

"Easy!" Brady laughed, leaning away from Stephanie as she giggled and hugged his arm. "Listen, I know you're excited, but you've got to *calm down!*" He shook his head and clicked his tongue. "We're not even at the bar, and you're, like, *drooling.*"

"Am not!" Stephanie wiped her mouth with her sleeve, all but vibrating with excitement. "I'm...practicing!"

"Practicing."

"*Practicing!* Like-" Stephanie furrowed her brow at her skeptical boyfriend, leveling a finger at him. "I will bet you good money that there's a guy in there with a werewolf girlfriend who gets *off* on her literally drooling over him." She winked, all smiles once more. "Part of being a doppelganger is the *authenticity* of my mimicry."

"Mhm." Brady rolled his eyes and just kept walking. "I thought it was all about the tits and ass."

"That's *shapeshifter* talk! Imagine dating a *shapeshifter*. Only being able to change while she's in the mirror. Only being able to change *shape!* Shiftlets!" Stephanie shrugged, grinning. "When will they learn."

"Well, they probably don't have to worry about turning off their boyfriends in the middle of sex." He shook his head. "Drool would be *such* a turn-off." He paused for a moment, drinking in the silence before he turned to Stephanie and smirked. "Oh? Done practicing your werewolf transformation?"

"*Imagine* being turned on by drool."

"Yeah, imagine that," Brady snickered, barely able to hold back full-on laughter. "Well. Maybe some werewolf's gonna change my mind tonight. Who can say these things?"

"Wouldn't surprise me if you *did* reel in a lupine." Stephanie ducked down, pressing a kiss to his cheek. "My *handsome* boy."

As much fun as it was to tease Stephanie's enthusiasm, it still made Brady blush hearing her lavish him with praise. Truthfully, Brady didn't always feel all that sexy. He wasn't all that tall, he was more toned than he was muscular, and his short, black hair always seemed to sport a cowlick in the back. Tonight was actually one of the few outings in recent memory where he'd tamed it.

And yes, even if he kind of thought Cuckoo's Day was dumb, he *always* made sure to preen for it. For him, that meant an all-day affair- Poor choice of words. An all-day *event* spent moisturizing, conditioning, exfoliating, trimming, plucking, scrubbing...!

Brady all but *glowed* in his carefully-chosen outfit as they stepped up to the bar they'd settled on for the night, and it was with something approaching envy that he glanced over to Stephanie. She beamed up at the sign and bounced on her heels, wearing nothing but a t-shirt, sweatpants, and sneakers. He sighed as she shut her eyes and focused, her outfit turning to a form-fitting black dress, her skin clearing in seconds, and her hair styled in a few seconds more.

It wasn't *fair*.

Still, when she turned to face him, smiling wide, he couldn't be mad at her.

"Ready?" She chirped.

"Ready," he sighed, offering an arm and yelping as she pulled him into the bar.

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"Hey, welcome to Shortstax!" A goblin shouted over the bar's din, smiling up at Brady and Stephanie from her perch by the entrance. "You guys here for the Cuckoo's Day event?"

"Yeah!" Stephanie nodded, head practically bobbling with her enthusiasm.

"Awesome!" She reached over to a bowl of plastic feathers, fishing one out and offering it to Brady. "You guys know how this sorta thing goes, or do you want me to explain it?"

Brady glanced up at Stephanie, who pushed out her lower lip and pouted at him. He sighed and shrugged, turning to the goblin with a smile. "I could use a refresher, sure."

"No worries!" The goblin clapped before pointing at Brady, then to the bar, its surrounding tables, and the booths lining the fringes. "OK, so you're gonna want to just sit yourself down wherever you want! Table, bar, booth, anywhere's fine! Just make sure you've got that feather shown off somewhere people can see! Most guys tuck it behind their ear, but it's your call!" Brady tucked the feather behind his ear. Why mess with tradition?

"And *you!*" She pointed at Stephanie before vaguely looping her finger in the bar's general direction. "Go nuts! Talk to whichever guys you want! You can flirt, you can chat, whatever works...as long as you can get them to give up that feather! We gotta sign up here with the prizes if you wanna trade in any feathers you get at the end of the night, and if *you* manage to keep *yours*," she said, nodding at Brady, "that's worth a twenty-five dollar bar tab! And that's the *only* time you're not allowed to cheat tonight!" The goblin winked, baring her teeth in a smile and giving two thumbs-up.

