



Sealing the Pact

AN EROTIC SHORT STORY

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Warning:

Sealing the Pact is fantasy material only. It was written by a kinky queer woman, for kinky queer people. In no way does it reflect reality. This story contains explicit sexual content, including scenes of dubious consent. That being said, the story has a “happy” ending. If this kind of content might upset you, please read something else.

In this story, succubi are powerful demons that feed on human lust, manipulating their minds to seduce them. They can also change their bodies in order to better seduce their targets. In this story, Layla changes her anatomy between a pussy and a cock as she pleases.

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Elise

ELISE ADJUSTED HER GLASSES, studying the chalk outline she'd sketched on her dormitory floor. She referenced her tattered notebook closely, but found no flaws in its design. The five-foot pentagram, surrounded by mystic runes, was the result of a month's tedious research. It would also determine her final Summoning grade of the semester.

Of all her classes at Ludianus' School for Wizards, Elementalists, and Demonologists, Summoning was the most difficult. (Except, perhaps, for Pacts and Contracts.) When making pacts with dangerous entities such as demons, Summoning was by far the most volatile stage of the process. And, unlike other classes, Summoning required a perfect final exam score.

Satisfied, Elise marked her page with a chalk-coated finger. She sighed, pushing back her unruly curls. Several stray locks had escaped her haphazard bun, but that was the least of her discomforts. Hours spent kneeling on the stone floor had wreaked havoc on her poor knees, and her eyes were dry from all the staring she'd done that day.

She straightened, placing her other hand on her lower back to stretch out her stiff spine. She went to her cluttered mahogany desk, careful not to smudge the pentagram underfoot, and set the notebook on a reading stand. She flipped to her list of supplies on the next page: candles of varying shapes and sizes, pure rock salt, and a vial of blessed water.

Elise gathered the necessary items and arranged them around the summoning circle. She set a candle at each point of the pentagram, sprinkled water along every line and rune, and poured a ring of rock salt around the whole thing.

Eventually, she decided her summoning circle looked as perfect as it was going to get. The pentagram and corresponding runes were neat and free of extraneous debris. She'd used the entire tin of salt and emptied the vial of blessed water. The candles, mismatched at first glance, were perfectly proportioned down to their base components.

There was only one thing left to do. One final step to peel back the veils between the mortal plane and the chaotic, overlapping dimensions that made up the realm of Demonia. A blood offering was necessary to seal the pact she intended to make.

Elise withdrew a small switchblade from the component pouch at her waist. Most warlocks preferred flashier affairs, like crooked silver daggers or cursed swords. For her, cleanliness and convenience were key. She made a quick cut at the base of her palm, then held her hand over the circle. She clenched her fist and squeezed six fat, oozing drops of blood onto the pentagram.

She held her breath, waiting.

Nothing happened.

Wrapped in a blanket of tense stillness, she ticked off the crawling seconds. *One, two, three.* The faint crackle of the candles and the heavy thud of her heartbeat in her ears seemed far too loud in the silence. *Four, five, six... How much longer? Did I do something wrong? No, I triple-checked for mistakes. Everything's perfect. It has to work!*

As the creeping fear of failure weighed down her heart, the thick, sweet scent of jasmine floated into Elise's nose. She frowned, adjusting her glasses. *That's definitely unusual...*

Crimson smoke billowed inside the pentagram. A warm gust of wind blew across Elise's face, teasing through her hair and

causing the candles to flicker. She coughed, covering her nose and mouth. The smell of jasmine grew almost overpowering.

Suddenly, the wind died away. The candle flames stopped dancing. A striking silhouette emerged from the smoke: a curvy, feminine figure with generous hips and a seductive sway in her walk. She strutted up to the edge of the pentagram, then stopped short.

Elise removed her glasses, rubbing the foggy lenses on her shirt. Even so, she couldn't quite make out the details of the person's face. The ethereal glow of her golden eyes, however, was nothing short of piercing. Whatever it—*she?*—was, was definitely demonic. Her heart pounded faster. Demons with humanoid forms were powerful. That boded well for her exam, so long as she kept control of the situation.

More smoke spilled from the circle in rolling waves, but the demon remained within the pentagram. She placed a hand on her hip and shifted her weight, smirking. Elise could tell she was smirking even though the details of her face were blurry, as though reluctant to settle into a comprehensible whole. Definitely some trickery afoot there.

"Well, well. Hello there, darling." Like her shape, the demon's seductive purr was undeniably feminine. "You're absolutely precious, aren't you? What a lovely surprise."

Elise cleared her throat. She had a whole speech planned, but the words faltered on her lips, fading into a quiet whimper. She gaped shamelessly as the demon's golden eyes scanned her from head to toe. The long, appraising look felt like a scorching flame that licked Elise's prickling skin.

Succubus.

The word floated unbidden to the surface of Elise's thoughts. Still pinned by the demon's stare, she searched her swirling mind for any information she could recall. Succubi read the minds of unsuspecting humans, poking and probing in search of their deepest desires. They were immensely powerful; powerful enough to make those desires come true... if one were willing to trade their immortal soul, of course.

None of that knowledge helped her now, as the succubus tossed a lock of lustrous hair over one shoulder. It cascaded down her back in a waterfall of shiny black waves. "Well, sweetness, you called and I answered."

The succubus' lashes fluttered above her hooded eyes. Elise saw her features more clearly now, and they were nothing short of stunning. With high cheekbones, full black lips, and a jawline sharp as a razor's edge, she was almost painful to look at. Her smooth, unblemished skin was a gorgeous shade of lavender.

"Why don't you tell me your name?" the succubus asked.

Elise's lips, which had remained stubbornly silent before, moved to answer. She clamped her mouth shut. She knew better than to reveal her name until it was time to sign a contract. "Tell me yours first." Her voice was a weak, tremulous thing, embarrassing to her own ears.

