

The Magic SuccuBus

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with

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Arnold sat in the back row of his first day of class, Demonology 101. It seemed like an odd course for a university to host but he thought it would be easy and interesting, with possibly things he could add to his roleplaying group or something. But the room already reaked of oddballness, with charts and fake skulls and glowing vials. This teacher was going to have to pull off something magical if she wanted him to take any of this nonsense seriously. So not expecting much, he hopped on his redds while his classmates filed into the chairs to the side and in front of him, chatting loudly about their summers and their school plans. One minute before his class was supposed to start, at 7:59 pm, the entire room went dead silent. Arnold

could faintly hear the scratching of some chalk on the chalkboard (how antiquated) but he was so close to finishing his thread he couldn't look up from his phone. A light clearing of the throat followed, and then some very sharp clacking of heels on the wooden floor, click click click click, getting closer and closer. As Arnold came to the end of the thread, it stopped accompanied by a heavy silence, what was going on that he- oh.

The first thing Arnold noticed was everyone was staring in his direction, not at him but back towards him. The second thing he noticed was what everyone was staring at, a tall woman, standing over him looking down her square rim glasses at his phone. This was no typical looking lady. She must have been... 6ft 3 in her heels, which were shiny and red like latex moulded to her tiny feet. Out of them sprung lean muscular calves wrapped in black, sheer nylon stockings that ended mid thigh, and oh were they some thighs. Thick and soft and creamy, her short black jumper dress did little to hide them. The dress was shiny like silk and patterned with red winged lady demons in different positions. This was all captured in a glance as Arnold looked from his phone to her shoes and then quickly up her curvy legs and hips, but when he got to her breasts the motion stalled. To be fair they were less than a foot from his head, hanging over him like twin suns, pale and stuffed into a green button blouse that either couldn't button to hide her cleavage, or had lost the fight trying to. They were so large and so barely hidden it was hard not to give an accidental ogle, milky white and each bigger than his head, only another clearing of her throat helped remind him to finish his eyeball journey upwards to her beautiful freckled face, with emerald green eyes and fiery red hair pulled up in a messy bun. "Class has started sir, and while I assure you you will find many distracting things in the curriculum of this course... your phone will not be one of them.. Mr-?"

"A-arnold" The bespectacled young adult with strawberry curls responded.

"Mr. Arnold. Well when class has begun I expect eyes to be on me. You are paying for an education after all" she motioned to all her students. "And unlike some teachers, I expect to give you every cent worth." The statuesque bombshell of a professor sauntered back down the aisle, the demon girls patterned on the silky black material hugging her bottom danced with each jiggling swish and sway. When she got to her desk she hopped upon it, her skirt dangerously close to revealing her choice of underwear, for some angles possibly already doing so. "Well then class, time for a proper introduction. I am Professor Lustureya Sizzle, but unlike other teachers, calling my Miss Sizzle is fine... or even my nickname, the Sizz." The class laughed but Ms Sizzle didn't seem to register anything funny, and for Arnold all he could think was this was some kind of a joke, a prank, they were getting punked for sure. "Now if you will all turn to page 13 in your Demoninomcrons we shall begin!



The next thirty minutes were all types of bizarre and strange for Arnold. He watched in muted horror as their “teacher” Ms Sizzle performed all types of parlor tricks like a little magic show, claiming they were all demon powered magic via the box on her desk. Levitating small objects, summoning “fel-fire” above her hand. And what was worse, everyone was going along and aching at this nonsense. Arnold was both flummoxed and annoyed. He had used student loans on this!?” “Excuse me, mam?” Arnold interrupted.

"It's Miss, a Demon isn't a mam until she's in the quintuple digits" she smirked and winked at the class.

"Yes, Miss Sizzle. You say the 'demon' in the box is powering your magic, I was just wondering if we could see said demon, or if it is some kinda ...er-" Arnold stopped himself short of getting rude, but someone had to put a stop to this.

"Some sort of a.. Hoax?" Ms. Sizzle laid her black nail polished fingers on her broad curvy hips as she asked him point blank what he had been thinking.

"Um, well I wouldn't say, or rather I mean-"

"Sure Mr. Arnold, let's let Lez out a bit." She pressed a button and the odd black ornamental box hissed, it's top folding away and opening in ways that defied physics. Smoke and the smell of sulfur filled the classroom air. As the students coughed and covered their noses, a tiny plump green hand with long purple claws grabbed the side of the box. The room went dead quiet, listening to the giggles coming from the container until with one swift motion a cherbic horned green little woman fluttered out of the container and onto the desk. Some people shrieked, some people gasped as the little woman, less than two feet tall sauntered around. Arnolded blink and rubbed his eyes. "Everyone, this is Lez. She's what's known as a Pearbottom Imp. Hey! HEY you up front... do not try to poke her. Her idea of "finger foods" is defined very differently."

