

## The House of Lust – Part 3

Daphne sighed, curled up on her silk sheets deep in thought. She'd been so focused on getting her soul back and being Damien again that she hadn't really taken into account what that would mean. She rested a hand on the red gem at her clavicle; the soul gem, the item that would steal and store the human soul of the person she seduced, provided she managed to make them cum before her. She'd been so focused on her goals she'd failed to really think about the people whose lives she'd be taking. Turning them into husks like that man she'd seen on the day of her arrival.

"There you are!" Veronica peeled back the curtain that acted as a door to her alcove. She was dressed for clubbing, already human in appearance, "Why aren't you dressed? I thought you'd be excited for your first night on the prowl."

The bubbly succubi jumped onto the bed with her, almost sending Daphne flying. Normally, she'd have laughed or thrown a pillow at her in retribution but ironically, tonight of all nights her inner fire had gone out.

"What's wrong?" Veronica asked, leaning over her concerned.

"I want my soul back." Daphne sighed, "But, I don't want to hurt anybody. Sure, some of them might become like us but I don't want to turn anybody into...into a husk."

"It's the way of the world." Veronica soothed, "It's hard to explain but when you go to the human world, you'll be able to sense who you should seduce. It's up to you what sort of humans you pick. I like to pick those who would have had sad lives anyway."

Daphne bit her lip at that. Her life hadn't been *that* bad.

"Think of it more as collecting souls than stealing them." She continued, "When you collect the soul, it empowers Hell further before being released into the great ether to be reborn again. So, in a way, you're just speeding up the process by taking a soul and its life energy early. Whether you want to or not, instincts will take over eventually, best to do your seducing when you have a clear mind and can pick a good target. It's not like you're really killing them. You're not even hurting them, not unless you want to."

She did have a point, as a human he had been devoid of any happiness, his night with Veronica was probably the best of his life. Not that he'd ever admit that to her, she'd be entirely too smug.

Daphne took a deep, calming breath and sat up. There was no point in sulking. What's done is done and she could either mope around tortured by her own lust or she could do something about it. Putting the concerns out of her mind she focused instead on her appearance; her body would always be a sight to behold but there was no harm in going the extra mile. She rummaged through the drawers, flinging options onto the bed as she dismissed each one.

"Honestly Daphne, you could wear anything." Veronica rolled her eyes, "Just pick something so we can go!"

"It's my first night on the job." Daphne pouted, "I want to look good!"

Veronica rolled herself off the bed and came to join her by the mirror, wrapping her arms around Daphne's waist and resting her chin on her shoulder.

"You always look good." She assured her, "Now please, you'll never steal your first soul if you don't get out there."

Daphne sighed; she was right. All of this time at the House of Lust she had been eager to start work, partly because it would help ease the constant ache within her but mostly because she wanted her soul back. Loath though she was to admit it though, the priority of those two outcomes were occasionally switching position. That was just the power of Hell though, she was sure, The House of Lust with all its temptations clouding her mind. Once she got back onto the mortal plane, she'd be more focused, she'd earn back her soul become a 'him' once more and finally have a mind that wasn't constantly fogged with lust. It was the magic of this place, she was sure, that made her crave men, that made her giggle and bat her eyes in such a girlish manner. Such affectations would be gone once she had her soul and original body back, she was sure. Or at the very least, she hoped.

She settled on a mini dress, bright red and strapless and a pair of crotchless panties. With a flick of her fingers, she made her horns and tail vanish and her skin melt to a pleasant olive tone to match her dark hair and eyes. A pair of shiny red heels completed the look along with her new necklace.

"Ready?"

"As I'll ever be."

Stepping back onto Earth the first thing she noticed was the cold. The House of Lust and its inhabitants were always warm, even on a mild night like this one the human realm felt bitterly cold. Had it always been that way?

“Don’t worry, we’ll be warming up before you know it.” Veronica teased, looping their arms together as they walked.

The deep bass of club music filled the air as they approached. The streets were bustling with neon as various establishments vied for attention. Daphne let Veronica guide her, at first, she’d been concerned about entry since they had no money. That wasn’t a problem though; A simple waft of pheromones and batting of her eyes and Veronica had them walking past the bouncers without a word.

This place was lowkey compared to most nightclubs Daphne had frequented in her human life. The lights were low, the music loud enough to feel in her bones but not so much so that she’d have to shout to be heard. The low lights revealed a bar with several booths behind it as a small crowd already on the dance floor.

Some new, succubi instinct clicked in her brain as she scanned the crowd. Nobody stuck out at first but then she felt her gaze lock on a blonde-haired man sitting alone in one of the booths. Their eyes met and suddenly, Daphne was assaulted with a barrage of images. She saw this man’s life; how he’d cheated on every girl he’d dated and how it finally caught up with him. He was destined to become a bitter, angry man who’d never amount to anything, his future was full of unfulfilled dreams and hollow relationships.

