The Succubus

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The Succubus must collect the essence of man in order for her species to survive.

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The Succubus

Succubi and Incubi are Lilin, children of Lilith, who have been cursed since the beginning of man and cannot reproduce. Sara is a Succubus who wanders the night seeking the magic elixir that only human males can secrete, to give to the incubi to impregnate human females…the only way their kind can survive.

Sara loved Manhattan. She lived in an apartment in an old Rosario Candela building facing Central Park that she had paid cash for when it was built. Her prey lived here in large numbers, and in such quantity that it was easy to select the perfect candidates for her mission. She had a much easier life than many of her sisters.

A Mona Lisa smile creased her striking face as she thought that none of them really had a rough life, it wasn't as if the mission were hazardous or even unpleasant. Still, she thought, the Incubi sometimes sought genetic traits she cared nothing for.

Her long dark hair, which flowed to her waist, swirled as she turned to survey her wardrobe of "hunting" clothes for this night's work. She needed only to attract her prey like a moth to a candle flame. Inwardly she laughed, for who of them would seek to share the stories of her conquests? Who would believe them?

She had no need of polished, experienced lovers, she needed youth and vigor and freshness. Her greatest pleasure in life came from the success of extracting their essence for her mission. The countless years she had been performing her task had left her with a frantic desire to collect, as there were few Succubi left.

Her race was in mortal danger of extinction: many samples were needed, as many of the Incubi's impregnation attempts were unfruitful. She stood naked before the full length mirror in her walk in closet, and gloried in the perfection that was her body. Bold green eyes peeked out from under long

sultry lashes. Both were framed by her dark, arched eyebrows.

High cheekbones covered smoothly with fine milky skin were the perfect accompaniment to her generous wide lips and perfect teeth. The long slender neck gave her an elegant, haughty look that served to discourage the attentions of humans she had no desire to seduce. Full, upturned breasts topped by small nipples that literally drove men wild when she allowed them to see her overshadowed her small flat belly, which in turn flared to slim curvy hips. All of this magnificence was perched on long, slim, shapely legs and perfectly turned ankles, which she frequently adorned with a white coral anklet.

Looking over the clothes, she decided on a tight fitting scarlet dress with a neckline plunging nearly to her navel, and a slit up the side nearly reaching her hip. Carrying the dress into her bedroom, she laid it on the bed and went to her bureau to select the proper undergarments for this night's hunt…and then decided this night would require none. She sat on the bed, still nude, and fastened the pure white coral anklet on the same side of her body as the slit in her dress, then stood and slipped the scarlet fantasy over her head. She ran her fingers through her hair, pulling it back behind her ears in order to put on white coral earrings that matched the anklet.

Fluffing the hair forward and off her ears, she looked in her dresser mirror, turning her head left and right to make sure she had created the look she had found most effective in her centuries of practice. "Tonight", she said aloud to herself, "I think Broadway." Broadway at night usually provided several targets suitable for her use. She would find them outside the theaters, and sometimes she would follow them inside. Sometimes she would lure them onto carriage rides in Central Park, and other times, when the moon was strong and the fever to complete her mission drove her, she took them right in the streets.

Her plans altered soon after she left the door of her apartment building. Directly across the street she saw a group of young men, some sort of college group, standing and watching people strolling in Central Park. She smiled to herself, selecting a tallish young man with sandy hair and brown eyes standing slightly away from the others. She noticed he wore a fraternity pin on his collar, which explained to her the group presence. Without any drama at all she walked up to the young man, captured his eyes with her own, and said to him "I need you."

She had spoken in a low voice, and no one else had seemed to notice either of them. The young man, his mouth dry and his eyes wide, seemed completely bowled over. He seemed to try to speak, but his adam's apple simply worked up and down, though no sound passed his lips. He nervously nodded his assent, and without further discussion she led him to one of the carriages offering long rides around the park. She led him into the classic white carriage, as one of the other fraternity boys noticed them and waved wildly while pulling the sleeves of one of his friends.

“Yo, Matt” he yelled. “Geez, willya lookit that! We’ve been here half a day and Matt scored already!” The two young men shook their heads and slowly turned back to their friends. Sara and Matt took no notice of them. Inside the carriage, the sounds of the city muted, there was no thought of talking. Sara fascinated the young man, he could not take his eyes off her. His eyes travelled the length of her, top to bottom and back again, he seemed unable to stop.

Sara loved being adored, and she often watched her victim’s eyes to see which of her features most appealed to them…it made it easier for her to get what she wanted without wasting time. “The young ones usually go for my breasts”, she thought, and once again her instincts proved right as his eyes latched on to the expanse of skin running down to her navel.

