything else.

Gwen returned in record time, holding a similar wooden chest as before, except the opals were noticeably dull when she stood before us, still stark naked, and opened the box for her mistress.

Ms. Miriam reached out to grasp one of the opals, her touch immediately causing it to brighten, only for her to sigh heavily.

“That feels much better,” she whispered, leaning back, but keeping the opal in her hand.

“You put energy in it?” I assumed, trying to ignore my own body’s rising desire to fuck the tall naked imp standing

before me. Dammit, her huge dark nipples were so ridiculously enticing.

Miriam nodded, giving me a warm smile. Only to frown. "And yet, you still have so much lust in you," she said in surprise. "Truly, how is that possible? Your capacity to produce this much sexual energy should be fatiguing."

"I, umm, I do heal fast," I reminded her, having zero idea if that was at all related in any way.

She pursed her lips at that, her grip tightening on the opal. She then frowned again. "May I please do a little experiment?" she asked politely.

I knew I couldn't refuse her. I just couldn't bring myself to do it, even if I wanted to.

"Okay," I agreed quietly.

She nodded, glancing up at her maid. "Do you need to return to Rebecca?" she wondered.

Gwen shook her head, her slitted crimson eyes seeming embarrassed. "We were finished, mistress. She actually fell asleep after so much..." She paused, glancing at me. "I was just watching her sleep. I'm very sorry, mistress. I should have checked on you to make sure you didn't need me for anything."

Ms. Miriam shook her head. "Relax, Gwen. I'm not upset. I didn't need you until now." She paused. "But if you are available, then I'd like your help with my experiment."

"Absolutely, mistress," she agreed. "Whatever you need."

She nodded. "Please set the chest down on the table, and grab one more opal. Then, have a seat on his other side."

My entire body tensed.

My gaze again uncontrollably fell to Gwen's ridiculously thick muscular thighs and juicy firm ass when she turned around, only for me to grow even more tense when she spun and moved to plop right down next to me, leaning

right into me as if we'd fucked a million times and were more than comfortable with each other.

But I wasn't comfortable.

I felt overwhelmed.

Ms. Miriam pressed her back into the couch then to lift her butt, sliding my soaked pants off, revealing her perfectly smooth tan legs as she too leaned even more into me.

And then it was silent, Gwen obviously waiting on her mistress, while the short minx in charge seemed to be content to remain as we were for a few painfully long seconds. And without realizing it, I felt my focus uncontrollably shift to Gwen's juicy thighs, the unique pubic hair between them, feeling like my cock desperately wanted to bury itself between those strong juicy legs, with her massive dark nipples being the next focal point in my peripheral vision, her perky tits just *right there* next to me.

Fuck.

"Hmm," Miriam finally said, prompting me to give her my attention again. "I just can't believe your capacity to produce lust doesn't appear to be fatiguing."

I gave her a confused look, only for her to hold up the opal, which was a bit brighter now, with me not having even noticed she was syphoning off my lust to fill it.

"Mind if I see how much I can fill this?" she then wondered, sounding hopeful.

I could only nod.

And with that consent, I felt the flow of energy noticeably increase, going from almost nothing to a consistent flow. At first, the short succubus didn't react much, but then her emerald eyes began widening more and more.

And the opal began shining brighter and brighter, until it was almost like she was holding a dim lightbulb.

"Shit," she said in surprise. "You filled it up. You really filled it up."

"Is that a big deal?" I wondered, having no idea how much energy an opal could contain, or how that compared

to what a normal person might produce.

She didn't respond, instead handing the opal to Gwen across me, who wordlessly accepted it and offered the second dull one.

However, when Ms. Miriam pulled it into her lap, she seemed a little disappointed. "Gwen, his lust is pulling away. Kiss him, and make him feel good."

I didn't even have time to react.

As if she was just waiting for permission to do so, Gwen attacked me like I'd done Miriam not long ago, her surprisingly long tongue thrusting into my mouth, almost reaching to the back of my throat and nearly triggering my gag reflex, but not quite, her hand suddenly wrapped around my cock's head as she squeezed just firm enough to make it pulse in pleasure.

My fingers went for her massive nipples like they had a mind of their own, sincerely shocked by just how large they felt to the touch, as if I was grabbing huge grapes instead of anything even close to a normal nipple size.

Fuck, Mrs. Rebecca was the next largest, and yet it felt as if Gwen's nipples were five times as big, even despite how large my hot MILF's were -- both her tits and nipples. I supposed that I'd previously been under the impression that maybe Gwen's looked so big just because her breast were a more normal size, but that wasn't the case at all.

Her dark nipples were sincerely abnormally massive.

And it turned me on so fucking much.

To the point that Gwen was actively using my own freshly leaked precum to stroke my cock now, having the same slow perfect rhythm that Ms. Miriam used on me.

"Much better," I heard the sexy succubus whisper, even as her maid continued to aggressively move her lips against mine, her tongue powerful as it moved around within my mouth, eagerly playing with my own tongue.

I barely even noticed when Miriam got up, with Gwen's free arm wrapped around my shoulders and holding me in

place. And the short minx remained standing up, seeming to pick up opals, coming close for a little bit, and then going back to the wooden chest on the coffee table, only to return.

She did that four or five times before my climax began building in full force, prompting her to stop what she was doing and move much closer, carefully sitting on the edge of the couch on my right side again, this time normally so that her wings and back were turned to me.

“Keep that up,” she instructed Gwen softly, with me feeling her silk robe gently glide over the tip of my cock, even as the maid’s delicate and strong hand continued to stroke me. “I want him to cum against my left side this time.”

The maid didn’t even let up, continuing what she was doing as she thrust her long tongue in my mouth, only incrementally picking up the pace of her stroking as I drew closer and closer. Until I got really close, at which point she picked up the pace in every way.

Her stroking became rapid, like she knew I was almost there, her kissing even more aggressive, her tongue filling my mouth so much that all I could do was moan in ecstasy as I shot my load again, hearing it sound almost like a gentle slap against Miriam’s skin.

“Good boy,” the succubus whispered, smoothing the silk against her side and standing back up after a second to resume grabbing opals, with Gwen not even giving me a chance to take a break from her intense passionate assault, her hand still stroking slowly.

I finally let go of one of her nipples then, my hand sliding down her perfect stomach and going straight for her thighs, wiggling my way between them and searching desperately for her hidden pussy. I felt the extremely warm and swollen lips first, before forcing my fingers in, burying them deeper, encouraged by the maid’s moans and urgently thrusting tongue.

"Oh, she loves that," Ms. Miriam commented. "She likes playing hard to get, and was trying to make it difficult for you, but you had no problem getting inside her." She paused. "Damn, I can't believe you're really filling all these. I should go ahead and recharge her sapphire while I'm at it."

Completely confused, I was surprised when Gwen began getting up on her knees, my fingers remaining buried in her heated pussy, even as she somehow became even more passionate.

It wasn't until Miriam walked over behind her that I suddenly realized what she meant, even more so when her hand went directly for her crack without hesitation, the devil's fury tail high in the air now.

The sexy maid moaned loudly into my mouth, even as I felt her body temperature noticeably drop, not having realized it was elevated until it became a much more normal level. And then I suddenly felt another set of fingers next to mine, these much smaller and thinner, wiggling their way into her pussy to join me, causing Gwen to moan even louder.

Oh fuck.

Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck.

Ms. Miriam and I both had our fingers inside her!

"I love getting my whole hand in her," Miriam said cheerfully. "But this is fun too. Could also be a ton of fun to eat her out together, but I don't want to push things too far, since I have a promise to keep and all."

Fuck!

I was sure she knew there wasn't anything I wouldn't do right now.

She was totally taunting me!

Baiting me into begging her to sucking on Gwen's pussy with me. To have my face between those sexy thighs, to have them spread wide apart while Miriam and I kissed each other, as well as her maid's juicy snatch, going back and forth between enjoying each other and pleasuring her.

Shit, I wanted to so bad. The image was so vivid in my head, just like the image I saw when I first saw Miriam in the kitchen, vividly imagining her to be dressed in jeans and a t-shirt, like she was one of my classmates.

One of my friends.

Ms. Miriam's fingers pulled out of her maid's pussy then, wrapping gently around my wrist and pulling my hand out too, her tone gentle and comforting. "Gwen, sit back for us, so we can eat you out together."

The sexy maid finally pulled her tongue out of my mouth without hesitation, her face flushed as she sat down and began spreading her legs while Miriam pulled on my wrist, tugging me off the couch, urging me to kneel down with her.

"Don't worry," she said gently. "I'll still keep my promise. I just *really* want to do this with you. To share this with you."

I couldn't even remember what her promise was at this point.

She leaned forward to kiss me, even as she reached up to run her wet fingers through my hair, gently guiding my head downward with both her lips and hand.

And then we were between Gwen's spread thighs, her hooves up on the white leather cushions, her breathing heavy as our intimate kissing slowly turned toward our target until we were both pressing our lips against the maid's juicy pussy -- a pussy that was surprisingly dark purple. From this position, the icy blue jewel sticking out of Gwen's ass was plainly visible, my chin brushing against it a few times as I kissed and sucked on her swollen lips, Ms. Miriam using the opportunity to switch between kissing my cheek and nuzzling her face next to mine to do some sucking too.

I flinched briefly when something soft rubbed against my neck, realizing it was the maid's long midnight tail reaching around.

And her short black fur over her pussy was way softer against my face than I was anticipating, her cunt far tastier

than I would have expected given the lack of overpowering aroma that a succubus had, the flavor reminding me of something akin to toasted marshmallows roasted over a campfire.

At least, that's what popped into my mind in response to the sweet taste, and the more I smelt and tasted her juices, the more I felt like that was truly the best comparison.

Combined with the potent maple syrup scent from Miriam, it was truly overpowering and yummy.

A scent that became even more potent when I heard someone else step into the room, the newest arrival's breathing heavy at the sight before her.

I only glanced up briefly as Mrs. Rebecca climbed on the couch to join us, completely naked, her huge tits suddenly in the maid's face as she scooted even closer, before their lips were locked, the two of them passionately making-out.

The sight was enough to make me feel like I was about to explode again, even though I didn't feel close to actually cumming despite everything. And it was obvious Gwen was overwhelmed with passion herself, because she broke the kiss just long enough to speak briefly, her tone coming out almost as a whimper.

"Thank you so much," she whispered, her black tail still stroking my neck and shoulders. "Thank you for making me feel so *good*."

I felt Ms. Miriam's hand underneath my chin then, finally pulling away a little to see her wiggling all of her fingers into the maid's cunt, until she was sliding her entire small hand inside, burying it deeper and deeper, far past her wrist.

The sight truly felt like it was going to send me over the edge.

It wasn't until I bent down to suck on Gwen's clit again, the succubus's hand suddenly gently rubbing my back, that I unexpectedly noticed the trickle of energy flowing between us -- between me and Gwen, traveling from her *into me*.

At the same time, Gwen must have heard the shadow of my thoughts, because she whimpered, softly giving me permission to have her lust, even if that wasn't exactly what I was sucking up.

The entire realization made me freeze solid for half a second, only to be encouraged by Ms. Miriam's gentle touch, rubbing her hand across my bare back, even as she pulled most of her arm out of her maid's pussy to ball her fist up, quickly sliding it back in.

Trying to focus on what I was actually doing, I cautiously attempted to increase the flow of energy I was pulling off of the passionate imp, with my unexpected teacher's delicate hand moving to my shoulder and growing still. At the same time, Gwen ran her fingers roughly through my hair, tugging on my face to make me suck again.

And then Miriam gently gave me a little squeeze, her lips suddenly kissing my cheek, even as she worked her hand more fervently in and out of the woman's pussy, her mouth inching its way to my ear.

"I wouldn't go any faster than that," Miriam whispered, causing a shiver to run down my spine, listening to the noisy passionate kissing being shared by Gwen and Mrs. Rebecca. "What you're doing is safe, but if you find yourself at the end of her passion, you don't want to start pulling on her lifeforce."

I could only nod, surprised when her free hand moved away from my shoulder, only to slide down my side and reach for my throbbing cock, gently giving it a tight squeeze even as she worked her other arm in and out of her maid's snatch.

Fuck, it was like she was trying to distract me, almost as a way of teaching me to stay focused even when I was being pleasured myself. Honestly though, even as the euphoria escalated in my gut and mind, I felt like keeping the flow steady was easy enough now that I could sense it.

It almost came naturally, just like how flying came naturally the first time I did it.

Mrs. Rebecca pulled away briefly then, whispering to Gwen. "I love you. Thank you so much for fucking me earlier. I really liked that more assertive side of you."

The maid only whimpered in response, their lips meeting again, one of the imp's hands in my hair while her free one groped at Mrs. Rebecca's massive tits. Her passion only seemed to be escalating, the energy I was absorbing seeming almost endless.

I finally felt the trickle reduce on its own as I began feeling 'content,' a sensation not entirely unlike being full from food, much like the sexy succubus had mentioned previously.

Ms. Miriam's lips were on my ear again, her tone praising. "Good boy," she whispered. "That was perfect. A normal human might run out of the energy you need before you're done, but you kept it controlled. Another few times of practicing with Rebecca and Gabriella, and I think you'll be able to safely have sex with anyone you want."

Sincere appreciation welled up inside of me, the unexpected lesson giving me hope that I'd really be able to learn and practice, now that my third-eye had been forced open. Shit, that alone made me seriously indebted to this sexy succubus, never mind her intention of helping me unravel the mystery of the black stone.

Owing her a favor felt like an understatement in comparison to how much this trip had made a difference in my life, especially in regard to me safely having sex with all my women back home.

When Ms. Miriam began shimmying her body against me then, as if she was trying to get in front of me, I pulled away from Gwen's clit in response, moving seamlessly with her as she wiggled her tight ass onto my lap, her wings brushing against my chest, her arm still buried in the maid's pussy, only to get her own snatch right at the tip of my cock, sitting

back down on me effortlessly as she resumed fisting her sex pet.

My arms immediately wrapped fully around the sexy hottie, her wings squished against my chest as I bent down to kiss her slim delicate neck, her tail wrapping around my waist, with me loving the feeling of the warm silk all over her toned belly and small tits. Never mind the sensation of her tight pussy rhythmically squeezing my cock.

Barely a second later and I was pulling her robe's front apart more to get at her nipples, giving them a tight squeeze once I had each one in my grasp, prompting Miriam to moan herself, rocking gently on my throbbing shaft.

I was surprised when I suddenly realized Gwen was getting there, because her orgasm was much more tame than I would have anticipated, given the situation, her soft whimpering and tensing thighs coupled with a much louder noise coming from Miriam's fisting, due to the extra wetness, until finally the succubus slowed down and stopped entirely.

"That was perfect," the maid whimpered, still slowly moving her lips with Mrs. Rebecca's, her other hand now gently running through her mistress's vibrant red hair between her thighs. "Thank you so much."

"You're very welcome," Mrs. Rebecca whispered against her lips. "Sorry I fell asleep and missed most of this."

Gwen shook her head, planting her lips again, before responding, her slitted crimson gaze affectionate. "We'd just really started when you showed up," she said softly. "Perfect timing," she mused, glancing down at her mistress, slowly rocking on my cock between her spread muscular thighs, speaking to her now. "Is he going to cum in your pussy?" she wondered hopefully. "What do you need of me, mistress?"

Ms. Miriam shook her head, finally pulling her fist out of Gwen's hot snatch, placing her wet hand on the black fur on the maid's lower thigh. "N-No," she stammered. "He's not

going to cum in me. I just want to feel him inside of me as I get him close again. I..." She sucked in a deep breath. "I promised I wouldn't try to keep him for much longer, and it'll be difficult to keep that promise if his cum affects me like it's done to both of you."