He was her mark.

The moment lasted but a second but instantly she understood what the others had been trying to explain. This man’s life on Earth was already over, and she would give it an early but happy ending. She looked to Veronica who gave her a sympathetic smile, this is what she had seen that night in the dive bar looking at her, an empty future; for the first time since that night Daphne felt grateful. She couldn’t help but wonder, if she had known her future as Damien would be analogous to this stranger’s, what would she have done? Would she have lived it anyway?

Her thoughts were cut short by Veronica giving her a nudge before nodding to a woman lurking by the bathrooms.

“Do you want help with your first one?” She asked, “Or shall I...?”

“See you back at the House.” Daphne whispered, she wanted to do this on her own.

The mental images and the shock that accompanied them now fading she felt that familiar, ever-present desire stir within her. She watched the man stare into his drink, wallowing in his own self-pity as she approached, she could almost feel the arrogant bitterness wafting off him.

She slid into the booth gracefully, making her quarry jump with surprise, half spilling his drink on the table. She giggled girlishly and handed him a napkin from the nearby dispenser which he took while blushing furiously. He wasn't an ugly man all things considered, his hair was slightly greasy but he had a strong jaw that with the right amount of confidence would make him look roguishly handsome.

"Sorry, you shocked me." He spluttered, "Did you want the booth or...?"

"Or." Daphne responded with a warm smile, "I came to talk to you. I'm Daphne."

"Jason." He replied, blinking in shock. His eyes truly were beautiful when they caught the light.

"Hello Jason. Would you like to dance?"

"With you? I mean, yes! Yes, of course!"

Daphne reached over and took his hand, dragging him up to the dance floor in time for a new, beat heavy rhythm to start. She pushed herself against him, revealing in the hardness of his form against the softness of hers. His hands had barely rested on her hips a moment before they reached down to cup her ass firmly, Daphne keened.

"You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen." He told her over the music.

It was true of course but that magic intuition also told her it was the same line he used on every woman he'd seduced. She smiled up at him through her thick lashes.

"I think it was fate we met tonight." She responded, "I think I am meant for you."

She felt his cock twitch against her, she didn't need magic to know his ego hadn't been stroked like that in a long time. Daphne let the music flow through her, feeling the bass in her chest beating in time with her heart and lungs. She felt powerful and free. Jason held her hips as they moved together, her fingers buried in his hair. He looked at her like she was his entire world; she thought

back to her last night as Damien and smirked, remembering what it felt like to be under a succubi's spell. His hands felt good against the thin material of her dress and she could feel the heat seeping into her skin, feeding that ember of lust within, slowly fanning it to a flame. Their dancing became petting as the song continued, hands roving over one another until those around them began to give them a wide berth and judgmental looks. Jason's hand slipped under the neckline of her dress and Daphne watched with a wide smile as she saw the moment he realised she wasn't wearing anything underneath.

"Let's get out of here." Jason suggested, "I think we're about to make a scene."

Daphne let him pull her along, stopping every few steps to run a hand over his shoulder or nip at his ear. The fire inside her was now roaring and her entire body felt sensitive and ready.

They fell into the taxi together, Jason immediately pulling her into his lap and slamming their lips together. Daphne could tell he was under her spell, his eyes were blown wide with desire, he practically swimming in her pheromones. She could feel herself being pulled under with lust as well; her instincts as succubi clouding her mind. She had no idea how long the journey took; her focus was entirely on Jason's mouth and hands as they raked across her body. It was only when the taxi driver cleared his throat loudly, likely for the third or fourth time, that she realised they had stopped.

Jason absentmindedly threw a fifty at the driver as they clambered out, Daphne noted with some satisfaction that he was hard behind the wheel. He wouldn't be driving anywhere for at least a few minutes after they left.

It didn't take long for her to forget the driver though as Jason pulled her into the elevator. Slamming the button with his fist without so much as glancing at it before surging forward and taking her in his arms. Holding her against the mirrored wall and kissing her neck with abandon. Daphne threw back her head to allow him better access, revealing in the warm, wet touch as she watched their reflections in the mirrors opposite. Her dark hair was now mussed by Jason's hands but somehow, Hell's magic most likely, it looked wild and alluring, perfect sex hair. He sucked and licked up her neck leaving a trail of dark skin in his wake, the slight pain mingled with the pleasure making her legs tremble. In her mind's eye she saw Jason doing this with another woman and then another the next night; that feeling of entitlement was wafting off him in waves and she lapped it up.

