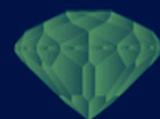


# Blog Flash Compendium

Volume IV



By Mr. Potestas

**Blog Flash Compendium  
Volume IV**

By Mr. Potestas

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This adult anthology is a work of fiction. It is meant for those eighteen and older, while there are sexual acts depicted that may not even be possible. All characters are eighteen or older. Though there are inspirations from other fictional sources, any similarity to real people, live or no, is merely coincidental.

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Forward

The following erotica first appeared on my blog. These stories range from the contemporary to the bizarre. All the stories were given further polish for this publication. Enjoy!

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*Author's Note: This is a bit of a spiritual successor to **The Demoniac Method**, and a companion piece to [Interview With a Demoniac Succubus](#). **Method** just didn't get into the mind of the characters to a significant extent, and the following story works to do that, while going much further into the shadows of morality.*

## **A New Friend**

I walked into my beach house with my new coworker Diane. The full bodied woman was taller than me at five feet and ten inches. She wore a form fitting blouse, tight jeans, and flip flops, which she kicked off the moment she sat on my couch. The woman was a bit of a contrast to me at five feet and seven inches, red hair, and slim frame.

"What's your poison?" I asked generically. I'm not sure why I invited her back to my house. I only met her a couple days ago at work!

"Scotch, straight up," she requested sultrily, slowly blinking her blue eyes. "Bring over the bottle!"

I smiled in confirmation. This woman was becoming a fast friend, and was happy to start what I assumed was to be a girls night out.

Handing over her glass, I sat on the couch next to her, and kicked off my low healed shoes. "I don't know anything about you," I stated, after a good swig.

She drank down her own glass, and said, "I know, I'm mysterious!"

I laughed, and gulped down the rest of my glass. Diane refilled both our glasses to the brim.

"Chug that whole thing down, Julie, and lets get talking!"

In apparent tandem with her, I took the glass down with a couple of gulps. I coughed and reeled before letting out a good laugh.

She refilled our glasses, and said, "Would you believe I'm not Human?"

"*Maybe!*" I hiccuped.

"Down the hatch!" she exclaimed, before we took another glass down.

I handled it a little better, while I was starting to feel the affects hit me strong. I liked to drink occasionally, but it was never this heavy and fast.

"I should clarify," she said without a hint of drunkenness. "I *was* Human. A Demon came to me over two-hundred years ago, and happily corrupted me." Diane refilled our glasses. "Yet another!"

We took the glass down. I was sloshed, while enjoying what I assumed was a joke.

"I was remade into a Demon like my Maker. Well, a special kind of Demon that isn't made into one while in Hell. All Demons are just twisted Human Souls, if the obvious wasn't clear to you. Anyway, down that hatch!"

We took another down. Everything was completely fuzzed. I laughed uncontrollably.

She smiled lustfully. "I am a special family or class of Demon. We may never set foot in Hell (I haven't), while we are not interested in *collecting* souls. We are Succubi. We feed on sex, lust, while we may corrupt the souls of others, usually for sexual purposes. I could change you physically after corruption. That corruption could lead to becoming like me, but not necessarily. Either way, I need permission to corrupt."

"You're-uh not gonna fuck me?" I sloshed.

"I could, but no, not yet. I hunger for *purely* corrupted sex at the moment!"

"How do you corrupt?"

"Once you agree, I shall give you the *Kiss of Corruption*. Also, you need to tell me how you wish to be corrupted. I can't really change what's inside you, who you are."

"Hic! Before you corrupt me ... Uhh, prove you're a Succubus!"

She leaned over, and gave me the most wonderful kiss of my life! "*Fuck!* ... OK, I'll play along, Succubus!" I really thought we were just playing a game, even though the deep, lustful feeling her kiss fueled suggested otherwise. "You may corrupt me!"

"Oh, *excellent!*" she exclaimed toothily, slowly.

Playing along with this apparent game, I requested in a drawn out slur, "First make me sober, so I really feel the changes ... HIC! ... OK, *err*, remove as much of my ability to love as you can. Yeah! And, *uh* ... Replace that love with great lust! I don't wanna sexuality anymore, so, uh, make me wanna fuck whatever can be humanly sexy. You know, uh, *nympho* ... So, I guess, make sure I'd wanna fuck myself. I guess I'll do, *HIC*, whatever you say, too ... And body! Make me athletic and sexy at the same time! HIC! *No* body hair ... Oh, yeah, give me some sexy tattoos to, err, symbolize my, you know, *corruption!*"

"That's elaborate for a drunken fool!" she cooed with a devious, terrifyingly erotic smile.

Diane grabbed my head, and looked deep into me. She then gave me the deepest, most erotic kiss of my life. Mesmerized, she lay me back onto the couch.

I suddenly realized I was completely sober! "*Wha* ...? What's happening?" I barely asked, feeling strange and wrong.

"Everything you requested," she stated bluntly.

I looked over to the window to see the blooming rose bush. At first, I felt the same way I always did toward it. Yet, no ... Slowly, I started to realize that my feeling toward it was becoming less genuine, more memory. And soon, I could feel almost no love toward it. Out of both desperation a curiosity, I thought about everything I ever loved. Most of the feeling was pure memory, and now almost alien. My love for anything was almost completely dissolved so quickly, and I wasn't sure if I missed it.

