

Your Ex, The Succubus

Laria loved Halloween.

It was the only time of the year when she didn't have to hide her tail *and* when she got to dress up. Costumes were among only a couple of things that excited her. The rest she found quite dull.

This year, she chose a huge, fluffy, panda costume with an eared hood. It served as a skirt as well, showing off her supple, nylon clad legs and biker boots of the purest, obsidian, black.

Being of a shorter stature, which she dared you to make fun of, she needed to hop upon her tightly bound victim, before taking out a lollipop from her soft pocket. It was given to her by Juicy as a treat for Halloween, but the young succubus wanted to find a treat of her own. And she knew exactly who to trick. That silly boy she had been *dating* for the past year.

She had exquisitely packed her victim in latex and shiny rubber. By now, he was stuck in a sweet, dreamy world whilst she sucked up his life and soul through her tail. Feeding like this was her favorite. A victim tightly bound, not even able to bore her with their stupid words or whimpers for mercy. Plus, she loved how shiny they looked, all bound up.

Laria crossed her legs and ran her fingers over the glossy body bag, made by those of the League, eager to maximize both the painful and the pleasurable sides of ending a victim. She could feel his rare bursts of movement beneath her, that is all that she allowed. After all, she didn't want to play with a dead fish. Only the slightest struggling was enough for her to have her fun.

Smirking to herself, she checked upon the devilishly tight belts and binders, enjoying the look of a muscular male trapped so easily by her latex. Making his curves pop with just how tight the whole suit was. Of course, that was just the outer layer. Several other sets of bonds were also placed by the succubus, simply to increase her amusement with the victim. She wanted him properly restrained during her feeding time.

Gagged and plugged up, each part of his bondage was there for a reason and each of those reasons made Laria giddy with excitement.

She also had her victim levitate in mid air with her succubus magic. Leaving her victims upon the floor only meant that she could not use them as human furniture. And she *loved* using weak, pathetic humans as furniture. Most weren't good enough even for that but she liked this young man, he was confident enough for her to humiliate him like this. Or, rather, he gave his all in their charade of a relationship.

Still, he was as pliable as the rest the moment she got her magic into his head. A wink, a puff of her perfume and a cuddle beneath the chin. Most boys were as easy as that. But there was

something pleasant she found, in their weaknesses. Laria didn't bother to try for much, she simply wanted to be obeyed, constantly.

She sealed his face as well. But she knew all too well what was happening beneath the hood. By now, he would be drooling, his eyes twitching and, had she not gagged him, the young man would be begging for more, or for mercy. Sometimes both at the same time.

The sensation of all of his dreams and hopes being drained by her tail made her feel deprived and... happy. Sadistic. All of his vim and vigor being used as nothing but food and her amusement, knowing he would end up as another blissful husk...

"As much as I think your race pathetic and weak, you do have your good sides. Nothing tastes as good as human despair." She chuckled girlishly to herself, tasting all of the pain she had inflicted upon him in the past year.

Another buck of her victim against the bondage as he came for the umpteenth time. Laria heard incoherent mumbles and whimpers through the hood, all pointless of course but there to make her smile devilishly none the less.

Very few things made her show any emotion, but draining a victim? Not always, but on Halloween it just felt different. She dangled her legs off of her victim, simply enjoying the gurgles and the moans and the feeling of another life being snuffed out.

"To think you honestly believed you and I were dating at one point." She scoffed smugly. "I was just making sure you were ripe. By the time I drain all of you that makes you whole, there won't be a single thing left within you. No thoughts, no aspirations. Well, maybe not completely gone. All of them will focus on me."

Then her smirk was gone, replaced by that indifferent yet heart shaped look upon her mesmerizing face.

"But I don't need those thoughts of yours. You are just food."

Over time, the body bag grew smaller and smaller as Laria drained the last bits of her ex boyfriend. She was actually good to him while they were "dating." She encouraged him to visit the gym, to eat healthier and to generally take better care of himself. He even found a respectable job and was becoming a far more popular figure in his circle of friends.

That was all just a game to her, of course. She simply wanted to take everything away from him at the peak of his young life. As she continues her work, grinding him down, coldly and slowly stripping away his emotional defenses, at some point he became incapable of resistance, of escape. The sex was just too good, the bondage and the kinky ideas she implemented into his psyche. It was all too much for his mind.

He knew, at some level, just how weak for her he had become, that he was utterly vulnerable in front of her. Even when he was bound up in vacuum for days on end. But he thought his

weaknesses safe next to her. It wasn't his fault, he didn't know she was a member of the deadliest race of predators.

She did want him to accept and yearn for everything she had done to him. It wasn't fun if she forced it upon him. Glimpses of affection would manipulate his pliable, dominated mind, never allowing him to explain, even to himself, what she had done to him. He was trapped in a world of pain, and he loved it.

Laria would brazenly taunt him, near the end, telling him to break up, to leave her. But all of those instances ended in the same way. With him upon his knees, begging her to accept him back, swearing that he cannot live without her. It was true, of course.

Utterly helpless he was, from day one.

She knew it was time to feed when his face turned from comprehension of what he had become into a stupefied mess which barely followed what she was saying. Even that, filled her with ecstasy. Emotional manipulation, breaking down of one's spirit, before taking it all away. That is what she lived for.

By Halloween, she no longer had to bother with games and manipulations to break him down. He was just prey in her web by then. One of many. Actually, he spent so much time bound up, that she could completely relax around his house even in her demon form. From time to time she would maximize his pain, but even that had become far too easy.

Even now, she didn't have to do anything. Her tail bit down upon his cock and he willingly came over and over and *over* again. He simply did not matter anymore. Laria even told him, as she placed him in his final resting place, what she would do to him. There was no warmth within her at all in regards to him.

As she jumped off of his mummified corpse she doesn't even spare him a look. He had stopped being a person months before. She carved away everything from him but that which suited her. His only reason for existence was to be milked and tormented by her, but now, even that was no longer fun for her.

She closed the door to his apartment, a member of the League would clean up after her, she didn't need to worry about that. Giving her lollipop another lick, she went outside into the cool air of autumn, ready to find a new victim.