I was still planting passionate kisses on her neck, leaning back a little more so that I was sitting more fully on my heels, feeling her continue to bounce gently on my shaft, wrapped up tightly in my embrace now.

Mrs. Rebecca fully sat down and bumped her bare hip into Gwen, prompting the maid to scoot over on the white leather couch. However, Gwen didn't go far, before I felt her hands just above my arms, her fingers searching for the succubus's nipples.

Ms. Miriam gasped.

Mrs. Rebecca spoke, even as the sexy maid began teasing her mistress. "We can probably stay for another few hours if you want. I can tell you *really* want him to cum in you."

"I *dooo*," Ms. Miriam moaned. "But I don't want to break my promise." She moaned again, only to quickly continue when it sounded like my busty MILF was going to insist. "Oh, sweetie. My little Rebecca, please. You don't understand. I want him, honey. I want to keep him. So please, don't make it more difficult on me."

Mrs. Rebecca sounded stunned. "You...you do?" she said in sincere surprise. "Like, you want him more than just to play with?"

"I'm sorry, sweetie," Ms. Miriam said sincerely. "I won't take him from you. Maybe one day we can share him, but I'll let you and Gabriella have him for now."

Mrs. Rebecca was quiet for a second, Gwen's hands still on the short minx's nipples but having grown still in response to their conversation. "You mean everything to me," the mature redhead said. "I don't mind sharing, and I'm sure my little Gabby won't mind either. We can find a

way to make it work out now. You don't have to wait to have some of him too."

Ms. Miriam sighed heavily, leaning back more into me as she slowly rode my cock, only to moan when the motion caused Gwen's unmoving hands to tug more on her nipples. "Oh sweetie, that feels so good." She then sighed, only to abruptly lift her ass upward, slipping off my cock and forcing her butt against my stomach. "But he's close enough," she said, sounding much more collected now, positioning my cock in front of her pussy, grabbing it with her hand even as she covered it with the front of her silk robe. "And I made him a promise," she added, beginning to stroke my bare cock with her hand underneath the silk, going much faster than she'd done previously.

Jerking me as fast as I was used to doing it myself.

"Oh fuck," I hissed, squeezing her even more tightly in my arms, barely lasting a handful of seconds before my load was shooting against her stomach.

"Perfect," she whispered in contentment, reaching down to smooth the silk over the cum on her belly with one hand, causing it to soak into the fabric, while still gently jerking me with her other. "Three nice big loads." She giggled. "It would take ten normal guys to cum this much on my body, and yet it all belongs to one yummy man."

"Do you need to get there?" Mrs. Rebecca asked seriously, Gwen's hands having moved to Miriam's silk covered shoulders, as if to help keep her balanced.

The succubus shook her head. "No, he made me cum the hardest I ever have, just a little bit ago." She sighed heavily in contentment. "I cummed almost too hard, but it was worth it." She finally glanced back at me then, looking up to meet my gaze, her cheeks flushed, the tip of her nose red. "Thank you, by the way," she said warmly. "You were perfect. I can hardly wait until the day that we get to fuck without rules. Without restraint. I suspect you'll make me feel just as good as I can make you feel."

I tried to swallow the lump in my throat, sincerely wishing we could just do that now, my cock feeling like it was never going to get enough of her.

"S-So, what now?" I wondered hesitantly, unsure of what else to say.

She sighed as she leaned back more heavily into me, the base of my cock still resting against her pussy, due to how she was pressing herself against my lower stomach. "Well, I'm really curious to see just how many opals you could fill, but I don't want to accidentally hurt you, so I think I'll stop at the seven you've already recharged."

"Seven?!" Mrs. Rebecca said in sincere alarm. "He filled *seven*?! Doesn't it require sex with like fifteen or twenty people just to fill *one*?"

"It does," she replied simply. "I know, I was pretty surprised too, even after he filled me up with his lust. A normal person would have been wiped out after me draining them so much, but it's like his body just keeps the sexual energy coming."

"I'd say," Mrs. Rebecca commented, almost sounding proud, like I was her boy who had achieved some significant feat.

Granted, I had to admit that what they were saying was kind of mind-boggling. It made me wonder if I really could be the perfect guy for Ms. Miriam -- the perfect partner to a true succubus. And it almost made me wonder if she'd ever consider making me the only man in her life, considering I could truly meet her needs and then some.

If she had me, she wouldn't need to fuck another man ever again...

But I wasn't about to ask right now.

Especially because I was afraid of how it would affect me if she said yes. And also worried about how depressing it would be if she said no.

Thus, it was better to not broach the subject right now.

Better to view this situation as purely educational.

Maybe if we sincerely reached a point, down the road, where she truly wanted me to be with her, then we could discuss how it was going to work out. But right now I couldn't afford to demand she never have sex with a guy again -- especially not when I needed her to do whatever was necessary to help me solve the mystery of the midnight stone.

Granted, couldn't she just use a woman for her experiments?

Would that be too much to ask?

"So since all that's done," Miriam was saying. "I suppose it might be time for you two to leave, as much as I wish for you to stay. It was a pleasant surprise how amazing this day has turned out, and I must admit that I'm struggling to think of a day that even comes close to this one. Even after being alive so long."

"Well, I've certainly enjoyed it," Mrs. Rebecca said with a grin. "And it looks like our baby boy's education is coming right along too. I'm so happy you were able to open his third-eye. I never imagined that would be a problem, but now we can get somewhere."

"Yes, thank you," I quickly chimed in, knowing that was a huge deal. "It felt impossible before, but now that I can sense that kind of thing, it wasn't too difficult to control."

Ms. Miriam looked up at me with a small smirk, her emerald eyes affectionate. "But don't think you're ready to fuck a normal girl," she replied. "A big obstacle you still need to overcome is controlling it when you're having your own orgasm. Even I lost control briefly just a little bit ago, and I've been absorbing sexual energy all my life."

"I didn't do it before though," I replied. "You got me there several times earlier, and I didn't absorb anything, right?"

She shook her head. "Your ability to siphon energy is still weak enough that I was able to prevent you before. But as you get older, the need for sexual energy will grow, as will your strength to suck it up, until only you can control it."

“Oh,” I said in sincere surprise, not having considered that my need might be less than what it would be in the future. But then again, Gabriella was kind of in the same situation, with Mrs. Rebecca implying that she might have started to get sick if she’d gone much longer without having sex and absorbing lust. Granted, I was also *half*-incubus, so I would think my need would overall be stronger, but maybe that wasn’t entirely how it worked.

I wasn’t sure.

“Well, thank you,” I repeated. “For helping keep it under control, and for even guiding me as I absorbed energy from Ms. Gwen.”

Her emerald gaze was warm. “Of course, my cute young man. And Rebecca will be able to take it from here. Be a good student for her, okay?” she said playfully.

I grinned. “I’m sure you know I will.”

Her grinned widened. “Oh, I know,” she agreed. “But even one little complaint from her, and I might have to use my tail to spank you.”

“Might have to be a little bad then,” I admitted.

She laughed, only to sigh, finally putting weight underneath her and standing up to step to the side, leaving me kneeling naked before both Gwen and Mrs. Rebecca, both likewise naked. “Well, I guess we should all--”

Miriam’s voice instantly cut off.

Her expression was suddenly alarmed.

And everything about the situation changed in an instant.

I focused up at her in concern -- we all did -- only for all of our heads to immediately whip to the side, all of us sensing an intense bloodlust erupting from the direction of the dimensional gate.

But there was no earthquake. No shaking.

Yet the potent sensation of *impending doom* was very real.

It felt like we were all about to die.

Like we were about to be slaughtered by a monster. A true monster.

Miriam began barking out orders barely a second later, her tone urgent and panicked, the entire mood having drastically changed. "Rebecca, take Kai to the basement immediately! Gwen, pull it out! Don't worry about burning down the mansion, you use every ounce of *inferno* you have!"

Oh my God.

Oh my God, this was not a joke.

I couldn't even imagine how powerful Gwen truly was with nothing holding her back, never mind Miriam who could obviously use attack magic, and yet I could see it in the succubus's emerald eyes.

She was scared.

Terrified.

She was about to fight to the death.

Something she'd just said, not long ago, that would probably never happen.

And it was obvious from her expression she wasn't confident they'd succeed, even with everything they had. Yet she didn't wait for a response, she didn't wait for us to comply with her demands.

There was no time.

We were already *out of time*.

Instead, she whipped around and dashed out of the doorway into the hall, Gwen bolting after her at full speed, the icy blue sapphire noticeably *not* between her ass cheeks, her midnight horns looking like they were leaving vibrant red fireflies behind as she departed.

Fuck!

I knew why Miriam hadn't even considered asking for my help.

I couldn't *use* magic.

Even if I could heal fast, even if I was strong, I would just be in the way in a true fight -- a true supernatural battle to

the death. And yet, even as sincerely scared as I suddenly found myself, caused by the intense sense of *imminent death* washing over me, I was even more terrified when I realized I might have just seen Gwen and Miriam for the last time.

“Come on,” Mrs. Rebecca urged, grabbing my arm roughly, even as I remained sitting naked on the floor. Her tone was just as panicked. “We have to hurry! The basement is the only safe place for miles! And there’s nothing we can do to help!”

I focused on her for half a second, realizing she had a gold object with a blue sapphire in her hand, her expression pleading, silently begging me to snap out of it and hurry.

My eyes then unfocused as the chill of death unexpectedly became so potent to my third-sight that it was as if the sun had vanished, the entire world feeling like it had been shrouded in eternal darkness. And within that darkness, I saw a pair of emerald eyes lying on a pile of corpses, the light slowly fading from her empty gaze.

Shit.

Shit!

Instantly, the world blurred as I suddenly found myself on my feet, the walls warping in my vision as my legs exploded beneath me, Mrs. Rebecca’s cries suddenly far behind me as I erupted down the hallway.

Because if nothing else...

I could at least *die*, so that she could have one more breath...

Because that single breath might be the difference between salvation and destruction.

For those I loved...

For the whole world.

(12) CHAPTER 42: CRISIS

Bolting as fast as I could after Gwen and Miriam, feeling like I was literally running to my death, I fought my own desire for self-preservation every inch of the way, my heart racing with my own fear only being slightly overshadowed by the nightmare vision I was having of Miriam's death.

By the fear of her dying, instead of me.

Because I felt like it would be much more than her death. Like more was at stake here than a handful of people dying.

After all, she'd said as much, when I asked her about a situation that she thought only *hypothetical* not long ago.

I felt like this was the end of the world, as if the bloodlust and death I was sensing with my third-sight meant the whole world, and everyone I loved in it, was at stake. As if Miriam was the pillar that stood between salvation and destruction of the whole planet, and allowing that pillar to crumble would mean everything was lost.

I knew I didn't have the necessary strength or magical capacity to deal with this threat.

I knew I'd probably just be in the way.

And yet, as much as I didn't want to die, I knew I could at least do that -- stand between her and death.

To give her one last breath.

A single breath that might be the difference between life and death, *for everyone* .

For Serenity, for Gabriella, *for everyone* .

Fuck.

Fuck!

Bolting through the open doorway leading into the room with the massive metal door, the same one that was supposedly fragile compared to what resided beyond the gate, I was shocked to find both Gwen and Miriam alive, unlike my nightmarish vision.

A vision in which I imagined Miriam's dead body on a pile of corpses, the emerald light slowly fading from her eyes.

They were both *panicked*, as they rapidly moved around, with Miriam painting on the floor with her own blood, her thin wrist sliced open, Gwen darting about the room in order to position glowing opals all around her mistress, as if she was anticipating exactly what her mistress was drawing on the floor...

But still alive, at least.

"Get out of here," Miriam immediately hissed without looking up at me, urgently continuing to spread her blood around, pouring right over an opal as she urgently tried to draw out a pattern from her profusely bleeding wrist.

"*Seriously*," she quickly urged. "This isn't a joke! I need to focus! Get to safety in the basement! There's nothing you can do to help!"

I couldn't budge, and not because of me rebelling against her wishes.

Whatever was coming was already here!

And whatever design Miriam was creating, she didn't even look close to done!

Fuck!

I bolted forward just as the massive metal doors exploded open, barely remaining on the hinges, sincerely terrified when a massive humanoid creature with a disfigured face appeared out of the darkness, its head far above mine, its torso having four arms, its skin a dark gray, having patches that looked rotted as if it was sick with some kind of disease...

Or as if it was an animated corpse of some monstrosity, its heartbeat sounding off.

The scent of death was overwhelming, the craving to kill and slaughter both nauseating and horrifying, it's clouded white eyes somehow focused and full of thirst for the blood being spilt before it.

"NO !" I cried out as it went for Miriam, who was still urgently painting as if it was her only option, a brilliant red bonfire erupting where Gwen had just been standing...

Having no doubt I was no match for the four arms that were each nearly as thick as my entire body, I tried to grab Miriam even as I spun to place myself between her and a certain death, instantly disoriented when an intense sickening pressure appeared in my chest, knocking the air out of me.

Time seemed to stop as I locked eyes with a horrified emerald gaze staring up at me, my body feeling limp, only for my vision to rapidly begin darkening as my head dropped, confused when I realized a massive hand was coming out of my chest.

A massive hand holding a fleshy heart in its grasp.

Diseased fingers holding...

My heart...

I couldn't feel anything at all, as the world went completely dark.

Gwen rushed down the basement stairs in a panic, carrying her traumatized mistress in her arms, having already cauterized her bleeding wrist with her fire, but knowing that Miriam's violent shaking was coming from having both her legs broken when she tried to save the boy, even after he was dead.

So instead, the imp familiar carried her, attempting to run to safety in the basement as their last chance of survival.

If nothing else, she desperately hoped the narrow stairwell might be enough to slow it down.

The boy's sacrifice was one Gwen was eternally grateful for, since that same massive hand had almost crushed her mistress's skull, as she tried to finish her spell. But the maid also knew from catching the shadow of her mistress's thoughts that it would be a death that would truly haunt the succubus for a very long time.

A death that might haunt her forever.

If only they'd had more time.

More warning.

But they'd been too late.

There wasn't enough time for her mistress to activate the blood magic, and even if she had, Gwen knew deep down it wouldn't have been enough to stop such an overwhelmingly powerful foe. A foe that, in her mistress's head, rivaled that of the ancient Demon Lords, including the Imp Lords that once ruled her own race, giving the maid's people unbelievable power from their presence alone, prior to their slow decline in numbers to their current state of being at near extinction.

But their assailant was no Imp Lord.

It was almost more like a wingless archdemon, though she'd certainly never heard of one having four arms.

Truly, she hadn't a clue what could be chasing them down, sincerely terrified that her fire magic barely phased it when she attempted to rescue her mistress. And even more horrified that it was still chasing, right at their heels, large pieces of concrete falling from the walls as it forced its way down after them, breaking through the durable material like it was hard mud, instead of reinforced cement.

Ironically, what magic couldn't destroy, due to all the wards and barriers placed down here, a strong physical force apparently had no problem crumbling to dust.

They were going to die.

The monster's hot breath was practically at her neck.

There was nothing they had at their disposal, not even illusion magic, that was going to stop this horrifying creature. They'd lived so long peacefully in this mansion, her mistress having lived at this location for significantly longer than herself, and suddenly the day had come when it all came to an end.

Gwen was still going to fight to the death.

She was still going to do everything in her power to stop this enemy.

To protect her mistress.

But she had no hope of success.

All she could do was try to give her life too, in hopes that somehow, someway, her mistress might be able to survive this nightmare.

Having rounded a corner and bolted down the hall, Gwen knew they were already out of time, deciding to just set her mistress down right there, so she could prepare to put everything into her next attack.

