

Fey Market Blues

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Art by <https://www.deviantart.com/theoverloader>

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All characters appearing in this story are over the age of 18. This is a work of fiction and any resemblance to real people or situations is coincidental.

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[The Job](#)

The Job



You pick out Jezebel Jennings as a demoness the second she walks through your door. But that doesn't prejudice you against her. There are plenty of demons in the city these days, and they always have cash. How they got it was none of your business. Your business was what she wanted with a private wizard.

She was easy to look at, that was for sure. The slinky dress she wore clung to her like a snake's skin, a long coat with kitsune fur trim thrown over her shoulders, open at the front to reveal a generous swell of her breasts. Her eyes were gold like fresh minted bullion, and were lidded with lashes of dark promises. Her smile is deep and smoky, carrying with it a sense of power that instantly makes you shift in your seat. Tall horns run straight up from her hair, and her skin is the deep purple of a ripe plum. The revolver weighing on your hip holster reassures you some. Your fingers reflexively run along the grip, feeling the enchantments engraved along the barrel warm in anticipation.

"Lukas Lynch?" she asks, and even her voice carries a purr that shoots right to your groin. A demon of pride, or you're an apprentice. Dangerous. Vain. But powerful.

"That's what it says on the door," you say, nodding and standing up.

She puts out a gloved hand. "Jezebel Jennings," she says.

You take her hand, shake it. Her palm is warm as you take your hand away and gesture for her to take a seat in the chair across from you. "What can I do for you?" you say.

She sits down, but not on the chair. Her hip bumps onto the edge of your desk, her figure outlined starkly in the half-open blinds of your office. Her perfume is thick in the air, scented like lavender but rich as whisky, and you hastily stroke the enchanted medallion of True Seeing hooked on your belt, clearing your head a little.

"I need your help," Jezebel says, one hand planted on your desk as she leans towards you, giving you a gander down the purple valley of her breasts. "Discretely."

"I'm nothing if not," you say, not quite able to stop yourself from stealing a peek down her dress. Damn, but those orbs are distracting. As is the perfume that's rapidly filling the air.

She chuckles warmly. "That's so good to hear," she says. "You see, my brother has gone missing."

"Your brother?" you say.

She nods, sorrow etchings itself on her face. But you bet it's only skin deep. The family ties of demons are deep, but not in the way of humans.

"I'm afraid he was running with a bit of a bad crowd," she says.

You raise your eyebrows. "And that's surprising?" you say.

"No. But it wasn't with our crowd, of course," she says.

"Of course," you say mildly.

"I want you to find him. Get him back."

"Have you gone to the police?" you ask.

"Oh no," she says. "They can be terribly... indiscreet, you understand. I'm sure my brother has simply... forgotten what he's about. And we'd be ever so grateful if you could find him and bring him home."

"I see..."

"I'm prepared to offer two thousand gold coins."

Your eyebrows jump at that. That's a lot of cash. Enough to pay rent for your office for ten years easy, and enough to spare to fix up your car. If you ever needed confirmation she was monied, that was it.

"You must really love your brother," you say.

"Oh yes," she says, her voice dropping another octave, the sound reverberating below your stomach. "Like you wouldn't believe. My father is simply broken without him. And so am I. Will you take the job?" she says, reaching out, running her hand up your arm. "Please?"

You shiver under her touch, but your mind focuses on the money. Work's been slow lately, and that kind of cash is hard to say no to. You wet your lips, then nod. "Well," you say. "The price is right."

Her eyes flash and she smiles again. "So good to hear," she says. She leans back a bit, her gloved hand rising, dipping between the orbs of her breasts. You watch raptly as she pulls out a photo from between them, laying it on the table.

You lean forward, peering at it. The photo is faded a bit. Demons never take good pictures. He's male, handsome but slender, sitting in front of a curtain. A pair of short horns rise from some curly dark hair, while a pair of spectacles sit before his eyes. A short jacket hangs off him. He has a bookish look, but there's something about his dark eyes that make you wary. Something cruel about them.

"My brother," Jezebel says, as if there were any doubt. "Clyde Jennings. He's a good boy."

That you do doubt, but you take the photo, which is still warm from her body and scented with perfume. You resist the urge to shake your head. Demons. Never do something normally if you can do it with sex appeal.

