

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



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 Felman," 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, curled 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. “Luger Felman. 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?”

[Agree Submissively](#)

[Agree Aggressively](#)

[Not now](#)

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 Gabria, 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...

[Head to Marina's](#)

[Gabria's Speakeasy](#)

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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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...

[Head to Marina's](#)

Visit Gabira

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?"

[Suck you Off](#)

[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...

[Head to Marina's](#)

Visit Gabira

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."

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.

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[Head to Marina's](#)

Visit Gabira

Head to Marina's



You decide to visit Marina's. With a job like this, she's the likelier bet to having some information. And you'll have far more success getting any news about the Fey Market out of her.

You drive off into the city, night washing out the streets in a slow flood. You flick on the headlights, steering on towards the east side, where Marina keeps her place of business. You cruise into the seedier side of town, the streetlights dim despite the dark. Few people are about, and those who are hurry on their business.

You finally grind to a stop outside a narrow building, its front a wedge sitting on the corner, the rest of the building curving along either side of the street. Behind it, you can make out the angled glass that form the greater greenhouse. Three lamps glow above a sign declaring it the *Pollen House*, but that's just a front. An accurate one, sure. But there's far more than roses behind those glass panels. Far more.

Parking, you get out, closing the door. You doubt there's anywhere else in the world with an all-night florist shop, but Marina's main business always comes in after dark. You make your way to the door, a bell ringing with a gentle chime as you walk in.

The teasing suggestion of perfume awaits you through the door. Potted plants surround you, while vases hold roses, chrysanthemums and other flowers displayed to their greatest advantage. The walls above them hold photos and paintings of different flower arrangements, while the wooden counter takes up the entire back of the narrow shop.

A man stands there, his eyes dim, and a dreamy smile on his lips. He wears a bowtie and an apron, his hair slicked back, though his dazzled look belies the trimness of his appearance. "Hello," he says. "How can we help you?"

You move forward, eying some of the posters before leaning on the counter. "Hi," you say. "I'm looking for something to give to my beloved. Something that says, 'Dreaming of you.'"

His smile widens at the password. "Of course," he says, opening the small counter flap. "I think we have something to satisfy you in the back."

You force yourself not to hesitate as you follow him. He leads you into the trimming station, the wooden counter holding the scissors, ruler, and other tools of the trade. A lonely radio sits on the wall, popping and crackling with the distant warbling of classical music. The shopkeeper opens the glass door at the rear leading into the greenhouse, ushering you through.

Even though you knew it was coming, the perfume that saturates the air inside nearly chokes you. The heaviness of the scent stuffs your senses in a rush, and you nearly stagger before you find your footing. You blink, barely able to see through the haze of pollen.

But what you can see makes the hairs on your back rise with unease.

Plants don't just grow here. They riot. Glass as elegant as the stained windows of any church arch above, the moonlight bleeding through and glowing among the pollen like you stand in a mist of hues. Flowers bloom from all around you, overflowing from beds and pots, their sprawling roots making the floor uneven, their petals shimmering with colour. Vines drape the way through the garden like curtains, and from beyond them you can hear gentle laughter and soft cooing voices. Moans of men and sighs of women, wrapped in blissful ecstasy.

A woman in a short skirted dress gleaming with sequins, her skin green as summer leaves blocks your way deeper into the greenhouse. Her eyes are like emeralds, and blooming from her hair is a large rose, unfurled like a frozen explosion of crimson.

"Welcome, dear guest," she says sweetly. "How might the garden please you?"

You try and ignore the obvious implication, and the soft moans from the hidden revelers on either side of you. You brush your hand against the amulet on your belt, clearing your head for the moment of the corruptive scent which saturates the greenhouse. "Yeah," you say rigidly. "I need to speak with the Mistress."

Her eyes flicker brightly and she smiles wider, bowing, the rose blooming in her hair bobbing. "Of course. If you'd follow me..."

She turns, her ass swinging tantalisingly in her tight, short dress. You force yourself not to stare as you follow her down a thin path that cuts through the greenhouse's jungle, though as a result you can't help but looking at everything else around you.

Men and women lounge in cushions of moss and vibrant greens, their clothes dishevelled, their expressions rapturous. Flowers dangle above them, petals dancing like swishing skirts, raining golden pollen into the faces of the addicts. A man to your right inhales deeply, peacefully, his face dim and sated. Drugged by the opiates that he inhales. In another bed, you spot a woman sprawled among the flowers, her shirt open and a pair of bulbs pressed to her breasts like starry bras, the stems softly pulsing, feeding like a suckling newborn. Draining her life force slowly.

You feel your skin crawl at the sight. For that is the coin which Marina charges. The essence of humans, given freely in exchange for the opiate bliss of her garden. Peace. Ease. All for a taste of their life force. A business without compare in the city.

A taste her patrons can't get enough of.

You don't know whose palms Marina greased to get her business out of the Fey Markets and into the human city, but she did, and she's here. More's the pity. But you'd be stupid not to use her. Many a whisper has passed numbed lips lost to the throes of the floral hunger. Many useful secrets.

You move deeper into the garden, trying to ignore the desiccated figures that sleep among the flower beds this far in. Only the deepest addicts can enjoy this degree of pollen, and their cost is all too clear. Some you see are so wasted their skin resembles bark, veined with the roots that seep into their flesh, pulsing as they feed upon their victims. The faces slack, eyes sunken and staring. They'll be dead soon. Drained to the dregs, unable to even stumble from Marina's home, their bodies buried in the plots to feed the plants further. But you have no time to linger on them. For before you rises a gazebo, so draped in foliage it resembles a green bell. Curtains of moss hang around the walls, while through the small doorway cut in the vegetation you make out a soft, violet light.

Your guide stops before it and gestures for you to enter. You linger a moment outside, the heaviness of pollen like a mist leaking through the gap. But you've come this far and, after firming yourself, you step through.

Something between a lounge and a jungle greets you inside. Several violet flowers bloom around the ceiling, their pollen glowing softly as it rains down in dreamy slowness. Couches and tables fill the cramped space, either made of foliage or so covered in it you can't tell the difference, and on them sprawl the tenders of the garden.

The tenders are like your guide in their uniformity. All stunningly beautiful. All dressed in revealing, tight clothes, their skin vibrant green, and in every one's hair blooms a flower. But Marina herself is a completely different beast. She drapes herself on an immense flower like some indolent queen upon her throne. A tight, slinky gown of ivy clings to her flawless curves, her green skin so lush it fairly glows in the low light. Lazily dangled between her fingers is a long cigarette holder still smoking, the fumes swirling among the raining pollen like dancing snakes. Her hair is pressed down around her head, and her eyes are lidded with lazy pleasure.

Your entrance stirs the mistress of the *Pollen House*, and she tilts her head up, a smirk alighting upon her lips.

"Hmm? What have we here, girls?" she hums, sitting up straighter and eying you lazily. "The illustrious detective has come to pay us a visit. How amusing."

"Hello, Marina," you say, trying not to breathe too hard and inhale more of the thick pollen soaking the air. "I was wondering if we could have a chat."

"Of course," she drawls, gesturing at an empty chair. "Take a seat, my delightful fauna."

You don't want to. Just being in the pollen saturated air is making your head throb and your body tingle with the effect of the perfume. Few can stand such a heavy dose of her opiate perfume, but thanks to the rune on your belt you manage. For now. But it's a race against time. The longer you're in her presence, the more you'll inevitably breathe in until you're little more than an addled slug. Normally you'd try and speak to Marina outside the gazebo or through an intermediary, but time is of the essence tonight.

Reluctantly, you take a seat in one of the mossy chairs, the greenery sinking under your weight. Alarmingly comfortable. The kind of chair you could just sink into and let the world drift by like cotton candy clouds...

No! Snap out of it. You shake your head, glaring at the alraune. But she just smiles at you, her cooing thralls pressing in around her.

"I need information," you say, cutting straight to the point.

"Of course you do. Why else attend me? But what do you need? Some news of political intrigue? Perhaps the dark mutterings of murderers? The desires-"

"Anything you have about the Newgates," you say, cutting her off sharply.

Her eyes flicker and her smirk deepens. "Mmm," she says, lifting herself up, more attentive now. "That is interesting indeed. I know some things about them, silly fauna. But the price shall be high indeed."

"I have gold," you say, making the effort, even though you know it's futile.

As expected, she merely laughs. "Amusing, my fauna. But I will need more than that. The essence of a wizard is so... delicious. Even one as wearied as you."

You glance up as one of her bulbs peels from the base of her flower. A plump thing, the petals closed, but looking so wonderfully soft, drooling with a sap that you just know is going to feel incredible.

"How do I know your info is legitimate?" you ask warily.

Marina laughs. "I would not last long if I gave bad information, little fauna."

Well, she's right. Much to your annoyance. But you're still not reassured at the thought of letting her suck you off while you lounge in her brainwashing pollen.

[Pull Out Your Gun](#)

[Pull Out Your Cock](#)

Pull Out Your Gun

You have no interest in fucking around here longer than you have to. Your hand slips to your holster and you draw your gun, taking aim straight at Marina's forehead.

"Or you just give me the information I need and we both go our way," you say, the arcane runes on the barrel of your revolver flashing with charged magic.

Marina's eyes lid, flickering with their emerald glow. "Hm? What's the matter? Afraid of spending time with me?"

"Frankly, yes," you say. "Now give me the info, and I'll just walk out of here."

"Yes. I suppose I could do that," she said sweetly.

You catch a flicker of motion from the corner of your eye. You turn sharply towards it, but only see a flower growing from a stem.

"Wha-"

A blast of pollen bursts from the flower, engulfing your face in a cloud. You gasp, accidentally sucking in a lungful of it. Coughing, you frantically wave your hand before you to clear the air, but too late! You try and blink your vision clear. But something feels... feels...

Heeeeeavy.

"What... the..." you groan, squinting. But the room doesn't want to stay still. It all seems to blend together, like paint being mixed into swirls.

It looks kind of...

Spinny.

"Why, what's the matter?" Marina says, the colours around her blurring, her voice seeming to stretch like taffy. "Feeling... off?"

"Y...you..." you gasp, trying to lift your gun. But your fingers feel so thick and numb. The gun weighs down your wrist, but somehow you manage to lift the weapon, the barrel swaying. Gotta... gotta concentrate...

You hear a playful rustling sound, and then a vine has wrapped around your arm, yanking it up. You look skyward, and discover a mass of vines descending. You try and pull away from them, but your reflexes are shot, your strength non-existent, and instead you tumble off the chair and flop onto the floor.

You hear the garden girls giggle at your efforts, then feel the vines twine around your limbs like lover's arms and lift you into the air, dangling you off the floor, which seems to spin and tilt before your eyes. The... the pollen. She must have... must have given you the heaviest dose she could.

"You... you..." you gasp, your tongue feeling thick and clumsy.

Marina smirks at you, seeming to be the only thing not melting into psychedelic hues as she rises, stepping towards you lightly. "You come into my house? Threaten me? And think you'll walk out of here? Oh dear, dear fauna," she coos, squishing your cheeks between her hands. "That was very, very stupid of you."

She gives your head a shake, your thoughts swirling like sloshing water.

"Stupid stupid fauna," she says almost affectionately. "Honestly, it's really a mercy I'm removing you from the gene pool."

"Wha... what was..."

"Don't think too hard about it. In fact," Marina says, grasping your jacket. "Don't think at all."

You gasp as she rips open your clothes, tearing them with ease. You jolt in surprise, but then her lips are suddenly on yours, the taste of her lipstick shooting through you, curling your toes. You groan with ecstasy, your thoughts instantly jumbled once more as you shiver, trembling, wriggling in impossible pleasure.

"Mmm," Marina purrs, deepening the kiss, her hands moving over your body. Stroking your sensitive flesh. Making you shiver and tremble in terrible delight. Her hand suddenly cups your throbbing length, making you groan. Ohhhh, it feels so goooood!

"Good fauna," Marina purrs against your trembling lips. "Don't think. Don't resist. Just... feel..."

You couldn't think if you wanted to. Her every touch rushes through your veins like electric wires. You're panting, every breath dragging another swirl of pollen into your lungs. You whimper as you feel something soft against the tip of your cock. You look down, trying to comprehend the bulb that strokes the head of your manhood before its petals part like loving lips, swallowing your length in a single gulp.

"O-oh f-fuuuuuuuck!" you cry, eyes rolling back, your body shuddering in helpless ecstasy as you cum instantly, surrendering a burst of your hot seed into the flower. You can actually see it drink it, the stem of the plant bulging as it swallows.

And you're still hard.

Something about that seems... off. But as the flower continues its leisurely, loving sucking you can't seem to focus on it. A lethargy flows over you, filling the void left by your orgasmic pleasure. Pleasant weakness consumes you in ripples, your body growing slack in the grasp of the vines.

"Ohhhh..." you moan. "What... what's..."

"Shhhh," Marina whispers, a finger on your trembling lips. "Don't question. Just give in, little fauna. Just... enjoy..."

Her words soothe you. Ease you. You sink into the grasp of the vines, feeling your heart slow while lazy, relaxing sensations radiate from your cock.

You sigh, giving in, letting all the tension ooze out of you and down into your cock. Your balls feel sooooo heavy. Your arousal warm and pleasant as the flower continues to lovingly do its work.

“That’s it. Gooood fauna,” Marina croons, her hands stroking your chest. “Just give in. Just surrender to the flowers. It’s so good to give in. Good fauna always give in. They don’t resist. They just breathe... and relax... and surrender...”

Her words swirl in your mind as you obey. Relaxing does feel good. So good. Your cock being sucked, drawing you once more towards the peak of orgasm is so wonderful. You groan as you feel another sweet wave of tension surge through you. Drawn up through you until you gasp, cumming again in a burst of shuddering pleasure.

You sink deeper into the pleasure, orgasms running into each other. One after the next after the next. You sag in the vines, never realizing it’s because your skin is sinking into your body. Your muscles shrivelling. Your head lolling as the strength flees your limbs. Only your cock stays strong. Stays vital. Only your cock as you cum again and again and again.

Soon darkness edges your vision. Crowding in. The last thing you see is Marina’s smirking face.

“Good fauna,” she purrs as you whimper, gasp, a final spurt escaping your cock.

And darkness closes in...

Bad End

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Pull Out Your Cock

You're both eager and reluctant to do this, but getting your information takes priority, and so you reach down and undo the front of your pants. "Alright," you say. "Let's get this over with."

"How hasty you are, fauna." Marina purrs, even as her eyes become riveted as you draw out your cock. Unsurprisingly, you're rock hard, much to your chagrin, but not surprise. Marina licks her lips, and her hungry gaze sends a trill of alarm and shameful anticipation surging through you.

"Then, let us begin," Marina purrs, and the bulb of her flower eases forward, the petals slowly opening, revealing its velvety pinkness. You tense as it gently caresses the tip of your cock, a gasp of delight involuntarily escaping you as the petals stroke you, the sap drooling onto your shaft before the flower gently encases your cock in its warm tightness.

"F-fuck!" you grunt, unable to suppress the word as the sensation rushes through you, the petals kissing your cock like a dozen adoring tongues, the sap drooling around your shaft, lubricating you wonderfully. The flower begins to gently bob, sliding up and down your manhood. Rippling with tender adoration that makes you moan and quiver in pleasure.

"That's it," Marina breathes, licking her lips as if already tasting your mana infused cum. "Enjoy. Let my pretty flower do its work. You'll love it so much, pretty fauna. So very much..."

Her teasing words make you breathe harder. Your blush glowing on your face. Your head pounds like you're gripped by fever. Fuck. Oh fuck it's good. You can feel your balls grow heavy under the caress of the petals. Your orgasm thudding in your veins. Fuck. Fuck that feels good.

"Give it up, fauna," Marina breathes, leaning forward a little, her lush lips parted, her eyes glowing hot through the haze of pollen that saturates the air. "Give it to me. Give me a taste. You know you want to. All you have to do is give in. Give in, fauna. Give it to me."

"I... I... Mnnnnn!"

You shudder, your jaw tightening, your hands clutching the arms of your chair as you feel your release rush through you. Your balls ache. Your cock throbs, and you surrender your cum in a sudden hot burst of ecstasy. You cry out, sagging in your seat, heaving with exhaustion as you feel the flower milk your manhood, every spurt of your hot seed swallowed greedily down its stem and into the base of Marina's flower.

The alraune moans softly, her eyes lidded in pleasure as she tastes your essence through her connection to the garden. Her eyes glow brighter, her teeth nibbling on her lower lip as she relishes your magic infused seed.

Yet she recovers fast, shifting atop her flower, tucking her legs under her as she gazes at you from behind the veil of her long lashes. "Mmm. Was it good, fauna?" Marina asks coyly, her garden girls giggling at your predicament.

"Just... just give me the information," you gasp.

“So hasty, fauna. You should learn to enjoy life. Relish existence. So much pleasure awaits if you only... experience it...”

“We had... had a deal...” you growl.

Marina sighs. “So impatient. But if you insist on ruining your own experience, so be it, silly fauna.”