My head turned to the already naked Diane. At first, I wasn't sure if I felt anything. Then I felt it. It was like a tingle starting in my vagina, growing more powerful by the second, preparing to expand outward. It was lust, pure lust filling the void within my mind and soul. The more that lust expanded outward from my humid pussy, the more The pleasure of that lust masked any discomfort toward my changing body. I just wanted to fuck!

"Oh, my FUCK!" I exclaimed a bit darkly. "I can *feeeeel* it! I am being corrupted to the core!"

“Nothing you didn’t ask for!” she said with a dark smile. “Now, stay down, my corrupted lust machine. Unlike those ballooned muscles, you’re gonna lust over these tattoos as much as you’re gonna feel them being created!”

Between my pussy and navel, Diane lustfully drew a pentagram, two points upward. The wide black lines pleurably burned through every layer of my perfect skin. A burning mist escaped wherever her tongue touched. She kissed her way down my left leg, and drew an even more elaborate tattoo with her demonic tongue. Burning white hot to the bone, five pointed stars formed around my ankle, while flowing ribbons interconnected them. They slowly cooled to a jet black like my lovely pentagram.

Diane brought me to my bare feet, and we commenced passionately, lustfully making out. Oh, the lust in our kisses and gropes were mind numbing! We stared into each other’s eyes, and I knew I was hers forever in lust. She stared back at me, loving my apparent awe of her. I wanted this Succubus to devour me! We soon made out with our entire bodies in our wet kisses and gropes and hard nibbles. We breathed deeply, almost erratically in our lust.

“I can sense you want me to DEVOUR you!” she cooed, our drool leaking from her lips. “Well, I always like to give something extra. Watch this!” Like a wild animal, she bared down on my willing neck, and sank her suddenly teeth right through my flesh. She pulled back chewing happily, my blood all over her mouth.

I felt my neck and exclaimed, “It’s almost healed already!”

Swallowing, she nodded and licked my neck clean. We resumed our full impact make out. Diane then almost tossed me onto the couch on my stomach. Pulling my ass upward, me shifted onto my knees, she began to lick and suck my wanting ass and pussy. She slid up and nibble and kissed my lips, before resuming her worshiping of my ass and pussy. Her fingers, lips, and tongue were all but orgasmic wherever they touched! My tasty toes curled.

Diane was soon concentrating her tongue on my now apparently far more sensitive asshole. She occasionally groped my body, and soon wildly rubbed my dripping pussy at the same time. I think my asshole became more sensitive than my pussy! She wanted to make me cum harder than I knew possible, to feed like the hungry beast she was. Diane then lay on top of me, masterfully rubbing my ass and pussy at the same time.

“Oh, yeah,” she exclaimed. “You know what I want! Cum for me, *feed me*, corrupted slut!”

“OH *FUUUUUCK!*” I exploded in orgasm. Drool freely fell from my mouth.

Diane pulled me upright, and we made out with energetic fervor, while she groped my tits. She then flipped me onto my back, and we made out wildly, her body rubbing against mine. We soon were grinding wildly until we came again.

Flipping positions, Diane lay passively before me, wanting to see how wild I can really be! Her legs straddled around me, I groped her with my entire body, breasts against breasts. I made out hungrily, biting and pulling her lip hard enough to make it bleed for a moment before it healed. I lapped up the Succubus Blood with great lust. Can’t say I loved the flavor, but the lust of the moment made that matter little.

I groped downward, and payed extra special attention to her awesome tits, before rubbing and groping our wet pussies with my hand. Soon, she took over the pussy rubbing duties, fucking herself just to me. In our wild kiss, she bit down on my upper lip hard. My lip cracked open, and stayed a bleeding wound until she let go. She came insanely, and plowed her pussy juice covered

hand into my mouth, making me cum with great energy. We made out with a very subtle hint of love.

I then made my way to her soaked pussy. Drool dripping freely, I made out with the delicious lips hungrily, passionately. In my slow, wanting motions, Diane pressed her silken foot behind my head, holding me down in confirmation of her joy. My tongue explored deeply. She moaned wildly. I increased the lust of my motions, while she humped my mouth more and more. Shifting to her asshole, she began to rub and finger her pussy with great want. Her ass tasted even better than her pussy! Rubbing my own pussy the whole time, we soon came together in yet another screaming orgasm.

Apparently pleased with how wild she made me, she almost dragged me to the mirrored door. She pressed my back hard onto the reflective surface, groping and kissing and breathing deeply. Diane suddenly flipped me around so I could see my lust filled body. The wet fog grew and died before my eyes. Feeling it to my core, with epic want I licked and kissed myself through the glass, starring right into my own sexily green eyes. Diane rubbed my soaked pussy at the same time. It felt so damn good and right to feel that epic level of lust toward myself. Diane worshiped my boobs from behind with her knowledgeable hands, while I crazily rubbed my own pussy to myself. She then went to her knees, and buried herself into my ass, making me coo and breath yet more deeply. My spit dripped down the glass. In a great explosion, I came to myself.

We let ourselves fall to the floor, now finally out of breath. Scissoring our legs, we deeply worshiped our feet as a sexual desert.

“I think I created a monster!” the Succubus cooed happily. “You drank my blood after I corrupted you. Soon, you will be a Succubus just like me!”

After slowly removing the large, silken foot from my mouth, I proclaimed with great lust, “Good!”

\* \* \* \*

## **All Anal**

“Yeah, that was kinda fun to get out with you guys after tolerating the parents for a week!” the light brown haired Danielle stated. She was slightly taller than average, somewhat athletic, and had green eyes and light skin. The college woman wore a tight, white T-shirt, form fitting jeans, and flip flops. She was drinking lightly with her friends Liza and Ally.

