

At Lorem Ipsum University, there were a few generally-accepted truths about fraternities.

The first, of course, was that a guy was *going* to end up in a frat by the end of his college education. It was just a fact of life, really. Even if he didn't join his first year, the relentless attrition of sorors' flirtations and allure of Panhellenic benefits meant that any given male undergrad would cast his lot in with one house *eventually*.

The second was that the absolute *safest* place to peruse one's options was the university-organized rush week festival at the beginning of the semester. Life off-campus was a bit harder to monitor, but there were *strict* rules about what could and couldn't be done on school grounds, especially regarding the coercion of young men into legally binding memberships.

The third... Well, the third was more like a warning. An unaffiliated undergrad should *never* go to a fraternity -- or its sister sorority -- unless he was absolutely *certain* he was going to join it.

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"I don't care *what* you say, that ovine was hitting on you." Jason shook his head as he scanned the school-provided map. "I think I heard one of the guys in my intro to mathematics class say that Zeta's been trying to beef up Sigma Nu's membership, but I didn't think they'd resort to outright *seduction*."

"Oh, c'mon, she was just being *nice*!" Travis elbowed Jason before taking a bite of his hot dog. "And so *what* if she was hitting on me? I got dressed up for a *reason*, y'know."

"Yeah," Jason smirked, casting Travis a sidelong glance. "I feel like you don't quite understand how much you're chumming the waters here, man. These girls are already desperate to get new guys into their frats, and--"

"Excuse me!" Travis gestured vaguely to the throngs of people around them. "There are *women* here, too! They're not *just* trying to recruit boys!"

"I'm sure that's why they're trying to make sure all the boys that come up to them are well-fed."

"Isn't it *amazing*," Travis said, beaming. "This is like a street carnival. I think the girls from Omega Lambda rented a literal food truck for this."

"Honestly, I'm just happy they don't make you stand around and listen to their entire spiel while you're eating. Dude, I'm starting to *drool*. I thought I wasn't hungry, but this is just--"

"Then get something!" Travis leaned over and narrowed his eyes at the map. "I think they got it listed on- Yeah!" He thrust one fingertip at the legend. "The ones with stars have food at them. And-" A quick slide over to one of the columns on the side. "The color is what kind of food it is. Oh, hold on a second..." Travis focused on the map for a moment before turning and beginning to walk. "Gamma Rho's got a burger bar." He looked over his shoulder and cocked his head. "C'mon, you said you were hungry!"

"Not *that* hungry!" Jason laughed, waving him away. "Go on, get a burger. Ten to one you end up joining Gamma Iota without me there to *protect you!*"

Travis, to his credit, fired off a pretty clever response to the accusation, but it was drowned out by the ambient chatter. Soon Jason was more or less all by himself, the crowd notwithstanding. He shuffled his way from the center of the thoroughfare to the fringes of the festival floor, if only to get a better look at the map.

So he'd been to Beta Rho, Omicron Nu, Alpha Kappa... The smirk lingering from his quip to Travis began to fade as Jason scanned the map for anything interesting. Honestly, rush week seemed to be more of a recruitment drive than a place for anyone to learn more about available fraternities to join. It all seemed so predatory. He sniffed and sighed. Didn't seem like anyone was actually there to *explain* anything. All the booths were designed to be as flashy as possible to get as much *attention* as possible so they could rope in as many *guys* as possible.

Someone coughed behind him, and it wasn't until they coughed again that Jason realized they were trying to get his attention. "Oh, uh-" He glanced over his shoulder.

"Hey! Thorry about that! I, uh. Aha." A young woman waved at him from behind the booth, her adorable face framed by bright red hair and largely dominated by a pair of glasses. Her wide, friendly smile showcased her braces a bit better than she probably intended it to, and her theoretically plain blouse *struggled* to contain her impractically large bust. "I didn't know if you were here to sign up for the presentation!"

"Presentation? I don't-" Jason managed to tear his attention away from her chest and looked up at the sign above the booth. His eyes went wide. "Uh-"

"I-It'th pronounthed-" She bit her tongue, wincing and bending just slightly at the waist before straightening up, all smiles once more. "It's pronounced 'Chi Chi Chi.' But yeah, it..." She seemed to wilt for a moment. "It doesn't exactly *look* too good otherwise, huh?"

"Oh, uh..." Jason laughed, turning to face her and the booth fully. "No, no, Greek letters are weird, I totally get it."

