



# *Lady Kasadya and Ethan*

*An erotic comic*

*by Syrinxo*

*Ages 18+ Only*

*Made with*



VIRT-A-MATE



@Syrinxo1

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# *Lady Kasadya:*

*Mistress of Lust and Lechery*

*Dominatrix of the*

*Second Circle of Hell*

*Eternal Watcher of Sins*

*Sister of Lilith*

*Primal Lieutenant of Yegon the Defiler*

*First Demonic Consort of a  
Mortal Man*

... surveys her  
domain of *fire*  
and *pain*.



Damned souls scream and echo  
around her, burning eternally for  
their lustful, wicked *sins*.



However, not  
all in this  
timeless  
realm is  
satisfactory.



FUCK.  
So  
BORING.

Her surroundings  
are bleak, but  
Kasadya's *powers*  
will entertain her  
tonight.

And, perhaps, until  
the end of *eternity*.



I must party.  
But no drama!  
What kind of mortal  
would be amenable  
to play...?

Ah! I  
know.

First...  
A ritual is necessary.

Come to  
me...  
a key to a  
heart...

Woom woom

A key!  
...  
IT IS  
FOUND!

Ping! Ping! Ping!

Already, I have it!

Never before has the  
search been so easy...

VOOP

MUHAHAHaha!

# Kasadya

Aramaic: ܟܫܕܝܐ

Also called: "Kasyade," "Tāmiêl"

- ★ *Ancient – one of the first fallen angels, a Watcher tempted and corrupted by observing humanity*
- ★ *Her fascination with human carnal pleasures led her to become a demon of lust – a succubus*
- ★ *Feeds on human sexual energy, but unlike lesser succubi, abhors violence*
- ★ *Rarely leaves Hell – prefers to lure her prey to where she has the most power*
- ★ *In Hell, she has great power over her physical reality: can change shape and size at will*



- ★ *A potty mouth, tends toward archaic speech*
- ★ *Has found that breasts and pet names put humans at ease*
- ★ *Knows all human languages, but occasionally interjects with the wrong ones*
- ★ *Spends too much time on the internet (is her own ISP)*



Tsk...

It proves, at first, to be confounding.

And what is **THIS** for? Must I ply this man with gifts?

However, every **Key** has its **lock\*** - and Lady Kasadya has a **Knack** for putting one into the other. ...Heh.

Humans have built their own **hell dimension** of cruelty and lust... Where they go to act as each other's demons...

The **INTERNET.**

I love it.

14.4kb/s dial-up noises

Let's try something.

And it's so much more fun with a credit card!!

Hey **GOOGLE!**  
Beep boop, motherfucker!

**AHA**, first try! Excellent!

So *this* is his kind of *shit*, eh?  
**Ha!** We may get along.

Now, to unlock it with the card...

\*Not actually true.

*A quick swipe attunes her eldritch powers to the portal.*



*The card, pathetic as a nexus for focusing such potent  
cthonic energies, bursts into flames.*

*As Kasadya discards it, the unlocked portal thrums with  
unholy magic's.*



*Reaching... grasping... swallowing  
whomever is on the other side...*

# Ethan Wolfram Sparfeld

Hebrew: אֵיתָן - "eytan"  
means perpetual, enduring

- ★ *Ancient – staring down the barrel of 30, leaving a youth of past regrets and missed opportunities*
- ★ *His fascination with sexy fantasy characters has led to subscriptions on certain dubious websites*
- ★ *Feeds on Wheat Thins, coffee, and a chicken pasta pot a week*
- ★ *Rarely leaves home – hates to admit how much the pandemic hasn't affected him*
- ★ *Currently in between relationships, which average two discontented years each*



- ★ *Not super socially adept; suffers from Foot-Mouth disease*
- ★ *Has found that breasts put him at ease; flexible on the species*
- ★ *Knows a lot about Warhammer 40K*
- ★ *Spends too much time on the internet (uses a VPN)*



*And the trap is sprung.*



*Caught unawares and indecent, her prey arrives...  
at an unexpected velocity.*

*Ancient and powerful as she is, Lady Kasadya  
did not see this coming.*



*The arrival was ungentle.*

*But might human physical frailty be irrelevant, in so  
ethereal a realm as this one?*



OWWW.  
Dammit.

*Hey hey.*

My  
SKULL.

Um.  
You okay?


*Nope! Still relevant.*

Whoa, what...

WHAT the  
HELL?!

Indeed it is,  
muffin!

*Welcome.*



My computer!  
Where... where  
am I?

...Really?

Hey, I don't know! I  
mean, I've got my  
dick in my hand!  
Am I hallucinating?  
Dreaming? Or...

dead?