She waves her hand, and the flower reluctantly slides off your cock, leaving your shaft utterly coated in her sap and aching with sensitive pleasure. You gasp, panting, quivering with arousal after the experience. Good gods. That was a close one. You can still feel the lethargy, your body aching with want for more of her flower’s exciting kiss. But you shake it off as best you can, sitting up and clutching the amulet on your belt to try and clear your head. “Tell me.”

Marina holds out her cigarette holder, and one of her flower girls instantly lights it. The plant girl inhales the pungent smoke, then exhales a lazy cloud. “The Newgates,” she says, her voice rolling with a throaty purr of pleasure, “are a gang in the Fey Market. They were never large, originally coming from a number of smaller clans that immigrated a few centuries ago. However, recently they have become more powerful, and aggressive.”

“What changed?” you ask.

“They have a new leader,” she says, taking another drag on her cigarette, blowing the smoke to further thicken the air with pollen. “Rumors have it she’s come from across the veil. A demon outcast by her family.”

Outcast? That is interesting. Demons are rarely outcast from their families. Far more often, if they fuck up bad enough, they’re just killed outright. If this demoness manages to survive being cast out, it was either because she was particularly cunning, or incredibly strong.

Then again, it might just be an orphan demon. Far more common are lesser demons too weak to belong to a clan, but selling themselves as an outcast can really elevate their street cred when they pass the veil. It’s common among lesser demons, and works well, until it doesn’t. It might be a demon that used a good story to bluff the Newgates.

But some instinct tells you it isn’t.

“Bad news,” you say.

Marina shrugs irreverently. “Perhaps. But the Newgates have been more aggressive of late. They’ve even been seen beyond the Fey Markets, running certain items.”

“Weapons?” you say, instantly alert.

“Not quite. Magic.”

“Magic?” you say.

“Oh yes. Arcane crystals, apparently. They’ve been peddling them all over the city for the last few weeks.”

That's not good. Arcane crystals are very rare and hard to manufacture. Whereas fey's magic is a part of their nature, humans draw on their own innate mana pools to shape sorcery in a number of ways, and if you're not a mage, the only way to do that is with arcane crystals. Only wizards can make them, but it's hard to do, not to mention draining. Few wizards are inclined to it.

But the rewards are big. Fey love the stuff. Raw magic is better than any drug for them, and can not only empower them, but bring them to highs of ecstasy mortals can only dream of. It's partly why fey are always after mortal humans for sex. A taste of an unmagicked human is more than delicious. It's downright euphoric. And an actual wizard? Forget about it.

But how could a gang like the Newgates be manufacturing them?

You've got a feeling it has something to do with your target. And it's not a good feeling. Dammit. You knew this job was too good to be true.

But it's not like you were hired to break up a magic smuggling ring, so if you play your cards right, maybe you'll be able to avoid this whole business.

"Where do the Newgates hang out?" you demand.

"Near the warehouses up along Pawn Street. They work out of a place called *The Pump House*. You know the way?"

You nod. Shit. That's deep in some mean Fey Market territory. You consider whether to ask her about Luger. She might have information. But it might also tell her who you're working for, and you don't exactly trust the cunning alraune.

[Ask About Luger](#)

[Leave the Greenhouse](#)

Ask About Luger

“Fine,” you say. “And what do you know about... Luger Felman?”

Marina’s eyebrows flick up. “Luger?” she says.

“Yeah. What do you know?”

Her smile grows coy. “Mmm. I know a few things. But that will cost you... extra...”

You shiver at the emphasis she puts on that word, feeling your balls throb and your blood warm with anticipation for the suckling lips of her flower. You swallow hard and eye the bulb. Can you hold out?

[Pay Up](#)

[Back Off](#)

Back Off

As tempting as that information might be, you can already feel your body floating where you sit. Another taste of her flower could only end badly for you.

“Pass,” you say, rising from your seat, your legs feeling like rubber under you, further reinforcing that to stay in this hothouse would be a recipe for disaster. “But thanks for all you know.”

“And thank you for the meal,” Marina says, licking her lips.

You try not to let the movement distract you further. You can already feel your head float from the pollen filling the air. You turn and manage to make your way out of the gazebo, shaking your head to clear it as you move down the corridor running through the greenhouse, trying hard to ignore the pleased moans and gasping cries from beyond the curtains of vines and leaves.

When you hit the street outside the florist shop you suck in great, greedy gulps of air. Your head throbs with pain, but the clean air soon helps clear your thoughts. You shake your head, and soon you can only smell the faint tang of car exhaust and the cool, fresh air of night in the city.

“Fuck,” you say, wiping your face with a hand as if to rid you of the grit of the pollen. You still feel tingly, but it’ll pass soon. Good thing you got out of there. Another couple of minutes and you’d be just another dazed addict in Marina’s lair.

But you have your lead now. You know where the Newgates hang out. Opening the door of your car, you slide in and start the engine, cruising onto the freeway. You’ll need to head to the Fey Market to get them, but you can handle that.

But first, you think, adjusting your rearview mirror so you can better see the car nosing along behind you. Yes. First, you better figure out what do about whoever is tailing you...

[Being Followed](#)

Pay Up

"Alright, fine," you say, trying and utterly failing to hide the eager quiver in your voice.

You can tell Marina isn't fooled. Or maybe she is? It's getting hard to tell. Her face seems to waver before you. Your vision swimming in strange hues, your limbs tingling pleasantly.

"Good fauna," she says, and oh, her voice just vibrates wonderfully in your balls as her flower eases forward, its petals once more stroking your twitching manhood. You groan, head falling back.

But you... you have a job... a job here. "T-talk. About... about Luger..."

"Of course, my dear wizard," she soothes, her voice sending tremors racing up and down your spine. "Of course. Luger. Yes. I know of him. A member of a demon family, isn't he?"

"Y-yeah. Yeah he iiiiiis!" you groan as the flower slides forward, devouring fully half your cock in a single motion.

"That's right!" Marina coos, plainly enjoying every second of your humiliating pleasure. And to be fair, so are you. "He's quite tall as well. Physically imposing but not too much so."

"Y-yeah," you gasp, panting hard and fast as the flower sucks your cock. You clutch the arms of your chair for some stability as pleasure thumps through you in waves. You try and hold back. Really, you do, but with how sensitive your cock is, addled your mind is, and desperate you are, you never stood a chance. With a groaning cry your body tenses, your cock throbbing as you cum in bursts into the sucking flower.

"Oh fuuuuuuck," you moan, sagging into the chair, every limb feeling pleasantly numb and buzzy, like your arms and legs were filled with radio static. Your heaving breaths fill your lungs with more pollen and your head with clouds.

And you're still hard.

You groan as the flower continues its sucking. The sap drooling onto your lap and legs, sticking you to the mossy chair.

"Was that good, fauna?" Marina asks.

"Uh... uh huh..."

"Of course it was. Now, where was I? Oh yes. Luger. Such a cunning devil. His horns are quite sharp and straight, aren't they?"

"N-no," you say, your brow furrowing a little, a memory of the photo resurfacing like flotsam in a storm. "He... they were... um... curled...?"

"Were they? Silly me," Marina croons.

How did she get that wrong? Doesn't she know who she's talking about? She wasn't... lying, was she? You open your mouth to say something, but just then the flower around your cock seems to swirl, and instead you whimper in ecstasy as your cock throbs anew with unspeakable pleasure.

"Is something wrong, fauna?" Marina croons.

You try and focus on her, but it's hard. So hard. Everything is so hard when you do anything. "I um... uh..."

"Poor thing. Just relax," Marina whispers, exhaling another plume of smoke. "Just... breathe..."

Yeah.

Yeah, that sounds... sounds good. You can... can do that. You inhale deeply, another rush of pollen making your head swirl pleasantly. Like you're stuck in a whirlpool.

A whirlpool sucking you off.

"Ohhhh..." you moan, sagging deeper into your chair.

"Breathe," Marina coos, her face seeming to swim from the colours that swirl before your eyes. "Breathe, silly fauna. Just breathe. And cum..."

You nod dimly, vaguely wondering at that nagging feeling. Like you were talking about something. But trying to think is sooooo hard.

And cumming is soooooo easy.

You sigh in sated satisfaction, your breath hitching as you cum again. Again. Your orgasms seem to come in bunches. Radiating from your cock and through your body in steady swells of pleasure. You stop focusing on them. Stop caring. Just floating in the wonderful sensations oozing through you.

"Good boy," Marina coos, her voice whispering in your ear. Her face radiating hues above you like some goddess painted in the heavens by every swirling colour. "Good fauna. Just keep cumming for me. Give me all your wonderful essence. Poor, silly mortal. You should have known better than sniffing around the Fey Markets. Asking about men you shouldn't be asking about. But be happy, dear fauna. I will be rewarded well for dealing with you. And your end will be far more pleasant than you could have ever dreamed."

"Yeaaaaaah," you say, smiling dimly up at her wonderful face, another orgasm making you groan and quiver, the edges of your vision darkening. Fading.

And finally going black.

Bad End

[Index](#) [Start Over](#)

Leave the Greenhouse

You got what you came for, and every second you spend in Marina's presence runs the risk of never having you leave, until your drug addled body is used for fertiliser.

"Thanks," you say, rising from the chair, barely swaying as you adjust your hat. "That's all I needed to hear."

"And thank you for the meal," Marina says, licking her lips.

You try not to let the movement distract you further. You can already feel your head float from the pollen filling the air. You turn and manage to make your way out of the gazebo, shaking your head to clear it as you move down the corridor running through the greenhouse. You try hard to ignore the pleased moans and gasping cries from beyond the curtains of vines and leaves as you rush by.

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[Being Followed](#)

Gabria's Speakeasy



Considering the industry, you suspect Gabria will have more information on the Newgates. Thanks to her speakeasy, she gets the news from every quarter with considerable regularity, and she can play the strings of the criminal underworld like one of her guitarists.

The trick to that is you'll have to talk to her in person.

It's not that you have anything against Gabria, exactly. If anything, you sincerely respect her. Not a lot of fey manage to make it in the city proper. Plenty of groups and people would love to see a goblin maid fail, but she's bucked the trend and made her fortune and her mark. She's got businesses all over the city these days and a green finger in every pie worth eating.

But that force of will can be a problem too. Sure, there are plenty of false rumours about goblin maids floating around. Always have been. But one that is accurate is that they rarely take no for an answer from a man they want. Sure, they'll never force the issue, but fey are funny that way. They see nothing wrong with 'convincing' the target of their desires to come over to the other side, and goblins especially so. Many a maid found a husband through her enchanted pastries and brews, and every goblin maid is on the lookout for a man.

And Gabria has made no secret that she wants you.

You feel heat glow in your face at the memory. You still get love letters from her off and on. Very... explicit love letters. And sometimes even photos. You're both flattered and alarmed at her forceful affection, so on the one hand you know she won't turn down meeting you. But on the other, you know that getting her to give up the info you need won't be easy. Someone's going to get pumped tonight, for information or otherwise, and it might not be her.

Your stomach sinks as you swing around the corner and cruise near the Baker's Dozen, the pastry factory which Gabria uses as a front for her more lucrative business. You'd been worried before, but now you're positively alarmed. There are dozens of cars parked along the street, and you doubt they're here for a midnight donut.

Dear gods.

It's Couples Night.

You wince. That place is going to be simply crawling with goblin girls looking for a new husband. Couples Night is a common ploy for goblin maid families. They'll have some live shows and truly tempting performances, but with the caveat only those men with a goblin date can come in. A shockingly effective tactic. No one can ignore a goblin burlesque show.

You park and get out of the car, making your way towards the front doors of the factory. You slip inside the foyer, which is tastefully decorated with wood panel walls and lamps in delicate metal filigree. A goblin girl receptionist dressed in a bellhop's uniform and flattop cap mans the counter.

"Here for something sweet, hot stuff?" she says with a grin.

"Something like that," you say.

"I'll bet," she says, eyes running up and down you shamelessly. "Mmm. Some gob's getting lucky tonight," she says, reaching under her desk. She presses something and there's a subtle click.

There's a soft hiss and the nearby wall slides open, revealing a set of stairs. Electric lights glow at intervals as you descend into the coolness of the limestone caves underneath the factory, and as you go, you pick out the faint sound of music.

The sound builds to a swinging jazz along with the hubbub of conversation as you reach the bottom of the stairs. There, a crowd of goblin girls await, all dressed to the nines in heels and shameless gowns that leave little to the imagination. The scent of perfume is potent in the tight confines, but far from unpleasant. Most of the gobs are fawning over suited men who are waiting on some couches arranged along the wall. At the far end of the room, you make out a pair of doors built into the raw stone of the bedrock like some dwarven hold. A pair of massive trolls stand guard there, pugnacious faces

craggy with surly purpose, skin rough like crudely cut stone. They wear officious suits, which would invite ridicule if anyone was brave enough to antagonize eight feet of ambulatory rock. Getting a punch from one of them would be like taking a landslide to the face.

You make your way across the receiving room, earning a few looks from idling goblin maids who perk up when they notice you don't have a short, green girl hanging off your arm. Most of them have already found a date, and are clearly enjoying their time with the blushing men before heading into the club, but more than a few are clearly waiting for some poor bachelor to show up. Lacking males in their species, goblin maids are always on the lookout for husbands, and not all of them are patient enough to romance their beaus. Many human women hate the gorgeous green girls for stealing all the good men, which is why goblin bars are usually underground. The Temperance League has not been fond of gobs, but the police haven't exactly been eager to try and shut things down. Gabria probably has half the force in her clubs most nights.

Still, you'll need to try and get in there some way. Easiest way would be to grab a date, but it might be tricky to ditch her once inside the club. Also rude.

[Grab a Date](#)

[Talk to the Troll](#)

Drink It

Naturally, the beer is probably enchanted, but being a mage, you have a pretty impressive resistance against most arcane toxins. You can handle some goblin brew easily enough.

"Of course," you say, taking the first bottle and popping the seal. You ease it back, taking a sip of the brew.

It's good. Surprisingly so. Smooth and easy, with a carbonation that seems to tingle through you in a rush. But you keep your senses keyed up for any hidden catch. You do sense magic in it, but not much. Not enough to taint you anyway.

After savouring the drink for a moment, you take another pull. Mmm. That is good. Really good. Before you even realize it you've polished off the bottle.

"Like it?" your date says with a saucy grin.

"Yeah," you say, voice thick. You find yourself staring at the tightness of her top, the strapless tightness straining around those impressive breasts. Gods but she's sexy. You've always had a thing for goblins. Like compressed sexual appeal. You blink and refocus on her face.

"Like what you see?" she says with a grin.

You feel heat rise in your head. "Uh-"

"Still got another bottle to go, big guy," she observes, pushing the second towards you.

"Oh. Right. Sure..."

You lift the second bottle and take a swig, and the second is even better than the first. You feel the soothing warmth spread through you in a haze, and you find yourself smiling, muscles relaxing pleasantly. Damn but that stuff is good. And you're not drunk at all. You're sure of it.

You find yourself circumspectly taking another gander at Lizzie's tits. Fuck she's hot. So gorgeous. You lick your lips. For some reason, you still find yourself thirsty...

"Want another brew, big guy?" the goblin croons.

"A-another?" you say.

"Sure. Here we are."

You stare at the bottle. Did she always have three? Wasn't it two? Or was it one? How... how many have you drunk? Couldn't be more than one. You'd never be stupid enough to drink more than one.

You find your hand wrapping around the bottle. And why not? It tastes good. And mere goblin brew won't be enough to intoxicate a wizard of your class. You grin at the goblin maid. "Bottoms up," you say cheerily and tilt back the bottle.

Mmm. This one was even better than the last one. You shiver in delight as your body grows warm and light, feeling like you're filled with helium.

"This's good stuff," you say.

"You know it, big boy," Lizzie says with a grin. "And you wanted to talk to someone, right?"

Did you?

That does sound right. But you're having trouble remembering who.

Your brow furrows in concentration. "Um..."

"Was it me? Because ya know," Lizzie says, sliding closer, her long dark lashes fluttering as her hand rests on your leg. "I got lots to talk about with you, hot stuff."

"T-talk?"

"For a start," she says, grinning. "How about we get outta here. Have ourselves a real...show. Hm?"

Your eyes are glued to her breasts as her hand strokes the tight fabric of her top. A green finger teasing under the band, tugging it down a little more, baring the dusky dawning of a dark areola. You swallow, rock hard in your pants.

"S-sure," you say.

Her grin widens. "Attaboy," she purrs, taking your hand and pulling you out of the chair.

You stumble after her, eyes glued to the sway of her ass. Fuck she's hot. What were you doing? You're still not sure, and before you figure it out you find yourself moving up some stairs. It's dark here. And her perfume is so strong. So good. You inhale deeply, shivering with ecstasy.

A lock clicks and you find yourself stumbling into a bedroom. You stagger, blinking. Why are you here?

"Have a seat, cutie," Lizzie says, poking you.

You topple at the light touch, your ass bouncing on the edge of the bed before you sink into the enveloping softness. Instantly, the goblin girl is on your lap, straddling your legs, trapping you under her weight, her breasts squishing against your chest as she leans in close, her eyes shining with excitement.

