The Succubus and her Butler

By cloudsnapper

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The succubus princess needs her butler to keep her in line.

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Succubus princess Nyla is 18 and in college. She has a butler, Remley, to watch over her because she gets in trouble sometimes.

A girl sat at large desk with paper set in front of her, very intent on the page. She was scribbling furiously. Every so often she'd reach for a different pen in front of her. The only things that made her any different from a normal girl studying was her elaborate gown and slightly pointed ears.

"Nyla, would you like something to drink to help you study?" Remly asked. He walked towards the desk with a glass of her favorite chocolate milk on a silver platter.

She jumped.

"No Remly!" she exclaimed. "Can't you see I'm busy? I have to learn these spelling words by tomorrow."

"You do seem very busy. You've never been this diligent about spelling before." He glided up behind her and surveyed the paper in front of her. It didn't have spelling words on it. There were doodles all over it. A puppy, mysterious flowers, and a tiara. He picked it up crumpled it in a ball. He put another piece of lined paper in front of her. "Now you have to write the words 20 times each." He tried to say that but got interrupted by a whine.

"You can't throw that out. I made a picture of a new tiara and I have to give it to the jeweler so I can have it by the ball." She drew a big X over the whole paper and pouted at him.

"Nyla, you can't be like that. You have to learn to spell important words so you can be the queen one day. How will you write policy for our nation if you can't even spell fellatio? I saw your attempt earlier. It's one of the most important matters of national politics. We can't have an illiterate queen."

Nyla pouted again, looking down. She muttered softly, "I'll just have someone else write it."

The butler gave her a stern stare and put another piece of paper in front of her. He left the milk on her desk and left her alone to straighten the pillows on her canopy bed. She started slowly writing.

After a few minutes her hand started moving quicker. Remley noticed and stealthily went and looked over her shoulder. There were a few spelling words repeated on the top quarter of the page, but the rest was covered with drawings of a different sort. He picked it up out from her reach.

“I see you’re studying your techniques, but that’s not what we’re doing right now. Besides, if you tied up a human like that you wouldn’t be able to steal his seed.” He scowled. He’d had enough of her fooling around. “This is enough. I’m going to have to punish you. It’s my duty.”

Nyla looked at him and said, “I don’t want to.”

“That’s too bad. Your mother’s charged me with keeping you in line and if this is what it takes I’ll do it,” he pointed at a richly embroidered ottoman. “Bend over that now and I’ll let you off easily.”

She shook her head. He looked exasperated and picked her up easily by the waist. She gave a little show of struggling, but since Remley was part demon it was useless to try to escape someone that strong. His lineage gave him androgynously good looks as well as strength.

He set her down on the ottoman with a little bounce, and started to lift her skirt. There were many ruffles underneath and when he lifted it all the way the hem rested on the back of her hair. She wore little shorts with lace underneath the dress, which he pulled down to expose her tanned little bottom. She’d stopped struggling by then and looked back at the man kneeling beside her.

Smack! The slap went echoed through the room along with her sharp intake of breath. He spanked her again and she cried out a loud clipped noise. He repeated it again twice. “Are you going to be good now?” he asked. He wasn’t sure because the last few cries had sounded more like pleasure than pain.

She nodded with a dreamy look in her eyes. Her nipples were straining against the fabric of her bodice. Remley sighed. “You enjoyed that again, am I right?” Honestly he had enjoyed it, too. The sight of her tight bottom, now pink with the sting of his blows had made something in him start stirring.

“Absolutely not,” she said pridefully. “I hate when you treat me like a child.”

Remley ran a finger between her pussy lips and sighed. She was extremely wet. He knew it was

much too late for studying. “How about we change subjects?”

Nyla looked at him with a questioning gaze.

“We can switch to studying how to suck the seed out of a man.”

Nyla looked unconvinced. That was her favorite subject but she wasn’t in the mood for schoolwork.

“I’ll give you a reward at the end of the lesson,” he conceded.

“What kind of reward?” she asked with a glint in her eye. “I don’t want to unless you give it to me with your cock afterwards.”

“I will accommodate that wish, even though you know it’s useless.” Nyla was considered somewhat of a deviant in the succubus court. Intercourse was seen as useless and unnecessary, because the way they got their powers was sucking the seed out of men, not using them in other ways. Giving them that kind of pleasure was supposed to be beneath them.

“I’ll say what’s useless and what’s not. You’re only the butler.”

“Well after the lesson I’ll give you what you want.” He opened the front of his formal robe and immediately became hard. That was one of his powers. His member was somewhat long and very thick. He could also control its shape. There were no scales on it like he had on the backs of his hands, but there were outlines of them, like tattoos, over the whole thing. Nyla looked at it and licked her lips.