"Now get out there and have *fun!* But don't go breaking any hearts, OK?"

"We won't!" Stephanie chirped, pulling Brady in by the wrist.

"Hey, easy, *easy!*" Brady laughed, pulling back to try and slow Stephanie's pace. Eventually he tugged his wrist out of her grip, crossing his arms. "And I *think* one of the rules is that we're supposed to *split up.*" He sniffed and turned away from her, nose in the air. "Isn't that the entire *point* of Cuckoo's Day? Meeting new people?"

Stephanie glowered at Brady, gritting her teeth...but only for a moment. After that, she was sweet as sugar, batting her eyelashes at him and smiling wide.

"Well, gosh! I suppose you're right, Bradykins! I'm sure you'll meet someone absolutely *wonderful* tonight!"

"Someone *new!* This is going to be the year, I can feel it!" Brady laughed and gave a little wave goodbye. "I'm going to go sit down somewhere. Close your eyes and count to ten!"

"Oh, har *har!*" Stephanie rolled her eyes and crossed her arms with a huff. Then she seemed to suddenly remember something, pointing at Brady. "Oh, hold on! Serious talk!"

"Yeah?"

"Don't go home without me before letting me know, OK?"

Brady shook his head and laughed. "I don't see that happening, but. Yeah, OK."

Stephanie beamed and blew a kiss. "Love you!"

"Love you."

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He'd settled on a booth off to the side. It was close enough to the bar that he got a good view of most of the people mingling, but far enough that he didn't have to worry about spilled drinks or people who were *super* drunk. This was probably the third or fourth Cuckoo's Day party he'd gone to with Stephanie, and he'd learned a few tricks over the years.

For instance, as Brady watched a catgirl stumble from the bar, he knew he wouldn't have to deal with her at all tonight. That was because even if he had caught her eye before...right *now*, she was too drunk to do anything but slump against the closest table and brace herself against it. And look at that, a sweet-looking young man was already there to pat her back and make sure she was OK.

Brady wanted to be more or less away from the "action," if only because he could spot anyone walking up to him. Oh! Like the dopterine walking up to him!

"Like, hey-y-y!" She cooed, raising a hand in greeting. "Anyone sitting here?"

"You are now!" He winked, scooting aside to make room for his new guest.

She giggled, easing into the seat next to Brady and giving her hips a little wiggle to get settled. The action kind of bumped him aside thanks to her voluptuous figure, but it was really her wings that made things difficult. The patterns on them were beautiful, of course, but the spores wafting down were already making Brady sniffle. Seemed like that was the intention, considering she was gently flapping them.

"So, like." She leaned her elbows on the table, canting her head to look Brady up and down. "What's *your* name, sexy?" Her voice was a high, breathy croon, and that paired with the fluff on her chest and her hips to give her a very "soft" sort of aesthetic.

Brady just looked her over and grinned. "I wanna hear a guess first."

The dopterine blinked at him before looking towards the ceiling and tapping her chin with a fingertip. "Uhhh. Hm. Like..." She smiled at him, eyes wide. "Matthew!"

Brady shook his head.

She huffed, clicking her tongue and cocking her head to the side. "Justin?"

"Two strikes! Better make it count!"

The dopterine furrowed her brow at this, balling her hands into fists and focusing as hard as she could! "Uhm!" She shut her eyes and grit her teeth. "Guh...*Gary!*"

Brady shook his head and sighed. "Ah, no, it's actually *Brady.*"

"Brady!" She slapped her forehead, grimacing. "Like, I should've *known!* You're *totally* a Brady." She blinked, rolled her eyes in thought, and smiled at him. "You're Totally Brady!"

"Like the show?" He sort of half-grinned, quirking an eyebrow.

"*Yeah!*"

"Yeah, I get that a lot." He tapped the bridge of his nose. "You forgot to change your nose."

The dopterine blinked at him, reaching up to her face. "I did?"

Brady laughed. "No, but you *thought* you did for a second!"