"So you wanted to talk, right?" the goblin maid says.

"Uh, right. Right. That um..." you stammer, trying to focus.

"About how good a kisser I am?"

"G-good?"

"Oh, you want proof?"

"Yeah," you say without thinking.

Which becomes more common as she leans in and plants an adoring kiss on your unresisting lips.

You groan in pleasure as her soft lips work against your own, her tongue teasing into your mouth. The heat of the kiss grows, her tongue twining with yours as you slump back deeper into the bed, utterly sinking into the softness of the seat. In fact, the only thing that isn't getting softer is your cock, which is absolutely throbbing in the prison of your pants as Lizzie grinds her ass down on your bulge.

"Mmmm," you groan in pleasure, eyes rolling back with delight.

Lizzie breaks the kiss, licking her lips greedily. "Mmm. That's good, big boy. You a wizard?"

"Y-yeah," you gasp.

She cackles in delight. "Fuck yeah! Hit the jackpot. How about some more, stud?"

"M-more?" you breathe in excitement.

"Oh yeah," she purrs. "So much more."

That does sound good. In fact, it sounds like exactly what you need. You have a niggling feeling like you should have been doing something else, but what could be more important than loving Lizzie?

"Yeah. More sounds... sounds good," you breathe.

"Good boy," the goblin says, and kisses you again.

You groan as the heat of her passion melts you. Your hands grope for some purchase in the blaze of pleasure devouring you. At last, your hands manage to find her plump ass, grabbing it, the tight fabric feeling strange under your fingers, but the pliable firmness of her ass so wonderful.

"Mmmm," Lizzie moans between kisses. "Yes. Oh yesssss. Grope my ass. Squeeze it. Kiss me harder. Oh fuck yes. You wanna... wanna fuck me, stud? Wanna fuck your hot, green babe?"

"Yeah," you pant, manhood throbbing in the prison of your pants. "Yes. Wanna... wanna do that..."

"Good stud," she purrs, pushing forward again, kissing you hard, ass rising off your lap just so her hand can slide between you. You gasp as you feel her fingers brush your crotch, teasing open your pants. Your manhood fairly bursts into the open, quivering with arousal. You groan as you feel the molten heat of her cunny brush it, then slowly sheathe you in her.

"Oooohhhh," you moan, eyes rolling in ecstasy as your cock is enveloped in the tight heat of Lizzie's cunt.

"Fuck, you're a big one," the goblin gasps, biting her lower lip in delight. "Just... the way I... like 'em!"

"Like... you... t-too," you manage to gasp out.

Lizzie giggles. “Aw, that’s sweet, studmuffin. But I hope you more than like me. I hope... you... fucking... loooooove meeeee.”

You cry out as she begins to bounce in your lap, her pussy devouring your cock with every sway of her hips, the slap of flesh on flesh nearly drowning out the music from the dance floor. Your hands tighten on her ass, bouncing her frantically atop your cock, your moans rising in volume as she rides you.

“Oh f-fuck! Fuck! Yes! L-love you! Love you, L-Lizzie! Love... ah... love youuuu!”

“Yes!” Lizzie cries eagerly. “Yes! Love me you fucking magic stud you! Gimme that... ah... gimme that cock! Gimme that c-cum! Fuck! Don’t stop! Fuck me! Fuck me haaaaard!”

You can’t hold out anymore. Your declaration of love seems to escape you like a burst of pure emotion, and with it goes the last dredges of your resistance. You thrust up into her a final time, groaning as you cum, pumping great gouts of your hot cum into the busty goblin maid.

The rush of your release makes your head swim and you slump back in your seat, breathing hot and slowing as you begin to relax.

You stir as you feel something slide onto your finger. You look down, finding Lizzie holding your hand, and a golden ring around your index finger. The goblin smirks and kisses it.

“Looks good on you, stud,” she says.

You shiver. “Th-thanks,” you breathe.

Her smirk deepens, and your new fiancée lifts your hand and begins to lovingly suck on your finger, making you shudder in bliss, hardening once more within her.

Time for the honeymoon...

[Trophy Husband](#)

Fake Drinking It

You smile as your hand slips to your belt, taking off the amulet and pinching it between your fingers. "Well, if you insist," you say as you take the beer, feeling the amulet vibrate subtly with power as it presses against the glass. They magicked the beer, of course. Well, time to disappoint her.

You knock back the bottle with satisfaction. You can still taste a faint buzz of magic, but it's very much reduced. And even then it's a good beer. Smooth and tasty, with a faint hint of something sugary. No surprise it's good. Goblins are premier alchemists, even without their fey magics, and you have no doubt that the brew would be ten times tastier with sorcery mixed in. But that would also likely sink you into a state of drunken dumbassery, so you'll take it as is.

You put down the drink and instantly Lizzie has pushed the second towards you. "Here ya go. Looks like you enjoyed it."

"I did," you say and take up the other bottle, your hand lingering on the glass as you blink drowsily, feigning growing befuddlement. No sense betraying your hand now. Looks like she's buying it, because as you drink the second bottle, the goblin maid smirks, her lashes low and sharp with cunning triumph.

"Ah. Good shtuff," you slur. "Damn good."

"Wasn't it?" Lizzie says, grinning.

"Yup!" you say, smiling stupidly. "Sho good. Think I could go for some more."

Lizzie's eyes sparkle with delight. "You got it, cutie. You just stay right. There," she says, tapping your nose prettily.

"Shore," you say with another dumb grim.

Lizzie giggles and slips out of the chair, vanishing through the crowd in the direction of the bar. The second she's gone you're out of the seat. You feel a little bad about leaving her like this. But on the other hand, she was trying to magick you into being her dumb husband stud. You shake your head.

Fey.

You slip across the club, heading towards the rear. There, a set of stairs carved into the rock of the cave climb to a low part of the ceiling, where a window is cut in the stone like a private box at some subterranean opera house. Another troll stands guard at the foot of the stairs, his expression stolid and grim as you approach. But this one you recognize.

"Granite," you say.

His beady eyes narrow, then a craggy grin shifts his lips. "Lukas," he says. "Good see you."

"Yeah, yeah. Listen, is Gabria in?"

"Hm. Me check," he says, turning and stumping up to the door.

You wait uneasily, glancing back at the floor now and then until, at last, Granite returns and nods up the steps.

“Waiting for you,” he says.

“Thanks,” you say, nodding his way as you move past him.

When you reach the door you give it a knock.

“Enter,” purrs a familiar voice.

Well.

Here goes.

You turn the handle and walk inside.

[Meeting Gabria](#)

Meeting Gabria

You open the door slowly to find a cross between a sitting room and an office. Expensive carpets drape the floor and some electric lamps are turned low. The low light hides many of the details of the room, for Gabria is a woman of the shadows, and her beauty is only enhanced by it. You manage to make out a pastoral painting draping the far wall, showcasing hills of green and frolicking goblin girls wearing nothing but floral crowns. A functional, plain desk sits in the corner along with a number of ledgers, but it's the couch in the middle of the room that draws your attention.

There reclines Gabria, the gorgeous goblin maid sitting casually in the seat, watching the stage through the large window at the front of the office. She's got all the curves of a goblin maid, but added to that is a confident, commanding presence that's positively magnetic. A sequined gown strains against her swelling bust, while a fan of feathers jut from a tight hat pressed around her head, only a few locks of dark hair escaping the band. Her eyes are ochred with dusky suggestion, her long lashes sprinkled with silver that flash as she flicks them at you suggestively, her lips rouged a deep crimson that glistens in the faint light. In one hand she lazily dangles a shot glass, the rim pinched between her fingers and nails painted black.

"Well well!" she says. "If it isn't Lukas Lynch. And to what do I owe the pleasure, hm? Did you reconsider my offer?"

You don't need to ask her which one. Goblins like humans, and not just for social climbing. A goblin's rank among her clan is directly proportionate to the quality of the man she's been wedded to. Though most goblin maids are satisfied with your average Joe who can only think of how much he adores his goblin bride, a gob of Gabria's status demands a certain level of human mate. And apparently she's decided that was you.

It's a bit flattering, truth be told. Sure, you're handy with a revolver and you haven't gotten killed in this business yet, but at the same time that's why you've been reluctant to be Gabria's stud. A man doesn't just marry a gob. He marries into her family, which means you'd have to abandon your work if you said 'I do' to the gorgeous green gal. Still, be a hell of a career move, you muse, eyes running up and down her figure.

"Not this time," you tell her with a shake of your head. "I need some information."

"Mmm. Shame," Gabria says as she returns to watching the show through the window, a lazy wave of her hand beckoning you nearer. "But you've come to the right gob, I'll give you that. So take a seat, stud. Spill. What do you need to know?"

You slide into the seat next to her on the couch. "It's about a missing demon."

Her eyebrow flicks, the only sign of her interest. "Hmm? A demon? Doesn't seem like your usual line."

"It was a good offer," you say. "Anyway, I need some info on the Newgates."

The change is subtle, but you catch it. The slight stiffening of Gabria's spine, the flash in her eyes and subtle tensing of her lips. "Oh?" she says, idly picking up her drink again. "What about them?"

"Anything you've got," you say.

Gabria idly swirls the burgundy liquor, her eyes growing lidded and contemplative as she watches the next singer take the stage, the band picking up a humming warble. "Hmm," she says. "You really have no idea the kind of trouble you're getting yourself into here, do you?"

"What's the big deal?" you say. "They're a gang in the Fey Markets. Nothing that special."

"That what you really think?" she says.

"I-"

You suck in a breath as you feel Gabria's foot brush your leg. You eye her, but she merely smirks at you, resting her cheek in the palm of her hand, eying you flirtatiously.

"Gabria," you say.

"Why do you do this, Lukas?" she asks idly, her foot gliding up your leg, stroking you through the fabric. "Why do you take these jobs that are so... beneath you?"

"It pays well," you say defensively.

She snorts. "We both know that isn't true. Ah, Lukas," she says, leaning a little towards you, the feathers in her hair bobbing tantalizingly as she looks at you with lidded, suggestive eyes. "You could be so much more with the proper girl behind you."

"Like you?" you say.

She flicks her fingers. "Of course! I have an excellent eye for men, you know," Gabria says, her eyes running up and down you once more in obvious appreciation. "Mmm. And there's a lot to admire here. Why won't you work with me, Lukas? With you, I could rule this town."

"I think you're overestimating me," you say, growing a little awkward at her praise.

"I think you're underestimating yourself," she says, her painted nails flashing as she takes a sip of her drink. "Mmm. You take these penny ante shit jobs and debase yourself getting candid photos of cheating wives and finding lost cats, and for what? To pay for your trashy apartment? An office in a rotting building? A broken-down car? Come on, Lukas. You could be so much more."

"Like the husband of a goblin bootlegger?" you say.

"For a start," Gabria says, grinning evilly.

You roll your eyes, but you've never been a man who lives by a lie. She's right on some counts. You can't say being a private wizard has been lucrative, this job aside. And you can already taste the danger in it.

"Gabria..."

“C’mon, hot stuff,” Gabria purrs, her foot gliding further up your leg, teasing near your crotch.
“Let’s work together. Whaddya say?”

[Accept the Offer](#)

[Refuse Her Offer](#)

Accept the Offer

Gabria has a point. If you're honest with yourself, your career isn't terrible, but hardly going anywhere meaningful. You turned down Gabria before, sure, but you wanted to make a go of the detective thing.

But maybe it's time to throw in the towel.

"It's a tough economy," you admit.

Gabria's eyes flash and her smile widens. "Sure is," the goblin purrs, sliding in closer, her hip resting snugly against yours. "And there's plenty of perks to the job."

"That right?" you say, your arm snaking around Gabria, pulling her closer.

"Mmm," the goblin purrs, the feathers in her hair fluttering. "Absolutely. For one, you get to marry the most gorgeous goblin you ever did see."

"And what are the perks to that?" you ask.

Gabria grins and leans up against you, practically crawling on your lap. "Wanna find out?"

For answer, you return her smile and pull her closer, your lips meeting hers with a hungry passion.

Gabria moans as you kiss her, her lips soft, yielding as your hands grasp the gorgeous curves of her rear. Her hands grip the lapels of your jacket, pressing herself against you with a growl like a jungle cat. You slide back in your seat as Gabria moves fully into your lap, your hands squeezing her luscious bottom, feeling how yielding yet firm her rear is, the sequins of her dress pressing into your palms.

Fuck she's hot.

In a completely unsurprising development, you rapidly get hard, and as Gabria grinds her ass down onto your bulge you can't suppress a groan of pleasure. The saucy goblin maid breaks the kiss, licking her lips greedily and fluttering her lashes up at you. "Looks like you've got a problem down there," Gabria says.

"Wouldn't call it a problem exactly," you say, voice rough, your mouth still tasting her lipstick and the subtle alcohol flavour of her kiss.

"Then you don't want me to offer my tailor-made solution?" the goblin croons teasingly.

"Didn't say that."

"That's what I thought," she smirks, wriggling out of your hands and lap, sliding down onto the floor. You instantly part your legs as the gorgeous goblin maid finds herself between your thighs, her lashes low as she undoes your pants. You grunt as she draws your cock out of your pants, your full length almost slapping her in the face.

“Oh ho! Look at what we’ve got here,” Gabria coos as she nuzzles your manhood, her hand already slowly stroking. “Looks like a resounding endorsement for our engagement.”

“Going to put a ring on it?” you ask

Gabria raises a brow. “Mmm. Kinky. Maybe later. For now, I think I’ll just... mmm... enjoy myself.”

You laugh, then groan in pleasure as her soft lips kiss your balls. Oh fuck, those lips should be declared dangerous weapons. Gabria moans softly as she kisses her way up your sack and along your length, every press leaving a lipstick mark flush on your cock, tingling with sensitivity. Ooooh, looks like she’s using drugged lipstick again. If you hadn’t already agreed to be hers, you’d be worried right around now.

Good thing you’ve already expressed your desire to be hers. And it’s already paying dividends as Gabria’s adoring lips kiss the tip of your cock, lingering on the twitching crown before her lips part, and she slowly swallows you.

“Oh f-fuuuuuuck!” you groan as Gabria’s head dips, her lips gliding along your manhood. Lower. Lower. All the way down to the root. You shiver as you feel the heat of her breath from her nose on your skin. Then she comes back up.

Down.

And really begins to suck.

You’ve always known Gabria had a silver tongue. Part and parcel for her job, but those lips are showing you just what she can really do. You groan, grabbing the seat of the couch, your other hand resting on her head, the feathers in her headdress tickling your fingers as you spur her down faster on your cock.

“Oh fuuuuck,” you groan. “Gabria. That’s... mnnn...”

“Hmmm,” she purrs, going slow, passionately, a master at work.

And damn but it’s good.

“Fuuuuck,” you groan as her hand slides under you cock, her fingers gently fondling your balls as she sucks you off. You grab her head with one hand, fingers tensing as she gives a particularly passionate suck.

“Oh fuck!” you gasp. “Gabria... can’t hold out much...”

“Mhmm,” she moans, the sound vibrating down your shaft, nearly pushing you over the brink right there. But she doesn’t. She draws it out, making your muscles tense and breathing grow hot and laboured. Fuck she’s good. Oh fuck yesssss.

“Gabria,” you gasp. “Oh f-fuck. Gabria. I... I’m... Mnnnnn!”

You groan in delight, tensing as you finally cum, cock throbbing as you unload a burst of your hot seed into her mouth. With a moan of pleasure the goblin girl swallows, deftly taking every drop of your

spurting cum in her mouth, her eyes lidding as your magic infused seed fills her in a burst of euphoric pleasure.

You gasp, sagging back against the couch as Gabria draws her lips back off your cock, licking her lips, breathing quick and shaky from the sudden infusion of magic. She brushes a hand across her brow, calming herself as she suppresses her reaction, and then she gives you a saucy smirk. "Mmm. Liked that, stud?"

"Fuck... That was... fantastic," you confess.

"Damn straight. And it's only gonna get better," Gabria says, standing, her smirk widening. "Because you and me? We're just getting started."

[Married to the Gob](#)

Talk to the Troll

Gabria will want to talk to you, that you know, so your best bet to get in would be through the big guy at the door.

You slip through the crowd and head towards the bouncer, who raises a heavy brow slowly.

“What you want?” he says in a voice like gravel grinding.

“Just looking to get in,” you say.

The troll slowly crosses his arms, looking down on you with a beady eye of disapproval. “No one in without date.”

“Look, Gabria knows me,” you say.

He scoffs. “Sure! Pull other one.”

You scowl. Damn. A new guy. How to deal with him...

[Trick Him with Magic](#)

[Demand to See Gabria](#)

[Grab a Date](#)

Trick the Troll

Trolls aren't exactly known for their brains, but are known for their ability to break rocks with their heads. Hence their popularity as brute muscle. So maybe it's time for a bit of trickery.

"Listen," you say, sliding in closer and pulling out your wallet. "How about we make a bit of a deal?"

The troll frowns heavily. "Deal?"

"Yeah," you say, drawing out a couple copper coins. You jangle them in your hand, a crackle of magic tinting the dun orange to a richer hue. That should do it. You open your hand to reveal the flash of gold. "But I think you saw me with a date. And when you did, you let me inside, right?"