The succubus ran a forked black tongue over her lip. "You're just adorable." Withdrawing her hand from her hip, she crossed her arms beneath her full breasts as though to offer them up for Elise's admiration. A few wisps of smoke preserved her nonexistent modesty, but they mostly served to tease. "If you won't share your name, why not tell me what you want? You must have reached into the abyss for a reason."

Elise fidgeted, fighting the impulse to approach the succubus. She resisted, but the urge to cross the summoning circle and slide her hands up along the demon's toned arms remained. Was that smooth lavender skin as soft as it looked?

"I-um... I mean, yes. I need..." The word 'need' cracked in Elise's throat. Her cheeks burned and she wrung her hands nervously.

The succubus arched a bold brow. "No need for embarrassment, darling. Everyone needs something. Otherwise, I'd be out of business. I live to serve, you know."

"I need to pass my final exam," Elise blurted out. Inwardly, she cursed her lack of composure. How did this creature manage to pull the words from her lips before she had a chance to think them through? She'd assumed, with her typical lack of interest in the needs of the flesh, she'd be able to resist such base impulses. Apparently, she'd underestimated this demon's power.

The succubus tipped her head back and laughed. The sound was low and golden, like the glow of a welcoming fire, and it warmed Elise from head to toe. "Is that all? I must admit, I'm impressed. Your call was far more sophisticated than I would expect from a mere student, even one of Ludianus' fledglings." Her playful smile barely concealed the sharp points of her teeth. "But I'm willing to make a deal with you, if the price is right."

Elise's breath hitched. How would those wickedly pointed fangs feel buried in her flesh? She shuddered at the thought. It took her several moments to collect herself. "I need a contract and, um—some sort of proof? A token that I summoned you..." She waved her hand in an awkward, aimless gesture before wilting in embarrassment.

"Easily done," the succubus said. Elise felt a curious tug in her lower belly. The demon's voice burrowed deep inside her, seizing hold in ways that made her ache. "Now, what will you give me in return?"

Elise chewed her lip. There were the standard offers, of course, but she doubted the succubus would accept. "A vial of my blood?"

The succubus shook her head. The inky black waves of her hair shifted about her shoulders. "Blood may suffice for imps, but I feast on far more delicious prey." Her smirk spread into a knowing grin that showed all her fangs.

A wave of heat rolled through Elise's body, making her knees wobble. Once more, she felt the powerful urge to step into the circle.

Concentrate! What else can you offer?

"I could bind a weaker demon to your service?"

"I can do that myself. Come on, sweetness. Surely you have something I want... besides your soul, of course. I assume you won't part with that so easily."

"Of course not," Elise stammered. She was surprised the succubus had discounted her soul so quickly, though. And perhaps a bit disappointed? *Isn't my soul good enough for... whatever purpose a succubus might have?* She diverted her thoughts before they wandered any further down those dangerous paths.

"I have a suggestion," the succubus said, "if you'll hear it."

Elise swallowed a whimper. The movement of the succubus' lush lips as they wrapped around each syllable was hypnotic. How could a voice, no matter how seductive, make her blood rush

and her heart race this way? How could mere words feel like a physical caress against her burning flesh?

She took a step toward the succubus before she realized what she was doing. Crossing into the circle meant the succubus could influence her, but wasn't that already happening? She scrunched her eyes shut, struggling to focus through the sweltering heat and the sweet scent of jasmine.

Resist! You're stronger than this, Elise! Now, what did she say...? She opened her eyes, attempting to look somewhere beyond the succubus' shoulder instead of continuing to stare. "What is your suggestion?"

"Nothing of consequence," the succubus drawled, twirling a lock of black hair around a long, slender finger. "A simple kiss will do."

Elise gasped. *A kiss?* She licked her lips instinctively. On the one hand, that price was easily paid. On the other, demons never requested things without value. What could the succubus expect to gain from a simple kiss?

The succubus seemed to read Elise's mind. "For me, a kiss from a pretty girl is like... what are those sweet treats you humans love to eat? Candy." Her words dripped with just as much sweetness. "If all you need from me is a contract and some trivial token to show your teacher, a kiss will do nicely."

Elise chewed her lip. She'd never kissed a woman before—hadn't even thought about it—but suddenly, kissing the succubus was all she could imagine. How would those soft, full lips feel moving against her own? How would the warmth of that generous mouth taste? How would those pointed teeth feel against her tongue? It didn't matter that Elise didn't know the

demon's name. It didn't matter that succubi were clever and dangerous.

Surely one kiss won't do any harm? I'll lean over the circle without stepping inside. That should be safe enough. She cleared her throat and straightened her posture, attempting to look confident. "I accept."

"Wonderful." The demon clasped her hands beneath her chin in a pleasant yet businesslike manner. "I accept as well." With a flick of her pointed tail, she summoned a golden scroll in a small poof of crimson smoke. She took the scroll in one hand, unfurled it, and pricked the opposite index finger on one of her fangs. When she touched its bleeding tip to the page, the scroll glowed a deep crimson, like dying coals.

Elise watched, fascinated. She'd observed similar things during classroom demonstrations, but the succubus' movements were bewitching. Every subtle gesture exuded confidence and grace.

The succubus licked the bleeding pad of her finger, making Elise ache at the reappearance of that long, forked black tongue, then extended the contract across the ring of salt.

With a shaking hand, Elise accepted the scroll. Her heart fluttered when their hands brushed during the exchange. The demon's fingers looked slender and dextrous. Most damning of all, they were delightfully soft and warm. She longed to feel them elsewhere.

After an embarrassing amount of time, Elise withdrew with heavy reluctance. The ghost of the succubus' touch lingered after their hands parted.

Elise opened the scroll before she could slip further into her lustful haze. *It will all be over soon.* No one had to know how

keenly she longed for the succubus to touch her again. It was the demon's power attempting to influence her, not a reflection of her true desires.

The contract was only one sentence and remarkably simple:

I, Layla, shall provide an exact copy of this contract, as well as a tangible token of my favor, to the undersigned in exchange for one kiss from the undersigned.