The "dopterine" flinched before shaking her head and snapping her fingers.

"Oh, *damn* it! That's such a cheap trick!" She stood up from her seat, huffing. Stephanie narrowed her eyes and pointed at Brady. "That was the *only* time tonight you get to do that."

"We'll see," Brady giggled, fluttering his fingers in a wave goodbye. "Remember to check your ears, too! Dead giveaway."

Stephanie sighed through her nose and stomped off, wings stiff and furious as she faded back into the crowd.

Brady just returned to his drink, taking another sip and giggling to himself. For most couples, Cuckoo's Day was a way to have a little bit of kinky fun without any feelings getting hurt. But for Brady and Stephanie? It was almost *purely* an excuse for Brady to rebuff Stephanie's every attempt at seducing him into "infidelity."

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Halfway through his drink, Brady looked up to see the goblin from the entrance coming over, waving sheepishly. "Hey! Sorry, I don't mean to interrupt anything--"

Brady shook his head with a smile. "Nothing to interrupt! What's up?"

She kind of giggled, looking around, as if she needed to be sure the coast was clear. "Well, ah. We're not *normally* supposed to do this on Cuckoo's Day, but..." She bit her lower lip and looked up into his eyes. "I'm on break. I was wondering if I could spend it here with *you*."

Brady downed the rest of his drink, set it down on the table, and slapped one of his thighs. "Well, I'm not gonna make you *stand* during your break! C'mon up here!"

The goblin giggled, cheeks dusting darker green as she climbed up onto the seat and settled in Brady's lap. "Best seat in the house, huh?" She wiggled her hips, winking over her shoulder.

"Careful, my girlfriend says that it gets *real* uncomfortable after a little bit. Issues tend to...*rise*, if you catch my drift." Brady winked down at her, settling his hands on her hips.

"I think I feel one right now," she cooed, biting her lower lip. She leaned up to whisper. "And don't worry, you can keep the feather; I'm just here for a quickie. Our little secret, OK?"

He winked, leaning in to press a little kiss to the shell of her pointed ear. His breath was hot against her skin, and she shivered, sighing with delight at the sensation. His voice dipped to a smooth, baritone growl, and he asked...

"...What was your name again?"

The goblin blinked. And snapped her fingers. "Should've asked for her name."

"Should've asked for her name," Brady agreed, helping ease Stephanie out of his lap.

"Should've asked for her name!" Stephanie shook her head. "Want me to order you another drink?"

"Mhm. Nothing too strong, though." Brady offered a lazy wave, easing back into his seat.

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Another goblin stepped up with a drink, setting it on the table in front of Brady.

"Sex on the Beach," she cocked her head to the bar. "Courtesy of the Rhinemaiden over there."

Brady looked to the bar and saw a stunning young woman wave at him with a wink. He smiled back and raised the glass, leaning in towards the goblin.

"Could you let her know that Rhinemaids live in *rivers*, not on *beaches*?"

The goblin blinked up at him before shrugging. "Sure, I guess."

Brady watched the goblin make her way back, apparently calling something over to the Rhinemaiden...who snapped her fingers and huffed with a sigh.

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Brady looked up from his drink, jolted to attention by a large hand clapped on his shoulder. An ogre had apparently seen fit to set her sights on him, leering with pure, lusty *hunger* in her eyes. She was seven feet tall, all muscles and brute strength, the kind of woman who *took* men instead of just sleeping with them.

She leaned in, her breath hot against Brady's skin, her teeth bared in a smile that was as much an intimidation tactic as it was a display of carnal delight. When she spoke, it was a gravelly rumble, one that almost seemed to vibrate his body.

"You ready to have some *fun*, Brady?"

He looked up at her. She looked up at him.

She straightened up and groaned, truly heartbroken. "That was the worst one *yet!*"

Brady, reduced to teary-eyed giggling, nodded. "That was *really* bad, yeah."

The ogre shrank back down, features shifting to a more familiar face, figure turning more feminine than brutishly muscular. She shook her head and shrugged. "It's only *truly* a loss if I don't learn anything from it. OK!" She winked and pointed a finger at Brady. "Gimme, like, twenty minutes to take care of something. I'll be right back."