“Hey, you think I wasn’t dealing with parents either!” the brown haired Ally exclaimed, sipping at the beer. The somewhat voluptuous college woman was about average height, and had blue eyes and light skin. She wore a loose fitting shirt, a mini jean skirt, and flip flops.

“Speak for yourselves! I had fun with Bobby!” the black haired Liza exclaimed in the middle of the group. The college woman was slim with dark eyes and tanned skin, She wore a sleeveless shirt, very short jean shorts, and flips flops.

“Yeah?” Ally teased. “Come on, Ally! Kiss and tell.”

“Uh ... two nights ago we did anal,” Liza said almost awkwardly.

“How was *it*, Liza?” Danielle asked curiously.

“I guess I enjoyed it,” she shrugged. “He was very slow and careful, but he liked it more than me, really ... He had me wear tights ...”

“Seriously?” Danielle chimed.

“Yeah, he turned out to be kinda weird in bed. It’s different. I like it. Never know what to expect!” Liza exclaimed happily.

“Tights?” Ally asked with a confused.

“It really brought out my ass! Just pantyhose, I guess. Thought it made my ass look bigger, but not really. I think my ass looked pretty damn good!” Liza stated.

“Yeah! You can’t make your little ass look big if you tried!” Ally exclaimed. “Your ass makes my ass look big.”

“You don’t like your ass?” Danielle teased. “Do some more yoga with me, and we’ll make your ass as firm as mine!”

“Oh, come on, Danny!” Ally teased back. “I love my ass! Not too big, not too small. Just right for this body.”

“I’d bet my ass looks better than all yours wrapped those pantyhose!” Liza exclaimed.

“Doubt it!” Danielle stated.

“Yeah, Liza. *Prove* it!”

“Why not!” Liza said almost deviously, scurrying to her bedroom. She came back with three pairs. “Which one?”

“Purple!” Ally suggested.

After throwing the other pairs onto the ouch, Liza pulled off her shorts, revealing her bare crotch. Yet, the focus was clearly on her ass.

“That’s a *really* great ass!” Danielle said teasingly yet truthfully. She slapped Liza’s ass with a chuckle.

Ally felt up the bare ass cheek, and exclaimed, “You can’t make that better!”

“You guys are such pervs!” Liza laughed. This was all just a silly, drunken joke. They were always quite comfortable with each other.

Liza rolled up the legs, and inserted her bare left foot into one leg, the leg up on the couch between her friends. “You know what guys? You two better put on some comfy tights, *too*! We’ll really know that my ass is best!”

The others obliged, and stood, removing their shorts and skirt. Danielle took blue, and Ally took red. All three were suddenly bare assed next to each other.

They all laughed and chuckled and complimented. They were having too much fun!

“Oh my God, Danny, your ass looks fucking awesome in those tights!” Liza exclaimed excitedly.

The tights simply fell into their ass cracks, while perfectly highlighting the cheeks. “You both look *so* awesome,” Danielle said joyously.

Almost without control they began to feel their own and each other asses. They were having so much fun that they didn’t register how aroused they were. Indeed, none of the ever felt real attraction toward another woman before.

“Your guy has a point!” Ally said more than happily, hands on her friends’ asses.

“Yeah, they’re really hot and sexy!” Danielle more than agreed, before playfully slapping Liza’s ass.

“OK, Danny, I’m gonna just stand your ass against Liza’s,” Ally said with a big smile. “Then, you can judge mine against Liza’s!”

Dannielle and Liza happily leaned on the widow sill, presenting their nylon asses to Ally. The self proclaimed judge slapped and groped and grabbed their asses excitedly, lustfully. “Wow, girls, I don’t know!” she said deeply. “So *fucking* hot!”

“Wow, that *feels* so good!” Liza cooed.

“Oh, yeah! So *hot!*” Danielle moaned.

They laughed and moaned and chuckled, especially on the hard slaps. “Sorry, but I gotta spank you to really judge!”

“OHOOH! Like that, *that!*” Liza cooed at the hard slap, immediately followed by a grope.

Ally slapped Dannielle even harder, followed by a lustful grope. “Oh fuck ... Naughty ...”

“I *love* that sound!” Liza cooed. That sound of slapping Dannielle’s nylon ass melted all their minds. It was loud and distinct, yet softened by the fabric.

“I like it, too!” Ally admitted almost wildly, before groping Liza’s ass harder, and going to her knees. She put her face right against Liza’s ass, sniffing and groping and slapping.

Groping both at the same time, she proclaimed, “Oh, girls, you both have such ...” SLAP! SLAP! “... *beautiful* asses!”

Moving back to just Liza, she plowed her face in and out of Liza’s encased crack, sniffing and moaning all the while. Liza moaned and cooed loudly. Ally, now lost in lust for nylon ass, licked and nibbled and kissed and kneaded all over and deep into the crack.

“Feels so good, Danny. OH, *GOD!*” Liza cooed.

“I’m so horny, guys!” Ally impulsively cooed, while groping between the cheeks. She lustfully continued the anal make out session.

Ally looked over to Danielle’s waiting ass, and shifted over to it. Danielle growled happily at the deep attention. They were all lost in a lust none of them experiences before.

“I love watching you make out with her ass ...” Liza breathed to Ally, who gave it a quick yet hard slap before burying herself back into it. Dannielle was in utter ecstasy.