"Ah, that's fantastic that you understand!" The young woman beamed up at him, nearly a head shorter and all the more endearing for her enthusiasm. She clasped her hands together in front of her chest and bounced on her heels, silencing Jason quite effectively in the process. He only managed to snap out of it when she stopped to reach for a brochure. "Anyway, here's the- Oh!" She looked back at Jason and thrust out a hand. "Beg your pardon, I forgot to introduce myself! I'm Mary, President of Standards at Chi Chi Chi!"

"Pleasure's all mine, Mary. I'm Jason." He took her hand and shook it gently, careful not to send her chest bouncing. "So, ah. Chi Chi Chi." He looked back up at the stark "XXX" above the booth. "What're you guys all about?"

"Well, Chi Chi Chi is the succubus sorority! We've been an accredited house for over a full century, and we've been a member of the National Panhellenic Conference ever since its conception eighty-five years ago! Ask anyone, and they'll tell you the same:" Mary winked and formed a heart with her hands. "Chi Chi Chi puts the 'Hell' in 'Pan-Hell-enic!'"

The two of them stared at each other for a moment, and it was with a nervous laugh that Mary lowered her hands. "Ah, but I thuppothe that'th not too intereththing to a *guy*, conthidering you wouldn't be joining the thorority. Uh-"

"Oh, no, I wasn't-" Jason raised a hand. "No, no, it's always cool to hear about the history of sororities and fraternities! I guess I was more just wondering, like." He looked around. "You're the only one here. And apparently this is kind of a big sorority? Or, like, an *important* one."

"Oh! Excellent point, Jason!" Mary winked and wagged a fingertip in the air. "Y'see, that's due to a bylaw that got passed by the Lorem Ipsum Intracollegiate Council around ten or so years back. Given we're all succubi in the sorority, they decided it would be induce an unfair bias in our favor if we were to have multiple members present at any public events held for the express purpose to recruit new members to our fraternity." She shrugged and shook her head with a sigh, the heft of her chest immediately showcasing the potential threat the Intracollegiate Council had wisely sought to rein in. "Of course, we more recruit for our associated service organization during rush week, but they phrased it like that so it applied to *everyone*, even if it was just about us."

"Ah, and, uh. They chose you because...?"

"...Because I volunteered!" Mary's smile was radiant, her enthusiasm, overwhelming. She thrust a card in Jason's direction with such vigor that he took a step back, startled. "Anyway, I'm guessing you're here for information on the Sons of Saint Jezebel! Unfortunately, there's not a lot of information I can give you on that right now, but the presentation for *that* is gonna happen at the Chi Chi Chi house later tonight! Here's the sign-up card!"

"I-" Jason took the card, on the back foot more than he cared to admit. He looked it over. Mainly a series of blanks he was expected to fill in along with a menu at the bottom. "Sons of-"

"The Sons of Saint Jezebel!" Mary repeated happily. "It's the service organization for Chi Chi Chi. Kind of like a fraternity, but it's a bit more formal and legally involved than a typical one. Don't worry, everything's gonna be explained later tonight! Do you have a pen?" She leaned over the booth. Mary clicked a pen and offered it with one hand, pointing to the card with another. "So your name goes here, your date of birth and on-campus housing address go here, and down here-" She tapped the menu. "-is where you choose the meal you want tonight!"

"Meal? I don't-" Lobster, steak frites, orecchiette with veal. *What?* Was this *real?*

"Yeah! We have an in-house chef. Sorry if this is a little chintzy, but we figured it would be easier to just keep it limited to a few basic options since we're expecting a pretty sizable turnout tonight. Anyway, you just write down your name here-"

Jason blinked down at the card, more than a little overwhelmed by the constant reassurance and assistance from his succubatic guide. He filled in the fields on autopilot, but around halfway through, he shook his head and raised a hand. "OK. OK, hold on! How much is this going to be? I can't-" He looked back down at the menu and shook his head once more. "I can't exactly afford to pay for a meal if the options are *this* expensive."

"Pay?" Mary repeated innocently. "No, no, this is free! Why would you have to *pay* for this?"

"The meal is going to be *free?*"

"Mhm! And while we can't give you the gift basket *right now*, if you just wanna turn the card over here, you can write down your waist, neck, shoulder, inseam, and sleeve sizes. The suit should be ready by tonight!"

Suit? Free meal- Jason's head was spinning. "This is-"

"Free! Jason, we're not gonna *charge* you for attending a meeting we're holding! Look, right here!" She tapped the very bottom of the card, where fine print stated plainly that- "-the attendance of the aforementioned private event or acceptance of any and all additional bonuses does not enjoin or compel the attendant to join any groups or organizations that are planned to be presented during the aforementioned event, nor any groups or organizations that were not explicitly mentioned as being represented, nor any groups or organizations that should be presented spontaneously. The *most* that your signature here means is that you've got to actually show up to get something. You're free to just zip in and zip out if you want! No strings attached to *anything* you're gonna get tonight."