"How... How are you-" Arnold stood up frantic as he watched the thing jump from classmate to classmate with a 'yeeee'!

"How am I what, Mr. Arnold?"

"The.. t-the thing!" he pointed at the imp who scowled back at him. "Is it like... a hologram, or some little robot or something?" Arnold stuttered.

"Her name is Lez and she's not a thing. She's a Demon. I expect you to be respectful as we explore in this classroom young man." the Professor scowled a little, annoyed at the panicking sputters of her student.

"No it.. she.. she can't be. Demon's aren't real." He shivered in his defiance.

Some of the students told Arnold to shut up and sit down but Ms. Sizzle shushed them and clopped down the aisle till she was a foot away from the college freshmen. "I understand you are a non believer Mr. Arnold, and you are more than entitled to be so, but I will not have interruptions while I am teaching, casting or summoning demonic powers and denizens. Do you understand me sir?" she gently placed the point of her black index finger fingernail on his chest until he shook his head yes. "Now then, rather than have you be unreceptive to learning, how

about we make today's first BIG lesson something to show you that this is indeed no trick. I prove it to you, you drop your antics, do we have a deal?" The Professor held out her free hand for a handshake. When Arnold finally took it, his whole body bristled with static and shivers. "Wonderful!" Miss Sizzle raised the finger on his chest to his chin and closed his mouth, turned on her heel and marched back to the front of the class. Looking back over her shoulder she waved for Arnold to follow her and after a second, he reluctantly joined the woman in front of everyone. "So sir... what can I do to break down that cynical skepticism of yours?"

Everyone's eyes were on Arnold. What was he supposed to say? "Well, you have to prove demons are real not just by an aesthetic but... their science, their behavior, biology."

"Sounds to me like putting you in the shoes of one would really get you a basic handle to, at the least, be open minded about demonology, yes?" the Sizz smiled patiently, but her eyes felt like they were boring deep into his core.

"Yeah sure, make me a demon" The curly haired man snorted.

"Any particular type?"

"Sure the um... sexy ones. Then maybe I could get a date." The class chuckled at his joke, maybe humor was the best way to ride out this uncomfortable situation. "What are they called, Succubi?"

"A Succubus? Are you sure? Once we do this there's no turning back till the lesson is over" She raised her eyebrow questioningly but Arnold wouldn't be baited by her bluff.

"Sure, sounds like lots of-"

"EXCELLENT!" Miss Sizzle clapped her hands joyously. "Change of plans class, today we're skipping ahead a few lessons to Succubi with Arnold giving us a very 'hands on' learning approach. Let me just change my form, this is so much easier when I'm not also trying to be read as human"

"Wait, what? Read human, what do you mean?" He watched her race to the board and scratch something under the chalky welcome she had put up when she entered. As 'The Sizz' stepped away from it she took Lez's box off her desk and hopped up to sit there instead. For a moment, he thought he saw her green eyes flicker red.

"Stand back Arnold, this part always has a kick to it" She maniacally giggled as the scratch on the board grew and spread into odd red symbols that glowed like hot coals. The room was filled with cackles and clatters and all sorts of unworldly sounds as the red glow of the board spread through the room. It felt like everyone had put on rose colored glasses as the classroom tinted to pink. A sizzling sound like hot bacon in a pan emanated from the teacher, and with a loud

bang and a whiff of smoke her form was replaced by a scarlet skinned Ms. Sizzle, with long red and black horns growing out of her skull. From the back of her skirt slithered a black whip like tail with a pointed tip, swaying above her glowing name plaque on the desk.



“Ah so much better.” The woman purred, as she stretched her ruby red limbs across the desk.
“Much better, ready for your change Arnold?”

“Wait, what?!” Arnold had been smacking his head, trying to cope with the images he was seeing that could only possibly be hallucinations.

“Well doesn’t much matter, you already shook my hand dear so... away we go!” The demonology professor snapped her fingers and Arnold’s body began to shiver and steam. His classmates looked on in a mix of awe and terror as smoke poured off his body, height, muscle mass and weight all evaporating into the air. He tried to mouth words of shock and fear but nothing came out. “Not being a demon, the change is going to take a bit, just hang in there. Always best to set the bones and organs first.”

“W-what-” Arnold’s voice cracked as it rose up an octave, and then again getting higher and higher as he struggled. “What’s happening to me!” He squeaked. The student felt like he was melting away, losing inches of height, arms and legs going from thick to wimpy little noodles, his “internet potato” belly shrinking and shriveling till he had a waist he could almost get his hands around if he were to grab it from both sides.