She moved her shoulders closer together and leaned forward to make it easier for him to see the objects of his desire, but he flushed and averted his eyes. She smiled silently at him, reaching for his face with one hand and pulling him towards the skin between her breasts. As his head touched skin, she pulled his hand from his lap and pushed it inside the top of her dress.

She moved her thigh and the slit in her dress parted, exposing a great expanse of smooth, pale thigh to the moonlight. Matt was delirious, his hand was holding the most beautiful tit he had ever seen…and it was hot to his touch, the hard nipple poking his palm insistently. She moved slightly and her other breast was exposed, and she was pushing it into his mouth…he was afraid he would cum in his pants. This was just like the stories he and his frat brothers read and shared back at school, except this was real! “Holy Shit!” was the only coherent thought he had, and it kept recurring.

Her breath quickened, she was excited by his innocence and the smell of the juice rising in him. She would revel in the completion of this mission…and tonight she would feed well and long. Knowing he wouldn’t last long. She shrugged the shoulders of her dress off, leaving her naked from the waist up, and slid to the floor of the carriage in front of him. She placed both hands on the enormous lump in his crotch, and spoke the only other word he would ever hear her say to him. “Please” she said while caressing his lap with her eyes.

With shaking hands he unfastened his belt and trousers and exposing his cock to the night air. As she gazed at the thick length of him, the hunger overpowered her and she plunged him deep into her mouth. The urge was so strong that when his cock reached the back of her throat she began to twist her head back and forth, forcing him into her throat.

She didn’t gag, she didn’t choke, she didn’t even cough. She stopped only when there was no more of him exposed, her nose pushed tight against his pubic hair. She slid her hands beneath him and grabbed his full, heavy balls in her hand. She fondled, squeezed, and pulled at them…and her throat

muscles literally began to writhe.

Matt had never even had a dream this erotic. The feel of her slippery mouth and throat on him were excruciatingly pleasurable, almost to the point of pain. This gorgeous exciting woman, naked to the waist in a public place, was rubbing her breasts against his khaki clad legs and deep throating his cock! And the noises coming from her working throat indicated to him that she *loved* it! His mind was as swollen with lust as his cock was, and he began to hump against her face with his hips.

She stayed with him, never allowing a millimeter of his engorged dick to emerge from her mouth. He began to ejaculate in great heaving spurts, cumming as he had never cum before, his orgasm seeming to last forever. Her head never moved, he just felt her throat muscles milking his cock. When the last drop of cum had been torn from his balls, she sighed around him and slowly withdrew the spent organ from her mouth. She smiled at him and climbed right up on his lap.

She cradled his head between her breasts and began to kiss his ears and neck. He felt the need to say something to her, maybe thank her, but her questing mouth stopped him.

He suddenly realized that he could feel nothing between them, that his flaccid cock was between her naked thighs, and in fact, she was gently rubbing her smooth pussy up and down along his shaft. He could feel the hard nubbin of her clit as it bumped over the head of his prick, the juices from her pussy making both of them slick. The natural drowsiness and sluggishness leftover from his incredible orgasm moments before left him as if a bucket of cold water had been thrown over him.

Her movements on his cock stayed steady as she thrust her breast into his mouth, silently urging him to suck on it. The hard nipple teased against his teeth, and he bit down on it lightly. Her hip movements became more urgent as his cock began to harden again. Even before it became fully erect, she had guided him into the incredible furnace that her pussy had become. He believed that if she were any hotter she would have burned him. Now her hips were making grinding circles on his lap, she was riding him as if he were a wild horse.

He lifted her, rolled over on top of her and started sliding out til only the head of his cock was still inside, then all the way back down until he was fully buried in her. Her hips began to jerk upwards, to slam into him on his downward strokes. He made sharp whimpering sounds as their hips met. Her legs splaying wide as she tried to take him deeper inside. Unbelievably he felt the start of another orgasm begin deep in his belly, and he was approaching the brink again.

She felt his surge too, and frantically disengaged from him. Terribly confused, he stared as she located his cock with her hands. Never looking at anything but his cock she squeezed him and felt the cum about to explode from his organ yet again. She didn’t even hesitate, plunging her mouth down,

forcing him deep into her throat. When she finished milking him dry a second time, he was literally physically drained. He wasn't sure he even knew his own name. He was aware enough that he heard her pay the driver and tell him to take the young man once more around the park before he fell blissfully asleep.

"Where's Matt?" The blonde boy who'd called for Matt asked. The group was still there, though only the blonde young man had noticed her return. She walked up to him and reached for his hand, and a confused look came over his face.

"You want to take a carriage ride with me too?" she asked, and he nodded. "Hey, I'd love to take a ride around the park with you!" he said. No one seemed to notice as they entered another carriage and began their ride.