The troll's beady eyes stare at the gold you hold. His heavy brows knit as he tries to dissemble your attempts to bribe him. "But... I didn't let youz in."

Good gods. "You say I had a date, and I give you this gold. Deal?"

Realization illuminates the troll's face. "Ohhh," he says, grinning. "Dis a bribe?"

"Yeah. Yeah it is," you say in exasperation.

The troll holds out his hand and you drop the coins into it. He raises it to his ear and gives it a shake.

His grin vanishes.

He shakes it again and his eyes narrow, his face scrunching in anger. Oh fuck. Did he figure out it's fake?

"You thinkz you can trick me?" he growls.

Shit.

"Listen," you say quickly. "I was just--"

His massive hand grabs you by the shoulder. "You'z gonna find out what happens ta smart guys," he bellows.

You try and pull free, but his grip is unbreakable. The troll forces you up the stairs and past the crowd. When he gets to the front door, he throws it open, and then throws you.

You sail through the air and hit the boardwalk hard, pain shooting up from your shoulder where you land, tumbling a bit further before stopping.

"And don't let me catch you'z around here again!" the troll bellows before turning and lumbering back inside.

You groan and climb back to your feet. You brush your long coat to try and salvage some of your dignity, which doesn't really go too well, and soon enough you just give it up. Sighing, you pick up your hat and fit it back on your head.

Well, guess you've got to try and talk to the alraune now.

Turning on your heel you make your way back to your car and get in the driver's side, wincing at the pain that throbs from your arm. Nothing broken. Bruised, along with your ego, but oh well. Not much for it now.

You drive off into the city, night washing out the streets in a slow flood. You flick on the headlights, steering on towards the east side, where Marina keeps her place of business. You cruise into the seedier side of town, the streetlights dim despite the dark. Few people are about, and those who are hurry on their business.

You finally grind to a stop outside a narrow building, its front a wedge sitting on the corner, the rest of the building curving along either side of the street. Behind it, you can make out the angled glass that form the greater greenhouse. Three lamps glow above a sign declaring it the *Pollen House*, but that's just a front. An accurate one, sure. But there's far more than roses behind those glass panels. Far more.

Parking, you get out, closing the door. You doubt there's anywhere else in the world with an all-night florist shop, but Marina's main business always comes in after dark. You make your way to the door, a bell ringing with a gentle chime as you walk in.

The teasing suggestion of perfume awaits you through the door. Potted plants surround you, while vases hold roses, chrysanthemums and other flowers displayed to their greatest advantage. The walls above them hold photos and paintings of different flower arrangements, while the wooden counter takes up the entire back of the narrow shop.

A man stands there, his eyes dim, and a dreamy smile on his lips. He wears a bowtie and an apron, his hair slicked back, though his dazzled look belies the trimness of his appearance. "Hello," he says. "How can we help you?"

You move forward, eying some of the posters before leaning on the counter. "Hi," you say. "I'm looking for something to give to my beloved. Something that says, 'Dreaming of you.'"

His smile widens at the password. "Of course," he says, opening the small counter flap. "I think we have something to satisfy you in the back."

You force yourself not to hesitate as you follow him. He leads you into the trimming station, the wooden counter holding the scissors, ruler, and other tools of the trade. A lonely radio sits on the wall, popping and crackling with the distant warbling of classical music. The shopkeeper opens the glass door at the rear leading into the greenhouse, ushering you through.

Even though you knew it was coming, the perfume that saturates the air inside nearly chokes you. The heaviness of the scent stuffs your senses in a rush, and you nearly stagger before you find your footing. You blink, barely able to see through the haze of pollen.

But what you can see makes the hairs on your back rise with unease.

Plants don't just grow here. They riot. Glass as elegant as the stained windows of any church arch above, the moonlight bleeding through and glowing among the pollen like you stand in a mist of hues. Flowers bloom from all around you, overflowing from beds and pots, their sprawling roots making the floor uneven, their petals shimmering with colour. Vines drape the way through the garden like curtains, and from beyond them you can hear gentle laughter and soft cooing voices. Moans of men and sighs of women, wrapped in blissful ecstasy.

A woman in a short skirted dress gleaming with sequins, her skin green as summer leaves blocks your way deeper into the greenhouse. Her eyes are like emeralds, and blooming from her hair is a large rose, unfurled like a frozen explosion of crimson.

"Welcome, dear guest," she says sweetly. "How might the garden please you?"

You try and ignore the obvious implication, and the soft moans from the hidden revelers on either side of you. You brush your hand against the amulet on your belt, clearing your head for the moment of the corruptive scent which saturates the greenhouse. "Yeah," you say rigidly. "I need to speak with the Mistress."

Her eyes flicker brightly and she smiles wider, bowing, the rose blooming in her hair bobbing. "Of course. If you'd follow me..."

She turns, her ass swinging tantalisingly in her tight, short dress. You force yourself not to stare as you follow her down a thin path that cuts through the greenhouse's jungle, though as a result you can't help but looking at everything else around you.

Men and women lounge in cushions of moss and vibrant greens, their clothes dishevelled, their expressions rapturous. Flowers dangle above them, petals dancing like swishing skirts, raining golden pollen into the faces of the addicts. A man to your right inhales deeply, peacefully, his face dim and sated. Drugged by the opiates that he inhales. In another bed, you spot a woman sprawled among the flowers, her shirt open and a pair of bulbs pressed to her breasts like starry bras, the stems softly pulsing, feeding like a suckling newborn. Draining her life force slowly.

You feel your skin crawl at the sight. For that is the coin which Marina charges. The essence of humans, given freely in exchange for the opiate bliss of her garden. Peace. Ease. All for a taste of their life force. A business without compare in the city.

A taste her patrons can't get enough of.

You don't know whose palms Marina greased to get her business out of the Fey Markets and into the human city, but she did, and she's here. More's the pity. But you'd be stupid not to use her. Many a whisper has passed numbed lips lost to the throes of the floral hunger. Many useful secrets.

You move deeper into the garden, trying to ignore the desiccated figures that sleep among the flower beds this far in. Only the deepest addicts can enjoy this degree of pollen, and their cost is all too clear. Some you see are so wasted their skin resembles bark, veined with the roots that seep into their flesh, pulsing as they feed upon their victims. The faces slack, eyes sunken and staring. They'll be dead soon. Drained to the dregs, unable to even stumble from Marina's home, their bodies buried in the plots to feed the plants further. But you have no time to linger on them. For before you rises a gazebo, so

draped in foliage it resembles a green bell. Curtains of moss hang around the walls, while through the small doorway cut in the vegetation you make out a soft, violet light.

Your guide stops before it and gestures for you to enter. You linger a moment outside, the heaviness of pollen like a mist leaking through the gap. But you've come this far and, after firming yourself, you step through.

Something between a lounge and a jungle greets you inside. Several violet flowers bloom around the ceiling, their pollen glowing softly as it rains down in dreamy slowness. Couches and tables fill the cramped space, either made of foliage or so covered in it you can't tell the difference, and on them sprawl the tenders of the garden.

The tenders are like your guide in their uniformity. All stunningly beautiful. All dressed in revealing, tight clothes, their skin vibrant green, and in every one's hair blooms a flower. But Marina herself is a completely different beast. She drapes herself on an immense flower like some indolent queen upon her throne. A tight, slinky gown of ivy clings to her flawless curves, her green skin so lush it fairly glows in the low light. Lazily dangled between her fingers is a long cigarette holder still smoking, the fumes swirling among the raining pollen like dancing snakes. Her hair is pressed down around her head, and her eyes are lidded with lazy pleasure.

Your entrance stirs the mistress of the *Pollen House*, and she tilts her head up, a smirk alighting upon her lips.

"Hmm? What have we here, girls?" she hums, sitting up straighter and eying you lazily. "The illustrious detective has come to pay us a visit. How amusing."

"Hello, Marina," you say, trying not to breathe too hard and inhale more of the thick pollen soaking the air. "I was wondering if we could have a chat."

"Of course," she drawls, gesturing at an empty chair. "Take a seat, my delightful fauna."

You don't want to. Just being in the pollen saturated air is making your head throb and your body tingle with the effect of the perfume. Few can stand such a heavy dose of her opiate perfume, but thanks to the rune on your belt you manage. For now. But it's a race against time. The longer you're in her presence, the more you'll inevitably breathe in until you're little more than an addled slug. Normally you'd try and speak to Marina outside the gazebo or through an intermediary, but time is of the essence tonight.

Reluctantly, you take a seat in one of the mossy chairs, the greenery sinking under your weight. Alarmingly comfortable. The kind of chair you could just sink into and let the world drift by like cotton candy clouds...

No! Snap out of it. You shake your head, glaring at the alraune. But she just smiles at you, her cooing thralls pressing in around her.

"I need information," you say, cutting straight to the point.

"Of course you do. Why else attend me? But what do you need? Some news of political intrigue? Perhaps the dark mutterings of murderers? The desires-"

“Anything you have about the Newgates,” you say, cutting her off sharply.

Her eyes flicker and her smirk deepens. “Mmm,” she says, lifting herself up, more attentive now. “That is interesting indeed. I know some things about them, silly fauna. But the price shall be high indeed.”

“I have gold,” you say, making the effort, even though you know it’s futile.

As expected, she merely laughs. “Amusing, my fauna. But I will need more than that. The essence of a wizard is so... delicious. Even one as wearied as you.”

You glance up as one of her bulbs peels from the base of her flower. A plump thing, the petals closed, but looking so wonderfully soft, drooling with a sap that you just know is going to feel incredible.

“How do I know your info is legitimate?” you ask warily.

Marina laughs. “I would not last long if I gave bad information, little fauna.”

Well, she’s right. Much to your annoyance. But you’re still not reassured at the thought of letting her suck you off while you lounge in her brainwashing pollen.

[Pull Out Your Gun](#)

[Pull Out Your Cock](#)

Demand to See Gabria

"Listen up," you say, your voice dropping dangerously. "I'm a close friend of Gabria's, and she's going to want to see me. Now you have two options. Either go and tell her that Lukas Lynch is here to see her, or next time I do see her, I'll tell her that her doorman kept me outside."

The troll narrows his eyes and rumbles dangerously, looming over you like a volcano about to erupt. And no one can loom like a troll. It's like staring up at a walking mountain, but you meet his glare squarely, knowing that's the only way to get in the club. The staring contest drags on, a bead of sweat running down your back. Finally, he looks away and to his companion. The other troll shrugs, and the brute you were dealing with grunts.

"You'z wait here," he says before ducking inside the club.

You settle back with a sigh, trying to calm the pounding of your heart. Nothing like staring down a guy that could paste you with a flick of his fingers to get the adrenaline pumping. You doubt he really would have killed you. Gabria wouldn't want that kind of attention, but it wouldn't take much for him to make your life difficult. A couple broken legs for one.

It takes a few minutes, but at last the troll reemerges from the doors. His expression is that careful blank of someone who just got a very explicit talking to from management.

"You'z come with me," he says, jerking his thumb at himself.

"Sure thing," you say, smart enough not to rub the troll's face in it.

Your brutish guide grunts and turns to lumber back into the club with you in tow. The interior of the speakeasy is washed in a pleasant darkness, softened by the glow of electrical lights strung around the cave's ceiling. The only bright spot in the club is on stage, where a band plays a jazzy, cajoling tune like the lazy sidle of a tomcat on the prowl. Several goblin maids are on stage, and so is much of the clothes they'd been wearing. The busty green girls sway to the suggestive music, every motion seeing another article of clothing fluttering aside in burlesque temptation, the sight riveting to the many men and their goblin dates sitting at the tables. Even as you watch, one man is drawn from his seat by his date and across the floor towards a door with a large Private sign plastered above it. As the door closes, the sign lights up.

You shake your head in amused exasperation.

Goblins.

But no time to take in the sights, as much as the stage demands your attention. The troll has brought you past the bar and towards a set of stairs cut into the rock of the cave, climbing to a low part of the ceiling, where there's a window cut in the stone like a private box at an opera house. Another troll stands guard at the foot of the stairs. You recognize him, and give him a nod.

"Granite," you say.

“Ey,” the troll says with a rocky grin. He steps aside and gestures you up. You nod and slip by, climbing the stairs quickly. At the top you grasp the doorknob and take a deep breath.

Here goes.

You turn it and step inside.

[Meeting Gabria](#)

Grab a Date

You certainly won't have a problem finding a date here. You cast your eyes about the crowd thoughtfully.

"Well hey there cutie."

You look down at the suggestive drawl, discovering a goblin maid standing in front of you, hip cocked and dark lashes low and teasing. She's wearing a strapless black dress that remains on her only by the grace of her green bust, squeezing those plump orbs high. Her hair is done up in a coiling beehive, her long pointed ears weighed by two huge earrings, leaving her head to remind you of a pair of scales. Her lashes are long and almost ceaselessly flutter, a purse thrown over her shoulder and her height lifted by a pair of almost absurd heels.

"Hi," you say.

"Looking to take in the show?" she says, eying you like a piece of meat at the butcher's. And by the way her tongue flicks along her ruby rouged lips, she likes what she sees.

"I was thinking about it. But I need a date to get in."

"Well!" she says, taking your arm, pressing it between her plump breasts as she pulls in close beside you. "What a coincidence! Name's Lizzie, and I was just looking for a studly man to enjoy it with. How about it, hot stuff? Want to have some fun?"

Well, that solves one problem. "Sounds like a good time," you say.

Her eyes flash under her long lashes. "Attaboy," she purrs, the sound vibrating from her chest. "Let's go."

She tugs you towards the doors, and instantly the two trolls open the way and bow the pair of you inside.

The interior of the club is washed in a pleasant darkness, softened by the glow of electrical lights strung around the cave's ceiling. The only bright spot in the club is on stage, where a band plays a jazzy, cajoling tune like the lazy sidle of a cat on the prowl. Several goblin maids are on stage, and so is much of the clothes they'd been wearing. The busty green girls sway to the suggestive music, every motion seeing another article of clothing fluttering to the floor in burlesque temptation, the sight riveting to the many men and their goblin dates sitting at the tables. Even as you watch, one man is drawn from his seat by his goblin date and across the floor towards a door with a large Private sign plastered above it. As the door closes, the sign lights up.

You shake your head in amused exasperation.

Goblins.

“Here we go,” your date says, pulling you towards a booth set in the shadows. And near, you can’t help but notice, both the Private door and the bar. “Perfect. Best seat in the house. Besides your lap, hot stuff,” she says, nudging you suggestively.

“You think so?” you say as you take a seat.

“I know it,” she purrs, plopping into the chair beside you and waving at one of the waitresses, who almost instantly struts to your table and sets down two sweating bottles of beer. You pick up one of them, eying the label. The banner lettering names it ‘*Green Babe Brew*’ and wraps around a smirking goblin girl’s bust.

“Cheers!” Lizzie says, tapping the second bottle against yours with a ringing sound.

[Drink It](#)

[Fake Drinking It](#)

Trophy Husband

You love your gorgeous wife.

She's so smart and clever and beautiful, you have no idea how you got along before you married her. Honestly, it's hard to remember your life before her anymore. All your mind ever seems to focus on is how much you love your wife.

And why shouldn't you? She is your light. Your star! The thing that gives your life meaning. It's why you abandoned that stupid detective thing you were doing and got a real job! You still remember the argument about it.

"But darling. I like being a detective," you'd protested.

"Silly. That's such a dangerous job! And you have a wife now. You can't be risking your life like that."

"But honey..."

"Silly husband. Here, have another cupcake."

The moment you took a bite you really started feeling her argument. And then she brought out a beer, her lush hips swaying behind her cute apron, her smiling face watching you take a long, heavy drink.

"Mmm... Well, maybe you're... you're right," you said.

"Of course I am," she purred, moving in closer. "Your darling wife is always right. Now, how about a reward for my studly man?"

Which was when you found out she wasn't wearing anything under that apron.

And it was pretty dumb of you to doubt her. She's got such a good head for things. Sure, accountancy is boring and soul crushing, but as soon as you finish your work and come home to your darling wife, it's like the weight lifts off your shoulders, your mind clearing of all that gloom and emptiness. Then you sit down at the dinner table, sometimes with other families from the neighborhood, men and their gorgeous green wives, and you all eat a sumptuous dinner.

Then, when the guests are gone and you and your beloved are alone, she shows you the real reward for being such a good, loyal, obedient husband. Letting you fall back onto the bed, clothes thrown in a corner, Lizzie climbing up atop you, her eyes shining in the dark like some jungle predator, her purr rumbling, her smooth, warm skin rubbing against you. Her soft breasts pressing into your chest. Her gorgeous lips meeting yours.

Ah.

Domestic heaven.

You can never stop yourself then. You grab her hips, angling your thrusts, sheathing your cock in your goblin bride's lush, hot pussy.