“I LOVE your asses ...” Ally moaned, before resuming her worship of the cheeks. She slowly ripped open Dannielle’s, and began to worship the soft, tight butt cheeks directly. Pulling the cheeks to the side, Ally directly licked the cooing woman’s asshole, not forgetting to worship the rest. Liza watched lustfully, lightly touching her own ass.

Feeling Danielle’s tongue swirling in and around her hole, she realized with lustful joy that it felt better than attention to her pussy ever did. At the same time, Dannielle loved the soft flavor of the hole. They both soon came in a deep orgasm.

Ally stood, and began making out with Liza, both moaning. Their hands almost automatically began to grope their soft asses. Dannielle lightly touched hers and her anal lovers’ asses.

The kiss for Liza was so perfect in taste and feel that she lost herself to the passions, leaning back onto the windowsill to better present her ass to Dannielle. Ally, whose ass was already well positioned for pleasure, found herself briefly making out with Liza. The transferred feel and taste from the other allowed Ally to become lost, too.

Soon, Ally's tights were ripped open at the ass by Danielle, who practically burrowed her head inside. She moaned and cooed at the edge of orgasm, lightly yet lustfully kissing Liza next to her. Like Liza before her, the rimming was better than anything she ever felt! Danielle then guided Ally down to her hands and elbows, propping up her ass high. Ally did the same in expectation.

Danielle lustfully licked and spit Ally's fully exposed asshole, making Ally coo even louder. Liza rubbed her sensitive asshole at the same time, more than happily moaning. Plowing her tongue into Ally's open hole, she was acting like a pro, and Ally found herself in a perfect lustful bliss. When she finally came, her mind practically melted.

Smiling largely, Danielle made her way back to the already moaning Liza, who immediately allowed her anal lover to take over with her ass. Danielle more masterfully licked her spit all over, inside and out. Ally watched, while slowly recovering from the immense pleasure. Like Ally before her, Liza found herself in a perfect lustful bliss.

Ally sat up on her hands and knees, and lustfully made out with Danielle. Like some kind of student, Danielle guided Ally to Liza's asshole. Ally began licking the hole just the way hers was, making Liza moaned wildly. The feel and flavor bent Ally's mind, while Liza's mind melted with a powerful orgasm. Like asking for some grade, Ally made out with Danielle, who practically gave her top marks.

They soon flopped themselves back onto the couch, Danielle sandwiched in the middle, and all made out at the same time, mixing flavors. Their shirts fell away in an afterthought, hands falling back to their asses. Not that they could've been aware of it, but their minds had adjusted. They were functioning only on impulse, and did not exactly think with language.

Like good students, Ally and Liza positioned Danielle onto her stomach. Spank, SPANK, kneed, they went. Danielle moaned in compliment. Ally ripped open the hose, and lustfully made out with the asshole, making Danielle moan wildly. The two woman took uneven turns in worshiping the woman's wanting ass, lost in the feel and flavor of it. Danielle moaned louder and louder until she exploded in drooling orgasm ...

The women drowsily lay on the bed with their ass cheeks as pillows, recovering from the fever dream that was no dream. Their minds would return to them, but it was now sexually all anal ...

*"Wow, that worked better than I expected!"*

\* \* \* \*

*Author's note: Though this follows very closely to a dream I had, this one is a bit different from much of my regular scriblings. As the title suggests, it is about a prior incident in the lives of the portrayed characters.*

### **About The Night Before**

"Oh, hi, Jackie ..." I said uncomfortably on my cell phone.

“Is this a bad time, Bob?” she asked apologetically.

“No ... I got a few minutes before I gotta leave for work.” We hadn’t spoken for the last couple days, since, well, what happened. We were only dating for the past six months. Our young relationship may not have been strong enough to handle the mistake of the other night.

“Look, Bob ... I know you really didn’t enjoy yourself. Not completely. I really didn’t either ... I really hate being defensive and apologetic, but it’s true. I’m really sorry that, *err*, party wasn’t our thing. I thought it might be, based on some of your alternate tastes ...”

“Their not *that* alternate,” I interrupted.

“Yeah ... Well, mine aren’t either. Look, can we meet for lunch. This call, the other night; this just isn’t how we should leave things.”

“All right. Tomorrow. I’ll call you later. I gotta go, Jackie.”

The first few hours at the desk job were pretty standard. As a clerk at the company’s accounting department, standard was a good thing. We were often the ones to see bad news first, and that was my case at the last job, which was crushed after the economy bottomed out in 2008.

My small office’s phone suddenly rang. “Hello?”

“Hi, Bob, it’s Janice.” Janice was my manager.

“Oh, hi, what’s up?”

“Um, can you come to my office right away, Bob? I need to speak with you.” She sounded deathly serious.

“Sure, see you in a minute!” She often acted overly serious, so I didn’t expect anything out of the ordinary. I liked her a lot as a boss, but her buzzkill demeanor was grating at times ...

“Hi, Bob, please have a seat,” she motioned to her small conference table. A manila folder was in her soft hand. Janice’s blue eyes were very attractive, albeit very businesslike. She was slim and athletic, while she currently had her blonde hair in a tight bun. She was the same age as me: twenty-nine. Her seniority was more out of a longer history with the company, but she deserved it. Like I said, she was a fine manager.

She sighed. “First, Bob, let me say that don’t *personally* see this as a problem. At least, I don’t see it as a problem when it comes to your work ...”