No, no, and no.  
You are a mortal  
in Hell. This was a  
summoning.

'Twas I who looked  
through the ether,  
found the key to your  
desires, and brought  
you here.

To Hell.

Tsk. We've  
been over  
that.

Well, there goes  
MY worldview.

And you're a  
real demon! Jeez. And  
SO... UH, SO TALL.

I am Lady  
Kasadya, Mistress  
of Lust (and various  
other titles), at your  
service.

Uh. Hi.  
Ethan.

Ah! Eytan,  
"the  
enduring."  
Greetings.

And thank you for  
noticing my size!  
Proportion and  
mass are my  
playthings. I bend  
physics to my will.

Not gravity, I guess. OW.

Well, my physics.

But... why me? I was just yanking my crank online... Did I hit a threshold of sin to get here, or something?

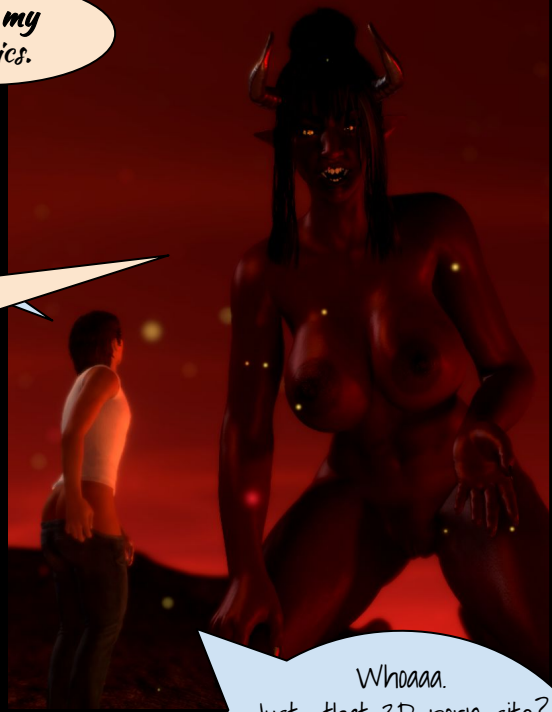
Tsk! Foolish humans, always thinking it's about them. No, mortal Egtan. Nobody down here cares about autoeroticism!

Fate found you for me. Your Internet is but a conduit. You were standing in the doorway with your pants down, I simply unlocked it and opened it from this side. And, VOOP. You are mine, muahaha.

I even found your credit card number. It was STOOPIID easy.

Bewildered and very distracted, he stumbles, offering oafish observations.

Whoaaa. Just... that 3D porn site? They have demon stuff, you know, like you!! A coincidence? But you look more human than their models, no hooves or tail or anything... kinda basic.



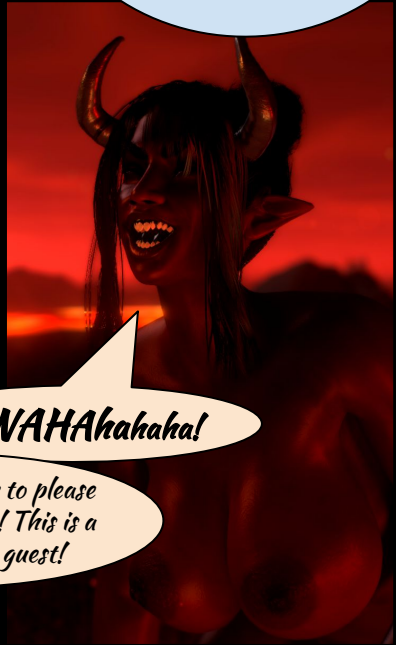
Tsk!

"Basic"?



"Like a HUMAN"?

She is not amused.



BWAHAhahaha!

Haha... this form is to please you, Master Egtan! This is a courtesy for my guest!



OKay. She IS amused.

She can't help but expose herself for effect.

Lady Kasadya transforms, shifting bodies -

Hah! Me,  
HUMAN-like!  
AAHahaha!

shooOOP

Wha...

Tell me,  
mortal!  
Shall I dispense  
with the  
courtesies?

HAaahahaha!

I am  
whatever I  
WILL!

...  
HOLY CRAP.

This is a form I  
find most  
comfortable!

Perhaps it was my  
first one?

So, tell me!

Am I **BASIC**?

Who  
knows!  
Nya!

- then back again.