"Oh yessssss!" Lizzie cries, her earrings ringing as rides you, feverish in her need to fuck and have you breed your gorgeous green wife. "Yes! Fuck me! Ohhhh fuuuuck me! Give it to me! Ah. Ah! Yes! Fuck! Fuck me harder you fucking human stud! Oh gob. Oh gob yes! Yessss! Keep going. Keep... ah... going! Fuck me! Fuck me hard!"

"Gods!" you gasp, gripping her hips as you pound her onto your cock, watching in awe as her breasts bounce and her lips form cries of pleasure. "Love... love you. Love you, Lizzie! Love... love... Ohhhhh!"

You cry out as you cum in a sudden flash of orgasmic pleasure, your cock throbbing, aching as you release in a burst of ecstasy. Your head falls back against the cushion, your toes curling in delight as you fill your beloved wife with your hot load.

"Ohhhhh!" Lizzie cries atop you, the feel of your cum stuffing her pushing her over the edge. You feel her pussy tighten, milking you with sharp, jolting bursts of pleasure as she takes your load in a moment of sublime ecstasy.

Then you sag onto the bed, chest heaving, head empty of thought as you languish in the doldrums of post-coital bliss. You grunt as Lizzie leans in atop you once more, her golden eyes once more gleaming like a jungle cat in the night. Her soft lips press to yours, and you sigh as you taste her lipstick. That sweet, heady taste that always makes you feel so good and soft and willing to do whatever your beloved bride says.

Her lips separate from yours with an audible pop, leaving you tingling. "Love you, sweet thing," she coos.

"Love you... too... darling," you breathe.

Lizzie giggles and snuggles against you, your arms automatically moving around her and pulling her close. You sigh in happiness, staring at the ceiling of your home with your white picket fence and beloved wife. It's not the life you imagined for yourself, but anything to make your wife happy.

Like a good husband would.

End

[Index Start Over](#)

Refuse Her Offer

Your career may not be all it can be, but it's yours, and live or die, you'll do it by your own hand.

"Thanks, Gabria. But once again, going to have to decline."

Gabria exhales heavily and leans back in her seat, eying you with pursed lips. "Oh fine," she says. Then she tilts her glass towards you. "But I will put a ring on that finger of yours one of these days. A gob doesn't know the meaning of the word 'quit.'"

You chuckle. "Well, maybe one day. But for now, information is what I need."

"About the Newgates, yeah?" she says.

"Anything you have would be good."

Gabria swirls her drink thoughtfully, her eyes wandering to the stage below. "Hmm. Alright. But only because I know if I don't give it to you, you'll get yourself killed."

You frown. "That dangerous?" you ask.

She looks at you over the rim of her glass as she takes a drink. "You got no idea, stud," she says, setting down her glass with a clink. "Even I don't know everything about it. But what I got tells me it'd be stupid to dig deeper."

No idle threat that. Gabria prides herself on her network of information. That she'd hesitate in looking further into the Newgates is a pretty good indicator they're up to shadier stuff than shaking down shop owners. "I'm not looking to bust up any gangs," you say. "I'm just looking for someone for a client."

"Hope you find them quick. For your sake," she says. "The Newgates are a gang in the Fey Market. They weren't ever a big one. Formed from a number of smaller clans that immigrated a few centuries ago. Lately though, they've become more aggressive."

"What changed?" you ask.

"They have a new leader, so I hear," she says, tapping a finger on the rim of her glass. "Rumors have it she's from the old lands across the veil. A demon outcast by her family."

Outcast? That is interesting. Demons are rarely outcast from their families. Far more often, if they fuck up bad enough, they're just killed outright. If this demoness managed to survive being cast out, it was either because she was particularly cunning, or incredibly strong.

Then again, it might just be an orphan demon. Far more common are lesser demons too weak to belong to a clan, but selling themselves as an outcast can really elevate their street cred when they pass the veil. It's common among lesser demons, and works well, until it doesn't and someone calls the bluff. It might be a demon that used a good story to con the Newgates.

But some instinct tells you it isn't.

"Bad news," you say.

Gabria nods seriously. "From everything I've been hearing, it is. But the real big business is Newgate boys have been seen beyond the Fey Markets, running certain items."

"Weapons?" you say, instantly alert.

"Not that bad, but even more valuable. Magic."

"Magic?" you say.

She nods, feathers wagging. "Yep. Arcane crystals, apparently. They've been peddling them all over the city for the last few weeks."

That's not good. Arcane crystals are very rare and hard to manufacture. Whereas a fey's magic is a part of their nature, humans draw on their own innate mana pools to shape sorcery in a number of ways, and if you're not a mage, the only way to do that is with arcane crystals. Only wizards can make them, but it's hard to do, not to mention draining. Few wizards are inclined to it.

But the rewards are big. Fey love the stuff. Raw magic is better than any drug for them, and can not only empower them, but bring them to highs of ecstasy mortals can only dream of. It's partly why fey are always after mortal humans for sex. A taste of even an unmagicked human is more than delicious. It's downright euphoric. And an actual wizard? Forget about it.

But how could a gang like the Newgates be manufacturing them?

You've got a feeling it has something to do with your target. And it's not a good feeling. Dammit. You knew this job was too good to be true.

But it's not like you were hired to break up a magic smuggling ring, so if you play your cards right, maybe you'll be able to avoid this whole business.

"Where do the Newgates hang out?" you say.

Gabria thumbs over her shoulder and towards the east. "Near the warehouses up along Pawn Street. They work out of a place called The Pump House. You know the way?"

You nod. Shit. That's deep in some mean Fey Market territory. "Know anything about a demon named Luger?" you ask.

Gabria quirks a brow. "Luger? You mean that moron from the Felman family?"

"Moron?" you say.

She scoffs, waving her hand dismissively. "Oh yeah. He used to come down to the club now and then. He was one of those demons good at what he did, but not much else."

"And what did he do?" you ask.

"Dunno," Gabria admits, shrugging. "But must have been something. He always had some big minders hanging off him. Kept my girls away, not that I'd have any gob getting involved with demons. Too

sketchy. And whenever he started getting drunk, his minders would get him out. Ran a real tight ship with him.”

Interesting. Sounds like Luger was more important than Jezebelle made him out to be. And it’s starting to sound like there was a lot of info she left out when hiring you. You sigh, rubbing your face. Dammit. This job gets more and more complicated every minute. But you are a private detective, and it’s your job to follow through.

“Alright,” you say, starting to rise. “Thanks, Gabria. I-“

“Ah ah,” the goblin says, lifting her leg in a feat of incredible flexibility, her foot pressing against your chest to forestall you. “What about my payment, handsome?”

“You know I’m good for it,” you say.

“Oh Lukas,” Gabria purrs, her smile widening. “See? This is why you always have such money issue. You always insist on paying in gold, but you should know how willing goblins are to... barter...”

Gabria shifts on the couch, spreading her legs, the slip of cloth that masks her groin slipping between her legs as she lazily rolls her hips.

[Pay in Gold](#)

[Pay in Sex](#)

Pay in Gold

You chuckle, lifting her leg off your chest. "You never quit, do you?"

"Mhmm. Not for a man worth working on," Gabria says with a quirk of her brows.

You shake your head. "All the same, I'll send you the money once I finish this job."

Gabria sighs as her leg slides back under the table. "Oh fine," she says, picking her drink back up and tilting it towards you meaningfully. "But I expect you to deliver it in person."

You roll your eyes. "So long, Gabria."

"Hmph. See you later, handsome," she says, taking another sip of her drink.

You leave her there, exiting the high office and slipping through the club before another goblin maid can catch you and try to make you another offer. Soon you're back outside in the cool night air, getting into your car and starting the engine.

So.

Looks like this job is more complicated than you thought. You'll have to keep that in mind going forward. Not exactly ideal, but so it goes in this business. Either way, you have your lead now. You know where the Newgates hang out. You cruise down the street, heading to the freeway. Looks like it's time to head to the Fey Market and get this job over with.

But first, you think, adjusting your rearview mirror so you can better see the car nosing along behind you. Yeah. First, you better figure out what to do about whoever is tailing you...

[Being Followed](#)

Pay in Sex

Gabria is always reasonable with how much she charges you. But if you could get a discount and some glorious goblin sex, hell, why wouldn't you?

"You may have a point," you say, your hands gently lifting her foot, your calloused fingers stroking the flawless green skin, your touch gliding up her leg. "And I'd be pretty stupid not to take a good deal."

"Not that I have anything against stupid men," Gabria purrs as she eases back further in her seat.

"No?" you say, easing forward and off your seat, getting down on your knees on the floor.

"Oh no," she says hotly, spreading her legs teasingly. "They can be a lot of fun."

"And smart men?" you ask, your hands moving up her thigh, pushing back the hem of her skirt.

"Why don't you show me," the goblin purrs.

You chuckle, pushing her dress up fully, revealing the dark satin of her panties and mound. You reach up, hooking your fingers in the lacy fabric and tugging them down, revealing the lush folds of her cunt. You inhale her scent, pulse thumping like the drums playing on the stage below, your cock already hard, but now ready to tear free of your pants. You lean in, your nose tickling the sensitive skin of her mound as you run your tongue up along the emerald folds of her cunt.

"Mnnnn," she moans, her hands crushing your hat to your head as she pulls you tight against her pussy. "Oh fuck yes. You wizards and your magical tongues."

"What spell should I cast?" you say.

"Don't bother being witty, Lukas. Just fucking make me cum!" Gabria says, shoving you back between her legs.

You do like a woman who knows what she wants. Chuckling, you get back to work, your hands holding her legs apart as you run your tongue along her pussy, tasting the heaviness of her pleasure. Above you, Gabria moans, wriggling against the seat as you tortuously pleasure her, her pants growing heavier as she rocks, grinding herself against your tongue.

Soon her clit has revealed itself, and then you really go on the attack. Again and again you lash her tight pussy, Gabria gasping and moaning in naked pleasure. Writhing on the couch as you do your work.

"Oh f-fuck," she groans. "Lukas... ah. Fuuuuuck! Right there. Ah! Mnnn! That's it. L-lick me right nnnn! There! Oh you naughty... ah... naughty wizard. Ohhhh!"

You grunt, flinching in surprise as you feel her foot press down into your lap. Somehow she managed to slip off her shoe, and now her toes in their fishnet stockings rub against your bulge, the crosshatch feeling almost painfully good on your throbbing manhood.

"Mmmm," you groan.

"Can't hog all... all the fun," Gabria says with a saucy grin.

"Not complaining," you say as you delve once more into her tender box.

Gabria moans, throwing her head back, her hips rising as you strum her clit with growing urgency. Fuck! The feel of her foot massaging you through your pants is absolutely incredible! You find yourself moving your hips, grinding yourself against her foot as you continue to lick her out. Gabria moans in pleasure, her one hand pressing your head harder against her, the other hand squeezing her own breasts, a thumb rubbing a nipple through the sequin sparkles of her gown.

"Yes. Yessss! Oh fuck yes," she gasps. "Like that. Oh Lukas. Lukas! Yes. Yes! Oh f-fuck yesssssss!"

She cries out, body tensing, tightening in the sweet throws of utter ecstasy. The sudden press of her foot almost pushes you over the edge as your cock throbs in your pants. The taste of her juices as she cums singing on your tongue.

Gabria sags, moaning in delight as she rides out her orgasm, the gorgeous goblin girl breathing hard and fast, her dress flashing on her chest with her pleased pants. "Ohhhh gob," she groans, her lashes low. "I'm gonna... make you mine if it's the... ha... last thing I do..."

You chuckle, standing. "Maybe some day," you say as you move over her.

Gabria coos as you kiss her, your lips moving passionately against hers. Her hand slides between your legs, loosening your pants and pulling them open. You groan as your almost painfully sensitive cock fills her deft fingers. The goblin hums, stroking you, her touch feather-light but oh so good.

"All for me?" Gabria murmurs hotly against your lips. "Oh baby, you shouldn't have..."

"Then I should leave?" you say as you fill your hand with her breast, her sequins digging into your palm as you squeeze.

"Ohhhh! Don't you daaaaare," the goblin moans.

"Yes ma'am," you chuckle, kissing her anew, pushing forward until your tip nudges her folds. Gabria moans in delight, guiding you into her, her body arching beneath you as your cock fills her.

"Mmnnnn!" she groans in pleasure, and you can't suppress a sound of ecstasy either. Fuck but she's so tight. So ready. So eager to feel you in her. Breathing hot and hard, you begin to saw into the gorgeous gob, fucking the short woman on the couch, your every thrust making her dress flash and glitter in the low light. The feathers in her hair bob and swish with every beat of your fucking. You find yourself thrusting to the frantic pace of the band on stage as the burlesque show reaches its climax. Climbing. Climbing!

"Oh fuck," Gabria pants between kisses, her breath scented faintly of liquor, her kiss intoxicating. "More. Oh gob, give it... ha... give it to me ha-aaaaard!"

A request you're eager to accommodate. Your thrusts grow faster. Harder. No way you're giving it to her easy. You actually find yourself climbing back onto the couch, your hands looping under her soft

thighs, bouncing her atop your cock, her sequined dress clicking musically as it rubs against the back of the couch.

“Oh! Oh f-fuck yessss!” Gabria gasps, her hands grabbing your shoulders, her eyes rolling back with pleasure. “Yes! Yes! Fuck me! Fuck me like a f-fucking animal! Oh gob. Oh sweet f-fucking gob yes! Yes! Oh yesssssss!”

She wails in ecstasy as you push her past the brink, her head falling back as she cries out, cumming again, and you’re not far behind. Between her earlier teasing and the sudden tightness of her glorious pussy you groan aloud, hilding her on your lap as you thrust upward a final time. You cum, the rush of pleasure making your head swim with its intensity as you unload your cum in the green girl, her legs squeezing you deliciously as you feel the headiness of orgasm swirl around your mind.

You come back to yourself slowly, unsheathing your cock from Gabria. The goblin bootlegger moans, slumping in her seat, a smile of satisfaction sitting loosely on her face.

You chuckle, standing up and cleaning yourself off with a tablecloth before zipping back up. “See you around, Gabria,” you say.

“Mmm. Come back soooooon,” Gabria moans from the couch.

You chuckle, giving her a wink before you adjust your hat and turn away.

Best.

Negotiation.

Ever.

You leave, exiting the high office and slipping through the club before another goblin maid can catch you and try to make you an offer of company. Soon you’re back outside in the cool night air, getting into your car and starting the engine.

So.

Looks like this job is more complicated than you thought. You’ll have to keep that in mind going forward. Not exactly ideal, but so it goes in this business. Either way, you have your lead now. You know where the Newgates hang out. You cruise down the street, heading to the freeway. Looks like it’s time to head to the Fey Market and get this job over with.

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[Being Followed](#)

Married to the Gob

It's amazing that people think they can steal from Gabria.

Then again, there's no end of idiots who see a gorgeous goblin maid and think she'll be a push over. Never mind that her businesses are renowned for their ruthlessness. Never mind that anyone who crosses her ends up in the river or worse. And certainly never mind that she's now got a wizard as her personal enforcer/lover.

Namely, you.

Which brings you to the foundations of Gabria's newest club. The Emerald Delight is going to be huge. A concert hall, gambling den, and more all mixed together in a grand display of affluence, sucking in the money of stupid men and, more importantly, giving the goblin maids of Gabria's clan an excellent pick of new husbands. The groundbreaking is due in a few days, but you're here, along with several trolls to make use of the... facilities before there's too many eyes on the place.

"You really fucked up, Gregor," you say.

Gregor groans from inside the barrel.

You shrug and turn back to one of the trolls. "Fill it," you say.

The craggy brute nods and swings over the cement trough. There's a rattle, and then like wet oatmeal the slurry of cement comes down. Gregor manages a final cry before the barrel fills up with the heavy substance, but you still wait until it's up to the brim before waving off the troll.

"Toss it in the river once it dries. Make sure no one sees you," you tell him.

"Sure t'ing, boss," the brute says.

You nod and flick him a gold coin. "Then, get yourself and the boys a drink. On me."

The troll snatches the coin as it spins, his chiseled face spreading in a grin to show literal tombstone teeth. "You got it, boss!"

You pat him on the arm and saunter away from the site, leaving it to the trolls. It's not that goblins are afraid to get their hands dirty, it's just that when Gabria gives you a job, you always follow through. And you were glad to take down Gregor. Imagine! Stringing along a poor, innocent goblin maid, all in the hopes of stealing her jewelry? Poor girl was just distraught when she found it.

And when she told her dear aunt Gabria, well, what loving auntie wouldn't make sure some unscrupulous man discovered the error of his ways?

You shake your head, grinning as you get into your car.

What a woman.

You start off, cruising smooth down the streets and back towards the Baker's Dozen. Your new car was your wedding present from Gabria, and damn but it can drive. Of course, that's not the only gift

your wife has gotten you. Your new coat. Your new house. Your new gun. Honestly, if you didn't know how much Gabria makes, you'd start to worry about her finances.

But that's a worry long forgotten. Especially since she started working with the Newgates. You can't quite suppress a shudder as you remember meeting with their leader. That had been a hard night of negotiations, but Gabria had sailed through with her usual grace and acumen, and come out the other end with the right to distribute certain fey contraband in the city. Good deal all told.