"I'll see what I can find out," you say, sliding the photo into the pocket of your overcoat. "What crew was he running with?"

"I heard him call them the Newgates. Apparently they stake out territory in the Fey Markets."

You wince. Shit. That complicated things. The Fey Markets were dangerous territory. Though there were plenty of non-humans in the city, they had to accept human laws. But the Fey Markets were a law unto themselves. Run by various cartels of fey, spirits, demons, and other mystic creatures, humans rarely went there except for the most illicit of items. Partly because it was frowned upon. Also because humans had... uses among the fey that were not wholly above board. A hotbed of smuggling, gambling, and worse, normal people didn't stand a chance in there, and the cops wouldn't even try going in. No wonder she wanted a wizard.

"I'll see what I can find out," you assure you. "I'll try and bring him back. But if it's the Fey Markets, I need to warn you, he might be dead."

"I understand, of course," she says, nodding gently. "We just need to know. Please."

"Of course," you assure her. "I'll do what I can."

"I appreciate this, Lukas," she says, reaching out, touching your tie. You suck in a breath as her fingers play with it, stroking the silk between her thumb and forefinger, no longer teasing the gap that reveals her breasts, but positively flaunting it. "Really, I do. And I'd love to show you how much I appreciate it. May I?"

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Not Now

"I appreciate the offer," you say, delicately removing her fingers from your tie. "But I'd better get to work sooner rather than later."

She gives you an unreadable look, then smiles. "Of course," she says, rising smoothly off your desk. "I understand completely, and look forward to seeing what you come up with. Until then, Mister Lynch."

She turns, her hips swinging as if taunting you with what you could have enjoyed, then she vanishes out the door. You take a deep breath, inhaling again the heaviness of her perfume, and let it out.

Hoo.

You get up, moving to the window and looking through the shades. You see her emerge from the building and enter a waiting cab. Didn't come here in her own car. Interesting. You're starting to get the feeling there's more to this case than you first thought.

You sigh, rubbing your face tiredly. Well, no sense dawdling. You check the gun in your holster once more as you open the door and make your way down the stairs. The street is largely empty, daylight rapidly bleeding from the horizon in a wash of crimson and violets. A chill seeps through your overcoat, and you adjust your hat as you get to your car and pop open the door, sliding into the driver's side.

Well now, what to do?

You drum your fingers on the wheel as you start the engine. You know you have two options, but neither are exactly appealing to you. If you want information about a Fey Market gang, you'll have to go to one of your contacts. You could hit up Gabriela, who runs a gang of goblin smugglers running out of a speakeasy down on market street, but she can be... difficult at the best of times. She's always had a thing for you, which is useful, but she'll always try and trap you into becoming her new 'husband.' And goblin maids have very... aggressive flirting.

Then there's Marina, the information broker. The poppy alraune has her roots in everything, but she's always pretty cagey. It's easier getting blood from a stone than info from her, and being a plant fey, she doesn't take payment in money. You shiver at the memory of the wasted figures typical of her grove. But you need info, and one of those two will surely know about the Newgates...

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Agree Submissively

“Well, ah, if you insist,” you say.

Her smile grows. The predator sensing her prey. She lazily moves her legs over yours, straddling your lap. Her arms wrap around your neck, pulling you closer, her eyes molten with lust. You inhale sharply as her mound rubs against your bulge, taking in a lungful of sweetly smooth perfume, sending a shot of lust through you like a .45’s slug.

“Thank you,” she purrs, her hips moving with almost uncanny ease, grinding herself against your manhood, the heat of her desire radiating through her skirt and your pants. “You don’t know how good it makes me feel, knowing such an... impressive man is going to find my brother.”

“Well, I’m just ah... h-happy to help,” you gasp.

“Oh, I know,” she purrs, leaning in closer, reeling you in by your tie. “But I want to show you.”

Her lips meet yours like someone lit a firework in your brain. Bursts of pleasure shoot through you in crackling ecstasy, sparking through your nerves and curling your toes. You groan, your eyes growing lidded, your hands instantly around her. One grabs her ass, squeezes. The other goes to her back, pulling her closer.

She gives a throaty laugh, the sound vibrating through you as she rocks her hips against your bulge, her lips breaking the kiss with a popping sound. “Eager, aren’t you?”