She kept- She kept talking like he was *definitely* going to attend. Jason didn't entirely like the language she was using, but Mary was so *cute* and *friendly*, and if he got a free meal and a free suit out of this little sales pitch, then...what was the harm?

Jason wrote down his sizes on the back of the card, signed on the dotted line, and...smiled as he handed it back! "Well, I have to say." He glanced over his shoulder at the dull roar of the rush week festival. "This is probably the best booth I've been to all day. Just *one* problem."

Mary's face blanched, and she leaned in, suddenly serious. "Ah? Yeth, ith thomething wrong? I didn't mean to-"

"Steak frites is all well and good, but you *really* ought to have something here right now for me to snack on." Jason winked and smiled toothily. "A guy gets hungry walking around, and it'd be a shame if Chi Chi Chi lost out on a potential pledge because I visited Omega Lambda's mobile taquería."

Pale gave way to bright red, and soon Mary's nervousness was replaced by wide-eyed giggling. Her cheeks dimpled adorably, and she rested one hand on her chest. "Oh, my *gosh!*" She squeaked, shaking her head. "I thought I did thomething wrong! Ahem." She took a deep breath and affected the stern glare of a slighted woman. "Jason, it's not nice to tease a young woman like that!"

"I know, I know. I promise I'll be on better behavior tonight, OK? Cross my heart." He clasped his hands together, only slightly disingenuous, and winked once more. "I don't want you to think I'm some kinda *bad boy* who's only going for the free food."

"Well-" Mary giggled, winking back. "Nuh-Nothing wrong with a bad boy if he's not *all* bad. But, ah-" She laughed a bit harder, face flushing hotter. "Uh.

Never mind, forget I said anything! Eeh! Uhm." She waved him off, one hand pressed to her cheek. "I-I'll see you tonight! Gosh, I'm not gonna be able to concentrate until then! Thankth a lot, Jathon!"

He just waved and walked back into the crowd, smiling as he idly scanned the map. Mm. Well, that had been a nice little chat. Jason found himself wandering towards one of the more neutral areas in the commons, sitting down at a table and leaning his elbows on its surface.

What a polite young lady. A real sweetheart. Jason giggled to himself as he traced his fingertip on the map's surface, more making loop-de-loops than looking for anything specific. So much more subdued and respectful than the other sorors at the booths. Bonuses notwithstanding, Mary had done an *excellent* job of showcasing why Chi Chi Chi was an excellent sorority, and Jason-

Jason had totally zoned out. It took a slap on the back from Travis to rouse him from his daydreaming, and Jason straightened up with a start. "Wuh-! Hey, don't fucking do that!" He whipped about to face his cackling friend. "Just fucking- Tap me on the shoulder or something next time!"

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, you were just-" Travis shook his head, trying to calm his laughter. "You were *totally* out of it. Did someone zap you or something? You looked charmed out of your *mind!*"

"Oh, ah-" Jason shook his head. "No, I was just thinking about this sorority, I guess. Uh." He considered asking about Chi Chi Chi, but...Jason thought about her cherubic smile, her adorable little dimples. He didn't want the thought of Mary's sorority being tarnished by some stupid rumor Travis half-heard.

So he didn't bring it up.

"Yeah. That's all."

Travis' grin faded, replaced by unamused neutrality. "Jason." Travis sat down at the table beside him. "You *really* suck at lying. Whatever, it's your business! OK." He set a plastic bag full of brochures and pamphlets down on the table. "I think I'm just about done here. Me and James are going to go get dinner with his girlfriend and some people from Zeta and Sigma Nu. You wanna come with?"

"Oho! Ohoho! Cast your lot in with them already, have you?" Jason smirked, arms crossed.

"Shut *up*," Travis laughed. "Literally just hanging out with my friend and some of *his* friends. Are you coming or not?"

"Ah, no. Can't." Jason's cheeks tinged pink, and he tucked the map into his pocket. "Going to grab something on my own. Meeting a friend for dinner."

Travis quirked a brow. "...Anyone I know?"

"Nah, probably not."

His lips curled into a grin. "Is this a *date*? Did some soror *reel you in*?"

"No!" Jason waved a hand in the air. "No, it's not a *date*. And she's not a *soror*. She's just, uh. She's just a girl I met. Here."

Travis' smirk only grew. "Mm *hm*. Well!" He rose from his seat and plucked his bag from the table. "It's your business. Have fun! Stay safe. Make sure it's in a public place unless you're *sure* you wanna go all the way."