*He is nonplussed, but unafraid.  
She hides her relief that he hasn't spooked.*

*shooooop*

*No! I'm SO sorry!! Your "courtesies" are great, O Lady K! I wasn't criticizing, really!*

*Ha. Apology accepted. It isn't easy, you know, to will my bosom to be - just so.*

*You are, uh, breathtaking. I was being an idiot, and rude, comparing you to some 3D porn crap.*

*She had come to expect only horror and revulsion from mortals witnessing her primeval form - though the impact can be useful.*

*A reward is deserved.*

*All is forgiven, pet! Indeed... you may kiss my hand.*

*↳ What?*

*No, don't shake it! Tsk.*

*Is the youth so distracted by her infernal display, or only by her looming prow?*

**Eytan:**  
*I shall now accept a formal gesture of friendship and affection.*

*You kiss it.*

*Oh, okay. Dope.*

*Either way, Kasadya is patient.*

*They are getting along.*



Heehee!  
Enchantée,  
monsieur!

Such a small gesture,  
yet it affects Ethan  
profoundly.

Kissing a succubus?  
What did he expect?!



Whaa

Oh, shiiiiit - is  
this your lust  
magic, or  
something?

With his humours  
unbalanced by  
prolonged chastity  
and primed by her  
nudity, her skin is  
electric on his lips.

Hehe! It was  
only my touch.

His constitution, and  
verticality, fail him.

So sure,  
yes.

That, or a  
concussion  
from your  
arrival.



FUCK!  
Poppet!

Got you  
this time.

An Infernal, perhaps,  
but she feels some  
responsibility for her  
guests.

*This guy swoons.*

*And yet, here we are.  
And, it will be fun. I promise.*

*Uhhh.  
This can't be  
real. You can't  
be real.*

*Breathe deeply.  
You'll be fine.*

*\*Cough\**

*Apologies for  
the brimstone.*

*Maybe - do  
breathe less.*

*As vertigo swirls, she gently probes his mind. Then, further.*



**Corruption:** Moderate kink.  
**Consent:** Very likely.

**Heart:** Strong sinus rhythm. QT  
interval under 0.4 sec.

*Mhmm.*



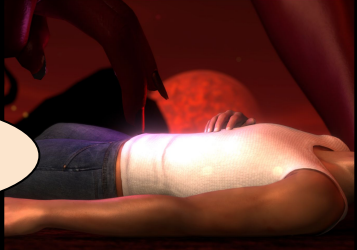
*Good,  
good.*



*She will free him from the  
trappings of shame.*

*His jeans are weak. They  
offer minimal resistance.*


*Feel better  
yet?*



*Hey! My  
pants!*







Here, you  
need no pants.

Like me, you  
can be free!

Dude... just  
ask first.

I judge thee not! Be not  
bashful.  
Indeed: Look at me!

Did she misread him?  
Or is he playing games?

... I can't not look  
at you! But you're  
always naked, it's  
not the same.

Not the same?? So,  
my figure is meat  
for display, but  
yours is fit to be  
armored in denim  
and pride?!

No, no. Look: being  
naked is your choice  
here, yeah?

My choice was clothes.

Ah.  
I see.

I assumed wrongly.  
Your garment, sir.

Thank you.  
But now I  
don't want it.

What?  
Why?  
Stop being  
confusing!

I have manners! I  
wouldn't dare to wear  
pants - around the  
"Mistress of Love"!

-LUST.  
... Hahahaha!  
Warugaki! You brat!

I was afraid I'd need  
to resort to pouting,  
hahaha!

He's playing with her, like how a mouse toys  
with a cat.  
Unwisely.

However, the cat endeavors to assuage its diminutive prey.

Mortified by her "faux pants," She reveals why her disposition has become so genial.

I must apologize. Human men are often thrilled to have me remove their pants unexpectedly.

It WAS thrilling, but you're... big. And demonic. You coulda done... anything to me.

Quite so. A trespass, for which I beg forgiveness.

Nah, it's fine, we're cool.

Eytan, I wish for you to trust me. May I gift you a secret of mine?

OK...

That other form you saw is special to me. An ancient memory from eons past. A fondness.

But it is not... well received.

So I hide it, or I act the monster, even as I suffer being seen as one.

Some demons feed on fear and revulsion. But I?

They poison my heart.

Word. I get that. Thanks for, uh... sharing?

You did me a great kindness, Enduring One, for not recoiling in terror from my peculiar self.

May I hug you?

He ponders the potential dangers. Briefly.

Oh, SHIT. Oh, God. Oh, man. How? Uh. Yes, please?

Don't...  
don't bow to  
me.

Stop it,  
goober!

That's not  
even a  
proper bow.

I'M NOT BOWING!  
I'm just holding my...  
never mind.

...OH.  
Keeheel!

I take it that  
nobody's ever  
touched you like  
this before.

Haha! Being held  
like a Ken doll?  
You think??  
It's so weird, but  
somehow... relaxing.

Well, not  
ALL of you  
is so relaxed.

Sorry.

Ahahaha!  
You apologize for  
your arousal?