Everything, including her lifeforce.

It was her only hope of creating a flame powerful enough to try to destroy this creature...

Or to at least harm it enough to force it to retreat.

The two of them exchanged no words as Gwen set Miriam on the hard-concrete floor, no goodbyes as the maid stood before her mistress and began to collect her magic into her clasped hands, no regrets as the hallway became full of brilliant red fireflies, radiating out of the *inferno* imp's body.

The monster crashed down the last of the stairs and rounded the sharp corner, breaking part of the wall with its enormous shoulder as it did so, all four arms clawing around like it was searching for anything to grab and crush in its grasp.

Gwen let out a slow breath, ignoring the steam caused from her hot breath forcing the moisture in the air to

evaporate, her slitted crimson eyes focused on her target, only...

Only for her heart to skip a beat.

Unexpectedly, she felt a surge of power well up inside of her, a power that was not her own, a strength that could only mean one thing.

An *Imp Lord* ...

An Imp Lord was here!

She didn't understand, she couldn't comprehend how that was possible, she couldn't fathom where it could have come from, and yet the strength flowing through her body was unmistakable. Because it was a strength she'd once known long ago as a young woman, prior to becoming imprisoned by time itself.

What had once felt like one person standing in her spot, suddenly felt like a *hundred thousand*, and with it her fears vanished, her hands calmly separating as she instead held up a single index finger, unexpectedly finding herself with the capacity to cast one of the most powerful spells her race could produce.

The spell that her race was named after.

Her lavender lips parted then as the monster began advancing, speaking calmly the words that she really wanted to scream, even as a pinprick of red light appeared at her fingertip.

“Evoke Vengeance -- Inferno .”

The space before her erupted with a hellish fire unlike no other, the likes of which almost none could withstand, the wards and barriers strained to their limit to prevent the explosion from detonating the whole mansion all around them.

Just like that they'd won.

Just like that, the fight was over.

Gwen's confidence instantly shattered when she suddenly realized the monster advancing on them was barely harmed.

Because it wasn't possible. It *shouldn't* be possible.

More than her confidence, her *will* was crushed when an attack, thousands of times more powerful than she originally intended with her lifeforce, did nothing to stop this horror.

She dropped to her knees in front of her mistress the moment she fully understood there was nothing she could do to fight against their imminent death.

Because she'd failed.

They'd both failed.

Neither of them said anything as four massive hands reached out to *end* them. To crush their heads, and to mangle their bodies with an unstoppable strength.

Gwen couldn't even close her eyes as enormous fingers wrapped around her skull, the world feeling like it was shaking beneath her, even as a rapidly escalating rumble vibrated throughout her bones.

Was this what it felt like to die?

Unexpectedly, the earsplitting roar of a hundred lions nearly ruptured her eardrums as the massive body before her flew away, the tearing of flesh unmistakable as a massive severed arm slammed against the wall. Her slitted crimson eyes widened in absolute confusion and disbelief as a second monster began wrestling with the first, both of them so tall that their horns scraped the concrete ceiling twelve feet high as they fought for dominance against each other.

For half a second, she was convinced it was the Imp Lord that had given her so much strength only moments ago, before immediately knowing that wasn't the case as she absorbed the features of the second creature before her.

Imps didn't have *wings*. Not even Imp Lords.

And they *never* had white hair, even in old age.

Never mind that she'd never seen anything *living* with a gaping hole in its chest, full of a blinding azure *fire*, pulsing rapidly like the manifestation of a fiery heart in place of a fleshy one. It wasn't until she recognized the face, several

times larger than she'd last seen, that she began to comprehend a trace of what in the hell was going on.

And yet that realization only left her more terrified.

She watched as the four-armed *horror*, fought against a two-armed, two-winged *monster*, her capacity to sense the shadows of another's thoughts revealing that there was almost no distinction between the two, both nothing more than wild animals fighting to kill.

Fighting to *slaughter*.

The second monster used its wings like a second pair of arms, giving it the advantage over it's now three-armed prey, forcing it to the ground as it ripped off another arm, pinning the last two limbs with those wings even as it began clawing at its chest, digging right into the flesh and bone with ease.

The *prey* roared and thrashed violently as it was slowly ripped apart, only for the noise to suddenly cut off when the *predator* thrust downward for its throat, sinking it's dagger-like teeth in, even as it's fingers were now deep into the chest cavity of its victim.

Gwen felt like all she could hear was the loud gulping as the vampiric nightmare drank, finally moving its hands again, digging and digging until it was sitting up to rip out a fleshy black heart.

Their initial assailant finally grew still then, dying just in time to miss out on witnessing its own heart being eaten by another, those sharp teeth now tearing into the fleshy pulsing muscle, swallowing it in large gulps.

Truly, Gwen was terrified.

She barely even noticed that the brilliant blue fire was rapidly vanishing from her sight, flesh closing around the gaping hole, a fleshy heart appearing within those disappearing flames. Suddenly, the vibrant azure glow felt like only a figment of her imagination, as if she'd imagined the whole thing.

As if she'd hallucinated the heart of fire pulsing inside what should be a dead creature.

At least, she thought it unreal, until those large hands reached down again, *instantly* incinerating the entire body beneath it with a flash of blinding white light, leaving only a pile of black ash behind.

Just like that, the first foe was completely gone.
Body and all.

Even its dismembered arms were a pile of ashes, despite the fact that they had both been lying several feet away.

She couldn't breathe. She couldn't move.

And when slitted gold eyes finally focused toward them, she immediately did the one thing she could think of, to try to save them both. She positioned herself on her knees and thrust herself forward to prostrate herself on the ground, still completely naked, showing the most absolute sign of submission possible.

Submission even an animal could understand.

She didn't even have to say anything to her mistress, the succubus immediately following her lead, even despite her broken legs, the need to survive overriding any pain she might be experiencing.

The predator moved closer, Gwen catching in its mind that it had caught scent of *itself*-- caught scent of its *territory*, plastered all over her mistress, the dead boy's cum soaked into the red silk robe the succubus was still wearing.

When the literal giant stood over them and began reaching down to grasp the short redhead, Gwen desperately wanted to stop him, desperately wanted to defend the most important person in her life, but knew there was nothing she could do to help.

Nothing she could do that wouldn't just make the situation worse.

And so she held her breath as she heard her mistress whimper from the pain, felt her heart race as she sensed

Miriam being lifted into the air like a ragdoll, and silently prayed to any god that might exist that somehow, someway, they'd either survive this ordeal, or else at least suffer quick deaths, rather than long painful horrifying ones...

I didn't understand.

I just didn't understand.

I wanted to *fuck* what was *MINE* to fuck, my physical hunger and thirst now having transitioned to a different kind of hunger, induced by the fire I'd created moments ago, yet my toy wasn't reacting how I needed. I had been careful when I picked her up, and I was careful with her now as I held her in my arms, her body so much smaller than I remembered, and yet...

I didn't understand.

She was soaking wet, that much was obvious from the scent alone, but there was absolutely no arousal at all. Just the opposite.

She was terrified.

Trembling in my arms, her eyes closed, her expression pained, she was terrified.

And yet, while it was obvious her body was ready for me to enjoy myself, at the same time the physical reaction felt like one of self-preservation, rather than pleasure. She wasn't wet *for me* ; she was wet for herself. Wet to *protect* herself, as if her body had learned to get wet in a situation like this -- a situation where she was terrified out of her mind.

But why was she scared?

Was it because her legs seemed broken?

Maybe that was the problem.

Carefully sitting down on the floor, crossing my long legs so that I could rest her in my lap against my now hard cock, I ignored her soft cry of pain while I readjusted her, slowly folding my wings around us both to further claim what belonged to *me*.

I opened my mouth then, my voice much deeper than I remembered.

“Fix yourself,” I demanded.

She stiffened in my arms, only to begin softly speaking under her breath, her voice trembling as she recited what could have been a song if it were sung, but instead sounded like a prayer, as it was whispered in hushed tones.

The place at which I once resided, the place at which I now return. This flesh, this bone, this vessel of mine, obey, obey, make haste, obey. My soul, my spirit, this essence of mine, flow throughout, flow within, obey, obey, make haste, obey. Bone now mend, sinew now bind, flesh persist, and breathe new life. Make haste, make haste, make haste, persist. Make haste, make haste, make haste, obey.

Oddly enough, hearing it once made it feel like I’d known it all my life, which only served to annoy me when she began repeating it, with nothing noticeable having happened to her wounds from the first incantation, even though I could feel the magic working.

“FASTER !” I snapped so loud that both women screamed from the outburst.

“I...I can’t,” the succubus stammered, her voiced filled with even more fear than before as she finally glanced up at me.

I gritted my teeth in annoyance, raising my voice even more, beginning to chant the spell myself, except modifying it to suit my own needs....

To suit my own *pride* .

“*I reside , I now return ,* ” I snarled. “This flesh, this bone, this vessel of *mine* . *OBEY* . My soul, my spirit, this essence

of mine . *OBEY* . Bone mend . Sinew bind . Flesh persist .
Breathe new life . Make haste. *OBEY* ."

She immediately shrieked at the top of her lungs as both broken legs audibly *crunched* , a sizzling sound occurring on her burned wrist, with me not even having to say the full idiotic chant before she was *fixed* .

She was fully healed.

Beads of sweat were dripping down her face now, as *WHAT WAS MINE* now looked exhausted, even though the pain had visibly vanished from her expression.

"You're fixed," I stated expectantly, my tone annoyed.

Because she *should know* what I wanted.

And she *did know* , with one of her shaking hands reaching down to touch the head of my engorged cock, her fingers trembling.

She was still afraid, growing even *more* wet.

"I don't understand," I finally announced harshly, causing her to flinch. "You're mine. You belong to me. Get wet *for me* ."

"I...I am," she stammered, her voice full of fear and anxiety.

"No, you're not," I retorted, tightening my wings around us.

The motion caused her to focus on them, tightening against her like a boa constrictor, yet not crushing her due to my arms also wrapped around, only for her to unexpectedly look up at me, her emerald eyes filling with tears.

"Stop crying!" I snapped.

"Who are you?" she whispered.

"I am who I am!" I snapped again.

"Your wings," she whispered, tears slipping down her cheeks now.

"What about them?!" I demanded harshly.

Her body tensed as she responded quietly, still focused up at me. "Are they...are they safe?"

I just stared at her, my slitted gold eyes narrowing slightly, as I felt her previous question suddenly tugging on my mind.

'Who are you?'

I knew who I was.

I was, who I was!

And yet...who was I?

Were my wings safe?

"I'm..."

My brow furrowed as I tried to define who I was.

I was *strength*.

I was *power*.

I was *victory*.

I was *first*.

To be me, was to *win*.

To be me, was to *crush my enemies*.

To be me, was to *eliminate all weakness*, both in myself and others, if I so chose.

I was *me*.

I was who I was.

And yet...

I was something else too.

I was...someone's fiancé.

I was a...lover.

I was someone who...others trusted.

And I was someone who was...

Good.

My eyes widened in surprise at that realization.

I was good?

My mouth opened to speak.

"I am...me." I focused on those tearful emerald eyes, focused on the scared, anxious, exhausted, and...*hopeful* ... expression. "And..." I sighed heavily. "These wings are safe. For you."

The female devil, who was prostrated and bowed before me, spoke up then, even as a hint of relief touched the

succubus's eyes.

"Master Kai," she said respectfully, her tone slightly pleading. "Please don't try to fuck my mistress right now. This situation is forcing her to remember old traumas. She may never be able to look at you the same if you try to satisfy your own needs..." Her voice trailed off. "You can fuck me instead. I am willing. My body is yours."

I took a deep breath, and let it out slowly, focusing on Miriam's slightly pained look in her eyes, even as I struggled with what I wanted, versus what 'not me' wanted -- the wishes of someone else.

Miriam spoke then, her expression softening. "I'll forgive you if you can't resist the urge. Now that you're *you* again, I can offer that."

"Mistress," Gwen whispered under her breath, her tone pleading. "You don't understand. He's going to be rough. Very rough."

The female devil was correct. I *would* fuck what was mine.

But I wanted what was currently in my arms. And wanted to indulge in the scent of her *arousal*, not the scent of her fear and anxiety. But if she wouldn't get aroused, then maybe I'd just take what I could get for now.

After all, my seed was already all over her, and I'd fill every orifice with it too. Her throat, her ass, her cunt, my fluids *making her* want me. And then I'd do the same to the maid too. They were both *mine*.

And I'd enjoy myself with their carnal forms.

I gritted my teeth as my cock strained, more than prepared to do so.

"Would it help if I was smaller?" I finally asked, feeling like something was holding me back from just doing what I wanted. Something deep down that made my current desires feel like they went against the core of who I was.

Still, I felt like I needed this.

I needed the sex.

After using up so much energy in the last handful of minutes, I *needed* the sexual energy.

Her emerald eyes widened in surprise at the question about my size, before her expression shockingly took on a hint of affection. Only a *slight* hint. "As you are, I can fit you," she said reassuringly, as if she was trying to comfort me now. "I had no problem giving birth the two times I was pregnant, because my body is a bit different than that of a human woman, my cervix and womb both capable of doing things impossible for humans. Your girth and length won't be a problem for me."

"Or me," Gwen whispered, her tone still pleading. "I can handle it too, as the males of my kind are all very large. So please. Take *me*. Not her."

I again glanced at the prostrated female devil bowing before me, and then returned my gaze to those emerald eyes.

"But you don't want to right now," I pointed out, knowing it was the truth from her scent.

Miriam hesitated briefly, grimacing as she took a slow deep breath in my arms. "No," she finally admitted quietly. "In this exact moment...I do not wish to do so..."

I turned my head away from her.

I needed this.

I needed the sex.

But I couldn't have it right now. Not from her.

Not if I wanted her to be willing.

"Dammit," I mumbled.

She didn't respond. Neither of them did.

And so we all fell silent.

(13) CHAPTER 43: EGO

As I held the terrified succubus in my arms, I struggled between what I wanted versus what was ‘good’ and ‘right,’ all of us falling silent while my internal turmoil raged. But as the seconds ticked by, my willingness to do as they wished slowly increased with each passing minute, with my mind incrementally feeling more and more like my old self, even as my body remained unchanged.

After a handful of minutes, I became less opposed to the idea of letting go of this succubus and roughly pounding the naked imp -- became less opposed to climbing on the sexy female devil, aggressively grabbing her furry muscular thighs, and shoving my engorged cock in her cunt.

And then, after a few more minutes, I slowly became less opposed to not fucking at all right now.

Became less opposed to waiting until they were both more willing...

It wasn’t until one of the doors creaked open down the concrete hall, an obviously anxious redhead MILF peeking her head out of the doorway, that I focused again on the others.

Meeting Mrs. Rebecca’s gaze briefly, watching her visibly gulp, knowing she was still just as naked as Gwen, I looked back down at Ms. Miriam, taking another slow deep breath.

“Sorry,” I whispered. “For scaring you,” I added quietly.

The maid finally sat up the moment my ‘old self’ clicked more fully in place, focusing upward at me, considering I was still quite a bit higher even while on my ass. This time when she spoke, I felt like she was speaking to my old self, rather than speaking to something that scared her.

"Kai," she said gently. "My mistress did not get a chance to activate her spell earlier, but she still lost a lot of blood, and even just setting the spell up is draining on her. On top of that, you forced her body to heal much faster than she would normally be able to handle. Faster than should be possible with that spell. I believe she will be alright if you choose to continue holding her, *and nothing more*, but she needs to rest."

I nodded, glancing back down at my succubus, finally truly registering just how exhausted she really looked.