Beneath the exaggerated, blood-red cursive was a line for Elise to sign her name.

She adjusted her glasses, rereading the contract several times. There was no possible way to misunderstand it. She'd expected trickery during this stage, but the succubus—*Layla*—seemed forthright. Perhaps she'd kept the contract simple in hopes Elise would be open to signing more in the future? Some demons preferred to play the long game. But there seemed to be no danger here, so long as she didn't sign any further contracts with Layla.

A smile crept across Elise's face. Everything was going perfectly. The cut at the base of her palm had already begun to clot, but she managed to squeeze another drop of blood from the wound. She touched the page. With a flourish, her name appeared on the line in wet crimson blood, an exact copy of her signature as she wrote it with quill and ink.

Once the last letter appeared in her familiar scrawl, the contract went up in flames. Elise jerked her hand back, but the puff of fire hadn't burned. A few glowing embers floated in the air on another plume of jasmine-scented smoke.

Without the contract to study, she found herself staring at Layla again. *Layla. What a beautiful name.* Dimly, she realized she was forgetting something. Oh, what did it matter anyway? She wanted to drown in Layla's beautiful golden eyes, where similar embers danced within their endless depths.

"I'll provide a copy of the contract and my token upon its fulfillment," Layla said. "First, my kiss."

Elise licked her lips nervously—a newly-developed habit around Layla, it seemed. She hadn't kissed anyone since early adolescence, before she entered Ludianus' school. Since then, her studies had taken almost every minute of her time. She hadn't regretted her lack of experience until this moment. Her gaze dropped to Layla's lips and lingered there.

"You can't leave the circle," she said.

"There's no need," Layla said. "You can come to me."

Elise's brow furrowed. She'd expected a trick here. An attempt to escape the summoning circle, maybe, since the contract had been so simple. Would Layla acquiesce to everything so easily? But Elise was so close she could taste success. She also couldn't help wondering what Layla tasted like. There was only one way to find out.

"All right," Elise murmured, "but I'm only going to lean over. I won't step inside."

"Of course." Layla's long lashes fluttered with feigned innocence. "Come closer, darling. I won't bite unless you ask."

Elise edged toward the circle of salt bordering the pentagram. She took a deep, unsteady breath. *Best rip the bandage off. Keep things nice and quick, so Layla can't trick me at the last moment.*

Knowing she must look terribly awkward, but unsure what else to do, Elise closed her eyes, puckered her lips, and leaned over the circle.

Layla's mouth was warm. So warm and incredibly soft, tasting faintly of cinnamon.

Elise relaxed. This wasn't so bad. It was nice, in fact. *Very nice...*

Her clenched fists opened. In a curious daze, she reached across the border for Layla—any part of Layla. Her hands settled on Layla's toned arms, feeling the firm muscles there. Distantly, she realized she'd fulfilled her end of the bargain. *No need to keep going. I should pull away...*

Layla's tongue stroked Elise's lower lip, but didn't press further, a tease rather than a demand.

Elise groaned, sliding her palms up along Layla's arms and winding her own around the demon's neck. Layla's hands wrapped around Elise's hips, pulling her into a gentle embrace. It was slow and sweet and entirely unthreatening. Not what she'd expected at all. She relaxed in Layla's arms, surrendering to the kiss, to Layla's hot mouth and gently probing tongue.

When Layla finally broke the kiss, her mouth hovering mere inches away, Elise couldn't help but chase them. Layla allowed only the faintest brush of lips before retreating further. She gave Elise's hips a fond squeeze, and Elise shivered as the strange sensation of a strong, flexible tail curled around one of her thighs.

"That wasn't so hard," Layla purred. "Was it, sweetness?"

A needy whine escaped Elise's tingling lips. She still felt the ghost of Layla's kiss—and she wanted more. One kiss simply wasn't enough. *Surely one more won't do any harm?*

Layla's right hand slid up Elise's side, splaying across her ribs. Her touch felt like hot tongues of flame through the fabric of Elise's dress. The tail around her thigh slid slowly upward, its tip grazing the edge of her underwear.

On instinct, Elise rocked her hips forward, but the tail withdrew. Her heart skipped a beat. *Wait. What am I doing?! I stepped into the circle! I'm vulnerable and—*

Layla laughed. The rich, golden sound was even sweeter than before. Her mounting tension melted like a spring thaw. Despite her misgivings, she leaned closer, losing herself in the scent of jasmine once more.

Unfortunately, Layla's lips hovered just out of reach. Her wandering hand cupped Elise's breast, kneading gently through her dress. "I'm happy to provide more than kisses, so long as you're willing. No charge. I find you simply delightful, and I've always had a terrible sweet tooth."

Elise's head spun. Logically, she knew she was in a perilous situation, but all she wanted, all she craved, was to taste Layla again. Anywhere and everywhere. Nothing else mattered.

"Please," she gasped, curling her fingers into Layla's silky hair. She tried to pull Layla down for another kiss.

"Ah, ah." Layla's breath unfurled warm and soft against Elise's cheek. The wandering tip of her tail made another teasing pass over the front of Elise's underwear. Elise gasped as the fabric soaked through in a matter of moments. "Not yet. Let's continue somewhere more comfortable."

Patting Elise's cheek as though in sympathy, Layla withdrew her hand and made a casual gesture. Another plume of red smoke billowed around them, clouding Elise's vision. She closed her eyes, clinging to Layla's shoulders as the warm wind returned.

Where is she taking me? Elise wondered, unable to summon the appropriate amount of fear. By all rights, she should be terrified. Who knew where Layla might whisk her away? As the wind whipped through her hair, she turned to Layla for reassurance, burying her face in the succubus' chest.

The wind died down quickly, but Elise didn't withdraw from Layla. Her face burned hotter than a bonfire. She was mightily embarrassed with herself for hiding in Layla's generous cleavage, but couldn't bring herself to look up.

Fortunately, Layla didn't seem to mind. She caressed the top of Elise's head, idly petting her hair as one might stroke a beloved cat. "We're here." She slid her fingers down to the roots of Elise's hair and tugged, guiding her to look up.