“He’s so tiny,” one of the girls said, pointing at him.

“You mean she’s so tiny!” Some guy with a flattop haircut chuckled. As if in response his pants started to slide down.

“Careful dear” Ms. Sizzle caught them by a belt loop just in time. “And class, I will not have you switching his pronoun unless he feels comfortable with it. His body changes are species specific.

“S-species?” his lip quivered as it bulged and swelled into soft plump red beestung lips. His nose gently popped as it went smaller and more upturned. Even his light red curls tumbled down from his scalp. His petite thinning fingers jumped to catch them, fearing that his hair had fallen out, only to find instead it was still firmly attached, and just lengthening in a mix of strawberry blonde-ginger ringlets.

“Yes, species. You’ll look feminine to them because Succubi are a Feminine species.” She continues to hold his pants at arms length. He was already eye level with her breasts, and she didn’t need the embarrassed small thing blushing any harder from her standing too close.

“But... Feminine? I wanted to be sexy!”

“You will be silly”

“N-no I mean like, bigh hulking man sexy..”

“Oh, well that’s more Incubus territory. You said Succubus. See why it’s important to know your terms, students?” She motioned with her hand and everyone responded ‘yes, Ms. Sizzle’

“But if Incubi are the masculine ones.. Then I’m going to... oh.. Oooooooh.” Arnold held his belly as a long, feminine moans escaped his pillowy lips. His curly hair was now long enough to rest on his slender shoulders. Electrical throbs were buzzing through to the tips of his engorger nipples and throbbing member. Pressure built in his chest as growing masses pushed his thimble sized nipples against his shirt till they were outlined for all to see. His penis and balls throbbed and tugged inward with each twitch and shiver. With a final slurp, his plumbing went from out to in, floating higher and higher inside his tummy. With a large pop his hips spread catching his shorts and making room for his internal changes. Arnold shoved his hand, once meaty and hand, now dainty and thin down his trousers. He probed and prodded, hissing when his longer nails poked his swollen sensitive labia. A second round of trying to find his penis ended with a finger sliding inside of him where it never would have been able too before. “Gaaah” Arnold instantly went red as powerful sensations rocked up and down his petite girlish frame. All he could do was clench every muscle in response, his thighs and hips ass swelling into curves, his chest pushing against his arms as his breast continued to form.

“MR. ARNOLD!” Ms. Sizzle grabbed his forearm and yanked his hand out of his pants. “I will not have you touching yourself up here for all to see. This is science not self pleasure hours. Do you have any idea what could happen if you start fiddling with yourself while you posses one of the most sex attuned forms in existence.” The students burst out laughing but Ms. Sizzle hissed in response. “Quiet everyone! Sex is natural and normal, and for cases like a Succubus like Arnold part of a dietary need.”

“Dietary?” Arnold went bright red, as horns and a little tail sprouted from his form. “Change me back! I’m a virgin I can’t I um... I mean.” Everyone was laughing yet again.

“No one is going to change that fact except for you, sir. Your species has been changed, not your free will.”

“Please, please I need to be me! My real body” His curves finally settled in on his small petite form.

“And you will be, once our lesson is over and the deal is complete. You shake hands with a demon you must see it through, both of us. Take note class, demonic contracts are held by magic and can not be released until the bargain is met.” She turned back to Arnold gently smiling. “In other words, until you live as a demon per your request so that you understand them.. this can’t be undone.” His mouth dropped open, thick luscious lips forming a small oh, his eyes practically teary. “Oh come now, we’ll do a short lesson on Succubi and their alluring magic and have you back lickety split.”

“You... you want me to... s-seduce a classmate?”

“Oh don’t be ridiculous, that would be awkward and against school policy. Now... picture an

outfit for your body, quickly now!" She snapped her fingers and Arnold's clothing went from frumpy nerd to a club chic. His pants morphed into a microskirt that rode low on his new hips and hugged his bubble butt. The string of a thong sat higher on his hips, and his shirt had become a low cut tube top with built in bra cups that gave his C Cup breasts a little lift.

"Eep! I didn't know you meant picture something for me to wear. "Arnold stumbled a little, clued into the fact he was now in stiletto heels from both his height increase and unstable footing.

"Now stop fussing." She looked him up and down. "It appears we are going to study Succubine seduction at a club tonight class.

"A C-club? Seduction!?" Arnold wobbled as he tried to walk forward, the sway of his hips making his tail swat his own swollen bottom. "Eep!"

"We have to drive to a club now?" one of the girls looked displeased with the idea.

"Oh no no no." A grin spread across Ms. Sizzles scarlet and devilish freckled face. "I have a Bus"

TO BE CONTINUED...