The elevator pinged and she gave him a playful push out into the hall. Daphne grinned, enjoying the way he fumbled trying to get the key in the door while she stroked her fingers down his back. Finally, the way was open and they tumbled on through, she wasted no time pressing him into the wall and slamming their mouths back together. His warm tongue tangled with her own, eliciting a moan from deep in her chest. He may have been a jerk but Jason was an excellent kisser. She could feel him hardening under his jeans and she pressed her body against it, enjoying in the guttural groan Jason made in response.

Daphne ran her hands down his form, slipping them under the waistband of his jeans and gripping his firm ass the same way he had hers in the club before slowly bringing her hands to his front. Teasing her finger tips across his boxers before pulling them and the jeans down. He was large, she could see how he'd broken so many hearts. She took the length in her hand and slowly stroked, so lightly it must have been torturous.

“Fuck...”

“That’s the plan.”

Taking a note out of her playbook he reached for the top of her strapless dress, yanking it down hard enough that she was sure the fabric would be torn. Once past her breasts it fell to her hips, her round ass the only thing keeping it in place. Jason surged forward, burying his face in her boobs and mouthing the flesh. Daphne sighed in satisfaction, letting go of his manhood and wrapping her arms around his neck and head to keep him there. His warm mouth sent shivers down her spine as he traced over her boobs, finally reaching a nipple and suckling at it. Wetness began to flow in earnest between her legs as the sensations continued and unable to hold back, she moaned his name.

He yanked the rest of her dress down and took a step back to admire her body. Daphne watched with hunger and desire as precum began to bead on the tip of his cock. Roughly he grabbed her, pulling her down onto a couch where she straddled him. She poised herself above his cock, letting the tip rub against her hole. It was tempting, so very tempting, to sink down on him straight away but she resisted, she still had a job to do.

“Do you want me?” She asked, leaning in so her breasts rubbed against his face.

“God, yes.” He groaned.

“How badly?” Daphne pressed herself against him, warm wetness now dripping down onto his length, “Would you sell your soul to have me?”

“Yes, anything.”

His eyes were blown wide, she knew he was seeing nothing but her, feeling nothing but her and the power made her shudder with want. Slowly, she lowered herself down, taking his length inside her tight, wet heat. She’d been holding out for so long she almost lost herself to her primal instincts but managed to keep them at bay, barely. She rose and fell slowly, watching as Jason’s head fell backwards. His grip on her hips tightened as he tried to move her faster but she kept her pace, slow and steady. She was teasing herself as much as him but the sense of power she felt, knowing he was totally at her mercy sustained her.

For several minutes she kept up her teasing until finally, the flames inside began to grow hotter. The want became need and she began to ride him in earnest, bouncing up and then taking the full length over and over again.

“Say my name.” Jason said, the words were probably meant to be dominating but came out as desperate and pleading. She was happy to oblige.

“Jason...Oh Jason you feel so good.” She breathed. It was true, her own body was starting to take over, hips slamming harder against his when they rose to meet her.

He was so hard inside her, her G-spot was constantly being rubbed by his length as it slid in and out and she could feel her inner muscles tightening in response. She had to stay in control, to focus on making him cum and not the wonderful, almost painful way her inner walls were stretching. The way her clit was rubbing against his hair when they came together. The way his lips were now sealing over her nipple and sucking with each thrust.

“Oh...O-oh f-fuck.” The words escaped her unbidden and more spilled out after.

She had to slow down but she couldn't, she was getting closer and the idea of stopping was painful. She had to stop focusing on the warm tongue tracing around her oversensitive nipple, the way her G-spot was being constantly stimulated, the way the wetness inside her was growing with each second. Jason rolled his hips, thrusting up into her as she was slamming down, Daphne saw stars.

“I'm close!” Jason sounded strained; he was trying hard to hold back just as she was. Just a little longer, a few more thrusts...

Daphne tightened herself around him, squeezing the cock with her inner walls and crying out at the friction it caused. She was close, cresting right on the edge, a few more thrusts and she would be lost...

“Oh fuck!”

Jason pulsed inside her, cumming fast and hard. The necklace around her neck burned against her skin slightly and she knew she'd done it. The relief pushed her over the edge, tightening further around Jason's cock and riding it through her own waves of pleasure. With a satisfied shiver she dismounted, Jason flopped back against the couch, glassy eyed and exhausted. She held the gem, his soul, in the palm of her hand and whispered.

“May your next life be kinder.”

The husk faded, leaving no trace behind and Daphne cricked her neck, stretching out her muscles and enjoying the relaxing sensation that came with a good tumble. She held the soul gem in her palm, a gentle heat now emanating against her skin; Jason's soul safe and sound, ready to release once she was back at The House.

The first of many.