“What’s the problem, Janice?” This was not her normal behavior. Normally, she was very upfront and solid.

She sighed again. “A worker here anonymously pointed something out to me and Human Resources.” Janice opened a manila folder.

My heart skipped a beat! They were pictures of Jackie, myself, and several others from the night before! They were clearly printed from the internet: *BDSMAmateurs.xxx/AwkwardGuyToughtNewTricksByLadyDom*. One of the pictures clearly showed me with a leather collar, chaps, and fishnet shirt. I was on all fours looking very confused and uncomfortable, which was the case. “*Wha* ... How? ...” I was completely overwhelmed. “I didn’t even know that was recorded! My girlfriend and I didn’t really even like it that much ...”

“Yeah ... This is obviously a private matter, but someone here decided it was a problem on the professional level. I don’t know why! *Hell*, I don’t get it! I mean that it all possible ways, Bob.”

“Yeah, yeah, I understand, Janice ... So, what does this mean?” My heart was racing. That was the first time I did anything like that. Sure, I love tight clothes on a woman -- stockings, latex, leather, but the night those pictures represented was really not me!

“I’m not really sure, Bob.” She shook her head. “I mean, I guess you can ask that site to take that video down, but here ... Whoever brought this to HR’s attention was an utter dick! I’m not sure what HR will do, but I don’t think they’ll do anything, Bob ...”

I leaned back on the pleather chair, and let out a long grunt. Janice’s office phone suddenly rang. She walked over to her desk to answer it. “Janice Fielding ... Oh, yes, he’s here. I’ll send him up.” She hung up the phone, and said to me, “That was Sandra. Wants to speak with you. Guess she just called your office, and assumed you were with me.”

“All right,” I breathed, standing.

“Good luck!” Janice exclaimed, shaking her head.

I made my way up to the second and top floor of the building where Sandra’s office was. On the way, I left a message on Jackie’s voicemail to call me back right away.

Sandra was the Chief Financial Officer of the company, and my boss’ direct boss. The healthy woman was a remarkably attractive with raven hair, and dark eyes. She was taller and a bit older than me at thirty-five. Unlike Janice, she was not necessarily easy to work under. She was results oriented, with a very specific vision in mind. Excuses were never tolerated. Janice handled working under her, if only because she understood what Sandra expected.

The door was opened, and she motioned for me to sit before her desk. Sandra closed the door behind me, and almost casually sat on the edge of her desk in front of me. Her body was rather voluptuous, but she hid that well behind her professional attire and demeanor. She wore medium length heels and skirt, stockings (they highlighted the best legs in history), and a formal blouse. It was all black, making her skin look downright porcelain.

In that moment I realized how much she reminded me of that latex hooded dominatrix from the night before ...

“So ...” she started, crossing her arms and legs. “I saw those pics and video. I’m going to tell you right not that I’m more fucking pissed than you at that getting on the web!”

I never heard her speak like that before. The deeper, growling tones were too familiar.

“I want to tell you right now that I was there the other night. I was that dominatrix.”

It all made sense now! Jackie said she was invited by the dominatrix, while I indeed met Jackie through Sandra. I also never asked Jackie who the dominatrix was ... “Fuck, I don’t know why I didn’t realize that then ...”

“You were quite overwhelmed that night!” she smirked. “Anyway, Bob, I’ve taken steps to clear this up as best we can. The video can be damaging for me, too, you know. I have no idea why that fucking video even exists. I blame myself. Didn’t know I was being filmed!”

“Do you know who did it?”

“I’m not sure, but there weren’t exactly many there. You and Jackie would never do such a thing, while my private life must never invade my work life. I think this stunt was really aimed at me. No offense, but you don’t need to hold a good reputation as much as me. Let’s just say, the one that posted that damn video may not work here that much longer.” With a distinct growl, she finished, “Better than most, you know how I can be, Bob.”

“Yeah ... Sandra, I first wanna say I’m glad this issue is being worked out. I also wanna say that the other night was ...”

“Not really your thing?” she interrupted. “I figured! Jackie didn’t have that much fun either, to the regret of us both. You are no alpha, but you are no pushover. Being, *well*, centered like that doesn’t bode was for that kind of sexual play. Doesn’t make me think any less of you. In fact, I think very highly of you now, because you are willing to test your boundaries. At this company, I know you will do even better than I expected. In bed, you and Jackie are gonna be amazing. It may sound strange, but I would be perfectly happy to join you two in a more subdued sexual escapade once this video issue is settled. I do owe you two that much. Just expect me to be, well, *driving!*”

I soon felt my phone buzzing in my pocket. “It’s Jackie ...”

“Good ... You’re not a sub to me, so I won’t order you to do anything with her. Still, I highly *recommend* you two hold each other tightly!”

\* \* \* \*

*Author’s Note: This story is designed to be experimental. Normally, I may not even complete a story let alone make it public if I can’t think of an ending. I decided to make this one without an ending, and see what happens.*

## **Sensations**

Luna stood before the ancient artifact like any other. Her job was to find a place for it in their vast archive. She dressed somewhat conservatively in her pale red dress. That attire did little to hide her striking appearance. She was tall, and subtly voluptuous with her full ass and chest. Her skin was a light chocolate, almost olive color, while she had long curly brown hair and strikingly blue eyes. She often passively boasted her mixed heritage.

