



Succulent Succubus

A Strange Sort of Follow-up to [Trick or Treat](#)

Princess was the name Joey had given his puppy girl. Though he treated her like one, she rarely behaved like one. She was an ornery little thing who at her worst acted like she'd received no obedience training at all! After so many little incidents since he'd adopted her, Joey thought there was nothing she could do that would surprise him.

He was wrong.

Sitting in his recliner in front of the TV, he saw his Princess in the doorway, but she didn't look like her normal self in the least. Gone were her white, plushy paw mittens and booties, the adorable, fuzzy doggy ears pinned to the top of her head, and her collar. No longer confined to all fours, she stood in a seductive pose dressed like something from his nightmares and his fantasies. Her ample curves were barely held back by the skimpy dark blue outfit. With a long, black twitching barbed tail, a pair of little, black wings, and curled goat horns rising from her raven colored hair, Joey knew she hadn't just somehow gotten out of her pet gear, she'd somehow transformed into something...else.

Things like that didn't happen, he told himself. Yet, Joey could not deny her strange new appendages or the literal fire in her mischievous eyes.

Seeing that she had his full attention, Princess brought her finger to her lips and licked it with her burning eyes locked on his. She touched her bare thigh with it and made an exaggerated sizzling sound.

"Oh, Joey! Looks like I'm red hot!" She said as she slipped sensually towards him. "You're going to do something about it, you big stud!"

Joey was paralyzed in his chair. He was hypnotized by the sway of her hips, the intensity in her gaze, and by the simple fact that he'd never heard her actually speak before. He could mount no defense as she straddled him. Her heat through her flimsy costume made him gasp and he felt himself growing stiff, even as the rest of him remained motionless.

She touched his chin. "What's the matter? Puppy got your tongue?" She laughed and pressed her lips to his.

In the back of his mind, Joey knew he should have scolded Princess. He should have pushed her off of him and called her a “bad dog” for trying to be in charge, for leaving her bed, and for being out of her puppy gear, but he was entranced by her. When he could finally bring himself to move all he could do was kiss her back and take her into his arms as she ground herself against him, increasing his desire with each passing moment.

Panting in rhythm with her, Joey could feel her nimble fingers on his belt, then the buttons on his pants, and then the zipper. Each click of the zipper was like its mini eternity. He lay back and prepared to just let it happen, but then gave a start when something closed in around his throat.

Princess’ new devil’s tail had encircled his neck and she was applying just enough pressure to get his attention, but not to choke him.

“Look who’s wearing the leash now!” She grinned and began to squeeze a little harder.

Joey gasped and tried to break the grip of her tail, but the little succubus had found her victim.

Joey hadn’t remembered falling asleep, but he must have been asleep, because besides the complete absurdity of Princess turning into a demon, he was alone again on his easy chair. His video game controller was still in hand, and *Darkstalkers* was back on the title screen. His other hand rested on top of the pants tent he was pitching.

Joey scowled and stood up. Pointing the whole way, he somewhat awkwardly walked across the room to Princess’ plush, fuzzy pink doggy bed where she lay sleeping. She looked so peaceful and harmless curled up in a little ball, properly secured in her familiar, soft, yet unyielding, puppy gear.

Princess gave a confused whine when Joey grabbed her hips and pulled her up onto all fours. Without a word he yanked away the c-string that covered her pussy and rubbed her roughly to check her state. Princess yelped in surprise at the sudden sensation, but despite her protests, Joey found her just as wet and sloppy as he expected. Between the chemicals that laced her dog food and the constant stimulation she received, his Princess was more often than not ready for a mating.

He was just as ready and replaced his fingers with his cock at her entrance. Princess’ confusion was replaced with eagerness, which did not surprise him in the least. They moaned together as Joey entered her. His hands held her hips and guided her back into him as he thrust

forward. Soon they found their rhythm and they were both lost in passion. Time stood still, and the only thing that existed was the wonderful, intangible sensation.

Princess, unable to scream like a woman for fear that she would set off her shock collar for making a “human noise,” barked and whined as Joey grunted and groaned. Finally, Joey thrust into her depths and felt himself release. Princess raised her head and howled as she was filled with him.

They panted and sweated together for a few moments. Then Joey stood up.

“That’ll teach you who wears the leash in this house!” He said before returning to his easy chair and resuming his game.

With her plump behind still raised and Joey’s seed starting to leak out of her, Princess furrowed her brow and wondered just what the hell he was talking about!