"Furthermore," Gwen continued. "If the barrier was breached, then it is probably still open. If possible, I would prefer you let her rest in her own bed, and come protect me while I try to close the dimensional gate." She paused. "Please," she added.

I took a deep breath, focusing down on Ms. Miriam, finally finding myself able to voice a question that I wouldn't have been able to voice mere minutes ago.

"What...what do *you* want?"

Miriam paused before answering. "I want to rest in my bed," she agreed. "And I want you to help Gwen close the gate. I want you to protect her. And when you're done, I want you to watch over me until I've recovered. Preferably at your normal size, if you can go back to how you were."

I took one last deep breath, and then nodded, deciding to respond to her last request. "If that's what you wish, then I'll do that now."

I then grimaced slightly from the discomfort, as Miriam slowly began growing larger in my arms, with me loosening my wings as the curled space began growing tighter, finally looking up at Gwen as her head rose to be more level with mine.

My *body* actually got smaller...and yet I found it easier to perceive it as if I was allowing them to match my size.

Strange how my *pride* had grown so significantly.

But then again, it was that same pride that allowed me to win a fight against a creature that killed me, *so easily*, only moments before.

The same pride that would never allow me to die again.

Because I was invincible now.

I was unkillable.

I was *immortal* ...

More than that.

I was so much more than that.

Fuck, I was practically on par with a mythical god...or at least a demigod.

Nothing would ever defeat me again.

I'd slaughter all my enemies without hesitation.

Finally standing up with Miriam in my arms, Gwen rose to her feet as well, anticipating my intentions and quickly passing me up, to lead me down the hallway and up the stairs. We both ignored the pile of black ashes, walking around on the small amount of flooring that was left untouched by the soot. We likewise ignored all the chunks of concrete littering the stairwell as we climbed to the first floor.

Honestly, I shouldn't have been so surprised that Ms. Miriam's 'bedroom' on the second floor was like its own suite of rooms, involving a living room, mini-kitchen, master bathroom, and of course an actual sleeping room for her massive canopy bed.

And somewhat unsurprisingly, the color schemes matched what I'd seen in Mrs. Rebecca's house, including various shades of red and gray, making the space look very romantic and modern, even if it was clear that romance wasn't on the menu right now.

My hormones had finally calmed down, the overwhelming hunger that I'd felt previously having mostly died out, allowing me to begin focusing on the important task at hand that needed to be accomplished.

Which was completely accomplished in the *nude*.

Maybe it was the sex earlier, or maybe it was my new sense of *pride*, but I just didn't care to put on clothes when the only purpose would be to hide an otherwise awkward embarrassment that just didn't exist for me right now. And similarly, Gwen appeared to be much less concerned about hiding her nudity than she was about closing the dimensional gate that could theoretically release another monster.

However, when we together made our way deep underneath the mansion to the cavern lit with orange glowing crystals, the ominous aura of bloodlust having disappeared, we discovered something entirely unexpected.

The barrier was intact.

The crystals were completely *undrained*.

And after a few minutes of confusion, Gwen finally identified the faint traces of a summoning ritual. Which meant, rather than fully breaching the gate, something *intelligent* had essentially made a temporary portal to bypass Ms. Miriam's defenses.

A true loophole to her barrier.

All the castor needed was an anchor into our world. Something full of magical energy that could be latched onto.

It was something Gwen never would have imagined being feasible, but it was the only explanation for what we found. And her first thought was that we might have left an opal behind, which would have been the perfect catalyst for a transdimensional summoning, but none were missing.

I briefly recalled that some of my precum had splattered on the floor and walls, dripping from Ms. Miriam's tail and ass, but immediately thought the idea ridiculous that my fluids could be used as such an anchor. Gwen didn't respond to that thought, and I suspected she might not have even caught it, since she wasn't actually reading my mind, instead only sensing the shadows of my thoughts.

Thankfully, on a positive note, now that they knew they had a gap in their defenses, Gwen felt confident her

mistress could use wards to prevent such a thing from happening again. However, it still raised a really important question, beyond the ‘how?’

Why ?

Why go to so much trouble? What was the goal?

One option was that the monster was meant to succeed in killing everyone, so the gate could be opened permanently. But another, possibly more likely option, was that the whole thing was just a distraction, for the intelligent individual to escape the hellish world while we all fought for our lives, with our survival or destruction being insignificant either way, assuming their own goal was personal freedom from the other dimension.

Of course, that last idea caused us to do a full sweep of the mansion, searching for any detectable traces that someone else had been through, but we found nothing. And while the idea was truly disturbing, such an individual wouldn’t be hanging around to go ‘boo’ in the night anyway.

On the contrary, if they put in all that effort to escape, then they would probably be highly motivated to put as much distance between themselves and the dimensional gate as realistically as possible.

However, in the end, we didn’t fully know what their goal was.

And all Miriam and Gwen could do in the future was ward against summoning rituals, so that nothing like this ever happened again. Personally, I still wasn’t sure how I felt about the situation, feeling a little aggressive still, and a bit angry, while also feeling emotionally numb at the same time. However, I felt like there wouldn’t be any further threats from this gate, considering Ms. Miriam had gone so long without having a breach in the first place, and would be able to eliminate this gap in their defenses as soon as she recovered.

Thus, in the meantime, once I’d spoken briefly with Mrs. Rebecca, I took my phone back to Ms. Miriam’s bedroom,

intending on making a phone call before keeping my promise to stay with the short minx until she recovered.

"Hey Kai!" Serenity said cheerfully in greeting, the moment she answered my call. "Are you on your way home now? It's so weird, because I'm used to not seeing you all day, since I have work and you have school most days, but it's like your absence has left a void for all of us. Can't wait to have you home again."

I cleared my throat, suspecting that her recent blood meal was the reason for her chipper mood. "Umm, actually we might be a bit longer, Ren," I admitted. "Something actually happened. Something really bad."

Serenity's tone was immediately serious. "Something bad?" she repeated. "Are you okay? What happened?"

"I probably shouldn't say much over the phone, but we are all okay. I'll explain everything when I get home."

Unexpectedly, I heard Gabriella speak up in the background, her improved hearing likely having heard what I said. "Is my mom okay?" she asked seriously.

"Yeah, she's okay," I said reassuringly to my fiancé, knowing she could hear. "Literally just spoke to her a few seconds ago. But the person we came to see actually got a little hurt, so we're going to stay until she's feeling better. Might be later tonight before we head home."

"Oh no," Serenity said in sincere concern, lowering her voice, as if that did anything to reduce the chances of someone spying on our phone conversation. "Was it the stone?" she asked seriously. "Did it hurt them?"

My eyes widened in surprise, having almost forgotten about that. "Oh. No. Actually, it wasn't." I sighed. "I promise I'll explain everything when we get back. And like I said, Mrs. Rebecca and I are both fine, so don't worry."

She took a deep breath. "Okay. I miss you, Kai. And I love you. Please try to come home as soon as you can."

"I will," I agreed. "And honestly, I might just have to skip school tomorrow," I added, recalling it would be Monday.

Shit, what a ridiculously long weekend. Longest ever. I wasn't sure I'd believe someone claiming that so much could happen in such a short period of time, were it not for experiencing it myself. "Not sure I can deal with normal life right now."

Serenity sighed. "Yeah, actually, I think I'll just call in sick for work myself. I need to spend time with you. Maybe we can make a trip to the mall or something, just me and you, and hang out together. Or we can stay home if you want. I just need to be with you really bad."

"I know," I agreed, realizing I felt the same way. Realizing that how I felt about Serenity was tugging me out of my numbness and apathy. "And we'll sleep together tonight, okay?" I added.

She made a happy noise. "Okay," she replied, almost sounding timid.

"Love you!" Gabriella called out. "Please don't wait too long to come home."

"Love you too," I replied sincerely to my fiancé. "Bye for now. Love you both."

They both said a final farewell, and then I hung up.

Taking a deep breath, still completely naked and feeling no need to put anything on, I walked over to Ms. Miriam's bed, setting my phone down on a lamp table, and then climbed into the massive structure. I then carefully laid down next to her unconscious form, gently pulling her silk covered body into my arms so that she was between me and the doorway, allowing me to keep an eye on anyone coming into the room, with her not rousing at all from my slow movements.

I then just held her in my arms, unsurprised when Gwen made an appearance only a few minutes later, likewise still naked.

"Do you need anything?" she whispered, walking right up to the bed. "You are still welcome to use me, if you need to

fuck. I'll do everything in my power to pleasure you. And you may be as rough as you desire."

I took a deep breath, not looking at her face at all, just staring at her muscular thighs, examining her thick silky fur starting in the middle, sincerely contemplating her offer. I also noticed a spot where her midnight fur was a bit glossy and clumped together on her lower thigh, recalling that had been where Ms. Miriam placed her wet hand after fisting the maid.

I then spoke.

"If you have nothing else you need to attend to, then please stay close," I finally said. "I'll fuck you in a little while. Once I feel a little more confident that I can control myself," I added, deciding to be honest, since she could catch traces of my thoughts anyway.

She nodded. "As you wish," she replied, giving a little curtsey and then carefully sitting on the edge of the bed, resting one leg flat on the blanket to angle herself toward me, her other hooved foot on the floor.

Neither of us spoke then, and my mind began to wander, thinking of all kinds of random things, mostly remembering thoughts that I'd had earlier in the day. Because my unmistakable death and resurrection were sort of like waking up from a bad dream, and being confused about where you were upon rousing, needing a few seconds to remember where you were.

Except, for me, it felt like I was remembering my old self, with distant memories feeling very real while my most recent experiences felt hazy, almost as if I couldn't remember the difference between what happened earlier today, versus what was just a dream.

At least I hadn't forgotten my sexual experiences, but I was only now beginning to really remember all the little details, regarding the offer Ms. Miriam had made to me, as well as how she planned on dealing with the black rock, and

the fact that it had a curse on it meant to kill me, and so much more.

"Yes," Gwen unexpectedly whispered. "It was something my mistress considered in passing, prior to falling asleep. The fact that you died and resurrected -- the fact that you've become something so powerful upon coming back to life -- has caused her to wonder if the death curse was meant to kill you...for your benefit. To force you to become what you now are."

"And what am I?" I wondered seriously, still having no clue as to who might have been responsible for putting that dangerous curse on the stone.

"I don't know," Gwen replied honestly. "Your presence is filling me with more power than I've experienced before, something that only Imp Lords can do to someone like me. And yet, you are not an Imp Lord." She chuckled a little then, seeming to lighten up a bit. "And you're giving me so much *control*. I don't even have my, umm, butt plug inside me, and yet I'm able to regulate my temperature on my own. Because of you."

I nodded, already being aware. Because I did feel a link between us.

A link that existed because I felt her presence, and immediately claimed her, the exact moment that I regained consciousness back in the room I died in. And since then, she'd had access to some of the power simmering inside of me, because she was mine.

"But you can't be an archdemon either," she continued. "I mean, you did kind of look like one when you were really big, but you have traits that such a being wouldn't have. Like existing without a physical heart."

I simply shrugged in response.

"They also don't drink blood," she added quietly. "Or at least, not to heal."

Of course, Ms. Miriam and I had already discussed the subject a bit, about how I was sort of a Frankenstein of

supernatural creatures, on a genetic level. But that such magic to actually do that level of modification had long since been lost.

Honestly, I felt like finding out what my mother truly was might shed light on some of the mystery, and maybe even allow it all to make sense, but at this point contemplating didn't help much, since there was nothing we could really do until I could hear the message on that stone and hope it offered some clues.

Sighing, I then recalled Ms. Miriam's offer again, as well as how hard I'd made her cum, just prior to shit hitting the fan and us all almost dying.

Gwen replied to my unspoken thoughts, even though I really wasn't trying to ask right now.

Answering a question that I had *intentionally* refused to mention when I'd first thought of it.

"You have to understand," she whispered quietly, proceeding cautiously even though she knew I didn't want to talk about it. "Sex has been an everyday part of her life for thousands of years. She's lived almost every day of her life fucking whoever she wanted, whenever she wanted, and the activity itself serves to feed her, entertain her, and give her life meaning. Never mind the fact that she siphons off energy to keep the barrier sustained." She paused to let that sink in, before getting to her point. "So expecting her to just stop that all entirely is expecting a lot. And it would be a lot for *anyone* in her situation. It would be a million times harder than a smoker kicking the habit." She sighed. "If my mistress is bored, she doesn't watch TV, she finds someone to fuck. If my mistress is hungry, she sometimes visits the kitchen to eat, and sometimes visits the kitchen to fuck her chef. Or to fuck one of the hired help. And that's been her life basically *forever*. Truly forever, compared to how long you've been alive."

I tried not to let her words bother me, but there was a reason why I hadn't asked this question outright. A reason

why I hadn't asked Ms. Miriam myself earlier when I'd first thought of the subject.

Gwen continued, her tone more gentle. "I wouldn't dare presume to know what my mistress will or won't do, but I also feel I should speak the truth. That such an expectation should be perceived as unreasonable, given how she's lived her life for thousands of years now."

I found myself incrementally tightening my embrace on the short woman in my arms without realizing it. Because she was mine.

"You can expect that of me though," Gwen unexpectedly said quietly, her tone almost somber. "My mistress and her daughter Rebecca, as well as Rebecca's now deceased biological mother, are the only three people I've ever had sex with. I've never fucked a man -- only watched occasionally -- and once you fuck me, you'll be the first and only male who has." She paused. "I can't deny my mistress, and would like to still be able to share intimacy with Rebecca, but it seems like you don't mind any of that. So you can place those expectations on me. Your cock will be the only one to claim me."

Oddly enough, while I felt like I *would* be claiming her with my cock, the moment I grabbed her and fucked her, I didn't feel like all the cocks that had been in Ms. Miriam had anything to do with her being claimed.

Maybe because she was always the one in control?

Or maybe because her being a succubus made me accepting of the idea?

Or maybe just because she could literally kill anyone with her very *existence*, in the event any guy tried to 'claim' her, since fucking her more than a handful of times could actually kill a normal human.

Honestly, I wasn't entirely sure if that was it or not, but I still couldn't help but hope that maybe Ms. Miriam really would give up other men for me. Especially since I could fill

the role of a true partner, unlike all other males who couldn't keep up with her biological needs.

And I mean, I didn't really mind her fucking women so much, in the event she *couldn't* handle giving up random sex entirely.

Because Gwen was right.

I'd be asking Ms. Miriam to change something she'd literally done for practically forever. It was like what she herself originally said, when I first saw her in the kitchen earlier in the day, how seduction never got old for her, and she always enjoyed it when she overwhelmed someone with her erotic presence. Truly, it was a source of entertainment for her, as well as just a biological aspect of her very existence.

Dammit.

"She does still want you," Gwen added. "But you view her as being *yours*, whereas she views you as being *hers*. If she had her way, then she'd make you her sex pet, like how I am, and continue living her life how she always has, except that you'd be a priority in that routine."

"So then, it'll just come down to who exactly *owns* who," I blurted out, feeling a little aggressive again.

The naked maid grimaced at that. "You can own me," she whispered. "But please remember your humanity. Please don't force her to submit to you like that."

"And why not?" I asked seriously, feeling confident I had the strength to make her do what I wanted, if I chose to exert that power.

"Because she won't be able to love you, if you do," she whispered. "It'll be the same as earlier, when you tried to make her get aroused for you. Simply because you wanted it. Even though her legs were broken at the time."

I sighed, feeling irritated. "So dumb."

"It's not dumb," she said gently. "You might also struggle to love and respect her, if she forced you like that."

I took a deep breath, knowing she was probably right.

Oh well.

I still had Serenity and Gabriella.