With that, she turned on her heel and stepped into the crowd by the bar...just missing a succubus making her way towards Brady's booth.

"Hey there." The succubus winked at Brady, her voice a smooth, throaty purr. "Anyone sitting here?"

She was gorgeous, as every succubus was. Not too short, not intimidatingly tall. Her curves were just a hair's breadth from being "too much," but they were still so fucking *absurd* that she could probably hypnotize a guy by bouncing her tits in his face for a few minutes...or tempt a guy into forgetting a marriage for a few minutes by shaking her hips for him. Long, black hair, smooth, pale skin, and ruby-red lips. Irresistible by design.

Brady looked at the succubus, then at the crowd around the bar. Stephanie had *just* left, hadn't she? There was no way that she'd been able to change that quickly, and...

"Oh, uh." Brady shook his head with a smile. "Sorry, I'm kinda waiting for someone."

The succubus narrowed her eyes, but she only smiled wider. She cocked her hip to the side, very clearly looking Brady up and down. She pursed her lips, pressed her hand to her mouth...and blew a kiss down at him, a hazy, pink heart wafting through the air before it *puffed* against his face. Brady's eyelids fluttered, and his head spun. Before he knew it, the succubus had eased into the seat beside him, giggling.

"Well, of *course* you were waiting for someone," the succubus murmured, taking Brady's wrist and settling his hand on her hip. "You were waiting for *me.*"

"That's not-" Brady stammered. "That's not what I meant-" Brady shook his head, trying to clear it of the puffy, pink *pleasure* she'd filled it up with. It was harder than he might've expected, especially when the succubus started to press soft, sweet kisses to the corner of his mouth. Over and over, each one a

tiny pock of warmth slowly spreading through his body. After a few, she ducked in to press one right on his lips, and Brady couldn't help but swoon against her at the soothing bliss it brought.

"Shapeshifter girlfriend, huh?" The succubus tilted his face to look at hers, and it was with bleary eyes that Brady found himself admiring her beauty. "I saw her pestering you from the bar. She was...cute." The succubus kind of rolled her eyes. "Must be nice to have a sampler course of all the different types, but..." She leaned in to press another kiss to his lips. "You must get tired of a Jill of all trades, I bet." In a single smooth motion, the succubus straddled Brady's hips, peppering his face with whisper-soft kisses. She mashed her tits against his chest, and even if the softness wasn't enough to start turning Brady on, the sheer *warmth* pouring off of her body was.

She rocked her hips against him, grinding her lap down. "Want me to tell you my name?" She kissed him again, her body vibrating with every word. "Or maybe it'll be *easier* to tell your girlfriend I was just a quick fling if I don't." The succubus giggled, draping her arms over his shoulders and moaning against his mouth with a deeper, more intimate kiss. "How about," she purred, "you tell me *her* name." She pecked him on the lips. "You can even call it out when we're in bed. If you *remember* it, that is."

"I'm not-" Brady tried to push her away, but as soon as he raised his hands to do so, she grabbed his wrists and guided his hands to her pillowy tits. He squeezed down on instinct. "I'm not supposed to leave the bar-"

"Just say you thought I was her," the succubus murmured in his ear. Pink mist seemed to pour from her mouth, surrounding him in a haze of pleasure. Brady's cock throbbed in his pants, steadily stiffening as the succubus smoothed over every worry he had. "She's a shapeshifter. You have the *perfect* excuse. C'mon." The succubus pursed her lips and blew a steady stream of hypnotic, pink mist into Brady's face. He had no choice but to breathe it in, and he felt his body get warmer and warmer with each tainted breath he took.

"What's your name, babe?"

Brady blinked up at her, moaning softly as her eyes flashed pink. His cock twitched. "Brady," he mumbled.

"You wanna take me home, Brady?"

His eyes sank shut, and he nodded.

The succubus purred with delight. She eased off his lap and helped Brady to his feet, making sure to give his erection a squeeze through his pants. He was



practically sleepwalking as the succubus ferried him from the booth to the front of the bar.

"Oh-" The goblin posted by the entrance called out, sounding more than a little surprised. "Uh. You two have a nice night! Hope you had fun!"

"Oh, don't worry," the succubus said, smiling as they stepped out into the night. "Brady here had a kind of dull time, but we're *more* than ready to make up for lost time."