Lady Kasadya is  
prudish, you  
fear? Ha!

Right! Not...  
thinking.


Tsk.  
To be expected.  
But I'm pleased  
you're staying  
conscious this  
time!

...Right?

Eytan?

Sorry! Sorry,  
I'm here! I'm  
just... Mmmm.

He resists  
stupefaction, but  
the dosage is  
excessive.



So, tell me about your life, Eytan.

What? Really?

Mmmmm.

OK. Well, I work from home. I do market analytics.

It pays the rent. Boring. Lonely.

Mmm.

Working at home. You must be wanking constantly.

Haha, yeah. But everyone's at home, with the pandemic.

Yes. And everyone's wanking. Tsk! I hate Pestilence!

Pendejo. Such a dick, that guy.



They share a little, each in their own way.

I can feel - around the world - the waning lust, as people stay home, alone, unfucking. All the masturbation sustains me, but its energy is so hollow.

Anyway... your family? Girlfriend? Boyfriend?

Eytan! Again: self-pleasure is not a sin.

I would know!

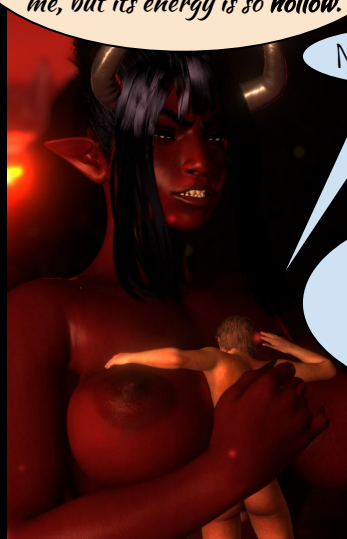
Mmm. Hollow.

Wow, awkward question for right now!

Post-coital clarity would be far more awkward.

It's a bloody waste, is all.

Ooh. Good point. No, no family. Just a roommate. No girlfriend, only living in sin with myself.



But here with me, no energy will be wasted.

Ooh!

And where are you off to, Welpenliebe?

Just... mmmf... down a little.

You looked like you could use some support.

Mmm, I like your sup-

EEEEK! Your foot!

HEEheheeee! EYTAN! Have care where you tread!

Mmf fmf! Sorry!

Please, do not smother yourself.

I fear I would be distraught.

Mmf.

Ethan loses track of time, ensconced in the red valley of the succubus.

They chat.

For a while, all he knows is the immense softness of her breasts, her sultry but muffled voice, and the raging boner quietly menacing her navel.

Finally, she breaks the reverie.