For the first time in months, Luna forgot to slap on some disposable gloves, and picked up emerald amulet with its gold chain dangling. She felt a rush of sensation flow through her. Inexplicably, it was not from the amulet, but from deep inside her. Amulet held tight, she fell onto the chair behind her. The mind numbingly orgasmic sensations melted her mind, while they gave clarity. The amulet was revealing her true self. She was a woman passionate about sensation, and all that may be derived from it. The world passively forced her to lock her true nature away.

“YES!” Luna screamed, embracing her true self.

In that embrace, the amulet began to twist her out of her released desire for sensation. At the genetic level, it twisted her to require sensation, wherever it she could find it: food, sex, etc. Providing great sensation, inflicting orgasm, the amulet ripped away her humanity. Her eyes rolled back into her head, their color shifting to an emerald green.

“*The Sensations ...*” Lana barely whispered ...

\* \* \* \*

*The definition of an Easter Egg is the secret insertion of an element related to the product in some way. It can be specific or very nuanced. A good example of one can be seen through a teaser of a future publication by the same author. As a prime example, The Final Chronicles of Passion will be darker and more truly lovecraftian on top of the familiar erotic elements.*

\* \* \* \*

*Author's Note: This is part two of my Night and Day trilogy, which started with The Demon, and concluded with The Anna Drake. The Dawn may function as a narrative bridge between the two Blog Unbound Stories.*

## **The Dawn**

I woke up at dawn that morning half an hour before my alarm, moist from a very wet dream. My job as an Assistant Production Designer came to me rather suddenly. I met this amazing woman Ava Mendez a month ago. As an actor, Ava had connections in the industry, and easily found me a job. It overlaps a lot with my education, and I set it up so the part time job gave me course credits. I think about Ava whenever I'm not with her.

Ava's feet were shoved deep in my pussy and mouth the other night, while I madly fingered my ass ... My mind often flashed to our sexual escapades. I'm not the same Casey I was a month ago. The more Ava and I fuck, the more I change.

I walked naked to my shower. I rarely wore anything to bed anymore. The lights briefly blinded me, before I turned the shower knob. While the water warmed behind me, I looked at my tired self in the mirror above the sink.

Ava's strap on dildo plunged deep into my ass. I grunted loudly in pleasure through her forceful thrusts. She fingered my dripping pussy at the same time ...

I blinked, coming out of the vivid memory, and walked into the hot shower. I lathered my taunted body with great want. Yes, I lust for myself now. Ava did that to me. Indeed, the more we fuck, the less love I seem to feel. At the same time, I feel more and more powerful as a person. YES, YES! I'm top of my class, I fuck myself like a champion, I'm all but leading production design! I'm so fucking good and forward that I already signed a contract to work on the upcoming Succubus Anna Drake series over at Big Box.

Oh, God, my nipples are already so hard! I squatted down to better finger my ass at the same time. My whole fists easily found themselves inside both holes. I kept thinking about Ava's slim, powerful body intertwined with my own. We're both so fucking hot! While I now lust for myself, my lust for her is beyond anything I ever knew.

I lust for the Ava Mendez, the actor that made a deal with Demon to become a Succubus! The Succubus, whose signature is permanently scarred on my inner thigh from her powerful bite. The Succubus, who is corrupting me. The Succubus, who is transforming me into something new. Seeing the last of my body hair silently fall down the drain, I knew my transformation is all but complete. OH, God. OH, MY FUCK! I'M *CUMING!*

Soon, my lust for all shall corrupt my very being ...

\* \* \* \*

*Author's Note: This story is a companion piece to [A New Friend](#), while this story existed a bit longer in outline form. As such, it is also spiritually related to **The Demoniac Method**.*

### **Interview With a Demoniac Succubus**

“What are you?” I asked confused. Though she looked Human, I believed her when she said she was a Succubus. As a freelance reporter, I was never one to take anyone at their word.

“I am what I am,” the very tall, voluptuous, utterly gorgeous redhead stated. “You’re looking for a story, my pretty thing. I’ll give one to you, but no one will see it as real!”

“Try me,” I requested breathlessly, clicking on my voice recorder.

“As I see you believe, I am a Succubus ... but not exactly the kind of myth. None of my kind are born this way. We’re not exactly Demons either. I’m sure we inspired those demon myths, though!” she laughed, her bright white teeth mesmerizing.

“How did you become a Succubus? How do any of you become a Succubus?”

“Being the overall gray of the world.”

“What does that mean?”

She smiled with both lust and love. “I lived a life of both love and lust all those years ago. It’s rare that you find someone so neutral as me, and even rarer that I found one of those special caves. I made love to my lover, and fucked the shit out of others for the mere pleasure. I now screw men and women for the betterment of this world. My job now is both punishment and reward for my actions as a Human.”

“You weren’t truly *neutral*, were you?”

“Perhaps not,” she said ponderously, “but I can say with some certainty that I am now.”

“So, about how you became ... *you*?”

“Yes,” she subtly smirked. “I found the cave traveling to see some family. Was lost a bit. While the driver was finding his bearings, something called to me. I felt it in a way I didn’t understand then. I followed that pull, and walked into the cave. It was dark, but only at first. The deeper I went, the more alive the stone was around me. It glowed green. I walked in further, and the green colored world around me developed a thick, viscous liquid. It moved like it was alive, as it was. I was utterly mesmerized ...”

I was utterly captivated by her story. No one would believe any of this, but I at least was given the gift of knowing it.

“Then, I saw it!”

“What?”

“What I was meant to find, I suppose ... A semitransparent green blob. It was enough to engulf me if I crawled in on my hands and knees. That was what I did. It felt warm and like home in the blob. I wanted to stay in it forever,” she said in ecstasy.