You park out near the front of the speakeasy and get out, making your way inside and past the doorman, who bows you in. The crooning singer on stage sways to the jazz of the band, the sound carrying deep into the subterranean club as you climb to Gabria's office and slip inside.

And there she is.

Every time you see your beloved gob you can't help but take a moment to admire the sheer loveliness of her. She reclines on the couch, elevated to give her an excellent view of the stage through the large window. She's done away with tight sequin gowns lately, choosing more flowy, loose clothes that are nonetheless gorgeous on her. But then again, everything looks gorgeous on her. Especially with her stomach swollen with pregnancy.

You grin at the sight. Gabria was very insistent when you married her that she wanted lots of kids, and she didn't leave anything to chance. The first few weeks of your partnership you barely left her room save to get more chocolate sauce to lick off her body. Hell of a honeymoon, but you're sure not complaining.

"You just gonna stand there or are you comin' in, big guy?" Gabria says with a smirking glance your way.

"Can you blame me for wanting to admire the most gorgeous woman in the country?" you ask as you shut the door behind you.

"Hmph!" she says, trying to hide her smile. "You could do a much better job of admiring me over here."

"Very true," you say, shrugging off your jacket and tossing it over a chair. You cross the floor and sink to your knees beside her, picking up her hand and kissing her fingers. "Mmm. My gorgeous gob. Your champion has returned."

She laughs, pulling her hand free and playfully slapping your shoulder. "You! I swear."

"Swear, please," you say, leaning in and kissing her throat, making her groan and arch her neck to offer more to your affections. "Swear that you'll be mine forever and ever. I couldn't bear the thought of losing you."

"You know I'm yours," Gabria says, her breath hitching as you gently stroke the swell of her tummy, your hand coming up to the plump orb of her breast. "Ooooh..."

"I know. But I still love to hear it. Like I know you love to hear me tell you how much I love you."

"Mmm. And how much is that?" she says, her voice growing hot. Heavy. Rough with pleasure.

“More than all the gold in Craggen’s Vault,” you tell her, your hand rubbing her plump breast as you kiss down her shoulder and her arm. You give her a playful squeeze, making the gob groan in delight. “More than any man can bear.”

“You fucking romantic,” Gabria laughs.

“Guilty,” you say, brushing your hand along her swelling belly. “So very... very... guilty...”

Gabria groans as you brush up the fabric of her dress, baring her stomach. You lean over her, kissing her taut tummy tenderly. She gasps, wriggling as her sensitive skin sings to your affection. She slaps your head and you glance her way.

“Stop playing,” she says, her cheeks flushed an emerald glow.

“Of course, Gabria,” you say, moving back up to her head, your hand gliding down between your legs. “Whatever the gobmother says.”

You kiss her, Gabria groaning as your tongue pushes into her mouth, her voice hitching as your finger begins to glide up and down her pussy, stroking her as she stretches out on the couch. It’s almost painful not to fuck this gorgeous goblin, but she’s too far along for it to be safe. And to be fair, when she first started showing, you and her were practically inseparable. Hormones kept her nice and horny, and you were more than happy to accommodate. Fortunately, every goblin maid wants a big family, and you’ll be more than happy to help make that happen.

Who could have guessed your life would come here? To the office of one of the most powerful woman in the city, her stretched out beneath you as you kiss her, your fingers strumming her pussy until she groans, rocking her hips, riding your stroking touch with growing urgency. Gods but you love her. You love this. You love the life you’ve chosen.

“Oh gob,” she gasps against your lips. “So close... So... ah...”

“Cum, Gabria,” you whisper into her lips, kissing her again and again. “Let it out.”

She doesn’t last much longer. With a moaning cry into your lips she arches, shuddering as she cums in wonderful pleasure, her body tensing, quivering with delight as she’s pushed beyond the edge by your touch.

You milk that moment with a stroking finger, letting her ride the high as long as she can. When she finally settles once more, you get up and join her on the couch, propping her up against your side. Gabria hums contentedly, shifting onto her side and snuggling up against you. At once your arm snakes around her, stroking her thigh.

For a few minutes, you and her simply watch the stage below, the crooning of the singer rising into your booth and the private heaven it holds.

“You take care of Gregor?” she asks at last.

“He won’t be bothering anyone anymore,” you assure her.

“Mmm,” she hums, nuzzling your side. “What did I ever do to get myself such a dependable hunk of stud?”

“Be the smartest, loveliest goblin this side of the veil?” you propose.

She snorts. “That so? Because, I can think of another reason too...”

You grunt as you feel Gabria’s touch on your bulge, her fingers tracing lazy circles around the tenting fabric. “Ohhhh Gabria,” you groan.

“Hush, sweet thing,” she says, her deft fingers undoing your pants. “Let me make you feel real good...”

You smile, eyes lidded with lazy satisfaction as you watch the stage below, your breathing growing laboured as Gabria’s lips wrap around your cock and she begins to bob. If there’s something better than enjoying the music of a goblin speakeasy while your green, gorgeous, and pregnant wife sucks you off, you haven’t found it yet.

New adventures will await you, of course. Fatherhood for one, and Gabria’s business is only going to get bigger, and the challenges for you and her greater. But for now, your adventure has reached its end.

Good End

[Index](#) [Start Over](#)

Being Followed



You steal a glance into the rearview mirror again and take a few extra turns, slowing and speeding up at different moments. It's impossible not to notice that, no matter what you do, the car behind you is keeping the same distance, their headlights low between the steel bars of the grill, creeping after you like a steel monster half lost in the gloom. Oh yeah, they're definitely following you. But why? You haven't pissed off anyone yet. You don't owe anyone money.

"Shit," you mutter. It really leaves only one possibility. It's connected to your job. But how? Were you sold out? Maybe.

You drum your fingers on the wheel, grimacing as you try and think.

[Stop and Confront Them](#)

[Try and Lose Them](#)

Try and Lose Them

You got nothing to say to whoever these guys are, and you have no intention of letting them tail you all the way to the Fey Markets. Which leaves you with only one option.

You slam your foot down on the gas, rubber squealing as your car jumps forward and down the dark streets. It takes a second before your pursuers realize what you're doing, but once they do they're hot on your ass, roaring down the street behind you.

Fucking hell they've got a beast of an engine in that thing. Your car isn't a roadster by any means, but it got you out of scrapes before. Sadly, this ain't one of them, and the sleek dark vehicle quickly closes. Alright, time for the alleys.

You swerve down a side street, drifting for a moment before your wheels regain traction. You roar down the tight space, but a glance in the rearview mirror spots the chrome grill of the other car closing in like a steel shark. It nudges your bumper, knocking you forward, your chest banging against the wheel.

"Son of a bitch!" you curse. You try and swerve out of the way, but the narrow alley quickly makes it clear that's not an option. Too late do you recognize your mistake as the bigger car suddenly accelerates, ramming your bumper again. The impact jars your car, making it fishtail right as the alley mouth vomits you into a larger street. You cling to the wheel. Your headlights flash against a lamp post.

You slam on the brakes but the impact still throws you again against the wheel harder than ever, pain exploding in your chest. You rebound back into your seat, breath dragged from your lungs like your chest is in a vice, stars dancing before your eyes.

Headlights blare against the side of your car, and you see a pair of hulking shapes move towards you moments before darkness closes in...

[Wakings](#)

Stop and Confront Them

You've got nothing to hide, and they clearly want something, so you suppose you could just figure this out now. And doing it in public instead of down some dark alley with knives would only be a net benefit. Picking out a quiet spot along the sidewalk you cruise to a halt. The neon glow of a theater's sign buzzes above you as you open the door and get out, turning to face the street.

You lean on the roof of your car, levelly watching the other vehicle where it idles. Once they realize you're waiting for them, the car cruises up behind yours and parks.

It's a nice model, now that you get a closer look. A sleek black whose gleaming shine speaks to a lot of polish and, more importantly, a lot of money. The hood ornament is a naked demon woman thrusting her chest out, wings fanning out behind her like she's leaping from the end of the car. The hood curves up a little bit, giving the whole thing an impression of a shark of the asphalt. The windows are tinted dark so you can't see who's inside, but then the door swings open and two bruisers step out.

You've had enough experience with hired muscle to mark these two as the type. Top-heavy square builds, squeezed into suits and ties, their eyes cold as death. But more concerning to you is that both are demons.

Demons of Wrath if you're to judge. The size and the way the horns curve back are dead tells, and so are the horned skulls that serve as belt buckles. Their noses are flat, mere slits, and their eyes simmer red and black like raked-over coals. The suits and car suggest members of one of the big families. You idly look around, noticing that the few people around have quickly made themselves scarce. You can't blame them.

"Can I help you?" you ask the pair.

One jerks his head towards the car. "Boss wants to talk to you."

"Is that right?" you say, having a grim feeling if you get into the back of that car, you aren't getting back out again. "And who's your boss?"

"You comin' or not?"

You take care not to let your thoughts show on your face. Stay cool. You glance between them. Wrath demons are notoriously tough to put down, which is why most demon families use them as their muscle. You'd much rather not get in a fistfight with them, but if you could get in a good shot before they moved...

Before you can decide, the back door of the car opens with a click. You look between the two goons as a demoness climbs out. She's dressed in a tight-fitting suit, the skirt high as the most scandalous of streetwalker, her upper buttons open, revealing the valley of her full, crimson tits. A hat shades her eyes, two horns rising through the fabric in lazy curls. A tail like a barbed whips coils behind her and her heels click with every step. Her figure is outlined starkly by the humming red neon glow above, radiating a primordial predatoriness, like a panther in pinstripes.

Her eyes run over you in a flash as she walks up to you, passing between her two goons.

"So you're the wizard," she says, her voice a mocking drawl.

"Am I?" you say.

She smiles, which makes her look even less friendly. "Listen up, boyo," she says, striding forward with a lazy swing of her hips, tail snapping behind her. "You and me? We're gonna have a chat."

"Uh huh," you say, eying the muscle she brought. "And, if I say no?"

"I ain't asking," she says.

The demons flanking her crack their knuckles.

"Well, sounds like a delight," you say. "And you're..."

She grins, revealing the pearly gleam of fangs. "Call me Miss Scarlet."

Ice trickles down your spine and a lead weight drops your stomach to your feet.

Oh fuck.

This... could be bad.

Of course, you've heard of Miss Scarlet. There isn't a soul with an ear to the underbelly of the city who hasn't. She's personal enforcer and pet psycho of the Lavira family's, one of the biggest demon families in the whole damn city. And it's every man's mingled dream and nightmare to end up on the receiving end of her attentions. She's better known as the Maneater, and there's rumours that might not be hyperbole. It's utterly illegal for demons to eat a human's soul, but that doesn't stop some, and Scarlet has a reputation for obeying whims rather than laws. And it's well known that she always gets her job done, no matter who she has to skin to make it happen.

And she's come to see you.

Wonderful.

"And, where should we..." you say.

"My backseat is plenty spacious," she says, gesturing to the open car. "Get in." Her golden eyes glint. "I insist."

"Well I-"

One of the goons shove you, and you find yourself banging against the car. You glare at the big demon, but he says nothing, merely staring back at you. You glance at Scarlet, but she's still just grinning. Somewhat reluctantly, you slip into the car.

You're more than a little wary about it, but someone of Scarlet's reputation wouldn't have bothered to hide you if she really planned on killing you. She wants something, and you'll have to play your cards right if you want to see tomorrow. As she claimed, the back of the car is quite spacious, with smooth leather seats and plenty of legroom. They'd need it to fit those two big demons who came with her.

They, however, fail to join you. Instead, once Scarlet slips inside and settles across from you, the two bruises shut the door and take up positions outside.

You eye Scarlet where she sits in the seat opposite you, outlined in shadows, her legs crossed so her skirt rides up, cocky grin gleaming with fang.

“So,” you say at last. “What did you want with me?”

“Information, wizard. The more the better,” she says.

“Information about what? The weather? The news?”

She cackles. “You’re funny, wizard. I like ‘em funny. A barrel of laughs even when they start screamin’.”

She stretches out, rubbing her foot against your leg lazily, her arms crossed behind her head and those buttons on her jacket fight hard to keep her breasts from popping out into the open. “I want to know everything you’ve got on Luger.”

You try and keep the shock off your face, but don’t quite succeed. Dammit! How’d she know about that already? “What makes you think I’m looking for him?”

“Lucky guess,” Scarlet purrs, her foot sliding higher, rubbing your inner thigh, which makes you suck in a quick breath. “Now talk, wizard. Or do I have to make you?”

“You threatening me?” you ask, hand sliding against the holster at your side.

“Only with a good time,” Scarlet says, reaching up and yanking open her top.

Your eyes pop open as her crimson tits spill into the open. Firm, plump, her nipples coal black, they bounce teasingly inches away from you.

“I-”

“Talk, or else I’ll make you my personal bitch,” Scarlet purrs, her eyes burning hot in the shadows of the car. “I’ve been looking for a new one, and wizards make lovely toys. See? I even got a collar for ya.”

Her hand flicks, and coils of darkness form in the shape of a dark band. Infernal runes glow hot on the interior, and is that shiver working up your spine fear? Or anticipation?

“And if... if I say no?” you say, mouth dry and cock thick in your tight pants.

“Then I’ll still work it out of you. One way or another,” she says with a wider grin. “So, what’s it gonna be?”

[Talk](#)

[Compromise](#)

[Refuse](#)

Compromise

You think fast, recognizing what a bad place you're in. But maybe there's a way out of here. "How about... instead, I find him for you?" you say.

Scarlet arches a black brow. "Hm?" she says. "You find him for me?"

"Yeah," you say, shifting where you sit. "I won't give up the information easy, so the way I see it, you've got two choices. Let me go and pay me to find him for you instead, or hope you can squeeze the info out of me before he gets moved. Are you a gambling woman, Miss Scarlet?" you say with a steely look her way.

Scarlet eyes you from across the car, her eyes glowing faintly in the gloom like gold coins on a moonless night. Then, a sickle gleam of white reveals her grin.

"Well well!" Scarlet says, crossing her arms thoughtfully. "Looks like we got ourselves a real thinker here, don't we? But that's good, wizard. That's reaaaal good. It'll take a clever man to bring me Luger. How much was that skank paying you?"

Aha, so that's how she tracked you down. They must have been following Jezebel. "Four thousand gold coins," you say quickly.

"Done. Bring me Luger, and you get that money. And maybe," she adds with a sultry flick of her eyebrows and another teasing bounce of her breasts, "a little extra."

The display almost keeps you from noticing that she agreed to double Jezebel's price without a second thought. Hell, this job really is bigger than you expected. "Sound like a plan," you say.

"Good. And I suggest you don't even think of double-crossing me, wizard. Or you'll be taking a dirt nap quick enough."

"Never dream of it," you say drily.

"Damn straight," Scarlet says as she eases back in her seat, golden eyes glinting teasingly. "Now get out there and make me a happy girl, wizard."

Your hand finds the door handle and you open it, backing out, your eyes never straying from the smirking demoness in the car. Climbing back onto the sidewalk, the two hulking Wrath demons seem surprised to see you come out in one piece. You give them brief nods, then make your way back to your car.

As soon as you're behind the wheel you let out a gasp and melt back in your seat with relief. Fuck! That was close. Too close. You could feel death's scythe stroking the back of your neck in there. But somehow, you managed to talk your way out of it. Though, now you have the psychotic hitwoman of the Lavira family on your tail if you don't bring her back Luger. And who knows what Jezebel will do to you if you fail her instead. Shit. You're stuck between a rock and a hard place with this one. You push your hat back, running your fingers through your hair.

Fuck.

Taking a deep breath, you let it out, shrug, and start your engine. Well, now you find yourself working for two demonesses. Hardly ideal, but nothing for it now. You'll decide what to do once you have their prize.

So long as you live long enough to find him...

To be Continued

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Wakings

You come to slowly, your head pounding with pain. Fuck. What happened? You try and touch your throbbing skull, but then realize you've been tied to a chair.

Well shit.

That's not good.

"You wake quick, wizard."

A light flickers overhead, nearly blinding you as a naked fluorescent bulb comes to life. You're in a warehouse, crates all around you and stacked high along the walls. More pressingly are the pair of hulking Wrath demons standing in front of you, their monstrous visages like a cross between a lizard and a man, their noses slits on their faces and their horns curving back along their brows. They wear a pair of suits that their bulky frames threaten to rip out of at any moment. Big fuckers for sure.

The woman who stands between them lacks the brutal musculature, but radiates a different kind of danger. Viperous. Quick. Lethal. Her skin is red where it shows under her grey suit, the skirt riding high on her hips, the upper buttons undone to reveal the plunging valley of her breasts. A hat shades her golden eyes and a naked viciousness gleams in her smirk. A wrath demon, you'd judge. Same as the two goons beside her, but the females are far more dangerous, you've heard. Fucking hell, what have you gotten yourself into?

You roll your jaw to try and work the kink out of it. "Who the hell are you?" you say roughly.

The demoness raises her foot, revealing a vicious heel. You open your legs a second before the spike would have plunged into your thigh, instead leaving her foot planted on the edge of your chair and right before your crotch. She grins wider, fangs gleaming as she leans forward, giving you an excellent view down her jacket.