*Psst.  
Eytan.*

*Don't be surprised, but:*

*I think I shall change into someone more... comfortable.*

*Mmf.  
Founf goof.*

*Wait.  
Someone?  
Why? Who?*

*Haha.  
I shall descend to you, then tell me of your desires.*

*Ready to land on your feet?*

*Feet...?*

*Uh-oh.*

*WHOOAAUGH*

*Again?  
But, I warned you this time!*

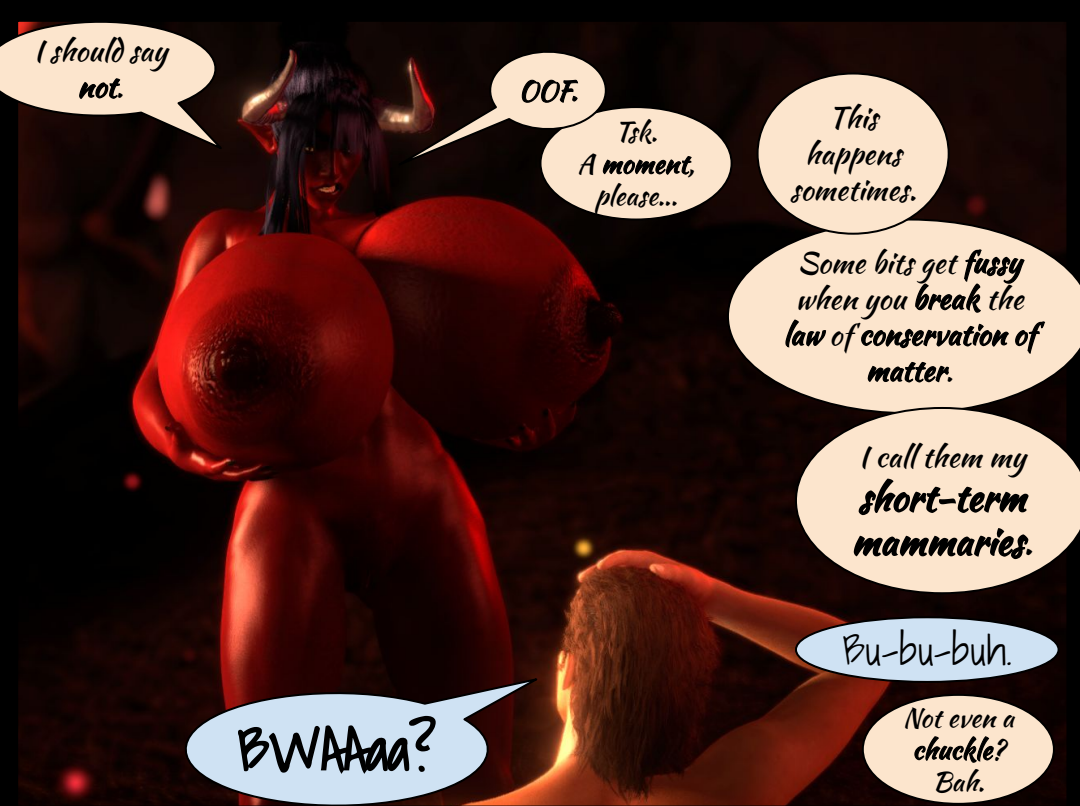
*shooooop*

**T  
H  
U  
D**

*OW.*

*Again.*

*But, I am not a cat.*



I should say not.

OOF.

Tsk.  
A moment, please...

This happens sometimes.

Some bits get fussy when you break the law of conservation of matter.

I call them my short-term mammaries.

Bu-bu-buh.

BWAAAAA?

Not even a chuckle?  
Bah.

Are her powers so fallible? Or is this a deliberate display?



Ah, there we go.

Fu-fu-fuu!


Kind of you to say.

BOINGGG

SHOOOOP

BWINGGG

Either way, she appears to have broken the fellow.



Now, where were we?

GUH.

Ah, yes.  
Tell me, cherub:  
What is your wildest fantasy?

Argle-  
blargle.

Yes. **Big  
boobs.** Now  
snap out of it.

Huuuuu!

Sorry, Lady  
K. I'm in a  
weird place  
right now.

Indeed.

OK, fantasies!  
Focus, Ethan! Uh...  
time travel?  
Eternal life? World  
domination?

She's a little impressed.  
Generally, saying "snap  
out of it" doesn't help.

Um, helloo??  
Hell to Eytan!

I'm not a  
fucking  
genie.

Come on back  
to **breasts,**  
honey.

Right.  
Sorry.

Tsk!

But honestly, it's  
hard to top **THIS,**  
right now.

**BOORRIING!**

Let me help  
you, here.

Stand  
back this  
time, OK?



I can be ANYTHING. Just pick.

Youthful redhead?

Mature, severe, but still flexible?

Darker and pretty? And great abs.



shooOP



shooOOP



shooooOP

Or maybe, short and stacked.

Mm, I do enjoy the jiggles!

Light and STRONG!

Heey, Eytan.



-oop!  
-oop!  
SHOOOP!

Hmm... how about a little something... extra?

Not... today.

Aww, too bad! This thing is fun.

Unhh...



SHWANGGgg!

Look, maybe just...

O-kay! A sexy monster?

A goblin?

or Orc?

Exotic and tawny!!

Mmm, slippery. And mostly cartilage.

So weel!

WANT SNU-SNU, HUMIE!

Keeee hee hee!

No?! Raww



shreeEEEp!

You'd be really lucky to catch one of these on Earth!



shwip

SHWOOPPITTY



shrrrrrrp

grrrrRRR EYTANNN!

Mount me!!!



**STOP!** Dammit, you're driving me **NUTS!** Please, I'm just here with the **Lady Kasadya**, and loving it.

I get that you can be anyone, but that feels... even more unreal.

A couple horns, a minor head trauma or two, maybe more boob hugs, and talking to the immortal behind the "meat display." That is what I want.

shoo

*What does he think he's doing?  
Some kind of tragically misdirected chivalry?*

Oh, Eytan, that's sweet. But don't be daft.

I can see that you want more than that, muffn!

And if you think yourself a gentleman: You are withholding my own desires.

If that wasn't clear.

Yes, well. I've got layers of desire, this one just stands out.

ooop

Very well, onion boy. You want me like this? Fine. I play no longer.

Come take me.

No.  
Please.



What. The fuck.

Are you fucking with me again, urokraike? Troublemaker?

Not remotely.

You're the most incredible being I have ever met. Boner or not, I can't reduce this experience to just ...nuttin'!

*Rejecting an offer of sex is a great way to make any girl feel like absolute shit, however noble the rationale. Even (or especially) this girl.*



**REDUCE??** How dare... \*sigh\*. I **ELEVATE** it! I am **LUST!!** I can do **ANYTHING**, Eytan, **BE ANYONE!**

But only for one purpose! Understand?!