"Shut *up*!"

"Just giving good advice! Anyway, text me if anything goes sideways. Honest." Travis gave Jason a pat on the shoulder and stepped away, phone to his ear in seconds. "Hey! No, he's out. Got a *date* apparently."

Jason considered turning to correct Travis once more, but...then he started humming to himself. And smiling. And maybe kinda giggling. So *what* if it was kind of sort of a date? So *what* if Mary pretty obviously liked him? And...so *what* if he kind of sort of liked Mary? Nothing wrong with that. Nothing at all.

Lost in daydreams of fancy suits and an adorably gorgeous succubus, Jason wasted a bit of time on his own. Finally, he made his way back to his dorm, showered, and spent an inordinate amount of time fretting over his outfit for that night.

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Eventually, though, he settled on a simple, white button-down with black slacks and polished, black loafers. Still, as he lingered by the entrance to Chi Chi Chi House, he felt woefully underdressed, slovenly to the point where he wondered if he could just duck out and save himself -- and Mary -- the embarrassment.

As it turned out, Chi Chi Chi House was off-campus for a reason: there was *no way* this *palatial estate* would fit into the already-cramped Greek Row at Lorem Ipsum. It looked more like a mansion than anything else, a stately manor that repelled all but those who knew for *certain* that they were on the metaphorical list.

Hell, Jason *was* on the list, and he *still* felt out of place! He was moments from

letting his cowardice getting the better of him before a familiar face peeked from behind the front gates.

"Jason!" Mary perked up, standing from her post in the Chi House's courtyard and waving at him excitedly. Her enthusiasm hadn't waned in the slightest, and even if she'd swapped her plain, white blouse for a professional, black turtleneck, Mary didn't look a speck less adorable for it. "Here, let's get you signed in! Ooh, I'm so glad you came!"

Jason waved back, giggling in turn as he finally crossed the threshold. "Aha! Gosh, I hope I don't disappoint. I feel pretty underdressed already." He scratched the back of his head and blushed. "Hopefully I get that suit sooner rather than later! Aha." He joked, shrugging as he stepped up to the sign-in table.

"Oh!" Mary bounced on her heels, sending a tranquilizing wobble through her chest before she turned and bent at the waist to fuss around for something behind the table. "Gimme just one second! Sorry, just gotta-"

"No, no, take your time," Jason murmured, eyes drawn helplessly to the wiggle of her deliciously wide hips. God, Mary was adorable. Probably didn't even realize how gorgeous she was. And did the air smell...floral here?

"Ta-da!" Mary finally snapped back to her previously perfect posture, whipping about to show off an impeccable new sports jacket! "Fresh from the tailor! You wanna put it on? Here, put it on!"

"Oh-" Jason blinked at the coat, caught off-guard once more before turning around and holding his arms out and back. "I...I didn't think you'd actually have it ready, but-"

"Course we do, silly!" Mary helped ease the suit onto him, brushing his shoulders once it was on. "Chi Chi Chi takes stuff like this seriously! And, ah..." Jason turned to face Mary once more, nearly swooning as he saw the adorable flush on her face. Mary glanced to the side, seeming to stew in her own embarrassed delight. "I may have pushed yourt to the front of the line. Th-They all got made, tho it'th fine!" She shook her head and waved her hands in front of her. "B-But I wath curiouth to thee how you'd look in one, and-"

Jason's cheeks turned hotter, and a wicked idea came to mind. He smirked. "Well, Mary." With a wink and a shift of his hips, he affected the confident posture of a model. "*Like what you see?*"

Mary's eyes went saucer-wide, and her face positively *glowed* with heat. "I-" She stammered, helpless and squirming in the face of Jason's undivided

attention. "I-I mean, yeah, you look really good in it, and- I think- You're a very handsome-"

"*Handsome?*" Jason repeated, reaching to cup Mary's cheek. "Mary, you know *just* what to say to a boy like me feel special."

Mary promptly short-circuited, staring rapt up into Jason's eyes, chest heaving with every shallow breath she took. "I... I..." She swooned, and with a truly impressive show of will, pulled away from Jason and fussed with the clipboard on the table. "I...I really need to get you checked in, tho let'th get- L-Let'th get you thigned in tho we can head inthide!"

Jason smirked, his cheeks just as hot as Mary's looked. He wasn't usually this *daring*, but something about Mary's reactions just... *Mmf!* Made him want to *torment* her. Adorable. *Irresistible*. "Whatever you say, babe." Jason purred, leaning in and taking the pen from her shivering hand.