Elise blinked, taking in her surroundings. There was little to see. They'd appeared in a room, sort of. More like a bubble afloat in a sea of red clouds that reminded her of Layla's smoke. A *pocket dimension*? The only piece of furniture was a large four-poster bed with a purple velvet canopy. Luxurious, certainly, but odd all on its own.

She frowned, poised to ask one of several questions clamoring for attention in her brain, but then Layla kissed her again. She forgot everything else. It didn't matter where they were. All that mattered was the taste of Layla's lips; a taste she would certainly die without.

Layla

Oh, what a delectable morsel!

Layla couldn't believe her luck. Just one kiss, and the poor, shivering creature was as soft and pliable as putty. The young warlock's aura was an intoxicating blend of innocence and deep, yearning desire.

The moment she'd taken Elise's lips for the first time, Layla had learned everything she needed. Elise was a quintessential late bloomer. She hadn't been kissed in years, and never seriously. She'd completely ignored sexual pleasure in favor of rigorous study.

Layla intended to fix that problem immediately.

She walked Elise back toward the bed, sliding both hands beneath her backside and lifting her onto the mattress. With a wave of her tail, she summoned subtle lines of flickering red fire in the air. They crawled along Elise's modest blue robes, devouring the faded fabric.

Elise didn't even flinch as the flames consumed her clothes. She opened her arms and whimpered, begging Layla to climb on top with dark, pleading brown eyes.

Layla smirked. *I really am splendid at my job.* This sweet little thing was entirely under her spell.

She took a moment to admire her prey, drinking in the sight of Elise's pert breasts, stiff pink nipples, and the rosy flush that stained her pale skin. Her scent reminded Layla of pressed flowers and leather book bindings. She blinked, surprised by the thought. This was about satiating her hunger. Her partners' lust fed her very life-force. She needed it to survive.

No need to get all poetic about my dinner... no matter how delicious it happens to be.

She'd had far more beautiful women than this one, although there was something compelling about her. Perhaps it was the earnest innocence of her blush? The obvious shiver of need that coursed through her slender frame? Either way, the signs of desire written all over her trembling body were as naked as she was.

Elise gave an impatient whine and spread her legs. She lifted her hips, rocking against empty air.

Layla's admiring gaze dropped to Elise's pussy. Her outer lips were gorgeous and puffy, pouting open to reveal her slick pink inner petals. Layla's mouth watered. She fully intended to gorge herself, but there was no reason to rush through her feast. This sweet little thing was a dish worth savoring.

She knelt between Elise's thighs, running her open palms along the pale landscape of skin. The precious noises continued as Elise's chest rose and fell. Her shuddering sips of breath came quick and shallow, making her small breasts sway.

Layla prowled up along Elise's prone form, fastening her hands around the warlock's narrow hips and dipping down to suck her nipples. The stiff pink points hardened beautifully beneath her tongue. She moaned, knowing Elise would feel the vibration, then sucked—gently at first, then with growing hunger.

Elise's hands shot down to Layla's head, fingers curling into her hair. Layla didn't mind the tugging. Such minor discomforts merely added spice to her palette. She bit and sucked Elise's nipples until they were angry, swollen, and cherry red.

"Please," Elise gasped, tugging Layla's hair. Her hips churned, smearing slick heat along Layla's abdomen. She tried to

guide Layla's mouth lower, but Layla pulled away, relishing Elise's broken whine.

This was almost too easy. Her prey wasn't offering any resistance. *Perhaps I should probe deeper?*

Layla nipped the graceful column of Elise's throat, marking the vulnerable flesh with perfect purple imprints of her teeth. Elise tilted her chin, offering more of her neck, wordlessly begging to be bitten again. Though she was sorely tempted, she claimed Elise's lips instead.

Each kiss Layla stole whispered filthy secrets in her mind: Elise's deepest desires and fantasies. *Hopeless bottom. Longs to surrender to someone tall, dark, and handsome. Craves pain with her pleasure. And oh, how eager she is to please!*

Elise's fantasies weren't surprising. They almost made Layla laugh into the kiss. No wonder the pitiful creature was so inexperienced. She had no interest in men, but for all her academic brilliance, she'd barely begun to reconcile the fact that those sorts of wicked pleasures could come from a woman. Her cluelessness was almost cute.

A little too cute. Layla felt an insistent tug between her legs. Maybe easy wasn't so bad after all? This adorable, broken thing wouldn't be a challenge, but she would be wonderfully obedient. The thought made Layla's core clench. Slickness spread along the sensitive lips of her pussy. There was something to be said for the classic kinks. They were popular for a reason, even with her.

Knowing what she knew about Elise, Layla made some subtle modifications. She lengthened her limbs and added more muscle, purposefully flexing as Elise rocked against her taut abdomen. She broadened her shoulders and sharpened her features, allowing more of her natural monstrosity to show

through. A smile played about her lips. It was nice to be closer to her neutral form for once.

Elise stared up at her, blinking in mild confusion. An adorable furrow appeared between her brows, but Layla kissed it away. She took Elise's wrists and pinned them overhead, savoring the delectable sight of Elise as she struggled. It wasn't real resistance; more of a natural attempt to test Layla's strength.

Layla squeezed Elise's wrists in warning, admiring the way her brown eyes widened and her breath hitched. She could have gripped much harder, but she could tell that this pretty young warlock wouldn't be able to handle the full brunt of her supernatural strength.

Gentle it is, then. By my standards, anyway.

She stole another kiss from Elise's wanting lips, swallowing each moan and sigh like the sweetest of desserts. The lustful energy radiating from Elise's soul filled Layla with energy and vigor. She drank it through every inch of skin contact, tensing her stomach so Elise could continue rocking up into her.

It was no surprise to Layla when Elise came, but Elise's peak seemed to startle her. She cried out, arching off the mattress and digging her nails into the backs of Layla's hands. Her legs wound around Layla's waist, holding onto her hips for dear life as she bucked and trembled.