Sara sat closely, friendly as if they'd known each other all their lives. She gradually sidled closer to him and she could see his eyes narrowing in on the low cut dress. She gradually leaned slightly forward so that his view of her full, hard nippled breasts was unimpeded. She smiled in amusement as she noticed his penis bulging in his pants.

He tried to cover it with his hands and by crossing his legs. Sara maneuvered his arm up around her shoulders, careful not to interrupt his view of her breasts. His breathing grew harsher. At one point the carriage hit a bump and his hand slipped, with a little help from her, down inside the front of her dress. He moaned and she leaned into him, pressing his hand closer, pushing her hard nipple into his hand. Turning her face to his, she kissed him, probing deeply with her delicate pointed tongue. The hunger was still with her, and she had to restrain herself, so she wouldn't lose his attentions.

She rested her hand lightly on the bulge at his crotch, squeezing his cock gently through the fabric of his pants. His eyes became glassy as he began to hunch against her hand. She raised the skirt of her dress, climbing astride his lap. He could feel her nakedness pressed against his trousers, but his youth forced his hands to the fabulous breasts that were almost effortlessly in his face. He pushed her dress down off her shoulders, grabbing her breasts with both hands, his mouth on her neck just below her ears.

His fingers found and twisted her nipples, causing them to swell and harden even more. Surprisingly, he knew just how hard he could pinch and squeeze them, stopping just shy of hurting her. She found this extremely erotic, her eyes glancing upwards at the full moon shining from the trees in the park, reminding her this was her season of desire…as if she needed to be reminded as she ground her wet pussy against the bulge in his pants. This cock was smaller, but it carried heavier balls.

Saliva filled her mouth, and she nearly drooled in anticipation. His moaning got louder, and his hips

began grinding back against her pussy. She removed the dress completely this time, revealing her glorious body in the moonlight. Her dark hair, her green eyes, her magnificent body and her pale white skin combined to give her an unearthly beauty.

The young man saw her sudden exposure and was nearly transfixed, his moans and motions nearly stilled by the sight. The lust of her season shone through her eyes and onto her face though, and he soon returned to his own rush of desire. She fiddled with the catch on his belt, and fumbled with his zipper. His open mouth went to her breasts as he helped her pull his trousers down off his hips. As soon as she felt his bare thighs exposed beneath her, she rose, captured his cock in his pussy and ground down on it, sinking it until her clit was resting on his pubic bone.

The rhythm of the carriage bouncing over the pavement accentuated their own movements, and their pleasure began to mount violently. The carriage suddenly stopped, though neither noticed as they immersed themselves in the pleasure of their joining. The carriage door opened on the oblivious couple and the young driver who had heard their cries and mistaken what he heard for trouble stood rooted to the spot at the Succubus revealed in all her glory at the height of her season.

Without missing a stroke on her blonde young man, she summoned the driver inside. Deep inside her, and pounding away, the blonde man took no notice of the driver. Sara leaned over, still grinding her hips, and kissed the young driver, captivating him as well. The driver pulled his organ out and began to jack off, staring at her beautiful breasts and bare shoulders. His cock began to throb as he stroked, taking in her writhing ass, and hearing the couple’s moans.

She beckoned him to kneel on the seat beside them, and put a hand on his cock to stroke him. The man beneath her groaned loudly and strained upward, his cock pulsing inside her. Never letting go of the cock in her hand, she leapt off the cock she was astride, kneeling in front of the blonde young man. The driver stared in awe as she opened her mouth wide, white teeth glistening in the moonlight, and plunged her mouth down over the wildly spurting penis. He watched in amazement as her lips fastened around the base of the cock, refusing to let one single drop of the cum escape from her lips. Her hand was squeezing and stroking the driver’s dick throughout the young blonde man’s entire orgasm. As his organ ceased jerking inside Sara’s mouth, she moved her head to stare hungrily at the driver’s cock, licking her lips. The driver threw his head back and felt his balls unload just as he felt that incredibly hot mouth engulf his cock.

Smiling, Sara left the carriage. Clothes back in place, demure and ordinary, she didn’t even glance back at the men in the carriage. She was amused to think of how the men would explain their disarranged clothing or their wild erotic dream to their friends without sounding like adolescent schoolboys.

Sara entered her apartment feeling wonderful, completely happy. She went to her bedroom window overlooking the park. In moments one of the Incubi entered through her window. “Your mission was successful?” he asked. She nodded her head yes, and went to her closet, coming back with a golden chalice in her hands.

The Incubi placed one hand on her forehead, and rubbed a spot on her throat with the other as she leaned over the chalice. “Release” said the Incubi. From Sara’s open mouth flowed all of the cum she had swallowed. “You have done well this night” he told her after examining the contents of the chalice.

“You may have to come back,” Sara smiled at him, “the hunting is good tonight.”