She continued happily, “Suddenly, the liquid thickened into tentacles before my mouth, ass, and vagina. I opened everything wide to accept the viscous blob into me. The large tentacles forced their way into my holes so hard it hurt at first. They plowed through me until the three ends met deep inside, and began to pleasurable pump the goo into me. I felt the days, weeks, months as they were, as much as I felt them as passing moments. I was transforming! My eyes became yellow and catlike. My skin became silken and deep red, while it became like latex in appearance. My nails grew sharp, long and black. And I grew! My muscles strengthened, as they became far more efficient than any Human. My body gained height to the point of being seven feet tall. My senses enhanced, while my ears pointed. And, the rest ...”

“Yes?” I breathed.

“A long, thick tail grew outward to a distinct triangular point, while large horns grew out from my head! Powerful, glorious wings grew out from between my shoulder blades like icing on the cake.”

“Why do you look Human to me? Where are those horns, that tail?” I asked confused.

“Power over the mind was also given to me, as all my sisters. I know, because we are connected subconsciously,” she stated. “You see what I want you to see, but I will show you my true form.”

“Can I see it now?” I asked amazed and fascinated.

“I only show my true form to Humans during feeding.”

“Feeding?”

“Feeding is ultimately our purpose: A means of keeping an underlying peace on this world, we eat the souls of sin, while we make love with souls of love.”

“There’s still plenty of war ...”

“There aren’t very many of us. Then again, you haven’t blown yourselves into oblivion, have you?”

She took my hand in hers. “What are you doing?”

“I suppose, true neutral is a lie we tell ourselves and others, if only to explain why feeding on lustful flesh is just as good as the taste of loving pleasure. We all feed in our own way. For those of sin, some like to rip out the throats first, and hear the quiet gurgles of pain, while they are lustfully consumed down to the soul. I prefer to hear the powerfully true screams of pain, while the flesh of sin falls down my throat.”

My heart raced, while she stuck my fingers in her humid mouth. She slowly pulled them back out, scraping them past her sharp teeth. Her tongue clearly took in the flavor.

“For those of sin, I start at the extremities: the toes, the fingers,” she drooled, while illustrating with her silken hands. “Then move on to the hands, the feet; the arms, the legs ...”

I was becoming lost in her sensual touch. My pussy grew warm beneath my skirt.

“I can hear the screams of the sinners, as I shoved the limbs down my throat countless times!”

The Succubus passionately rubbed my warming pussy to better illustrate her own pleasure. My mind was turning to mush.

“Are you ready to know your true nature, Human? Are you ready to see my true form?” she asked powerfully.

“Yes, PLEASE!” I exclaimed.

The powerful being stood before me on her suddenly bare toes, clearly far taller in appearance than she appeared when this madness began. Her clothes disappeared, if they were ever really there. She was like an amazon goddess! Her skin then turned red and shiny like polished rubber; her nails became talons; her wings and tail faded into reality.

“*I am yours,*” I breathed. An amazon sized succubus stood before me in all her demoniac glory. What else could anyone proclaim?

She blinked her catlike jewels, and proclaimed deeply, “You are of love, my dear. We shall now make love, and your essence will truly become you.”

The red, winged goddess tenderly yet strongly placed me onto the gushy carpet. My clothes were already gone, as if they were never there. She slit open her tongue on her sharp canine, and kissed me deeply. Her sweet, salty essence trickled down my throat, leaving a part of her within me forever.

Suddenly, her heavenly pussy ground against mine. I moaned and cooed in utter orgasm. Yet, the orgasmic grinds were but the road to the ultimate eruption of pleasure. I tightly grabbed hold of her sleek, rubbery skin in the mind destroying waves of love. It was breaking me down, destroying whatever masks I wore in the outside world. I could feel the very essence of my soul climbing to the surface, all barriers destroyed. Looking deep into demoniac jewels, we screamed in a massive explosion of super-orgasmic love!

After a time of mindless afterglow, the freeing Succubus kissed me on the lips tenderly, lovingly. “You are truly wonderful,” she whispered softly in my ear. “Now go back to the world as your true self.”

\* \* \* \*

### **Photoshoot Under the Moon**

“Yeah, yeah, that’s great, Janice!” the photographer Bob exclaimed to his model.

She had healthily long brown hair and brown eyes. Her skin was virtually flawless and lightly tanned from the summer sun. Her legs were long, while c-cup breasts firm. She was completely nude for the photographer.

Janice rarely did nude shoots, but always trusted Bob to conduct them tastefully, artistically. Indeed, she found working with him a lot of fun. They just worked well together. She teased, she danced, while he happily snapped away.

The blonde Leana eventually walked into the room. Janice didn’t hate the woman, who was Bob’s girlfriend, but always found her a bit forward and impolite. Leana and Bob had an odd relationship in Janice’s eyes. The two seemed a bit too open, for lack of better words, while she

even modeled for him occasionally, being rather gorgeous. Though, Leana did provide Bob with art galleries and contracts.

“All right, Janice, lets take a break!” Bob proclaimed.

The three sat on the couch after Janice pulled on her shirt and pants.

“What’s that book?” Leana asked. The leather bound book looked rather old, and had no title on it. Well, it looked inexplicably new in spite of its likely antique status.