Come on! Don't you have an ex you pine for?




And I'm not actually sure who that is.

Oh, I know! Want to mate a celebrity?!

D-damn! Come on, Lady K, please. I want the real you.

*Frantic, she sees her night going down in flames. So much for "no drama."*



Sweetling.  
That's... not  
a thing.

FUCK.

Silly fool.  
You had better  
not think  
you're in love  
with me.

I am the  
embodiment of  
physical desire,  
is it so hard to  
grasp?


I love to talk, too.  
But I brought you here to  
fuck, boy!  
The more pleasure we  
have, the more I exist.

She's known  
all the types.

And why deny? Your  
animal soul has been  
panting for a whiff of  
me ever since you first  
discovered your dick.

Meanwhile,  
whatever your "layers"  
yearn for? That isn't me,  
any more than it's a  
poster of Audrey Hepburn.

Find that thing, for real,  
somewhere else.



Not at all,  
Lady K.

I want love,  
sure.  
But that's not  
why I said no.

I've been around.  
I'm not a kid who  
latches onto every  
warm and fuzzy  
feeling.

If he's not a beta simp, then what's going on?

He, too, attempts to categorize the unfamiliar.

Thing is, I've known humans like you. All about the dick.

I've had feelings, and got burned after rushing the... physical aspect.

But you are something else. Obviously.

If hanging back gives me one more minute with you, I'll take every moment I can.

I've felt like old gum, chewed up and spat out, one too many times.

Let me stick to you for just a little while, please, as real as you can be. Before I wake up with messed sheets and a feeling like I'm forgetting something amazing.

Oh, Eytan, sweetling.

You're not old gum to me just because I want you to ravish me!

I was having a great time with you, baboga! You idiot!

You take the time to make me smile. That doesn't happen every day. But - too much time.

Listen to me:



*You, sir, are  
a lovely night out to me.*

*A gourmet meal.*

*Not literally, right?!*

***NO! Haha!***

*All mortal things  
must end in time,  
and you must  
recognize my  
nature.*

*Lust.  
Eternal.*


*And this...  
is **OUR**  
moment.*



*She can't love. He sees that. She lives in different time.*

*But he wonders: Is she incapable by nature?  
Or simply from walls she's been building... for eons?*

*Either way, can this foolish mortal reach her?*




Okay. I'll stop wasting it.  
But one question:

You could **take** what you **want**  
from me at **any moment**...  
but you **haven't**. Why?

That would be too easy!  
**BORING**, haha! Oh, and  
**against my very being**.


I'm no angel, Eytan, but  
I'm not **that kind of**  
demon!

Lust has to be  
**shared to taste**  
**good**.



I got lucky with my  
demon overlord  
then, I guess! Haha.

If he's fishing for a sappy answer... this one was practical.



Alright, Kasadya.  
Mistress of Lust,  
I'll sleep with you.

But **not** like this.  
You said I get to  
choose.


Mmmmm!

Whatever  
you want,  
poppet.

OK, I've  
decided.  
I want you  
to be...

...your most  
comfortable.






YOU...!

You're  
**FUCKING  
PLAYING**  
with me!

*Requesting her most hideous form?  
Is this fool mocking her only shared secret?!*



Nope! "I judge thee not!"  
No fear, no revulsion.

Only the  
realdest Kasadya you can  
muster.

Also, I crave passion.  
Can I kiss you?  
If you want nothing but  
animal lust, find that  
somewhere else, heh.

Wha...

*He's not mocking. Anger extinguished - rendered speechless.*

*This is inconceivable.*



FINE.

Damn  
you.



shooooop

Damn  
you.







**DAMN** you to  
**HELL**, mortal!

Thank you, m'Lady.  
I'm happy to  
be here.