I could figure out how I was going to deal with Ms. Miriam later.

However, I didn't like feeling as if I was losing.

Because to be me, meant *winning*.

Nothing defeated me.

Nothing.

And so, I realized what I wanted to do now, finally focusing on Gwen more intently. "I'm ready to fuck you," I announced, beginning to slide away from the succubus so I could sit up.

Gwen didn't seem surprised that I *wasn't* asking.

She knew it wasn't a request.

It was a demand.

"Where do you want me?" she asked quietly.

Obediently.

"On the floor," I demanded. "Hands and knees."

She complied immediately.

Feeling confident enough now that I wouldn't accidentally break her, I dropped to my own knees between her spread hooves, roughly grabbing her wide hips and shoving forward. She hissed as I sank the head of my cock just into the entrance of her tight asshole, obviously not having anticipated me hitting that spot.

Granted, that truly hadn't been my goal, so after pulling back, I took my time as I aimed another couple of inches down.

She moaned this time as I buried my cock in her cunt, sinking in all the way without any resistance.

"I think I'll cum in your pussy, and then return to your asshole," I announced, beginning to thrust into her with powerful strokes, my fingers tight on her wide bony hips as I jerked her back on my shaft, her ass slapping me loudly.

She didn't respond, her hands flat on the floor like she was trying to hold onto something as I forced her body to

rock onto my engorged member, my hands gripping even more tightly on her hips, controlling her movement with my tight grasp. Making her fuck in sync with my own efforts.

I was surprised when she finally spoke up after only about half a minute of silence. "I'm...I'm going to cum," she gasped, only to groan as I began thrusting harder.

"Keep quiet if you do," I retorted, knowing she was being honest, since I didn't need her to get there to enjoy myself, and she knew that. "Don't want to wake your mistress," I added, my tone almost taunting.

She only whimpered in response, beginning to sincerely moan, her hands lifting and repositioning on the floor repeatedly, as if she wasn't sure what to do with herself.

And I unexpectedly decided I was done with this position. Pulling out entirely, she squeaked as I pushed her over in one swift motion, forcing her on her back, and climbed on top of her, shoving my cock right back into her pussy.

She groaned loudly, her furry legs instantly wrapping tightly around my hips, interlocking her hooved feet, her chest initially arcing upward in ecstasy before her arms pulled herself against my front, alerting me to the fact that I'd grown a little larger. Because she should be as tall as me, and yet her horns barely reached my chin right now.

Fucking her body even harder, I ignored it when she abruptly started muffling her orgasmic cries against my chest, finally wrapping my own arms around her shoulders, placing my weight on my elbows, to keep her more still as I plunged into her over and over again, my own pleasure beginning to reach its climax.

I shot my load deep into her cunt only seconds later, finding nothing overly passionate about the act, but definitely experiencing a relief that I desperately needed. And even more so when I felt her own passion suddenly begin to rapidly escalate, my cum having an obvious effect on her body, causing her skin to flush underneath me as she began swimming in her own ecstasy.

"Yeah, that's what I needed," I mumbled, beginning to thrust again, knowing I wouldn't have to work too hard to make her get there a second time. "Give me all that energy."

"Yes, master," she whimpered, her moans rapidly growing in volume.

"Keep it down," I demanded.

"Yes, master. Sorry, master," she whimpered again, only to sob unexpectedly. "Oh please. Oh please, yes. Oh please, fuck me harder, master."

I decided to humor her, readjusting my weight on my right elbow, my arm still beneath her shoulders, only to cup the back of her head with my left hand, my fingers gripping her black hair.

Her body immediately started jerking as she cummed a second time, prompting me to pull her head firmly against my chest, the twitching immediately shifting to intense squirming as I muffled her cry of ecstasy, briefly cutting off her air in the process.

I then waited for a few seconds as I siphoned her passion into my body, continuing to suffocate her until just before her pleasure was about to turn to anxiety, prior to panic, finally releasing her at the perfect time so that she could resume her sobbing now that the euphoria had subsided.

"I feel better," I informed her, deciding I should probably inquire about her own experience. "Was any of that unfavorable?" I wondered.

She immediately shook her head. "I've never felt so good," she whimpered, another sob wracking her body beneath mine. "I didn't know sex with a man could be like this."

"Doubtful a normal man could compete," I said seriously.

"Of course, master," she agreed, sniffling now. "I meant no offense. Please use me again whenever you are of need."

"I will," I replied. "But for now, I am finally satisfied."

She took a shaky breath, sniffling again. "I think your need for sexual energy has grown," she commented, simply echoing my own thoughts on the subject, since I'd begun to wonder that myself. "But it appears your control has dramatically improved as well."

I nodded, deciding to remain with my cock buried in her, enjoying how she was wrapped around me, hugging most of her body against mine. "I think your right," I agreed. "I don't think I really had much of a 'need' for sexual energy before. But now, it feels like I might have sort of 'gotten older,' in terms of that aspect of my development."

She nodded in agreement against my chest. "You might have been able to go another few years without having a need for sex, prior to what happened earlier. But now, I think you truly will need sex from now on." She paused. "If you find that your other women are not enough to sustain you, I'll speak to my mistress about moving in with you, so I can attend to your needs. My body is more durable than a human, so you can be as rough as you require. And you can fuck me whenever, and however, you desire."

I frowned at that, knowing I was going to expect her to allow me to fuck her like that either way. "Good. Because I actually think I've changed my mind. I'm not done yet." I pulled my cock out, angling it down just a little, before shoving forward again, this time effortlessly burying myself in her ass.

Gwen's entire body jerked, even as her eyes fluttered closed, her chin jutting upward, a loud guttural groan of ecstasy erupting out of her throat.

"Quiet," I demanded, beginning to thrust roughly.

"Y-Yes, m-m-master," she stammered in almost a whisper, her tits bouncing as I plowed into her, her thick muscular thighs tightening on my hips. "S-S-Sorry, m-master. F-Fuck me h-h-harder, master."

I had no problem complying with her request.

Because I had no intention on being gentle -- not with her, considering the fact that *if* I was going to be aggressive with anyone, then it should at least be someone who could handle it.

And she could definitely handle it.

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(14) CHAPTER 44: INSIGHT

Avery stared at her trembling hand as the hot water cascaded down her tense shoulders, her skin a light tan, her normally blonde hair a vibrant white, all while her heart pounded forcibly in her chest, each beat feeling as if it was shaking her entire body.

She knew her eyes were icy blue right now, set against the midnight background of her black sclera, along with her lips and eyelids being pale like she was wearing white cosmetics.

But now that she was no longer looking at herself in the bathroom mirror, having decided a shower might help, she found herself focused more on her internal emotions, rather than her physical appearance.

She was...anxious.

It had only been about an hour ago when her heart began racing for no apparent reason, shortly after Serenity got off the phone with Kai the first time. Thankfully, the twenty-three year old had left with Gabriella shortly after that, so that Serenity could drink from the deer that the busty redhead had caught, because it wasn't long after when it felt like Avery's entire world flipped upside down.

Suddenly, all at once, without warning, all her muscles tensed and she abruptly shifted.

Except this time was different than the others.

It wasn't like when Gabriella slapped her ass to tease her.

No, it felt like her world had suddenly ended, and the devastation and *anger* that came with it forced her body to transform.

She normally didn't consider herself an angry person, rarely getting overly upset about *anything*, yet in that very moment she had the overwhelming urge to *kill*.

It was as if someone had hurt the person she loved most, and she desperately wanted revenge. But at the same time, she also felt like she was going to drop to her knees and fall apart, the accompanying devastation nearly overwhelming.

To the point that she ran upstairs to the bathroom, before her mom had a chance to notice something was going on.

Thankfully, her mom didn't come check on her, likely giving her space after their earlier awkward conversation about the guy they both liked, which technically turned out well, in her opinion, but left her still feeling embarrassed at just the idea of what they'd agreed to.

But the anxiety didn't seem to be going away.

Or rather, it was only shifting into other emotions, going from rage and devastation, back to pure rage and aggression, followed by finally transitioning to a bizarre urge to get off, that felt more like a *need* than something she'd do for pleasure.

Honestly, she felt like she was going crazy at this point, especially with the urge to have an orgasm resurfacing as she stared at her tan hand, trying to keep her thoughts blank.

At first, she had wondered if something was wrong with Kai, but Serenity and Gabriella had come back inside not long ago, only for the former to speak with him on the phone, Avery's still improving sense of hearing being able to at least pick up on Serenity's half of the conversation.

And it sounded like he was fine.

But Avery didn't feel fine.

Not at all.

So instead, she tried to let her mind wander, focusing on the surrealness of even being in Kai's house, showering in *his* bathroom, even if it *was* technically shared with Serenity too. Because Avery had been infatuated with him for nearly *four years* now, ever since her Freshman year of high school, when she transferred from her private middle school to the local public high school.

From the very moment that she sat behind him on her very first day, in her very first class.

Her last name being Copeland, and his being Ashworth, meant she was going to at least end up sitting in the same row as him, whenever the teachers sat everyone alphabetically. And that's exactly what happened in roughly half the classes they shared, with her sometimes ending up right behind him, and other times having a person or two between them.

Technically, she'd already been in her own seat on that first day when he walked into the room, but the moment she laid eyes on him, it felt like all the air left her lungs, the entire room ceasing to exist, blurring away as she unexpectedly found herself only being able to see *him*.

Him, and no one else.

Avery of course had boys she liked at her old school, a few she even worked up the courage to get to know, but this had been entirely different. While occasionally fancying herself as being in love a couple of times, she'd never been truly *lovesick*.

It made her feel like she no longer knew how to be herself.

It made her desperate to focus on his every mannerism, and observe his every interaction, in hopes of figuring out how she could be what *he wanted* instead of who she was. But ultimately, he didn't give many clues, leaving her to just being herself when he wasn't around, and being completely absorbed in every movement he made when he *was* around.

It took her over a week to finally start smiling at him when he walked in, initially feeling overwhelmed just to be near him.

And it took her nearly a month to finally try to speak to him.

But he never smiled back.

And he never said more than a word or two, sometimes only grunting in acknowledgement, unless it was the teacher calling on him.

But he was polite.

It was obvious he never went out of his way to get to *know* anyone, but he was never really rude. Just never went out of his way to socialize, appearing to be highly guarded emotionally.

At first, she wondered if he was a new student too, only really shy, but as she slowly made friends with some of her female classmates, she ended up finding out that he wasn't new at all. They had all known him for a long time. And they all knew exactly when he stopped being friendly.

Avery's heart ached for him when she found out he lost his parents only a little under two years ago, when he was in seventh grade, but she had no idea how to comfort him or even how to engage with him, especially since he didn't make it easy.

So she simply observed from a close distance, always looking forward to the few classes they had together, but always feeling somber whenever she *was* in the same class as him, wishing she could get to know him, wishing she had the courage to do so.

Instead, she was left feeling highly sensitive to all the small things, noticing on the rare days when he would seem to sigh heavily over and over again, shifting in his seat like he was both stressed and simultaneously couldn't wait to get up and leave.

It took her almost her entire Freshman year to notice a pattern, partially thanks to the fact she'd been currently

reading a werewolf romance novel, noticing that the fidgeting and heavy sighs came at the exact same time each month.

On the day of the full moon.

She felt alarmed when she made that connection, a bizarre thrill running through her when she unexpectedly found herself wondering if he actually was a werewolf, and if maybe there was an entire secret supernatural world all around her that he was a gateway to.

Pure fantasy, of course, but still...

She couldn't help but wonder, and paid much more attention for the rest of her Freshman year, and even closer attention during her Sophomore year, the sudden mystery she'd created giving her something to focus on.

But it only did so much to fill the void created by the longing to know him.

Over a full year, and she was still desperately lovesick.

She didn't even mind the idea of not being able to be physical with him, in the event that maybe it was dangerous, her imagination having grown with her reading habits, instead just wishing she could *know* him. To be someone who was at least his friend.

But he didn't have any friends, and showed zero interest in befriending anyone, even as Avery began expanding her own circle of friends, even improving her confidence by befriending some of her male classmates too, in hopes that she might work up the courage to be more persistent with Kai.

However, her Sophomore year came and neared the end, with her still being no closer to becoming anything other than a nobody in his life.

But then the unthinkable happened.

At the end of her Sophomore year, one of their teachers assigned the class a simple group project, pairing people off simply by going down the alphabetical line and counting one, two, one, two, repeatedly.

She was two.

Kai was her one!

She'd never felt so overwhelmed with *both* joy and nervousness in her entire life!

And she was even more shocked when the teacher told everyone to get started, only for him to turn around and smile at her!

He smiled warmly and spoke to her as if they'd been close friends all this time.

She was stunned, her heart fluttering in her chest, initially finding it difficult to speak, stuttering when she officially introduced herself, only to unexpectedly feel like she was truly speaking to an old friend.

He was just so...easy to talk to.

And she'd been confident *this* was it. The turning point for this infatuation she had for him, and without even realizing it, her infatuation had somehow grown a hundredfold, and she was confident she'd fully fallen in love with him, because everything about how he spoke to her confirmed what she'd already observed.

He was kind.

He was respectful, considerate, and he *listened*.

He listened to her, valued her ideas, seemed to appreciate her input, and they just worked together so well. And she even managed to get his number, with them having exchanged a few messages regarding the project.

Which meant she was devastated all over again when things went back to normal a few days later, once their project was submitted and over. She'd sat with him at lunch, using the project as an excuse to talk, but afterward he just stopped talking to her. Stopped being social.

And the whole thing sent her spiraling down a really bizarre series of thoughts.

On the outside she was calm, collected, and determined to remain in his life, even if that only meant sitting next to him at lunch.

But on the inside she felt like a drug addict, desperately trying to figure out any way to get back into his life. Any way to crack his exterior shell a second time, to break down his walls, and be on the receiving end of that charming, knee-weakening smile again.

Was she not pretty enough?

That had been her first thought, but it took her barely a day to notice all the looks she got from her male friends. Barely took her a day to realize how they tried to monopolize her attention and how they shot aggressive glances toward Kai at lunchtime, since it was obvious that was where *her* attention was, even when she wasn't focused on him in the corner of her eye.

Besides, Avery knew she was pretty and fit.

She had joined the track team since she enjoyed running anyway, something she used to do with her dad when she was younger and he was more physically active, and she objectively looked a lot like her mom, who Avery felt was the prettiest woman she knew, so surely that couldn't be the issue.

So then, maybe he didn't perceive her as mature enough?

Did he like older women instead?

At first, that had been a thought she'd shrugged off pretty quickly, but it must have been stuck in the back of her mind, because she ended up having an intense dream that changed everything.

At that time, Avery hadn't known much about actual sex, or how things worked for guys, but she'd heard that sometimes they woke up from wet dreams. Of course, she knew theoretically it could happen to women too, but she'd certainly never had one herself.

Not until one night.

In the dream, she recalled that she'd been helping to get dinner started, only for her mom to walk through the front door, calling out to her and saying they were having

company over. In her mind, she hadn't thought much of it, just focused on turning on the oven to get it heated up, only to turn around and find herself shocked when her mom came walking into the kitchen with her arm wrapped around Kai!

And even more shocking, was what she immediately said afterward.

"Avery, honey, I'd like to introduce you to my new boyfriend."

It was one of those bizarre dreams where nothing made sense. She hadn't even thought to question the logic of her mom having a boyfriend when she was married to her dad. Hadn't even questioned where he was in the dream, to begin with.

All Avery could focus on was Kai being in her kitchen, feeling an intense thrill to have him in her house.

It felt right to her, and in her dream, it felt realistic that Kai would want an older mature woman.

The dream only heated up from there.