"You're out of your depth, wizard," she purrs, forked tongue flicking. "Way out."

"Is that so?" you say. "And how do you figure?"

One of the bruisers moves forward with a growl. "You show some respect," he says.

"To whom, exactly?" you say.

"Name Miss Scarlet mean anything to you, wizard?" the demoness asks pleasantly.

You feel ice pour down your back.

It does.

Everyone's heard of Miss Scarlet, the main thing being not to get her fucking attention. Even for demons she's got a reputation for viciousness that chills the blood. Enforcer for the Lavira demon family, she's left her mark all over town. And those marks tend to be bullet holes. But worse is her taste in men. Literally, if some stories are to be believed. She has a reputation for picking 'favorites' and riding them

dry, then killing them when she's bored. You're not sure if it's true or not, but there's gotta be a reason her nickname is the 'Maneater.' In short, she is not someone to fuck with.

"Well," you say with much more tactful respect, "what can I do for the esteemed Lavira family?"

She grins wider, leans in closer. "Attaboy," she says, her golden eyes burning. "First thing you can do is give me all the information you have on Luger."

You squint at her. "Luger? What do you want with himmmm!"

You gasp as her toe pushes in, rubbing against your bulge. "I'm the one asking the questions here, wizard. And you answer them. Got it?"

"G-got it," you gasp.

"Good," she says, smirking down at you. Her eyes run up and down you and you see her nose twitch, a shiver working through her. "Hmm," she purrs, licking her lips. "And answer me right, and I might just have a reward for you."

"Reward?" you say.

"Sure," she says, her foot rocking, rubbing your cock through your pants. "I'm a fair girl. You tell me what I want to know, and I'll set you free."

The wording in that raises immediate red flags. "Set me free?"

She nods and glances over her shoulder at the two bruisers. A flick of her head has the pair recede into the shadows. After a moment, you hear a door open, close, and Scarlet is looking once more at you, her gaze hungry. Lusty.

"Oh yeah. Free of having to look at me and not fucking my hot ass," she says, her hands rising, grasping the front of her jacket and lazily undoing the buttons. You can't stop yourself from watching as she pulls open her front, the plump orbs of her breasts bouncing into the open, fairly bursting out of her confining jacket. Nipples coal black, heft firm and without sag.

Your mouth is suddenly dry. You swallow hard. "You..."

"Wizards are fantastic," she says, the toe of her shoe making circles around your cock, rubbing you in ways that makes you shift and grunt, your manhood throbbing in your pants. "They last so long. And I've been looking for a new pet. Even got your new collar all picked out, handsome. See?" She flicks her wrist, and darkness crackles between her fingers, forming a dark band. You see scarlet runes glow along the inside, and her grin widens. "So you tell me what I want to know, and I'll make you my bitch. Wouldn't that be fun?"

[Spill the Beans](#)

[Resist](#)

[Counter Offer](#)

Spill the Beans

You've always been weak to forceful women, and Scarlet is like a bulldozer of sex appeal. Besides, you might be able to escape if you play along for now. Your options aren't exactly great. "O-of course," you gasp.

She grins wider. "Good bitch," she purrs, her toe pressing down on your cock, making you whimper as she leans in, wrapping the collar around your neck. "That's what I love in a man. An understanding of exactly where he fucking belongs. Under my heel."

You gasp as you feel the buckle at the front snap closed. The collar warms, the infernal marks hot against your neck as if burning themselves into your flesh. "Ah!" you gasp.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" Scarlet coos, her toe further rubbing you through your pants.

Oh fuck, it does. You were hard before, but now you're positively throbbing! Sensitive pleasure pulses down from the collar like a black heartbeat and into your balls. Your head falls back, a moan of depraved pleasure escaping you as you instinctively rub yourself against the bottom of her shoe.

Scarlet cackles in amusement and takes away her foot, but your relief(?) is short lived because in the next instant she's swung her legs around yours and is sitting in your lap. You gasp as she rocks her hips forward, grinding her panty-clad pussy against your bulge, the heat of your arousal sending shudders of anticipation through you.

"Talk," she purrs, leaning in and kissing your neck.

"Mnnn!" you groan as the heat of her lips dance along your throat, the collar throbbing with the force of compulsion, words bubbling from your chest. Your hands twisting in their bindings, searching for some outlet to the pleasure burning up and down your veins. "The... ah... L-Luger is with the... the Newgates down in the Fey Markets. He... I don't know why..."

"Keep talking," she says.

"He ah!" you gasp as she nips your neck. "They have... have a place down on Pump Street. Apparently they... they're dealing in arcane crystals. Not sure... not sure how they're making them. Oh!" you gasp as you feel her hand slide between you and her, rubbing your cock through your pants.

"Did I tell you to stop talking?" Scarlet growls.

"N-no ma'am."

"That's right," she says, her fingers finding your zipper, tugging it down. You groan as your manhood springs into the open, instantly filling her palm. You whimper as she gives you a long, slow stroke. "So keep talking, bitch."

"Y-yes," you gasp frantically, her degrading words sending another ache of submissive pleasure through you. "I... I think he has... has something to do with mmm! With making the arcane crystals. Not... not sure..."

"How perceptive of you. What a good wizard you are," she says, stroking you slowly. Tortuously.

"Th-thank you ma'am."

"Call me mistress," she growls.

A shiver of pure desire rushes through you from the collar and right into your cock. "M-mistress."

"Attaboy," she says, and kisses you hard.

You groan, head tilting back as her lips work against yours, her tongue plunging into your mouth. Dominating you in a single act of lustful aggression. The ropes still hold you fast, your very helplessness only adding to the vicious appeal of her lips. Oh fuck it's good. She's good.

When she breaks the kiss you can only sit there, panting, feeling lightheaded yet undeniably aroused. She smirks down at you and then stands, grabbing her panties and yanking them down, revealing the lush slit of her pussy.

You stare at the shaven mound, her scent hitting you. Something musky and heavy, tingling in your nose. This only becomes stronger when she puts her foot against your chest and shoves.

You yelp as your chair topples back, laying you out on the floor. You don't even have a second to recover before she's stepped over you, towering above you like some crimson goddess, heels on either side of your shoulders, her hands on her hips and pussy dripping arousal right onto your upturned face.

"You want this?" She demands, rocking her hips mockingly. "You want to lick out mistress's pussy like a good human bitch? You want me to make you mine like the pathetic worm you are?"

"Y-yes," you whimper, face burning with shame, knowing you're falling under the demon's thrall and not caring a bit. The leather collar you now wear grows warm with the runes of enslavement, and you shudder at the throb of pleasure that radiates from the band.

"Of course you do," Scarlet says as she kneels down, straddling your chest, her pussy an inch from your face. "Because you're my bitch," she says, grabbing your hair. "And it's time for your treat."

She yanks you forward and into her mound, and you moan, licking at once. The collar throbs with pleasure as you debase yourself, tongue stroking her lush lips eagerly, working at your mistress for her pleasure.

"Oh fuck yesssss," Scarlet moans, her head tilting back, her hips rocking forward, grinding herself on your face, your nose rubbing the smooth skin of her mound. "Yesss! Just like that. Gooood slave. Oh fuck yes! Mortals are so... ah... so much fffucking fun!"

Her praise sends tingles of delight surging through you and you redouble your efforts, your tongue flicking against the bead of her clit, frantic to see her orgasm. Scarlet's breath quickens. Her moans growing louder. Hotter.

"Yes! Yes! Like that! Lick me. Lick out your mistress you worthless fffucking bastard! Yes. Yes! Almost... Almost... mnnnnn!"

Her hand tightens in your hair, squeezing tears from your eyes as she finally cums, her body tensing with the high of her pleasure. Her juices flood your tongue in a sudden rush, making you moan as you strum her pussy, eager for every drop of her desire.

The taste overwhelms you. Every drop of her infernal juices sends heat rushing from your collar, surging through you in waves, gathering in your neglected balls and quivering cock. Finally, at last, Scarlet pulls herself up and off your face, leaving you gasping in disappointment and relief.

Tilting your head back, Scarlet looks down at you with flushed amusement.

"Mmm. Not bad, bitch. Now, let's see what that cock of yours can do."

"Y-yes, mistress," you gasp, her praise sending another shiver of pleasure through you.

She laughs and yanks your chair back up, the sudden vertigo making your head spin. Almost instantly she's in your lap, your cock sheathed right into the heat of her pussy. There's no warning. No hesitation. You cry out as the velvet tightness of her inner walls grip your cock and she starts to bounce.

The collar must be holding you back, because if it wasn't, you know you'd have exploded the second you were inside her. She's just so goood! The tightness of her pussy milks your cock as she rides your lap, her breasts bouncing an inch from your face, her hands gripping your shoulders. Her hair swishing wild about her face, her grin vicious, hungry, triumphant as she takes your cock, the sensitivity in your manhood throbbing at first painfully, then with some strange, wonderful realm between it and pleasure.

"Yessss!" Scarlet growls. "Oh fuck yes! Give me that cock. Oh fuck yes! You wizards... ah... have such wonderful fffucking cum! And I want it all. Give it all to me. Give your mistress your fucking seed you pathetic bastard!"

"Y-yes!" you cry, helpless beneath her, loving it, adoring it. "Yes! Mistress! P-please!"

"Shut it! You'll cum with me, slave. You'll cum when... when I do. And that's... that's... Ohhhhhh!"

Her golden eyes roll back, her body hilted atop you a final time. The sudden tightness overwhelms you. Conquers you. She cries out as she cums, and as she does, you feel at last that sudden heady release. The block that was on your own orgasm breaks, and you cry out at the sudden surge of pleasure that escapes you. Your cock throbs, giving up your cum in sudden hot bursts of pleasure. A giddy sensation makes your head spin, nearly passing out until the crack of Scarlet's hand against your cheek jolts you back into the present.

The demoness looks breathless, her face flushed an even deeper crimson and her eyes foggy with drunken pleasure. Her hair seems to stir and coil around her, as if she were glowing with some inner light. She licks her lips and you feel her pussy again flex around your shrinking cock.

"Fuck," she gasps, grinning. "Forgot how... how good wizard cum is."

"Th-thank you, mistress," you gasp.

"Shut up," she says, rising off your lap.

You obey, wriggling in humiliation before her as she lazily dresses once more, pulling shut her jacket and buttoning it up, leaving you still tied to the chair, face soaked in her juices, clothes tumbled and cock jutting shamefully from your lap once more.

She seems amused by your predicament, and finally pulls out a knife. You tense, but she merely cuts the cords that bind you to the chair.

“Now, follow, slave,” she says, unspooling a leash and attaching it to your collar with a click.

“Yes, mistress,” you say, starting to do up your pants before a tug of your collar sends you stumbling forward a step.

“Keep it out, slave,” she commands. “I’ll have use of that in the car.”

“Yes, mistress,” you say, obeying at once.

Scarlet snorts, amused and gives the leash another tug. Humiliated, helpless, you follow the demoness towards the exit of the warehouse. And yet, with the collar warm about your throat, you shiver in anticipation of what your sadistic new owner has planned for you...

[Demon Slave](#)

Resist

You may be some detective for hire, but you've got standards, and if you talk now, you'll never work in this town again. "I'll never talk," you growl, glaring defiantly at her.

"Oh really?" she says, leaning in close, smirking scornfully. "You have any idea how often I've heard that? Too often. And from much better men than you. But I always get what I want, wizard. And if I can't, there's plenty of girls back at the casino who'll get it all out of you."

You shiver at the cold certainty in her eyes but stick out your chin stubbornly. "I won't give you a thing," you say.

Her grin widens. "And here I thought you were gonna be boring. But fine, wizard. Have it your way. Let's see if the canary will sing."

She snaps her fingers and the two bruisers comes back inside. Taking you from the chair, your brief struggle is fruitless as they force you out of the warehouse and into the car.

And as it turns out, Scarlet was right.

Very right.

To your credit, you hold out pretty well to the fists and bludgeons of the Lavira family goons, but their succubi eventually squeeze every bit of info from you. It's a rough job though, and by the time they're done, you're little more than a husk, mind destroyed by demonic interrogation.

Fortunately, the Lavira family would never let a wizard go to waste, and you spend the rest of your days in a Lavira bordello. A braindead fuck toy to the succubi gangsters of the family looking for a hit of a wizard's magic-infused cum. What answers lay behind Lauger and the arcane crystals you'll never know, for your journey has reached its ignominious end.

Bad End

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Counter Offer

You think fast, realizing pretty damn quick that you're in a terrible negotiating position. But maybe there's a way out of this...

"Enslave me," you say, "and you'll never get him."

"Then tell me what you know," Scarlet says, the toe of her shoe pressing a little harder against your cock.

You grunt, but glare up at her defiantly. "There's no guarantee I'll live if I do."

"Very true," she purrs, toe rubbing you. "But I promise if you don't, I'll show you things far worse than death."

"Or... you could hire me."

Scarlet raises the dark curl of her eyebrow, her foot easing back just a bit. "Hm?"

"Hire me," you say, seizing the chance. "I won't give up the information easily, and by the time you get it out of me, odds are Luger will be long gone. But if you hire me to finish the job, then you get him, and everyone's happy. Right?"

She eyes you, saying nothing. Then, a smirk spreads across her lips. "Well well," she says. "Who said you were nothin' but a pretty face? How much was that skank paying you?"

Aha, so they knew you were on the job because they'd followed Jezebel. Well, one mystery solved. "Four thousand," you say quickly.

Scarlet laughs again. "Ho ho! Looks like we got a man with aunt-tre-prerneurial spirit on our hands. But, what've I got that says you won't just cut and run, hm?"

You shrug as best you can. "Who'd be stupid enough to do that? You're Miss Scarlet."

She cackles with mirth. "Damn straight I am," she says, taking her foot off your crotch. She draws a knife from her belt and you tense, but all she does is slice off your ropes. "Alright, wizard," she says. "Looks like you've made a deal. And if you play me wrong," she adds, wagging the knife at you like a scolding finger, "then you'll get to see me when I'm mad!"

You lift your arms, massaging your wrists where the ropes had dug into your flesh. "I'd hate to see that," you say.

"Damn right you would. But how about horny?"

"Hm?"

You look up as she says that and find her reaching forward, grabbing the back of the chair, fairly shoving her breasts right into your face. Your eyebrows flicker up in surprise as she leans over you, smirking widely.

“Uh...” you say.

“It’s been a real long time since I’ve had a taste of wizard cum,” Scarlet says, her voice molten and forked tongue sliding greedily along her lips. “Too long. And I aim to change that. So how about it, human? Want to give me a taste before you go?”

[Fuck Her](#)

[Head Out](#)

Head Out

“Tempting,” you say, and it is, despite the fact that Scarlet is clearly insane and probably very into biting. But all that adds a dangerous appeal to the idea. Still, you have no intention of getting in deeper with the clearly unhinged demon. Let alone balls deep. “But I’d better get back on the trail. I’ve lost enough time as is, and would hate not to get you your prize.”

Scarlet cocks her head. She huffs. “I suppose that’s true,” she says, pulling back, though you notice she doesn’t do her jacket back up.

You rise after her, still shaking the numbness from your fingers as you walk past her.

“Remember to come back soon,” she calls. “Don’t make me come looking for you, wizard.”

You glance back at her, and her grin could promise pain or pleasure. Or both. Either way, you make your way out of the warehouse at a slightly faster clip.

Past the doors await Scarlet’s two bodyguards. They eye you with surprise but make no effort to stop you from leaving. No lights burn along the street, but by the moonlight peeking through the clouds you find your car waiting behind Scarlet’s. They must have driven it here after your crash, no doubt to dump your body and it in the bay if you were a problem. You brush your hand along the hood, finding that fortunately the damage seems largely superficial. Still, you’ll probably need to fix ‘er up after this job. Another thing you’ll need the money for.

You slip into the driver’s seat and start the engine, only one headlight blinking on and groping down the street as you pull out. Well, now you find yourself working for two demonesses. Hardly ideal, but nothing for it now. You’ll decide what to do once you have their prize.

So long as you live long enough to find him...

To be Continued

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Talk

You can handle a bunch of fey gangsters, but Scarlet is a whole different story. “Woah, woah,” you say quickly, raising your hands to placate the sadistic succubus. “I’m just here to find a man. I’m not looking to pick a fight with the Lavira family.”

“Hmm. Good choice. Now start talking, wizard.”

You do, and gladly, telling her everything you know about the Newgates and Luger. It’s not much, but it seems to satisfy the succubus, who nods slowly as you finish.

“And that’s it?”

“That’s everything,” you confirm.

“Good,” Scarlet says, grins.

And faster than the eye can see, she lunges forward and snaps the dark collar around your neck.

You recoil reflexively, reaching for your gun, but before you can draw it you gasp, arch as you feel the runes on the inside of the collar heat up, scorching against your neck like a brand.

“Y-you...” you manage, finally grabbing the handle of your revolver.

“Me,” Scarlet purrs, pressing forward, soft breasts ground against your chest, her hand cupping your bulge.

