

Enslavement of my soul Part One

By coyotemagick79

Published on Lush Stories on 12 Nov 2009

A story about a man enslaved for many years by a Succubus

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/supernatural/enslavement-of-my-soul-part-one.aspx>

Again the dream, sweat rolling down his face, the drugged feeling. The scent still lingering in his memory, the music floating away as the fog lifted from him. His body ached as he pulled himself from the sweat soaked sheets. He flipped the bathroom light switch, light always seemed to ease the feeling slowly away. The ice cold water that he splashed on his face brought clarity to his mind. The dreams were coming more frequent more vivid. After so many years instead of fading, her image became ever stronger to him. Like a painting that you see every day, her face her body now seemed to be etched into his very being! He laid back in the bed, wet and cold from his sweat. He recalled to his memory the night so many years past. Way to much to drink, trying to keep his footing, talking to himself as he made his way home. He had tried to remember what caught his attention first, was it the scent that had drifted and mingled around him, the heavy smell of wet leaves mixed with the earth, at first not pleasing to him, but as it swirled around him it brought to him such erotic feelings as if being caressed by a thousand hands. The music yet not music high on the tree tops, so sensual so light so alluring. Maybe it was the music that made him turn and look, not even sure why it matters, not even sure to this day if what he thinks he saw was really what he saw. The cemetery was dark, the one street lamp casting a dim yellow glow across the headstones. The movement caught his sight, he rubbed his eyes, thinking in his drunken state he had hit the jackpot, two people fucking in the cemetery, maybe not a bad night after all. But as his eyes became accustom to the darkness, something did not seem right, yet he could not look away. Even through the darkness he could see her beauty, Her breast swaying with the rhythmic movements from her naked body. His eyes fixed on her, the breeze catching her hair, the scent drifting from her. The muffled sounds caught his attention, to this day he wished he had not looked. On all fours in front of the mystical creature of beauty, was a man. A man being taken, something in him wanted to move closer, but his legs would not, could not move. The muffled cries as the women drove into him, pushing him forward with each thrust, holding his hips, fucking his ass with such animal power. Throwing her head back with every thrust, her dark hair meeting the arch in her back. She seemed to be in an erotic trance as she moved herself in and out of his body. He could not help the feeling that took over him, his cock becoming harder as he watched the man fall to his elbows from one of her deep thrusts, that is when the chain came into his view, he was not sure if it was attached to something or just wrapped around the mans neck, but

when she pulled up on it he watched as the man immediately returned to his hands. With his head pulled back the gag in his mouth came into view. He could not tell if the man was submitting to the ravaging that was being placed on his body or if it was out of his control! That is when her scent engulfed him, no mistaking that smell, but how could he pick up on it from so far away. The smell was the juices from her pussy as she brought herself to orgasm. He could not stop himself the cum from his cock spurted as he watched the man fall to his stomach. And at that very second her eyes locked with his. Now forever with him.

As the months passed he tried to convince himself that it was just way to much alcohol and that it was nothing more than two people enjoying a little night of fun. Life moved on, the thought of her just somewhere in a past memory, until that night. He had been working hard to get into that lovely girls pants, night after night buying her drinks, saying all the right words, promising her the rainbow just so he could have a bit of the pot of gold. And there he was, in her room watching her peel away the clothes, her tits were just as he had pictured, so perky, the darkness of her hard nipples took his breath way. He could not wait to be consumed in that wet warm place that he was headed for. His cock rock hard as he pushed himself in her, he drove deep into her, the warmth was unbelievable, nothing he had ever felt before, and the scent that filled the room, so very familiar. His mind lost in the scent, lost in the heat. What a beautiful voice, so mesmerizing, whispering in his ear. Fuck me, Fuck me hard, fuck me deep, I must have you! He pushed down driving himself into her giving her what she had ask for, what she longed for, what she needed! Then he felt the bite on his arm, heard the screams, his mind returning to him. The girl, what the fuck had just happened, she had pushed him off of her, screaming at him, You bloody bastard what the hell is wrong with you, are you some kind of a freak, you were hurting me. He was dressing his mind still in a fog, trying to figure out what had just happened, She was still screaming at him as he left the flat. That was the first time, but many would follow. In the beginning it was just once in awhile. Just like the dreams, when they first started. Coming to him only when he had felt secure in the fact he had pushed them back to some forgotten place in his mind.