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The ride home was a blur of questions and kisses. The succubus kept his lusts stoked hot, rewarding Brady with a silky-smooth *stroke* through his pants whenever he answered her and pressing her chest against his whenever he hesitated. It wasn't long before they'd settled into a dreamy rhythm of questions and eager answers...with a slow, luxurious handjob as the end result.

Soon they were back at Brady and Stephanie's apartment, the succubus plucking the keys from Brady's clumsy hands and guiding him inside. "Poor thing," she giggled, helping him out of his clothes when they finally got to the bedroom. "Your girlfriend's so caught up in her little game that she's never taken the time to *pamper* you, has she?" She pushed Brady back onto the bed — his and *Stephanie's* bed — and straddled him again. This time, though, she was completely nude.

She took Brady's cock in her hand, giving it a pump-pump-pump to make sure he was *achingly* stiff as she guided the tip of his prick to her sex. Brady was utterly useless in his current state, but she didn't seem to care. No, the succubus seemed to *relish* how dazed he was. He watched her with half-lidded eyes, barely able to muster a single word as she steadily filled the room with narcotic pink mist. Soon it was a paradise of dreamy pleasure, one he couldn't do a single thing to resist. Even as blurry as his vision was, though, he still couldn't look away from the succubus' curves.

And as she lowered her hips, he *swooned* from the heat of her cunt. It was enough to send his eyelids fluttering, but she stopped right before he actually entered her.

"Mm," the succubus cooed, eyes narrowed down at Brady's slack, pleasure-drunk body. "You wanna *fuck* me, Brady?"

He groaned, head twitching in a nod.

"You wanna go balls-deep in my tight, wet *cunt*?"

He couldn't even nod at that, reduced to moaning as his back arched.

"You wanna pump a nice, thick *creampie* into me? Say 'yes,' Brady!"

He was barely awake, but if he needed to speak before she'd let him fuck her-  
"Yuh-" He gulped, nodding. "Yes!"

The succubus *moaned* at that, and with a giggle, her hips *dropped*.

Brady's eyes went wide, the sudden rush of pleasure immediately overwhelming. The hot, wet walls of her cunt enveloped his shaft, sucking on his cockhead and milking it from the very first plunge. She bounced her plush, perfect ass on his lap, taking him to the hilt each time, *burying* his cock in hot, suckling pleasure.

"You think you can go back, *Brady?*" The succubus giggled, shaking her hips as she rode his cock. "You think you can resist the chance to get your big, dumb cock *pampered* by a succubus' pussy again? Here, you can come back to me *whenever* you want. I'll milk your penis better than *anyone*."

Her mind-numbing pussy *suckled* on his cock with her every bounce and wobble on top of him, silky walls clenching around him. Even if her pace got faster and faster with every passing moment, her cunt was the sweetest, gentlest thing in the world, coaxing his cock to a hot, sloppy orgasm, steadily feeding him pleasure until Brady found himself smiling stupidly, fucked into a dreamy, drowsy haze. If she wanted to use her pussy to tame him, Brady was more than happy to let himself be tamed. Her cunt was a drug, and Brady was almost addicted.

Then, suddenly, the bedroom door opened. "Brady, I thought I told- *Brady!*"

Brady blinked. That was- That was Stephanie's voice- He looked to the door, catching a glimpse of Stephanie, her eyes wide, her hands over her mouth-

And then the succubus brought a soft, gentle hand to his cheek, guiding his eyes back to *hers* instead. "Oh, don't worry about *her*, Brady." Her voice was a low, venomous purr, pink wafting from her lips. "Doesn't this feel *good*? Just think about how *good* my pussy makes you feel."

"*Brady!*"

His eyelids fluttered, and even if Stephanie was watching this happen, he couldn't resist the way the succubus' cunt milked his cock, each throb and twitch from his cock met with a tender, loving squeeze from her sex. After a few wet *slaps* of her lap against his, Brady's vague sense of worry and guilt was almost completely subsumed by the hot, wet *bliss* pulsing through him.