Pure pleasure throbs from your collar and crotch. You cry out in helpless delight as she massages your cock and balls, every squeeze sending a pulse throbbing through you. You groan, head falling back, your suddenly weak fingers struggling to grasp the handle of your gun.

Scarlet giggles. “Aw, poor mortal,” she purrs, clicking a leash onto your new collar. “Does that feel good? Well, don’t you worry. You’ll have plenty of time to get used to it as my new pet!”

“I... y-you...!” you gasp, trembling at the unholy grasp on your body. “You... you said you’d let me go!”

“Oh yeaaaaah!” Scarlet says in amazement. “I did, didn’t I? Guess I must have been lying!” she cackles, and yanks on your leash.

You’re dragged off the seat and to your hands and knees in the cramped cab. You raise your head and freeze, eyes widening as you find yourself between Scarlet’s parted thighs, the demoness’s skirt riding high, revealing the damp slit in her panties.

“Like what you see?” the sadistic succubus croons, her free hand tugging up her skirt, a red finger stroking herself through the fabric. “Mmm. I bet you do. Mortals just love the thought of licking out a demon. And you look like you’ll do a good job. Reeaaaaal good.”

You tremble, every word of praise sending another wave of submissive delight throbbing from your collar. “I... I d-don’t...”

“Of course you do,” Scarlet says. “Now take off my panties, slave. Mistress wants to have some fun!”

The command seems to thrum through you. You whimper, your hands shaking as they rise, your fingers hooking in the band of the elastic. You try and resist, but it just feels so good to obey. You can’t seem to stop from tugging off the fabric, her panties peeling off the damp spot, revealing the hairless slit of her puffy pussy.

Oh fuck.

The scent of her arousal hits you like a heavyweight’s punch. You sway a little where you crouch, blinking dully. Your mouth is watering. Your cock absolutely throbbing in your pants.

“Good boy,” Scarlet croons, her tone mocking, making you blush even as her legs wrap around your head, the heat of her thighs making you sweat. “Now, get to work!”

Her legs pull you forward, shoving your face against her pussy. You groan with humiliation and naked desire, your tongue already teasing past your lips. You try and resist, but the warmth of the collar pulses, urging you onward, your cock throbbing in need. Your body betraying you to the shameful pleasures you know await.

“Lick, slave,” Scarlet says, laughter in her voice.

The command surges through you. Your body pushes itself forward, burying yourself in the demon’s pussy. You moan in despair and helpless pleasure as your tongue drives forward, tonguing out the demon in frantic strokes.

And it’s so goooooood.

Your humiliation seems to only spur you further. You moan obediently and lick out the demon’s sweet pussy, every flick of the tongue another nail in your pride’s coffin. But you find it so hard to care. The collar just makes it so wonderful to obey. To lick. To debase yourself for the sadistic brat of a demon.

“Oh yesssss,” Scarlet giggles in delight. “Keep going. Fuck, that’s a good slave. You’re gonna be a great pet, bitch. Aw. I can feel you blushing! Don’t worry. You don’t have a choice. I’m just that incredible.”

“It’s all... the collar,” you gasp between strokes of your tongue.

“True!” she remarks cheerily as she shifts, her thighs tightening around you, soft, but you can feel a strength in them that could crush your head like a melon if she wanted. “But I don’t care. You’ll love it soon enough. And then, mmm, when I know you’re mine, I’ll suck your soul dry. Now get your tongue in there deep, boyo. Make me cum!”

You obey.

You can’t help but obey.

And obedience makes you shudder in delight as the collar again throbs and tightens deliciously around your neck.

“Yes!” Scarlet gasps. “Yes! Lick me you fucking bastard! Lick your mistress out! Mnnn! Fuck! There! Tongue my clit! Just like that. Yes. Yes! Just like... like... Mnnnnn!”

Her body arches, her cry of orgasm ringing out as she squeezes your head with the sudden rush of her orgasm. The sudden pressure cuts off your air, mashing you against her pussy. Your skull pounds and you gasp, stars bursting in your eyes as you vainly struggle for freedom. But even then you can’t help but lick up the juices that flow freely from her.

Finally, just as stars dance in your vision, her legs ease their grip, releasing you from suffocation against her mound.

“Ohhhh fuck. Fuuuuck that’s the good stuff,” Scarlet coos, easing back in her seat.

Another shudder of ecstasy rocks you from the collar at those words. So much so you almost miss the car rocking and the doors at the front shutting.

“Miss Scarlet?” one of the two goons growls from the front.

“Take us home, boys. And as for you,” Scarlet says, giving your leash a tug, pulling you back against her mound. “If you can make me cum like that before we get back, I might be inclined to fuck you. Been a long while since I’ve had wizard cum. Can’t wait to see if it’s as good as I remember.”

You whimper in shame and futile anger, even as your tongue eagerly gets back to work on her pussy. You feel the weight of your gun smacking against your thigh as the car rolls into motion, but the presence of the weapon only furthers your humiliation. Freedom so near, but the collar will keep you in bondage.

All to the moaning demoness riding your eager tongue.

[Demon Slave](#)

Demon Slave

Your arms ache.

But everything aches.

And it's so good.

You sway where you stand, your arms held above your head by the chain connecting your writ cuffs to the ceiling. The warm air of the room tingles against your nakedness, particularly the carpet of scratch marks down your back. Scarlet doesn't believe in diminishing her passions for something as silly as your skin.

The pain is acute, but your collar ensures you can only perceive it as pleasure. Something reinforced since you were brought to her personal chambers in the casino. Weeks? Months? You can't remember anymore. The dark room is like a void of time, punctuated only by Scarlet's amusements.

You whimper as your cock twitches again. You're always hard. Needy. Denied. But in addition to its stiffness, your manhood now sports a dark band around the root, just like your neck, which ensures you only ever cum when mistress wants it. You got that right after you received some further interrogation by Lavira family goons. Once they were satisfied you had handed over all the info you knew, you were properly given over to your new mistress, and your new life began.

You've lost track of the number of times she's fucked you, often tying you to the bedposts in order to properly claim your cock with her velvety pussy. She likes you helpless. Exhaustion was your first fear, for Scarlet is as insatiable as she is sadistic, but the Lavira family has many tonics and potions to ensure you never lack for vigour in the bedroom.

Your existence has become one of numbing eternity. Pleasure never ending at the sadistic hands of your new mistress. Your skin is scored with whips and tastes the sting of hot wax. Brands and bludgeons are used. Scourges and clamps. Pains that your collar ensures your body only knows as pleasures, your screams and moans music to the ears of your cruel mistress. Your magic-infused cum is sought by her for a quick high whenever she comes back after a job, your duty her pleasure and satisfaction. There is no end to the services she demands from her new slave.

And you obey.

You cannot do anything but obey.

You stir as you hear the door open, a bar of light flashing in the room.

"Well hello handsome!"

You squint as Scarlet sashays into the room, slamming the door behind her, her golden eyes glinting like a panther's in the gloom. At her presence, candles flutter to life all over the room, revealing in their crimson glow the mess of her home.

"M-mistress," you gasp.

"Aw, is pet happy to see me?" she asks, pressing up against you, her hand toying with your hair as she gazes into your eyes.

You shudder, leaning against her, desperate for her touch. Your collar warms around your neck, prompting the only reply you can give. "Y-yes, mistress," you gasp.

"Of course you are! And so am I. Oh," she sighs, rolling her eyes dramatically. "You would not believe the day I've had, pet. Just soooo exhausting."

You groan as you feel her hand on your cock, her fingers lazily stroking you. "M-mistress," you whimper.

"Those arcane crystals are just flooding the market. It's so annoying trying to track them down, you know? And there's always so many dealers! I can't put them in the ground fast enough. And it seems like every time I torture someone, their info is already out of date! Life is so unfair."

"Ohhhh," you groan, your chains clinking as you rock against her stroking hand, desperate for the pleasure, even though the band on your cock ensures you cannot cum. Instead, need builds in your balls, throbbing in your body, aching in your mind with desire.

"And I mean, who even wants to use arcane crystals, right? They can't compare to the real thing. You know? What am I saying. Of course you do! You're my personal magic dispenser. Aren't you?" she says, her forked tongue flicking your cheek.

"Yes," you gasp, hips bucking into her hand, the pleasure of your cock making you tremble with need. "Yes m-mistress!"

"Good boy! And speaking of, I'm feeling a bit thirsty."

She lazily shimmies down to her knees, her lips kissing down your naked chest, every press like a punch of pleasure, your body bucking and gasps escaping you. She's soon level with your cock, and you whimper again as her lips press against the tip of your manhood.

"Mmm. Good slave," she purrs, leans in, and engulfs you in her mouth.

You cry out, arching, quivering as pleasure more terrible than ever surges through you. The pressure of orgasm denied pounds behind your eyes as your body tightens, flexing in shameless ecstasy while her lips glide up and down your cock, milking you with terrible skill. With wonderful certainty.

"M-mistresssss," you moan in helpless delight.

"Mmm," Scarlet hums, bobbing slowly, lazily, torturing you with the skill of her hot, tight mouth, her forked tongue stroking your underside with every bob.

Sweat stings in the wounds on your back. The heat of your need burns like a fire kindled in your chest and loins. You whimper and moan, wriggling, panting, desperate for relief yet helpless to find it. Only mistress can free you. Only mistress can make you cum.

You haven't long to wait, fortunately. Though at first slow in order to torment you, you feel Scarlet begin to quicken her bobbing, urging you towards the high of orgasm. She wants it too. Wants to taste your mana-infused cum. Drink down that euphoric high only you can give her. You groan, frantic.

“Mistress!” you whine. “Mistress! P-please! Gotta... ah... Gotta c-cum! Please! Please! Mistress. Oh. Oh! Mistressss!”

“Mhmm,” Scarlet purrs, her finger rising, stroking the band around your cock. You feel the quiver of magic, a sudden loosening of the knot within you.

You wail in ecstasy as you cum, exploding in the demon’s mouth like a fountain. Pleasure blinds you. Your mind goes white as your balls tighten, emptying in great spurts into the mouth of the sadistic succubus. Scarlet moans as she drains your cock, her hair floating as if electrified, her golden eyes sparking as she devours your seed, feeding on the power that infuses it.

Weakness claims you quickly. Whimpering, you sag, held upright only by the chains on your wrists. Scarlet slowly lifts her mouth off your cock, her sinful lips popping free of your softening tip.

“Oh fuck yes,” the demoness moans, tongue stealing around her lips. “That’s the good stuff.”

You pant, too exhausted to say a word. Scarlet giggles and rises to her feet, her free hand remaining low to fondle your balls. “Aw, is my pet tired? Poor thing. But rise and shine, slave! Because mistress isn’t through with you yet.”

You know she’s not. Scarlet would never be satisfied just with that. And even as you acknowledge this, you feel your cock growing again under her expert touch. You’re in for another long night, and some day, Scarlet will go too far and finally drink you dry. But that death is a long way off, you know too well.

And for now, you will remain in the demon’s bedroom thrall. A slave for the rest of your days...

Bad End

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Fuck Her

You know it's probably a mistake, but dammit, she's asking for it, and you can't help but admire her body and her brazenness. Besides, after all this, you have some aggression you'd love to release.

"Fine," you growl, rising to your full height, grabbing her by the waist and yanking her close. "You want to have a taste? Then you'll get it."

You crush her lips to yours, feeling Scarlet stiffen in surprise at your forcefulness, but only for a moment. In the next instant her arms are wrapping around you, her nails digging into your back and through your shirt and coat as she clutches you close, kissing you hard.

Fuck that hurts! But the pain only spices the pleasure, driving you to push against her harder, backing her against one of the large crates. Scarlet groans as your tongue wars with hers, your free hand slipping between you and her, under her skirt, cupping her mound, pressing your index finger against her slit, feeling how wet she is.

"Mnnn~!" the demoness moans.

"Like that?" you growl.

"Ohhhh, I dooooo," she moans, hips rocking, riding herself atop your stroking digit.

"Bet you do, you sadistic bitch," you growl.

Her golden eyes glint and she escapes your lips, leaning in and biting your neck.

"Ah!" you gasp, stiffening in more ways than one as her tongue strokes the wound. "Bitch!"

"Then fuck me like one," she purrs.

What an excellent idea.

You grab her panties, yanking them down, practically tearing them off. As you do that, her hand fumbles with your pants, finally finding the zipper. She manages to undo it, freeing your length, your cock fairly exploding into the open. Hard. Ready.

And so is she.

You slam her against the crate again, her right leg riding up and hooking around your waist, leaving her bare, ready. You thrust forward, your cock filling her with a stroke.

"Mmmm!" the succubus groans, her nails digging harder into your back, clutching you against her. "Yessss! Fuck me."

"Tight... slut!" you grunt, driving forward, rutting into the demon's tight folds with short, ruthless thrusts.

"Yesssss!" she groans. "So fuck me! Fill me up you fucking bastard!"

Pressure throbs in your temples. Anger. Lust. Her scent fills your senses. Spices. Sex. You can't help but rut into her in sharp, brutal thrusts, mating this cocky bitch with a ruthlessness that surprises you. But she plainly loves it, her voice rising in a melody of absolute pleasure as you claim her pussy.

"Fuck me! Fuck me hard! Oh yes. Yes! More! Give... me... m-mooooooooore!"

You feel her nails penetrate your jacket, drawing blood as she cums, her wail of orgasm ringing in your ears as she tightens deliciously around your cock. You have no chance of resisting that. You groan, hiltling in her a final time before you feel the sudden surge of orgasm. Your body tenses, balls tightening as you unload in the beautiful demoness.

"O-ohhhhh!" Scarlet moans, her eyes rolling back, her hair writhing, glowing softly as your magic-infused seed pumps into her. Her body shudders in euphoria, her golden eyes burning bright in the dark as she takes your cum.

Panting, you draw back, unsheathing from her tightness. Scarlet sags against the crate, her eyes misty with pleasure. You unsheathe from her, breathing hard as you tuck yourself back into your pants.

"S... satisfied?" you say heavily.

"Mmm. Yeaaaah," Scarlet moans, grinning dumbly, her legs twitching as she fights to keep herself standing.

You snort and turn from the demonic bitch. You leave her there to recover and make your way to the rear of the warehouse. Past the doors await Scarlet's two bodyguards. They eye you with surprise but make no effort to stop you. No lights burn along the street, but by the moonlight peeking over the triangular roofs of the warehouses you find your car waiting. The demons must have driven it here, probably with the intent to dump it and your body in the bay. You brush your hand along the hood, and you see that fortunately the damage from the chase seems largely superficial. Still, you'll probably need to fix 'er up after this job. Another thing you'll need the money for.

You slip into the driver's seat and start the engine, only one headlight blinking on and groping down the street as you pull out. Well, now you find yourself working for two demonesses. Hardly ideal, but nothing for it now. You'll decide what to do once you have their prize.

So long as you live long enough to find him...

To be Continued

[Index Start Over](#)

Refuse

You may be some detective for hire, but you've got standards, and if you talk now, you'll never work in this town again. "I'll never talk," you growl, glaring defiantly at her.

"Oh really?" she says, leaning in close, smirking scornfully. "You have any idea how often I've heard of that? Too many. And from much better men than you. But I always get what I want, wizard. And if I can't, there's plenty of girls back at the casino who'll get it all out of you."

You shiver at the cold certainty in her eyes but stick out your chin stubbornly. "Yeah?" you say, your hand grasping the handle of your arcane revolver. "Then what've you got to say to this?"

You whip up your weapon, but with viperish quickness Scarlet lunges across the seat. You try and get the barrel under her, but her hand grabs yours and shoves it down with shocking strength. Reflexively you pull the trigger, the gunshot deafening in the confined space, but the round only managing to punch through the floor of the car.

And then the collar is around your neck.

And Scarlet's lips are on yours.

You gasp, stiffening as you feel the crimson runes burn hot against your throat. Almost as hot as Scarlet's kiss, the force of it pressing you into the back of your seat. You feel the strength flee your body, as if sucked into the glowing brands on the collar, your revolver falling from suddenly nerveless fingers, clattering onto the floor.

"Mmm," Scarlet hums, kissing you deeper, and to your shock, you feel yourself submissively kissing back.

What are you doing?

Angrily, you try and pull back, but your body doesn't seem to be obeying you. Instead, your lips continue to submissively meld with hers, a sudden groan escaping you as her hand moves from your wrist and strokes your chest, running down you and cupping your bulge. You groan, stiffening in more ways than one when she gives your cock a teasing squeeze.

"Mmm. Should've pulled this gun on me instead, wizard," Scarlet breathes, her breath hot as sin and scented of rum as she gives your bulge another pump. "We'd both of enjoyed it even more."

You groan, legs feeling like they're filled with water. "I... I..."

"Love this? Of course you do. Pets always love pleasing mistress. And I'm real good at training my pets," she says, her golden eyes gleaming. "Reaaaaal good."

Her words send another throb of submissive bliss from the collar, radiating through you like a hit of opium. You moan, shuddering, and try and answer, but she merely kisses you again, suffocating you under her lips. You shudder, your body surrendering to her kiss.

And your soul shuddering at the thought of what comes next.

[Demon Slave](#)