Layla bit down on Elise's shoulder, growling for good measure. Elise writhed and trembled beneath her, mouth agape, eyes rolled back in ecstasy. Ripples of the same pleasure echoed through Layla's body and tingled on her tongue, a savory counterpoint to the rich sweetness she'd enjoyed so far.

Her core twitched with longing. She didn't always climax while she ate. Often, the process was mechanical to her, purely a

means of sustenance. But with a perfect little morsel like this one, she was tempted to indulge herself.

As the frantic pulses of Elise's peak became shuddering aftershocks, Layla released Elise's shoulder and let go of her wrists. With a sweep of her tail, she summoned a pair of silver manacles, chaining Elise's hands to the headboard. Fucking someone in her own pocket dimension had its advantages. She spread Elise's shaking thighs with her palms, smirking at the slick trails of wetness she found. The poor, pitiful thing was absolutely dripping with need.

Elise lifted her hips again, opening her legs even wider. Her dark, dewy curls and the soft, shiny pink lips of her pussy made Layla's mouth water. Still, she had her own needs to tend to. She didn't want her new pet getting spoiled, either. It was important to know one's place.

"Now, darling," Layla purred, crawling up Elise's body and kneeling over her face. "it's time to show some gratitude. Do a good job, and I'll reward you with something even better."

Elise stared up at Layla with glassy brown eyes, obviously still dazed from her unexpected orgasm. When Layla lowered her hips, however, Elise opened her mouth and extended her tongue obediently.

Layla's lashes fluttered as Elise's hot little mouth sealed around her clit. She slid her fingers into Elise's messy brown curls, guiding her with a gentle yet insistent grip. Even in her pleasure-drunk state, Elise took instruction well. She sucked when Layla tugged her hair and eased off when Layla stroked her hair.

"Good girl," Layla murmured, staring down at Elise's face. The rosy flush on her cheeks had spread all the way down her

neck and across her upper chest. The aura of desire surrounding her bare, sweat-slicked body took on a sweeter note. Fierce need simmered just beneath the surface, but for the moment, she seemed happy and content to serve.

Layla drank her fill, rocking selfishly against Elise's silky mouth. She groaned as Elise's velvet tongue dipped lower, grazing her sensitive opening. Her thighs tensed and she tugged Elise's hair in wordless direction. Elise's tongue pushed inside, causing her inner walls to flutter while her clit twitched with jealousy.

Oh, I could spend hours playing with this one...

More than hours, if Layla were being honest. Contrary to her initial disappointment at Elise's lack of struggle, Layla was beginning to realize other advantages.

This young, virginal warlock was the perfect blank slate. She'd taken no effort to break, followed every command, and seemed a quick, eager student. No surprise, based on the expertise displayed in her summoning circle. Would she be equally diligent while satiating Layla's hunger?

Layla guided Elise back to her clit, petting her head affectionately. She'd examine those thoughts later. She didn't want to miss a moment of this.

Although Layla tried to restrain herself, to relish the silken warmth of Elise's lips and tongue, the flames of need soon became a wildfire. She tightened her hold on Elise's head, tugging the roots of her hair, and began grinding her pussy onto Elise's mouth and chin. Her core pulsed as she rose toward a swift peak, her strained clit throbbing against Elise's tongue.

To her credit, Elise tried to keep up. She did her best to stay on Layla's clit and suck, but Layla was too close to care about

finesse. The grinding pressure was enough. She came with a soft hitch of breath and a powerful shudder, spilling her release all over Elise's face.

Elise's eyes widened, dark pupils eclipsing her warm brown irises. She moaned into Layla's pussy, struggling against the shackles around her wrists. Her fingers flexed as though she longed to reach out.

The fact that Elise wanted to touch her but couldn't only made Layla come harder. Her thighs quivered as she allowed Elise to latch back onto her clit. Elise sucked and swirled with enthusiasm, sighing around the stiff, sensitive bud. Her entire body relaxed as though she'd found some deep form of satisfaction in Layla's release.

Layla's heart clenched. It was almost... sweet. Most humans were selfish by nature. Not that she blamed them. In her culture, selfishness was practically a virtue. But the pleasure Elise took in mere service provided a rare and interesting flavor to Layla's palette. The crimson wisps of desire Layla sipped from informed her that all Elise wanted in return was praise.

Easily done.

"That's it," Layla crooned, stroking Elise's burning cheek with the backs of her fingers. "What a good, sweet girl you are." She wiped her come from the corner of Elise's swollen lips, then slid her thumb between them, offering it in place of her clit. A pleasant wave of aftershocks coursed through her body as Elise happily sucked her thumb. She even closed her eyes, her expression nothing short of blissful.

Before the pleasure of her first release could fade, Layla already craved another. Seeing no reason to deny herself, she stretched herself over top of Elise. Their breasts brushed and

Elise's legs wound back around Layla's waist. When Layla stole a long, deep kiss, Elise responded hungrily, running her tongue along the sharp points of Layla's teeth.

Layla hummed, enjoying how her own taste lingered on Elise's tongue. Elise groaned, rocking her hips against Layla's abdomen. Her pussy was still slick and swollen despite the lack of attention. Layla broke the kiss and drew back, knowing Elise would chase her. When Elise did, Layla nipped her lip in warning. "Don't be impatient, pet. I'm nowhere near finished with you."

A wide, almost silly grin spread across Elise's face. Her eyes rolled back and she slid the sole of her foot down one of Layla's calves, begging without words despite Layla's scolding.

Layla smirked. *Such fun games I can play with this one...*

"Hmm. What to do with you now, darling?" She slid her palm up Elise's quivering thigh, adjusting position enough to gain access between her legs.

A whimper cracked in Elise's throat the moment Layla's fingers grazed her pussy. *Absolutely adorable*, Layla thought. She slid two fingers inside at once, curious to hear what other noises she could coax from her delightful new toy.