“I-”

“That’s good,” she purrs, leaning down again. “I like them eager.”

Her lips meet yours again, and you groan in ecstasy as her electric kiss shoots through you once more, your body trembling in pleasure. Your hands frantically grope her, pulling her closer, your mouth adoring her.

Jezebel groans, arching against you, her hand slipping into your lap. You gasp as her finger undoes your zipper, your cock fairly bursting out into the open, twitching with desperate desire.

“Mmm. So virile for me,” she purrs, nipping your lip as her fingers leisurely stroke your cock. “Good. I need a virile man to take on this job.”

“Happy to... to...” you gasp.

“But I also need a man who knows when to keep quiet,” she purrs. “So stop talking. And just... enjoy...”

Works for you. Obediently you shut up, kissing her again with adoring passion as her hips rock. You feel her dress slide up her smooth thighs, and then the slick heat of her pussy presses against your manhood.

Good gods, you wish all your clients were this much fun!

And the fun is just beginning. Evidenced by the motion of her hips, riding against you, her moans of pleasure hiking as her tight pussy grips your manhood.

"Oh yessss," Jezebel moans, shuddering as her hips rock, your cock sliding in and out of her with unspeakable pleasure, your body quivering in ecstasy. Fucking hell, demon girls are the best!

"Fuck!" you gasp. "That's... ah..."

"Give it to me, detective," she growls hotly, increasing her pace. Bouncing on your lap. Her breasts nearly knocking your chin as her ass slaps your lap, her hands on your shoulders, holding you down, her fingers digging into you through your overcoat. Her golden eyes flare. Hot. Molten. Coins catching the gleam of infernal light. "Fuck me! Fuck me hard! Give me your seed. Ohhhh, I want it. I want you! Work for me. Find him! Find my brother and you'll get so much more, detective. You'll get so much glorious pleasure from me! But you have to find him. You have to bring him to me. You have to serve me!"

"Yessss!" you cry, gasping with pleasure. "Anything! I will. I will!"

"Good boy," Jezebel purrs, her teeth flashing in the thin rays of fading daylight, her face cast in shadows and eyes glowing with desire and triumph. "Then... ha... cum!"

Her lips descend to yours anew with that command. The shock of it hits you like a punch in the face. Your body arches, your cock pulsing. You moan in shameless pleasure as your cock gives up, surrendering, jolting as you cum in bursts of hottest pleasure.

"Mmmmm," Jezebel purrs, still kissing you, relishing the pleasure of your orgasm, her tongue dominating your own. It feels like she's sucking at your mouth. You feel a shudder of light-headed weakness surge through you, making you swoon where you sit.

She suddenly breaks the kiss, panting, her eyes lidded, her breasts heaving with ecstasy.

"Ah... ha... ha. You'd... you'd best be careful, detective," she purrs, her eyes still hot and hungry. "If you're so willing to surrender... then I fear that... you won't last long enough to find... find my brother."

"Ooooh," you groan, sagging in your chair, your head spinning from the experience.

Jezebel chuckles softly and pats your cheek. "You'll recover fast, detective. But once you finish this job to my satisfaction, perhaps I could be enticed to let you experience the true ecstasy of a succubi's hunger."

Her words tingle in you with mingled fear and delight. To have your soul fucked out by a succubus would truly be an experience. It would also be your last as a thinking individual. Those whose souls are drained by a demon become little more than husks or, if the demoness is particularly fond of them, thralls. Mindless toys of their infernal mistress, unable to defy or even think of anything without their unholy patron's say so.

You feel another shudder as you recall the few thralls you've seen before. Revulsion, surely. But... perhaps a little envy?

You blink, realising suddenly you're alone. Looks like Jezebel left while you were still recovering, leaving nothing but the tantalising aroma of her perfume in the air. Flushing, you hastily tuck your cock back into your pants, then rise from your chair. Well, no sense dawdling. You check the gun in your holster as you open the door and make your way down the stairs. The street is largely empty, daylight rapidly bleeding from the horizon in a wash of crimson and violets. A chill seeps through your overcoat, and you adjust your hat as you get to your car and pop open the door, sliding into the driver's side.

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Agree Aggressively

"I think I'd like that," you growl, your voice hot. Heavy.