“Lie down on that couch. I’m not kneeling for you,” the princess commanded. Her butler complied, lounging on the long couch facing her bed. She hopped up on the couch, straddling his legs and sized him up. This time he was thicker than he usually was. It intimidated her a bit. Still, she leaned over and licked him, from base to tip. She put the head in her mouth and swirled her tongue around. She leaned over it and drew it further into her mouth, but it was difficult. His thick cock was too much for her little mouth. She sucked on it the best she could.

“That’s not enough, you know that,” he critiqued her. It actually felt very good and he knew he was going to have to hold himself back to give her a proper lesson. She tried to take him in further and gasped a little bit. She sucked as hard as she could, but it was hard to breathe with such a large cock in her mouth. She had it in just over halfway. She took the base in her hand, jacking him there.

He groaned with pleasure, but said, “No hands allowed on the next test.” Then he added, “I’ll let you

do it here, though, for practice." She nodded, cock still in her mouth, and contimued sucking and pumping her hand. She bobbed her head in time with her hand.

She was getting tired, so she let go of his member and licked in in little circles down one side and up the other side, teasing him. “Back on topic, Nyla,” he said, strained. She sighed and put it back into her mouth, this time going down on it further, causeing the butler to moan. She gave it her full attention, sucking and bobbing until Remley’s face contorted and he came. He came more than a human man and the princess couldn’t swallow it all. Some of it got on her face. It was creamy and tasted like milk.

“Good job, princess. You still need work before the test, but you’re getting much better.” He wiped his flaccid member off with the towel tucked into the belt of his robe. She really was getting better.

She licked the drops of his seed from her lips, and smiled at him showing one of her pointed teeth. She obviously didn’t care too much about his assessment of her skills at the moment. She unlaced the top of her bodice and presented her small breasts to her butler. “Get hard for me again. You know what to do.

He looked at her pink nipples and didn’t need the help of demonic powers to make himself hard again. It had returned to the same shape, thick and long. He took her breasts in his hands and knelt to put one nipple in his mouth. He sucked on it gently at first, but then hard. He began to bite at it gently. She made a small noise of pleasure. Smiling, he gave her left nipple the same treatment.

But she was impatient. She pulled her skirts up and put his hand between her legs to her dripping sweet spot. “Faster, Remley,” she ordered. He laid her on the couch and propped himself on top of her. He slowly slid two fingers into her tight hole. She moaned. He started moving them in and out while she bucked her hips in time with him. He used his thumb to gently rub her clit the whole while.

Nyla couldn’t stand it anymore. She pushed Remley off her. She turned over onto her stomach and presented her bottom into the air with her legs spread. Her pink pussy lips glistened with moisture. “Now, Remley.”

He didn’t hesitate. He knelt between her legs and put his penis at her opening. He rubbed it along her slit to tease her. “I said now!” she commanded. So he eased it in. It wouldn’t go in all the way because he was too thick. Only the tip would fit in at first. Nyla arched her back in this exquisite combination of pleasure and pain. “You made yourself too thick again,” she complained, gasping. Remley smiled. He was going to get back at her for misbehaving so badly earlier.

He thrust again, getting himself in halfway. She grunted, but she was also pushing herself onto him.

“Again,” she pleaded. He obliged and pushed himself all the way in, to the hilt. It felt so good to be inside her, so tight and wet. Nyla was sweating. Remley was going to give her a chance to rest, but she pulled her hips forward, bringing him out of her and lunged back to bring him in. “What are you waiting for?” she panted. Remley was surprised. The princess had never been this ardent before. He slowly started thrusting into her building up his speed until he was banging her as fast as he could. She was crying out in pleasure with each thrust.

“So close!” she said between cries. “My breasts!” she cried desperately. He knew what she meant. He bent over her so his body cupped over hers and took her nipples between his fingers. In time with each movement he pinched them hard. Her cries of pleasure redoubled until her hips moved in time with his even harder. Her pussy squeezed around him in quick waves until she called out a call that would have stunned any mere human. She went limp, breathing hard.

Remley let her rest a moment, still inside her. “Princess, if I may?” he asked politely.

Nyla looked back at him, considering. She didn’t often let him come. But he had been such a good servant and lover that time. “Just this once.”

As soon as the words were out of her mouth Remley growled low in his throat and started fucking her harder than he had before. Nyla made a noise of protest and tried to get up, but his hands on her hips were too strong. He had her for a minute until with one last thrust roared as he came inside her.

He wanted to collapse and rest in the afterglow but he did have his duties. He cleaned up the princess with the cloth attached to his robe and righted her clothing. He belted his own robe back up.

“So, Nyla,” he said to the pouting princess, “What was that about spelling practice?”