Elise didn't disappoint. The low, desperate moan that came from deep within her chest made Layla's heart race. Her core clenched around Layla's fingers—hot, slick, and wonderfully tight. Its soft, velvety grip made Layla wonder how such paradise would feel wrapped around a cock. An easy change to make, when she felt the need. And she was definitely feeling the need now.

"I think I'll fuck you," she murmured, biting the edge of Elise's ear. "You have the kind of cunt that needs a nice thick cock splitting it open."

Elise keened and rocked her hips, trying to take Layla's fingers deeper. They were already buried to the knuckle, but that certainly didn't stop her from trying. Layla soothed her with a few practiced curls of her fingers. She allowed the base of her palm to graze Elise's clit, more of an afterthought than anything. Elise was already doing most of the work for her.

Layla kissed Elise's sweaty temple, then drew back. She peered down into Elise's wide brown eyes and was instantly rewarded. She stared in stunned silence, bearing witness to the beautiful moment when Elise's latent desires sparked to life. They caught flame so fast it was almost amusing, and Layla enjoyed the responding flare in Elise's aura. It was so new and exciting, a white-hot burst of raw need.

"How...?" Elise whimpered. Her voice wavered in confusion, but her legs were already winding tighter around Layla's hips. Her hips rocked faster, humping desperately into Layla's hand.

Layla chuckled. Apparently, it hadn't occurred to the pure, innocent Elise that a woman might have or wear a cock. Surely she'd met such women before—whether through magical, natural, or engineered means—but had never considered how such a thing might interest (and benefit) her.

"Being a succubus has its advantages," Layla said. Compared to some of the changes she was capable of making to her physical form, this was minor in comparison. Her body was also urging her to fuck Elise with unusual insistence. Her stiff clit ached without being touched and her own slickness drizzled down her inner thighs. If Elise's pussy was even half as good as that pretty mouth of hers, Layla wondered how long she'd last.

An exquisitely vulnerable whine cracked in Elise's throat. She struggled against the manacles and lifted her hips, fluttering

around Layla's buried fingers. With a wave of her tail, Layla summoned matching manacles around Elise's ankles. She escaped the tempting circle of Elise's legs and spread them wide, creating chains to attach Elise's feet to the bottom posts of the bed frame.

Elise huffed, blowing a stray lock of hair from her face, and gave Layla such a reproachful look that Layla almost burst out laughing. For the first time, the sweet little thing seemed almost annoyed. "Please," she said, a pleading note in her voice. "Fuck me."

A prickle of excitement coursed down Layla's spine. *How interesting.* It seemed Elise had emerged from her lustful stupor enough to start making some demands. But those demands, as cute as they were, wouldn't be met until Layla decided the time was right. She was going to have the best time teaching her new pet that valuable lesson.

"Be careful what you wish for, silly girl," Layla crooned, chucking Elise playfully under the chin. "You might just get it." She withdrew her fingers and sat back on her heels between Elise's parted thighs, pausing a moment to watch her test the magical chains.

The pitiful creature made no real progress, of course, but the sight was spectacular. Though Elise was on the thinner side, the muscles in her slender limbs flexed beautifully as she struggled. The adorable furrow of frustration reappeared between her brows.

"Please," Elise said again, louder and more insistent. "I—I need..."

This time, Layla did laugh, soft and low. She leered down at Elise, sliding her still-slippery fingers between her own legs. She spread her own legs to make a show of it, rubbing the firm shaft of

her clit between the 'v' of her fingers. She peeled back the hood deliberately, allowing Elise to gaze at the swollen red tip with the appropriate amount of admiration, before summoning faint wisps of flame to begin the transformation.

Her clit ached, then burned. The sensation was so intense it almost hurt, but Layla relished it, unable to stifle a groan as the shaft swelled into her touch. Her clit popped out of its hood, an angry red button shining with slickness, then continued growing.

Soon, it was several inches long and several times as thick, but every bit as sensitive as before. Layla had to replace her fingers with a loose fist. She began pumping her new cock as it extended, curling her toes against the throbbing pulses of pleasure that coursed along its length. The tip split, forming a gleaming furrow, and her outer lips grew heavy and full with a familiar and delightful pressure.

Layla's other hand wandered down to cup her pussy. She debated between giving herself balls and stopping the transformation halfway. Orgasms felt absolutely wonderful rippling through her core, but with balls, she could flood Elise's pussy with come—a very appealing option.

She decided to treat herself. *I deserve it, don't I? And nothing's stopping me from taking it. Taking her... as no one else has before. Oh, I've forgotten how much fun virgins can be...*

Elise groaned, rocking her hips against empty air. "Please," she muttered again, her soft brown eyes clouded with pleasure that bordered on pain. A shimmering sheen of sweat made her pale skin glow in the dim crimson light. She tossed her head, splaying her curly brown hair in a fan on the pillow. Visible tremors coursed through her body as though some terrible fever had taken hold.

Layla felt a faint, unfamiliar tug on her heartstrings. Was it sympathy? No, that was impossible. Elise was only human, after all. Her pleasure only mattered because Layla needed it for sustenance. Was it truly acting on pity if what she needed and what Elise wanted was the same thing?

And oh, how Elise wanted! Elise's desire rolled on Layla's tongue and slid down her throat like the finest of wines. She couldn't help but crave more.

Layla settled between Elise's parted legs, running her flat palms up Elise's outer thighs. They tensed at her touch and another shiver raced through Elise's slender frame. Layla's nipples hardened as she felt it pass through her body as well. Her cock twitched against Elise's lower belly, already leaking precome onto the warlock's warm, smooth skin.

Skin that would look so much lovelier marked...

Despite the persistent fullness between her legs, Layla followed her whims, licking and sucking her way across Elise's exposed, vulnerable body. Her hands learned the landscape of Elise's figure with utmost care, leaving fresh pink lines behind with the sharpened tips of her nails. A few of the scratches bled, but if it hurt, the pain only seemed to make Elise squirm more.