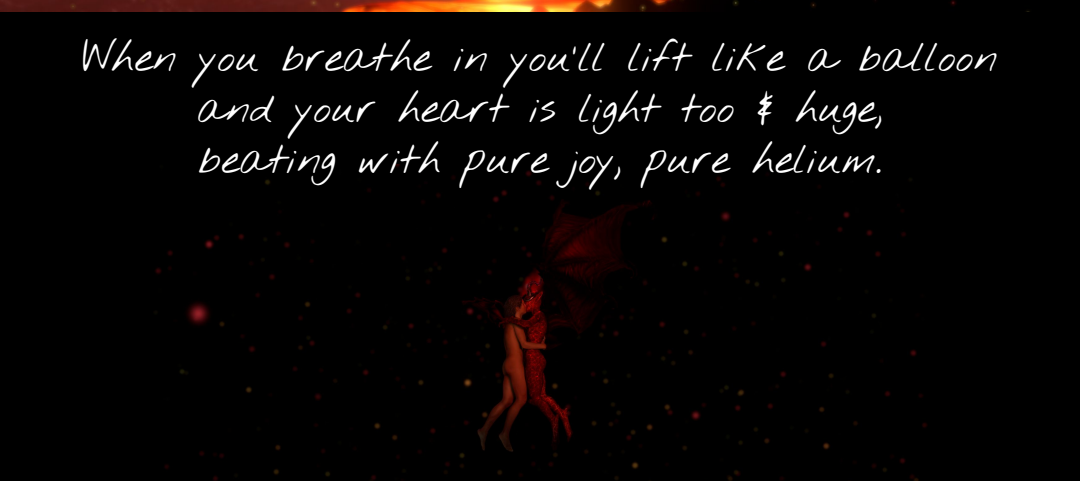




*"Your lungs fill & spread themselves,  
wings of pink blood, and your bones  
empty themselves and become hollow.*



*When you breathe in you'll lift like a balloon  
and your heart is light too & huge,  
beating with pure joy, pure helium.*



*The sun's white winds blow through you,  
there's nothing above you,  
you see the earth now as an oval jewel,  
radiant & seablue with love.*

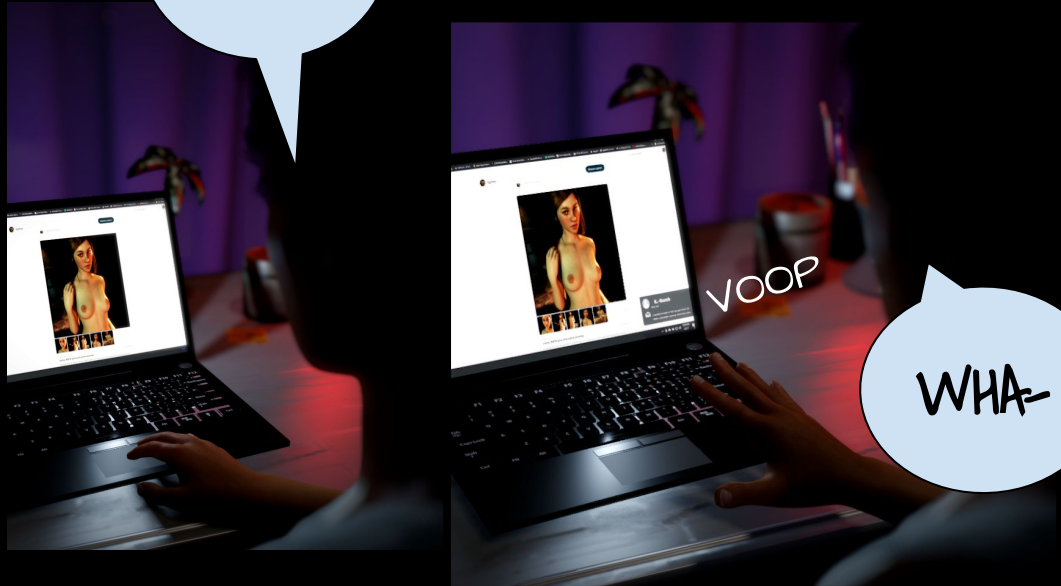
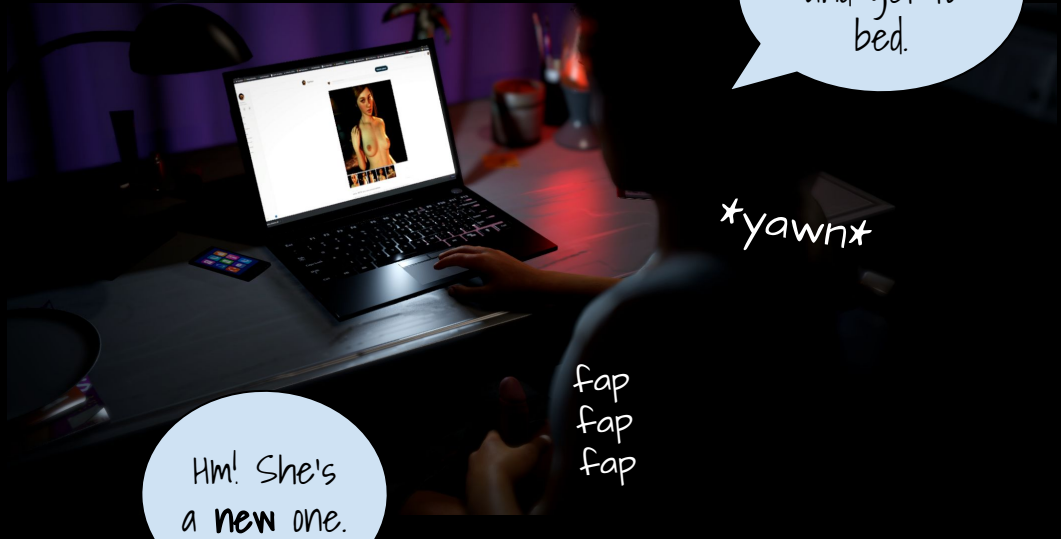
*"It's only in dreams you can do this.*