Jason signed his name on the appropriate line, and Mary handed him a black rosebud. "H-Here," she stammered, not quite able to meet his gaze. "You're thuppothed to pin thith to your suit." She held up her other wrist, showing off a corsage decorated with a blooming, black rose. "It showth that we're... Th- That we're..."

She was too much. Too soft and vulnerable. Oh, tonight was going to be *fun*, if only because Mary was such a *delight* to tease. Jason leaned in and let his lips brush against the shell of her ear. He could feel the heat radiating from her face, and he knew she could feel the heat of his breath against her skin.

"...That we're *together?*" He offered.

Mary nodded with a whimper.

"Then lemme get this boutonnière on," Jason said simply, straightening up and affixing it to his lapel. "Can't have any of the other girls wondering if I'm here on my own."

Mary perked up at that, bouncing with delight, and this time it was Jason's turn to blush in stunned silence at the sight of her chest wobbling. "You know it'th called a boutonnière! I didn't wanna call it that because I didn't think you knew, but- Oh, not becauthe you're, like, *thtupid* or anything, but-" She shook her head, her mouth pursed into a squiggle...before she began to suddenly giggle and bat her eyelashes up Jason. "Ahem. Intelligent *and* handsome. You're quite the *catch*, Jason."

"Why, *thank* you, Mary." Jason smirked with a slight bow. When he straightened up, his crooked grin turned wider and a bit more genuine, too. "All right, I'll tone it down now. I don't want your sisters to think that you're

slacking off by *flirting* with me. And I don't want to distract you from what will undoubtedly be an *excellent* presentation on the benefits of membership."

He turned towards the house's main entrance, but not before he caught a glimpse of the havoc he'd wreaked on Mary's concentration. Just as he'd expected, she was nearly catatonic, a dazed murmur indicating that his words had the *exact* effect he'd meant them to:

"We were *flirting*?"

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The air outside was tinted with the scent of flowers, but the air *inside* Chi Chi Chi House was positively *perfumed*. It didn't seem to be anything real or chemical, though. Otherwise Jason would've been sneezing up a fit. As it stood, he was mainly just giggly and talkative, a bit more affectionate than usual as he walked through the building with Mary.

"Mary, I have to say," Jason began, patting her on the shoulder. "This is the *warmest* welcome I've ever received." Jason had found out another adorable quirk about Mary, though it admittedly wasn't wholly unique to her. She *loved* having her ego stoked. What made it even *cuter* is that she seemed to thrive on such wholesome compliments. "You're *polite*, you're *accommodating*, you're so *clearly* enthusiastic about the sorority-"

Mary had dissolved into giggling, her girlish pride evident in her puffed-up posture and the smirk on her lips. "Oh, c'mon! I'm just doing what any of my fellow sorors should do!"

"Oh, yeah?" Jason took a deep breath, smiled wider, and cozied up beside her. "What's *that* hall lead to, then?"

"Oh!" Mary's eyes went wide, and she beamed up at Jason. "Funny you should mention that, Jason! That's actually the way to the in-house spa and public baths! Well-" She shrugged one shoulder and looked ahead once more, continuing past the hall. "Private public baths. Both of which are freely available to any Sons of Saint Jezebel! And part of the gift basket you're going to get is a special bath set you can use in them! We have this house-made soap that we sell at Spirit Week that's-"

"Are there separate baths?"

Mary blinked, then looked back up at Jason. "Separate...baths?"

"Y'know!" He wasn't normally this daring, but the air felt so warm, suffused with *delicious* heat. "One for girls. One for *boys*."

Mary's cheeks went red once again, and even if she was facing Jason, she couldn't quite look him in the eyes. "Oh, uh-" She stammered, petrified. "No, they're, uh. There'th only one bath, but-" She seemed to focus once more, standing up straighter. "But there'th a thign you can hang up if you're-"

"Can you show me how to *use* it, Mary?" Jason purred, cutting her off smoothly. "I mean. It's gonna be my *first time*."

Mary seemed to shut down once more, swaying from side to side as she walked forward. It was more her body going on autopilot as her brain recovered from an overload of mental images, but it brought the two of them to the foot of a staircase. Lucky for her, Jason was right by her side the entire time, giggling and making sure she didn't topple over from lack of kinesthetic awareness.