On occasions he would find himself standing in front of the rod iron fence which enclosed the cemetery, just watching, for what he was not sure. Always walking way feeling a bit foolish, yet with an emptiness that seemed to form in the very depths of his soul. Women came and went, he could love them, but his passion and desires he kept at bay, for the fear of hurting them never strayed from his thoughts. And always the longing, the insatiable craving that dug deep into him never fulfilled. No matter how many times he made love, no matter how deeply he loved, the need was always inside of him. He would lay next to the warmth of their naked bodies, caressing the breast that he had just suckled at, but always left hungry! The first time the dream came he had no real memory of it, just a vague feeling of deja vu. He could recall the music, the light airy sound that floated around him, and the scent, the scent that stayed with him for days, the dampness of the earth the heavy musk of leaves on a chilly fall night. It seemed to be embedded in every pore on his body. He learned no

matter how many times he would shower the scent stayed with him, having to wear off only with time. But he had noticed one thing, the craving the longing the ache that seemed to be every present was a bit subdued, it had not gone, it was as if the craving had been momentarily satisfied. He found himself looking forward to the dreams, wanting them to come, needing them more and more.

The first night that she came, the first night that he could recall brought with it something that would forever change his life! He was drifting off to sleep when the music came to him, the scent playing on his emotions, he tried to wake himself, tried to move, but his mind was filled with nothing more than the mystical whisper of her voice. He had lost control of his own mind. It belonged to her as did his body. Like a warm summer breeze her hands soft as velvet caressing every inch of his body, bringing life to him, opening up hidden doors deep within his soul. Her lips lightly brushing against his own leaving behind the faint sweetness of honey. He wanted more needed more, but his body would not obey him. Her body naked rubbing rhythmically over his own, his very essence mingling with her own, a dance of spirits, a dance of lust! He gave to her what she longed for what she needed, for he needed only what she could offer to him, the price could never be too high. The warmth of her tongue spread down his neck as she licked at him with a hunger he had never known, his fear somewhere deep inside him, but he could not react to it, he drifted in and around her scent, the music lulling him into submission. The heat from her breast as she pressed herself against his chest, her hands tight around his wrists, the intense warm wetness that surrounded his hard cock as she slid him between her legs, closing them tightly she rode him, wanting so badly to feel her from the inside he tried with all he had to beg to plead, but he was helpless! Removed from his own will he could do nothing but watch as she seduced herself with his body. With his body under her will he exploded, his cum like a fountain spread over her stomach, he could only watch as she gathered it with her hands and licked every bit from them. He woke from the sound of his own voice, begging her for more. Offering his soul in return for her touch, his body wet and cold from the sweat that covered him, aching for what she was. He knew soon she would own him, the fear rising in him, yet he knew it was now his destiny! He would wait for her next return, long for her next return!

As the dreams grew stronger, more vivid with each new encounter, the hunger within him grew, he could no longer put her out of his mind, his body ached for her touch. The only touch that seemed to soothe his mind his body and his soul. Only giving him a sip of her when she came, just a hint of the power that she held in her body. He lived for those moments ever begging her for more! Some nights were too much, he would find others to ease his needs. He no longer cared of the pain that he would inflict upon them. His own desires too strong to hold back. He would tie them, bind them. Caress the stretched out bodies, play with them, gag them. Hearing only her voice, smelling only her scent, he would use them for hours. He would bind their breast tight, pinching and pulling at the nipples, sucking them, biting them, watching as they grew hard from his torment, some nights he would use his belt, the marks that he left did very little to ease his own hunger. His cock hard he would rub it over the gagged mouths of his beautiful slaves, the lips soft and sweet, if they had not been so tightly

gagged he would have rammed his cock in the opening and fucked it till his cum hit the back of their throats. But they looked so wonderful all tied and gagged, and he knew where he would finish at. With out her this was his only avenue his only means of sanity. Taking their ass, spreading them wide as he used the hole for his dark pleasure, his cock deep inside of them he would scream for her, grabbing their waist he would thrust hard into them pulling them toward him, his cock hard and throbbing, his screams turning into guttural animal sounds as he let go of everything sane. But never was it enough, even as he fell back from exhaustion, the whispers from his lips were for her.