Everything felt sexually charged, and Avery wasn't even surprised when Kai bent down and kissed her mom fully on the lips, because by that point, it was like she expected it to happen. After all, that's what boyfriends did to their girlfriends.

But then, the situation began feeling like a game, as Avery found herself feeling like she needed to finish cooking the meal, while her mom and Kai made it impossible to focus, even going as far as to sitting on the counter next to the stove so that it was even more difficult for her to ignore them kissing while she pulled the lasagna out of the oven.

Eventually, they were sitting at the dining room table, Avery finding her hands tucked tightly between her thighs as she watched the source of her infatuation passionately make-out and touch the prettiest woman she knew, until her dream finally ended when the more mature woman took Kai

upstairs to finish what they'd started, causing Avery to wake up with the most intense orgasm she'd ever had...

Followed immediately by confusion and dread, as her conscious mind began thinking more clearly.

She tried to forget the dream, and it was true she'd lost most of the details, but the thoughts that remained wouldn't go away.

After that, Avery sincerely began wondering if Kai was more interested in older women, finding no evidence to oppose the idea, and slowly started to reason that having Kai in her life at all, even due to him dating her mom, instead of herself, was better than not being a part of his world even a little.

Later that summer, she got off for the first time actively thinking about that idea, as opposed to it only happening due to a dream.

Simultaneously, she also became more consumed with romance novels, especially those of the supernatural variety, and when school started again for her Junior year, as she watched how his behavior changed on the first full moon of the semester, she quickly became convinced there might really be something different about him, even as she told herself how ridiculous the idea was.

That's when things got really crazy.

Or rather, that's when *she* started being really crazy.

It began with a fight at school. A fight that Kai physically broke up, one in which Avery saw from a distance, horrified when one of the guys hit him in the face as he pulled them apart, only to be stunned when it didn't even seem to phase him.

Just more proof that he was different.

And even more stunning, hearing him demand they '*stop*' was chilling.

It was like *everyone* stopped moving, not just the guys trying to hurt each other.

There was this sense of intimidation and authority that was palpable in the air, like everyone was an ant, and he was a kid with a magnifying glass, telling everyone to cease their disobedience or else he'd fry them all with the sun.

However, Avery snapped out of it right away when he began walking toward her direction in the hall, seeing more emotion on his face than she'd ever witnessed before. And then noticing that he had blood on his bottom lip.

Her body reacted before her mind had a chance to think, largely due to all the supernatural book reading she'd done.

She instantly saw a way into his world, and immediately went after it, without regards for how ridiculous the idea was.

Being that she was still in track, she was really big on staying hydrated and always kept a water bottle with her. Thus, she whipped it out as fast as possible, handing it out for him, speaking up quietly so that he'd stop instead of just ignoring her and passing her up.

"Your lip looks busted," she whispered.

He didn't even question her, his frustration appearing to cause him to make decisions he might not have otherwise, shaking his head as he accepted the water bottle.

"Bit my tongue," he mumbled as he took a swig, washing the blood out of his mouth...and leaving some behind on the edge of the bottle.

Avery didn't even respond as he quickly began walking again, now facing away from her, not even trying to be casual about it as she drank right after him, tasting just a hint of metallic flavor on her tongue as she ran it along the edge while taking a big gulp.

She felt uncertain, nervous, and *wired* for the rest of the day, her heart nonstop racing, wondering if she was crazy, or if a little bit of his blood would actually do something to her. All of her thoughts felt like a pendulum swinging as she went from one extreme to another, chastising herself for

being stupid one second, and sincerely wondering if something was going to happen the next.

But nothing seemed to happen.

At least, superficially.

A couple of weeks later, she woke up from another intense sexual dream, having tossed and turned all night, only to find herself still highly wired the next day at school despite the lack of sleep.

It wasn't until she noticed Kai's heavy sighs and fidgeting behavior that she realized it was the full moon. At first, she wondered if she was truly just imagining it, thinking it might be her subconscious mind playing tricks on her, but the rest of her Junior and Senior years continued like that, even during the summer when Kai wasn't on her mind nonstop.

She always knew when it was the full moon, without even checking a calendar, and she knew without a doubt she was going to wake up from an intense sexual dream every single time, one in which her mom and Kai always seemed to be the main stars.

It sincerely happened every time, without fail, even if she went to sleep fantasizing about it being *her* with Kai.

The dream always took on a mind of its own.

Since she had his number, she'd thought repeatedly about sending him a message about the situation, but had no idea what she'd say, not feeling confident enough to plainly state that she knew he was different and was okay with it.

Or to tell him that he might have made her a little different too...

If anything, she was afraid he'd just disappear if she said that.

Or think she was truly crazy, and a bit of a stalker.

But, by the end of her Senior year, she had grown accustomed to his standoffish behavior, feeling close to him every day when they sat at lunch, as if they shared a secret, even though they were no closer to actually being friends.

But still, she felt like maybe things would be different when they graduated.

Liberated from the daily grind of attending classes, and the peer-related issues of attending high school, Avery hoped that maybe she could try to connect with him outside of school, planning on being a bit more assertive about it, since the alternative of never seeing him again wasn't acceptable.

She'd also talked about him a lot with her mom over the years, feeling a bit weird about the idea that she fully intended on trying to introduce Kai to her mom in the event he truly didn't seem interested in someone his own age, feeling kind of guilty about it since it was a pretty big betrayal for her dad.

Or at least, she thought it would have been.

Avery never imagined that her dad would actually cheat on her mom, especially when considering how objectively pretty she was, never mind the fact that her mom always bent over backwards to wait on him.

Although, the idea of her mom being single again hadn't initially jump to the forefront of her thoughts when she found out.

Initially, finding out about the adultery had made Avery really depressed, and then disgusted to discover that her possible new 'step-mom' was barely a few years older than she was. Avery had already kind of been growing more distant from her dad for the last few years, but this kind of pushed her over the edge, and ultimately she just felt like she was done with him, sincerely bothered that he was dating someone so young.

Someone basically her age.

Ironic, and definitely a double standard, since she was perfectly fine with *her mom* dating someone her age.

However, Avery still hadn't considered the implications of her mom being single again.

It wasn't until the next full moon, when she inevitably had the same kind of sex dream, waking up to the vivid hallucination of her mom with Kai, that she realized that introducing him to her mom might actually be a viable last resort measure she could take.

She felt...crazy.

She knew her mom would definitely think she was crazy if she knew.

But she supposed that addicted people did crazy things to secure the drug of their choice.

And Kai was her drug of choice.

Of course, she never imagined that *actual events* would take such an unexpected turn, starting with that fateful meeting at the bank the previous day.

Now, here she was, standing under the hot water in Kai's shower, having already had a painfully awkward conversation about how she and her mom were going to share the same guy.

The guy that Avery had been crushing on for four years.

Their ultimate agreement was fairly simple.

Avery was a virgin and got flustered too easily, yet still needed to finish the last few weeks of school, so they both agreed that it might be better if she wait to pursue any kind of romantic relationship with him. Because she wasn't sure how she could keep her cool when he walked into class, while having vivid memories of being intimate with him outside of school.

Alternatively, her mom was experienced, and could pursue a relationship with him at whatever rate he was comfortable with, not having the same kind of embarrassment issue, leading to the older woman having much more control over her transformation.

It pained Avery to admit to her mom that she kind of liked the idea of her own mother getting first dibs on the guy she'd been crushing on for years, and it was even more

mortifying when she had to sincerely reassure her mom that it was what she truly wanted.

To admit that she'd actually thought about the idea prior to everything happening.

That she'd been thinking about the idea for a couple of years now...

And then it was even more embarrassing when her mom admitted that, with her daughter talking about this guy so much, that the idea had crossed her mind too.

They both tried to keep it vague, but it was obvious it was a fantasy they both shared.

Avery wanted her mom to seduce her guy.

And her mom likewise wanted to seduce her daughter's man.

As a pure fantasy, of course. Just as a hypothetical idea...

Until now.

Especially since Kai had apparently already kissed her mom...

So now, it was truly becoming reality. An awkward, confusing, but really arousing reality.

And ironically, while Avery felt confident that being physical with Kai would cause her to get flustered in class, it was the opposite having her mom get physical with him. Because she'd already been thinking about it so long, that now it just felt like a source of *security*.

She *wanted* her mom to get physical with him, to essentially pull him more fully into their lives, so that she could be confident that he wasn't going anywhere. So she could be confident that, once she graduated, he would still remain a part of her life for the foreseeable future.

But now she had other confusing emotions rampaging inside of her.

What was this anger? What was the source of this devastation?

And why was she beginning to feel so...aroused?

Finally beginning to feel just frustrated overall, she turned around to grab the detachable shower wand, and turned a switch up top to get the water flowing through it. She then placed her forearm against the wall, leaning her head forward as she held the powerful spray of water between her tan thighs, biting her frosted bottom lip at the immediate relief it gave her.

She knew everyone was in the house again, after Serenity and Gabriella came back inside, and she was well aware that they might be able to hear her if she was too loud, but she just didn't care right now. Still, she tried to keep her breathing even as the surge of pleasure climbed and climbed, only to grimace as she heard someone making their way up the stairs, knowing she was so close.

Avery finally gasped desperately just as there was a gentle knock on the door, ignoring the other person for a few seconds as she continued to ride the high.

"Hey Avery," Gabriella said warmly, sounding amused. "You've been in there for a while. Need help washing your back or something?"

'Or something,' she thought to herself, before taking a deep breath.

She then cleared her throat, trying to sound normal.
"Nah, I'm about done."

Gabriella continued in a lower voice. "Everything alright?" she asked barely above a whisper, likely knowing Avery would still be able to hear her with everyone's hearing noticeably improving. "Your mom said you were acting a little weird, and she seemed worried." She paused. "You don't feel left out, do you? You're welcome to hang with me and Serenity."

Avery took another deep breath, and then turned the water off, carefully stepping out and grabbing a towel to wrap around her chest. She then opened the door, meeting Gabriella's emerald gaze with a weak smile.

The busty redhead's eyes widened slightly, likely from seeing that she was still transformed, her skin still light tan, her eyes still icy blue and black, her hair still stark white, coupled with her frosted features. Gabriella then glanced over her shoulder for half a second, before stepping inside the bathroom without asking, and closing the door quietly behind her.

"Everything okay?" she repeated even more quietly, seeming genuinely concerned.

Avery took a long deep breath, and then moved to sit on the fluffy blue toilet covering, holding onto the top of her towel to prevent it from undoing and falling off while she sat. She then pressed her knees tightly together as she stared at the floor, only to be a little surprised when Gabriella moved in front of her and sat right down on the linoleum.

"Avery," she whispered again. "I know we haven't known each other for long, but you can talk to me. And if it's something I've done, then just let me know." She paused. "And I can back off a little, as well, if it's too much. I'm not trying to come off too strongly, but I'm just really excited to get to know you better. Both emotionally and physically," she added with a smirk.

Avery's icy blue eyes focused on her in surprise, not having really been overly concerned about that. Sure it was strange being around Kai's first girlfriend, technically fiancé, with her not having met anyone who was so...attractive?

She wasn't sure how to define Gabriella, because even with the bizarre kink Avery had regarding her mom stealing her man, she'd never looked at another woman with sincere lust before. Like how she might lust after a guy.

So being around Gabriella was really confusing, to say the least.

But Avery also had to admit that she liked the attention.

This sexy redhead was practically all over her, and her playful touching and occasionally aggressive kissing was a

big turn on, just like it would be if Kai did that kind of thing to her.

However, even despite all that, Avery hadn't really thought much about it, just kind of viewing it as part of the package, since it seemed like 'getting Kai' meant having to share him one way or another. And Avery was fine with that, and didn't mind having this busty college-aged girl trying to seduce her like she was the most desirable girl on the planet.

But ultimately, a lot of her focus and worries resided with Kai himself, as it had been for the last four years.

"Just worried," Avery finally admitted quietly.

"Is that why you're transformed?" Gabriella asked gently.

She shrugged, only to brush some of her damp white hair out of her face. "I don't know. I just felt really off a while ago, and it felt like I couldn't fully relax." She sighed again. "I could probably look normal again now, and I'm actually beginning to really feel more calm for some reason, but the last hour or so has been..." Her voice trailed off.

Gabriella nodded. "Well, Serenity just got off the phone with Kai a little bit ago, and he did say that the person they were seeing got hurt, but everything is fine with him and my mom."

Avery's icy eyes widened in surprise. She'd heard Serenity on the phone with him that second time, but had only heard her half of the conversation. Not his.

"Did *he* get hurt?" she asked seriously.

Gabriella shrugged, not seeming nearly as worried about it. "I don't think so. He just said someone else did."

"Yeah, but he can regenerate, right?" Avery quickly retorted.

Gabriella froze at that, finally looking a little concerned herself. "That's true," she said quietly, only to reexamine her new friend. "Why? Are you thinking that your stress is related to what happened somehow?"

Avery frowned at that. "I don't know," she admitted. "I just know I've gotten anxious on the full moon for a couple of years now, and I guess figured that maybe it was related to him, or--"

"Wait," Gabriella said in shock, speaking at normal volume for the first time. "What do you mean by *that*?" she asked seriously.

Avery grimaced, realizing which part the redhead was focused on. "Umm, well, I sort of tasted a little bit of his blood once, and ever since on the full moon--"

"*What?*" she repeated in complete disbelief, only to quickly lower her voice, her tone curious but also serious. "But how? He told me he couldn't remember a time he'd ever bled or even got hurt before."

Avery spoke in a rush, feeling ashamed of her crazy behavior, even if a lot of her previous beliefs were justified now. "It's a long story, but basically he was in a fight with some other guys, and I guess he bit his tongue, and I offered my water bottle because he had blood on his lip, and then I drank right after him." She paused. "I kind of suspected he wasn't normal, because I'd been watching him for like two years before that, and I know it sounds crazy, but..." Her voice trailed off. "Sorry," she finally added when Gabriella just stared at her.

Avery wasn't even sure why she was apologizing, or if there was even a reason to apologize, but just felt really dumb saying all that out loud.

"And I assume Kai doesn't know," Gabriella commented, seeming pensive now.

Avery grimaced. "Please don't tell him," she immediately begged. "At least, not yet. I already feel like a creeper, and he'll never give me a chance if he realizes just how true that is." She dropped her head then. "I don't want to mess this up. I've wanted this for so long, and now I'm just so afraid of messing things up."

Gabriella reached out and gently rested her hand on Avery's bare knee. "Hey, don't stress so much. I probably would have done the same kind of stuff, if I was in your shoes."

"Really?" she said in surprise, her tone almost hopeful.

Gabriella nodded. "I was pretty head-over-heels for him the moment I met him, and I'd probably have gone crazy if I was stuck waiting around for..." She paused, her red eyebrows furrowed. "Wait, did you just say you'd been interested in him for a couple of years *before* a fight that happened two years ago?"

Avery hung her head again. "I know I'm pathetic."

Gabriella shook her head. "No, it's not that. Kai just thought you'd been interested for only about two years, is all. I had no idea it was longer than that."

Her voice was quiet. "Ever since the first day of my Freshman year," she admitted, only to glance up hesitantly. "We had a lot of classes where we'd sit close together, since our names are close alphabetically. I was always in the same row, and often ended up sitting right behind him."

Gabriella nodded slowly. "Makes sense. And I get it. I felt the same way when I first met him." She sighed. "So don't stress so much. He's fine, you're fine, your mom's fine, everyone's fine. You're not going to mess anything up, and no one has an issue with you. So just relax. Otherwise, if you keep stressing, then you might not be able to go back to school at all for the rest of the year."

Avery sighed as well. "No, I think I'll be fine. I just need to pretend like nothing is different, is all."