As soon as they reached the staircase, though, Mary seemed to snap out of her reverie, and with *gusto*, at that. "Wait! Wait, wait, wait!" Mary stepped in front of Jason, planting her palms on his chest and pushing him back before pulling away and stammering, red-faced. "Ah! Thorry, I didn't mean to touch you, but- It'th jutht that-!" She waved her hands in front of herself helplessly, torn between apologetic embarrassment and some frantic sense of duty. "I-I-I want to give you a fair warning! Becauthe typically the aforementioned prethentation on the Thonth of Thaint Jethebel taketh plathe in a thoror'th bedroom, and if-"

Mary shook her head, steam practically pouring from her ears as she continued. "I don't want you to think that thith conthituteth any thort of illithit conduct, ethpecially if it really would be your, uh-" She gulped, apparently and quite admirably stifling her succubatic instincts. "I-If it really *would* be your..." Mary started to...drool at the thought. "Your *first time*."

Jason just watched her with a smile the entire time. Well, sure, his heart was pounding in his chest. He was probably *just* as excited as Mary was. But he was able to hide it a lot better than she could, assuming one could say she was hiding it at all. He'd never felt so *desired* before, and even if Mary was doing her best to hide it, there was a raw, primal *hunger* that practically *radiated* from her body. Her knees shivered, her teeth dug into her lower lip as she gnawed on it nervously.

It was a strange sort of sensation, knowing that she was undeniably the predator and he was *undeniably* the prey. She was letting him know that he would be walking right into the lioness' den if he walked up those stairs. That she'd been able to control herself thus far, but she wasn't sure if that self-restraint would persist if he continued any further.

She was giving him a very clear warning: This was his *last chance* to back out.

Jason smiled and took Mary's hand, pulling her up the stairs. "So we're going to be eating in your room?"

Mary stumbled up behind him, her nervousness bleeding from her form as she surrendered to stupid, lurid *lust*. "Uh, I mean- I am, but-" She mumbled, eyes locked onto Jason's hips as he ascended in front of her. Then her gaze snapped to his face in sudden realization. "Oh! Your meal! Yeah, that'th gonna be delivered to my room! Thorry, I thought you meant-" She dissolved to giggling once more.

The two proceeded up the stairs in giddy silence for half its height before Mary squeaked once more. "Y-You want thi-"

"Well, I'm not sure if I want to join up *yet*, Mary," Jason teased, tugging her up to walk side by side with him. "First I want to go to your room and be *alone* with you while we discuss things *further*. In fact, let's get some of that out of the way now, mm?" The two of them finally reached the second floor. Jason took one of Mary's hands and settled it on his hip, *under* the waist of his pants, and held it there, as if she'd pull away otherwise. "What do the Sons of Saint Jezebel do exactly?"

"Uh- I- They-" Mary mumbled, eyes locked helplessly on the front of Jason's pants as they made their way down the hall. "They're a thervithe organithation, they-" She gulped. "Th-They- They get paired up with a member of Chi Chi Chi and-" She was *panting* now, babbling through the desperate desire that sent her chest heaving, her cheeks blushing, her pupils dilating. "Don't be mad, but we kinda thorta- *Ugh!* We kinda...*sssorta* zap them and- Buh-Basically turn them into infatuated thl- *ssslaves!*"

Jason feigned indignant shock, but not so well that Mary might backpedal into apologetic temerity. "Mary! Goodness, you think I'm just going to be your little *love-slave* just like that?" He abruptly pushed her against one of the walls, hands on either side of her to keep her pinned in place. "You think you can just cast a charm spell on me without my permission? Get me hooked on those *naughty* curves of yours and keep me as a *trophy boyfriend?*"

"W-We're-" She stammered, eyes darting to the side. "We're right by my room, we can just-"

"I don't *care*, Mary!" Jason growled, taking her by the hips and pressing his mouth to hers forcefully. She *mewled* into the kiss, only to gasp when he pulled away once more. "I'm a *man!* I have *rights*, and I'm not going to let *anyone* take them away!" He kissed the nape of her neck, relishing in Mary's

shuddering moan. "If I want you to pin me down and *fuck me stupid*, it's going to be on *my terms!*"

"Please-" Mary whined, her hands on Jason's hips as she ground up against him. Her tits mashed against his belly, the difference in heights nearly enough that she could give him a standing titfuck. At the moment, though, Mary was more just rubbing her breasts against him in some desperate attempt at seduction. "Please just lemme fuck you! I'll do anything! I just-"

"This was all one big *bribe*, wasn't it!" Jason snarled, giving Mary's flank a smack and sending her flinching with delight. "The suit, the meal, the *gift basket!* You think you can *buy* me?!" He kissed her neck again, nibbling on the tender flesh.