"You wanna cum, Brady?" The succubus whispered in his ear, punctuating it with a quick kiss and a heavy *slam* of her hips down. His cockhead seemed to push past something, because now there was a tight, wet ring clenching around the very tip of his prick. It was hotter than ever, her cunt sucking greedily on his cock, all but *commanding* him to cum.

He nodded.

"Brady, *no!*"

"Then *cum,*" the succubus commanded, her eyes flashing pink.

And just like that, pleasure *crashed* down on him, the bliss that had rendered him drunk all turning to white-hot sensation all at once. Brady gasped, eyes going wide, but the succubus cut him off with a kiss. He moaned into her mouth as his cock twitched and throbbed, and with one final silky *squeeze* of her walls around him, Brady came.

He *pumped* his seed into her sex, each messy splurt lovingly milked from his cock by her irresistible pussy. She wrung every drop he had out into her cunt, emptying his balls in thick ropes of spunk that splattered her womb. Spurt after spurt, his prick was pampered into pumping his cum into her pussy-

But as the orgasm faded into blissful afterglow, as the succubus eased off his cock, as the weight of what he'd done sank in-

"Stephanie-" Brady slurred, reaching vaguely in her direction. "I'm-"

Stephanie looked...stunned. She didn't look angry, she didn't look sad. It was just pure shock as the succubus sashayed from the bed towards her. The succubus stood in front of her smugly, hands on her hips, smirking.

And then they both winked, smiled wide, and flashed double thumbs-up at each other. "*Fuck yeah!*" came the simultaneous celebration, and it was with utter, ecstatic glee that the pair jumped up and down.

By this point, Brady had just kind of gone catatonic.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" Stephane's features shifted, turning into...someone...someone Brady had never seen before. She grabbed the succubus' wrist and pulled her arm into the air. "Celebrating her first Cuckoo's Day victory! *Stephanie!*"

The succubus thrust her free hand into the air. "Finally! *Finally!* I'd like to thank the academy, I'd like to thank my mom, I'd like to thank *Goddess-*" Her figure changed, and her face did, too, until Brady was staring stupefied at...Stephanie.

"I-" He mumbled, brain all but sparking as he attempted to process what was happening. "I don't-"

"Oh, what's that? What's that, Brady?" She squatted down next to him, brow furrowed. "You didn't think I kept in touch with any of my sorority sisters?"

"*Alpha Kappa Alpha!*"

"For *life!* Fuck *yes*, I invited her to see me *specifically* for Cuckoo's day, and-" Stephanie blinked at Brady. "Wait, Julie, I think- Brady?" She stood up, looking over her shoulder. "Julie, could you help me get his legs up? Brady just fainted."

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"Aw, c'mon, it was *really* good!" Stephanie hugged Brady from behind, the two of them wrapped up tight in matching robes. "Baby! Are you actually mad?"

Brady sighed through his nose before taking a sip of his water. He shut his eyes. Held his breath. And eventually released it. "I'm not mad," he admitted, smiling.

Stephanie breathed a sigh of relief, and Julie-

"I'm *furious*."

The pair of doppelgangers looked at each other, terrified.

"...That I was finally *dethroned* as the *king* of *Cuckoo's Day!*" He clenched a fist, groaning as Stephanie and Julie relaxed once more. The entire room rippled with laughter, Brady shaking his head as he protested. "That is such *bullshit!* That is *cheating*, and I know that's very *appropriate*, given the *holiday*, but I can't believe you called for a fucking *confederate* so you could pull off a ruse such as this!"

"Holy fucking shit, man." Julie brought a hand to her chest, looking more than a little shell-shocked. "I was about to say, I would fucking *hate* to have been involved in the saddest Cuckoo's Day break-up ever."

"You think *that's* bad, I would have been the only woman alive whose boyfriend broke up with her because he fucked *me*," she traced zig-zagging lines through the air, the convoluted path ending at her. "...*Instead* of someone else!"

"Hey, it's all part of the holiday. I signed up for this *nonsense* when I let you rope me into the first one we ever went to." Brady sighed, smiling at Stephanie. Oh, then at Julie. "Lovely to meet you, by the way. We'll have to get dinner sometime."

"Of course!"

"Alright." Brady flicked Stephanie's forehead. "I forgive you, but you have to answer *one* question for me:"

"When did you make the switch?"