Gabriella seemed surprised, and maybe a little skeptical. "But what about right now?"

She shrugged. "I don't know. This felt different. I felt like something was wrong with him. I felt..." She paused, gritting her teeth. "Really angry. For some reason. Like someone hurt him or something." She shook her head. "And maybe it's really just my imagination, but it didn't feel like it was

random. It hit me unexpectedly like when that truck hit me and my mom yesterday. It was like something happened *to me*, rather than me just stressing."

Gabriella nodded slowly with a frown. "Well, maybe it really is something then. We can just ask him when he gets home. But he's at least fine right now."

Avery nodded. "Yeah, I think I will ask him, so I don't feel like I'm truly going crazy."

"Hey," Gabriella said gently. "You're not crazy, okay?"

Avery could only nod, averting her icy gaze.

The busty redhead continued. "Now, how about you get dressed, and we'll go downstairs and hang out with your mom a little. Spend a little girl time together before our man gets back," she added warmly.

Avery laughed. "Not much to do other than talk."

"Yeah, but I *want* to talk. I want to get to know you and your mom both. We'll probably be around each other a lot for a while, hopefully forever, so probably good to learn more about each other."

"Oh," Avery said simply, only to take a deep breath.

"Sorry, I guess I've been kind of selfish, haven't I?"

Gabriella just shook her head, making an amused noise. "Not at all, silly. Stop stressing so much." She paused. "And I mean, yeah, it could probably benefit you a little to stop feeling like you're going to mess things up. Or that if something goes wrong, it's somehow your fault. In a way, all that is a little selfish, feeling like the universe revolves around you like that, but that's an easy fix. Just stop stressing so much."

Avery nodded, frowning slightly. "I'm not normally so whiny, it's just..."

"I get it," Gabriella said reassuringly. "You've wanted this for *four years*. Trust me, I get it. But now you have it, and you aren't going to mess it up. I won't let that happen. Okay?"

She could only nod once, uncertain of what else to say.

"Want me to help you get dressed?" Gabriella unexpectedly teased.

Avery's face flushed, her hair flashing white -- she hadn't even realized it turned blonde again.

Gabriella just laughed, beginning to stand up. "I have to admit, that's so satisfying to watch. Maybe you should try doing it to Kai sometime. Might build up your confidence with him a little, when you see how he reacts to you."

"M-Maybe," Avery agreed, having this bizarre feeling that she wouldn't be able to accomplish that, and not because she lacked confidence. Rather, it was something else entirely, a strange feeling as if something was different about Kai.

But she wasn't sure how to express that thought into words, or if there was even anything substantial behind the sensation, so she kept it to herself as she started standing up.

SMACK.

Avery yelped when Gabriella slapped her ass, only for the busty redhead to giggle as she moved toward the door.

"Okay, I'll let you get dressed by yourself," she said playfully, only to pause when she reached for the handle. "And for the record, you're welcome to retaliate whenever you want," she added a bit more seductively with a wink.

Avery gulped, her gaze uncontrollably falling to Gabriella's tight ass.

"Umm, okay," was all she could manage, prompting another giggle from the busty redhead, before she slipped out of the bathroom and closed the door.

Walking over to the mirror, Avery took her towel off and wiped away the condensation from the steam, examining her reflection briefly.

She really did look a lot like her mom, and other guys seemed to be interested in her as well, so there should be no reason why Kai wouldn't be interested too, right?

Especially since he'd already shown a very clear interest in her mom by kissing her...

But there was one thing missing.

Something her mom had that she currently was lacking.

Squaring her now pale shoulders and standing up straighter, she eliminated her slightly slouched posture, her mood now matching her composure.

Her mood now being more attractive, regaining the key piece she'd lost in the last couple of days.

Confidence.

Her mom was confident in herself.

And when it was a situation *not* involving Kai, Avery normally was confident too. Because she was physically fit, emotionally stable, and psychologically level-headed, at least when it didn't involve the source of her infatuation.

But she supposed it was time to 'be herself,' even around him.

She just hoped that Kai would sincerely like the person she really was, and not hold her creepy, obsessive, stalkerish behavior against her. But then again, he had gone out of his way to save her. To change her.

To keep her.

In fact, he had even decided to keep her before even considering keeping her mom, something he only did because her life had been in sincere danger. Something he did partially because he didn't want Avery to suffer losing her mom like he had.

So maybe he wouldn't mind knowing the truth.

Maybe she should just own it, especially since she'd actually been right about him all this time, and just expect him to accept it.

Taking a deep breath, Avery shifted to her more supernatural form, examining her frosted lips and eyelids, knowing she thought it looked really good on her mom, even though the older woman's skin was a supple light gray, instead of tan.

But that just meant, it looked good on her too, and Avery agreed that she liked the look, even if her icy blue eyes were a bit creepy.

Taking one last deep breath, she transitioned back to normal and then turned around to get dressed, deciding she was done worrying about everything, and would just relax, as Gabby suggested. They were one big happy family now, and Avery wanted to start enjoying the reality that all her deepest desires had finally come true.

She finally had Kai, after all this time.

She was even *like him*, after feeling like she was crazy for believing in the supernatural.

And she was even going to share him with her mom, who was surprisingly accepting of her perverted fantasy. Of course, they'd still keep their relationships separate, but her mom surprisingly didn't mind the idea of snagging first dibs.

In her own opinion, things couldn't have turned out more perfectly.

So now it was time to enjoy her new reality.

A reality that had turned out better than even her wildest fantasies.

(15) CHAPTER 45: GOODBYES

I woke up in a massive bed, staring up at a crimson canopy, confused briefly as I tried to remember where I was. Oddly enough, for some reason I had Avery on my mind, feeling like I was dreaming about her.

But then, I felt a short redhead minx sigh contently on my right side, nuzzling her head against my bare chest, another woman with black hair and midnight horns holding onto my left leg, my foot between her muscular thighs, her forehead pressed against my hip as she slept soundly.

Oh shit. What time was it?

“Are you awake?” Ms. Miriam whispered, a slight hesitation in her tone.

“Umm, yeah,” I said just as quietly, focusing down at her looking up at me, her cheek squished against my side. “How long was I asleep?”

Her emerald gaze had a hint of affection in it, her cheeks rosy, the tip of her adorable nose slightly red. “Not sure,” she admitted. “But it’s only about six in the evening, still light outside, so probably not too long.”

I took a deep breath as I focused back up at the romantic red canopy, beginning to try to piece together the day, to try to figure out *what* happened *when*. The trip to Ms. Miriam’s mansion had been about an hour, but Mrs. Rebecca and I left when it was still morning, so by the time I met the deceptively young-looking succubus it was probably only 11 AM.

And we were having lunch by 11:30 AM after our discussion -- definitely eating before noon.

However, everything was hazy after that.

I knew Ms. Miriam took me to a guest room to try to open my third-eye, but I had no idea how long we were alone together. And then there was that earthquake, followed by her showing me the dimensional gate, only for the two of us to spend some more alone time on a white leather couch, while Mrs. Rebecca and Gwen fucked together in a different room...

Since Gwen had gotten aroused from licking my precum off her mistress's ass.

However, after making Ms. Miriam cum the hardest she ever had in her entire life, filling her up to the brim with my sexual energy, she had her maid join us to try to see just how much energy I could really produce, filling up a whopping seven opals with my unending lust.

That led to Ms. Miriam encouraging me to help her 'eat out' her maid, simply because she decided she wanted to enjoy me after all, the two of us sucking on the female devil's pussy together, the succubus eventually fisting the taller woman as she decided to climb onto my cock to ride a little while we all worked to make Gwen cum.

All of us, including Mrs. Rebecca, who joined just in time to help us finish the job by kissing the sexy maid passionately while Miriam and I were between the female devil's muscular thighs. I recalled Ms. Miriam jerking me off and making me cum again after that, getting it all over her belly and letting it soak into her red silk robe.

The same robe she was still wearing now...

But then, everything went to hell afterward.

We were unexpectedly attacked, and Ms. Miriam tried to use a blood magic spell to defend against the monster, slicing her wrist and rushing to paint a large symbol in her own blood, but it was too late. There hadn't been enough warning.

And even though she told me to get to safety in the basement, I found myself trying to defend her from being slaughtered by the monstrosity that erupted out of the metal doors leading to the dimensional gate.

I died...

My heart ripped right out of my chest...

But now I was alive again, feeling very different, finding my thoughts tugging me to *think* differently. Granted, I definitely felt more like myself at this point now that I'd fucked Gwen, absorbed her sexual energy, and gotten a chance to sleep.

But a part of me still didn't want to give people choices.

Because I felt like a king, felt like I was something akin to a god or demigod now, and such a creature didn't offer his servants the luxury of *choice*.

What was mine, *was mine*, and I wanted to enjoy what was mine as I saw fit.

However, at the same time, I felt like maybe I *shouldn't* think like that.

So, I did my best to remain as I used to be, prior to my untimely death.

"And what about Mrs. Rebecca?" I wondered, curious as to where she was.

"Not sure about that either," Ms. Miriam replied. "No doubt she's still here, possibly having fallen asleep too, after all the stress." She paused. "Did you want me to go check on her?"

I focused back on her emerald gaze in surprise. "Oh, umm. That's alright." I hesitated. "How are your legs feeling?" I then asked tentatively.

She smiled. "They feel fine, thanks to you."

I frowned at that.

"It was painful having you heal them so quickly," she admitted. "And really draining. But I'm okay now."

"Draining how?" I wondered, knowing I'd used my own magic for the spell.

Magic that I hadn't even realized was residing within me, prior to my untimely death and resurrection. Granted, technically even humans had magic inside of them, which was probably why human sacrifices had once been a thing at some point in time, but the capacity to sense that magic and utilize it had been completely dormant in myself.

Not to mention, I wasn't actually using up my own lifeforce, but instead using a pool of generated energy, sort of like how muscles stored extra energy to use if they were worked too hard.

She paused. "Well, you told me you've been hurt before. Was not experiencing that pain draining on your mind? Your psyche? And maybe a bit draining physically as well?"

I thought about that, recalling how it felt when I was impaled with something akin to harpoons by the serial killer who had been trying to track me down for nearly a decade. The same serial killer who killed the first victim I tried to save, by hiring a different murderer to torture and slaughter his wife. The woman who had been pregnant, the baby who survived being the little sister of the detective Nick, who was also searching for the kid who at least saved the baby.

To thank the guy for protecting his unborn sister.

Yeah, it had been pretty draining both emotionally and mentally.

I sighed. "Sorry," I whispered.

"For what?" Ms. Miriam asked seriously.

I shrugged just slightly, staring up at the red canopy again. "For hurting you. For wanting to fuck you, whether you wanted it or not. For not caring that you were in pain. For not having any *empathy*."

She took a deep breath and let it out slowly, nuzzling her face against my chest again. "Kai, we're all alive because of you. And what you went through was traumatizing. *Dying* is traumatizing. And while it seems like a miracle that you came back to life, I'm not surprised that your mental state changed dramatically upon doing so."

"Why is that?" I wondered.

She sighed again. "Because you *died*," she repeated. "You don't survive death and come back as the exact same person you were, just like how any other traumatizing situation permanently changes you. If anything, that shift in your mentality is part of the reason why you overcame death in the first place. Because you were unwilling to submit to it. Unwilling to submit to *anything*."

I frowned at that. "So does that mean that resurrecting is possible for anyone?" I wondered seriously.

She laughed at that. "No, absolutely not. There is definitely something very special about you, to be able to do so. But had you submitted to death, then I don't think you would have come back to life, even if you were capable of it."

I considered that. "Makes sense, I guess." I took a deep breath, her face rising and falling with my chiseled muscular chest. "I think dying actually made me angry," I added. "In fact, I still kind of feel angry."

"I'm sure it did," she mused. "I know I'd be pissed if someone killed me."

I smirked at that. "So now what?"

Her tone was immediately somber. "Now, you and my daughter Rebecca will leave soon. And then I guess I'll let you know once I've discovered something about the catalyst your mother left you."

"Any chance I could convince you to come with me?" I blurted out, not even thinking about it prior to asking.

She grimaced, reaching up with her arm to hold me tightly even as she buried her face into my chest. "I can't leave this place right now," she finally whispered. "Definitely not after what happened. And I'm still uncertain about how to handle the feelings I have for you. Uncertain of how to live life with those feelings."

"Because of how it'll affect your sex life?" I assumed.

She didn't respond.

I sighed. "I...umm, I love you," I whispered, knowing it didn't hold the same meaning as it might when saying it to Serenity, but still truly feeling that kind of attachment to her at this point.

She stiffened against my side, before slowly lifting her head to more fully look at me. "Kai, I..." Her eyes pained. "I can't even count the number of times I've told another person I loved them..." She sighed. "But *never* in my entire life have I ever truly felt the way I now feel about you. I don't have words to express that feeling, because the word 'love' feels empty to me. Or rather, it is temporary and simply an everyday part of my life." She grimaced. "I feel like *infatuation* would be a more accurate word, to express my intensity, but usually that's temporary in a human's perspective. But for me, I feel like my infatuation for you could last an eternity. Making it feel more like an *addiction* than 'mere love' or infatuation." She took a deep breath. "I want you. *Infinitely*, I want you."

"So how does that affect us?" I wondered. "Or does it even change anything at all?"

Her emerald gaze glanced away. "I don't know," she admitted quietly. "I think I'll need time to try to figure it out. To process how I might live differently, after having lived a certain way for practically all of my life." Her eyes were pained again as she focused on me. "Do you think...do you think you can accept that? Can you be patient with me?"

I nodded. "I think that if we end up together, in a way I would prefer, then I need it to be 'willing' on your end. Because if I expect a certain lifestyle from you, and you eventually go back to your old life after deciding it's not what you truly want, then it'll be upsetting."

"I understand," she replied. "And it's probably best if we both take a break from each other right now, to figure out what we truly want. And probably best for my daughters Rebecca and Gabriella, as well as that girl Serenity, that I

allow you to form strong relationships with them before trying to compete for your time and attention."

I knew she was probably right. Especially when her very presence was so potent to me that Gabriella's overwhelming aroma felt insignificant compared to a full-blooded succubus. It would be difficult to focus on anyone other than this hot minx, whenever she was around.

However...

"Can I still come visit you?" I asked seriously, recalling that she'd made the offer before.

Her expression brightened. "I'd be heartbroken if you didn't," she said seriously. "You are welcome at any time." She then frowned. "Still remember to hit the buzzer at the gate please, so we know you're here and don't accidentally freak out and try to attack you from having a powerful, unannounced visitor show up. And I did actually put my number in your phone already, if you will please call as well." Her expression brightened again. "But yes, please come visit me."

"If I do, it'll probably be at night," I considered, doubting I'd have time to make a trip here during the day.

"Perfectly fine," she replied warmly. "I'll be ready to entertain you, no matter when you show up. And if I am already asleep, and need a few minutes to wake up, then I'll make sure my maid keeps you company while you wait."

"Good," I said seriously. "And I hope you can accept that Gwen partially belongs to me now."

"Yes," she agreed. "I can sense that's the case. Honestly, I sensed it the moment you came back to life -- sensed the power that flowed into her. So moving forward, we will share her, as equals."

"Then you won't mind if I decide I need to borrow her?" I assumed.

"I would prefer she remain with me for now, but I understand if you do need me to loan her out occasionally."

"That's acceptable," I agreed.

She smirked at that. "Have you noticed your speech has changed?" she wondered.

"Has it?"

She nodded, a smirk tugging at her perfect lips. "A little, and it's probably just due to the shift in your mentality. You say what you want, how you want, and your tone has a higher level of certainty to it."