Layla growled, nipping the side of Elise's breast. The struggling was cute, especially since it spoke to Elise's desperate need, but she needed to remember who was in charge. Layla held the bite until she'd left another purple imprint of her teeth. She did the same on top of Elise's other breast, then moved up to her unmarked shoulder. The taste of Elise's sweat was absolutely intoxicating.

"Fuck me," Elise gasped, curling her fingers around the manacles and digging her heels into the mattress. "Please, fuck me, please fuck me *pleasefuckme*—"

Layla kissed her way down Elise's stomach, leaving plenty of reminders as she went. The smell of Elise's pussy flooded her nose, dark and rich and inviting. She deviated from her prior plans, sliding her hands around Elise's hips and diving in face-first. *Just a quick taste. Then I'll fuck her senseless.*

Elise

Elise cried out as Layla's tongue slithered inside her pussy. Slithered was the only accurate description her shattered mind could conjure. It was long, dextrous, and deliciously prehensile. The two prongs moved independently, stroking Elise's sensitive inner walls from every angle. Her vision grew hazy, interspersed with white-hot flashes whenever Layla hit a particularly wonderful place.

Other women had whispered about this pleasure; classmates with more sexual experience than her. But Elise had assumed they were exaggerating. Nothing could possibly feel fantastic enough to abandon one's sanity and reason. In a matter of moments, Layla had proved her wrong.

When Layla's tongue massaged the puffy spot on her front wall, Elise broke down. A bright white flare eclipsed the crimson haze, splintering her entire world. Powerful shudders seized her body, sapping the strength from her limbs until she was a limp puddle of mess. Her core rippled around Layla's tongue, still buried deep inside her and—*squeezing*, somehow?

Somewhere between pulses, a hot, sticky flood burst from Elise's core. She spilled all over Layla's face until the slickness ran down her thighs, staining the silk sheets. Elise's skin burned with a fierce blush, but she couldn't stop coming. She could only sob with surrender as Layla devoured her from the inside out.

Elise strained against the manacles, unsure whether she was trying to pull away or rock harder against Layla's devious mouth. She jerked and writhed, overstimulated to the point of pain, but stopping would surely kill her. She couldn't think, couldn't breathe, couldn't live without Layla's magic tongue.

She keened with mingled bliss and despair when Layla withdrew, leaving her to rock helplessly against empty air. The manacles prevented her from chasing Layla's mouth. Stinging tears blurred her vision, leaking from her eyes and rolling down her cheeks to drip from her trembling chin.

Then Layla's lips were on hers, kissing her, tasting of Elise's own salt and need. She shoved her tongue past Layla's and drank ravenously from her mouth. Sharp lines of pain sliced along Elise's shaking legs as Layla left more dragging claw marks from knee to hip.

"Now you're ready," Layla murmured into Elise's kiss-swollen lips. "Don't worry, darling. This will only hurt in the best way."

Elise squealed into Layla's mouth as something warm, blunt, and broad probed the opening of her pussy. Distantly, she realized it was Layla's cock—the same one she'd watched the succubus summon through some dark magic. She couldn't find it in herself to care. Now that Layla's tongue had left her so horribly raw and exposed, Layla's cock was the only cure. The only thing that mattered.

The following sequence of events blurred into a single delicate whole, hovering somewhere beyond time. Elise's heart drummed wildly in her ears. She felt Layla's heartbeat match the same rhythm, pounding where their bodies joined. Layla's palms cupped Elise's ass. Her wickedly sharp claws dug in, bright pinpricks of pain through a gauzy veil of pleasure.

Layla's cock pressed forward.

Elise's eyes rolled back. She offered Layla her throat instinctively. Layla seemed all too happy to add another purple bite mark to the chain around her neck. At first the pleasure between her legs was wonderful, simply something hot and firm to

rock against like Layla's cut abdomen. Then came the stretch, which started as a slow burn, building and building until the tearing heat brought a fresh wave of tears to Elise's eyes.

It never quite became unbearable, though. Whenever the pain threatened to blot out the constant, crashing waves of Elise's pleasure, Layla backed off. She shifted her hips back slightly to let Elise breathe, dropping gentle kisses on her cheeks and chin, licking away her tears.

Elise's legs twitched with the urge to wrap them around Layla's waist again. She tried to beg, to form the word 'please', but words had completely abandoned her. She could only pant and whine and writhe in hopes Layla would take pity on her. She even started to miss the intensity of the stretch when Layla stopped pushing forward.

Then, in one brilliant burst of pleasure and painful ecstasy, Layla slid several inches of her cock inside Elise at once. Suddenly, Elise felt everything. The raw, burning stretch at her entrance. The thick, firm shaft spearing deep into her core, splitting her wide open—wider than she'd ever been.

Elise clenched down, gasping when Layla's cock throbbed in response. Her walls were stretched so tight around its girth that she felt every subtle twitch that ran along Layla's length. It seemed to swell inside her, straining for more space.

"That's it," Layla growled into the sweaty crook of Elise's shoulder. "You're the tightest I've had in a *long* time. Can you take a little more for me, sweetness? Just a little more?" She kissed the sensitive lobe of Elise's ear, then bit down and tugged. "Of course you can. What a good girl you are."

Elise's core squeezed and rippled around Layla's cock. She already felt full to bursting, but Layla plunged deeper. Her hips

picked up a slow, steady rhythm, simultaneously gentle and unyielding. She left space between each thrust, allowing Elise space to gasp and squirm and adjust to the overwhelming swirl of sensations converging upon her, but when Layla's hips snapped forward, she didn't hold back.

Soon, Elise was spilling like a fountain around the base of Layla's cock as Layla pumped in and out of her pussy. Layla's lips latched onto Elise's shoulder and sucked, while her claws dug deeper into Elise's ass. The pain made Elise's tongue loll and her mouth water. Each stroke battered the same swollen, aching, awful spot until colorful starbursts exploded across her field of vision.