She raises a brow, but her lidded eyes are smoky with promise. "Mmm. Well, if you wish it," she purrs. "But however shall you have me?"

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[Over the Desk](#)

Over the Desk

There's really only one choice for a beauty like her. You stand, Jezebel arching an eyebrow as you move around the desk. She turns to watch you, and you suddenly grab her by the hip, tugging her upright and against you.

She starts at the motion, but her body melds against you almost instantly, as only a demon of pleasure could. Her breasts soft cushions pressing against your chest, the scent of lavender filling your nose. "Hmm. Aggressive, aren't you?" she says, glancing up at you, utterly unperturbed by your actions.

"That's why you're hiring me," you as you grab her hip, your hand sliding up it, hiking up her skirt, the feel of her smooth skin under your calloused fingers delightful. Alien. Strange, yet acutely attractive. You suddenly turn her around and push on the small of her back, making her gasp as you suddenly bend her over your desk. "You want a man that can get the job done. Well, here I am."

"Mmm. So you are," she says, lazily arching, curving her back and pushing her ass out, pressing those perfect curves against her coat. "Why not show me what that means."

Fuck but she's a tease. Well, that's fine. You can work with that. With one hand you undo your pants, drawing out your cock, stiff and ready for the seductive succubus. With your other hand you slap her on the flank, making her gasp, moan, her ass bucking in delight as you grab her skirt and flip it up, revealing the soft globes of her purple bum. You slide your hand down the crease of her rear, your fingers finding their way between her thighs where you discover the dampness of her desire.

"Look at that. All ready for me," you murmur, leaning over her, her ass pressing against your pelvis as you rub your stiff cock between her thighs.

"Yessss," she groans, rubbing herself back against you. "Take me."

"Well, you are paying me," you say, nipping her ear, making her moan as you push forward, filling the hot tightness of her pussy with your cock.

Ohhhhh fuck. Demons are always the best lovers. Her pussy squeezes around you like a flawless sheathe, massaging your manhood as you begin to rut into her, your hips spanking off her firm ass, your breath hot in her ear as you plow the gorgeous demoness. You plant one hand on the top of the desk for stability, the other on her shoulder to keep her steady as you claim her with sharp, hungry motions of your hips. Fuck she's good. Oh fuck she's so tight! So hot. Every sound that escapes her lips a croon of pleasure enticing you to do more. Fuck her harder. Faster. Ever more eagerly to make her finally cum. To reach that glorious pinnacle of final ecstasy.

You have to. Because gods know you won't last long.

You can already sense it as you pump into her. Your orgasm thumps in your fluttering pulse with growing urgency. You can barely hold back. She's so good. Oh fuck.

"Oh! Ohhhh yessss," Jezebel moans, thrusting back her ass, meeting your cock with the slap of flesh. "Keep going. Ah. Ah! Yes. Yes! Give it... give it to me. Give me that cock!"

“Fuck! Take it! Take it you demonic... ha... b-bitch! Take it... a-alllll!”

You groan, pushed past the brink, unable to resist her any longer. You bury yourself to the hilt in her a final time, squeezing her shoulder, groaning in pleasure as you cum. “Fuuuuuck!” you cry out.

“Oh yesssss!” Jezebel groans, her inner walls flexing deliciously around you, squeezing your manhood as she cums, her pussy milking you of your seed in hot bursts of rippling pleasure. “Yesssss!”

The ecstasy of that moment is like none you’ve known before. You feel light headed, your vision swimming as your legs grow weak. You groan, sagging against the succubus, only for her to slip out from beneath you like a dream in the morning.

Planting a hand on the desk, you manage to prop yourself up, giving her a long look. Jezebel smirks, brushing back her hair casually.

“Not bad, Mr. Lynch,” she says, straightening her skirt, looking for all the world like she hadn’t just gotten fucked in some twobit private eye’s office. “Not bad at all.”

“High... praise,” you grunt.

“Let us hope it well deserved,” Jezebel says. “You have your information, detective. I look forward to hearing of the results. Until then.”

With a final flick of farewell she turns and departs, her hips swinging, drawing your eyes with their sultry sway until she vanishes around the corner.

You manage to push yourself upright, heading to the window. Just in time to see her get into a cab. Didn’t come here in her own car, you note. You’re starting to get the feeling there’s more to this case than you first thought.