I simply shrugged in response, wondering if it was partially because I was around her in particular, since she sometimes spoke oddly compared to what I was used to. Honestly, I wouldn't be surprised if I spoke like my normal self once I was around Serenity again.

Or more specifically, people who had been alive for less than a full lifetime, and had a manner of speech that was entirely modern...

Sighing, I let it out slowly, staring up at the romantic canopy above.

"What's wrong?" she asked quietly, her tone sounding sincerely concerned.

"I feel a little sad," I realized with a frown. "I've only been away from Serenity and Gabriella for about half a day, and yet I miss them like I've been away for years. Decades even."

"Well, you did die," Ms. Miriam said gently. "Not much time passed for the living while you were dead, but your experience might have been longer."

I shook my head, knowing that, in my perception, I was dying one second and felt like I was coming back to life the very next second. "No, I think it might be from being so stressed about everything. Stressed about meeting you, and then being around you has been a bit stressful too," I admitted, only to clarify. "Sexually stressful."

She smirked. "I apologize for having a little fun with you, but I'd be lying if I said I regretted even a second of it."

I nodded. "I don't disagree," I said simply, knowing I'd enjoyed most of the time I'd spent with her too. "But all of it

has just made the day seem so long, and..." My voice trailed off.

My expression was somber again.

"And what?" she whispered, her tone tender and empathetic.

I sighed. "I'm also sad because 'going back' to them means leaving you."

Ms. Miriam gave me a sad smile, only to gently turn her head enough to kiss me on the chest, before focusing up at me again. "It makes me sad as well," she agreed. "But just remember that you have my heart in a way no one has ever before. And you are also welcome to come visit me whenever you want. Even tonight...if you're of preference."

I grimaced, doubting I'd want to do so tonight. Like, a part of me did, of course, but I suspected that once I was back with Serenity and Gabriella, never mind Avery and Michelle, I probably wouldn't want to leave again so soon.

Ms. Miriam easily picked up on the look. "Or the next night, or whenever. You have my number, and if you want, we can even message each other a little during the day."

I looked down at her in surprise, prompting an immediate eye-roll that was fucking adorable.

"I'm old, but *not decrepit*," she said with a surprising amount of playful venom in her tone. "Yes, I know how to send a message *typing on a screen*. And I was quite adept at using a nine-digit keypad too, when that was more a thing."

I smirked widely. "And using a rotary phone too, I assume."

She gave me a playful slap on the chest, only to grin at me. "I'm surprised you even know what that is at your age. Smartass."

"Saw one in a museum once. Old hag."

She stuck her adorable tongue out at me, only to turn her head enough to suck my nipple into her mouth with surprising force, biting down a little. The unexpected

stimulation caused my legs to jerk, which in turn made Gwen stir, since she was practically cuddling with my left one.

Ms. Miriam only laughed. "I love playing with you so much," she said warmly.

"Me too," I agreed, focusing on the sexy maid now, since she was yawning as she opened her slitted crimson eyes.

She then focused up at me, her purple lips forming an almost uncertain smile as she met my gaze.

Uncertain, as if she was searching my head for any shadows that she was doing something displeasing. However, while I was a little sad about leaving, and sad because I missed everyone back home, I was actually pretty pleased with my sex pet.

She'd done a good job of taking care of me when I needed it, and I felt like a big part of me returning to normal was from not being so 'hangry' from the lack of sexual energy my body wanted. Because prior to fucking her, and absorbing her passion, it had kind of felt like I was starving in that department.

And it made me irritable.

Gwen finally smiled more fully, hugging my leg tighter to her naked chest.

Ms. Miriam took a deep breath then, and finally sat up, only to reach up and stretch her arms even while her midnight wings fanned out to stretch too.

"Well, I guess I'll send Gwen to collect your clothing, while I go find my daughter," she commented, her tail abruptly beginning to wrap around my soft cock, as if it had a mind of its own. "Do you need anything before I send you off, or do you think you'll want to go after you dress?"

I sat up as I considered that, knowing I was never going to manage to escape this place if I didn't just go ahead and leave. "Umm, no," I replied hesitantly, glancing down at her tail still wrapped around me. "I think we should probably go as soon as I'm dressed, and Mrs. Rebecca is ready."

Ms. Miriam nodded, not seeming surprised as she leaned forward to peck my bare shoulder, only to let go of my cock with her tail while she slipped off the side of the bed.

Damn, it was obvious when she moved that my cum had practically glued the red silk robe to her body, because the dried sections stuck right to her like a second skin...

The moment Ms. Miriam stepped out of the room, and Gwen climbed out of bed as well, placing her hooves on the floor as her black furry tail rubbed against my leg, the maid turned to me and answered my unspoken question.

"Cum does tend to make clothing stick to skin," she agreed. "And my mistress enjoys the sensation, and will eventually request that I 'undress her,' which makes the silk pull on her skin when I do. She enjoys that process as well, sort of like how I enjoy being spanked."

For some reason, suddenly all I could think of was waxing, wondering if the stinging sensation that was left behind from yanking off hair was what Ms. Miriam liked so much. However, I also noticed Gwen's not-so-subtle hint that she wanted me to spank her sometime.

I'd definitely have to remember that.

"Kind of," Gwen agreed to my thought about waxing. "Although her lack of hair in most spots isn't from waxing. She's always only had hair on her head. It's a succubus thing. And no, she doesn't actually wax for the sensation, because part of the enjoyment is the knowledge that it's cum making the clothing stick. That, and she loves the scent. Especially the scent and volume of yours."

I frowned at that, trying not to think too deeply on the subject, since I knew that Ms. Miriam choosing to be a one-man woman wasn't going to come easy for her. And I didn't even want to worry about what she'd end up choosing right now, just because the idea of her continuing to sleep around regularly would only stress me out, assuming she didn't just stick to fucking women.

Thus, instead I simply nodded and pushed it from my thoughts, focusing on what was next.

I supposed I first needed Gwen to grab my clothing, which should still be in the room with the white leather couches, and then I could dress so I could leave with Gabriella's mom.

Dammit.

In response to my thoughts, Gwen turned to leave and do just that, her black furry tail swaying slowly behind her, the muscles in her thick thighs visibly rippling as she walked, the fur on her legs looking much more like stockings from further away.

Especially with how shiny her black fur was.

Standing up and looking around while I waited, I was a little surprised when I began noticing the little things that really made this feel like Ms. Miriam's room, including several old metal hair-combs that looked purely decorative and well maintained...

As well as a pair of old-looking glasses, that had perfectly spherical lenses, one of which had a hairline crack down one side.

No way in hell did Ms. Miriam wear glasses, and if she did then they would be more modern, which meant...

I took a deep breath, glancing away, wondering just how sad it would truly be to live quite literally forever, while everyone else around you died, over and over, and over again. Of course, I had no idea if the glasses belonged to a man or woman, not really caring either way, since even if they belonged to a man she once really loved, the thought only made me sad instead of jealous or anything like that...

Because that person was undoubtedly deceased.

Focusing on another dresser, I noticed that a small wooden box was out, the haphazard angle making it look as if it wasn't something normally out in the open.

Finding myself curious, I walked over to the richly colored wooden bureau and carefully picked up the box to open it.

I was shocked to see a tiny piece of paper, that was much thicker than I would have normally anticipated, almost looking like an entry ticket from a fair, or...

I could just barely make out a single faded word on the front side.

Frankenstein.

It was a movie ticket, one she'd kept for basically a century.

I recalled her mentioning that she'd seen the movie when it first came out in theaters, and I even remembered how her eyes became unfocused as she seemed to get lost in a memory, but never did I think it might be a memory so important to her that she'd keep the ticket.

Closing the wooden box and carefully setting it how I left it, I glanced back at the glasses again, wondering if they were connected to each other, or from entirely separate memories -- maybe even entirely separate lifetimes.

I also wondered when she took the time to get it out, knowing that the only time she'd really left me for any significant amount, after we'd talked about Frankenstein, was when she let me talk to Serenity on the phone.

And really, that must have been when it was, considering she came back in the silk robe, with her giving me some space while she went back to her room and pulled out a few old things that reminded her of small pieces of her life when she was sincerely happy, even if only for a moment.

Honestly, I wouldn't be surprised if there was actually a world of sadness behind Ms. Miriam's more cheerful exterior, a world of loneliness caused from her being the only person in her world who *persisted* even after everyone died.

Walking back toward the bed, I sat down briefly, just in time for Gwen to walk back into the room, carrying my discarded clothing from earlier, which she'd taken the time to neatly fold.

I thanked her as she handed it all to me, including my shoes...

The appreciation of which left her with a slightly surprised look in her slitted crimson eyes, as well as flushed cheeks. I suspected I knew why. I was definitely thinking and acting more like my usual self, instead of the KING who fucked his servant, though I had no doubt that my sexual aggression toward her would always result in us fucking that way.

Still, it was obvious my open appreciation affected her in some kind of positive way.

Maybe because I was a *nice king*?

Granted, I suspected there was a bit of a masochistic side of her that would enjoy me being a bit of an unkind king too.

She did like to be spanked, after all, and ‘put in her place’ roughly.

Either way, she didn’t respond to my thoughts, just standing there silently while I got dressed, only to quietly ask me to follow her so she could take me to her mistress and Mrs. Rebecca. I finally spoke up about her own nudity then, wondering if she was going to get dressed.

She seemed indifferent, but asked what I would prefer, so I just said ‘clothed.’

Nodding, Gwen walked over to one of the dressers, pulled out a black silk robe with a deep dip in the back that was overall far too short for her, but wrapped around just fine, tying it in place before leading me out of the room. Oddly enough, seeing the bottom of her bare ass beneath the robe, as well as practically all of her upper back and delicate shoulder blades, was actually almost more arousing than her just being naked.

I tried not to stare too much, simply because I wanted to avoid getting too aroused, but I had to admit I kept glancing at her plump ass.

We met the other two in the grand foyer area, with Mrs. Rebecca giving me an uncertain smile similar to the one Gwen had given me upon waking up, a familiar black leather bag on her shoulder. I gave her a small smile in return, which seemed to be enough to ease any tension lingering, prompting her to give her focus to Ms. Miriam.

The younger looking woman asked if we had everything, and when Mrs. Rebecca confirmed we did, they exchanged a hug and then wished us well as we began leaving.

I noticed that Miriam offered me a somewhat somber smile, rather than a hug, and I likewise felt like it was best to leave it at that for now.

So Mrs. Rebecca and I walked out of the large front doors, made our way down the wide concrete steps, and after she threw her bag in the trunk, we both climbed into the vehicle and began heading down the long paved driveway.

It wasn't until we pulled out of the automatic gate, and onto a small road surrounded by large trees, that she finally spoke up after a deep sigh.

"I'm really sorry about everything," she whispered quietly, reaching up to brush some of her heavy red curls off her shoulder, her emerald green blouse tight around her huge chest.

I glanced at her in surprise, assuming she must be talking about when we first got here. "No reason to be sorry," I replied sincerely. "She was just worried about you and all, and it turned out okay in the end." I paused. "And as far as everything else goes, I'm glad I was here. Otherwise they would probably be dead right now."

She grimaced at that. "Yeah, and I can't even begin to express my gratitude for you saving her. For saving all of us. It's just..." Her voice trailed off.

Of course, she was aware of what happened earlier by this point, knowing I'd actually had my heart ripped out of me, prior to waking up as a literal giant of a monster.

"Just what?" I prompted softly.

She sighed. "You're just so young," she whispered. "I just..." She took a deep breath. "I guess it's my motherly instincts. I want to protect you. I want to keep you safe. I want to take care of you, not the other way around." She sighed again, glancing at me. "Not that I mind you taking care of me, and truly I can't even begin to tell you how thankful I am that you saved our lives. But I just wish you didn't have to be the one to suffer to keep us all safe." She grimaced again. "I wish you didn't have to go through all that, even though I am really thankful you were here to defend us."

I shrugged. "Well, if you want to make it up to me, there is one thing you can do."

She looked at me in surprise, only for her emerald gaze to become determined. "Anything, baby boy. What is it you want me to do?"

I smirked. "Well, you did say you'd take me on a date in your red Corvette," I said in amusement.

She again looked shocked, only to laugh. "Oh, baby boy, you are too much. I'd be more than happy to take you on a date," she said warmly. "Just tell me when, and I'll make plans for it, or would you like to go tonight?"

I shook my head, wanting to keep the mood more positive. "Nah, it's been a long day. But maybe in the next week or something. Oh, and how often do you think you'll want to teach me to use my third-eye thing."

She smiled warmly, her tone becoming a bit seductive. "Well, if I could have my way, then I'd just keep you in my bed at all hours of the day, but I suppose Gabby might not like me stealing so much of your time."

I chuckled softly, deciding not to comment.

Mrs. Rebecca smirked, probably knowing what was on my mind, only to sigh. "Well, every night is fine with me. Or every other night, if that's too frequent." She then glanced at me, her expression meaningful. "Baby boy, you come

over whenever you want, and I'll teach you, okay? And you can bring Serenity along too, if you're interested." Her tone became more amused. "I'd be happy to teach her as well, even if she doesn't have a third-eye to train."

Honestly, as enticing as the idea was, the major problem with that would be Serenity transforming and thus revealing that I could change people, which I wasn't sure if I was ready to share yet. Especially since I didn't know how Mrs. Rebecca, or Ms. Miriam for that matter, would react to it.

Granted, that was assuming Serenity would even want to do something like that...

Trying to keep the mood lighthearted, I laughed. "Well, I'm not sure she'd want to come along, but I can ask."

Mrs. Rebecca gave me a playful look. "Oh, baby boy, you have no idea."

"What?" I said in surprise.

She laughed again. "That young woman is already very interested in me. I'm surprised you didn't catch on when she first saw me, and introduced herself." She shrugged. "Can't be helped, really, since she is already bisexual, and I am part succubus. Her beautiful brown eyes barely left me when you brought her over."

I gawked at her in sincere disbelief, only to realize that maybe I shouldn't be so shocked, given that Serenity had shown signs of being somewhat open to getting physical with Gabriella and Avery. Although, I supposed that deep down I wondered if her willingness was due to my influence, but maybe it wasn't me after all. Maybe Serenity truly might have had the interest, given the right circumstances.

Not to mention...she'd brought coworkers over for dinner prior to bringing Nick home, and they'd always been women.

I'd never thought much of it, but it made me wonder if those dinner dates weren't always platonic, or if maybe she was truly trying to get to know those friends on a deeper level.

Hard to say, especially since she seemed to be very interested in me deep down, but I still found it surprising that the reason why Serenity was so hardcore focused on Mrs. Rebecca was because there was a bit of a sexual interest residing beneath the surface.

“So how about it, baby boy?” she unexpectedly asked, seeming amused. “Want me to seduce her in front of you?”

I gulped, rapidly growing really hard. “Umm, as long as she’s sincerely into it...” I cleared my throat. “Then, umm, yeah...that would be nice to watch. Maybe not right away, but eventually.”

Mrs. Rebecca giggled softly, reaching over to gently pat my thigh, before moving to take my hand, intertwining our fingers together. But she didn’t respond, instead continuing to drive in silence now, the two of us holding hands tenderly as I felt a sexual tension begin to build.

A tension I could now sense both with my body, and my third-eye.

Ah, fuck.

Despite everything I’d been through, this bad boy wasn’t going away on its own.

Certainly not anytime soon.

I supposed it was a good thing we had to stop at her place first, because if she didn’t insist on taking me to her bedroom, then I’d at least need to make a trip to the bathroom.

Thing was, I could tell from her affectionate touch...and from her arousing scent...

That we might not even be leaving the spacious car, once she pulled into the garage.

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