Elise longed to wrap Layla in her arms. Cling to her. Cleave to her until there wasn't even a centimeter of space left between their slick, sweating bodies. They kissed again. Elise quivered. The sweet scent of jasmine had infected her, intoxicated her, and her own taste mingled with Layla's on their tongues.

When something soft and dexterous wriggled between their bodies and began rubbing feverishly her clit, Elise screamed. Layla's tail had found the stiff, slippery point, massaging it to exquisite hardness and sensitivity. Layla's cock continued plunging in and out of her, hitting deeper every time, filling her so fast and hard that she could scarcely tell where one thrust ended and the next began. It was all one fluid motion, carrying Elise toward the most powerful, devastating peak of her life.

"Layla!" she cried. It was the only word Elise's lips would form. The only name, the only person, the thing in the world that mattered.

"Don't be afraid," Layla murmured, kissing the pounding pulse point at the base of Elise's neck. "You'll learn to love being

mine and you'll beg to bear my children. Because I've decided to keep you all for myself."

A sharp, sweet stab of fear pierced Elise's gut, but somehow, it pushed her over the edge. She came around Layla's twitching cock, pulsing, fluttering, and bearing down until a silky-hot spurt of something flooded deep within her core. The contractions gripping her body became sharp and painful as she realized what it was.

Layla's coming. She's coming inside me... filling me... oh!

A luxurious groan broke in Elise's heaving chest and spilled from between her traitorous lips. She came so hard and long that her entire body broke down in quaking shudders. It had to be Layla's magic, but Elise didn't care. The feelings were so undeniably real, the suggestion so exquisitely perfect that it felt like her true purpose.

She wanted to bear Layla's children. To grow round and full with the fruit of Layla's seed. To be Layla's, completely and totally, in whatever way Layla required. If Layla wanted it, she *needed* it. If Layla asked, she would give everything she had and everything she was; so long as Layla kept her, and kept fucking her full of come.

Elise rode her peak to the fullest, eyes closed, mouth hanging open in a smile so broad it hurt her cheeks. Her cunt pulsed wildly whenever Layla emptied another jet of come inside her, clinging greedily to the throbbing length, trying to milk it for even more.

This is who I'm meant to be. Layla's. Only Layla's.

Layla

Layla gave the softest of groans around her mouthful of Elise's throat. She'd thought Elise's simple, innocent desires would make decent sustenance, but now they'd brought an unexpectedly swift and powerful peak. She'd vastly underestimated how deliciously dirty the little warlock was underneath it all.

This adorable thing wanted to be claimed. Wanted to be kept and bred. She might not have known it without Layla's encouragement, but her true nature burst on Layla's tongue like the sweetest and ripest of fruits. Now that she'd tasted Elise, Layla had no desire to dispose of her, or even let her go on a capricious whim.

"Bite me," Layla growled, licking Elise's flushed cheek with the flat of her forked tongue. She curled the tip of her tail around Elise's clit and squeezed, dragging a gravelly, broken sob from within Elise's chest. "If you bite me, I promise you an eternity of bliss. I'll grant you many human lifetimes as a spoiled, pampered pet... so long as you agree to be mine and mine alone. Bite me, and I'll fill you with everything I have."

Before Layla could finish the offer, Elise's teeth dug into her shoulder. She grunted, shooting a fresh series of spurts deep into Elise's cunt. Her length pounded with pressure, wrapped tight and snug within Elise's warm velvet walls, but each jet of come brought an intense surge of relief. Layla sank her fangs into the angriest and fiercest of the bitemarks she'd already made, jerking briefly out of rhythm as the copper tang of blood coated her tongue.

With a mere thought, and in a rare moment of mercy, Layla freed Elise from her shackles. Just as she'd hoped, Elise's arms and legs wrapped tight around her, pulling their bodies so close that nothing could part them. Elise shuddered and sobbed and wept into Layla's hair, the blunt edges of her teeth still buried in Layla's flesh. Layla held her new pet close, lapping at the patterned wound she'd left on Elise's shoulder. It would definitely scar, much to Layla's delight.

"Good slut," she murmured, smothering Elise's face in soft butterfly kisses. "*My good slut.*"

Elise held Layla in a crushing embrace, but Layla didn't mind. She enjoyed the rolling shivers of Elise's aftershocks as they passed through her body, rippling around her tender cock. It gave another sluggish twitch as she emptied the last of her seed into Elise's silken cunt. She sighed happily as some of her own warm come leaked around the base of her cock, dripping absolutely everywhere.

Such perfection... as though she was made to be mine.

Sated at last, Layla comforted her new thrall, murmuring soothing words and whispering sweet promises. She already felt the beginnings of their bond solidifying. Traditionally, a paper contract was required, but they'd get around to that eventually. The important part was sealing the pact in blood, which Elise had been all too eager to do.

Content with her conquest and the resulting prize, Layla relaxed on top of Elise's thin frame. Occasionally, she flicked her tail across Elise's sore, cute-as-a-button clit just to feel her flinch and hear her whine like a helpless kitten.

A lazy smile crept across Layla's lips as she imagined all the wicked things she could do with her brand-new pet. All the

delightful sins they could commit. There were also many practical uses for a trained warlock thrall. She might even let Elise finish her silly little classes at Ludianus' school, so long as Elise's cunt was always slick, open, and ready for anything she wanted to fill it with.

But that was the future. Layla wasn't ready to let go of the present, where she and Elise were wrapped up in a golden, glowing aura of total and complete satisfaction. She'd keep her promise. She hadn't hurt Elise. In fact, the hungrier Elise was for her, the more decadent the feast would be. She typically only gave pleasure to her thralls because she'd receive multitudes in return, but Elise...

Yes. *This one's special.* Layla chuckled to herself when she realized Elise had drifted off into a shallow doze, still stuffed full of cock and leaking come all over Layla's silk sheets. Full at last, and quite enjoying the comforting warmth of Elise's cunt around her softening shaft, Layla decided to let her rest.

I suppose you deserve a little nap, darling. You'll need your strength. We're going to play all sorts of fun games, you and I.