You sigh, rubbing your face tiredly. Well, no sense dawdling. You’ve always recovered quickly, and this is no different. You do back up your pants and check your gun in its holster once more as you open the door and make your way down the stairs. The street is largely empty, daylight rapidly bleeding from the horizon in a wash of crimson and violets. A chill seeps through your overcoat, and you adjust your hat as you get to your car and pop open the door, sliding into the driver’s side.

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Then there’s Marina, the information broker. The alraune has her roots in everything, but she’s always pretty cagey. It’s easier getting blood from a stone than info from her, and being a plant fey, she doesn’t take payment in money. You shiver at the memory of the wasted figures typical of her grove. But you need info, and one of those two will surely know about the Newgates...

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Suck You Off

You know you shouldn't, but the temptation of getting those luscious lips around your cock is too much to ignore. You kick back your chair, sliding back a bit on the rollers. You spread your legs and gesture towards your lap.

"Let's see what that lovely mouth of yours can really do," you say.

A flash of amusement quirks her smile. Her eyes grow lidded, dangerous. "Many would consider what you just suggested an act worthy of your death."

"Is that where we're going with this?" you ask lazily, though your hand wanders near your holstered pistol.

"On the contrary," she says, sliding off your desk as sleekly as a jungle cat. "I find it quite... appealing."

You chuckle as she slinks down between your legs, her deft fingers brushing your bulge. You gasp as your zipper seems to come undone almost of its own accord, sliding down, releasing you from its fabric prison. The sight of the temptress before you has more than stirred your blood, and instantly your shaft bursts free, thick and turgid with arousal.

Jezebel's immaculate eyebrows quirk and her lovely lips deepen her smile, then pucker up and kiss the tip of your length.

Oh fuck! You jolt at the sensation that shoots through you from 'head' to toes. Arousal sings through you, making you suck in a sharp breath. Tense as you feel your balls tighten in anticipation of her full affections. Gods! This might be tougher than you thought.

Jezebel clearly sees the effect she has on you, her smirk deepening as she opens her lips and takes the crown of your manhood between them.

"Mnnnn!" you groan, head thrown back as her lips run up and down your throbbing cock, sucking you off from tip to root with unholy expertise. "Oh f-fuck. Oh fuck yes!" you gasp your hand landing on her head, pushing her down harder, shoving your cock deeper into her mouth. Your toes curl as her tongue gets to work, wrapping around your shaft with prehensile skill, her lips drawn up, down, sucking you off slow but hard.

"Fuck!" you pant. "Yes. Suck. Suck my f-fucking cock. Use that tongue. Faster you... you s-slut. Oh fuck. Oh fuuuuck! Fasterrrr!"

Jezebel complies, doing as instructed, her lips increasing her pace. You gasp as you feel her fingers cup your balls, lazily fondling them as you thrust into her mouth.

"Yes!" you groan. "Oh f-fuck yes! That's... that's iiiiit. I'm so close. So... ah... f-fucking close! Almost there. Almost... Mnnnnn!"

You let out a throaty groan as you reach your peak, your cock throbbing, balls tightening as you surrender your load into the lips of the seductive succubus.

Jezebel moans, sounding almost as ecstatic as you as her throat works, swallowing your thick seed deep down her hungry throat. Her lidded eyes burn hot with pleasure, her lips slowing their loving sucking, milking you back down from your peak.

Weakness sweeps over you. Drains you. You knew to expect it. The sensual power of demons suck the essence from their victims, and if a man wasn't careful, a succubus could drink him dry, reducing him to little more than a helpless thrall to her will.

But Jezebel doesn't go that far. She lazily lifts her lips, sliding them off your cock with a final deep kiss. Her lips smack, popping free from the suction, leaving your twitching manhood slick with her saliva. "Mmm," she hums, licking her lips, her eyes lidded, hot with satisfaction. "Delicious, Mr. Lynch. It's been a while since I've tasted a man of such... vigour."

"I... try," you say, still breathless.

She chuckles, rising from the floor in a swirl of her skirt. "Of that I have no doubt. Your reputation is quite... substantial," she says, the tip of her index finger gliding around her lips, as if investigating a sensation lingering upon them. She smirks. "Let us hope it well deserved," she adds. "You have your job, detective. I look forward to hearing of the results. Until then."

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