"My room is-" Mary begged, groping, grabbing, *clawing* at Jason's body. "It's so *close*, can we *please* just go inside, and-"

"*Fine*," Jason hissed, stepping away brusquely. He crossed his arms and rebuffed her needy attempts to grab at him. "But it's *only* because I don't want any of these *other* girls seeing me. I'm *not* easy, and I'm *not* a *slut*." He glared at Mary as she fumbled with her key ring, frantically trying to unlock one of the bedroom doors. "If I'm going to *strip naked*, it's going to be for *your eyes only*, and it's *only* because *I* decided I want to fuck you."

"Yes! I'm sorry! God, you're so-" Mary swooned against the doorframe before she finally found the right key. "You're so- *Hot!*
Can I use a charm spell on you please!
Consent is important but I really want to charm you!" She slumped against the wall, biting her lower lip, *pleading* with her eyes as her knees shivered.

Jason narrowed his eyes at her.

Mary whimpered.

He tapped his chin and glanced to the ceiling.

"*Jason, please!*"

He rolled his eyes. Hummed. And finally...nodded. "Yeah, I give you permission to use a charm spell on me."

Mary's eyes rolled back, and her jaw dropped. She nearly buckled to the ground then and there, but the shortstacked succubus straightened up and pointed at Jason instead. Her eyes flashed pink, and her words echoed with an irresistible allure that crashed over Jason like a tidal wave of warm, thick honey. "*You. My room. Now.*"

Jason slumped to the ground, overwhelmed by sudden, burning need. He couldn't see it, but his pupils had widened to nearly eclipse his irises as he stared up at Mary. He crawled forward, so desperately, *immediately* aroused that it was easier and felt so much better to just crawl towards her. Standing up would take too long, he had to get into her bedroom *now*.

He padded into her room, looking over his shoulder at her as she followed him inside, wiggling his hips in the hopes that she'd look at him. She did! She *did!* Jason mewled with delight, sitting back on his heels to pull off his shirt and tossing it aside. "God," he swooned, attempting to pull off his pants, "you're so fucking sexy, Mary."

She grinned wide, eyes flashing pink and driving what few thoughts he had from his mind with each pleasurable pulse. "What's-" She husked, "what's your favorite part of my body?"

Normally he might have attempted some vaguely poetic answer, something more flattering, something less shallow. Right now, Jason could only be honest. "Your tits," he blurted out, naked and erect. "I fucking-" He wrapped his hand around his shaft, sitting back on the ground in front of her. "I fucking love your big, bouncy *boobies*-"

"Yeah?" Mary seemed delighted by the answer, reaching up to cup her breasts, hefting them up and letting them drop back down. Jason didn't answer, but his head rose and fell with her tits, and soon the succubus saw fit to tug her sweater off. With her breasts *barely* contained in a lacy, white bra, Mary had Jason mesmerized twice-over, bouncing her boobs in front of her brainless boytoy. It seemed like she really enjoyed reducing the smooth, handsome flirt that had teased her all evening into a titty-obsessed animal. Soon she was jiggling and wobbling more and more, giggling as Jason grunted and groaned and jerked himself stupid.

"You wanna touch 'em, Jason?" Mary giggled as she stepped forward, a confident sway in her hips. "Wanna feel my big, bouncy *boobies*?"

He nodded. The most Jason could offer in terms of a vocal answer was an eager moan. "*Uh!*"

"You wanna *fuck me*, Jason?" Mary purred, stepping out of her pants with a knowing wiggle of her pert rear. "You wanna lay back and lemme *drain your balls dry*?"

He nodded again, desperate and needy. "*Uh! Uh!*"

She snapped her fingers, pointing imperiously to the bed. "Bed. Now."

He scrambled onto the mattress, barely going a moment before he began to hump it on pure instinct. It smelled like her! It was soft! It felt *good*, and-

"Down, boy!"

Jason's eyes crossed, and his eyelids drooped. Humping the bed felt good, but obeying Mary felt even *better*.

She snapped her fingers once more. "On your back."

Jason turned onto his back, staring dreamily at the ceiling. Fuck, obeying Mary felt *incredible*, and as he stared into her eyes once more, each pink pulse of her eyes only made that compulsion to mindlessly obey stronger.

Finally, Mary climbed on top of him, her panties tossed aside and her bra similarly shed. The most she was wearing now were her glasses, and even those slipped down her nose a bit as she planted her hands on Jason's chest and mounted him. "H-Here's how things are gonna go," she began, biting her lower lip and giggling. Jason just nodded, staring awestruck into her eyes. "Y-You're gonna join the Sons of Saint Jezebel -- i-if you want to -- a-and if you do--"

Mary shook her head and scrunched her nose for a second. "W-We can work out what you're *actually* gonna do when you snap out of it! I-I'm..." She sucked in a breath and leaned back, rolling her hips against Jason's as she rode his prick with a smirk. "I'm gonna *tell* you what you're gonna do, and you're going to *do it!* Understand, *boy?*"

Jason nodded, jaw dropped, cock stiffer than it'd ever been in his *life*. Her cunt was like a furnace, so *deliciously* hot that he-

He spurted up into her. Jason's eyelids fluttered, and he groaned with confusion at his sudden, seemingly premature ejaculation.