“Dunno, Leana! Friend of mine left it here by mistake. Said he’d be back for it later.” He picked it up and started thumbing, satisfying his curiosity. He quickly flipped through the crinkly paper to find hand drawn pictures of what appeared to be female Werewolves not yet completely transformed into a wolf. They were simply naked with long, wild hair, pointy ears, and proud fans. At first glance, he thought they were Vampires or even Elves, but the more canine shape of their faces and eyes suggested otherwise. Indeed, the next page had pictures of a transformative progression to a wolf form, while he was able too read a little of very Old English.

“Hey, you two thinking what I’m thinking?” Bob asked excitedly, knowing what he had to do.

“What?” Leana asked in reply. She could tell he found inspiration, which was fine, but it seemed more driven than usual.

Bob grabbed the makeup kit on the table, and made up Janice’s eyes to me darker and subtly canine. He was just doing a proof of concept.

Finding herself liking the idea, Janice jokingly howled.

“Full moon out there tonight, right?” Bob asked excitedly. “Lets do this. Please join us Leana!”

Leana sighed, not really in the mood for artistic modeling, but saw the monetary benefit in such an opportunistic shoot. “*Fine ...*”

Leana and Janice sat in the makeshift dressing room. With the ancient book as his guide, Bob began to make them more wolflike from head to toe. Starting at the face, he darkened their features, while accentuating their noses and jaws. At first, Leana was not enjoying herself very much, but quickly broke down, having as much fun as Janice. The three of them were simply swept away in the moment.

Soon the women removed their clothes for a more extensive makeup work along their taught bodies, accentuating their musculature. The makeup from head to toe was well layered in blues and browns, somehow making them look unabashedly feral. Making their hair look wild, windswept was almost redundant.

They scurried to the roof in their excitement, and Bob started taking pictures almost the moment the piercing moonlight hit the women.

Janice and Leana started to dance with each other under the enticing moon. They felt the moment, and moved on instinct alone. Yet, the erotic dance seemed purposeful. It was a moon fueled tango, unlocking the animal within them. They felt as aroused as they felt wild and free. They wanted to seduce each other in the erotic tango, hands feeling more than suggestively.

Their eyes soon met, and they pulled close, knowing the triumph of their seductions. They kissed briefly in confirmation. They pulled back, and Janice bared down on Leana’s wanting neck. She gnawed unabashedly in the animalistic kiss, sending jolts of pleasure along Leana’s body.

Janice pulled back, and they passionately made out. They again pulled back, before Leana bared down on Janice's needing neck, sending waves of pleasure into the wild Janice. They pulled back, and only wanted to dance and feel their lover in the moonlight. Sex would come later when the moon fell.

Using both their hands and feet, they learned each other's bodies, growing their love for one another. They learned what intangibly made their flesh so glorious.

Suddenly, Janice again bared down on Leana's willing neck, but this time, Janice gnawed more intensely. She wanted Human flesh to ... *to feed* the growing wolf within her. The skin soon broke, and the fuel poured down her throat.

At the same time, through the waves of pleasure, Leana felt the same hunger for Human flesh. She grabbed the wrist on the opposite side of her violated throat, and bared her teeth down on it. The flesh quickly broke, pouring the fuel into her.

They soon pulled back, feeling enough fuel within them processing. Their wounds healed instantly. Looking into each other's eyes, they saw their pupils become slits, before opening to focus on the world better than they ever knew. In each other's arms, they went to the floor. Distinct, guttural growls came out of them. Their nails grew long, sharp, and retractable. Their jawlines protruded, while their noses fell into it, becoming snouts, and their teeth grew sharper, more canine. They went to their stomachs, feeling their arms and legs change. Their hands and feet elongated into distinct paws, while their arms and legs reformed. Their spines grew backward forming a long, hairless tail. On all fours, hair began to grow along their wolflike bodies, while their already long hair on their heads stayed as they were. The hair flowed seamlessly into their fur.

Soon, their transformation was complete ...

Seeing what were his two models lovingly nuzzle and lick and other, Bob finally came to his senses. They became Werewolves before his eyes! "What the fuck ...?" he breathed, placing the camera down next to him.

The She-Wolves suddenly looked up to him. After quick barks in near unison, they leaped on top of the shocked artist, making him fall to the ground. He was in utter terror. "Don't eat me!" he screamed, sensing a cliché somewhere in that.

Instead, they licked and nuzzled the shocked photographer. In more control than either of the She-Wolves expected, they morphed back into their Human forms. They oddly liked how their body hair now lay frozen just under the skin until called forth.

"I don't ... Am I dreaming?" Bob asked breathlessly.

The women looked at each other with love in their eyes and laughed.

"Well, *I'm* not dreaming!" the naked Leana exclaimed.

"You didn't eat me ..."

"Why? *I* don't have an urge to eat you!" Janice stated.

"It's weird, Bob, but I understand enough," Leana said.

"Some raw meat will do most of the time, right, Leana?" Janice asked.

"Yeah, that's what instinct is saying ..." she confirmed amazed. "It's hard to explain, but I just know I'll only occasionally need human flesh, and not necessarily much!" She finished with a subtly darker tone, "But, it is necessary."

"What the fuck is happening?" Bob exclaimed, more aroused than he wanted to admit.

“I think it was that book, Bob,” Leana answered.

“It must have sensed some kind of animal analogue within us, and had you give it life.”

“What do we do now?” Bob asked amazed.

The two women looked at each other with a hungry, loving smile. The need for pleasure was enhanced within them, as was instinct.

At the same time, the She-Wolves whispered in his ears, “We fuck ...”

####

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