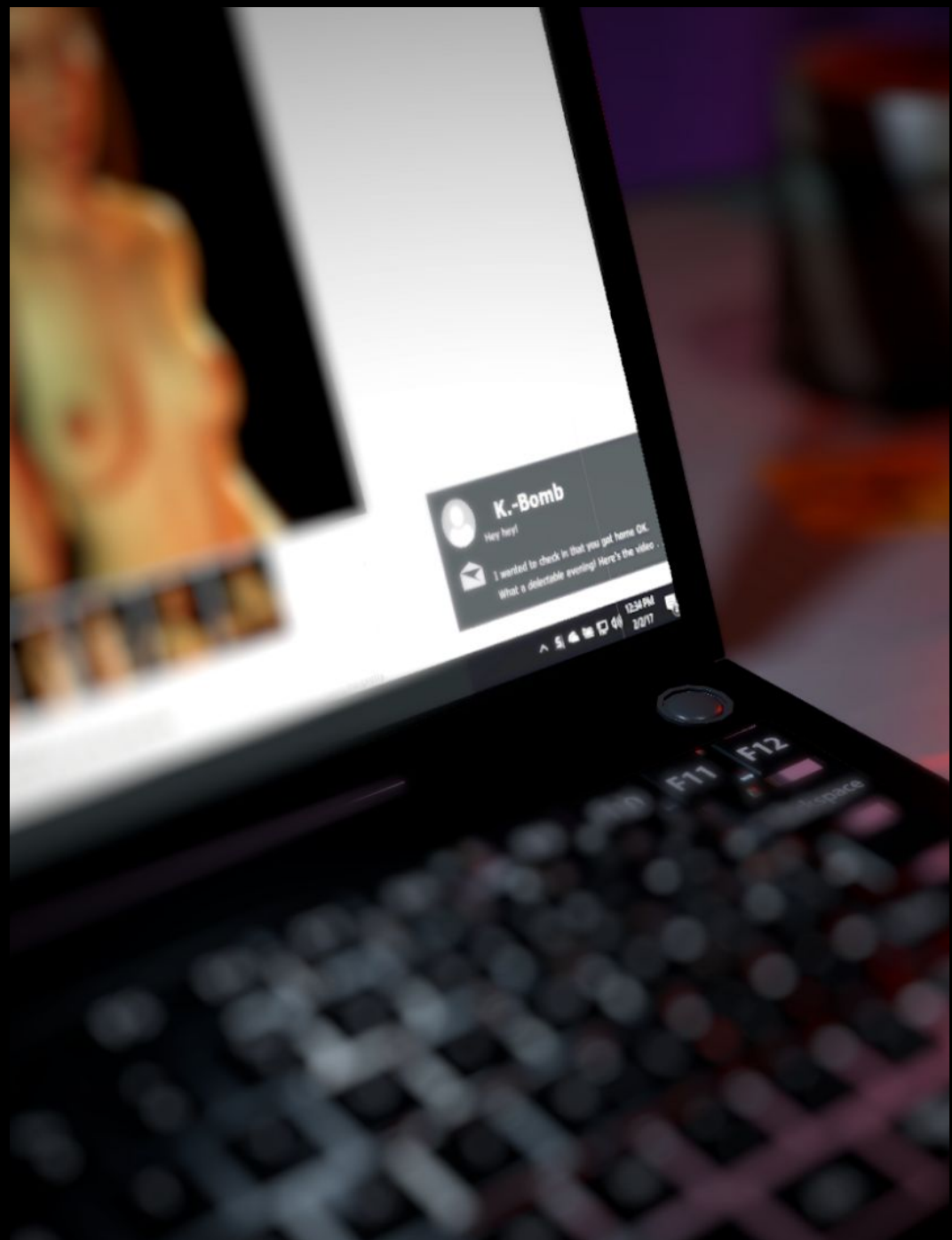
*Waking, your heart is a shaken fist,  
a fine dust clogs the air you breathe in;*

*the sun's a hot copper weight pressing straight  
down on the thick pink rind of your skull.*

It's always the moment just before gunshot.  
You try & try to rise but you cannot."

*Flying Inside Your Own Body*  
by Margaret Atwood





*To be continued...*

## Credits

A very special thanks to:

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