Mary just giggled, her cheeks going bright red at his orgasm. "A-Ah!" She gasped, bouncing even faster on his oversensitive prick. "You came so *fast!* You like *succubus pussy*, boy?" She grabbed his wrists and pinned them to the bed. "You wanna get your dick *milked* by this every night of your life, I bet! You're- You're only gonna get this *heavenly pussy* if you *sign yourself over to me!*"

Jason's head was spinning. The sex, her eyes, the *scent* that seemed to fill the room as Mary's body glistened with a sheen of sweat. It was all too much, but he still somehow wanted *more*.

"You're gonna be my boyfriend! Y-You're gonna be my *obedient* boyfriend, and we're gonna fuck *every night!* Your dick is gonna get so stiff whenever you see

me, and you're going to *beg* to fuck me! And-" She clenched around him, forcing another exquisite cumshot from Jason's cock. Mary's cunt tightened to *milk* his orgasm from him. "You're gonna tell me just how *good* I am *every time!*"

"Yer...sho *gooooood*," Jason slurred, his body long since having gone limp.

That seemed to push Mary over the edge. Her eyelids fluttered, and she bit her lower lip. "Tuh..." She whimpered. "T-Tell me I'm sexy!"

"So *sex-y*."

"T-Tell me you love me!"

"*Luff* you-"

"I'm-" She was gasping, cross-eyed and mewling with every bounce on his lap.

"I'm- I'm in charge! You- You're gonna obey me, and if you ever disobey me, I'm going to zap you with my charm spell, and-!" Mary full-on moaned, back arching as her cunt seemed to *radiate* heat, the kind of delicious, irresistible warmth that was designed to coax another orgasm from Jason's body. "And I'm going to do whatever I want to you, and you'll *let* me, because it feels so fucking *good!*"

Jason would've agreed, but he was too busy *cumming* up into her cunt, splurting a hot wad of spunk up into her hungry succubus pussy, delighting in the sensation of her devilish slit draining him of everything he had. He was addicted after one mind-melting fuck, utterly hooked on Mary's body.

Lucky for him, Mary seemed similarly exhausted. She slumped on top of him, panting for breath as Jason drifted to sleep. The two of them seemed tired in...different ways, but. Both of them felt good. Both of them reached up to hold the other.

And both of them fell asleep with a smile on their face.

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Mary was grinning from ear to ear as she carried the tray from the door to her bed. She tried to speak, but the most she could manage was giggling. She finally affected some semblance of normalcy as she set Jason's meal down in front of him. The white button-down she was wearing had been stretched to uselessness from the moment she put it on, but somehow neither of them cared.

"So." Jason took a fork in one hand and a knife in the other. "It's really just kind of a boyfriend program?"

"Mhm!" Mary nodded happily. "I mean, thome of the girlth are a lot leth, uh. Y'know. Romantic about it? But motht of the boyth that thign up jutht end up marrying the girlth they pair up with." She cupped her cheek and giggled. "Ah, I mean- Not that I'm nethetharily intereththted in that at the moment! Or even onthe I graduate! I'm jutht thaying-"

"Mary," Jason said sternly, a forkful of steak hovering in front of his mouth.

"Ah-" Mary looked to Jason, wide-eyed and nervous once more. "Yeah? I'm thorry, I didn't mean-"

"Are you saying," he interrupted, "that you're not going to make an honest man out of me?" Jason shook his head, sighing as Mary squealed with delight. "Guess it's true what they say about succubi."

Mary quirked an eyebrow at that.

"That they're the *best* sex you'll ever have, but good luck finding one that wants to settle down!" Jason shrugged, shifting his meal aside to pull Mary down onto the bed once more. "Here I thought I found the diamond in the rough."

"Jay-son!" Mary giggled.

"Guess there's nothing I can do but keep letting you *fuck* me until you get *addicted!*"

"Jay-son!"

Jason wrapped his arms around her and pulled the covers over the two of them, laughing along with Mary as she snuggled up against him. "Here, I'm sure a *succubus* like you doesn't know anything about something as *dirty* as this. Boys like to call this 'cuddling,' and I have a hunch you're going to get *hooked* on it."